

This year my life got really strange on valentines day, but in a good way. I was sitting at the breakfast table eating the pancakes that mom had just placed on my plate. Dad was still upstairs doing his morning shave and shower routine. Still in her white satin robe, mom sat down next to me and crossed her beautiful legs. They were always so silky-looking and exhibited a feminine strength. Mom loved to sit there and watch me eat. You'd think after all these years I'd have gotten used to it, but the truth was it still made me feel a little self-conscious.

"How's your breakfast?" she asked, in her sweet motherly tone.

"Great, thanks for making it," I answered.

She reached out and stroked my cheek. "Anything for my boy," she cooed.

While reaching out, her robe peeked open, revealing her huge naked cleavage. As a breast-lover, I had to admit that mom had the biggest, softest-looking breasts of anyone I knew. I'd be lying if I said I didn't dream of getting my hands on them.

She reached in her robe pocket and handed me an envelope.

"Here, this is for you," she said with a bright smile..

I took it from her curiously. "What is it?" I asked.

"It's a valentine, from me. It is valentine's day you know?"

"Yeah, I guess I forgot that was today," I admitted. Without a girlfriend, it was an easy day to forget this year.

Mom got up and walked across the kitchen, her plump ass swaying seductively beneath her robe. Mom was a tall woman, but always seemed much taller by the shoes she wore. Her sexy feet were always displayed in the daintiest little high-heeled slippers. They were nothing but a thin leather strap crossing her painted toes, and a skinny 4-inch heel, which tapped delicately against the floor as she walked. Mom was a yoga instructor at the local health club, which kept her body in peak physical form. She had long black hair that fell over her shoulders and full lips that always seemed so kissable.

"Can I open it?" I asked.

She laughed as she began doing dishes. "That is the idea," she teased.

I opened the envelope and found a card in the shape of a heart. I opened the card and something fell out. I was surprised to find that it was a condom, still in its unopened wrapper. The card itself read:

Happy Valentine's day, love!

Will you be mine?

Love, Mom

I read it over and over again, then looked at the condom curiously, wondering exactly why she would include it with her card. Mom still had her back to me, doing dishes.

"Did you open it yet?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"And?" she asked.

"What's this for?" I asked, holding up the condom.

Mom dried her hands and sashayed towards me with a smile. Her big oversized boobs bobbed beneath her robe and I could clearly see her nipples protruding from beneath the fabric.

"That's so you don't get your valentine pregnant," she said.

"Oh, um... pregnant?"

"Yeah, you know, it fits down over your boner, snug against your nut-sack. It has a receptacle tip to keep all your baby-makers inside it," mom teased.

"I know what a condom is, mom," I said, rolling my eyes. "What I meant is, I don't really have a valentine this year to worry about getting pregnant."

She picked the card up off the table handing it to me, forcing me to take another look.

"Yes you do. You just haven't answered her yet," she said.

Again, I read the card, then it struck me.

Happy Valentine's day, love!

Will you be mine?

Love, Mom

It was then I realized that mom was serious about being my valentine, but I still wondered if the condom part was just a joke. Just then, my father walked into the kitchen.

"Good morning," he said cheerfully.

"Hi, dad," I said, tucking the card and condom away.

"Do you have time for breakfast, sweetie?" Mom asked him.

Dad grabbed an apple out of the fruit bowl.

"No, I better eat on the road. Got to be at the office a little early today. You need a ride to school, son?" he asked.

I looked at mom to find her staring back at me, awaiting my answer. Her boobs were thrust out and she teasingly slid one sexy leg from the slit of her robe, drawing my attention.

"No...uh, that's okay, dad. I'll take my bike today."

"Don't be silly. I'm going right by the school. I'll drop you off," he said.

"I'm encouraging Jake to get more exercise," mom interjected. "I think it would be good if he took his bike this morning."

"Okay, well, I better head out," dad said.

Mom walked him to the door. I saw dad suddenly turn to mom as she ushered him out.

"Oh, I almost forgot. Love you, valentine," he said, giving mom a peck on the lips.

Mom gave him a quirky little smile and another quick kiss.

"You're gonna be late," she said and seemed to almost impatiently push him out the door. Mom closed the door behind him and locked it. She came back into the kitchen and took a seat next to me, again crossing those amazing legs.

"Well?" she asked.

"Well what?"

"I never got an answer. Do you wanna be mine? Do you wanna be mom's valentine?" she asked sweetly.

"Sure," I muttered.

