

*Author's Note: All characters depicted in these fictional stories are 18 years of age or older.*

Santa Mom

By Klrxo

"So what do you want for Christmas this year, son?" Dad asked, looking through the newspaper. "I don't know, Dad. I haven't given it much thought really." I muttered, chomping on my breakfast cereal.

Mom peered back at me as she did the dishes. To me, Mom was the hottest girl on the planet . She had shoulder-length dark hair and brown eyes. This morning she was wearing the sexy thigh -high pink robe I liked. The silk robe was so short that when she bent over, I could nearly see her full heart-shaped ass. I shuddered at the site of her long bronze legs and sexy bare feet .

"You have too given it thought . You know exactly what you want," Mom said, then turned back to her dishes.

Dad looked down at me. "Is that true, son? Is there something you're wanting? Better speak up."

I honestly couldn't think of what Mom might be referring to. As far as I remembered there wasn't anything I had mentioned to her. 'I'm not sure what she means," I confessed.

"Well if there is something you want, you better put in your request quick. Christmas is sneaking right up," Dad said as he stood from the table and made for the front entry.

As Mom turned and dried her hands, I gave her an inquisitive look. "I'm confused. I don't remember asking for anything," I said. "What is it I want?"

She stepped towards me, the swell of her huge braless tits bobbling beneath her gown. She leaned down and brought her lips to my ear, her silky brown mane tickling my neck.

"You wanna fuck your Mom," she whispered in a sexy tone.

My mouth fell open as I tried to absorb her comment. Mom sashayed out of the kitchen, her meaty ass swaying seductively. I had heard my Mom say a lot of things in my life, but never had any of her words sent such a jolt of arousal through every inch of my body, until now.

I listened to her send my father off to work and was still sitting there, mouth agape, when she stepped back into the kitchen.

"So about what you just said, urn...why would you think that?" I asked.

"Think what, that you wanna nail me to the mattress for Christmas?"

"Yeah."

"There are some things we Moms just know," she said.

Mom leaned over, resting her palms on the table so she was propped by her arms and staring down at me. Her robe had crept open and I found myself gazing into an almost obscene amount of cleavage. My heart pounded in my chest as a huge bulge began to form in my shorts.

"Tell me I'm wrong, I dare you," Mom said with motherly authority.

I couldn't say anything I was so flustered. What could I say actually. The truth was, she wasn't wrong.

While I blushed, she smiled. "I better have that Christmas list by tomorrow afternoon or you're tough outta luck," she said.

Mom walked out of the kitchen, with an obvious sway of her buttocks, leaving me with the biggest erection that had ever filled my shorts.

Our conversation was all I could think about that day. Sure I fantasized about fucking my mother. Any 18 year old who had a mom that looked like mine would too, but I never thought getting her in bed would even be a remote possibility.

The next afternoon Mom walked into my room after I got home from school. She was wearing a sexy pair of low cut jeans that hugged her soft curves and a pale pink tube top that

accentuated the swell of her enormous boobs. I glanced down at her gorgeous little tan feet with their hot-pink toenails, arched in a dainty pair of high-heeled sandals.

"So, do you have that list ready for me?" she asked.

I grabbed the list and handed it to her. She stood there looking it over for a second, giving me an even longer opportunity to lust over her body.

"Did you forget something?" she said, reaching out to hand it back to me.

"What?" I asked, trying to play stupid.

"You know what. Don't you dare pretend that it's something you don't want ."

"Is dad gonna see this list?" I asked, taking the paper back.

"Only if I have to write it," she said with a smile.

There were only a few other things on the list . At the bottom I wrote "MAKE LOVE TO MOM," then handed it back to her.

She looked at it. "What is this?" she asked with fake curiosity.

"It's what ..."

"That's not something you're getting," Mom said abruptly.

"But you told me to write it ."

"That's not what I asked you to write. What were my exact words?" she said with a playful smile, handing me back the paper.

I erased the "MAKE LOVE" part and wrote "FUCK MOM" instead, then handed it back. "There, was that so hard?" she said.

"No," I blushed.

"Dinner in a half-hour...and oh, um don't forget about the Christmas parade tonight," she said as she swayed her ass out my doorway.

The parade was mostly for my two small sisters, but Mom and Dad always made me go along. While Dad took the girls to see Santa, I stood with Mom as she spoke to one of her friends from the neighborhood. As I watched the middle-aged beauty, my mind couldn't help but wander. "Would she actually fuck me?" I thought.

Mom's friend Tina smiled, looking over at me. "Janice, you're poor boy looks like he's a million miles away."

Mom took my arm and snuggled into my side. Even through her thick jacket I could feel the spongy suppleness of her big breasts. "Well, you know how it is around Christmas time. All boys can do is wonder if Santa's gonna bring them what's on their list," she said, gazing up into my eyes with a naughty little grin.

"Maybe some warm hot chocolate will cheer him up. I'll go get us all a cup," Tina said, as she moved towards the refreshment stand.

Mom slid her body around until she was hugging me from the front. She wrapped her arms around my neck and moved in tight. Even through layers of winter clothes I could feel the dough-like softness of her enormous bra-busters pushing against my chest.

"I think there's only one thing warm that'll cheer my baby-boy up," she said as she held me tight.

Standing on her tippy-toes Mom brought her lips to my ear. "It's Mom's warm pussy, isn't it sweetheart?" she whispered.

"Uh-huh," My voice trembled, my heart thumping as my cock quickly expanding with blood.

In my ear, Mom began to softly sing a section of her version of "Santa Clause is Coming to Town."

"She knows what you've been thinking...she sees you when you ache. She knows when you get big and hard, you wanna make her body shake...oh, you better watch out, you better not cry...you better stay hard, I'm telling you why...Mommy-clause is coming to town."

I felt my knees go weak. I peered over into the crowd and saw Dad watching us, probably wondering why

Mom was hugging me so tight and what she was whispering to me.

Mom gave me a quick peck on the cheek.

"You're gonna have a very good Christmas, sweetheart," she said with a smile.

Somehow, I believed her and it couldn't come quick enough.

Dad wandered over, holding my youngest sister, while the other walked by his side. "You two seem nice n cozy over here."

"Just trying to stay warm," Mom said, releasing me. "Tina went to get us some hot chocolate. You girls want some hot chocolate?"

"Yesss," my sisters shouted.

"Ok, before the parade starts, your brother and I need to go use the restroom," Mom said, then looked at dad. "Honey, why don't you take the girls to find Tina. She might need help carrying all that hot chocolate."

"All right, let's go girls," Dad said, leading them towards the concession stand.

Mom took my arm and we walked briskly in the opposite direction.

"Bye, Mommy," my little sister shouted over Dad's shoulder.

Mom shouted back. "Bye sweet pea, see you soon."

Mom squeezed my arm as we hurried along the crowd. "I should have peed before I left the house. I hate using these disgusting public bathrooms."

"Yeah, they can be pretty bad. At least there's no line," I said as we arrived by the small brick building. "True, do you need to go?"

"No, I'm fine," I said.

"Ok, I'll be quick. Hey..." Mom said, facing me. She looked at me with a naughty gleam in her eye. "Do you want my panties?"

My body tingled with sudden excitement. "Your panties?"

"Yeah, you know, that little item of clothing that I wear under my pants. The one that hugs my pussy and ass all day," she said with a mischievous smile.

I laughed. "I know what they are, Mom."

"Ok, so where do you want them, on me or in your pocket?"

"In my pocket, I guess," I said timidly.

Mom winked at me. "Be right back."

I couldn't believe how flirty she was being, but I loved it . After a few minutes, she returned from the bathroom and hooked her arm around mine.

"I think the parade's getting ready to start," I said.

"Do you wanna go back and watch the parade, or go over and hang out by the fire?"

A short distance down the park I saw what Mom was referring to. There were several raised fire pits, each with their own set of Adirondack chairs surrounded them. It looked private and cozy.

"We can do the fire."

Since the parade was starting, pretty much everyone had vacated the fire pit area and lined the street.

Mom and I chose a set of chairs next to a warm blaze. A thick throw-blanket was thrown over the arm of my chair.

Before Mom sat, she slipped out her cellphone. "I'm gonna text Tina, let her know we'll be along shortly. Our hot chocolate may be more like chocolate milk when we get there," Mom said with a giggle.

Rather than take the other chair, Mom sat across my lap. Her meaty ass felt amazing pressed against me. "This is cozy," she said, spreading the blanket out over us.

Now as far as anyone was concerned, we were just a couple, off by ourselves, cozied under a blanket together.

Mom snuggled into me, turning slightly so her boobs pressed against my chest. She draped the blanket up over our heads, so it was like we were in our own dark little cocoon together.

"Mmm, I like this," she said.

"The fire feels good," I whispered.

"How do I feel?" she asked naughtily.

"You feel good too. Really good."

I could tell Mom was reaching into her jacket pocket . "I have something for you," she whispered. She lifted her hand to my face and I felt the soft silky fabric of her skimpy panties rub across my cheek. "Oh wow," I sighed. My cock was nearly fully hard, now pressed up against Mom's smothering butt.

She brought the crotch of her panties to my nose and swear the God they were still warm and slightly damp from being on her. The aroma of Mom's pussy lingered on the gusset and was absolutely intoxicating.

"Ohh my God," I sighed, inhaling her feminine scent .

Mom giggled. "Smell good, sweetheart?"

"Uh-huh."

She brought her lips to my ear. "Does it smell like something you'd like to bury your hard penis into?" "Yess." Her words made my erection flex against the crack of her ass.

"Mmmnn, speaking of hard penis," she said, wiggling her ass against it .

"I'm sorry, I couldn't help it."

"You don't have to say sorry, sweetie. If you weren't hard right now I'd be extremely offended," she said with a giggle..

"Lately, it's been hard whenever I'm around you."

Just the way Mom was whispering in my ear as she spoke was a huge turn-on. "So all I have to do is be

around you? I don't have walk around in front of you half-naked, or grind my ass on it to make it hard?" "Well you can do those things too if you want," I said, making Mom laugh.

"What if I nibble on your ear," she asked, then bit my earlobe softly, making my body jerk in arousal. "Yeah?" she asked.

"Yeah," I muttered.

"What if I kiss your neck," she said, sliding down enough to plant three tender kisses along my neckline. I shuddered with excitement . "Is that doing it for you, sweetheart," she asked. "I know your penis is already rock hard, but does that make it throb?"

"Yess."

"Can Mommy wrap her ass around your hard meat, so she can feel it throb while she plants more kisses?"

"Ohh damn, Mom," I shuddered, so turned on by her hot whispering that I could hardly stand it. She giggled at me. "Is that a yes?" "Yess, you can do that. You can do whatever you want."

"Well in that case, unzip your coat."

I quickly complied and heard Mom unzip her jacket also. I couldn't really see anything in the darkness, but I knew something good was coming.

"Pull up your shirt, as high as it'll go," she said softly.

I did as she told me and could tell by her movements that she was pulling her own sweater up passed her tits. "Now we're ready," she said.

Mom pushed her butt down hard and my dick sunk length-wise into her ass-crack, like a sausage in a bun. She turned her torso and rested her tits on my chest . I could feel the lace of her bra and the meat of her squishy jugs. The thick hard nipples protruding through the fabric felt amazing.

She sunk her face into the nap of my neck and applied tender kisses, over and over, her long silky hair draped over my shoulders. My body trembled. This was fucking awesome!

My balls tightened and my cock flexed hard between her buns. She nudged back, her butt crevice smothering my bulge. "Oh wow, sweetie, that was long throb," she said between kisses. "Yess," I gasped.

