

"UNWRAPPING" MOMMY

silkstockingslover

Son comes home to discover Mom gift wrapped and....

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Son comes home to discover Mom gift wrapped and....

Note 1: This is a **Christmas 2017 Contest Story** so please vote.

Note 2: Thanks to Tex Beethoven, thor_p, and Robert for editing this story.

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If there is an incest goddess I was a grateful recipient of her bounty on Christmas Eve... although at first it sure didn't feel that way as I drove through a wild winter storm.

I was meeting my girlfriend three hours away at her parents'... as my family wasn't celebrating Christmas until the 26th; my sister was flying in later (fares at half the ridiculous pre-Christmas level).

So I was driving three hours north (or perhaps it would take far longer since I was driving through a near blizzard) to spend one day at the in-laws, which would be torture. The one bright star was Shannon had promised to make it *worth my time* (and the last time she'd used that phrase she invited one of her girlfriends to join us for a threesome... which included me watching a very lengthy lesbian 69) before coming in each of them. Although Shannon was a shy nerd in school, she was a wild nymphomaniac in the bedroom... and in the car... and at the movie theatre... and twice in the debate club room during school hours without the ability to lock the door.

So with the promise of something we hadn't yet done but was guaranteed to be sexy, I was giddy with excitement and curiosity.

Yet, the Goddess of Sex seemed to have turned against me as a half hour into the drive I came up against a road block manned by two apologetic but insistent policemen. I was determined to make the drive, even if it took six hours instead of three... but the police didn't care about my kinky sure thing booty call invite (yes of course I told them, I was desperate to get through) and I was forced to turn around.

Frustrated and annoyed, I headed back home after texting my girlfriend I wasn't going to be able to make it and why.

As I drove home, dad called. I pulled over; it was way too icy to talk and drive.

"Hey son, are you at home?" he asked.

"I'm heading there now," I answered.

"I've been trying to reach your mother but she isn't answering her cell," dad said.

"That's odd," I said.

"When you get home can you tell her I'm not going to make it tonight? The road's closed," he explained.

"Sure," I agreed, before adding, "the roads are closed here too."

"Well, I'll let you go. Drive safe," he said. "And pay her some special attention tonight."

"Will do," I promised. After I hung up I pulled back onto the road and headed home, imagining we'd be watching the first two Home Alone movies... they're Mom's favourites.

When I got home thirty minutes later, I was hungry and annoyed. I walked into the house frustrated I wasn't going to get my special surprise up north, when I walked into my living room and stopped dead in my tracks. Here was a far different surprise.

"Hi, honey," Mom purred, her tone sultry, "Come unwrap your present."

My Mom was on all fours on the carpet near the tree, completely wrapped in shiny colourful Christmas wrap... except for her mouth. She couldn't see me at all.

"Or would you rather face fuck your present first?" Mom asked, as my cock instantly went hard in my pants.

I froze.

My Mom was fucking hot. For years I'd listened to all my buddies tell me how much they wanted to fuck her. I had a lesbian friend who wanted to fuck her. It didn't help she was a teacher at my school, so I even heard it there. All the time. Of course the other teachers didn't tell me how much they wanted to fuck her, but a couple of times I overheard two of them agreeing with each other on the subject.

Thankfully the school was large enough that I was never in any of her classes, but she did teach a lot of my friends and was teaching my current girlfriend Advanced Calculus.

"Pick a hole, baby," Mom continued, as I stood there, cock hard and thinking very inappropriate thoughts. Which she added to by adding, "I left an opening in the back for you too."

I groaned, the idea of getting head from my Mom or fucking her too overpowering to keep inside. I mean I'd be lying if I told you I hadn't jerked off to the idea many times... especially when she walked around the house in her nylon-clad feet... which was my fetish (something no girlfriend had worn until I started dating Shannon, who now wore them every day for me... and always kept them on when we fucked).

I covered my mouth, not wanting Mom to know it was me, as she demanded, "It's been too long Ben, now get over here and try out your Christmas present."

I knew I shouldn't.

I knew it was wrong.

And I knew the consequences would be extreme... yet I couldn't resist.

What son could?

I walked over to her, pulled down my pants and boxers and slid my cock in her open mouth before I had time to reconsider.

"Mmmmmmm," she moaned, as I slowly moved my cock in and out of her amazing mouth... only using the first three or four inches as I had no idea how long dad was... and hoped we were of similar girth so Mom wouldn't catch on she was sucking her son.

