

Mom's Valentine Handjob

By Klrxo

“Happy Valentines Day, baby!” Chuck announced, giving his wife a big smile through video chat. Chuck was deployed overseas in the Army and was decked out in his Military greens.

“Thanks, honey...same to you! I wish you were here,” his beautiful blonde wife, Christy, replied, showing her perfect white teeth when she smiled.

“So do I. It's not easy being away from you...especially on a day like today.”

“I know...you're gonna miss out on your special Valentines treat this year,” Christy reminded him. “It'll be the first time since we got married that I haven't given it to you.”

Chuck was certainly bummed about that. Each year, on Valentine's night, his heavy breasted wife would give him a mind-blowing handjob, while talking dirty to him. Sure, they regularly made love and did other sex acts that normal married couples engaged in, but his wife's handjobs were especially memorable! There was a reason for this. Christy grew up on a small dairy farm in the Midwest, where milking cows by hand was a daily routine. As she got older, she decided to pair her tireless milking skills with a detailed knowledge of the male anatomy, becoming an a cock-stroking virtuoso!

“Damn, you're right!” Chuck frowned. “I AM gonna miss that, like you don't even know!”

“Well...I, um...had this idea I wanted to run by you, and hopefully you don't divorce me when you hear what it is,” his wife stated with a sly smile.

“I share crazy ideas with you all the time, babe, and you're still married to me, so who am I to overreact?”

"Yeah, I know...but this idea is...pretty out there, honey. Just promise you'll try to understand my motivation behind it before you overreact, alright?" Christy asked.

"Well...now you have me VERY intrigued!"

"Since we're away from each other on Valentine's Day this year, I thought that you could video chat with me tonight, like your doing now."

"Oh, see where this is going! Some Valentine video sex...is that what you had in mind?" her hubby inquired.

"Well...sort of. You could touch yourself and still enjoy your treat, to a certain extent, but since you're not here, I figured you could watch me give a handjob...to SOMEONE ELSE."

"Someone else?! You're joking, right?"

"Honey, just hear me out. This 'someone else' is not just some random guy off the street. This is someone who we both know well, he's single right now, and would probably really enjoy being jerked off tonight."

"You're actually serious?! Do I dare ask who this person is?"

"It's Jonathan."

"Our son, Jonathan? Christy, have you gone bonkers?" Chuck asked, still wondering if his wife was just fucking with him. He was pretty open minded sexually, but this was an idea that went WAY beyond anything they'd tried before.

"Honey...this would still give you a chance to experience my special Valentine's treat...just in a little bit different way this year, since you're so far away. You've gotten so many handjobs by me over the years that I'm sure you'll be able to imagine what Jonathan is experiencing. That could be exciting, right?"

"No...the idea DOES NOT excite me at all, Christy, and it wouldn't Jonathan either!"

"Actually...he's fine with it," Christy uttered.

"Wait, you've discussed this idea with him already?"

"I wanted to make sure it was something he was interested in, before I even bothered to come to you about it."

"And he didn't think it was the least bit weird?" Chuck asked.

"No...he was really hoping it could happen, actually."

"Hoping it could happen?! Christy...have you and Jonathan been fooling around, while I've been gone?"

"No! We... I—"

"Christy?!"

"Alright, fine, maybe just...a little bit," she confessed.

"A little bit. What's a little bit?"

"We've just been... 'cuddling' a lot, that's all."

"AND?" Chuck asked.

"Nothing too inappropriate."

"Too inappropriate?"

"Well...yesterday we may have gone a little further than we should have, but otherwise it's just been snuggling together," Christy replied.

"What happened yesterday?"

"Chuck, do we really have to talk about this right now?" his wife asked, feeling a little guilty for what she'd done.

"Yes, we do...now what did the two of you do yesterday?"

"It only happened once and won't happen again!"

"What?!" Chuck demanded. "What will never happen again?"

"We were snuggled under the blanket, after he got home from school...and I told Jonathan he could feel me up," she admitted.

Chuck's stomach sunk. "Good grief, Christy! You let him...finger you?"

"Yes. It was just that one time."

"So...the two of you were naked...under the blanket together?" Chuck asked.

"No...we were in our underwear, but I let him put his hand in my panties and get me off. Chuck, I don't think you understand how hard these two months have been for me. I mean, I went from having sex with my husband every night...to nothing!"

"You haven't been the only one going without, Christy! This hasn't been easy for me either!"

"I know, and Jonathan has been going through a really tough time too. He broke up with his girlfriend a couple weeks ago, so he has no Valentine this year. That's why I thought this idea of mine might be special for him too," the mother explained.

"Why...because he got you off, so you feel like you owe him one?" Chuck angrily asked.