I could feel Mom's wet wiggling tongue peeking out from between her lips as she continued her tender kisses to my neck. I thrust my hips some, digging my boner into her ass-crack, then paused before I got carried away.

Mom spoke to me between kisses. "It's ok sweetheart," kiss, kiss, "you can dry hump Mommy's ass," kiss, kiss, kiss. "We're under the blanket, so even if someone does come around," kiss, kiss "they won't see us," kiss, kiss, kiss.

I accepted her invitation, thrusting my hips and digging my hardness up into her soft curves. Mom followed my motions, grinding her ass on me as I thrust, providing exquisite resistance. I was literally lifting her up and down each time, her big bra-clad tits sloshing against my chest . "Mmm, sooo strong," she purred, then went back to kissing.

For close to ten minutes we went on like this, our bodies moving in sync, writhing in a steady cock-grinding rhythm.

A voice startled us. "Janice?" the voice called. It was Dad and he didn't sound far away. "Janice, is that you guys over there?"

"Shit," Mom whispered. She peeked her head out of the blankets. "It's us, honey, we're just...sitting by the fire," she said, pulling her sweater down over her boobs.

"The parade's already started. You guys are missing it ."

Mom sat up a little, but kept most of the blanket over us, giving me a chance to pull my own shirt down. Dad came right up by the fire. My neck was soaked from Mom's wet kisses and I prayed he didn't notice. "Sorry, we were both so cold. We needed to thaw out . Where are the girls?" Mom said.

"They're with Tina," Dad said. He looked a little suspicious as he watched us get up and zip up our coats. "We brought hot chocolate back for you guys, but it's probably cold by now." "That's ok, the fire and blanket did the trick," Mom said, flashing me a quick wink.

Dad's attention was drawn to the ground at my feet . "Looks like someone who's been over here is on Santa's naughty list ."

Mom and I looked down and saw her panties laying there. We glanced at each other, almost wanting to laugh. "Gross! The girls this town really need to keep their panties on," Mom said. "Or at least remember

to take them with them when they're done," I added.

"Ha, right," Mom said.

We followed dad back down to the parade. It took me forever to lose my boner.

Mom texted me after we got home. "That was fun. "

"Definitely. Sorry you lost the panties though." I replied.

"You got some enjoyment out of them, so it was worth the loss ," she texted.

"Wish I had them now," I bravely wrote.

There was a two minute pause before Mom sent her next text . "Will this do for tonight?" she texted. There a picture attached. It took my breath away. It was selfie of Mom in her bathroom. She held the camera up high, pointed down at her. She was wearing a sexy black lingerie dress, with a scooping neckline. It allowed her to show off an obscene amount of tit-cleavage, more than I'd seen from her before. Below her breasts, I could see one of her

silky legs, bent at the knee as it stuck out the slit in the dress. And below that, her cute little bare foot with hot-pink toenails, the heel arched so her foot rested on squatted toes. Mom's lips were puckered in a kiss as she stared at the camera with her alluring brown eyes. It was easily the sexiest picture I had ever seen.

"Daaamn. That's all I can say," I typed back.

"Hehe, enjoy! And just as a reminder... Christmas is a little more than a day away," she texted.

I beat my meat like a savage beast that night, while staring at Mom's selfie. In my head, I relived all those wet kisses she'd given me at the parade.

Christmas Eve meant a house full of relatives and lots of little kids running around going ape-shit. I would usually retreat to my room on such occasions, but since the events of the last week, I wanted to get as much time around my Mom as possible. I never knew when she might rub up against me or whisper something naughty in my ear.

As always, she was dressed so sexy I could hardly keep my eyes off of her. She wore a denim miniskirt and white slip-on high-heeled mules to match her skin-tight cashmere sweater. The swell of her tits were absolutely massive.

I stared at them for a moment. Probably too long. When I looked away, I spotted Dad watching me. He didn't look happy as he came walking over.

"We need to talk," he said.

"Um, right here?"

"No, in your room," he said, then looked over at my Mom who was busy chatting. "Janice, can I borrow you for a minute?"

Mom got up and followed us down to my bedroom. I was nervous as hell.

"What's going on?" Mom asked, seeming slightly upset that she was pulled away from guests.

"What's going on is your son seems to have a very unhealthy fascination with you and it needs

to stop." Mom gave dad an almost pissed off scowl. "Stephen, what are you talking about?"

"I caught him staring at your breasts, Janice and it's not the first time. I saw it last night . I've been noticing a lot here lately."

Mom rolled her eyes. "Really?! Can we not do this right now. We have a house full of guests."

I could tell dad felt a bit stupid for a second. "If it continues, we're gonna need to have a serious conversation about this. And next time I see it, there will be consequences."

Mom tried to look cheerful. "Fine, now can we go back to the party and put on some smiles, it's Christmas Eve,"

I felt a little upset, like I was gonna be under a microscope the rest of the night . "I think I'm just gonna stay in here."

"Sweetheart, no. Come on, all of the family is out there and they wanna see you," Mom said. "I really don't care right now."

Mom shot a dirty look at dad. He immediately went on the defensive. "I didn't banish you to your room. I just wanted to point out a concern I had," dad said.

"You just wanted to accuse me of something I wasn't doing."

"You weren't doing?! How could you say that, you..."

Mom interrupted him. "Stephen please, just go check on the guests, I'll have a chat with him."

Dad threw his arms up and walked out. "Whatever."

Mom closed the door and came over and sat by me on the edge of the bed. "I'm sorry, sweetie. I know he can be a real jerk sometimes."

"It's not your fault, Mom."

"It's not your fault either. You can't help it that your mom has huge boobs and looks incredibly sexy in

everything she wears," she said jokingly

She forced me to smile. "I won't argue with that ."

"Speaking of sexy clothes, I'm wearing a new Christmas bra. Do you wanna see it? Would that cheer you up?"

My heart did a somersault in my chest. "See it?"

"Yeah, it'll be like an early Christmas gift," she winked.

"Oh ok, urn...sure," I muttered.

Mom stood up and without hesitation, shed her sweater. I felt the breath expelled from my lungs. Her massive jugs were barely contained within the bra, which itself was Christmas-like in style. It was mostly white embroidery with red ribbon detail. Two huge mounds of creamy titmeat bulged from the cups and were packed together to form a deep canyon of cleavage. "Holy wow," was all I could mutter as I stared lustfully.

"Look at the little Christmas bells. Aren't they cute," Mom said, pointing out two tiny bells in a section at the center.

"I like 'em," I said.

"The bells or my boobs?" Mom asked, then giggled.

"Both," I smiled.

"Do you want a Christmas hug, before I put my sweater back on?"

"Sure," I said, standing up.

Mom took hold of the hem of my shirt . "Here, let's take this off, so you can feel the Christmas lace against your bare chest."

I happily helped her remove it, praying that dad didn't walk back in.

Mom coiled her arms around me as I moved in for a hug. Her huge fat jugs squashed pliantly against me and the fabric of the bra felt amazing. She laid her head on my shoulder and we just stood there in a gently rocking embrace. "It's hard waiting for that big gift isn't it?"

"Yeah," I sighed. Mom was definitely a mind reader.

I was suddenly startled by the moving door handle. Thank God Mom had the foresight to lock the door. Dad knocked. "Janice, where's the lighter for the grill."

Mom just held me there with her bra-clad tits against me, not panicked at all. "Did you try looking in the drawer, next to the stove."

"Yes, it's not there."

"Give me a few minutes, I'll be out," she said.

Dad tried the handle again. "What's with the locked door?"

Mom huffed. "What's with all the questions," she answered back.

"I'm just wondering why you would need the door locked?"

"It's kinda hard to have a private conversation with all these kids running around, so I locked it," Mom said.

"Alright, well, I wanna get the steaks and burgers going," Dad said.

"Be right down," Mom said, then looked me in the eyes. "Come down and join us, pleeease," she said

with a cute pouty face.

"Ok."

"Just do yourself a favor. If you decide to stare at my boobs again, make sure your father isn't watching."

I smiled back at her. "Got it."

I went in and sat on the floor in the TV room, leaning against the couch, pretending to watch a Christmas show. All the adults were in the dining room and the kids were in the back yard.

It wasn't long before Mom and my Aunt Donna came into the room. I started to move, but Mom tapped my shoulder as her and my Aunt sat on the sofa.

"You're fine, sweetheart," she said.

Mom slipped her pretty feet from her heels and brought her legs up onto the couch. My Aunt Donna did the same on her end of the couch, so they sort of sat sideways, facing each other.

As her and my Aunt began to chat, I realized that I could see straight up mom's skirt, without raising any suspicion.

Mom wore a pair of thin white silk panties, which fit snug around the bulging swell of her mons. I could literally see some of her smooth genital-meat oozing over the hems. I suddenly felt faint as my heart raced and my cock grew to enormous proportions.

I focused my attention on the TV, but as my Aunt checked her cellphone, I felt Mom's soft toes slide under my chin, turning my head back to her. It was an angle that about made me cream my pants. I was now staring up the length of her tan silky-soft legs, all the way to the pouting, silk-covered treasure.

Mom's thick tan thighs looked so smooth and inviting. Just the thought that I might have them clamped around me for Christmas made my head spin.

My eyes traveled up past her voluptuous chest and into her sparkling eyes as they looked right back at me. With a little smile, Mom invitingly patted the edge of the cushion near her hip. I wasted not time sliding down closer.

As my Aunt finished texting, her and Mom resumed their conversation. I began to catch whiffs of Mom's pungent feminine aroma, mixed with her sweet perfume. I turned my head slowly, so as

not to raise suspicion from my Aunt and found myself staring at the fat swell of Mom's matronly twat .

Now only a foot away, I could clearly see her plump clitoral hood pushing against the fabric. The material was sheer enough to make out the shadow of a small carefully trimmed patch of dark pubic fuzz. The smell of her feminine aroma at this distance was intoxicating.

Almost without realizing it, my head tilted back and I gazed up between her thighs at the great cloud of cashmere-covered tit-meat hovering above. My Aunt must have checked her phone again because Mom peeked over her wobbling wonders and gave me a cute little wink.

Mom's eyes suddenly darted across the room. "You're father," she whispered, closing her legs.

My eyes went back to the TV just as dad arrived. I noticed him looking at my position next to Mom a bit suspiciously. "How's everyone want their steaks?" he asked.

After taking our requests, he disappeared again.

"Hey kids, Santa's in the back yard!" someone shouted.

Santa came to hand out little gifts on Christmas Eve. One of the silly traditions we had for the little kids each year.

Aunt Donna got up. "I better go make sure Darci doesn't pull Santa's beard off," she said, making Mom and I laugh.

As I began to stand, I felt mom's legs wrap around my waist and pull me back onto the couch against

her. It was an awkward position. If anyone had walked back into the room, it would have looked incredibly scandalous. I trusted that Mom knew what she was doing as I rested my back against her mountainous chest .

"And where do you think you're going, young man. Yours Santa's not in the back yard. She's right here," she said, running her hands along my upper chest .

I watched one of her sexy feet slide up my thigh, slither across my balls and up the length of my iron-hard cock. My body trembled beneath her touch.

"Someone's got a Christmas boner," she giggled, clutching my engorged cock-tip with her toes. "Kinda hard not to have one," I smiled.

"Ohhhh, I can feel it throbbing. Throbbing for warm pussy," she said in a sexy tone, licking my ear. "Yesss," I whispered, so turned on I could hardly stand it .

"Santa's coming, baby," she said, kissing my cheek.