Again, I knew this was wrong and it was inevitable that Mom would soon learn I wasn't dad, yet I couldn't stop. Plus, I can't explain it but her mouth had excess wetness to it, as if I were fucking a whirlpool... it was easily the most amazing blow job ever... and truthfully Shannon was very good... and eager... and had stamina, once blowing me for over forty-five minutes when I was drunk and just couldn't come until she finally had to resort to the old thumb in the bum trick, which always works.

I slowly moved my cock between Mom's lips for a couple minutes, in awe of what was happening and yet unable to completely enjoy it as I knew my house of cards was going to crumble any second.

When I stopped moving, thinking I should pull out and leave (not sure how that would go, but maybe I could get away without her knowing it was me), when she began bobbing.

Fast.

The crumpling noises of the wrapping paper were loud, which was good news as it hid the groans escaping my lips.

And I knew three days without coming was going to make me a quick shooter... of course, add that to the reality I was getting blown by my stroke fantasy mother (her imagined naked image had been front and center in my head almost every time I'd come from beating off for over four years) and well....

I grabbed her head and began fucking her face, something I often did to Shannon.

I didn't even last a dozen thrusts before I grunted and began coming in Mom's mouth, praying she usually swallowed.

God, it felt good to cum in Mom's mouth. Once I was done though, the probable consequences to my act flooded me with trepidation.

Oh shit.

Now what?

As I pulled out, Mom said, "Well dear, that was unexpected."

I considered rushing out of the house, but thinking since I'd already crossed the line I may as well go for broke, I moved behind her, dropped to my knees and buried my face in the wrapping and the small opening making available her, to my surprise, shaved pussy.

"Oh my," she moaned, "I can't remember the last time you did this."

I worried I was giving myself away.

Yet I kept licking. Truth is I love eating pussy. I love the scent... I love the taste... and I love the different triggers for each woman.

Mom had no scent or taste at first, so she must have showered before wrapping herself.

Which led to the obvious question... how could she have possibly wrapped herself up? I mean other than two holes for access to two holes she was wrapped completely. I'd have to ask her later, but now wasn't the time.

As I licked, her moans increased as did her wetness and taste.

"God, you haven't done this for me in years," she revealed, which made me disappointed in my father. A man should be willing to give if he was going to receive.

Although I'm pretty aggressive when I fuck, I love face fucking a woman, shooting a load on a face or a pair of tits and drilling a girl as hard as I can, but I also *believe* in eating cunt... although I'm usually pretty aggressive doing that too.

So after a couple minutes of tentative licking, I pushed my fear of future consequences to the back of my mind as I allowed my little head to control the big head. I began licking faster, making wide paint brush-like strokes between her lips.

"Oh yes, you better be willing to do this more often," Mom moaned, even though that sentence took her a good thirty seconds to complete as she only got one or two words out at a time before I forced another moan out of her... as I pondered I would *love* to do this more often.

Wanting to attack her clit and bring her the oral orgasm my dad apparently wasn't delivering, I quickly lay on my back, ripped open more of the wrapping paper, slid between her legs and lifted up my head.

"*Mother fucker!*" she screamed as I took her swollen clit between my lips and tugged... the nasty and suspiciously accurate words keeping my cock at full mast. How I would love to be a *mother fucker!*

Could I become a mother fucker? How much longer could this window of carnal opportunity last before the axe dropped?

Yet I pushed that thought aside as I devoured her cunt with an eagerness I hoped would help her forgive her incestuous son as I strove to give her the oral orgasm my father apparently didn't.

"Oh god sweetheart, don't stop," she moaned, her breathing becoming stunted, and that along with the quivering in her body told me she was close.

I had no intention of stopping, only of getting her off and swallowing down all I could capture of her full flood of pussy juice.

A few more aggressive licks and tugs and Mom screamed, "Fuck!"

Her wetness gushed down on me like torrential rain as I was baptized a mother licker.

I eagerly lapped up her cum for a minute before she demanded, "Shove that dick in my cunt, baby."

Those are words every son imagines a million times while shooting hundreds of loads of cum thinking about fucking their Mom.

I'd already gotten a blow job and come in her mouth, I'd already eaten her cunt until she came on my face. It was way too late to stop now... consequences be damned... this was the best fucking Christmas present ever!

I slithered out from underneath of her and moved quickly behind her.

