

# **Adventures With Mums**

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**Scorpio 1975**

Hello, it's been a while since I've told anyone about my experiences growing up, sometimes I think back and as I get older some of the memories get blurry, but certain points stick in my head. I was like any other boy growing up, liked football, messing about, computer games, the usual things, until Scott moved in two doors down from us, I was thirteen when he moved into the street with his mother, Beth. She almost immediately became best friends with my mother, Gemma, and invariably I became best friends with Scott, he was fun, outgoing, good to be around. Both mothers were around 5'5, curvy, not fat, my mother, Gemma had light brown hair down to her shoulders, the same length as Scott's mother, Beth, but hers was almost jet black, both mothers would be considered pretty, not model looks, but pretty, in a motherly sort of way.

The first time I realised that Scott was on the same page as me completely was when we were round his house one Saturday afternoon, the summer holidays from school had just started and we were sat on his bed next to each other playing video games, when Beth came in with a tray full of drinks and a couple of snacks, crisps, biscuits etc. Beth put the tray on the desk in front of the TV, "Mum, that's in the way, can you put it on the floor?" asked Scott. "Yes, sorry boys" replied Beth as she picked up the tray, and carefully bent down to put it on the floor next to the desk, Scott nudged me by sticking his elbow in my side, and when I looked at him indignantly he nodded towards his mother then pointed to his own chest and made a circle with his finger, then looked at his mother, and nudged me with his elbow again, nodding at his mother, as I looked towards Beth I knew exactly what he was on about, as she bent over her top fell forward and where we were sat, we could see her cleavage and breasts encased in a lacy bra, the bra covered her breasts so we couldn't see any nipples, but as teen boys, a first glance at any slightly uncovered breasts is enough to get any hormone driven boy going. Those few seconds of seeing down her top were enough to make the decision that Scott was the best friend I would ever have, and he was the luckiest boy in the world to have such a sexy mother. Beth stood back up and left the room to go back downstairs, Scott was grinning from ear to ear, and I followed suit once I had taken a few seconds to get rid of the surprised look on my face. "Your mum is awesome" I spurted out, he laughed and looked back at the game on the TV, "yeah, and hot" he said, laughing, "well, yeah, she's fucking hot mate!" I was almost drooling; Scott simply laughed and then went back to the game.

We played on for another 30 minutes, then Scott suggested we watch TV, his mother was sat at the dining room table waiting for us reading a newspaper, “dinner is ready, good timing boys” she said with a smile. She served up three plates and we chatted about school etc. Beth cleared up the dinner things and then went and sat in the front room. Scott asked “do you want to go and watch some TV?”, “I don’t mind, but your mum will want to watch her programs wont she?”, “she won’t mind” he said matter of factly, so we, his mother was sat on the couch in the front room wearing the same loose t-shirt she had on earlier, and a pair of jeans, barefoot, reading a book, but with the TV on, “can we watch TV Mum?” Scott asked, “If you want boys, I’m reading” replied Beth, I stared at Beth for a while, I found her very attractive, she and my mother shared similar body types, curvy, but not fat, very pretty faces, and warm motherly smiles. “Told you “Said Scott, elbowing me and jumping onto the opposite couch to his mother, I sat next to him, so both couches faced each other, and the TV was on the back wall.

Scott flicked through a few channels, then settled on a film we had both seen, but we watched for about 10 minutes, all the time I was looking at his mother reading her book, she had one leg bent up and the other flat, I was admiring the join between her leg and hip where her leg was bent and her knee was up with her book resting on it, trying to compose myself I forced myself to watch TV, Scott seemed oblivious to his mother’s pose however he was probably used to it. He flicked the remote again and settled on an American wrestling show, we both liked wrestling, as all boys our age did, we understood it was fake, but it was good entertainment, we watched for a little while and then Scott said, “Lets wrestle Mum”. Beth looked up from her book, “we haven’t done that in a while, I might beat you?” she said laughing and smiling, “No chance” replied Scott, who was moving into the space in the middle of the room and dropping to his knees, Beth did the same and knelt in front of him, both were smiling, I was a little unsure what to do. They grabbed each other’s shoulders and grappled a bit, both looked like they had done this a few times before, so they were obviously used to it. It seemed pretty even and then Scott seemed to flip his mother over, so she was on her front, he pulled her arms back and held her hands together behind her back, she was pretty helpless as Scott sat on her legs. I was half expecting her to get mad, but she just laughed, and then started twisting around and eventually after a few attempts, turned over and flipped Scott off, she scrambled up and pounced on him, not allowing him to get up, she was strong I thought myself laughing. Both were giggling and laughing, they grappled about on the floor for a little while, Scott had her at one point on his back, with her on her back on top of him, he had his arms around her waist, and his hands were a couple of inches

from her chest, he was almost touching the underside of her boobs. I noticed that he had a boner, and so did I watching him wrestle his mum, I'm not sure why, but it was very arousing, I think the thought of my friend overpowering his mother was my main focus. As they grappled, he flipped her over but couldn't quite get her pinned, she struggled with a lot of effort, but both were continually giggling and laughing, they had obviously done this a few times. She got the better of him a couple of times, had him in a headlock once or twice which he managed to wriggle his way out of, and he had her kind of pinned, or almost in some sort of controlled position several times before his mother escaped. At one point he was behind her, they were both on the floor laying sideways with him behind her, her back to him, and he had his arm between her legs, the crook of his elbow was directly on her crotch, she was wearing jeans but it was so erotic to see, his hand was on her tummy, just below her breasts, her t-shirt was strained because of the position, I was transfixed. "Mike, come and help me" Scott puffed out, it took me a couple of seconds to realise what he had said, I looked at him, and then at Beth, who was just laughing as she said, "I'll beat both of you!". I got off the couch and sank to my knees and walked on my knees to where they were, Beth took this opportunity to break free from Scott's grasp and opening her arms wide piled into both of us, we collapsed to the floor with Beth on top of us, all three of us laughing. Scott freed himself from under her, and grabbed her around her waist, flipping her in a controlled way and turning her over, I instinctively grabbed her ankles, "turn her over" said Scott, so we both turned her onto her back, she was laughing almost hysterically now, and both me and Scott were giggling, it was very intense, but remained fairly innocent. I sat on her ankles holding her legs in place, Scott moved up and placed his knees either side of her head and pinned her arms under his shins and leaning forward he held her wrists above her head, I was sat directly behind him, and even at the confusing age of 13 I knew, and Scott must have known, and I'm sure his mother knew, he had her pinned with his little 13 year old hardon a couple of inches from her face, straining to get out his jeans, I know mine was!

It was right then that Beth announced it was time for a drink, and she needed a shower before she settled down for the night, so we released her from our grasp, and we all went to the kitchen to get drinks, still giggling, I had to turn away and pull my erection up under the waist band of my underwear and I saw Scott do the same thing, then grin maniacally at me. I finished my drink, thanked them for having me and left to go home, Mum asked if I had a good time to which I replied "Yes, the best", went for a shower and then stayed in my room for the rest of the night thinking about how erotic the whole situation was, and thinking how lucky Scott was, he and his mum had

obviously wrestled and messed about lots of times, he was so lucky to be able to get near and touch a grown woman, granted it was his mother, but teen boys don't care who it is when the hormones are running rampant!

The following day, I went back around Scott's late morning, his mother let me in, and I rushed straight upstairs to his room. No sooner had I set foot into his room he asked me if I wanted to do something a little bit wild, and then laughed before I could answer, I replied "yes mate, of course" so he led me down the hall, to his mother's bedroom, a quick look towards the stairs to make she wasn't coming up, and then in we went, he went straight to the chest of drawers on the opposite wall to her bed, and opened the top drawer, he opened the drawer and took out the top pair of knickers, it was a small thong or G-string, tiny, he looked at it, then gave it to me, I took them from him and held it in my hands, I just stared for a while, I was fascinated, the thought that this piece of underwear was worn by his mother, I knew enough at my age to know about women, and the thought that I was holding underwear that had been in contact with Scott's Mum's pussy was so erotic, I became so hard. He had moved on to another pair of knickers, they were white and lacy edges were very visible. Scott, with a smile on his face, as he had obviously seen how much I had enjoyed his mother's underwear told me to follow him, we left her bedroom and went to the bathroom, there, he opened up the laundry basket, and poured it all over the floor, then, sensing what he was after, we scabbled around and picked out all of his mother's underwear, her bra's and knickers. We put all the rest back the basket and what was left was 6 pairs of knickers and 5 bra's, we each grabbed the nearest pair of knickers to us and held it up to our noses, I could smell a very strong scent of his mother's pussy, it excited me so much, and I could see Scott inhaling the scent of the pair he had. We messed about with a few different pairs, then had to rush to put them back when we heard a door open and his mum coming towards the stairs.

We both rushed into his room where on closing the door he immediately said "That was fucking close" laughing as he said it. "But fucking hot" I replied, and we both then went into detail about his mother's underwear. An unwritten agreement had been reached with a level of trust that we were both as pervy as each other, and we were both happy about it!

