

A BETTER VALENTINE'S DAY

Ahabscribe

He makes his mother's Valentine's Day the best ever!

Incest/Taboo

4.68

10.5k words

Only about three weeks late, but here is a promised Valentine's Day story. I'm not totally happy with it, but hope you all enjoy! Please let me know what you think!

As always, this is a work of fiction and all characters within exist only within the confines of my imagination. Again, enjoy!

"Dad, you are a fucking idiot," I said for about the hundredth time since this morning.

"Watch your mouth, John and watch the goddamn road," replied my father as he grabbed onto the dashboard. I just laughed as I negotiated the heavy traffic of the Interstate, crossing several lanes of traffic to hit the exit that said "Airport."

I glanced at my watch and said, "Well, you said to get you to the airport on time and I do believe you're going to make it." I glanced over at my father and repeated for about the one hundredth and one time today, "You are a fucking idiot. Dad, it's February 10th. You are leaving Mom to go hunting for two damn weeks rather than spending Valentine's Day with her. You're going to fucking break her heart."

I exited onto Airport road and began working my way towards the drop-off terminal. Dad was still hanging onto the dashboard as he said, "Your mother is a big girl and will get over it. Besides, this is big game hunting in Canada - moose and elk. How often do I get a chance to hunt something like that?"

"Hello, talking about Mom here. You know how much she was looking forward to going out, dinner and dancing – romantic evening and all that?" I shook my head in disgust. "Mom's gonna cry her eyes out."

Dad just rolled his eyes at me. Clearly I just didn't understand. Personally, I was glad. If I understood why Dad acts the way he does, I'd likely be just as big an asshole. Dad is a big time lawyer for some big time firms and thinks that he walks on water. The last few years, I've watched as he's gone through his so called mid-life crisis and become more and more distant from Mom and me. Nowadays, Dad's attention is mostly on traveling with his business buddies and trying out fancy golf courses, attending football games in the skybox section and these elaborate hunting and or fishing trips.

I also knew about the rumors that his new interests also ran to some twenty-somethings that hung out at the upscale bars he and his business buddies frequented. The walls in our home aren't so thick that I could ignore some of the huge fights he had had with Mom the last couple of years.

There had been a couple of marriage counselors and for the past six months, I had thought Mom and Dad were going to patch things up. Then someone called him this morning and offered him a slot on this big game expedition and Dad jumped at it – although who the fuck in their right mind

would want to go hunting in sub-zero weather when they could be warm and at home with a beautiful woman.

"Dad, you've got to quit treating Mom like shit. It just isn't right. Mom deserves better. Don't go. Stay here and do right by her," I said as I pulled up to the baggage check-in.

Dad climbed out of the car while I popped the car's trunk. He unloaded his bag and came around by the driver's side door and peered in my open window. "Frankly, John, it isn't any of your goddamn business. Here, take this." Dad tossed me his cell phone. "I don't want to hear your Mom bitching at me every five minutes. Wish me luck – maybe I'll bring home a moose head."

Dad started to walk away. I stuck my head out the window and said, "What about Mom? What do I tell her about Valentine's Day? You know how she's been talking about it for weeks."

Dad turned and gave me that look of his – that "what the fuck do I care – it's all about me" look that Mom and I have seen more and more often the last few years. He rolled his eyes again and dug into his pants pocket. Without looking at it, he threw something at me. I caught it. It was a money clip. "You care so damn much, John, take your mother out to dinner. I got bigger fish to fry." He stopped and grinned. "Or moose to shoot"

Dad turned and walked into the check-in section while an airport cop motioned for me to move out. I pulled away, making my way back onto the airport road. I shook my head and wondered once again how my old man could be such an asshole. Mom was a romantic and she had been planning on their big romantic night out on the town for weeks. Now it was my job to break the bad news to her. Somehow, I didn't think that me taking her out to dinner was going to soften the blow.

Once I was off the airport grounds and speeding back home on the Interstate, I glanced down at Dad's money clip. Then I began to grin and then to laugh. I picked it up from the passenger seat and ran my thumb over it. Dad was going to be so pissed.

See, my father walks around with two money clips. One is more or less functional. He keeps five, ten and twenty dollar bills in it – usually around two hundred bucks for everyday stuff. His other money clip is his show off clip. When he's trying to impress someone, he pulls it out and thumbs off a Ben Franklin, making sure to let everyone around him see that there are many of them. Usually he keeps about two thousand in that clip and clipped in the middle, a credit card with a nice five figure limit on it.

I was holding his big money clip. The idiot had thrown me the wrong one. I kept on laughing as I glanced at my watch. By now, he was past security and there was no way to return it to him. No big deal, he had other credit cards in his wallet and his debit card. Still...I stopped laughing and it began to sink in that my deepest, most secret fantasies suddenly were in the offing.

I confess to this proudly. I love my Mom. I am in love with my Mom. I've had feelings for her since I hit puberty. And I would like to see anyone healthy red-blooded American young man who if he had my Mom for his mother not feel the same way.

Coralyn Hanson is, in my opinion, the most beautiful and most wonderful woman in the world and she is my mother! Mom is forty years old ("thirty-nine and holding, young man," I can hear her saying to me with that lovely smile of hers). Mom stands five foot, seven inches tall in her stocking feet and is a throwback to those voluptuous women you see in the movies in the Nineteen Forties and Fifties – miles and miles of curves and all woman. I know her cup size is a 40DD because I've looked as I fondled her bras in my younger years.

Mom has blue eyes you could spend a lifetime staring into and a big mane of black hair that is tinted with streaks of grey that I think make her look even sexier. Her long legs are shapely and toned and when she comes down stairs in her power suits, hem of her dress just above the knees and her blouse opened just enough to hint at her voluptuous cleavage, I pop a boner faster than I can say, "Mom, you look beautiful!"

