



TABOO CHRISTMAS BLISS

AUTHOR

KLXRO

Incest/Taboo
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Story



Justin squirmed awkwardly as his mom held him close, her humongous boobs pressing firmly into his back through her tight Christmas sweater. "My little man is growing up so fast," she cooed, sipping her cocktail.

Her sister, Justin's amply endowed Aunt Tina, sidled up next to them. "He sure is, sis. Turning from cute boy to gorgeous young man right before our eyes," she said with a wink, ruffling Justin's hair.

Justin blushed furiously as he was surrounded on all sides by the buxom women of his family in his Aunt Tina's kitchen. Grandma June reached out to pinch his cheek, her low-cut blouse giving him an eyeful of bulging cleavage. "Such a cutie! I could just eat him up."

His pretty cousin Veronica giggled nearby, staring into Justin's eyes lustfully. The neckline of her dress was straining to contain her full breasts which had increased several cup sizes due to pregnancy.

Everywhere Justin looked was another set of enormous, barely restrained tits threatening to spill out. He felt smothered by the abundance of female flesh crowding the kitchen.

His face burned with embarrassment but his teenage hormones raged out of control. He prayed no one would notice the growing bulge in his jeans.

The teen tried to wriggle out of his mom's embrace, desperate to escape the kitchen full of voluptuous women before his arousal became even more obvious. But she only tightened her grip, pulling him back firmly against her soft, pillowy breasts.

Leaning in close, her lips brushed his ear as she whispered firmly, "Stay." It was a command, not a request, as if he were an obedient puppy she expected to heel. Justin shivered, feeling owned and dominated.

Gran approached with her arms outstretched, a knowing twinkle in her eye as she took in Justin's predicament. "Come here, baby," she cooed, enveloping him in a hug that inadvertently pushing him deeper into his mother's abundant cleavage.

Justin found himself completely engulfed between four massive, matronly breasts - his face buried in his grandmother's deep, wrinkled cleavage while his back was cushioned by his mom's huge, sweater-stretching boobs. Smothered by their warm, soft flesh, he could hardly breathe.

Through the thin fabric of his mom's tight sweater, he felt the lacy pattern of her embroidered bra and the incredible soft yet heavy weight of her huge breasts flattening against his back. Her nipples had stiffened into rubbery nubs that poked insistently into his shoulder blades.

Gran's low-cut blouse exposed the upper slopes of her sagging cleavage, deep wrinkled crevasses that threatened to swallow Justin's face as she hugged him tightly.

He felt the satin cups of her 52–HH cup bra, the puckered edges of her large areolas, and the spongy nubs of her thick nipples mashing against his cheeks and nose.

Their hands roamed possessively over Justin's slim, youthful body as they held him captive in their smothering bosoms.

His mom's manicured nails raked up under his shirt, caressing the smooth skin of his back. Gran pawed at his chest and stomach, fingers splayed, feeling the definition of his abs and pecs beginning to develop.

Trapped in the sweltering embrace of their lush, overripe bodies, Justin wheezed and gasped for air. But there was no escape from the ocean of matronly tits engulfing him. Their sweet, cloying perfume filled his nostrils. Beads of sweat gathered on his brow.

“Don't struggle, sweet boy,” his Gran's soft voice said in a soothing tone. “We've got you.”

His heart hammered wildly and his head spun with a dizzying mixture of arousal and embarrassment. Justin's erection strained painfully against his jeans, an utterly uncontrollable physiological reaction to being forcibly pressed against so much voluptuous female flesh.

He trembled as the other female family members reached out to touch him all over, their hands roaming across his chest, arms, and thighs. They caressed and squeezed his youthful flesh possessively,

as if laying claim to his body. A few cast worried glances towards their husbands in the other room, but none made any move to stop.

Aunt Ann leaned in, her heavy breasts swaying inches from Justin's face. "Why don't we take him into the pantry for a minute?" she suggested with a mischievous glint in her eye. Justin's heart raced at the implication.

His mother's grip on his shoulders tightened. "Go on now, Justin. Be a good boy and do as your auntie says," she instructed firmly, steering him towards the pantry.

Justin nodded mutely, allowing himself to be led into the dimly lit room, the women filing in behind him.

The door closed behind them and in the close quarters, they pressed in on him from all sides, smothering him with their ripe, abundant curves. Huge, heavy breasts mashed against his back and chest. Wide, womanly hips and full, rounded asses ground into his thighs and buttocks. Pungent female musk filled his nostrils.

His rigid cock throbbed almost painfully, straining the confines of his jeans. The women took turns rubbing up against the bulge of his erection like cats in heat.

His aunt slotted his hard length between her plush thighs, trying to guess just how much meat he had tucked inside his jeans.

His pretty cousin humped her pelvis into his hip, the crotch of her panties damp and clinging to her puffy mound. Even his prim grandmother shamelessly dry humped his rigid dick-bulge, her cunt lips engorged and swollen with need.

Through it all, his mom, Ciara, anchored him from behind, her breasts two massive warm weights flattened against his back. "Hold still," she cooed into his ear, her voice a sultry purr. "That's it, just stay nice and still for us, baby."

The women clawed at Justin's young flesh with manicured nails, pulling his shirt up to expose his stomach and chest. They kneaded

and caressed every inch of skin they could reach, leaving scratches and love bites in their wake.

Hands slid down the back of his jeans to grope his taut ass, long nails sinking into his flesh.

He was their toy, their plaything, as they used his nubile body ruthlessly for their own pleasure, rubbing against him like a human scratching post. Trapped at the center of the writhing tangle of womanly curves and roaming hands, Justin could do nothing but submit to their intense fondling and grinding.

"So young," his Gran whispered, peppering his neck with kisses.

"And so ripe and ready to fuck," Justin's Aunt Ruth added, her brown eyes glazed with lust.

The teenager's mind reeled, overwhelmed by the sheer amount of female flesh surrounding him, invading all his senses. Smothered in tits and asses, drowning in their intoxicating feminine scent.

Margaret, Ciara's youngest sister, stepped forward from the group of women, her belly swollen and heavy beneath the straining fabric of her floral sundress. She was only days away from delivering her baby, her pregnant curves ripe to bursting.

"Lean him back a bit, sis," Margaret instructed breathlessly, one hand bracing the small of her aching back. "I want a turn."

Ciara obliged, tilting Justin back slightly while still keeping him pinned firmly against her huge breasts. Margaret awkwardly straddled his thighs, her full pregnant belly jutting out obscenely between them. With a grunt, she lowered herself onto Justin's lap, bearing down with her entire maternal weight.

Justin gasped as he was mounted by his heavily pregnant aunt. The sheer mass of her belly knocked the wind out of him. He could feel the baby squirming inside her, little feet and elbows jabbing against the wall of her uterus, separated from his abdomen by only a few thin layers of skin and clothing.

Margaret's maternity dress had ridden up to the tops of her thighs, revealing her swollen, stretch-marked flesh and voluminous white cotton panties. The crotch was already soaked through, clinging transparently to the engorged outline of her puffy lips and protruding clit.

She began to move atop him, rocking and grinding her hips against his pelvis. Her massive belly undulated with the motion, rippling and quaking like a mound of jello. Her movements were awkward and graceless, but utterly shameless in her pregnant desperation, especially with her loving husband just a couple rooms away.

"Oh yes, that's it. Mmm, you feel so good," Margaret panted, rubbing herself wantonly against the rigid outline of Justin's cock. The

friction of his jeans against her swollen, hypersensitive folds was delicious, sending jolts of pleasure through her taxed body.

The teen squirmed helplessly, pinned under the combined weight of his mother's breasts and his aunt's pregnant bulk. Margaret's sopping cunt ground against his crotch with lewd abandon, leaving a spreading wet patch on his jeans. He could feel the searing heat of her, even through the layers of fabric.

The depravity of the situation only inflamed him further. Being dry humped by his heavily pregnant aunt, her unborn child bumping and squirming against him with every thrust, while the rest of the women in his family watched and waited their turn... It was beyond his filthiest adolescent fantasies.

Ciara tightened her grip on Justin's shoulders, holding him steady as Margaret rutted atop him wantonly. She leaned in close, her lips brushing the shell of his ear.

"Flex your cock for her, baby," she commanded in a husky whisper. "Let your auntie feel how hard she makes you. Hump those hips up and give her something to really grind on."

Justin shuddered, his mother's dirty talk making his cock twitch and throb with need. Obediently, he flexed his shaft, making it swell and strain even harder against his tight jeans. Then he began to thrust his pelvis up to meet Margaret's desperate grinding, giving her the hard bulge she craved.

"Ooh yes, just like that! What a good boy," Margaret moaned whorishly, riding Justin's flexing cock with abandon. Her massive belly rippled and swayed with the force of his thrusts.

Ciara purred her approval, pressing hot, open-mouthed kisses along the side of Justin's neck. "Mmm, that's my boy."

Margaret's pace increased, her breathing ragged and shallow. The other women encouraged her, reaching out to squeeze her wobbling ass cheeks and rub her belly as she rode Justin faster and harder.

Her cunt made obscene wet squelching noises as she rutted against him.

"That's it sis, get that itch scratched," Ciara urged.

"I want a turn!" said Justin's cousin, a sexy redhead. Her fat boobies bobbed beneath her t-shirt as she stepped forward to replace her aunt on Justin's crotch.

The boy's engorged teenage cock flexed powerfully beneath the thin fabric of his cotton briefs, the rigid shaft pulsing with each frantic beat of his heart. The swollen purple head pushed insistently against the fly of his jeans, straining the denim. His balls, heavy with pent-up semen, ached as they were crushed between gyrating female thighs and pelvises.