The following day were at my house, playing about and just generally getting in the way, we were in the front room watching TV, we watched a film, then put the sequel on straight after, my mother came into the front room with a newspaper and sat down on the sofa whilst we sat on the floor, she was wearing a shift dress that sat slightly above her knees. I had been fixated on Beth, Scott's mother recently, especially after looking down her top, and I saw Scott out the corner of his eye look at my mother's legs, It dawned on me at that point that Scott probably felt the same about my mother, as I did his?, but we had reached a point judging by how he had nudged me to look down his mother's top, and he had taken me to look through her underwear, and wrestled with her and pinned her, and got me involved, I don't think he cared whether it was my mother or his mother, he was going to push as far as he could. As my mother was reading, she was shifting slightly, and her dress was moving ever so slightly up, Scott decided to lie on the floor on his front and his elbows with his hands supporting. He stayed there for a while and I could see his eyes darting towards my mother every now and again, then he very subtly nodded towards me to get down on the floor next to him. I rolled off the sofa and onto my front on the floor directly next to him. He then very slowly, with very small movements checked my mother had her head in her newspaper and then nodded towards her knees. I very slowly checked that my mother still had her head in her book and then dropped my head down to her knees, my mother was sitting at an angle, facing the TV, but with both feet on the floor, and her legs were slightly parted, I could see her underwear in the form of a little triangle between her legs, I looked at Scott who grinned. We spent the next 10 minutes getting glimpses of my mother's underwear until she suddenly got up and said she had some things to do. I had to stay laid on the floor on my front for a while until my erection subsided, and so did Scott by looking at his uncomfortable demeanour. We finished the film and then ran upstairs to my room, we knew each other well enough now to wait until we were away from adults and on our own to properly talk, "did you see your Mum's knickers?", Scott blurted out excitedly, "Yeah, very nice mate, maybe we can get a better angle next time?" I replied, now fully comfortable that Scott and I were totally in sync with our perversions. I found myself, just to almost double check that we were in sync saying, "Do you think we could try and look up your Mum's dress?" I asked hesitantly, "Fucking right we will mate" Scott laughed out loud and slapped me on the back. Feeling very bold, and very aroused I suggested we go to the bathroom and have a look for my mother's underwear, which Scott duly agreed to with a wholehearted "Yes!" so we made our way to the bathroom, quietly as my mother was padding about downstairs generally tidying. We slightly closed the door so we could make a run for it, if necessary, then rooted through the contents of the laundry bin in the bathroom, our work was well worth it, apart from throwing my underwear out of the way, we found a load of my mother's knickers and bras, some were what you would call normal everyday underwear, but some were very sexy, similar to Scott's mother, my mother had some very sexy thongs or G-strings, some lacy little numbers, all had been

worn, and all smelled amazing. We put everything back after about 5 minutes, and then returned to my room to play video games until Scott had to go home. I was loving my life, loving being around Scott, and loving the adventures we were having, it was so thrilling! So erotic, and more was to come, so much more...

The following day, both Beth and Scott came over, my mother and Beth sat at either end of the dining room table, chatting and drinking wine, they got on very well, and by now were firm friends, Beth was very outgoing and chatty and I think my mother liked that because sometimes she was, not a prude, but quite proper, so I think she liked the wild comments and attitude that Beth had. We were up in my room when Scott found my box of matchbox cars, "I've got loads of these" he said, "I've got an idea, want to play a game with cars?" he asked, "sure" I said, not really understanding what he was on about. He grabbed the box and ran downstairs, and I dutifully followed. "Playing cars" Scott shouted as he practically slid under the table, the tablecloth came down to just above both mother's thighs, a small gap of about 1 or 2 cm between the cloth and their thighs, both mothers were wearing summer dresses so both of their dresses ended at their knees when they were sat at the table. I followed Scott under the table. "Ok boys, but go steady, we have glasses on the table" Beth explained. "We will" I replied. "He's played cars under the table for years" Beth told my mother, laughing as she said it, "Prepare to have a car run over your foot" she said, again laughing, "Ok" replied my mother, a little bit hesitantly, but I suspect she just went along with it as Beth seemed so laid back with it. Wondering what was going to happen, but feeling a little excited by being under the table, I followed Scott's lead and picked up a car from the box, he was on his knees and he moved himself over to his mother's end of the table, and then beckoned me over, smiling he looked at me, and then placed the car on the floor by the leg of the table to the left of his mother. Scott then proceeded to move the car along over the carpet, towards his mother's foot. He put the car onto his mother's ankle and then moved it up her leg and onto her knee, he then proceeded to move the car down the inside of her leg back down to the other side of her foot, both mothers were barefoot, and then up the other leg and over her knee back down, then he pushed the car on the floor to the leg of the table, then turned ninety degrees towards my mother. He stopped and looked back at me and then nodded towards his mothers' legs with a smile. I took the hint and moved my car onto Beth's foot and up her leg, my fingertips brushing her soft skin, I was in heaven. I followed the same route as Scott had, and he waited for me to get to the other leg and turn so I was right behind him with my car. "The cars are coming Gem, brace yourself" Beth announced to my mother laughing, my mother said something about not really understanding but midway through the sentence Scott put his car on her foot and started moving it up her leg, "Ooh" she stammered as she jumped a little when Scott proceeded to move the car

over her leg, “Nothing stops the cars” Beth exclaimed, laughing as she said it. “Go steady please Scott, Gemma isn’t used to playing cars” said Beth, not in an aggressive way, it seemed more to be just to placate my mother. “We will” shouted Scott and carries on repeating what he had done to his mother on mine, he went up the side of her shin to her knee, onto her knee, then back down the other side. I duly followed as he moved towards the table leg, I savoured the feel of my fingertips on my mothers’ legs as I had done with Scott’s mother. We continued round doing laps between the chair legs and over our mother’s legs for around 20 minutes or so until we decided to go back upstairs to play video games. I remember informing Scott that I really enjoyed that, and I would love to do it again, to which he did his usually smirk and grin and promised me we would, while trying to concentrate on the game we were playing.

It didn’t take long before I got my chance to repeat the cars game, a few days later, the following Saturday afternoon Beth and Scott came round to my house, my mother and Beth opened a bottle of wine and started drinking and chatting, both mothers were in sun dresses, buttoned at the front from top to bottom as it was summer in the UK, and hot. Me and Scott headed to my room and played video games for around 30 minutes, my mind wasn’t on the game, my mind was desperately searching for a way to play cars under the table again. My prayers were answered when Scott suddenly looked at me and said, “Fancy a game of cars?” laughing, because I think he knew my answer would be a resounding yes! I immediately picked up the box of cars and we ran downstairs, both mothers had been drinking for around 45 minutes at this point, so we bolted under the table and Scott shouted the obituary “Playing cars” as we literally skidded to a halt under the table. “Ok boys, but go steady” was the reply from Beth, we repeated exactly what we had done the previous time, savouring our fingertips on both mother’s legs. We managed around 20 minutes again, and then Scott nodded towards upstairs which was the sign that we were stopping. We did this and repeated the same thing twice more that week, not for long, around 20 minutes or so, but I think although Scott’s mother was used to him playing that particular game, but during the last game even my mother was a bit more relaxed with it and didn’t seem to mind at all.

The next little adventure we had was around a week after the last time we had played cars, Scott and Beth had come over after dinner on the Friday night, as usual with my mother and Beth they had a few glasses of wine, while we played upstairs in my room. Both mothers were wearing jeans, Beth had a t-shirt on, and my mother was wearing a white shirt. There was a door from our dining room into our living room, and pretty much the same

layout as all the houses in the street, our TV was on the opposite wall to the door into the living room, and a three-seater settee was on each wall. Beth and my mother were sat at the table drinking, laughing and chatting, Scott and I were in the garden kicking a football around, it was early evening, and still quite warm. "Let's go inside" said Scott, so we sauntered inside and sat on a couch and started flicking through the channels on the TV. We literally had 5 minutes of the Tv and then both mothers strolled in, both sat opposite us with their glasses of wine. "We need a comfy seat" said Beth, "What are you watching?", "Nothing much" I replied, "Just flicking through channels". "Ok sport, what if we wanted to watch something?" she said, he looked back at her, with a devilish grin, and said "I've got the remote" laughing as he said it. Beth didn't need any invitation, she laughed, and then literally jumped towards the sofa, Scott burst into hysterics as his mother leapt onto him, and they both rolled of the sofa and onto the floor, they rolled around for a few seconds, and then the remote pinged out of Scott's hand and skidded across the carpet, Beth spotted it and went to reach for it. Scott, grabbing her fully around the waist while both were laid on the floor and pulled her back, both laughing, Scott then kept his mother on her front and laid on top of her, grabbed her hands and pulled them up past her head and held them there, both were giggling. I looked over at my mother, who had a glass of wine in her hand and was now standing up, she was ever so slightly biting her bottom lip, and looking so intensely at her friend's son pinning her on the floor, she didn't even notice me looking at her, she seemed transfixed, she was slightly smiling and there! I noticed it again, she slightly bit her bottom lip, I didn't really know what was happening at the time, but as I got older, I realised she was enjoying watching her friend and her friend's son wrestling. While I was watching my mother, Beth had rolled Scott over and still giggling, had got on top of him, him on his front, at a 90-degree angle. "You could help you know?" said Scott, with a beaming smile looking at me. I looked at Scott, then to my mother, who locked eyes with me for a second or so with an intensity I'd never seen before, but I turned back to my friend and his mother and bounced off the couch towards them, I grabbed Beth fully round the waist as we both rolled off Scott. For the next 3 minutes or so, we all rolled around on the floor, I hand my hand on Beths boobs and her bum briefly, I don't know how, my hand just seemed to end up there, Scott repeated what he did last time we wrestled and had his arm between his mothers legs and this time his hand was on her back, but the crook of his elbow was still right between her legs. I took a few seconds to look at my mother who was still transfixed watching. "Get in here Gem" Beth requested while laughing "I could do with a hand with these little monsters". My mother looked, a little apprehensively, but I gauged that her need to join in and her excitement watching overpowered her need to remain in control and upstanding so to speak, she quickly threw herself, arms wide at me and Scott, who were doing a great fob of sitting aside Beth who was on her front again. Scott, I suspect taking his opportunity, scrambled back onto his knees, and while I managed to stay on top of Beth by just lying on her. I was in heaven, I

