

## **Mom's 12 Naughty Days of Christmas**

**By Klrxo**

**"Since you're going off to college this next year, I wanna give you a Christmas that you'll really remember this time" said Bailey as she hovered over her son in the kitchen while he ate breakfast.**

**Carl was struck by how sexy his dark-haired mother looked in her red Christmas robe and Santa hat. The neck of her attire was peeked open enough for him to admire her gaping tit-cleavage, and what a tremendous cleavage it was! Bailey had breasts that could put most other women her age to shame. The same could be said about her ass, which was perfectly thick and rounded, just like a juicy peach.**

**"So, you bought me a car for Christmas?" Carl asked, half-jokingly. "That would certainly make it one to remember."**

**"You'll have to talk to your dad about that one. I wanna do the twelve days of Christmas with you...but in a way I think you'll love."**

**"The twelve days of Christmas?" the boy asked with a confused look.**

**"Yes, you know how it goes," his mom said, then started singing. "On the first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me, a partridge in a pear tree!"**

**"Yeah, I know the song, mom. So, you're just gonna sing to me for twelve days?"**

**"No," she giggled, "but there are some other things I have in mind. I have twelve naughty gifts I'll be giving you; one for each day leading up to Christmas."**

**"Naughty gifts?" Carl asked, his interest suddenly piqued.**

**"Yep, starting with this one," Bailey replied, handing him what looked like a large Christmas colored gift tag.**

**Carl read it aloud. "DAY 1 – LET IT SHOW.**

**MOM WEARS A SANTA HAT AND NOTHING ELSE. 🤪"**

**When Carl looked up to get an explanation, his mom's robe had slipped off her shoulders and onto the floor so all that remained on her body was her Santa hat. "Holy smokes, mom...you're naked!" he exclaimed.**

**"Are you complaining?" she sheepishly asked.**

**"Certainly not!"**

**Carl's lusty eyes roamed his mom's naked body. Her tits were just as huge as he always imagined, hanging heavily against her ribcage. Spread across their peaks were the most delicious-looking areola and nipples he had ever seen. His gaze drifted down her tapered torso to her pubic mound. Her lick labium formed a delightful camel toe and the plump clitoral hood peeked from between her puffy flanges.**

**"Goddamn, mom...you could model for a porn magazine!" the boy exclaimed.**

**"Thanks, hunny!" she laughed, making her bosom ripple. "I knew you'd enjoy seeing my naked body, since your eyes seem to be undressing me every morning."**

**"Well, I'll admit...I have fantasized about this moment."**

**"That's why I added it to your list of naughty Christmas surprises," Bailey grinned, showing her perfect, sparkling-white teeth. "It's like I'm helping you spell Santa. You just need a little T and A."**

**Her joke made Carl laugh. "That's a good one, mom!"**

**"Oh, and my birthday suit does come with something extra."**

**"Something extra?" the boy eagerly asked.**

**"Yes, it comes with a tight hug, before you rush off to school."**

**Carl watched her step towards him. Her melon-meat bobbed deliciously, like mounds of figgy pudding, and he knew they would feel divine crushed against his young chest. "Can I, um..."**

**Baily paused just in front of him. "Can you what, hunny?"**

**"Oh, never mind," he blushed.**

**"Carl, if there's something you want, just ask me. This is YOUR special gift."**

**"Can I take off my shirt for our hug?"**

**"Of course, you can."**

**The teen quickly shed his t-shirt, and no sooner was it off than his mom was clutching onto him. Her fatty tit-mounds spread out across his lean, hairless chest, lewdly bulging out at the sides between them as they embraced for a tight hug. His mother whispered into his ear in a sultry tone. "Is that a candy cane in your pocket or are you just excited to see me naked?"**

**"The second one," he answered. His mom's body felt incredibly luscious, and her sweet perfume was intoxicating. Her thick teats were just as erect as his cock was as they poked against his chest. This told him that she was enjoying giving his gift as much as he was receiving it.**

**"What are my other gifts? Can you give me a hint?" Carl asked.**

**"Nope, but let's just say that Santa won't be the only one 'coming' this Christmas," his mom whispered. Then, her pretty voice hummed the chorus to "12 Days of Christmas" in his ear while they hugged.**

**Carl could hardly focus during school that day. His mom's enormous, naked jugs had felt so squishy and warm against him that it was an hour before his dick went soft. If the other eleven gifts were just as**

wonderful as his first one was then his mom was right, this would be a Christmas he would remember forever.

It seemed like the following morning would never arrive. His dad and two siblings rushed out the door like they normally did, leaving Carl and his mom alone in the foyer. "This is for you," Bailey, handing him a Christmas tag.

Once again, Carl read it aloud. "DAY 2 - SANTA'S SEXY HELPER.

YOU AND MOM HELP EACH OTHER OUT OF THOSE CLOTHES AND INTO THE TUB. 🍑"

The boy looked at his mother anxiously. "We're taking a bath together?!"

"It sure sounds that way," she replied, with a Grinch-like grin. She took his hand and led him upstairs to the private bathroom she shared with her husband. The water to the tub was running and a cloud of bubbles was nearly overflowing.

Carl started undressing, but his mom moved over to help. "The tag said to 'help each other out of these clothes,' remember?" she reminded him, tugging off his t-shirt.

The boy watched his mom squat down, unbutton his pants and pull them and his briefs off in one swoop. Carl had gotten hard before they even got up the stairs, so his boner sprung upward rigidly. The knob on the tip of his vein-encrusted shaft was shiny and bulbous, like a round, pink ornament on a Christmas tree.

Bailey's eyes widened in delight as she stared at her boy's erection for a moment. It was the length of one of those thick candy canes she had sucked on as a young girl and looked just as tasty. "Mmm, the stockings are 'hung' and so are you," she teased, licking her lips.

"Thanks," Carl proudly uttered.

