



Mom's Christmas Gift

By Klrxo

Mom bent down, her massive unfettered tits nearly spilling out of her barely-tied crimson robe as she handed me a small box wrapped in gold paper. "Since your sister's playing with her new gifts, I'll give you

this one next," she said, flashing a smile that made her luscious red lips part just enough to show her teeth.

Her robe gaped open completely, exposing the deep valley between her obscenely huge breasts. The pale, dangling flesh of her cleavage glowed in the Christmas lights, her 38HHs straining against the thin fabric like two overfilled water balloons.

My blonde mom, with those honey-gold waves falling over her shoulders, had the biggest fucking rack in Pine Creek—all my friends jerked off thinking about being smothered between those warm colossal udders.

"Thanks," I muttered, my hands shaking as I ripped through the paper. The black box underneath had silver lettering I blurted out before my brain caught up:

"Vibrating Cock Ring."

Dad's face turned the color of a baboon's ass as he shot mom a look that could've curdled milk, his jaw grinding like he was chewing glass under that salt-and-pepper stubble. "Shannon...seriously?!"

"What?! I think it's a great gift!" Mom's lips curled into that slutty grin that made her dimples pop like little cum-catchers. "Cooper's got a man's dick now and this is a man's toy."

"Yes, one he should be buying with his own damn money..." Dad's voice dropped to a ball-shriveling growl, "...not having his mother give it as a gift on Christmas morning."

"I didn't give it to him," Mom purred, leaning forward until her tits nearly smothered me, her vanilla perfume hitting me like an aphrodisiac as she gave me a wink so dirty it could've stained sheets. "Santa did."

"Put that thing away before your sister walks in," Dad snarled, his knuckles going white as corpse bones while he death-gripped his chair.

"Miles, unclench your sphincter..." Mom spat as her robe slipped a little further, exposing another sloping inch of those milk-white globes. "She's busy playing with her new gifts. Let Cooper see his new cock toy."

My trembling fingers awkwardly tore off the crinkly plastic, then pried open the sleek black box as Mom shifted closer, her warm, silky thigh pressing against mine on the couch.

"This is the nicest one they had," she purred. "It's a premium silicone ring and vibrating bullet combo. It's designed to enhance your cock during sexual penetration."

"Shannon, I'm sure he doesn't need a tutorial from you," Dad commented as he rolled his eyes toward the ceiling, a vein throbbing visibly at his temple.

Mom ignored him, her honey-blond hair cascading over her shoulder as she watched me extract the glistening black double ring and attached bullet vibe from the velvet-lined box.

"It has two stretchy rings," she pointed out, her manicured fingernail tracing the circumference of each. "One for your shaft and one for your sack, to increase the hardness of your erection while you fuck."

"That is, um...pretty cool," I choked out, while my cock turned to granite under my pajamas, the fat head already leaking pre-cum into the thin flannel.

Mom's massive tits heaved with each breath, those volleyball-sized jugs straining against her blood-red robe like they were desperate to escape. When she leaned forward, the silk slipped further, exposing the outer edges of her softball-sized areolas—those dusky pink circles peeking out like bullseyes I couldn't stop staring at.

My dick throbbed painfully as Dad's furious glare burned into me, but I couldn't tear my eyes away from Mom's exposed flesh glowing under the Christmas lights.

"The bullet vibrator is strategically placed along the top to hit a girl's clitoris with every thrust," mom explained, her glossy red lips forming each word with deliberate precision. "You'll make her cum like crazy!"

Dad's knuckles whitened as he gripped the worn arms of his recliner before abruptly standing. "I think I'll excuse myself from this conversation and get some more coffee," he growled as he stalked toward the kitchen, the floorboards creaking under his heavy steps.

"That's probably best...seeing as you can't manage this conversation like an adult," Mom called after him, then rolled her eyes at me, her slutty wink making my dick jump like it was hooked to a car battery.

"I think it's a cool gift," I told her, my voice breaking like a pubescent bitch as I shifted to hide the tent in my pajamas that could've housed a fucking circus.

She grinned, her cock-sucking red lips spreading wide. "Of course you do. You're just like me...we get wet for the dirty stuff."

I swallowed hard, my voice barely above a whisper. "Mom, do you have...you know...sex toys too?"

She whipped her head toward the kitchen doorway, those honey-blond waves bouncing as she checked

that Dad was truly gone. Leaning in so close her warm, squishy tits pressed against my arm, she licked those glossy red lips.

"Yes, baby. Got a whole drawer of silicone cocks that would make a porn star jealous. My favorite's this thick black vibrator with veiny ridges that makes my pussy cream in seconds. Your father doesn't know I've got enough rubber dick hidden away to satisfy a whorehouse," she giggled.

My brain flooded with a filthy mental image—Mom sprawled naked across her king-sized bed, those thick MILF thighs splayed wide open like a fucking wishbone, her glistening pussy lips stretched around a monstrous black dildo she rammed into her dripping cunt with brutal thrusts.

Her massive tits—those jiggling 38HH flesh-mountains—bounced and slapped against each other like two sweaty water balloons in a hurricane while she fucked herself raw, her honey-blonde hair plastered to her sweat-slick forehead as she pumped that silicone cock in and out of her sloppy, cream-filled hole.