She said, "You should unwrap my legs darling, I think you'll like what I'm wearing."

Curious and suddenly hopeful, Mom almost always wore nylons to work as a teacher and kept them on at home. The number of hours I spent staring at her legs and particularly her always perfectly manicured feet would definitely exceed the amount of time I spent on homework.

So I unwrapped her feet first to discover one foot was wearing a red nylon and another a green. How completely festive. And *hot!*

"Like?" she asked.

Trying to avoid talking, I bent down and kissed each of her heels.

"I'll take that as a yes," she giggled, before adding, as I slid my tongue down her sole, "That tickles."

My biggest fantasy even more than fucking Mom was getting a foot job by Mom, so being creative and ambitious, I lifted up both her feet and slid my cock between them.

She purred, "This is new."

I slowly pumped my cock between her sheer stocking-clad feet, the feeling as amazing as I'd always imagined it would be.

Shannon had given me foot jobs in a theatre, on a bus and under the table at dinner with her parents (I came on her feet while her dad was asking about my college plans), but this time I was in control, and this time there were nylons.

I was fucking Mom's feet.

I was holding her silky-clad ankles.

Thank God I'd already come in her mouth or this sleek experience would have been very short-lived.

I foot fucked myself on her feet for a couple of minutes, the entire time also gliding my hands up and down her oh-so-smooth ankles and calves... these were not the cheap nylons Shannon wore... no, these were sheer luxurious silk, and what a difference they made. I would definitely be finding a way to buy Shannon better stockings ASAP.

I would have fucked these feet all night if I could but Mom demanded, "Enough foot fun time. You can come all over my feet when you're done if you want. But right now I need to be fucked... hard."

Who could refuse such a demand?

No son ever!!!

Plus, I'd never come on a pair of nylon-clad feet before, but the idea was suddenly very appealing.

I lowered her feet back to the carpet, unwrapped her ass and waist, all that now remained unwrapped was her chest and head area, as I positioned my cock at her inviting pussy... I paused, not second guessing what I was about to do, but rather admiring her body and savouring this moment that could only ever come once (I mean even if she didn't freak out and kill me when she eventually discovered it was me fucking her, this was likely a one-time thing and I wanted to enjoy and revel in every moment of it).

"Shove that fucking cock in my cunt right now, dammit," she demanded with an urgency that Shannon also often displayed when I teased her before fucking her.

Yet I used all my will power to tease her first. I wanted her on the brink of complete desperate mania before I plunged inside her wet cunt. So I rubbed my cock up and down her pussy lips, refusing to enter.

"Stop teasing me," she whined, actually moving her ass back, trying to get my cock in her.

My need was finally too much and I obliged her desperate desire and slid my entire cock in her pussy, going balls deep in one firm thrust.

"Mother fucker!" she screamed, which froze me deep inside her hot box.

Did she know it was me?

Or was that just something she said in the heat of the moment?

I was now, officially, a mother fucker. A club I imagined many sons would love to join.

My confusion continued as she begged, "Now fuck Mommy hard, pound her tight cunt with that huge fucking dick."

Mommy? Again she seemed to know... although she could just be doing some kinky role playing.

Any remaining doubt was banished when she repeated the demand, but used my name, "Devon, you'd better start fucking your Mommy right now with that big dick of yours."

I finally spoke for the first time this entire time, even as I processed she did know it was me and was not only okay with it, but was demanding me to fuck her. "You sure, Mom?"

"Don't I sound sure?" she questioned, wiggling her ass on me. "How's this then? Mommy needs your dick in her right this fucking second and I want you to fuck my brains out!"

I can't believe this! She wants me as badly as I want her! Suddenly filled with confidence, I asked, taking control a bit, as I pulled out of her, "You want your son to fuck you, Mom? The boy you nursed as a baby? The fruit of your womb? The horny son who always has to adjust himself every time he sees you in those hot silk stockings? The pervert who's jacked off longing to fuck his Mommy more times than he can count?"

I again rubbed her pussy lips, wanting to drive her nuts, to hear her beg for it some more.

"Yes! *Hell* yes! I wish you'd told me, I've wanted your big cock forever!" she answered, one shock leading to another shock.

"When did you see my big cock?" I asked, tapping my cock on her pussy lips.

"When Shannon was blowing you a couple months ago," she answered. "But I was fantasising about fucking you long before that."