We joined the family. My uncle was a little tipsy and taped some mistletoe up on the ceiling in the kitchen. He wasted no time positioning himself underneath it . "I'm under this here mistletoe. Who's gonna kiss me?" he shouted.

"Ohh, I will big boy," my Aunt said, rushing over and giving him a long kiss.

Everyone cheered.

My cousin jumped from her boyfriend's lap. "My turn under the mistletoe," she said, then pointed at her boyfriend. "You have to come smooch me," she said.

A tad embarrassed, her boyfriend walked over and shared a kiss with her. The family cheered again. "Now me!" My little sister cried out .

My Grandma hopped up. "I'll give you kisses, young lady!" she said.

"Nooo," my sister screamed playfully and ran back out into the back yard. The family erupted in cheers and laughs.

Mom rushed over to the kitchen. "My turn," she announced. Once under the mistletoe, she pointed at me and gave me the "come hither" with her finger. "You... Get in here," she said sweetly, smiling from ear to ear.

The women in the family cheered me on. "Wooo!"

"Somebody's getting kissed," my Aunt teased.

I was pretty embarrassed by the time I got to Mom. She looked in my eyes, rose up on her tip-toes and gave me a tender peck on the lips. The kiss lasted maybe a second longer than what was appropriate, but no one seemed to care except dad. He looked a little displeased. I saw mom glance over at him as

the rest of the family cheered.

That night I barely slept . My cock stayed hard for hours in anticipation for Christmas day. About the normal time, my parents gave the wakeup call and I wandered downstairs with my excited little sisters.

Mom was just coming in from the kitchen when I arrived at the tree. She was wearing that sexy short silk robe and I could tell by the way her big tits were jiggling that it was all she had on. She gave me a

hug from behind and a kiss on the cheek.

"Merry Christmas," she said lovingly.

"Merry Christmas, Mom," I smiled.

Dad sat on the floor near the tree. He liked to hand out the gifts. He was looking over at me as Mom brought her lips to my ear. "Stay close to me this morning," she whispered.

"Hey enough with the whispering. Let's open some gifts," he said.

"We're coming," Mom said, leading me over to the couch.

Following her advice, I sat next to her. She snuggled close, bringing a throw-blanket up over our laps.

As my Dad began to dig through the presents, I felt Mom's tiny hand slithered onto my thigh and rest there, dangerously close to my dick. I glanced over at mom, surprised by her brazenness. She was watching my sisters dig into their first presents, not giving the slightest indication that her hand was somewhere naughty.

My cock hardened near Mom's hand as she began to lightly tease me by running her nails along my thigh, very close to my erection.

"Now let's see what Santa left for your brother," Dad said to my sisters, searching through the gifts. "That's okay dad, the girls can open more of theirs," I said, struggling to controlled my excited breathing. The girls screamed as they exited the living room, into the back yard with their new dolls. Dad watched them disappear. "Well, clearly the girls have other plans."

With her free hand Mom pointed. "Honey, why don't you open one of yours. That green one there on the end," Mom said to my dad.

Dad began to open one of his gifts from Mom as his wife's hand slithered into the fly in my boxers and around my throbbing cock.

"Oh wow, a sweat suite. Thank you hon," he said.

"I thought it looked like you. Hope I got the size right . Why don't you go upstairs and try it on," Mom said as she began to massage my hard cock beneath the covers.

"No, I can put it on after we're done here," Dad said.

"Don't be silly, we have all morning to open gifts. The girls are obviously occupied. Try it on, I wanna see if it fits," Mom persisted.

"All right, be right back." Dad said as he headed for the stairway.

Mom continued stroking my cock as dad disappeared upstairs. Santa himself could have entered the house at that moment and I would have been oblivious. I was totally consumed by what Mom was doing.

Mom gazed at me, squeezing her fist in a perfect corkscrew up and down my meat . "Ohhh, honey, you're as hard as a candy cane down there," she said.

Mom turned slightly, twining her naked leg with one of mine. I began to slouch. Her robe had parted slightly and her bulging braless cleavage jiggled as she fucked me with her fist .

"Come on, baby-boy. I want you to make lots of thick creamy Christmas cum for Momma," she whispered.

My legs stretched out and my body sort of contorted sideways from the pleasure of having my dick stroked. At this point, I could see the lump in the blanket jerking up and down. I could tell mom was watching for my sisters through the corner of her eye, making sure they didn't come back into the house.

Her hand stroked frantically now. Slick with semen, it made a lewd creamy sound as it whipped up and down my cock. I felt my balls ache for release. Whimpering, I dropped my head to the side, landing my face on the top of one of Mom's soft jiggling breasts. She pushed her weight against me, smothering my face in a mask of warm dough-like tit-meat.

I felt the tip of my cock tingle, which sent a signal to my balls. Just before I came, I drug my tongue up the slope Mom's breast, take a long wet lick.

"Uuuuunnnngghhh!" I quietly grunted, as the first blast rocketed from my piss-hole, splashing against the blanket.

"That's my baby," Mom said as she continued her heavenly cock-jerking.

It felt so fucking good I wanted to scream. All I could do was lay there, grunting into Mom's boob as she milked rope after quivering rope from my jutting penis. What a site it would have been if my dad had come downstairs at that moment. Luckily, he was slow to change.

After squeezing every last drop, Mom lifted her boob off my face and adjusted her robe. "Take the blanket to the laundry room. Bring a clean one back with you," she said hurriedly.

"Okay," I muttered, standing up on weakened knees and leaving the room just as Dad reached the top of the stairway.

"Oh honey, those look great on you," I heard Mom say from the living room as I wiped the pearly cream from my boxers.

After all the gifts were opened, Mom went upstairs to take a shower. I sat on the couch, listening to some new itunes and reflecting on the incredible hand job she had given me.

My sisters were in their own world, playing with their new gifts, while Dad was busy putting together one of his new gadgets.

After a while I got a text from Mom. "Do you remember when you were little and I caught you peaking in on me while I was wrapping your gifts.

"Ha-ha yes," I texted back, wondering why she would bring that up.

She texted back. "Well, I'm about to wrap your big gift now, why don't you come peak in before it's all the way wrapped."

"OK," I answered.

I tried to hide my excitement as I snuck upstairs and down the hallway. I peaked into Mom and Dad's room and gasped as I saw Mom standing at her vanity. She wore a Santa's hat and her white robe was completely open, giving me a good look at her huge naked tits.

She sprayed some perfume on and my cock hardened in my shorts as my eyes traveled down her body to the V of her nearly trimmed crotch. She finally closed the robe and called my name softly, knowing I was just around the corner.

"Yeah," I answered.

"Come in here," she said.

I stepped into her room and she turned to look at me with those big sparkling eyes. "Yeah?" I said.

"How are you doing? Did you get a good look at your gift before I finished wrapping it?" she asked, in her cute mommy-tone.

"I did," I said trying to contain my monster erection.

"So, ready to tear your gift open and play with it?" she asked in a matter of fact way.

"You mean..." I swallowed hard, not able to finish my sentence.

Mom stepped forward and wrapped her arms around my neck. "I mean, it is Christmas...and you still have a gift you haven't opened. In order to use this gift though, you're gonna need a big strong boner like you had this morning."

"Oh trust me, I already have that," I blushed.

I looked down and watched her trace her nails along the tubular bulge in my briefs, her big wedding ring sparkling. "Mmm, you sure do," she said. "Are you gonna use this thick erection to reach mommy's tootsie-roll center," she asked.

"Yess," I nodded, my dick throbbing beneath her fingers.

"Maybe you can use your gift's mouth...to help you keep your fucker nice and hard. Maybe she'll roll her tongue around on the juicy head for you." Mom said, flailing her pink snake around in her open mouth.

"Please," I said, desperate to fuck.

She pulled me into the master bathroom. "Close and lock the door," she said, smiling wickedly.

I did as she asked as Mom started the shower to provide some background noise. I followed her over to the toilet where she sat down on the lid, reached out and grabbed the waistband of my boxers, pulling me over in front of her.

"I get to tear open my gift first," she said, pulling my briefs down around my ankles. She wrapped her hand tightly around the base of my prick. True to her word, mom began to lash her long pink tongue around my bulbous head. Her eyes peeked up at me naughtily as she licked the tip of my hard rod.

I felt as though I was dreaming as I watched my own gorgeous mother slip half my boner into her mouth and begin to suck. Within seconds, my cock was monster-hard. Mom's mouth felt unbelievable as she worked my young dick like a seasoned pro, battering the engorged knob with her tongue.

She slipped it from her mouth and gave it a few full-length strokes. "That's it baby...keep that boner big and strong for Mommy," she said in a sexy tone.

Mom stood up and undid her robe. I watched as it fell to the floor, pooling at her bare feet. A quivering gasp left my mouth as I stared at her huge pendulous breasts. The areola were large and thick, with fat nipples poking out of their centers.

"Do you like them, darling? Do you like Mom's big juicy tits," she asked, moving her shoulders, which

made king-sized titties wag like a dog's tail, back and forth.

"Damn," I muttered, watching them move.

She stepped forward and wrapped her arms around my neck. Before I knew it, her tits were flattened against my chest and she was attacking me with kisses. They weren't the motherly kind either.

Suddenly, our lips were fused in an open oval. Our tongues danced. Mom's licker was unbelievably long and fast. As my boner stuck straight up against her, I could feel her small coarse patch of pubic fuzz tickling the underside of my cock-shaft.

We stopped French kissing and after Mom planted a few more wet smacking kisses, she gazed at me, her eyes glazed over with lust .

"Time to fuck," she soft softly, then bit her bottom lip as she looked down at my throbbing meat.

Mom laid down on her back on the big soft rug in front of the shower. I watched her tits teeter from side to side before spilling off the sides of her chest . She brought her knees back, splaying her tan thighs. I could see the thick folds of her gash ready to be stuffed full.

"Here it is baby. Here's the hot pussy you've dreamed about. Come get your dick wet," she said, reaching up for me.

I wasted no time crawling down between her parted thighs. I grabbed my dick and let the tip lick between her moist folds. Time seemed to move in slow motion as my raging hard-on sunk into the spongy-soft heat of mom's vagina. I let out a soft quivering sigh as I felt my cock being sheathed in the soft flexible lining of Mom's cunt-tube. Mom rested her tiny feet against my ass, pulling me in as deep as I could possibly go, until my leaking knob touched the puckered head of her cervix.

"Merry Christmas, my love," she said tenderly.

"Ohhh, God, thank you, Mom," I said.

I started to thrust my hips, slowing fucking my throbbing pole in and out of her squeezing cunt .

"Oh yeeaaaah, that's it... get it, sweetie! Get that pussy," Mom sighed.

I speared my prick to the hilt in mom's creamy pussy over and over, my balls slapping her ass crack. She twined her arms around my shoulders and started humping her ass off the floor as fast as she could.

"Ohhh shit," I whimpered, sinking into her warm soft body.

"Yesss, fuck my pussy!" Mom gasped, clawing at my back with her fingernails, grimacing as her strong tan legs tightened around me like a fleshy fuck-harness.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. I was about startled out of my skin and quickly rose onto my elbows. "Janice?" Dad said from the other side of the door.

"I'm in the shower," Mom answered calmly.

"I need to pee."

"Can't you use the downstairs bathroom, honey. I'm already in the shower." Mom said, squeezing her cunt-muscles around my cock.

"The girls have taken it over. They set it up as a bedroom for their new dolls."

I looked at mom worriedly. "What do we do?" I whispered.

Mom smiled back, not the least bit worried. "We keep fucking," she said then motioned to the shower, "in there."

"And let him in?" I asked worriedly.

"Uh-huh," Mom said with a big smile, showing her perfect white teeth.