"No...this would be for both of you, not just him."

"A handjob IS NOT something a boy should be getting from his mother...period!" Chuck adamantly stated. "Nor should he have his hand in his mother's panties...fingering her!"

"I guess that's where we have a difference of opinion. I don't see any harm in those things, especially if YOU'RE watching and enjoying the experience as well."

"Trust me, there would be nothing 'enjoyable' about watching my son get jerked off by my wife!"

"Not even if you just imagined that it was YOU who I was stroking?" Christy asked.

"No...not when I know our son is involved."

Christy forced a frustrated smile. "Well, the way I see it, you can either agree to this happening...or not agree, lay in bed tonight and wonder if it's happening anyway."

"Are you saying that you're jerking Jonathan off regardless of what I decide?"

"I didn't say that. I only said...that you'd probably wonder if I was, even after you said no."

Chuck knew she was right. He'd be up all night obsessing about if his son was getting the special Valentines treat this year, despite his objection. Even worse, he would envision his wife and son getting carried away and end up passionately fucking their asses off all night, maybe even right on his marital bed. "If I agree...to just a Valentines handjob, do you promise me that the two of you will stop the other shenanigans?"

"You mean our snuggles? Honey, that's become such a regular part of our routine since you've been gone."

"I understand that, but if it's tempting the two of you to do things you shouldn't, then it needs to definitely stop! It's the only way I'll agree to this crazy idea of yours."

"Fine," Christy sighed. "Jonathan and I will do our best to keep a safe distance from each other while you're away."

"Alright then. I can't believe I'm saying this, but for tonight a handjob is fine...as long as all the other fooling around stops!"

"Understood!" his wife nodded.

Later that evening, Chuck found a private spot to video call his wife. When she answered, Christy and their son were sprawled across Chuck's marital bed. They looked extremely guilty, like they'd been up to something naughty before he called. "Hi, honey! Let me put the phone across from the bed," his wife told him. She wore a short silk robe that looked like it had been opened slightly. Jonathan was in just his briefs and Chuck could see that he had a full erection beneath them. "What have you two been up to?" he suspiciously asked.

"Oh, um...nothing. We were just laying on the bed talking and waiting for you to call," his wife replied. She situated her phone on the dresser across from the foot of their bed. "You ARE somewhere private, right?"

"Yeah. I'm in one of the offices I have access to, here on the base."

"OK, good," said Christy, then she fed her husband an awkward smile.

"We're gonna get started then."

"Fine," Chuck replied, still in disbelief that not only had his wife suggested this, but he actually agreed to it. "Just remember, this is the one and only time this is gonna happen."

He watched as Christy slipped off her robe, letting it fall to the floor.

"Wait...you're gonna be naked?" Chuck asked, not expecting that his wife was gonna take her clothes off for this.

Christy looked back towards the camera, her enormous triple-H cup tits wobbling heavily as she turned. "Of course I'm gonna be naked, honey. I planned on going about this just like if you were here and I was doing it to you," she replied.

Jonathan felt a little awkward sitting there with his father watching, especially knowing what mischief him and his mom had been up to lately. He got an incredible thrill from their regular snuggles-sessions. Cramming his hand down his mom's dainty panties and fingering her shaved pussy until she climaxed was a huge rush. So also was the feel of her giant bra-clad breast smothering his upper chest and neck while she laid on top of him, showering his body with kisses. She hadn't let him fuck her yet, but they were certainly headed down that forbidden, but wonderful path. The boy's eyes widened at the sight of her naked buttocks.

"Alright...let's just get on with it then," he heard his father say.

"Honey, if you're gonna question every little move I make, then we'll just turn the camera off and we can forget it," Christy remarked. "This is suppose to be a fun, special moment. Can you please try not to ruin it?"

"Sorry...just do what you gotta do. I'll keep my mouth shut."

Christy crawled onto the bed and her udders hung down nearly to the mattress, wobbling wonderfully. The sight of this made Jonathan gasp and caused his cock to flex beneath his briefs.

"Let's get these off of you, honey," Christy whispered, then peeled her son's underwear down his legs. Her heart melted at the sight of her boy's jutting cock. It looked so long and muscular, with a web of bulging veins crisscrossing up its thick stalk. His knob was pink and shiny. *"Perfectly formed!"* she thought.

"This is exciting...but it feels weird with dad watching," Jonathan expressed, but at a voice-level that only his mom could hear.

She kept her response at the same soft level. "Try not to think about that, ok. Just lay back and enjoy yourself," she warmly urged. Christy had placed a bottle of heated lubrication on the mattress with them and opened it up. She squirted a trail of it along the bottom of her boy's erection, then set it aside. Then, she moved into her favorite cock-stroking position. The one she did regularly for her husband, especially on Valentine's day.

