

# 65 DINNER DANCE WITH OUR MOTHERS CH.

*Jonnyflies*

*The next morning.*

Incest/Taboo

4.46

3.4k words

I woke in the morning to find Geoff and mum standing at the bottom of the bed. Geoff had his trousers on but mum was completely naked.

"Come on sleepy head," Geoff said, looking at me, "It's our turn to make the tea and cook breakfast. Get your pants on and let's get started. I never realised that all that dancing would give me such an appetite."

I kissed Claire and whispered into her ear "I love you". Then I slipped out of bed and hugged my mum, "Thank you so much for what you did last night," I said, "I don't know what I would have done without you."

It did feel very strange standing there naked, hugging my mother, who was also naked. Last night was the first time I could remember ever seeing my mother naked but so much had changed since then. She really was very beautiful indeed and it was no wonder that Geoff was so crazy about her.

What on earth was my dad thinking of? On a final warning after getting let off after playing around before and, he does it again - Stupid. Does he think he's so wonderful that she couldn't find another man to replace him? Good God, if people knew she was available, the queue would have stretched around the block and probably half way round the estate as well.

I grinned at Geoff, he was a very lucky guy. Not that I was complaining, his mum was something else too. All the years I had lusted after her and then to find she thought the same about me was beyond my wildest dreams. I thought I was probably the luckiest man in the world myself.

"I suppose the 'dancing' did go on until rather late, didn't it? It must have been very energetic because it looks as if this poor woman can hardly walk this morning," I said.

"I'll be fine" said mum, "You go and make us a cup of tea. There are a few things us girls need to talk about and we don't need you boys listening in while we do it. Tea first, you can bring that up and then call us when breakfast is ready."

Claire added, "There are eggs, bacon, sausage, mushrooms and tomatoes in the fridge Geoff. I went shopping yesterday and made sure we had plenty in. I thought there was a chance we might have guests for breakfast."

I winked at Geoff. "While we were agonising on Friday about last night, these two had it all worked out," I said, "They set up a honey trap for us poor unsuspecting young men. I always thought it was the men who were supposed to have designs on the ladies virtue, but it would appear in this case the positions were reversed."

"I don't know about that," said Geoff, "We reversed so many positions last night I lost count of who suggested what. Not that I cared, to be honest. Now, I know she's your mother, but would you mind putting her down? That tea isn't going to make itself."

I carefully extracted myself from mum's arms and picked up my trousers and pants. As I put them on Geoff went to the bed, bent over his mum and kissed her.

"Good morning mother," he said, "Did you sleep well?"

As he said that his hand dropped down to cup her left breast but I think I was the only one who noticed.

"Very well thank you," she replied with a little giggle, "Although there did seem to be quite a bit of noise coming from next door."

"Yes," he said, "I'm sorry about that, but once she starts she doesn't seem to have a volume control, and believe me I did look."

"So we noticed," said Claire. "Now, about that cup of tea and breakfast?"

Downstairs in the kitchen I put the kettle on and Geoff got out a hot tray and dishes, plugged it in and began getting out the ingredients for breakfast.

He looked at me and asked, "A good night?"

Trying to keep a straight face I replied, "No, not really." He looked puzzled. "A bloody fabulous night," I said, unable to keep the smile off my face a moment longer. "How was yours?"

"Unbelievable," he said, "Don't be offended mate, but your mum is fantastic, she is a cougar. Sweet and modest on the outside for public consumption, but Oh My God, when we got into the bedroom she almost ate me alive. She isn't the only one who can hardly walk this morning. I don't think I will have the strength to do anything for a week."

"Hmmm! And she's not too bad looking either, is she?" I said.

Geoff grinned, "You've noticed that too, have you? What was it you said about my mother? Oh I remember, you said she was bloody gorgeous. Well so is yours mate, she's really gorgeous."

"I think we can agree about that," I continued, "Let's be serious now for a minute, have your feelings for her changed since Friday night when we talked about this."

"Yes they have," he replied, "On Friday I only thought I was in love with her. I know she is married, I can't have her, and last night was just a 'one of', but if she will let me I'll take whatever I can get, even if it's just holding her hand in a dark cinema. It's not just the sex Mark, even though that was fantastic, she is everything I have ever wanted in a woman."

I looked at him for a few moments and then I said, "Then I suggest you talk to your mother about it Geoff. She knows how you feel about Marie and she might be able to help."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Talk to your mum," I said, "She is a very wise lady and she knows things and understands a lot more than you might think she does."

The kettle was boiling and I made the tea, pouring the two mugs that Geoff had got out and taking them up to the bedroom. Not thinking I pushed open the bedroom door without knocking to see mum and Claire, both completely naked, lying on the bed with their arms around each other,

kissing. They only realised I was there and separated as I placed one mug on the bedside cabinet next to Mum.

