

MY SON'S LAP

silkstockingslover

Mom accidentally sits on son's cock when dressed as Santa.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: I accidentally sit on my son's cock while he's dressed as Santa.

Note 1: This is a [Literotica 2021 Winter Holidays Story Contest](#) Story.

Note 2: Thanks to **Tex Beethoven** for his editing.

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"You can't be serious?" I asked on the phone.

"Yeah, he has the flu," Sandra explained.

"But the party starts in two hours," I pointed out.

"I know," Sandra said, knowing how upset I was.

"Okay, I'll need to figure something out," I said.

"If I come up with anything, I'll let you know," Sandra promised, feeling terrible.

"Okay, see you soon," I said, hanging up.

"What's wrong?" Cody, my son, asked.

"The guy playing Santa has the flu," I said.

"I can do it," Cody said.

"You'd do that for me?" I asked.

"Sure, I'll be there anyway," my son said.

"You're a lifesaver," I said, disaster averted almost as quickly as it occurred.

"Anything for you, Mom," he said, as he glanced down at my feet.

I smiled, assuming that like his father, who had passed away this summer of cancer, had also been a nylon guy... perhaps Cody too was a nylon foot guy... perhaps even a nylon toe guy... like his father. I was currently wearing a robe, but with black thigh high stockings on underneath, I had always, always hated pantyhose... they were just so inconvenient... to go the washroom, for comfortable fucking... back when I got laid.

Truth be told, every Christmas since we opened our business twenty-eight years ago, Jake had been our Santa, he would give presents to all the kids of staff employees and often take photos with them and families.

Also, every year since we opened our business... Jake fucked me while wearing his Santa suit, since for some reason a Santa Suit turned me on. I'd even ridden his cock slyly while we were in a room full of people, by going commando to the party.

God, I missed him! At Christmas it was even worse. Not only did I miss him as a husband, as a business partner and a caring man... I also missed his cock. Toys were fine... they actually gave some decent orgasms, but nothing came close to a hard cock slamming in my pussy. Also, unlike many women, I loved sucking cock... I loved cum. Not having received any cum in half a year hadn't really fazed me, but as I thought about how every year I got a good fucking and often finished with swallowing his load... 90% of his loads had ended up going down my throat... like I said... I loved cum.

Truth be told, I'd swallowed at least a load a day throughout our entire relationship.

I wiggled my toes, wanting to see his reaction, which was one of almost completely staring, "Now I have to finish getting ready."

"Okay," Cody said. "Is the Santa suit here or at the office?"

"The office," I answered.

"Okay," he said, still snatching quick glances at my legs and feet.

"I'll be ready to go in fifteen," I said.

"I'll go warm up the car," he said. "Don't want to get your legs all chilled."

"Such a gentleman," I smiled, happy to have such a caring young man to look after me.

"I *am* the man of the house now," he said, the thing that was said to him the most at the funeral and pretty much ever since. He had an older sister, Valerie, but she was away at college and wouldn't be home until Christmas Eve.

"Yes, you are," I agreed, as I went to him and gave him a big hug. I was surprised as I embraced my son to feel his penis, his hard penis, against my leg... and it flinched.

I was surprised as I remained in the hug for a few seconds and felt a second flinch before I let go and said, "I'll be ready soon."

"Okay," he said, as I walked away... a little rattled at feeling my son's hard penis... even if it was only against my leg.

I finished doing my make-up... I slipped into my four-inch open-toe heels... always showcasing my toes to tease my husband when he was alive... I actually didn't own any closed toe shoes... and in a moment of impulse... one that had no source in rational thought... I slipped out of my panties... deciding to go commando like I had for the past ten plus Christmas parties.

My son, gentleman that he is, took my arm and led me to the car, the sidewalk slightly icy after a snowfall, opened the door and made sure I got in safely... and it was only as I sat down when I

realized I was giving him a brief reveal that I was wearing thigh high stockings and not pantyhose, which I assumed he'd think I was wearing.

I realized this as he stared down at me, seemingly a little paralyzed, and looking directly at my raised leg.

I smiled, "You're just like your Dad."

"W-w-what?" Cody stammered, as I allowed him to take a good look at the top of my lace top stocking... for some reason enjoying the attention... even if it was from my son.

"You love nylons, don't you?" I asked, still not pushing my dress down to hide my sexy sheer stocking.

"What?" he repeated, breaking his stare from my nylon top to look up at me.

"Your Dad loved nylons," I explained. "It's why I've worn them every day for over twenty years."

"Oh," he said, clearly distracted by my sexy nylon choice.

