

67DINNER DANCE WITH OUR MOTHERS CH.

Jonnyflies

The conclusion of the tale.

Incest/Taboo

4.67

4.7k words

After a quick change into pants and trousers, I gave mum a quick kiss and headed out to meet Geoff at our neutral 'discussion seat'.

He was already there when I arrived and he stood up as I approached.

There was a moments silence as we both sat there, unsure as to how to begin what was obviously going to be a very strange discussion. I took a deep breath and decided to make a start.

"Two nights ago we sat on this bench and talked about concerns we both had about escorting our mothers to a dance. After some discussion, it emerged that the reason for your concern about this 'date' was that you fancied my mother and were worried that after a couple of drinks, you might say or do something that would let her know how you felt about her."

"Yes. I know all that," said Geoff, "But"

"There you go with that 'But' again," I said, "Stop interrupting and listen. News Flash! Claire told me last night that they have known you had this 'thing' about Marie for over a year and she had been dropping hints that an approach might be 'favourably received' since we finished our 'A' Levels."

"I just thought she was being extra nice and supportive through the exam's. She must think I'm a right dumbo," said Geoff.

"Don't take it too hard mate," I said, "Claire had been dropping hints to me as well and I thought she was just teasing me again, so I'm no better. Now we know that last night was a 'set up' by them to get us to make a move on them and to take them to bed. A strategy which I think you will agree was, shall we say, quite successful."

"Think about it, it was your mum who laid down the rules at the start of the evening," I continued. "No 'Mum' or 'Mrs' they were Claire and Marie. She was the one who split us into 'couples' for the evening, putting you with Marie and me with her. She then suspended the normal 'mother and son' relationship, referred to the evening as a 'date', stressed that 'a gentleman doesn't kiss and tell' and hinted that some 'discretion' might be required. She even used the American phrase 'What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas'. I'm telling you now mate, I was 'bricking it' but by then there was nowhere to run to."

"You were 'bricking it'?" Geoff gasped, "I thought I was going to be sick I was so scared. You looked so calm and I thought I was the only one who put that interpretation on what mum said."

"When you think about it, how much of an objection did Marie make when Claire made those rules? I think they had already been agreed between them, my mum had to be as much 'in on it' as yours was. There has now been a further 'development' and it looks as if the 'mother and son' thing is suspended indefinitely," I said. "At some point before breakfast our mothers decided it would be fun for us to swap partners. Before you say anything, yes, I do know what that would mean. Marie

told me about this idea less than an hour ago and she's made it plain that although she is worried about what you might think, she is 'in favour' of giving this a try. I know this takes what happened last night to a whole new level, and obviously if we do this, it has to be kept strictly between us four. I understand from Marie that Claire has probably already suggested this to you, so now I need to know what you want to do. It's clear that the ladies are ready and willing to take this step, so really it is up to us now. Are you up for it or not?"

There was a moments silence and then Geoff said, "They are still our mothers Mark, if we do this how far do you think we should go?"

I thought for a moment how to put this and then I said, "From what I understand, the idea is for them to 'check out' what the other one experienced last night. That can only mean they expect and want us to go all the way. I would take Marie to bed and you would do the same with Claire. What they appear to want is a repeat of last night, but with a change of partners. I think it would be better if we stick with last night's rules regarding names, to make this a bit easier to talk about. Marie said it would be a 'one time only' swap, but if they both enjoy tonight as much as it seems they did last night, it's quite possible it could happen again."

"You know how I feel about Claire and I know how you feel about Marie, so the big question is, do you want to sleep with Claire tonight, knowing that I'm sleeping with Marie? The ladies are obviously up for it, so it's all up to us now. The alternative is for you to go to my house while I cross the road and spend another night with Claire. I'm game to go with either plan, so it's up to you."

Geoff was quiet for some moments, considering what to do, then he said, "If it's what they want let's do it."

"It means we go all the way and there are no future recriminations Geoff," I said.

"All the way and no recriminations," he replied.

