

More Christmas Lovin'

By Klrxo

On Christmas afternoon, BobbyJoe cooked up a big feast to celebrate the holiday. She was delighted to have her husband home, but couldn't wait for him to head back to the mine, so she could stuff her son's massive slab of meat inside her cunt again, and let him hump between her wide-open mommy-legs.

"Smells good in here, Ma," her boy said as he came inside from shooting his new rifle.

"Thanks, sweet-pea, hope you're hungry. It should be ready soon," she said.

Dicky noticed his mom was only wearing a tiny cotton robe, that fell just below her ass. This left her lovely curvy legs on display. They looked as smooth as a baby's bottom, and gave off a silky shimmer from the sun beaming in from the kitchen window. He couldn't help but think back on earlier that morning when those sexy legs were locked around his body in a humping grip.

"Where's Pa?" the boy asked.

"He's in resting. Probably the most comfortable sleep he's had in weeks," BobbyJoe answered.

"Did you wear him out with some Christmas lovin' this morning?" Dicky teased.

BobbyJoe fed him a mischievous smile. "Did I wear YOU out with some Christmas lovin' this morning?" she asked.

"No way. If Pa hadn't come home, I could have gone all day."

BobbyJoe raised an eyebrow, her heart pumping fast. "All day huh? Well that would be a Christmas to remember."

"It still can be," the boy said, staring at the swell of his Ma's monstrous melons and her big nipples poking out from beneath the fabric.

"Well if your fixin' for another go at my birth cannon it's gonna have to be out in the barn," his mother said. "If your Pa wakes up and catches us beating our bellies together he'll tan your hide."

"I'm good with the barn," Dicky said anxiously.

"Dinner's almost done cooking, so I'm gonna give it a stir and I'll be along."

"Alright," the boy said, rushing out. The big red barn on the family farm wasn't the most ideal place to pound a pussy, but since his Pa had come home unexpectedly, Dicky would take what he could get.

Of course, he couldn't get to the barn without seeing an urgent task that needed attended to. A few of the goats had gotten out of the pen and were sure to fall prey to coyotes unless he corralled them back inside.

By the time he finished the task, BobbyJoe was already in the barn waiting. "Momma?" he called out, stepping into the big barn.

“Up here, sweet-pea,” her loving voice answered from overhead.

Dicky knew she in the most private spot in the whole barn, the hay loft. His eyes got as big as saucers as he reached the top of the rickety ladder, finding his Ma bare naked and bent over a bale of hay. The mother had her fleshy round buttocks pointed at her teen. Her milky-white buns were slightly spread, allowing Dicky to see the pink crinkled elastic ring of her asshole. His ogling eyes followed the crack of her ass down to her thick vulvar lips.

“Damn,” the boy sighed, feeling as though his boner could rip right out of his trousers.

BobbyJoe peeked back at him and smiled, her giant tits hanging down like those big milk-swollen cow udders out in the barnyard. “Get those trousers off and come mount your momma like a mare,” she said, wagging her juicy rump back and forth invitingly.

Dicky shed his clothes eagerly. His herculean erection stuck way out from his loins like a rising tree branch. His foreskin had peeled back over most of his shiny nob, and even from where BobbyJoe was, she could see the swollen purple peter-tip twitch with every excited beat of her boy's heart.

Dicky stepped up behind her, grasped his spear and rubbed the tip through her meaty clamshell, wetting his dick in her juicy coral slit.

BobbyJoe gasped excitedly as she felt her boy's big nob squeezed back and forth against her engorged clitoris. Her fleshy nubbin looked like a little mini version of the fat bell-tip of the boy's cock.

“Go on, pumpkin,” she sighed, gazing back with lust in her eyes, “get you some tight pussy.”

Dicky shoved it in, making her vestibule cave inward, until the slippery mouth of her vagina stretched over his nob. Now that he was lined up for intercourse, with only the tip inside her, he grasped her soft wide hips and pushed more of his cock in.