I locked eyes with Mom, my gaze trapped in those emerald-green pools like a fly in honey. Her crimson lips curled into a knowing smirk that screamed she could read every filthy thought racing through my testosterone-flooded brain.

"Toys ARE fun, sugar," she purred, her voice dripping like warm honey over a cock, "but nothing beats the real thing."

She ran her tongue over those glossy dick-sucking lips. "That's what makes your new cock ring so special—it's not just another piece of rubber to jerk your meat with. It's designed to turn that thick shaft of yours into a pussy-destroying battering ram when you're balls-deep in some wet cunt."

I stared at the box like it contained nuclear launch codes, trying not to look at Mom's tits about to spill out. "So, this just plugs in when I'm not using it?" I asked, fingering the charging port like it was a virgin's clit.

"Yep. USB charging so it's always ready to make pussy cream between your fuck sessions," Mom replied, her blonde hair bouncing like she was riding a thick shaft as she grabbed the remote.

"This is my favorite part though," she continued. "A remote control with eight vibration settings—from 'barely there' to 'holy shit I'm cumming my brains out.'"

"Damn...that's a lot of settings," I exclaimed.

"Yep, you'll be able to change up the sensations you place on the clitoris, and the vibrator is completely waterproof," she explained with a mischievous wink,

"which is good because girls you fuck will be squirting cunt-juice all over this thing like a goddamn firehose."

Mom giggled, the sound light and musical, making her massive 38HH tits jiggle like Christmas jelly beneath her blood-red silk robe. The thin fabric clung to her braless udders like plastic wrap, and I couldn't tear my eyes away from her thick, erect nipples that looked like fucking thumbs pushing against the delicate material.

My eyes drifted down and I noticed that mom's short robe had ridden up her smooth thighs, revealing her slutty white lace panties. They were so fucking see-through I could make out every detail of her fat pussy lips—the plump outer folds clearly visible through the soaking wet mesh that clung to her crotch like it was painted on.

I looked up to catch Mom watching me through half-lidded eyes, her glossy crimson lips curled into a filthy little smirk that screamed she knew exactly what I was doing.

Those cock-hardening green eyes flicked deliberately down to her exposed cleavage, then back to my face—like she was serving up those massive tits on a fucking platter and daring me to keep staring at her MILF body. Her tongue darted out, leaving her bottom lip glistening wet as she shifted, making those heavy jugs wobble beneath the blood-red silk.



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"D—does dad ever use one of these cock rings?" I brazenly stuttered, my throat dry as sandpaper.

"No," mom snickered. "Your father's limp-dick generation needs those little blue pills just to get their shriveled cocks half-hard. These toys are made for young studs with monster dongs like yours—to turn that thick meat into a pussy-destroying weapon."

"Well, it'll be cool to try it out," I confessed, my cock throbbing like a second heartbeat against my pajamas, the head already leaking pre-cum into the thin fabric.

Mom's red-tipped fingers slid up my thigh, her nails leaving trails of fire that made my dick jump like it was hooked to a car battery.

"Have you ever stretched one of these rubber rings around that gorgeous meat-missile of yours before, baby?" she whispered, her blonde hair falling forward like a porn star's as she invaded my space, bathing me in that vanilla scent that made my balls tighten.

"I used a basic one once," I admitted, hypnotized by her massive tits threatening to spill out as she leaned toward me, "but nothing with two rings like this. Might need a minute to figure out how to strap this thing on right."

Mom's glossy lips hovered by my ear, her hot breath making my skin prickle. "When a woman's cunt is dripping wet and ready for action, the last thing she wants is to watch you fumble with your toys," she purred.

Her crimson nail traced the box like it was outlining a pussy. "Want mommy to show you exactly how to mount this thing on your big-boy dick?"

My heart hammered in my chest while I squirmed, the flannel dragging across my steel-hard erection. "You mean... actually help put it... on me?" I choked out, my mouth bone-dry as the filthy implication sank in.

"Uh-huh," she purred like a horny schoolgirl, tossing her honey-blonde mane over one shoulder. "That way you'll know exactly how to gear up before you pound some lucky slut's pussy into next week. Let's go to your bedroom where I can show you how to put in on in private."

Dad's heavy footsteps announced his return from the kitchen, coffee mug clutched in his white-knuckled grip. "Shall we open some more gifts?" he asked.

Mom's silky robe slipped further as she stood, revealing the deep valley between her breasts. "Why don't we take a break from that for just a bit, honey. Cooper and I are going upstairs so I can help him try on his new gift," she replied, her fingertips brushing my shoulder.

Dad's face contorted into a crimson mask of disbelief. "Try it on?!" he sputtered, nearly choking on the words. "Shannon, it was bad enough that you bought him that damn thing, now you wanna show him how to use it?"

Mom's lips curled into a dismissive pout. "Well, who else is gonna show him...you?"

She flicked her honey-blonde hair over one shoulder. "He certainly can't learn how to put it on for the first time when he's with a girl...he'll embarrass himself."

"He shouldn't be putting something like that on in front of his mother," Dad's stated, knuckles whitened as he gripped his coffee mug so hard I thought it might shatter.

"Miles, I HAVE seen a cock before." Mom rolled her eyes, the green irises catching the Christmas lights. "It's really not that big of a deal. I bought it for him, so it's only right that I make sure he knows how to use it, otherwise I've wasted my money. We'll be back down in a few minutes to finish unwrapping gifts," she stated with finality.

