

# "MOM-SON": A ROMANTIC DATE

*silkstockingslover*

*Day after mother-son incest consummation they on a date.*

Incest/Taboo

4.63

4.7k words

**Summary:** Day after mother-son incest consummation he takes her on a date.

**Note:** Although it isn't critical to read the first chapter of this story ("Mom-Son": A Love Story), it likely wouldn't hurt. In case you don't have time to do that or just want a refresher of how they came to commit incest here is a brief primer:

*A couple days after her son Paul's 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, she walked in on him masturbating...this moment triggered her curiosity in incest, Her husband had died three years earlier and Paul was a dead ringer for him. She researched incest, chatted online with a woman who was sleeping with her son, read stories of mother-son relationships and even watched incest movies. This led to her decision to seduce her son.*

This story takes place the day after the mother and son make love.

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## "Mom-Son": A Romantic Date

Once you open Pandora's Box there is no turning back; conversely, once you let your son fuck your box there is DEFINITELY no turning back.

I had seduced my son, and after a lengthy night of love making...where lust overwhelmed common sense...I woke up to the aftermath of my decision.

I would like to say I felt guilt at committing incest or at least a shred of remorse...but that would be a lie. I felt completely at peace with my decision and looking at him so peaceful and innocent after depositing five loads in me the day before, I felt undeniable love. It was like I had my husband back in a morbid way, yet a much more energetic and virile version of him.

Also, I rationalized it rather simply. I loved my son with all my heart, and giving him my body was a natural extension of our mother-son relationship as I continued to nurture him in a new, unique way.

As he began to move, slowly waking up, I decided to wake him up in the best way possible. I slithered under the sheets, found his flaccid cock, we had both fallen asleep naked, and took it in my mouth. Feeling his beautiful cock slowly grow in my mouth was a surreal sensation, yet it felt so natural.

He was almost completely hard in my mouth before he finally spoke with a soft chuckle, "This is the best wake-up call you have ever given me."

Taking his cock out of my mouth, I suggested, "This may become a new tradition."

"I couldn't concur more," he chuckled, as I returned to his now fully erect cock.

I continued a slow blow job, lavishly enjoying having his cock in my mouth. Part of me wanted to straddle him and ride him, while the other half of me just wanted to savour his steel in my mouth.

After a couple more minutes of slow pleasing, Paul groaned, "Feels so good, Mom."

I moaned on his cock in response as I continued the slow, soothing blow job.

"I can't believe how great your mouth feels," he complimented.

I replied, momentarily taking his cock out of my mouth, "I can't believe I waited so long."

"Well, I think we are making up for lost time," he joked.

"That we are," I agreed, as I deep throat him.

"Oh God, Mom," he groaned, "you're so amazing."

My natural reaction was to speed up to get him off, yet I wanted to make love to his cock with my mouth, so I continued the same slow up and down.

A couple more minutes, his breathing increasing, I felt his legs stiffen as he moaned, "I'm going to come soon."

Another urge to speed up, yet I refrained and just continued bobbing slowly until I felt his cum leak out of his cock and into my mouth. I couldn't believe how much cum was in his balls already after he had shot five loads yesterday, but I milked and swallowed every drop of my breakfast cum.

I continued until I was sure there was nothing left to retrieve, before taking his cock out of my mouth and crawling back up beside him.

I ended up on his shoulder as he said, "Mom, I love you so much."

"Because I just swallowed your yummy load?" I asked teasingly.

"Well that, and the five I deposited in and on you yesterday," he added, giving me a playful tit-for-tat.

"I'm just your personal cum bucket now, am I?" I questioned, giving him a big pout.

He pulled me in and kissed me, tender and soft, which had my pussy tingling.

Breaking the kiss, he said, "I plan to show you how much you mean to me tonight."

"What? Are you going to take my ass?" I asked, something that both petrified and intrigued me.

"Oh, I plan to take that ass of yours," he nodded, before adding, after kissing me again, "but tonight is about treating you the way you should be treated."

"You have me curious," I said, not sure what he meant.

"And then you will be curious all day," he said, kissing me again, before getting up and going to the washroom.

I watched his tight ass until it disappeared in the washroom before getting up and stretching. My tummy growled, apparently a load of cum was not enough for breakfast. So I grabbed a robe and headed down to make French toast.

We had a nice breakfast together, neither of us talking about last night, and then he said. "I expect you dressed to the nines at 3:00."

"Why?" I asked.

"I'm taking you out," he answered.

"Where?" I questioned.

"That is for me to know and you to wonder about all day," he shrugged.

"You know I hate surprises," I whined.

