



Home for the Holly-Days

A mother and son find love when he comes home for Christmas.

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Incest | MS

Author's Notes

Happy Holly-days, everyone! I got the deadline for the seasonal contest wrong, so I apologize that this is coming so late into the submission process. Hopefully, you're all still full of holiday cheer, and eager for another winter tale to tickle your fancies.

Enjoy

-CK

Edited by neuroparenthetical.

There was something magical about coming home for Christmas. The holidays had a way of amplifying nostalgia, making my return feel like more than just a standard visit. It felt important.

Home for the Holly-Days

As I stood at the foot of our driveway, my arms overloaded with poorly wrapped presents, I admired the various festive decorations with which Mom had adorned the house. Strings of lights were woven through the barren hedges

lining either side the driveway, replacing the leaves they had shed so that they would not look quite so empty. The windows were caked with decals of colourful Christmas trees and bright yellow stars. There was a large, plastic snowman standing by the front door, and though he had terrified me as a kid, I was finally brave enough to face the frozen bouncer head on.

My mother, Holly, had always been a huge fan of Christmas, and had once again spared no expense converting our humble abode into a yuletide shrine. I don't mean to belittle her. In fact, her enthusiasm had rubbed off on me, just as it had my siblings. Truthfully, however, it was never just festive cheer that made me so excited to come home; it was Mom. In fact, I'd go so far as I to say that she was more the reason than the season.

Mom was, without a doubt, the most astonishingly beautiful woman that I had ever laid eyes on, and I did so as frequently as I thought I could get away with it. The way I would stare at her backside as she bent over to pull a present out from under the tree, or her huge, wobbling tits fighting against the constraints of whatever top had been given the difficult task of trying to hide them away, was unabashed. I figured she surely must have noticed, but she'd never said a word.

Mom always wore a Christmas-themed outfit when I came to visit for the season, insisting that it helped her get into the

holiday spirit. Since the last two outfits had done a suspiciously poor job of keeping her modest - with a body like hers, that would have required a whole pillowcase - I had spent the weeks leading up to my visit fantasizing about what kind of deliciously revealing outfit she would be wearing that year. They were never explicitly sexy outfits, to be fair. Rather, I was of the opinion that absolutely anything would look fantastic on her-- pillowcase included.

I trudged up the driveway, leaving shallow imprints in the freshly fallen snow that had covered the black asphalt. My father, Vincent, had likely shovelled in preparation for my arrival, but the snow had been coming down ever since I had left campus, leaving the driveway as white as-- well, you get it. It was a slow fall, but every flake that hit the ground was just another piece of "frozen hell water," as my father had often put it, that he would have to shovel. Clearly, Mom's love of Christmas had not rubbed off of him the way it had on the rest of us.

Just as I reached the stone steps, I saw a flicker of movement in the bay window that flanked the front door. It was a flutter in the curtain that I spotted out of the corner of my eye, but when I turned my head, I did not see anything there but slowly swaying fabric. Thinking nothing of it, I kicked the bottom of the door with my boot, but it was swiftly pulled open after the first kick.

I heard Mom's voice before I saw her, like I was impatiently sitting through a teaser trailer before I was allowed to lay my eyes on her. "My baby is home!" she exclaimed as she opened the door.

"I'm home!" I said with equal enthusiasm. "And you're... Wow, Mom!"

Even that all-encompassing exclamation did not properly convey my astonishment. It was an exaggeration to say that it took my breath away, but wholly true to say that I forgot to inhale for a few seconds as I gawked at that year's getup.

It was a bright red dress made of soft fabric whose off-the-shoulder neckline was low enough to leave her upper chest bare. It dipped slightly across her chest in a gentle curve, prominently displaying a wonderful amount of cleavage. A thin, white ribbon was tied in a small bow directly in the center of the neckline, right between her breasts, with two pompoms dangling from it like a pair of snowballs. There was a trim of white fuzz around the low-seated neckline that tightly bound her breasts, intersecting her cleavage in such a way that it seemed designed to intentionally put her tits on display.

Around her waist was a black belt, fitting the dress around her middle before the fabric flared outward into a short,

bouncy skirt. The hemline ended high on her thigh, its edge boasting a fluffy boa that mirrored the fuzzy neckline of the dress. Down the front of the skirt were two more large, white pompoms arranged vertically, mimicking buttons that I imagined would put pressure directly on her pussy mound if a naughty elf were to press it.

The length of the skirt was questionable at best, but she got away with it by wearing a pair of sheer stockings, tinged a light red, that almost fully covered the visible portion her legs. Between the top of the stockings and the bottom of her dress, there was a small gap wherein her creamy, white flesh peeked out to grab my attention.

Mom did a little curtsy, fanning out the bottom of the dress as she dipped her hips. "You like it?" She was not wearing shoes, so I could see each of her tiny toes wiggling happily in the feet of her rosy stockings.

"I... Wow!" I repeated lamely, truly unable to conjure anything more.

Mom opened her arms and stepped towards me. "Good answer! I'm so happy you're home, honey."

I barely had time to offload the presents onto the floor before her arms were wrapped around me, clutching me like she

had found me adrift at sea and never wanted to let me go again. "Me too, Mom."

I was reminded how it felt to be touched by someone who really cared about me. I was no slouch with women; I had been with several since attending university, but they'd been hollow flings. None of them had ever given me a shred of the satisfaction that I felt when Mom hugged me.

She held on for longer than usual. The "normal" amount of time for a casual hug ended... then a second passed, then another, then a few more, until it felt like we had been slowly swaying back and forth for an entire minute. Her face was buried against my chest, and I could hear her taking deep breaths, as though she were savoring my scent.

"So happy, honey," she said again, more dreamily that time.

I kissed the top of her head, nuzzling my nose into her flowing blonde hair. "Doesn't feel like Christmas unless we're all together, right?"

She mewed quietly. "Something like that, yeah." Then, she sniffled and pulled her head back so her beautiful blue eyes could stare into mine. "I missed you a whole lot."

I made no effort to hide my toothy grin. "Gosh. Now you're just trying to flatter me. Everybody likes a bit of flattery now and then."

She cocked her head to the side. "Oh, totally. Is it working?"

I boasted the biggest, most arrogant smirk that I could muster. "Like a charm."

She rubbed my forearm, then gave it a reassuring squeeze. "Good... but I didn't wear this just for a 'wow,' sweetheart. Does it look okay on me?"

My eyes nearly fell out of my head. "Of course! You look spectacular, Mom - really, really gorgeous. I'm serious!"

She tittered gleefully. "Thank you, thank you. I hoped you'd like it."

I raised a quizzical eyebrow. "You wore this... for me?"

She shrugged, refusing to acknowledge the peculiarity of dressing to impress her own son. "Like you said; everyone likes a bit of flattery now and then. It's nice to know I'm still worth a look, you know?"

I guess Dad isn't giving her those looks anymore, I thought. I was smart enough not to phrase it like that - or like anything. I lowered my voice just in case it carried down the hall to unintended ears. "Well, I'm happy that I have something so beautiful to look at."

"See?" she asked. "Now that's the kind of flattery that will get you everywhere in life." Then she blew me a small kiss, and when it reached me, I realized that it had been carried over on a waft of rum vapors, which explained why Mom was being so flirtatious.

"Uh, Mom? How many glasses of eggnog have you had?"

She giggled as a fiendish smile crept across her face. "Too many. And guess what? There's rum in them, too!"

I chuckled and shook my head. "I figured."

"Do you want one?" she asked eagerly.

I sure as hell did, but not before I visited my old bedroom to see if it still looked the same. "Let me unpack my stuff first. I'll be down in a minute."

Her expression went blank. "Oh. Um, yeah. You mean upstairs?"

"Yeah. Unless that's a bad idea?"

She paused. "Hmm. You should go talk to your father, I think. He's up there now."

I did not appreciate how vague she was being, and felt oddly anxious that I was walking into some sort of trap. I kicked my shoes off and started to head towards the stairs that sat just beyond the foyer coat closet, but Mom grabbed my arm and spun me back around.

"Wait!" she commanded, then pointed to the ceiling. "Rules are rules, honey."

I looked up and saw that she was gesturing to the bundle of green mistletoe that someone – undoubtedly her - had hung over the front door. "Hmm," I said. "Who put that there?"

She shrugged casually, avoiding the obvious implication. "I dunno. But it's bad luck to turn it down, you know."

"Well, rules are rules."

Mom's eyes lit up like I had handed her a winning lottery ticket. "Yeah? Really?"

I found her excitement positively adorable, and did not bother to consider why she was so wound up over what I expected to be an innocent smooch. "Sure, Mom. Why not?"

She stepped towards me so that her red, stocking-clad feet were on top of mine. She rubbed them back and forth, grazing my toes with the soft fabric covering the pads of her feet. "Don't keep your mother waiting, mister."

Looking back, I did not take the situation as seriously as I should have. I leaned forward to place a quick peck on Mom's cheek, but at the very last second, she turned her head to ensure that my lips landed squarely on hers. I tried to pull away once I realized what had happened, but it seemed that she'd been expecting me to do so. She swiftly reached a hand behind my head to clutch the back of my neck.

I froze in place, unsure of what to do. I wanted to succumb to the urge to kiss her more fully, but did not want to overstep by taking advantage of her while she was

inebriated. "Uh... Mom?" I piped up with our mouths still firmly pressed together.

"What?" Mom did not break the bond, but instead wiggled her lips so that they fit between mine and created a tight seal. She suckled softly on my upper lip, then flicked the tip of her tongue across the bottom one.

She opened her mouth wider, giving me two options: take the opportunity to pull away, or close my eyes - as she had - and fully commit to the kiss. I did not hesitate to pick the latter.

I, too, widened my maw to match her energy, and when our lips reconnected, it was a far more slovenly exchange than the light peck I had already given her. We were right on the border of making out, our tongues lazily lapping at each other in a series of tiny flutters. It never quite evolved into a true French kiss, but it was as close as we could be without the soft, wet sounds of our smacking lips carrying down the hall.

I could not recall a time when any of the women I had been with in the past year had deployed that same sincerity in their kiss. There was an underlying desperation to Mom's advances, as though she had been waiting all year to get me under that mistletoe.

A creak from the floorboards upstairs drove us apart, but we quickly fell to giggles when we realized that it was just the house settling rather than an uninvited guest to our mother-son smooching session.

"Oops," Mom said with a laugh. "I thought someone was coming."

"I-- uh, yeah," I said. "So did I. Should we have, like... I mean, what was that, Mom?"

She shrugged as if she had no idea what I was talking about. "What do you mean? It's mistletoe, after all."

"Yeah, but with tongue?"

She waved me off with a flick of her wrist. "Whatever, scrooge. I'm just happy to see you, that's all."

I studied her expression for any hint that she was messing with me, figuring that she would want to undercut her intimate kiss with a joke, but she was dead serious. "If you say so," I replied cautiously.

"I do say so." She pointed to the stairs. "But I also say that you should get your butt upstairs to unpack so I can get you that drink."

I did not want to make a big deal of it, especially if Mom was intent on playing it off as harmless. The flow of blood to my cock told the real story. Further evidence of our debauchery came from the taste of eggnog, and texture of smeared lipstick, that lingered on my tongue and lips.

That was not a normal kiss, I thought, but damn do I ever wanna do it again!

With the taste of residual alcohol sizzling on my taste buds, I felt rather intoxicated. I did not imagine that it was from the booze, though, and placed the blame on the whirlwind of feelings that Mom had stirred up. I was drunk on lust, and to have gotten that way over something as simple as a kiss was unprecedented for me.

I practically floated up the stairs, my backpack lighter than air. When I reached the end of the hallway where my room was, however, it became heavy and leaden, dragging me down with despair the moment I opened the door.

"What the hell is this?" I asked in surprise.

Dad, a rotund, bespectacled man who was a few inches shorter than me, spun around in his office chair with a sheepish look on his face. "Hey, kiddo. How was uni?"

"It was fine," I replied curtly. "Where is my room, Dad?"

My once-bedroom had been co-opted and turned into what many would classify as a "man cave," equipped with everything from my father's Harley Davidson posters to the ostensibly man-themed clock - a haphazard collection of miniaturized steel tools - sitting on the wall. My bed was gone, of course, and had been replaced with a large, semi-circle desk that took up an entire corner of the room.

"Don't get mad," Dad insisted.

I shook my head dismissively. "Let's pretend I already am. What the hell?"

He had the look of a guilty child as he explained himself. "Well, sport, when you moved out--"

"It was like this in September when I moved back after the summer!"

"I know it was. I waited a few weeks, but... well, it's not like you were using it. I've always wanted my own space."

"And what about my space?"

Dad held up his hands defensively. "Calm down, Mikey. Your Mom is gonna get you set up in the living room with a nice air mattress she bought. You're nineteen; that's the perfect age to sleep on one of those damn things!"

I rolled my eyes. "Lucky me." I had no desire to give my father another word, so I turned on my heels and marched back down the hallway. I was intent on going straight back to Mom to take her up on her offer of spiked eggnog, but stopped dead in my tracks when I heard my brother, Tyler, venting his frustrations in his room.

"Fuckin' stupid piece of shit!" he exclaimed.

The door was ajar, so I pushed it open with one finger and poked my head inside. "Smells like loser in here."

Tyler's back was to me, and his attention was focused on the game he was losing, so he did not turn around to give his rebuttal. "Takes one to know one."

I snickered. "Fair enough, man. You still playing Fortnite?"

He groaned and threw his controller on the bed beside him. "Still losing Fortnite. Game fuckin' sucks anyway. Whatever."

I leaned against the doorframe. "Sounds like you missed having a big brother around to win for you."

"Dude, you're like four years older than me. I don't need your boomer-ass to win, but... Yeah, I don't know. It's cool that you're home, I guess."

"Glad to know you're not too heartbroken without me around."

Tyler flopped back on his bed. "Well, yeah, I'm not Mom, you know."

"What does that mean?"

He sat back up and turned to face me, crossing his legs up on the bed. "It means she's, like... She talks about you all the

time, man. This whole week has been 'Mikey' this, 'my baby' that, blah, blah, blah. It's crazy!"

I chewed on my bottom lip so I would not be caught grinning from ear to ear. "Well, yeah. I guess she was excited for me to come home. Anyway, I brought my Switch, so we can hook it up on the TV later and rip a bit of Smash Bros if you want." It was a game we had always enjoyed playing together. If you can believe it, it had ended as many fights as it had started.

Tyler nodded. "Alright, bet. At least I know I can beat you at that."

"Uh-huh, sure." I turned and fled the scene, closing the door behind me to contain Tyler's expletive-filled ranting. As I released the knob, I turned and almost walked right into my sister - who was blissfully entranced by her phone - as she left the bathroom that sat directly next to the stairs. "Jesus, Marcy!"

She looked up, still holding her phone at chest height so she could return to it at a moment's notice. "Hey, Mikey."

"You might wanna look up from your phone while you walk around, you know."

She sneered at me with her signature brand of exaggerated annoyance. "Ha ha, hilarious. You sound like Dad."

I feigned offense, holding my hand over my heart. "That was horrifically mean, Mar."

"Oh, bless your heart," she said. After a brief silence that was a second away from turning awkward, Marcy gestured to my room with her phone. "So, they really fucked up your room, huh?"

"Marcy!" Dad's voice boomed from his man cave. "Language, please!"

Her eyes did a full rotation in her skull. "We'll talk about your fucked up room later when somebody isn't eavesdropping."

"I'm right here!" Dad complained. "How am I supposed to tune you out?"

Marcy gave me a playful wink as if to say "watch this." "And what is that supposed to mean, Dad? Are you saying I'm a loudmouth?"

Our father's defeated sigh could be heard from all the way down the hall. "Marcy, just... go talk to your mother about dinner, please."

"Yes, Papa," she said with a sarcastic salute, then raised her voice and pointed it down the stairs. "Oh, mother dearest? Are you there?"

The muted pitter-patter of Mom's stocking-clad feet came racing from the kitchen until her face appeared at the bottom of the stairs. "Yes, daughter dearest?"

Their tones evoked a sense of old English spoken with a modern twist, but neither of them were good at emulating accents.

"Father insists that you wish to have a dialogue with me," Marcy said.

Unlike Dad, who was a lovable grouch, Mom was simply effervescent, so she always chose to play along. "Marcy, dear, what ever shall I cook you for supper?"

I looked at them with confusion. "Aren't we having turkey?"

The women hissed at me like a pair of stray cats, then broke into a fit of giggles. "No, dork," Marcy said. "I'm vegan now."

I snorted with laughter. "That'll last two weeks, tops."

My sister turned to scowl at me, but over her shoulder I could see Mom wiggling three fingers in the air as she mouthed the words "three weeks." Wisely, she hid her hand behind her back just as Marcy turned to face her again. "We're all being very supportive of Cee-Cee while she goes through this transitional--"

Marcy stomped her foot to cut her off. "Do not say 'phase,' Mom."

Mom paused for a moment. "Her transitional... thing, then. What'll it be, Cee-Cee?"

"I'll just have potatoes and green beans. It's fine."

Mom looked devastated. "I am not letting you have sides for dinner. Mikey will run out and get something, if you want."

My eyes widened. "He will?"

Mom winked at me. "He sure will."

I sighed and slumped my shoulders forward. "Okay, then. What do you want? I can go forage for some seasonal berries, maybe find a stash of acorns somewhere."

Marcy stuck out her tongue and blew a raspberry. "Hilarious, Michael. There's gotta be something at the store. They've always got some sort of meatless tofurkey option if you look hard enough."

I wasn't thrilled about going solo, and Mom must have sensed that. "I can come, too!" she said cheerily.

I had been looking forward to relaxing by the fireside and submerging myself in the holiday spirit, but some one-on-one time with Mom sounded just as good, if not better. "Sure, Mom. Guess it's a good thing that I didn't even take my coat off."

She bustled over to the coat closet and grabbed a black number with three large, golden buckles on the front. There was a fake fur trim around the hood, too, since she had never been able to wear the real thing without feeling guilty. She handed me the car keys. "Ready when you are, captain."

"I'm driving?"

She nodded. "You're chauffeuring, sweetheart. There's more dignity in that, I think."

I dropped my backpack and stretched out my shoulders. "Should we tell Dad we're going out?"

She scowled for a second before she seemingly remembered to whom she was revealing that genuine anger. "It's fine. He won't care."

"Uh, okay, then." I did not follow up, but I had about a thousand questions about his disinterest. Mom, however, seemed perfectly content to drop the topic then and there.

We left the house and headed to the garage, the code for which I still knew by heart. The door creaked to life as the whirring motor dragged it towards the ceiling. I walked up to the passenger side of our family's small sedan and opened the door for Mom, then made an exaggerated gesture for her to get in. "Your chariot awaits."

Mom performed a courtesy curtsy that was similar to the one she had done upon my arrival. "Been a while since a man opened the door for me."

"You raised a gentleman."

There was an unforgettable twinkle in her eye. "I sure did, sweetheart."

I hurried around to the driver side and climbed in next to Mom, rubbing my hands together to keep warm. "Off we go!"

I flipped the ignition, and after waiting a few customary seconds for the engine to warm up, I threw the car in reverse and timidly backed down the driveway. Snow squeaked under the tires like it was made of Styrofoam, crunching under the weight of the tires as it was compacted to a thin, dense layer that coated the rubber.

Given the light snowfall, I kept the wipers on their lowest setting while the windshield warmed up. The back and forth swiping, accompanied by the monotonous shhk-whup, shhk-whup with each pass, was strangely hypnotic, and so we sat in comfortable silence for a few minutes while Mom stared out the window.

"So," I said, interrupting the stillness, "Tyler says you really missed me."

"Of course I did," she replied.

"Says I'm, like, all you've talked about this week."

Though I could only see her left cheek, I was certain that the right one was just as red. "I was excited for you to come home!"

I felt a little anxious to bring up the lip-locking incident from earlier, but could not resist treading such intriguing waters. "Is that what that kiss was all about?"

The soft rouge in Mom's cheeks turned a bright, fiery crimson. "Oh, um... yeah, that."

I waited for her to elaborate, but nothing came. "Duh, that! You smooched the hell out of me, Mom."

She chuckled, seemingly relieved that I was not upset. "Oh! I thought you were mad, or something."

I shrugged. "It was a good kiss, so, can't be too mad, can I?"

"Well, if you're not mad, then what did you feel?"

I felt another pang of anxiety, but I was not sure where it was coming from. In hindsight, it was my brain picking up on subtle cues that I was not quite smart enough to piece together at the time. If I had been, I would've understood that she was asking me - quite directly, too - if her kiss had turned me on.