Yes, I've fantasized and mooned over Mom since I was about thirteen and even though I have been resigned to just fantasizing about her while masturbating or while making out with some teenage girlfriend, as I headed home from the airport, I realized that maybe, just maybe I could make this more than just a horny eighteen year old's hottest wet dream.

I know damn well that Mom and I are closer than most young men and their mothers. We've always been close and my horn-dog ways during my teenage years haven't affected that. I know that Mom knows that I used to peek at her, trying and succeeding in seeing her naked or partly naked. When I was fifteen, I watched through a slightly open door as she took her time drying off from a shower, almost giving me a bawdy show as she turned this way and that, giving me an eyeful of her magnificent tits and ass, her rounded stomach and that marvelous, almost unruly bush of hers.

Afterwards, as I was about to jerk off in my bedroom, Mom had come in, wrapped up in a fluffy bathrobe and gave me a look that both froze my blood and made my cock swell. "John, you finally got a good, long look. Now, what say you quit trying to catch me naked in the bathroom?"

I was slack-jawed at what my Mom had said, unable to make any kind of verbal response and Mom's stern look and changed to a grin and she gave me a naughty wink and said, "We understand each other? Good, now enjoy yourself," and she turned around and walked out of my room, leaving me to beat my meat with abandon.

Since that day, our relationship had changed somewhat. I never saw Mom naked again, but she seemed to enjoy my frequent hugs and kisses and I often made her blush when I would give her an appreciative leer and compliment her on her sexy appearance. Still, till this moment I was resigned to consider anything else between Mom and me as just wishful thinking. Now, as I sped towards home, I made the decision to go for broke. If Dad didn't want Mom, I sure as hell did!

That night was rough. Mom took Dad's bailing on her as hard as I knew she would. "THAT BASTARD!" Mom screamed as she raged through the house. "THAT NO GOOD, SORRY BASTARD!" Mom sobbed as she went into Dad's study and began to throw his prized golf trophies around the room. I hung out by the door and admired Mom's fury – her anger making her even more beautiful as she raged, trashing most of Dad's treasures.

When she settled down, I held her while she had a good cry. I have to admit she felt good in my arms and I was sporting serious wood by the time she pulled herself together and went to bed. I walked her to her bedroom, saying, "I'm sorry, Mom. I wish I knew how to make you feel better."

Mom wiped her eyes and tried to smile as she said, "You're sweet, John. I'll be alright. I'm just so damned disappointed with your f-father...SHIT!" Mom began to sob again and I moved her into my arms and let her cry against my chest, almost feeling guilty for enjoying the feel of her luscious body pressed against mine.

"We stood there in the doorway of my parents' bedroom for several minutes before Mom again regained control and eased back from my embrace. "Sorry about that, honey," Mom murmured.

I leaned in and gave her a quick hug. "No problem, Mom. Dad's an asshole. If you were my girl, I'd treat you like you deserve."

Mom tried to smile and sniffled, "Thank you, Baby." We stood there for a moment, both of us feeling a little awkward and then Mom reached up and touched my face. "Thank you, John. I know I can always rely on you, my strong son – all grown up now." Mom stood on tiptoe and gave me a little kiss on the cheek and suddenly it was my turn to blush.

Mom turned away and went into her bedroom. Long into the night, I heard her crying and I ached to go in and comfort her and be the man she needed – no, deserved, but I knew I needed to bide my time. I got busy with my laptop, researching what I needed to make her Valentine's Day the best she had ever known.

The next couple of days crawled by. I tried to keep Mom cheered up by cooking her dinner both nights and taking her to a movie on the 11th of February. Mom still took to fits of crying and on the evening of the 12th, she actually fell asleep in my arms on the couch. It was so cool to hold her for so long, her body snuggled up to mine. Mom was wearing a caftan that zipped up the front. It was a bit bulky, but I could still feel her underneath, her breasts weighing heavily against my chest and her long hair smelling like flowers as she nuzzled my chest. I even loved Mom's little snoring noises.

When Mom started to stir, I pretended to be asleep as well and through barely opened eyes, I saw her rise with a start and stare at where she was. A look of concern passed over Mom's face, but then she smiled and I was thrilled when she eased back down, snuggling into me again and then we did sleep together on the couch that way the rest of the night.

While Mom was at work, I split my time between morning classes at the University and arranging things for Mom's big surprise. It's amazing what an eighteen year old can do if he's got a couple of thousand bucks in cash and his Dad's credit card. If that didn't work, I would use Dad's name and that opened doors as easy as the money did.

On the morning of the 13th, while Mom and I were eating breakfast and giving each other funny looks, having woken up together on the couch, I launched the first part of my plan. "Mom, how about I take you out to dinner tomorrow night. We can do Valentine's Day together."

A cloud passed over Mom's face and she studied me from across the breakfast table. Mom shook her head and replied, "Oh honey, that's really sweet of you, but all this shit with your father has really ruined Valentine's for me. I think I'm just going to come home and take a hot bath. Besides, I'm sure you have plans with one of your girlfriends."

I gave Mom a crestfallen expression, trying to look really disappointed (which I would be if I couldn't change her mind). "Mom, the only plans I've made is to spend Valentine's Day with you. I figured we could go someplace nice to eat and just enjoy ourselves."

Mom sighed and again shook her head. "Oh, John. Thank you, but I'm not fit company right now. I'd probably just start crying." At that, Mom did look as if she was tearing up.

I reached across the table and took her hand and gave it a little squeeze. "C'mon, Mom. Please. It would mean a lot to me if I could take you out and get you to smile. I'm sure you'd enjoy yourself and besides, you can't let Dad ruin it for you. Go to dinner with me and have some fun just to spite the asshole." I squeezed her hand again.

Mom seemed to melt a little and she seemed to struggle between crying or smiling. The smile won out and finally she nodded and squeezed my hand back and said, "Okay, honey. It's a date."

"Yes!" I crowed. "I'll make all the plans, Mom. Do you think you can get the afternoon off?" Mom worked as the creative director in a downtown Knoxville Ad agency.