The women ground their hungry cunts against the rock-hard outline of Justin's virile young cock with abandon, relishing the feel of his throbbing erectile flesh through their soaked panties.

Puffy, protruding pussy lips slid up and down his long shaft. Sensitive clits, swollen to the size of gumdrops, caught on the ridge of his cockhead, sending jolts of intense pleasure through the ladies' bodies.

They threw their heads back, eyes rolling in ecstasy from the delicious friction Justin's steely manhood created against their needy sexes. Wanton moans and gasps filled the tiny pantry as they rutted shamelessly against the innocent boy, chasing their selfish pleasure.

Justin squirmed helplessly in the smothering tangle of voluptuous female bodies, his senses completely overwhelmed. Soft heavy breasts pillowed his face. Thick matronly thighs clenched around his narrow hips. Lush womanly asses humped his crotch and rubbed against his painfully hard cock.

His mother held him tight from behind, her lips brushing his ear as her sisters and nieces and even his own grandmother used him as their personal fuck toy.

"That's it baby, keep your hips moving," she cooed, her voice a dominant purr. "Don't you dare stop."

Justin whimpered, too far gone with forbidden lust to resist, as the sea of writhing female flesh closed in and swallowed him whole.

Just as the women were reaching a fever pitch, grinding their hungry cunts against Justin with wild abandon, the sound of approaching footsteps and male voices drifted in from the kitchen.

"Bob, grab me another beer while you're in there," Justin's uncle called out.

The women froze, looks of panic flashing across their flushed faces. They scattered like cockroaches when they heard footsteps in the kitchen, frantically disentangling themselves from Justin and each other.

His grandmother hastily pulled down her skirt that had ridden up around her hips. His pretty cousin adjusted her cleavage spilling out of her dress. Aunt Tina ran her fingers through her mussed hair.

In a flash, they slipped out of the pantry one by one, trying to look innocent as they stepped into the kitchen.

Justin's mother was the last to release him from the suffocating prison of her breasts. She gave his straining erection one final squeeze through his jeans before whispering in his ear.

"We'll continue this later. Be a good boy and keep quiet."

With that, she sashayed out to join the other women, leaving Justin alone in the pantry, chest heaving and cock throbbing painfully. He leaned against the shelves for a moment, trying to collect himself.

Muffled greetings and small talk drifted in from the kitchen as the men mixed drinks, oblivious to the depraved activities that had been taking place mere moments ago. Justin's aunts and cousin giggled and chattered with exaggerated nonchalance.

"What's so funny?" he heard his dad ask.

"Oh nothing, just silly girl talk!" his mom replied breezily. The other women tittered.

Justin adjusted himself, trying to make his erection less obvious, and took a deep breath before stepping out to join his family, praying the men wouldn't notice his flushed cheeks and conspicuous bulge.

The women avoided his eyes, sipping their drinks a little too casually. But when the men weren't looking, they snuck heated glances at Justin, their gazes lingering on his crotch. His grandma actually licked her lips.

"Mmm, delicious!" she sighed.

Justin's mind reeled, scarcely believing what had just happened. How far would they have taken it if they hadn't been interrupted? And what did his mother mean by "later"?

Ciara took a sip of her wine, keeping her eyes fixed on her husband as he chatted with his brother across the kitchen. She needed to play this carefully.

Putting on an air of nonchalance, she sauntered over to him, placing a hand on his chest. "Honey, why don't you take the little ones and

head on home? Justin and I can stay and help my sister clean up."

Her husband glanced at his watch and frowned. "You sure? It's getting late and it's a long drive back..."

"I'm sure," Ciara insisted with a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. She lowered her voice. "The kids are exhausted. I don't want them staying up too late on Christmas Eve. Justin and I will be fine."

He looked uncertain but shrugged. "Alright, if you say so. Drive safe and we'll see you at home later then."

"Of course, dear." Ciara pecked him on the cheek, barely suppressing a shiver of anticipation.

She helped bundle up her drowsy younger children in their coats and walked them out to the car, giving her husband one final wave as he pulled out of the driveway.

Ciara watched the tail lights disappear down the street, her heart hammering. Finally, she would have Justin all to herself for the lengthy car ride home, with no prying eyes or untimely interruptions. The possibilities made her dizzy with depraved excitement.

Returning inside, she scanned the living room. There was no sign of Justin. Her sisters were picking up discarded wrapping paper and empty cups, giggling tipsily.

"Justin?" Ciara called out, trying to keep her voice level. "Can you help me bring some leftovers out to the car?"

"Sure, Mom," he replied from the kitchen, where he was rinsing dishes with his grandmother. Ciara's pulse raced at the sight of her son's broad shoulders and narrow waist as he bent over the sink.

She managed to corner Justin alone in the dimly lit foyer a few minutes later, several Tupperware containers of food in his hands. Setting down her own armload of leftovers, Ciara reached out to straighten the collar of his shirt, letting her fingers graze his neck.

"Looks like it's just you and me for the drive back," she murmured, looking up at him from beneath lowered lashes. "Your father took

the other car."

Justin's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed hard. "Oh. Okay."

His eyes darted around as if looking for an escape route, but Ciara moved closer, backing him up against the wall until her breasts brushed his chest. She could feel the heat radiating off his young body.

"I thought it would give us a chance to...talk," she purred, running a finger down the center of his chest. "We didn't really get to process what happened in the pantry earlier."

"True," the boy nodded, feeling nervous despite his attraction towards her.

A little while later, as the car rumbled down the dark highway, Justin shifted uncomfortably in his seat, all too aware of his mother's ample cleavage straining against her tight red sweater in the seat next to him. The confined space filled with a heady mix of his musky teenage scent and her womanly perfume.

After about 10 minutes of driving in tense silence, Ciara finally spoke. "Justin, sweetie, we need to talk about what happened back at the house. I know it must have been very confusing and overwhelming for you."

She reached over and placed a hand on his thigh, her red nails a stark contrast against his faded jeans. Justin tensed but didn't pull away.

"The thing is," Ciara continued, her voice low and breathy, "when a woman reaches a certain age, especially a mother, she starts to have...needs. Powerful, consuming needs that her husband often can't fully satisfy anymore."

Her hand slid further up his thigh as she talked, her fingers tracing lazy circles that made Justin shiver. "And when a virile, strapping young man comes of age, like you have, well... it's only natural for a mature woman to take notice. To fantasize and yearn for all that

youthful stamina and energy."

Justin squirmed in his seat, his arousal from earlier returning with a vengeance. "Mom, I, um. I'm..." he stammered helplessly, but his body betrayed him, cock stiffening rapidly in his jeans.

"Shhhh, it's okay baby," Ciara cooed, giving his thigh a squeeze. "You don't have to be shy. I saw how excited you got in the pantry, surrounded by all us buxom ladies admiring this fit young body of yours."

Her hand drifted dangerously close to his erection, and Justin sucked in a sharp breath. "It's perfectly normal to feel aroused. We're women, not saints. The sight of an innocent boy ripening into manhood, his cock growing big and strong... it's the most tantalizing temptation."

Ciara's fingers drifted onto his hard-on slowly, feeling it swell and strain against her palm. "Your aunties, your cousin, even your dear old grandmother... I could see the hunger in their eyes as they pawed at you, grinding against this impressive package of yours. Aching to give in to their forbidden urges."

"I understand," the teen muttered with a nervous nod.

His mom glanced over, a playful smile on her ruby lips. "So tell me baby, have you been naughty or nice this year...with girls I mean?"

Justin blushed, mumbling something noncommittal. But she persisted, her voice lowering conspiratorially. "You can tell me, honey. I was your age once too, you know. Raging hormones, urges you don't quite understand yet..."

Her fingers pinched the knob of his prick through the fabric, and Justin's breath caught in his throat.

"Um, I'm not really, uh... I mean, health class covered some stuff..." he stammered lamely, brain short-circuiting from her touch.

"Health class!" His mom tittered, a knowing sparkle in her eye. "Oh sweetie, there's so much more those textbooks don't teach you. The

important things.”

“Like what?” the boy inquired.

“Well, for starters, they don't tell you about the raw, primal nature of it all,” Ciara purred, her fingers tracing idle circles on Justin's glans . “When you're tangled up with someone, skin on skin, inhibitions lowered... It's like reverting back to your basest animal instincts.”

She glanced over at him, holding his gaze. “Hard, throbbing flesh pressing urgently against slick, aching folds. Hips rocking in a frenzied rhythm as sweat-slicked bodies writhe and twist together. Grunts and moans of pleasure filling the air.”

Justin shifted in his seat, face flushed and heart pounding. He'd never heard sex described so... graphically before. Especially not from his own mother. Her hand on his cock felt like a branding iron even through his jeans.

“And then the moment of release,” Ciara continued, voice husky. “Wave after wave of ecstasy crashing over you as muscles clench and spasm. Thick, sticky fluid spurting out to coat your lover's insides... or outsides.” She smirked. “It can get quite messy.”

Justin made a strangled sound, quickly averting his eyes out the window. But he couldn't ignore the insistent throbbing between his legs or the wholly inappropriate images his mind conjured up.

“You're right, they never really described it that way,” Justin said.

Ciara sighed wistfully. “Of course, that kind of raw, animalistic passion doesn't last forever in a marriage. As husbands get older, they often lose that primal urge to just rut and rut until they're spent.”