"Janice, come on, I gotta go," dad said.

As we both got up and my cock slurped from her cunt, a long gooey string of pre-cum hung from my piss-hole. Mom caught it with her finger, swiped it off my dick and gobbled it up. "Yum," she said, wild eyed.

"How are we gonna get away with this?" I whispered.

She rubbed my cheek. "Don't worry, it'll be fun," she whispered. "Get in, hurry" she said playfully, nudging me towards the shower.

I climbed behind the curtain, uncertain about how Mom was gonna pull this off. I knew if dad caught us, I'd be dead. I heard mom let him in.

"All that damn egnog," dad said as I heard him start peeing.

"Your lucky I wasn't in the middle of washing my hair," Mom said as she climbed into the shower with me.

She immediately pulled me to her and planted a big wet kiss. She squeezed me, her big wet tits mashed against my chest . We French kissed under the hot spray with Dad dangerously close. "The kids sure do seem to love their gifts," dad said as he peed.

"Mmnn, they sure do," Mom said, reaching down and grasping my dick. "It's wonderful to see them get such enjoyment out of them," Mom said, stroking my wet dick up and down. "I feel bad about last night . Giving him such a hard time about looking at your breasts. I didn't mean for it to sound like he was lusting after you or anything."

I stuffed as much of Mom's tit into my mouth as I could get and sucked hungrily. Cradling my head against her tit, Mom watched me suck and carried on her conversation with dad. "I know you didn't, honey. Thinking such a thing would just be ridiculous."

"Yeah, I was kind of a jerk...and on Christmas Eve of all times. I should probably apologize to him."

"Yeah, you probably should," Mom said, as she wrapped one leg up around my midsection and fed my cock back into her hungry cunt . She looked back over her shoulder in the direction of Dad. "But you should do it later. I think he's in his room laying down for a little while."

Dad flushed the toilet . "Should I apologize before or after I lecture him about leaving his boxers in the bathroom. Our bathroom."

Her engorged nipple popped from my mouth as I gave Mom a "yikes" look. She eased my worry by provided the perfect explanation. "Oh, he was probably just excited to slip into something else," Mom said, tightening her cunt and winking at me. "You know, like one of those new outfits we bought for him."

"I suppose," dad said, then started to pull part of the shower curtain back. "Want me to wash anything for you," he asking in a flirting manner.

Mom yanked the curtain back in place. "Maybe later. You better get back downstairs and make sure the girls don't destroy my bathroom" Mom said.

"Yeah I suppose," he said.

It was so surreal feeling my dick slide in and out of Mom's juicy vagina, while Dad was literally three feet away. Mom just spoke to him like nothing was going on.

"Thanks for watching them hon. I'll be down in a bit . With all these new hair products, I might be taking the longest shower of my life this morning."

"Take your time," Dad said, leaving the bathroom.

Mom looked me in the eyes, grinding her cunt on my wet dick. "You can count on it," she said.

As we fell into a rhythm, I could feel Mom thrusting her cunt up at me, meeting me stroke for stroke. I grasped her sloshing tits, feeling my fingers sink into their supple flesh.

"Oh yeah," I moaned, my balls slapping against her ass.

"Harder!" Mom sighed, then clawed at me with her other leg. "Pick me up and fuck me harder!" I complied, grasping her ass and lifting her into the standing fuck position.

Like a jackhammer, I started to lay into Mom, pounding her hot slippery mommy-cunt with my hard teenaged cock. After two minutes of wet rutting we were both grunting and groaning in orgasmic bliss. Feeling her body shake and listening to her muffled cries on my shoulder made me cum harder than I ever had before. I didn't want it to ever end.

Mom let out a satisfied sigh. "Wow. You know, this was YOUR gift . You weren't suppose to make Mom cum that like, you silly goose," she said, running her fingers through my hair.

"Maybe I wanted to give you a gift too," I said.

"Well in that case...I want more...lots more." she smiled, running her feet along the back of my thighs. "When?" I asked.

Mom ushered Dad and the girls to the front door. They were dressed for the cold, but Mom was still in that sexy short silk robe.

"Tell your parents I'm sorry we'll miss Christmas dinner. If he has a fever I really should be here with him in case he needs something." Mom said, motioning to me as I lay on the couch. "Yeah, I don't suppose that cold air will do him any good," Dad agreed.

Mom and I looked at each other.

"Nope...he needs to spend his afternoon somewhere nice and warm," Mom said, giving me a cute little wink.

They said their goodbyes and Mom closed the door and locked it . She strolled over to me on bare feet, her big heavy tits bobbling beneath her robe.

She gazed down at me with a cute pouty face. "My poor sick baby. Maybe a nice hard fuck on Momma's bed will make him all better. Yaa think?" she asked.

"Definitely," I said with a smile.

"Come on," she smiled, reaching out and taking my hand.

I followed my Christmas Goddess up the stairs, watching that meaty mommy-ass sway from side to side with each delicate step. My heart raced with excitement, my cock flexing eagerly in my shorts. Santa Mom knew what I wanted this year and she came through. Somehow, she always does.

THE END

Mommy-Claus

By Klrxo

In a large workshop, nearly one hundreds elves scrambled to prepare children's gifts for the big night that was only a day away. One particular elf, that looked wise in age, rushed in from outside. This was Tiberius, the lead elf.

"Mrs. Claus is coming!" he anxiously said to a few, who quickly spread the word around to the other elves.

As the news spread, the army of workers scrambled to look as busy as they could.

The whistle of the North Pole wind swept through the factory as a figure entered from outside, wearing a huge white hooded coat. Several elves were more than willing to help her remove it.

A collective gasp hissed through the workshop as all eyes momentarily gazed upon the beauty of Natalia Claus, Santa's wife. Her platinum silver hair was put up in a bun. Her striking facial features showed a woman who looked to be in her forties, even though her age extended much beyond that. Her hazel-green eyes surveyed the familiar faces, her full pink lips curling into a warm smile. "Good evening!" her pretty voice said.

"Good evening!" Came the collective response.

"Have you seen my husband?"

Like a group of awe-struck idiots, they all pointed towards a large door at the far side of the room.

"Thank you!" Natalia said, then sashayed across the factory floor. Her long strong legs moved fluidly beneath her modest brown dress, making the tremendous swell of her motherly bosom judder heavily beneath it's covering.

The horny elves faked like they were working, while watching the voluptuous matronly figure cross the room. Even the loyal foreman Tiberius fell victim to her charms, as he followed behind her, watching Natalia's well rounded buttocks sway hypnotically beneath her dress.

A fat, bearded Santa Claus was trying on a new big red Christmas coat he'd had custom made for this year's busy night.

"I like it!" his lovely wife said as she entered the room. "Better not let any of those sexy mothers lure you away with more than milk and cookies," she teased.

"Ho, ho, ho!" Santa laughed. "I wouldn't think of it, dear."

"And speaking of that..." Natalia said, running her soft hands over his shoulders. "Since this is the final night before your 'busiest day of the year,' I was hoping you'd slide something down MY chimney later."

"Now Natalia, you know that I need to conserve all the energy I have for tomorrow. The children are all counting on me."

"Oh I know," the mother said understandably, but with a tinge of disappointment. She knew never to put her own needs above her husband's obligations to the children of the world. Even so, not a day went by that her pussy wasn't throbbing with desire.

Santa brushed his hands down his new coat seeming pleased with the way it fit. "There's still much to do, and only a short time to do it in. I need all hands on deck," he said. "Be a dear and let Jack know I need him down in the factory to help the elves."

"Right away, hon," Natalia said, rising up on her tip-toes and giving her chubby husband a kiss on the cheek.

Jack Claus lay on his bed, repeatedly throwing a red ball up in the air, then catching it. He was a handsome boy, with dark shaggy hair and a thin build. He had just turned eighteen this year, and hoped that his father would finally let him become more involved in 'Santa-type' responsibilities, and not just helping out in the factory with the elves. People aged differently in the land of the North Pole. One year of life for them, equaled a hundred years of life for people in the rest of the world. This meant that Jack had a century of being a 'rookie adult,' and he was anxious to see what opportunities it would bring.

There was a gentle tap at his door. "Jack?" his mother's sweet voice called.

He quickly sat up on the edge of the bed and ditched the ball. He knew if he wanted his parents to treat him like an adult, he had to start acting like one. "Come in, Mother," he answered.

Natalia opened the door and stepped into her son's room. Like every other Christmas-land creature with a swinging dick, Jack was enchanted by his mother's beauty. She had just the type of curvy body, especially with her thick ass and jumbo-sized boobies, that he hoped to find

in his own wife someday. He often wished his mother would wear less around him, so he could really admire what was going on under those clothes.

She plopped down on the bed next to him. "Your father would like it if you'd come help out in the factory. You know the next twenty-four hours are the busiest of the year around here," Natalia explained.

"I know," the boy muttered, seeming a little forlorn.

"What's wrong, sugarplum?" his mom asked, taking his hand and holding it on her lap.

"I was hoping dad would let me help out in the sleigh room this year. You know, take on more responsibility."

"I'm sorry, Jack. I know it's hard to be patient, but just remember that some day you'll be taking the reins of this operation, and then you'll have more responsibilities than you'll know what to do with," Natalia explained.

"I know, it's just that right now I feel like I have more to offer," he said. "There must be some way I can step up to a bigger role and make things easier for dad."

His mother squeezed his hand tenderly. "I'll tell you what. You help out down in the factory for now and I'll put more thought into this matter while I'm doing some baking."

Jack nodded in agreement. "Ok, mother," he said.

While the men were busy in the Christmas factory, Natalia assisted with baking in the kitchen. There were lots of mouths to feed, especially this busy time of year. The Claus's assigned this important task to a female elf named Vanora.

Vanora was a master chef and baker, and was very close with Natalia. The two of them spoke about everything, and were practically best friends. "Jack is so anxious to take on more responsibility, but my husband doesn't seem in any hurry to 'bring him up the ladder' so to speak," Natalia explained, while rolling out some bread-dough.

"Well, we both know how stubborn Santa can be. And what he can't do himself, the elves are quick to step up and take care of," Vanora said, removing cookies from a giant oven.

"I know, and that's another thing that has me worried. I certainly don't want Jack stepping on any toes and causing any contention with the senior elves in the factory."

"Perhaps if you spoke to Santa about it, in a way that was more...personal," Vanora suggested.

"Personal?"

"Yes, well, if Jack were to take on some of the more important responsibilities, that would free up more time for Santa to take care of YOUR needs, in the bedroom."

Mrs. Claus giggled. "Oh, Vanora, I do like the way you think, but unfortunately there's nothing more important to Santa than meeting his Christmas deadline, and not letting down the children of the world," she explained.

"That is most certainly true," the female elf agreed.

"My sexual needs will simply have to wait until Christmas is over, and he's well rested again," Natalia said, seeming somewhat sad by that fact.

"Not necessarily," Vanora said, her lips curling into a naughty smile.

"Oh?" Natalia asked, stopping what she was doing and looking at her besty curiously.

"Forgive me for suggesting it, Natalia, but there MAY be a solution to everyone's problem, albeit a very unconventional one," her elf-friend said.

"Do continue," Mrs. Claus said, listening intently.

"As we've discussed before, your son Jack IS quite handsome, and every bit a man now. Perhaps his desire for greater responsibility can be best utilized outside the factory, and inside your bed chamber," Vanora suggested.

Mrs. Claus burst out laughing. "Oh my dear Vanora, such a naughty suggestion, and VERY 'unconventional' indeed."

