

66 DINNER DANCE WITH OUR MOTHERS CH.

Jonnyflies

A surprise in store at home.

Incest/Taboo

4.61

4.4k words

When we had finished getting everything ready for tomorrow, I went up for a shower and changed into a lightweight pair of sweatpants and a T-shirt. We sat together on the sofa to watch TV.

Mum was a bit tired as she hadn't got very much sleep the night before, I can't think why. My arm was around her and her head was on my shoulder. I have to say it did feel incredibly good having her snuggled up to me on the sofa like this.

The program we had been watching was ending and the next one was only a 'God Spot' program. I was about to flick through the channels looking for something else, when she sat up and said, "Never mind the television, I think we need to talk."

I realised from the tone of her voice this wasn't a request it was an instruction. I turned off the TV, put the remote down and said, "Oh dear! This sounds serious. Shall I get us both a glass of wine because that sounds as if at least one of us might need one?"

She gave a nervous giggle. "You know me too well Mark, but yes, I think a glass of wine would be nice."

Returning from the kitchen with two glasses of white wine, I saw mum was now sitting in the armchair facing the sofa. Obviously this was not a talk she wanted to have while we were cuddling. Shame that, I was rather enjoying that little cuddle. Putting her glass on the coffee table I sat back down on the sofa facing her.

Taking a sip from my glass I put it down and said, "OK! What's on your mind mum?"

Mum carefully put her glass down and said, "When you walked in on Claire and I this morning, you must have realised that we are a little closer than just 'friends'. Did you tell Geoff what you saw when you brought the tea up?"

"No" I replied, "As I said at the time, 'Whatever happens in Vegas . . .' If you want him to know about you will have to tell him yourselves."

"Does it bother you that Claire and I have this kind of 'friendship' Mark?"

I thought for a moment and then said, "You and Geoff did seem to be getting on quite well last night, so I don't think either you or Claire are lesbians. If we have to find a 'label' to fit what I 'walked in on' this morning, shall we say that both of you ladies are possibly 'bisexual' and are very close friends? I do think though, to prevent misunderstandings in the future, assuming that you want the relationship with Geoff to continue, it might be a good idea if he knew. I know him quite well and I don't think he will be any more worried about it than I am. He really does like you a lot and I know he hopes last night wasn't a 'one night stand', I think it might be better if he knew."

Mum was quiet for almost a minute and then she said, "I agree and I'll talk to Claire tomorrow about the best way to tell him, because obviously this concerns her too. I do want last night to be more than a 'once only' event in my life too. Thank you for your tact and consideration Mark."

"No problem mum," I said, "Can I ask how long have you and Claire been . . . 'Close friends'?"

Mum grinned. "There is no need to be afraid to say the word Mark," she said, "We have been lovers since the year after James was killed. Claire sunk into depression and she needed a lot of emotional support. She had to rebuild her life and she had a son to look after and he had just lost his father as well. Much of this support fell to me because as you know, we have been best friends since our schooldays."

"It was the first wedding anniversary after the accident, I knew she would need me so I had gone round to be with her. Geoff was in bed and we were just sitting together on the sofa, talking, when, out of the blue, she began to cry and I put my arms around her to comfort her. I don't remember how it happened or who started it, but we kissed. That kiss became a second and, well, somehow it seemed right to both of us and we ended up in bed together. Sometimes when we get together and one of us needs comfort and support, if the opportunity arises, let's say we help each other through those times. As you found last night, when she thinks about James, sometimes even now she gets rather emotional. I have been through some difficult times with your father too Mark, so don't think this is a one way thing, there have been many times she has been there for me when I have needed someone as well."

"Your father hadn't shown very much interest in me as a woman for some time and us women have our needs too. We sometimes just need to hold and be held by someone who cares. What you walked in on this morning was a little different though. It wasn't an 'emotional moment' because of James, like last night's was, or me finding out that your father was screwing someone else . . . Again. This time, by the way, is the third time that he has cheated on our marriage, that I know about. I suspect there have been more. He was always a smooth talker with plenty of charm and women like him. You have inherited his looks but hopefully not his ways.

You could say that what you saw this morning was a celebration of last night's success, although I must admit that we hadn't allowed for you walking in on us and seeing what you did."

I picked up my glass and went and knelt on the floor between her feet. Handing her wine glass to her I touched our glasses together in a toast. "To us," I said, "All of us. Dad must be out of his mind to be playing around with his secretary when he has you at home. Geoff is my best friend and I know from what he has said to me, he is aware of how lucky he feels to have you, but if circumstances had been different, I assure you he would have faced some very stiff competition for your attention from me."