"I know," he smirked.

"How dressed up is dressed up?" I asked.

"Imagine going to a five star restaurant," he replied.

"In Cutsville?" I laughed, our nicest restaurant a two stars establishment.

"I didn't say we were staying in Cutsville," he pointed out.

"Just tell me," I pleaded, moving to him and putting my hand on his cock.

"No cock for you," he said, in the exact same tone as the soup Nazi in that Seinfeld episode.

"You're quoting Seinfeld at me!" I gasped.

"Just be dressed sexy and ready to go out," he said.

"Fine!" I huffed, frustrated to have to wait all day to find out what he had planned.

"I know it will drive you crazy," he laughed, as he headed out of the kitchen.

"You're just like your father," I called back after him. Darren also loved to surprise me, but first by teasing me relentlessly. For example, giving me Christmas hints in November. I remember searching the whole house looking for a gift he teased me about, but I never found it as he knew I would search for it. It ended up being plane tickets to Jamaica that had us flying out on the twenty-sixth.

All day, I wondered what he had planned. Where were we going? Obviously to the city, but what did he have in mind? What should I wear?

Deciding that if he wanted me dressed to the nines I was going to go all out (I never had a reason to dress up anymore). I called my hair dresser for an emergency hairdo, booked a pedicure and manicure and drove to the lingerie store for some new sexy lingerie to wear for tonight. I would look ravishing and decadent on the outside tonight, but underneath I would be dressed like an insatiable slut ready for pleasure.

When I got home at 2:30, I put on my new lingerie, which included a black sexy camisole, a black thong, and black silk seamed stockings. I also purchased new four inch fuck me heels. Once

dressed, I looked pretty amazing. On the outside classy and sexy, yet underneath slutty and ready to fuck my son.

Paul got home a couple of minutes before three, saw me and stammered, "W-w-wow!"

"You approve?" I asked coyly.

"You look stunning," he complimented.

"You should see what's underneath this," I teased, moving to him and reaching for his cock.

"God, Mom," he said, "I'd love to fuck you here and now, but we've got to get going."

"You sure there is no time for a quickie?" I purred, biting his ear, while giving his cock a firm squeeze through his pants.

"I don't...well...um," he stammered distracted by my double teasing.

I then quit both and said, "Its okay, I probably shouldn't mess up this look anyway."

"You tease," he said.

"And dressed to please," I quipped.

He laughed as he said, "I just got to get ready. Give me five minutes."

"This took all day and you can get ready in five minutes?" I questioned.

"The nature of the beast," he shrugged.

"Looking forward to a little beauty and your beast," I seductively said.

"Mom, you really are insatiable," he smiled.

"We just opened Pandora's Box and now that it is open, it is wide open," I pointed out.

"That it is," he said, going to his room.

Ten minutes later, we were in the car and he was driving. I asked, curious, as he was dressed in a suit and tie, "Where are we going?"

"Out," he answered, elusively.

"You're just like your father," I sighed, repeating the accusation.

"Like father like son," he quipped.

We chatted about life for the next forty minutes as he drove us to the city. As we arrived, he asked, "Ever been to Winston's?"

"You got us into Winston's?" I gasped. Winston's was a five star, celebrity filled restaurant.

"I have connections," he shrugged.

"Who?" I asked, still in awe. Even though he mentioned a five star restaurant earlier today, Winston's never popped into my head.

"I can't give away all my secrets," he smiled.

"And how can you afford it?" I asked.

"Online computer support is surprisingly lucrative," he answered.

"I'm in awe," I said, having never been to such a place before.

"The night is just starting, Courtney," he said putting his hand on my leg.

"I'm Courtney now?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Tonight we are not mother and son," he answered.

"This is a date?" I asked, suddenly flattered.

"That's the plan." He nodded. "You deserve to be wined and dined. To be treated like the lovely woman you are"

"Oh, Paul," I said, my heart melting. "It's been so long since I've been on a real date."

"I know," he nodded. "Tonight is a new beginning"

"I think yesterday was," I quipped, thinking of all the times we had had sex.

"Fair enough," he laughed, looking at me while at a red light. "You're the most beautiful woman in the world, Mom."

"I thought I was Courtney?" I teased, putting my hand in his.

"Sorry, hard habit to break," he admitted.

"But you're my inspiration," I joked.

"What?" He asked, not catching my Chicago reference.

"Never mind," I smiled, "Thank you so much for this."

"You deserve the world," he answered.

"I already have it," I smiled back, as we pulled into the restaurant.

We pulled up, where a valet took the car and Paul came to me, offered me his arm and led me into the elegant five star restaurant. I felt decadent and rich, beautiful and wanted...something I hadn't felt in a long time.

