

# A DINNER DANCE WITH OUR MOTHERS

*Jonnyflies*

*Two friends take their mothers to a dance.*

Incest/Taboo

4.15

4.4k words

*I cannot claim full credit for this story, which I started after reading another story a couple of years ago. The inspiration for this submission was 'Taking Out Our Moms' by 'Nickoftime' which was originally published on Literotica in 2005. I enjoyed that story so much I decided to see if I could write something myself, basing it around a similar 'unusual' relationship.*

I wrote this purely for my own amusement, never intending to publish it, but a friend who I shared it with has urged me to send it in. I was concerned about accusations of plagiarism, but this same friend insisted my story is so different from 'Nickoftime's that I could not be accused of stealing his work, even if I have continued with the theme which he used in that story..

I have therefore decided to submit this and let Literotica and the readers decide for themselves. I pay full tribute to 'Nickoftime' for his story, which is what inspired this effort, and hope this finds favour with him as well as other readers.

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## Chapter 1

It was a Friday afternoon in early June. My friend Geoff and I had finished our A levels weeks ago. We both had applications in place to go to University but until we got our results there really wasn't much more we could do, so we were just hanging around waiting for those results.

We had spent part of the afternoon playing games on my computer. Living as we did in a mainly commuter 'village' about 10 miles out of town, there wasn't much else for two 18 year old lads to do. We knew most of our friends from college would be hanging around the shops in town, but that didn't appeal to either of us. We had considered having a few days away, perhaps in Spain and had looked at some holiday booking sites online, but we decided that although the prices were quite good being so early in the season, we knew we would need whatever money we had when we went to University.

By the time it got to 4 pm we were both totally bored so we decided we would take a walk down to the local park, hoping someone would be around and we could maybe have a game of soccer or something. As we walked out of the front gate we met our mothers, who were coming back from an afternoon shopping together in town.

"Hello boys" said Geoff's mother Claire, "Going somewhere nice?"

I had known Claire my whole life and there was something about her that sent my hormones into overdrive. I had always thought she was beautiful, but other women were beautiful, it was more than that. She and my mother had been best friend's since their school days and even though she was nearly 20 years older than me; she only had to smile at me and my insides turned to jelly. She was, without question the woman of my dreams and for several years most of those dreams had been wet ones.

Don't get me wrong, I like girls of my own age, but there is just something about an 'older woman' that seems to affect 'certain bits' of me and Claire was the one who affected those 'bits' more than any other woman. If truth were known I would have dropped any other woman or girl I had ever been out with for one date with my mother's best friend. Geoff and I were like brothers, we told each other almost everything, but this was the one thing I kept to myself. I would think that the quickest way to lose your best friend would be to tell him that you had just had a 'wet dream' about his mother, which as I said, had happened several times .

I'm quite sure Claire knew the effect she had on me because sometimes she would tease me and whenever she did I always ended up trying to hide my erection and I was so tongue tied I was unable to put enough words together to make a sentence. She would have that knowing little smile on her face that told me she knew exactly what she was doing to me. I had tried to fight it and not to become a mindless jelly when she teased me but I was helpless. Claire had been the biggest part of my fantasies ever since I first started having them. She must have had her faults, but to me she seemed perfect.

I just smiled back at her and said "We're fed up with computer games and thought we would have a look around to see if anyone else is out and then maybe go for a drink."

"I know there isn't much to do round here" said Claire, "We get bored too you know. Now, if you were really considerate and caring sons you'd take your mother's for a night out." We all laughed, but then Geoff said.

"Hey, that's not a bad idea. There was an advert in this week's paper about a dinner dance at 'The Castle Hotel' at Frankton tomorrow night and I know you like to dance mum. If you are serious; would you like to go there? I think it could be fun," he said.

"That does sound like a good idea" my mother chipped in, "I haven't been out dancing for ages".

Claire looked at me. "What do you say Mark? Is tomorrow night good for you too?"

The idea of taking my mother out for the evening I can't say filled me with enthusiasm, but the way Claire was looking at me with that amused little smile of hers was doing things to my insides. They were all looking at me, even Geoff seemed to be willing me to say yes and we didn't have anything else to do tomorrow night. A thought struck me and my insides began to turn to jelly again, I might even get the chance to dance with Claire.

I pushed the thought away, the only way I could keep some control was not to think about that possibility. "Why Not?" I said. "I'm game if everyone else is. Why don't you phone 'The Castle' and see if there are any tickets left, Mum, it's a bit short notice but we might still get in. If we can't; have a look for somewhere else you would like to go."