Mum gave me a strange look and then drank the rest of her glass of wine.

I emptied my glass too and, taking her empty glass from her, I put them both down on the table. She was still looking at me in that odd way and then she spoke.

"Do you really mean that Mark?" she said. "Do you really think I am that attractive? I know most boys think their mothers are nice looking, but do you really think I am still that attractive, as a woman?"

I leaned forward and this time it was me who planted what was definitely not a 'mother and son' kiss on her lips. Our tongues clashed and she slid forward in the chair, spreading her thighs around

me and drawing me closer. Our bodies pressed together and I was very much aware that all there was between her pussy and my erect cock were her panties and my sweatpants.

As my erection pressed against her, she groaned, her hips pressed forward and her legs locked around my thighs, holding me tightly to her body.

Breaking the kiss she released me, "WOW! You think I am as attractive as that," she said quietly, "I think perhaps you had better sit back down on the sofa Mark."

A little reluctantly I stood up to resume my seat on the sofa. Mum picked up our glasses and handed them to me. "I also think we could both do with another drink," she said.

When I returned with the wine mum was looking more nervous than I ever remember seeing her.

"Sit down." she said as I put her glass down in front of her.

When I was seated she said, "Claire and I were talking before you brought up the tea this morning, comparing how we felt about how the night had gone."

I carefully put my glass down on the coffee table. "May I ask what the verdict was?" I asked.

"We talked about how we felt, now last night's booze had worn off and other than both of us having a slight hangover, we both agreed it had been a wonderful night and we wanted it to happen again."

"She teased me a bit about the noise I was making when Geoff was making love to me and asked if he had really been that good. If you must know, I told her, YES, he really was, better than just good."

"She then said that last night she had experienced things with you that surpassed anything she had ever felt with anyone before. She also said that although she hoped she wasn't as loud as I had been, she thought you were amazing."

I think at this point I probably blushed.

Mum saw my reaction and grinned. "Don't get big headed Mark," she said, "It's all very well doing it once, what matters is being able to repeat that standard of performance on a consistent basis."

She picked up her glass and took a long drink before continuing.

"She went on so much about how her night with you had gone that I said, even though I had lost count of the number of orgasms Geoff had given me last night, I was beginning to feel a little bit jealous. She went quiet for a moment and then said she had felt the same when she saw me and Geoff together when you came upstairs. I told her that no-one had ever made me feel like Geoff made me feel last night. She giggled and said, 'Not even me?' I kissed her and said, 'No, not even you.' That was where the kiss and cuddle you saw when you walked in with the tea started."

She drained her glass. "Your father does at least have good taste in wine," she said, "Pity about his taste in women. I'm going to get a refill."

I stood up and took her glass, "His taste in women is just fine," I said, "His problem is he doesn't know when he is well off." I leaned down, gently kissed her lips and whispered, "He has perfection at home and he still goes out looking for more. He needs his head examining."

Mum put her hand on the back of my neck and drew me into another kiss. Then she said, "Go and get us that refill, but I think it had better be my last, I am not used to drinking this much and it is beginning to have a very strange affect on me."

I went to the kitchen and refilled our glasses. There was only a small amount left in the bottle, so I took it back into the lounge with the glasses. Mum had moved from her armchair and was back on the sofa. I put the bottle on the table with the glasses and sat down beside her.

"There's only a drop left and it seems a shame to waste it," I said. "Shall I switch the TV on again?"

"Leave it off," she replied as she snuggled up to me, "There is nothing worth watching anyway. Could you hand me my glass?"

As I leaned forward to reach for her glass I noticed, on the floor by the armchair were a pair of very pretty white panties that had definitely not been there before I went to get the wine.

I got up and picked them up. I looked at her and then very slowly raised the panties to my nose and took a deep breath. "I think these must be yours mum," I said, "I seem to recognise the perfume." Putting out my tongue I touched it to the inside of the gusset. "I can't say I can recognise the taste, but I wouldn't mind getting much more familiar with it."

Folding the panties up I put them on the coffee table and sat down again beside mum. Copying Geoff's action of last night I slipped my arm around mum's neck. Mum snuggled up just like she had done last night and my hand fell to the perfect height to hold her breast through her blouse, just like Geoff had done. She looked up at me but she didn't say anything about where my hand was, she just kissed me.

Taking that as tentative encouragement, I gently unfastened her blouse and slid my hand inside, pushing her bra strap off her shoulder and holding her bare breast. There didn't appear to be any objection from her so I put my other hand on her thigh, on top of her skirt.