"Uh... good, I guess? I mean it was a good kiss. You're a good kisser. Wow, that feels weird to say about my own mom!"

She belly laughed, cutting through the final bit of tension. "Well, if we're being honest, so are you, honey."

Since the store was so close, we did not have time to get any further in the conversation before our destination was in sight. Still, I wanted to milk every ounce of information out of her that I could before we left the car. "So, are you gonna tell me?"

"Tell you what?"

"Why did you kiss me like that? I mean, am I crazy, or was that a decidedly better-than-normal kiss?"

Mom unbuckled from her seat. "I'm just glad you liked it, sweetheart. I told you I missed you. I guess I just wanted a way to show it." She opened the door, but then, just as I shut the car off, she closed it and turned in her seat so she was facing me. "Would you like another one?"

I froze with my hand on the keys, and time itself stood still in much the same way. I felt hyper aware of my surroundings. Wind whistled softly through the poorly sealed windows, snowflakes fell on the windshield and melted as soon as they hit the heated glass, and my breath fogged up the air between me and Mom.

I stared at her blankly, unsure if she was being serious. "Another... A kiss, you mean?"

She nodded with a huge smile on her face. I could tell it was real from the way some faint crow's feet appeared in the corners of her eyes. "Uh-huh."

"Mom what... what are we doing?"

She shrugged as though she was offering the most casual thing in the world. "We're not thinking. We're just answering one easy little question."

My heart was pounding madly, and every muscle in my jaw grew tense. "Yeah? What question?"

She tilted her head to the side a little. "Do you want to kiss me again?"

I did what she asked, but it was not easy. There was a lot of baggage that came with a question like that, but almost all of it was due to influences that were not in the car with me. There was no Dad, no society to explain ourselves to, and no siblings that would mock me for being a mama's boy. There was only me, Mom, and one easy little question.

I nodded eagerly. "I do, Mom." I did not know what the hell was going on with me, but I knew beyond a doubt that I wanted to feel her lips on mine.

"Good answer." She lifted up both of our arm rests, then leaned over a bit and tugged on my coat collar. "Come a little closer to me, sweetheart."

I tucked my right arm behind her back and pulled her towards me, which was easy without the arm rests in the way, until she was half-seated on the center console. The plastic creaked under her weight.

I slipped my arm under the wing of her coat and wrapped it around her waist. Her body heat was tremendous, and even without the engine running, I felt like it could have sustained us through a blizzard for several hours.

I tilted my head the opposite way as hers so we could fit our mouths together, but there was too much tension for us to kiss just then.

Our noses brushed. I could smell the peppermint candy on her breath that she had used to mask the alcohol, but underneath that sharp, peppery snap, I still caught the undercurrent of rum. I was breathing hard, which made me nervous until I realized that she was, too. Her hand, still loosely clutching my collar, trembled slightly.

"Are you sure you wanna do this, Mom?" I asked, fearful that she would come to her senses.

She tilted her chin up. The motion was small but deliberate - the kind that said now. "Do you want to keep talking, or do you want to kiss me?"

I had imagined that moment hundreds of times, but with her in front of me - with her eyes fixed on me in that quiet, deliberate way - it felt so dreamlike that I wondered if any of it was real.

I do not remember leaning in, but I remember the feeling of her lips pressing against mine. The whole world seemed to melt away, like the warmth of her body heat had spread to every corner of the car. Even the faint squeak of the wipers was lost beneath the hush that fell over the entire parking lot, drowning out the sea of passersby that were oblivious to the taboo scene we were performing just a few feet away.

At first, the contact was soft and uncertain. Our mouths fit together lightly, lips pressing and releasing in small, testing movements as if finding a rhythm. Her lower lip slipped slightly between mine, and I followed the motion instinctively, mirroring her pace.

She tasted faintly of cold air and that masking sweetness. The kiss deepened, slowly and certainly, as if time itself had been waiting for that moment as eagerly as I had.

Our mouths moved together in a kind of pulse, our lips parting only to meet again a second later. It was a gentle back-and-forth, led by Mom with an expertise that I could not fully embody, but only mimic. When she opened a little wider, I did, too, and the movement became slower - more passionate. Our tongues met briefly, gliding over each other before retreating again. The exchange was almost silent except for our heavy breathing and the sound of our wet tongues writhing together.

A small sound escaped her. I felt it rather than heard it, humming through the narrow space where our mouths met. It was a half breath, half sigh breaking softly between us. It was not particularly loud, but it changed everything: the air, the pace, and the way I held her. The sound acted as a kind of surrender - her voluntarily submitting to me in a way that no mother ever should, and exposing her desire to be treated like a woman, even if it was at the hands of her oldest son.

"God, Michael," she panted between torrid smooches. She broke the kiss, but did not pull away. Instead, she pressed her forehead against mine and exhaled warm, minty exhaust against my nose. We parted with saliva still dripping from her ruby lips. She wiped the glistening glob away with her thumb, then chewed pensively on the corner of her lip. "That one was pretty good, too."

"Y-yeah," I said.

She grinned with one side of her mouth. "You should've kissed me like that the first time."

"What are you talking about? Why-- how are-- just what the hell is going on, Mom?"

Mom switched to chewing on the inside of her cheek, which read to me as an escalation from the lip-biting. "I don't know, Michael. I just... I really missed you." It sounded like she was going to cry, but she did not slow down. "I miss your smile, I miss the way you make me laugh, and I miss those stupid, obvious gazes you give me when you think I'm not watching."

A chill ran up my spine. "Mom, I--"

She hushed me and placed a hand on my cheek. "Shh. I saw, honey-- every time, but I liked it. I miss having someone tell me that I'm sexy."

I nuzzled into her palm. "I never told you that."

She gingerly brushed my cheekbone with her thumb. "Your eyes did, sweetheart. A mother knows. A woman knows. Tell me I'm wrong?"

I shook my head. "You're not."

"I know. I knew I was going to miss you when you moved out, but not this much. I think about you all the time - what you're doing, who you're with, who you're thinking about."

"Or... if I'm thinking about you, you mean?"

She began to pull her hand away. "I knew it would sound stupid. I'm just--"

"No!" I pressed my palm down on the back of her hand before she could remove it, caressing her knuckles as she did my cheek. "You're not stupid, Mom. I was thinking about you! I just didn't think you would be thinking about me, too, and definitely not in the same way. But..."

She filled in the blank. "But a kiss feels like a lot?"

I felt heat flush my cheeks. "Yeah, but in a good way. I, uh... well, this sounds insane, but I like kissing you. I never expected that to happen. Ever!"

She beamed at me, her bright aura returning little by little. "I guess we should probably do it again, since we both liked it so much."

"L-like now?"

She batted her eyelashes seductively. "Like later, silly. We still have some shopping to do."

I sighed with dismay, but that did not stop Mom from opening the car door and stepping out into the frigid wasteland of the parking lot. "Are you coming, honey?"

I'd like to be cumming! I thought with an inward snicker, which was immediately followed by the realization of how hard my dick was. I did not want to sit in the parking lot to wait for it to calm down, so I tucked it into the waistband of my sweatpants and continued on my merry way as if everything was normal.

However, I could not focus on shopping after I had just swapped spit with Mom in the parking lot. I floated through the store like a haunted spirit, vaguely aware of the life around me, but too burdened with thoughts to interact with it. I pushed the cart, but Mom did most of the steering. All I could do was lean on the handlebar to drive it forward. I probably looked like a drug addict with my eyes wide as saucers, staring at nothing in particular while Mom tried to make conversation with me.

"Honey?" she asked at one point. "Did you hear me?"

I blinked hard a couple of times. "Did I... No. What's up?"

She threw a box of up vegan turkey into the cart. "Never mind. I'm just getting this one, I suppose. You're really distracted, huh?"

Without a shred of tact, I blurted out my unfiltered thoughts. "I can't believe we just made out in the car, Mom!"

"Honey!" Her eyes ballooned to twice their size and she scowled with disappointment. She grabbed my wrist and tugged me into a nearby aisle. "Watch your volume, please. Not everybody in the store is daydreaming like you! Someone could hear."

"Sorry, sorry. You're right. I'm just... wow."

Her scowl dropped, replaced by a smile that was twice as powerful. "You really liked it that much? It was just a kiss, you know."

I rolled my eyes. "Tell that to--" I hastily scanned the aisle, then lowered my voice so only she would hear me. "Tell that to my dick!"

Mom stared at me blankly for a few second, then briefly flicked her eyes towards my crotch, then looked back into my eyes. "Is it... It's not, right? Right now?"

I nodded. "As a rock! I had to tuck it into my waistband so nobody would see. Thank god I'm in sweatpants."

Mom leaned forward so that her mouth was next to my ear. "I want to feel him."

My stomach sank to the floor. "What are you--"

She silenced me with a kiss, and it was a good thing that she did. Her hand wandered between my legs, her knuckles bumping into my thigh a couple of times before her fingertips nudged my cock.

"Oh my god!" She delivered it as a whispered shout so she could more properly express her joy without alerting anyone to the fact that she was feeling me up. "You're so hard, honey!" Her fingers molded around my erection like she was trying to map it through my loose sweatpants. "And so... oh, wow. I made it like that?"

"What?"

She took a step backward, but her hand lingered on my cock for an extra couple of seconds. "You know what! It's friggin' huge, sweetheart!" Without the risk of someone else coming

down the aisle, I wondered how much further things would have progressed. "I think we should get a move on."

"What? Why?"

She blew me a kiss and said, in the most seductive tone I could have imagined, "I don't like being this wet when I'm out in public."

My throat seized up. "You're... W-wow." I was stunned by the knowledge that my mother was walking around the grocery store whilst leaking enough juice that it made her uncomfortable. Whatever amount that was, the mere mention of it was enough to make my salivary glands kick into high gear. I swallowed the lump in my throat, along with the drool. "We should definitely go, then."

Mom loaded a couple of drinks, some chips, and other goodies into the cart before we checked out, but my brain was elsewhere for the rest of the journey. I don't even remember paying for the groceries! I did not begin to fully function again until the chilly parking lot air struck my cheeks, jolting me to my senses.

I gave Mom the keys and told her to wait in the car while I loaded groceries into the trunk, and by the time I got into the

driver's seat it was already beginning to warm up. "I thought we were just getting that tofurkey thing," I said.

Mom buckled her seatbelt. "Well, I saw some other things, too. Besides, I could tell how desperate you were to get out of there, so I wanted to tease you a little bit."

I turned the key and put the car in reverse. "I knew it! You were stalling!"

"Not stalling. Just teasing. That's all." She leaned to the side so that her head was on my shoulder. "Are you mad, honey?"

I began to back out of the parking spot. "Course not, Mom - but you're right: I really wanted to get out of there, especially after you... you know."

She giggled. "After I touched it?"

My knuckles went white from how hard I gripped the wheel, but at least I was holding it steady enough so we would not veer into a ditch. "Yeah, that. I can't believe you did that!"

"I like being spontaneous, honey. I hope you didn't mind."

"Not at all, Mom."

We pulled out of the parking lot and headed down the main road that led to our subdivision. Everyone was driving carefully and there was a decent amount of traffic, so the drive back to home was a slow one-- but that did not mean that it was uneventful. In fact, as we slowed to a stop at the first intersection, Mom's hand ventured not-so-subtly towards my crotch.

"W-what are you doing?" I asked.

"Being spontaneous, of course," she replied with an adorable coo.

Her fingers crept along my leg, each digit walking with meticulous patience. Every atom in me body was screaming, begging, for her to "Just touch it!" but she took her sweet time getting there. When she reached the gap between my legs, she gave a firm squeeze to the inside of my thigh.

I had been paying such strict attention to her movements that the sudden squeeze took me by surprise, making it so that I slammed my foot on the gas when the lights turned green. The tires spun helplessly on the slush covered asphalt for a second before they found traction, at which point the car lurched forward all at once.

"Honey!" Mom exclaimed. "I'm not going to touch your cock if you can't drive safely."

My stomach launched into my throat. "You're gonna do... that? While I drive, I mean?"

She gave a small nod. "I'd like to." She removed her hand from my thigh and placed it flat against my tummy, fanning out her fingers as they inched towards the waistband of my sweatpants. "Soooo... that's a yes, then?"

"Like, under my pants?"

She chuckled and made an exaggerated eye roll. "Yes, sweetheart. That's the plan, as long as you won't crash."

I was amazed that she was the one to pitch the idea, almost making it sound like I would be doing her a favor if I said yes. "I can drive straight."

"Promise?"

"Promise! Yes!"

Apparently, that was all she had needed to hear. Her fingers slipped under the elastic, then travelled downwards until their tips grazed my cock. Once they'd had found it, Mom wasted no time in curling them around the base. "Jesus," she said.

I gulped nervously. "What?"

She chuckled and gave the root a firm squeeze that made the head inflate. "Really, honey! Christ, I mean... That is a dick, sweetheart."

It was not the first time I had received that compliment, but it was the first time that it had made my heart swell with pride. "Thanks, Mom."

Her tiny fingers coiled around the sides of my cock, applying steady pressure that coaxed the meaty behemoth to life - though 'coaxed' feels like an understatement. My dick became erect at an alarming rate, stiffening to a metal rod as Mom accepted the full length into her palm.

With my pants still in the way, my cock could not stand straight up. It was parallel to my thigh, pointing straight ahead - well, with the exception of the slight, natural upward curve it displayed when hard. The head formed a small lump in the front of my pants, but it was only half as noticeable as

the bulge made by Mom's hand as she slowly stroked it back and forth.

"Is that good, sweetheart?" she asked, her voice deep and luxurious like Manuka honey.

I nodded urgently, as though my appreciation would cause her to grow bolder. "Uh-huh, yeah."

"What about when I do this, then?" She stroked towards the head, abandoning the shaft in exchange for a tight squeeze around the puffy knob. Her grip was tight but gentle, the kind of touch one would use when testing the ripeness of a plump strawberry.

"Fuck," I grunted. "That's good, too."

With her palm closed around the entire head, I could feel each of her fingers working in tandem. The pressure of each one changed independently of the others, giving me the sense that they had minds of their own. The sensitive bridge of skin under my cock head buzzed with electricity when one of her fingers - the middle one, I thought - grazed against it, causing the entire length to tense up.

"Ohhhh," Mom mewed. "I think he liked that."

"He did," I said. "Or... I did. Whatever! It feels fucking amazing, Mom."

"Guess I haven't lost my touch."

I waited a few extra seconds for us to reach the next intersection, where I slowed to a stop ahead of the red lights. "Can you, uh... could you play with my balls, too?"

The mere utterance of the word "balls" had Mom's fingers slithering towards them before I had time to draw another breath.

"These balls, honey?" she asked with a perky inflection. "You mean these-- oh, wow. Honey! They're huge!"

I winced. "Is that good?"

She emitted a low, rumbling growl. "It's very good, sweetheart. Mommy loves a fat pair of balls."

My brain was overwhelmed. Between her use of the infantile title, and the admission that she admired balls as large as mine, I was already struggling to focus on the road. That

became even harder when she had pushed her fingers underneath my balls. Even though I had been given a few seconds to mentally prepare myself for the touch, it was altogether different to actually feel it.

Mom cradled the heavy sack, letting the weight settle in the center of her palm so that, when she closed her fingers, they formed a loose cage around both of the heavy eggs. She gave such a timid squeeze that I was sure it would have been visually imperceptible, but I sure as hell felt it.

My jaw hung open. "Whoa."

"Harder?" she asked.

I was not sure if she was asking if I wanted her to squeeze harder, or if she was allowed to do so, but either way, I was game. "Yeah. Harder, yeah."

Mom tightened her grip, but still maintained the fragility one would apply around an egg. It was tender but steady, reassuring me that my balls were in safe hands-- literally! She rolled the weighty orbs back and forth in her fingers, keeping me on the edge of my seat as I anticipated where she would next apply pressure, and where she would release it.

It wasn't long before I released something - thankfully not what you're thinking, but still: a wail that would have put a banshee to shame.

"I knew you'd like that," Mom whispered, barely audible under my desperate moaning. She extended her middle finger - I was sure of it that time due to the length - and stretched it as far back as it would go, then used her nail to gingerly tickle my perineum. A wave of tingles flowed from where her finger lay, rippling outward like she had disturbed the waters of a still pond.

I momentarily lost control of the wheel, causing the car to swerve for a second before I regained control. "Jesus, Mom!"

"Careful, honey," she said with a teasing tone. "If you can't drive straight, Mommy is gonna have to take her hands off of your big, hard cock."

The lewd words made my cock throb, which Mom seemed to thoroughly appreciate.

"Oh my god!" she exclaimed. I felt that! So strong for Mommy."

"That is so fucking hot!" I cried. "Holy fuck, Mom, your--"

"Mommy," she insisted with a firm squeeze around my ballsack. "I know you like it when I say that. I want you to say it, too."

"S-sorry. Your hands feel so fucking good, Mommy." I could not deny that she was right, and using the word myself made my stomach flip upside down.

She gave a deep, guttural purr that bordered on animalistic. "Imagine how good my mouth is gonna feel, then - Mommy's hot, wet little mouth sucking on your-- Honey! Brakes! Brakes!"

I slammed on them and gripped the steering wheel with white knuckles. A car I had not noticed rounding a corner honked angrily, but we'd barely avoided colliding.

"Fuck!" I shouted as I pulled to the side of the road. My heart was beating a thousand miles a minute, but that was not entirely from the near-miss. "Sorry, Mom. I didn't see them there. I... yeah. I wasn't paying attention."

Mom loosened her grip, at which point I - and likely she - realized that she had seized my dick in a death grip the moment she had thought we were going to crash. She

relinquished it, but not entirely. "It's alright, honey. Maybe we should wait to get home before we--"

"Before we what?" I cut her off, fueled by adrenaline from the near-collision. "What are we going to do, Mom? Huh? Just how much did you plan?"

Mom pulled her hand out of my pants, taken aback by the outburst, but quickly found her footing. "I don't know, Michael. Honestly, I don't. I feel something for you, and it's so strong that it scares me. I don't think I'm - hell, I know I'm not - supposed to feel these things for my own son."

"But you do," I said reassuringly, softening my approach, "and I feel them too, Mom. You're my favorite part about coming home."

"I just thought, you know, I'd give you a kiss when you came in the door and I would try to gauge your reaction. It probably helped that I had a couple glasses of eggnog first, but I wanted it, honey. I wanted to do it and... fuck it. I want to do it again! I don't care if that makes me fucking crazy."

"If you're crazy," I said, "then I'm downright insane. I've been thinking about your boobs ever since I left for school. Do you have any idea how crazy it was to open the door and see you wearing this?" I gestured to the red outfit she had on under

her coat. "You look fucking incredible, Mom. I can't believe Dad let you wear that."

"He, uh... doesn't really pay attention to me anymore - not like that, anyway. He probably didn't give it a second thought."

I could tell Mom was disappointed to admit that. I figured she had probably had a ton of time to come to terms with the lack of affection from my father, and it made me a special kind of angry that he was not spending every day of his life cherishing a woman like her. "He doesn't know what he's missing."

Even with disappointment written across her face, a glimmer of hope shone through. "But you do."

I reached out my right arm and hung it on her far shoulder. "I do, Mom."

For a moment, it looked like she was going to lean to kiss me again, but instead she gave me just a weak smile. "We should get back, sweetheart. We've been gone for a while, and they're probably wondering where we are."

"Okay, Mom."

We drove home quietly, but it did not feel awkward. It was rather peaceful, in fact, and we both hummed along to Mariah Carey when she came on the radio.

I took my time turning down the road to our subdivision, thinking about how much worse it would be to crash when we were that close to home, but also using my caution as an excuse to have a few more precious seconds of alone time with Mom. I did not want to share her. I wanted her all to myself, in every conceivable way, and I was beginning to think that she felt the same.

I carried the groceries inside so that Mom would not risk slipping on the snow that had built up since we'd been gone, and so that I could feel like a hero for doing all the hard work for her. It was a minor gesture, but after almost wrecking the car, I felt that baby steps were in order. For all I knew, we could have both wiped out on the slippery driveway the moment I tried to pull her in for a kiss.

"We're back!" Mom called to an empty foyer.

Marcy poked her head from around the corner in the kitchen, mid-chew. "You guys took forever!"

Mom shrugged as though she been practicing her alibi in the car. "We tried to be fast, Cee Cee, but the lines were long."

"The roads were bad, too," I added. "We almost wiped out a couple of times."

My sister smirked. "I thought you were a good driver, Mikey?"

