

62 DINNER DANCE WITH OUR MOTHERS CH.

Jonnyflies

The evening is a success.

Incest/Taboo

4.61

6.4k words

The next morning my alarm woke me at 7:30. I showered and shaved and went downstairs to the kitchen.

Mum was already up, making breakfast.

"Good Morning Mark" she said cheerfully, "I've made your breakfast."

I had a Saturday job as a cashier at the local petrol station from 9 till 4 so I had to go out. My father was away on business in Germany and he wouldn't be back until the middle of next week, so there were just the two of us at the table. When we had finished breakfast I got up from the table to get ready for work.

As I was about to go out of the door, mum called after me "Don't forget we're going out with Geoff and Claire at 7:00 tonight."

"I won't," I replied and I left to walk to work. The day seemed to drag by, it was really boring so I was glad when my relief arrived at 4 so I could go home. I sat down and watched the TV for a while and almost forgot the time until my mother came downstairs.

"How do I look" she asked? "I wouldn't want to embarrass you having to be seen out with an old lady like me."

"You're not an old lady mum" I said, "You still turn heads and may I say you are looking particularly lovely tonight."

She was wearing a dark green blouse and a slightly flared knee length black skirt with tan tights and black medium heeled shoes. That comment about how nice she looked wasn't just flattery, she really did look very attractive indeed. Mum is 38 years old, although she could easily pass for her late 20's or very early 30's. She has dark auburn shoulder length hair (she hates it if I call it ginger) and beautiful green eyes. She is a little shorter than Claire at just over 5'4" and is a little more curvy with really nice breasts.

When she makes an effort, as she had tonight, she looks stunning and tonight that blouse emphasised what lovely pair of breasts she had. She looked really great.

I don't think I had ever really thought about my mother sexually before, most of my thoughts in that direction were aimed at Geoff's mother, Claire, but what I had said to Geoff last night came back into my mind. I had told him to stop looking at Claire as his mum and see her for what she was, a beautiful woman. Now I did the same and although deep down I had always known my mother was beautiful, tonight she was breathtaking. I could even make out the bumps her nipples made, under her top. It was no wonder that Geoff fancied her.

I suddenly realized I was staring and I quickly looked away. Luckily I don't think she noticed, if she had, maybe she just thought I was looking at what she was wearing.

"You are looking really lovely, Mum" I said. "But I had better go and get ready too, hadn't I?"

When I came down, mum checked me over and said "Yes I think you'll do." She handed me her car keys. "It's my turn to have a drink tonight, you went out for a drink last night so tonight you are on the soft drinks because I have just nominated you as the designated driver for this evening."

We got in the car and I drove up the road to Claire's house. Geoff must have been watching for us because he opened the door as I stopped outside. "Oh No" he said as he greeted us with a big grin on his face, "Don't tell me we are going to have to endure your driving tonight?"

"Someone has to drive and as you haven't got a licence, mum thought it might be better if it was me" I replied, poking at what I knew was a sore point for him. While I had passed 'the test' first time, he had failed his first driving test and was still taking lessons.

He ushered us in saying that his mum was still getting ready. We had been chatting for a few minutes when I heard Claire moving around upstairs, then her footsteps coming down the stairs. I turned to look as she entered the room. She was wearing a very pretty dress that came just below her knee, and a lovely cream jacket. Her hair and makeup were immaculate. She also had on dark - Probably tights but I hoped they might be stockings - and medium heels.

Claire in black stockings had been a recurring fantasy of mine. If they were stockings I wondered for a moment if she would be wearing a suspender belt or if they were 'hold-ups'. [Oh No! I have to stop thinking like that or I will be in real trouble tonight]

"WOW" I exclaimed, "If I had known you would look that good I would have asked you out ages ago."

"Easy there tiger" said mum, "Remember your manners."

