

## No Dad December

By Klrxo

November 30<sup>th</sup>

"I can't have sex with my husband for one month?! Are you serious?!" Holly exclaimed. The busty dark-haired 39-year-old sat having coffee with her friends, Sharon and Felicia.

"Why do you think the challenge is called 'No Dick December?' Sharon asked. "No dick means NO DICK...not even from our husbands."

"NOT EVEN from our husbands?!" Felicia blurted, cocking and eyebrow. "Wow, Sharon...way to inadvertently announce that you're cheating on Bob."

"Oh, come on...like you didn't you didn't know I was fucking around behind his back."

"Well, I knew about the guy you screwed on the cruise ship last summer, but I didn't know you had someone recent."

"Only once a week. He's married too, so it's not like we can fuck all the time. And I promise he's not either one of your husbands," Sharon shared, making her friends laugh.

"Good to know," Felicia replied. "I'd cut Fred's dick off if I knew he was sleeping with one of my best friends."

"I can't go A DAY without sex, you guys," Holly revealed. "How the hell am I suppose to go A MONTH without it?"

"You better dust off that vibrator, girl," Sharon chuckled.

"What vibrator? I haven't owned a vibrator in years."

"Well, I know what I'm getting YOU for Christmas," Sharon stated. "They have ones that operate by using an app now, they're amazing!"

"Nice idea, but Christmas isn't until the end of the month," Holly reminded her.

"What's am I suppose to do until then?"

“What’s wrong with using the shower head?” Sharon answered. “There's all sorts of creative things around the house to use to masturbate with, if you're desperate enough.”

Holly reacted by giving her friends a skeptical grin. “Are we SERIOUSLY doing this?” she asked.

“Why not? It'll be fun.” Sharon replied.

“No...getting laid is fun,” Holly remarked. “Going a month without dick because of some silly social media challenge...not so much!”

Felicia chimed in. “My sister went a few weeks without dick once. She said it was like a sexual fast. When she finally did get fucked again she told me her orgasm was ten times as intense, because of how long she went without one.”

“See, there you go,” Sharon uttered, smiling at Holly. “There WILL be gold at the end of that thirty-day rainbow.”

“There's thirty-one days in December, wise-ass!”

“Thirty...thirty-one...what's an extra day?”

“Another day of hell if it's without sex,” Holly replied. She wasn't as in to these ‘social media challenges’ as her girlfriends were. Usually, she went along with them and ended up having unexpected fun in the process. However, there was one HUGE issue with ‘No Dick December.’ Holly was EXTREMELY hyper-sexual. She often wore her husband out in her endless pursuit of sexual pleasure. Foreplay was fine, but what really did it for her was hard, rough, deep vaginal penetration. It was like a drug that she needed daily, and her fear was, like anyone addict to something, that she'd go out of her mind without it.

December 2<sup>nd</sup>

It was only day number two of the challenge and Holly was already going bonkers. She tried to occupy herself with busy tasks around the house, but found her mind drifting to sex with her husband, Ed. Masturbation wasn't usually something she did. As long as Ed pounded her for at least an hour nightly and got her off a few times, she'd have her fix, until the next evening. Now, only a day in, the housewife

was wishing she hadn't agreed to participate. *"What am I, an idiot?!"* she thought. *"Why did I even agree to this? Why did I agree to be miserable, just so I could go along with some stupid challenge?!"*

When she told her husband about the silly challenge, he laughed and promised to help support her resolve. She warned him that she would probably cave and want sex, but begged him to not give in, and to make her fulfill the challenge at all costs. "You know, this might be easier for us both of us if I picked up some extra hours at work in the evenings," he suggested.

"Ed, if it's gonna make us spend time apart, then I won't do it," Holly stated.

"It's not forcing us to do anything, but they do offer overtime this time of year, and it would give me an excuse to pick up some evenings to make some extra Christmas money."

Holly knew it made sense. Extra cash was always good to have around the holidays, and having her husband at home less in the evenings would mean no temptation around, which might make 'No Dick December' a little more accomplishable. "I suppose it would help relieve some financial stress around the holidays," she agreed. The couple had two children, their daughter, Olivia, was fourteen, and their oldest was Manny, who had just turned eighteen. Gifts certainly didn't come cheap for kids that age.

"My first wrestling match is this Thursday. You guys are coming, right?" Manny asked, while the family sat at the dinner table.

Holly and her husband looked at each other and cringed. "Shoot! Manny, are you just finding out about this?" his mother asked.

"No, I actually found out last Friday, but forgot to tell you guys."

"Well, I can certainly be there, that's not a problem, but your father just picked up a bunch of evening hours at work, so..."

"I'll definitely be at the next one though, kiddo," Ed stated. "I'll make sure I leave that evening free."

"Thanks, dad," Manny smiled.

Manny's sister, Olivia, chimed in. "Yeah, you certainly don't wanna miss a bunch of guys in tights fondling each other."

"Olivia...not funny!" her mother scolded.

"What mom, it's true! That's all wrestling is."

Ed chimed in, providing a brief history of the sport, which resulted in plenty of eye-rolls from his daughter. While he spoke, Manny looked over at his beautiful mother, who returned a sweet smile. Holly came from a family rich in Italian heritage, giving her a deep olive-colored complexion. She had a full mane of silky brown hair with caramel highlights that swept down past her shoulders. Her brown eyes were full of motherly love and her lips were plump and coated with a layer of pink, rose-colored lipstick. Manny's eyes drifted down to her swollen breasts. These were the center of many a masturbatory fantasy of his, while growing up. He knew from stealing peeks at her bra-tag that she was a 34H cup. His mom always wore snug tops, which made the fabric cling to the meaty contours of her boobs. Sometimes, he could even see the thick nubs of her teats protruding out from beneath the fabric. When Holly got up to clear some dishes, her giant mammarys wobbled heavily beneath her cami top. Her boy's eyes drifted to her luscious legs. They were encased in a clingy pair of dark-gray yoga pants and crowned by an incredible ass, with plump, rounded cheeks. The way her meaty mommy-buttocks undulated as she walked caused Manny to excuse himself from the table before he got a full-fledged erection.

"Thanks for dinner, mom," the teen blurted as he passed behind her.

"You're welcome, honey," she replied. When Holly breathed in from her nose, she was unconsciously detecting her son's pheromones through her nasal senses. This sent a signal to her brain, immediately triggering a sexual response. "*Good grief I'm horny!*" she thought as her body gave off an aroused shudder. She'd only been without sex for two days and she was already going out of her mind.

"I don't think I can do this!" the mother stated, attacking her husband with kisses as he prepared to leave for his night shift.

"Holly, it's only been two days," her husband chuckled.

"Exactly! Can you imagine what a fucking mess I'm gonna be after a week of no sex? There's NO WAY I'll make it a month!"

"I have to go," Ed remarked, giving her another kiss. "Go take a hot bath and maybe rub on yourself some...get some release. The challenge doesn't include self gratification, right?"

"No...in fact Sharon joked about buying me a vibrator for Christmas, just to help tide me over."

"Ha! Knowing her she'll buy you the biggest vibrating dildo she can find. I should be home about twelve-thirty. Love you!" Ed declared as he headed out the door.

"Bye, honey! I love you too!" Holly waved.

The housewife went upstairs, drew herself a bubble bath, then did something she hadn't done in years...masturbated. Unfortunately, it did little to satisfy her hunger for pleasure. The peaks of her stiff-nipples melons protruded from the surface of the water, coated in suds. *"God, what I've give to have Ed's cock inside me right now!"* she thought, while stroking her engorged clit beneath the water. *"This masturbation bullshit is for the birds!"*

At that very moment, down the hallway, Manny was masturbating also. Like his mom, he'd rather have the real thing, but the difference was, he was a single young man, and therefore used to resorting to masturbation. Big tit MILF porn was what he indulged in routinely, while squeezing up and down his lotion-coated cock. Coming from attractive parents, Manny was a good-looking kid, with dark, trimmed hair and a lean, chiseled body from being active in school sports. While most boys were beginning to sprout lots of body hair, Manny only developed a small short patch of pubes around his groin. This resulted in a lingering pubescent frame, like that of a well-toned fourteen year old, but with a manly dick. He didn't have a monster cock by any means, but it was an admirable seven-inches, standing proudly when fully erect.

When he looked at the porn models, displaying their heavy, naked tits, Manny liked to picture his mom's face on each of them. Like a lot of boys, he imagined his cock digging at the back of his mom's vagina, pressing his leaky knob near that spot where he was nurtured for nine months. He imagined what her pink cuntal flesh

would feel like squeezed around his tender erection, soaking it in hot sexual secretions.

“AUUGGH, SHIT!” he grunted, thrusting his hips into the air, sending a gooey geyser of spunk sailing nearly four-feet above him. More cum-ropes followed in rapid succession, then splashed down onto him as he yanked violently at the meat of his cock, milking his orgasm.

December 5<sup>th</sup>

“I don’t think I’m cut out for this challenge,” Holly confessed as she sat having lunch with Sharon and Felicia.

“And you think WE are?!” Felicia asked. “We all love sex, but the three of us agreed that we'd do this. You can't back out now.”

“Felicia, I'm going nuts, and masturbation isn’t helping the least bit! Trust me, yesterday I did it three times and was still craving a penis inside me.”

“I get those same cravings. What I suggest is...pay a visit to the local grocery store, more specifically...the produce department.”

“The produce department?”

“That's right,” Felicia smiled. “Pick yourself out a little friend, only make sure it's not little, then go home, close your eyes and imagine it's Ed's cock.”

“That's ridiculous!” Holly giggled, then looked at Sharon. “Are you listening to this.”

“I am. It may sound ridiculous, but trust me...it's not! Whether doing a challenge like this or not, I know a lot of women who put a juicy fruit or vegetable on their weekly grocery list, including me,” Sharon replied.

“It may not quench that fire in your pussy,” Felicia stated, “but you should at least try it, before you throw your arms up and quit the challenge.”

“Fine!” Holly sighed. “But if that doesn't work you guys are on your own!”