I shot her a dirty look. "I am. Okay? It wasn't my fault."

Marcy raised an eyebrow. "And whose was it, then?"

Mom stepped around me so that I could see her glaring at me in my peripheral vision. "Yeah, honey. Whose fault was it?"

I froze, mentally weighing my options. "Uh, actually, it's not important. What matters is that we're both safe."

Mom winked at me. "Good answer."

I kicked off my shoes and hauled the bag of groceries to the kitchen. Marcy was seated at the table, her eyes religiously trained on her phone, but Dad and Tyler were nowhere to be

seen. I knew that families were expected to spend the holidays together, but frankly, I would've been happy to spend the entire day with just Mom.

"Where's your brother?" Mom asked Marcy.

Without looking up from her phone, my sister gestured towards the stairs leading to the second floor. "Up there somewhere."

"Helpful, Cee Cee," Mom said flatly. "Thank you for that."

Marcy shrugged. "I don't know! I'm in here snacking on baby carrots. He's probably up there shouting at a video game."

"And your father?"

Marcy rolled her eyes and, finally, set her phone down on the table. "I'm not, like, the family secretary. I'm pretty sure he's upstairs, too."

Mom did not say a word, but cocked her head to the side with a highly disapproving look on her face. When Marcy stopped rolling her eyes long enough to catch it, she shrunk with embarrassment. "Sorry, Mom."

"Low blood sugar?" Mom asked knowingly.

Marcy nodded and pursed her lips. "Hence the carrots, yeah. Didn't mean to be so bitchy."

Then it was my turn to smirk. "I guess it just comes naturally to you."

"Michael!" Mom cried and swatted my shoulder.

Marcy shot me an icy scowl. "Fuck you, dude. Hope you had fun getting my dinner for me."

A smile of impossible width spread across my face. "I sure did."

Mom stepped in to stop the fight before it evolved to fisticuffs. "Don't call your brother a weirdo. I imagine this is out of the question, but we were thinking of going on a walk in a few minutes before the Sun goes all the way down. Do you want to come with us?"

Marcy laughed, then realized she was being serious. "Wait, really? No, Mom. It's, like, winter."

Mom shrugged. "It's not that cold, though. You could get by with jeans - and the snow is falling so beautifully! It's like a painting out there."

"It's fine. I'm happy in here. I'll tell Dad and Tyler where you went, though."

Mom held a hand over her heart. "Your generosity is inspiring, Cee Cee. Well, what about you, Mikey? Still wanna go on that walk we talked about?"

It took my brain a few seconds to catch on to the fact that she was lying, but it got there eventually. "On the... Oh! Yes, the walk, yes. Of course I do."

Marcy got up from the table and popped one last baby carrot in her mouth. "You kids have fun, then."

I was flattered that Mom was willing to brave the winter winds - though it was truly unseasonable warm - just so that we could have some privacy. Once Marcy was out of the kitchen I asked, "So, are we really going for a walk?"

Mom stowed a bag of chips in the cupboard, then closed the door with her butt. "I think it would be nice. We can get some

exercise, some fresh air..." Then she lowered her voice and peeked around the corner to see if anybody was listening. "We can hold hands, and we can kiss, too."

That started a fire in my heart. "I want that! I-- yeah. That sounds really nice."

"I hoped you'd agree, honey. Just let me get my coat."

"Should we tell Dad?"

She shook her head. "There's already been plenty today that your father doesn't need to know about. He'll be fine."

It felt strange to keep such a deep, twisted secret from the rest of the family, but it also gave me and Mom something to bond over. We knew something that none of them did, and it was incredibly exciting. It made me feel powerful, like I was the head of the family sneaking off with my wife while we left the kids at home for a bit. A week prior, I would have been one of those very children being left behind, but stepping into my new role felt perfectly natural.

We suited up for the winter air, though thankfully the wind was almost nonexistent. It was a blessing, of course, because it meant that Mom did not have to put on pants underneath

her coat. It mostly covered her legs, but still left some skin unprotected.

I pointed to the gap where her flesh was exposed. "You won't get cold?"

She waved me off. "It's either this or I go put on pants, which means I would have to take off my Christmas outfit. What do you think, honey?"

My cheeks turned warm enough to melt every inch of snow on the driveway. "Uh, well, I mean... Yeah, okay. I like this."

"That way I can do this--" She opened the two front flaps and pulled them apart, giving me a quick flash of her bright red holiday costume. "--to remind you of what's waiting for you under the big ol' coat."

"Jesus, Mom. What if somebody saw?"

She closed her coat and tied the belt around her tummy. "Nobody will, honey. Besides, I bet you'd love to see what Mommy's got on under her outfit."

I nearly bit my tongue clean off. "Can we go, please, before I start picturing that too hard?"

She sauntered over to me so that our faces were only a few inches apart. "Hard, you say? For me?"

I grabbed her arm with one hand and used the other to open the front door. "Okay, that's it. You're outta here!"

Mom giggled playfully and gave a sarcastic salute. "Yes, sir!"

The street and the surrounding neighbourhood were entirely silent. Snow was drifting, not falling, effortlessly resisting the pull of gravity to float casually through the air until it reached - and subsequently blended in to - the blanket of fine, white powder covering what had once been green with life. The snowbanks on either side of our driveway were taller than my shoulders, and packed so densely that diving into them would have earned one a trip to the hospital.

The only hint of wind was how the clouds of warm breath in front of our faces were gently carried off by some unseen force. Other than that the world around us was still and lifeless, but it was not as daunting as one might think. It felt like we had stepped into a snapshot of time, existing in the space between moments as we, in solitude, sought to create a moment of our own-- together.

I reached out to Mom. "Are we a hand-holding couple yet?"

The corner of her mouth turned up. "Gosh, honey. I think we are." She took my hand and squeezed it tight. "I hope you don't mind looking like a mama's boy."

I squeezed hers back even tighter. Since it was warm enough to permit us to go out gloveless, I was that much more connected to her when her fingers closed down on my knuckles. "I hope you don't mind looking like... um... a mama? That sounded better in my head."

"It must have," she said, "because that was pretty terrible."

We both laughed heartily, leaving our mark on the quiet neighbourhood with an echo that bounced between the houses. We followed the path of that echo, taking our time to stroll hand in hand down the road.. The sidewalks were covered in snow, but luckily for us, the same could not be said for the park pathways that trailed off from the main road once we got a little further into the subdivision.

My parents' house backed onto a nature reserve. Since it was a popular walking spot - even in the winter - the township made sure to keep the main path clear of snow so people

would not write letters of complaint. For me and Mom, that meant we had no trouble ascending the steep incline before the trail, thin and winding, branched off in two separate directions.

"Where to, honey?" Mom asked. "Park or pond?"

I scratched my chin with my free hand. "Hmm. The park is probably better, right? No ducks this time of year."

Mom nudged me with her shoulder to push me down the path to the left. "Maybe you'll even get to play on the slide! Although, with the snow..."

"Not a problem." I held up my free hand, that time with the sleeve of my coat pulled far above my fingers so that they could not be seen. "I'll just clear it off. I'm not gonna let something as stupid as some cold water stop me."

Mom tittered. "Well, I do love a man with determination."

A couple dozen or so feet ahead, the path broke from the treeline and cut to the right at a sharp angle. Further ahead still, it led deep into the reserve, where I was sure there were as many hibernating animals as there were snow-covered tree branches. Before that, though, there was a modest park

that had been constructed to make the reserve feel more family friendly.

That day, however, there was not a single meaningful imprint in the snow to indicate that anybody had been there for a while. Some shallow footprints led straight to the park, but they'd been almost entirely filled in with snow. I imagined the person who had left them behind had fled the scene many, many hours prior, giving us a private place that sounded as isolated as it looked.

Mom tugged on my hand and came to an abrupt halt, her eyes trained on the dark grey sky while it poured fluffy, white flakes. The contrasting color made it feel like we were looking at an old television set to a channel that broadcast only static, but infinitely more peaceful.

She slowly turned her head to look at me. "You should kiss me."

"Right now?" I asked.

She gave a gentle nod. "Uh-huh. Right now, sweetheart."

I wasted no time wrapping my arms around Mom, and elicited a small gasp from her when I pulled her tightly

against my body. I wanted her warmth. I wanted her love. I wanted her.

She tilted her head to the side, and I mirrored her. There was a brief moment where her breath steamed my nose, letting me feel her closeness without actually touching. I closed my eyes, then did the same with the space between us.

Mom's mouth was soft and warm, a perfect contrast to the winter cold that nipped our skin. I could feel her lips forming into a loose smile as her kiss deepened, as though she could not physically contain her happiness. It was a contagious feeling, and I found that I, too, felt such abundant joy that I could not stop myself from grinning.

It felt different than when we'd kissed in the car, where any number of passersby could have been spying on us. In the park, we were free from prying eyes. There was nothing to stop me from shoving my tongue into my mother's mouth like I was trying to taste her tonsils, but she would not allow that without putting up a fight. She coiled her tongue with mine, eagerly braiding them together until it was impossible to tell one end from the other.

There was an ebb and flow to our momentum. At first, I was the one leading us, my hands on her waist as I set the tempo. Then Mom took over, subtly downshifting the pace to one that was slower - more exploratory. She slid her hand up to

my face until her fingertips touched my jaw, then cradled it tenderly.

I raised one hand to the back of her neck and lightly cupped it, not to hold her in place, but to let her know that - even when she was in charge - I was not just a passive participant.

We were both leading and we were both following, and both felt completely natural. Regardless of which role I was in at any given moment, my dick responded the same way. There was no way to hide it in my sweatpants, and by the time I was halfway hard, it was rising up to fill the gap between Mom's thighs.

When she pulled her head back, a thin, glistening string of saliva connected our mouths for a moment. She stuck out her tongue and severed the vine, then licked her lips clean. "It's been ages since I made a man hard with just kisses."

I did not even open my eyes, just in case she resumed kissing me without notice. "Yeah."

She grazed my jawline with her thumb. "You must really like Mommy's kisses, huh? I bet you'd fuck me right here if I let you."

That got my attention. I snapped my eyelids open and hurriedly searched her face for a hint that she had been joking. I did not find one. "Would you?" I asked.

She made an adorable chuckle. "Oh, honey, but it's cold out!"

"So?"

She realized immediately that I was serious. "Wait, really? You want to do it here?"

"Better than not doing it at all."

Mom bit her lower lip pensively. "I-I don't know, sweetheart. You reeeally can't wait?"

There was something in her voice that gave me the impression that she was banking on my impatience, so I leaned into it. "I can't, Mom. I want you so fucking badly. I'll fuck you right here in the snow if I have to!"

She tightly knitted her brows together, pondering the possibilities. "No, no. Not in the snow." Her eyes spotted something over my right shoulder. "But that bench, on the other hand..."

I turned around to look at it, then back to her. "Yeah. That bench."

"Yeah? That bench? I guess I can, like... Oh my god, honey. Are we really gonna do this?"

I put my hands on her forearms and pulled her against me, silencing her with a kiss. When I broke it off, I didn't let her get a word in edgewise. "We're not thinking, remember? It's like you said in the car; we're answering one easy, little question."

"Ask me, then." She was acting confident, but trembling lips gave her away.

I put on my biggest, most convincing pair of puppy-dog eyes. "Please, Mommy, can I fuck you on that bench?"

She exhaled an entire cloud of heated air from her lungs, which turned into fog between us before dissipating. "Fuck it. Yes. I-I just... Okay, you're right. We're not thinking! Right?"

"Not thinking," I echoed.

"Not thinking, just doing... doing my son on a park bench, I guess. This is so insane!"

I leaned in and kissed her cheek. "Then come and be insane with me, Mom."

We walked hand in hand towards the bench, each footstep making the packed snow crunch under my boot heel. Mom walked closely behind me, filling in my large footsteps with her tiny feet so she would not get snow inside of her boots.

Our chosen venue had about half a foot of snow covering the seat. I tucked my hands into my coat sleeves and brushed it away with a few big swings of my arms, and when I was done, there was just a thin layer of hard, crusty ice left behind. I knew I would barely feel it in my thick sweatpants, so I sat down and looked up at Mom expectantly. I did not know exactly how to proceed, and one look at her told me that she didn't either.

"Ready, Mommy?" I asked, hoping to coax out her inner harlot.

She chewed on her thumbnail amidst heavy breathing. "I... I am." She took one last look around the park to ensure we

were completely alone, then turned around so that her ass was facing me. "Get him out, sweetheart."

I tugged my pants down just enough so that I could pull my dick out, tucking the waistband underneath my balls so that my whole member stood proudly at attention.

"Here we go," Mom said - so quietly that it sounded like she was talking primarily to herself.. She bent at the waist a little bit and opened the front of her coat. "Can you lift my coat for me? And my dress, too, if you can."

"Sure." I grabbed the bottom of her coat, and the fluffy, white hem of her dress, and raised them up above her ass.

The view was astonishing. Mom's fat bottom had swallowed her underwear string whole, leaving just a small snippet of red fabric - the same color as her dress - sitting below the small of her back. It trailed downward until it vanished between her plump cheeks.

She pulled downward on the sides of her panties, which came free at once, but it took a few extra seconds before the rest to follow. The thin floss that was nestled snugly against her pussy stayed in place for as long as it could, refusing to budge until she had lowered the waistband to her knees. It remained trapped between her pudgy thighs until she made

a concentrated effort to free it, at which point it peeled off of her mound like a sticker on a piece of fresh fruit. "I think that's good," she said. "I don't want to take them off, so... yeah."

"It looks fucking great, Mom," I said.

She looked at me over her shoulder and gave her ass a shake to make waves in her bouncy cheeks. "My butt?"

"Uh-huh. Fuck yes!"

She looked forward again. "Spread your legs so I can sit down, honey."

I parted my thighs and, without thinking, put my hands on her waist. I pulled on her slightly, guiding her onto my lap without actually forcing her. Her ass was a blanket, and when she planted it on me the winter chill was snuffed out in an instant. My cock, firm and unyielding, sank between her chubby cheeks, where it enjoyed the brunt of that heat, smothered in the wet, sweltering warmth radiating from her pussy.

"Fuck, Mom," I said with a grunt.

She laughed with amusement. "Just wait until you're inside, sweetheart. Can you make him stand up when I lift my bum?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," I chanted in an ass-induced trance.

She raised her butt up a couple of inches, making space between our bodies so that I could reach down and grab my dick by the base. I pried it off of my stomach, inadvertently dragging the head through her slippery, honey-soaked lips, and pointed it at the mouth of her cunt.

Mom was taking deep, steadying breaths through her mouth that verged on hyperventilation. Her arms were braced on my thighs, hyperextended to act as stable pillars upon which she could rest her body weight as she eased her ass back onto my lap.

I felt the wetness first - a thick glaze that coated every inch of her insides - and the warmth followed soon after. Once they were working in tandem, the two were inseparable. It was a dense humidity that clung to my skin and grew hotter as my cock sank further into her body. The walls gave in as Mom lowered herself, but quickly molded back around me when she clenched the muscles laying beneath the layers of soft, wet meat.

My head was swimming, and my entire lower body was transported to an otherworldly dimension of pure pleasure. It was like nothing I had ever felt before, and then, once I was all the way in, the pressure began. It pulsed in slow waves, massaging the entire length with rhythmic contractions. Every squeeze felt intentional, like she was studying my dick through touch alone. I imagined that she was using those steady pulsations to map the contours of the very cock that she had helped create, welcoming it - welcoming me - back inside the cozy pocket.

Mom grunted. "Jesus--"

I finished the statement for her. "--Christ! Mom, it feels so fucking good. You feel fucking amazing."

She exhaled steadily through her nose. "Hold me tight, honey, around my tummy."

I wrapped my arms around her belly and secured her to me. She overlaid her hands on mine so that both of us were hugging her stomach, but that was not enough for me. I wanted to be even closer to her - as close as humanly possible - so I buried my face in her back and grunted into her puffy coat. "God, Mom. I already feel like I'm gonna cum."

She rocked back and forth, grinding on my cock so that the head would rub against her cervix. Although smooth and spongy, it was surprisingly firm, which made it crystal clear just how well matched our bodies were. With her cunt lips squeezing the absolute root of my cock, and the head lodged against her cervix, I had given her all I had, and she had taken it as though it were a natural fit. The tightness, though, like hundreds of strained rubber bands, made it clear that while the length was ideal for her, the girth was more of a challenge.

"God, honey," she whimpered. "I was right. You're way bigger than him."

"Who?" I asked, my voice but a weak warble.

She rubbed my thigh reassuringly. "You know who: him. I am... I'm not used to this size."

It was undeniably satisfying to hear that I was bigger - probably in a couple of ways - than the head of our family. There's nothing quite like that kind of compliment to make a man feel like he's on top of the world, and with Mom in my lap, that was exactly where I felt I was.

She purred with delight and leaned back to rest her full weight on my chest. "Tell me you love me, sweetheart."

"I do, Mom!" I exclaimed louder than I meant to.

"No!" she cried. "I want to hear it. Tell Mommy you love her."

I hugged her midsection with all my might and groaned into her back. "I love you, Mommy. I fucking love you so... fucking... much!"

She bore down with her ass, putting steady pressure on my cock head as it flattened against the bottom of her pussy. "I love you even more, Michael."

Hearing my name leave her lips like that made chills run down my spine. Ironically, I could not feel an ounce of the cold air that I knew surrounded us. With her riding me, rocking back and forth, the only temperature I could feel was the muggy warmth we were producing. It quickly became the only thing on my mind, the only thing in the world that mattered, and that remained true right up until the moment we both felt something buzz in my pocket.

BZZT. BZZT.

Mom stopped grinding. "Was that your phone?"

"I think so," I admitted.

She sat forward a little bit, lifting her weight off of me. "How long have we been gone for?"

I pulled out my phone and checked the time. "Only like twenty minutes! Hold on, it's Dad." I quickly read through the text message. "Yeah, he's wondering where we are. Awesome."

Mom growled in frustration. "I bet your brother and sister started fighting. Typical! He doesn't know how to break them up without making it worse! I swear, sometimes, that man--"

I snorted with laughter, which interrupted her speech. "Sorry, Mom. It's just, like, kinda funny to complain about that while I'm still... you know."

She briefly expelled air through her nose - the smallest sign of amusement. "Still inside of me? And throbbing, too, by the way. Doesn't feel like he's bothered by this at all."

I rubbed her back comfortingly. "He's happy where he is."

"And yet, he must leave."

"What?" I exclaimed? "Why? Can't we stay?"

"No, sweetheart. I don't want them to come looking for us, and I'm sure you don't, either."

I did not, but pulling out of her without getting to finish did not sit well with me. "Can we do it when we get back home?"

She grew tense and paused for a few seconds. She was likely imagining, as I was, what scenarios we could concoct at home to give us the privacy that we were enjoying at the park. "Maybe. It is Christmas, after all."

I grew desperate, and I am not ashamed to admit that I was prepared to literally beg if I had to. "Just five more minutes, Mom? Please?"

She sighed, but relaxed her muscles. I was prepared for the worst, which would have been "no," but Mom was full of surprises that day.

"Are you, um... close?" she asked, a flicker of hope in her voice.

"I can be."

"You can be? Honey, I--"

"I'm close! I am, Mommy." I used the name she had requested in the hopes that it would be more convincing. "I can finish quickly."

She shook her head side to side with an amused chuckle. "Men."

"Sooo... is that a yes?"

She patted my leg. "Okay, sweetheart. If you're quick, we can finish up. I'm gonna ride you a bit harder this time, so don't try to hold back. I'm serious!"

"I'm not, uh... wearing a condom, though."

"And you'll never have to - not with me, sweetheart. It's okay if you want to cum inside." The sugary sweetness of her

voice was at odds with the perverse taboo of what she was offering.

With her hands on my thighs, Mom bunched up a handful of my sweatpants and clutched them tightly. I could only imagine what she needed that extra leverage for.

That thought was still fresh in my mind as she raised her ass, allowing a brisk chill to wash over me. Compared to her pussy, it was practically frigid, and the layer of wet nectar coating my cock only heightened the contrast. Without a word, she tensed her arms and threw - not dropped, but flung - her ass back onto my lap.

"Jesus!" I yelped, my vision narrowing to a pinpoint as the pleasure hit me like a freight train.

It was a completely different sensation than the slow grinding to which I'd grown accustomed. Her blubbery cheeks landed on my thighs with such force that it knocked the wind out of me for a second, but I quickly caught my breath.