Mom nodded and said, "Sure, tomorrow's a Friday and not much gets done on Valentine's Day anyway. Why? I thought we were just going to dinner."

I got up and came around the table and gave Mom a hug from behind, managing to sneak a look down her blouse into her considerable cleavage as I did so. "Well, I can't say right now. Let's just say, it's a surprise."

I wouldn't tell her anything else, not then or that evening. Mom was intrigued and a little curious and seemed to be a little more cheerful. Still, I knew she was hurting and I heard her crying again that night in her bedroom. I went to bed that night hoping and praying to God that this would be the last night she ever had reason to cry in her bedroom.

Mom got an early start to the day the next morning and was heading out of the house while I was still eating breakfast. She came back in just a couple of minutes later, a little teary-eyed and holding the Valentine's Day card I'd left on her steering wheel. It was as near a romantic card as I could find from a son to his mother – very flowery and centered around how much a son loves his mother. I had signed it "From a son who always has and always will love his mother- his first love and his last. Love, John."

I barely managed to stand up before Mom embraced me and exclaimed, "John, I love this card. I'm so lucky to have a son like you!"

I got hugged tight for my troubles and Mom kissed me several times on the cheeks and ended with a peck on the corner of my mouth. I admit, I was a little overwhelmed and barely managed to murmur, "You're welcome, Mom," before she hurried back out the door beaming happily. If I ever find the guy who wrote that card, I'm going to give him a big hug – maybe even a kiss on the mouth.

Then it was time to get down to work – making sure that everything went off as planned. I was as nervous as a bridegroom all morning, hovering near or in Mom's office building. I wanted her to have a great day with lots of surprises.

Her first surprise was the two dozen red roses that arrived in her office around ten a.m. I wish I could have seen her face when she got them and read the accompanying note. Maybe it was corny, but I meant every word.

Roses are Red,

Violets Are Blue.

I'm the Luckiest Son in the World,

To have a Beautiful, Wonderful Mother Like You!

Love, John.

At noon, another two dozen red roses arrived in her office, this time delivered by a uniformed chauffeur. He handed her a note that read:

On this special day when we celebrate the ones we love,

I think it's only proper that you be pampered.

Your appointment to be spoiled is at 1:00 o'clock and

Your chariot awaits. Don't be late, Mom.

Love, John.

Now from behind a big potted fern in the lobby of Mom's office building, I watched her stare stunned as her chauffeur led her to a white stretch limousine. I really enjoyed watching Mom put her hand over her mouth in shock as he opened the door for her. Inside were three dozen more roses – not red, but a dozen each of purple, coral and orange. According to my very happy and well paid florist, purple roses symbolize "Love at first sight" while coral and orange simply symbolize "desire." I wasn't sure whether Mom knew their meanings, but I really wanted to drop a few hints. Mom also found a bottle of champagne and a box of chocolates along with a note:

These Roses aren't Red,

Nor are they Blue,

But their meaning is plain.

Mom, I love you!

Love, John.

Mom's limousine carried her to the swankiest spa in town. I had arranged for Mom to have an afternoon of lavish pampering including a massage, some kind of mineral/mud bath, a manicure and pedicure. For some reason, I had an image of Mom being waited on hand and foot like Dorothy in the movie, The Wizard of Oz. And that fostered warm, happy thoughts of Mom and I watching the movie together when I was younger.

Following her spa treatment, the limousine carried her over to her favorite beautician. Mom's afternoon of pampering concluded with a trip downtown to one the most expensive woman's stores – one that even Mom rarely goes to due to its ritzy prices.

Here I was going on faith – having tried to figure out Mom's precise measurements and communicating them to the good folks at the clothing store. I decided that some of Dad's money would be spent to good use in getting Mom a new dress – one appropriate for the occasion. When she arrived, I knew that the store clerks would hand her one last note (along with another dozen roses of mixed colors – red, purple, orange and coral). The note read:

Rose are Red,

Violets are Blue,

I'm hoping my Dream Date

Likes what I picked out for You!

Love, John.

I was a bit busy that afternoon too. I got a haircut and picked up my good suit at the dry cleaners – heck I even picked out a new tie. I went home, shined my dress shoes till they almost glowed and then showered and shaved and got dressed. I drove back downtown to the Corwin Hotel, a grand, old fashioned hotel which housed a four star restaurant and an huge ball room and which tonight had the A-list Valentine's Day event for Knoxville – dinner and dancing at the Corwin Ballroom.

I was standing outside the hotel, the chauffeur alerting me by cell phone that he was pulling up moments before. The long white vehicle came to a stop and the chauffeur hopped out and opened the door and helped Mom step out. I thought my heart was going to literally leap out of my chest.

Mom, always beautiful, looked lovely – almost something out of a old fashioned Hollywood movie. Mom's skin almost glowed from the spa treatment and her hair was elaborately coiffed, piled on top of her head in such a way that she reminded me of some stunning Grecian statue from ancient times and then there was the way her voluptuous figure looked in that dress. It was a dark red gown, strapless, leaving her shoulders bare, and molding itself to her lovely womanly figure and offering up a great deal of cleavage – her breasts seemed poised to escape. Long slits down the sides of her dress would briefly part, offering up enticing glimpses of her long, shapely legs. The three inch heels helped better define her legs, placing an emphasis on her shapely calves. It looked even better on her than I had imagined when I had picked it out.

Mom also had a slightly stunned look on her face, one that didn't abate as she first watched me approach and then as she took in her surroundings. Mom was so surprised, she didn't even flinch when I reached her and kissed her on the lips and said, "Mom, you are without a doubt the most beautiful mother in the world!"

I offered Mom my arm and on instinct she took it and I began to walk us inside, the doormen nodding respectfully and a little enviously as we passed. I don't blame them. I was the luckiest man alive!

Finally, Mom recovered enough to say, "John, what have you done? How much is this costing?" She paused in the lobby, looking around at the old fashioned chandeliers and the beautiful rugs and I felt her newly done nails dig into my arm. "John, you didn't get into your college savings, did you?"