Her fingertips continued to graze the tight bulge in his jeans. “That's why many wives end up turning to their strapping young sons instead. A boy your age, on the cusp of manhood, is just brimming with barely contained virility.”

Justin's eyes widened and his breathing quickened. "You mean... moms and sons... they actually..."

"Fuck like wild animals?" Ciara finished for him with a wicked grin. "Oh yes, baby. Happens more often than you'd think."

The boy's jaw lowered in disbelief as he listened to her continue. "Mothers and sons share a profound connection that goes back to when he grew inside her womb," Ciara explained, her fingernails clawing at the flesh of his thigh. "For nine months, they were one flesh, his nascent body cradled deep within hers. Is it any wonder that bond could manifest as an intensely carnal desire later on?"

Ciara's hand brushed over the hardening length of Justin's cock bulging, causing him to shudder with arousal at her tender touch.

"It's like recapturing that primal link," his mother purred, slowly caressing him. "The son's eager manhood penetrating his origin place, filling his mother's empty womb once more."

Her thumb swirled over the swell of his knob, smearing the sticky fluid around. "And when he climaxes deep inside her, it mimics the very act of conception. His potent seed spilling into the same canal he emerged from."

Justin panted and writhed in the passenger seat, both shocked and wildly aroused by his mom's lurid descriptions and bold touching. The comparison to being in her womb felt somehow naughty and taboo, but undeniably erotic.

"The ultimate act of a mother and child reuniting in the most intimate way possible," Ciara murmured, pumping him faster. "Two bodies merging back into one perfect union, just like before birth."

"Do you think, um...you and I would ever do something like that?" Justin boldly asked.

Ciara paused her ministrations, considering her son's tentative question with an appraising look. "I don't know, baby. Fucking your own mother is an incredibly intense, primal experience. I'm not sure

you could handle seeing me that way, so raw and wanton and unleashed."

She maintained her firm grip on his throbbing erection as she spoke. "When I really let myself go, I can be quite the wild animal in bed. Screaming and thrashing and bucking like I'm in heat. Demanding to be pounded mercilessly in every hole. Begging to be bred like a bitch. It might shock your innocent young mind to witness your mother like that."

Justin swallowed thickly, his arousal only heightened by her dirty talk despite the taboo nature. Or perhaps because of it. "...I think I could handle it," he asserted with a quaver in his voice.

Ciara smirked at his bravado. "Even if you could stomach the depravity of it in the moment, baby boy, there are other considerations. Like discretion. Could you keep such a scandalous secret from your father and everyone else? If word got out that you were fucking your mom, it would cause quite an uproar."

She slowly stroked him through his jeans as she continued. "I know what teenage boys are like. You'd just be bursting to brag to all your little friends that you nailed a prime piece of mature ass. Wanting to boast that your mom is a total freak between the sheets. You'd have to keep your lips zipped though. Could you do that?"

Justin groaned, hips rocking into her touch. "I could! I swear I wouldn't tell anyone, mom. It would just be our special secret."

Ciara gazed into his lust-glazed eyes, as if searching for the truth of his words. Her own eyes glinted with mischief and barely restrained hunger.

"Hmm, maybe you do have what it takes after all," she purred. "Only one way to find out for sure though..."

Ciara flicked on the turn signal and smoothly exited the highway, pulling into the parking lot of a nondescript roadside motel. Justin looked around in confusion as she put the car in park.

"Where are we going?" he asked hesitantly, his erection still straining against his zipper.

"We're getting a room for the night," his mother replied matter-of-factly, already reaching for her purse.

Justin's eyes widened. "Wait, what? Why?"

Ciara paused, fixing him with a meaningful look. "I think you know why, baby boy. We have some unfinished business to attend to." She pointedly eyed the bulge in his jeans.

"But...but what about Dad and Kayla and Aiden? It's Christmas Eve! We're supposed to be home tonight!" Justin sputtered, even as a thrill ran through him at the implication.

Ciara waved away his concerns, pulling out her cell phone. "Your father is a big boy, he can handle things for one night."

She dialed and held the phone to her ear, drumming her manicured nails on the steering wheel as it rang. "Hi honey, it's me. Listen, Justin and I ran into some bad weather on the road. I think we better stop for the night, it's not safe to drive in this."

Justin could faintly hear his dad's concerned voice on the other end. Ciara kept her own tone light and reassuring.

"No, no, we're fine. We'll just grab a motel room and head out first thing in the morning. We'll be back in plenty of time to open presents with the kids, I promise."

A pause as his dad responded, then Ciara laughed. "Of course you can handle the little monsters on your own for one night! I have complete faith in you. Yes, uh huh. Ok, love you too. Bye."

She ended the call and tossed the phone back in her purse, then turned to Justin with a triumphant grin. "There. All settled. Looks like it's just you and me tonight, kiddo."

Justin gulped, his heart suddenly racing. This was really happening. He was about to spend the night alone in a motel room with his mother, the sexual tension between them reaching a fever pitch.

Justin watched mesmerized as his mother strutted confidently toward the motel office, her voluptuous figure on full display. Ciara's long brunette hair swayed hypnotically against her back with each step, catching the glow of the fluorescent lights overhead.

His gaze was inexorably drawn to the dramatic, pendulous swinging of her gigantic tits, straining against the thin fabric of her sundress with every sashaying movement. The flimsy material clung to her ample curves, hinting at the full, rounded globes beneath. Justin could just make out the dark circles of her areolas and the prominent nubs of her nipples poking against the stretchy cloth.

Below her shuddering bosom, Ciara's dress nipped in at her trim waist before flaring out over the generous swell of her hips and ass. The clingy skirt emphasized the undulating roll of her wide, fleshy buttocks and hugged her silky, shapely thighs.

Justin watched in awe as the hemispheres of her juicy ass bounced and jiggled with an almost obscene amount of recoil on every clicking step of her stiletto mules.

His eyes traveled down the smooth, tanned expanse of her legs, bare and gleaming, to her dainty feet perched in the high-heeled slides. Ciara's toes were painted a vivid red, the same shade as her plump, glistening lips. They stretched enticingly beneath the straps with each graceful arch of her foot.

A bell above the door jangled as they entered the small, dingy office. Behind the counter stood a buxom, gray-haired woman who looked to be in her 60s. Her icy blue eyes appraised the attractive younger woman and teenage boy with obvious interest.

"Well hello there! Looks like you two could use a room for the night," the elderly attendant drawled, her wrinkled cleavage nearly spilling out of her low-cut blouse as she leaned forward.

"Yes, please," Ciara replied with a dazzling smile. "Do you have anything with a king bed available?"

The older woman arched an eyebrow at the request, her gaze flicking between the stunning brunette and the handsome, nervous looking youth. "King bed, huh? For just the two of you?" She clearly noted the family resemblance.

"That's right," Ciara said smoothly, unfazed. She shared a knowing look with the attendant that showed a mutual craving for teenage boy-flesh and ravenous sex.

The attendant licked her lips as she ran her eyes over Justin's tall, athletic frame. "I think I have just the room for you folks. End of the building, nice and private."

She slid a room key across the counter. "You two have a real good night now, ya hear? Don't do anything I wouldn't do!" She finished with a saucy wink.

Ciara laughed melodically. "Oh, I'm sure we'll find some way to entertain ourselves. Come along, Justin."

She turned and sashayed out, her son eagerly falling into step behind her, the sway of her lush ass beckoning him like a siren song. The promise of forbidden, incestuous delights awaited them in the privacy of their room.

Ciara slinked down the outdoor walkway, her hips swaying seductively as Justin followed close behind, eyes glued to his mother's mesmerizing bubble butt. She stopped in front of the last door and inserted the key, pushing it open to reveal a dimly lit room dominated by a large king bed.

Justin hesitated at the threshold, his nerves suddenly getting the better of him. But Ciara reached back and took his hand, gently tugging him inside. "Come on in, baby. It's okay," she purred reassuringly.

The door clicked shut behind them with an air of finality and Ciara clicked the locks. This was it - they were really doing this. Crossing the point of no return into forbidden territory.

The mother tossed her purse on the dresser and kicked off her heels before sinking down onto the edge of the bed. The mattress dipped under the globes of her luscious ass.

She patted the space next to her invitingly. "Have a seat, honey. Let's get comfortable and unwind a bit, hmm?"

He gingerly lowered himself onto the mattress beside his mother, hyper-aware of her closeness and the heat emanating from her body. Ciara reached out to lay a comforting hand on his knee.

"Nervous?" she asked gently, though a playful undercurrent ran beneath the surface.

Justin huffed out a laugh. "That obvious, huh?"

"Just a little," she teased. Try to relax! I don't bite...much," she teased with an exaggerated eyebrow waggle. "How about I tell you a couple of my favorite dirty Christmas jokes to help ease your nerves."

"Uh, sure Mom. Lay 'em on me," Justin agreed, trying to sound more at ease than he felt.

Ciara grinned wickedly. "Okay, what did Santa's helper say to him when he asked her why she was spinning around on his candy cane?"

Justin furrowed his brow. "I dunno, what?"

"She said, 'I'm just trying to wrap myself around your North Pole!'" Ciara delivered the punchline with a bawdy laugh.

Despite himself, Justin snickered at the crude innuendo. His mother's rich, throaty laughter was infectious.

Encouraged, Ciara continued. "Here's another - what does the sign on an elf brothel say?"

"Beats me," Justin replied with a shrug.

"We have TINY HOs!" Ciara crowed triumphantly. "Get it? Tiny hos, like tiny whores!"

Justin groaned but couldn't help chuckling. "Wow Mom, that's terrible. I love it."