The mother felt a little foolish stopping by the grocery store for merely a play- toy. Usually she was studying the vegetables for one’s that looked good to chop up and eat, but now it was for a completely different reason entirely. *“Good grief, some of*

*these cucumbers look monstrous! I think a lot of these would give me more pain than pleasure,*" she thought as she searched through the pile. She lifted one that was more the length and girth of her husband Ed's cock and looked it over.

"Have you tried the corn?" A female voice asked. Another pretty mother, with a baby in her cart, had stopped near Holly and was smiling over at her.

"Excuse me?" Holly curiously asked.

"I'm sorry. I assume you're shopping for a, um... 'personal item,' so I asked if you'd tried the corn?"

"Oh, no...I um, was just..."

"You don't have to explain. I just wanted to make a recommendation. They get their corn locally, and stalks are long and fat," the woman remarked, then looked around to make sure no one was listening. Then, she continued in a hushed tone. "The kernels feel unbelievable! I would highly recommend one over a cucumber."

"Thank you!" Holly blushed, putting the vegetable back on the pile.

"You're welcome. Have fun!" the female shopper concluded, then continued her own vegetable search.

Manny's wrestling coach let the team go from practice early, since they had a meet tomorrow. When the teen walked in the door he noticed his mom wasn't in the kitchen, like she usually was. While in route to his bedroom, he heard GASPING sounds coming from his parent's room. The last thing he expected to discover was his mom sprawled out on her marital bed, masturbating. She had obviously left the door cracked because she didn't think anyone would be home.

Holly was in just her bra, the lacy black cups stretched over her mammoth tits. Naked from the waist down, she had her knees pulled back and her silky thighs spread open, so her dainty bare feet with their painted toenails hovered in the air. What was most shocking to her son, however, was the fact that she was plunging a long, fat corn-cob in and out of her shaved cunt.

"*Wow! That's fucking wild!*" the boy thought as his cock quickly turned as hard as stone beneath his jeans. He was struck by the width of his mom's spread and how

wonderful her unblemished thighs looked bowed open this way. He marveled at the way her rounded buns were spread on the mattress beneath her, lewdly displaying the throbbing pink ring of her asshole. The corn cob was soaked with her vaginal juices and as Manny watched it squeeze through her fuck-hole he couldn't help but imagine how divine it would feel if that were his rigid cock.

“AUUGH, FUCK MEEEE!” his mom's beautiful voice squealed, making Manny's heart race with excitement. He had often heard her make these sounds from behind closed doors when his parents were having sex, but now his mom was right there in front of him, giving herself pleasure.

He watched her heave her chest upward, so it looked as though her sexy bra was gonna rip right off her oversized tits. She trembled and screamed out in orgasmic delight, startling her boy by the intensity of her climax. After an astounding display of orgasmic squealing and writhing, Holly's body went motionless on the mattress and her teen could hear her catching her breath. After she regained her composure, the busty beauty crawled from her marital mattress. Manny's tongue hung from his mouth in lust as he watched her strode towards her bathroom. His mom's naked bubble butt swayed and jiggled atop her silky legs and he couldn't help but squeeze his boner through his pants. While she walked, Holly reached around and unclasped the thick cross-strap of her bra. “*HOLY SHIT!*” Manny gasped. Even from this angle, behind her, he could see the huge oblong slopes of her tits bobble out onto her chest.

When he heard the shower turn on Manny brazenly rushed over and peeked into the bathroom, just as he had through her bedroom door. The corn cob was now sitting on the bathroom counter, only a few feet away. It was still soaked with fuck-juices and Manny wanted so bad to grab it and shove it in his mouth. He watched his bare naked mother step into the shower and rinse off her voluptuous body. Seeing her suds up her colossal tits through the clear shower door was mesmerizing. Her areolas were wide, and stiff, thick nipples protruded from their centers, showing her arousal level.

Even though she had she had just given herself a toe-curling cum with the corn cob, Holly still wasn't satisfied. “*God, I need to get fucked so bad! Ed, how could you even encourage me to agree to this stupid challenge?!*” she thought, as if she were speaking to her husband. She unhooked the shower head, switched it to the



pulse setting, then lowered it to her crotch. The powerful rhythmic blasts of water blasting against her clit felt amazing, causing the heavy-titted mother to back against the wall of the shower.

Manny simply couldn't believe what he was watching. After years of trying to see his mom naked and striking out, not only was he witnessing her in the buff, but he was watching her writhe around in the shower, while masturbating like a bitch in heat. *"Damn! That's the sexiest fucking thing I've ever seen!"* he marveled.

Within a minute, Holly's body let out an orgasmic shudder, making her fatty tits ripple on her chest. Her beautiful orgasmic scream seemed to reverberate through the bathroom walls. She used the powerful jetted shower head against the engorged flesh of clitoral bulb for several body-wracking minutes. "FUCK!" she shouted in frustration, hanging the shower head back up. Clitoral orgasms did little to satisfy her seemingly unquenchable hunger for pleasure. *"I could give myself a dozen orgasms like that and still not be completely satisfied!"* she told herself.

After getting out and drying off, Holly was horrified to discover that the corn cob was missing. *"I put it right there on the counter! Did it roll off?"* she asked herself, checking the floor. Her big ballooning udders bobbed freely as she frantically searched the bathroom, then her bed again. The only logical conclusion was that someone was home and had taken it. She quickly threw on a robe and stepped out into the hallway. Manny's door was closed, so she knocked. "Manny, honey, are you home?" she called.

"Yes, I'll be out in a minute!" her boy responded.

"Honey, I'm coming in," she persisted, slowly inching his door open.

The teen quickly threw a blanket over his crotch and fed his mom a guilty stare from his bed. "Mom, can I just get a few minutes?!"

"What are you doing home so early?" his mother asked, her hair wet and slicked back.

"Coach canceled practice, since we have a meet tomorrow night. He said he wanted us well rested."

"Oh, um...OK. Were you just, um...in my bathroom?" Holly awkwardly asked.

"No," Manny lied, shaking his head.

"Manny, you're not in trouble. I just...had something in there, and if you have it I need you too give it back."

"Oh," the boy muttered, licking his lips. He could taste the residual corn and pussy juice still lingering on his lips. "Sorry."

Holly was horrified when her eyes moved to his bedside table and discovered the fully eaten corn cob sitting there. "*You have got to be fucking kidding me!*" she thought then looked back at her son. "You, um...ate it?!" she asked.

"You know how much I like corn," the boy blushing replied.

"But honey, that was mine. I mean, it was in my room," she muttered, then came over and sat on his bed next to him. "How long HAVE you been, um...home?" she fearfully asked.

"Long enough to see what you were doing with the corn," Manny replied with a perverted grin.

"You were spying on me?"

"No, I wasn't spying. I just heard you gasping from your bedroom and wanted to make sure you were alright," Manny explained. "Your bedroom door WAS open, mom, and I'm not used to hearing those sounds."

Holly was appalled that her son had seen her that way, but knew it was her own damn fault for carelessly leaving her door open. If she were caught masturbating normally that would have been one thing, but since she had been using a veggie, she knew she had to explain herself. "Honey, I don't normally masturbate that way. It's just that...well, my girlfriends and I..."

"No Dick December, right?" Manny asked.

"Wait, you've heard about that?"

"The girls at my school do those silly challenges all the time too, mom. Needless to say, neither myself or my friends have been able to get any dates lined up this month."

"I guess I forget that kids your age are up on all those social media challenges."

"Up on them?! It's kids my age that usually comes up with the idea for those challenges," Manny reminded her.

"True," Holly smiled. "Well someone sure came up with a doozy this month. I'm not liking it at all."

"Hey, at least you get to masturbate. Last month, for 'No Nut November' I didn't even get to make MYSELF...you know?"

"You went the whole month without an orgasm?" his mom candidly asked, with a bit of concern in her voice.

"Yes, and that definitely wasn't easy...especially since I like to have one a couple times a day."

Holly blushed at her son's confession. *"Sounds like someone gets as horny as I do. Like mother like son I guess,"* she thought. "Well, that's a healthy amount...especially for someone your age."

"So, I get why you were taking care of yourself. I just...never heard of a woman using corn before," Manny stated, not wanting to embarrass her.

"That WAS my first time doing that. Apparently, women use all sorts of fruits and vegetables to um...pleasure themselves with."

"That's hot! Why corn though?"

"I think it's a texture thing...you know, with all the bumpy kernels. It's suppose to make it more pleasurable."

"So did it?" Manny brazenly asked.

Holly was a little embarrassed having this discussion with her own son, but knew he was certainly old enough now. "It was um...just ok. Nothing can replace a real penis, in my opinion. I think that's what's gonna make this challenge so hard for me."

"So you and dad do it a lot? Sex I mean."

"Well, yes...we are a married couple, honey, so we try to have sex once a day, at least."

"Only once. When I get married I wanna go at it at least three times a day."

His confession made Holly's heart tingle. "Well, three times a day would certainly be wonderful, but most married couples have work and kids...things that prevent them from screwing each other that much."

"What position do you like?" Manny asked, trying to stay on the subject.

"Manny!" his mom giggled. "That's sort of personal, isn't it?"

"Well, I guess...but so is you leaving your door open so someone can find you masturbating, mom."

"Touché I suppose."

"I like a woman on top the best," Manny boldly confessed.

"You do, huh?" Holly blushed, feeling her nipples harden beneath her robe. "And why do you like that one so much?"

"Just watching a girl be in control and use me to take out their pent up sexual frustration is pretty cool. Plus, the view is always great from that position."

"Yeah, I would imagine it is," Holly smiled, looking into his eyes. "Some of the girls at your school have some pretty big hooters."

"Yeah, not as big as yours though."

"Well, honey, I'm a mom. We're built a little differently than younger girls, like the ones at your school."

"How so?"

"I don't know...you tell me!" she stated, giving him a playful pat on the knee. "I'm sure you got an eyeful a little while ago."

"Your boobs are incredible! I'm sure they give dad quite a show when you're on top of him?"

"Well...they ARE big," Holly blushed, glancing down at the swell of her tits beneath the robe, "and I've certainly never heard your father complain."

Manny stared down at his mom's ballooning breasts. The robe was a bit loose, allowing him to see the deep, creamy cleavage. "I like how your nipples poke out

like that," he complimented, gawking at the engorged teats protruding like stiff marshmallows from beneath the robe.