**"Your turn now," she smiled, standing back up. "Unwrap your mother like a Christmas gift."**

**Carl slipped off his mom's robe, revealing a bright red Christmas bra and matching panties. "Keep going, baby...I'm not naked yet," his mom said.**

**Her silk-shrouded hooters brushed against him as he reached around to unclasp her bra. He pulled the cups away from her oversized milkers, making them wobble delectably. "Now my panties, hunny," whispered Bailey, guiding her boy's hands to the waistband of her dainty thong.**

**Carl's heart about beat out of his chest as he peeled her panties from her crotch and down her silky legs. He involuntarily licked his lips, staring at her hairless vulva. It was also a moment of lusty reverence, knowing that he was gazing at the pussy that had once birthed him.**

**Bailey led her son by the hand into the bathtub and they sunk into the fluffy suds together. "Let me give my boy a scrub-a-dub-dub," she said in a sultry tone, kneeling between his legs. She got a sponge nice and soapy, then began washing her boy's youthful body.**

**"Mmm, mom's gonna wash every inch of you," Bailey whispered as she scrubbed her son's shoulders. Her giant tits dangling only a foot from Carl's face, and he stared wondrously at her gaping wet cleavage.**

**"Your tits sure are big and beautiful, mom," he commented, marveling at the way they hung so heavily from her chest and bobbed to every move she made.**

**"You've been wanting to see my tits naked for a long time, haven't you, naughty boy?" Bailey asked with a knowing smile.**

**"Yeah, but I never thought I'd actually get to see them."**

**"Well, someone's Christmas wish came true this year, didn't it? There's another sponge sitting there. Do you wanna wash mommy's boobies, while I give your penis some scubby-lovin?"**

**"Definitely!" the boy blurted, reaching for the other sponge.**

**Still kneeling between his legs, Bailey leaned forward, draping one arm around her boy's neck. She put the other hand beneath the sudsy water and began to wash his prick and balls. "Mmm, I'm dreaming of a white Christmas," she whispered, staring into her son's eyes, "and I'm not talking about snow."**

**Carl gasped as he felt the soft sponge swathe his throbbing cock in a delightful up and down motion. He reached up and cupped her dangling udders, letting his fingers sink into their squishy meat.**

**"Mmm, how do they feel, handsome? Like warm, soft gingerbread?" his mom's sweet voice asked.**

**"Uh-huh."**

**"You can pull on the nipples...you're not gonna hurt them," urged the mother.**

**Carl tugged on her wet, rubbery teats, wishing he could slurp one inside his mouth and suck like a baby.**

**"Close your eyes, hunny. Let mom tell you a warm Christmas story," Bailey whispered with her lips to his ear.**

**Carl clenched his eyes shut, focusing on the stroking sponge, the squishy feel of his mom's boobs and the sweet sound of her voice.**

**"Once upon a time, there was a boy named Jarvis. Jarvis wanted lots of toys for Christmas, but his family was extremely poor. This saddened his mother, June. She wanted to give her son a special Christmas, but she simply didn't have the means to buy him anything that he really wanted. Then, the mother realized that she could make his holiday special after all, and that it wouldn't cost her a cent."**

Bailey began to increase the friction around Carl's cock by squeezing the sponge with her hand as she continued speaking. "Jarvis's mother had great big boobies, with thick, delicious nipples that he could suck on all he wanted. She also had a nice tight, skilled pussy that could pump and soak his young cock for hours!"

Carl gasped and his body shuddered from both the feeling his mom was giving his boner and the naughty words that were spouting luridly from her mouth. Bailey continued her story. "June snuck into her son's room early Christmas morning and fucked his virile boner, making his jingle bells ring as he pumped all his warm, creamy eggnog up into her dripping hot pussy."

Carl was unable to hold off his own load as Bailey tugged his tingling pecker exquisitely beneath the water. He let out a guttural grunt as his semen load began to hose from his piss-slit, into the smothering sponge. Bailey's pretty voice began to hum a Christmas song as she listened to her boy gasp and grunt in orgasm.

"OHH, GOD, MOM!" the boy groaned, writhing beneath her, and mauling her fatty tits as she stroked him off.

Carl loved how his mom acted just like her normal self that night, giving no indication that something naughty had happened between them that morning.

"Have a good day, son!" said his dad as he rushed for the door the next morning. "Oh, your mom told me to tell you to come upstairs. She wants to talk to you about something."

"Thanks, dad. See ya!" said Carl, closing the door behind him. He anxiously went upstairs to his parents' bedroom and peeked inside. "Mom?"

**"Dim the lights and turn on some music, hunny," she said from the bathroom. "I'll be right out."**

**Carl did as she asked, then watched as his mom stepped from the bathroom. She wore a beautiful red Christmas gown that clung to her luscious curves. It had a haltered neckline, showing off an obscene amount of tit-cleavage. Her sexy, shaved legs peeked from slits that ran from her waist down, and her pretty feet were propped in six-inch mules.**

**"This is for you," she said, handing her boy a red Christmas tag.**

**Carl read it aloud. "DAY 3 – JINGLE BELL ROCK OUR BODIES TOGETHER. 🛎"**

**TELL EACH OTHER YOUR NAUGHTY CHRISTMAS WISHES, WHILE YOU AND MOM SLOWLY DANCE TOGETHER."**

**Bailey grasped on to her son, joining their horny bodies for a slow dance. The dim lights and erotic music created the perfect atmosphere. "Tell mom what you want for Christmas, hunny," she whispered to her son.**

**"Honestly, there's only one thing I can think of right now," he confessed.**

**"And what might that be?"**

**"By the way you've been teasing me, you should have a pretty good idea, mom."**

**"Well, it sounds as if we both want the same sort of Christmas gift," she stated.**

**"You think so?"**

**"Well, let me tell you what I want...and you can tell me if it's the same gift idea that you had."**

**"Alright."**



His mom embraced him even tighter, crushing her spongy tits against him as she brought her lips to his ear. "I want a nice, deep Christmas fuck," she whispered, making him gasp in arousal. "I wanna feel your chestnuts roasting by the open fire, while they beat against my upturned ass."

Carl was too shocked to answer for a moment, but finally he blurted something. "That's exactly what I want!"

"Oh, my baby wants hot Christmas pussy!" she cheered, squeezing him even tighter. "He wants to shimmy up mom's chimney and make us have a 'not so silent' night together, doesn't he?"

"Yes!"

The mother reached down and squeezed his rigid member through his pants. "On Christmas day, let's pretend we're presents and 'get laid' under the tree," she seductively whispered.

"That might be a risky place to do it."

"Yes...risky and thrilling! Can you imagine the look on your father's face if he saw our naked bodies entwined and slapping together beneath the Christmas tree? Imagine just how shocked he'd be when he saw how your balls were beating against his wife's ass, he might think you're the little drummer boy," the mother snickered, squeezing on the knob of her boy's rod.

"That's a not something I'd want him to see. He'll kill us!"

"At least I'd die with a satisfied pussy, getting fa-la-la-la-laid!" sang Bailey.