Giving him way more information than necessary, I added, "But I hate pantyhose. So I only wear stockings with a garter-belt or thigh high stockings."

"Oh," he repeated, my very smart son said, still distracted by my leg. For a guy who had a 4.0 GPA, was also a receiver on the football team, a wrestler on the wrestling team and until recently was dating a college cheerleader... although that ended a couple of weeks ago.

"We'd better get going," I said. "I can't be late."

"Yeah, yeah, right," he nodded, shaking his head a little, seeming to take one more longing look at my nylon-clad leg before he closed the door.

He walked around and started driving. I asked, "So I don't want to ask questions you don't feel comfortable answering, but I do think it's important you know how much like your Dad you are."

"I am?"

"You look like him, you act like him, and you seem to have the same fetish."

"That's your fault."

"My fault?"

"Yeah, I've seen you wearing them every day."

It was my turn to say, "Oh."

"The worst part is almost no one wears them anymore," he said. "No girls my age, and not even many teachers, except for Mrs. Walker."

"Yeah, they're no longer considered in style," I said. "But some younger celebrities like Taylor Swift, Selena Gomez, and Ariana Grande are wearing them." I'd noticed Ariana wearing black pantyhose throughout the entire blind auditions of the Voice.

"Yeah, it's like trying to find a needle in a haystack," he said.

I was about to make a joke about it being like finding a unicorn, when he continued, "It's one of the reasons I broke up with Amber."

"Really?" I asked, Amber a very pretty girl, although a bit of a diva.

"Yeah, she called my fetish weird and refused to wear them," he said.

"I found it weird at first," I said. "But once I started wearing them, I felt sexier in them."

"I've always found them super sexy," he said, which meant he was inadvertently calling my attire sexy.

"That's what your Dad thought too," I said.

"So Dad really liked them too?"

"Like isn't a strong enough word," I said. "He loved everything about them. The silky sheer feel. The way they looked on my legs. The way they showcased my toes."

"He especially liked your toes in nylons too?" he said, this surprising him even more.

"Yeah, truth be told, that was what he liked the best," I said.

"Wow," Cody said.

"Yeah, who would have thought that was hereditary," I shrugged.

"Huh," he said, processing this information.

We arrived at our office building, where we were on the seventh floor. I went to open my door, when he said, "Wait."

"Oh, I do like a man who knows when to take charge," I smiled, impressed by his strong demeanour, even as I realized I might have just given him an accidental hint that I was a natural submissive who'd obey almost any order his Dad had given me in the past.

"Crawl under the table and suck my cock," he'd ordered at a five-star restaurant on our fifth date; he'd also told me to masturbate and come in a semi-crowded theatre at whatever Fast and Furious movie we were attending; to walk down the beach with a massive load of cum all over my face during our honeymoon in Mexico; "sit on my cock and act normal," he'd ordered the first time he fucked me while dressed as Santa... God, I missed him... his dominant persona... his ability to turn me into a cock-craving slut....

"Really?" he asked, as he opened his door.

"Yes, I mean a man who knows what it means to be a man," I said, realizing that didn't really cover my original assertion at all.

"Well, as I've been told almost every day for the last six months, I'm the man of the house," he said, closing his door and walking around.

"Fuck," I said to myself as I felt my pussy tingling... why the fuck was my pussy tingling?

He opened the door for me, extended his hand and said, "My lady."

"So smooth," I smiled. "I'm surprised you're ever single."

"Still looking for the right woman," he said, gently pulling me up.

"One who wears nylons," I added.

"Exactly," he nodded, offering his arm, which I took... my son acting so much like his father. "Think there will be any here tonight?"

"Actually, there will likely be a few," I said, as he headed into the building. "Although most are likely twice your age."

"I do like older women," he said.

"You do, do you?" I asked, as we were about to enter the building.

"They have more experience," he explained.

"That they do," I agreed, thinking the things I could show him if he wasn't my son.

"And they're more likely to wear nylons," he added, as we went through security.

I said Merry Christmas to Jimmy the security guard, and we headed to the elevator looking more like a couple, albeit a couple with a bit of an age gap... my son was eighteen, and I was forty-four.

"So what else do you like besides nylons and older women?" I asked.

"I'm not sure I should be telling my mother such things," he said, as he pressed the elevator button.

"We're both adults; tell me one thing, at least," I wheedled.

"You sure?"

"Yeah, tell your Momma a secret," I smiled.

"I like to be in control."

"In control?" I asked, even as I processed the obvious meaning behind this.

"Yeah, I like submissive older women."