We stared at one another for a moment, a special kind of magic passing between us.

"But if I'm gonna take my bike, I should probably be heading to school," I added.

Mom shook her head and giggled. "I don't think so," she said.

"I'm not going to school?" I asked.

"Nope," she said candidly.

"What...uh, what am I doing today then?" I asked.

Mom smiled warmly. "Don't you mean, what are WE doing today?" she asked.

"Yeah...what are we doing?"

Mom stepped up to me and gazed into my eyes naughtily. "What do valentine's usually do on valentine's day?" she asked.

"Oh," I muttered, my heart doing an excited somersault in my chest.

Mom lowered down on her knees in front of me, and began to unbutton my pants and pull down my zipper. I watched in fascinated disbelief as my own mom yanked my pants down, then my boxer-briefs. My cock sprang to attention, right in front of her face.

"Give me the condom," she said.

I did so, and she ripped it open. She took the latex ring and put it in her mouth. Then she grabbed my erection and forced the engorged head of my cock between her lips. I couldn't believe this was happening. As my cock sunk into her mouth, mom used her lips to work the condom onto my cock. I watched as she swallowed every inch until the condom was completely unrolled, then she slid my pecker from her mouth and looked up into my eyes.

"You could dislocate my jaw with that big thing," she teased.

"Sorry."

"Apologizing for have a huge cock. Don't you dare," she said. "Sit down, lover."

I did as she told me, and mom stood up and reached under her robe. I watched in disbelief as she pulled her dainty panties off and kicked them aside. She slid her cute feet from their heels and opened her robe.

I only got a quick look before she was on me. Her enormous breasts wobbled heavily from side to side as mom straddled me. I looked down at her neatly-trimmed mommy-muffin as it descended upon my cock. Her labial-lips were splayed apart, like an open mouth preparing to suck. I could even see her engorged clitoris peeking out from beneath it's fleshy hood. All at once, I felt my dick sink into her warm, soft love-pouch. Deeper and deeper it sank, until the weight of her lush ass was on my lap and my balls were pressed against the ring of her asshole. Facing one another, mom hugged me tightly. Our chests met, and the pillow-like softness of her boobs flattened out against my chest. Mom brought her lips to my ear.

"Fuck me, valentine!" she whispered. "Fuck your mother, lover."

Mom began to bounce on my lap, and I felt my dick glide up and down her amazing cunt. I started to buck my hips and soon we were off into a wild incestuous hump. Again and again, her meaty buttocks beat down onto my lap as my cock pistoned in and out of her most secret place. Mom was moaning and panting, clawing my back with her nails.

"Oh God, you darling little motherfucker!" she groaned. "Digging your young brick-hard cock so deep inside your valentine!"

Mom worked her cunny up and down my rock-hard pole. Up and down and up and down, then grinding my mushroom tip against the head of her cervix. I could feel her hot fuck-oil bathing my throbbing prick and it felt divine.

Her big boobies sloshed around against my chest, smothering me with their fatty softness. Their big rubbery nipples and areola poked against the flesh of my chest. Mom nibbled at my ear as she clung to me and fucked my cock.

"Did you really think you were leaving today without getting some valentine pussy!" she whimpered.

"I didn't expect it," I confessed.

"I did!" she said. "I couldn't wait to get your father out the door so I could get this big fat pink pickle inside me!"

"Oh man, mom. It turns me on so much when you talk like that," I sighed, feeling my glans tingle.

"Mm, you like that, baby? You like mom to say naughty things to you while she bounces up and down on you like a fucking whore?!"

"God, yes!" I hissed, feeling my tender cock plunge up and down her birthing tube. Even with a condom on it felt insanely good.

"It seems like just yesterday I was helping my little boy get dressed, and wash his little Willy in the bathtub," mom cooed. "Now his dicky so big n hard, he's just gonna make his Mommy's hot pussy gush all over it."

"Ohh, damn," I sighed, delighted by the feel of her experienced cunt and the sound of her nasty words.

"You like how that feels, darling. You like Mommy's apple-bottomed ass slapping against your nuts like this?"

"Yes," I gasped, so excited I could hardly stand it.

"Mm, letting mom sweep her pink chimney with that big juicy hardon," she said lustfully.

"Feels so good," I said breathlessly, delighted by the way her squishy monster cleavage was bumping my chin while she humped.

"That's right, no high school pussy for you this year, young man" Mom said. "Your hard penis gets to dig through a mommy-pussy. It gets to feel it right, baby."