Chuck watched his wife lay beside their son and drape one leg over the top of Jonathan's. One of her heavy mammaries was rested across the boy's chest and Chuck could see Jonathan's eyes widen as he stared at it. *"This is fucking ridiculous!"* he thought, wondering how he could have ever agreed to something so indecent.

Jonathan's eyes traveled up his mom's cavernous cleavage, to her beautiful face. Her alluring brown eyes stared into his, her lips curling into a lascivious smile. "How's this?" she whispered.

"Great!" he anxiously replied.

"Are you ready for your special Valentine handjob?"

"Trust me...I'm more than ready!" her boy replied.

The heavy titted mother reached down with her left hand, then first began spreading the lube all over his cock with her fingers. She moved teasingly...letting her long, painted nails rake lightly over his glans,

making it mushroom with more blood. Christy knew that if she kept her lips hovering over Jonathan's ear that she could say things to him that her husband couldn't hear. "Mmm, does that feel good on your penis, honey?" she cooed.

"Uh-huh!" he answered with a nod. He felt his mom's fingers travel down to the swell of his cum-filled nuts. Her nails raked over the top of their oval-shaped meat, then down their sides and up underneath. Christy clutched her son's balls in her hand, letting her fingers dig against the coiled tubes of his epididymis, making his prostate swell with arousal. After giving his tender nuts some clasping attention, her fingers traveled back up and down his erect cock, sweeping and swirling around his boner in a teasing manner.

"Ahhh!" Jonathan shivered, watching his boy-cock flex in response to her gentle motions. His mom's fingers became a loose fist, and she began to stroke up and down his length in a corkscrew motion. She jerked him lightly for the first few minutes, but then her grip tightened.

Chuck's heart was racing nearly as fast as his son's was. He shamelessly fished the cock from his pants and began stroking beneath the desk. He wasn't planning on masturbating, but the incredible sight his wife doing this to their own son, and the thrill he knew Jonathan must be feeling at that moment, excitedly him in ways he didn't expect. His wife's hand looked tiny whipping up and down the massive slab. Chuck felt a tinge of envy, knowing his boy's cock had to be at least three inches longer than his and much thicker! Another thing that he found hard to look at was his wife's big diamond wedding ring. The one he had given her on that special day when they were joined in marriage. With it, she had promised 'to have and to hold' only him. Now, here she was HOLDING their son's cock; tightly gripping it actually, and the pretty wedding ring Chuck had given her was now coated in Jonathan's slimy pre-ejaculate.

Christy knew the anatomy of a erect penis inside and out. She had knowledge of every part and it's function, especially as it related to a man's sexual pleasure. She was aware of all of her son's erogenous zones, where to apply pressure and at what speed to stroke. She could also tell

by the feel of his cock in her hand just how much he was enjoying it and how near he was to spurting his cum into the air.

Jonathan loved the way his mom's giant boob, which was resting across his chest, was jiggling to her stroking motions. He wished he could latch his lips around her fat nipple and suck like a baby. "Oh, damn...your thumb feels really good rubbing there, mom!" he expressed.

"That's your frenulum, honey. It's the most sensitive part of your penis," she softly explained, while jerking tirelessly.

"That explains why I like it so much!"

Christy glanced over at her phone. Knowing her husband was watching gave her a strange thrill. She kept her voice tone down, so Chuck couldn't hear her. "Have you ever had a girl stroke your penis this way, Jonathan?" she asked.

"Nope!" her boy replied.

"Isn't it wonderful? You can just lay back and think about hot, slippery pussy, while letting someone else pleasure you."

"I love it!" Jonathan gasped, amazed by the fact that his mom seemed to know just how he like having his pecker tugged.

"You can just close your eyes and imagine how delightful a cunt would feel squeezed around your hard cock, coating it with lubricating juice."

"Sounds great, but the last thing I wanna do is close my eyes right now," Jonathan expressed, watching his mom's fatty tit ripple wonderfully to her every stroke.

"Oh, that's true," Christy giggled. "I guess you'd rather watch my boobs jiggle, would you?"

"Yes."

"Just imagine how they must move when I fuck, baby. How they bounce and quiver all over, while I grind on big, stiff dick like yours!"

"Oh dang, mom...I'm not used to hearing you talk like that!" Jonathan panted, going out of his mind with desire.

"Do you want more? More of mommy's dirty talk?"

"Yes, please!"

"Imagine how good 'cuddle time' could be, Jonathan, if we could do ANYTHING we wanted! Imagine how much we could fuck each other! Would you fuck me, baby??" Christy mewled. "Would you fuck mommy up her horny cunt-hole, hard and fast??"

