

64 DINNER DANCE WITH OUR MOTHERS CH.

Jonnyflies

Mark and Claire make it to the bedroom.

Incest/Taboo

4.57

4.3k words

Once inside her room she put her arms around me and her kiss made the one from mum pale into insignificance.

When she ended it she hugged me and said "I have wanted to have you join me here for almost three years Mark, but I promised myself I wouldn't mess up your chances of a place at University. That meant I had to wait until after you had finished your 'A Levels'. Your mum felt the same about Geoff, and so we waited. Now you are both 18, exams all done and just waiting for the results when I saw that advert for the dinner dance. . . . "

"But Geoff was the one who suggested the dinner dance," I said.

There was that little smile which combined with the slightly sideways look always turned my insides to jelly and made me just want to be near her. "So he did. But who do you think left the paper out, open at that page whenever and wherever Geoff sat down, all week? If he hadn't suggested it last night, I was going to."

"But what if we hadn't been able to get a table," I asked?

She hugged me and we kissed again. "The paper was delivered on Monday morning Mark. I suggested it to Marie as we left the solicitors office, tonight's table was booked on Monday afternoon."

"Ah!" I said, sensing I was beginning to look foolish again.

"I hoped Geoff had remembered the advert, but if he hadn't I would have suggested the dinner dance myself. When we spoke about it on Tuesday to iron out the details your mum thought about booking us two rooms as well, but we decided, given how long we had been dropping hints, that we might not have fully separated into two couples at the dance and pre-booked rooms would look a bit too obvious. It was me who suggested, as a second option, we drive up to 'Shepherds View' on the way home. I thought, with its reputation, it might give you boys a push in the required direction and if that didn't work it could be justified by us finishing a lovely evening by looking at a beautiful view. Sorry about your alcohol free evening but someone had to drive."

"So you ladies have been setting all this up since Monday then?"

Claire smiled, "We have been looking for a way to 'set you up' as you call it, since you finished your 'A Levels' over a month ago. Does that upset you?"

"What upsets me is that I didn't realise it sooner. Think of how much time we have wasted that I could have spent holding you."

She hugged me close, "Sometimes you say the nicest things".

I kissed her, "Just being with you is the nicest thing I can imagine. You are so beautiful; I can't believe you really want me."

Claire began to undo my shirt. "Believe it Mark because it took a lot of planning to get you here with me tonight. Tomorrow we can talk about when and if we are going to repeat tonight's experience, but tonight you are mine and I want you more than I want any other man in this world."

She was undoing my trousers as I said, "Even more than Bob?"

She ripped my trousers and shorts down and pushed me back onto the bed. "Especially Bob" she said as she removed my shoes, trousers and pants in one go. Then she bent over me and took my cock into her mouth.

A previous girlfriend had once given me a blow job, but it had been a tentative affair with her just kissing my cock and occasionally putting the tip just inside her mouth. This was nothing like that. Claire took my cock right into her mouth, licking and sucking my knob for several seconds before she slowly pressed down taking my full 8 inch length into her mouth. I felt my knob enter her throat and her nose disappeared into my pubic hair. She stayed like that for some seconds before she pulled back, keeping me in her mouth as her tongue worked on the underside of my cock while she took deep breaths through her nose. Then she went down again, if anything taking me even deeper into her throat than she had before. After the first time she didn't seem to have any problem with the 'gag reflex', she just seemed to swallow and I slipped smoothly into her throat. She repeated this action several more times until I knew I was about to explode and warned her I was about to cum. This time as she pulled back, she allowed her teeth to lightly scrape along my shaft until they almost reached my now very sensitive knob, where her lips and tongue took over.

With a groan I blasted my cum into her mouth, watching in awe as her throat worked to swallow it all. That other girl had pulled me out of her mouth and finished me off with her hand, turning her head away, not even looking at me and holding my cock away from her so that I shot my cum onto the ground beside her. Claire took it all in her mouth and swallowed every drop.

When I had finished, Claire moved up the bed and held me for several seconds, then she kissed me. Once again our tongues clashed, I was aware that her mouth tasted different and I knew I was tasting my own cum, but I didn't care.

I had sometimes wondered what semen tasted like, but had never been curious enough to want to accept any of the offers I had received from gay men; and there had been several approaches over the years from them. For some reason I seemed to attract them, but it didn't worry me unduly because, as long as my polite 'No thanks' was accepted, I didn't see it was a problem. There was actually one teacher at my college who had, very discreetly, propositioned me a couple of times. Because I knew he was married with two children, I didn't realise what he was after at first, but when I did I told him I wasn't interested, he apologised and never asked me again. Strangely these advances didn't repel me, but I just knew I wasn't gay. How could I be when the one who filled my dreams was a woman, more specifically the one I was holding in my arms at this moment. Perhaps I was happy to taste my own semen because I was tasting it on her lips, but whatever the reason was, it made me feel even closer to her.