I just smiled innocently and shook my head while patting her hand. I might mention I was also enjoying the sensation of Mom's heavy breast rubbing against my upper arm and the fact that I was getting a bird's eye view of almost half of Mom's heavy breasts which appeared to be on the verge of falling out of her sexy dress. I could feel my cock quickly hardening inside my slacks.

We approached the ballroom where a maitre d was watching us approach from his podium, his eyes roaming appreciatively over Mom. I confess I was surprised that it inspired pride in me rather than jealousy. "Coralyn and John Hanson," I said to him. "We have reservations."

His eyes flickered over his paperwork and he smiled and nodded. "Of course, Mr. Hanson. If you and your um, wife would follow." A hostess standing nearby took over for him as he personally lead us to our table. The ballroom had been divided into two sections – one for the orchestra already playing and for the dance floor where several couples were already dancing. The other was filled with small tables set for two – dimly lit with candles at the tables evoking an intimate and romantic atmosphere.

"Here you go, Mr. Hampton," said the maitre d. "Shall we bring out the Dom Perignon now?"

I nodded affirmatively to him as I held out Mom's seat for her – the confused look on her face so adorable and sweet. I nodded and peeled off one of Dad's hundreds and slipped it to him. "Take good care of us tonight," I said, winking at him. He smiled and winked back, pausing to give Mom's luscious body one more lascivious leer and departed.

I slipped into the chair next to Mom and set my hand on top of hers and said, "Happy Valentine's Day, Mom!"

She tried to smile, but then shook her head and said. "What in the world is going on, son? How the hell are you paying for all this?"

I smiled smugly and said, "Well, what's going on is that I love you and I wanted to make this a better Valentine's Day than you've ever known before." I squeezed her hand affectionately and was pleased when she rolled her hand over and squeezed back, our fingers interlacing. I was even more pleased when neither of us let go and we sat there holding hands.

I could tell Mom was blushing even in the intimate but dim light of the table's candles. She couldn't look me in the eye when she said with more passion than I ever heard before, "I love you too, John. With her eyes studying her lap, Mom asked again, "How the hell are you paying for all this, son?"

I got a little daring and reached out with my free hand and lifted her chin until she was looking into my eyes. I resisted the sudden urge to run my thumb over her full and luscious lips. "Well, Mom, it's like this..." And I recounted my conversation with Dad while driving him to the airport and then his error in throwing me his big money clip and credit card.

Mom's face during my explanation was a study in different emotions – pure rage crossed her face as I recounted his indifference to leaving her alone on Valentine's Day, muttering, "That fucking bastard," and then pure mirth as I confessed to letting my father unknowingly bankrolling my Valentine's Day present to her. Mom whooped with laughter, drawing curious looks from others in the room. Finally, there was pride and love as I told her how I had planned out the day and evening in perfect detail, her hand squeezing mine affectionately as I walked her through each step.

"I really hope it's the best Valentine's Day ever, Mom!" I said.

Mom's face glowed with excitement and love as she leaned close to me and said, "Oh yes, I've never been so spoiled in my entire life. Being chauffeured around and pampered – I've felt like a princess in a fairy tale!" She drew closer still, the horny male in me not failing to take note of the magnificent view of her cleavage as she leaned in, and kissed me chastely but passionately on the mouth. "Thank you, John! I love you so much."

My heart was pounding in my chest and my cock was stiff in my pants and I started to reply, but a tuxedoed waiter chose that moment to arrive with our bottle of Dom Perignon. He opened the bottle for us, both of us jumping a little as it made a loud pop and then he poured us each a glass and departed, leaving the bottle behind in a bucket of ice.

Mom looked at me over her glass, the champagne fizzing noisily and said, "Should we have a toast, son?"

I raised my glass and smiled lovingly at my mother. "Absolutely! To my mother – the most wonderful woman I know and love. May this be your best Valentine's Day ever!"

Mom shivered a little and said in a soft, almost inaudible voice, "Thank you, John," and drank as I did. I gotta say right up front, I would've preferred a beer (although technically I was too young for either – Dad's money carried a lot of weight). When she sat her glass down, she gave a sigh and looked around the room before giving me a piercing stare. "I can't believe you did all this. Your father will be furious!"

I shrugged and replied, "I don't care. You're worth it, Mom. You deserve to be treated like a queen tonight...all this, dinner and dancing..." I paused and then blurted out, "And so much more!"

Mom raised an eyebrow at me and after taking another sip of champagne said, "Hmmm, sounds like dangerous talk. Is there more surprises to come?"

I grinned and felt myself blushing as I answered, "Well, if there is, I can't tell you, Mom. Then it wouldn't be a surprise." I filled her glass again and mine and continued. "Let's just have a good time and no worries about tomorrow."

Mom studied me for a long minute, her glass at her lips before she nodded in agreement. "You're right, honey. Tonight, let's have fun!" She took another long sip of champagne and then set her glass down and pushed it away. "Whooo! This stuff can go right to your head." Mom leaned back and used her hand to fan herself. She turned her head as the orchestra began to play again and a short haired woman in a dark blue gown stepped up to a microphone and began to softly croon. The first lyrics were, "Somewhere there's music..."

Mom sighed and said, "I love this old music. I always thought it had a certain romance to it."

Mom sighed again, my eyes drawn to her heaving breasts that began to wobble as she slowly swayed to the music. I stood up and held out my hand. "Would the lovely lady care to dance?" I asked.

Mom's eyes glowed with pleasure as she took my hand and replied, "I'd love to dance, John. It's been so long..." Hand in hand, we walked out onto the dance floor and I tried to look more confident than I felt. I had actually taken ballroom dancing lessons to impress a prom date back in high school and I was hoping I could impress my mother or at least, not step on her toes!