Once inside, Paul said to the beautiful young maître d, "A reservation for Silver."

The woman looked down and said, "Oh, Mr. James wants to meet you."

"Oh, okay," Paul said, slightly surprised. As the woman walked away, Paul explained, "I've done some computer work for them."

"Oh," I nodded, as he answered the question I had been wondering.

Paul took his hand in mine and I couldn't help but feel like a high school girl again. I squeezed his hand and waited contently.

A good looking bald man came to us a couple of minutes later and greeted, "So you're Paul."

"I am," Paul nodded, shaking hands.

"You were a life saver," he said.

"I'm happy I could help," Paul responded, before adding, "and thank you for getting me a table at the last minute."

"It's the least I could do," the man said, before adding, "Tonight, everything is on the house, for you and your lovely lady, so enjoy."

"You don't have to do that," Paul said, while I blushed at the compliment.

"I don't," he laughed. "but I can."

Paul laughed, "Well, thank you."

"No, thank you," he said, before turning to the maître d' and adding, "Take the couple to table seven."

"Yes, Mr. James," she nodded.

"Enjoy your evening," Mr. James said to both of us.

"We will," both Paul and I said in unison.

"Follow me Mr. Silver," the maître d said.

Soon we were at the table and I looked around. I noticed almost instantly that I was one of the oldest women here. Most tables had an older man dressed in a suit and tie with a much younger woman dressed elegantly. It was quickly apparent that Paul and I were the exception to the elite upper class world. Ironically, dressed as I was, with a man I loved, I didn't feel threatened or insecure...I felt like I fit in. I was slightly disappointed there were no recognizable celebrities, but in the end tonight was about Paul and I and not about celebrity sightseeing.

A ridiculously big breasted waitress came and took our drink order and then Paul and I chatted.

"So, surprised?" Paul asked.

"Are our waitress's breasts massive?" I quipped.

"I didn't notice," Paul shrugged, not looking around at all, but keeping his gaze on me.

"I'm twice the age of most of the woman here," I pointed out.

"Yet, you're still the hottest one here," he countered.

"When did you become so smooth?" I asked, flattered by his attention to me, especially when there were so many radiant, beautiful, model like women all around him.

"Some things just come naturally," he shrugged.

"Oh, I like how you come naturally," I teased, slipping my foot out of my heel and moving my foot to his crotch.

He blushed and stammered, "O-o-oh, God."

"My date isn't hard?" I pouted.

"I will be soon," he responded, moving his hand to adjust his assumedly growing cock.

"Good," I smiled, rubbing my stocking-clad foot on his cock. "I want you ready and willing the moment we have an opportunity."

"You're insatiable," he groaned, just as the waitress came with our drinks.

I gave one last firm push and moved my foot away.

We ordered food, chatted about life, avoiding again anything sexual even as the sexual tension simmered just below the surface.

As we were finishing our meals, Paul said, "Look who just came in."

I turned to see it was Hugh Grant. Notting Hill is my favourite movie and Hugh Grant one of my favourite actors...his accent always turns me on. "Oh my God, oh my God," I repeated, like a giddy teenager seeing Justin Bieber.

"Want to meet him?" Paul asked.

"How?" I said, as Hugh Grant sat down at a table directly across from us.

"I'll ask him?" he shrugged, standing up. "Although I will refer to you as my Mom and not my date for this brief exchange."

"Yes, son," I nodded, not able to believe how confident he had become; only just yesterday, he had been my shy reserved son. I wondered if his fucking me had created a new confidence in him, or if I just had been oblivious to this.

"I'll be right back," he said, walking directly to the table where Hugh Grant was with a pretty younger woman. Again, the exact opposite May-December relationship than the one my son and I now had.

I watched in awe as my son began talking with Hugh Grant. After a minute, Hugh Grant nodded, stood up and walked over to me. My cunt instantly dampened even before he was in front of me.

Reaching me, Hugh Grant extended his hand and said, his accent making my panties dampen even more, "Hi, it's nice to meet you, Courtney."

I stammered, "It-it-it's nice to meet you too," feeling like a high school girl again.

"Your son here tells me he is taking you out on the town tonight to celebrate all you have done for him," he said.

Instantly, a naughty thought of all that I had done for him yesterday popped into my head. Yet, I said, "I have a very good son."

"Stand up Mom, I'll take a picture of you two," Paul offered.

"Oh, okay," I nodded, so star-struck that I really wasn't processing at normal speed. I stood up and almost stumbled, my legs feeling like jelly. Hugh Grant caught me, wrapped his arm around me and posed for the photo.