I think mom purposely went upstairs first so my eyes could devour her ass as I followed her up the carpeted stairway. Her fat, juicy bubble butt jiggled like two basketballs fighting in a silk sack with each step,. Her bronze, waxed legs went on for fucking miles beneath the hem that crept up to reveal the lower curves of her ass cheeks.

"Your father is such a prude," mom snickered, twisting to look at me over her shoulder, her wet tongue slithering across her cock-sucking lips. Her slutty green eyes locked onto the tent in my pajamas where

my rock-hard dick throbbed painfully with each step. "He's clueless that mothers handle their sons' sexual education all the time."

"For real?" I asked, my voice breaking like a bitch as my eyes magnetized to the deep valley between her massive tits where her robe gaped open.

"Absolutely," mom purred, stopping mid-staircase to face me, her pupils blown wide as she leaned back against the railing, making her wide, dusky areolas peek out of her barely-closed robe. "We moms not only know a thing or two about bedroom acrobatics, we fucking invented them," she said with a wink, then stuck out her long pink tongue playfully.

"That's so cool," I sighed, hoping there wasn't too much of a blush on my face.

"Some moms teach their boys everything—how to eat pussy, finger-bang a cunt until it squirts, and pound a woman's holes until she screams."

I swallowed the lump in my throat. "I'm grateful you're showing me this, mom," I muttered, shifting my weight awkwardly. "I'd look like a total loser if I fumbled with this cock ring while some girl waited for me to have sex with her."



Mom's face melted into a filthy smile as she yanked me against her body, crushing my face into her massive tits until my nose disappeared in her cleavage trench.

"That's what moms are for, baby," she purred, her voice vibrating through those jiggling flesh-globes.

Her toned leg coiled around my waist like a python, her painted toes dragging up my calf while her silk-covered cunt mashed against my throbbing cock-head.

The scalding heat of her dripping pussy seeped through our clothes as she ground her fat mound against my steel-hard shaft, her slutty green eyes half-lidded with raw hunger.

Mom's hot breath tickled my ear as she whispered, "Jesus Christ, your cock feels like a fucking steel pipe against me," while she ground her silk-covered cunt up and down my shaft with agonizing slowness.

Each deliberate drag of her pussy lips against my length made my balls tighten painfully.

"Mmm, I can feel every thick vein through these thin pajamas," she purred, her hips rotating in small circles to measure my girth. "If you're this rock-hard already, I can only imagine how that fat monster will look when it's purple and throbbing with that cock ring strangling your shaft."

She grabbed my trembling hand, her red talons digging into my palm. "Let's get that beast properly equipped," she growled, yanking me toward my bedroom.

Mom twisted the lock on my bedroom door with a decisive click. "I better secure this in case your nosy sister decides to barge in unannounced," she murmured, her cat-like eyes gleaming with hunger in the soft bedroom light. "Go ahead and whip those flannel pajama bottoms off, sweetie."

Knowing my monster cock had made every slut who'd seen it practically cream herself, I felt my balls tighten with pride as I hooked my thumbs into the elastic waistband. I yanked off my sweat-stained t-shirt too, tossing it onto my blue comforter.

Standing completely naked before her, I watched mom's jaw drop as my throbbing meat-pole bobbed between us, angry veins bulging along the shaft.

"Mom?" I finally asked after she stood frozen, her dick-sucking lips parted as she openly gawked at my pulsing rod. "Are you alright?"

She blinked slowly, licking her crimson lips like a hungry lioness eyeing a piece of raw meat. "Yes...I was just having a 'proud mom' moment," she purred, her voice husky with lust. "You have a gorgeous cock, Cooper. So thick and veiny it makes my mouth water."

"Thanks!" I smirked, watching her hungry eyes fixate on my swollen purple helmet. My dick jerked upward like it was trying to high-five her face.

"Fuck, I love how your fat cock curves upward like that," mom purred, tracing an invisible arc with her blood-red nail. "Bet you hammer the absolute shit out of a bitch's G-spot with that monster."

"G-spot?" I mumbled like a dumbass, my face burning hot.

"Yes, baby," she whispered, leaning so close her tits nearly spilled out. "That juicy sweet spot inside a cunt that makes sluts lose their fucking minds. Two inches in, front wall. When your curved dick-head drags across it, their pussies gush like broken faucets."

"Well, now that you mention it," I sighed, my voice thick as tar, "both girls I've had sex with squirted everywhere. Drenched my balls and ass crack completely."

"I'll bet they did," Mom snickered, her massive tits bouncing obscenely as she giggled. "Hung studs like you better get used to sopping wet dicks and cum-soaked sheets. Once you strap this ring around that veiny beast, you'll have girls screaming your name while their cunts spray all over your bedroom."

"Sounds amazing," I admitted, staring at the box in her red-tipped fingers, "if I can figure out how to get it on right."

"I'll show you exactly how," Mom purred, her heavy tits swinging like pendulums beneath the practically see-through robe as she slinked toward me, her bare feet padding across my floor. "Grab the lube from your jerk-off stash in the top drawer."

My pulse hammered like a jackhammer, my dick somehow getting even harder as shame and lust collided in my gut. "How'd you know where I keep my lube?" I asked, my voice breaking like a prepubescent bitch.