"And you've *been* with a submissive older woman?" I asked teasingly, thinking he hadn't.

"Three," he said surprisingly, as the elevator door opened.

"Really?" I asked, curious and intrigued... again, he seemed to be just like his father.

"Two of them you know," he added, as we entered the elevator.

"Do tell," I said in a fun voice, my curiosity quadrupled from that revelation.

"I don't make a woman into my pet and tell," he refused reasonably but frustratingly.

"Your *pet*?" I asked, another term his father used on me often... a word that had instantly told me I was in for a night of some good fucking.

"Yeah," he said, not saying any more.

"Tell me who they are," I demanded.

"I don't train and tell," he said.

"Pet. Train," I said, "your good boy persona is losing some points."

"I never claimed to be a good boy," he said, as the elevator slowed down.

"Tell me," I repeated, dying to know. "Tell me who at least one of the pets I know is."

As the door opened, he answered, looking at me and murmuring, "Janet," and immediately turned and walked off.

Janet? My best friend Janet? Who was married with five kids, the youngest just three years old. No way!

"Get back here," I demanded, wanting some more answers.

"I've got to get into costume," he called back, heading to his father's old office... which still looked exactly the same as when he was alive... I hadn't had the nerve or desire to touch it at all.

"We're not done here," I said, shocked by what he'd said, shocked by his sudden persona change, and as I walked towards the party, shocked to feel wetness leaking out of my pussy... maybe I shouldn't have gone commando.

Cody kept walking as Sandra walked up to me and said, "You look amazing."

"As do you," I said, noticing she was in nylons... and older... as I wondered who the other person he was fucking was. Sandra was also single... so it wouldn't even be taboo... like Janet was.

"Let's get a drink, she said.

"Make mine a double," I said, my head spinning with information I didn't need to know, and yet which was making me confusingly horny.

Ten minutes later, I received a text from Cody: **I need a hand with the costume.**

I showed the text to Sandra saying, "You never stop being a parent."

"I'll go if you want," she offered, making me instantly think she might be fucking my son.

"No, no, I'll go," I said, finishing my drink. "Make sure there's another one of these waiting when I get back."

"That I can do," she said.

I went to my husband's office, it will *always* be my husband's office, even if I eventually start working out of it like I knew I'd have to do one day soon, and I knocked.

"Come in," he said.

I walked in and saw he had the entire suit on, although he'd be the slimmest Santa ever.

"Santa has been on quite a diet," I joked.

"Because I can't find the belly," he explained.

"I remember it ripped last year and was sent away to get fixed," I said, trying to recall where I saw it a couple months ago... thinking at the time how odd it was there. "I saw it a couple months ago somewhere."

"Any idea where?"

"I do, I just need to think," I said, as I wracked my brain. After a bit, I said, "Oh yes, it was in the filing room. On top of one of the filing cabinets."

"Okay, I'll go get it," he said.

"No, you wait here, we can't have any of the kids seeing Santa looking like he hasn't eaten all year," I said.

"Fair enough," he agreed.

I headed down the hall, found the right key, which took three tries since they all looked the same (I really should do something about that), got inside, grabbed the fat padding, and returned to my husband's office and saw Sandra there.

She seemed startled to see me, and I was oddly instantly envious of her as my suspicion grew, "What are you doing here?" I asked.

"I figured you could use your drink now," she said, walking over to me holding a drink in each hand.

"Yeah, you know me so well," I said, now thinking my suspicions were way over the top. I tossed the fat padding to Cody as I grabbed the drink, "Do you need anything else?"

"Nope, I'm good," he said, as he caught it, but dropped it.

"Okay," I said. "I'll text you when to come out. The bag of toys is in the corner," pointing at the corner.

"Got it," he said.

"Thanks again," I said.

"Anything for you, Mom," he repeated from before, and although that was the second time he'd said that to me today, this time it somehow seemed to have a different connotation from the first time... or at least that's how I read it.

"He's so sweet," Sandra said.

"Yeah, he's really becoming the man I envisioned him becoming," I said, loud enough for him to hear as we headed out.

As we headed back to the party, I asked, trying to be a sly detective, "So, are you seeing anyone?"

"Nope," Sandra said.

"Not even any booty calls?" I asked, Sandra known for having a couple of guys on speed dial for whenever she got the itch... she'd even offered me one of them a couple of months ago to make sure I still got what I needed... at the time I wasn't at all interested... but at *this* moment, I'd definitely be willing for a one night stand with some stud with a big dick.

"Well, I *have* had a few of those," Sandra smiled.

"Anyone I know?" I asked.