Vanora continued scooping freshly-baked cookies off the platter. "But one that would remedy both YOUR lack of affection, Jack's desire to step in and fill his father's shoes in a MAJOR way, and allow Santa to focus on what he does best. Delivering Christmas joy to families everywhere."

The beautiful mother silently pondered the idea a moment. It was true that her only son was quite handsome. Her husband looked the same as Jack so long ago, hundreds of years by normal human time. Surely getting affection from her son would make her feel so young again, and she was sure the sex would be amazing. However, it was her child they were talking about, and she'd never cheated on her husband before, not once.

"Even if I were to consider your idea, how do I know Jack even desires me that way. He could be completely sickened by the idea, then I'd feel like a complete fool," Natalia said.

"I've seen the way your son looks upon you, staring at 'certain parts' of your body with desire," Vanora said with a smile, gazing at Mrs. Claus's enormous rack. "If you wanna be sure, however, perhaps you should simply gauge his interest first."

"Gauge his interest," Natalia repeated.

"Yes, try to..."

"No, I know what you mean," Mrs. Claus said, "and it does make sense, but doing such a thing would seem so selfish of me."

"Perhaps in meeting your own needs, yes, but remember, you're also meeting the needs of your husband and son as well. It's a win/win for everyone really," the elf chef reminded her.

Jack was busy in the factory, when an elf whose job it was to deliver messages approached him. "Mrs. Claus would like to see you back in your bed chamber right away," he said, with what seemed like a bit of envy.

"Thanks," Jack muttered, then headed out of the factory, trudging through the snow, to the large victorian-style home he shared with his parents. Beautiful white lights adorned the house, giving it a magical glow.

Once inside, he kicked off his snow-covered boots and went upstairs to his bedroom. His beautiful silver-haired mother was waiting, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Everything OK, mother?" he asked.

"Yes, everything's fine, sugar-plum. Just need to speak to you is all. Close the door and come sit next to me," she said, patting the spot next to her on the mattress.

Jack obeyed and had a seat beside her. He was delighted to see that she was wearing a somewhat scandalous-looking red gown, that left her bare legs partially exposed as they were crossed in a sexy manner. What also made the gown a bit naughty was the fact that it had a plunging neckline, revealing a substantial amount of tit-cleavage. He could tell his mom had spent time putting on some make-up and her sweet perfume smelt divine.

"You look really nice," he said.

"Do I?"

"Yes, smell good too."

"Well, thank you," she said, pleased that her son was already impressed by what he was seeing. She often wondered if he saw her as more than just 'mom,' but as a sexual creature also. Now was the time to find out, as she contemplated Vanora's suggestion. "Vanora said that she often catches you staring at my big breasts, is that true?"

The boy got a look of surprise. "Oh, I, um..."

"It's perfectly alright if you do, you know," she said. "I realize that the North Pole isn't exactly full of girls your own age to look at."

"That's true," the boy agreed.

She reached over and took his hand, holding it on top of her leg. "So is that a yes?" she asked. "Yes, you do look at my breasts?"

"Yes, um, sometimes," he blushed.

Natalia smiled over at her teen, squeezing his hand reassuringly. "Do you wonder what they look like naked, Jack?" she asked candidly.

"Naked?" he repeated timidly.

"Yes, naked...with my big nipples poking out."

Jack took a nervous, but excited gulp. He certainly wasn't used to answering these types of questions from a girl, especially one as gorgeous as his mother.

Natalia sensed his uneasiness. "Darling, I assumed from our discussion earlier today that you'd really like to be treated like a man now, and given manly responsibilities, is that accurate?" she asked him.

"Yes," the boy muttered.

"Well, part of being a man, is being able to have open and honest conversation about all sorts of 'adult-type' things, including body-parts and sex. If you feel you're not ready for a conversation of that nature, I'll understand."

The last thing Jack wanted was for his mother to keep treating him like a boy. He knew to get treated like a grown-up, he had to act like one, even if it meant talking about embarrassing stuff, like how he lusted after her. "I do think about your breasts naked a lot," he brazenly confessed.

This brought a pleasant smile to his mother's pretty face. "Was that so hard to admit?" she teased.

"You have the biggest boobs of any woman I know, so it's really hard not to stare at them and wonder what they look like, you know, without any clothes on," he further admitted, glancing down at the creamy cleavage of her mammoth mounds.

"Just what they look like, or what they feel like also?" Natalia asked.

"I do wonder what they'd feel like. I would imagine they're probably as soft as fresh mounds of morning snow," Jack said.

His mother giggled. "Yes, but MUCH warmer though. Like fleshy mittens, with thick pointy nipples," she said, gazing into her son's eyes.

"Father must love them," the boy said.

"Not this time of year unfortunately," Natalia sadly admitted. "He's busy during the day and much too exhausted at night to give them any attention at all."

"Oh," Jack muttered, thinking his father must be absolutely nuts not to make such a wonderful thing a daily priority.

"My boobies are definitely the happiest when they're bouncing up and down," the mother confessed, bobbing her thick ass on the soft mattress a few times, making her giant milkers heave up and down heavily beneath her gown.

Jack's eyes about popped out of his head. He watched his mother thrust out her chest, making her stiff-nippled tit-melons balloon outward. "Or when the nipples are being sucked or nibbled on. I really like that a lot also," his mother added.

"You do?" the boy asked dumbfounded, still staring at her jutting orbs.

"Yes. Since you've decided to be so honest, like the grown young man you are, are there any other parts of me that you like to admire regularly?" she asked with a sly smirk.

"Well, yes, like...EVERY part of you," he answered. "Every guy in Christmas-land thinks you're beautiful, mother, even me."

Natalia raised an eyebrow. "Is that so? Even my legs?" she asked, extending one of her lovely legs out and pointing her sexy toes.

Rarely was the boy treated to the sight of his mother's bare legs. They were so soft and silky-looking, yet exhibited a feminine strength that could probably squeeze the life out of him.

"They're incredible," he sighed, feeling his cock rise to a full erection inside his pants.

"They love being spread wide open in the air. They're going to miss that so much during this busy season," she admitted.

"They are?"

"Yes," his mom whispered, then brought her knees up, lifting her dainty bare feet from the floor. Jack watched with mouth agape as her gown slid up, exposing her thick thighs as she splayed them open. "I'll miss having a man right here," she said, sliding her hands up the saddle of her open legs.

Her gown had ridden up so far that her boy could see the crotch of her Christmas-red panties. They mounded perfectly to the shape of her puffy vulva, even showing the groove of her cuntal cleavage and the exposed split of her bulging ass-cheeks.

"Father will sure have a lot of catching up to do," the boy said with heavy breath.

"At least HE'LL be busy in the meantime," Natalia said, lowering her legs. "Me on the other hand, I'll just be alone in that big bed all night."

Jack would have gladly volunteered to take his place in the bedroom, but despite his mother's confessions, he still hadn't caught on that it was possibly what she wanted also. He decided to turn the conversation around on her. "Do you ever stare at parts of me?" he asked, already convinced that she had glanced down at the bulge in his pants a few times.

Natalia smiled, showing her perfect white teeth. "All the time," she admitted. "You have the cutest butt in the whole world."

Jack blushed. "I'm sure you're just saying that because I'm your son," he said.

"Were you saying I have the nicest sweater-puffs because I'm your mom, or because you really mean it?"

"I meant it of course," Jack answered.

"Well I meant it too. Your butt is the sexiest ever!" she said with a teasing grin.

"Are there any OTHER parts of me that you admire?" the boy asked bravely.

"Are you referring to those morning boners you like to show off so much? They haven't gone unnoticed," she said with a cute wink.

"Oh," the boy sighed, his cock flexing excitedly.

"The one you have in your pants right now hasn't gone unnoticed either," his mother said, gazing into his eyes.

"Sorry," he blushed, "the conversation just got me a little excited I guess."

Natalia giggled. "A little excited?" she said, then looked down at the hard cylinder beneath the fabric of his pants. "If that's a little excited, then I can't imagine what 'a lot' excited looks like."

"I'll um, try to get it under control."

"Don't worry about it, sugar-plum. I've been watching you get boners since your balls dropped. Besides, mummies get erections too," she said, then thrust her tit-cannons out, clearly displaying the thick engorged nipples sticking out from beneath the fabric.

"Yes, true," the boy gasped, staring lustfully at her 'erections.'

A mischievous grin crossed his mother's face. "And they've gotten erect for the same reason. The conversation got ME a little excited too I guess," she admitted.

They were both startled by Santa's unmistakable voice from downstairs. "Ho, ho, ho!" he called out in his jolly way.

Natalia stood up, her eyes lingering down on her son's boner-bulge, as if trying to measure its length with her eyes. "Sounds like your father's home. I should get him supper," she said.

Jack watched his mother sashay gracefully towards his door. Her silky gown was molded around her swaying buttocks and he could clearly make out her panty lines through it, making it obvious that her dainty panties only covered half her luscious ass.

"I forgot to mention a part," he said to her.

When she stopped and looked back curiously, he went on to explain. "Another part of you that I like to look at," he said.

"Let me guess," she said, then reached back with both hands and clutched her meaty cheeks with her long red nails. "This part?"

"Yes," he hissed excitedly.

"Well then, I suppose mommy will have to put a little extra sway in her hips when she's around you from now on," she teased, then let go of her ass and slowly wagged her jiggly bun-cheeks back and forth teasingly.

She stepped out of his room, leaving her boy with a aching erection.

Even though she was so horny she could go out of her mind, Natalia didn't pressure her husband into sex that night. She knew he needed his rest and strength for the day and night ahead.

As she lay there in bed watching the big bearded guy snore away, her mind drifted back to the conversation she had with Jack. It was clear that he lusted after her, and would probably jump at the chance to take his father's spot between her thighs on Christmas night.

*"I couldn't possibly cheat on poor Santa," she thought. "He adores me and it might crush him if he found out Jack was pounding my cunt on the eve of Christmas."*

Then, her naughty side chimed in. *"But if he cared as much about giving me pleasure as he does about delivering Christmas gifts around the world, I'd be the happiest woman alive."*

She tossed and turned restlessly; her mind conflicted. *"Jack's my son. My little sugar-plum. I couldn't possibly let him plunder my cunt and pump his seed inside me, could I?"*

*"But Vanora did make a good point. Jack wants more responsibility, and what greater task than helping his mother quench her insatiable sexual appetite," she thought. "I just know Jack would be UP for the Job. He's probably upstairs right now beating his boner at the very thought of it."*

Curiously, Natalia slipped out of bed, snuck out of her bedroom and made her way upstairs, wearing only a skimpy snow-white nighty.

The mother's dainty bare feet tapped lightly on the old wooden floor as she crept to her son's doorway and put her ear to the door. Sure enough, she could hear the repetitive squeak of his bedsprings, announcing the fact that he was masturbating his penis.

Her fat nipples hardened beneath her nighty at the mere thought that her son may be thinking about her while furiously beating his dick.

*"I just wanna take a peek," she thought. "One quick peek and that's it."*

She opened the door just a crack and peered inside. Her beautiful hazel-green eyes widened as she spotted her son on his bed, stroking his erection. His shaft looked so long and thick and his fat pinkish-purple nob glistened in the moonlight as it slipped through his fist.

Natalia's heart raced excitedly as she watched her boy's young energetic hips thrust from the mattress. A voice suddenly startled her.

"Is he stroking his piss?" the voice whispered. It was Vanora, the female elf.

Natalia sighed in relief. "Vanora! You about startled the life out of me," she said.

They spoke at a whisper, so Jack couldn't hear them at his doorway. "My room's directly downstairs and I've been listening to the bedsprings," Vanora said, kneeling down and peeking in. "He's been going at it for over an hour."