"Sorry, I suppose I should have put on a bra before I came in here," she stated, pulling it closed.

"Don't wear a bra on my account," Manny uttered. "You could come in here naked if you wanted. That would be just fine with me."

Holly burst out laughing. "Oh, honey...you're so funny!"

"I'm serious, mom. A guy like me would NEVER complain about seeing a beautiful woman like you with no clothes on."

Feeling flattered, Holly curled her lovely legs up onto her son's mattress. There was part of her that was starting to enjoy this little candid chat with her boy. "I'm sure you see plenty of pretty girls without their bra and panties on," she stated.

"Not ones with a body like yours. I love the way you shave down there."

Holly's heart skipped a beat as she sat there staring back at him. It was a compliment that she certainly never expect to get from her handsome teenaged son. "Thanks, honey, but that's probably a part of me that you SHOULD NOT be admiring."

"Why not? I'd let you admire me if you wanted," Manny responded, then pulled back his blanket, exposing his long, erect boner, shrouded in his cotton briefs.

"Manny!" Holly scolded, looking away for a moment. "That's not at all appropriate!"

"Why not, mom? YOU'RE in my room without a bra on...and you're probably not wearing any panties either. What's the difference?"

"The difference is I'm not sitting here with my legs spread trying to show you."

"You could do that if you wanted. I wouldn't mind!"

"I'm sure you wouldn't, but it can't happen. I'm your mother," she reminded him, still trying to avoid looking at his package.

Manny wanted to show it off. He wanted his mom to admire how large and stiff his dick-bulge was. Perhaps since she was so horny and vulnerable from doing the

challenge this might be his golden opportunity to charm his way between her thighs and beat his young, tender prick through what he was sure was the hottest pussy on the planet. "Another thing I like about girls being on top...is how hard they orgasm that way. They always tell me it's more intense with me pushed up against their cervix."

Upon hearing this, Holly couldn't help but steal a look at her son's crotch. "*Oh my...that IS a pretty impressive size!*" she thought, studying it's tubular outline through his briefs. Her eyes widened as her boy's erection flexed, so his meaty stalk stretched his cotton briefs outward. She could see the perfect bell-shape of his bulbous knob pushing out from beneath the fabric. Her husband's dick was barely long enough to touch her external os and get her off. Ed certainly didn't have the length to push against her womb and really stretch the back wall of her uteri.

"What do you think of it?" Manny asked, glancing at his bulge proudly.

She peeked up into his eyes, then back down at his stiff protrusion. "It looks like it's a good size...and VERY stiff," she softly admitted.

"It's over seven inches!"

"Well, that is a size to be proud of, honey."

"Do you wanna feel it...through my underwear I mean?"

"Manny, I shouldn't. That wouldn't be—"

"I didn't ask you if you should, mom! I asked you if you wanted to."

Holly stared into his eyes for a moment. Her heart was racing so fast she couldn't believe it. She was horny as fuck, and the sight of her gorgeous son's erect cock-bulge wasn't helping. Manny's words of assurance certainly didn't make her decision any easier. "I won't tell dad, or anyone for that matter...if you just wanna touch it."

He conscience was screaming no, but the horny side of her was REALLY wanting to feel how hard her son's prick was. She let out a conflicting sigh. "You swear?" she nervously breathed. "Not a word to anyone...I mean it, Manny."

"Of course. It can just be between us."

His mom slowly reached over and gently grasped his rigid pecker through his briefs, feeling it's rock-hardness. Manny wondrously looked down and watched her pretty hand explore the length of his dong. Her fingers traveled up the meaty pipe of his shaft, then onto his knob. Just her light touch made him wanna jump out of his skin with pleasure.

"Your coronal ridge really puffs out," Holly observed, tracing her long nails around it. "The girls must love that."

"I'm sure they do," Manny agreed.

The mother's forefinger curled up around the form of her boy's bulging knob, making it stick out lewdly beneath the fabric. She drug her fingernail along the band of flesh, where his foreskin connected to his penile glans. This made Manny gasp in delight. "No Nut November must have been hard for you? Not being able to have sex, or even masturbate such a horny penis?" Holly softly asked.

"It was no fun at all."

The spellbound mother stared at the form of his boy-prick for a moment, licking her lips with desire. *"This is crazy! I can't just sit here and squeeze my own son's cock!"* she thought, suddenly coming to her senses.

Manny watched his mom quickly let go of his prick and slide off his bed. Her nipples were as hard as ever, popping out from beneath her flimsy robe. "I'm sorry, honey. I shouldn't be touching you that way."

"You don't have to be—"

"We can't do things like that, Manny. It's wrong!" his mom concluded, grabbing the eaten corn cob on her way out. "I'm sorry you saw my doing that earlier. I'll make sure my door is closed from now on."

The teen let out a frustrated sigh. He'd been wanting to experience something sexual with his mom for as long as he could remember, so what just happened between them was a huge thrill. He only wished they could have gone further. *"If I even have a remote chance of fucking mom, this month may be my best opportunity!"* he thought, knowing now that the reason she was so horny was because of the challenge.

December 8<sup>th</sup>

"This REALLY sucks!" Sharon stated as the women sat having lunch together. "I have my husband AND my lover both breathing down my neck for sex."

"I feel your pain," Felicia added. "It's only been a week and I'm going crazy!"

"Me too!" Holly blurted. "I'm starting to get so sexually frustrated that I'm doing things that I shouldn't."

"Such as?" Sharon asked, exchanging a curious look with Felicia.

"Using vegetables to masturbate with, and..."

"And what?" Sharon persisted.

"Just 'things that I shouldn't.' Let's just leave it at that."

Of course, her two curious girlfriends refused to just "leave it at that." "Holly, we're all best friends here. Has there ever been a secret we haven't shared," Felicia reminded her. "What did you do?"

Holly shook her head in embarrassment. "I'm ashamed to admit it," she replied.

"Did you cheat on Ed?"

"NO! Well, um...not really."

"Not really?" Sharon questioned. "That doesn't sound very reassuring."

"I was feeling horny and vulnerable, and I um...touched Manny's penis, though his underwear," Holly confessed.

"While he was sleeping?" Felicia asked.

"No. He came home early from practice and caught me...masturbating. We got into a discussion about it, and I ended up touching his erection."

"Wow! So...how did he catch you masturbating?" Sharon inquired.



"I was stupid and left my door cracked, but that's not the worst of it. I picked out a piece of produce, like you guys suggested, and he saw me using it."

Felicia burst out laughing, then Sharon joined her.

"Why are you guys laughing? It was incredibly embarrassing!"

"What was it?" Felicia asked.

"What was what?"

"What did he catch you using for produce?"

"A corn cob."

Upon hearing this, Holly's friends erupted into hysterical laughter again. "Laugh it up! You guys were the ones who suggested I use a piece of produce to get off with," Holly stated.

"Yeah, IN PRIVATE!" Sharon answered, still giggling.

"Yes, well...being caught wasn't the worst part."

"Oh my God, you mean this story gets better?"

"Manny stole the corn cob, while I was in the shower...AND ATE IT!"

This did little to suppress her friends' laughter. Holly nearly had them rolling on the floor. "Oh my God, you have to stop! This is too fucking hilarious!" Felicia snickered.

"Don't I wish it were just a joke."

"So, wait...how did things go from Manny catching you masturbate to you touching his cock?" Sharon asked, wiping away the tears from laughing so hard.

"Like I said...I was stupid, and was having a weak moment. I didn't touch him for too long before I realized how inappropriate I was being."

Felicia rubbed her friend's shoulder consolingly. "We all have weak moments. Manny is your son, yes, but he's also an attractive young man...a mini-version of your husband," she expressed.

"Trust me, there's nothing 'mini' about him?" Holly uttered.

"Oh, you mean he was um...bigger, down there...than Ed?" Felicia asked.

"A little, yes...but certainly A LOT harder!"

"Well, boys ARE at their most erect at that age," Sharon expressed. "Why do you think I..."

"Why do we think you what?" Holly asked.

"Well, I wasn't gonna say anything about it, but this guy I've been fucking, behind my husband's back, isn't married, like I told you guys. He's only nineteen."

"Sharon, you stare at every young guy that gets near you," Felicia reminded her.

"We're suppose to be shocked that you're fucking a teenager?"

"Yeah, well, at least he's not related to me," Sharon teased, smiling at Holly.

"I'm not proud that I touched Manny that way. Trust me when I say it'll NEVER happen again," Holly stated with resolve.

Manny was doing warm-ups in the gym before the wrestling meet when his mom walked in. His father was picking up extra hours at work in the evening, so Holly was by herself. Every set of eyes in the gymnasium became fixed on the beautiful mother, even those of the jealous women her own age. Holly was wearing a black cross-halter mini dress. A keyhole cutout at the bust revealed a portion of her juicy cleavage and the dress fit snugly against her rounded ass cheeks. Her feet were adorned in black stiletto platform heels, which clicked on the gym floor as she made her way to the bleachers.

Manny watched his mom flash him a cute wave. Her hair and make-up were done up to the nines. She definitely looked like someone heading out for a hot night on the town, rather than just a mom supporting her son at a wrestling match. *"Damn, she looks amazing! Maybe she's going out to dinner with friends or something after,"* he thought.

Holly sat with a few other moms that she knew and Manny tried not to look her direction, for fear of getting a hardon, but he simply couldn't help himself. The way her silky legs were crossed and a heel dangled on her sexy painted toes sent the blood rushing to his groin. The fact that she was staring right at him with a naughty

smile didn't help either. *"Damnit, stop looking at her! I can't get a hard dick in this tight wrestling uniform. People will think I'm a pervert or something,"* the teen thought. Then, his mom did something that stiffened him instantly. She gracefully uncrossed her legs, keeping them slightly spread apart for a moment before crossing them the other way. It reminded Manny of the famous scene in the movie "Basic Instinct," where Sharon Stone flashed her pussy, only his mom WAS wearing panties. He saw them just long enough to admire how the black gusset was molded to the outline of her vulva.

"Manny, where are you going? Your match is first!" the coach shouted as the teen rushed towards the locker room.