Mum and Claire both looked embarrassed that I had caught them in such a 'compromising' position. I bent down and kissed my mother, before taking the other mug round to 'Claire's side'. I could tell that Claire was waiting for me to say something so I bent down and kissed her too. "What happens in Vegas, girls: . . . and that's Whatever happens in Vegas," I said. "Breakfast will be in about 10 minutes and I will give you a call."

I cupped Claire's breast and leaned down, sucking her nipple into my mouth and gripping it in my teeth before worrying it with my tongue. I stood up and looked at her lying there and said "My word, but you do have the most beautiful breasts Mrs Harris."

"Don't I get a mention" said Mum?

"Of course" I said, leaning across Claire to kiss Mums breast too. I felt a little shiver run through her as I tugged her nipple with my teeth and flicked it with my tongue. "Yours are very close to perfection too, Mrs Peters, very close indeed."

"Now!" I said as I stood up, "Could I suggest that someone has a chat with Geoff sometime very soon. I am assuming here that last night wasn't just a 'one night stand' and you do want to see him again mum, but he seems a bit 'on edge' this morning and I think, if he knew about the change in your personal circumstances that Claire mentioned to me last night, it might go a long way towards helping him to relax."

"I think that could be arranged," mum said, "He does seem to like me a little, doesn't he Mark?"

"I did get that impression too, but that feeling did appear to be somewhat mutual," I replied.

Mum almost blushed. "That is what we were talking about," she said.

"It's nice to know you found time to talk as well as cuddle, Mrs Peters," I said with a grin.

"You are being very formal this morning Mark," said Claire.

I thought for a moment, then I said, "I was just thinking it might be easier for everyone if last night's suspension of our normal 'Mother and Son' relationships could be extended. I think it might help us all feel much more at ease if things didn't immediately switch back to our normal situation this morning."

Mum got up from the bed and came round to hug me. "We have just been talking about that," she said. "How would you boys feel about last night's relationship becoming our normal one? Obviously it would have to be strictly between ourselves and only in private?"

"I accept that, around here at least, for the moment this must remain private," I agreed, "But how would you ladies feel about us all taking a few days away together while the fuss over mum serving divorce papers on dad, dies down? The schools haven't broken up yet so there are some real bargains online at the moment in the 'Last Minute deals'. You could include something with the divorce papers informing him that the locks at home have been changed and any attempt to get into the house would be treated as 'breaking and entering'. We could have a few days away in the sun while he calms down."

Mum looked as if the idea had some attraction but Claire didn't look as if she was in favour.

"It's alright for you three," she said, "But I have to go to work tomorrow."

"We have to be at home on Monday ourselves, but if you phone in sick on Monday morning," I said, "You could tell them it's 'Women's Problems'. If you take the week off you can self certify so you won't need a note from the doctor."

"Wherever we go, no-one there will know us so what if Mr and Mrs Harris and Mr and Mrs Peters book two rooms, who is going to take any notice of who sleeps where? We get the week together and no-one here is any the wiser. Think about it, you can make your mind up later when we decide where to go."

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Back in the kitchen Geoff asked if everything was alright?

"As long as you don't burn the breakfast," I said, "I think you will find that everything is looking extremely good. Now I think we should get on with this because I told them it would be about 10 minutes."

OK! So it was nearer to fifteen minutes before Geoff called upstairs that breakfast was ready, but no-one was counting. Our mothers came down, both just wearing light wraps. I was just finishing frying the eggs and we sat down to eat.

At first things seemed a little awkward and I realised that we were all waiting for someone to speak first. Perhaps they were wondering if I had said anything about how they were cuddling when I entered the bedroom?

Considering how nervous I had been last night I decided to take the lead now and put their minds at rest.

"In the absence of the alcohol we seem to have lost some of the 'joy' of last night," I said, "So shall I be the one to start the ball rolling and address 'The Elephant in the Room'?"

There were nods from the others, so I began.

"For the sake of this discussion," I continued, "There is only one rule - Absolute and total honesty. No matter what is said, or who it might hurt, because I think we all need to know exactly where we stand. I'll start, and then we can go around the table."

"Does anyone have any regrets about going to that Dinner/Dance last night and the things that have happened between then and now? I think by now we should all be well past 'pussyfooting around' about discussing what has happened and this isn't a game of 'Truth or Dare'. Only 'Truth' is permitted. Questions, obviously, can be asked and if asked, must be answered, but let's keep it short and to the point, if only so that our breakfast doesn't go cold. Is that OK with everybody?"

Everyone nodded so I began. "Last night was without any question the best night of my life. The only regret I have is, knowing what I know now," I looked at Claire, "We didn't get together ages ago. I would also like to cast my vote that we all get together again, and soon."

I looked around the table, "OK, who's next . . . Ladies?"

Claire spoke next. "I admit that we did manoeuvre you boys into taking us to that dance and I thought I had everything under control. Everything was progressing nicely until you got out of bed

and said you were going to sleep in Geoff's bed. At that point I completely lost it. That was probably the worst moment I've experienced since the night the police knocked on the door to tell me that James had been killed. I never thought anything could make me feel that bad ever again. Like on that night I thought my whole world had collapsed. Only one thing mattered to me, I couldn't let you go. Regrets? Only the same as yours Mark, we should have done it years ago."