"I'm your mother," she purred, those slutty emerald eyes glittering beneath thick lashes. "I know where everything in this house. That Slippery Silk lube sits in your top drawer, right beside whatever cum-stained pair of my panties you've jacked your meat to that day—usually those black lace ones with the tiny bow."

My face burned hotter than Satan's taint as I tried playing dumb. "Don't know what you're talking about," I mumbled, staring at her massive tits instead of those knowing eyes.

"No?" Her cock-sucking lips twisted into a filthy smirk. She strutted to my dresser, her fat ass cheeks jiggling with each step, then yanked open the drawer and fished out a tiny pink thong, dangling it from one long, French-tipped nail. "Does this crusty little fuck-rag refresh your memory?"

"Yeah, sorry," I muttered, my face burning crimson.

"I didn't ask for an apology, baby boy," mom said sweetly, her eyes glinting like a predator's. "It's perfectly natural for a horny stud to huff and slobber all

over his mother's pussy-scented panties while he beats his throbbing meat until his balls empty.”

"It's...okay then?" I asked, my voice cracking.

Mom's crimson lips curled into that filthy smile as she leaned in, her hot breath tickling my ear. "It's more than okay, baby boy," she purred. "A son and his mother share the rawest connection through her cunt-scent. That tangy musk that soaks my panties? It's the same primal aroma that coated your entire body when you swam in my womb."

Her blood-red talon traced my jaw as her voice dropped to a guttural growl. "When your balls empty because you're huffing mommy's pussy-scent, you're completing nature's filthiest circle. Your cock knows exactly where it came from."

“I do have a suggestion though, baby,” she continued.

"What?" I asked, my cock twitching visibly between us.

"That we establish some filthy little 'exchange system' so you don't have to raid my bedroom like a perverted little burglar,” she explained. “If your dad caught you stealing my juice-soaked panties, his balls would practically explode with rage."

“That's true...” I nodded eagerly, my dick throbbing painfully. "He'd blow a gasket!"

"How about this..." Her blood-red nail traced a circle around my nipple, making it harden instantly.

"Whenever your balls start aching to empty, I'll sneak into your room after you've showered, and we'll swap underwear privately, just a horny mother servicing her well-hung son."

"You mean you'll give me the ones still on your body?" I asked, practically drooling at the thought.

"Yes!" She winked, her lashes batting like slutty butterfly wings. "You shouldn't be jerking that fat teenage cock with stale panties anyway. They're a thousand times better when they're still hot and dripping with cunt juice, fresh off mommy's swollen lips."

My cock slapped against my stomach in agreement.

"Holy shit, yes!"

"If you're a REALLY good boy, you'll get them after I've been finger-fucking myself and the crotch is absolutely drenched with my sticky pussy-honey," she purred with a filthy wink.

Since she was offering, I decided to engage in our first exchange right then and there. "Can I have the ones you have on now?" I brazenly asked, my voice dropping to a husky whisper as my cock swelled to painful

proportions, veins bulging along the shaft like angry worms.

Mom giggled cutely. "You just wanna see how fucking soaked your teenage dick has made my cunt-rag, don't you?" she purred, her emerald eyes darkening with raw animal lust as she stared into mine, her massive tits heaving against the thin silk with each panting breath.

"Maybe," I replied, grinning like a horny jackass. I handed her the silky pink thong crusty with my dried jizz.

Mom stuffed it into her robe pocket, her blood-red nails caressing the cum-stained fabric like it was a precious artifact. She reached beneath her crimson silk robe, hooking her thumbs into her dainty panty-straps before peeling the lace-trimmed cloth down her glistening, baby-oil slick thighs.

The crotch was soaked through, a dark wet patch evidence of her dripping snatch. When her sexy feet with those glossy crimson-painted toes finally kicked free from the sodden garment, my heart hammered so hard I thought my ribs might crack.

Mom's meaty ass made the mattress sag as she plopped onto my bed, spreading her thick thighs and patting them with her French-manicured claws. "Come lay

your head in mommy's lap," she commanded, her voice dripping with honey but leaving no room for argument.

I scrambled into position, my purple-veined, nine-inch cock slapping back against my six-pack with a wet thwack that echoed through the room.

My hairless balls ached as I sprawled beside her and nestled my head on her soft-as-fuck thighs. Holy shit—from this angle, Mom's slutty face with those bee-stung, cock-sucking lips looked even more fuckable, framed by that blonde hair cascading around her like some porn-star money shot.

Just beyond her face loomed those massive fucking 38HH tit-mountains, practically spilling out of that flimsy-ass robe. The musky smell of her cunt mixed with that expensive vanilla perfume she always wore made my dick throb so hard I thought it might explode off my balls like a stick of dynamite.

"Like I told you before, baby," Mom purred, "there's nothing wrong with a horny mother helping her well-hung son get his rocks off. I'll hold these honey-soaked panties right against your face while you beat that gorgeous fucking meat until your balls empty completely."

I gulped like a horny fish out of water, my Adam's apple jerking up and down while I wrapped my sweaty fingers

around my cock. That veiny fuck-rod was so swollen it looked ready to burst, the purple mushroom head glistening like a wet plum.

Mom's long fingernail traced a slow, torturous circle around the swollen purple crown of my throbbing cock, her emerald eyes widening as she admired the angry flare where my shaft met the glistening mushroom head.