We shook hands and I said "We'll pick you up at around 11 tomorrow then and it's off to a week of sun, sea sangria and sex."

I must admit to a moment's apprehension as I watched him cross the road to spend the night with the woman of my dreams, but as I was going to spend the night with the woman of his dreams, I shook off the feeling.

As I walked home I put my hands in my pockets. My fingers felt a piece of paper and I took it out to see what it was. It was a piece of hotel notepaper from 'The Castle Hotel' and on it was written 'Sarah' and a mobile phone number.

I remembered it had been slipped into my pocket as we waited for our mothers to collect their coats by the woman who had been eyeing me up all evening.

Taking out my mobile I dialled the number.

After about 6 or 7 rings a female voice answered with a simple, "Hello."

"Is that Sarah?" I asked.

"Yes it is," came the reply.

"My name is Mark," I said, "We almost met last night at 'The Castle Hotel', but, shall we just say it wasn't 'convenient' for either of us at the time. Is it convenient to talk at the moment?"

Her gasp was audible. "Oh God," she said, "Yes I can. I didn't really expect you to ring."

"It wouldn't have been polite of me to ignore your note, I said. "The gentlemen you were with last night appeared more interested in drinking than dancing. Can I assume you were with your husband's?"

"Yes we were," She replied. "My friend and I like to dance, but our husbands would rather prop up the bar. That's where he is now so I can talk, he won't be back for a while. I thought your friend was getting on quite well with his partner last night, but you appeared to be having less success with yours."

I laughed. "Last night wasn't quite a 'blind date' for me, but the signals I was getting from her were very 'mixed'. I did have a very nice evening though, but when you saw us I wasn't sure how things would turn out. Let's say my friend was on a much firmer footing with his partner than I was with mine."

"Do you think they got it together later then?" Sarah asked.

"When I dropped them off it certainly looked as if something was going to happen for them," I said, "But I haven't seen him today so I don't know for sure. The reason I phoned tonight is that I am going away for a week in the morning and I didn't want you to think I was ignoring your invitation to phone you. Will it be alright if I ring you after next weekend? Perhaps we can arrange a time and place where we can meet up then."

There was a nervous giggle from the other end of the phone, and then she said, "I'll look forward to it Mark. I volunteer in a charity shop on Mondays and Wednesdays but you can ring any time during the day. I am also alone at home most evenings."

Hanging up I walked home with a spring in my step. It looked as if I had just set myself up with another lonely mature lady who needed a 'partner' for that age old 'dance between the sheets'.

Back at home there was just the up lighter on in the lounge downstairs, the TV was still turned off and there was no sign of Mum. Locking up I turned out the up lighter and made my way upstairs. Mum's bedroom door was ajar and her bedside light was on.

Entering the bedroom I saw Marie was already in bed with the covers pulled up almost to her chin. I went to her and, bending down placed a kiss on her lips. I could feel that she was shaking so I gently stroked her hair. "Are you still alright with this mum," I asked her. She didn't speak, just nodded and drew back the covers on 'Dads side' of the bed, making the invitation to join her plain.

I undressed and slipped into bed beside her. As I put my arms around her I realised she was completely naked.

"Until you entered my room I wasn't sure if it would be you or Geoff," she whispered. "He is alright with us being together tonight?"

"Like me, coming to terms with us both having such naughty mothers," I said, "But yes, he is ok with it. We talked about the implications and decided that your 'one time only' is not practicable. However you stack it up, we committed incest when you rode me in the lounge tonight and you can't say 'that one doesn't count', it happened. That was once. Now we are in bed together and we

are going to make love again and I assure you it is going to happen more than once more, because I intend to be here with you all night. I don't know if Geoff had already had this 'one time only', but if last night is anything to go by, he will probably have passed that milestone by now."

"The alarm on my watch is set for 06:30 because we need to be up in the morning, we have a lot to do. This room will have to be aired and all traces of tonight must be gone before we leave for the airport. I wouldn't put it past dad to break in and the last thing you need is for him to walk in here and find the smell of recent sex and stained sheets on your bed. I don't think he would realise that I was the one you spent the night with, but he would definitely know that there was someone in this bed with you. Sex does leave a very distinctive smell in a room and that needs to have completely gone before he comes home."