She tugged her boy's cock through his pants as they slow danced, wishing she could tear off his clothes and squeeze that hard slab of dick into her dripping cunt. After a few minutes of intense cock-fondling she heard her son begin to grunt as hot jizz began to erupt from his piss-slit, filling his underwear with sticky goo. Bailey

hummed the chorus of the 12 days of Christmas as she squeezed her son off through his pants.

Twenty-four hours later, she was humming again, while grinding against his lap in a wonderful lap dance. Carl had been given another tag that read:

**"Day 4 – WINTER WONDERLAND LAP DANCE**

**LET MOM SIT ON YOUR SUGAR-STICK AND MAKE YOU SPURT  
BETWEEN HER HONEY-BUNS. 🍷"**

Carl was doing just that as his mom ground her delectable bubble butt on his rigid prick. The G-string that stretched across Bailey's asshole was the only thing that separated their grinding flesh. Her boobs were barely contained within a snowflake-patterned bikini top and jiggled around lewdly as she gyrated on her boy's lap. "Santa's lap isn't the only place wishes come true," Bailey stated, winking back at him.

"True!" Carl replied with an excited gulp.

"I bet you wish my booty was a stocking, so you could 'stuff' it right now, don't you, hunny?!"

"Uh-huh!" the boy moaned as a hot load of teenage jizz began splattering between his mom's butt cheeks.

"Mmm, mom's ass is like a bunch of warm Christmas cookies, isn't it?" Bailey cooed. "You just needed to add your warm milk."

"Ohhh, mom!" he gasped, tossing his head back as strong ejaculatory spurts erupted from his butt-smothered penis-tip. Bailey made sure she had milked every drop before she stopped.

**"Speaking of Christmas goodies...you even helped mom with her holiday baking this year, hunny," said the mother as she raised off his lap. "Look, we made some yummy sticky buns together."**

**Her plump, rounded butt cheeks were shiny and 'sticky' with his boy-goo. Carl couldn't help but stare at her meaty ass-globes. The G-string was wedged so far up her ass-crack that that she might as well have been naked.**

**"DAY 5 - A VERY MERRY MAKE-OUT," read the boy as he looked at the tag his mother had given him. "KEEP THINGS NICE AND SLIGHTLY SPICED WITH SOME SWEET HOLIDAY SMOOCHING WITH MOM."**

**"Lay back on your bed," Bailey said, nudging him back, so Carl sprawled on his mattress, wearing only his underwear. He had been late for school every day this week, but his mom didn't seem to care, so neither should he.**

**Bailey glanced up at her son's ceiling as she crawled onto him. She had come to his room wearing only a crotchless fishnet body stocking. "What's that I see up there...mistletoe?" she lustfully asked.**

**"Yeah, a bunch of it," said the boy, playing along.**

**"Well...a guess we'll have to do a 'bunch' of smooching then, won't we?"**

**"You won't hear me complain any," her son replied, staring at the melons that were pushing against the sheer fabric.**

**Bailey blanketed her horny teen with the heavenly softness of her luscious body as they began kissing. Having his mom's tongue slither into his mouth like a slippery Christmas eel and lash around with his own licker was completely surreal.**

The mother planted her bare cunt firmly against his sinewy fuck-muscle, marveling at his youthful hardness. As they made out like two lovers on Christmas morning, Bailey ground her vulva against him in a subtle dry fuck.

"I'm gonna start calling your bed my one-horse open sleigh," Bailey whispered between kisses.

"Why's that?"

"Because I bet it's really fun to ride in."

Carl had never been with a girl who could kiss as well as his mother. He could tell that she loved it and really knew what she was doing.

"You're really good at kissing, mom," the boy gasped.

"Imagine what else I'm good at," she answered, while planting enthusiastic kisses on his lips. Bailey gazed into his eyes longingly.

"Are you anxious to feel me from the inside, hunny?"

"I sure am!" he nodded, still in disbelief that she was asking him such questions.

"Unlike Santa, you WON'T be wrapping your package before you shove it down my chimney. Your hard penis will be simmering in my oven, like warm, honey-glazed ham."

"Oh, shit, mom!" the boy gasped as she began kissing and licking his neck. He writhed his hips beneath her, sharing the rhythm of her swiveling crotch. The heat that escaped her fuck-slit was beginning to warm his penis immensely, and the friction she created made him feel like he was having his dick stroked off.

"Oh, I think mom's on the naughty list this year," said Bailey.

"Cheating on your father with you and being a ho ho ho bag for the holidays."

"It's so fun though!"

**"It is fun, isn't it, hunny? Having mom spread her Christmas cheer all over your cock," Bailey stated, 'spreading' her love-juices all over her boy's underwear as she humped against him.**

**"You can spread as much of that cheer as you want."**

**"Oh, don't you worry...your cock will be soaked in it."**

**"That's gonna feel incredible."**

**"You know...your Christmas gift today mentioned smooching my lips, but it DIDN'T really specify which ones," the mother pointed out as she slid up his body, then straddled his head. "Maybe THESE were the lips it was talking about."**

**Carl squeezed on his cock through his briefs, while staring up at his mom's shaved pussy, which hovered just above his face. The labial folds were swollen with desire and his mom's plump, pink clit protruded from its fleshy hood. "Maybe so," he replied. "I'd love to kiss those lips."**

**Bailey lowered her sopping slit onto her boy's face. Carl began licking her cunt like a starving dog, lapping up the cream that seeped from her vagina, delighting in the pungent taste and aroma of his mother's secretions.**

**"Oh, baby," Bailey moaned. "If my pussy were a snowman, you'd have it melted into a puddle by now."**

**Bailey's grape-sized clit protruding from the top of her pussy slit. Carl wrapped his lips around the nubbin, sucking it like it was a swollen nipple. Immediately his mother bucked and squealing as she fucked her shaved pussy all over her teen's face. "Yes...eat me like Christmas dinner!" she gasped.**

**The mother peered back and watched her boy fish his boner from his underwear and begin stroking its horny length. She licked her lips, her eyes fixed on the slippery pre-goo that seeped from the slit of his**

knob. "Mmm, the only 'package' that I want for Christmas this year is that one, hunny."

Carl sucked her clit even harder, his face masked by the hot flanges of his mom's cunt. "I'm cumming, baby!" he heard her whimper as she shamelessly fucked his face.