was lying on Beth, my cock on her bottom, through my jeans and her jeans, but I was still happy, and I was holding her wrists in front of her head, so she was sprawled out like Superman. I looked over at Scott, who had got my mother in a similar position, my mother was much less hardened or streetwise than Beth, she was what you might call a proper lady, so to see her struggling, but seemingly enjoying herself, was quite arousing to me, which I'm sure Beth felt under me. "Jump up champ, I need a drink, and then a pee" I heard Beth say with a big grin on her face. I jumped up, and she got up, picked up her wine glass and downed the half a glass that was left in there, she then went to the table, picked up the bottle, and re-filled hers and my mothers glasses, "You need to get in there Mike, don't let your Mum get the better of Scott" Beth said laughing, "Thanks a lot" replied my laughing mother, who was trying to flip Scott over. "I need a pee, back in a moment" Beth said as she wandered off. I dived straight in however, I was a little apprehensive, but I figured, if my mother was happy for Scott to manhandle her, she would be fine with me, I did expect her to get angry at some point as myself and Scott pulled her all over the place and pinned her several times, on her back, and her front, I could see Scott took the liberty of occasionally brushing his hand across her chest, or her bum. Hell, I did the same a couple of times, I was a hormone driven boy after all, with a grown woman to wrestle with. I was so excited, it was like a dream, I had wrestled Beth and had her under my control and had managed to get some light touching of her chest and bum, and now I was doing the same with my own mother, again, I expected her to call a halt to the proceedings but when Beth returned, and sat on the couch with her glass of wine just watching and laughing, my mother carried on, struggling, wriggling about, trying to get on top of myself and Scott. It wasn't until well after this event that I realised my mother was excited by the wrestling, in a way that I, as a young boy probably never fully understood at the time. I think it was because although it was obvious myself and Scott were getting a bit of a grope in here and there, it all still seemed quite innocent. We ended the wrestling as Beth said there was a film she wanted to watch, so Scott and I returned to my room, discussing eagerly in hushed tones where we had touched on our mothers, and how exciting it was, and both of us admitted to having erections, the chat turned to hopefully wrestling again some point soon.

The next day would yield an adventure I could never have believed would ever happen, and as usually, it was Scott who took the lead. We were at Scott's house, it was around 5 or 6 pm, Beth and my mother were at opposite ends of the table, having just come in from sitting in the garden for the last couple of hours, laughing and joking with each other, they were both in sundresses, Beth's was just above her knees, whereas my slightly more conservative mother was wearing one that came just below the knee. Both had been drinking for at least an hour, so both were, how could you describe it? Happy? We were in Scott's room just messing about, playing video games, chatting, when he suggested we play cars! I couldn't breathe for a second I was so excited, my heart jumped a little with the thought of it, he didn't have to ask me twice, I jumped at the opportunity. I had guessed the same as him during

my last trip across the landing to the toilet that our mothers were sat at the table. We picked up a car each and headed for the stairs. My mother was sat at one end of the table, Beth was at the other end, there was a table cloth on the table which hung down to both mothers knees, there was a bottle of wine on the table, with around a third left in it, both mothers had a glass of wine in front of them and there was an empty bottle on the kitchen side I could see as we entered the dining room.

“Playing cars” Scott said in his usual cheerful way, as we both dived under the table,

“Ok boys” said my mother, who never really said anything on the subject of giving us approval to do anything that involved interfering with them, but I think the recent events and Beth’s influence were slowly bringing my mother’s slightly wild side out, I say wild side, about as wild as an upstanding pillar of the community can get ha-ha. I was quite excited about getting my fingers on both mother’s legs again, we hadn’t played

“cars” for a while, and I kind of missed it, it was a thrill to just be in the vicinity of two pairs of adult female legs. What followed, was Scott taking things up a notch, he was always more confident than me, and I think his mother, Beth, let him get away with things my mother would never have let us do, however, recently, I had been thinking that my mother was slowly becoming a bit more outgoing due to Beth’s influence, before Beth and Scott moved in she would never have wrestled me, or another boy, let alone both of us, and been happy to accept our hands roaming, not for long or obviously, but brushing parts of her that we shouldn’t. Anyway, I got all set up behind Scott, car in hand on the carpet just behind him, when he started moving his car from the chair leg towards his mother’s bare foot, she had her ankles crossed, and we could plainly hear that both mothers had consumed at least a few glasses of wine, they were laughing and chatting at 100 mile per hour like mothers do. We had done this a few times in the past, and we had moved the cars up one side of each mother’s ankle, then the side of their lower leg, then over their knee, if they were in a knee length dress or skirt then we would go over the skirt of dress, or if they were in trousers or jeans then it was straight over, down the inside of their leg to the inside ankle, then across the floor and back up to repeat on the other leg, then to the chair leg, and then to the other chair leg in a square, and then over the other mother’s legs at the other end of the table, then repeat for a few laps. So, I waited for Scott to go up his mother’s leg with the car, he stopped and left the car next to his mother’s foot, I then

stared, open mouthed, as he looked at me, smiled, looked back to his mother's knees, and then folded his mother's dress back to halfway down her thighs, she slowly, almost like it was just for show, moved her left leg and pushed him to one side, to which he literally just swatted her foot away and then took her foot in his hand and placed it next to the chair leg, then he moved her other foot next to the chair leg, he then proceeded to move his car up his mother's leg and onto her knee, then down the inside and up the other leg to the her knee and he stopped, looking expectantly at me, I had been in a little bit of a daze to be honest, so I dutifully moved my car up to Beth's left knee, Scott was grinning from ear to ear and nodded towards his mother, I looked, and could clearly see, because he had moved his mother's feet to each of the chair legs, her white knickers. I was stunned, this was beyond erotic, I could clearly make out her crotch, covered by the white material of her underwear, I became so hard it was almost painful, I looked back at Scott, who grinned, knowingly at me, and nodded towards the table leg, meaning we should move, and not make it so obvious. He moved his car down the outside of her right leg and towards the table leg, I followed, trying as best as I could to drink in the sight of Beth's underwear as I moved over her legs and towards the table leg following Scott. As Scott moved towards my mother, I started to panic, my erection subsided as I started to worry if Scott did the same thing to her, she would freak! I watched in horror, frozen to the spot, as he got to my mother's left foot, left the car on the carpet next to her foot, thoughts were running through my head, oh my god she is going to freak and kill us both, I watched, frozen, as he reached for the hem of her dress, and started to fold it back, she jumped, and something garbled along the lines of

“ooohhhh” came out of her mouth as she shut her legs and then froze, I heard Beth laugh,

“I've just had the same”, she stated,

“Clear access to knees is obviously a priority for cars” she said laughing, she didn't seem bothered at all, this I think relaxed my mother slightly, as her whole demeanour relaxed a little, she visibly relaxed as Scott, completely unfazed, carried on folding her dress back to mid-thigh, and then proceeded to grab one of my mother's feet and move it towards the chair leg, I expected my mother to put a stop to the whole thing at that point, in my mind I was getting grounded, Scott would never be allowed over again and she would explode like a bomb, but all she said was

