



Valentine's Day with Mom

Mom invites him over, but not for flowers.

To my surprise, I spent Valentine's Day with Mom.

I was 24, working long hours at the company, when my girlfriend suddenly broke up with me and left me dateless for February 14.

Mom had been divorced for a few years, and some sketchy efforts at online dating had left her frustrated with the prospects "out there" and, at the present time, without a steady partner.

After my breakup, Dad said something like, "There are a lot of fish in the sea, son. Time to go fishing." Mom was more sympathetic, and we had long talks on the phone about how sad the breakup left me.

So, I was surprised, pleasantly, when a few days later Mom invited me over to her house for dinner on Valentine's Day.

It was a little strange, I guess, but Mom and I had always been close, and we shared a lot. We both liked cooking. Mom taught me much of what she knew about getting around the kitchen.

My older sister never had any interest. I think it made Mom happy that in me she had an eager pupil.

I showed up at her door, past sunset, on Valentine's Day. I brought a bottle of Pinot Noir and a dish of potatoes au gratin I'd cooked. I wore a jacket and tie. I knew Mom liked it when people dressed up.

Mom was dressed all in red. She fit perfectly in a form-fitting, above-the-knee scarlet dress, with scarlet heels. Most tantalizingly – if that word is OK to use about one's Mom – she wore a red choker around her neck, with an onyx jewel.

The total effect was stunning. And jarring. I wasn't accustomed to being stunned visually by Mom.

It was nice to know she'd gone to the trouble to look so good for me, her son, her date – but it was a little strange, too.

"Carson, you look so handsome," she said.

I think I blushed. It was nice to hear a woman say that, even if it was Mom.

"You, too, Mom," I said. "You look amazing."

She might have blushed, too.

Dinner was delicious. Mom served coq au vin.

A peculiar vibe lay in the air. We tore into our food with gusto and washed it down with gulps of the red wine I had brought. We stared at each other often. I don't know why, but we did. Even as we sated our appetites, another kind of hunger grew.

By the time dinner was over I realized I wanted her. I stared into her eyes and realized, "She wants me, too."

We stood up from the table and walked to the living room to continue drinking wine, but we didn't get there.

Mom bumped into me—no way it was an accident—and I spilled wine on her dress. She said, "Oh no!", but not convincingly. She pulled the dress over her body and stood in front of me only in scarlet lace panties and a scarlet lace bra.

For only a few seconds, we stared at each other and neither said anything.

Then I got on my knees and pulled the panties to the floor, and I tapped her legs apart and my mouth went to her, licking and kissing her clit, her lips, her everything.

I scooped her up and set her on the living room sofa and unhooked her bra.

Mom lay naked before me. The only red things left were the choker and heels.

In a flash my clothes were off too, and I spread her legs. Since I was rock-hard, it took me no effort to push into her.

"That feels so good," she said.

It did. The best.

I pulled my body up from hers so I could watch my cock piston in and out her. The way her pussy lips clung to my fast-moving shaft was mesmerizing. Mom's head was back, rocking side to

side, and she moaned and squealed. She called my name – "Carson!" – over and over.

"Mom!" I called back, and it was a weird thing to say considering I was fucking her.

I held back, deliberately, so we could fuck for a long time. But finally, I came, in her, and Mom came too.

Our bodies pulsed and our hearts took a long time to slow down.

"You're the best Valentine a mom could have," she said.

"No need to limit it just to Valentine's Day, Mom," I said.

She smiled.

"You're right," she said. "No need at all."

THE END