The teen was so enthralled by the feel, smell, and flavor of his mom's quivering cunt that the milky jism began to spurt out of his cock-slit. He made a point not to wash his face after he was finished, so he could smell the sweet, intoxicating aroma of his mom's pussy while he was at school.

The next day was Saturday, but that didn't stop Bailey from playing Santa. She invited her son to go shopping with her, but instead of visiting the store, they parked off a quiet dirt road just outside of town.

"DAY 6 – THE 'SOUTH' POLE," Carl read from the tag his mom brought.

"LET MOM GIVE THE GIFT OF A LITTLE EXTRA LOVIN' TO YOUR LOWER REGION. 🍆"

Bailey peered over at her son's crotch and grinned lasciviously. "Mmm, you've already got a hardon, Carl!" she stated, reaching over to unzip his pants. "Have you been thinking about my tight pussy all morning?"

"Uh-huh!" the boy nodded, watching her fish out his cock.

She pulled his pants and underwear to his ankles, then doted over his erect sex organ, hungrily licking her chops. "It's so much longer and thicker than your father's. I can tell you're quite the 'elf-a-male,' aren't you?" she teased, making her son laugh.

**"Does my boy like to get his dick stroked and sucked on?"**

**"I love it!"**

**"I hope so, because Mrs. Clause has a hot, sloppy blowjob in store for you today," said Bailey, climbing onto her knees on the seat and lowering her head to his crotch. "Mm, leaky boy," the mother cooed, then fluttered her tongue on the tip of his prick, swiping off his tasty pre-jizz.**

**Carl could hardly believe his eyes as he watched her long, thick licker whip all over his shiny bell glans. His mom opened her mouth wide and wormed his meaty cock shaft into throat. His swollen crown brushed past her tonsils, nearly causing her to gag on his tool.**

**"Damn, mom...that feels amazing!" the teen confessed, while watching her pretty head bob up and down on the turgid stiffness of his prick. Lewd gurgling sounds filled Bailey's vehicle as she gorged herself on her son's delicious boner.**

**"Mmm, even Santa can't make candy as sweet as your dick is," the mother mewled between sucks. Her tongue curled around his glans, tracing the collar of his coronal ridge, then flickering against the band of his frenulum. She clamped her hand around the base of his boner and beat his meat between the rounded ring of her lips, making her boy writhe in pleasure.**

**"Mommy's mouth does it best, doesn't it, sweet boy?" Bailey asked. "We moms know just how to suck a young, tasty dick."**

**Bailey knew his balls would spurt up a big load any second and she was eager to taste his virile nectar. She thoroughly enjoyed the flavor of sperm and knew Carl's potent baby makers would be especially sweet sizzling on her taste buds.**

**"Oh, Mom! You're gonna make me cum!" the teen announced.**

The heavy-titted mother sucked him feverishly, while jacking his cock at its root. Her hand was a blur, she was stroking his meaty stalk so fucking fast. Then, torrential ropes of hot cum began splattering through the inside of her mouth, and she gulped it down as quickly as she could.

The lucky teen squirmed on the car seat as he felt his beautiful mother milk every drop of cum that he had to offer. "OK, mom...ok!" he winced as his boner became extremely sensitive between her lips.

Despite his urgency for her to stop, Bailey continued sucking, gliding her rounded lips up and down his rod with long, sweeping sucks. Her fist remained tightly clamped around the throbbing root, and she dragged her hand slowly upward to pump out the last toe-clenching drops of his ejaculation.

"Damn, mom...that was the best blowjob I ever got!" the boy sighed.

"You shot off such a big load, hunny," she cooed, licking the residual spunk off her lips. "Teenage boys have such tasty ball-juice."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it."

"Your knob is so shiny and red after that, it looks like Rudolph's glowing nose," Bailey giggled as she continued to milk his throbbing prick with her fist, staring intently at the bulbous, shiny-skinned crown.

Late the following night, the living room was illuminated with the magical glow of Christmas lights. Near the tree, two completely covered figures were writhing beneath a big blanket on the floor.

"This is SO cool, mom!" Carl whispered, laying on top of his gorgeous mother as they made out. Bailey wore only a skimpy, white baby doll nighty allowing her son to enjoy her delectable curves. Earlier, she had given him a Christmas tag that read:



## **"DAY 7 – CANDY CANE CUDDLES**

**"SNEAK IN SOME SNUGGLES WITH MOM ALONGSIDE THE CHRISTMAS TREE. 🎄"**

**It was risky with Bailey's husband upstairs sleeping, but also incredibly thrilling. Sprawled on her back, she had her strong, naked mommy-legs harnessed securely around her boy's back, fastening him against her voluptuous body. This time she allowed Carl to be naked so he could dig his raging cock-flesh against the heated, panty-covered mound of her pussy.**

**"Mmm, you like our naughty reindeer games, don't you, hunny?" Bailey whispered between wet, sexual kisses.**

**"I sure do!"**

**"You've got a special toy from Santa's workshop, just for mom, don't you?" she asked, feeling his muscled slab plow against her overheated pubis. "One that makes me wanna Scrooge!"**

**Bailey grasped onto her boy's taut, naked ass with her long nails, guiding his delightful dry humps. Her pussy was so wet that it had completely saturated her panty-crotch. "Yes...push that yule log against me, baby," she softly whimpered. "Show me how you plan on taking me Christmas day."**

**Carl was on cloud nine. His mom's huge hooters felt so Goddamn good against his chest with the silk of her nighty only accentuating their squishy suppleness. He slid his hands up beneath the skirt of her nighty and onto her smooth belly as their wiggly tongues dueled inside his mouth.**

**Bailey knew that her tit-obsessed boy was dying to get his mitts on her giant G-cups again. "Go ahead, angel," she whispered between kisses, "reach up and squeeze those jiggle jugs."**

**The boy eagerly slid his hands up onto her fatty mams. Bailey's tit-caps were crinkled in arousal, and her teats protruded stiffly, like tiny erections. Carl pinched them in his palms as his fingers sunk into the meat of his mom's breasts.**

**"Mmm, don't they feel titilicious, hunny? Big holiday hooters for my tit-starving boy!"**

**Even though there was no penetration, the depraved couple looked as though they were fucking beneath the blanket. Their bodies writhed passionately together in a feverish dry fuck, while feasting on each other's lips. "Do you hear what I hear?" the mother panted, gazing up at him. "It's the sound of sparks flying between us."**