"No," she said. "Why?"

"Well," I said, realizing I'd recently been inadvertently flirting with my son, or perhaps rather bluntly, "I think I may need to get laid."

"Yeah," she smiled.

"Yeah," I nodded. "I mean pretty soon."

"I'll see what I can do," she said.

"Thanks," I replied, downing my drink. "I mean I'm not desperate!"

"No?" she asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Well, not *completely* desperate," I corrected myself.

"Young, our age, or a sugar daddy?" she asked.

"Sugar daddy?" I asked.

"Yeah, an older man who'll buy you nice things," she explained, as she raised her very nice bracelet for me to admire.

"Well, no sugar daddy," I said.

"Don't judge," she said. "They aren't usually great fucks, but they treat you like a goddess."

"I don't want to be treated like a goddess."

"No?"

"No, I need to get..." I said, looking around to see if anyone could hear us, then leaned in and whispered, "...fucked."

"I see," she smiled widely.

"So young, then," she said.

"Why young?" I asked.

"They don't always have style, but they can last all night and reload quickly," she explained.

"I see," I said, just as my son walked out in his Santa suit... rather serendipitously... looking oddly sexy... like his Dad always had... and I shook my head at my own inappropriate thoughts.

"They can fuck all night," she added.

"Nice," I said, loving the idea of a marathon fuck session.

"Ho-ho-ho," Cody said, a bag full of gifts slung over his shoulder.

"That's no way to address your mother," Sandra joked.

"Hey," I said. "I'm a *wannabe* ho!"

Cody's eyes went wide.

"Your mother needs to get laid," Sandra said bluntly.

"Sandra!" I gasped.

"You just told me that," Sandra protested.

"And you thought my son needed to know?" I asked.

"Shouldn't we get started?" Cody asked.

"Yes," I nodded giving Sandra a glare, "we should. Wait here. I'll call you in momentarily."

"Okay," he nodded.

I walked to the front of the room and greeted everyone, said a few nice seasonal words, and then asked theatrically, "Kids... have you been *good* this year?"

"Yes!" a few of them screamed.

"Well, let's find out if that's true," I said, "since I think someone *very special* is here!"

Cody walked in, bellowing in a deep tone that made him sound exactly like his Dad, "Ho-ho-ho, Merry Christmas!"

The kids went wild... like they always do... and my son played the role perfectly.

For the next hour, Cody had each kid sit on his lap, he chatted genially with them, got pictures taken, handed out candy canes and a present. The entire time I had mixed feelings. Every time I looked at Cody being Santa, I saw my husband. It was like he wasn't really gone.

It was so surreal... it was a moment when I felt like he was here with us.

Once the kids were sent to another floor where we'd hired babysitters to look after them, the party shifted from family to adult. The drinking got more excessive, the dancing a little dirtier, and the flirtations a little more obvious.

Me... I was tipsy, but not drunk; I wasn't just horny, but *really* fucking horny.

People were sitting on Cody's lap and getting their pictures taken... and for old times sake... I did what I did every year... just as I announced it was time for Name that Tune ... a game we also played every year since my husband had been a music buff... I sat on Santa's lap for a picture, once everyone else was done.

And just like many other years... as I lowered myself... my pussy was filled by a big cock!

My eyes went wide and I let out a loud gasp. The Santa suit had a fly opening I'd sewn into the pants years ago so my husband could quickly and easily slide his big cock into me while wearing the Santa outfit... so he could do exactly what my son had just done!

"You okay?" Amanda, one of my secretaries asked.

"Yeah, yeah," I said, as I remained frozen with my son's cock inside my pussy. I'd been in this position before... on this very chair... with a cock in my pussy... while everyone else was oblivious... yet this time was very different.

One, he was my son.

Two, I was suddenly committing incest.

Three, he was bigger than his father.

Four, I was both incredibly in awe and horny as fuck.

Five, I was frozen with indecision.

"What are you doing?" I hissed, even though I felt so full and only wanted to slowly grind on his cock.

Cody whispered, his breath hot against my ear, "Becoming the man of the house."

I felt his cock flinch like it had before, but this time it was inside me!

I bit my lip to not moan in this room full of my employees.

"This isn't right," I whispered, as the DJ I hired played the first song.

"Would it make you feel better if you knew Dad told me to do this?" he asked.

"Excuse me?" I said, that being the worst made up excuse ever, and yet I was also intrigued... since my son wasn't one to lie... yet, he wasn't one to slide his cock into his Mom's pussy either.