Geoff was grinning all over his face. He took hold of my mum's hand and said, "It's alright, that's exactly the same reaction I had when you stepped out of the car Mrs Peters. I just managed to restrain myself a bit better than Mark did. May I say you are looking absolutely stunning tonight."

Mum looked quite pleased and even blushed a little at his complement.

"Are we all ready to go" Claire asked?

Geoff joked that she was the one we had all been waiting for. Then he said "As it appears Mark is tonight's 'designated driver' perhaps we should all be wearing crash helmets." I laughed and said that this was all mums idea and I thought it was part of a dastardly plot to make sure I didn't drink too much.

Claire smiled at me and raised her eyebrow as if accessing how I was dressed. Immediately my insides did a flip: -

[Oh God! 'Control Mark - Control'. That's not a good start. Think about something else quick. 'The maths exam' - 'Doing the handover readings at the petrol station' - 'Washing my socks' - Anything except her! Oh no she is smiling at me - She knows! She must know. Why did I agree to this Geoff was right. Has he noticed and now he's laughing at me? No, it's OK - it doesn't look as if he has noticed!]

"Before we go out I think we should establish some rules for the evening" said Claire. "First of all, Marie and I would rather not have everyone thinking that the only date we can get is with our sons. Let us keep some dignity at least. We therefore insist that the terms 'Mum', Mrs Peters and 'Mrs Harris' are out. Those words are banned for the evening. Is that understood boys?"

Geoff and I both nodded.

"Tonight we are Claire and Marie, who are on a foursome date with you two handsome young men, Mark and Geoff. Is everyone OK with that?"

We all nodded our agreement. [I didn't dare speak. Talking about it with Geoff last night was one thing, but this was something else, this was actually happening, I was going out - with Claire - on a date . . . She had just said it was 'a date'.]

"Good" said Claire, [Oh God she's looking at me] "Now, if we all see this evening as 'a date', I suggest that from this moment we should consider our normal 'Mother and Son' relationships are suspended, we are all just friends. Geoff your date for tonight is Marie, while Mark is with me. We expect both of you to behave like gentlemen and a gentleman certainly wouldn't leave his 'date' for the evening to 'chat up' another lady would he? A gentleman also wouldn't 'kiss and tell' either, so just in case a little discretion should be required; as I understand it the relevant saying is, 'What happens in Vegas - Stays in Vegas'. Is that clear to everyone?"

Once again we nodded, but Geoff and I looked at each other. I could see he was as surprised as I was by his mother implying that tonight might be more than just a dance with our respective mothers. The thing that really shocked me was that my mother had nodded quite enthusiastically and didn't even appear surprised at what Claire had said. Had they talked about these 'rules' beforehand I wondered?

The next surprise was when we got to the car. Claire opened the front passenger door and got in while Marie got into the back with Geoff. As I helped Claire to fasten her seat belt our hands touched and she smiled at me again. [Stay calm: Think about your driving. You'll get through this evening. It's too late to run so you have to.]

Mum had booked a table for tonight's dinner/dance at 'The Castle Hotel'. Their restaurant had a very good reputation but it was a little way out of town. I think we all felt a bit awkward for a few minutes, [some more than others], but once we were seated at our table with a drink we relaxed and it just felt natural somehow, us being out together.

Because I was driving I was restricted to soft drinks, but the other three started the evening with quite a strong drink. The most surprising thing to me was that Mum ordered a Vodka and Orange. She doesn't usually drink spirits.

During the meal, while I was on a weak lager shandy (more lemonade than lager), the other three went through two bottles of wine and by the end of the evening, were well into the third bottle. Marie had drunk at least four glasses of wine during the evening, as well as that Vodka and Orange when we arrived. This too was very unusual because she usually restricted herself to just one or at most two glasses of wine with her meal.