"Fuck, baby," she purred, her hot breath tickling my sensitive skin, "this dick-helmet is so engorged it looks ready to burst.'

Her nail dragged delicately along the taut band of my frenulum, making my entire shaft jerk violently. "Look how fucking tight this little cock-string is," she growled, licking those crimson lips. "Your meat-pole is so rock-hard it's practically strangling itself."

Mom place her wet panties right against my nostrils, the crotch patch still steaming with her cunt heat. I huffed that pussy perfume like a goddamn drug—that raw, animal aroma of her dripping snatch filled my head, making my balls tighten like two walnuts in a vice.

My dick leaked sticky pre-jizz while that silky fabric, still hot from her throbbing pussy lips, rubbed against my face.

"Mmm, look at that cock-snot bubbling from your purple dick-head, baby," Mom growled, her slutty emerald eyes bulging at my meat. "That fuck-honey will grease up your hand-job real nice for a few minutes before your balls start churning up more."

She was right. I swiped the gooey pearl of pre-cum from my swollen cock-head, smearing it down my throbbing nine-inch meat-pole. The slick juice greased every brutal stroke, my fist making obscene wet slurping sounds like a hungry cunt devouring dick.

I buried my face deeper in those silky, fragrant panties, huffing that raw pussy scent like a goddamn junkie while she watched me with those slutty emerald eyes like a two-bit whore.

"Don't those panties smell better fresh off mommy's cunny?" she asked, her voice thick as molasses.

"Fuck yeah," I gasped like a rutting animal, my chest heaving.

"Makes you wanna split some tight cunt in half till she screams your fucking name, doesn't it, baby?" she purred, her blood-red claws raking through my sweat-drenched hair.

"God yes!" I snarled, jackhammering my veiny cock-meat faster, squeezing my shaft till the purple head bulged obscenely.

My violent jerking made mom's massive 38HH tit-flesh bounce like jello beneath that flimsy robe, her fat nipples threatening to spill out with each savage stroke.

"How do you like to fuck a hot, dripping cunt, sweetheart?" she asked with filthy directness, her slutty emerald eyes almost black with raw lust. "Do you like pinning those silky thighs back and jackhammering that quivering pink fuck-hole until she's screaming your name?"

"Yes...that's my favorite!" I growled, my nine-inch fuck-rod twitching like a rabid animal between us, veins bulging obscenely along the shaft.

"Mmm, I bet that massive twat-splitter can pound a whimpering slut until she can't walk straight, can't it?" she purred, her blood-red claws tracing lazy circles on my sweat-slicked chest.

"Yeah, I like to d-do that a-a lot," I confessed, sticky pre-jizz oozing from my swollen purple cock-head like thick honey.

"Do you like how wet mommy's panties are?" she moaned, perfect teeth biting her plump bottom lip. "My

cunt is so fucking wet it's practically flooding. I'm dripping like a broken faucet down there."

"Your panties are really wet," I groaned, my throbbing meat-pole jerking upward with each hammering heartbeat.

I sucked the gusset of mom's lace-trimmed panties into my eager mouth and nearly gagged on the overwhelming taste of her tangy, intoxicating cunt-nectar coating my tongue like honey mixed with sea salt.

She dragged her blood-red talons across my burning cheek, those hypnotic emerald eyes boring into mine like she was mentally undressing my soul. "Mmm, savor that Christmas pussy-juice, my filthy little motherfucker," she purred.

"Mmmnn," I whimpered, imagining what it would be like if she flooded my mouth with such tasty essence.

"Picture that throbbing horse-cock of yours buried balls-deep in mommy's sopping fuck-cave," mom said in a sultry tone. "Feel my cunt muscles strangling your tender cock-meat until your balls empty like a fucking fire hose."

"Holy Christ!" I choked out, my voice breaking like a pubescent choir boy as I violently jerked my veiny

purple cock-monster, sticky pre-jizz oozing from the swollen mushroom head with each brutal stroke.

Mom's obscene words ricocheted through my skull like filthy bullets. Those massive tit-mountains practically spilled from her flimsy robe, jiggling with each of her heavy breaths, making my nut-sack contract so tight against my taint I thought my balls might disappear inside me.

"I know all about your filthy fuck-dreams, Cooper...mommy knows every fucking detail," she growled, her spit-flecked lips brushing my earlobe.

"You jerk that purple penis while sniffing mommy's juice-soaked panties because you're dying to feel my dripping cunt-hole strangling that magnificent fuck-rod. In those pervert fantasies, you pound me like a two-dollar whore—bent over the kitchen counter with my fat ass jiggling, spread-eagle on the dining table with my pussy-juice soaking the wood, slammed against the shower wall with hot water spraying over my bouncing tits—all while your father's gone selling insurance. Isn't that right, you motherfucker?"

My cock throbbed so violently I thought it might snap off. I couldn't form words, just nodded like a brain-damaged puppet while sweat poured down my chest.

"You imagine mommy gagging on that veiny dick-hammer until tears streams down my face...giving you sloppy cock-worship with gallons of spit and my tongue working your balls, before you bury your face in my bald, pink fuck-hole and I squirt cunt-juice all over you like a whore."

Her blood-red talons raked my chest, leaving angry welts across my slick skin. "Every mother out there secretly wants young cock," she hissed, teeth grazing my neck. "While you're jerking off to mommy's panties, I'm three fingers deep in my throbbing cunt thinking about that magnificent baby-maker splitting me in half."