She just cuddled up closer to me and her legs opened a little. Then she took my hand and, raising it to her lips, kissed my fingers and then placed my hand back on her bare thigh, just below the hem of her skirt, and moved it back up to where I had put it, pushing her skirt higher up her legs.

Mum then gave me another kiss, during which my hand had moved further up her leg. As she broke the kiss she looked into my eyes. "It was at about this point Claire sent Geoff and I up to bed Mark," she whispered, "Perhaps we would be more comfortable up there."

"I know we agreed 'Whatever happens in Vegas' Mum," I said, "But this is a whole new situation, are you sure you really want to do this?"

She was quiet for a moment and then she said, "Do you?"

For answer I slipped my hand further up and between her thighs, which opened to allow me unobstructed access. She thrust her hips forward as my two fingers slid easily into her very wet pussy and my thumb contacted her clitoris. Locating her 'G' spot took only a second and within moments my mother was climaxing under my hand.

"Does that answer your question?" I asked, "Only if this is going to go any further, Geoff and Claire mustn't find out. I don't know what they would say if they knew. I assume you want to continue seeing him?"

"Of course," said mum, "And I assume you want to continue seeing Claire?"

"You know I do," I replied, "Last night was something I have dreamed of for so long, but never thought it could ever happen."

"So this has to be a 'casual' thing, when the opportunity arises?" she said.

"Well," I said, not wanting to say the wrong thing here. "Not exactly casual, but we must be discreet."

Mum got up from the sofa and unfastened her skirt. It fell to the floor and she stepped out of it. Bending over me, she undid the drawstring at the waist of my trousers and began to pull them down. I lifted my bum off the seat to help her and she pulled my trousers right down and took them off. Then she knelt astride me and, taking my cock in her hand to guide it, lowered herself until the tip of my knob slipped between the lips of her pussy and just inside the opening of her very wet vagina.

"Tell me Mark?" she asked "How would you feel if, at this very moment, Geoff was sinking his cock into Claire's vagina."

I didn't know what to say so she continued. "When he kissed her cunt lips last night, Claire told me he pushed his tongue into her, to about where your cock is sitting now. This morning, after you brought up the tea, we decided we would both like to try what the other had experienced last night. I wouldn't be surprised if Claire and Geoff are, at this moment, cuddled up together. Claire told me that she wouldn't use her bed, memories of being there with you are too precious to her."

Wrapping one arm around her waist, my other hand on the back of her head, I drew her down to kiss me. As our lips met she slowly lowered herself onto me, sinking about three quarters of my cock into her. Her groan of passion was muffled by my mouth as she raised herself up and then sank down again, taking my dick fully inside her.

As I broke the kiss I asked, "Was this what you were hoping for when you said you wanted there to be a suspension of our 'Mother and Son' relationship in private?"

"Not exactly," mum said as she began to ride my cock. "The idea of that was to get you both to stop thinking of us as your mothers. This part Claire and I only worked out this morning. She told me how you took her to heaven several times last night, much as Geoff did to me. Over the last year or so I have heard you masturbating in your bed and seen some of the sites you have visited on the computer and I know most of them mainly feature mature women. I have lain there in my bed alone, wishing I had the courage to ask you to join me. I have needed a man inside me for some time and your father has been too busy with his new secretary to want me."

"I knew how Geoff felt about me and last night I know I behaved like a slut but I didn't care. Your father is a cheating shit and if he can have his secretary, surely I can have who I want too. If that makes me a slut then so be it. Last night I was fucked several times by a boy young enough to be my son. Now I am doing something I realise I have wanted to do for at least the last year and I really do want to experience firsthand, what Claire is laying claim to."

"Hold onto that thought" I said, "It has a lot to recommend it, but don't you think you could have talked this over with us boys first? My future stepson might consider I am trespassing on territory which he hopes to lay claim to."

Mum hugged me. "You really are serious about this then Mark" she asked? "You really do intend to marry Claire?"

"I have never been more serious about anything in my whole life" I said.

"Claire and I talked about that and we decided it would be better to just see how it worked out" mum said, "If everything is going to plan, she should be snuggling up to Geoff about now. She promised to phone me if Geoff wasn't 'up for it'. It's still quite early but she hasn't phoned yet."

"Last night I realised what I had been missing all these years. Your father had never made love to me like Geoff did, not even when we were first married. Claire said that although she did love James, she had never felt with him what she experienced with you last night."

"This is strictly a 'one of' Mark, we don't intend to make a habit of committing incest, but just for tonight"

"So!" I said with a grin, "When I said to Geoff that we had been 'set up' by you two, very naughty ladies, I didn't know the half of it. What you are saying is that Claire is seducing Geoff as we speak. Are you going to tell me which of you two came up with this idea for tonight?"