"Geoff?" I said.

For a moment Geoff didn't speak and then he said, "Last night everything I have ever dreamed of came true. I know you are married Marie and I can't even hope to have you for my own, but if I can sometimes be allowed to hold you, even if it's only to hold your hand if that's all you can allow, I'll have to live with that and the memory of last night."

Mum looked at me and then at Geoff. "I think that's my cue to inject my news into this discussion," she said. "Geoff, I have never experienced anything remotely like what I felt last night with you. You didn't just make the earth move, you made my whole world explode around me. When he brought the tea up, Mark said I needed to talk to you, because I have something I need to tell you, so here goes."

"On Tuesday when his dad returns from his trip he will be handed an envelope at the airport containing divorce papers. I now have proof he is having an affair with his secretary. Although I have suspected it had been going on for some time, until last week I didn't have the proof I needed. Now I do have that proof and I am totally sick of his philandering and cheating."

"I think Mark has known this has been coming for some time and he doesn't appear to be too upset by the news that I am divorcing his father. You spend quite a bit of time at our house Geoff. The thought of you and I being together doesn't seem to have caused a massive problem for him, so I hope, in the future, our time together might involve a bit more than just holding hands."

Geoff's face was a picture. "You mean . . .?" he said.

"Yes, I do mean . . . ." Mum replied, "All four of us are going to have to exercise a lot of discretion. Something as juicy as this would go right round the village in less than a morning. Our door has always been open to you Geoff, but what I am saying is that from now on, my bedroom door is open to you as well, although I suggest you close it behind you unless you actually want Mark to be looking over your shoulder offering advice at a very delicate moment."

Geoff looked at me and said, "How long have you known about this?"

"Claire told me last night, just before we came upstairs," I replied, "At the time you seemed to be a little bit busy; and then this morning I thought it would be better coming direct from Marie. When I took the tea up I suggested she should tell you herself."

As we were eating breakfast Claire asked "Have you spoken to Geoff about us spending a few days away Mark?"

"Not yet" I replied, "But if you can't come there isn't really much point. I'm not going to go just to play gooseberry for a whole week and if I stay here, I can't stay with you or the whole county will know about us. I'm not going to face dad alone and tell him that I think he is a cheating rat. How would I explain to him where mum has gone and why Geoff isn't around this week either? As I see it, either we all go or none of us do."

Geoff looked puzzled. The chance of spending a whole week with my mum was being offered one moment and then snatched away the next.

"I know we will have to be careful about being together around here," I said to Geoff, "So I suggested we take advantage of one of those 'Last Minute' deals we were looking at and go somewhere nice for a few days. My father will find out on Tuesday he is being divorced. Knowing him, it is not impossible he might come to the house to make a scene. Mum doesn't need that, but she doesn't need to be here, her solicitor can deal with anything that crops up. You and I are just waiting around for our 'A' Level results before we can confirm our places at Uni and those won't be out for at least another three weeks. I suggested your mum phoned in sick and we all go for a week away together."

"I think you had better wind up your computer," said Claire, "Because Marie thinks it's a good idea as long as Geoff is going, and I would much rather be sitting on a beach with you than typing and filing documents at work, so where does everyone want to go?"

"There is plenty of choice" I said, "Spain, Majorca, The Canaries, Greece, Malta, Turkey, Cyprus, take your pick."

"Surprise us" said Marie, "But don't go mad with the prices, you two have University coming up and I dread to think how much this divorce is going to cost."

Geoff and I picked a nice looking 4 Star hotel on the Costa Blanca and booked two double rooms, Departing from Birmingham Airport at 15:30 on Monday afternoon and returning from Alicante at 19:25 next Sunday. Not quite a week but close enough and the 'All Inclusive' bill was just under £900 for all 4 of us. I sorted out a hire car for another £80, picking it up and returning it to Alicante airport on Sunday and that was our transport sorted. Mum put everything on her credit card. As she put it, "He can afford it, he must have spent a lot more than that on his week away with his tart, so he can pick up the bill."

It was after lunch when Mum and I made it home. We both had to pack and as we would need to be at the airport by 1:30 pm the next day, we needed to be leaving home by around 11:30 am to drive to the airport, where I had also booked parking. Claire was going to phone in sick first thing in the morning Mum had phoned the locksmith at home and he told her we were his first job so he would be there at 9:00 and it shouldn't take him more than an hour to do a simple lock replacement. Mum was going to phone her solicitor at 9:30 to tell him she would be away this week and ask for a note to be added to the papers about the locks on the house being changed, then as soon as that was done we could then be on our way. A couple of frantic loads in the washing machine and dryer, followed by an hour with the steam iron and we were ready for the off. I don't think mum had ever packed for a holiday that fast in her whole life.