

Mommy File #32 – Stocking Stuffer

“Trevor, I need your opinion,” Tama requested, entering his bedroom.

The teen was busy doing his last minute gift wrapping for Christmas. He quickly covered one of the items he hadn’t wrapped yet, so his mom didn’t see it. “Opinion on what?” he asked.

“Some items that I purchased for your father’s stocking. I can’t decide which one to give him.”

“Alright, um...what are the items?” the boy asked, too busy gazing at his red headed mom’s humongous breasts to notice that she was holding the small items in question.

“Don’t blush, but they’re flavored lubricants,” she answered.

“Flavored lubricants?”

“Yes, you know, sex lubricants. I bought several different flavors and I can’t figure out which one your father would like best.”

Trevor hadn’t had a lot of sexual experience, so flavored sex lubrication was something he’d never heard of. It intrigued him though, especially since his beautiful mom was asking for his help. “Well, um...what flavors are there?” he asked.

Tama read the flashy labels on the bottles. “Let’s see...there’s strawberry kiwi, passion fruit, wild cherry, bubblegum blast, or luscious watermelon.”

“Well, I know which one I’d like...but dad, I’m not so sure about,” Trevor expressed.

“Let me guess...bubblegum blast?” his mother asked with a knowing smile.

“You know me well!”

“Yes I do! If only I was so sure about what flavor your father would like.”

Trevor wondered why she wouldn't just stuff all of them in his father's stocking and let HIM decide. “*She clearly purchased them all already, so what was she planning on doing with the bottles she didn't give dad?*” he wondered. He would have asked her this, but the idea of keeping a sexually-related conversation going, with his gorgeous mom, was a opportunity he didn't wanna pass up.

“Can I try them?” the boy asked. “Sometimes flavors don't even taste like what they say they should.”

“Sure. Which one do you wanna sample first?” she inquired.

“Do you have to ask, mom?”

Tama giggled, then handed the bottle of bubblegum blast to her boy. “Yes, I suppose that WAS a dumb question, wasn't it?” she uttered.

Before Trevor could open the bottle, a lightbulb went off inside his head. “So, not to point out the obvious or anything, but dad IS gonna be licking this stuff off of you, right?” he brazenly asked.

“Well, yes, that is the whole idea behind flavored sex lubricants, honey,” she blushed.

“Well then...maybe I should try licking the sample off of you. It might taste slightly different when it's being licked off of someone, do you know what I mean?”

Tama stared at her son hesitantly, surprised that he would even suggest it. “Yes, I see your point, but wouldn't that be a little, um...weird?” she asked.

“I don't have a problem sampling them that way, if you don't?”

“So, when you say ‘licking the sample off of me’...what part of my body are you suggesting?” she awkwardly asked.

“How about I lick this one off your arm?” Trevor proposed, picking a spot on his mom’s body that seemed innocent enough.

“Alright,” his mother giggled, stepping up and letting her boy squirt a dollop on her forearm.

Trevor tried to focus on the task at hand and not his mom’s breasts jutting out from beneath her cashmere Christmas sweater. Her top was so snug that he could see the outline of her big, tit-stuffed bra. The teen leaned down and cleaned the sample of lube from his mom’s arm with one swipe of his tongue. “Hmm, it actually does taste like bubblegum. You try it,” he told his mom, squirting some on his arm.

The teen watched in wide-eyed fascination as his mom dropped to her knees in front of him and drug her long, pink licker across his forearm, swiping away the lube. “Definitely bubblegum...with a hint of teenager,” she joked.

“Careful, that ‘teenager’ part might be poisonous.”

“Oh, now you tell me!” his mom playfully blurted.

“Let’s try strawberry kiwi next,” Trevor suggested, then stood up and made a brazen request. “Can I put some on your neck?”

“My neck?” his mom repeated, standing back up also and feeding him an odd expression.

“Well, yeah, that’s probably a more realistic place to try it from, right? We should see if the perfume you spray on affects the taste at all.”