"The locksmith is coming at nine, so we need to be ready for him. He says he should be done in about an hour and I told Geoff we will pick them up at about 11. I can put our cases in the car while he changes the locks and then we have just to load their cases and we can be off. The schedule should work out, but you know what they say about 'The best laid plans?' We need everything to run smoothly."

Mum hugged me, "Are you sure this isn't a huge mistake we are making?" she asked.

"Don't you think it's a little late to be asking that," I replied as I moved across to kneel between her legs.

I leaned down and kissed her, before beginning to kiss my way down her neck, pausing to suck both of her breasts, before continuing down to her, very wet, treasure trove. I was left in no doubt that she was ready for me by her groan as I sucked her clitoris into my mouth. In less time than I would have believed possible her hips were thrusting up at me and all the times I had heard her and dad making love, I had never heard her make the noises that were coming from her mouth now. Not quite as loud as she had been last night, but the night was young yet, and I had time to build on what appeared to be an acceptable start.

Suddenly she dragged me back up and our mouths joined in a passionate kiss.

'Time to move on' I thought, taking hold of my cock and guiding it to the entrance to her pussy. As I began to insert my cock into her very wet cunt, she pulled away from the kiss and groaned, "Oh Yes!. That's what I need." Her legs wrapped around me, pulling me into her. "Oh my beautiful boy I can't count the number of times, when your father was away I have wanted to invite you to join me in this bed. I knew he was with another woman and I wanted you to fuck me, just like he was fucking her, but I remained faithful to him. Until last night I had never been with anyone but him."

I whispered in her ear, "Then last night Geoff showed you what you had been missing and it sounded to me that he fucked you 'bow legged'. I have never heard you make so much noise in bed as you did last night, so I get the impression that you enjoyed the experience quite a bit. It's your own fault if you have been going without because my cock was more than ready to fuck you rigid if only you had said something. "

This weekend was really turning into one full of surprises. First I get to sleep with the woman I had wanted for so long, and now I have my cock fully embedded in my own mother. I had looked at incest sites on the internet, but I never dreamed that my own mother had desires like that.

Then I get a note pushed unto my pocket with an invitation from a woman I've never even met to fuck her too. As I recall she wasn't bad looking either. From her reaction when I phoned her it was

obvious she was hoping for a little 'something' to brighten up her dull life with a husband who preferred to go drinking than to be with her. It makes you wonder how many other attractive, bored and 'sex starved' wives are there out there. An untapped world of available pussy just waiting for some virile young man like me to bring a little cheer into their lives.

I could feel mum was rising up towards her climax so I redoubled my efforts, thrusting hard into her, my balls slapping hard against her arse as my own orgasm started to build. Her cunt seemed to grip my cock as she came, taking me over the top with her as I spurted my cream deep into her womb. I clamped my mouth onto hers to stop the scream she made as she orgasmed, only releasing her as she began to relax.

Looking down at my mum lying beneath me, I said, "I have already fucked you once this evening, so that now makes twice we have committed incest. You can't even blame it on drink, because neither of us is drunk. You invited me into your bed and it doesn't feel like you were exactly fighting me off, so I don't think this could be classified as rape, so do you want me to go back to my room and pretend tonight never happened?"

There was a smile on her face as she opened her eyes. "What's up, can't you stand the pace?" she asked as sweetly as if we were discussing who was to drive the car in the morning. "There's no point in messing up two beds son, you might as well stay here. I promise not to ask you to try to live up to Geoff's exploits of last night if it's too much for you."

I gently kissed her again. "I think I can manage," I said, "I can't have you giving my future wife a bad performance report, can I? Now if you will excuse me there's a little something I need to do."

Last night I had gone down on Claire after I had cum in her. I wasn't repulsed by what I was doing then so I didn't think I would be now. I slid down the bed, keeping between mums legs and began to kiss and lick her.