Suddenly, there was a sharp, authoritative knock at the door. "Are you guys about finished?" dad asked from the hallway, his gruff voice muffled through the oak door. "We have more gifts to open."

"We'll be right down, honey," mom replied in a sing-song voice, then looked down at me again with those hypnotic emerald eyes, her slender fingers removing the silver cap to my bottle of premium silicone lube. "Let's get that monster cock properly greased up so you can try on your new cock ring. Stand back up."

I rolled off the memory foam mattress, my cock jutting out like a goddamn flagpole as mom squirted a fat glob of clear lube into her palm.



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She dropped to her knees, that slutty crimson robe splitting open to show off her milky thighs. Holy fuck— she grabbed my throbbing meat without hesitation, her red claws wrapping around my veiny shaft.

"Normally you'd put a cock-ring on a limp dick," she said, voice dripping like a whore in heat, "but you're probably concrete most of the time anyway."

Her slippery fist squeezed my pulsing rod, working that greasy shit from base to tip while I nearly passed out from the sensation. My purple cock-head leaked pre-jizz that mixed with the lube on her fingers, creating a hot foam.

Mom's blood-red nails stretched the wet silicone ring around my cum-filled nuts. "You gotta force one ball through this tight hole, then the other," she panted, her eyes locked on my twitching cock like she wanted to devour it, "until this rubber band is choking your ball-sack nice and tight."

I watched, hypnotized like a fucking cobra, as she stretched the second ring, guiding my throbbing fuck-stick through it. "There," she purred, those cock-sucking crimson lips glistening wet, "how's that feel strangling your veiny monster, baby?"

"Feels amazing actually," I growled, gawking at my jutting rod. It looked massive and threatening in the cock ring, angry veins bulging like worms beneath the skin, my swollen purple mushroom head drooling sticky pre-jizz.

"Those little sluts will flood their panties when they see this magnificent woman-splitter," mom moaned. "All you have to do is lie back while they grind their dripping cunts against this gorgeous slab—their tight

holes will squeeze you like a fucking python when you're engorged like this."



"Yes!" I gasped as another pearl of pre-cum oozed from my piss-slit.

"Can you feel how it's choking the blood in your throbbing cock-meat?" mom whispered, eye-fucking my engorged shaft while dragging a crimson talon along its pulsing length.

"Christ, yes," I groaned, my voice thick with animal lust.

"It's making every inch of your thick shaft more sensitive," she whispered, her massive tits heaving beneath her silk robe like two caged animals, "and your pleasure will be intensified tenfold when you ram that gorgeous cock into some slut's slobbering mouth, her juice-drenched pussy-hole, or that forbidden shit-tunnel between her ass cheeks."

"Shit-tunnel?" I gasped, my voice cracking like thin ice as my cock jerked violently against the strangling ring.

Mom looked up at me, those luscious lips stretching into a filthy grin while my purple cock-head throbbed like a second heart. "Yes, baby...that puckered pink starfish of a girl's asshole," she stated, emerald eyes glittering with depravity.

"Haven't you ever forced that big pecker past those tight, wrinkled ass-muscles and felt some whimpering

bitch's forbidden fuck-hole squeezing your meat like a vise?"

"Never," I confessed, my face burning hotter than Satan's asshole. "I suggested it to Jessica once, but she looked like she'd seen a ghost and clamped her legs together so tight you couldn't slide a credit card between them."

Mom giggled and stood up slowly, her silk robe parting further to reveal the deep valley between her jiggling 38HH tit-mountains. "That's the problem with these inexperienced cunts your age," she snarled, her talons raking up my chest like she was marking territory.

"Their virgin assholes pucker shut at the mere suggestion. But trust me, by the time they reach my age, they'll be begging to have their shit-tunnels stretched and filled with throbbing teenage cock, until they can taste your pre-cum in their throats."

"So I'll have to wait that long?" I groaned, my balls aching with disappointment as sticky pre-jizz oozed from my swollen purple mushroom-head like transparent drool.

"No-no, of course not , baby," my mother cooed as she ground her soft tits against my trembling torso. "Not when you have a cock-hungry mommy who knows how to keep dirty family secrets," she added with a slutty

wink that sent lightning bolts straight to my pulsing dick-vein.

"I r-really have one of those?" I rasped, my voice like sandpaper, though her rock-hard nipples stabbing through the crimson silk like bullets already answered my pathetic question.

"Since your magnificent cock is already slick with premium silicone lube," she breathed, turning around to bend at the waist, her silk robe riding up to expose the jiggling globes of her ass-meat. "Why don't you bend me over and find out just how cock-hungry your mother's ass really is?"

I lurched forward on trembling legs as she bent over my mahogany dresser like a practiced whore, her phat ass-cheeks hanging out from her robe like two glistening half-moons.

"Holy fuck!" I gasped, my heart jackhammering against my ribs as I yanked her robe up over her thick MILF ass, revealing every inch of her mature fuck-curves. There it was—the wrinkled pink starfish of her shit-hole twitching invitingly in the sweaty crack between those magnificent ass-globes, surrounded by flawless fuck-me-now skin.