**Soon their nearly naked body were dry humping violently. Bailey clung to her hard-thrusting teenager, squeezing her strong legs around him to keep their horny crotches pressed together. "There you go, baby!" she excitedly squealed. "Move that body like you're fucking the piss outta me!"**

**Bailey was delighted by how her son's eyes lit up as his penis began ejaculating between them. She could feel the blood and muscle in his thick shaft flex and strain, each time he shot a gooey cord of cum between their hugging crotches.**

**The next morning, Bailey was in the kitchen, writing out the next tag to give to her son. "DAY 8 – HOLIDAY SWEET TREATS**

**"USE YOUR FAVORITE SWEET TREAT TO 'SPREAD' THE HOLIDAY CHEER – ON EACH OTHER," she wrote. Then, she looked over at the bottle of whipped cream and chocolate sauce, smiling mischievously.**

**"What are the ingredients for?" asked her husband as he stepped into the kitchen.**

**"I'm just, um...doing some baking this morning," she lied.**

**"I bet it'll be yummy," said her hubby.**

**"Oh, it will be!" grinned his wife. *"Chocolate covered flesh, topped off with whipped cream,"* she thought, then licked her lips anxiously. She couldn't wait for her husband to leave so she could rush upstairs.**

**Ten minutes later, Carl was on his back, on the middle of his parent's bed, staring up at his mom's naked, ballooning tits. "I hope you're hungry for something sweet this morning, hunny," his mom giggled, making her fatty mammaries jiggle.**

**"I am!" he replied, shifting his gaze to their crotches. Since his mom was straddling him and they were both naked, their genitals were smothered together. He marveled at the way his horny boner was sandwiched between his abdomen and her vulva, resting in the moist slit between her cuntal flanges.**

**Carl looked back up as his mom popped open the chocolate sauce. She had heated it up, so it was warm and liquid-like. Bailey began pouring it all over her huge titties, smiling down at her son's excited reaction. Then, she doused her heavy hangers with whipped cream. "How's this for a holiday sweet treat, hunny?" she asked,**

**"It looks delicious!" he answered, his eyes nearly bugging out of his skull.**

**"Speaking of holiday food," said the mother, "have I mentioned that I can wait for you to pound the gravy out of my biscuit with your sausage?"**

**Her words made the boy's heart skip a beat. "I can't wait either. I hope THAT'S coming soon!"**

**"Oh, it is, but in the meantime, let's enjoy licking and sucking these Christmas yummys off each other," said Bailey, lowering her bobbling boobie-treats to her son's face.**

Carl's body shuddered from the feel of his mom's chocolate and whipped cream covered breasts wobbling around his face. He licked his way up into her soft, gaping tit-cleavage, cleaning off as much of the sticky sweets as he could and enjoying every second of it.

Bailey held her boy's head between her bounteous bosom, while grinding her fleshy clit against his cock-shaft. "If I was the Grinch, I wouldn't steal Christmas. I'd steal you, and grind on your fucking cock every day," she whimpered.

Carl licked his way around the creamy contour of his mom's tit, like it was a huge, yummy ice cream cone. He found her chocolate covered nipple and greedily suctioned it into his mouth, spreading his lips across her wonderfully wide areolar ring. Bailey leaned down further, letting her cute tit-elf feel the delightful weight of her breast against his face.

***"HOLY FUCK!"*** the boy's brain exclaimed as his face sunk into the soft, fatty, and glandular tissue of his mom's warm tit-melon. He sucked hard at her rubbery teat, chewing at it lightly with his teeth. He could stay there all day if she weren't providing such exquisite cuntal friction on his boy cock, grinding him towards a powerful ejaculation.

"Is this how you like it, sweet boy? Bailey naughtily asked. "Do you want mom to fuck your hot dick cowgirl style?"

"Mm-hmm!" Carl replied while battering her nipple with his sloppy tongue.

"You'll forget all about those High School sluts. Mom will show her boy how girls can REALLY fuck!"

Bailey was also nearing a hot climax. Her boy's slippery pre-cum was providing wonderful lubrication for her to hump their engorged sex bulbs together. "Is this black Friday, baby?" she panted. "Because you're about to get me one hundred percent off!"

**She heard her boy squeal against the sloshing flesh of her breast and felt his knob mushroom against her humping cunt-lips. Her inner labia flanked his blue-veined stalk and drug up and down its length like two wet tongues. Struck with an orgasm, Carl's young ass rose from the bed, lifting his mom up as his legs shivered. His grunting, ejaculatory cries were muffled by pounds of tit-meat.**

**Bailey's climax crested also, and her luscious body began to convulse in a orgasmic fit. Carl wrapped his arms around his busty mom to keep her from bucking right off him. He feasted on the pink, fleshy peak of her breast, while they both writhed in sexual delight.**

**"DAY 9 - SANTA'S TOY SHOP 🧸**

**STROKE ON YOUR CANDY CANE, WHILE YOU WATCH MOM GET OFF USING HER FAVORITE GIZMOS," Carl read.**

**"You get to be a kid in Toyland today, hunny," Bailey stated, shucking off her robe. "Get yourself naked, while I fetch my favorite sex gadgets."**

**Carl quickly stripped down to his birthday suit. He was already rigid from just the anticipation of what was coming, but the sight of his mom's bare-naked body sent exquisite tingles through his meaty appendage.**

**Armed with a couple of sex toys, Bailey plopped down onto the bed in front of him and shamelessly spread her lovely legs apart. "I've got two vibrating love-eggs here, one for my pussy and one for my ass," she explained.**

**"Your ass too?!" the boy asked in fascination.**

**"Yes, angel. We moms love things that vibrate shoved up our asshole while we masturbate."**

**"That's the coolest thing ever!" the boy commented, stroking on his cock, while watching his mother lube up her toys for penetration. She quickly slipped them inside her holes, so there were only tiny pink stems sticking from her cunt and ass-ring. Then, Bailey grabbed her vibrating wand and clicked it on high. She immediately began using it on her engorged clit.**

**Carl loved the way his mom was staring hungrily at his cock, while furiously rubbing her love-nubbin with her wand. "You like what you see, mom?" he boldly asked.**

**"Uh-huh!" she gasped, dragging her tongue across her lips as she stared at his scrumptious-looking dong. "Christmas candy isn't the only thing sweet and hard I wanna enjoy this holiday season."**