"You recall the letter Dad left for me that you gave me yesterday?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said doubtfully, but more in a reasonable tone. I had given my son a letter from Jake that he'd stressed to me a few days before he passed I was to give to Cody the day before the Christmas party. I'd thought at the time it was weird. He'd written and entrusted me with four other letters for Cody that made more sense. One for right after he passed, which I'd duly delivered. One for his next birthday, which had been in September. One for when he graduated from high school, which would be next June. And one on his wedding day.

"Yeah, when I read it, I couldn't *believe* what he told me to do, but he was very clear about it," he said, his cock twitching inside me.

"*You'd* better explain yourself very clearly and do it pretty quickly," I whispered, as I tried to act casual in a room full of employees while my son's cock was inside my pussy. It was always a rush to sit on Jake's cock in this same seat, while he was wearing the same Santa suit... would we get caught? Yet if we did get caught, although we never did, he was my husband, so we'd just seem like

a couple of drunk people in love. On the other hand, if I was caught with my *son's* dick inside me, I couldn't even *fathom* the consequences... yet I also couldn't get off of him right now in any sly, inconspicuous way.

"Debbie, you should know this one," Nadine said, breaking into my thoughts.

"What?" I said, yanked out of my confusion. "Oh, oh, My Sweet Lord, George Harrison."

"Correct," the DJ said.

As it switched to the men's turn, I said tersely, "Explain. Now."

Cody whispered as the next song started, "Dad told me to do this in the letter."

"He did not," I denied. "He *couldn't* have!"

"But he did," he insisted. "I have the letter in my pocket to prove it, since I figured you wouldn't believe me."

"What *exactly* did he say?" I asked.

"That I was to slyly pull my dick out and let you sit on it through the secret opening that apparently you made for exactly that purpose," he explained.

As I processed this, Nadine said, "Pay attention. We're down one."

"Okay, okay," I said, trying to process my son's words. Words that seemed ludicrous and impossible, and yet there was something about his tone that said they were genuine. Two seconds into the song, I called out, "Louie Louie."

"That was too easy," Ned complained.

I shrugged while I leaned forward a bit, which stimulated my pussy, my desire to win briefly overriding my current predicament of accidentally committing incest, "Tie game."

"Not for long," Ned said, equally as competitive as I was.

"We shall see," I said ominously.

For the next ten minutes, I ignored my son's cock in my pussy... well 'ignore' is the wrong word... since he flinched inside me a couple of times... and I moved and stimulated myself a couple of times... yet I primarily focused on the game... anything to keep me from focusing on the sin I was participating in by not abandoning my son's cock.

Of course if I did, the others might easily spy my son's cock and put two and two together!

If I didn't, I was committing incest... although regardless of whether I got off of him or not, I'd already committed incest, and the longer I sat on his cock, the longer I was *continuing* to commit it.

And... although I hated to admit it... his cock in me felt really good.

"Tie game," the DJ announced. "So one final song, and since it's a tiebreaker, I'll take the first person who speaks up for their team. But if you get it wrong, the other team may take all the time in the world to answer."

"All right ladies," I said.

"It's all you, actually," a few women said, since I'd given the majority of our responses.

"All right, here it comes," the DJ said.

The song started, and I instantly barked, "Baker Street."

"Fuck," Ned cursed.

"The ladies win," the DJ said.

There were a bunch of feminine hoots and hollers as I leaned back and my son's cock stirred inside me.

"Good job, Mom," he said.

"Thanks, honey," I said, this feeling like I wasn't sitting on my son and his big cock, but my husband. It was like he was alive again, and gloriously inside me.

"Now, let's dance," the DJ said, as he played a great party song: Don't Stop Believin'.

Realizing there was a major problem with my son's story, I pointed out while people were dancing and drinking, and thus we were kind of left alone, "But you weren't even supposed to *be* Santa."

"I called the company and cancelled it," he answered.

"So, your Dad really *did* tell you do to this," I asked, it beginning to seem the case.

"Yeah, he said I was the man of the house now, and I had to take over every duty that office entailed," Cody explained.

"He didn't," I said, still processing that it seemed he'd done just that.

"I couldn't believe it at first either," he said. "But it was obvious he wanted you to be looked after in every way. The letter went into details about what you liked... that you only wear thigh highs, and that you usually went commando to this party."

"I didn't decide to do that until the very last second," I said.

"He told me to be ready to pull your panties aside if I had to," he said. "That's why I was so stunned when I saw you wearing thigh highs when you got in the car."

"And I thought I was just teasing you," I said.

"Oh, you were definitely teasing me," he said. "I almost came in my pants!"