"Ooooh," I said, having thought I'd gotten away with that. I unwrapped the rest of my Mom as now that this was no longer a secret, I couldn't wait to see her entire body and especially her beautiful face wanting me.

"Oh yeah, Shannon is a great cock sucker," Mom said, the only wrapping left covering her face.

"You're a pretty good cock sucker too," I complimented, as I slid my entire cock in her from behind as I reached to take off the last bit of paper.

"How would you know?" she moaned, as I finally filled her. She looked back at me with lust and playfulness on her face as the wrapping came off and finished, "I didn't have any chance to suck your cock; you face fucked your mother."

"Well you took my cock pretty naturally," I smiled.

"Does this feel natural too?" she asked, as she began bouncing back on my cock.

"Like I was born for this," I moaned, as I felt her begin fucking herself on my cock.

"Mommy needs a live-in boy toy to satisfy her twenty-four seven," Mom moaned.

"What about dad?" I asked, feeling sudden guilt as I realized I was betraying him... somehow his probable take on this not popping into my head until now... lust overriding familial respect.

"Truth?" she asked, stopping with her ass resting against me.

"Yeah," I nodded, her sudden shift of tone from sexual to serious startling me... even though my cock was buried in her pussy and was still thrilled to be there.

"Your dad is bi," Mom revealed.

"No way!" I gasped, the idea just not possible.

"Yeah, that's why if you look on the table you'll see a special toy," Mom said, pointing to the coffee table.

I turned and looked and saw a strap-on cock and lube. Each was wearing a Christmas ribbon.

She continued, "I planned to fuck him tonight for the first time."

"No way!" I repeated.

"Yeah, I was trying to rekindle our sex life," she admitted. "It's been rather dead for months."

"How do you know he's bi?" I asked, still processing this.

"From watching him suck cock," she answered, before smiling wickedly, "he didn't know I was home and especially didn't know I was watching from the bedroom closet; he's pretty good at it."

"This is definitely too much information," I said.

She added, "But when I got your dad's text that the roads were closed and he wasn't coming home, I assumed you would be turned back from your own sure thing booty call and would have to turn around."

"No way," I said, as I realized she had planned this. She wasn't dad's Christmas present, she was mine!

"Do you like your Christmas present?" Mom asked, demurely, slowly fucking herself on my cock.

"I was hoping for a new iPad," I joked.

"I can never give you enough," she said, shaking her head, before adding, "now let's make you a mother fucker," she laughed, "it's not official until we both cum!" as she resumed bouncing on my cock.

"Oh God, Mom," I groaned. "I can't believe any of this."

"That dad sucks cock or that tonight I'm your three-hole Mommy slut?" she asked, not stopping bouncing on my cock.

"All of it," I said, even as I processed her latest reveal... *three-hole Mommy slut?* I couldn't even breathe for a moment, but my mouth said, *Wow!*

"Merry Christmas, son," she grinned, filled with holiday cheer plus my big dick as she really bounced back on me.

"And a Happy New Year," I responded, hinting at my desire for this to be more than a one night thing.

"Oh yes," she moaned, as she moved off my cock, turned around and said, "Your Mom is going to expect a lot of Mom-son bonding time from now on. There'll be Groundhog Day, which is all about going in and out of holes; and Valentine's Day of course; Discovery Day, maybe you'll be up for fucking your dad by then after I lube him up; you'd better do a good job on me on Labour Day; Thanksgiving of course; then next Christmas for our first fucking anniversary! And every day in between!"

"I usually have a few loads a day available," I said, as she took my cock in her mouth.

After a few bobs, as she sucked her own juices off my cock, "I claim at least three of them a day."

"Only three?" I asked as I stood up, lifted her up in the air and lowered her onto me.

"No, *at least* three. Oh yes, you big boy," she moaned as I slid deep inside her, wrapping her legs and arms around me and kissing me passionately, now moaning into my mouth and wrapping her tongue around mine.

The kiss was strangely intimate. Her tongue exploring my mouth and her continuous moans echoing through my head even as I walked... carrying her to the bedroom, feeling her bounce her cunt forcefully on my dick with every step.

I broke the kiss so I could see where I was going as she asked, "Are you taking your Mommy to your bedroom to fuck her?"

"No," I corrected her, "I'm taking my Mommy to *her* bedroom so I can fuck her."

"Mmmmmmm," she smiled, my cock still in her cunt and hard enough to often support her entire weight... the walking and her synchronised bouncing a powerful way to fuck her.