She broke the kiss and said, "I haven't done that in a very long time, what did you think?"

"Think? Oh my God, I couldn't even start to think," I said, hugging her, "How could I think while you were doing that to me, it was fantastic."

"James used to like me to do that to him," she said, "It was for him I learned that 'throat' trick, but I am very much out of practice. I used to be able to let him cum while he was still in my throat, but you are a bit bigger than he was."

James was Geoff's father who had been killed in a motorway pile up when Geoff and I were about ten.

Claire went very quiet for some moments and I knew she was thinking about him. Then I felt her body begin to shake and I knew she was crying. There was nothing I could do apart from just hold her close, this was something she had to get through but I was determined she wasn't going to go through it alone.

I have no idea how long we just lay there before she looked up at me and a rather tearful smile brought back the Claire I loved.

"I'm sorry about that," she whispered, "That wasn't supposed to happen."

I very gently kissed her tear stained cheeks. "There is nothing to apologise for, James was a big part of your life. He was your husband, the father of your son and I know you loved him very much. I can never change that and I wouldn't want to, but I love you too and I want to be as much a part of your future as he was a part of your past."

"No Mark. You mustn't fall in love with me. I am too old for you, find a girl of your own age. I will always be here for you whenever you want me, but you mustn't fall in love with me."

I lay there considering what Claire had said and then I sat up, swung my feet off the bed, stood up and picked up my pants and trousers.

I made a decision. "I'm sure Geoff won't mind if I borrow his bed as he won't be using it tonight. Claire, I'm not going to fall in love with you because I have been in love with you since I was 13. On this, the most wonderful night of my life, you tell me that you want me to treat you like a cheap whore, a piece of meat to fuck whenever I feel horny. Don't you understand? I Love You! I have always loved you and I always will love you. I know you are older than me but I don't care. If I can't have all of you, I would rather not have any of you." I moved towards the door.

She screamed "No!" and was off the bed in a flash, wrapping her arms around me. I dropped my things on the floor and put my arms around her and for what seemed like ages we just stood there and I could feel that she was crying again.

I stroked her hair and whispered "I want you so much my love, I may look at another girls and appreciate them, but you are the one I want to be with. I want to"

The bedroom door flew open and Geoff and mum dashed into the room, both completely naked. Geoff grabbed my arm to drag me away from his mum but she wouldn't let go of me. Mum stopped Geoff from pulling at me and said, "It's alright Geoff, I think we might have the wrong end of the stick here. Let's find out what's really happening before you start throwing punches. Explain yourself Mark."

I looked at them and then at Claire who was still holding on to me as if her life depended on it. "She said I mustn't fall in love with her and inferred I was to treat her like a cheap whore, whenever I felt horny. I refused to consider that kind of relationship and I was about to go and spend the rest of the night in Geoff's room."

Geoff stepped back and mum gently prised Claire's arms from around me and led her back to sit on the bed, wrapping her arms around her and holding her very tightly. "I think you two boys should leave us alone for a few minutes," she said, "Perhaps there is still some wine in that bottle. Go and sit down in the lounge, have a drink and I'll call you when you are needed."

The air in the lounge was decidedly 'frosty' for about five minutes as we sat across from each other, neither of us saying anything. Then Geoff said, "Is what you said upstairs the truth. If it isn't and you have hurt my mother, you and I are going to fall out, big time."

I looked him straight in the eye, "On my word Geoff, she got emotional remembering your dad and apologised for being like that. I said he had been a big part of her life and she had loved him, but I loved her too and I wanted to be as much a part of her future as he was of her past. She then said I mustn't fall in love with her, she was too old for me, but I could visit her for sex anytime. I got up and said that wasn't enough for me so I was going to go and sleep in your room. That was when she screamed and grabbed me and then you and mum arrived. That is the gospel truth."

"And you really mean that," he asked me, "She means that much to you?"

"Let's get Uni over and then I have a problem," I said. "It's usual to ask your best friend to be your best man, but I hope my best friend will be giving the bride away. How do you fancy having me as your stepfather Geoff?"

There was a discreet cough from the doorway and we looked round to see my mother standing there; still completely naked.

"Claire needs you Mark," she said, "Be gentle with her because she is a little bit fragile at the moment."