Geoff and I carried on to the park. We sat on a bench while I got myself under control again. Geoff didn't even notice, he was quite enthusiastic about tomorrow night, he must have mentioned it at least three times as we sat there which didn't help me one little bit. A dinner dance would involve ballroom dancing. How would I cope with holding Claire in my arms as we danced, it had been bad enough when she gave me a very quick kiss on my 18th birthday, but to hold her in my arms for a big part of the evening with her body moving against me as we danced? Oh God! I had to stop thinking about that or I knew I would be done for.

As the evening wore on Geoff seemed to become worried about something and I could tell it was definitely bothering him. We had ended up at our local village pub and I tried to cheer him up but

without much success. There was definitely something worrying him. I on the other hand, was almost bouncing inside but trying desperately hard not to show it. The thought of holding his mother in my arms if only to dance with her was still doing very strange things to my insides, but I tried to play it down. At one point I even said that it came to something when two 18 year old young men were reduced to taking their mothers to a dance because they had no-one else to go out with and nothing else to do.

The place was dead, even the pub was empty. Just us; sitting in a quiet corner with our drinks and a couple of the 'regulars' playing darts at the other side of the bar. It was about 9:30 when Geoff said something which made me do a 'double take'. He had been unusually quiet for almost half an hour, but he suddenly said, "I'm not sure tomorrow night is such a good idea. Do you think we can get out of it; now we have agreed to take them out?"

I thought for a couple of minutes then said "I think they would be very disappointed if we cancelled now, especially if mum has managed to get us a table at 'The Castle'. Shall I phone and ask if she was able to get in?"

He nodded, so I used my mobile to ring home. I tried to keep it casual when I asked mum if she had phoned 'The Castle' about tomorrow night. She said she had and we were booked in at 7:30 for dinner at 8:00.

I told Geoff this and he said nothing for what must have been at least two or three minutes. Then he spoke and what he said really surprised me. "Do you think your mum would mind if I asked her to dance?"

Something in his voice made me realise that spending time 'up close and personal' with my mum was why he had been so keen for us to take them out, but now it seemed as if an attack of nerves were setting in. He wasn't usually nervous around girls, but something about us being out with our mothers had now become a big thing for him. Surely he couldn't feel the same for my mother that I felt for his.

I managed to keep calm and replied "I don't see why not. I know she likes you and if tomorrow night you are taking her to this dinner/dance, why wouldn't she dance with you? I assume I am going to be spending at least part of the evening dancing with your mother. I know it sounds a bit odd, but just try to think of it as a 'double date'."

"When your mum asked us to take them out tomorrow night you were all for it. It was you who suggested we go to this dance. My mum was quite keen as well. She said it had been ages since she had been out dancing and she has already phoned 'The Castle' and booked a table for us. That doesn't sound to me as if she wants to spend the whole evening watching other people dance or just dancing with me. Relax! We are taking them to a dance, not selling them into slavery. I'm sure it will be fine."

He seemed to brighten up a bit, but we decided it was time to call it a night. On the way home he went quiet again until we got almost to his house. Then he put his hand on my arm and said "You won't mind if I dance with your mother, will you?" My insides lurched, he sounded really serious, but I kept my response light "Not as long as you don't mind if I dance with your mum." I looked at him and something told me this was way more than a joke, this really mattered to him.

"I think you and I need to talk" I said, "This isn't like you, it and sounds to me as if this is quite serious. Do you really like my mother so much that you are afraid to get too close to her?" For the first time in our lifelong friendship he couldn't look me in the eye and I think he actually blushed.

There was a small park across from his house. Well, it was more of a wide grass verge than a park, but the council had put up some fencing, planted some bushes and someone had donated a seat in memory of a loved one. It had, over the years, been the place where we sorted out things between us, kind of a 'neutral territory' if you like. I took his arm and led him across to the seat so we could talk.

"Look!" I said. "We have been friends all our lives Geoff. There's no need for 'secrets' or 'bullshit' between us, let's put our cards on the table. I am getting the feeling that tomorrow night, taking our mothers to this dance has suddenly taken on epic proportions for you. Do you want to talk about it? Because it looks to me as if this really matters to you."

For probably two or three minutes Geoff sat there staring at the ground between his feet. I wanted to jog him into talking but sensed he was working up to something and needed time to work out what he wanted to say and how to say it. At last he took a deep breath.

"This isn't easy for me Mark" he said very quietly. "You know I have 'a thing' about older women, in fact I think we both have."

I nodded and said "Well . . . . Yes. There are some mature women who . . . . " I was about to say more, but he stopped me.

