

Vivian opened the door with three fingers that she extracted from a double armload of groceries. She managed to get a foot in the opening and swing it wide enough to enter the house.

"Little help here, please! William, are you home?"

She struggled to the kitchen and successfully planted the plastic shopping bags on the counter without breaking anything. The frown on her face exemplified her disgust at never getting any help, it seemed. Her 20-year-old stepson was probably planted in his bedroom and engaged with his computer, as usual.

"What is so important that you are on that thing all day long?" she had asked many times. The answers varied but were never satisfactory.

Vivian put away the perishables and yelled again for her son--to no avail.

"I can't believe he's actually getting some fresh air," she said aloud. "That would actually be a welcome change." She folded the empty bags and after stowing them in the pantry, walked down the hallway to the bedroom section of the house. Her high heels clicked on the tile floor as she marched by William's room, across the hall from her master suite.

She wanted to get out of her clothes and shoes into something more comfortable--Vivian dressed for the grocery store like she was going to an important meeting: typically, a skirt or dress and heels. Blessed with a knockout body despite her mid 40's age, her clothes gave her a look of class. T-shirts and shorts only elicited stares from both men and women alike and she felt like a bimbo on leave from a strip club if she dressed casually. And rightly so, since, in her early twenties she had worked in those types of establishments. But that was a lifetime ago.

William's door was closed, the red "Keep Out" sign prominently displayed as a warning. Vivian put her ear to the door but all she could hear was some movement and unintelligible muttering. It almost sounded like a woman's voice!

She knocked twice and called out, "William! Are you in there?"

"Just a sec," came the response just as she turned the door handle and stuck her head in the cracked door without waiting for his permission to enter.

"What are..." she stopped mid question and stared at him hastily rearranging his shorts and zipping his fly.

"Do you mind?" he yelled. "Can't I have a little privacy?"

"What are you doing, William? Are you just getting dressed?" But then it dawned on her that he had probably been looking at porn and beating off. That would explain the female voice she had heard. She opened the door and walked to the bed. "Are you looking at porn? Let me see what you're doing there." She leaned forward and looked at his laptop screen upside down as the image quickly switched from what appeared to be a large breasted woman giving a blowjob to a Facebook page.

"Geez, mom. I'm just looking at social media. Is that a federal offense or something?"

"Of course not, but I would like a little help around here occasionally. I came home with a ton of

groceries and had to manage alone while you're in here jacking off or whatever you were doing. You need to pull some more weight around here now that it is just the two of us.

"I wasn't jacking off. Geez, that's disgusting. I just had to zip up my pants and you came barging in." William's face had turned bright crimson at the accusation...which...both knew to be true.

Vivian sat on the edge of the bed.

"Honey, I'm sorry that I barged in, but you need to do things besides sit in your room and play games on your computer. I know your father's death was a huge shock, but we need to move on. This isn't healthy. You need to get out with your friends more. Get some exercise. You used to be so active. And I can't run this house without a little help. You're the man of the house now."

Vivian reached over and kissed her son on the forehead and tousled his thick, curly locks playfully. She held his head in both hands and looked into his eyes for a pregnant moment, and then kissed him on the mouth--a motherly kiss--but it caught him off guard. He tasted her lip stick and caught a whiff of her expensive perfume and it dizzied him for an instant.

"Why don't you get cleaned up and then come out and help me with dinner, hmm? I need the company of a man and I promised I won't embarrass you. I'm going to take a shower, change clothes and relax a bit first, though. And honestly, I don't care if you do look at some porn if it's not weird stuff or illegal. Ok, Sweetie?"

Vivian pecked her stepson once more on the lips and stood up to leave. "Talk to you later."

She turned and walked out the door and across the hall to her bedroom. William stared after her, the second kiss still on his mind. He could swear it was just a bit longer than the first, and it caused a stirring in his groin. His stepmom liked to kiss him, and when he was younger, he squirmed at the thought, but now he found it enjoyable and even a turn on.