I was off upstairs like a startled rabbit. One tap on the door and without waiting for an invitation I entered. Claire was still sitting on the bed, her eyes red from crying. I went to her and knelt at her feet, taking her hands in mine.

She looked down at me and said very quietly, "Please don't leave me Mark."

I kissed both of her hands. "Leave you? How could I leave you when you hold my heart in your hands? Don't you understand, I am yours, I have been yours since I was 12 or 13 and I will be yours for the rest of my life."

I heard the door behind me open and mum and Geoff entered the room. Mum took my hands and lifted me to my feet, wrapping her arms around me and holding me close to her. I must admit it felt very strange to be holding my mother like that, both of us completely naked. Geoff gently removed the underwear she was still wearing. As he knelt to remove her stockings, his head was at the perfect height and he leaned forward and gently kissed her pussy. Then he got up and bringing her to her feet, hugged her to him, kissing her cheeks and her lips before leading her up the bed, lifting the covers for her to get in and covering her up.

I looked at Geoff I could see he had an erection and he looked a little embarrassed about it. Holding mum's naked body was having the same effect on me as well and mum reached down and took my cock in her hand.

"You put this where it needs to go son," she said, "You can leave this sex mad friend of yours to me, I know how to deal with the likes of him."

I got into bed beside Claire and took her in my arms as Geoff and Marie closed the door behind themselves.

As I held her in my arms we heard through the wall, "So how do you intend dealing with me then?"

"Come here you fool," said Marie, "Keep your voice down these walls aren't all that thick. Oh yes, that's right, just like that. Oh Yes . . . I'll give you six months to stop that, but if you want an extension let me know. Ohhhh! You naughty boy, fancy doing that to your friend's mummy No don't stop, it's like Mastermind. You've started so you should finish." There was a giggle and then "Oh God I think we have just found your specialist subject Oh Yes . . Yes that's right Ohhhh"

Those kind of noises continued, but none of them suggested that she was objecting to anything he was doing. They ended when mum almost screamed, "Oh My God Oh shit; you can't . . . I can't be Ohhhh . . . Ohhhhh!" I would have put good money on Geoff having hit the jackpot again for the fourth time tonight to my knowledge. It was quite possible that my mother was going to be quite sore in the morning.

Claire and I had lain there listening as Geoff almost fucked my mum right through the mattress. Headboard banging on the wall and springs squeaking as he obviously gave her exactly what she wanted. That final exclamation from her, followed by Geoff's groan's before it went quiet and then there was a gentle muttering from my mother. The only words I made out were when I heard her say, "I love you".

"Go easy on him mum," I called out, "But you certainly put him in his place there didn't you?"

Claire dissolved into giggles as mum replied, "You're not supposed to be listening. Have you nothing better to do in there?"

"Just pacing ourselves," I replied, "We don't want to burn out too quickly."

Geoff's voice came back. "Will you two get on with it. You're all talk and no action. I thought better of you than that Mark, that woman in there is in need of a serious protein injection . That buzzing noise I keep hearing may have helped with the symptoms, but you're supposed to be proving that ten inches of 'soft but firm plastic' and three 'C' size batteries' are no substitute for the real thing."

Claire gasped. "Oh God, he knows about Bob" she whispered.

"It certainly sounds like it," I whispered back, "Maybe it's time you tried a bit more 'Draft' and a bit less 'Bottled'."

I moved between her legs and began to work on her clitoris and the entrance to her vagina with the tip of my cock. Within an amazingly short time her hips began to move to mirror my movements and her arms drew me to her so that we kissed. I could feel her juices lubricating my cock and with one thrust up I pushed the tip of my cock into her love tunnel. I drew slightly back and continued to arouse her until she whispered, "Please Mark."

"Anything for you my love," I said as I thrust forward again, very gently, slowly driving my full length into her.

The groan of pleasure that came from her lips brought a response from next door.

"About time too," said Geoff, "Now will you do the job properly or do you need me to give you lessons?"

"They can hear us," said Claire.

"Of course they can" I said.

I called out, "You do it your way and I'll do it mine," I said, "She's quite happy with what I am doing in here, aren't you my love?" I grinned at her.

"Very happy indeed," she replied, loud enough for them to hear her. "The quality is excellent, but the quantity could be improved on."

There was a burst of laughter from the guest room.

"I'm working on it," I said, "Have you managed to 'screw her arse off' yet, Geoff, or did she 'fuck your brains out' first?"

"Bluuuble - Bluuuble - Bluuuble - Bluuub," came back from Geoff, accompanied by Mum's laughter.