There was a decent sized dance floor and a very good four piece band who were playing traditional ballroom dance music. I was suddenly very glad that mum had made me take those ballroom dancing lessons when I was at school, because between courses we all spent some time on the dance floor and after a couple of dances I really began to get back into the swing of it. I wasn't just

shuffling around the floor, I was actually leading my partner. At first we swapped around a bit, sometimes dancing with our own mothers, but very soon it was obvious that Geoff and Marie had 'paired off' and had become a couple for the evening, not only on the dance floor but at the table too, even moving their chairs so they were sitting closer together and I was pretty sure they were holding hands under the table.

That was fine by me because it meant I was now spending more time with Claire as my 'date', although I didn't dare hold her hand. We were also doing quite a bit of dancing and I was loving the feel of holding her body close to mine, although I did have to keep my mind on my dancing - not to mention 'washing my socks'.

I did notice that a couple of times Geoff and Marie didn't separate between dances, staying on the floor with their arms around each other. Once I even saw them kiss, but I said nothing, it had nothing to do with me. Mum wasn't exactly fighting him off and I wondered how Claire would respond if I kissed her like that. I didn't dare try to find out though, I would have to have had far more to drink and been a lot more sure of her reaction before I would risk kissing her in a public place.

There were several 'all female' couples dancing together and I noticed Mum and Claire received a few envious looks, I assume because they had male partners who could actually dance. One lady who was part of one of these 'female couples' did keep glancing at me and whenever she caught my eye she smiled at me. She was quite attractive, if a little older than Marie and Claire. She and her dance partner were obviously with the men at their table, but the men they were with didn't get up to dance at all. On one of our 'Mum Swap' dances, mum noticed her interest and whispered to me "Don't you dare."

It was well after 11:00 by the time we left the dance and as Marie and Claire collected their coats, that same lady brushed past me and I felt her slip something into my jacket pocket. When I went to get the car from the car park I looked at what it was. It was a folded piece of paper from the hotel notepad. Written on it was 'Sarah' and a mobile phone number. That went straight back in my pocket out of sight.

Claire suggested coffee at her house and as Marie said; we had nothing to rush home for, my father was away on business until Tuesday, so there was nobody at home waiting for us. Once again Claire got into the front seat with me, leaving Geoff and my mum to get into the back, but unlike on the outward trip, Geoff slipped his arm around her as they settled in and straight away Marie rested her head on his shoulder.

We were about half way home when Claire pointed to a sign pointing to a side road and told me to turn up there. Yet another surprise!

I knew that road, it led through some woodland and ended up at a viewpoint known as 'Shepherd's View' where there was a lovely view across the valley. 'Shepherd's View' did have something of a reputation though, it was the place where couples went when they wanted some 'personal time' alone. The local joke was that probably 30% of the local 'first born' babies had been conceived up at 'Shepherd's View'.

I glanced in the interior mirror to see if mum was going to object to us going there, but she wasn't even looking. Her head was still on Geoff's shoulder and they now had their arms around each other. As I looked he leaned in and they kissed. She didn't seem at all put out by this as her arm went around his neck and she was definitely kissing him back.

Claire put her hand up and moved the mirror away. "It's not considered polite to watch others Mark" she said, "I think it's best if you keep your eyes on the road." There was a big smile on her face.

There were a couple of cars already parked up, but Claire guided me into an empty area a little away from the main car park between some trees. There was a bench for people to sit on as they admired the view. She seemed to know the layout and I did wonder how well she knew 'Shepherds View' and how many times she had been here. She leaned over to me and whispered "Switch off and turn out the lights. Let's give those two in the back a little privacy, we can sit on that bench and look at the view."

As we walked over to the bench she took my hand. I glanced back at the car, but Claire gave my hand a tug and said, "Whatever may; or may not be happening back there is happening between two adults and is none of our business."

We had been sitting on the bench, holding hands, for some minutes when Claire said "I know you are quite shy Mark, but I am beginning to wonder if you didn't really want to go out with me this evening."

I looked at her, she was looking at me with that familiar teasing smile that always made my heart flutter.