"You did?"

"You know you've been my biggest stroke fantasy for my whole life," he said.

"Really?" I asked.

"Yeah, Mom," he said, his cock so deep inside me, "you're my ultimate woman."

"Oh, honey," I said, as I moved a little, making him moan and making my pussy tingle.

"I went back and forth all day over whether I could do this or not and I was pretty sure I couldn't, but the way you teased me at the house, the thigh high stockings and your somewhat flirty attitude, made me think maybe I could after all," he explained.

"If we're being honest," I admitted. "I *was* teasing you."

"You were?" he asked, as we'd both seemed to be baffled by what the other was saying and feeling.

"Yeah, and that wasn't right," I fessed up.

"So in other words," he said, his cock flinching deliberately inside me three times, "you were being a bad Mommy."

"Cody," I moaned softly, as his accusation sent waves through me.

"Say it," he whispered, his hot breath on my neck and ear.

"Yes," I admitted, as my natural submissive began to take over as did the pleasure growing inside me.

"Yes, what?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm a bad Mommy," I said, feeling like a bad Mommy, a bad girl... which felt so good.

"Dad also explained that you're very submissive, and you need a man who can take charge," he said, giving a bunch of flinches inside me.

"Oooooooh," I moaned, biting my lip.

"You like my cock in your pussy, don't you Mom?" he asked with more flinching... driving me wild.

"Cody," I moaned, looking around to see everyone was oblivious to the wicked naughtiness we were engaged in.

"Say it, Mom," he ordered. "Tell me you love your son's cock in your pussy."

"I don't know," I moaned, his flinching driving me wild. "This is sooooo wrong."

"But you love it, don't you, Mom?" he insisted.

"I shouldn't," I said, my pussy on fire.

"But you do, don't you?" he asked, pushing me to my limits.

"I don't know," I said, desperately trying to avoid admitting it. That I wanted to ride his cock so fucking bad!

"Say it, Mom, say it right now," he ordered.

"Fine, I do," I said.

"You do what?" he asked, pushing me the exact same way my husband always had.

"I love your cock in my pussy," I finally admitted, venturing even deeper into the twisted world of incestuous submission.

"Ride me slowly, Mom," he ordered.

"Here?" I asked.

"Yes, Mom," he said, his hot breath, his confident demeanor, and his cock continually flinching inside me driving me wild, and leeching away any remotely moral will.

"Okay," I agreed, not so much grinding, as ever so slowly drifting back and forth.

"Oh Mom, that's it," he moaned.

"I can't believe we're doing this," I moaned back ever so softly... an orgasm rising inside me... after half a year without cock, it wouldn't take much... especially with a cock as big as my son's.

"Me neither," he said, his tone sounding like he was as shocked and excited as I was.

"Does it feel good?" I asked.

"Yes, Mom, it feels so good," he said.

"You're so big," I said.

"Bigger than Dad?" he asked.

"Yeah, baby," I moaned, as I tried to go a little faster while acting casual... which was incredibly difficult.

"Fuck me, Mom, fuck your son's big cock," he urged.

"Oh son," I moaned, my orgasm rising somehow, even from this slow burn, hopefully undetectable fucking.

"Come on my cock, Mom," he whispered a couple minutes later, as I continued slowly grinding... wishing I could just bounce on his cock wildly, or better yet, have him bend me over a desk and fuck the shit out of me!

"Oh son, Mommy is close," I whimpered, knowing I'd have to really focus on controlling my orgasmic sounds... usually I was a screamer.

"Come Mom, come on your son's cock," he moaned, as I milked his cock the best that I could.

"Oh son, come inside Mommy too," I moaned, wanting, no *needing*, to feel his load explode inside me.

"Really?" he asked.

"Yes, explode your big load inside Mommy's cunt," I moaned, so close... which meant my talk got even nastier, even though it had to remain quiet.

"Oh fuck, Mom," he groaned.

"Fill me with your big load, son, at least for now, and later on Mommy would also like a big load all over her face," I said wickedly, using the naughtier term 'Mommy', and hinting this wasn't going to be a one-time thing... plus also letting him know I loved facials.

"Oh God, he groaned, "I'm about to come."

"Fill Mommy's cunt, son, fill Mommy with a big fucking load of cum," I said wickedly, grinding a little faster.

"Ooooooooooh," he groaned, as I felt his cock pulse, and then fill me with his warm seed.

"Yes, fill Mommy," I moaned, as his load spewing inside me triggered my own orgasm while I leaned back against him and allowed our mutual orgasms to cascade through us as his load filled me, and my cum leaked onto his cock.