“Ohh Lord!” BobbyJoe cried out, feeling the muscled boner squeeze into her pleasure-passage. She had always thought her husband was well endowed, but his cock now seemed puny and pathetic compared to her son's slab of manhood.

Dicky backed his cock out an inch, letting her secreting juices coat his battering ram, then he plunged it in even deeper, stretching the warm inner lining of her birthing tube.

“Damn you feel good, momma!” the boy gasped, looking down and watching his erect cock sink deeper inside her.

“So do you, sugar,” she said breathlessly. “You should feel right at home out here in the barn with all these big dicked stallions.”

“Ahh!” Dicky sighed in delight, feeling his tip push against the soft head of her cervix.

“Now that your knockin’ at your momma's womb, maybe you better start buckin’ like a steer,” she said.

“You got it, Momma,” Dicky said, setting his hips in motion.

BobbyJoe's thick matronly ass beat against her son's loins as he fucked her from behind. Her huge dangling, stiff-nippled boobies bobbed around heavily from the impact of Dicky's thrusts. "Oh, that's it, sweet darlin, fuck your momma up the pussy!" she gasped.

The boy's tongue hung out in lust as he humped his tender boner through the tight grip of her vagina. A loud repetitive CLAPPING sound filled the big barn as her meaty mommy-rump beat against his crotch.

"Ohh damn, Ma!" the teen whimpered, feeling her strong cuntal muscles grasp his cock like a tight squeezing fist. The way her fatty ass-flesh rippled each time her buns slapped against his young loins was absolutely mesmerizing.

BobbyJoe's fingers sunk into the hay, as her pretty eyes rolled back with delight. Her boy was stretching her vaginal sleeve in ways she never thought possible. His cock just felt so incredibly big and strong and powerful. She could feel the fat barbed head crushing her back wall on every plunge, as if seeking entrance to the warm motherly womb that had created it.

"Uhhgghh!" BobbyJoe shouted in a primitive female grunt as an orgasm tingled delightfully through her heavy-titted body.

Dicky tensed up, though he continued thrusting as he felt his momma's quivering pussy-tube shrink around his cock. The slippery rugae along her inner lining became more pronounced causing exquisite friction on the boy's glans. This, along with the juicy cuntal nectar that was soaking his cock, caused him to throw his head back in pleasure.

"Ohhh, shit, Ma!" his voice quivered.

BobbyJoe gazed back at him. "Better pinch those baby-makers off, Dicky-bear, before they start shootin' outta your pisser," she said, then pulled her cunt off his cock, making a wet popping sound. "This momma wants on her back."

A big dollop of pre-jizz oozed from the slit of Dicky's meatus and dipped towards the floor in the form of a long stringy drip.

BobbyJoe licked her lips as she saw it splatter at his feet. Dicky watched his Ma step towards a nice soft bed of hay, her jiggling buttocks swaying atop the backs of her smooth sexy legs.

"Ready for a roll in the hay?" the mother asked as she dropped down onto her back, making her melonous boobs droop slightly off the sides of her chest.

Dicky couldn't help but squeeze his cock, stroking slowly as he watched his Ma's thick smooth thighs bow open. With her knees thrown way back, her dainty bare feet hovered in the air on bended legs. She reached down and stroked her fingers along her shaved pussy-folds. "It's good that we's in a barn, because I wanna fuck like a couple lusty animals," she said in a sexy tone.

"That sounds might fine to me," Dicky confessed.

"Yeah, you wanna make me howl like a momma coyote?" BobbyJoe asked, gazing at her boy's stiff peter.

"Maybe not a coyote. That would surely wake Pa up."

The mother giggled. "What, you don't want your Pa to rush out here and see his wife gettin' fucked like a town whore?" she asked.

"He wouldn't be too happy with either one of us," Dicky said.