I took a deep breath. [She must know, she had to be aware of what being near her did to me]. "You have me at a bit of a disadvantage Claire" I said, deciding to take a chance that she had drunk enough to let me get away with saying something I wouldn't normally dare say. "You, Geoff and Marie have been drinking all evening and I expect that's why Geoff is able to go a little further than Mum . . . Sorry, Marie, would normally allow. I, on the other hand, have been on soft drinks because I am driving and so I don't have the advantage of my inhibitions being clouded by alcohol. You have teased me about being shy before. I'm not too bad with most people but, as I think you know all too well, with you for some reason I go all to pieces. I don't think you can seriously doubt that I wanted to be with you tonight though. I haven't been able to stop thinking about being with you ever since you mentioned us taking you out. Nothing short of being unconscious in hospital would have stopped me being with you tonight."

I looked back towards the car; which was now gently bouncing on its springs.

Claire's hand turned my head back so that I was looking at her. "Mark" she said, "Ever since you were about 13 years old, every time I have been anywhere near you, you have followed me around like a puppy, hardly ever taking your eyes off me. I only had to speak to you to make you blush. Do you honestly think that in over five years I haven't figured out how much you like me? For at least the last 2 years Geoff has been looking at Marie in the same way. Marie and I both know that he is at least as crazy about her, as you are about me."

I started to turn my head away in embarrassment, but again she held me so that I remained looking at her.

"Marie and I have been best friends since school" she continued, "We tell each other almost everything. We both know how you feel about me but we said nothing because we expected you would grow out of it. When Geoff began to look at Marie in the same way you look at me, she told me straight away that she thought he was developing a bit of a 'crush' on her too."

I glanced towards the car, which was still rocking, "That looks like it's more than 'a bit of a crush' to me" I said.

"Before we came out" she said, "You agreed certain changes to the 'status quo' for tonight. One of which was that our usual 'Mother and Son' relationship was suspended. You did agree to that, didn't you Mark?"

"Well . . . Yes" I said.

"So whatever is happening in that car is happening between Geoff and Marie. You agreed to those changes, or did you think they only applied if something happened between you and me. Is that what you are saying?"

"Well No" I stammered, "But I didn't realise that Geoff was going to . . ."

"Marie is a grown woman Mark. Geoff isn't doing anything Marie doesn't want him to do" she said, "Whatever is; or is not; happening in that car is happening between two adults, in private and it has nothing at all to do with us, or with anyone else."

"Both you and Geoff seem to have developed something of a 'thing' about older women in general and Marie and I in particular" she said. "So tell me honestly Mark, if you and Geoff had gone to that dinner dance hoping to meet a couple of ladies who were hoping to meet a couple of young men to dance with. Perhaps that one who has been giving you 'the eye' all evening and her friend. If Geoff was now making out in the back of the car with one of those two ladies, would you be making all this fuss?"

[Oh Sh*t, she knew. I was in big trouble now]. "No, obviously not" I said, "But"

"I suppose those ladies are married, maybe they also have children" she interrupted my protest, would that have made a difference?"

"Well No, but"

"But what?" Claire asked. "Before we left the house you agreed that normal rules were suspended and that for tonight Marie's date was Geoff and my date was you. That was what we all agreed, wasn't it?"

I could see that I wasn't going to win this argument, it was time to concede gracefully. "Yes" I said, "That was what we agreed."

"So with the usual relationship being suspended, you agreed that this evening, Marie, who is a mature married woman, would be going out, on a date, with a young man who wasn't her husband. You did agree that was what was happening didn't you?"

I nodded.

"You also know that I am a widow and, although I hate to have to admit it, as I am the same age as your mother, I am old enough to be your mother, but you still agreed to take me out for the evening, didn't you?"

I nodded again, accepting that Claire was systematically destroying my arguments.

"Now" she said, "I am sure you know that when a man takes a lady out on 'a date', you did agree this was a date, didn't you?"

I nodded.