"Oh My God!" said mum, "You mustn't do that."

"Why not," I replied, looking up at her. "I licked Claire out after I came in her last night and I know Geoff did the same to you. Your cunt tastes every bit as nice as Claire's did and although it might seem strange I actually enjoyed cleaning up my own mess, so what's the problem? Don't try and tell me you didn't enjoy Geoff doing it last night because we heard you through the wall and after your initial protest you seemed to be quite into what he was doing. If you could try to restrain yourself a little it might be a good idea though. The neighbours know dad is away, so I am the only man at home and we don't want to advertise this new twist in our relationship do we?"

I settled back to my task and it didn't take long before mum was almost eating her pillow to keep herself from crying out as yet another orgasm caused her body to shake with passion. I was beginning to recover by now and although not yet fully erect, I was hard enough to be able to insert myself back into her as I moved up to kiss my mother again.

"Have I told you recently how beautiful you are?" I asked as I took the pillow from her face. "If it wasn't for Claire I would be giving Geoff some serious competition for this place in your bed. I understand why you said this was a 'once only' night, but if Geoff is getting the same response from Claire that I am getting from you, I think this exchange stands a good chance of happening again. Not as a regular thing, but once in a while I do think it could be a possibility."

Mum looked up at me with tears in her eyes. "Your father never made me feel like Geoff did last night," she said, "I thought feeling like that with a man was impossible. Claire was only person who

had ever made me really cum before last night. Last night, cramped up in the back of the car up at 'Shepherds View', Geoff did something wonderful to me and made me his. Now I don't know what is happening to me because even though I know this is wrong, I don't care. I have to talk to Claire about what we have done because I am so confused."

"I think it might not be appreciated if you phone her at this moment," I said, grinning, "She could be in the middle of 'testing out the competition' and it wouldn't be polite to interrupt that, would it? Now! Where were we, I'm sure I was about to do something just then. Can you remember what it was?"

She pushed me off, onto my back beside her. Rising up onto her knees she swung her leg across me to kneel over my hips. She took hold of my cock and guided me back into her pussy and sunk down, taking my whole length into her. "This time it's my turn," she said, "You have fucked me so it's my turn to fuck you."

"Mother!" I said, trying to sound shocked, "Where on earth did you learn language like that? You are usually so proper."

"Proper be fucked," she replied, "I have had more cock this weekend than I have had in the last year. How does your father manage to get all these women to sleep with him? I know he has a smooth line of chat, but his cock isn't as big as either of yours and compared to what I have discovered this weekend he isn't even very good at using it either. I should have dumped him ages ago."

She leaned down and kissed me. "Now lie back and think of England because I intend to fuck you so hard you will have difficulty walking tomorrow."

As she knelt up, I grabbed her hips and as I thrust upwards, pulled her down onto me so that I went deeper inside her again. That brought a groan of pleasure from her lips. "Bring it on lady," I said, "Do your worst, I can take it."

My alarm went off at 06:30 and after an initial 'where am I?' moment I slipped out of my mother's bed and went to the bathroom. Last night had been really something, but after being ridden 'cowgirl' by mum, who I think came twice before I finished inside her, we both fell asleep. It had been a hard, if very enjoyable, weekend.

I washed, shaved and showered before going to my own room and slipping on what I was going to wear for the trip.

I was downstairs making the coffee when Mum came into the kitchen and wrapped her arms around me from behind. I turned and put my arms around her, not really surprised that she was looking rather sleepy eyed, but I had never known my mother come down to breakfast completely naked before.

"Good morning son," she said after she had kissed me, "You do smell nice. Did you sleep well?"

"Yes I did," I replied, "Although it's a lovely way to say 'good morning', we have a busy morning ahead of us so perhaps you should have used the bathroom and got dressed before you came down."