"I'll feeling sick, coach!"

Unfortunately, the boy was unable to get his raging pillar of cock-meat under control in time. He knew if he went out there with a boner he would completely humiliate himself. He sat by his locker for nearly ten minutes before he heard a voice call from the doorway. It was his mother's. "Manny, are you in here?" Holly asked, her concerned voice echoing across the locker room. "Honey, I'm coming in!"

As bummed out as he was, the teen knew he could still salvage something positive out of this experience by "accidentally" exposing himself to his mom.

*"Participating in 'No Dick December' must have her incredibly horny and vulnerable by now,"* he thought.

Holly's heels clicked daintily as she wandered through the vacated locker room in search of her son. She paused suddenly as she heard one of the showers turn on. "Manny, is that you?" she called, but still got no answer. Cautiously, she slowly peeked around the corner. *"God, what am I doing?! If someone catches me in here I'm gonna look like a total peeping Tom!"* she thought.

She was happy to discover that IT WAS her son in the shower, but also extremely concerned why he made such an abrupt exit from the gymnasium. "Manny, honey...are you ok?" she asked, stepping over to the shower entrance.

The teen tried to act startled, and did little to cover himself. His cock was at full hardness, pointing towards his mother at an upward angle. "Mom, um...what are you doing in here?" he asked, trying to play stupid.

For a moment, Holly couldn't answer as she stood there with her mouth slightly agape, staring at her son's raging erection. "Mom?!" her son's voice hollered, snapping her from her trance.

"Oh, um...I'm sorry, honey. I just wanted to make sure you were alright. You missed your match!"

"I know, sorry, but I had to," Manny replied, then purposely made his dick wag stiffly back and forth. "I couldn't very well stay out there and wrestle with another guy with my penis hard like this."

"I see your point," Holly said, then started giggling blushing. "No pun intended."

Manny's penis flexed stiffly as his eyes drifted down to his mom's jutting breasts. The way the keyhole cutout in her mini dress revealed a bulging mound of creamy tit-cleavage excited him immensely. Additionally, the fat nipples protruding from beneath her gown looked as hard as stone. It didn't take Holly long to put two and two together. "Oh no, honey...did I do that, by being dressed this way?" she asked, glancing down at his glistening boner.

"Yes, but it's not your fault," her boy replied. "You probably could have worn some old sweat pants and a t-shirt and I still would have gotten this way."

"Sorry I came in here while you were showering. I guess that makes us even, right?" she teased, referring to how her son had spied her in the shower earlier that week.

"Yeah, I suppose it does."

Holly felt a bit light headed. All the teenage pheromones that lingered in the school locker room were sweeping through her senses. This, and the fact that her gorgeous, big-dicked son was standing there in front of her naked made her so fucking horny at that moment that she could hardly stand it. "I should, um...probably wait for you outside, in the hallway," she uttered.

Manny turned the shower off and stepped towards her. His stiff cock wagged lewdly on his loins as he walked. "You don't have to. I'm almost finished, and none of the other guys will be in here for awhile."

"Oh, are you sure? I don't mind waiting outside for you, while you get dressed," his mom replied, watching him towel off.

"I don't mind if you stay, but it's up to you, mom."

Manny was anxious to see if his mom would leave or follow him to his locker. He was pleased when she did the later, trailing behind him, then sitting on the bench as he opened his locker. "I feel so bad. I know you were really looking forward to this first match," she expressed.

"It's not a big deal, mom...really," he answered.

Holly's eyes drifted hungrily all over her son's well-toned body. *"My God, he really does have an amazing physique!"* she thought, biting her bottom lip. Manny put his t-shirt on first, thrusting his hips, so his cock jutted out proudly, right in front of his mother. Holly involuntarily licked her lips, while staring at the bulbous, pinkish-purple crown of Manny's pussy-prod. Her lusty gaze wandered down the long, muscled shaft, marveling at all the bulging veins that crisscrossed down the stalk. "We, um...don't have to leave, honey. You could throw some sweatpants on and go out and support your team," she suggested.

"That's alright. I'm sure they're all pissed at me by now anyway," Manny replied, then slipped on his briefs, shrouding his steely cock in the snug cotton material.

Holly surveyed the locker area with a smile. "The last time I was in this locker room I was your age, and received quite the lecture by the football coach," she chuckled.

"Oh yeah, I forget sometimes that you and dad went to school here too," Manny stated. "So why were you getting lectured by the coach, in the boy's locker room?"

"By being stupid, that's how?"

"What did you do?" Manny asked curiously.

"My girlfriends and I used to sneak in here and make out with cute guys."

"Well, I bet those guys loved that!"

"We'd go back into the equipment closet, where they stored the practice mats. God, we were so bad! It's a miracle that we didn't get suspended," Holly confessed.

“Which equipment closet? The one by the coaches office?”

“No, there's another one towards the back of the locker room.”

“I had no idea there was another closet. Will you show me?”

Manny DID know about the second equipment closet, but he figured it would be fun having his mom show him, and perhaps share more details of her High School escapades. Holly led him to the rear of the locker room and opened the closet door. “This is the one,” she stated.

“Damn, it's pitch black in there!” Manny observed, peering into the open, darkened doorway.

“That was part of the thrill. Being in a space where you couldn't see each other. You'd be surprised how naughty a person will get if you can't see them,” Holly expressed with a mischievous smile.

“I wanna see how dark it gets in there,” said Manny, stepping inside the closet.

His mom followed him inside. “I'm telling you, you won't be able to see your hand in front of your face,” she assured him.

Manny closed the door and they were shrouded in pitch-blackness. “Damn, you weren't kidding!” he muttered. “So you guys would just stand here...right inside the door and make out?”

“No, we would go further back,” Holly replied, using her phone to illuminate the way. Her son followed her back behind a huge pile of practice mats, more interested in the swaying meat of her buttocks than the closet.

“We'd come back here, where it was harder for us to get caught,” Holly uttered.

“So HOW DID you get caught?”

“Well, let's just say that some girls are a bit too loud when they orgasm,” his mom answered in amusement.

“You?”

“Well, I can be a bit loud also, but it was my friend Jessica that got the coaches attention that day, and ended up getting us all in trouble.”

"So, she got you guys in trouble by screaming when she came?"

"Unfortunately yes! We all got detention for a week."

"If your friend had an orgasm, does that mean that you guys had sex in here?" Manny inquired.

"No...like I said, we would just make out, and do some other stuff, but never sex."

"Other stuff?" Manny asked as they stood near each other at the back of the closet. Their faces looked almost eerie illuminated only by Holly's phone. Manny glanced down at her bulging cleavage, which seemed to glow invitingly.

"Well, yeah...you know, other things that two people do to each other...to get pleasure," the mother answered blushing.

"Mom, I AM old enough to talk about sex, remember?"

"Fine! They were fingering us. Is that what you wanted to hear?"

"If it's the truth, then yes!"

"IT IS the truth. Like I said, we were a VERY naughty group of girls."

"Were...or still are?" Manny teased.

Holly gazed into her boy's eyes, feeling mischievous. "Once a naughty girl, always a naughty girl. Why do you think I'm hating this 'No Dick December' so much?"

Manny mustered up all the courage he could. He knew he had his mom in a vulnerable spot, so chances are she would respond favorably. "Would you click the light to your phone off and let me kiss you in the dark?" he brazenly asked.

Holly fed him a strange look. "Why would you wanna do that?" she asked with a flirty smile.

"The way you described it sounds exciting. I just wanna see what it would be like."

"Boys aren't suppose to kiss their mothers that way, honey," Holly stated, still not seeming completely against the idea.

"Moms aren't suppose to be in the Boys Locker Room either, but here you are."

"True," the mother giggled. "I guess it is a thrill sometimes to do something you're not suppose to," she admitted, staring lasciviously into her boy's eyes. "Especially if it's something you REALLY wanna do."

"True!"

"Is kissing me something you really wanna do, honey?" Holly whispered.

"Yes," her son nervously nodded. "Is kissing me something YOU really wanna do?"

"Sure," Holly whispered, then dimmed her phone, drenching them in darkness. Manny felt her hands slide onto his shoulders. Within seconds, his mom's huge fatty tits flattened against his chest and she locked lips with him for an intimate smooch. As he hoped, they didn't stop at one kiss, and soon their lips were sealed together in open ovals, and their tongues were dancing wonderfully inside Manny's mouth.

His mom was certainly the aggressor, backing him against the wall and clawing at his back with her long nails as they smooched like lovers. *"This is fucking crazy! He's my son for God's sake!"* the mother's brain screamed, but the extreme thrill of it caused her to keep kissing him.

Their lips smacked apart, but Holly kept hers close to her boy's. "How was that for kiss?" she whispered, her heart racing with the thrill of how incredibly naughty they were being.

"I loved it! Can I get more?" Manny replied.

"More?"

"Yes...kissing, and maybe we could...hold each other?" Manny suggested.

Holly knew they were playing with fire, but she was so fucking horny from not having sex for eight days that her defenses were weak. She could hardly believe the words that came out of her mouth next. "What happens in this closet stays in this closet, understood?" she breathlessly asked.

"Got it!" her boy replied.

"We're NOT having sex together, Manny, but I AM willing to be extremely nasty with you...as long as things go back to normal the moment we step out of this closet."



“How can I refuse an offer like that?” the teen sighed, his young heart racing. Yes, she wasn't willing to fuck him, but from the sounds of it, she had a lot of other very naughty things in mind, so he certainly wasn't in a position to complain.

Holly laid a series of tender kisses on her boy's lips. “You've wanted to be nasty with me all week, haven't you, you horny fucking boy,” the mother purred between kisses, keeping her massive mommy-melons crushed up against him.

“Honestly, mom...I've wanted to be nasty with you for as long as I could remember.”

“Well...here's your chance,” Holly blurted, then grasped onto her son's cock and began rubbing it through his underwear. “Here's a chance to imagine that you're screwing mommy, while she says nasty fucking words to you.”

“I thought you said we WEREN'T screwing?”

“We're not...but that doesn't mean that we can't talk about it, and imagine that we are.”