Paul took a couple photos and Hugh Grant then said, "It was a pleasure meeting you."

The way he said pleasure made me want to give him pleasure, but I smiled and said, getting slightly flirty, "Oh, the pleasure was all mine."

"Have a great night," he smiled, kissed me on the cheek and returned to his table.

The whole interaction between Hugh Grant and I didn't even last two minutes, yet it felt like time stood still. I sat back down and said, "Thank you so much."

Mocking me, he replied, "Oh, the pleasure was all mine."

"Brat," I shot back.

He handed me the phone and I looked at the photo. It was amazingly perfect. This night was amazingly perfect. My son was amazingly perfect.

"Shoot, we need to get going," he said, looking at his watch.

"Why?" I asked, handing him his phone back.

"Our next stop starts in half an hour," he said, waving the waitress over.

"Where?" I asked, apparently sticking to one word answers.

"For me to know," he began.

"And me to find out. Yeah, yeah," I sighed, "not a big fan of this side of your father."

"What side are you a fan of?" He said, his tone seductive.

"Almost everything else," I countered, implying the obvious, just as the waitress arrived.

Dessert done, we headed out of the restaurant. Once outside, he offered me his arm. I put my arm inside his as he led me away from where our car was parked.

I asked, even though I assumed he wasn't going to tell me, "Where are we going?"

"Yep," he answered, ignoring the question, keeping it a surprise.

I sighed, "For someone who is guaranteed to get lucky tonight, you sure are not helping your cause with all these secrets."

"Really? I thought I was being romantic." He countered with a sly smile.

"Romantic and annoying," I countered.

"I'll take that," he chuckled as we turned the corner and I instantly knew where we were going.

"We're going to Mamma Mia?" I asked, seeing the bright lights of the Capital Theatre.

"Either that, or the strip club down the road," he quipped.

"I'd be okay with either," I quipped back.

"Good to know," he smiled, sliding his hand into mine. "But for now let's go see the play you always talk about."

"It's just the movie was so terrible. Seriously, I love Meryl Streep, but she can't sing and don't get me started on Pierce Brosnan being cast," I ranted, still unable to fathom Hollywood wrecking the movie so badly.

"I know," he laughed "This is an amateur production."

"At least I bet they will be able to sing," I said.

"I hope so," he agreed, as we reached the theatre entrance.

"This is the perfect night," I said, amazed by how well he knew me.

"And you, the perfect women," he added, as we entered the theatre.

Once inside, I said, "I need to use the ladies room."

"And I need to get the tickets," he said. He leaned in and gave me a soft kiss. Although it was gentle and short, it felt exhilarating to commit incest in front of a theatre full of unknowing patrons.

A few minutes later, we were walking up the stairs to the second level, where he had yet another surprise for me. As we reached the balcony, I realized we had our own private seats...and they were excellent.

I asked, as we sat down, "Did you do work for the theatre too?"

"Nope. Craigslist and luck," he answered.

"Well, every time I think I can't be surprised anymore," I said, feeling amazed and significant.

He took my hand just as the lights dimmed. We watched the first act in comfortable silence. I enjoyed it, yet I couldn't help but have a growing desire to surprise him. As the second act started, after I downed a glass of wine to get some liquid courage, I decided it was my turn to surprise him. I decided to put him 'Under Attack'. I fished out his cock and began slowly stroking it as the first song played.

He groaned as I stroked his beautiful cock until it was hard.

As they sang 'One of Us', I leaned forward and took his cock in my mouth. I slowly bobbed up and down throughout the song...wanting to tease him, but not allow him to come.

"Shit, Mom, this is wild," he groaned.

I sat back up and asked, as the song ended, "Enjoying the show?"

"Both of them," he smiled.

I leaned back in my chair, shifted my body, slipped out of my heels, moved my feet to his stiff rod and began giving him a stocking foot job.

"Shit," he whimpered, as I slowly stroked his cock throughout the performance of 'SOS'. He grunted, "I think I may have to have my own SOS."

"No coming yet," I teased, moving my foot to his mouth.

He took my stocking toes in his mouth as he massaged my foot simultaneously. I realized that if anyone looked up at our private box, they would see a stocking-clad leg in the air. After a few more seconds, I returned to stroking his cock for the remainder of the song with my feet. I decided then and there I was going to fuck my son, here and now. I couldn't wait any longer, my insatiable hunger overriding common sense.

"I love you, Mom," he groaned, as the song ended.

"Then you are really going to like this," I promised, standing up, straddling his legs, tugging my thong to the side and lowering myself on his erect missile.