We rested in place for a minute or so before Sandra came over, thankfully not arriving a couple minutes earlier, and said, "I know it's crazy, but in that Santa suit and the way you're resting on him, it really feels like Jake is here."

"It really feels like he is," I agreed, recalling I'd been sitting in this exact same position with a load inside me along with my husband's cock exactly a year ago.

"Well, are you ready to do Secret Santa?" Sandra asked.

"Yeah, sure," I agreed. "Just give me a couple of minutes."

"Okay," she nodded, after looking at us with a strangely perplexed look on her face.

She walked away and I said, "Ready to put your dick away?"

"Yeah," he agreed.

"On three," I said.

"Okay."

"One, two, three," I said, as I slowly got up, giving him time to tuck it back in its convenient hole.

I got up, feeling cum leaking out of me, as I glanced down to see a wet spot, but no cock.

"Go and change," I said.

"Okay," he nodded, and I walked away feeling cum leaking down my thigh... hoping the lace top stocking would stop the trail from going any further.

As I went to the table across the room where the presents were, it finally hit me... or it hit me again in a really raw way... I'd just fucked my son! In public! Committed incest! Willingly!

Fuck!

Fuck!

Fuck!

Yet my pussy was also still on fire.

During the next half hour, I was preoccupied... with Secret Santa. It's always so much fun. I received a bunch of candles and some massage oils.

The party continued, and I saw Cody chatting with one of our younger employees. My first feeling was jealousy.

My second feeling... also jealousy.

Two and a half drinks since my incestuous act, I was still horny... and I reacted impulsively. I texted Cody: **Dad's office. NOW!**

I watched my son like a creepy stalker.

As I inadvertently cock-blocked my son, I watched him check his phone. A moment later, I watched my son say something to Amanda and head out... to his Dad's office.

I slyly made my way towards my own office, chatting with a couple people along the way, before detouring into my husband's office at the last moment, slipping in, closing and locking the door.

Cody was sitting on top of his Dad's desk.

"Show me the letter," I demanded, trying to act like I was in charge.

He stood up, pulled it out of his pocket, walked over to me and handed it to me... it was obvious he wasn't sure what to say in the aftermath of our sinning.

I unfolded the letter and read it, as Cody stood there, obviously unsure of what to do.

Son,

What I'm about to write may shock you. Actually, it will shock you.

What I'm about to ask you to do is unorthodox and many would say it's wrong.

I want you to be the Santa during the staff Christmas Party. I want you to go commando underneath the suit, and as the night progresses, when your mother sits on your lap, which I'm sure she will, I want you to guide your cock into her pussy (don't worry, I'm quite confident she won't be wearing underwear, but if she is, quickly pull the crotch aside as you slide into your mother's pussy). You will likely only have one opportunity, so you must make it count.

Now I know this sounds crazy, but your Mom needs this.

Your mother is a submissive, and she needs a man who can take charge. Unfortunately, I know she won't move on once I'm gone, so you'll have to help her with that.

She will allow you to fuck her. She will become your submissive Mom who will obey every order you give her. She may deny it at first. She may briefly resist. But she will soon succumb, because she literally needs cock.

By the way, I know you have wanted to fuck your mother for some time now. I know you jerk off to your mother's legs.

Your mother only wears thigh high stockings, by the way.

Anyway, your father's last request is you do indeed become the man of the house. This means in every conceivable way.

So please do as I ask, and slide your cock inside your mother when she sits on your lap.

She will be surprised.

But she won't resist.

Love Dad

PS: She loves sucking cock, and she loves and craves cum.

I finished reading the letter in utter shock.

Cody hadn't been lying.

Jake wanted his son to look after me... including sexually.

Jake was right... I couldn't see myself ever being with another man... even though I'd mentioned to Sandra I needed to get laid.

Truth was, I'd been horny because of my son.

I turned around and looked at him.

He said, "I told you."

"I can't believe he wrote all that about me," I said, both angered and flattered. Angered because he hadn't told me he was planning this; flattered that deep down he knew me better than I knew myself... right until the end.

"I was pretty shocked," he said.

"Well," I said, walking up to him. "I can't deny anything your father said about me."

"So you're okay with it?" he asked.

For an answer, I lowered myself before him and squeezed his cock, which was hard as a rock. "Is this because of me?"

"Ooooooh," he moaned.

"I'll take that as a yes," I said, and I fished out his cock.

"You're sure about this?" he asked.

"I wasn't until I read that letter," I said. "But yes, now I am."

I then took his cock in my mouth.