“Boys eh?” and then giggled like a schoolgirl. He moved the other foot to the other leg of the chair, and then proceeded to push the car up her leg to her knee, down the other side and up to the other knee, then looked at me, I forgot all my worries and excitedly moved my car up her leg to her knee, as we were moving the cars down the respective legs, we both took time to look at my mother’s underwear, she was wearing pink knickers, and she hadn’t complained, or tried to move her legs back together, she had accepted the situation, which to me was wild, either, she didn’t want to cause a scene by screaming at us, or ... she was just accepting of the situation and saw it as innocent fun, or ... she was starting to enjoy the attention, and was being influenced by the more care-free and fun loving Beth, maybe my mother always wanted to live a little and be a little more outgoing but she had always been restrained. I think, looking back, at this point she had started to enjoy herself, and the games, wrestling, cars, hell, the more I think about it, the more it makes sense that she actually left her knickers on the bathroom floor for us to find a couple of times? Maybe it was the thrill of it all? We moved the cars around between the table legs, from one table to the next until we came to Beth’s foot again, Scott moved his car, and I could clearly see his fingers on his mother’s skin under his car, up her leg to her knee, I followed up her leg while Scott moved his car down the other side, we slowed as we were moving cars to savour the sight of his mother’s knickers, you could clearly make out the outline of her pussy as she had kept her legs firmly next to each chair leg as Scott had left them when he moved them, we slowly moved on around the table to my mother, who had remained with her feet planted next to each chair leg as Scott had placed them. Again, we both moved our cars to her respective knees and savoured the view of her knickers, I have no idea whether Scott noticed because I never spoke to him about it, but I swear, I could see a small wet spot at the front of my mother’s knickers. I remember thinking how the tables had turned and how I thought Beth was the more outgoing and fun mum, but my mother was turned on by us moving cars over her legs? Was it the combined experiences of the last few weeks and the influence of Beth that had brought this side of my mother to the forefront? We carried on another few laps, towards the end Scott tried going up his mother’s thigh but got a very resounding hand coming under the tablecloth and pushing him away, then wagging a finger from side to side to insinuate a very clear no! I didn’t attempt to move my car anywhere other than the previous route of over her knee and down her leg, I wasn’t going to instigate finger wagging! It was a different story when he got to my mums’ legs, he put his hand over the car and moved it up my mother’s thigh, he got to her folded dress and pushed it a little further back with the hand that was holding the car, he was almost to her crotch, about 5 centimetres away! Then he pulled it back, and resumed the normal route down her leg, I swallowed hard! My mouth was dry as I followed Scott’s route and moved my car up my mother’s thigh, her skin was so soft, luxuriant against my fingertips, I did not want to push it so I moved away the same as Scott had done,

and then down her legs. Beth announced loudly that it was time for something to eat, so we exited the sanctuary of under the table and bolted upstairs awaiting the call for food, all while talking fervently about what we had just done, and how horny it made us. The conversation centred around how my mother was happier letting us go a bit further than Scott's, and how unlikely that would have seemed a few weeks ago.

Two days later found us at my house, it was raining so we were more or less stuck inside, which was fine, we messed about in my room, played video games, chatted, and just generally lazed around. It was Scott who suggested we go and watch some TV. My mother was in the front room, but she was curled up on one of the sofa's. Mum was wearing a dress and a jumper because although it was a summer, it was a little bit chilly. We sat watching TV for around 10 minutes or so, and then Scott moved towards the floor and laid on his front at an angle watching TV. Around 30 seconds after he got off the sofa, I joined him on the floor, he smiled at me when I laid on the floor, knowing between us what we were on the floor for. We had by now developed an understanding of each other to communicate without words, just nods, and glances, we understood that we were both on an equal level. We waited for a few minutes, then almost took turns to glance up my mother's dress, she had her legs crossed so although we were directly opposite her, her crotch and underwear were covered by her legs, her legs were gorgeous though, so we contented ourselves with occasional glances at her legs. I got quite into the film we were all watching and was quite engrossed when Scott nudged me on the leg with his foot, subtle, so I glanced, with the merest fraction of a move of my eyes and my mother had uncrossed her legs, and placed one on the sofa, her knee raised, this gave us a perfect view of her underwear, white knickers, her legs were still close though, so not much of a view. We glanced occasionally enjoying the view, and then I noticed my mother look towards us, it was quick, but she looked, and at that time, Scott was looking, in my mind there is no way she didn't see Scott looking up her dress. I braced myself for the oncoming rage, but she didn't do anything? she just went back to the TV and then a few seconds later, picked up her book and started reading. Scott gave me a look as if to say/ I got caught, phew, I think we got away with that. I gave it a little while then I took a chance and glanced myself, I was taking in the view of my mother's knickers when out of the corner of my eye I saw she looked over at me, we locked eyes for a split second before I looked away and back to the TV. A few seconds later, Scott did the same thing, he glanced, my mother looked and saw him, he didn't look at my mother, just straight back to the TV. All the while I was thinking she would erupt with rage and anger at us trying to look up her dress, but she didn't, she almost seemed to be smiling, was she enjoying us looking? It was confusing, my mother had always been almost prudish, but over the last few weeks, with the influence of Beth, and myself and Scott pushing boundaries a little

with the wrestling and cars it seemed she was more open and seemed like she was enjoying the attention. Neither myself or Scott tried to glance up mum's dress for the next 10 minutes, I think we were both a little scared that we were being very obvious. Then I felt another nudge from Scott on my leg, who had obviously been keeping an eye on my mother, I chanced a glance, and she had moved, both her knees were up and her feet were on the edge of the sofa, she was reading her book and it was right in front of her face, only her eyes were visible, I watched as Scott stared directly at my mothers crotch, her eyes were glued to her book so I took a chance and looked at the her knickers, clearly visible, we could both clearly see Mum's pussy lips encased in her underwear, it was magical, I became so hard I had to shift my weight a bit, this caused my mother to briefly look up from her book, she was smiling ever so slightly, now I don't know if she meant to do what she did next, I don't know whether she was enjoying all the attention from the past few weeks and she was making the most of it, or was it an accident? But very slowly, almost imperceptibly she parted her knees, so her feet were on the sofa still, about 10cm apart, and now she had parted her knees to the same distance, we could both clearly see her pussy outline in her knickers, so much clearer than when she had her knees together. My mind was racing, is she doing this on purpose? Is she willingly showing us her underwear? My heart was going ten to the dozen. I briefly saw my mother dart her eyes from me to Scott and then back to her book. I glanced at Scott, who was now transfixed, so was moving his attention from the TV to between my mother's legs every couple of minutes. We savoured and enjoyed the view for another 15 minutes or so, and then the film ended, I was gutted, so was Scott, I could see the disappointment in his eyes, Mum got up and said something about having things to do, so we ran upstairs, had a quick route through the laundry basket to have a bit of a play with her underwear, then retired to my room.

"Oh my god did you see her" I spurted,

"Yes, of course mate, I was there" laughed Scott,

"Do you think she spread her legs for us to get a better view on purpose? Do you think she knew we were looking?" I said.

“I’m not sure”, Scott replied,

“But I would say I think she knew we were looking; how could she not see? So, I think yes, I think she let us look” he carried on.

“I think your Mum may be a bit of a slut mate” and pissed himself laughing. I laughed as well, more out of thinking how far could we actually go, could we get her naked at some point? What I did know was that I was going to wank myself silly that night thinking about the events of the day, and the possibilities.

A few days later, we were in my room messing about as usual, the weather had taken a bit of a turn, and it was raining and pretty miserable. We settled in for the day but by mid-afternoon were a bit bored, so we went downstairs to watch some TV. My mother was at Scott’s house with his mother, Beth so we had the place to ourselves, Scott lived a few doors down so both mothers were near enough should any problems arise. We watched a few programs, then settled on a film. Around 30 minutes into the film my mother came home, a little merry, both she and Beth liked a glass of wine from time to time and sometimes they got a bit carried away. She strolled in wearing a pair of leggings and jumper, her hair, and clothes a little wet where she had run from Scott’s house to ours. “Wow it’s raining out there” she laughed, as she sat almost fell onto the sofa opposite myself and Scott. “Yes, its bad out there Mum” I replied. “What are you watching?” she asked, “Just a film” replied Scott. “It’s some sort of comedy” I stated. “What’s it like?” my mother enquired”. “Not bad” I said, “It’s funny in places”, we all settled back and continued to watch for ten minutes or so, “I’m getting a drink, do you want one Scott?” I asked, “Yes please, but I’ve got to pee while you get them” he said laughing. “Do you want anything Mum?”, “No thanks hun, I’m fine” she said. I got up and made my way to the fridge, while Scott headed for the toilet. I picked up a couple of Coke’s from the fridge and stopped at the cupboard to pick up a couple of bags of crisps. I quite skilfully (I thought anyway) carried the cans of Coke and the crisps back into the front room. I placed a can down on each arm of the sofa and then put a packet of crisps down next to each of them. It was only when I had put the drinks and crisps down, by which time Scott had returned from the toilet, that I noticed that my mother had changed the channel to the news. “Aww Mum, we were watching a film!” I exclaimed. Mum looked like she swallowed hard, she looked a little nervous and did that thing where she ever so subtly lightly bit her bottom lip. “Well,” she kind of stammered, sounding a little like she couldn’t get the words out, “I’ve got the remote now, haven’t I?” she half laughed, a nervous laugh, I looked at Scott, who looked back, we exchanged a look that

communicated that what my mother had just said was what Beth said the other day, was my mother trying to instigate another wrestling match? She flicked her eyes darting back and forth between me and Scott.