"Jesus," he thought. "I'm getting a hard-on from my mother's kiss. I must be hornier than I thought." But this wasn't the first time he had reacted this way. In truth, he had fantasized about Vivian in his dreams on many occasions, imagining being in bed with her, sucking on those big tits and having his way with her.

William's dad and Vivian had been married for 10 years before he was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer and died within months of the diagnosis. His mother had suffered a similar fate when he was only 7, and Vivian became his mother when he was 11. Their relationship developed slowly. She was careful to let him get used to his new mother without being overbearing. At the same time, she let him know she would always be there for him and understood if it took some time for him to get used to his new mom.

As kids do, William adapted to the situation quickly, but could never bring himself to call her "mom." Instead, he called her Vivian to her face even though he referred to her as his mom with his friends. And his friends all fell in love with her. She was beautiful, with thick, red hair, blue eyes, large breasts, and a trim waist. William never really bonded with her as a son, but instead harbored secret sexual fantasies about her as a MILF, a term he was very familiar with.

Vivian had secrets of her own, as we all do. She had worked for several years in a strip club after turning 21--first as a waitress and later as a dancer under the stage name Busty Betty. She was a natural with her large breasts and apple ass, and the clientele loved her, so the tips flowed freely. But she soon learned that despite the potential for big money, the drawbacks were many. The business had its sleazy side, but she avoided those elements as much as possible, rarely doing lap

dances and focusing on the creativity of stage dancing based on years of modern dance lessons during her teenage years. Her dancing was sensual and exotic but rooted in artistry. The downside, she eventually learned, was that the managers were controlling and cheated the dancers at every opportunity. Many of the girls supplemented their wages with prostitution, but Vivian did not travel that path.

However, during that time she did a few soft-core photo shoots for extra cash. Her knockout figure attracted the attention of professionals and amateur photographers alike, and she consented to a session with one of the more convincing pros. That had resulted in one particularly hot session and a brief affair. But Vivian was concerned that the pictures might become too public and even used as blackmail, so she ended that practice and returned to only dancing until that, too, grew tiresome.

Watching her friends and co-workers go down the one-way street of drugs finally convinced her to get out of the business, and she enrolled in a community college and quickly earned an associate degree in business.

She moved to a different state where no one would know her, and with her savings from stripping, started a boutique specializing in lingerie and ladies' wear. Timing is everything, and the business did well. She soon joined the Chamber of Commerce, and it was there that she met Dave, William's father and her eventual husband. Dave knew nothing of her life as a stripper.

After several unsuccessful attempts to have children together, they both agreed that the three of them was enough of a family. Vivian sold her business once their marriage seemed on solid ground, and life seemed to be perfect...until Dave revealed his grim diagnosis. So now, it was just Vivian and William. Money was not a concern: in the end the insurance settlement had been large. But William had not taken his father's death well. It had now been six months and Vivian realized she had to get him out of his funk. William had never been blatantly disrespectful, but he had never been warm around her either. Vivian hoped she could change that.

She stepped into her bedroom and thought she had closed the door securely before undressing and entering the walk-in shower. An open window and a gust of wind, however, caused the unlatched door to come ajar just as William was stepping into the hallway. Noticing the cracked door, he crossed the hall and peeked in. Vivian was just getting out of the shower, and after drying off, she wrapped a towel around her wet hair as she placed a foot on a make-up chair in front of her mirror and applied lotion liberally to her nude body. William had imagined his mother naked in his dreams many times, but now her nude form was in full view in the mirror. Her large breasts capped by prominent nipples and large pink areola jiggled enticingly as she rubbed the lotion into her skin. The mirror also revealed a trimmed, V-shaped, red bush, lending credence to the true color of her hair.

He involuntarily reached down and rubbed his crotch, his penis now rigid and growing, but then Vivian began to turn his way, and he quickly ducked down the hallway out of sight. She noticed the door partially open, and wrapping her body in a silky robe, walked to the doorway to close it. But first she peeked out to see if anyone was there and heard William rattling around in the kitchen.