“Oh, well, um...I guess that makes sense, honey,” Tama replied, squirting some strawberry kiwi on her finger, then dabbing it on her neck. Trevor stepped up to his mom, leaned in and sensually licked her there. He was delighted with how sweet and clean her long, red hair smelt.

Tama’s body shuddered at the feel of her boy’s licker curling across the flesh of her neck. Yes, he was her son, but her neck

was one of her super-sensitive erogenous zones, and the feel of his tongue made her blush in sexual arousal.

Trevor shook his head. “Well, I’m not a fan of strawberries OR kiwi, so I can’t honestly say if dad would like that one or not,” he admitted, then put a little more lube on his finger and dabbed it on his own neck. “Tell me what YOU think!”

Tama hesitated for a moment, then stepped up to her son. It was impossible for her to get too close to him without squashing her massive boobs against his chest. *“It’s just a harmless lick, to find out which flavor my husband would like the best. We’re not doing anything wrong,”* she told herself.

Trevor knew his mom’s was aroused. He could feel the erect nubs of her teats though her blouse and bra. The mother leaned in and tenderly ran her long licker across his neck, making him shudder in delight. “I’m not so sure about that one either,” she muttered, swirling the flavor through her mouth. “Let’s try the passion fruit.”

Trevor watched his mom open the bottle. Before she could decide on a place to sample it from, he suggested one. “Can we lick it off the inside of each other’s thighs?” he wickedly asked.

“Honey, no...the neck was pushing it, but licking each other’s thighs is DEFINITELY stepping over the line of what’s appropriate for a mother and son.”

“Oh come on, mom. It’s our thighs. It’s not like it’s a sexual body part. I’m just trying to think of spots that dad might wanna lick the lube off you, that way I can get an accurate assessment of whether or not he’d like the flavor.”

Tama thought about it for a moment. *“It’s closer to our private parts, yes, but it’s no different that us licking each other’s arms really,”* she told herself, then glanced over at her son’s open doorway. “Fine, but you should close your door. We don’t need your brother or sister walking by and getting the wrong idea,” she advised.

“No problem.”

Trevor closed his bedroom door and his mom sat down on his bed. She scooted her lovely ass back a bit, so she could bring her legs up onto the mattress and bow them open. Tama wore skimpy khaki shorts that left her creamy thighs exposed. She put some passion fruit lubrication on her finger, then went to dab it on.

“Wait!” her son blurted. “A little higher.”

She fed her boy a mischievous grin, then rubbed the clear liquid high on her inner thigh, dangerously close to her puffy crotch.

Her son leaned down, lowering his head between his mom’s legs. He gave her smooth thigh the longest, wettest lick he could, while staring at her pubis. His mom's shorts were so snug that he could clearly make out the crease of her cuntal slit.

“That flavor’s pretty yummy! Your turn now!” he stated, standing back up.

Tama glanced at her son’s bulge, which she could tell had grown since she’s first gotten here. “You have pants on though,” she observed.

“I can take them off,” Trevor replied, unsnapping his jeans.

“Honey, that’s alright. I’ll just put some on my finger and try it.”

“No. mom, really...I still have underwear on, look!” Trevor said, shedding his pants.

Tama’s eyes focused not so much on his briefs as on the tubular-shaped appendage beneath them. It was clearly fully erect. She could even make out the shape of his plump knob through the snug cotton fabric.

Trevor sat down and spread his legs slightly, making his mom look away in embarrassment. “Hand me the lube. I’ll put some on,” he requested. “I’ll put some on my thigh, I mean.”

“I know what you meant,” his mom giggled, handing him the bottle of passion fruit lubrication.

Trevor placed some on the same location that she had applied hers, then watched his mom lower down between his legs, the same way a girl would if she were sucking his cock. Her tongue slithered out and sensually licked up the tasty liquid that he had squirted on his skin. She was so close to his junk that she could smell the musky scent of his dick and balls. She was shocked at how fast it made her heart race and her cunt tingle. *“This is SO wrong!”* she told herself, while stealing another good look at his shrouded cock-bulge. *“But WOW is he big!”* She rose to her feet, clearly aroused and flushed. “You’re right. The passion fruit IS pretty tasty! I think I’ll just put this one in your father’s stocking and call it good.”