"I woke up and you weren't there," said Mum, gently rubbing the bulge in the front of my trousers

"What happened to that 'One time only' just to see how us boys compared?" I asked with a smile on my face as I slid two fingers into her very wet pussy. Mum gave a little groan as my thumb contacted her clitoris, "Or perhaps you've now decided that incest isn't such a mortal sin after all? I don't think it would be a good idea for you to mention it in confession though. From the way Father Paul looks at you when you go to church because I don't think the penance he suggest would have anything to do with 'Hail Mary's'."

I lifted her onto a breakfast bar stool and then, with my fingers still inside, her released my trousers with my other hand. Her arms were still wrapped tightly around my neck as I removed my fingers from her cunt. This brought another groan, this time of disappointment from her. I sucked her juices from those fingers before pushing my trousers and pants down to my ankles. My cock was already hard and just needed holding to be aligned with the target. I fastened my mouth to hers to ensure her silence as with one thrust I sank my cock deep inside her and began to fuck her.

"Shhhh!" I whispered, "Remember the neighbours. We don't want them to know you are getting more cock when Dad's away than when he is at home, do we? Father Paul isn't the only man around here who would love to get into your knickers, you know."

"If this weekend is anything to go by, I'm going to be getting more than enough," said Mum, "Anyway, what makes you think Father Paul fancies me?"

"I've watched him and he can hardly take his eyes off you," I replied. He always walks out of the church behind you, so he can look at your bum and when he shakes your hand he holds it a little bit longer than he does with anyone else. I have also noticed a bulge in the front of his cassock when he's talking to you. He would definitely love to have a chance with you. Never mind him though, are you now saying this isn't going to be a 'Once only' night together?" I thrust forward harder, bringing another groan from her lips and her arms tightening, holding me closer. "Can I take it that you quite like the feel of my cock inside you Mother?"

"It's certainly an improvement on your Fath Oh My God Oh shit"

"Language Mother," I whispered in her ear, "What would Father Paul say?" With a couple of hard thrusts I buried my cock as deep in her and emptied my balls of cum into her. "Was that what you wanted?"

Mum was actually sobbing into my shoulder. "Oh my God, where did you learn to fuck like that Mark?"

"Don't ask questions you don't want to know the answer to Mother," I said, "Just be grateful it's available any time Geoff isn't. I take it that you still want him to comfort you in your distress over this divorce, but did I measure up as an acceptable substitute?"

"Acceptable? Oh My God, it's no wonder Claire was almost bow legged yesterday morning."

I laughed, "You were walking a bit funny yourself Mum," I said, "Now I suggest you go and get showered and dressed. We have a busy morning ahead and it wouldn't do for the locksmith to turn up with you still naked and leaking spunk, would it?"

As Mum ran upstairs I phoned Geoff.

He picked up the phone on the third ring, "Morning mate," he greeted me, "How was your night?"

"Pretty amazing if you really want to know," I responded, "What about yours?"

"You remember what you said about my Mother being 'Bloody Gorgeous'."

"Yes," I said, "But before you get too enthusiastic, just remember, she's mine."

There was a moments silence before Geoff said, "You're a very lucky guy mate."

"I know that," I replied, "But so are you. Marie is something special too and she wants you. Now let's get back down to earth. Are you packed and ready to go?"

"Sure am brother," he said.

"Good," I said, "We are waiting for the locksmith, Mum's in the shower as we speak so as soon as he has finished the locks we'll be round to your place. Make sure your mum phones work to cry off sick and we are on our way."

The locksmith arrived just after 8:30 and by 9:45 had finished. Mum paid him (dad's credit card again) and phoned her solicitor. She explained that she thought it would be better if she went away for a few days until dad's initial shock wore off and asked him to add a note to the papers to let him know the locks had been changed and there was a suitcase with clean clothes deposited with the 'Travel Inn' near to his office.

"He should feel quite at home there," she said, "He's spent enough time there with his secretary."

Standing next to her I heard the burst of laughter from the other end of the line.

By 10:00 we were outside Claire's house, loading their cases into the car, then after a short detour to drop off Dad's case it was off to the airport.

THE END