Amid the silence of the park and the forest surrounding us, Mom's ass clap had pierced my eardrums like a crack of thunder. Despite the muffling provided by my sweatpants, her cheeks were of such tremendous heft that they made

plenty of noise all on their own. Had my legs been bare, I was sure that the sound of skin hitting skin would have reached all the way back home.

Mom lifted off of my lap a little. "Pull me."

"W-what?"

"Pull me, honey!" she said more urgently.

With my hands on her waist, we joined forces so that her next plummet would be twice as strong. I dragged her down like I was trying to poke through her tummy, driving my cock as far into her pussy as I could. I used every ounce of strength that my trembling limbs could muster. Another gunshot echoed across the frozen woods, and Mom was raising her ass up again before it had stopped bouncing off the trees.

We groaned in unison, dumping our animalistic wails into the open air without a care as to who might hear.

Mom was hunched over, making it easier for her to isolate the movements of her hips. The rest of her body was mostly stationary, allowing her to hurl the mass of doughy flesh onto me without losing her balance. She was a well-oiled machine built to do one thing, and she was damn good at it.

Over and over again, she would lift and drop her weighty cheeks, causing a ripple to flow outward from the point of impact. The momentum was so great that, even with my hands resting up on her waist, the swell stretched far enough to reach my palms.

Mom panted heavily, using the small window between each of her butt bounces to utter a single word, punctuating her impatience. "You... said... you... were... close!"

"I am!" I exclaimed. "I-I'm almost there."

She made a grunt befitting a barbarian and increased her vice grip on my sweatpants. "Don't make me wait for it. Give it to me, sweetheart."

Tingles spread all over my scalp. "Keep talking - please."

"Yeah?" she squeaked. "You want Mommy to beg you to cum in her pussy?"

The tingles melted down the back of my spine and started to spread all over my body. "More. More, Mommy."

She emitted a seductive growl that was so deep, so provocative, that it scared me a little. I hardly recognized the impassioned woman riding my cock, aching for my cum so desperately that she would debase herself by pleading for it.

"Please, honey," she whined without skipping a beat. "Cum... in... Mommy's... cunt."

I could feel my heart punching my ribs. My breath became short, and the backs of my eyes welled up with a tremendous warmth that made my whole head feel like it was wrapped in cashmere. "I'm gonna... I'm fucking gonna..."

"Cum?" she asked insistently. "That's my good boy. Shoot all that hot, gooey cum into Mommy's pussy just like you want to."

I shut my eyes so tightly that I could see thousands of white dots peppering the blackness behind my eyelids. "Holy fuck!"

My stomach tightened up-- my balls, too. In fact, every muscle in my body was tightly wound, yet I felt completely at ease. It was as though the physical sensation, as overwhelming as it was, could not compare to the unique comfort that one can only truly feel around their mother.

My cock erupted, spewing forth a stream of semen so thick, so viscous, that it made me gasp in surprise when I felt it fly from the tip. My piss slit widened to make room for the creamy rope, and with a big, powerful throb, it summoned another that was hastily dumped alongside the first-- as deep in my mother's pussy as I could put it.

I curled my body around hers, hunching over just like she had so that we fit together like huge, quivering puzzle pieces.

She scratched at my forearms, still wrapped around her tummy, and writhed in my lap, as though she was being inundated with the same feel-good chemicals that were making my legs tremble. "Keep going, honey. Keep going."

I wanted to flood her with my seed, leaving no corner of her birth canal unsullied by baby batter until it drooled out of her when she stood up. I wanted her to be so full of it - so full of me - that the sheer volume would cause her stomach to become bloated and distended, showcasing just how much of the sticky goo she was carrying. In my mind, I was doing exactly that. It was an easy thing to imagine when every atom in my body felt like it was crackling with energy. I had never felt so alive - so awash in orgasmic bliss that I could no longer feel the cold wood of the bench beneath me.

Thankfully for the sake of our cover, her belly retained its shape rather than inflating to the size of a late stage pregnancy, but in my mind I still held onto those images with the knowledge that I would surely masturbate to them in the future.

Our bodies unwound in harmony: first our arms, then our legs, and finally our spines as we slumped backwards-- me against the bench, and her against my chest. We panted, drawing invisible breath that exited our gaping maws as a cloud of fog.

"Mommy..." I said, my voice warbling. "I... I don't..."

She hushed me lovingly and reached up behind her head so that she could pet the side of my face. "Shhhh, it's okay. I know, sweetheart. Mommy's here. You did so good, didn't you?"

"Yeah," I said breathlessly. "That just... Fuck. That felt so good."

"I liked it, too." She nuzzled her head against the side of my face. "I'm happy you're home. I-- well, I mean, I didn't think this would happen, but..."

I chuckled. "But you kind of hoped it would?"

I heard her lips part to form a toothy grin. "I mean, maaaaybe. I didn't think a simple kiss would lead to us having sex on a park bench, that's for sure."

I placed a kiss on her temple. "Regrets?"

She reached further back and raked her fingernails across my scalp. "None, honey. You?"

I shook my head and nuzzled my nose into her beautiful blonde hair. "None, Mom. That was perfect."

A couple of seconds of silence passed wherein I, and likely Mom, savored the afterglow, but it was not long before she took to shivering. "Do you think we could head back now? I'm having visions of hot cocoa."

I hated the idea of interrupting our solitude by adding family members to the mix, but the fact that Dad had already texted me hung in the back of my mind. "Sure, Mom. They're probably worried we fell into some deep pit, or something."

Mom made a gleeful little giggle. "Well, one of us did fall into a deep, warm, wet pit. But I think he liked it in there."

I was grateful for the warmth that rushed to my cheeks. "I loved it. I'm already thinking about when I can 'fall' back in."

"I don't remember raising such a greedy boy!" She stood up, releasing a pent-up cloud of dense, wafting steam that made it look like her ass had just been in a sauna. I wanted terribly to see her pussy - and what I had done to it - but she wasted no time in pulling her underwear back up from around her knees to seal the creamy spill inside. "My butt is friggin' cold!"

An idea struck me. "Maybe you got frostbite! Want me to take a look?"

Mom hung her head and made one of those defeated sort of laughs. "Oh, sure, I bet you'd love to take a look."

"Please?"

She sighed, but clearly knew that it was pointless to resist me. She bent over again, then reached back and lifted the back flap of her coat high above her ass.

It was as glorious as I knew it would be, covered in small goosebumps that supported her claim of a cold butt, but I did not plan to look with just my eyes. Before she knew what was happening, I extended my right hand and delivered a firm swat to the nearest cheek.

THWACK! My open palm collided with her lily-white skin, making a couple of fat ripples emanate from the pink handprint it left behind.

"Ouch, honey!" she squealed.

"I couldn't resist. Is that better?"

She shook her head. "Well, it's not better, but it's not worse, so there's that. But you should warn a lady when you're going to--"

THWACK!

"Michael!" Mom hollered, scampering away from me with her hands shielding her rump from further spankings. "Don't you dare spank your mother after she's told you not to!"

I grinned sheepishly. "Sorry, but I couldn't resist!"

She rubbed her sore bottom to soothe the sting. "You already said that! Don't make me ground you on Christmas Eve, young man."

I held up my hands in defeat. "Okay, okay. You win. Paws off... for now."

She held up a finger like a disapproving nun. "Paws off until I say so. Got it?"

I gave her a sarcastic salute. "Yes, ma'am!" I considered myself lucky that she found it difficult to stay mad at me.

"Can we go now?" she asked. "Before somebody sees that suspiciously butt-shaped imprint on the bench and us standing next to it."

I looked around and did not see a single hint of witnesses, but after she had let me empty my balls into what was, for me, the most sacred place on the planet, I was willing to do whatever she asked of me. "Sure, Mommy."

We held hands all the way home - well, at least until we were within sight of the house, which prompted us to fall back

into our traditional role as mother and son despite the fact that one of us was dripping out of the other.

The house was quiet when we got back. The lights were on, but by the sounds of it, nobody was home. Mom would not stand for that, and so summoned the family downstairs so that all of their holiday memories would not be of their bedrooms.

"You've got all year to waste away in there," she insisted from the bottom of the stairs. "Come keep Michael and I company while we get started on dinner, please."

Marcy came down first, her face still rooted in her phone. "How was the walk?"

"It was... refreshing," Mom said. "Tyler? Vincent? You, too!"

"Coming, dear," said Dad.

The two of them traipsed down the stairs like their limbs were made of lead, but they swiftly shuttled themselves into the living room and flicked on the television.

"Well," Mom said to me with a flimsy smile, "better than nothing, I suppose."

"Don't worry, Mom," I said comfortingly. "I'll hang out with you."

Her smile widened. "Good boy - as long as you'll help me cook, too. I already did most of it earlier."

"Sure, I'll help."

She continued as if she had not heard me. "The turkey is cooking; I put the veggies in with it, but we still need salad and mashed potatoes, and-- Oh! You said yes, didn't you? Perfect! Let's get to work, honey. Marcy, do you--"

"No," Marcy replied flatly as she left the kitchen. She did not travel far, though - just to the living room into which the kitchen peered.

There was a large cut-out section of the wall just over the sink that allowed anyone washing dishes - usually Mom - to look into the living room rather than, say, the kitchen cabinets. Even though the others were a room away, it felt like they were right next to us.

Rankin/Bass Christmas movies played on the television while I helped Mom. Since most of the hard work was already done, I was under the impression that she just wanted to spend more time with me. While not in total privacy, there was at least a waist-height dividing wall keeping us separate from the others.

"Smells good, Mom," Tyler piped up, though his eyes did not wander from the screen.

"Thank you, honey," she replied.

I hated how jealous it made me feel for her to use that pet name for him. It was far too common to be a nickname, but after hearing her use it for me all day, I had gotten rather attached to being her honey - her one and only.

I pushed those jealous feelings aside and focused on the task she had given me: peeling potatoes over the sink. There were a dozen or so that I had to wash, peel, and chop, but I would have gone through a thousand if it meant I could've spent the whole time around Mom.

"When's it gonna be ready?" Dad asked. "I'm starving!"

Mom rolled her eyes and shot me a look meant only for us. "It'll be ready when it's ready, dear. Just be patient."

He scoffed. "I'm getting a beer."

Tyler cleared his throat. "Uh, Dad? Could I have one?"

I chuckled, which made Mom giggle, which eked a small laugh out of Marcy, whose laughter fueled a hearty bellow from my father. In no time at all, the four of us were laughing at Tyler's innocent request. He was nowhere near the drinking age-- hell, he wasn't even at the age where "cool" parents bend the rules!

"No chance, T," Dad said. "Maybe next year."

Mom cleared her throat.

"Sorry, no," Dad corrected himself. "Maybe... a few years?"

Mom raised an eyebrow. "Maybe. We'll talk, but definitely not tonight. Sorry, Tyler, you've gotta stay as the baby for this year."

Tyler huffed and puffed, but we knew him well enough to recognize it as performative. "Fine, whatever. Merry Christmas, I guess."

Marcy faked a whine of commiseration. "Life is so hard, T. You poor thing."

"Fuck off," he muttered, contorting his face into a deep enough frown to hide the smile that wanted to break through.

"Hey!" Mom said sharply, pointing a spatula at her youngest son. "Language, young man."

It was strangely exciting to hear her chastise him in the same way - tone, cadence, and even calling him "young man" - as she had with me after I'd slapped her ass in the forest.

Dad came into the kitchen to grab a refreshment and, to his credit as a good father, a small cup. Mom had turned her back by then, so she did not see him fill it with about a fifth of his beer and pass it to Tyler with a wink when he got back into the living room. It would not be enough to get him drunk - I imagined that even Tyler knew that - but it was enough for him to feel included, and that put a smile on his face.

"Thanks, Dad," he said.

Dad gave him a nod and put a fingers to his lips, forming a pact of silence. The mama's boy in me wanted to rat them out, but I did not dare tread on their little secret no matter how many points it might have earned me with Mom.

After about ten or so minutes, I finished washing the potatoes and dumped the spuds in the sink. "Mom, where's the peeler?"

She spun on her heels with a wild look in her eye. "I've been waiting for you to ask."

"You have? Uh, why?"

She gestured to the cupboard by my knees. "Because it's down there."

"Oh, okay." I reached down to open the door, but Mom quickly stepped up behind me and put her hands on my waist.

"Stop," she commanded, then dropped her voice to a low hiss that only I would hear. "Let Mommy do it."

My heartbeat immediately quickened. The word "Mommy" was a trigger, and the mere utterance of it was enough to make my dick start to harden. "W-what?"

She paused, as if studying the room just in case anyone turned around. Everyone had their backs to the kitchen, and the television was cranked so loud that I knew her teasing had gone unnoticed.

"You heard me," she whispered. "Want to play with me?"

"But is it safe?" I hoped whatever she had in mind would not be too risky.

"I don't care," she insisted. "I want to suck your dick."

I gripped the edge of the sink so hard that my knuckles cracked. "Right now? You-- really? Like, with them... there?"

She pushed her nose into the back of my shoulder and nodded up and down. "Uh-huh. Right now, honey. You think you can stay quiet?"

"Yes!" I exclaimed before lowering my voice. "I mean, yeah. Fuck yes, Mom."

Mom gave the room one last look, then knelt down. "Good boy."

I could feel my hands trembling, and had to hold onto the counter to keep myself stable. Looking straight ahead, I felt Mom's fingers sneak under my waistband and begin to tug it downward. My dick was already halfway hard from the salacious whispers she had floated into my ear, and the idea that it would soon be in her mouth was finishing the job. I could not resist the impulse to look down, even though it made me blind to the living room, where someone could have gotten off the couch at any moment.

Mom yanked the elastic down to my knees all at once, making my semi-hard cock spring up. It bobbed in front of her, swaying back and forth as it inflated with each throb.

"Wow," she said, but she had not needed to; her eyes had said it all. Her lust - her hunger to taste me - lit the blue of her irises up like neon lights-- just another piece of the scene that coaxed my cock to its full size. It was already pointing at the ceiling, and she had not even needed to put it in her

mouth. At that rate, I felt like was going to cum just from feeling her hot breath curl around the head.

She cast her gaze upward and silently mouthed, "Ready?"

I nodded.

She gestured backward towards the living room with a tilt of her head. "Watch," she mouthed insistently.

I turned my attention back to the rest of our family, who were thankfully enthralled with that same Christmas special, but I did not have much mind left to look at the screen. Even with my eyes trained straight ahead, all of my focus was on the seductress kneeling between my legs. Her husband - my own father - was less than fifteen away, completely unaware that his wife was willingly opening her maw to accept my cock into it.

I could only see Mom in my peripheral vision, but it was all I needed. I saw her stick her tongue out of her mouth far enough to touch the bottom of her chin, and tap my puffy cock head against the cushy, pink surface to make a quiet slapping sound. Each time my dick smacked the wet surface of her tongue, the noise was just a little louder and more lively. Eventually, I began to fear that one of the others would actually hear it.

Just as the playful slapping and my anxiety reached a fever pitch, Mom landed one final blow on her tongue, then held my dick against it. She wiggled her tongue back and forth, basting my cock with a glaze of slippery saliva. While she painted the underside with spit bubbles, she began to push her lips forward one microscopic step at a time. She worked them back and forth, gradually accepting more and more of the bloated knob into her mouth as it became wetter. By the time the whole head was inside, I was sure she had polished it to a brilliant shine.

I risked a glance downward, and it only took one brief second to permanently imprint the image in my mind. Mom's puckered lips had completely engulfed my cock head, and she was sucking so hard that her cheeks were slightly hollowed out. The visual was so stimulating that I had to snap my attention back to the living room before I started groaning unintentionally.

She slowly pulled her lips off of me, but kept them attached until the last second. They clung the head on its way out, tenderly grazing the sensitive bulb while her tongue slid along the bottom. When my dick was out, she closed her mouth and planted a kiss on the crown. She lingered for a few seconds, her pursed lips firmly pressed to the tip, before she broke the kiss with a barely audible "mwah."

She dipped her head down so that her mouth was close to my balls, then stuck out her tongue and pasted it against the base of my cock. She treated the length as a runway; in one smooth motion, she dragged her tongue from the root all the way to the tip, taking her time to properly coat the meaty piston with a healthy layer of saliva. She fluttered her tongue against my frenulum, tickling the sensitive bridge of skin below my cock head with expert precision.

I had to bite my tongue to stifle a groan, but I wanted - no, I needed - to let her know how good it felt. I cupped the side of her head, my fingers tangled in her fluffy, blonde hair, and gently raked them through the golden strands.

She nuzzled into my palm as a show of appreciation, but did not ease up on her suckling. There was a fervor to it - an eagerness that told me she was not strictly doing it for my benefit. She was getting off on being praised for her hard work, and, by the look on her face, she was clearly pleased to be where she was. She looked like she was daydreaming, her eyes closed as she mindlessly nursed on the plump head, twirling her tongue around it like it was a meaty lollipop.

I felt empowered, and with that came a sense of bravery that encouraged me to push down on her head to send a very clear message: "I want you to go deeper." That boldness also gave me the idea to look down at her, despite the obvious

danger, so I could bear witness to everything she was doing to me. Feeling it was one thing, but seeing it was another.

Mom got the hint instantly and took a deep breath through her nose, then gave me a small nod as if to say "Yes, sir." It is possible that I added the "sir" in my mind, but as far as I was concerned, it was a fitting title considering the way she was serving me. She opened her mouth and took my cock inside of it, closing her lips just below the head, then opened her beautiful, hauntingly blue eyes and cast them up at me. She wore an unmistakable smile that told me she had been waiting for that exact command. Again, it could have been my overactive imagination, but her expression was of such sincere happiness that I believed it to be true.

She put one of her hands on either of my thighs and pressed her fingertips down. Her eyes stared straight into mine, daring me to look away as she began her descent.

There was no sum of money on the planet that would have convinced me to do that, and even the threatening sounds of Dad's chair springs creaking as he readjusted in his seat did not scare me enough to tear my eyes off of her. I knew it was dangerous, but I simply could not help myself.

Mom pushed her lips forward so they protruded from her face, forming a shallow tube of flesh into which my cock

slowly disappeared. I watched it enter her one bit at a time. Each inch that I lost sight of was balanced out by an added sensation, and the less I could see, the better it felt. Her mouth, and the magnificent warmth it held, made the perfect holster for my cock to slide into.

It was a reverse game of Operation; Mom's goal was to insert my cock as deep as she could whilst ensuring that it was coddled on every side at once. Whether that came from her tongue - which she had pasted to the bottom - or her hollowed out cheeks compressing the bulb like a fleshy vice, it did not matter to me. I could not tell one from the other, anyway.

Mom did not quite reach the bottom, but she got incredibly close. In fact, when she pushed her lips outward as far as they would go, the upper one just barely reached my pelvis and the bottom got close enough to nudge my ballsack.

I felt my dick prod the back of her throat - a firm wall of wet, spongy meat - as she wiggled her lips in an effort to fit more of it inside. With her gullet already packed tight, it was a hopeless effort, but I loved feeling her try. My cock pushed hard against her throat, and I felt an intense pressure on the tip. In short order, the head was pressed into a flat mushroom that, when squeezed, became wide enough to lodge snugly in her windpipe. I could tell how plugged her throat was by the way her breathing became laboured,

forcing her to fight through wet, sputtering breaths for a shred of oxygen. Quiet little gurgles snuck out of her esophagus, and so I held a finger to my lips to remind her to stay silent.

Mom tensed her brow, but gave me a quick nod to confirm that she would try her best. A small tear welled up in the corner of her eye, turning her iris into a shimmering blue pool. She blinked hard to eject the salty water, and it ran down the side of her cheek.

I thought she looked stunning, but knew that one look at her face would have made the rest of the family suspicious. I reached up with my other hand - the one that was not rooted in her hair - to gently wipe the tear away. She gave me an appreciative gurgle, which I imagined was intended to mean "Thank you for wiping Mommy's tears away so she can keep sucking your big, fat cock" -- well, something like that, anyway.

She stuck her tongue out of her mouth as far as she could and used the tip of it to poke my balls. She took to rapidly fluttering it against them, giving me a sharp, electrifying tingle that ran counter to the dense heat that boiled in the depths of her throat. The conflicting sensation made my toes curl; had I not been holding myself upright on the counter, I surely would have collapsed.

"Oh, fuck," I said with a grunt, earning me a look of ire from my mother.

She narrowed her eyes at me and pointed with a finger toward the living room.

It physically pained me to look away from her, but that was nothing compared to the way my heart dropped when I realized that Dad was staring back at me from his easy chair.

"Everything okay in there?" he asked innocently.

"Y-yeah, Dad," I squeaked. "It-- I just... cut myself! On the peeler, I mean."