“I love to imagine that we are!” Manny admitted, while feeling his mom grope his erect cock. Equally as nice was her giant jugs as they pushed against him like two huge balloons, filled with warm squishy pudding instead of air. He could even feel the nubs of her engorged nipples on his chest through her dress and bra.

“Do you, honey? Do you like to imagine us naked together and fucking our asses off?”

Manny's entire body shuddered. Never did he think he'd hear such words leave his mom's mouth, even though he had imagined her saying such things a million times. He was so thrilled, he could hardly respond, he was finally able to, in a nasty way, just to keep his mom talking. “Yes, I do imagine that. I like to picture us going at it in all sorts of wild positions,” he admitted.

“Mmm, that would be amazing, wouldn't it, baby?” Holly asked. “Shoving your huge, manly cock into mommy from every angle.”

The boy felt his mom's hand creep beneath his briefs and begin stroking his throbbing boner. He decided that since she was being so bold, then so would he. With both hands, he reached up and grasped her massive tit-mounds, sinking his

fingers into their fatty contours. "I would suck your tits too!" he sighed, more aroused than he'd ever been in his life.

"Yeah? You like mommy's big tits?" Holly asked between tender smooches. "I know you love to stare at them, watching them shift around beneath my blouse and bra. They are heart and extremely soft. Would you like me to take them out, so you can feel them naked against your chest?"

"God, yes!"

"I'll undo my dress, and you can unclasp my bra, ok, baby? I want you to feel like you're stripping mommy naked before you pound your erection through her cock-hungry cunt."

"Damn, mom...I can't believe you're saying those things to me!" Manny gasped.

"This is what you wanted though, isn't it, baby? You wanted me to kiss you, and say nasty fucking things to you, while I yank on your boy-cock, just like I used to do to those other boys in here, when I was your age?"

"Hell yes...I love it!" he gasped, feeling his mom yank on the stiff meat of his prick. His knob was leaking plenty of pre-cum from being so fucking turned on. This provided the perfect amount of slick lubrication for his mom's tireless cock-stroking hand.

Holly yanked her dress down. "Unclasp my bra, Manny. Take my tits out, so I can smother you with their squishy flesh."

Manny fumbled with the four hooks of her bra, finally unclasping them. He pried the lacy cups from between their bodies and felt his mom's humongous breasts spill out against his chest like two big basketball-sized mounds of warm, soft bread dough. "Oh, fuck!" he sighed, feeling a little odd saying that, since his mom usually scolded him for using that word.

"Do you like to fuck, baby?" his mom cooed, rubbing her thick, fleshy teats on his chest, while gingerly kissing his neck. "Do you like to beat your young prick through hot, wet pussy?"

"YES!"

"I like to fuck too! We're the same you and I. You have a mom who loves to have her pussy hammered hard and deep!"

For a moment, Holly felt a bit a guilty for saying such things to her own son. *"God, he must think I'm such a whore!"* she thought. However, the thrill of what they were doing, and how it was making her neglected pussy quiver with excitement, far superseded any shame she may have felt. In fact, she wanted her son's hand in her panties so Goddamn bad it was killing her. She kissed her boy's lips, then whispered her needful desire into his mouth. "Finger me, honey! Finger my pussy!"

Manny willingly complied, reaching down between them and prying his hand beneath the hem of her dainty panties. He cupped her shaved pubis, then plunged two fingers between her flanges and into her soaking-wet fuck hole. He had brought lots of girls off by finger fucking them and was anxious to add his own beautiful mom to that list.

"OH, GOD, BABY...YES! JUST LIKE THAT!" Holly blurted, much louder than she should have.

Now their nearly naked bodies were pressed together against the wall in the darkness, with their hands down inside each other's underwear. Holly's squeezing fist stroked her boy's rigid dong, while Manny plunged his fingers through the clasping tube of his mom's vagina.

They both groaned and gasped, while kissing like lovers. Holly's oversized tit-melons sloshed all over her boy's bare chest, her rubbery nipples dragging against his muscular frame. "Oh my God, honey...that feels so fucking good!" the mother gasped.

"I love the way you're stroking me too!"

"Finger me deeper, Manny! Finger-fuck me as deep as you can!" Holy moaned, humping her vagina against her boy's hand like a bitch in heat. She wanted so bad to feel his fingers touching the back of her vagina, satisfying the wicked itch that she had back there, but knew they weren't long enough. *"His dick is long enough though!"* she deliriously thought. *"His dick is long enough to smash into my womb and make me go out of my fucking mind!"*

Despite needing to be royally fucked, Holly mustered up what little resolve she had left and kept their naughty closet-tryst hands-only.

Manny loved the feel of his mom's vaginal lining sucking and chewing at his fingers. The lewd sounds their hands and genitals were making became wetter the longer they stroked each other. "Oh, baby!...Oh, fuck me, you're gonna make me cum!" his mom's beautiful voice whimpered. Her voluptuous body suddenly shuddered against his, her giant milkers rippling wildly, making Manny's balls tingle wonderfully.

"I'm cumming too!" he grunted. They clutched and trembled against one another as powerful orgasmic contractions raged through their bodies. Holly's jerking fist was covered in hot spunk as her boy creamed like crazy inside his briefs. Manny's hand was also bathed in ejaculate as girl-cum hissed from Holly's vaginal meatus. For several minutes they milked out all the pleasure their sex-starved bodies would provide, while whipping their tongues together in a deep French kiss, before finally going motionless.

"Wow, that was really something, mom! I'm not at all upset that I missed that match now," Manny admitted.

"We'd better hurry out of here before the wrestling meet gets over with and we get stuck in this closet."

"I wouldn't mind that at all."

"I'm sure you wouldn't," Holly giggled, then kissed her boy again. It wasn't an innocent motherly kiss either. Their lips fused and their tongues lashed together heatedly. Holly had to stop herself from becoming lost in completely fuck-lust again. "We REALLY need to go!" she whispered, meaning it this time.

They quickly got dressed and rushed out of the locker room. "Damn! Did that really just happen?" Manny asked, still hard from the excitement he had just experienced.

"No, IT DIDN'T just happen!" his mom replied with a stern glare.

"Oh, yeah... 'what happens in the closet, stays in the closet.' Sorry, I forgot."

December 15<sup>th</sup>

Things had been awkward between Holly and her son for days after their time in the locker room supply closet. The mother felt incredibly guilty; like she had cheated on her husband, even though her and Manny didn't technically have sex. She tried several times to just stop doing the challenge. One, because she was craving cock so bad that it was making her short tempered and almost sick with desire. Second, because she was afraid that she might actually give in and let Manny pound his meat through the hole that she desired attention the most in. Every time she attempted to get sex from her husband, Ed would turn her away, just like she had asked him to in the beginning.

"You can't just quit, babe. You're half-way there!" Ed told her as she tried to come on to him after they woke up that morning.

"I don't care! It's a stupid challenge that I get absolutely nothing but sexual frustration for participating in!" she complained.

"It's not easy for me either you know," Ed expressed. "Can you imagine if I had participated in 'No Nut November,' like a few of my buddies wanted me to? We'd REALLY be hating life about now!"

She began kissing at him, desperate to be fucked. "I don't care about those stupid challenges anymore, Ed. Please...just fuck me!" she pleaded.

"Hold on!" Ed blurted, nudging her away. "You told me you would say this, remember?"

"I know, I just—"

"You told me there would come a point where you would change your mind and beg me to fuck you. Then, you pleaded with me to help remind you of your resolve, and to not have sex with you until the New Year, remember that?"

"Yes, but I was being stupid! I know now that there's no way I can do this!"

"YOU CAN do this, babe! You've been doing it for fifteen days. Make that time count for something. You got this!" her husband advised.

Ed went in and got in the shower and his wife laid there in bed for a moment stroking her horny clit. *"Fuck masturbation! Fuck it all to hell! It does absolutely nothing for me!"* she thought, rolling over in frustration. *"Why did I ever agree to doing such a stupid fucking challenge?! Next December this is definitely NOT happening! Fuck that!"*

She got up and threw on her robe. She usually went straight down to the kitchen to start coffee, but instead she was drawn to Manny's room, like a magnet. She peeked in and saw him still in bed. It was only six-thirty and his alarm wasn't due to go off for another half-hour. Against her better judgment, she snuck inside his bedroom, closed the door behind her and crawled under the fluffy comforter, joining her boy in bed.

"Mom, what are you doing?" Manny asked, waking up to her soft, warm body snuggling against him.

"Shhh! I'm just snuggling for a little bit before you have to get up," she whispered.

"Is dad already gone?"

"No, he's in the shower. We have about a half-hour before I have to go down and make his coffee," Holly answered, then turned and backed her rounded ass up against the satisfying stiffness of Manny's morning wood. "Snuggle me, honey," she desperately whispered.

Manny was happy to oblige, holding his mom's luscious body from behind. He could tell by the way his naked cock crept up her robe and sunk between her meaty ass-cheeks that she wasn't wearing any panties. His shaft became wedged in her butt-crack, like a hotdog in a bun. "This feels nice!" he whispered.

"Would you like to squeeze on my breasts?" his mom candidly whispered.

"Of course! I thought you'd never ask me to again."

It had been a week since their locker room fun and Manny figured, by how weird she was acting, that his mom was probably feeling guilty about what had happened.

"Just slide your hands into my robe," Holly whispered.

Manny did as she asked, slipping his mitts through the slit of her robe and grasping on to her huge naked tits. They both gasped in unison; Holly, from the pleasure of having her mammaries squeezed, and Manny from the thrill of sinking his fingers into his own mom's giant fatty tits.

"Pull at the nipples!" the mother wantonly requested.

Manny clamped her thick teats between his fingers and tugged them outward, making his mother squirm against him. This caused his erection to hump exquisitely through the deep, squeezing crack of her luscious mommy-buttocks. Holly could feel her boy's rock-hard meat scraping against the ring of her asshole and it felt divine. Manny's chin rested on her should and she fed him a lusty look, her brown eyes smoldering with desire. "Do you like this, baby? Does it feel good on your dreamy cock?" she cooed.

"I love this, and it feels amazing, yes!" he replied.

"Would you like to roll mommy on her tummy, and lay against my back, so you can REALLY dig your hardon through the crack of my ass?"