**The mother's clit tingled, the walls of her cunt and ass humming with delightful vibration. She watched her boy's fat, juicy knob slip through his fist, imagining what that pink, fleshy bulb would feel like burrowing against her cervical head, smearing it with pre-cum. She knew her boy had the cock-length to hit every sensitive nerve in her vagina and make her cum so fucking hard that the neighbors would hear her scream.**

**"Call me a Christmas candle," said the mother, gazing into his eyes, while rubbing her hot clit, "because my pussy is burning for you."**

**Carl marveled at how wide his mom's legs were scissored open. Her dainty bare feet with their toenails painted Christmas red, were pointing to opposite sides of her bedroom. Her giant jugs lurched on her chest, rippling to the violent strokes she was giving her clit with the sex toy.**

**They shared a magical stare, reading the pleasure on each other's faces. "Let's cum together!" the mother stated, her voice shaky from an impending climax.**

**"I'm ready when you are!"**

**"Not yet...I'm almost there!" shouted Bailey as she rubbed her clit frantically. "Don't cover your dick when you cum. Frost my body with your cock-glaze!"**

**Carl's eyes widened as his mom's beautiful frame began to quiver, and she squealed lewdly. "NOW!" Bailey shrieked. "HOSE ME WITH YOUR HOLIDAY GOO!"**

**Carl grunted and his boner pulsated, delivering a long, milky rope of jizz onto his mom's writhing body. More cream erupted from his meatus in rapid succession, splattering obscenely onto Bailey's tummy, tits, neck, and face. It was two minutes before the two of them stopped cumming, and what a merry two minutes it was!**

**"Mmm, mommy has a bunny rub for her baby!" Bailey exclaimed, slapping her meaty breasts around her boy's boner as he sat at the edge of his bed.**

**Only a minute ago, Carl had read from his Christmas tag.**

**"DAY 10 – O TITTIE-TEASE, O TITTIE TEASE!**

**BUST YOUR LOAD BEWEEN MOM'S BIG SQUISHIES AND GIVE HER A PEARL NECKLACE FIT FOR A CHRISTMAS QUEEN."**

**"Oh, your dick is SO hard, Carl!" Bailey cooed, squeezing her boobs together as she humped them around his steely stiffness.**

**"You have a way of making it that way, mom," said the boy, watching his knob emerge from her cleavage on every downward stroke.**

**"You've given your mother the best gift of the season...this big fucking teenage dick!" she stated pumping his cock steadily between her tits. "Good tidings aren't the only thing I'm giving you on Christmas day!"**

**"Oh yeah...what else do you plan on giving me?" Carl asked, playing stupid.**

**"Let's just say that the Christmas tree isn't the only thing that's going to have an angel on top of it."**

**Carl watched his mom pause for a moment and let saliva dribble from her mouth, down into her cleavage. This provided wonderful, natural lubrication, so his cock could continue to slip fluidly through her squishy tit-furrow.**

**"Mmm, am I jingling your bells, baby?" his mom asked in the sultriest tone he'd ever heard. "Are you gonna give me a white Christmas?"**

**"Uh-huh!"**

**"Have you got something special in the sack for me, Santa?" she asked, reaching down, and fondling his cum-bloated nut-sack.**

**"Damn, mom...you're so hot!" he gasped, his rod tingling between her spongy tits.**

**"Oh yeah? You want mom to 'jingle bell rock' your world on Christmas day?"**

**"Yes, please!"**

**"I'll be mom and you can be Santa. We'll make our own Christmas magic right up inside my hot, dripping hole," Bailey mewled, tirelessly pumping her boy's blood engorged cock.**

**"God, you're gonna make me cum if you keep talking like that!" the boy sighed.**

**"Mmm, you wanna empty your sack good, hunny, just like Santa does?"**

**"Oh, God, mom!" the boy whimpered, bouncing his ass from the bed so he could meet her tit-strokes.**



**"Ahh, that big hard, teenage dick!" Bailey cooed. "So virile and horny for hot, creamy pussy! I've got it for you, baby. Mom's gonna sleeve that tender meat in first-class pussy and fuck you so hard you'll be begging to come home from college!"**

**"I can't hold it, mom! Oh fuck!" the boy's shaky voice exclaimed. A powerful load of jism bursting from the tip of Carl's tit-smothered prick and splattered up his mom's cleavage. Repeatedly, cum erupted from his throbbing cock shaft, sending ropes of pearly-white semen up around his mom's neck, giving her that necklace she dreamed of.**

**Bailey continued to turn on the dirty talk as she used her monster-melons to drain his balls completely of fuck juice. "You'll like the sound of our naked bodies beating together, while we have a very merry fuck-session on your bed."**

**After draining him completely, a lewd feeling of contentment coursed through her sexy body as she felt her boy draw his prick out from between her cum-soaked tits.**

**"Hey, Aunt Gina. Hey, Aunt Renee, what are you all doing here?" Carl asked the next morning. His mom's twin sisters were slightly younger than Bailey was and incredibly beautiful. They had matching honey-blond hair and sparkling green eyes.**

**"We're here to help your mom with your naughty gift today," Renee answered.**

**"Here you go, baby," said Bailey, handing her boy his tag.**

**Carl read it aloud. "DAY 11 – THREE MAIDS A-MILKING...YOUR COCK WHAT BETTER WAY FOR A BOY TO ENJOY THE EVE OF CHRISTMAS THAN TO BE BURIED IN FEMALE FLESH."**

**He looked over and watched all three women slip their tops off. "We love big dick," said Gina, "and we hear you have quite the whopper, Carl."**

**Renee looked at her nephews crotch, which she could tell was hardening beneath his pants. Then, she smiled over at Bailey. "I'm not a weatherman, but I can tell already that you can expect more than a few inches tomorrow," she joked.**

**Bailey laughed then looked at her son. "Much more than a few, trust me. Get naked, hunny," she urged, "Show them how long and fat your cock is."**

**Carl shed his clothes, while watching them do the same. Normally, his two aunts would have tits the size of his mother's, but they had both recently given birth, so their breasts were incredibly milk engorged.**

**"Shit!" the boy gasped as Gina and Renee's milkers burst from their bras. They were some of the biggest Goddamn tits he had ever seen, especially on such seemingly fit frames. Their huge areolar caps were deep shades of purple in color and dotted with Montgomery tubercles. The nipples that protruded from their centers were fat and rubbery.**

**"I hope you like breastmilk, sweet nephew," Renee grinned, cupping her heavy hooters. Tit-nectar began squirting out of several milk-ducts surround her two thick teats. "Because WE have a lot of it!"**