“Hold on, mom...we have two more to try,” her son pointed out. “Dad loves the cherry pie you make. I’m pretty sure he’d prefer the wild cherry lube over the passion fruit.”

Tama watched her boy look down at her ballooning breasts and stare at them a moment. “I know what you’re thinking, Charlie, and the answer’s no!” she cautioned.

“What was I thinking?” he asked with a guilty smile.

“Something you SHOULD~~N~~’T be thinking, that’s what.”

“The nipples would be an appropriate spot to sample some lube from,” the teen stated.

“No, it would be an INAPPROPRIATE place to sample from! A VERY inappropriate place!”

“No, mom, by ‘appropriate’ I mean a place that dad would most likely want to put flavored lube on you and lick it off,” Trevor clarified.

“Yes, maybe...but need I remind you, Trevor, that you’re NOT your father! In fact, he’d probably ground you for a year for what you’re suggesting to do to me.”

“Whatever, mom! If you don’t like the idea than why are your nipples so hard?”

“My nipples...are not hard!” Tama blushed, covering them up with her hands.

“Then why are you covering them up?”

“Because you’re staring at them!” she blurted, clearly frazzled.

“You mean like you were staring at my dick a minute ago?”

“I was not staring at your di-....penis!” she retorted, glancing down at it again.

“See. There you go again!”

“Trevor, I’m NOT taking my tits out, alright...so pick another spot.”

“Any spot?” the teen asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Any spot that ISN’T a sexual body part.”

“Then I can’t lick the wild cherry lube off your clitoris then?”

“NO!” she exclaimed with a laugh. “Especially not there! Oh my God! I can't believe how bad you’re being.”

“Mom, aren’t you curious how a person’s body fluids may change the taste of the lubrication completely? It may create a flavor that dad does like at all.”

“What’s that have to do with my clitoris?”

“Your vagina gets wet when it gets aroused, does it not? And so does my penis...you know, with pre-cum,” he explained.

“I’m well aware of how arousal works, Trevor.”

“Alright, then you must know how the flavor of the lubrication can be substantially altered, by our sexual body fluids. That’s why I think we should test it out, so you know how much the lube-flavor changes when mixed in with them.”

Tama realized that her son had a point, but also knew there were certain boundaries that shouldn't be crossed.

“Fine! You can lick the wild cherry from my nipple, but you ARE NOT putting your tongue on my clitoris! End of story!”

“Alright, take them out then,” Trevor urged, staring at the giant swell of her stiff-nippled breasts.

“This WAS NOT what I had in mind when I came to ask for your opinion tonight,” Tama uttered, grasping the hem of her blouse, then her bra, lifting them both up at once.

Trevor's eyes widened as his mom's meaty tits sprung from her bra-cups and bobbed heavily in front of him. She had breasts just like those big tit models he followed on the internet, with wide areola and turgid nipples. **“Damn, mom...those are incredible!”** he beamed, marveling at their fatty contours.

“Thanks!” Tama answered, opening the bottle of wild cherry flavored lubrication. “Which nipple do you want?”

“Can I lick both?” the teen asked, gawking back and forth between the two of them.

“Don't press your luck, Trevor.”

“Fine. I'll take that one,” he decided, motioning to her left breast.

He watched his mom drizzle some lube on it, making it run down the cap of her areola. He wasted no time moving over and licking the peak of her breast. He spread his lips across her papilla, slurping on it lustfully. He suctioned his cheeks, drawing her rubbery nipple deeper into his mouth.

“Hey, I said licking, not sucking!” his mom reminded him.

“Sorry, I just wanted to make sure I cleaned it all off. Wanna do mine now?” he asked, lifting his shirt.