He shrugged and turned back to the television. "Oh. Well, get your mother to take a look at it. I'm sure it's nothing."

I looked down at Mom, expecting to see some sort of change in her facial expression, but she looked completely ignorant. She had clearly heard him, but did not relent in response to the injection of reality. Her own husband was close enough to talk to me without raising his voice, but she was acting like it was just the two of us in the house. It would have taken something serious to tear her away, and that moment came seconds later when Dad asked Tyler to get him another beer.

My little brother sneered at him. "But Mikey's already in the kitchen. Make him do it!"

"He's busy," Dad replied. "He's helping Mom out, you know. I don't want to bother them."

More like she's helping me out! I thought with an inward chuckle. Mom was arguably the real head of our family, not Dad, so having her drop to her knees to swallow my cock made me feel like I was the de facto leader of the house-- a king by no small measure, with my queen worshipping at my feet.

That said, it was not a true reign, and I certainly wasn't brave enough to flaunt my new role in the front of the others. I hastily pulled my dick out of Mom's mouth as soon as Tyler got off of the couch. She kept the suction strong until the moment my cock left her lips, producing a sensational pop when the fat head exited the wet vacuum.

I saw a bright gleam from the ceiling lights bouncing off of the glaze of saliva she had applied to the entire length, but it was most noticeable on the glimmering head, which sparkled like a pink diamond. I stuffed my dick into my sweatpants and tucked it into the waistband to keep it from springing forth while Mom used her fingertips to wipe the corners of her mouth. She stood up, flattened down the front

of her red dress, and turned to face the oven behind us, as though she had been examining the turkey the entire time.

Tyler rounded the corner a couple of seconds later, completely ignorant to the scene which he had almost stumbled upon. "Hey, chef... and lackey."

"Hi, honey," Mom said with the utmost delight injected into her tone, like she was trying to sell him on her innocence. "Beer run?"

He rolled his eyes. "Lucky me, I guess." He opened the fridge and grabbed a cold bottle off of the bottom shelf. "You guys don't want any help?"

I wanted to scream "NO!" at the top of my lungs, so it was a good thing that Mom responded instead of me.

She kept her tone level, turning him away kindly, but leaving no room for dispute. "No, no. It's okay. Mikey and I have it covered. Besides, we don't want too many cooks in the kitchen."

Tyler shrugged. "Whatever. Smells good, at least. Are you putting--"

"Garlic in the green beans?" Mom interrupted with a sly grin. "Extra, honey - just how you like them. Run along, now, before your dad gets all beer-cranky."

Tyler paused. "Wouldn't that mean he was cranky when he does drink beer?"

Mom gave a sarcastic little titter. "Well, knowing that man, he's gonna be cranky either way!"

Dad cleared his throat from the other room. "You know, I can hear you."

A look of amusement crept onto Mom's face. "He said, crankily!"

Her banter made Tyler chuckle, and I even heard Marcy snickering. I found it wildly surprising that Mom was able to play the role of a fun-loving mom after, just seconds prior, she had packed her throat so full of dick that she could not even breathe. She was a truly amazing woman, my mother, and strange as it was, I actually idolized her for being able to fulfill multiple roles so effectively.

I watched patiently as Tyler returned to the living room, handed Dad his beer, and then sat back down on the couch.

I wanted to be sure that he would not return for something, and did not look away until I was satisfied that he would not be getting back up. Unbeknownst to me, while I had been keeping watch, Mom had been slipping effortlessly from being a mother to being my Mommy. I didn't notice until I turned my head to the right in search of her, and when I laid eyes on her, my heart almost stopped beating.

There, bent over the kitchen table, with her gloriously fat rump pointed towards me, was my mother. She pinched the fluffy white hem of her skirt and lifted it up above the swell of her enormous ass to expose her creamy-white skin.

She peeked over her shoulder to make sure that I was watching her, then gently delivered a few gentle pats to her right cheek. The taut blubber jiggled slightly with every soft spanking, producing a pulse that travelled through her flesh as a wave.

I knew she was beckoning me over, but I was frozen in place. I became a deer in headlights, my eyes transfixed on her backside. I held my breath as I watched her dig between her plump ass cheeks, using the same hand with which she had just been swatting them. She used a few fingers to drag out the thin string of her underwear, peeling it off of her pussy. She tugged it to the side, and while doing so pried her ass cheeks apart as widely as she could.

Mom's pussy splayed open, her lips parting to expose the succulent opening that laid in waiting. It was a scene that could only be described as a desperate invitation, and I was in no position to turn her down.

I felt insanely lucky. My ancestors would have probably crawled through a field of broken glass just to glance, for a single second, at something of such immaculate beauty, and there I was having it thrust upon me without even asking. It was the closest thing I had ever come to witnessing a Christmas miracle.

I took one last look into the living room to confirm that everyone was distracted, then walked over to Mom. My pants were already down around my knees by the time I reached her. I leaned forward, my stomach pressing into the small of her back, to whisper into her ear. "Are you sure, Mom?"

She nodded. "If you're quick, yes. Are you close?"

To answer her, I pressed my bulging erection between her ass cheeks and pushed forward until the underside rubbed against her asshole. "Feel that?"

Mom made an obscene little whimper. "Holy hell, honey. It feels like you're ready to burst."

"I am," I whispered.

Mom wagged her tail, making her ass cheeks quake like piles of white gelatin. "Well then, be a good boy and make sure that you're inside of me when you do so we don't make a mess. Got it?"

I had never in my life received instructions that I was more willing to comply with. I had just won the jackpot and was being told that I had to take the money, as if I would have ever refused such a gift.

With my hand around my cock, I pushed the head down until it slid between her slippery lips. They wrapped around the bulb like wet curtains, draping themselves around it to welcome it back home again. I dragged it up and down through the mushy moat, ensuring that her juices were covering the whole head. Even without looking down, I felt the moment that the head popped inside of her, lodging inside the cozy compartment with just a tiny push. Honestly, I think I could have found her pussy blindfolded. My lust was giving me superpowers, or was my superpower.

I heard Mom fight to swallow another groan, her gritted teeth made obvious by the emission of a blunted whimper. "Jesus."

I rubbed her back soothingly. "What, Mom?"

She squirmed on her feet, shifting her weight back and forth between them. "I just, like-- Christ, honey. Did it get bigger?"

"I don't think so. Maybe you're just getting tighter, if that's possible."

She tightened her cunt muscles, squeezing my cock in a gentle grip. "You tell me, honey. Can Mommy get any tighter?"

I battled the desire to wail in ecstasy, but it was a close call. "God, Mom, that's already making me want to cum." I could not believe that I was racing to the edge so quickly, but if there was anything in the world that could make me pop early, it was certainly my mother's pussy.

"Then cum, sweetheart, But - and I mean this - you have to go slowly."

"Whyyyyy?" I whined quietly.

"Because, sweetheart, you heard how much noise Mommy's bum makes when it claps. We can't have that, can we?"

I growled in disappointment, but I knew she was right. Besides, I probably would not have made it more than a couple of strong strokes anyhow. I wanted it to last longer than that. "I guess not."

"Good boy," she cooed happily. "Go all the way in, honey. I want to feel you touch the bottom again - but sloooowly."

As it turned out, my guess of ten strokes had been a vast overstatement. I inched forward, steadily sinking my cock into Mom's pussy as I felt my orgasm come rushing forth to greet me. "F-fuck, Mom, oh my god."

"Already?" she mewed. "Feels pretty good in there, huh?"

"Uh-huh."

"Not yet. Bottom first, sweetheart. You can do it."

Her encouragement was the only thing that got me through the urge to cum right then and there. The nerves in my cock had been amplified to one thousand percent, allowing me to

feel every single one of the bumps and ridges - their texture of cushy, wet velvet - caressing it on the way down.

It easily sank into her honeypot, parting her walls at their deepest part where the heat was so intense that it felt like my dick was trudging through a dense rainforest. The wetness, too - the texture of it - changed from thin, slippery juice to a kind of thick syrup that clung to my cock. It sank deeper still, closing the final gap before reaching her cervix. We released a collective sigh when we felt it poke the spongy barrier, but that moment of serenity did not last long.

"M-Mom," I whimpered. "I'm gonna--"

"Hug my tummy," she said excitedly. "Hold me close. I want to feel you."

I wrapped my arms around her belly and hugged her as tightly as I could, trying to meld our bodies together just as my brain began to tingle. "Ooooh! OOooOOh, fuck, Mommy!"

She released her ass cheeks, then wrapped her arms around her stomach so that they overlaid mine. "Shhhh. I know, honey. I know. Let it out."

I could not stop myself from making noise, but I was smart enough to bite down on Mom's shoulder so that my passionate moans were somewhat stifled. I could only pray that the other room remained ignorant, because had they not, I still wouldn't have been unable to stop myself from cumming.

My body bucked, lurching forward as a rolling tide of pure bliss washed over me. My sense of touch was inundated to the point that all other feelings became diluted. I could have fallen out of a plane at that very moment and all I would have felt was the unbridled pleasure of emptying my balls into my mother's cunt. Every nerve ending, from my head to my toes, lit up like a Christmas tree decorated with so many lights that one could not have seen the branches.

Molten goo spewed from the end of my cock and splattered the mouth of Mom's womb. Each time it throbbed, there was another release - another burst. It pooled at the bottom, surrounding the head until it was entirely submerged in a hot, frothy bubble bath.

Mom closed her legs as tightly as they could go, then squeezed her pussy with all her might. It felt like a hand gripping me, displaying such a menacing strength that I imagined she would leave behind an imprint of the folds that lined her insides. My cock would look like a roadmap,

bearing signature markings that were as unique as a fingerprint and branding me as hers.

"That's my boy," Mom touted proudly. "Such a good boy for Mommy."

My knees were shaking, barely able to support my weight as the life force drained out of my body. Hearing her lewd encouragement did not make it any easier. I slumped forward, no longer holding myself up with my legs, and completely dropped my weight on her back. I was panting heavily through my mouth, which was just as well, because I couldn't close the damn thing. "I can't... We just... Wow, Mom."

She purred with glee, rubbing my forearms in slow strokes to ease me back down. "You did so good, honey - filled Mommy all the way up, didn't you?"

"Uh-huh," I croaked, my lungs refusing to support deep breaths and speech at the same time. "I g-gotta sit down." I lifted my leaden body off of hers and withdrew my cock from its soggy sheath, my muscles so heavy that I thought I would break through the floor if I were to fall over.

Mom neatly tucked her dress back over her ass cheeks, but not before I spied a globule of chunky, white cum oozing out

of her loosened pussy. She stood up and flattened down the front, making sure she looked prim and proper before she spun around to face me. "Sit down, honey. You're shaking like a leaf."

I collapsed in one of the chairs beside us. "Just... just a minute."

She brushed her fingers through my hair, then leaned down and kissed the top of my head. "All tuckered out, huh?"

I nodded. "I feel like I'm gonna pass out. That was amazing, Mom."

"I liked it, too. Taking risks is fun. It makes me feel so... naughty."

I chortled harder than she'd likely expected. "I'll tell Santa to put you on the list, then."

She gave my hair a light tousle. "As long as I'm on your nice list, I don't care."

I pointed to the ceiling. "You're at the top, Mom - the very friggin' tip top!"

"I'm glad to hear it. Will you help me finish dinner when you calm down?" She was no longer whispering, but since nobody had come to check on us by then, I was sure that nothing would draw their attention.

Mom continued to prove her expertise at switching roles. For a while, I was content to watch her bustle around the kitchen in her Christmas getup. Of course, I eventually returned to my potato peeling duty, and was thankful that nobody in the other room had caught on to the fact that almost fifteen minutes had passed without any progress.

My balls were empty, my heart was full, and it felt fantastic to work in the kitchen with Mom. I liked feeling like part of a pair - part of something bigger than myself - and though we were no force of nature, it still felt like there was some irrefutable strength underlying our relationship. With her at my side I could have conquered the world, but I was fine to start with just conquering root vegetables.

I peeled, she sautéed; I chopped, she stirred... and roasted, and basted, and... well, you get the idea. The list was as endless as it was one-sided, and though Mom was doing most of the heavy lifting - while occasionally giving me directions on how not to fuck up - I still liked helping her out. I hoped, too, that she would be inclined to return the favor if I proved to be an obedient sous chef.

It took another hour - maybe a little less - for us to put the finishing touches on dinner. When Mom finally announced "Soup's on!" to the family, they came racing in from the living room to grab a plate. We gathered around the kitchen table - the same one on which I had just inseminated my mother - while she and I pretended not to get horny all over again from keeping such an illicit secret.

"Smells good, Mom," Tyler said.

"Thank you, Ty," she said sincerely. There truly was nothing that made her happier than providing for her family in whatever way she could. "Did you get extra green beans?"

He rolled his eyes. "They made me go last so I wouldn't take them all."

Dad snickered. "I've never seen a boy so obsessed with vegetables! Hell, when I was your age I felt the same way... about girls!"

I felt one of Mom's stocking-clad feet brush against my ankle. "Girls can come later, Vincent. Let him stay as my baby for just one more year." She took a slow sip of her wine while

making flirty eyes at me, but everyone was too focused on their meal to notice.

Dad rolled his eyes. "Fair enough. I guess Mikey is the one the girls go nuts for, anyway."

Mom choked on her red wine. "Ahem! Mikey is a grown man. He doesn't want a girl; he wants a woman."

Dad pushed some mashed potatoes around his plate. "Aaaand here comes the grandkid rant."

Mom held up her hands defensively. "No rant! Promise. I'm sure I'll get grandbabies when he's darn good and ready. Isn't that right, honey?"

Without thinking twice - which, in hindsight, I definitely should have - I blurted out, "I'll give you grandkids right now, Mom."

The table went silent, and though I did not think Tyler picked up on the comment, it was clear that everyone else did, so I rushed to clarify. "Er, like, there's this girl--"

"Woman," Mom interjected.

"Sorry, right. There's this woman at school who is, uh, really cool, I guess. You guys would like her, I bet."

There was sincere worry on Mom's face. "Oh. Really? I-- well. You've never mentioned her before."

I grinned at the realization that I had deftly avoided suspicion, and thus wanted to push the envelope a little more while letting Mom know that she had nothing to worry about. "Yeah. She's a little older, though. Blonde hair, always dresses nice, beautiful smile."

Marcy scoffed flippantly. "Jeez, Mikey, she sounds a lot like Mom. Maybe you really are a--"

"Don't say it." I knew it was futile to threaten her, and doing so probably made her want to annoy me even more.

"A mama's boy!" she said with an abhorrent, evil laugh. "Even the women you date look like Mom, weirdo."

I scowled at her. "Well, Mom is really pretty, so... fuck you."

"Hey!" Mom snapped. "It's Christmas, you two. No fighting, please."

"Sorry, Mom," Marcy said.

"Yeah. Sorry, Mom."

"Either way," Mom said, "she sounds really special, Mikey. Maybe you should think about tying the knot so she'll give me some beautiful grandbabies to cherish."

I swallowed dryly, feeling my anxiety pick up over the thought - one I could not deny - of subtly hinting at our taboo affair under the noses of the very people whom we were hiding it from. "Yeah, maybe. You think she's ready for that? With me, I mean?"

Mom paused mid-bite, her fork hovering an inch from her mouth, which she then closed as she parsed through my comment. "Well, honey, I bet if you ask her nicely, she would be very happy to have your babies."

My cheeks flushed with an unyielding heat. "You think so?"

"I know, so sweetheart. It's probably something she wants just as badly as you do." There was a magical twinkle in Mom's eye, and, coupled with the way she stroked my shin with the pads of her feet, I knew she had gotten the message loud and clear.

Marcy sneered with disgust. "Gross, Mom! You don't even know this person."

Mom shrugged. "I know women, though, and I know Mikey. Who wouldn't want to have a baby with such a handsome young man?"

My throat closed up, but Mom seemed completely at ease. "Y-yeah, duh. So just, like--shut up, Marcy."

My sister arched an eyebrow. "Mom, please, for the love of God, just let me fight with him. I promise I'll make it quick!"

Mom stood her ground. "Nope. Not tonight. In fact, why don't you two save all your bickering for the new year, yeah?"

I scrunched up my nose. "Fine. Truce?"

"Fine. Truce?" Marcy repeated in a mocking tone.

Dad cleared his throat without looking up from his plate. "Enough."

Marcy and I exchanged a look that said "This isn't over," but since neither of us wanted to incur Dad's wrath, we silently agreed on a temporary ceasefire. It lasted all the way until dessert, at which point we argued a little over who should get the bigger slice of apple pie, but that, too, was culled with a quick word from Dad: "Quiet."

Tyler and Marcy were put on dish duty, but since I was in the spirit of giving, I volunteered to help them out. Mom said she was going to take a shower, the true meaning of which was only obvious to me.

It was tradition to watch something Christmas-themed as a family after dinner, and we almost always picked the live-action Grinch movie. That year was no exception.

By the time Mom came back downstairs, her alluring red dress swapped out for a pair of white, flannel pajamas, most of the seats on the couch had been taken. It was a blessing, then, that I had been wise enough to pick the corner of the couch - furthest away from Dad's easy chair - and spread myself out before anyone else had taken a seat. That made it

so, when I straightened up, there was an empty space in the corner next to me. She could have picked anywhere, but I knew when she descended the stairs she would be looking for any way to get close to me again, so I gave her a perfect pocket between me and the couch cushion.

I kicked my legs up and patted the cushion next to me. "They took all the blankets, but I saved you one."

Mom rolled her eyes. "Oh no! So we have to share? Yuck!"

She and I laughed, but nobody else seemed to notice that we were even talking. Dad had switched the television over to football highlights, so he and Tyler were as glued to that screen as Marcy was to her phone. Since they were totally distracted, I took the opportunity to blow Mom a kiss that nobody would catch.

She did, though, literally pretend to catch it with her hand. It was innocent, but once she also noticed that we were not being watched, she took the balled-up fist containing my smooch and lowered it between her legs. She made a big show of opening her fist, then rubbed her hand right up against her pussy. She pinched her legs shut, slowly dragging her fingers out from between them, and finally placed a kiss of her own in the center of her palm.

It was safe to say that the last thing on my mind was watching a movie - especially one that I had seen before - so I was already racking my brain for ways to get out of it so that Mom and I could be alone. As it turned out, privacy was not a requirement-- distraction and a couch corner were all we needed.

You see, when Mom slid into place beside me, she was almost completely invisible from the side, where the rest of the family sat. Notably, Dad, far off in his easy chair, would have needed to stand up to even see his wife's face around my hulking frame. My shoulders were wide enough to act as a shield, keeping her hidden in the nook where only I could see her-- and feel her, of course.

Mom settled into place with her feet up on the couch next to mine and threw the blanket over us, adding yet another layer of protection from prying eyes.

"Ready, everyone?" Dad asked, clicker in hand.

Mom snuggled into my shoulder like she wanted to get my scent on her again after she had washed it away in the shower. Her hand was resting on my stomach under the blanket so nobody would see her rubbing in small circles. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "Okay. Ready!"

Thanks to the privacy provided by my broad shoulders, and the strict attention being paid to the television, it sort of felt like Mom had been sequestered off in her own little world. The blanket provided a covering that - with a slight turn of her body - allowed her to sneak a leg over mine, half-straddling my thigh with her pussy mound pressed firmly against my hip. She drew long, patient breaths, followed by a small pause before an exhale that carried with it the murmur of a satisfied kitten. She seemed completely at peace, and I felt the same way.

It was wonderful to have her cuddled up next to me, and that was not an overstatement. Just like the movie's titular character, my heart felt it had grown three sizes simply by having her so close to me - spoiler for the end of the movie, I suppose.

To say I was barely paying attention would still have been giving me far too much credit. My eyes were trained forward, but every fiber of my being was zeroed in on Mom's movements. The way she gently rubbed my stomach or ground against my thigh made her desires clear, but she soon proved that she did not just want to touch. She wanted to be touched, too.

Mom removed her hand from my belly, imparting a few subtle pats before she pulled it away. She moved slowly, ensuring that the lump under the blanket went unnoticed.

Her hand slid between our bodies, where my arm rested, and took hold of my elbow.

I quickly glanced her out of the corner of my eye. I was not sure what I expected to see - perhaps some glimmer in her eye that revealed what she was planning to do - but she was totally stoic. Without so much as blinking, she tugged on my arm, insisting that I let her guide it - and my hand - wherever she pleased. That place, I soon found, was directly between her legs.