Mom put her arms around my neck and tried to keep an chastely appropriate distance between us – a difficult task considering the size of her breasts. I decided to be bold and after slipping my arms around Mom's waist, I pulled her close against me, my cock jerking in happy delight as Mom's warm body molded against mine. Mom let out a little "Eep!" in surprise, but to my delight she didn't pull away, instead wiggling a little as if to more comfortably press herself against me. I looked down and almost lost myself in her wide open eyes.

We began to dance, barely doing more than swaying to the music. I was on cloud nine! Even if nothing else happened, I had my mother in my arms, her body pressed against mine, allowing me to know the incredible sensations of her softness and her heat. I could feel her heart beating in counter time to mine and just the knowledge that my mother's huge, soft breasts were pressed against me close enough to allow me to feel her heart beat was almost enough to make me swoon! My cock was throbbing in my slacks, as hard as it had ever been in all my eighteen years!

My lessons came back to me and Mom after a minute or two of silence said, "Son, I had no idea you were such a good dancer!"

I sighed, feeling like the king of the world and I murmured in reply, "You might be surprised, Mom, at all that I'm good at!" That drew another surprised look from Mom and then she smiled and placed her head on my shoulder and let me guide us along.

The song ended and a new one took its place – Mom said later it was a Streisand song...something called, "Evergreen." We continued to slowly move over the dance floor, not speaking and only occasionally looking into each other's eyes. Neither of us could hold such a stare for long – it seemed to be too intense an experience for both of us.

When it ended, we kept moving for several seconds, I suppose listening to the music in our hearts and then Mom let me go, looking up at me a bit sheepishly. "That was wonderful, son," she said softly. "I don't think I've ever enjoyed a dance more."

I took her hand and guided her back to our table, saying as we wound our way back, "Anytime, Mom. I'm yours for the asking."

Mom gave me a sharp glance then, at first smirking at my words – a smirk that dissolved into a goofy grin. "Be careful, John," she said. "I might take you up on that!" She batted her eyes at me and then broke into giggles as we took our seats and had another glass of champagne.

The evening just seemed to get better from there. I was seeing Mom in an entirely new light – seeing her just enjoy herself and as much lust as I had for my mother was counterbalanced by the love I was feeling for her as well. Our talk was mostly cheerful chatter laced with a few obvious double entendres from me, each one drawing an amused or speculative look from Mom.

Mom eased off the champagne after the third glass, winking as she said, "I think I need to keep my head clear tonight – the last thing you need is a drunk, middle aged lady to take care of." The dinner belied the reputation of the hotel as a first class experience and we spent a great deal of our time out on the dance floor, each dance feeling more intimate than the last. Mom seemed to just melt into me, her body coming against mine, touching as much of me as seemed possible. Mom never mentioned the hard-on in my pants, although there was no way she could not be aware of it. It seemed to me like our bodies were meant to come together – that we fit each other perfectly. By the end of the evening, we could anticipate each other on the dance floor and moved as one.

At the end we were barely moving, holding each other tight, Mom's face nestled against my neck, her breasts pillowing against my chest, nipples hard against my shirt, clearly visible against the thin material of her dress on the rare occasions that we moved apart and me so stiff that it hurt – my cock was in need of some serious relief! The band announced its last song of the night, the old Casablanca theme, "As Time Goes By," and Mom sighed unhappily as she gently rocked her body against mine as the song went on. It was an almost perfect moment and I never knew I could feel so much in love with my own mother.

Somehow I managed through all this to mask my nervousness and anxiousness at taking Mom's Valentine's Day to the next step. We danced till the last note had been played and even then, we moved on to our own internal music while other couples began to slip away towards the exit.

Finally, with regret from both of us, Mom stepped away from me, her eyes glowing with something I'd never seen before, something full of love and desire and regret. In a halting voice, Mom said, "That was wonderful. Oh, John, I wish this night didn't have to end!"

We collected Mom's bag and strolled towards the ballroom's exit and I took Mom's arm and as she turned to head towards the lobby, I pulled us the other way and pointed towards the elevators.

"Who said anything about this ending, Mom?"

Mom's eyes grew wide. "John, what have you done now?"

I laughed and said, "Just following Dad's orders, Mom. Making sure you had a good Valentine's Day. Remember, I said there are surprises yet to come!" I pretended not to hear Mom's stuttering questions as I walked us onto an elevator and pressed a button for one of the higher floors. Instead I just smiled at my sexily clad mother, enjoying the view of the most beautiful woman in the world.

We reached our floor and Mom was now flushed and concerned and a little nervous. "John, what are you doing?"

"Sshhhh," I replied, putting a finger on Mom's lips as I led her into a hallway. I left my finger in place for a moment, her soft, moist lips feeling wonderful. I had a sudden, wild fantasy of Mom sucking on my finger and I felt my cock throb painfully in my slacks – the vision in my mind bringing me closer than ever to cumming.

I walked us to the end of the hall to a door and fished a key card out of my jacket. I worked the key and opened the door and took us inside, Mom meekly resisting, but allowing me to pull her inside as I hit the lights. Mom gasped again as she took in the luxurious suite I had booked for us. I reluctantly let go of her hand and allowed her to roam around and take in the sumptuously decorated rooms.

"Omigod, John! How much did this cost?" Mom said in a hushed voice. She peered into the bathroom, complete with a massive sunken tub.

"Who care, Mom – its Dad's treat." I answered, shucking off my dinner jacket and draping it over the back of an upholstered sofa.

Mom giggled and then paused as she opened a door that revealed a large bedroom complete with a huge four poster bed and on the night table, another bottle of Dom Perignon chilling in a bucket of ice. Mom's hand flew to her mouth after she opened it and then closed it without saying anything. She turned around, looking the entire suite over and then she looked at me with a growing sense of comprehension in her eyes.

"Son, there's only one bedroom." She looked around again, her hands rubbing nervously against her gown covered hips. She took an instinctive step backwards as I walked towards her, bumping into the wall behind her. Mom pressed her hands flat against the wall, giving her an appearance that was both frightened and erotic.

