

"Oops, sorry Honey. I guess the movie caused a little excitement. Don't worry. You are a normal male with a normal reaction. No need to be embarrassed. I didn't mean to grab you there!"

But William had turned crimson, partly from embarrassment and partly from excitement--first from the discussion of his mother's large bust and then when she placed her hand on his now rock-hard cock. He thought he was going to cum when he felt her hand.

"Geez, Vivian. I'm sorry. God, this is embarrassing." William stammered and took a big gulp of wine in an attempt to cover his feelings. "I couldn't help it. Sometimes parts of my body have a mind of their own."

'Shut up, you are only making it worse, you idiot,' he silently scolded himself.

Vivian tried to defray his embarrassment.

"No worries, William. Like I said, it's a normal reaction. You are a teenage boy with a healthy sex drive. I'd be worried if looking at big boobs didn't give you an erection! Maybe we should call it a night, though. I'm getting a little sleepy, but you're welcome to watch the rest of the movie. Besides, those busty MILFs don't give me the same thrill as they do you. Minus the zombies, I live with big boobs."

Vivian reached over and kissed William on the cheek. "G'night, Honey. I'll see you in the morning. Sleep tight and don't let the zombies bite!" She giggled and gave his thigh a playful squeeze. "Oops again, sorry. I forgot myself. You're still a bit excited. I'd better go to bed before I do something drastic." She giggled and after emptying her wine with a final swallow, rose and walked into the kitchen to deposit her glass before walking down the hallway to her bedroom.

William focused on her tight ass nicely wrapped in her nylon shorts as she walked away. 'Jesus,' he thought. 'She still looks great. I must be sick to look at my mother this way, but, Lord, what a body.'

He waited a few minutes and after finishing his own wine, he turned off the tv and headed for his bedroom. He desperately needed to relieve himself after the recent events of the evening.

Vivian felt giddy as she undressed and prepared for bed. She heard William shut his bedroom door as she cleansed her face and removed all remaining traces of make-up. She smiled at the thought of the embarrassment she had caused her stepson. She had certainly not intended to grab his rigid cock, but she had to admit it had given her a brief thrill. It had been months since her husband's death and some time before that when she had seen or felt his erect penis. She had needs that had gone unfulfilled by a man during that time, and she realized that she was only across the hall from a virile male who likely suffered the same frustrations.

Vivian mused as she stared at her reflection, 'William's cock felt like it was decent sized, and it was certainly hard. Poor boy! He's probably stroking a big erection right now. I bet he couldn't wait to get to his room to relieve himself.'

She opened the lower right-hand drawer of her make-up table and there sat the sex aid she had purchased after Dave's death. It was a two-pronged tubular shape with a battery powered vibrator called "The Goat." The larger end was the shape of a large, circumcised penis head with tiny hidden bearings that allowed it to rotate. The smaller prong above it was designed to vibrate and massage a clitoris at the same time. The shaft was covered in tiny, bullet shaped ridges. The device was

controlled by a switch on the butt end with several positions for a variety of combinations between the shaft, the head, and the clitoral stimulator. She had used it only a couple of times, somewhat embarrassed at first but eventually realized that it was in some ways better than the real thing. At least she was in total control and not worried about pleasing anyone. But then, wasn't that the purpose of sex: mutual pleasure?

A visual image of William pleasuring himself came to mind, and Vivian tiptoed to her door and cracking it, peeked across the hall. She made a point of noisily going into the guest bath and then reentered her bedroom after tapping on his door first and saying, "Night, William. Sweet dreams."

She stepped into her bedroom but left the door open intentionally about a foot. This would ensure a narrow view of her bed in case a peeping Tom, or a peeping William in this case, walked down the hallway.

She returned to her make-up mirror and put away her creams and lotions before reaching in the drawer and pulling out "The Goat." She stripped the last of her clothes and put on a sheer negligee top that just covered her bare ass when standing. She pulled her shoulders back and admired her large breasts in the mirror, her prominent nipples erect and at attention. Her breast had just the hint of sag to them, but they still protruded defiantly from her rib cage.

"Still got it going, at least in the tit department." She turned around and looked over her shoulder. "And a nice tight ass...maybe not pole-dancing quality but still firm for middle age."