"Thought you might," she preened. "Okay, one more! Why doesn't Santa have any kids of his own? Because he only comes once a year - down the chimney!"

Justin laughed heartily at his mom's raunchy jokes, feeling some of the tension ebb away. Ciara smiled, pleased to see him loosening up.

"Speaking of coming," she segued slyly, "when was the last time you had a good, hard cum?"

Justin blushed at the blunt question but answered honestly. "Um, this morning, before we left. In the shower."

Ciara nodded approvingly. "Good. I was thinking, it might help if we get one ejaculation out of your system before we really get started. That way, you'll have increased stamina when it comes time to pop your cherry."

Justin nodded nervously at his mother's suggestion, a shiver running through him at the thought of ejaculating in front of her as a warm up before losing his virginity to her.

Ciara smiled reassuringly and gently rubbed his thigh. "Relax, baby boy. You're gonna do just fine. I know this is all new and overwhelming, but once we get started, our bodies will know exactly what to do. It's the most natural thing in the world."

She leaned in closer, her voice lowering to a sensual purr. "Even though we love each other as mother and son, when we have sex, we'll just be two animals in heat, rutting and mating on pure instinct. Your body will take over and you'll just start pumping and thrusting into me wildly, without even thinking about it. And I'll be writhing and thrashing beneath you, my primal urges completely unleashed."

Ciara's graphic words made Justin's cock swell even more in his jeans. "You'll mount me from behind like a beast," she continued, "grabbing my wide hips to yank me back onto your thick rod as you

pound me with jackhammer speed and force. Flesh will slap loudly against flesh as you rut me raw and hard, over and over."

She reached over to palm the bulge of his erection. "And when you're buried deep inside my hot, slick hole, some part of you will recognize it as your origin place. The tight channel you emerged from 18 years ago. And your cock will feel right at home, stroking in and out of my clenching pussy, almost like you're trying to crawl back into my womb."

Justin panted harshly, hips rocking into his mother's massaging hand. The idea of returning to her most intimate, sacred place - penetrating the very orifice that birthed him - made his balls ache with fullness.

Ciara smirked at his response, giving him a firm squeeze. "That's it, baby boy. Let those natural urges take over. In a moment, I'm gonna fish out your hard cock and stroke it until you spurt all over Mommy's big tits. Would you like that? Covering my huge boobs in your thick, sticky cum?"

Justin groaned loudly and nodded, too far gone to feel embarrassed. At this point, he'd agree to anything his mother suggested, his mind consumed with taboo lust.

Ciara's deft fingers made quick work of his fly, reaching in to extract his swollen, teenage cock-meat. It sprang free, slapping against his belly and leaving a smear of pre-cum.

"Ooh, very nice," the mother cooed appreciatively, wrapping her hand around the throbbing shaft. "Such a big, thick boy you've grown into. Mom is gonna love stretching around this fat dick."

Ciara stood and pulled Justin to his feet, her hands going to the hem of his t-shirt. "Let's get these clothes off you, baby. We don't wanna make a mess on them when you explode all over me."

She yanked his shirt up and off, tossing it aside. Justin quickly toed off his sneakers as Ciara peeled his pants and boxer briefs down his legs, having him step out of them.

With his young, sculpted body now fully bared to her hungry gaze, Ciara took a moment to admire the view. Justin had the lean, sinewy physique of a swimmer or runner, with defined abs and v-lines drawing her eyes to his jutting erection.

"Mmm, beautiful," her voice quivered huskily. "Sit back down now. It's Mom's turn to strip for you."

Justin eagerly plopped onto the edge of the bed, cock bobbing and pointing upward. Ciara took a step back and reached behind herself, slowly dragging the zipper of her sundress down. The quiet rasp seemed loud in the otherwise silent room.

She shimmied her shoulders, letting the thin straps slide down her toned arms. Then, with a wiggle of her hips, Ciara let the entire dress slither to the floor, pooling at her feet. Underneath, she wore only a lacy Christmas-red bra and matching thong.

Justin gulped audibly at the revealing sight of so much of his mother's supple, tanned skin. Her legs seemed to go on forever. But what really drew his gaze was the completely obscene swell of her enormous breasts, barely contained by the straining scrap of scarlet lace.

Ciara reached up and released the front clasp between the cups. Her massive tits surged free, jutting out firmly despite their sheer size and weight. They were creamy and full, capped with dusky-pink, saucer-sized areolas and thick, rubbery nipples.

"Fuuuck," Justin exhaled shakily at the glorious sight. His mother's rack was absolutely unreal, better than his wildest fantasies.

Ciara cupped the heavy globes, thumbing the fat nips into even harder points. "52-F cup," she purred. "And all natural. A couple of real jaw-breakers, hmm?"

Justin could only nod dumbly, imagining nuzzling his face into that bountiful cleavage, motorboating her giant pillows.

With a smirk, Ciara turned around, bending at the waist to peel off her thong and giving her boy a perfect view of her heart-shaped ass

and puffy pussy lips peeking out from below. Her boobs hung down like ripe oversized melons, swaying heavily.

She straightened up and turned back around, now fully nude except for her wedding ring, which sparkled wickedly on her finger, reminding Justin of just how naughty they were being.

Ciara climbed onto the bed and crawled over to where Justin nervously perched on the edge of the mattress. "Scoot back for Mommy, sweetie," she purred, guiding him to recline against the plush mound of pillows.

Ciara positioned herself behind him, spreading her silky thighs on either side of his hips so that he was cradled between her legs, his back pressed to her front.

Justin inhaled sharply as he felt the warm, heavy weight of her huge bare breasts cushioning his head and shoulders.

"Good, just relax and melt into my big soft titties," Ciara crooned, wrapping her arms around him from behind and pulling him snug against her abundant curves.

Justin sank into the lush, pliant flesh, his head falling back into the deep valley of her cleavage. Ciara's massive boobs engulfed him on either side like the softest, most luxurious pillows imaginable. He could see the peaks of her melons jutting out to either side of him.

"Comfy?" Ciara cooed into his ear, her breath hot and ticklish. Justin could only nod, not trusting his voice. He watched, transfixed, as Ciara reached around to splay her manicured fingers over his quivering abdominal muscles.

Her nails scraped lightly down the center line of his torso, making him shiver and clench. She traced the ridges and planes of his defined abs and v-lines, exploring her son's lithe, young physique.

"Mmm, such a fit, tight body," Ciara purred appreciatively, mapping his heated skin with her fingertips. "My baby boy is all grown up into a gorgeous teen."

Justin preened under her praise, his chest puffing up a bit. But then he tensed and gasped as Ciara's fingers crept lower, dancing over his pubic bone and into the thin, wiry thatch of pubic hair.

Her hand closed around the rock-hard trunk of his dick, jutting up proudly from his groin. Justin groaned at the electric contact, hips automatically canting into her touch.

"Oooh, yes, such an impressive teenage dick," Ciara purred, giving him a firm squeeze from root to tip. "Perfect for providing a mom pleasure."

She began to stroke him with a sure, practiced grip, her wrist twisting expertly on the upstroke, admiring the swell of his chunnel, the sperm-tube that runs along the length of his boner.

Her thumb swiped over the leaking slit, smearing the bead of pre cum around the swollen, purplish head.

Justin shuddered and moaned, eyes fluttering shut as he focused on the incredible sensation of his mother's warm, oil-slick hand pumping up and down his aching erection. It felt a thousand times better than his own grip.

"No cumming yet," Ciara lovingly warned. "Not until I've stroked you good and hard."

The mother nuzzled her plump lips right up next to Justin's ear, her hot breath tickling his skin as she purred dirty encouragements.

"Look at how my fingers barely wrap around this fat cock-shaft, baby. You've grown such a thick, meaty pole, perfect for stretching a mom's tight holes."

Justin groaned as together they watched her oil-slick hand glide up and down his throbbing erection with a twisting stroke. Ciara used her other hand to fondle and map out the most sensitive zones of his sinewy cock.

"See this ridge here, where the head flares out from the shaft? That's your coronal ridge and it's one of the best parts for

stimulating a woman's inner walls," she explained sultrily, tracing the ridge with a manicured nail.

Justin shuddered at the intense sensation, his cockhead turning a deeper shade of purple and leaking even more pre-cum. Ciara swiped the pad of her thumb through the slippery fluid, rubbing circles over his throbbing glans.

"And this sensitive spot right here, on the underside of the head? That's your frenulum, baby boy. It's absolutely packed with nerve endings. Rubbing and licking it drives boys wild with pleasure."

To demonstrate, she gently scraped her nail along the frenulum, making Justin buck and cry out at the sharp jolt of sensation. His cock jerked in her grip, visibly pulsing.

"No!" the mother blurted patently, strangling the neck beneath his glans with her fingers to prevent a flow of cum. "Only when I say you're ready, understood?"

Too pleasure-stricken to answer, Justin simply nodded, his body trembling.

"The head itself is the most important part of your dick," Ciara purred, squeezing and milking the bulbous tip. "When you're buried deep in my pussy, grinding this fat knob against my G-spot, it'll make

me see stars. And when you pull back, tugging on my clinging walls, the ridge will scrape deliciously in a way that's pure bliss."

Justin was panting now, absolutely losing his mind from his mother's filthy narration and explicit squeezing. He watched, hypnotized, as she resumed her skillful stroking, admiring the way her feminine fingers contrasted against the thick, veiny shaft of his masculinity.