Manny simply couldn't believe what he was hearing. Things had certainly cooled off between him and his mom, since the night in the locker room. Over the past few days, he had tried to temp her into being naughty again several times, by displayed his hard prick through his clothes. However, each time his mom seemed to shy away, probably out of guilt. Now, however, her true horny self was coming out again, just as he hoped it would. "*She must still not be having sex with dad,*" he thought, "*which is DEFINITELY a good thing for me!*"

Holly rolled onto her tummy and Manny followed, sprawling out against her. He began to brazenly kiss her neck, while dry-humping the split between her fatty buns. His constant pre-ejaculatory fluid sweared through his mom's butt-crack and across the elastic ring of her asshole, providing lubrication. He still had a tight grasp on her tits, sinking his fingers into their heavy flesh.

His full-sized bed rocked beneath them as he dry-fucked his mom's ass in a steady rhythm. It seemed so surreal and wonderful at the same time. He could feel his mom clasping her butt-meat around him, using her ass-muscles to apply intense friction around his rigid cock-muscle. As great as this was, his real dream was to be

on top of his mom, with her facing him, in the missionary position. "Will you turn over, mom?" he breathlessly asked.

"Yes, but dry-fucking only, Manny!" his mom warned.

"Got it!" he answered, lifting himself off of her. He watched his mom sit up and quickly shed her robe. This was the first time he was seeing her naked and it made his jaw drop. The huge, fat orbs of her tits were capped by areola that were nearly four-inches across, and dark rose in color. They were thickly textured with clusters of Montgomery tubercles. Distending out from their centers was the most turgid nipples he had ever seen. His mom dropped onto her back, making her fleshy mams spread out across her chest. She brought her knees back, bowing open her thick, smooth thighs at the same time, creating a silky sex-saddle for her boy to drop against. Manny involuntarily licked his lips, while staring at her shaved pussy. Her thick cuntal lips were unfurled, revealing a juicy coral slit. Her horny pudenda was crowned by a fleshy prepuce that shrouded her prized pearl of pleasure.

While Manny gawked, so did his sex-neglected mother. The sight of her son's long, meaty erection, jutting out from his crotch in full hardness literally took her breath away as it hovered near her. His fat penile veins were bulging, and his knob was so purple and engorged that it looked as though it could pop off the end of his cock. Holly watched in utter fascination as a dollop of pre-jizz lowered from the slit of his meatus to the bed, in a long, gooey string. It was like thick drool seeping from a horny dog's mouth.

Manny was guided down, and Holly threw his comforter over them, covering their inappropriately connected bodies. Sinking between his mom's parted legs, Manny gasped at the feel of his erect pecker making contact with the flesh of her heated vulva. His mom pulled him all the way down on top of her, crushing the spongy meat of her tits between them. Their lips met in a series of sensual kisses.

"Mmm, it feels so good to have you on top of me, honey," his mom whispered between smooches. "Is this what you wanted?"

"Yes," he replied, trembling at the feel of his mom's freshly shaved legs clutched around his back. He felt her long painted nails claw at his young ass, pulling their genitals even tighter together.



“Even though we can’t have sex, you can still dry fuck me, honey,” she offered, staring up into his eyes. “Grind your erection against me as hard and as fast as you want. Let’s get nasty together!”

Manny didn’t understand his mom’s rationale. He knew his father would be just as shocked to discover them “dry-fucking” as he would if they were having full blown intercourse. However, in his mom’s eyes, this was justified, and the horny teen certainly wasn’t going to question her decisions. He felt damn lucky just to be in the position he was in. With his full weight on top of her, they began making out. Slowly at first, Manny set his hips in motion, as if he was fucking her, but he was just gliding his cock along her slippery cuntal fissure. Their tangled bodies rocked beautifully, the muscles in his mom’s legs flexing as she clutched her boy’s lean, muscular body between her warm thighs.

Their tongues dueled inside Manny’s mouth and the boy was flabbergasted by how quickly his mom’s oral snake could flail around his own. He certainly wasn’t used to this with girls his own age. Holly was easily the best kisser he had ever been lucky enough to swap spit with. “Fuck against me faster!” she hissed between tender kisses.

Manny increased his tempo, making his bed rock from their heated rhythm. Now they were really getting fucking wild! The teen could feel his mom’s legs tightening around him in an anaconda grip. Her big, juicy tits were sloshing wildly between them. His mom was clawing and writhing against him, her respirations increasing. “That’s it, honey...fuck me!” she sweetly gasped.

Holly’s eyes rolled back in delight. The feel of her son’s long muscled cock plowing through her vulvar folds was driving her insane. Hot juices that had secreted from her Skene glands smeared all over her boy’s boner, creating a delightful lubrication for their steady genital grinding. As incredible as this was, there was still something lacking for Holly. She found herself wishing his cock would “accidentally” slide inside her, so she could feel his thick meat stretch her inner walls just once. She knew that just the touch of his engorged tip against the head of her cervix would make her erupt in the most satisfying orgasm she’s had in weeks, possibly longer.

“Oh, damn this feels good, mom!” the boy gasped, really going to town with steady fuck-humps. Minutes passed and their bodies dry-fucked tirelessly, like they simply couldn’t get enough of each other.

Holly's determination to only let things go so far was fading with every magnificent thrust of her boy's hips. She wanted fucked more than any time in her life and she simply couldn't stand it anymore. The clinging mother began to let her pussy do the talking for her. "If I let you stick it inside me, do you promise you won't thrust? Just jab your cock in as deep as it will go and hold it there!" his mom mewled.

Manny could hardly believe his ears. He was quick to respond. "I promise. No thrusting!"

"Ok...penetrate me!" said Holly in a lusty tone.

Manny reared his hips back, and Holly cocked her ass up slightly, where she knew his boner would be perfectly aligned with her needy cunt-hole. In one glorious thrust, Manny's rock-hard cock split her twat and plunged all the way into her birthing tube. His mom gasped loudly and jerked, as if poked by a cattle prod as she felt the leaky crown of his cock strike bottom, pushing against the puckered ring of her external os. "OH MY GOD!" she squealed, clawing at her boy's naked ass, holding him in.

"Fuuuck!" Manny snarled, his nose resting against his mother's neck, smelling her sweet perfume. His tender cock flexed, his knob mushrooming deep inside her warm, fleshy sleeve, where few cocks had ever reached. His penile contraction caused pre-spunk to ooze from its piss-slit and smear against the opening to the cavity that once held him. He shuddered as Holly's pelvic floor muscles tightened in response to his engorgement, compressing her vagina around him even tighter. His mom's pussy-tube had tented to accommodate his length, so that the mouth of her fuck-hole suctioned tightly right up around his cock-root.

Holly could feel her son's excited heartbeat through the blood-engorged bulb of his cock as it pushed against her spongy uteri. Their union was every bit as thrilling and pleasurable as she hoped it would be. Even though she had asked her son not to thrust, she herself began to subtly gyrate against his crotch, stirring his stone-hard pisser around inside her. "*I am truly depraved!*" she thought to herself, but somehow couldn't stop from grinding on her boy. The feel of his unyielding hardness pushing at her quivering cuntal walls was just too fucking pleasurable to allow her to think rationally.

Both mother and son began to pant like horny dogs and writhe passionately on the mattress in full penetration. They kissed in complete fuck-lust, rocking as though they were trying somehow to squeeze inside each other's bodies and become one flesh. Manny was suddenly taken by surprise as his mom rolled him over onto his back, taking the top. His eyes got as wide as silver dollars, staring up into space, and his tongue hung out lasciviously as his mom began flailing her own licker against his neck, while rocking against him. The feel of her warm, luscious body blanketing him, and her huge milkers bulging out from between their naked bodies got him more excited than he ever had been in his life. He knew she was losing control and that he'd soon be pumping his cock through the clasping tube of her cunt in sexual intercourse.

Suddenly, a knock at the door startled them both. Holly rose on extended arms and peered across the room in a panic. "Manny, are you awake?" Ed, Manny's father called from outside his door.

The teen was at a loss for words. There, inches above his face, dangled the most enormous tits he had ever laid eyes on. He was so close that he could see the subtle blue veins running just beneath their surface. Holly's engorged teats puffed out from the centers of their wide, rose-colored caps. The boy wanted nothing more than to latch on with his lips and never let go.

"Manny, I'm coming in!" his father announced. Holly dove beneath the comforter just before her husband opened the door and looked their direction. Her boy's dick popped from her overheated cunt as she ducked down between his legs.

Manny gazed over at his dad with a bewildered look. "Sorry, I was um...just getting ready to get up," he muttered.

"Have you seen your mother? She's not downstairs."

"No, uh...I just woke up. I have not idea where she is."

Manny gasped as he felt his mom's tongue swipe up between his cum-filled nuts, then travel the long stalk of his erect cock. His dad fed him a curious look. "Are you ok? You look like just had one hell of a dream."

*"If you only knew!"* Manny thought, feeling his mom's tongue flicker all over his glans beneath the blanket. "No, I'm fine. I was just about to, well...you know," the teen explained, motioning down to his groin area.

"Oh, right...sorry," his dad nodded, catching on. "I forget that's a part of the routine at your age."

Manny was shocked when he felt his prick plunge inside his mom's mouth. His shocked turned to horror when the blanket bulged up and down as she began recklessly sucking dick. Of course, his father noticed this also. "Well, you could at least wait until I closed the door, son!" Ed laughed, thinking that it was Manny beating off beneath the blanket. Little did he know it was his cock-sucking wife's head bobbing up and down.

"Sorry...just kind of in a hurry," Manny blushed.

After Ed closed the door, Manny lifted the blanket and watched his mom suck his dick. "Jesus, mom, that was a close call!" he stated, mesmerized by how her heavy tits hung down like big udders and wobbled gently as she sucked. She gorged herself on his meaty prick and Manny watched the ring of her lovely lips sink to his cock-base. He gasped, quickly sitting up and holding her pretty head to his crotch. He could feel his steely cock throbbing inside her clasp throat. "Goddamn!" he groaned, amazed by how long his mom could stay that way.

His knob popped from Holly's mouth, wet and shiny from her saliva. "I guess I should probably get downstairs, before he files a missing person's report," she joked, breathless from having had his cock shoved down her gullet.