"I thought that might happen," I said, "Get some sleep, you'll feel better in the morning."

"Sleep be buggered," came the reply, "I have a woman here who needs to be shown who's boss."

"Oh God No, you can't do that I'm not clean down there," came mum's voice, quickly followed by Geoff, who said, "Maybe not, but it's very very tasty Ummmm!"

"He can't be doing what I think he's doing," said Claire, "He has just cum in her and now I think he's going down on her."

"Don't get jealous," I whispered, "I haven't got to that part yet, but your turn is coming."

There was another groan from the next room, followed by mum saying, "Oh! You are a very naughty boy, you shouldn't be doing Oh my God Oh Fucking Hell . . . No - Not there! No, you can't Ahhhhhh! Oh God . . . Oh Goddd . . . Oh sh*t . . . No, don't stop! Ooohhhhhh! Yes . . . Yes."

I began very slowly to pull back until only the tip was still inside her and then as I pushed forward again I whispered, "I love you".

Back again and gently forward timing my penetration to match the words, "I will always love you".

Again I drew back and as I thrust forward again, "I will never let you go".

This time as I pulled back, Claire whispered, "I love you too".

I thrust forward, a little harder this time, "I'm going to make love to you forever".

Her legs wrapped around my thighs, locking me into her. "Tonight you are staying with me" she whispered, "This isn't a competition but I think I would like to get a little closer to the number of times Geoff has made Marie cum, so if it's not too much trouble young man, I would rather like you to fuck me."

"Sorry Madam," I said, "We're right out of 'Fuck', that lady next door seems to have taken all of it, so it isn't available tonight. I do have a very nice line in making love if Madam would care to try that. It has received very good reviews and I can thoroughly recommend it."

She giggled, "May I ask who it was that reviewed this service?"

"I don't think you know the lady" I said, "But she assaulted me up at 'Shepherds View' earlier tonight and she seemed very pleased with what I was able to provide, even if it was at quite short notice."

Claire drew me down and kissed me, then she whispered, "If it's all the same to you, can we save the lovemaking for another time? Just at the moment I think I would rather like you to, if you will excuse the expression, 'fuck my arse off'."

"Madam's wish is my command," I said, as I began to piston in and out of her pussy. Every thrust brought a groan or a cry from Claire and it spurred me on to drive into her even harder. She began to climax, but I was still not ready to cum, so I just kept on fucking her. Her orgasm didn't seem to end it just went on and on. She almost screamed "Oh My God . . . Oh Yes! . . . Ohhhh . . . Yes!" as my cock pushed through her cervix into her womb. The increased grip on my cock started my orgasm too and this time her scream almost burst my eardrums as once again I pumped my cum into her.

"That's much more like it," came Geoff's voice from the next room, accompanied by mum's giggling.

"You are very noisy," I whispered to Claire as I kissed her. Then I began to work my way down, kissing her neck, her breasts and putting my tongue into her belly button on the way. Reaching my target I began by gently licking her clitoris and sucking it into my mouth, before continuing down to my final destination. I had arrived at the perfect moment because the first 'glob' of my cum was just oozing out of her and I caught it on my tongue before clamping my lips to her pussy and starting to suck my cum back out of her, alternating by pushing two fingers up her to draw more of my spunk from her.

Claire's groans were probably heard outside in the street as she cried out in passion and I heard mum from next door ask, "Is he licking you out now Claire?"

"Mind your own bloody business," Claire replied.

"Is his finger in your bum yet?" mum asked, giggling.

"No it isn't," said Claire, "He wouldn't do something as Oh My God Oh sh*t Correction to that last Oh God . . . You can't - Oh Jesus - Ohhhh ."

My finger, well lubricated by the fluids leaking from her pussy, had just slid smoothly into her arse up to the second knuckle.

"Nice One," came Geoff's voice, "I'm proud of you my man, or should that have been DAD?"

"Not yet, but I'm working on it SON," I replied. "Now if you don't mind I think we should all stop entertaining the neighbours and get some sleep. Goodnight."

"What are you talking about?" whispered Claire.

"Nothing for you to worry about my love," I replied, "Get some sleep and we can talk in the morning. By the way, it might be Sunday but I won't be going to Church and I certainly have no intention of confessing my sins so that some dirty old man with his collar on back to front can wank himself silly over tonight's chain of events." I drew her close and kissed her.

"You taste of cum," she whispered.

"Well at least you know whose cum I taste of," I whispered. "I must have developed a taste for it when I was kissing you after you sucked me off earlier."

We drifted off to sleep in each other's arms.