I had to stop myself from gasping by digging my teeth into my tongue; instead, I managed to keep it down to a sharp inhalation. I felt her bend my arm so that my elbow was resting on her navel, which positioned my hand on top of her pussy mound. My fingers grazed the front her cotton shirts, eliciting a small shiver that ran through her whole body.

Mom rotated her body and laid on her back, no longer straddling my thigh, then timidly parted her legs. She opened them as wide as she could without drawing attention, bracing one leg against mine and the other against the opposite couch cushion. With both of her hands, she clung onto my forearm like it was a life preserver, and she a shipwreck survivor. Her fingers, whose nails had left shallow imprints in my skin, quivered from exertion. I could feel her anxiety - her trepidation - but more than, that I could feel her desperation-- something I, too, shared.

I looked down at her. We could not speak, but we both knew words were unnecessary. She gave me a slight, almost imperceptible nod to encourage me forward, telling me all I needed to know.

I pulled my hand back a little so that my fingers brushed the edge of Mom's waistband, then pressed down gently on her tummy. I snuck them under the elastic and slowly inched them forward, creeping underneath the thin, cotton barrier that separated them from what they sought. They did not travel far before reaching her pubic hair-- a large, fuzzy patch that covered her entire mound.

I pushed my fingers through the thicket, burrowing one by one through its curls. They ventured forward until I felt fur tickling my palm, at which point each of my fingers were deeply embedded in her dense jungle. I imagined they'd been swallowed whole, requiring a blade to free them from the overgrowth, but I did not want them to be freed. In fact, I wanted to go further into the brush. I wanted to get lost in it.

My pulse was through the roof. Touching Mom with the others close by was the riskiest thing I had ever done by a large margin, but her poise was contagious. Had she been anxious, I doubt I would have had the confidence to go forward, but since she remained calm, I was confident

enough to take that risk. I wanted to show her that I could match her energy even if it was dangerous. As silly as it may sound, I did not want to disappoint her.

I combed through the lush landscape with warmth nipping at my fingertips. I knew from where the heat radiated, nestled deep within the forest of fur, and I wanted - needed, in the truest sense I had ever felt - to touch it. It felt more important to me than oxygen, and so I held my breath as I neared her entrance.

Time, and my fingers, slowed to a crawl. Her hair became wetter the closer to her pussy that I got. Tiny beads of nectar clung to the curly strands, their numbers rising the closer I got to the source. I was surprised at how turned on she had become with only a few fingers laid on her, but that made me want her all the more.

Mom's eagerness was my eagerness, too. Whether it was shaking fingers, a racing heartbeat, or cunt honey so thick that I could have poured it on pancakes, it was all born of the same lust.

My fingers wandered down over the swell of her pussy mound, exiting the woolly thicket to stumble blindly into the quagmire it bordered. The heat was marvelous. It made my mouth to water to the point that it was as wet as my fingers,

which had taken to wading through the pool of juice that had collected at her opening.

I eased further down, sliding my middle finger between my mother's lips until the whole digit was flanked by curtains of fine silk. I could feel her clit throbbing with a resounding pulse - a call from the sensitive button that begged "Touch me here!" I narrowed my focus, applying a little bit of pressure to it. It was not much - I did not want her to start moaning, of course - but I was entranced by the way her body reacted when I paid even the slightest amount of attention to the tiny nub.

Mom clenched up, her fingernails gnawing on my arm as she fought the obvious urge to writhe. She sank her teeth into my shoulder, chomping down as she released a whimper so quiet that I thought it was a mouse squeaking in the walls.

I placed my middle and ring finger close together so that a small crease formed between the two of them. Into that gap I wedged her clit, fitting it neatly in place. My fingers gingerly brushed against it as I pushed them towards her pussy, causing goosebumps to cover the slight bit of exposed forearm that peeked out from above the blanket.

I imagined that her entire arm had become a sleeve of little dots, but that was nothing compared to the evidence that I

found nestled between her thighs. If her goosebumps were a sign, then her astonishing wetness was a giant, neon billboard - though thankfully not perceptible to our so-very-near family members.

The noise from the TV was just static at that point. I could hardly make out a single word from the muffled speakers, my ears blanketed in layers of lust. However, Mom steered my attention to the television by uttering a word - a small one - just as the music rose to a volume loud enough to obscure her words.

"In," she whispered - so quietly that I did not realize she had said anything at first. I got the message, though, when she used her grip on my forearm to usher my hand downward. She did not stop until the tips of my two fingers were lodged in the mouth of her pussy, giving me no other choice but to push them inside.

I cupped her mound with my palm, forming my hand around the bulge so I could hold her entire pussy - as much as I could hold, anyway - in one hand. I curled my fingers - middle and ring - like I was trying to make a fist, causing them to effortlessly sink into Mom's birth canal. I was amazed by how little strength it took, and the greed with which she swallowed my digits. Up to the first knuckle, I could feel them cloaked in that tremendous heat, and such

wetness that I wondered how long the tips could soak before they pruned.

Mom braced against my arm for stability, allowing her to subtly grind against my fingers without giving us away. Each time she pushed her hips forward, my fingers went deeper, piercing through the sodden channel one painfully slow inch at a time.

Forward, then back. It was a steady motion, and a patient one. Each of her adjustments were meticulously designed to worm my fingers deeper and deeper, pushing aside her tightly packed walls as they delved into the plush pocket.

I did not know which of us was more excited for me to reach the bottom, but as I felt the second knuckle of both fingers enter the soft, steamy tunnel, my heart rushed to leap out of my open mouth.

I would have closed my jaw, but I was too stunned by the sensory overload. Between the physical sensation of her womanhood seeming to melt under my fingers, and the emotional weight of doing so just a few feet from the rest of our family, I felt like I was having an out-of-body experience. The plush lining in her pussy was as soft as the underside of my tongue. It offered little resistance as I rummaged around

in an attempt to add just one more inch of that succulent, pink flesh under my fingertips.

Droplets of sweat peppered my hairline, but not due to exertion. It was the remarkable heat emanating from Mom's pussy that made me perspire. Under the blanket, and with two of my fingers buried happily in their silken tomb, my entire arm felt like it had left to bake in the desert sun.

Mom's pussy coiled around me, instinctively milking my fingers the same way that it had at the park earlier that night. There was nothing to extract, of course, but I relished the way her insides had impulsively clenched up the moment they'd felt that second knuckle slide inside.

She looked up at me briefly, her eyes screaming the same thing that my own brain was chanting on a loop: "Almost there."

I extended my fingers as far as they would go, stretching them to reach deep into the channel of slowly pulsating muscle. It felt as though they were rearranging themselves to accommodate my shape, molding slippery tissue around my fingers that constricted as fervently as it twitched.

I wanted so badly to give her an orgasm - to make her eyes roll back in her head as pleasure tremors made her entire

body quake - but we were rudely interrupted when reality came crashing in full force; Dad paused the movie.

Mom and I froze, my fingers still bathed in her warmth and wetness. We held our breaths as he stood up from his easy chair and stretched his arms with a loud, fatherly sigh.

"Gotta pee," he said casually. "Anyone need anything?"

Tyler stood as well. "Yeah. I need snacks, but I'll go get them."

"Good timing," Marcy chimed in. "Ian wants to call for a bit, so..."

"But it's family movie night, Cee Cee!" Mom complained, which was surreal considering that I still had not removed my fingers from her pussy. "Can't your boyfriend wait?"

I could feel her walls undulating as she spoke. The sensation became even more pronounced when she turned to face Marcy, twisting the folds and ridges lining her pussy as she moved. I had to chew on the inside of my cheek to stop myself from reacting.

"Sorry, Mom," Marcy said. "I promise I'll be quick. Just two minutes!"

Mom scrunched up her nose in protest, but her annoyance was tempered by, I imagined, the reminder that she was trying to exert authority with her son's fingers still stirring about in her soupy cunt. "Fine. Just don't be too long. Okay?"

Marcy scampered off with her phone to her ear, and though we could not hear the voice on the other line, we heard hers getting quieter as she walked further away from the room.

There was a deafening silence in the room. It was not awkward, but felt more like Mom or I were waiting for our cue to say something. Rather than use words, I decided to play the hand I had been dealt. With the tips of my fingers, I put steady pressure against the roof of Mom's pussy, then dragged them out from the sweltering depths.

She clamped a hand over her mouth and flicked her gaze towards the doorway that her daughter had just left through. "Oh, f-fuck, honey." It was the first time I had heard her react since sitting on the couch, but it was clear she was still holding back despite us being alone. "That feels so fucking good. I almost came, like, two separate times."

I could not resist the call to brandish a bratty smile. "But I barely did anything!"

She shook her head. "It's not just that, sweetheart. It's like... they're so close to us! This is so risky, but--"

"But exciting?" I offered.

She leaned in and lowered her voice. "Yes! I feel like a horny teenager again. I just want you to rip my clothes off with your teeth and take me right here on the couch."

The veins in my neck throbbed. "I can do that."

"No, honey, you can't - not yet, anyway - but keep that energy for me."

"Until when?"

She paused, mulling over her answer. "Until tonight."

I tightly clenched my jaw. "W-what's tonight?"

She shrugged and offered me a wry grin. "Tonight is tonight. Maybe something will happen, maybe it won't. You're just gonna have to wait and see. But until then... will you take your fingers out of me for a second?"

My heart sank to the pit of my stomach. "But why? I like having them in there."

She rubbed my forearm reassuringly. "I know you do. Mommy likes it too, sweetheart, but I don't want them in there right now."

I hoped that there was some trick about to be pulled, so I pushed my luck just in case she had something planned. "Well... where would you like them?"

Mom's smile spread until her dimples were deep enough that I would have eaten cereal out of them. "In my mouth, of course." To punctuate her point, and how dearly she had meant it, Mom opened her maw. She widened it until I could stare directly down her throat, then pointed down her gaping gullet with her index finger. "Hewe, pweae."

I almost cried tears of you. "Y-you want... you want to taste it?"

She stuck her tongue out of her mouth and nodded excitedly, making the loose appendage flop around and leave small dabs of saliva on her chin. "Uh-huh."

I withdrew my fingers from their slimy sheathe, eliciting a small gasp from Mom that I was thankful she did not bother to hide; it was music to my ears. I raised my fingers above the blanket. They were trembling so hard that I feared the droplets of juice that had collected on them would be knocked loose. I envisioned the nectar falling down onto Mom's sweater, where it would soak in and leave a stain to mark it with the byproduct of our incestuous affair.

My fingers neared her parted lips. Once they were in reach, she dipped her head forward to suck them into her mouth. She closed her eyes and let out a low, rumbling growl that made my fingers vibrate, darting her tongue between the cracks of my digits so that she could scrape off the congealed syrup that stretched between them like thin, liquid vines. She sucked in her cheeks, smothering my fingers in a warm cocoon with a technique that seemed directly inspired by her earlier blowjob.

"Mmmmmm," she groaned. "I taste yummy."

My heart was racing, but not fast enough to catch my breath. "Y-yeah?"

"Yeah. Do you wanna taste Mommy's pussy honey, honey?" she asked with a playful giggle.

I nodded and opened my mouth, my eyes trained on my fingers as she slowly dragged them out. Her lips were pasted to them, tracing over the bumps of my knuckles as they passed through her lips. I expected her to pass the pre-suckled fingers to me, but she let go of my arm instead. Then, with a wicked grin on her face, she reached her own hand underneath the blanket and began digging between her thighs.

"What the fuck..." I murmured, spellbound by the depraved scene.

Mom's mouth was ajar, her eyes glazed over as she rooted around in her pussy to scoop out a serving of the juice. She lifted her slippery fingers to my mouth, both of which were wet enough to glimmer when the overhead lights struck them. "There we go," she said. "Now, open wide, sweetheart."

I obeyed, letting my tongue hang out of my mouth as she had.

Mom pressed the slimy tips against my taste buds, letting the sweet, pungent honey wash over them. "How's that?"

"Uh-huh," I said with a grunt.

"More, baby?" Her voice was as sweet as the flavor that danced on my tongue. She did not wait for a reply, but rather flattened her fingers so that the pads were flush with my tongue.

I closed my lips around them, my eyes already shut in rapturous delight as I nursed. Just as she had, I pushed my tongue between the cracks in her fingers so that I would not miss a single drop.

She slowly pulled her fingers out of my mouth, but hesitated at the final knuckle when she realized how hard I was sucking. "Maybe one day we'll see about letting you get a real taste, hmm?"

My eyes grew until they were wide enough to fill a ballpark, and despite wanting her fingers to stay in my mouth I spat them out so I could speak. "One day? Like... are we gonna keep doing this? After tonight, I mean?"

Mom seemed completely unbothered by that inquiry. "Would you like to?"

I almost jumped straight through the ceiling. "Fuck yes!" I heard footsteps returning to the living room so I hushed my voice. "I thought this was just going to be a one-night kind of thing."

Mom finally popped her fingers out of my mouth. She pet my face with the wet digits and used her thumb to stroke my cheek bone. "You thought a lot of things, mister. One day at a time, okay?"

I nodded and, before the surprise intruder could interrupt our conversation, folded my hands on top of the blanket to avoid suspicion. "One day at a time." I was so overwhelmed that all I could do was repeat after her.

Is she being serious? I thought. She wants to keep doing this after the holidays? Maybe she'll want to do it every time I come home to visit! Damn, I'm going to be spending a lot of time at the house, then.

One by one, our family members returned to the living room. Marcy was last, of course, but at least her phone was in her pocket when she sat back down. There was only about half an hour left in the movie, and we finished it despite knowing

exactly how it would end. Once it was over, we spent a few minutes idly chatting about plans for the next morning: when we would wake up, what to have for breakfast, who wanted coffee, and the like.

It was bizarre to see the others in such a state of normalcy. The world kept spinning around me and Mom no matter how far we pushed the boundaries, unaware of the leaps and bounds by which our relationship was evolving.

They carried on in blissful ignorance as the conversation steered towards presents, with Tyler championing the old family tradition of opening just one on Christmas Eve. It had started back when we were kids as a way to quell our excitement, which had been mandatory to get us to sleep on time. Stories about being watched by Santa while we slept had never cut it.

We gathered around the Christmas tree, its branches decked with ornaments that ranged from fancy and decorative to the handmade crafts me and my siblings had made as kids.

Dad knelt by the various presents and pulled out one for each of us that were marked with a red star, drawn in Sharpie - our longstanding code for exactly which ones were meant to be opened early.

Marcy went first and unboxed a bottle of perfume that, apparently, she had been asking Mom to buy for her. Tyler was next, but as a boy who relished his time in the spotlight, he took his sweet time opening his gift of digital currency for his favorite game: Fortnite. He asked Dad to go after him, but we all knew what Tyler had gotten for our father. It was the same brand of cigars that he received every year, even though Mom had technically paid for the illicit item. Since I was entering adulthood, Dad had found it pertinent to get me something to commemorate the occasion that was a lot more expensive than fake video game money.

"Jesus!" I exclaimed. "I love Johnnie Walker, but you got me the blue label?"

"You're worth it, Mikey," he said insistently. "It's my favorite, so I know you'll appreciate it. It's in your blood! Merry Christmas, son."

"Merry Christmas, Dad."

Then our attention turned to Mom. In my opinion, we had saved the best for last: my gift to her. I was chomping at the bit for her to open the box. I had not wrapped it well, but felt that the haphazard tape-and-wrapping-paper arrangement gave it some personality.

In a text a few months earlier, Mom had mentioned how she wished she owned more winter gear, or "stuff," as she had called it. I remembered her specifically mentioning thick, fluffy socks that would go past her knees. They would make her winter walks a bit warmer, so in keeping in that theme I had also purchased her a white hat with a big, puffy pompom and matching mittens, too. Both had their edges scored with a boa of fake fur - around the wrists for the mittens, and the head hole for the hat - that was as pure as the driven snow.

Mom ripped through the wrapping paper and squealed with joy when she realized what was inside. "Oh, honey! You remembered!"

I was oddly proud of myself. Even though I had written down her not-so-subtle hint back when she'd mentioned it, it made me feel good to put such a smile on her face. "I sure did! I hope they're the right size."

"They're perfect, sweetheart. Thank you."

She had yet to try them on, but I still believed her. Whether or not they would fit, she did not seem to care. It truly was the thought that counted, and I imagined that she felt heard, or seen, or something like that.

"And look at these socks!" she exclaimed. "They're huge!"

I chuckled. "Well, you've got big--"

Dad shot me a death stare and hurriedly shook his head.

Mom batted her eyelashes at me, begging me to dig my own grave. "Big what, honey?"

I winced, but could not think of anything better than what I was originally going to say. "Uh, b-big...thighs?"

"Ew, dude," Tyler said with a laugh.

Marcy scrunched up her nose. "You really know how to talk to women."

Mom folded her hands in her lap. "I'm going to choose to take that as a compliment, Michael."

Dad breathed a sigh of relief, but there was a dash of confusion on his face as well. "Thank God." Perhaps he was surprised that Mom had not gotten upset over what he believed to be a sore spot, or perhaps he was wondering why exactly she would let me off easy.

"Anyway," Mom said, "they're wonderful - and so soft, too! Merry Christmas."

Her well-wishes resonated with me far more than when they'd come from Dad. "Merry Christmas, Mom," I replied. It had meant the world to have given her something she appreciated, and it was the least I could do after everything she had done for me that day.

Tyler did not wait for his cue to leave, but excused himself so he could go spend his digital currency as quickly as possible. Marcy was hot on his heels, which made me feel a bit left out, since I did not have a bedroom to return to.

I felt a hole in my stomach when I realized how soon I would be separated from Mom, and even though it would be only overnight, I was dreading those quiet moments before I closed my eyes. I wanted her to be there with me when the clock ticked over to midnight so that we could be the first real present that the other opened on Christmas Day. Unfortunately, I knew there would be no way to convince Dad to let his wife spend the night on a blow-up mattress with me, so I resigned myself to a lonely night.

I got up off the couch and stretched my back. "I guess I'll see you guys in the morning, then."

Dad gave me a lazy hug. "Sleep tight, Mikey. Sorry again about the room. I mean, you'll be comfortable on the air mattress... right?"

I shrugged. "I haven't blown it up yet. I don't even know how big the damn thing is."

"It can fit two," Mom answered flatly, her eyes locked on mine. "If you squeeze in, I mean." She strode over to me, refusing to break eye contact until she was close enough to give me a resoundingly tight hug. With her mouth next to my ear, she lowered her voice to a quiet hiss. "Don't fall asleep."

I was so taken aback that I almost repeated her words absentmindedly. "Don't... oh! Yeah. Never mind."

Dad looked puzzled. "You okay, Mikey?"

I waved him off, but cleared my throat so that my voice would not crack when I spoke. "Yep! Yeah. Yes, I'm good. Just a little tired, I guess." I faked another big stretch to sell the lie.

"We'll get out of your hair, then. You're gonna need your sleep since you'll be up bright and early with your mother, I assume."

My eyes widened. "W-why would you say that?"

Dad arched an eyebrow. "Jeez, son. You've been away so long that you forgot how much of an early bird your mom is? She's gonna beat the Sun, I bet!"

I relaxed with a deep breath. "Oh, yeah, you're right! I guess I forgot. I'll see you in the morning then, Mom."

She looked me up and down like she was examining a cut of steak. "Maybe, honey. We'll see."

"Oooh, cryptic," Dad teased. "Looks like you're in for a hell of a morning!"

"Lucky me!" I had said it sarcastically, but I meant every word-- well, both of them, at least.

Mom gave me a slow, seductive wink, and though I was not sure precisely what she was trying to tell me, I knew what I had been instructed to do; stay awake until... something

happened. It was Christmas, after all, so I was praying for a miracle.

My parents disappeared up the stairs, their voices trailing until the closing of their bedroom door silenced them. I was incredibly jealous that my father was the one getting to take Mom to bed, and I hoped with all my heart that they were only going there to sleep.

I shook my head. What's wrong with me? I thought with an inward cringe. They're married, for crying out loud! I shouldn't be getting jealous if Mom and I are just a fling, so... maybe we're more than that.

Those were the exact types of thoughts that I wanted to avoid, so I played some music on my phone to distract my brain while I inflated the makeshift bed.

There was shuffling upstairs while my family got ready for bed - brushing their teeth and whatnot - but by the time I had finished putting sheets on the air mattress, the house was completely silent.

I pushed the bed closer to the fire and the Christmas tree. Maybe it was silly, but I wanted to keep the flames going so that they, along with the colorful lights on the tree, would immerse me in the holiday spirit as I drifted off. The spritely

crackling made by the popping of dry wood and the flickering warmth bathing your exposed skin like a second blanket cast a powerful spell that pulled me towards sleep.

