

"Hmmm...wonder if he got a peep show," she thought. "Might do him some good to see the real thing instead of fake boobs on a 12-inch screen."

Her son was handsome in a geeky sort of way. He was starting to flesh out despite getting little exercise of late, and the chubbiness of his adolescence had given way to a slender, if not exactly muscular, physique. He had shot up to just over 6 feet and he now towered over his mother, who at 5'4" tried to add to her height with heels whenever possible. Even in flats, Vivian's Barbi-doll figure never failed to attract leering stares from men and women alike.

She dressed in sweats and sandals and headed for the kitchen.

"What sounds good for dinner, Honey? I bought a couple of steaks. How does that sound?" Vivian opened a bottle of red wine as she was chatting and poured herself a glass. "Want to try a taste of wine? You're old enough as far as I'm concerned. Here--take a sip." She unconsciously hoped a little alcohol might loosen him up so they could be more comfortable around one another. She decided she would do whatever it took to know him better.

Vivian offered her glass to William who uncharacteristically hammed it up by adopting an effete wine taster pose and swirled the liquid before sticking his nose almost in the glass.

"Fruity, yet with just a slight nuttiness on the nose." He sipped it and swallowed slowly, letting the wine slide down his throat. "And a hint of tobacco in the aftertaste," he added with a dramatic flair.

"You goofball! You are almost convincing." Vivian grabbed the glass from him and gave him a peck on the cheek. "So, want to try a glass? This is good stuff, but it is an acquired taste. Anyway, a glass of wine makes life divine."

"Sure, I'll try a glass if you are offering. It honestly didn't taste too bad. Better than the rot gut Gallo my friends made me try years ago. Took me a while to get over the taste of that, but then the whole point was to just get high."

"I remember...you were sick as a dog and tried to blame it on bad pizza or something. But your dad and I suspected you had been drinking and let you wallow in it. Anyway, just sip this slowly and enjoy the taste. I'll get dinner going. This wine will be good with the steaks as well."

William sat and watched as Vivian prepped their dinner, chatting with her and trying to forget the earlier scene when she caught him with his dick in hand beating off to internet porn. As he watched her, he pictured those big breasts of hers that had been reflected in the bedroom mirror after her shower. Jesus, she had some huge, nipples...big and perfectly pink. Even better than any he had seen on the porn sites. Wonder what it would be like to suck on those babies, he thought. He was grateful to be sitting on the opposite side of the counter where his erection could blossom secretly. He reached down and adjusted his crotch.

Vivian stepped outside and removed the grill cover. She asked William if he wanted to fulfill his manly duty. His initial thought was "Of course I'd like to fuck you," but unfortunately that wasn't what she had in mind.

"You do realize it's a man's job to do the grilling. Women aren't allowed near any outdoor cooking. At least that's the misogynistic view. But I can handle it if you don't want to do it."

"Madame, I'd be happy to take charge of the grill, but you might have to help. I'm a novice."

William fired up the Weber on the patio and grabbed the steaks from the kitchen that Vivian had pre-seasoned. After he had placed them on the grill, she came out to check on him. She stood next to him and put her arm around his waist and hugged him as he turned the meat to check for grill marks. So far, the evening was going great.

"Maybe she should offer him wine more often," she thought.

"I think you've got this, Sweetie. You're a natural. I'm so glad you're helping me out. I know it's been hard without your dad here, but we can do this." She squeezed him and looked into his eyes. "Let me give you a kiss. You are making me so happy tonight."

William leaned down to Vivian's smiling face, but instead of kissing him on the cheek, she gave him a kiss on the lips, lingering for just a second. William felt her breasts pushing into him and a growth protruding in his cotton shorts.

"Oops, my bad! I got lipstick on your mouth." Vivian reached up with her hand and wiped his lips with a forefinger. "Don't want people to wonder, do we? There--all gone." Vivian knew the effect her breasts had on men, and she never lost an opportunity to use them to her advantage. She assumed he loved her boobs pressing into him. Any man would.

William kissed her finger. "Don't worry about the lipstick. You taste good. My friends would only be jealous. They think you're hot." And so do I, he thought to himself. The image of her naked body from moments before again flashed in his brain.

"Well, I'm flattered anyone would think an old lady like me is hot, but I do know about horny teenagers. I was once one myself. Anyway, thanks for that. It's always nice to hear a compliment. I'm going back inside and make sure everything is ready. Want another glass of wine with your steak?"