"That's right, Mom," I replied, smiling at her and acting a lot calmer than I felt inside. I slipped my hands around her waist and looked down her face. "We only need the one bed," I whispered and then I kissed her like I've never kissed Mom before...not a loving peck on the cheek or a chaste kiss on the corner of the mouth or even flush on the lips. I kissed Mom like a man should always kiss the woman he loves – with passion and strength, pulling her warm, soft body against mine.

I opened my mouth and brushed my tongue against Mom's lips, drawing a cry of surprise from her and giving me an opening that I happily seized, thrusting my tongue into her mouth and rolling it against her own tongue. My cock throbbed painfully and I could feel my heart pounding so hard I thought it would explode in my chest! Mom tasted wonderful!

For a sweet moment, it seemed as if Mom was responding to the kiss and then she broke it, pushing lightly against my chest with her palms as she cried out, "John, I'm your mother, for God's sake! What the hell do you think you're doing?"

I held Mom tight against me, savoring the feel of her heaving bosom against me while I replied, "Being the man that Dad isn't! I love you, Mom. I want you...I always have, you know that!"

Mom stared up at me in almost slack jawed amazement and then shook her head. "I'm your mother! We can't...it isn't right. I'm married to your father...I'm your goddamn married mother! WE CAN'T DO THIS!" Mom struggled to break out of my embrace, but not with great effort and I kept her in wrapped up in my arms.

"I love you, Mom and you love me," I said. "Tell me you haven't thought about it today. Tell me you haven't thought about us together doing what men and women are supposed to do!" I ducked my head and kissed her again as she struggled meekly – somehow not being able to keep me from French kissing her again. Mom's tongue responded to the courtship of my tongue and the two danced briefly before I broke the kiss this time.

"Dad doesn't deserve you, Mom," I hissed. "Dad doesn't love you like I do...like I have for so long. This is right, Mom...you know it is. Tell me you've not imagined it – you and me, son and mother becoming lovers!"

Mom shivered and looking downwards, suddenly unable to look me in the eye, shook her head from side to side. "No. I haven't, son. That's wrong, you know it's wrong!"

"It's not wrong," I said, whispering it in her ear as I gently kissed her lobe. "You have thought about it. You've dreamed about it today...all day." I kissed her again, my tongue gaining even quicker access to her mouth than before. Her tongue chased mine and I relished the deliciously sinful feeling of Mom's wet, slick tongue rolling and intertwining with mine. Her hands quit trying to push me away and slowly went upwards until her arms were around my neck.

"You want this too, don't you, Mom?" I whispered in a breathless voice. "You're wet for me, aren't you, Mom? You've been wet all day because you've known what would happen at least since you put on this hot dress I've picked out for you. Your pussy has been hot for me all evening as we danced, feeling what I have waiting for you." I rolled my hips and left her no illusions about the size of my erection. "You knew what was happening when I brought you up here – it's what you hoped for, wasn't it, Mom?"

I stared into Mom's eyes, hoping and praying she would see the love and desire I had for her in my eyes. "It's Valentine's Day, Mom – the day for lovers and I want you to have a better Valentine's than you've ever had before. I want to be your lover...your man and treat you like you deserve to be treated. I love you, Mom!"

I moved to kiss Mom again only to be met halfway by her, her lips pressing against mine, her tongue slipping willingly into my mouth, searching and finding my tongue and coiling possessively around it. As we kissed, I could feel her hot tears spilling from her eyes to trickle against my cheeks. I was a bit alarmed even in the throes of delight while realizing she was actually kissing me back – making Mom cry wasn't in my plans. I started to break the kiss, but Mom resisted and kissed me all the more fiercely, her arms tightening around my neck as she pressed herself against me, doing things with her pelvis I had never imagined.

The kiss seemed to go on and on, making my head spin. Mom grinded herself against my crotch, heightening my desire and my need for her. Emboldened, I let my hands slide down the small of her back and over the luscious curves of her ass to cup her cheeks, caressing her soft and meaty flesh. Mom moaned approvingly into my mouth, her tongue a mad dervish teaching me new pleasures as she continued to writhe against me.

When the kiss ended, Mom's hands guided me downward from her lips and I showered her long neck with kisses as she pushed me lower while gasping. "Yes, yes, baby...oh yes! I want you, John! I've been dreaming it over and over. If you want me, son – I'm yours. Do what your father won't...fuck me, love me, make me remember what it feels like to be loved!"

Mom guided my face downward and I kissed her upper chest even as my chin brushed the jiggling upper portions of her magnificent breasts. I was thrilled when Mom's palms slide down the sides of my head, down over my ears and cheeks and then took hold of the top of her dress and yanked down hard, allowing her meaty and firm breasts to spill free. Mom's tits were incredible, full and fleshy and remarkably firm, capped with thick, round nipples, stiff and long, making me moan as I moved to devour them.

My hands released her ass to come up and cup her bountiful tits while my mouth closed over a swollen nipple. Mom gave a little cry as I nipped her rubbery tip with my teeth and then began to roll my tongue over it, all the while letting my fingers squeeze and caress her wonderfully soft titflesh.

Mom's hands moved downward and she palmed my erection and the knowledge that this was Mom's hand, separated only by a little fabric from my penis took me right to the edge of ejaculation. I struggled mightily with the need to cum, but somehow resisted. Mom moaned as I kept sucking on her tits, "Oh God, John. I want your cock in me now!"

The next moments were a blur as our hands roamed and probed and pulled and tugged clothing away. Mom's dress, so tight seemed to stretch and fall and her panties came into view, red as her dress with a sopping wet crotch and then they were partially tugged down and Mom gave a little, unforgettable wiggle and they fell to her ankles and she stepped out of them and spread her legs, revealing her bush, as hairy and unruly as it had been those long years past and split by wetly pink lips that were so slick and hot to the touch.