Before I could make sense of what was happening, Scott lunged for the remote control in my mother's hand, she threw herself down onto the floor, so he missed her and fell onto the sofa, my mother started laughing as Scott regrouped, and slid down onto his knees as my mother tried to crawl on all fours away from him, still laughing. Scott leapt from a kneeling position and grabbed her around her waist, his crotch right up against my mother's bottom, she let go of the remote and it skidded a few feet in front of her, Scott didn't pay any attention to the remote, Scott was smiling as he reached under, twisted himself around and then put one hand over my mother's shoulder from underneath her, then the other hand up between her legs and pulled her down on top of him, she was diagonal to him, his forearm directly on her crotch and his other arm around her neck, her head was nuzzled in his shoulder, but she managed to twist and push herself out of his grip, at which point she rolled over with him and then rolled again until she was on top, but then, just as quick, Scott flipped her over onto her front and laid fully spread out on top of her. He very deliberately moved his feet one at a time, and moved my mother's foot out with his foot so his feet and legs were now in between my mothers, his jean covered cock was directly on my mother's leggings covered bum. He had her arms pinned above her head, so she was making a show trying to wriggle while laughing at the same time. He sat up on my mother's thighs, I could see he had an erection, but so did I from watching, my mother must have felt it against her, he never let go of my mothers' wrists, "I need a drink, I'm tagging you in Mike!" he said, It took a couple of minutes for me to realise what he said, I didn't move for a few seconds, so he nodded towards my mother's bum as if to say "Get over here and takeover". I moved towards them my mother was still laughing, she seemed to be having a great time.

I sat behind Scott and leaned my arms around him so I could take my mother's wrists in my hands and hold them in front of her on the floor as Scott had done, he shuffled forward, and then got off once I was on my mother, he walked to the sofa, and sat on it, opened his can and stared drinking, I laid fully down on my mother, I held her wrists, and had my mouth inches from her neck. I decided to see if I could do what Scott did and get in between her legs, so I gently pushed her right foot away from her left foot with my own foot, and to my surprise, I didn't need to exert hardly any pressure, she seemed to willingly let me push her foot out, almost to the point where it felt she was moving it of her own accord, I repeated with the other foot and moved my crotch directly onto her

bottom, with her legs splayed out either side of mine. I didn't want to move, but she obviously decided she was going to put up a little bit of a show fight and jerked to one side in a quick motion, it threw me off guard a little, I wasn't ready for it and I lost my balance a little, she twisted over until I was on my back, and then she suddenly had me pinned, she was looking down on me, smiling, she looked so happy, she was obviously enjoying it, whether it was the wrestling, or simply just letting go a little. She beamed a smile at me but then I saw her smile disappear as Scott came from behind her, placed his arms around her just below her breasts and pulled her backwards, he lay on the floor, my mother bursting into hysterics with his arm around her waist, and as I then saw, his other arm just below her breast, with one hand just on the edge of her boob, slightly cupping it. I looked in horror waiting for her to push his hand away and start shouting, but she didn't, she just put both her hands on the arm that was around her waist and tried to push it off, this must have emboldened Scott because as I stared now that I was up on my knees, he twisted left then right, and as he did, he moved his hand to fully cup my mother's boob. I looked to her, she was thrashing about, still laughing, with her head backwards hanging over Scott's shoulder. I had a thought that would either get me the thrill I craved, or get me killed, but I was horny, aroused and excited, so I threw caution to the wind and fell onto my mother, my crotch between her legs, I put my head the on the side of Scott's other shoulder so I didn't make eye contact with my mother, and then, with my hand, brought it up to the other boob that was free, and closed my body to hers, squashing my hand against her boob, the feeling was amazing, her boob was soft and the breathing of myself, her, and Scott underneath her made her boob move under my hand, I could feel her nipple hardening and pointing into my palm, I don't know whether this an involuntary reaction of her nipple through her bra and top, or whether she was actually turned on? All of my dreams however, were quashed when the phone suddenly rang, "Up boys, phone, I have to get that" she said, as I leapt from her and Scott released her from his grip, she clambered up and ran to the phone, where she picked it up and I heard her say "Hi, how are you, yes a bit out of breath, been playing and messing around with Mike and his friend Scott" then a laugh, then, "yes, I know, its knackerin'" then another laugh, by this time she was in the kitchen, and was chatting while putting water in a saucepan ready to start dinner.

I looked at Scott, he beamed that big grin back at me and in a very hushed voice he said, "Fuck me mate, I had my hand on her tit!", "So did I" I replied, in equally hushed tones". Do you think she will go mental at us when she gets off the phone?" I queried, "I don't think so" Scott replied, "I think she liked it?", "Yeah" I said, hoping he was right. We spent the next 30 minutes in my room of talking about what had just happened.

Our chat was cut short by my mother shouting from the bottom of the stairs, the phone had rung again, and it was Beth by the sounds of it. “Scott, your Mum has just rung, you will be having dinner here ok, she has to pop over to your grandmothers’, dinner is at 5 boys, that’s 20 minutes, ok?”. “Yes Mum” I replied.

We had dinner, all three of us, sat at the table, it was normal run of the mill chat, no mention of either of us having our hands in inappropriate places earlier. We chatted, laughed, it was very normal, my mother was on fine form as she had opened another bottle of wine, and adding to her wine consumption with Beth earlier in the afternoon, I would say she was having a great time! After dinner we went back upstairs to play video games. My mother was busy downstairs tidying, singing to herself (due to the wine) and doing laundry, in fact, she then came back upstairs with her arms full of my clothes which she had cleaned, she placed them on the bed as she came in telling me to put them away in my wardrobe. “What are you playing?” she asked as she turned to look at the screen on my desk. “It’s a driving game” I said, “It’s very good” added Scott, “do you want a go?”. “I’m not very good at those sort of things” she said. “Doesn’t really matter” I said, “Have a go, you’ll probably be better than Scott” I said, laughing. “That’s out of order” said Scott, also laughing. He got up out of the chair, and my mother sat in it. My mother had bought me my gaming chair for my last birthday, it was quite large, with a big high back no arms on the chair, but amazingly comfortable. I was busy putting my clothes away while Scott ran my mother through the controls. She was looking at the controller slightly bemused because there were a lot of buttons, and I suppose it was a bit confusing for someone who never played video games. My mother started a race, she was awful, she was moving the controller left and right rather than just pressing buttons and the direction pad, like she was trying to steer with the controller. I looked over for a few seconds and laughed, Scott laughed, and then suggested that my mother sit in front of him, with him behind her so he could guide her with the controller, my mother agreed, admitting that she utterly useless and needed help! So she got up, and Scott sat on the chair, she sat in between his legs, and he reached around, and held the controller with her, they started another race, and he had his thumb on her thumb, and he was moving her thumb on the direction stick, left and right, so she could get a feel for the track, and moving the direction of the car in the game. Soon, after about 5 minutes of this, Scott let go of the controller,

I had finished putting my clothes away and sat on the bed slightly behind but to the side of the gaming chair. My mother, now on her own, went to move the car to the right of the track, but without Scott, leant over to the right

with the controller, Scott had to hold her waist to stop her flying off the chair! “Careful Mum” I said, laughing, “You nearly came off the chair”. “I know, but it’s the only way I can drive this thing” she said, laughing, she looked like she was having fun, and she seemed so engrossed in the game, she didn’t seem to notice that Scott left his hands on her waist, presumably on the pretence of holding her steady. My mother continued, her arms outstretched veering from left to right, laughing, but seemingly thinking her movements would help in her steering ability. She was almost falling off the front of the chair, so she got up, asked Scott to close his legs slightly, and got back on further back, so she wasn’t sitting in front of Scott now, she was on his lap. I was watching it all in amazement. Scott looked at me from behind my mother’s back grinning! I gave him a big thumbs up trying to communicate to him that he was a lucky bastard. So, my mother was sat astride my friend, on his lap, in her leggings and a jumper, with her legs outside of Scott’s, playing a racing game. “I’m getting better!” she exclaimed, “I just need more practice”, she was so engrossed in the game that she hadn’t noticed that Scott had returned his hands to her waist. She was leaning forward a little, eyes totally focused on the screen, her bum right on Scott’s crotch. “Hah, I came sixth that time, let’s go again” my mother exclaimed. “Hard left Mum” I exclaimed, with a laugh after, to which she tried her best but ran into the sidings and slowed right down, she laughed, but was still totally focused on the game. Scott meanwhile had moved his hands up to just below her breasts, his fingers resting an inch or so below them, on the side of her waist. She was still veering from left to right with her arms outstretched, so Scott had a fantastic opportunity to keep her steady and stop her falling off the chair by holding her. “Can you go and get my wine from downstairs hun?” she asked, obviously aimed at me. “Yeah, no worries” I replied, and I got off the bed and made my way downstairs, I found the wine on the kitchen side, so, as any teen boy would, I took a big mouthful and then went to the fridge and found the bottle to refill the glass. I walked back upstairs and walked into my room, Scott now had his hands on my mothers’ hips, her jumper was quite tight, so as she was leaning forward to play the game, her jumper rose a small amount, enough to show her back just above her leggings, and to confirm she wasn’t wearing a T-Shirt under her jumper. “Your wine Mum” I said, as I entered the room, “Thanks hun” she said as she paused the game, still sat on Scott’s lap, still with his hands on her hips, as she took the wine, took a big mouthful, then another, and drained the glass “You want another one?” I asked. “Yes, please hun” my mother replied. I ran downstairs with her glass and filled it, returning, handed it to her, she thanked me, paused the game, had a big mouthful and then put the glass on the desk in front of her. She started another game, still sat on Scott’s lap, she was now veering and leaning again like she was before, so every time she leaned into a corner, she would raise her right or left bum cheek, and every time she did that, Scott moved his hand from her waist, to whichever cheek was raised, he was smiling at me in between, then with words of encouragement to my mum like “well done”, or yes!, left, left, left” he would move his right hand from her waist to

her right bum cheek as she lifted it, and then move it back to her waist when she lowered her cheek coming out of the corner.