"Oh God, mom, you're driving me crazy."

Mom suddenly hooked her luscious legs around the chair, grinding our pelvis's together and clinging to me tightly with her lips at my ear. "I can tell I am baby boy. I can feel you cock flexing and throbbing inside me."

My eyes rolled back as I felt my bell tip stirring around against mom's cervical head. "That's it, honey... press against mom's baby-gate. If your boner wasn't sheathed, you'd be smearing it with your hot pre-cum."

"God," I gasped, feeling her squeeze me with her pelvic floor muscles.

"Ohh, you're gonna make me cum with that hard muscle!" Mom cried, using my unyielding prick to stretch her uteri.

Mom was plowing me inside her so good it felt like my cock was gonna tear right through the condom. I couldn't imagine how good it would feel without it on.

"Oh yeah...oh God, I'm gonna cum!!!" she moaned. "You're about to make your mother cum! Oh God!!!! Oh shit!!! Oh fuck!!! Oh lover!!!" Mom screamed out, frantically grinding her pussy on me.

"I'm cumming!!! Oh, baby, I'm cumming on you!!! AAHH!!! AAAHHH!!! AAAAHHHHHH!!!! she cried out, her face contorting into a look of wild euphoric pleasure.

I felt a stream of warm liquid girl-cum run down onto my balls.

"I'm cumming on you!" Mom announced. "I'm squirting my love-nectar on your big thick cock!"

"Oh, yes!" I moaned, feeling my nuts clench up. "I'm cumming too!"

Mom clung on to me even tighter, throwing her pussy-tube up and down my pole. "Mmm, let mom help your cream flow from your balls to your bell tip!" she mewled.

That she did. Milking me with her skilled vagina, I started grunting in pleasure, while blasting spunk into the condom.

Mom and I rode the waves of orgasm for about two full minutes, before she stopped her humping, then slid off of me and took my hand.

"My bed or yours?" she asked, her big naked melon-mounds heaving on her chest.

"We're gonna go again?" I asked stupidly.

"You wanna get on your bike and ride to school, or do you wanna climb between mom's soft thighs so she can school you on how to pound the shit out of a girl in the raw?" Mom asked seductively.

"In the raw?" I asked, my heart beating fast as I looked down at mom's neatly-trimmed pubic triangle.

"That's right," she said, glancing down at the cum-filled condom on my cock. "Take it off."

I gladly complied. Of course I chose mom's idea and she led me upstairs and into her bedroom, my dick wagging stiffly on my loins the whole way. She threw off her robe and fell onto her back in the center of her bed, making her huge milkers roll around on her chest. She reached out and pulled me down between her strong widening thighs.

"Let's bump our bellies," she said with thrill in her voice, then quickly reached down and guided my cock back into her matronly love-nest.

"Ohhh, shit!" I hissed, feeling the wet velvety furnace of her cunt greet my erection, molding snugly to it's contours.

"There you go, baby," mom cooed. "Now you can feel all mom's pussy smother that tender dick."

"Feels amazing!"

"Yes!" Mom agreed, throwing her lovely legs around me, high up around my back. "Smear my walls with the juice dripping from that piss-slit."

My body trembled in reaction to her hot words. I began feeding my prick in and out of her, my heart beating so hard I felt like I had just run a sprint.

She continued with the dirty talk, while rocking her hips beneath me. "Mom doesn't need a card or a box of candy. She just needs her valentine's big fat dick squeezing through her."

Mom used her strong legs to pull me in as deep as I could go. "All the way to her baby-gate," she said, as I felt my dick push wetly against the puckered entrance to her cervix. I felt like my nob was swelling between two pouty lips. I felt her hot cervical mucus sizzle on my glans, driving me insane.

"Careful now," Mom warned. "You don't wanna get your valentine preggers. She's probably got an egg attached in there, just waiting for baby slime."

"You think so?" I said, wondering why Mom would be willing to let me go bareback.

"Yes. You can pump out your hot seed in my birthing tube, but probably better not to go near my baby-gate when that love-juice starts bubbling out the slit of your bell," she advised.

"Ok," I muttered.

"Fuck me hard now, baby! I want you to let go!" she said.

Like a steam locomotive, I began to piston my throbbing rod in and out of mom's quivering twat. She threw her legs back until her ankles were resting on my shoulders. My head was between her pretty little feet.

"You like my sexual yoga move?" she panted.

"Love it," I said, getting into a fuck-rhythm.