Mom wagged her derriere like a horny dog's tail and peeked back at me over her shoulder, her emerald eyes

half-lidded with filthy desire. "Ram that magnificent boy-dick into my shit-tunnel, baby, and pump your hot teenage cum up my ass before we go back downstairs to your clueless father," she hissed, her voice dripping with slutty maternal depravity.

I positioned my grotesquely swollen purple cock-head against her wrinkled pink starfish, feeling her forbidden ring twitch hungrily against my leaking piss-slit.

"There you go," she whispered. "Push it through mommy's ass-ring."

I thrust forward like a rutting animal, watching with sick fascination as mom's puckered asshole stretched obscenely around my veiny monster, suddenly surrendering with a wet squelching noise as my bulbous mushroom tip disappeared into her forbidden depths.

"FUCK!" mom shrieked, her manicured claws digging into the dresser wood, her fat MILF ass pushing back desperately to swallow more cock. "Destroy mommy's shit-pipe with that throbbing dick, Cooper!"

I forced my throbbing fuck-stick in one goddamn inch at a time, feeling every microscopic ridge of her forbidden shit-tunnel gripping my veiny cock-meat like a silken vise until I finally buried my entire pulsing woman-splitter balls-deep in the squeezing, volcanic heat of mom's quivering asshole.



I forced my throbbing fuck-stick in one goddamn inch at a time, feeling every microscopic ridge of her forbidden shit-tunnel gripping my veiny cock-meat like a silken vise until I finally buried my entire pulsing woman-splitter balls-deep in the squeezing, volcanic heat of mom's quivering asshole.

Holy fuck—her rectum's tight, rippling embrace strangled my dick better than any teenage cunt I'd ever violated, like her bowels were custom-designed to milk every last drop of jizz from my purple monster.

I let my engorged cock-head soak deep in her snug rectum for a breathless moment – my engorged shaft simmering in the velvet-lined tube of her delicious shit-pipe. Then, I pulled back with agonizing slowness until only my glistening, bulbous glans remained trapped in her twitching pink starfish.

Then, summoning every ounce of my teenage skill, I hammered the entire length of my tingling, vein-riddled fuck-pole into the slippery, clutching depths of her forbidden ass-chute, ripping a high-pitched, throat-shredding squeal from mom's crimson cock-suckers.

"Holy Christ, mom, your ass is squeezing my dick like a goddamn anaconda!" I whimpered, watching my glistening pole disappear between those jiggling ass-globes.

Her puckered pink starfish stretched obscenely around my throbbing meat, gripping it with suctioning force each time I withdrew.

"This is what real mothers do, baby boy," she moaned, "We let our sons practice fucking our tight MILF assholes until they're ready to destroy young cunts. It's

called 'assturbation'— a mommy's filthy gift to her big-dicked boy."

"The guys at school weren't lying then," I grunted, sweat dripping from my chin onto her quivering ass-flesh. "They said their moms' asses were better than any teenage slut's cunt, but I thought they were full of crap!"

Mom rammed her fat, jiggling ass back against me like a cum-crazed whore, her shit-pipe gripping my veiny boner like a goddamn flesh-noose while we found our nasty ass-pounding rhythm. She squeezed her filthy sphincter around my purple spear until my eyes nearly popped out of my skull, sending lightning bolts of forbidden pleasure straight to my churning nut-sack.

The sloppy SMACK-SMACK-SMACK of her sweaty ass-globes colliding with my dripping crotch echoed through my bedroom like wet meat slapping concrete, and I worried dad might hear us rutting like animals through the floorboards. Still, we kept our depraved mother-son ass-fucking going with reckless abandon.

"Grab mommy's hips, you big-dicked stud! Demolish my ass with that magnificent teenage cock!" mom growled, her voice a cock-hardening animal snarl.

I seized her pale ass-flanks, my fingers sinking into her soft MILF-meat while I jackhammered her rectum with

brutal force, my sweat-soaked balls slapping against her dripping cunt-lips. I felt every ridge of her gripping ass-tube strangling my throbbing fuck-pole as it bulldozed through her quivering bowels, making my sperm-bloated nuts tighten like they might explode.

To my delighted amazement, I could see that our tireless, animalistic rhythm had caused mom's enormous fuck-udders to swing completely free of her crimson silk robe. Those massive tit-sacks wobbled wildly with each power-thrust, swinging like two huge, alabaster church-bells, capped by the biggest, most cock-hardening areolas I had ever laid eyes on. They were dusky, pebbled circles surrounding erect nipples that jutted out like throbbing flesh-daggers.

“Oh God, you're so fucking hard,” mom gasped, pure pleasure in her pretty voice.

My dick-hammer flexed powerfully inside her spasming ass-tunnel and maintained its granite-hard, vein-bulging form with the help of the silicone cock-choker fastened snugly around its pulsating base.

I loved the way mom was ramming her ass back against me like a cum-crazed whore, her glistening, peach-shaped buttocks rippling like fuck-jello beneath my digging fingertips each time it slammed against my sweat-drenched ball-sack.

Watching my veiny, purple-headed meat-missile disappear and reappear through the obscenely stretched crimson ring of her gaping shit-hole was the most ball-draining, nut-tightening spectacle I had ever witnessed in my eighteen years of existence.

"You're fucking mommy's shit-hole for Christmas, baby," mom purred, her eyes glazed with filthy lust as she looked back at me over her flushed shoulder, "and maybe you'll get to split open my dripping cunt-gash on New Year's Eve if you're a good little motherfucker."