"These pulsing veins add such delicious texture too," Ciara murmured hotly, tracing the ropey network of blood vessels. "I'll feel every ridge and bump stroking my inner walls as you pump in and out, hitting all the right spots."

She gripped him tighter and sped up her pumping, aided by the copious fluid now drooling from his tip. The slick fapping sounds of her lubricated hand flying over his meat grew louder and more frantic.

"In a few minutes you'll cum for me, baby," she breathed in his ear. "You'll shoot your hot, sticky seed all over my big mom's tits? Paint them with your virile cream?"

"Yesss," Justin gritted out, balls drawing up tight.

"Put your lips on mine," Ciara breathed huskily, her lips brushing Justin's ear. "Let mommy swallow your moans as you paint my tits with your hot seed."

She turned his head to the side and their mouths crashed together in a fierce, passionate lip-lock. Justin groaned into the kiss as Ciara's tongue speared between his parted lips, plundering the warm recesses of his mouth.

Her velvet muscle stroked along his with lewd twists and curls, the slick, sloppy sounds of their French kissing filling the room. She licked the insides of his cheeks and along his teeth, tongue-fucking his mouth in blatant imitation of the sex act soon to come.

As Ciara thoroughly dominated the kiss, her hand pumped furiously over Justin's throbbing shaft, milking his cock for all it was worth. He felt the tingling pressure building in his swollen balls, rising up through his groin as his climax fast approached.

"Mmmph! Mmmm!" Justin whimpered and panted into his mother's mouth, hips jerking erratically as he surrendered to her masterful hand-job.

Ciara swallowed down his desperate noises, attacking his lips with suctioning force.

Her fingers formed a tight, twisting sleeve around Justin's thick shaft, her fist yanking up and down with oily speed and precision. The intense friction made the spongy tissues of his cock swell and

engorge even more, the sinewy length throbbing urgently in her grip.

Inside, blood pumped forcefully through the complex network of vessels, inflating the corpora cavernosa to maximum rigidity. The corpus spongiosum, particularly dense with nerves at the glans, pulsed and tingled with building pleasure as Ciara focused her attention there.

She broke their kiss, but only for a moment. "Fuck my hand!" she commanded, staring into his eyes dreamily.

Justin bucked his hips obediently. Slick, clear fluid seeped copiously from his dilated meatus, his prostate contracting rhythmically to expel the natural lubricant. His mom's thumb rubbed and pressed against his frenulum, stimulating the sensitive band of tissue. Electric jolts of sensation radiated from that spot, making his cock jerk and twitch.

His testicles, two ovoid glands packed with seminiferous tubules, drew up snugly against his body as they prepared to unleash their payload. Sperm that had been waiting in the epididymis surged through the vas deferens with each clench, mixing with seminal fluid in the ampullary gland.

Justin broke away from the kiss with a sharp gasp as he hit the point of no return, every muscle in his adolescent body going taut as a bowstring. "Gonna cum!"

"Coat us!" Ciara encouraged breathlessly, pumping him with near frantic speed. She sealed her lips to his again and plunged her long, thick tongue down his throat.

With a guttural groan, Justin reached the pinnacle of ecstasy, his cock erupting like a geyser. A massive load of pent-up semen rocketed up his urethral tube with impressive force, building pressure until it exploded from his dilated piss-slit.

The first thick, creamy rope launched an impressive three feet straight up into the air, the pearly fluid stretching and separating at

its apex before splattering back down onto Justin's tensed abs and pulsing shaft.

Ciara continued milking him through it while he groaned around her tongue, another powerful spurt following close behind the first to paint her stroking hand.

Justin groaned, head thrown back against his mother's pillowy breasts as spurt after spurt of hot seed geysered from his wildly twitching cock. Each recoil of Ciara's pumping fist seemed to yank another thick, ropey blast from his balls, splattering her forearm and his groin with milky fluid.

The next jet shot even higher, nearly four feet up, the sticky cream arcing gracefully before raining back down onto the jiggling slopes of Ciara's heaving tits.

She moaned into her boy's mouth as the warm splatter coating her sensitive nipples, feeling it drip down into her cavernous cleavage.

"Mmm, so much cum, baby! You're hosing Mommy down!" Ciara purred, voice husky with lust as she wrung out spurt after copious spurt from her son's youthful balls. Her fingers were absolutely coated in his slippery essence, the musky scent of virile spunk filling her nostrils.

Justin could only groan and gasp as he emptied himself all over them both, his abs clenching and hips bucking spasmodically with each jetting rope. His cock spit like a cum-cannon in his mother's relentless grip, every spurt an intense full-body shudder of toe curling pleasure.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity of mind-melting orgasmic bliss, Justin slumped back against Ciara's supple body, chest heaving and muscles twitching in the aftershocks. His still-hard cock continued to dribble weakly, oozing the last dregs of his massive load.

He cracked his eyes open, blinking dazedly as he took in the absolutely debauched scene. Both their bodies were painted with

streaks and splatters of his pearly essence, some even reaching as high as Ciara's collarbone.

Her enormous, jiggling tits were glossed with his seed, a few thick globs sliding down the rounded slopes to pool in her deep cleavage. Justin's abs glistened with spunk and his pubic hair was matted with it, the musky scent strong in the air.

Ciara surveyed the erotic scene with a cat-that-ate-the-canary grin, clearly pleased by the massive load her son had just sprayed all over them.

"That was quite the impressive performance, baby boy," she purred, trailing a finger through the creamy fluid coating her cleavage. "But we made quite the sticky mess in the process, hmm? I think we better rinse off before the main event."

With a seductive wink, Ciara slid out from behind her son and climbed off the bed, extending a hand to help him up. "Come on, let's hit the shower together. We can get nice and sudsy while you recover for round two."

Dazed but eager, Justin accepted her proffered hand and let himself be tugged to his feet. He watched, transfixed, as Ciara turned and sashayed toward the bathroom, her plump heart-shaped ass swaying and jiggling hypnotically with each step.

Her body was a lush hourglass of feminine curves - slim waist flaring out to rounded hips and an gloriously fat bubble butt. And above, her gigantic tits wobbled and bounced freely with every movement, the creamy globes capped by dark, thimble-sized nipples. Stringy streaks of Justin's cum still clung to her chest and abs.

In the bathroom, Ciara bent over the tub on display to start the water and adjust the temperature. Justin gulped as her ass-cheeks parted slightly, the glistening pink folds of her pussy peeking out from below. He could even see the pink ring of her asshole.

"See something you like back there?" Ciara teased with a smirk, peeking at him over her shoulder. She reached back to palm a handful of her doughy rump, fingers sinking into the pliant flesh. "Don't worry, baby, you'll be balls deep in Mommy's juicy peach soon enough."

Straightening up, Ciara took Justin's hand and stepped into the tub, pulling him in after her. The showerhead came to life, spraying them with a steamy rain as she slid the curtain closed behind them.

The mother took her time soaping up every inch of her son's young, sinewy body, admiring the way water sluiced over his defined

musculature. Her slippery hands explored the planes of his chest, the ridges of his abs, the dimples above his taut ass.

She took special care between his legs, gently washing his cum splattered cock and balls until he was squeaky clean. Her touch lingered, teasing the dormant flesh until it began to plump and stir with renewed arousal.

"Put your tongue inside my mouth," she urged as she stood. Then pressed her slick, sudsy body flush against Justin's under the warm spray, her massive breasts engulfing his chest as she captured his lips in a hungry kiss.

They made out passionately, mouths slanting and tongues tangling urgently like lusty newlyweds, the steamy water pouring over their writhing forms.

Ciara's slippery hands roamed greedily over every inch of her son's taut, youthful physique as she devoured his mouth. She mapped the sinewy planes of his back, the firm globes of his ass, kneading and groping wantonly. Her heavy, soapy tits slid against his pecs with delicious friction, hard nipples dragging over his skin.

Justin groaned into the kiss, intoxicated by the feel of his mother's voluptuous curves molding against him, miles of wet, naked flesh pressing and undulating sensually. His hands found her wide, fleshy

hips, fingers sinking into the doughy skin as he pulled her impossibly closer.

"Feel me, Justin," Ciara said between kisses. "Squeeze my flesh."

Ciara nibbled and sucked at on her boy's plump bottom lip as he reached up and groped her slippery tits. She angled her head to plunge her tongue deeper into his mouth, plundering him lewdly.

He met her thrust for thrust, their oral muscles slithering together in a filthy dance. Soapy water streamed over their faces but they paid it no mind, too consumed with lustfully tongue-fucking each other's mouths.

Ciara snaked a hand between their slick bodies, fingers finding Justin's muscled cock trapped against her stomach. She wrapped her fist around the thick shaft, giving it a slow, soapy pump from root to tip. Justin grunted and jerked his hips as he flexed and lengthened in her grip.

Ciara broke the feverish kiss with a gasp, panting against Justin's slick lips. "Mmm, getting nice and hard again for Mommy already, I see. Such youthful virility."

She continued languidly fisting his growing erection, squeezing and twisting on the upstroke in the way she'd already learned drove him wild. Her thumb rubbed circles over his spongy glans and dipped into the weeping slit, making him shudder and throb against her palm.

"I can't wait to feel this fat cock stretching me open," Ciara purred sultrily, working Justin's shaft with sensual purpose. "Splitting me in half as you pound balls deep into my tight, wet cunt. Rearranging my married pussy with your huge teenage dick until I'm ruined for your father."

Justin whimpered, hips canting into her stroking grip helplessly as she murmured pure filth, painting a vivid picture of the raunchy, taboo fucking to come. His heavy sack pulled up snug as he

reached his full impressive size, just aching to drill into her hot, juicy core.