"Good" she continued, "Now on a date sometimes unexpected things happen. Didn't it occur to you that that could be the reason I asked for your agreement that a gentlemen doesn't kiss and tell" she asked? "You did agree that a gentleman doesn't kiss and tell didn't you?"

"I did wonder at the time, what you were expecting to happen" I said.

"I didn't expect anything to happen Mark" she said, "But knowing how you felt about me and how Geoff felt about Marie there was always a possibility that something might happen. As Marie wasn't any more against the idea of going out with Geoff than I was about going out with you, there was always the possibility that something could happen. Marie knows how you feel about me, Mark. As I said, we tell each other everything."

"Think about it. We all know what people would say if it became known we were dating each other's sons, so we insisted that talking about tonight with anyone else was not a good idea. This situation is a little too personal to be spread around the village and so, although our village is definitely not 'Las Vegas', the principle still holds good. 'What happens in Vegas' . . .?"

"Stays in Vegas" I finished off for her.

"Good boy!" she said and then she leaned in and kissed me. For a moment I thought my heart was going to burst. The woman of my dreams was kissing me. Not a little peck on the cheek, or the quick kiss on the lips on my birthday, this was a full French Kiss, with tongues. I had dreamed of being kissed like that by Claire for so long I couldn't believe it was really happening. When she broke away I just sat there for a moment, stunned, unable to speak, just looking at her. That knowing smile appeared at the corners of her mouth.

"Cat got your tongue?" she asked.

"That's a possibility" I replied, "I suppose that it rather depends on whether you see yourself as a member of the feline species."

I knew this was the time I had to take the initiative, so I took her into my arms and this time I kissed her. This time there was no hesitation on my part and I admit, that kiss went on for quite some time. I felt her hand on my thigh and it gently slipped higher until she was stroking my cock through my trousers. I allowed my hand to move up to cup her breast and I could feel her nipple was stiff against my palm.

When we broke apart she just looked into my eyes and said "And about time, I have been feeling like a wallflower all evening. For most of this evening I have played gooseberry while those two were all over each other." She looked towards the car which I noticed was no longer bouncing. "I think it's safe for us to return to the car now. Remember Mark, we saw nothing and we know nothing. Your mother is probably going to feel a bit embarrassed when you get into the car, so no suggestive remarks or comments. Nothing has happened, they have just been talking, like we have."

I still had my arms around her and I decided I wasn't ready yet to relinquish that control. "Let them wait" I said, "I have waited so long to do this and as I'm the driver tonight they can now wait until

I'm ready to go." I drew her close and I kissed her again. As we ended the kiss she looked at me very closely for a moment and said, "I suppose as we have waited for them to finish, it won't hurt them to wait a little for us."

She reached under her dress, raised herself slightly off the seat and removed her panties. Handing them to me she said, "Put those in your pocket for me Mark."

As I took them from her a really naughty thought occurred to me. Lifting them to my face I kissed the inside of the gusset where her pussy had been, touching my tongue to the material, smelling and tasting her juices, before carefully folding them and putting the garment into my inside pocket. Then I kissed her and pressed her back on the seat. As I did, my hand went to her leg and I pushed her dress right up to her hips, discovering as I did that she was indeed wearing stockings and a suspender belt. She made no attempt to prevent my hand reaching between her legs, in fact she spread them apart to welcome me as I slipped two fingers into her vagina. She was really wet and they easily slid right up inside her. She broke the kiss and whispered "Don't you go getting all shy on me now my boy, we have both wanted this for far too long for you to have an attack of conscience now."

I dropped to my knees between her legs and pressed my lips to her pussy, tasting her hot juices with my eager tongue. As I sucked her clitoris I was undoing my trousers and pushing them and my pants down. Although she tasted divine, there was more that I wanted and I frantically searched for the condom I knew was in my inside pocket, silently cursing myself for having put Claire's knickers in the same pocket and hiding it under them.

Claire drew me up to her and looking into my eyes said "It's alright Mark. You don't need what you are looking for, I won't get pregnant."