This continued for another ten minutes or so, and then my mother decided that she needed to get some things done in the kitchen, so she thanked us for letting her play, and left. “Oh my god man, I had my hand on her arse the whole time”” Scott whispered as soon as she had left the room, and we could hear her walking downstairs. “I know, I saw, fucking hot mate, gutted I couldn’t join in” I replied, laughing. We continued the night playing games, reliving Scott’s handling of my mother and just generally having a fun time.

The following week was awful, the summer holidays had come to an end, which meant that Scott had to go back to live with his dad as he was still going to school where he used to live, it was a private school as Scott’s father was, well, rich. The divorce settlement had come through for Beth, who splashed out on a huge conservatory, with a pool table, and a sunken hot tub in the corner. We didn’t see much of Beth over the next few months as she oversaw the construction of her new conservatory. Scott came back once per month during that time, as Scott stayed at his dad’s all week, then Beth would stay at their house the following weekend, then he would stay at his dad’s, then he would come to Beth’s, so he was here for one month per week. Those weeks were spent just messing around really, we had limited time before he had to go back to his dad’s so, we spent it on video games, playing with other kids from the area, I introduced him to everyone I knew because at the end of the school year he was transferring to my school. We didn’t really get up to much with either mother, his or mine, Apparently, Beth put up an argument to her ex-husband that she wanted him with her, and it was unfair that although the school he went to what was considered a great school, she only got to see him once a fortnight. It was agreed that Scott would transfer to the local school, my school, at the end of the next year. So, I missed Scott’s fourteenth birthday in October because him and both his parents, although divorced, his mum and dad seemed to get on very well, went on holiday for half term to Italy.

During this time, I did not have the boldness of Scott, nor the balls to push things with either mother, however, although I didn’t see much of Beth, she popped over occasionally, or my mother would go to hers, I did try and scope out with my mother how the land lied so to speak, concerning her newly found willingness to be a little bit

more outgoing and a little bit more willing to seek out a thrill with just me, or whether it was the thought of me and Scott that got her going, or even just Scott, and I was just a willing bystander, lucky to be involved at all.

My opinion, rather doing myself a dis-service was that she got more excited by getting cheap thrills with Scott, than myself, but the next few months without Scott were to change my mind. During this time away, I was looking for things that my mother did that would satisfy her need for a thrill, unlike Scott, I never knew my father, he left my mother before I was born, so it had always been just the two of us. Which was fine, we had gotten on just fine, we had very little money, but were happy, my mother worked here and there, and she didn't seem to have many boyfriends, not that I was aware of anyway, there was an odd guy here and there that seemed to linger, but from my point of view, certainly no one for the last year. So, although I, probably down to my low confidence, assumed that my mother would return to normal behaviours without Scott or Beth as a boosting influence, I was mistaken, during the time without Scott, I noticed some things with my mother that wouldn't have occurred without Scott and Beth before they moved a couple of doors down. Such as, my mother, always preceded by her "tell" of slightly biting her bottom lip when, and I'm guessing this, she was feeling a little bit horny or excited. So, I thought my fun time was over until Scott came home properly, in nine months after the school year, however, a few days after Scott had left to go back to his dad's, my mother, who I am guessing had got used to the attention of both me and Scott for the previous 6 weeks, had been missing the thrill of the attention. It started slowly, with her coming into my room in the morning, to get me up for school, which she never did, in her dressing gown, but unlike most days, one side would be pulled out, and she would move to the side so I could clearly see her breast, her nipple was hidden under the gown, but I had an unobscured view of most of her breast, again, when she would move to the side, she would slightly bite her bottom lip. There were times when we were watching TV, and I was sat opposite her, and she would part her legs slightly, so I could see her knickers, and the one time she asked me to rub her feet, it was innocent to start with, but I knew her game, and her need for thrills by now, we had been out all day shopping, and we came home, she had a glass of wine, then a vodka, then another glass of wine, then another, we were watching TV and suddenly she asked me to rub her feet, she was wearing a top and skirt, so I put her foot onto the footstool and started rubbing, around the 5 minute mark I noticed my mother's "tell" of slightly biting her bottom lip, which meant she was excited, or slightly aroused, whichever it was, it meant she was in a good mood. I rubbed her left foot, from her toes down the bottom of her foot to her heel, for a few minutes then took her right foot and did the same, it was at this point she did the lip biting thing and moved her left foot back, knee up, so her foot was flat on the sofa, her right leg outstretched for me to massage.

I massaged her foot, and then, seeing the slight bite of her lip, and being emboldened by the fact that my mother had never asked for a foot massage before, and added to the fact that Scott wasn't here so I had come to the conclusion that my mother was lonely, whether it was me and Scott, just Scott, or just me, she wanted to feel the attention, maybe even feel desired? So, I decided to pretend that Scott was by my side, and push the limits a little, I rubbed her foot, then moved up to her calf, and rubbed up and down between her calf and the underside of her knee. While I was massaging her calf, her head was back, looking up at the ceiling, but with her eyes closed, she very slowly, moved her left knee out, so her skirt opened. I had a clear unobstructed view of her knickers, black, bikini type knickers, just the top of them, as she had one leg raised knee up, and the other flat because I was massaging the foot and the calf. I continued rubbing her right calf, then, I had a moment of bravado, and full confidence, thinking, what would Scott do? so I moved my hand and rubbed halfway up my mother's thigh on the underside. I looked to see if she would react, but she didn't, so I moved my hand to the top of her knee, and pushed up halfway along her thigh, again, she did nothing, no reaction, other than her head back, and her occasionally biting her bottom lip. Lifted her right leg up, the one I had just rubbed, from her foot, so her knee was up, and then I pulled her left foot down so her leg was flat. I massaged her foot, then moved to between her foot and her knee, her calf, repeated a few times, then moved my hand up and rubbed along the top of her thigh until mid-thigh, at this point I am not sure whether she suddenly had panic attack or thought I was going too far, but she opened her eyes and stated that she needed to go to bed. So, she got up, and said goodnight, giving me a kiss on my forehead, thanking me for rubbing her feet, and she went to bed.

The next few months went by, fairly uneventful, Scott came back once a month but we never really pushed anything with either of our mothers, my mother it seemed contented herself with leaning over in front of me, occasional wrestling, but I never had the balls to take it further, got a bit of a grope in each time, but not much else, and nothing that would not be explained as part of the game. I only got to give her a foot massage once, and even then, I only went as far as her thighs. So, time rolled around to my birthday, I was turning fourteen in May, Scott had turned fourteen in October, Mum had suggested he come back for that weekend, which wasn't technically his weekend to be home but his mother, Beth, thought it was a great idea, and it was all settled with his dad. May was hot, and Beth suggested that we have a little get together at her house, she had a new, huge, conservatory, with a pool table and a sunken hot tub in the corner, we could open the doors to the garden, and me and Scott could play pool all day if we wanted. The big day came, I opened my presents from Mum, and we had breakfast, then around twelve mid-day we left for Beth's house, which was a couple of doors down from ours.

When we got there, Beth had put up a couple of banners, and Scott greeted me with the present that him and his mother had got me, "Come and see the pool table, it's awesome!" he said, so we ran to the conservatory. Meanwhile both mothers had opened a bottle of wine. Beth was only having one glass because she had to go and visit her own mother, Scott's Grandmother who lived about 30 minutes away, she was going to do a few jobs for her, and then come home, but she wouldn't be home until around one in the morning, so Scott was under strict instructions to go to bed at a sensible time. We could stay and play pool though because my mother would be here. "Where is the birthday boy?" Beth asked aloud, she had in her hands two cans of Stella, "Both of you are fourteen now, growing boys, so you can have a couple of these, just a couple though" she said, "Just a couple"" my mother repeated, smiling. "Cool, thanks" I said, before taking both cans from Beth, and passing one to Scott, we played a couple of games of pool while both mothers had their glass of wine.

Both mothers then disappeared, and when they reappeared Beth was in a one-piece swimming costume, she looked amazing, her legs were so sexy, and her boobs were lovely in the suit. My mother looked like from what I could make out had gone a bit more modest and conservative so wore a two-piece bathing suit but had worn a t-shirt and a pair of shorts over the top. Both mothers then got into the hot tub. The hot tub was sunk into the floor, so level with the floor, it was a hexagon, so could easily seat six people, and had two jets at one side of the hot tub with a space in between. "Your swimming shorts are in the bag" my mother shouted over to me. "Ok" I replied, we stopped pool, and I grabbed my shorts, and we ran upstairs to change, as soon as we were changed, we went back downstairs, it was hot for May, so we basically had shorts on, and that was it, neither me nor Scott bothered to put tops back on. We messed about for a while, had a kickabout with a ball in the garden, and then played a couple more games of pool. "Can we have another beer?" Scott asked, "Yes" came the reply from his mother. We opened another can each, feeling quite proud of ourselves. Scott suggested we move upstairs for a while, which we did, We sat in his room, and drank our beer, hurriedly, as Scott had plan, we finished them, and then went quietly downstairs to the kitchen, and took another two cans from the box on the side, there was loads of cans in there, so I don't think anyone would have noticed that we were pilfering another couple.