"Oh, damn, yeah!!" the teen shouted, squirming beneath her vigorous cock-stroking assault.

Chuck certainly heard his son answer, but had no idea what his wife just asked him. He knew it had to be something naughty, since she was such a dirty-talk specialist. Chuck's mind was buzzing with a mix of emotions; mostly envy, but a lot of sexual excitement. He was getting so into it at this point that he tried to match his cock-strokes with those of his wife and imagine that it was HER hand on him instead of his own.

Christy kept her lips close to her son's ear. "Oh, Jonathan...your cock is so fucking big and hard, honey! It's SO much bigger than your father's!" she cooed.

"Really?" her son gasped.

"Yes, really! Why do you think your erect lady-pleaser is all I've been obsessing about lately?"

"You have?"

"Of course. With all of the cuddling we've been doing...how could I not think about how amazing it would feel to have your stiff boy-dick buried inside me?"

Jonathan shuddered in excitement from his mom's admission. The way she was vigorously jerking him off only added to the thrill. Her hand traveled the length of his cock skillfully, from his balls all the way up over his cum-leaking crown and back down, over and over.

Christy continued to pour on the verbal filth, while jerking on her boy. "You could fuck me...just like your father does, only better! Right here on mommy's marital mattress. Would you like that, baby?"

"Uh-huh!"

"You could slam your dreamy prick through my pink pussy and make me erupt all over it!"

Chuck couldn't hear what his wife was saying, but by their son's reaction, he knew it was something wonderful. Just knowing what Jonathan was experiencing, by having felt it himself every year made his dick tingle exquisitely in his clasping fist.

Christy heard her husband let out a sudden grunt. She had heard the sound a million times and knew he was getting off. *"He was so damn apposed to this idea, but yet the first one to cum. Go figure!"* she laughed to herself.

The bedroom was filled with the lewd, creamy sound of Christy's hand beating her boy off. She could feel the tension in his boner building and could see his nuts clenching up in their sack. She brought her lips back to his ear. "Fuck me, honey! Pour your hot cum into me! Pound mommy's pussy-hole like a motherfucker!" she sensually urged.

Jonathan shuddered in delight. He felt the muscles in his pelvis and penile meat contract several times, making him thrust involuntarily. His mom came down nose to nose with him, staring into his eyes with beaming sexual excitement. "OH, HONEY! OH, BABY...CUM HARD FOR MOMMY!" she squealed.

Jonathan arched his neck back and his toes clenched and trembled in ecstasy. He heard his mother let out a wondrous gasp as thick ropes of ejaculate began erupting from his meatus, spurting high into the air.

"OH MY GOD...THERE'S SO MUCH OF IT!" Christy thought as she looked on in wide-eyed fascination. His hot baby-making goo was splattering all over her. She didn't let up on her cock-stroking one bit, milking her boy's dick

for several more minutes, until every drop of cum had been expelled from his prick.

After Jonathan caught his breath, he looked at the streaks of ball juice running down his mom's tit. There was even some that had splattered across her pretty face. "Sorry about the mess," he sighed.

"Oh, honey...don't you dare apologize! Messes like these are fun to make," she stated, then peeked her tongue out, swiping a little gob of jizz off her bottom lip. "Fun to make...AND fun to clean up too," she winked.

Christy's cunt was smoldering with desire. She could feel the juices of her arousal seeping from her fuck-slit. Giving a guy a handjob and watching him cum had always made her incredibly horny. "*There's no fucking way I'm going to bed and making MYSELF cum tonight!*" she thought, then peeked down into her son's eyes. "I'll say goodnight to your father. Stay put!" she whispered.

Chuck felt a little ashamed that he had gotten off to such a depraved scene. Seeing the splattered cum-streaks run down his wife's body didn't help either as she made her way over to her phone. "No more fooling around, Christy! Remember...you promised!" Chuck reminded her.

"How about a 'thank you,' for my creative idea...and for at least giving you some form of a sexual treat on Valentine's day," she requested.

"Yes...thank you, but getting back to what we agreed to earlier..."

"I know, I know...no more fooling around! I got it!" his wife nodded.

"I'll talk to you tomorrow then," Chuck uttered.

"Goodnight, honey!"

Christy hung up the call, then turned towards her son. Her eyes drifted down to his jutting cock, which was still fully erect and clearly throbbing.

"Now...about that idea I had earlier?"

"Which one?" her son asked with an anxious gulp.

"The one about you pounding mommy's pussy-hole like a motherfucker."

“Oh...that one.”

Christy got back on the bed, staring lustfully at her teen as she crawled towards him. “Yeah...that one,” she replied with a salacious grin.