"An hour?" Mrs. Claus said in disbelief.

"Yes. That's how long he usually beats off at night."

Natalia joined her friend in watching her son masturbate his erect cock. "He must have amazing stamina," the mother whispered, in awe of her son's sexual vitality.

Their eyes watched the pillar of cock-meat slip through the boy's jacking hand. "It must be at least ten inches long," Natalia said.

"And as thick as a rolling pin," the elf added. "Surely such a penis would make a suitable replacement in the absence of his father."

"Oh, I have no doubt of that," Natalia agreed. "I just don't know if I can."

"Can or should?" Vanora asked, peeking up at her. "Because I have little doubt that you can."

Mrs. Claus's eyes drifted up to her son's pleasure-filled face. His eyes were clenched closed and she could tell he was thinking about something wonderful. "The fact that he's so handsome, and his penis is so large, isn't making my determination to be a faithful wife any easier," she confessed.

"You're not contemplating a secret love affair, Natalia," Vanora reminded her. "You're merely giving your son an important task to fulfill. A way to assist his father with his manly obligations until the holiday has past by."

Natalia knew her friend was right. Requesting that her son meet her sexual needs was just a temporary assignment. This was no different than asking him to polish the sleigh, feed the reindeer, or some other important task that would make her husband's job easier. Once Santa was back and well rested, her sex life would return to the way it was before and Jack would be off the hook, until possibly next Christmas.

"I still don't know for sure if Jack would even entertain the idea," Natalia muttered. Even after having the sexually-charged conversation with her son earlier, she wasn't completely convinced that he would have full-blown sex with her.

"Perhaps you need an ice-breaker," Vanora suggested.

"Ice breaker?"

"Yes, something to steer the two of you in that direction, to see if he's a willing participant," the elf explained. "Then you'll know if he'll except the assignment to have full-on intercourse with you."

Mrs. Claus gave her friend a thankful smile. "Dear, Valora, where would I be without you," she said.

"Frustrated and horny perhaps?" the elf teased.

Natalia looked in on her son, still unsure how he'd react. "Well, that still may be the case."

"Somehow I doubt it," Valora said, watching the boy beat his hardon.

"Ok then," Natalia said bravely, "let see about that ice-breaker."

Jack heard the floorboards creak and his eyes popped open to see his beautiful mother standing at the foot of the bed watching him beat off. He quickly covered his erect prick with the blanket. "Mother!" he gasped embarrassed by being caught doing such a thing.

"I see your 'handling' your horny desires well in here," she teased.

"No, I um...I was just..."

Natalia giggled. "I know what you were doing, darling. I do the same thing when I have horny desires," she confessed.

"You do?"

"Of course. I don't have a penis like you do, but women have sexual body parts, just like men do."

Speaking of 'sexual body parts,' Jack's eyes traveled down to the swell of his mom's unfettered tits. Covered only by the top portion of her nighty, without the support of her bra, his mom's monstrous melons looked so big and heavy that the boy's excited heart nearly beat out of his chest. Once again, he could tell that her nipples were erect, just like his cock.

His gaze continued downward to her crotch. The skirt portion of the frilly white nighty was transparent, allowing him to see her dainty panties, and the V of her motherly pubis. "So women rub themselves down there, like men do?" the boy curiously asked.

"Why don't I lay beside you. We can masturbate together and you'll see the difference," she boldly suggested.

Natalia inwardly sighed in relief as her boy pulled the covers back, inviting her to lay beside him.

*"Thank goodness! He's clearly on board with my suggestion," she thought.*

Jack watched his mother's giant tit-orbs bobble delightfully as she stepped over, then crawled into his bed and laid beside him.

They bright moonlight illuminating off the snow outside created a blue magical glow, than shined through the window and onto their nearly naked bodies.

The mother turned her head, smiling over at her boy. "Would you like to take my panties off, Jack?" she brazenly asked.

The boy gulped anxiously. "Take your um, panties off?" he muttered, making sure he heard her right.

"Yes, just like how you don't wear underwear while you're masturbating, women don't wear panties while they masturbate either."

"Oh, well, that makes sense."

She reached over and rubbed his shoulder reassuringly. "Pull them off for me," she softly whispered.

The boy climbed to his knees and Natalia gazed lustfully at his fat cock as it pointed out at an upward angle. She brought her knees together, then to her chest, so her lovely legs were folded in half.

With nervous hands, her son reached up and grasped the elastic waistband of her dainty white panties, then pulled down her legs and off her bare feet. The boy then paused there for a moment, waiting for her legs to part.

Natalia knew her son was bravely showing off his manhood, and that she should do the same by exposing her vagina. Her knees parted, her thighs bowing open.

Jack let out an audible sigh, staring at his mother's naked vulva. The puffy folds of her labium were crowned by a thin neatly trimmed patch of silver pubic fuzz. The fleshy dome of her prepuce protruded from her cuntal-crevice, shrouding the engorged clitoris beneath it.

"Lay back down and we'll rub our genitals in mutual masturbation," Natalia said softly.

Jack was on his back in a split-second and they both began stroking themselves side by side. Each of them gazed down at the other's crotch, fascinated by what they were watching.

Natalia's eyes were wide with desire as she witnessed her son's hard boner fucking through the grip of his fist. His big juicy bell bulged with blood as it stretched up towards her gaze with every pump of his hand. She couldn't help but wonder what such a large young cock would feel like thundering through her fuck-hole.

Jack's tongue nearly hung from his mouth as he watched his mother's middle finger rub her fleshy clitoris. He could tell the folds of her vagina were wet with arousal.

"Look at me, Jack," her voice said.

The boy turned his head and looked straight into his mother's beautiful eyes. "I wanna tell you a story," she whispered.

"A story?"

"Yes, the story of a King, his Queen and their Prince," Natalia said, while her and her son continued masturbating. "The king was a man that was well respected throughout the land. Everyone knew his name, and counted on him at a certain time of year. His royal obligations required him to be away from the castle for a period of time, which the Queen, his wife, didn't like, but understood that it had to be," she explained.

"Didn't like because she missed him?" Jack asked.

"Yes, and because she had strong sexual needs that he provided for, but was suddenly unable to because of his obligations to the kingdom."

"Oh," she muttered, stroking steadily. "So, what did she do?"

"She did the most logical thing that could be done. She invited her son, the prince, to come to her bed chamber, to meet her sexual needs while the king was away," his mother explained.

"Whoa!" Jack muttered, beginning to see where his mother was going with this.

"The sex they had was incredibly intense," Natalia said, gazing into her boy's eyes meaningfully.

"The entire night they kissed and sucked, and pounded away at each other's flesh, bringing each other the most exquisite pleasure imaginable."

Jack's cock flexed and tingled in his hand. He now realized that the story that his mom was telling was one that she wanted to play out between the two of them, while his father was out bringing the rest of the world joy.

"The prince must have loved it," he muttered.

This brought a beautiful smile to his mother's face. "He did. His mother had the largest tits of any woman in the land. All night the Queen's breasts swung and beat against the young prince. Her nipples were large and fat, and he sucked and pulled at them with the joy of a child on Christmas morning," his mother said.

"Ohhh!" the boy sighed, his hips jerking with delight.

"The prince's hips would thrust just like yours are now, pounding his hard tender penis into his mother's most sacred place," Natalia said in a sexy voice, her face flush with desire. "The Queen would match those thrusts with one's of her own, squeezing on the prince's boner with her wonderfully experienced vagina, and locking her powerful legs around his frame, clinging to him with desire."

"Ohh, damn, mother!" the boy whimpered, his cock about ready to spout off from her naughty words.

Usually, Mrs. Claus would scold her child for using such an obscenity, but not in this situation. In fact, she decided she would turn him on even more by using some obscene language of her own. "The handsome Prince fucked his mother hard and fast!" she said in a sexy exaggerated tone. "She wanted it this way. She loved having a hard cock pound through her hot velvety pussy!"

"Oh God, mother!" Jack cried out, as big ropes of ball-juice began erupting from the tip of his prick.

"Yes! Cum for me, sugar-plum!" Natalia squealed, rubbing herself frantically. "Mommy's cumming too!"

Together, their bodies writhed on the mattress, their hips jerking as jolts of orgasmic pleasure shot through them.

"Auughh, yesss!" Mrs. Claus shrieked, her lush body trembling. Her big cushy tit-mounds rolled and rippled on her chest beneath the thin layer of fabric, her excited nipples poking through like plump rubbery marshmallows.

Jack's bed creaked steadily for several minutes as mother and son rubbed and stroked out every ounce of sexual pleasure their orgasms would provide.

There was no post-masturbatory discussion. Jack was so exhausted that he fell right to sleep. Natalia knew she had to return to her marital bed. If Santa woke up and saw her gone, he would think something was wrong and come looking.

Christmas Eve day was the busiest day of the year here in North Pole land. Everywhere you looked elves were scrambling to prepare toys for girls and boys everywhere.

Santa had surprised his son Jack by asking him to assist the team in preparing his sleigh. Perhaps the old man was beginning see purpose in providing his son with greater responsibility after all.

Jack saw little of his mother that morning. He knew she must be busy helping the team of women in the kitchen, cooking up meals and goodies for the army of worker-elves in the factory. His mind dwelt heavily on the mutual masturbation session they had shared the night before, although he felt like he could have possibly dreamed the whole thing.

Finally, around noontime, he spotted his mother, as her and Santa came in to inspect the progress on the sleigh. The way she looked at her son and smiled, let Jack know that it wasn't a dream at all, and that their naughty time together was still playing on her mind as well.

"I see your father's given you a greater task to achieve today," Natalia said to her son, with her husband standing next to her.

"Yes," Jack answered. "It's always been a dream of mine to help out in the sleigh room," he said.

His mother gazed in his eyes with a hint of naughtiness. "Are there any other ways you've ever dreamed of helping out?" she asked.

Jack smiled at her knowingly. "Certainly," he answered.

His father chimed in. "I'm not sure why I haven't asked for his help in here before now. His work this morning has been exceptional," he said.

Jack's mother continued gazing him in the eyes. "Splendid. Let's just hope his performance in the rest of the days 'responsibilities' are just as impressive," she said, giving her boy saucy wink.

Jack was over the moon. He knew exactly what responsibilities his mother was referring to, and still couldn't believe she'd allow him to do such a thing.

"Lunch is ready and waiting," Natalia said. "See you both back at the house."

Last night Jack's mother had promised to put a little extra sway in her hips, and she did just that, making her buttocks undulate for her boy's ogling eyes as she strode from the room.

Hosting lunch in their home was always chaotic, but it gave Natalia a chance to lure her son away without her husband noticing. After giving Jack a little "follow me" motion with her head, she moved out the back door.

Jack stepped outside and watched his mother move hurriedly in her big white coat towards the toy factory. She peeked back quickly to make sure he was following, smiling at him mischievously.

The boy arrived at the factory, finding it unusually quiet and empty. He knew it wouldn't be for long. "Mother?" he called out.

He heard a door within the factory close. It was the sleigh room. He quickly headed that direction. Moments ago, the room was full of people, including Santa, but now it was just him and his mother.

Natalia sat in the sleigh with her stocking-covered legs together and propped up in a sexy pin-up girl style pose. Her coat was now open, revealing a white mini-skirt and red blouse with a scooping neckline, exposing an obscene amount of creamy cleavage. "Wanna take a ride?" she asked in a sexy tone.

"That might be tough without the reindeer hooked up," Jack said.

His mother spread her legs apart, giving him a good look at her naked pussy. "Maybe that's not the type of 'ride' I'm talking about," she teased.