Her hand took hold of my cock and guided it into that warm sweet place I had dreamed of for so long but never thought I would ever get anywhere close to. With one push I was so deep inside her that I think my cock touched the entrance to her womb. Her legs wrapped around me and I was in heaven as we made love on that bench in the open air, as so many had done before us, here at 'Shepherds View'.

I knew I was not going to last long, and tried to think of anything which might slow down the inevitable, but suddenly Claire's legs tightened around me and she began to push up to meet my thrusts. She seemed to open up for me and my cock pushed even deeper, through her cervix and into her womb itself. She cried out in passion and held me so tightly that for a moment I couldn't breathe. I let out a groan of ecstasy as I began pumping my sperm deep inside her. She was kissing me and crying as she continued to thrust against me and I drained my 5 years of desire into her.

We lay there for some moments just kissing and holding each other, until she whispered "Ummm . . Mark! I think we have an audience."

I looked up into Geoff's smiling face. He was leaning on the back of the bench and had his arm around my mother, who had such a look of contentment on her face that I guessed Geoff had 'hit the spot' as accurately as I knew I just had.

"Did you want something" I asked him? "Only some moments are private and we didn't interrupt you when the car was rocking, did we?"

Mum blushed, but she said, "We didn't make as much noise as you two were making. I thought for a moment you were killing her."

Claire actually giggled. "He can kill me like that any time he wants Marie. I have waited almost three years for him to do that to me and I'm telling you now, it was well worth the wait."

She held up her hand to Geoff, who took it and raised it to his lips.

"I hope you were as good for Marie as Mark was for me" Claire said, "Because that has rounded off a wonderful evening perfectly as far as I'm concerned."

Marie actually chuckled and said "He wasn't bad for a beginner Claire. He needs practice, but I'll soon get him up to the mark."

Claire laughed, "There's always room for improvement Marie, but for me, that was a very promising start indeed."

I carefully raised myself off Claire's body. and my softening cock slipped from her. There was a quiet "Ooohh, that was nice!" from Claire and a low whistle from Geoff as his mother's pussy was completely exposed to him before I pulled her dress down to cover her.

Marie smacked his hand. "That wasn't polite Geoff" she said, "She is still your mother."

"Not tonight she isn't" he said, "Tonight she said you are just two ladies we have been out dancing with and may I say that I think this evening has turned out to be way beyond both mine and Mark's wildest dreams."

Back at the car I opened the front passenger door for Claire to get in, as Geoff held the door for Mum. She was a bit embarrassed when she had to tug her skirt down because it rode up as she got in, but I didn't say anything. I just closed the door and walked round to the driver's side. Through the windscreen I could see Claire had half turned in her seat, she was holding Mum's hand and saying something to her.

I got into the driver's seat and said "I take it that we are still all going back to your place for coffee Claire?"

"I think that's a good plan" she replied, "Are you ready for a coffee Marie?" She looked over her shoulder at my mother who was looking embarrassed, maybe because she must have known, before she tugged her skirt down, I had seen that tonight my mother was also wearing a pair of stockings with suspenders. I wondered when she had got those, because I had never known my mum to wear stockings, she always wore tights.

"Are you feeling Ok love? Claire asked her."

There was a moment of silence before Mum replied "Yes! Yes I am. In fact I am feeling very good indeed and I could just do with a cup of coffee right now."

I looked at Geoff who had what I can only describe as 'a satisfied, sheepish grin' on his face. "I take it that you are feeling pretty good too Geoff" I said.

"I am feeling absolutely great" he replied as he raised Marie's hand to his lips and kissed it.

I readjusted my interior mirror and started the engine, reversed out of the space and drove off back down the lane and back to Claire's house. Between gear changes Claire and I held hands and it was noticeable that it was very quiet in the back. One glance in the mirror showed why, Geoff and Marie were kissing again and I could see he had his hand up her skirt, so it looked as if those 'discussions'

which had gone on in the back of the car while we had been parked, had been a resounding success.