"Then you better give your mamma your neck to scream into, cuz she plans creaming all over that stiff hunk of manhood," the mother confessed.

"That I can do," the boy muttered, crawling down between his Ma's wide-open legs.

BobbyJoe placed her hands on his shoulders, anxiously watching her boy move into position to fuck her. She felt his huge nob split her twat and squeeze inside her married pussy.

The teen suddenly found himself being pulled on top of her, with her lovely legs getting thrown around him. BobbyJoe, bounced her buns on the hay, pumping her cunt up on the satisfying stiffness of her son's cock.

"Fuck the piss outta me!" she hissed, clawing and humping frantically, making it clear to her boy that this mamma wanted fucked hard and rough.

"Shit!" the teen gasped, pounding his enormous hardon through her clasping pussy, making his big balls beat against the fatty cheeks of her humping ass.

They locked lips and their tongues dueled like snakes in a mating ball.

The big barn was filled with the sounds of moans and whimpers and big teenage nuts thumping wildly on a mother's ass.

Their genitals were having a duel of their own, joined together in a deep bone-grinding fuck. A mix of mother-son pre-ejaculatory juices squelched from BobbyJoe's widely-stretched cuntal lips, as Dicky's thick muscular cock pounded in and out.

"Yesss!" the horny mother gasped, twisting her strong silky legs behind his back, pulling him against her body as tightly as she could.

"Ahhh!" Dicky moaned euphorically, feeling the lush soft curves of his big boobed mother around him.

BobbyJoe suddenly rolled him over, taking the top. Her thick mommy-buns rose and fell, humping her pussy on her son's hardon, while kissing him some more.

The teen was so excited he felt like his heart may burst right out of his chest. His body was blanketed by his gorgeous mother, with her huge fat tits plastered against him.

BobbyJoe's nipples puffed from her surrounding areola, thick and aroused as they pressed against the flesh of her son's chest.

"Keep pumpin' those hips," she gasped between kisses. "Do the devil's dance with your mamma!"

Dicky humped his ass from the hay, meeting his Ma's bobbing pussy hump for hump.

The mother planted her knees firmly astride his hips, raising up on extended arms and grinding her cunt, with her outer folds pressed firmly against his cock-base.

“Ohhh wow, Ma!” the boy’s voice grumbled, feeling her compress her muscled vaginal walls around his hunky cock.

BobbyJoe’s enormous mammaries swung to either side of the boy's head as he stuffed his face into her squishy rippling cleavage.

The hot mother pupils rolled back as her boy's big ballooning nob plowed against one of the most sensitive spots in her vagina. “Ohhh! I need that neck!” she cried out, sounding on the verge of a body-trembling orgasm.

Dicky suddenly remember her comment about needing his neck to scream against, so he squeezed his head out from between her smothering tit-flesh, and just in time. His mom frantically slapped her big tits down against his chest and wedged her face between his shoulder and neck. Then, she let out a growling scream that was muffled by his flesh.

The boy's creaming mother trembled on top of him, cumming on his massive cock as he continued pumping it up into her.

“Wow!” he moaned, peeking up from underneath her pleasure-stricken body as he felt the mommy-cum pulse from her urethra, running down along his bouncing nuts.

After another minute of deep grinding, BobbyJoe gasped loudly, and rolled her boy back over on top of her. “Dinner should be ready and we don't want it to burn,” she said breathlessly. “You need to pop that sweet cock off inside me.”

“Yes, ma’am,” the boy said, then hit his momma's pussy hard with savage thrusts.

BobbyJoe threw her sexy legs way back in a spread eagle, clutching her boy’s bouncing buns with the nails of both hands, aiding his thrusts. “That's it! Give it to the pussy baby!” she gasped. “Let momma's pussy-hole milk that big dreamy dick!”

And ‘milk it' she did. With a guttural grunt, the teen hosed out big fat ropes of potent cum, deep in her clasping vagina. His pulsing piss-hole splattered her insides with millions of creamy baby-makers, many of which would soon begin the journey in search of her egg.