Somehow I lost my pants, feeling briefly cool air on my stiff cock before a warm hand encircled my shaft and slowly stroked me. My face found Mom and between ardent kisses, she demanded, "Fuck me, son! Fuck me now!"

My head seemed to spin madly and I tried to be considerate and mumbled, "What about foreplay, Mom? Don't you want me – um, don't you need some foreplay?"

Mom pulled me against her, rubbing my hardness against her wet and hairy pussy and giggled as she gasped, "What do you think this whole damn evening was, John? Fuck me, baby, fuck your mother right the fuck now!"

Then I was bending my knees and then surging upwards as Mom pressed the head of my cock between her slick lips and then I was inside her incredible wetness and heat and I felt harder and longer than I ever had before and I was so deep inside my mother until we were grinding against each other while Mom gave a great wail of long denied pleasure, her left leg rising up to curl around my hips, pulling me even deeper inside her!

I was suddenly feeling like a stallion, my hands instinctively returning to cup Mom's ass cheeks, lifting her up as she wrapped her other leg around me, using the wall behind her as a brace while I began to thrust in and out of her. I was fucking my mother! I was fucking my mother standing up!

"YESSSSSSSSSS!" Mom cried out as I buried my stiff penis in her again and again, her fingernails clawing at my shirt covered back as I fucked my mother...the woman of my dreams. Her pussy flesh was like hot liquid silk, pulsing and contracting around my aching cock and I managed to stroke deep into Mom for all of a minute and then I exploded, unable to hold back.

"I love you, Mom!" I sobbed as I thrust deep, coming up on my toes as I slammed her into the wall and my cock was jerking and I was cumming like never before – jet after jet of burning hot semen bathing Mom's insides.

I looked into Mom's eyes, completely lost in love with her and as I ejaculated, I saw awe and surprise, alarm and love in her brilliant blue eyes, all coalescing into an intense look of desire and lust as she realized that her own son was pumping her full of his sperm. "I – I never imagined..." Mom groaned before my mouth found hers and our tongues loved each other while I came and came and came...Mom shivering with a small orgasm of her own.

A minute or two later...or maybe it was an eternity, the kiss ended and we looked at each other, searching for signs of regret or anger and finding only incestuous love and lust in each others eyes. My heart felt ready to burst I was that excited! I had fucked my mother and made her mine...my woman now, not Dad's!

Mom's mouth opened and no words came out at first. She was shaking and smiling and I could feel her hot, cum filled cunt massaging my still hard cock, willing it, demanding it to stay erect. A little laugh slipped from Mom's lips and she squeaked out in a whisper, "Don't stop, son! Please, keep fucking me. Please, fuck Mommy good!"

Then we were kissing again and as our tongues danced, I felt my strength return and I honored Mom's request and began to thrust into her hot cunt again and again! This was new for me. Mom wasn't my first lover, but she was the first who didn't want to stop and I understood quickly the implications of having shot my first load and knowing I would be able to go for a long time.

Very quickly, Mom was grunting into my mouth as I plunged into her again and again, feeling the hot stickiness of my semen and Mom's cream slowly leaking from our joined loins. Mom's hands ripped my shirt open and reduced it to ragged tatters, her fingers caressing my chest and back and then as Mom approached a serious orgasm, her nails tore bloody tracks down my back.

Mom began to convulse in my arms, limbs all flying wildly as intense pleasure tore through her. A thick stringer of saliva hung between our lips as she broke the kiss and flung her head back, hitting the wall with a loud smack and oblivious to the pain, cried out her incestuous joy as her cunt squeezed my thrusting penis. The stringer of saliva broke and most of it splattered wetly on Mom's chin and between her breasts. I leaned in and licked it up and then pressed my lips against hers again, sharing it with her.

As Mom's pussy bathed my cock in her juices, the heat from our grinding crotches seemed to spread out over our bodies, covering us in a fine sheen of fuck sweat, making the slipping and sliding of our skin more delicious than ever before.

Mom came and came and came, finally going limp in my arms, unable to move other than the occasional involuntary twitch as my never ceasing cock thrusts continued to deliver pleasure to her.

My muscles were bulging and aching with the strain of holding Mom and fucking her at the same time, but I had no thought of stopping. Her cunt flesh was heaven itself as I buried myself deep time and time again. Mom's head lolled against my shoulder, happily moaning with each entry and withdrawal of my stiff cock. I felt like I could fuck Mom forever!

Slowly Mom came out of her semiconscious state, her body again responding to mine, matching and meeting my thrusts. I felt Mom's lips planting little kisses on my shoulder and then my chest, ducking down to nip at my pebble hard nipples before raising her head to look at me, her blue eyes blazing with love and Mom kissed me again, her tongue searching out mine. Then Mom wrapped her legs and arms tight around me and said softly, "Son, there's a bed somewhere here. Take me to it. I want you, John. I want you on me, inside of me, making love and fucking Mommy good!" Mom looked at me and then added insistently, "NOW!"

I nodded and in a hoarse voice, replied, "Yes, Mom!" and then, trying hard not to stagger, I walked us towards the suite's bedroom, somehow getting the door opened and making it to the bed, climbing up on it on my knees, Mom still impaled on my cock. I eased us down, lying Mom gently on her back and letting my knees slide down and straighten until I was lying atop her, my cock nestled deep inside her motherly cunt.

All the movement had Mom on the verge of another orgasm and her lower lip quivered as she said in a breathless voice, "You've dreamed of this forever, haven't you, son? You've wanted me since you were a boy – I know, I remember how much you wanted to see me naked, to have me and fuck me and now...now, you're not a boy anymore, son. Now, you're a man, John and you have me. You have your mother, son! Now take me. Fuck me, love me, love your mother, John!"