"Please hear me out because if I stop now I don't think I will be able to say this" he said.

"There is one mature lady who I really do have feelings for Mark, . . . . Please don't be angry, but . . . It's your mother. I don't know why I feel this way about her and I would never deliberately do or say anything to offend her, but I really do like her, I like her a lot. I think she is fantastic. She's kind, sweet, funny and with looks and a figure that could stop the traffic. When my mum suggested we take them out, as you know; I jumped at the chance. I was thinking about spending the whole evening; just with her. Now that I have had more time to think about it, I'm not so sure it's such a good idea. If I have a couple of drinks I could end up offending her and making a complete fool of myself, but I can't see how we can pull out of tomorrow night now; without upsetting both her and my mum."

It was my turn to be quiet. This was bizarre. Geoff had just confessed that he really fancied my mother. Should I tell him my secret too? I decided I should keep that to myself for now, I didn't want to complicate things and make him even more determined to back out of the evening altogether. I thought for a few moments about how to tackle this and I decided the only way was to get it out into the open.

"Can we take this one step at a time" I said, trying to sound calm and thoughtful. "What I think you are saying is that you want to back out of this date tomorrow night because the lady you would be with is my mum and you actually like her quite a lot. So if this lady wasn't my mother, or if you didn't like her as much as you say you do, would you still want to back out of tomorrow night's date?"

"Of course not" he replied.

"Right" I said, "You just said that you would never do anything to upset or offend her, so can I assume at this point you are not planning to drag her off into the bushes to have your wicked way with her." (I thought a little humour at this point might lighten his mood a little.)

He almost grinned, "Of course I'm not" he said.

"OK! So that's established then. You also asked me if I would mind if you danced with my mother and I said 'Not as long as you don't mind me dancing with yours'. If I promise you that I'm not going to drag your mum off into the bushes to have my wicked way with her either, can we agree that neither of these two ladies are in any danger from either of us?"

"Of course they're not" Geoff said.

"OK! So let's step back and look at this situation sensibly then" I said. "We have been asked out tomorrow night by two very attractive ladies, both of whom we admit that we like very much. Can we agree on that?"

"Well . . . Yes" Geoff replied, "but they are our mothers."

"True" I agreed, "But really; I think that's irrelevant. I don't suppose you have a problem with sitting at the same table with my mother for dinner, have you?"

He shook his head.

"OK so it's the dancing bit you are worried about: Yes?"

He nodded. It wasn't like Geoff to be so quiet, but I knew I had to push on with this now I had started.

"So let's assume, just for the sake of this discussion, that taking our mothers to this dance ends up in my Mum realising that you fancy her and it turns into what we then would consider to be 'a proper date'. If then, during the evening with these two attractive ladies; we were to 'pair off' for a kiss and a cuddle on the way home. Tell me; which of these two very attractive ladies would you want to pair up with?"

"Well . . . . Your mum, obviously" he replied, "But . . . . ."

"Never mind the 'But' for the moment" I said. "In those circumstances, can I tell you now that my choice would be to be to be with your mum, so at least we are not going to fall out because we both want the same girl are we?"

"Of course not" he said, but he was looking less worried now, I think he could see where I was taking this argument.

"OK, but with these particular two ladies, as you say, there is something else we have to consider isn't there? These ladies are our mothers. Although we have known each other all our lives Geoff, we are just friends; we are not related. So what if you do have a kiss and a cuddle with my mum, it's not as if you're committing incest. The only other thing is, you know, she is married, but would that be a problem for you if the lady wasn't my mother?"

"No of course it wouldn't" he replied, "But that's the point, she is your mother and she's married to your dad."

"OK" I said, "So, in this 'dream world' we are discussing, this 'foursome date' with our mothers ends up with us parking up somewhere and you 'snogging' with my mum and me 'snogging' with yours. You agree that neither of us intend to force them to do anything they don't want to do. So, if you were snogging with my mum and she said 'STOP' what would you do?"

"I would stop, of course" he said.

"As would I" I said. "So can we now assume that if this did happen and neither lady told us to 'STOP', could we assume that they were not objecting to what we were doing?"

"Well . . . . Yes . . . I suppose so" Geoff replied.

"And if I was kissing your mother and she hadn't told me to stop, would you feel you had to jump in to defend 'your mother's honour'?"

He shook his head, "Don't be daft" he said.

"I didn't think so" I said, "And neither would I. Look Geoff, our mothers are both adults. They're all grown up. What I have described isn't likely to happen, but even if something like that did happen, we both agree they would be safe with us, didn't we?"