Reaching her bedroom, a little tired, I rested her against the wall and kissed her again, while slowly bucking my hips as I fucked her a bit more gently while our tongues each explored each other's mouths. I wasn't sure what our respective roles were in her eyes, but I was treating her as I would anyone I was fucking: urgent, passionate and dominant.

Her hands were on my back, her legs were wrapped around me and her tongue was as aggressive as mine was. Never allowing our lips to part or my cock to slip out of her, I carried her to the bed.

I lowered her onto it and as our lips finally broke she said, "God, Devon, I want you so bad."

"I want you too, Mom," I said, never wanting anyone or anything more in my life.

"Now I want you to use Mommy like you do your Shannon. Face fuck Mommy's throat, slam that big dick in Mommy's cunt and if you want, plow Mommy's back door," she listed, having already done two of the three, although the fucking Mom's cunt was only recently started. Yet the idea of fucking Mom's ass, which she'd mentioned twice now, something I'd never done to a woman, although I was sure Shannon was game if we kept dating, was the ultimate turn-on.

I warned, "I can be rather dominant."

"What part of *fucking the living shit out of Mommy and using her as a three-hole bimbo fuck toy* was unclear to you, my masterful son?" she purred, as she moved her feet to my cock and began giving me a foot job. "I'm a submissive slut son, always have been, and I need a man who can use me as such. Your father is no longer that man; fuck, he'd probably be submissive to *you*, so are you that man?"

There was an implication in that question that gave me pause. I could definitely be *that man* for my Mom, but did she mean for dad too? I'd gotten one blow job from a guy last summer, it was pretty damn good, but I was drunk and really embarrassed about it the next day. Yet the idea of fucking my father was weird. Could I? Would I love it or hate it? I tabled those thoughts for another time and instead I focused on the immediate question as I responded, her silky-clad feet masturbating my cock, "For you I'm definitely that man, Mom. But once I take you and make you my slut, you'll always be my slut and there's no going back." There it was: my attempt to claim my mother as more than a Christmas miracle... as more than a maternal fuck buddy but as my obedient, devoted slut... my own *It's a Wonderful Life* except Mom would be my angel instead of Clarence and all the life-changing, surreal experiences would be sexual ones.

"Promise?" she responded, letting me know she too wanted this to be not only a dominant submissive thing, but permanent.

"I'll want to be woken up properly every morning with a nice soothing blow job," I said, that only happening once before and I'd sure loved it.

"I do like some cream in my coffee," she answered, before adding, "Although sometimes I may wake you up by riding your cock."

"I can allow that," I smiled.

"Anything else?" she asked, seeming to like this game we were playing.

"You will always wear thigh highs and always be *sans* any underwear so I'll have quick, easy access to your fuck holes whenever I need a place to deposit a load," I said, the idea of walking up behind Mom as she made dinner or shoving my cock in her mouth as she was on her iPad popping into my head.

"Yes, son," she nodded. "My cunt will always be available to you and whenever it isn't because of Mother Nature, my other hole down there will always be lubed and ready."

"Does Mom like a cock in her ass or is she just obedient?" I asked.

She moved her feet away from my cock and answered, as she rolled briskly over to the side of the bed, opened a drawer in her nightstand, grabbed a bottle, tossed it to me and offered as she got eagerly onto all fours once again, "Why don't you open my rosebud and find out how quickly you can make me moan?"

"Oh, God," I groaned, staring at her perfect ass, as she pulled her ass cheeks apart and proudly showcased her tiny puckered asshole.

I poured anal lube between her ass cheeks and some on my cock as Mom asked, her nasty language making my raging rod flinch. "Has my son ever slammed that huge pecker in a tight shit hole?"

"No, never," I admitted, as I moved behind her, before adding, "but that's about to change."

"Good, Mommy wants to be your first ass fuck," she said, wiggling her ass.

"You'll also be my first three-hole fuck toy," I added, as I positioned my cock at her inviting asshole.

"Your *twenty-four seven three-hole Mommy slut fuck toy*," she elaborated, as she backed up and my cock slowly disappeared into her rectum.

I groaned at the utter tightness of her ass... a sensation that was far different from a mouth or a pussy.

She moaned as she took my entire shaft up her butt, "You're so much bigger than your father."

Once all in, my Mom's butt cheeks leaning against my legs, I grabbed her hips and asked, "Does my Mommy want her ass fucked hard?"