She walked to the bed and lay on top of the covers, glancing clandestinely at the bedroom door and not seeing any eyeballs watching her. But William had been watching. When she turned to go to her bed, he quickly put his cock back in his boxers and walked down the hall toward the guest bathroom. When nothing happened at his mother's door, he returned and carefully looked in. Vivian was lying there with a vibrating dildo in her hands, massaging between her legs, her eyes closed. Both hands worked the device so that her breasts stood at attention on her chest, partially supported between her extended arms. Even though she was wearing a top, the transparent material left nothing to the imagination. Those beautiful, big orbs were prominently displayed.

William reached in his fly and pulled out his cock, now rock hard and already exuding precum. He stroked himself and watched his mother as she worked the dildo up and down her vagina and then slowly appeared to insert the end into her pussy. Her reaction was immediate. Her body jerked upward, and she let out a moan.

William could hear the faint humming of the device and its rotating head despite Vivian's stifled exclamations of pleasure as the tool did its magic. This was the most erotic scene he had ever witnessed including frequent sessions watching internet porn. Here was his own voluptuous mother masturbating with a dildo on her bed in plain view and writhing in ecstasy. Unfortunately, the angle didn't allow for a clean view of the action between her legs, but he could imagine the sight of her soaking pussy clinging to the robotic cock as she worked it in and out. He smiled at the thought of that trimmed red muff accepting the fat, clear plastic cock head of the dildo.

William struggled to avoid making any noise and alert his mother of his position in her doorway, but he knew he was going to cum soon--he was unsure how much longer he could hold it. He didn't realize that his mother's eyes were not completely closed. She had seen a movement in the doorway through squinted slits, and imagined he was masturbating in unison with her.

This brought back feelings of her dancing days when she was watched by groups of horny men as she stripped seductively on stage. She enjoyed the attention and the knowledge that she was

exciting them even though she had no intention of letting them pursue their fantasies further than tipping her with wrinkled dollar bills.

"Hey, Betty, what are you doing after closing time?" was the familiar request.

"Washing my dog," was her typical reply. Occasionally someone would be more aggressive, but the bouncers always took care of them.

But this was different. She was putting on a show for her horny stepson now. She felt sorry that his idea of a good time was jacking off to an internet bimbo with fake boobs on a porn site, but she also took guilty pleasure in this unconventional motherly role to initiate him to the real thing, even though it was only masturbation. After all, she reasoned, everybody masturbates. And she was simply giving him an opportunity to watch. What harm could come from that? He could always ignore her and return to his room if he felt there was something wrong with it.

Of course, these thoughts were only momentary flashes. The Goat was doing its work on her pussy and Vivian had forgotten what a wonderful feeling it could provide. She erased the thought of her eyewitness and concentrated on her pussy as the beginnings of an orgasm formed first in her brain, and then in the depths of her vagina. She began moaning in earnest and she released the dildo with one hand so she could also rub her pussy lips and around her clitoris with her fingers. Suddenly, a wave of pleasure overcame her, and she opened her mouth in a silent scream as her cunt erupted in a climactic spasm of love juice.

"Oh, sweet Jesus," she said aloud as wave after wave of the climax overcame her. Her pussy spewed creamy cunt juice until she could take no more, and she removed the pulsating and spinning cockhead from her pussy. She slowly and gently massaged her labia for another minute or so, until finally stopping and pulling her knees to her breasts in a fetal position of satisfaction as she rolled to her side.

Watching the whole thing, her son blew a huge load into his hand just as his mother erupted with her climax. He continued stroking himself as Vivian squirmed and thrashed in carnal pleasure. He came so hard that his sperm overflowed his cupped fingers and dripped onto the hall tile. He ran to the guest bath on tiptoes, and after washing the cum from his hand, he grabbed several tissues to wipe up the tile in front of her door.

After cleaning the floor, he peered in at his mother one more time to see that she appeared to be sound asleep on top of the covers and facing away from him. But Vivian wasn't sleeping. She was smiling knowing that both she and William had shared a similar gratification. The fact that she could bring happiness to her melancholy son and coax him out of his depression, at least temporarily, thrilled her. Today had been a good day after all. Even her pussy was happy.

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