"Dang, mother! You're not wearing any panties," Jack said, pointing out the obvious.

"True, and my pussy is starting to get a little cold. Maybe you should come rub your hot cock up against it," she said.

Jack couldn't believe how naughty his mother was being, but despite the danger of being caught, he decided to play along.

"Well, I wouldn't want you to get frostbite down there," he joked, stepping up into Santa's big sleigh with her.

Natalia moved one leg just long enough for her boy to maneuver between her thighs. The mother eyes widened at the swell of his erect cock bulge. "Better be careful how hard you rub me with that thing. You make me too wet and I'll soak you so much it'll look like you peed yourself," she said.

Jack's heart was thumping excitedly as he gazed down at his mother's bare pubis. Her labial lips were smooth and plump, separated by the dark furrow of her cunt-slit. "Do you really want me to rub against it?" he asked, still in disbelief that he was being this naughty with his own mother.

"Yes, you rub and I'll sing you a wonderful Christmas song," she said with a smile.

The boy stepped up and their crotches met. He began to move his hips and rub his dick against her vagina. Their bodies began to gently rock together, making Natalia's boobies roll up and down heavily. As promised, the mother's beautiful voice started singing.

“Dashing through the snow  
In a one-horse open sleigh  
O'er the fields we go  
'humping' all the way  
Balls on my-baby swing  
While he grinds his mommy right  
What fun it is to fuck and sing  
A sleighing song tonight! Oh!

Jingle balls, jingle balls,  
Jingle all the way.  
Oh! what fun it is to fuck  
In a one-horse open sleigh. Hey!  
Jingle balls, jingle balls,  
Jingling mommy's way;  
hump her hard and make her scream  
In a one-horse open sleigh.”

Natalia took her boy's hands and interlocked their fingers together, while humming the second verse. Their bodies rocked in a steady dry hump, the underside of her boy's thick muscled cock plowing between her puffy labial lips.

Jack watched his mom's bulging tit-mounds jostle up and down. He could only imagine what they would look like doing that while naked. His mother gazed up at him with excited eyes.

“Would you like to come down on top of me, sugar-plum? Mommy can whisper sweet nothings in your ear, while you keep warming her camel-toe,” she said.

Jack looked at the door nervously. "What if they come back from lunch and catch us?" he asked.

Natalia looked back towards the rear of the sleigh. A mountain of gifts were piled, and tied under a huge red Christmas tarp. "I have an idea," she said.

Ten minutes later, the room was full of elves hard at work. Santa was overseeing the final preparations of his sleigh and the harnesses that his reindeer would soon be attached to.

Meanwhile, under the giant red tarp, Mrs. Claus and her son Jack had carved out some wrapped gifts, to create a private little section at the back of the sleigh for them to play on. Some gifts had even collapsed in around them, creating a colorful cave of Christmas boxes.

Young Jack was flat on top of his mother with his head resting beside hers. Natalia's stocking encased legs were thrown around her boy, cradling his humping body between her warm thighs. His hard muscular cock throbbed wildly at it dug against her panty-covered crotch, finding the groove between her outer labium and plowing through it.

"Ohhh!" the boy sighed softly, feeling his mother's warm squishy tit-melons crushed against his chest.

His mother was also panting softly, moving right along with him in their steady dry-humping rhythm.

"Tonight," she whispered in his ear, "your manhood will be sheathed in hot pussy."

"Ohh damn, mother," the boy sighed, more sexually aroused than he'd ever been in his life.

"We'll BOTH be naked," Natalia said. "And we'll both be joined together at the genitals."

The mother's body shivered with a wicked thrill at the sound of her husband's voice. Santa was busy, completely unaware that his wife and son were in the same room, engaged in sensual dry fuck.

"I need you to drill me all night," the mother hissed in her son's ear. "I need you to take me to wonderland."

Jack snarled into his mother's neck, feeling his cock flex and tingle exquisitely. He ran his hands along the outsides of her nylon covered legs. The stockings ended at mid-thigh and he felt the smooth silky skin of her flesh above the elastics.

Natalia's wide motherly hips rocked fluidly, like a well-lubed machine, countering her son's thrusting grinds, creating exceptional friction against his long meaty boner.

"Make me scream tonight," she whispered in his ear. "Make my toes curl and I'll make you cum so fucking hard your jizz will flow like tears of ecstasy out my eyeballs."

"Ohhh, mommy!" the boy whimpered, feeling like his cock could explode at any moment.

The crushing friction of her son's cock against her clitoris was making the mother rise towards that golden climax as well. Her heavy breathing was becoming more frequent, and her movements more desperate.

"Come on, darling! Make me cream on you," she panted in his ear.

Their bodies humped wildly now as both their orgasms were about the crest. Natalia wonderful mommy-legs were clamped around her boy, her giant tits sloshing between them.

When they both popped at once their bodies went into a shaking, writhing fit. The entire sleigh rocked beneath them as they went at it like two wild animals in a frantic rut.

The crotch of Jack's pants immediately became saturated with both the ball-juice that was pulsing from his cock and the girl-cum that was squirting from his mother's urethra.

They heard Santa's voice nearby. "Did ya'll see what the sleigh just did?" he asked his elves. "I think we may have just experienced a little Christmas earthquake."

Concealing themselves before Santa and the elves arrived was the easy part. Sneaking out from under the collapsed gifts and straightening themselves up presented more of a challenge.

Santa was surprised to see his wife and son come out from behind the sleigh. "Ho, ho! I had no idea you two were even in here," he said in his jolly tone.

Natalia's big knee-length coat was held closed, concealing the fact that she was wearing a naughty top and mini-skirt. "Yes, Jack was just showing me the work he accomplished today on the back of the sleigh," she said.

"They boys worked hard today," Santa said. "He should rest well tonight."

His wife giggled and looked back at Jack. "Oh, I doubt he'll get any rest at all tonight actually," she said.

Jack fed her an awkward look, and Santa seemed a bit confused by her comment.

"You know how boy's are on the eve of Christmas," Natalia said. "They hardly sleep a peep."

"Oh, ho, ho, ho, that is true!" her husband said, then looked down at the shop towel his son had wrapped around his waist.

Jack provided an explanation before his father could ask. "I'm out-growing my pants, I guess. The back of them just ripped when I bent over," he said.

All the elves burst out laughing, and Santa got a kick out of it too. Little did he know that his boy's pants were really soaked with his wife and son's orgasmic juices.

The hours passed, getting closer to go-time. Natalia and Vanora were in the kitchen preparing Santa's food and beverage to take with him on his long journey.

"Jack's penis is so big, Vanora," Natalia exclaimed. "If he made me cum that hard during a dry hump, I can't imagine how hard I'll cum when he's inside me tonight."

"Young Jack may just ruin sex with your husband forever," Vanora giggled.

"I know this is suppose to be a naughty 'one time thing' while Santa's gone, but what if you're right? What if he puts his father to shame in bed and I just enjoy it WAY too much?"

"Well, if that's the case, I suppose that 'one time thing' might become a daily thing," the elf woman said.

"Mrs. Claus!" a voice called out from the front door. "Mrs. Claus, come quick!"

The rushed to the next room to find the messenger elf in the doorway. "What is it? What's wrong?" Natalia asked.

"It's Santa. He's hurt!" the elf answered.

They arrived in the factory to find Santa on his ass, with several elves looking over his leg.

"Darling, what is it?" Mrs. Claus asked, rushing over. "What happened?"

"It's my leg. I took a misstep coming off the sleigh," he explained, then winced in pain. "I think it's broken."

"Let's help him back to the house," Natalia said to the elves.

"No!" Santa said loudly. "The children of the world are counting on me. I'll just have to suck it up and do the best I can."

"Suck it up?" his wife asked. "Darling, you can't even walk. How do you expect to slide down chimneys and deliver presents all night?"

"It's true," Tiberius, the lead elf said, "Christmas will need to be canceled this year."

The factory erupted in gasps and bewildered chatter. Jack's voice silenced the factory workers.

"I'll go!" he shouted bravely.

Tiberius fed him a scowl. "Impossible," he muttered.

"Not impossible," the boy said. "I can do it."

"I'm afraid Tiberius is right, son. You've never directed the team of reindeer before," Santa said.

"But I have," his wife said. "Jack and I will go together. Working as a team, we could still make Christmas happen."

"Natalia, you've taken the reins on short trips, yes, but never around the world," Santa said. "It's much to great a task for even you AND Jack."

"Let us try," his wife said. "If we fail, then we fail, but at least we've tried to make the dreams of children come true this Christmas."

"Please, father, let's us do this," Jack pleaded.

Santa knew he wasn't getting any younger, and there would come a time in the, not so distant future, when his son would become the person to spread Christmas joy throughout the world. If anything, it would be a good test for the boy. "Very well," the white-bearded fat man said, "but be careful over Nevada."

"Nevada?"

"Yes, there's always lots of strange things flying over that area, so watch yourselves," he warned.

"Got it!" Jack said, smiling over at his mother.

An hour later, it was time to set off on their journey. Every soul in North Pole land was in the town square, surrounding Santa's sleigh and the eight reindeer who were ready for flight.

Natalia was dressed in a traditional red coat and Santa hat. Jack of course, was wearing his father's magical Santa suit. They stepped onto the sleigh and sat down next to one another.

Mrs. Claus took the reins and smiled over at her handsome teen. "Not at all what I expected to be doing tonight," she said.

"Me neither, but maybe after we make the children of the world happy, we can make ourselves happy too," he suggested.

"Now you're talking," she said with a wink.

Santa stood nearby on crutches. "Remember, son, don't spend too much time on the milk and cookies. In and out quickly."

Natalia squeezed her boy's arm and smiled. "Mmm, I like in and out quickly," she whispered, so only her son could hear. "Especially when my legs are propped back on your shoulders."

"You have a lot of stops to make," Santa continued, "so don't spend too much time in one place."

"Unless 'that place' is inside me," his mother whispered, discreetly squeezing Jack's cock-bulge through his pants.

"Got it, father!" the boy said confidently, acknowledging his father's admonition.

"Are you ready?" his mother asked, smiling over at him.

"Let's do this!" her son answered.

Natalia looked out at the team of reindeer. "Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now Prancer and Vixen! On, Comet, on Cupid, Donner and Blixen! To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall! Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!" she shouted, then shook the reins.

The reindeer began quickly pulling the sleigh through the snow and within a short distance they were taking off into the air, to the cheers of those below.

Mrs. Claus snuggled next to her son as they raced through the sky. "Well, you wanted some extra responsibility. Looks like you got it, darling," she shouted over the rushing breeze.

"Well, I never expected this," Jack said back to her.

She rubbed his cock through his pants. "Just don't forget your most important delivery of all tonight," she reminded.

"No chance I'd forget that."

Natalia directed the team of reindeer like a seasoned pro, and with the aid of the magic Santa suite, Jack transported himself, and the wonderful gifts they'd brought, into each and every home they came across.

They made excellent time, and at one point, the mother latched on to her boy and gave him a big sensual Christmas kiss.

"Mmm, that was nice!" the boy blushed.

"You'll be getting a lot more of those pretty soon, including a nice hot piece of ass!" she teased.

"I can't wait!"

"Once Jack got used to using the magical Santa suit, he was popping in and out of homes in record time. Even Santa, in his prime, had never completed this task with such efficiency.

"So, I've handled to sleigh before, but your father's never let me go into a home with him," she said, latching on to Jack and gazing at him pleadingly. "Will you let me try it once just once?"

"With me?" Jack asked.

"Yes. Your father's a fat ass, and you're drowning in that big suit. There's definitely room for both of us in there."