We were almost home when I heard "Oh God! . . Yes! . . . Yes!" from the back seat, which caused me to look in the mirror again. Mum's skirt was right up around her hips, her legs were spread and Geoff must have had at least two fingers as deep inside her as he could get them.

I pushed the mirror up and made a mental note to get an air freshener from the petrol station for the car before dad got home, because this car was beginning to smell like a cheap brothel.

As we pulled up outside their house Claire said, "Would you unlock the door and put the lights on please Geoff, then put the kettle on for coffee. There is a bottle of white wine in the fridge so if you would get it out please. We need four glasses and if you wouldn't mind, Mark has a little 'catching up' to do."

She looked at me with a huge grin on her face, "Marie might be feeling a little shaky Mark" she said, "So, if you wouldn't mind offering her your arm, just to help with her balance."

As I held the door for mum to get out of the car I noticed there was something on the floor near her feet, partly under the front seat. After mum had got out of the car I leaned in to pick up the pair of ladies panties, which I knew for sure hadn't been there earlier. They must have been discarded at 'Shepherds View' when she and Geoff were causing the car to rock.

Mum was wearing stockings, which she never wore, her knickers were on the floor of the car. Put that together with the way the car had been rocking and I don't think that there was any doubt that by the time Claire and I 'got it together', my mother had already been well fucked by my best friend. Then she had let him finger fuck her to orgasm as we drove home. On that evidence alone I thought it was highly likely that my mother had had a most enjoyable evening.

I handed them to her and said, "Pop these into your bag mum, they might get forgotten in the morning and it wouldn't do for dad to find them there when he gets home, would it."

"I took her arm and guided her up the path towards the front door. Part way up the path, Mum stopped and said nervously, "I didn't mean for that to happen Mark, it just sort of did. Are you upset with me?"

I looked at her for a moment and then I gently kissed her. "I am absolutely fine Marie. I have had a wonderful evening as I hope you have too and far from being upset, if you were to ask me, I think we should do it again; and soon. Perhaps you could see how Claire feels about that when you ladies compare notes about how the evening has gone."

"But what about?" She began.

"But what about nothing" I stopped her, "Tonight has been the best evening out I have ever had and I am sure Geoff will say the same. We have all had a lovely time and as far as I know, no-one has any regrets about how this evening has worked out. That is unless you were telling me 'porky pies' when you said you were feeling 'very good indeed' when we got back in the car. Just tell me one thing mum. Do you regret whatever may or may not have happened up at 'Shepherds View' or on the way home from there?"

She looked at me for a moment and then said, "No Mark, I don't regret a thing, not for one second."

"So you are happy with how the evening has worked out for you so far?"

"Yes son" she said, "I am very happy with everything that has happened this evening."

I kissed her very gently on the lips again and whispered "Then as long as you're happy, I'm more than happy mum. My evening has been wonderful and I think it would be nice if, when Dad goes off on his next trip, we could organise another night out, if not for the four of us, at least for you and Geoff. Perhaps I might just go out for the evening while you two get together again in comfort."

"Thank you darling" said mum, "I was really worried you would think I had behaved like a slut."

"Don't be" I replied. "I would never think that of you. I know Geoff is crazy about you, but I hope he took precautions."

Mum giggled, "There's no need" she said, "I look after all that at home and just for your information, Claire also went on 'the pill' 6 months ago."

"Then there's nothing to worry about; is there?" I said . . . "Whatever may have happened in Vegas; is staying in Vegas, isn't it."

She hugged me and then kissed me on the lips. "When our next evening out happens," she said, "I'm sure it will be another foursome. I must admit though, I never thought I would get the chance to watch when you and Claire finally got around to working it out. She has wanted you for ages you know and I have a feeling that this night isn't over yet." She hugged me, "I certainly hope it isn't anyway" she said.