I fought, resisting with all my might, but my eyelids grew heavy as the night wore on.

I could not tell how much time had passed before I was roused by a creak from the floorboards upstairs. The groaning wood made it obvious that someone has woken up, and I could tell from the length of the creaks - long and drawn out, as though carefully placed - that the person was taking their time.

The footsteps were too light to belong to my father, and Tyler's room was on the other side of the house. That left only two suspects, and I had a funny feeling that Marcy was not the culprit.

Step by step, the creaks headed towards the hallway. There was a small sound of a latch being turned, followed by the groan of ungreased hinges as a door was pulled open.

Holy shit! I thought. That was from Mom's room! I'd know those squeaky hinges anywhere. I'm so happy I didn't fall asleep! That said - or thought, rather - I concocted a harmless

way to mess with her when she rounded the corner into the living room.

I was almost certain it was her, which made my heart began racing faster as she descended the stairs. True, she made me feel more at ease than anyone on Earth, but that was more when she was being nice. Santa be damned, she was being naughty, and that made all the difference.

The footsteps paused at the landing, just around the corner where I could not see. From out of sight came my mother's whispering voice, calling to me in the dead of night. "Honey?"

I did not respond.

I heard the floor groaning as she shifted her weight. "Um, honey? Are you awake in there?"

I could not stop myself from grinning, but wanted to push it a little further, so I stayed silent.

Mom was no quitter, though, and did not relent for something as silly as sleep. "Oh, lord. I swear if I have to wake this boy up I'm never gonna blow him again."

I bolted upright like a freshly revived corpse. "What? Huh? Who's there?"

Mom poked her head around the corner with a cheerful giggle. "I thought that would work."

I rubbed my eyes. "Mom? Is that you?"

She stepped into the living room so the fire could illuminate her face. "You know it is, silly. You're darn lucky you didn't fall asleep yet!"

"Oh yeah? Why's that?"

She stepped further into the light, allowing it to brighten her from head to toe so I could see what she was wearing. From her neck to her ankles, she was cloaked in a black cotton robe. She had tied it around her waist so tightly that even her cleavage was hidden by the dark fabric, making her look a bit like a floating head in the dim light.

"Because," she said firmly, "I wanted to see you before you fell asleep. Did yoouu want to see meee?"

"More than anything, Mom. I mean, you did say this bed was big enough for two, so..."

She put on such a big smile that I could not see the whites of her eyes. "Are you asking Mommy to sleep with you?"

"That would be fucking amazing!" I did not know if she meant all night, or just for a little bit, or if she was using "sleep" as a euphemism. Any which way, I was fully onboard.

She took a couple of slow, sauntering steps towards the mattress. "Yeah?"

"Yes!"

She took another step, but the word "hurry" was nowhere in her vocabulary. There was a long hesitation after her toes landed before her heel was flat on the floor, too. "Do you wanna see what I'm wearing, then?"

I folded my knees underneath me to sit on them. "A robe?"

"No, baby. Do you want to take a look under Mommy's robe?"

I felt saliva wet the insides of my cheeks. "Holy fuck. Yes!"

She reached into the pocket of her robe and almost pulled something out of it, but she hesitated. "Wait. Turn around first."

"But Mooom!" I whined.

She pointed a finger at me and raised her eyebrows. "No buts, mister."

I put on my biggest, most convincing puppy dog eyes "Not even your butt?"

She bit her lower lip, softly dragging her teeth over the plump pillow. "Cute. Now turn around, sweetheart, and you'll see what Mommy wore for you."

I groaned with frustration, but it was mostly for show. I liked acting a bit bratty, complaining when I did not get my way just so she was forced to put me in my place.

I balled up my fists and pressed them into the mattress, then used them to pivot my body until I was facing the fireplace. "Okay. Now what?"

The answer came swiftly, in the form of crumpled up cloth being dropped to the floor in a heap. Mom took a deep, steadying breath, then said, "I'm ready."

I flung myself around so quick that I got mild whiplash, but it was quickly forgotten the moment I saw what she was wearing-- and what she wasn't.

There were precisely three items of clothing on her body, and if coverage had been her goal, then she'd done a terrible job. On her head was the white, wool cap - pompom and all - and on her hands were the matching mittens. The final piece of the outfit, if it could be called that, were the fuzzy socks that I had bought for her.

Naturally, I had envisioned them on her when I'd purchased them, but never in my wildest dreams did I imagine they would look as good as they did. The socks stopped just above her knees, completely covering her lower leg. There were subtle hints of compression around the leg hole, which applied just enough pressure to add a slight indent to her otherwise smooth skin. It gave her thighs a bit of an

hourglass look, shaped by the band that tightly hugged her pudgy thighs.

Other than those items, there was not a shred of clothing on her. Her breasts, her bare stomach, and her pussy were fully exposed, each one vying for my attention. My eyes wandered all over her body but always returned to her breasts, which looked even more immaculate than I had imagined.

They were large enough that I imagined my arms would tremble after lifting them for just a few minutes, their weight betrayed by the small tension lines that scored their sides where they hung from her chest. Her nipples were the color of bubble gum, bright and vivid even in the low light. Their color bled outward from the perky nubs, spreading to form two fat, rubbery circles around the base of each that were easily as large as my palm. They aimed forward, mostly, but with a slight downward angle that gave them a touch of character.

My gaze wandered down over her stomach, admiring her figure until I realized that it was my first time seeing her pussy from the front. I had already ran my fingers through her thick pubic hair, so its existence did not surprise me, but what did take my breath away was just how beautiful it looked. Nestled between her legs, which were close enough to touch each other, was a sprawling mass of dark,

chocolatey fur. It obscured her slit and the lips of her pussy, its far-reaching edges stretching wide enough to border her tummy and thighs, respectively. It looked like the front of a bikini, held up and kept in place by invisible strings.

Mom looked down to see what I was fixated on, and it did not take her long to figure it out. She reached down and raked a couple of her fingernails through the tufted crown, taking her time to ensure that I watched every individual coil wrap around her fingers. "You don't mind it?"

I choked on my words. "T-the hair?"

She nodded. "Yeah. I know some women--"

"I love it," I said decisively. "I don't want other women, Mom. I want you."

Her cheeks were set aflame, their deep color providing a delectable contrast to her pale skin and bright white accoutrements. "Really? You're not just saying that?"

I licked my lips. "No. I mean yes! I mean-- Oh, Mom. You know what I mean. It looks amazing on you."

She cracked a smile. "My pussy fur looks good on me? That's a first. Better than the socks, you think?"

That was an impossible question to answer, so I found a loophole. "I don't think I'm smart enough to pick one."

Mom gave a playful pout. "Awww! Good answer, honey. Such a sweet talker I've raised, hmm?"

My throat was dry, but I forced a swallow anyway. "Can I, uh... can I see it from the back?"

"You didn't get enough of Mommy's bum at the park?"

I shook my head vigorously. "Fuck no! I want as much of it as I can get."

Mom arched an eyebrow. "Careful. There's a lot to take and I don't want you to fill up before the main course. Can I come get on the bed with you?"

"Uh-huh. Yeah." I shuffled to one side of the mattress, but I could not take my eyes off of her. "Fuck, Mom, you look fucking incredible."

Mom knelt on the mattress, then fell forward until her hands were planted on it to hold her up. "Somebody's gonna have to wash that dirty mouth of yours, sweetheart."

"Uh-huh. Yes. Totally." I was willing to play whatever role she wanted me to, but most of my focus was trained on her huge, heavy tits swinging back and forth. The impact of her landing palm-first on the bed had set them to wobble like bags full of pudding, and the aftershocks were still rippling through the hanging flesh when I finally found the strength to make eye contact with her. "Sorry, what did I just agree to?"

She winked at me. "Don't worry about it. Still wanna see my bum?"

I saw stars in my vision from how hard I nodded my head. "Yes! Fuck yes-- er, I mean... yes, please?"

She blew me a little kiss. "Good boy. Scoot to the side so I can lay down, please."

I moved closer towards the pillows to give Mom a landing pad, and she fell forward like the weight of her tits had pulled her down. They bulged out from around her torso, their swollen sides making it look like she was laying atop two balls of white dough.

She turned her head to the side to look at me, then gave her butt a little wiggle. "Take a look, sweetheart. You can get behind me if you want."

I got down behind her outstretched legs and lay down so that my chest was on the mattress, bringing my face mere inches from her plump rump. The heat nipping my cheeks could have cured frostbite, and the scent of her juices wafting through the air made my head swim. "Can I touch?"

"Do you really need to ask?" Mom retorted. "You've been inside of me, honey. Of course you can touch my bum."

I pushed my face between her cheeks, and with my mouth buried against her cunt I murmured, "Thanks, Mom." I pried them apart, releasing a plume of heat from her cunt that made my eyeballs water.

I squeezed her ass cheeks on either side to mold the supple flesh around my face, applying enough pressure that I could feel the blubber compressing my cheekbones. I rolled them back and forth, squishing the left, then the right, in a focused rhythm, as though kneading the two huge, doughy mounds would make them even softer.

"You know," she began, "I didn't think you were going to touch with your face, sweetheart."

"Just you wait," I teased.

Mom tensed up a little. "Wait for-- oh! For that, you mean?"

I had stuck my tongue out and dragged it upward through her sodden lips, pasting her syrup over my taste buds. "Th ha ohay?"

Mom tittered with delight. "You can keep going. It's just... been a while since I felt that, is all."

I thrust my tongue into her pussy to taste where her nectar was the richest and the warmest. Beads of it ran down my chin, but I did not stop to wipe them away. I pushed forward even harder, trying to find another nook or cranny into which I could wedge my face so I could be that much closer to her. If it was a mile, it still felt like only an inch - with miles more I desperately needed to go.

For her part, she was pushing back against my face, grinding her cunt against my tongue for as long as it remained loosely dangling from my mouth. "That feels really good, honey."

I wanted to taste all of her at once. I could not make up my mind - could not focus my horniness - so I must admit that I ate her selfishly. I wanted to feel my tongue slide underneath her meaty curtains; I wanted to feel her clit pulsating on my tongue. While any or all of it might have inadvertently given her pleasure, too, I was strictly focused on eating my fill of Mommy pussy until my jaw went numb. I sloppily shoved my tongue deep into her birth canal, swirling it in circles to savor as much of the divine meal as I could. I feasted like a king, eating my fill until I was sure that my stomach was full of more juice than it was actual food.

Her fur tickled my chin, its ends wet nearly as much from my saliva as from my meal. I had been eating like a greedy pig, making such a mess of my food that droplets of it strayed as far up as my forehead. One even reached my forehead, somehow, but I kind of liked it. It marked me with her scent and, as far as I knew - which was not very far - her signature pheromones.

I could think of no other way to explain the compulsion with which I plunged my tongue into her pussy over and over again, each time trying to taste a new piece of her. Minutes ticked by, and each one that passed made it harder to measure the syrupy concoction that stained my face - whether her fluids or mine comprised the majority. I had no way to know, but what I did know was that I had never seen so much of it before.

When I inhaled, with her furry cunt strapped tightly to my mouth, I could hear - as well as feel, of course - how desperately my body fought for oxygen. My breaths were wet sputters, forced to exist between long, slovenly licks that I refused to pause. I sounded like I was in pain, but there was nowhere else in the world I wanted to be. My home was between my mother's legs, where each deeply drawn breath sounded like I was struggling to pull air through a damp cloth. Honestly, I was fighting to get air into my lungs by that point, but it was a price I paid with a massive pussy-eating grin on my face.

Mom released a hearty groan and pushed her cunt against my mouth. Every couple of licks, her body would seize up a little, so I knew I was hitting a sensitive spot. I narrowed my focus, digging under the hood that housed her clit, and did not stop until her leg was shaking.

"Gentle," she begged in a whisper. "Don't rush."

"Sorry, Mom." I pulled back and sank my teeth into one of the fat globes that flanked my face. I formed an "O" with my lips and sucked hard to stamp a rosy circle onto her flesh. "Just got a little excited. Can you blame me?"

"I guess not. I have been waiting all day to get my hands on you."

I chuckled. "And still, I'm the one with my hands on you!"

Mom spread her legs, making a gap between her thighs for my head to fit through, then rolled onto her back to face me. "Hi, handsome."

I was face to face with her pussy, staring down the woolly slit with its wet and steamy heat basting my nose. I propped myself up on my elbows to look at her over the mound of pussy fur that blocked my vision. "Hi, Mommy."

She threw off her mittens and extended her arms toward me, then beckoned me forth with a curl of her finger. "Come here so I can get my paws on you."

I kicked off my boxers and got on top of her so I could wrap my body around hers. I loved feeling her underneath me, her tiny body dominated by my large, imposing form as I pinned her to the mattress. My lips found her neck, whereupon I placed dozens of small kisses that I hoped would send at least one chill down her spine.

Mom reached down between us and grabbed my hard cock with one hand. She pinched the root firmly, making the head inflate with a rush of blood. Once fully engorged, she used it as a fleshy mallet to smack her pussy mound a couple of times. "Mommy's fur feels nice, huh?"

"I bet it feels nicer inside," I replied.

She rubbed my dick back and forth atop her mound, brushing the underside with her coils of lush hair. "Oh, gosh. Maybe we should test that theory, then?"

I nodded with urgency. "Yes! Fuck yes, Mom! I want to feel you so badly."

"Then push, sweetheart." She positioned my cock head between her petals. It was a perfect fit; all sides of the spongy bulb were held tightly enough that it could not pop out.

I inched forward, delving into her warmth. I easily sank to the bottom, but I did not rush, prying her open one inch at a time. The bumps and ridges lining her walls were speed bumps made of velvet, designed to massage my cock no matter how slowly it passed over them.

Mom was soaking wet, removing any hint of friction. By the time I was at the bottom, that heat - and the wetness in which it broiled - was the only thing I could feel. If our entire family had come flying down the stairs at that very moment, I doubt I would have had the awareness to pull myself off of her, much less out of her.

My body trembled like a tent in a windstorm. "Jesus Christ, Mom!"

She kissed my shoulder, then gnawed softly on my skin. "Welcome back, baby."

It was such a staggering sensation that part of me wanted to laugh, much the way that one does when they are simply too overwhelmed to do anything else. "O-oh, fuck. I can't believe how... Wow."

She clamped down with her pussy, smothering my dick in a snug hug. "Can't believeeee... how good it feels?"

I nodded, my brow furrowed so deeply that I was not sure if the look on my face resembled pain or pleasure. "You feel like fucking heaven." I buried my nose into her neck and took a deep breath.

She kissed the top of my head. "Well then, sweetheart, you should hurry up and fuck 'heaven.'"

Even in my somewhat dazed state, it made my heart soar to hear such lewd words leave her mouth. I was mesmerized by the feeling of her pussy molding to the contours of my cock, but I still possessed half a mind with which to obey her command.

I laid my body flat on her, making her take my weight so that I could slide my arms underneath her ass. I gripped her cheeks from below so I would have some leverage. I pulled back until only the fat head was still plugging her cunt. With my hands secured on her backside, I slammed my hips forward and pulled her body to meet my stroke, driving my dick into the cozy channel.

Mom yelped the way a puppy does when someone steps on their tail, then immediately clapped a hand over her mouth. "I-I wasn't ready for that."

I kissed the side of her neck. "I like when you make noise like that. Your voice is sexy."

She raked her nails down my back, making tingles erupt from my spine. "You're gonna have to kiss Mommy if you keep fucking her like that."

I liked that she was making demands, and I liked acceding to them even more. I brought my mouth to hers and hastily mashed them together, wasting as little time as possible to prove my passion by way of a deeply intimate kiss.

I fluttered my tongue against her pursed lips and they quickly gave way, allowing it to slither inside, where it began to coax hers out to play. They prodded each other, reacquainting through the awkward little greeting before swiftly developing into something fuller - more real. I bit gently on her lower lip and tugged on it a little, but she refused to allow even that small space between us.

Mom followed me, lifting her head off of the mattress so she could continue kissing me while I pulled on her lip. She had not stopped moaning, and was dumping her throaty noises into my mouth the entire time we kissed, but it was quiet enough that I did not worry about any other mice stirring. Unfortunately, I couldn't have said the same about the loud clapping sound that our bare skin made each time I slammed into her. I knew it was obvious, but I could not stop myself from pouring everything I had into every thrust. I fucked her like I had a point to prove, and she knew it.

She struggled to catch her breath. "Baby, y-you don't have to fuck Mommy s-so hard."

I gave a barbaric grunt between kisses, finding little place to catch my breath. "Want to."

Mom shuddered, but it did not resemble fear. It was clear she loved having me thrust on top of her like a wild animal. "Oh, my g-god. Honey w-what if... what if someone hears us?"

"Don't care." I would have cared, of course, but I was a slave to my own lust, so higher thinking was not an option. "You feel so good."

Mom purred, matching my feral tempo rather than fighting against it. "O-okay, sweetheart. Just... keep going, then."

Her hands roamed my body, never staying in one place for more than a few seconds before she moved on. Groping, stroking, tickling, and squeezing-- I was a playground for her to wander. "So long," she said wistfully.

I slumped against her, dropping my weight so I could focus on solely thrusting my hips. "What?"

Mom took a moment to catch her breath. "I haven't been fucked like this in so, so long. God, I forgot how fucking good it feels!"

I pushed my dick as far in as it would go and held it there, nudging the door to her baby room with the spongy tip. I kept the two firmly squished together so we could feel each other - all of each other - while I rocked back and forth on my knees. "You never have to forget again, Mom."

A coarse breath escaped her. "Promise? Promise me, honey." She scratched at my shoulder blades with anxious little fingers.

I stuck my tongue out and laid it flat against her collarbone, then dragged it all the way up the length of her neck. "Promise."

She made a low, satisfied mewl like I was scratching an itch she had assumed would never go away. "I love you. Mommy loves you so, so fucking much."

"I love you too, Mom."

I had never felt that close with another human being before - physically, sure, but connecting on such a deep, emotional

level was fulfilling in ways that I had never thought possible. I'm not ashamed to admit that I was close to crying tears of joy. Based on the tone of Mom's wavering whimpers it sounded like she was right there on that precipice with me.

"B-baby?" she piped up, her voice cracking.

"Yeah?"

She made an adorable snuffle that, to me, was confirmation that she, too, was feeling the emotional weight. "Can I get on top?"

I wanted to be an endless source of sexual energy for her, but reality was not so generous. "I'm already kind of, like..."

"Close?"

"Yeah."

"I don't care. I... well, I've never gotten to before."

I stopped thrusting entirely. "Never, Mom?"

She shook her head. "No. Your fa-- um... well, you know. Some men just don't like it, I guess."

I wanted to keep her in the moment and out of her head, so the best I could do for her was to say yes.

"Sure, Mom. Roll with me, okay?"

"What do you mean 'roll with'--gah!" Mom lost her breath when I, with my arms secured on her pudgy ass cheeks, flipped her onto her back.

I had sealed our bodies tightly together, doubling my grip on her rump to do so, then performed a log roll that ended with her body on top of mine. She sat upright, finally allowing some fresh air to cleanse my chest of the humidity with which her breasts had blanketed it. "You... you didn't even slip out."

I smiled up at her, my hands still rooted in her ass fat. "I've got some tricks of my own, Mom." I patted one of her cheeks a couple of times to make more of those wonderful slapping sounds.

There was a long, loose strand of hair in front of Mom's face. She reached up and tucked it under her hat, which let me gaze upon her unobstructed beauty.

My view from below was tremendously sexy. The angle made her breasts look even bigger; each one appeared to be twice as big her head. I reached up with both hands - and a slackened jaw, since I could not contain my amazement for a single second longer. I had to touch her, fueled by a desire so strong that it could have been compared to an addiction.

I placed her nipples in the center of my palms, then squeezed down with my fingers. Her tits overflowed my hands, their texture so soft that they almost felt like a liquid. They spilled over the sides of my hands and filled in the lines that a palm reader would have used to tell my future, but I knew exactly what laid ahead for me: more boobs.

Mom looked down at her tits, and my hands groping them, with a bashful smile on her face. "You really like my boobs, huh?"

"I fucking love them!" I exclaimed.

She leaned forward a little so I would not have to stretch as far to reach her dangling udders. "I guess my little boy is still

in there somewhere. Once a boobie-lover, always a boobie-lover."

I parted her heavy, hanging udders to the sides of her chest, then let go so they would crash together in the middle when they met. "Guilty." The smile on my face surely said it all, but I liked vocalizing my infatuation with her. I wanted her to know how obsessed I was.