"Oh, God," he moaned.

"Mmmmmmm," I moaned on his cock and bobbed for a few more strokes. "Fuck, your cock is so fucking big!"

"I haven't had any complaints," he said.

"I bet," I said, as I licked his long thick shaft. "So is Nancy your other secret woman?"

"What? No," he denied, "although she's on my list."

"Your list?" I asked.

"MILFs I want to fuck," he explained.

"Was I on that list?" I asked, as I sucked a ball in my mouth.

"Oh," he moaned, "that's it, suck my balls."

"Was I?" I repeated.

"You were always at the top spot," he reported.

"Mmmmmm, I'd better always be," I said.

"Trust me," he said, as I switched to his other ball. "You're my ultimate conquest."

"And have you conquered me yet?" I asked, even though I knew 'conquered' wasn't a word.

"Oh, Mom," he said, "we're just getting started."

"We are, are we?" I asked coyly and sexily, looking adoringly up at him as I slithered my tongue back up his cock.

"According to Dad, you're a submissive little slut," he pointed out.

My eyes went wide... even as my pussy gushed... "I don't think he called me a slut," I pointed out and swirled my tongue around his cock head.

"It was inferred," he said.

"I suppose it was, at least to him," I said, as I continued to swirl my tongue around his cock head.

"So what are you going to do to Mommy next?" I asked.

He slid his cock into my mouth, placed both of his hands on my head and fucked my mouth... just like his Dad had done so many times. To let him know how much I approved, I moaned on his cock.

"Oh fuck, I can't believe I'm face fucking you," Cody groaned.

I couldn't believe it either... I wasn't sure I'd ever be used like this again... I couldn't fathom being with another man except for my husband... he'd known that... so he did this.

Cody pulled out, pulled me up and kissed me passionately.

I melted into him, and for a couple minutes we just kissed. Passionately. Intensely. Romantically.

When he broke the kiss, he spun me around, bent me over the desk and slid his cock back into my pussy.

"Oh Cody, yes, fuck Mommy," I moaned, giving in 100% after reading the letter. I *did* need cock. I *did* need to get fucked. And... in essence... the closest I could ever come to finding a man like my husband was our son.

"I still can't believe this," he said as he slowly fucked me.

"I can," I moaned, "since your dick is deep inside Mommy."

"You love it, don't you?" he asked, as he seemed to go back and forth between shocked happiness and confident stud.

"I do," I admitted.

"What do you love?" he asked.

"My son's big cock in my pussy," I answered.

He said, as he began to fuck me faster, "So fucking good."

For a few minutes, my son fucked me.

Hard.

I came... twice... the second time I gave a muted scream not to alert the party guests, "I'm coming, you mother fucker."

"Oh fuck," he moaned when I said that.

"I want to swallow your cum, son," I said as my orgasm rose through me.

"I'm not going to last much longer," he warned as he hammered my flooding hole.

I pushed him back, spun around, dropped to my knees, and sucked his big cock, wet with my cum.

I sucked him like the cum-hungry slut I was.

"Oh my God, Mom," he moaned, and in maybe a dozen more hungry bobs, he unloaded his warm, salty cum in my mouth, and it slid down my throat.

I kept sucking, milking his cock of every drop of his delicious cum, until he finally pulled out a minute or two later.

"Wow," he said.

"Yeah, wow," I agreed.

He pulled me up and kissed me again.

I kissed him back.

When he broke the kiss, he smiled and said, "Wow."

"Yeah," I nodded, feeling such warmth as I looked into his eyes.

"So, now what?" he asked.

"We return to the party," I said.

"I mean after that," he said.

"Well, your mother needs a load of cum a day at least, and she usually enjoys a good fucking every day," I said. "Think you can manage that?"

"Yes, or I'll die trying," he joked, looking relieved and thrilled.

"Well, that would be a fun way to die," I smiled.

"Indeed," he said.

He kissed me again, and we both got ourselves dressed and looking respectable.

Five minutes later I was back at the party, having a drink, and wondering what lay ahead.

The end

Is this really the end, or would you like to read some more adventures?

My Son's Lap: A Uber Ride Home

Their ride home includes some more sly mom-son sex.

My Son's Lap: Anal Mommy

The son takes his mom's virgin asshole.

My Son's Lap: And Sneaky Sex

Son and mom fuck with some family around.

My Son's Lap: First Threesome

Son helps mom explore same sex fun.

My Son's Lap: New Years Family Threesome

Daughter joins the family fuck fest.

My Son's Lap: Valentine's Day

Son and mom go on a romantic holiday.