"Holy fuck, I would love that!" I gasped, my voice cracking with teenage excitement as my cock throbbed violently inside her gripping rectum.

"What better way to ring in the new year," she moaned breathlessly, her sphincter clenching rhythmically around my veiny shaft, "than having your own mother's sloppy pussy-hole choking your massive teenage fuck-muscle, bathing it with her sticky maternal juices?"

"Well, I'll admit, mom," I panted, digging my fingers deeper into her quivering ass-flesh, leaving angry red welts on her porcelain skin, "having sex with you was at the top of my resolution list this year, so if I could pump your cunt full of my hot jizz before midnight, that would be absolutely perfect!"

"Consider your balls drained, my sweet baby boy," she whispered hoarsely, her asshole tightening around my pulsing meat-pole.

I jackhammered mom's gaping shit-chute with my teenage fuck-missile, making my veiny cock-meat bulldoze savagely through her quivering rectal walls as her fat MILF ass-globes bounced and rippled obscenely with each ball-slapping thrust.

"Fucking destroy me, baby boy!" she howled over her shoulder, her emerald eyes rolling back in cock-drunk ecstasy. "Rip mommy's filthy shit-tunnel wide open with that bull dick! Make mommy's slutty Christmas wish come true!"

I savaged mom's shit-slicked asshole with barbaric fury, my fingers gouging red welts into her porcelain ass-cheeks as I pile-drove my bloated, vein-riddled cock-monster into her squelching, cum-hungry rectum. Each brutal thrust sent her fat ass-globes jiggling like two mounds of obscene jell-o getting electrocuted.

I ass-fucked us both to the brink of ball-draining ecstasy, suddenly drowning in the most mind-fucking, nut-emptying orgasm I'd ever shot—like my dick was a goddamn cum-volcano erupting through my skull.

Mom's cock-drunk shrieking and the spastic vice-grip of her greedy shit-pipe around my erupting dick-

cannon told me she was cumming her brains out too, her entire MILF body convulsing like she was being exorcised.

My balls pumped what felt like a fucking swimming pool of steaming baby-batter through my purple cock-head as her hungry ass-tunnel sucked it out like a goddamn Hoover, flooding her filthy bowels with thick ropes of my teenage fuck-sludge.

After an ejaculation that seemed like it went on forever, we collapsed together onto the cum-soaked sheets, our sweat-drenched bodies still convulsing from the mind-blowing fuck-session we'd just finished.

My teenage eyes locked onto mom's heaving fuck-pillows. Those massive tit-mountains trembled with each gasping breath she sucked in, their milk-white perfection topped with those dinner-plate areolas—dark pink fuck-circles surrounding nipples that jutted out like throbbing Christmas gumdrops .

"Mom," I panted, my voice raw from all the animal grunting I'd done while destroying her shit-pipe, "before we go back downstairs... can I please squeeze and suck on those big boobs?"

She answered with a filthy cock-hardening laugh that made her fat tits jiggle like obscene flesh-pudding. Then, mom grabbed those swinging milk-bags in her

manicured fingers, hoisting the sweaty mammoth globes toward my drooling teenage mouth like some perverted offering to a tit-worshipping demon.

“Oh fuck,” I muttered as my head sunk between her tits like they were quicksand.

My still-rigid cock, slick with the unholy mixture of ass-slime and lube from our forbidden butt-fucking, plunged between the swollen, glistening meat-curtains of her maternal fuck-hole like a battering ram breaching castle gates.

Each brutal thrust ground my veiny cock against her engorged clit—a throbbing flesh-button that made her squeal like a rabid she-wolf as she clenched her pretty white teeth together in ecstasy.

Her cunt-honey gushed like a broken fire hydrant, baptizing my pulsating man-meat in thick, incestuous slut-sauce while I buried my face in the sweaty valley between her pendulous tits. I thrashed between those heaving flesh-melons, snorting and grunting like a truffle pig in a French forest, motorboating that sweat-drenched cleavage with the desperate enthusiasm of a drowning sailor.



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Then, dragging my tongue across the pale moon of her right udder, I slobbered around that dusky-pink nipple before latching onto it with vacuum-seal suction. I nursed that turgid flesh-nub so violently my face collapsed inward, sinking against the meaty of her melon, cramming as much of her massive milk-factory into my drooling maw as humanly possible.

My eyeballs practically somersaulting into my brain-pan as I feasted on my own mother's quivering chest-boulders. I could tell by the way she was humping on

my dick that she wanted to fuck this teenage cock something fierce. All in good time.

“A skirt!” mom exclaimed, a few minutes later as she opened one of her Christmas gifts downstairs. She looked over at my dad. “Oh, honey, thank you...it's beautiful! I'll wear it for our New Years Eve party.”

“That party should be a lot of fun,” I added, my teenage cock already twitching in my pajama pants as I remembered the filthy New Year's promise mom's cum-hungry mouth had whispered while I was balls-deep in her forbidden ass-tunnel.

"It'll be absolutely mind-blowing!" she agreed, her tongue slithering across her cock-sucking lips like a glistening serpent while her emerald fuck-me eyes drilled into mine with the raw, animal hunger of a cum-starved MILF who couldn't wait to have her own son's throbbing meat splitting open her maternal fuck-hole.