**"It looks delicious!" the boy replied, licking his chops. He watched the three of them remove their dainty silk panties, sliding them down their lovely shaved mommy-legs. The boy marveled at their hairless crotches.**

**"All three of you are shaved down there," he noted.**

**"That's because we like to fuck...a lot," Gina replied. "It's easier just to be bare down there and not have to worry about pubic hair getting in the way of anyone's tongue or cock."**

**Both his aunts gasped as the boy removed his briefs, exposing his erect prick. "You were right, Bailey...the 'South Pole' does look like a wonderful place to spread our holiday cheer," Renee stated, her tongue nearly hanging out with lust.**

**The teen anxiously watched the three of them crawl onto the bed with him, their heavy, wobbling melons hanging down nearly to his mattress as they crawled towards him like a herd of hungry reindeer. "Do you girls know what my son and a Christmas tree have in common?" Bailey asked.**

**"What?" asked Gina.**

**"They both stay 'up' for as long as you want them to, they have cute balls, and they look good with the lights on or off."**

**"That funny, and true!" Gina giggled.**

**"Damn, kid," gasped Renee, grasping her nephew's boner and slowing stroking its rigid length. "The horse down the street just called. He wants his cock back."**

**"Too bad...it's mine now!" Carl said proudly.**

**"That's debatable," his mom protested. "I seem to be using it more than you do the past eleven days."**

**Hungrily, the three sisters milked and squeezed his thick, pulsing prick, making clear cock juice ooze out of the cum-slit.**

**"Mmm, fuck, Carl," his Aunt Gina hissed, lusting after him with her sultry green eyes, "the only reason I'd kick you out of MY bed is to fuck you on the floor."**

**"Wow, I've never had three hands wrapped around my cock at once," the boy sighed. He humped his ass on the bed, fucking his prick through their tightly stroking fists. Overwhelmed with lust, the mothers frantically started giving him a hand job, pumping their pretty hands wildly, up and down his erect cock-shaft.**

**Carl brazenly reached over and squeezed their dangling tit-melons. His hands sunk into their fatty mounds, pinching their supple teats between his fingers.**

**"Do you need one to suck on, sweet nephew?" asked his Aunt Gina. Then, she crawled over and planted one of her milk-swollen tits directly on his face. The teen began suckling like a boy in Wonderland, drawing her tumescent boobie-tip deep in his mouth.**

**"Mmnff!" Carl gasped as breastmilk burst into his mouth and down his throat like sweet ambrosia.**

**Gina's wet pussy throbbed and hungered for young cock as her nephew gorged himself on the creamy peak of her tit. After a few minutes, she popped one leaky nipple from his mouth and replaced it with the other.**

**"It's SO big and fat!" Renee exclaimed, admiring the swollen crown of Carl's boner as it slipped through her fist. "Can I take a picture of it, so I can show Santa what I want for Christmas?"**

**"Sorry, sis," said Bailey as she played with her son's balls. "I'm afraid he already has a reservation inside someone's else's pussy on Christmas day."**

**"Lucky them," Renee said with a wink, "I bet she really gets the juices fucked out of her."**

**She jacked her handsome nephew's cock exquisitely, eagerly anticipating the eruption of hot cum-ropes from his leaky slit.**

**While one twin sister jerked him off and the other let him nurse, Bailey softly kissed her way up her son's torso, letting her dangling tits drag teasingly against his abs. When she reached Carl's neck and started showering it with butterfly licks, the boy felt his orgasm coming on quickly.**

**"Oh, Carl...I wanna fuck you so bad!" his mom whispered, making his body shudder. "I can't wait to feel you ravaging my hot pussy with that huge fucking cock!"**

**Carl's teeth clamped down on Gina's nipple and milk spewed from his mouth as he let out a guttural pleasure-groan.**

**Long sappy ribbons gushed out of his piss-hole and sailed into the air, making his Aunt Renee squeal in cock-pumping delight. "Oh, look at all that liquid love!" his aunt cooed, pulling and tugging at the blue-veined hardness of his cock as she emptied his balls of their heavy load.**

**"Hunny, Carl wants me to come up to his room and play that new video game we bought him," Bailey told her husband. "It requires two players."**

**"Alright, hun," uttered her husband, half asleep on the couch. Bailey was right, the game did require two players, but one 'joystick' would be buried inside of her.**

**"Ready for your final Christmas gift, hunny?" Bailey asked as she stepped inside her son's room and closed the door.**

**"I sure am!" answered Carl, waiting anxiously at the edge of his bed.**

**"I've checked twice, and you're definitely on Santa's naughty list," his mom winked as she sashayed over on bare feet and handed him his twelfth Christmas tag. He read it aloud. "DAY 12 - SLEIGH RIDE WITH MOM**

## **MOM TAKES THE REINS AND GIVES HER BOY A RIDE HE'LL NEVER FORGET. MERRY CHRISTMAS!"**

**Wasting no time, they both began throwing off their clothes. Carl loved that his mom seemed just as anxious as he was to fuck their asses off. "Get on your back!" said Bailey, stripping off her panties.**

**Carl sprawled back on his mattress and his mom turned on some Christmas music to drown out the cries of pleasure that she knew would soon be filling his bedroom.**

**"Are you looking for a tree topper, baby?" asked Bailey as she crawled up and straddled him. "Because I've been told I'm a star on top."**

**"Sure!" he anxiously replied, staring at her bobbling tits as she lifted his cock, pointing it up towards her naked crotch.**

**Bailey loved wrapping her fingers around his oversized cock. It was intensely hard, and she yearned to have his thick, sinewy shaft pounding away at her horny twat. She pulled his thick foreskin down, making his shiny knob mushroom and nudge against her freshly shaved cuntal flanges.**

**"Merry Christmas, Carl," she whispered, then she split her twat with his rod, sinking him inside of her.**

**"Oh, wow!" the boy gasped, feeling his tender erection plunge into the hottest, tightest pussy he could ever imagine screwing.**

**Bailey squealed as her son's teenage boner squeezed up through the slippery, corrugated tissues of her fuck-hole. The fact that Carl's cock was so much bigger than her husband's sent tingles through her groin as he stimulated nerve endings that she hadn't had touched in years. "Oh, shit, Carl...you're so fucking big!" she gasped. "You're making my Christmas dreams come true!"**

**Once fully impaled on his cock, Bailey remained completely still for a moment, enjoying the sensation of his meaty slab filling her**

completely. Carl's thick stalk was stretching her cuntal lining and his knob was pushing delightfully against the very back of her vagina. "Damn...now that's what I call a stocking stuffer!" the mother sighed.