"No I am not," mum said, "That's our secret, but after Geoff kissed her pussy like he did last night, she was fairly sure he would have liked to do more."

"This morning, when you brought up the tea, you kissed both of us on the breasts, but when you tugged at my nipple with your teeth, even Claire felt me shiver with excitement. We were fairly sure you would both go along with it so we decided to see just what our own sons were like in bed."

"Now, are you going to shut up and get on with the job in hand? We can talk about it later."

I didn't have to do anything. Mum began to ride me, gently at first, but as she warmed to the task, she became more animated until she clamped her mouth to mine to stifle her cries as she brought herself to orgasm.

"Oh My God! That was something else," she whispered, "No wonder Claire wants you in her bed."

Then she realised that I was still hard inside her.

"You didn't cum," she said.

I grinned at her. "I'm saving that for when I get you up to bed," I said, "I never dreamed this would happen, so, to use a phrase that you appeared to be quite conversant with last night, when I get you into bed 'I'm going to fuck your arse off'."

"I said this was a onetime only deal Mark," she said.

"So you did," I replied, "But I got the impression that you rather liked what we just did. You can't just leave me to go and have a wank in the bathroom. You don't have to agree of course, but tonight I think it would be nice if you were to invite me to join you in your bed. You and Claire want to compare us, so I think we should have the chance to compare you too. I still intend to marry Claire so even if tonight is a 'onetime only' event, although you might manage to get some sleep, don't count on it too much."

As she climbed off me there was a lovely juicy sucking sound as my cock slid out of her cunt, bringing another groan of pleasure from her. She bent down and took my cock into her mouth, licking me clean of all of her juices.

Taking her hand I sat her back down on the sofa and then I knelt between her thighs.

"My turn," I said, "I'm just going to check on that flavour. It was very sweet on the inside of your knickers, but I'm sure it will taste even better getting it still warm, straight from the source."

There was a moment when I thought her thighs were going to crush my head as she climaxed again. I suppose it's normal for sons not to notice, but in all the years I was growing up, I had never realised what a sexy lady my mother was, until this weekend. One time only be fucked, I made up my mind that tonight would not be the only time I was going to share her bed, she was never going to be lonely and frustrated again, that was for sure.

Knowing Geoff was even more of a randy sod than I was, if he was getting the same treatment from Claire that I was getting from Marie, I could see him wanting it to happen again as well. Geoff and I needed to have a serious talk. Getting him to stop seeing Claire as 'just his mother' had opened up a 'can of worms' for both of us and we needed to talk, urgently.

"I need to talk to Geoff," I said as I sat back onto my heels. "You and Claire may have worked out what you want, but this is being sprung on me and Geoff and we have to talk. I need to ask him to meet me on the bench across the road from his place. I want you to phone Claire, find out how far they have gone and then ask her to put him on the phone so I can speak to him. Tell her I am OK with this, but need to talk with Geoff."

Marie picked up the phone and dialled Claire's house. I listened as she explained what I had asked her to do, before she pressed the 'Mute' button and said to me, "As soon as Geoff realised it was me on the phone he said he needed to talk to you, so he must be thinking the same as you. Claire said he seems OK but is nervous about going too far because he knows you feel about her. What do you want to do?"

"Give me the phone," I said, "I'll talk to him."

Mum cleared the line again and handed the handset to me. Claire was still on the other end waiting.

"Hello," I said to her, "Don't worry, everything is cool, but I just need to have a talk with Geoff. Tell him I will be across the road on 'our bench' in 10 minutes so could he join me there. I just think it's better if we talk on 'neutral territory' and that's where we usually chat when it's important, there is nothing to worry about. I love you. Now, could you put Geoff on?"

Geoff came on the phone. "Hi mate," I said, "No problem, but I think our 'Friday night chat needs a little 'extension' to what we decided, so will you put your trousers back on and meet me there in 10?"

The gasp from the other end of the line was audible. "How did you . . . ?" he started.

"Just a guess mate" I interrupted him, "10 minutes will give me time to make myself respectable and be there too, so I'll see you there, alright?"

"Errrm, yes! OK, 10 minutes." he replied.

"Good man." I said, "Now give the phone back to your mum and she can talk to Marie while you and I sort things out and put the world to rights again. Still Friends?"

"Definitely still friends." He replied, "See you in 10."

I handed the phone back to mum and said, "It's all yours. I'm going to put something on and have a word with Geoff. Don't look so worried mum, I'm pretty sure the holiday is still on, although some of the 'room rules' might become subject to 'occasional last minute changes'."