"Alright," the boy said anxiously, opening his big Santa coat for his mother to step inside of.

They suddenly morphed into a cloud of magical blue Christmas dust and swept down through the chimney of a home at lightning speed.

Once inside, they morphed back into their physical forms. "Wow! That was absolutely exhilarating," Natalia exclaimed. Then she remembered she was in someone's living room and she'd been much too loud. "Oops," she whispered with a giggle.

Jack started placing gifts, while Natalia looked at pictures on the mantle. "Wait," the mother said, picking up a note that was left for Santa.

"Dear Santa," she read out loud. "Sorry we couldn't be here, but we hope you visit us at our vacation home tonight. There are cookies on the counter and milk in the fridge. Merry Christmas!"

"Looks like an empty house," Jack said, backing the gifts back up. "That's happened quite a few times tonight already."

"Do you wanna eat a cookie they left for you, sugar-plum?" his mom asked.

"Naw, I'm already full from the others I've eaten."

"I guess we know now why your father gets so darn fat," Natalia said, making them both giggle.

"Since there's no one home, and we're ahead of schedule..." his mother said, then slipped off her coat, making it drop to the floor. "Is there anything else you'd like eat right now?"

Jack's eyes about popped out of his head. His mother was wearing a beautiful red bodycon gown, with a sexy tubed-top portion that had a hem of delicate white Christmas fur. She had an extraordinary amount of tit-flesh exposed, and her mommy-melons looked even bigger than Jack had ever imagined.

"I can think of some things I'd like to eat right now," he confessed.

She turned and walked into a dimly lit bedroom. The back of the gown had a scooping hem-line, that left all of her back and half of her naked buttocks exposed. The boy watched her jiggling buns sway teasingly as he followed her into the bedroom.

She turned back towards her boy and slowly lifted the gown up her lovely legs. Her feet were adorned in dainty four-inch red mules, her toenail painted a sparkly holiday red to match her dress.

She lifted the gown, so it bunched up at her waist, exposing her bare pubis. Jack noticed that her little patch of silver pubic fuzz had been trimmed in the shape of a heart. Below it, her puffy shaved vulvar lips came together to form the slit of her cuntal cleavage. "I suppose since the dress is up this far, I may as well take it completely off," she said. "Any objections?"

Her son shook his head, staring intently.

Mrs. Claus continued pulling the gown up, over the giant melonous meat of her tits. As she shed her dress completely, the boy gasped out loud, seeing his mother's massive milkers for the very first time. They were huge and heavy-looking, with dark pink areolas that were as big around as Christmas ornaments. Thick erect nipples protruded from their centers, the site of which made Jack's fully erect cock flex beneath his Santa suit.

Wearing only her sexy stiletto heels, Natalia turned and crawled up into the big bed. Jack squeezed his excited cock through his pants as he watched his mother crawl on all fours towards the center of the mattress. The way her thick naked ass pointed at him, and her knockers wobbled heavily as they hung on her chest made the teen so fucking horny he could hardly stand it.

The silver-haired Christmas Goddess rolled gracefully onto her back, making her wobbly mammaries droop slightly off the sides of her chest. She drew her knees back, splaying open her soft thick thighs.

Jack dropped onto the bed, diving his face for her pussy like a kid after a candy cane. His nose nuzzle up in between her fleshy cuntal folds, inhaling her intoxicating aroma. He laved the slit of her pussy with his tongue, dragging it across the swollen nubbin of her clitoris, making his mother's entire body jerk with delight.

"Oh, darling! I want you to devour my pussy like you haven't eaten in weeks," Natalia whimpered.

Her son was happy to oblige, licking and sucking at the sensitive flesh of her sweet tasting pussy. He didn't know much about giving oral sex, but knew that licking a woman's clit would have her trembling in a juicy climax.

With this knowledge, Jack went to work with his tongue, lashing it against Natalia's excited love-button. Every dozen licks, he would scoop his tongue through her creamy coral slit, tasting the sweet pungent nectar that was oozing from her fuck-slit.

He sucked her fleshy naughty bits into his mouth hood and all, making his mother writhe in pleasure on the bed, her giant boobies rolling all over the place.

"I'm cuuuming!!" she cried out, flopping around in ecstasy, like a fish out of water.

Once she had settled down, Mrs. Claus climbed up on her knees, grabbed her boy by his coat and throwing him down onto his back. "Your turn," she said, stripping off his pants.

Jack big boner slapped against his lower abdomen. He watched his beautiful mother grasp it at the base, bringing his fat nob to her lips and speaking at it as if it were a meaty microphone.

"Mommy's gonna suck you like a candy cane," she said seductively.

The boy watched in wide-eyed disbelief as his mother drug her thick pink tongue up the entire length of his erection. Her licker swirled around his bulbous tip, then she crammed his cock in her mouth and began sucking.

"Ohhhh!" the teen moaned, feeling his tender hardon encased in the wet warmth of his mother's oral sheath. She peeked up at him with her pretty hazel-green eyes, while her head bobbed up and down, fucking his hard prick through her heavenly mouth.

His nob popped from her lips like a cork. "Do you like Mommy's lips around your big dick?" she asked.

"Heavens yes!" the boy gasped.

"I like it too...a lot!"

She went back to sucking, and Jack watched her huge hanging tit-melons rock back and forth to her cock-gobbling movements .

Lewd wet sucking sounds filled the bedroom as the horny mother gorged herself on the longest fattest cock she had ever sucked on. Having her boy's penis in her mouth and tasting his weeping pre-spunk was making her so horny she was about to go out of her mind.

"Good Lord, Jack!" she gasped, popping his rod from her mouth and licking all over it. "I need fucked so bad, I'm about to go crazy!"

The teen's heart skipped a beat. "I'm ready when you are," he muttered excitedly.

She smiled seductively through a curtain of long silver hair. "That's just what I was hoping to hear," she said.

The heavy-titted mother straddled her teen, planting her knees astride his hips. She grasped his rod and gazed down at him, with his fat nob kissing the mouth of her creamy fuck-hole. "Merry Christmas, darling!" she said, then lowered her hips, slipping his meaty erection inside her.

Jack's eyes rolled back as he felt his manhood sink into the hot ribbed tube of his mother's snug vagina.

"Merry Christmas indeed!" he sighed, feeling his fat nob kiss the puffy head of her cervix.

"Oh dear Lord, you feel just as amazing I thought you would," Natalia sighed, mashing her pubic lips against her boy's cock-base in full sexual penetration.

With his mom sitting upright, Jack gazed up with ogling eyes at the colossal boobs looming over him. He knew he'd probably never see such tremendous jugs on a woman so beautiful.

"Are you ready to fuck the Queen to the edge of her life, you darling Prince?" she asked, reminding him of the story she told while they were masturbating.

"I'm ready," he answered confidently.

Natalia wasted no more time with conversation. The moment had come to scratch her itching desire for hot nasty fucking. She began bouncing her ass up and down, plunging her boy's dreamy cock through her neglected fuck-tunnel.

"Yesss!" she cried out, letting her teen know that she was pleased with the feel of his blood-engorged cock-meat spearing through her.

If Jack's tit-ogling eyes weren't big before, they certainly were now. His mother's mammoth melons were leaping up and down heavily from the steady rhythm of her fucking.

"Mother, your breasts are...simply amazing!" the boy gasped, watching them bounce up and down hypnotically. Each time her massive mams beat against her lower torso, the fatty meat would ripple delightfully, providing a visual feast for the boy's eyes.

"You'll think they're even more 'amazing' when your face is smothered between them," she said, then lowered her squishy tits onto her boy's face.

"Ohhh yesss!" he hissed, as her cavernous cleavage swallowed his entire head, smothering him in jostling tit-flesh.

Jack's unyielding hardon pumped through his mother's juicy twat, igniting the sensitive erogenous zones along her pink inner lining. This made her already snug sleeve clench even tighter around plunging muscled cock.

"Ohhh damn, mother!" the boy gasped. "I don't know what you're doing down there, but it feels divine."

"Your boner is just so incredibly hard, Jack!" she shouted with a shaky voice. "It's making my pussy melt around you!"

The sexually experienced mother alternated from ball-smacking pumps, to deep steady grinding, plowing Jack's throbbing bell tip against the furthest rubbery-regions of her vagina.

The big bed rocked and creaked from the frantic moments of their passionate fucking. The mother dropped her pillowy bosom against her boy's chest and made out with him like a girl on prom night, while tirelessly bobbing her thick ass up and down, fucking her wet pussy on her boy's sturdy prick.

"Look at you!" Natalia gasped between wet kisses. "Performing ALL Santa's wonderful duties this year."

"I especially like this one," the boy said, then shared a deep tongue-lashing French kiss with his mother.

"Good, because it'd be the one task you'll probably be performing the most of tonight," she said then let her tongue play lustfully with his outside their mouths.

"Fine by me!"

The silver-haired Christmas Goddess gazed down into her son's excited eyes. "Roll me onto my back, so I can feel Santa-Jack's big cum-filled ball-sack beat against my ass!" she said in a naughty tone.

The boy rolled his mother over and pumped into her with everything he had, feeling her smooth bare legs wrap snugly around his mid-section.

The mother moved her body beneath him, humping her cock-stuffed honey-hole right back at him, so he could drive his fleshy spear all the way in on every thrust.

Jack latched on to one of her engorged papilla, sucking hungrily and pulling as much fleshy tit as he could into his mouth while he fucked.

He felt his mother respond to his oral attention by gasping sharply and squeezing her strong motherly cuntal muscles around his deeply pumping cock.

"Fuck, Jack!" the mother cried, reaching the peak of a monster climax.

This triggered a switch in the boy's on nuts, opening the flood gates.

"Uhhgghh!" the boy grunted, bucking frantically between her cradling thighs. Uhhgghh!" Huge fat ropes of hot spooge splattered along his mother's birth canal as he came harder than he ever had before.

Natalia's body trembled beneath him as her own orgasm pulsed through her heavy-titted body. Her vaginal vestibule bulged out beneath her clitoris, squirting hot girl-cum from her urethral opening, all around her boy's cum-spurting cock.

For several pleasurable minutes their naked bodies wrestled in sexual delight, clutching and humping and shaking together, before finally collapsing in a sweaty heap.

"Wow!" the mother said breathlessly. "You've truly outdone your father in EVERY way today."

"You were amazing too!" her boy gasped.

The mother rolled him over playfully and showered him with kisses, her fat squishy tit-knockers smothering his chest like soft-gingerbread dough . "As much as I'd like fuck you until the sun comes up, we should probably make the rest of our deliveries."

"True," Jack muttered. "We don't wanna let the children of the world down."

"Don't worry though," Natalia said. "I'm sure we can find ways to find sexual pleasure between stops."

"Yeah?" Jack said eagerly. "Like how?"

Later, in the moonlit night over the beautiful lights of some other city, Santa's sleigh zipped through the air, the bells jingling.

Natalia bent over the front of the sleigh with her naked ass pointed back against the thrusting midsection of her son.

Jack's tongue hung lustfully from his mouth as he fucked his mother from behind. The fleshy cheeks of her meaty ass-globes rippled delightfully from every thrust of his rock-hard cock.

"Any more deliveries, before we move on to the next city?" Jack shouted as he humped.

She gazed back at him lustfully, her beautiful hair fluttering in the wind. "Just one!" She shouted back, squeezing muscled inner rings around her lover's cock. "Deliver that load, darling!"

That he did, hosing her hot pussy with yet another load of jizz. "Meeerrry Christmasss!! Ho! Ho! Ho!" the boy shouted as they sailed off into the night.

THE END