Not for a lack of trying, her husband had never gotten her pregnant with another child besides Dicky. BobbyJoe would welcome another baby, but just assumed it wasn't in the cards for her. As she cradled her boy's writhing body between between her widely-splayed legs, she felt his big muscled sex organ pump more and more hot sperm inside her and realized maybe her baby-making luck would soon change.

“What a supper!” Dicky's Pa said as he sat back with a full tummy.

“Glad you enjoyed it,” his sweet wife said, sitting beside him.

“So, when do you have to go back to the mine, dad?” Dicky asked, then glanced over at his mom to see her looking back at him with a knowing smile.

“Suppose to be tomorrow morning, early. Do you think you can have my horse saddled up for me?”

“Sure thing,” Dicky muttered.

“And I'll have breakfast ready,” his wife said with a smile. “You'd be proud of your son. He's really stepped up as ‘man of the house’ while you've been gone,” BobbyJoe said, looking at her boy with her pretty gleaming eyes.

“He's really helped out huh?” her husband asked.

“Oh yes, in a BIG way, right, Dicky?” she asked, extending her leg and rubbing her son's cock with her toes beneath the table.

“Yeah, Momma, happy to help out.”

As the mother laid beneath her husband that night, letting him go about his husbandly business, her mind was miles away. She was thinking about her Dicky, and the big heavenly piece of manhood between his legs. She loved the way it stretched her. She loved the way it flexed and throbbed with her delicate cuntal sleeve wrapped snugly around it.

In one day, Dicky had wrecked sex with her husband forever, but she was perfectly ok with that. She had the biggest, fattest, horniest dick a woman could ask for. It was her own wonderful Christmas gift.

The next morning after a big breakfast, Dicky brought his father's horse up to the front of the farmhouse. BobbyJoe kissed her husband goodbye, and her and her son stood on the porch and watched him ride off.

The busty mother stepped over to her teen, hugging him from behind and resting her face beside his as they watched Dicky's father disappear on the horizon. “It's still early. Wanna go back to bed with me?” she said.

“With you?” the boy asked, feeling his Ma's huge unfettered tit-melons press squishingly against his back.

“That's right. The ‘man of the house’ takes his father's place on the marital bed,” she whispered.

“Oh, then sure,” he said with an eager smile.

“Can I ask you something, Dicky?” BobbyJoe said, gazing into his eyes.

“Sure.”

“Have you ever thought about having a little brother or sister?”

“Well, yeah, I just figured you and dad didn't want another kid, for whatever reason,” he answered.

“Why? Are you..”

His momma giggled. “No, NOT pregnant YET,” she said, “but you keep pumping all that man-seed into me, my belly's gonna be as big around as a wagon wheel here soon.”

“Well, I sure wouldn't mind seeing you waddle around the house,” Dicky said with a smile.

“A woman's body goes through a lot of changes when she's with child. My belly won't be the only thing that swells up huge, sweet-pea.”

“What else?” he asked.

She fed him a teasing smile. "What do you think?" she asked.

"Your breasts?"

"Uh-huh. These boobies will swell up so big with milk your cute little eyes might pop out your head just lookin' at 'em."

"That don't sound so bad," he confessed.

"And there's one other thing about a pregnant lady that you need to know," BobbyJoe said.

"What's that?"

The mother smiled. "They're called 'hormones,' and they make a momma so horny she wants to feel a man's nuts beatin' against her ass day and night," she explained.

"That don't sound so bad either."

"Sounds to me like you wanna keep squirtin' all that daddy-sauce inside me then, see if you can put a cute little bun in the oven," she said gleefully.

"Yes, ma'am, I mean, if you do?"

She gazed into his eyes. "A mother's place is on her back, making babies or squeezin' 'em out," she said, then took his hand gently and led him inside. "Let's go make a little Dicky Junior."

To be continued...