"It's time," the mother finally blurted, quickly shutting the water off.

They stepped out of the shower and Ciara toweled her son's taught young body dry. She felt utterly wicked and powerful, like an insatiable succubus about to greedily consume her prey. The way Justin's toned muscles quivered under her touch and his newly erect cock bobbed eagerly as she ran the fluffy towel over him sent a

heady rush of dominance surging through her veins. This nubile teenage boy was completely under her spell, helpless putty in her experienced hands, ready to be debauched.

Leading him by the hand back to the bed, Ciara's curvy hips swayed with predatory grace, a lioness stalking her target, hair still damp and slicked back. Anticipation simmered in her core, nipples puckered on the peaks of her bobbling jugs, petals already slick and swollen with carnal hunger. She was going to absolutely ravage her sweet boy, fuck him like a wild animal until he forgot his own name.

There would be no gentle introduction, no easing him in. Ciara planned to take his virginity hard and fast, with no mercy. She would impale herself on that fat young cock and ride him into oblivion, ruining him for all other women. By the time she was done with him, Justin would be addicted to his mom's tight, greedy holes.

Reaching the bed, Ciara spun around and shoved Justin down onto the mattress. Her dangling udders wobbled deliciously as she crawled over him with a ravenous gleam in her eyes.

His chiseled chest heaved with panting breaths as she straddled his narrow hips, trapping his rigid pole between their bodies. The searing heat of her soaked, puffy lips branded his shaft, making him groan.

"Mmm, baby boy, Mommy is gonna absolutely wreck this big virgin dick," Ciara purred, sliding her slick slit along his throbbing length in

a filthy grind. "I'm going to fuck this just barely legal cock until you're begging me to stop and then keep going. Pound this teenage cum into my raw, hungry cunt until you pass out."

"Mom," Justin gasped, quickly sitting up. "I'm nervous."

"Shhhh," she hissed, pushing him back to the bed. "Let me show you how good your dick can feel."

She reached between them to notch his bulbous tip at her entrance, hole fluttering and weeping against it. "Say goodbye to your boyhood, Justin. When I'm done with you, all you'll be is Mommy's eager little stud slave, always hard and ready to service me."

With that, Ciara sank down onto her son's cock in one brutal thrust, splitting herself wide around his thick girth with a wail of ecstasy. There was a slight resistance as his swollen head popped past her taut opening, and then she was sheathing him to the root, greedy walls squeezing him like a silken vise.

"Fuuuuck yes, so fucking huge!" Ciara cried out, impaled to the hilt on her son's massive erection. She could feel him pulsing deep in her core, stretching her impossibly full.

The cheap motel bed groaned in protest as Ciara began to move, the rickety frame no match for the wanton force of her undulating hips.

The headboard thudded rhythmically against the wall with each powerful downward thrust, no doubt announcing their raunchy coupling to anyone in the adjoining rooms.

Ciara rode her son with the wild abandon and lewd skill of a seasoned whore, as if her voluptuous body had been made for this sinful purpose. Her wide, fleshy hips rolled and swiveled in filthy figure-eights, stirring Justin's rock-hard prick around her molten core like she was mixing a batch of cock batter.

The slick, clasp walls of her pussy massaged every throbbing inch of him, conforming to his shape as she worked him over.

Her juicy cunt suctioned his shaft with obscene slurping noises, blending their combined fluids into a frothy lather where they were lewdly joined.

"Ungh, feels so good!" Justin groaned, head thrown back in overwhelmed bliss as Ciara's heavenly hole squeezed up and down his aching pole with squelching fury.

"Mmmm, your big fat cock is stretching Mommy's pussy so good, baby!" Ciara keened, internal muscles squeezing him like a velvet fist. "Gonna reshape my slutty hole to fit this huge teenage dick perfectly!"

She switched to slamming herself down in sharp, brutal thrusts, the sopping petals of her labia clinging to Justin's veiny shaft with each lewd smack of flesh on flesh. His bulbous crown pummeled her cervix, mashing against the rubbery barrier and forcing it to dimple inward.

"Holy shit, I can feel you kissing my womb! Pounding on the entrance to where you came from!" Ciara wailed in debauched glee. She ground down brutally, corkscrewing her hips to drill his knob against her innermost depths. "Trying to bust back into Mommy's baby room, aren't you? Naughty boy!"

Justin could only mewl helplessly, eyes rolling back in their sockets as he was subjugated to Ciara's depraved cunt wrangling. Her heavy jugs bounced wildly above him, hypnotizing him with their lewd jiggling. Rivers of sweat trickled down her undulating curves, glistening in the low light.

He watched, transfixed, as one of her diamond-hard nipples slipped into her open mouth. Ciara suckled her own tit with whorish hunger, cheeks hollowing obscenely as she nibbled and tongued the pebbled point.

Having already climaxed once, Justin found himself with the stamina to withstand his mother's relentless vaginal onslaught, his cock remaining rock-solid inside her even as she fucked him with wild, animalistic intensity. This allowed Ciara to chase her own pleasure

with utterly wanton abandon, using her son's nubile body like her personal fuck toy.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck, don't stop, don't you dare fucking stop!" Ciara chanted deliriously, voice rising in pitch and volume as she neared the precipice.

Her voluptuous body undulated savagely above him, a sheen of sweat making her skin glisten as she worked herself into a depraved frenzy on his cock.

The cheap bedframe creaked alarmingly, threatening to give out under the sheer force of Ciara's bucking hips as she slammed herself down on her teen's up-thrusting shaft over and over.

The headboard pounded against the wall like a jackhammer, rattling the entire room. Ciara's huge, heavy breasts bounced wildly, the jiggling globes hypnotizing Justin as he watched them quiver and shake.

"Gonna...gonna cum on your big fucking cock!" Ciara wailed, throwing her head back in ecstasy as every muscle in her body pulled taut. Her cunt clenched like a silken vice around Justin's throbbing pole, rippling deliciously along his length. "Fuck fuck fuck FUUUUUUCK!"

Her orgasm hit like a runaway freight train, back arching almost impossibly as raw pleasure electrified her nerve endings.

An inhuman howl tore from Ciara's throat, eyes rolling back in their sockets as overwhelming sensation crashed through her in relentless waves.

Justin watched in awe as his mother completely shattered above him, her face contorting in pained bliss and body convulsing wildly, as if in the throes of a seizure. Her pussy spasmed erratically

around him, the scorching walls fluttering and clenching in a milking frenzy.

But what shocked him most was the way her cunt suddenly gushed around his deeply embedded cock, a flood of ejaculate squirting out to soak his groin and thighs. Ciara was fucking ejaculating on him, something he didn't even know women could do! The hot, slippery fluid coated his balls and taint, dripping down the crack of his ass.

"You're squirting!" Justin gasped in disbelief, the feeling of her pussy juices hosing him down only heightening his arousal. He could feel his own climax building in response, balls pulling up tight.

Ciara's contracting pussy coaxed Justin inexorably toward his own shattering climax, her greedy hole milking him for all he was worth. His heavy balls drew up impossibly tight as the molten pressure built at the base of his cock, seeking explosive release.

"Gonna bust, Mom!" Justin gritted out through clenched teeth, sweat rolling down his temples as he strained to hold back the impending eruption.

Ciara gazed down at him with lust-glazed eyes, grinding her hips in filthy circles. "Fuck yes! Gimme that cum! Hose down the hole you came from with your thick teenage spunk! I wanna feel you pulsing and throbbing and kicking inside me as you fill my womb!"

Her lurid encouragement proved too much, pushing Justin over the edge with a hoarse cry. "Cumming!"

His cock jerked and kicked inside her as the first powerful spurt exploded from his tip, painting her cervix with his virile seed. Each forceful jet that followed flooded her clasping channel with more of his potent cream, stuffing her full of sperm-laden ejaculate.

Justin's urethra flared wide, stretched taut around the gushing column of semen rocketing through it. The sensitive tissue quivered as each thick rope of jizz shot out of his wildly pulsing cock, slit gaping to unleash his load. He could feel the spongy head flaring and flaring, mushrooming inside his mother's soaked, cock-stretched sheath.

Ciara keened in ecstasy as Justin's cock bucked and throbbed, pumping what felt like gallons of hot boy-sludge directly into her womb. Her cervix fluttered and clenched, like a hungry little mouth gulping down every drop he had to give. Her pussy gushed and squelched obscenely, absolutely flooded with their combined juices.

"Ohhh fuck yessss, paint Mommy's insides white!" Ciara wailed, throwing her head back as her muscles milked him for every drop. "Drown my eggs in teenage spunk! Breed me with your huge load, baby boy!"

Justin's balls churned as they emptied themselves into his mother's ravenous cunt, his flat pelvis grinding against her mound to get impossibly deeper. It felt like he was ejaculating directly into her womb, stuffing that forbidden place full of his semen just like it had once been full of him. Their pelvic floors pulsed in tandem, rosy genital flesh sealed together and throbbing as one.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Justin slumped boneless against the sweat-soaked sheets, cock still buried to the hilt in Ciara's quivering pussy as the last weak spurts dribbled out. His balls ached, completely drained, as if she had wrung every drop of cum from his body.

The sweaty mother collapsed on top of him, huge tits compressing against his heaving chest as she captured his lips in a sloppy, satisfied kiss. They panted into each other's mouths, too spent for anything more coordinated.

As they lay entangled together, chests heaving and bodies still joined intimately, Ciara nuzzled her face into the crook of Justin's neck. She placed a tender kiss there before murmuring sultrily in his ear.