"It feels incredible, mom!"

"We're only getting started, hunny," Bailey added as she set her hips in motion. "It's about to get a lot better!"

Throwing her head back, the pretty mother began humping up and down on his shaft, making his steely-hard cock rub deliciously against the tingly walls of her cunt-tunnel. Carl's blood-swollen knob pounded against the rounded ring of her cervical head, smearing it with his leaking pre-cum.

There was never a more beautiful sight than the one in front of him. His mom fucked him shamelessly, making her gigantic tits leap around wildly. The way her breast-meat rippled each time they slapped against her rib cage made the boy giddy with desire. Her lovely face was thrown back, and there was wild sexual excitement in her beautiful eyes that Carl had never seen before. The way her long, dark hair whipped wildly around her face and shoulders made her look like a true Christmas Goddess.

"It's so good, hunny!" she panted, bouncing rhythmically on his stiffened cock. "Your dick feels so fucking good!"

"So does your pussy!" the boy gasped, listening to her ass beat against his thighs and her pussy slurp and squish around his meaty boy-cock.

They fucked for ten minutes this way before Bailey planted her crotch against his and swiveled up and back in a steady grinding motion. "Oh, Carl!" she whimpered, stirring his sinewy dong around inside her love-chamber, stimulating her sexual nerve-endings. The way her fat clit scrapped against the root of his cock gave her feelings of pleasure that flashed like electricity through her heavy-breasted body.

**"Carl! Oh God, hunny!" she squealed as her excited cunt muscles involuntarily began sucking at the length of his pummeling shaft. Her pretty face suddenly contorted with ecstasy. "I'm cuuummmiiinnngggg!"**

**Carl did his best to fight off his own orgasm, wanting nothing more in the world than to fuck his beautiful mother for as long as he could. When Bailey leaned forward, causing her big, soft boobies to swing around his face, he found it even more of a challenge not to spill his seed.**

**Bailey's rounded bubble butt bobbed up and down tirelessly as she rode her son like a Christmas whore. Her thick cuntal flanges beat wetly against his cock-root as she pounded her son's huge, muscled dick through the spongy pink sleeve of her vagina. "God, baby...I just wanna fuck you all day long!" her voice quivered as she slipped her buttery baby-chute up and down the entire length of his deliciously stiff prick.**

**Carl captured one of his mom's nipples, suctioning it deeply in his mouth so his lips stretched out across her wide areola. He pushed his face up into the quivering squishiness of her boob, masking himself in tit-flesh while he sucked. The tit-gobbling teen whimpered as he felt his mom's pummeling pussy react to his oral affection, tightening exquisitely around his lurching penis.**

**Bailey could hardly control her humping movements as her excitement increased. There was simply nothing more thrilling than ravaging her own son's cock with her husband right downstairs. The fact that Carl was so much younger, cuter, and leaner than her husband, and had an enormous cock that was bursting with rock-hard stiffness, made it even more wicked and satisfying.**

**The nipple popped from Carl's mouth and his mother covered his lips with hot, wet kisses. The boy clenched his toes as he felt the spongy**



tube of her cunt squeeze wetly up and down his dick. His wide coronal ridge flared along the cap of his cock, rubbing snugly along the slippery ridges that were lining his mom's encapsulating pussy. Whenever she flexed her pelvic floor muscles, Bailey's spongy pink walls would chew delightfully on his erectile meat, stimulating his sensitive glans. "Goddamn, mom!" the boy gasped. "You're gonna make me cum!"

"Let's cum together, baby!" she panted, skirting on the edge of another tremendous climax.

Carl wrapped his mom in his arms, squeezing their bodies together and making her squishy tit-melons spread out around his neck. He humped his ass from his mattress, meeting her thrusts in counterpoint as they beat their horny pissers together.

"Do you want me to pull out or fill you with Christmas cream?" the boy asked with growing intensity in his voice.

"Fill me up, Santa! Empty that sack inside my hot pussy!" his mom replied, her meaty buttocks flying frantically up and down as they fucked up a storm.

"Here I cum, mom!"

"I'm cumming too!" Bailey sobbed as the glorious waves of a tit-trembling orgasm surged through her wildly humping body. "Fuck, baby, fuck...I'm cumming on your cock! Cumiiiiinnngggg!!"

The two of them writhed with unbelievable passion as their sex organs pumped and contracted intensely. Their ejaculations splattered together between the hammering heat of their crotches, spraying all over Carl's bed.

For nearly five minutes they rocked and trembled in a tight orgasmic embrace, grinding their fully penetrated genitals together and squeezing out the last of their cum-fluids.

Bailey's husband knocked at their son's door an hour later. The only thing he could hear was the song "Rockin' around the Christmas Tree" blaring from inside the bedroom. "Bailey?!" he called out, knocking a second time.

Carl's big balls beat against his mom's rippling butt cheeks as his raging cock pounding savagely through her fuck-hole. Her lovely legs were propped on his shoulders, her quivering tit-mounds crushed against his lean chest as he fucked her from the top. Their naked bodies glistened with a sheen of sweat, showing that they'd been at this for quite a while.

The mother lifted her head and slid her quivering legs down her son's back as she heard her husband's voice outside the door. "What is it, hunny?! We're in the middle of a video game," she shouted.

"Still?! You guys have been in there over two hours," said her hubby.

"What can I say," Bailey breathlessly replied, raking her long nails down her son's back. "This game is just as addictive as I thought it would be."

Carl wasn't even listening to their conversation. He was too focused on the glorious sensation around his cock. Cradled between his mom's sweaty thighs, and sprawled flat against her, he had boner pushed all the way inside her snug pussy, feeling its wet heat squeeze and secrete hot fuck-oil around his fully engorged boner. His leaky, mushroom head was crushed against her vaginal fornix, and he could feel her lewdly stretched cunt lips sucking wetly around the root of his cock.

"Give me just a little while longer and I'll be out, ok, hunny?" Bailey told her husband. She drew her knees up, widening her spread so she could give her fuck-bear all the room he needed to really pound the fuck out of her. "OK, my little elf...where were we?" she whispered.

**Carl's muscular ass began to rise and fall as he quickly found a fiery fuck-rhythm.**

**Happy Holidays! K**