Mom looked down at me with her blonde hair cascading over her shoulders, like the most beautiful angel that Heaven had ever spawned. She leaned even further forward, swinging her breasts directly over top of my head. "Put one in your mouth."

My eyes widened. "Really?"

She lowered her face until her nose nudged against mine, propped up by her elbows on either side of my head. She rubbed the tips of our noses together while exhaling hot air against my upper lip. "I wanna see if it feels like it used to."

I could not believe that my heart possessed a higher gear than it was already running, but something about invoking our past - the time she had spent nursing me - had gotten me so excited that I could not physically deny it. It would have been fruitless anyway, since my cock reacted with a mighty

throb the moment the hauntingly seductive words hit my ears.

"Oh!" Mom gasped. "Oh, hoooooney. What was that?"

"W-what?"

She placed a quick kiss on my lips, then ducked her head down so she could whisper into my ear. "Mommy felt him jump. Were those happy throbs, sweetheart?"

"Holy fuck. I-- y-yeah, Mom. Happy throbs."

She gave an amused purr. "Can you do it again?"

I clenched my muscles, making my dick pulsate in its cozy alcove. "Like that?"

One of Mom's eyelids fluttered, her mouth formed into a permanent smile. "Yes. Just like that. I like how big and strong he is." She wiggled her hips, gyrating side to side in small movements to make my dick bump against the luscious folds lining her sheathe. "Are you suuuure you're gonna cum soon?"

I scrunched my nose and shut my eyes as tight as I could, dotting the backs of my lids with dozens of dazzling lights. "I-I'm trying not to, but..."

Mom clamped her cunt shut with such strength that I wondered if she secretly had a third hand inside of it. It was a silly thought, and a fleeting one, but it would have explained how she'd managed such a feat. The ring of muscle near her opening was the strongest part, and its stranglehold brought a similar sensation to when she had squeezed the root with her fingers to make it swell up.

"Fuck, Mom," I said with a grunt. "You're so tight!"

I felt like I was going to jump out of my own skin, but she hushed me with a gentle tone that soothed some of my rampant energy. "Shhhh, baby. Just breathe. Mommy doesn't want you to cum yet."

"I-I'm trying, I really am, but-- Holy shit. Stop! Stop!"

I felt her hand caress the side of my face, and she lovingly stroked my temple with her thumb.

"It's okay, honey," she said. "You just have to hold on a little longer. Okay?"

I nuzzled into her palm. "But whyyyy?"

"Open your eyes, sweetheart," she cooed with warmth.

I did, and once they adjusted to the bright, multicolored Christmas lights lining the rafters, I realized that both of Mom's hands were full. One was still on my cheek, but the other - the one that drew my focus - had disappeared underneath her breast where it acted as a serving platter. She offered her boob to me by bringing her nipple close to my mouth, where the pointed tip poked my lips.

"Open wide for Mommy," she commanded quietly.

I was abuzz with such energy that I imagine even my eyeballs were quivering; the rest of me was rather paradoxically shuddering from my ongoing effort not to cum. Still, like a good son, I obeyed my mother.

She let go of my cheek and brought her hand around to the back of my head. There, she cradled my skull like she was supporting the neck of a newborn. It was crystal clear that her instinctual drive to mother me had not diminished over the years, and despite possessing no memories of the times I

had nursed from her, it felt right to be back in that place again.

I latched on to her nipple, fitting my tongue underneath it so I could flick it back and forth against the rubbery button. I suckled, my imagination running wild with dreams of creamy, white milk flowing from the tap. I could feel her milk ducts on my tongue, and I covered those raised bumps with a long, saliva-laden lick. I sucked until the whole cap was in my mouth, barely fitting her fat areola inside.

She stroked my hair gently, weaving her fingers through it. "Feels even better than I remember."

"Mmhmm?" I asked, though words were beyond my reach.

"Yes, sweetheart. Even better." It seemed that she had understood me regardless. She sat back a little bit, so I sucked harder to ensure that her nipple would not pop out of my mouth, forcing an elongated stretch on the rounded milk bag that made it appear tauter than the other.

Mom lifted her hips a bit, sliding her greased pussy lips up the length of my cock. It was only a small distance, but it made the feeling ten times more intense when she dipped back down to swallow the meaty baton up with one gulp. There was no friction between the two thanks to Mom's

juices, but I did not long for it. I'd found greater joy in listening to the wet, squelching sounds her cunt had made when it had taken me back inside. It had sounded like her pussy was drowning in its own nectar, gurgling helplessly as its mouth was stuffed to the brim.

Over and over again, Mom dropped her ass like it was a ton of bricks. She kept her pace, but gradually ramped up the force behind her butt bounces each time they landed. The intoxicating sound punctuated every beat, creating a steady rhythm that lulled me into a trance.

Slap.

Slap!

SLAP!

"Just a little more, sweetheart," Mom pleaded.

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAPSLAPSLAP!

She had given no warning before she'd sped up subjecting me to more pleasure than I could possibly handle. "Ooooh," I moaned.

"Liiiiittle more," she sang. "Little more for Mommy."

I dug my heels into the mattress, straining every muscle that could be consciously controlled in an effort to hold off my orgasm for just one more second. It worked at first... until all at once it didn't.

I popped her nipple out of my mouth. "M-Mommy! I'm gonna... I'm gonna..."

"Yeah?" she asked perkily.

"Yes!" I urged through clenched teeth, the only thing stopping me from yelling loud enough to wake the neighbors.

Mom lowered her body so she could press her forehead against mine, then emitted a low, rumbling growl. "Do it, honey. Do it. Give Mommy all that cum."

Every ounce of my focus was funneled toward my cock. I could not feel my arms or legs; they were nothing more than dead weight. It felt like every nerve ending in my body had been redirected to my dick, making it more sensitive than ever before.

Mom plopped her ass right down on my legs, her cheeks flush with my thighs, so that my dick stayed buried to the hilt. The only movement she performed was a small grind to coax the cum out of me, using the tiniest of cunt hugs to milk my dick just as the first throb turned it into a pillar of steel.

I could not help myself; I cried out in pleasure. "OOOHH--Mfphm!"

Thankfully, Mom was quick enough to stifle the wail before anyone noticed-- I hoped. She had clasped a hand over my mouth, her fingers forming a mask through which I could empty my lungs safely. Her pussy, too, was a safe place for me to empty myself, but what I dumped into it was far messier than a yelp.

My cock flexed like a bicep, ushering cum towards the tip. It erupted out of me with resounding force, causing my body to lift off of the mattress as though it had been struck by a bolt of lightning. One rope, then another, then another flew out of the pulsating bulb. The pleated lining of Mom's cunt became sticky, its slippery texture changing as I injected more cum into her. It was like glue, adding a hint of friction

that helped the ruffled meat cling to me, its folds a thousand gummy fingers massaging me at once.

Prior to Mom, I had never finished inside of a woman without protection, and I found myself becoming quickly obsessed with the feat. On top of that was the knowledge of whose womb was then swimming in a dense pool of cum. The two worked in tandem, tickling my fancy for both physical, carnal pleasure and the emotional weight of - as far as I knew - breeding the very woman who had given birth to me.

I mauled her ass cheeks, squeezing until my fingers shook from the strain, but not once did she ask for mercy. I knew I was being too rough, but other than curling my toes, there was no way for me to writhe while pinned under her. The euphoria was overwhelming, and each small grinding motion from Mom made it grow even stronger.

My cock head was smooshed against her cervix, its bulging tip flattened by the pressure. It spewed cum against the spongy wall, bathing the mouth of her womb with liquid grandchildren. My balls drew close to my body, and I could feel stray hairs from Mom's pussy tickling the tightly pulled sack. "Mmmmpfhm!" I yelled into her hand.

Mom blew a stream of cool air over my forehead. "Almost empty, sweetheart?"

I realized my eyes had defocused and become somewhat crossed. "Mmhmm."

She slowly lifted her hand off of my mouth. "You did it!"

I forced my eyes to straighten. "I did... I did it. Holy shit."

Mom dipped her head so she could rub her cheek against mine. "You did so good, baby. That felt like a lot."

"I've never... that much before," I said while trying to catch my breath. Apparently I had been holding it throughout my orgasm, and had not noticed until I tried to speak. "Mom, that... was amazing."

She folded her lips over her teeth and gingerly chewed on my jawbone, working them back and forth while she softly sucked.

I knew there was a chance that she would leave a hickey behind, but I simply did not care. In fact, I was so enthralled with her that I kind of wanted her to mark me.

She released her lips with a loud smack. "Mommy is so full now, honey. You just kept cumming, didn't you?"

"I did," I said with a sigh. "I really did."

Mom rolled to the side, fitting her body in the crook of my armpit. "I'm glad you liked it."

I turned my head a little, even though all I could see was the top of her head. "Did you like it?"

She giggled. "Oh, honey. Didn't you feel how wet Mommy was? Of course I liked it. That's not all cum making my pussy soggy."

My dick jumped. "I don't think I can handle hearing you talk like that right now."

"Why not? Scared you'll make it to round two?"

I kissed her head. "No. I'm scared there will be a third, and fourth, and... well, you get it. It's gonna be morning by the time I'm done with you."

Mom shuddered, so I wrapped my arm around her shoulder and held her tightly. "I'd like that," she said. "I might not have the energy at my age, but... I'm definitely horny enough."

I smirked. "Wow. My own mother confiding in me that she's as horny as I am. I never thought I'd live to see the day."

She nuzzled against my chest. "Shut uuuuup! I've been horny; I've just been too... oh, I don't know... too bored, maybe, to do anything about it. With you, I... I feel like I'm young again. You make me feel like I'm falling in love all over again."

"Well then, Mom, I guess I beat you to it."

"To what?"

I stroked her arm. "To falling in love, I mean."

Mom's toes were squirming, and along with the tension that overtook her body, I knew that she was wrestling with something. "You don't mean that, sweetheart. But I really appreciate that--"

"What?" I interjected. "I do mean it. Why wouldn't I?"

Mom huffed a big, breathy sigh. "I just mean, like, you're nineteen! I'm an old woman, and I don't... well, I just don't know if we're meant to be together in that way."

"So... I can have sex with you, but I can't be in love with you?"

"I-I'm your mother, Michael. I can't... you shouldn't... I just--"

"Stop," I said flatly. "Can you do something for me?"

"Maybe. What is it?"

"I just want you to answer one easy little question."

That scored me a point. Her expression shifted, and she let me finish.

"Are you in love with me, too?"

Mom hesitated, but her feet continued to squirm about while she wrestled with the idea. Perhaps she was wondering whether she would admit to it being true at all - if that, even

more so than the truth of the matter, would irrevocably alter both our futures. I knew what I wanted; I just needed to hear it from her.

"Yes," she squeaked.

"Yes?" I asked.

She nodded slowly a few times. "Yes, yes, yes. Maybe I've just been with your father so long that I forgot what it feels like to actually be in love with someone."

"What do you mean? You don't--"

"Not like this." She hugged me tightly. "Not even close. This is... This scares me."

"In a good way, I hope."

"Yeah... yeah, I think so. It's only scary because I care so much, right? I want - or, I don't want to mess this up. You're very important to me, and I can't risk turning my own son against me."

"That's the beauty, Mom. There's nothing you could do to make that happen. Could I ever make you hate me?"

She chuckled. "I suppose not."

"Because we love each other - and now, apparently, we're feeling a little more than that, too. You don't stop being my Mom just because you're also... I mean, I don't know what to call it, really."

Mom drew a deep breath that puffed up her chest, making her breasts squish against my torso. "Your wife, honey?"

"That, or easily the best Christmas present I've ever opened."

Mom lifted her head and turned to look at me, planting her chin on my pectoral so we could look at each other. "Better than the PlayStation we got you when you were fourteen?"

I rolled my eyes. "Duh! I'd much rather play with you."

She hiked up her leg and laid it over mine, straddling my thigh while she stared affectionately into my eyes. "So you - maybe this is a silly question, but - you want to do this again?"

"More than anything, Mom." I could feel warm, gooey syrup drooling down the inside of my thigh. I immediately recognized it as cum, which had flooded Mom's pussy in such abundance that she literally could not stop it from oozing out of her. My leg hair was quickly soaked, matted down as the concoction - sticky cum and slippery cunt honey - glued it to my skin.

She kissed my chest, her lips lingering long enough for it to be an intentional pause. "Hmmm. Come talk to me tomorrow?"

I looked at the clock hanging over the brightly lit fireplace. "Uh, Mom? It is tomorrow."

She laughed, and I did, too, but she seemed particularly giddy to have stayed up past midnight just so she could fuck me. "Oh my god, it is!"

"Merry Christmas, Mom," I whispered.

"Merry Christmas, honey," she repeated after me. "I can't wait to see what we do on New Year's Eve."

"If I have anything to say about it," I said, "I'm going to be doing you!"

Mom shuffled in place. "Can I stay here a little longer? I don't want to go yet."

I rubbed her back with the inside of my forearm, imparting long, even strokes to the length of her spine. "As long as you want, Mom."

I do not remember falling asleep. Hell, I don't even remember being tired. It turned out that the length of time Mom desired was, as fate would have it, perfectly timed with the sunrise. Naturally, we had fallen asleep just a few minutes into our cum-laden cuddle, but were thankfully awakened by the bright morning sun beaming through the window next to the Christmas tree.

"Shit!" Mom cursed under her breath as she climbed off of the mattress. "Your dad is gonna be awake any minute. I need to go get cleaned up."

I chuckled. "Get cleaned out, you mean."

She narrowed her eyes at me and pointed a menacing finger in my direction. "That's not funny! I-- oh, god. You're right,

though. I can still feel it dripping out, and look at my legs!" We both looked down at her pussy to admire it. Her mound was such a mess that it looked like someone had chewed it up and spat it out, and I am not ashamed to say that I instantly wanted to dive right back into it.

"You need a shower," I declared.

She pouted. "I wish you could join me. You're okay with hanging out down here for a bit?"

"Whatever you need, Mom." I really meant it. I could not think of a single thing that I would have denied her.

It was early in the day, but I'd already received the best Christmas present that I had ever been given. I could not imagine that anything - even a brand new car - would have given me the same exhilarating feeling that Mom had. She was special, and the way she made me feel was special, too.

I stared up at the ceiling and breathed in air that felt new, like I was lifting a veil to view everything in a new light. The lights on the tree seemed brighter, and the smell of my childhood home carried more nostalgia than ever before.

I spent the rest of the morning brandishing a smile that I could not control, but even if I had wanted to I would not have wiped it off my face. As far as the rest of my family was concerned, I was simply brimming with Christmas spirit. The truth, only known to me and Mom, was more fulfilling than any amount of holiday cheer.

We ate breakfast, and after the rigorous exercise that Mom had put me through, I was hungry enough to chow down on six entire pancakes. I will not out myself as a glutton by acknowledging exactly how many pieces of bacon I ate, but it was definitely more than six. By the end of the meal, my stomach was as full of food as Mom's pussy was with baby butter.

Opening presents was another matter entirely, and took a solid forty minutes before the final piece of wrapping paper was stuffed in the trash. There were books, candles, candies, and electronics, but no matter how many gifts I opened, the only one that I wanted was Mom.

A few minutes after we were done with presents, everyone scurried out of the living room, except for me and Mom. It was no accident that we stayed behind - she had been making eyes at me the whole time we were opening presents that said "We need to talk."

Mom poured us each a fresh cup of coffee, stirred in the milk and sugar, then brought it to me in the living room. "Special delivery for the handsomest man in the world."

I checked the hallway to make sure nobody was lurking there. "You are getting bolder by the second, Mom."

"I guess something's just gotten into me this morning... and last night, a couple of times."

I sipped from the warm mug. "Is it still, like, in there?"

She nodded, then rubbed a hand over her tummy. "I like letting them sit for a while. Makes it feel all squishy when I close my legs."

I enjoyed the knowledge that my cum had been marinating in her pussy ever since I had put it there. It seemed like, if she had it her way, it would remain until it soaked in and disappeared completely.

"You're not nervous?" I asked.

"Of?"

My eyes darted back to the hallway just to double-check that we were still alone. "Like... having another baby?"

Without missing a beat, Mom tilted her head and said, very plainly, "If it's yours, then I don't mind."

I laughed nervously to disguise how turned on I was. "Ha! Yeah, right."

A small smile turned the corner of Mom's mouth into a point. "You don't believe me?"

I shrugged. "I want to! Just... You know? That sounds too good to be true."

She set down her coffee cup. "You know, sweetheart, I think they're actually might be one more present for you to open."

I raised an eyebrow with curiosity. I looked under the tree, but did not see any unwrapped gifts waiting to be torn into. "Where is it, then?"

Mom gestured with her eyes towards the second floor. "In my room. Should I go get it?"

"Sure. Do you want me to come with you?"

She got off the couch and patted my leg a couple of times. "No, no. You stay right where you are. Mommy will be back soon." Her tiny feet carried her up the stairs and out of sight.

I heard her footsteps enter her bedroom, and then a few seconds later she reappeared at the top of the stairs. She had both hands behind her back, and was swaying side to side, as though she had a secret that she could not wait to share with me.

I was giddy with anticipation. "Well, what is it?"

She walked down the stairs one at a time, sauntering towards me at a slow pace. She came all the way up to the couch, keeping her hands behind her back the entire time, then sat next to me. "Close your eyes."

I did, and I even resisted the urge to peek.

"Hands out, please," she requested.

I did. "Ready!" Into my hands, I felt her place a rectangular box that was roughly the size of a tube of toothpaste. "What is it?"

"Open, honey." Her voice was as smooth as butter.

When I opened my eyes, it took a couple of seconds to process what I was looking at. "Mom? What is 'First Response?'"

"Read it."

I scanned the box, but did not put the pieces together until I moved my thumb off of the word "pregnancy." I snapped my head to the side so I could look at her. "Mom..."

"That's Mommy, to you," She nodded towards the box in my hands. "and one day to them, too."

"Are you... You can't be, though."

Mom put a hand on my leg, her touch as soothing as the smile on her face. "Not yet, silly. That one is expired, anyway. It's more of a... a gesture, I suppose. I mean, who knows? Maybe I already am."

My quivering jaw made my teeth clatter together. "B-but what about--"

"I don't care." She interrupted me like she'd known the question was coming. "Not about him, or them, or anybody else. What do you care about, Michael?"

I gulped nervously. "You, Mom. I care about you."

She bumped my shoulder with hers. "Good answer. It's just a question, that's all."

I knew exactly what the question was, but I longed to hear her ask it. "What question is that?"

She leaned over to kiss my cheek, her lips lingering on my skin for a second. "An easy little question."

My heart rate spiked. "Then ask it."

She rested her head on my shoulder and rubbed the small of my back with her hand. "Would you like to have a baby with Mommy?"

I did not have to think twice about the answer. "Yes!"

She lifted her head, then nibbled softly on the spot where it had been. "Good answer, honey."

"But... why, Mom?"

"Because I love you. Because I want to. I don't have any other, grander reason. I just... I think about it, and I ask myself what I want, and I keep coming back with the same answer."

"Every time?"

"Every time, sweetheart. I want to have your baby. I think we make a darn cute couple, and we'd make a darn cute kid, too."

I was speechless, but I had so much to say. "I... Fuck, Mom. I love you. I really, really love you."

She kissed my cheek. "I think you're pretty great, too."

I was already eager about the planned pregnancy. "So... when?"

Mom cocked her head. "Well, if I'm not already - which, let's be honest, I might be - I was thinking maybe you could come home for New Year's Eve?"

I nodded. "I can definitely do that." I was already mentally cancelling plans that I had made with my friends on that same day.

She brought her face close to mine, her breath wafting against my lips. "Merry Christmas, honey."

"Merry Christmas, Mommy." Then, I kissed her. With every ounce of my soul, and with every bit of love I had, I kissed her.

I wanted to turn the hands of time forward. It was only a handful of days, but every minute between that moment, and the one where I would get her pregnant, felt like a whole month.

In just one day, my entire life had changed, and it seemed like the days ahead were only going to get stranger. I looked forward to them, even though I felt like the earth beneath my feet was shaking. It was an unfamiliar feeling, like I was stepping into a different life than I had been living the day

before, but - to my amazement - the snow kept falling outside.

The wind kept howling. The fire kept crackling. The clock kept ticking by and by, tracking the minutes when I would be able to hold my mother the way I truly wanted to. Despite my world changing completely - and hers, too - it all just carried on like nothing had changed.

Nothing had changed, but everything had changed. I considered that a Christmas miracle.