"I don't suppose anything like that is going to happen" he replied carefully. "Look , I understand what you are saying, but if it did, surely you wouldn't want . . to . . . I mean . . . . With my mum?"

I took a very deep breath. This was the moment I knew had to come, the moment I had been dreading. This was the time I was going to have to drop my secret fantasy into the mix. I had almost worked out how to approach this, but this was now make or break time and although I tried to sound confident, I assure you I wasn't.

"Will you listen to yourself Geoff?" I said, "In case you haven't noticed, everything you said about my mother I could apply to your mother - IN SPADES! - Look! I know she teases me a lot but she doesn't do it to hurt me. She is bright, intelligent, kind, sweet, funny and to use your own phrase, with looks and a figure that not only could, but does stop the traffic. Geoff, I would be proud to escort your mum to dinner anytime, anywhere, knowing that every other man in the place would be envying me because she was with me; not them. I think my biggest problem tomorrow night will be fighting off other men who want to dance with her."

"While you have been beating yourself over the head trying to find a way of getting out of tomorrow night without hurting my mum's feelings, I, who was not initially in favour of this date for the same reasons that you are now saying that you are having second thoughts, have come round to the idea and I don't want to get out of it. To be perfectly honest, the thought of spending part of the evening dancing with your mum is not exactly abhorrent to me. In fact, if you want to know the truth, I would pay good money for the chance to hold your mother in my arms, even if it is only to dance with her."

He looked at me as if he had just seen a ghost. "You really think my mother is that nice?" he said.

"Oh My God Geoff. Wake up for goodness sake. She is that nice pal" I said, "You just need to stop seeing 'Mum' for a moment and take a look at her as 'A Woman'. Your mother is bloody gorgeous."

I think it was at that moment 'the penny dropped'. He looked at me as if he didn't believe what I had said.

"You mean . . . . .?"

"Yes . . . You numbskull. I do mean . . .! You have just told me how much you fancy a date with my mother and how much she means to you. Why do you think your mother can get away with teasing me like she does? She can do it because she knows that with a smile and a few carefully chosen words she can reduce me to the level of a bumbling idiot. My brain scrambles and I can no longer even put together a coherent sentence."

"Just one question Geoff. If I told you I could arrange a real date for you, with my mum, how much would you give me?"

"I don't know" he said, unsure of where I was going with this. "What would you want?"

"Don't be daft mate, it's a hypothetical question" I said with a grin. "But I'll tell you now that it's probably less than half of what I would willingly give you if you could arrange a real date for me with your mum."

"Now stop worrying and think about it from this angle pal. Those two ladies, who we have just admitted that we are crazy about, have asked us to take them out tomorrow night to a dance and you are seriously telling me that you are looking for a way for us to turn them down? Have you completely lost your mind?"

"But what if . . . .?" he said.

"Look! You promised me that you are not planning to drag my mum off into the bushes to have your wicked way with her, didn't you?"

"Of course I'm not."

"And I promised you that I'm not going to drag your mum off into the bushes to have my wicked way with her either, didn't I?"

"Yes" he said.

He didn't look entirely sure of what he was agreeing to, but the grin was coming back to his face.

"I'm now telling you that as long as she is OK with it, I don't have any objection to you dating my mother - And I mean really dating my mother. Is that what's worrying you?"

He responded immediately, "Yes it is" he said. "I have absolutely no problem with you dating my mother either Mark."

"Then go home, go to bed and stop bloody worrying" I told him. "They have asked us for a date, we have said 'Yes'. Neither of us would deliberately do anything to offend or upset either of them, so honestly I don't see there is a problem."

We walked back across the road and as we stopped at his gate I said, " Geoff, after all that, I know I don't really need to say this but if tomorrow night something should happen between you and my mum, be nice to her. I know her and dad haven't been getting along very well recently, she has been quite unhappy. Maybe a night out will help cheer her up, but she doesn't need someone who will mess her about."

He took my hand in his and said, "I promise you that if anything does happen between your mum and me, I will not be messing her around."

As I walked the quarter mile from his to my house, I thought about how much we had revealed to each other. I hoped he didn't think my comments about his mum were too weird, but then, he had confessed to fancying my mum first and at least he now knew I liked his mum at least as much as he fancied mine.

With all this spinning around in my head I wasn't in the mood for watching TV tonight, even if there had been anything worth watching on. What I had said to Geoff about not looking at his mother and seeing 'Mum', but to look at her as 'A Woman', kept running through my brain and I realised just how lovely my own mother was as well. This was getting silly.

By 10:30 I was in bed, trying to sleep.