"Can I stay home and penetrate you again?" he asked. "We really didn't get to finish."

Holly was surprised that being nearly caught by her husband didn't scare some sense into her. However, the truth was her cunt was itching with desire. Having her teen's womb-stretching erection inside her had only left her wanting more. "You're not missing a full day of school, but I'll take you in late, after we've both gotten off," she agreed.

"Deal!" Manny blurted.

"Stay in bed. I'll be back in after your sister and father leave."

Manny watched his mom slip out of his bed. The sight of her thick rounded ass and heavy, bobbling tits only made his cock ache for release even more. She put her robe back on and moved to his doorway. Before leaving, she peered back at him and spit her long tongue out playfully. "Nice tongue!" Manny stated.

"Thanks!" she answered, feeding him a flirty smile. "I'll have a special place for you to put YOURS when I get back.," she said with a wink.

The boy's heart skipped a beat. He knew almost for certain that what she meant was he'd be eating her pussy. The wait was so long he could hardly stand it. Finally, after he knew his dad and sister must be gone, he got a text from his mom.

"White, pink or aqua? 😊" it read.

Manny had no idea why she was polling him for a color, but he went along with it. "Pink!" he texted back.

His mom soon messaged back. "Brown sugar, whipped cream or chocolate syrup? 😊👿"

"Chocolate syrup!" Manny answered, even though he loved all three.

"Last question: doggy, missionary or me on top? 😊" his mom's text read.

Manny was over the moon. He wondered, by her posing such a question, if he was gonna get to beat his dick through the tube of her cunt this time. He got a small taste of his mom on top of him before his father knocked, and certainly wanted more of that. "You on top!" he replied.

"Good choice! I'll be right there. 😊"

A few minutes later he heard his mom's sweet voice from his doorway. "Ready to fuck around with mom some more?" she asked.

Manny's jaw lowered in awe as he saw Holly posing in his doorway in the skimpiest hot-pink micro teddy he'd ever seen. Her huge tits jutted out of the teddy's open cups, which were trimmed in scalloped-laced. The bottom half was crotchless, so only a series of thin hot-pink straps framed in his mom's shaved pubis. Holly stood with her hands on her hips, one silky smooth leg bent at the knee and cocked out in front of her.

"Damn, mom! I think that's the sexiest piece of lingerie I've EVER seen!" the boy expressed.

"You're just saying that because you want more pussy, aren't you?" she teased.

"No, I mean it," Manny answered, "but, yes...you're right...I do want more pussy!"

Holly giggled and held the bottle of syrup in her hand up for her son to see. "How about some chocolate-flavored pussy?" she asked in a flirty tone. "Does that sounds tasty?"

"VERY tasty!"

"Are you glad you chose the color pink, honey?" the mother asked, squeezing her breasts between her forearms, making them balloon out obscenely. "Look at this..." she said, reaching down and peeling back her thick outer labia, "the color of my teddy matches mommy's cunt-slit."

"Damn!" Manny sighed, his cock flexing excitedly as he stared at her splayed pussy. Her open labia was framed by the thick, rounded tissue of her clitoral hood.

"What's the matter, baby? Are you anxious to squeeze that big, muscular boy- cock up into mom again?" she asked, then slid her wet tongue across her top lip teasingly. "Are you excited to have your tender meat wrapped in hot MILF pussy-flesh?"

"Holy damn, mom...if you keep talking like that I may cum all over the place, before I even touch you!"

Holly giggled. "Well, if you're gonna do that, make sure you squirt some of that hot love-nectar on mommy's ass," she stated, spinning around and pointing her luscious derriere back at him. The teddy had an open back rear, with just three thin straps, one crossing her waist and two stretch over the rounded meat of her mommy-buttocks. She wagged her rounded buns teasingly, watching her boy reach down and squeeze the sensitive tip of his penis. "Don't worry, honey...you'll get to bury that horny knob again real soon," Holly remarked.

The anxious teen watched his sexy, lingerie-clad mother turn back around and sashay towards him on bare feet. Her huge fatty tits trembled heavily with every

step. "Now...mommy's gonna squirt some yummy chocolate on her pussy, then she's gonna take a ride on your face. How's that sound?" she teasingly asked.

"Wonderful!" Manny sighed, his heart racing eagerly.

Holly spoke to him in a cute baby-voice. "If you do a good job being my little chocolate, cunt-munching monster, mommy might just clean some off of YOU when you're finished."

"I'd love that!" Manny replied, sprawling back onto his bed.

Holly used the bottle to squirt some chocolate syrup into her pussy-hole. Then, she climbed onto the mattress and straddled her boy's face, planting her knees firmly astride his head. "Mmm!" Manny hummed, as he was smothered in cuntal flesh. He laved the slit of her genitalia with his tongue, savoring the tangy flavor of her juices, mixed with the chocolate that was seeping from her vagina. His mother subtly ground her pussy on him, while he ate her out.

Holly's clit was quite large and protruded from the top of her cunt. Manny wrapped his lips around it, sucking at the fleshy bulb. Immediately, his mom bucked, gasping and squealing as she fucked her shaved chocolate-flavored pussy all over his face. "Yes! Suck mommy's love-button, baby! Make me cum!" she gasped.

Besides the obvious thrill of eating his mom's pussy, the other thing Manny loved at that moment was the view he had. With the upper half of his face uncovered, he could stare straight up his mom's torso, to her wildly wobbling breasts. Through the gaping canyon of her cleavage, he could also watch her pretty face gasp and twist in pleasure, while throwing her silky brown hair around. "*FUCKING AMAZING!! She's so beautiful!*" he marveled.

"Oh God! Oh yes, honey...I'm cumming!" the busty mother announced, then shuddered and bucked, humping her rounded ass-cheeks up and down on Manny's forehead.

Fuck juices gushed from her vaginal orifice and her son lapped it all up, flicking his licker all up and down her engorged flesh. The boy's erect pecker throbbed intensely while he listened to his mom scream out in ecstasy.

“Oh, baby...that was wonderful!” the mother sighed, then turned and squirted chocolate syrup on his rock-hard boner. “Now I want your beautiful cock for dessert!”

Manny watched his mother open her mouth wide as she knelt beside him and stuffed his meaty pecker into her mouth. After a few tender sucks, Holly grabbed it at the base and darted her tongue all over his bulbous crown. “Ahh, wow!” the boy sighed, watching her swallow his penis again, then bob her pretty head up and down, making slurping, gurgling sounds as she fucked his stiff prick into her throat.

As the mother sucked like a cock-hungry whore, it occurred to her how far she’d gone with her son. Technically, even though there was no thrusting, they had already fucked. Manny had eaten her pussy and now she was sucking his big penis. She had already failed to make it through ‘No Dick December’ and she was only half-way through the month. However, this had become less about needing just any dick and more about desiring HER SON’S DICK. *“I’m helplessly attracted to him!”* she thought, admitting to herself that at that moment she wanted nothing more in the world than to feel her son’s manhood thundering through her needy cunt.

Manny felt his cock pop from her mouth, and she gazed up at him with her beautiful brown eyes. “Manny, I know I’m your mother and that I made a silly commitment to getting no dick this month, but how would you feel about fucking me?” she asked.

“How do you think I’d feel, mom?” he excitedly asked.

“I’m not talking about just penetration, like we did earlier. I’m talking about nasty, raw, sweat-drenched fucking...for at least several hours!”

“I’m totally down, mom!” the teen stated. He thought he could pass out he was so fucking thrilled. Apparently, he was on the verge of seducing his vulnerable mother, just as he planned all along.

“We’ll start with the position that you chose, with me on top,” Holly suggested, wasting no time throwing a leg across her boy and mounting his loins. She grasped his rigid spear and placed the barbed tip to the entrance of her vagina. Aroused beyond belief, the mother’s cuntal walls were already slick with secretions, allowing her boy’s brick-hard penis to glide through her fleshy sleeve. She gasped



as his knob struck the back of her vagina for the second time that day. This time, however, was different. There were no rules. No barriers they couldn't cross. This time there would be raw, uninhibited fucking!

"My God, baby...you're so big and stiff!" the mother whimpered as she began bouncing on his cock. Her husband's dick never came close to filling her pussy like her son's prick did.

Manny moaned in delight, feeling the wonderful, heated snugness of his mom's cunt slipping up and down the length of his cock. Rows of blood-engorged pleats that lined his mom's vaginal tube created mind-blowing sensations on his penile flesh. He gazed up at her bouncing milkers, watching their fatty flesh ripple as they jumped around on her chest. His mom smiled down at him knowingly. She suspected her cute boy had waited years for this moment. A moment that included latching on to one of her mammoth tits and sucking to his heart's content. "Are you ready to suck my tits, honey?" she asked, her breath huffing with every plunge of her cunt on his cock.

"Am I ever!" he replied.

While she continued fucking, Holly lowered down on extended arms that rested astride her boy's head. This made her dangling mommy-melons brush against her son's face. Manny latched onto one, quickly suctioning in a mouthful of nipple and areolar flesh. He whipped his tongue around on her puffy teat, then felt his mom lean into him, masking his face in the squishy softness of her tit.

*"THIS IS FUCKING IT!"* the teen's brain cheered, knowing he had arrived at just the place he'd always dreamed of being. He clamped his teeth around her puffy nipple, chewing and pulling at the engorged pink flesh while feeling the huge orb of squishy boobie-meat quiver around his face.

Manny did his best to fight off his orgasm as his mom rode his unyielding cock for nearly an hour. Every five minutes or so, he would feel her cunt shrink up around his pole, then his mom would frantically fuck him, while screaming out in a tit-quivering climax. Her birthing tube would quiver and contracting, chewing at the meat of his erection, while bathing him in hot female ejaculate.

"Ahhh, shit!" Manny gasped, his voice muffled by heavy tit-flesh as he felt the twitching, suctioning pressure of her pussy around the throbbing muscle of his cock.

"Good God, baby...where did you learn to fuck like this?!" his mother gasped, struck by his incredible endurance.

"I guess it just comes naturally. Like mother like son!" he confidently replied.

"Well, at least until you move away from home, you may put your father and I's sex life out of business."