“I suppose,” Tama answered, squirting some lube on her son’s nipple and licking it off sensually. Then, she bit Trevor’s nipple playfully, clamping it between her pretty white teeth.

“OUCH!” he shouted.

“That’s for being such a naughty brat!” she stated with a teasing smile.

“I’ll let you bite my other nipple if you let me squirt some luscious watermelon lube between your legs.”

“Forget it, Trevor! We’ve already crossed the line.”

“If we’ve already crossed it, then why not go a little further?”

“Because I’m your mother, that’s why,” she reminded him.

“Come on, mom. This is the one place that dad’s gonna wanna use the flavored lubrication the most. In order to get an accurate assessment of which flavor he’ll like the best, don’t you really think we should lick the sample from that spot?”

Tama sighed, glancing down at the obvious tent in her son’s underwear. She had to admit, son or not, a tongue-swipe on her cunt would feel pretty fucking good about now. “One lick, that’s it, understand? That means you lick my clit...I lick your knob, then we’re done! Got it?!”

“Got it!” her boy replied.

Trevor watched his mom peel off her shorts, then her panties, exposed her shaved pussy. She sat down on the edge of his bed, then brought her knees back, spreading her thighs widely at the same time. “Fuck!” he muttered, staring wondrously at her thick cuntal flanges and the juicy furrow between them.

“Trevor, you know I don’t like that word,” his mom scolded.

“Sorry. Will you put a lot of lubrication on, so it runs down through your slit and across your asshole?”

His mom giggled and shook her head. “You’re horrible!”

“Come on, mom. I was nice enough to take time away from my gift wrapping to help you. Indulge me just a little.”

“Fine!” she blurted, then squirted a good portion of luscious watermelon on her clit and pussy-petals.

“Damn!” Trevor shouted, licking his lips. “I hope you don’t expect me to get ALL that in just one lick, mom.”

“Trevor, come on...I said you could lick my clitoris, not devour my pussy.”

“I'm just saying...you put more than a lot more than a few drops of watermelon on there.”

“Fine! You have thirty-seconds, starting now!” she giggled.

Trevor dove at her glistening pussy face-first. He laved his tongue through her puffy folds and across her engorged clitoris. Tama’s vulvar flesh was sucked into her boy’s mouth and he savored the smell and taste of hot pussy and luscious watermelon. He ended his oral cleaning by swiping his tongue down her perineum and across the ring of her butthole.

“YUMMY!” he gasped, wishing he could keep going. “REALLY YUMMY!”

“I’ll be the judge of that,” his mom replied, sitting up, then peeling off her son’s underwear. His cock sprung out from his crotch, long and proud. He watched his mom apply an ample amount of tasty lube to his privates also, then she leaned forward and began lapping at it like a kitten.

“*FUCKING WILD!*” the boy’s dirty mind exclaimed, watching Tama run her long, lively tongue all over his erection. Just as he had with her pussy, his mom let her licker travel the length of his pecker several times, and even swiped down onto his cum-swollen balls before she was through.

“It’s good, but I still think your father will like the passion fruit the best,” Tama stated as she stood back up.

“I agree,” Trevor said with a sigh, watching his mom pull her shirt and bra down. Then, she slipped her panties and shorts back on.

“Thanks for your help, honey,” she whispered, stepping up and giving him a quick kiss. “And, uh...don’t worry, even though you were naughty, you’re still on Santa’s nice list.”

The next morning, the family gathered around the Christmas tree, each going through their stocking. Tama’s husband discovered the passion fruit flavored lubrication and fed his wife a discreet smile. “Oh, I definitely see a treat I’d like to try out later,” he stated in a hushed tone.

Trevor pulled the items from his own stocking, nearly arriving at the bottom. The final stocking stuffer was the bottle of bubblegum blast flavored lubrication. He looked over at his mom and she grinned salaciously, then winked at him. It was an acknowledgment of their little taste-test the night before, and also a hint that it just may happen again.