"Pound the shit out of Mommy," she responded, looking back at me and making eye contact. Yup, she loved this!

"Beg for it," I insisted, loving to see proper looking and acting women, like my girlfriend and now my Mom, turn into insatiable cock hungry sluts in the heat of the moment.

"Please fuck Mommy's tight asshole with your big dick, pound Mommy's shit hole with your long shaft, ream Mommy's arse with your Mommy dominator," she listed, each sounding so hot coming out of her schoolteacher mouth.

I began fucking her ass, which was more work than a cunt as it was really tight, even with the lube... but as I pistoned in and out of her, her ass loosened up and she got more animated.

"Oh yes, you dirty Mother fucker, ram that massive snake in my asshole, be the man of the house," she moaned wickedly, clearly enjoying being roughly reamed.

"Keep talking, slut," I ordered, loving her wicked tongue, loving being called a Mother fucker.

"You like Mommy being your three-hole bimbo slut?" she asked, as she began bouncing back to meet my forward thrusts.

"God, yes," I moaned as my balls began to boil for a second time... this intense tightness, this incredibly surreal situation, this voluntary act of incest was too much.

"Come in Mommy's asshole, son, fill me with your seed," she demanded, really bouncing back and taking all my cock up her poop chute.

"So close," I groaned, as I allowed her to fuck herself on my cock... her asshole milking my cock with desperate urgency.

"Fill up your Mommy-slut's ass with your cum, baby," she moaned. "I want to feel you explode up my asshole."

"Oh fuck," I grunted three or four strokes later as I definitely *exploded* my second load of the evening in my beautiful mother.

"Yes!" Mom screamed, "fill Mommy's ass with your cum," as her hand went to her pussy and frantically rubbed out another orgasm herself.

As I pulled out and flipped her onto her back in one aggressive move, wanting to eat her cunt again and taste her cum, I froze, staring at her inviting cunt when I heard a voice that wasn't Mom's.

"What are you two doing?" my older sister, Amy, asked, although her tone didn't sound accusatory, which wasn't surprising once I realized she'd just entered her parents' bedroom wearing nothing but thigh highs (again one red, one green) and a strap-on cock.

Mom replied, "Creating a second new Christmas tradition."

I stared at my hot, naked, sister as I processed that she was wearing Mom's other mismatched pair of nylon stockings.

"You already replaced me?" Amy asked, as she walked towards the bed.

"Just adding a real cock," Mom answered with a wicked smile, as I sat there bewildered between Mom's legs, now on my knees.

"Ever double penetrate anyone, *big* brother?" Amy questioned, as she got onto the bed and looked at my cock.

"N-n-no," I stammered, this somehow even more shocking than everything else, unable to take my eyes off my sister's impressive huge tits.

"Lie down," she ordered, as she clarified, "Mom was my slut first, weren't you, Mommy cunt licking slut?"

"Yes, Mistress," Mom nodded, even as she looked at me.

Mistress? I thought to myself as I rolled onto my back while Mom moved over, before straddling my again hard cock... the mystery of who'd wrapped Mom suddenly obvious. What I didn't know was how long she'd been nearby.

Did Amy watch me face fuck Mommy? Eat Mommy? Fuck Mommy?

Did Amy play a knowing role in Mom becoming my Mommy-slut?

Had Amy been here the entire time?

Could I fuck my college sister too?

How long had Mom and Amy been having lesbian sex together?

How did dad fit into this? Or did he?

All these questions would have to wait as she ordered, moving behind Mom, "Now let's double team Mom and start another Christmas family tradition."

"It can actually be an *any day of the week* family tradition," Mom pointed out, as she ground her cunt on my cock.

"True enough," Amy laughed, as she pushed her strap-on inside Mom's well fucked ass. She noticed my handiwork as she said, "You really gaped Mom's shithole, *big* brother."

As Mom moaned, now filled with two cocks, I finally spoke, regaining my confidence, "I can do that to you too, big sister."

"Or I can do it to you," she smiled wickedly before adding, as she began fucking Mom's ass, "I was supposed to be taking dad's anal virginity tonight, so I'd love a volunteer."

My eyes went wide at her implication, as Mom took me off the spot by moaning, "Double team your Mommy-slut and then let's show your brother what we did last Christmas while the boys were out getting a tree."

"Best Christmas ever," I moaned, as I participated in Mom's double penetration.

"Oh, it's just getting started," my sister promised.

THE END...