"You think so?"

"How could you not?! Your dick is bigger, harder...and you're a thousand times better in bed than he is!" Holly remarked. "Do you honestly think a hyper-sexual female like me will go back to fucking him, with YOU living under the same roof?"

It was music to Manny's horny eyes. "Damn! It sounds like I'm gonna be balls-deep A LOT from now on!"

"Ya think?!" she giggled, then gave him a sensual kiss, while pumping her pussy along the steely hardness of his young dong. "Ohh, I like you balls-deep, baby!" she whimpered.

Manny loved the way his mom rode his cock. She wasn't at all awkward and clumsy like some of the girls his own age that had been on top of him. It was clear that fucking was one of the things his mom did best. Every few minutes, she would fuse their crotches together and swivel up and back in full penetration. The sensation of his stiff pecker being stirred around inside her snug vagina, stretching her elastic walls was divine.

"Damn I love this, mom!" he exclaimed, rubbing his face between the warm swinging flesh of her dangling tits. He kissed his way through her cleavage.

"Get used to it, baby! This mother's pussy is ALL YOURS from now on!"

"I wanna fuck every day, as many times as we can!" Manny expressed.

"I'm counting on it!"

“Wow! I think I’m gonna cum soon!” Manny sighed, feeling his cunt-smothered dick and jiggling balls tingle with wonderful pre-orgasmic sensations.

“Let me lay down against you, so you can pound the fuck out of me like a savage beast and cum really hard, baby!”

Holly slapped her fat tits down against her boy’s bare chest, pancaking them against him. Manny threw his arms around his mother’s back, holding her to him as he began bucking his ass from the mattress. They met each other’s frantic fuck-thrusts, beating their horny genitals together in a furious fuck. The lucky teen gazed down over his mom’s shoulder, along her straining back, to the rounded cheeks of her buttocks. Her mommy-rump flew wildly up and down, her butt-meat quivering delightfully every time their crotches slapped together.

“OH FUCK, MOM!!” he groaned, feeling his engorged knob tingle as it pummeled through the pulsating tube of her vagina, slamming against the cum-slickened head of her cervix on every thrust. He felt her muscles contract and knew she was about to join him in mutual climax.

“AAAUUUGGHH!!” Manny grunted, hosing out a huge cord of baby-making goo inside his mother. “AAAUGHH!! ... AAUUGHH, SHIT!!” he whimpered, feeling his mom convulse on top of him. Somehow, he ended up with his face wedged between her giant, squishy jugs, grunting into one of them as he felt his mom’s ejaculation squelch all over his cock and run down the sides of his nuts.

For both, this was the orgasm of all orgasms, and it lasted for several extraordinary minutes. Now a sweaty heap on the bed, they writhed in fervent delight, milking out the pleasure for as long as they could.

December 24<sup>th</sup>

“I gave up!” Sharon stated as the three friends wrapped gifts. “I got fucked. I couldn’t wait any longer!”

“With your husband?” Felicia asked.

“Oh, fuck no...not with Rick! With my lover. That dreamy nineteen-year-old I’ve been fucking lately. He starts swinging that teenage dick around. How the hell is a woman supposed to resist that?!”

“Well, I haven’t been fucking any teenagers, but I have to admit, I caved too,” Felicia confessed. “Going a month without sex is just impossible for a woman who likes fucking as much as I do.”

They both looked at Holly, who was busy wrapping and listening to the two of them confess. She stopped and gave them a smile. “What?!” she asked, looking a little guilty herself.

“Please don’t tell us YOU’RE still meeting this stupid challenge!” Sharon asked.

“Maybe I am.”

“Liar! If anyone's been needing a royal pounding here lately it's you,” Felicia giggled.

“OK, maybe I broke the rules just a little, but Sharon's right...big teenage dick is hard to resist.”

Felicia gasped and lowered her jaw. “You fucked Manny, didn't you?!” she hollered.

“Well, when you have a husband who more committed to ‘No Dick December’ than you are, and a son who's super charming, super handsome AND super endowed, what’s a woman to do?”

“Amen to that!” Sharon agreed. “Meet my needs or I take them elsewhere, that's what I always say.”

“Sounds like your little corn gobbler is getting lots of Christmas pussy this year,” Felicia stated with mischievous grin.

“We're both certainly on Santa's naughty list, that's for sure.”

Manny couldn't keep his eyes off his mom at dinner. All he could think about lately was getting between her legs and fucking her savagely. The best Christmas present he could ask for this year was for his father to announce that he would continue

picking up extra hours at work in the evening. That was usually the time that he and his mom locked themselves in his bedroom and fucked their asses off.

"So what's going on with wrestling?" Ed asked his son.

"Oh, um...that? I quit the team over a week ago," Manny replied.

"Quit the team? Why?"

"Because he's tired of losing probably," his bratty sister replied.

Holly came to her son's rescue. "Manny's been helping ME with some things around the house lately, right, honey?" she asked, smiling over at her son.

"Yeah, helping you out has kept me pretty darn busy actually."

"I know. Mom can be pretty demanding, can't she?" Holly asked, winking at him flirting. "And speaking of 'helping me out,' it's Christmas Eve and I still have a ton of presents to wrap for your father and sister. Do you mind giving me a hand?"

"Not at all," Manny replied, knowing that was his mom's way of saying "It's time to fuck."

"Yeah, I suppose I should start wrapping too and not wait until midnight like I did last year," Ed admitted.

"You're not gonna recruit MY help like mom did Manny are you?" his daughter, Olivia, asked.

"And listen to you complain the whole time? I'm all set," Ed chuckled.

Holly got up from the table, took her son's hand and led him away. "Come on, my little Christmas Elf...let's go get busy!" she stated gleefully.

No sooner did Holly and her son get to her bedroom and lock the door than they began hurriedly stripping their clothes off. Once naked, the heavy titted mother pulled her boy to the bed and guided him down on top of her. "Wait!" she blurted, before Manny could pierce her with his jutting cock. She tapped onto the music app on her phone and "Rocking around the Christmas Tree," by Brenda Lee came on. Holly set her device aside and pulled her gorgeous teen down on top of her, crushing her jutting tits between them.

“Ahhh, yes!” Manny gasped as he buried his cock all the way inside her with one long thrust.

“Fuck me, baby!” his mother purred, circling her lovely shaved legs high around her son's back.

The cheery music drowned out the sound of Manny's big cum-filled balls beating again Holly's rounded ass as he began to fuck her feverishly. The wicked duo found it hard to keep their lips apart when they screwed. They both had needy lips and tireless tongues, which meant that naughty, passionate kissing was a huge part of the sex they had together.

The teenager's rock-hard prick socked through his mom's fuck tube, enjoying it's exquisite grip and heat. The wonderful pink pleats that lined her vaginal sleeve provided ball-clenching sensations on Manny's penile flesh. He had blasted so many cum-loads in his mom's unprotected pussy over the past week that they had lost count. Never once had they discussed the possibility of Holly getting pregnant. Unbeknownst to them, one of Manny's super-charged sperm had already implanted itself in Holly's egg and she was well on her way to becoming a mother to a third child. The eighteen-year-old stud could never imagine the extraordinary pleasure that was ahead of him, once his mom's tits and belly began to swell, and her hormones began raging.

“AHHH, GODDAMNIT!!” Manny gasped, feeling his mom twist her sexy legs around him, sliding her dainty feet down against his ass to help guide his frantic thrusts. He didn't need to be on any stupid wrestling team. Not when he could be home, wrestling with his mom on her mattress. Her constant need of sex would keep him in much better shape than any school sports could. Not only that, just like any team improves with practice, the fuck-sessions between Holly and her son just got better the more they went at it.

Over the next hour, Holly creamed over a half-dozen times on her boy's tireless cock. The trembling mother didn't like having to muffle her orgasmic screams, but she certainly didn't need her husband and daughter hearing her. It was a minor inconvenience, but there was also something wonderfully thrilling about fucking her boy on her marital bed with her husband in the house. She extended her legs out widely while her son fucked her, pointing her bare feet in opposite direction.

Manny rose up on extended arms, so he could watch his mom tremble and writhe in ecstasy beneath him. Seeing the grimace of pleasure washed across her pretty face and her gigantic tits rolling up and down her chest never failed to make the cum boil in his nuts. "Ah fuck...I'm gonna cum, mom!" he groaned, then let out a guttural grunt as blast after blast of sticky jizz hosed from his piss-hole, filling Holly's vagina.

After grunting and bucking atop his busty mother for several minutes Manny collapsed on top of her. Holly stroked the back of his hair as they both caught their breath. "Ohhh God!" she deeply sighed.

"That was awesome!" Manny added.

"It sure was, and as much as I'd like to fuck again, I REALLY DO need to get some wrapping done, baby," she whispered.

"I can help you, and I promise to keep my hands to myself, so we can get it done."

She gazed up into his eyes and smiled. "You know, I think trying to do that 'No Dick December' challenge ended up paying off for me. It made me horny enough to want my son's cock, and now that I've had it...I can't give it up."

"Oh, speaking of challenges, that reminds me. The guys at school want me want me to do a challenge with them in January," Manny revealed.

His mother fed him a suspicious look. "What type of challenge are we talking about?" she asked.

"It's called 'Just jerk January.' We can't fuck girls all month. We can only jerk off."

Holly quickly rolled her boy onto his back, then sat up, so her humongous tits loomed over him. She peeked down through the canyon of her cleavage. "Tell your friends to forget it! They can all pull on their pricks if they want, but you have plenty of hot fucking to do in January."

The hot bodied mother began to bounce on her son's prick, making it return to full hardness inside her. Manny watched her meaty milkers jump wildly up and down. Even her fat, rubbery teats seemed to quiver with each thrust as they stuck out from the wide round rings of her areola. "What about gift wrapping?" he asked.

“Fuck, gift wrapping!” she huffed, pounding her wet pussy down around his jutting erection, beating her stretched cuntal flanges against his cock base. Their tongues hung out in fuck lust as Holly plowed the big bell of her boy's cock against the back of her honey-honey, inches from where she had once held his body in a womb-sack. Her big marital bed rock beneath them as they settled into the rhythm of another heated fuck.

THE END