We went back to the pool table, both mothers were chatting, in the hot tub, my mother telling Beth how wonderful the new conservatory was, Beth, pouring my mother another glass of wine. We were just finishing another game of pool, when my mother, who had now exited the hot tub, got the cake out with candles, we had to

stop playing to have a bit of cake, and a couple of burgers that Beth had cooked off. I was full up, slightly buzzing from nearly three cans of Stella, and very happy. Beth announced that she had to go, gave me a hug, and a kiss on the forehead, and said she would be home around one in the morning and for me to have a great birthday. Beth left, which left me, Scott, and my mother. We played another game of pool, and my mother had another wine in the hot tub. Scott suggested a game at this point, a game of pool, where if you don't pot a ball, you must take a drink of beer from a shot glass, he suggested the idea to my mother, who rather than outrage and a plain NO! as I had anticipated, merely laughed and said "Yes, that sounds fun". Scott got three shot glasses from the kitchen and three cans of Stella, and then placed them on the edge of the pool table.

Scott broke, and potted zero balls, to which we laughed, he poured a shot of stella, and dutifully drank it, my mother was next, who was obviously rubbish at pool, so had a shot, I potted a ball and made the most of it, stating that I was the greatest pool player in the world. We took turns, and each drank a fair bit of Stella, so much that Scott had to get two more cans for the shots. I was a little bit drunk, and so was Scott, and my mother, not used to Stella, was a little bit bleary eyed herself, we finished our third game, and my mother said she needed to sit down, she poured herself a wine, and returned to the hot tub, Scott and I continued to play pool, and helped ourselves to another can of beer, at this point, my mother was oblivious to how many we had had. Scott closed the conservatory doors as it was late afternoon and starting to cool down a little. "Fancy a dip in the hot tub?" Scott said, "Yeah, ok, I could do with a sit down" I replied, laughing, I was feeling the effect of the beer now; to be truthful, I was a little bit merry. We moved to the hot tub, and jumped in, "Steady boys" my mother rebuked, as she was splashed. "Sorry Mum" I stated, "Yes, sorry Gemma" Scott added. "That's ok, I need to get another drink anyway" she was almost slurring, I think the wine, mixed with beer, had my mother a little bit worse for wear. She got out of the hot tub and disappeared into the kitchen. Me and Scott commandeered a jet each, my mother returned and sat in between us. Scott announced that he was getting more beer, there was no protest from my mother, who looked very relaxed, her eyes half closed. Scott got out, and returned from the kitchen carrying a bag of cans of beer, he placed them next to the hot tub and got back in. He passed me a can, and asked my mother if she wanted one, to which she politely declined as she was finishing her glass of wine. Scott then announced that he needed to pee, so again, he got out and headed towards the toilet, me and my mother chatted, about general stuff, I tried to sound sober, but I think I failed, but my mother in my opinion didn't notice because she was feeling the effects of the drink as well, when Scott returned, I noticed that he got into the hot tub by stepping down and

putting his hand on my mother's thigh to steady himself, he sat down and left his hand on her thigh, my mother didn't react, she didn't smack his hand away or rebuke him.

My mother just continued to look up, half closed eyes, completely ignoring my friends' hand on her thigh. I looked at Scott who was grinning from ear to ear, he nodded towards me suggesting I should do the same as him, I was nervous, my heart racing, but the alcohol, the fact it was my mother and if she was going to let Scott put his hand on her leg, then she should let me, surely?

So, I bravely, summoning every ounce of liquid courage given to me by the alcohol, and reminding myself that my mother was a little bit drunk herself, or quite a lot drunk actually! I lifted my hand, and without looking at my mother, placed it on her thigh, just above the knee. I risked looking out of the corner of my eye to see any reaction, I was getting hard at this point, so didn't really want to have to leave the tub if I got shouted at, but I saw, out of the corner of my eye, my mother, her eyes still half closed, head looking up to the ceiling, resting her head on the side of the hot tub, and then she bit her bottom lip, no other movement, but I knew for sure she was relaxed, and enjoying it, if I wasn't hard before, and I was, I was rock solid now!

We stayed in that position for a few minutes, before she opened her eyes and said, "Are you two hogging the jets?" with a giggle. "It's therapeutic for your back and muscles" she added, again with a laugh.

"You can join me on this one" Scott chimed in with a devilish grin and laugh. I watched, in a mixture of horror, fascination, and just pure arousal as my mother lifted herself onto Scott's lap. She leant back and put her head on his shoulder and sighed as the jet pushed up between his legs and presumably onto her crotch. Scott put his hands on her waist to steady her. She made appreciative noises and then just closed her eyes. Scott looked like he was in heaven, he had my mother, sat astride him, leant back on him, her head on his shoulder, his hands on her waist, on her t-shirt, but still on her waist. I was staring intently, and I think looking hungry to get involved somehow, but at the same time, hesitant, I think Scott picked up on this, and like the true friend he was, said "Maybe Mike's jet is stronger, do you want to try that one?". I watched, with trepidation, as my mother mumbled

something about trying it, and got up from Scott's lap, I hurriedly tucked my erection into the top of my shorts, panicking that my mother would feel it. She moved over to my spot, and lowered herself onto my lap, leant backwards, her legs parted outside of mine, her head on my shoulder, the same position she had been in with Scott. Scott was smiling a huge grin, and when my mother closed her eyes, and I placed my hands on her waist, he gave me a thumbs up.

I could feel the jet pushing up between my legs, so it must have been aiming straight at mothers most private regions. She rested her head back on my shoulder, and a very small, imperceptible moan came from her lips. A few minutes past, and Scott asked, "Which is better Gemma, Mike's jet, or the one I'm on?" "It's difficult to say" she replied. I thought I would repay my friend for his earlier kindness, so I said, "Try Scott's again Mum", which she duly did, she removed herself from my lap, which meant I could release my hardon from the top of my shorts, and relax a little, my mother moved effortlessly onto Scott's lap, and he immediately placed his hands onto her waist, and then slightly down onto her hips. "Anyone want a beer?" I asked as I removed a can from the bag that Scott had brought over, and opened it, both my mother and Scott said yes, so I got another two, opened them and passed them over. Both took big swigs. "The alcohol was really kicking in with me now, my hesitancy and fear was disappearing, so I threw caution to the wind and said, "My jet again Mum?", "Yes" came the reply as she moved from Scott's lap to mine. Mum settled on my lap, there was no way that she could not feel my erection tucked up in my shorts. I was brave now, drunk, and horny so I made a move, I moved my hands up from her waist, to just below her boobs, her tits were basically resting on the side of my hand. I waited ... Nothing! Scott was watching, this time it was his turn to be open mouthed and stunned, he smiled, then mouthed the word "wow", followed by a thumbs up.

My mother then announced she had to go for a pee, so I released my grip on her torso, a bit disappointed I couldn't stay all day with my hands under her boobs. She got out of the tub, grabbed a towel, and headed off to the toilet. "Oh, my fucking god mate" Scott almost screamed, but managed to keep his voice down, "I know", I replied, "I think she likes it?". "Yes mate, it's so fucking hot, you have her tits on the top of your hand, and she didn't say a thing!" he stated.

We drank in silence, chugging down the beer. Both feeling great, drunk, horny, and great, and smiling ear to ear ha-ha.

My mother returned, both of us tried to hold our surprise when we looked over, and even shared a glance at each other with a smile, because my mother had removed her t-shirt, and was just in her shorts, which presumably covered her bikini bottoms underneath and just a bikini top, she was carrying her t-shirt, which she then placed it on the side of the hot tub. My usually conservative, modest mother was now showing a bikini top, this was very rare, the influence of recent events, wrestling, sitting on laps playing games, having cars run over her thighs and her dress pushed back to do so, Beth's influence, mine and Scott's attention, all of this was leading to my mother

getting a bit wild by her standards, shorts and a bikini top was constituted as wild for my mother, or ... maybe it was all of those recent events, and a huge amount of alcohol that she had drunk today, but either way, her inhibitions were definitely being removed.

"I'm still without a jet then?" my mother asked, as she stepped into the tub in between myself and Scott. "You can share mine," said Scott. "Thank you" she replied, and climbed onto his lap again, I finished my beer, and got another three cans out. I didn't even ask if my mother wanted one, I just handed one to Scott, and then offered another to my mother. "No thanks hun, can you get me a vodka, there is a bottle over there on the table, and a measure next to my glass". I left the hot tub, and wandered over to the table, found the glass, vodka, and tumbler, I put a double in the glass, returned only for my mother to reach out for the glass, down it in one, and ask for another. I returned to the table, poured another double, which my mother downed again, in one, and then she put the glass on the floor next to the hot tub. "Thanks, hun" she said, with a smile, I returned to my place in the tub and picked up my beer, I checked my phone to see if anyone had texted me, which a few of my friends had, I answered what was mainly birthday messages and took a few drinks from my can. I was feeling very relaxed with the alcohol, I had a thought then, that the amount of alcohol my mother had just had, added to what she had drank over the course of the afternoon, she must be feeling the effects more than me!