"Mommmmmm," he moaned, shocked by what I had just done.

"What? Your mother does know," I playfully quipped, as the actors broke into the fun 'Does Your Mother Know?'

"Shit, Mom," he groaned.

"I thought I was Courtney, tonight," I moaned back.

"You're my everything," he romantically retorted, as I watched the show while my son's cock was buried deep inside me.

I just sat on Paul for the next few numbers, occasionally moving my ass back and forth to tease him and in turn me.

It wasn't until the encore, when they broke into 'Dancing Queen' some forty minutes after I had straddled his cock, with lots of slow teasing, did I lean forward, against the balcony rail, and demanded, "Make me a fucking queen, baby."

Paul didn't need to be told twice. Obviously forty minutes of having his cock stuck in my oven, he was ready to cook.

He began fucking me slowly, clearly concerned about drawing attention to us.

"You bad boy, fucking a hot MILF in public," I moaned, wanting to be fucked hard, so I began bucking back to meet his strokes.

"Oh God, Mom," he groaned.

"Fuck me, baby, fuck your Mommy while all these well-dressed couples are oblivious," I said, getting turned on even more by the kinky reality of what we were doing.

"I'm going to come any second," he warned, as clearly I had overheated him while I kept him on broil the past forty minutes."

"Cunt or mouth?" I asked.

"Mouth, Mommy," he groaned.

I turned around, and dropped to my knees just in time to get his first spray directly on my face.

"Sorrrrry," he groaned, as he gave me an accidental facial, the second spray shooting directly in my open mouth.

After one more rope hit me in the chin, I took his cock back in my mouth and lavishly finished what I started, my own pussy still on fire and begging attention.

He said, a few seconds later, "Sit up, let me get you off now."

"You don't have to," I said, even though I was dying to come.

"Sit back on your chair and enjoy the rest of the show," he ordered, somewhat firmly.

"Yes, sir," I joked, as I obeyed.

I watched as he dropped to his knees, went under my dress and buried his face in my pussy. I moaned on contact, knowing my orgasm was already near eruption. As the show came to a climactic end, so did I, as I moaned, biting my lips so as to not alert the entire theatre, "Mamma Mia."

He laughed as he continued licking my cum.

A moment later, he sat back up, just as the crowd all stood to applaud the actors. We stood up too, both of our faces coated with each other's cum. It was ludicrous and beautiful.

He took my hand and asked, surprising me again, "Truth or dare?"

"Well, the truth is already incredibly crazy so I'll take dare," I answered, curious where he was going with this.

"I dare you to keep my cum on your face until we get home," he said, surprising me yet again.

"You dirty boy," I smirked, the idea both incredibly twisted and naughty, yet a little extreme.

"It's just a fantasy I've always had," he explained.

"To come all over your mother's face and then strut her around as a slut?" I quipped, although my tone implied I was teasing him.

"Honestly," he said, "Yes, that's exactly the fantasy."

"Well, I've been pretty good at trying to make all your fantasies true so far, no point backing down now," I replied, the idea so naughty, it made my cunt tingle.

He took my hand and asked, "Shall we?"

"You're the man," I said, loving giving myself to him completely, seeing him not as my son, but as my lover and protector.

"And you're my woman," he replied, not in the barbarian way one might usually say it in a dominant man-woman relationship.

He led me out of the private box and down the stairs, I had no idea what I looked like. Did I have a big gob of cum that was obvious on my face? Had it dried already? Was my make-up still immaculate? I felt slightly self-conscious, and I wondered if every person we passed saw the cum all over my face and if they thought me a whore. Yet, being with Paul, hand in hand, I didn't give a flying fuck what anyone else here thought of me, I was in love with him and would do anything, and I do mean anything, to please him.

A woman did give a couple double take that convinced me the cum on my face was noticeable, but I just kept smiling as we walked out of the theatre and into the lovely summer air.

We returned to the car and started driving home. Once we were on the highway, Paul asked, "Did you enjoy our date?"

"It was a perfect night, except I just realized something," I said, with a smile.

"What's that?" he asked, with concern, clearly wanting this night to be perfect.

"I didn't get any dessert," I revealed, fishing out his cock, pulling it out and taking it in my mouth while he drove.

He moaned instantly.

After a minute of getting him fully erect, I took his cock out of my mouth and said, "Now don't get us killed while I have my dessert."

"Okay," he chuckled, as I took his cock back in my mouth. "Although it would be the best way to die."

THE END

*Due to many requests...coming in spring or summer of 2017... part 3...*

**"Mom-Son": Anal Virginity**