Mom's ankles crossed behind my ass cheeks and her heels dug into my flesh, urging me, spurring me to fuck her and with a happy moan, I thrust hard into Mom, saying over and over as I fucked her sweet pussy, "I love you, Mom! I love you, Mom!" Eventually my voice faded to be replaced by the sweet sounds of fucking – sweat slick bodies slapping together, the soft, wet noises of cock pumping pussy, gasps and groans and sighs, and of soft kisses and tongues licking and lips sucking.

My heart thrilled at the sight of my mother beneath me, her heavy, proud breasts rolling and bouncing with each thrust of my throbbing dick, nipples swelling to the point of bursting while Mom, her dark hair falling out of its coiffed state, bit her lower lip as the pleasure built and built, becoming something more than either of us ever could have thought possible. It felt sinful, it felt good, it felt wonderful and it felt right...so fucking right!

My own pleasure was building again after it seemed like Mom and I had been making love forever and the pressure...the need to cum became too much and I growled as I slammed into Mom's cunt one last time and began to empty my seed into her womb, overwhelmed by the sinfully sweet sensation of semen and cunt cream and her slick, molten flesh clamping around my shaft, milking my cock for my spunk. My strangled moan of "I love you, Mom," was drowned out by my mother's screams of utter orgasmic pleasure as she again began to cum, her arms and legs wrapping tight around me, crushing me to her body as we shook and trembled with the force of our mutual orgasm.

All of the world's mysteries became clear for one long, sweet moment as I finally understood my purpose in life, the meaning of my very existence. I was here to be joined to my mother – cock and pussy and I had no doubts or reservations about the total rightness of our incestuous union and that I would dedicate the entirety of my life to making my mother happy.

We drifted down on a cloud of orgasmic delight, weeping and laughing and kissing and fell asleep in a tight embrace, my last memories being Mom's happy groans as I rolled us over and her resting her head wearily, but happily on my chest, my semi-erect cock still held in her cunt's grasp.

At some point I remember waking up, hazy with sleep and Mom on top of me, her luscious body silhouetted by the lights of the city. Mom was gently riding my cock, her breasts brushing my lips as she moved up and down on me. I started to speak, but Mom put a finger to my lips and moaned and I just lay there, enjoying the delicious feel of her hot cunt slipping up and down on me. When she rose up, arching her back as she orgasmed, I came too, flooding her pussy a third time as I gazed in wonder of her shadowy form, backlit by the lights coming through the windows across the room. As she squirmed, I saw her still firm breast in profile, her nipple, swollen and engorged like a ripe strawberry.

Then as her orgasm faded, we did too, drifting back into contented sleep to dream of our new life and of each other. When I next awoke, I felt Mom's mouth on me and looked down to see her kneeling between my legs, her tongue swabbing my tender cock head, cleaning me of last night's lovemaking. Seeing me awake, Mom grinned evilly and asked, "Any regrets?"

As Mom rolled her tongue down the length of my shaft and then back up again, I managed to gasp, "None...except maybe doing this sooner."

Mom's tongue came up my shaft again and she kissed the crown and then slithered upwards to kiss me as her breasts massaged my body, hard nipples tickling my stomach and chest as she moved. "It was the right moment, John." Mom straddled me, her wet, hairy bush brushing my hard cock. "This was the best Valentine's Day ever!"

"And now, Mom?" I whispered between kisses. And now that Valentine's Day is over? What happens now?"

Mom smiled lovingly at me and slipped off me, her hands gripping the headboard, she wiggled her ass at me and replied, "Now you start the day fucking your mother...just like you're going to do everyday from now on, whether or not its Valentine's Day!"

My cock slapped against my chest in anticipation and for the first time in my life, I moved to fuck a woman doggy style. I ran my hands over Mom's soft ass cheeks and raised her up a little before spreading her cheeks and aiming my cock for the wet, glistening cleft nestled in all that lovely hair, slid once again inside my mother. We had a long leisurely fuck, punctuated by moans and sighs and occasional bits of conversation as Mom outlined her plans while I made her cum and then cum again.

By the time I finally came, spraying Mom's womb with another tremendous load of sperm, I was excited beyond belief and wondered if my cock would ever soften again or just stay hard forever.

And so our weekend went, making love and fucking our brains out – it seems like there wasn't a square inch of that hotel suite we didn't fuck in before we checked out Monday morning. I will always savor the memory of the first time I fucked Mom in a shower, or bent over a table or the first time she swallowed my semen, a smile of lust and delight on her face as she drank my seed, or the first time I pressed my face to Mom's pussy, inhaling her sweet, strong scent and feeling her thick bush tickle and scratch my face before my tongue began to delve her delicious flesh.

We got home and slept most of the day and then fucked all night, unable to keep our hands off each other...newlyweds in the throes of incestuous love. By the time Dad returned from his trip,

Mom and I knew each other like long time lovers...not that we saw him.

I confess I would have liked to have seen the look on Dad's face when he came from baggage claim toting his new stuffed moose head and found not me or Mom there to pick him up, but rather a process server handing him his divorce notice. I did see his face when he got his credit card bill for Mom's Valentine's Day and just shrugged smugly when I said, "I was just doing what you told me to, Dad. I took Mom out for Valentine's Day." Sometimes, late at night, I smile to myself wondering what Dad thought when he saw the bill for three nights at the Corwin and the room service charges and how close he might be to wondering what might have actually happened. He has never asked me though and he never will. His precious ego would never survive actually knowing that his son had taken his wife away from him. He gives me looks though, the few times a year I see him and I know he suspects it. That's enough for me.

He didn't oppose the divorce. By the time he got home, Mom had things lined up quite neatly...the problem with being a tough lawyer is you make enemies and plenty of Dad's legal rivals were happy to put the screws to him, especially with the evidence of neglect and philandering Mom had been hoarding all these years.

Mom didn't screw him over too badly in the settlement. He got the house and half their assets. Mom and I didn't care. We knew we were on the winning end of the deal because in the end, we have each other...body and soul, forever. My biggest concern these days is to make sure that for Mom each Valentine's Day is better than the one before, a challenge I will be happy to take on the rest of our lives.

The End