"Sure. Let's celebrate. TGIF. I'll be in as soon as these are done...a few minutes."

William came in minutes later with two rib-eyes cooked to perfection, at least according to his mother. The table was set with the rest of the meal and two large glasses of Cabernet. They both sat and Vivian raised her glass.

"A toast...to the future...and to us."

"To us," William repeated.

By the time dinner was finished, so was the wine. Neither William nor his mother felt any pain by then. William was a novice drinker and despite his large size, the wine had loosened him into a giggling mood. Vivian was an experienced drinker, but her petite size coupled with several glasses of the Cab had likewise put her into good spirits. They did a quick clean-up and decided to settle in the den to see what was on the boob tube.

"I shouldn't, but I'm going to open another bottle of wine. It tasted so good. Would you like one more glass with me?"

"Sure, why not. It'll help us sleep." William smiled and sat on the couch. He was feeling no pain and was seeing his mother in a new light, both literally and figuratively.

Vivian returned after about 5 minutes wearing a pair of nylon shorts and a tank top and carrying two

glasses of wine. She studied her son for a moment as if trying to decide something.

William had turned on the television and was searching with the remote. He noticed his mother looking at the couch and her usual spot in the recliner. She set the glasses in front of him on the coffee table and plopped down next to him.

"Mind if I cuddle up next to you. I haven't had a man to nuzzle for a long time, and I'm feeling a little nostalgic. You remind me of your dad more and more these days. You are getting to be quite a man." She wrapped her arm through his and held his hand.

"You changed! That is...I mean...your clothes."

"Oh...yeah. I was getting too hot in those sweats. This is comfier." She held his hand with both of hers between her bare thighs. The contrast between her arms and her thighs was stark. "I need to work on my tan. Look how pale my legs are."

"Your legs are just fine. If anyone needs to work on a tan, it's me. I look like a ghost compared to you."

"We'll work on it together. We need to get the pool cleaned anyway. It's about time we started enjoying life again, don't you think?" Vivian released William's hand and grabbed her wine. "Another toast...here's to a great rest of the summer."

William fetched his glass and they clinked. "To summer." And Vivian kissed him again. This time with fresh lipstick.

'What is going on,' William thought. 'This is like a dream come true.' His sexy mother was acting more affectionate than ever, and he couldn't help but stare at the cleavage displayed in her loose tank top and low-cut bra. He wanted to stick his face in her chest and motorboat those big tits, but that was not going to happen, he knew. Unfortunately, his cock had a mind of its own and he did his best to control it without blatantly covering himself with a pillow. Remote in hand, he placed his forearms over his crotch and looked for something to watch.

"Let's see what's on HBO. I'm sort of in the mood for a movie," Vivian suggested.

William flashed through the choices and clicked on MILFs vs. Zombies. "This ought to be good!" he joked.

"Seriously?" Vivian asked. "Oh, what the hell. Let's check it out. It should be good for a laugh."

The movie was ridiculous, naturally, but in their giggling mood, it was also entertaining. Within minutes the MILFs were ripping their clothes off and baring their oversized breasts, obviously a key plot element.

"That should stop those zombies, Vivian commented. Nothing like a big pair of tits to get a man's attention, living or dead."

William snickered at the comment, and then, emboldened by the wine and his mother's use of the word "tits," he added, "And you should know!"

"Are you talking about these?" Vivian thrust her chest forward and hefted each boob in a small hand. "Yeah, I've turned a few heads in my day. I get it...men like big boobs, but really, they are just tits. What's the big deal? And when women with tits like mine get old, they tie a belt around them to hold

them in place. I'm not quite there yet, but I suppose if I live long enough, I'll get there. Anyway, they are often more trouble than they are worth. My bras cost a fortune--they have to be specially made for tiny women with breasts as big as mine."

Like most red-blooded males, the discussion of large breasts with his stacked mother nested with him on the couch resulted in a visible reaction from William. His penis swelled and hardened, producing a tubular shape down his thigh. Vivian was looking straight ahead at the tv where bare breasted MILFs were hugging one another in fear during a zombie attack. Vivian sipped her wine and placed her free hand on William's thigh before realizing she had put it directly on his engorged cock. As soon as she realized what she had done, she quickly removed it.

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