I turned my head towards my mother and Scott, and honestly, I nearly had a heart attack, Scott was on my left, my mother had her head on his left shoulder, leaning back on him, her head turned left so looking away from both of us, his hands were on her boobs, directly on her bikini top, he had his hands on my mother's tits! He was grinning the biggest grin I had ever seen, he moved his hands away and back down to her waist, held them for a few seconds, then moved them slowly back up and onto my mother's breasts. She didn't react at all, save for a small, almost imperceptible moan from her lips. I couldn't believe it, but I had to, my cock was almost bursting! Yet, with all that could be savoured by him, my friend made that selfless act, looking directly at me, said "Do you want to try Mike's jet Gemma?". My mother said nothing, just got up and moved onto my lap, I could clearly see her nipples poking through her bikini top. My cock was so solid I could have hammered nails with it! my mother settled onto my lap, and put her head back onto my right shoulder, and looked away from myself and Scott. I, feeling bold by what I had just seen, and the alcohol in my system, slowly reached my hands up along my mother's waist, around to her tummy and up to her breasts. She didn't even flinch, I felt her hard nipples under my palms, I moved my hands, ever so slowly, thus moving her nipples under her bikini top. I couldn't be sure, but it felt like she very gently, subtly pushed her chest out so her nipples pushed against my hands. Scott, while I had my mother in my hands and she was experiencing pure joy, had got out of the tub, and poured my mother another

vodka. She took it from him, thanking him, and drank half the glass, judging from my previous bar duties it looked like a double. "I need to get up hun, I need a wee" she said, laughing, I released my hands from her breasts, and she got up and walked to the toilet. She mentioned nothing about how we had both had our hands on her tits, and we certainly were not going to mention it, in case it all ended abruptly! Scott and I started talking hysterically about how we had just fondled my mother's tits. I was sure she would put an end to it soon, however, when she returned from the toilet, she had removed her shorts, and was just in her bikini bottoms and top, she looked stunning. "Your mum looks sexy doesn't she Mike!" Scott proclaimed loud enough for my Mum to hear him, "Err, yes" I stammered, not really reacting quick enough to what Scott had said. "Well, thank you boys," said my mother.

My mother was swaying ever so slightly as she got in the tub and sat in between myself and Scott. "Why don't we shuffle up so mum can have a jet?" I suggested, Scott threw me a daggers look, but I had a feeling that my mother

was already quite drunk and would enjoy the jet all to herself. “Yeah, ok” said Scott, who moved along so my mother could shuffle along to where he was just sat and have a jet all to herself. My mother settled herself in and immediately put her head back on the edge of the tub and released a small moan from her lips. I jumped out of the tub, got my mum another vodka, and handed it to her, she opened her eyes briefly to take it from me, said thank you, and then took a big slug, and settled her head back on the edge of the tub. Scott then jumped out and got another can out of the bag for me, handed it to me, took one for himself, opened it, then stepped back into the tub, but as I noticed, putting his hand on my mothers thigh to steady himself, she didn’t react, so I placed my hand on her other thigh. Again, nothing from her. I was so aroused at this point, I had had my hands on her thigh, then her tits, and now her thigh again. I watched as Scott looked at me, then looked directly forward, and moved his hand a little further up my mum’s thigh, his little finger was a bout a centimetre from her crotch. Ever so slowly, I watched in bewilderment, and utter surprise as my mother slightly opened her legs, not much, but she had definitely done it. My heart was racing as I watched Scott move his hand along the inside of her thigh, and then place it directly onto her bikini bottom covered pussy. She didn’t flinch, she still had her eyes closed and her head back, looking up at the ceiling of the conservatory, but with her eyes closed. Scott held his hand there for a minute or so, and then started to ever so slowly moved his hand around, rubbing her pussy over her bikini bottoms. I was in a bit of a state of shock and confusion, here was my friend, with his hand rubbing my mother’s pussy, and I was so aroused by it I thought I might explode. I didn’t really know what to do, I wanted to get involved, I was incredibly turned on and horny, but at the same time I wondered whether my mother would prefer I left, and she be alone with Scott? My mother still had her head back, but she was moaning slightly, and biting her bottom lip. Scott removed his hand, my mother never moved, she just continued to sit there, eyes closed, head back. “Another vodka Gemma?” Scott asked, “Mmm, yes please” she replied. He jumped out, got a vodka, it looked like a double, and handed it to my mother. “Should we get out and have a lie down?” Scott asked, “Yes, sounds like a great idea” my mother slurred after taking a big mouthful of vodka. She got out of the tub and laid on her back on the carpeted floor, Scott dived straight out after her and laid next to her, he immediately put his hand on her tummy, and then slowly lowered it, my mother had her eyes closed, but her legs started to open as Scott moved his hand towards her bikini bottoms, he kept his hand above her bikini as he started to rub her pussy again. My mother moaned a little, Scott suddenly started nodding his head towards me and then to my mother’s other side, I had remained in the tub as I was transfixed and not really sure what to do.

I got out of the tub and laid next to my mother, taking Scott’s lead from where he was ferociously pointing with his head, I tentatively placed my hand on her boob, on her bikini top, I held it for a few seconds, and then started slowly rotating my hand over her nipple. I could feel her nipple hardening through the material of her bikini. The

fact that she didn't automatically sit up and smack me around the head gave me a bit of a confidence, that, and the fact that Scott now had his hand inside her bikini bottoms and was quite obviously fingering her. I slowly, pulled the bikini top down to release my mothers pink nipples, and then I'm not sure why I did it, it was just an urge and felt right, but I leant down and sucked a nipple into my mouth, while I had it in my mouth, I started flicking my tongue over it, back and forth, my mother was moaning in appreciation, or what I hoped was appreciation. Scott removed his hand from my mother's bikini bottoms, and moved down to her ankles, he reached forward and took my mothers bikini bottoms in his hands, my mother instinctively lifted her bottom, to allow Scott to remove her bottoms. As he pulled them down over her thighs, then shins, then ankles, and off, I couldn't help staring at my mother's pussy, she had a neatly shaped triangle of hair on it. Scott immediately dove between her thighs, and started licking her pussy, she kept her eyes closed and moaned in a low sort of moan, he was lapping at her pussy for a few minutes while I was enjoying sucking her nipple when he got up and started taking down his shorts.

My mother opened her eyes, looked down at Scott, and then stared directly at me, "do you want to take your shorts of hun?" she said, with a big smile. "Do you want me to?" I asked, still quite nervous, "Its your birthday hun, its up to you". I took a step back and took down my shorts and threw them to the side, I was a little shy, but I was happy that as I threw my shorts to the side I was sporting a full hardon, Scott I saw also had an erection, and I was pleased to see that although he had a little more hair than me, we were both around 4" or so, for some reason that made me very confident and reassured to know we were a similar size. Scott leant over my mother, and his hand went to his cock to direct it into my mother's open pussy. As Scott was putting his cock in my mother, she looked me straight in the eye, and beckoned me over. I shuffled forwards on my knees to her, she reached up, took my cock in her hand and pulled it into her mouth, I was 14 years old on my birthday and 4" long, so she took the whole length of my cock into her mouth. It was heaven, her mouth was warm, and after she took the whole length, she moved her head back and licked my cock from base to the end, then took the whole length in again,

and started moving her head from tip to base. Oh my god was I in heaven, the warmth of my mother's mouth was amazing! Scott had entered my mother, and was now pushing his hips in and out, he was quite slow, but he was slowly building up speed as I watched him. He looked at me, we exchanged looks with huge smiles on our faces. Scott was now fucking my mother, and she was sucking my cock, it was very surreal. I enjoyed my mother sucking my cock, as Scott started really pounding her pussy. I was so aroused, watching Scott pound my mother's pussy, and feeling her sucking my cock, I could feel the sap rising, and before I knew it, I was cumming, my mother felt it,

and carried on sucking. I spewed a wad of hot cum into my mother's mouth, and she didn't spill a drop. She kept on sucking, I buckled and almost doubled over with the pleasure of shooting my load into my mother's mouth, again and again ropes of cum spurted from my cock, and my mother took it all, it may have been the hardest cum of my short life. I looked at Scott who was pumping his hips with vigour. My mother laid her head back after swallowing my cum and moaned in appreciation of Scott's efforts. Suddenly, I felt my mother's tongue on my cock again, she sucked my shrinking cock into her mouth, and started massaging it with her mouth, oh my god that was erotic, and at 14, I had an incredible recovery speed, so without me even feeling aroused, my cock, with a mind of its own, started to get hard again. My mother sucked for a while, and then visibly shook, as Scott came inside her. Scott was very visibly cumming in my mother. He was shuddering and had that cum face on ha-ha. He removed himself from my mother, put her bikini back on, placed a towel around herself, and said "I've let this go too far boys, I do NOT expect you to tell anyone about this!". And then walked towards the dining room, "I'll see you at home hun" she said as she turned her head back to us, "Happy birthday hun"...

Thank you if you have got this far, all feedback is welcome, comments or an e-mail.

Thank you.

The End