"Mmm, I could tell this was what you really wanted for Christmas, baby boy. A nice, tight mommy-pussy to sink this big teenage cock into." Her internal muscles fluttered around his semi-hard shaft for emphasis.

Justin groaned at the sensual ripple, his sensitive cockhead throbbing in the scorching depths of her core. "You could tell, huh?" he panted, still dazed from their mind-blowing fuck.

"Of course, sweetie. A mother always knows," Ciara purred, swiveling her wide hips to stir his thick pole inside her drenched channel. "The way you stared at my tits and ass when you thought I wasn't looking. How flustered you got whenever we touched. That permanent tent in your pants. You weren't exactly subtle, honey."

She pushed herself up on shaky arms to gaze down at him, a predatory gleam in her eyes. "But it's okay, because it's a mother's sacred duty to make all her little boy's naughtiest fantasies come true. Especially on Christmas."

Ciara punctuated her point with a deliberate clench of her pussy, wringing Justin's cock like a tight, wet fist. He bucked up into her with a strangled moan, the sensitized tissues of his cockhead scraping deliciously against her textured walls.

"And judging by this huge load you just pumped into me, I'd say this pussy was exactly what you wished for most," Ciara continued with a filthy smirk, rocking her hips to slide his jizz-slicked shaft through her folds. Viscous white fluid squelched out around his girth, oozing down to mat his pubic hair.

"Best. Present. Ever," Justin agreed fervently between panting breaths, palming the jiggling globes of her ass to grind her down harder on his renewed erection.

Ciara laughed huskily and leaned in for a deep, soulful kiss. "Merry Christmas, baby boy," she murmured against his lips. "Now let's see how many more loads you can gift Mommy's greedy pussy before morning."

With a wicked grin, Ciara forcefully rolled them over so that Justin was now poised above her, still sheathed balls-deep in her slick heat. Her legs immediately wrapped around his trim waist, ankles locking at the small of his back to keep him hilted inside.

"Your turn to be in control, Justin," Ciara purred, undulating her hips in a slow, sensual grind. "Show Mommy what a virile young stud you are. Pound me into this mattress with that big, hard cock until I'm screaming."

Justin groaned as her velvety walls rippled around him, squeezing his aching shaft in a vise-like grip. The sensation of being buried in his mother's tight, wet pussy was intoxicating, like sinking into molten silk. He wanted nothing more than to rut into her wildly like an animal.

Bracing his forearms on either side of Ciara's head, Justin began to move, withdrawing until just the swollen tip of his cock caught on her entrance before slamming back in with a vulgar squelch. Ciara threw her head back with a throaty moan, nails raking down the flexing muscles of his back.

"Ungh, fuck yeah, just like that!" she encouraged breathlessly as he set a deep, driving rhythm. "Split Mommy open on that fat teenage dick! Harder baby, fuck me harder!"

Spurred on by her filthy exhortations, Justin worked his hips with increasing force, the obscene slap of sweaty flesh filling the room as he pounded into her roughly. Ciara's huge, heavy tits bounced and swayed hypnotically beneath him with each powerful thrust, the creamy globes jiggling like bowls of jello.

"Your pussy feels incredible," Justin panted, eyes rolling back in bliss as her scorching sheath gripped him like a glove.

"Time to fuck like the primal beasts we are," Ciara growled, eyes flashing with feral hunger. "Unleash your inner animal and rut me raw!"

With surprising strength, she yanked Justin down against her voluptuous body, crushing his muscular chest to her huge, heaving tits. Their sweat-slicked skin fused together as they began writhing wildly on the bed, a tangle of straining limbs and undulating curves.

Ciara clawed at her boy's flexing back, fingernails leaving red welts in their wake as she urged him to take her harder, faster, deeper. Her thick thighs clamped around his humping hips like a vise, ankles digging into his clenching ass cheeks as she bucked up to meet his brutal thrusts.

"Yes, baby, yes! Fuck me like a wild dog in heat!" Ciara panted, voice guttural and raw with lust. "Pound Mommy's hungry cunt with that big, battering cock!"

Justin snarled, lips peeling back from his teeth as he hammered into her with animalistic abandon. There was no finesse, no restraint, just the lewd slap of flesh on flesh as he rutted into her ferociously. His engorged shaft plunged into her squelching pussy over and over, stirring her molten depths into a froth.

Ciara's bountiful breasts flattened against her son's sweat-streaked chest, the plush mounds deforming deliciously from the impact. Her engorged nipples scraped against his pecs, leaving wet trails in their

wake. Justin mashed his face into her fragrant cleavage, motorboating her shuddering tits as he grunted and growled.

The bed frame squealed in protest beneath them, the headboard slamming against the wall like a jackhammer as Justin pile-drove his mother into the mattress with violent force.

Ciara's body jolted with each savage thrust, her flesh quivering and jiggling obscenely. Glistening rivulets of sweat rolled down the undulating slopes and valleys of her bountiful curves.

As Justin slid his hard, tender penis through his mom's birthing tube, he was transported back to the experience of his own birth, reliving the sensation of being born. The tight, wet passageway around his glistening shaft reminded him of the grip of his mother's birth canal, squeezing him inch by inch.

The hot, velvety walls of her birthing tube enveloped him just as they had once done when he was still one with her. He could feel

every fold and crevice along the way, their corrugated texture massaging him in a familiar yet forbidden way.

The hot juices that now coated his shaft reminded him of the amniotic fluid that once cushioned him in utero, and the musky scent of her arousal mingled carried him back to those primordial moments. The sounds of their labored breathing and moans of pleasure intertwined with the memories of his mother's labor cries echoing within the hospital walls.

Justin's mom clung to him fiercely, her nails digging into the flesh of his back, leaving crescent-shaped indentations in their wake. Her muscular legs, strengthened from years of carrying him as a child, wrapped around his waist in an unbreakable embrace, anchoring their bodies together as one.

Her gigantic tits, swollen with motherly affection, pressed firmly against his heaving chest. With each powerful thrust of Justin's hips, her pillowy tits rippled and bounced, their sensitive nipples grazing his skin, sending electric shivers down both their spines.

She held onto her son with the same ferocious love and devotion as when she had clutched him to her bosom as an infant - two bodies melded together in the most primal and intimate way, bound by the unbreakable ties of mother and child.

Justin drove himself deeper, plunging into her most sacred depths, feeling her quiver and convulse around him. The heat rose between them as their bodies rocked in a timeless rhythm - flesh against flesh, heart against heart.

Ciara climaxed with wild, violent intensity around her son's plunging cock over and over into the long night as minutes turned to hours.

Her voluptuous body shuddered and convulsed uncontrollably beneath him, back arching almost painfully off the sweat-soaked sheets as overwhelming ecstasy electrified her nerve endings again and again.

"FUUUUUCK! Don't stop, don't you dare fucking stop!" she wailed deliriously, voice hoarse and raw from her primal screams of rapture.

Her ravenous cunt clenched and rippled around Justin's pummeling shaft, the slick, clasp walls rippling along his throbbing length in fluttering waves.

Scorching hot fem-cum gushed from her core to drench his groin and thighs as she squirted uncontrollably with each earth-shattering orgasm.

"Wow Mom, you're flooding me!" Justin gritted out through clenched teeth, balls aching as her hungry hole milked him for all he was worth. "Gonna drown in your cum!"

Ciara could only moan and babble incoherently in response, too lost in the throes of her back-to-back climaxes to form words. Her eyelids fluttered rapidly and her eyeballs rolled back in their sockets, leaving only the whites visible as euphoria consumed her.

Justin hammered into her relentlessly through each of her bone rattling orgasms, determined to wring every last drop of pleasure from his mother's writhing body. The obscene squelch of their frantically coupling genitals and the carnal slap of drenched flesh on flesh filled the room unceasingly as he rutted her into oblivion.

Ciara came so hard and so frequently that she lost all sense of time, her universe narrowing down to nothing but the exquisite sensations radiating from where she and Justin were savagely joined. Every nerve in her body sang with blissful overstimulation as her son's steel-hard cock plundered her quaking depths without mercy.

Her fingers scrabbled uselessly at the bunched bedding, nails tearing holes in the fabric as she thrashed and bucked beneath Justin's relentless thrusts. Tears of raw ecstasy streamed down her contorted face, mingling with the sweat pouring from her flushed skin. Her huge, heavy breasts bounced wildly with the force of their animalistic fucking, slapping against her chest.

On and on it went, Ciara's bountiful body wracked by one screaming, squirting orgasm after another as Justin pounded her through the night. Dawn light was breaking through the motel curtains by the time she collapsed in a boneless, twitching heap, thoroughly fucked stupid and barely conscious.

When Justin finally went to get out of bed, exhausted from their depraved night of frenzied coupling, his mom extended her long, shapely leg to block his path. She pointed her crimson-painted toes out like a ballerina, the smirk on her lush lips playful yet commanding.

"And just where do you think you're going, mister?" the mother purred, her voice still husky from sleep and too many screaming orgasms.

Justin gulped, his throat suddenly dry at the enticing sight of his mother's naked curves sprawled wantonly across the rumpled sheets. "Um, I was just gonna hit the shower before we head out..."

"Oh no you don't," Ciara cut him off firmly, her emerald eyes flashing. "Mommy's not done with you yet, baby boy. Get that tight little ass back in this bed, now."

It was a direct order, not a request. Justin felt his spent cock twitch to life again at her authoritative tone, amazed that he had anything left to give after emptying his balls inside her countless times.