"You can twist my body around any way you want," she said lustfully. "As long as you keep fucking me hard and deep."

"Deal," I sighed, bringing my weight down on her while pumping into her.

"Oh God, fuck meeeee!!!! she screamed. Harder!!! Harder, please!!!!!"

I humped with all my might. The room filled with the sounds of squeaking bedsprings, and the lewd repetitive slaps of my balls beating against mom's puckered asshole. Mom's big stiff-nippled tits rolled wildly across her chest, sloshing between us.

Now unsheathed by a condom, I could really feel the snug slippery texture of mom's vagina around my dick. I had fucked a handful of girls my own age, but none of them felt quite this amazing. The well-pronounced ribs along her inner lining felt like nothing else I had ever experienced. I could tell by the way her cunt was grasping me that her abs and glutes weren't the only muscle groups she had spent time strengthening.

"Ohh damn that feels good, mom," my shaky voice moaned.

"So does your cock, baby," mom gasped. "You have a genuine cunt-splitter!"

"Do I?"

"Fuck yes, you do," she said, humping her cunt right back at me. "You know just the right angle to rub that fat pink tip directly against my G-spot."

"Oh, you mean like this?" I said in a cocky tone, angling my thrusts so I knew I was carving my nob against her upper wall.

"YESS! Oh shit, you know just how to fuck your valentine!" she cried out.

For twenty more minutes we humped like mad. Mom was like a sex-crazed animal, grunting, licking and biting at my neck and shoulders. I fucking loved it.

"Come on, motherfucker... make me yours!" Mom gasped. I could tell she was on the verge of cumming like crazy.

I dipped my face down to one of her rolling tits and clamped my lips around the engorged nipple. Her pussy reacted with tight spasm, making me whimper into the jiggling fatty flesh of her tit-melon.

"That's it! Suck mommy's titties! Pull at those fucking nipples like you mean it!" Mom cried out.

I snarled in lust, my face surrounded in squishy tit-meat that jiggled wonderfully from our steady fucking.

"Fuck your big breasted valentine! Make me squirt hot mommy-cum on that hard pink dick!" Mom said, pumping right along with me, screwing her puffy outer labium right up around the root of my cock-base, making sure she got every inch of me.

"Cummmiinngg!" Mom announced.

My nuts began to boils as mom's cunt-tube chewed at my cock, spewing hot love-juices all around it.

"OH, YOU MOTHERFUCKER, YOU'RE MAKING ME CREAM AGAIN!!! AAAHHH!!! AAAHHH!!!! she screamed out, so loud that I hoped the neighbors didn't hear.

OH GOD!!! OH FUCK...HARDER!!! HARDER!!!! AAANNGGHHH!!! ANNGGHHHH!!!! I'M CUMMING! Mom screamed, while writhing beneath me.

I suddenly felt a torrent of sperm rocket from my cock. This time there was no condom there to stop it, as mom and I bucked and humped in sexual bliss. For five minutes we rode the waves of pleasure until finally, mom took her legs from my shoulders and we rested together in one big pile of naked sweaty flesh.

"Ohh, fuck," Mom sighed holding me against her pillow-like bosom. "Did you enjoy your valentine, love?" she asked.

"Yeah," I said breathlessly. "Best valentine gift I ever got."

"Well if you just got me pregnant we both might have another gift coming in nine months," she teased.

"Hopefully not."

"Don't think you'd like mom with a big round belly?" she asked. "And tits that swell so big they'd be able to smother your entire head?"

"Your tits could probably already smother my entire head, mom," I teasingly pointed out.

"Maybe we should test that theory in a few minutes," she said, feeding me a naughty grin. "When I climb on top of you for more fucking."

"I wouldn't mind that," I said, ready to go again as soon as she was.

"Good, because I've decided after that second unbelievable orgasm you gave me, that from now on, you'll be more than mom's valentine," she said.

"I will?" I asked, wondering if I was hearing her correctly.

"Yep. From here on out, after your father leaves for work, you'll take his place in my bed. From now on you're more than just my son..."

"Really?" I asked, my cock twitching with excitement.

Mom looked into my eyes and licked her lips seductively. "You're my lover. Mom's darling little motherfucker," she said.

Once again, our bodies came together. We were now one flesh again, just like long ago, and going forward, not a day went by that mom and I weren't bathing in our wicked incestuous love. Oh, and one other thing... I WAS right... Mom's tits did smother my entire head.

THE END