With feline grace, Ciara rolled onto her back and spread her thighs lewdly, drawing her knees up until they were level with her shoulders. The puffy pink lips of her well-fucked pussy winked at him, glistening and swollen, with globs of his pearly cum still oozing out.

With titties ballooning up from her chest, she reached down to spread herself open with two fingers, giving Justin an obscene view of her most intimate place. "Mommy's hungry cunt needs another feeding before we leave. So climb on up here and give me that big morning wood, baby."

Justin groaned as fresh blood surged into his cock, the shaft rapidly engorging and rising to strain towards his mother's splayed sex. He was powerless to resist her, forever enslaved to her insatiable fuck hole.

"Yes, Mom," he said obediently, crawling back onto the bed to settle between her warm, welcoming thighs.

Ciara's hand darted out to grab his rock-hard prick, guiding it to her entrance. With a roll of her wide hips, she notched his bulbous tip inside and then yanked him forward, forcing him to sheath himself to the root in one brutal thrust.

"Oooh fuck yeah, split me open on that huge teenage cock!" Ciara wailed, throwing her head back in ecstasy as her walls stretched obscenely around Justin's thick girth. "Stuff Mommy full of meat, baby! Ruin my fucking cunt!"

Justin grunted like a wild boar as her scorching, slick heat engulfed him, greedy channel rippling deliciously along his pulsing shaft. He pulled back until just the swollen crown tugged at her entrance, then slammed back in savagely, pummeling her cervix with the blunt head of his cock.

Even though the boy was poised above his mom, jabbing into her from a dominant position, Ciara quickly seized control of their savage coupling with her voluptuous, clutching body. Her muscular legs clamped around his pumping hips like a vise, ankles locking high behind his flexing back to imprison him inside her ravenous cunt.

Ciara's round, fleshy ass cheeks bounced off the mattress as she worked herself up and down Justin's plunging pole with wild abandon, pounding her greedy pussy onto him from below. Her wide, womanly hips undulated in filthy circles, stirring his rock-hard cock around her molten depths.

"Unnngh fuck!" Ciara snarled through gritted teeth, face contorted in feral ecstasy. "Mommy's gonna milk this teenage cock dry!"

Her big, heavy tits jiggled and swayed hypnotically with the force of their frantic rutting, slapping lewdly against her sweat-slick chest. Justin buried his face between the shuddering mounds, motorboating her fragrant cleavage as he hammered into her roughly.

Ciara used her clenching cunt muscles to wring her teen's pile driving shaft with ruthless skill, squeezing and rippling along his pulsing length. Her slick walls suctioned him tighter than a fist, massaging every throbbing inch as she fucked him brutally from the bottom.

The fuck-hungry mom reached down to grasp Justin's clenching ass cheeks, her manicured nails sinking into the taut flesh as she pulled him into her harder. "Is that all you've got, baby boy?" she taunted breathlessly. "I said FUCK me!"

She punctuated her demand with a resounding slap to his flexing glutes, the sharp crack echoing off the motel walls. Justin yelped at the stinging impact, hips snapping forward to bury himself even deeper in his mother's greedy cunt.

"Y-yes Mom!" he gasped out, redoubling his efforts to pound her into the mattress. The force of his increased thrusts made the headboard slam against the wall like a jackhammer.

Ciara grinned fiercely up at him, emerald eyes wild and glinting with manic lust. "That's more like it! Rut me raw like the horny teenage stud you are! Destroy this pussy!"

She clamped her muscular thighs around his pumping hips in an unbreakable grip, ankles locking behind his back to anchor their bodies together. The cage of her long legs imprisoned Justin's pumping cock inside her ravenous hole, giving him no choice but to hammer into her wildly.

Ciara's strong arms snaked around his shoulders, crushing his chest against her huge, jiggling tits as she bucked up to meet his brutal thrusts. Her fingernails clawed at his flexing back, leaving red

welts in their wake as she urged him to take her harder, faster, deeper.

Pinned in the erotic prison of his mom's voluptuous limbs, Justin could only surrender to her feral intensity, rutting mindlessly into her squelching pussy with every ounce of youthful virility he possessed. There was no finesse, no restraint, just the lewd,

frenzied slap of drenched flesh against flesh as mother and son fucked like wild animals in heat.

The cheap mattress squealed in protest beneath their savagely coupling bodies, springs popping and frame shuddering as they bounced all over the bed in a depraved tangle of straining muscles and undulating curves.

Pillows toppled to the floor, sheets ripped from the corners, but still Ciara and Justin rutted on uncaring, lost to their incestuous passion.

Ciara's massive breasts flattened against Justin's sweat-streaked pecs, the plush mounds deforming deliciously with each powerful impact of his slamming hips. Her engorged nipples scraped against his skin, smearing sticky trails of arousal as she writhed beneath him.

"Unnnngh FUCK, don't you dare stop!" Ciara wailed, throwing her head back as the tell-tale flutters of her impending orgasm began deep in her core.

Ciara and Justin clung to each other desperately as they hurtled toward a shattering mutual climax, their sweat-slicked bodies undulating as one.

The mom's voluptuous curves rippled and bounced wildly beneath Justin's slamming hips, her huge breasts flattening against his flexing chest with each powerful impact.

"Gonna cum, gonna cum, fuck I'm gonna explode!" Ciara babbled deliriously, inner muscles clenching and fluttering around Justin's plunging shaft. Her face contorted into a mask of agonized bliss, tears of raw ecstasy leaking from the corners of her eyes.

"Me too!" Justin panted harshly, balls drawing up tight to his body as the pressure mounted unbearably at the base of his cock. "I can't hold it, I'm gonna bust the biggest nut!"

With a keening wail, Ciara's orgasm hit like a freight train, back arching almost painfully off the bed as every nerve ending ignited with white-hot pleasure. Her spine bowed, toes curling behind her son's back as electric bliss sizzled through her shuddering frame.

Justin followed her over the edge a split second later with a guttural roar, his cock swelling impossibly thicker before unleashing a geyser of cum deep into his mother's spasming depths.

The first powerful jet splattered directly against her cervix, painting it white, before the rest flooded her channel in heavy spurts.

As Justin emptied his balls in long, forceful pulses, Ciara's cunt clamped down around him viciously, wringing out every drop. Her pussy gushed in response, female ejaculate spraying from her twitching slit to mix obscenely with the torrents of semen pouring out of her son's jerking cock.

Their combined fluids created a hot, frothy lather where their genitals were savagely coupled, cum and girl-squirt churning together before overflowing to soak the sheets beneath.

Thick rivulets streamed down the crack of Ciara's jiggling ass, pooling on the bed and splattering onto the floor with the force of Justin's final thrusts.

The lovers shook and convulsed against each other violently as the intense sensations wracked their bodies, muscles seizing and straining.

Ciara's long legs clamped around Justin's waist in a death grip, locking him in place as her cunt milked him dry. Her fingernails carved furrows in his bucking ass, urging him deeper as her womb hungrily gulped down his seed.

Justin collapsed on top of his mom, face buried in her heaving cleavage as the last weak spurts dribbled into her fluttering hole.

Ciara cradled him against her soft curves, stroking his sweat-matted hair as the aftershocks rippled through them.

Mother and son finally arrived home late that Christmas morning, both thoroughly exhausted but glowing with the satisfaction of their forbidden tryst. As they walked through the front door, Ciara's husband emerged from the kitchen, a mug of coffee in hand and a slight frown on his face.

"There you are! I thought you two would've been back hours ago," he said, glancing at his watch. "The kids were getting antsy to open their presents."

Ciara flashed him a dazzling smile, the picture of innocence even as her son's copious seed sloshed heavily in her well-fucked womb. "Oh honey, I'm so sorry! Justin and I were both just utterly wiped out from the long drive. We ended up deciding to sleep in a bit before heading back."

She threw a sly wink at Justin behind her husband's back, a secret acknowledgement of the real reason for their bone-deep fatigue - the hours upon hours of depraved, incestuous rutting they had indulged in all night long.

Justin ducked his head to hide the blush that crept up his neck at the memory of pounding his mom's hot, greedy cunt into the mattress over and over, but he couldn't suppress the satisfied smile tugging at his lips. He could still feel the phantom grip of her velvet walls milking his cock, the taste of her succulent tits on his tongue.

Ciara's husband, oblivious to the lurid subtext, just shrugged and took a sip of his coffee. "Well, I'm glad you both got some rest then. It is Christmas after all - a time to relax with family!"

Justin nearly choked on a laugh at that, disguising it as a cough into his fist. If only his dad knew just how intimately he had "relaxed" with his mother last night, in every position imaginable.

Ciara patted her husband's arm, her wedding rings glinting in the light - the same hand that had been wrapped around her son's

throbbing shaft mere hours ago, wringing out orgasm after orgasm.
"Of course, dear. Why don't we go join the little ones by the tree? I'm sure they're dying to tear into those gifts!"

The family gathered in the living room, the scene a perfect tableau of domestic bliss as the children gleefully ripped open their presents and wrapping paper flew. But beneath her serene smile, Ciara was acutely aware of the deluge of warm jizz marinating her womb, Justin's virile sperm still swimming in her depths.

She crossed her legs primly, secretly relishing the slick slide of her ravaged pussy lips and the slight ache between her thighs, sweet reminders of the thorough fucking she had received.

While the kids played with their new toys and her husband sipped his coffee, Ciara replayed every filthy moment of the previous night in her mind and was delighted that she had made her boy's real Christmas wish come true.

THE END