

# SHADES OF BLUE CH. 03

*Jonnyflies*

*The Evening Progresses.*

Incest/Taboo

4.66

4.8k words

## Chapter 3.

Lisa was standing just outside the door to the lounge and as Joanne and I walked towards her she pushed the door open slightly and said something to someone inside. I gently squeezed Joanne's hand and whispered, "There is definitely something going on in there, and I have a distinct feeling that we are the 'Guests of Honour'."

Lisa smiled at us and as she held open the lounge door I heard the music in the room come to an end. She ushered us into the room, where everyone's eyes seemed to be fixed on us. The trio, on a small raised stage in the far corner of the room, began to play the introduction to something, which although I thought I should recognise, I just couldn't place for a moment. Everyone was standing and applauding as Lisa led us towards the dance floor.

It was then I recognised what this was the intro to. I should have spotted it from the first note! After all, we were being set up as the 'Guests of Honour'. Lisa had seen what Joanne was wearing tonight, the plum coloured dress I had chosen for her that afternoon. There really was only one song they could be playing, wasn't there?

Chris de Burgh's ..... Lady in Red.

There was really only one thing I could do at this moment, so I did it. As we stepped onto the dance floor, I took Joanne's right hand in my left, put my right arm around her waist and we went into the accepted, wedding reception tradition of the 'First Dance'. As her head rested on my shoulder, Joanne whispered, "I bet you are glad I made you take those dance lessons now, aren't you? But if you tread on my feet you are sleeping on the couch!"

I squeezed her gently, not trusting myself to speak at that moment. Luckily, the other guests observed the tradition of the 'first dance' too, so we were not alone on the floor for too long. I didn't trust my dancing skills enough to be doing an exhibition dance.

As the song ended, Lisa was waiting as I led Joanne from the floor to more applause from the other guests. She led us to a table which, unlike the others in the room had been laid with a white tablecloth, and where Simon (the manager) was waiting for us, and pouring two glasses of champagne.

Joanne went straight up to him and kissed him on the cheek. "Paul tells me we have you, and of course Lisa, to thank for arranging everything for us this evening," she said. "I want to add my thanks to his. For a time I thought today was going to be the worst day of my life. It seemed that everything which could go wrong, had gone wrong. Paul has done everything he could to make things right, but your contribution is what has really turned the whole day around. Thank you so much."

I shook his hand again, "That goes for me too" I said, "You have both been absolutely amazing. Now, if I get another two glasses, can I ask if you and Lisa will join us in a glass of champagne, or is it against Hotel Rules for you to drink on duty?"

Simon looked at Lisa and smiled, "It would be against hotel rules for us to drink, if we were still on duty. However, as our shift finished at 7:30, we are no longer on duty and I for one would love to join you. Will you stay too Lisa?"

Lisa blushed as she said "Oh yes please, I would love to."

"Great!" I said, "That means you don't have to rush away. I will get a couple more glasses, and I think we need another bottle, that one won't go far between four of us." I held the chair for Joanne to sit down and moved the chair intended for me for Lisa to use. I handed the ladies the two glasses of champagne, then moved two more chairs forward for myself and Simon. "I won't be long, just going for some more 'essential supplies'." I headed to the bar where I put another bottle of champagne on my bill and picked up two more glasses.

On my way back I took a detour to the stage, where I spoke to the keyboard player, who appeared to be the leader of the trio. I waited until they finished the song they were playing, and then I asked if they knew the Eric Clapton song, 'Wonderful Tonight'. He nodded, so I asked if he would give us a few minutes, then play it for us. He grinned at me and then said, "I would be glad to, shall we do two more, then put it in, would that be ok?"

"That would be great" I said, "Only I want to see if I can get Simon and Lisa to dance as well, I think they have been amazing doing what they have for us, and something tells me they quite like each other."

He laughed, "Do that!" He said, "We all watch them going all gooey as soon as the other one comes near, but they just don't seem to be able to get it together. If you can get him to at least put his arms round her, maybe he will see what everyone else can, that she is potty about him. If you give me a nod when you want 'Wonderful Tonight' and if you can get them on the floor, I will keep the slow romantic stuff going and try to keep them there until the penny drops."

Returning to the table, I was just in time to hear Lisa say to Joanne, "How did you two meet?" I put the glasses and the bottle down, wondering if I should answer for her, but decided I had to let Joanne answer this one, as she was the one Lisa had asked. Perhaps I could add little bits into whatever she said as opportunity arose.

Joanne, looked at me then said, "Oh, I have known him for years. I know his mother quite well." (I don't know how I managed to keep a straight face when she said that) "I went to work in the same office as her and she, sort of, took me under her wing. We lived not far from each other, so we travelled to and from work together on the same bus. I first met Paul when she invited me to dinner one evening, when he was around 10 or 11. He was a skinny little thing in them days, all arms and legs, and clumsy with it. He's filled out quite well since then though, don't you think?"

I decided to add something here, so I said, "Steady on, they will be thinking you were cradle snatching. Joanne and I didn't really become a couple until much more recently. Mind you, I had been crazy about her for ages, but I thought no-one knew. It's not that easy to hide feelings like that from the people around you though, is it? Mum has been pulling my leg about it ever since we got together."

"There was a party at work, we had just won a major new contract, coming up to the Christmas before last, and the firm had organised a combined Christmas/Celebration do. I was 'between girlfriends', so I had no-one to take, so I asked my mum if she would like to go with me. Well, I think she still scrubs up quite well." (Joanne gave me a really dirty look for that one.) "She said I would look really sad, having to take my mother to a party because I couldn't get a date, so she suggested I ask Joanne. I would have loved to take her, I had been potty about her since I was about 16, but I didn't dare ask her out. I mean, how could I ask my mother's best friend to go out with me? Anyway, mum laughed at me, and said she knew Joanne wasn't doing anything on Friday night, the night of the party, so why didn't I phone her. When I came over all shy about it and said it was much too short notice, she just picked up the phone herself and called her. They spoke for a couple of minutes and mum hung up the phone, turned to me and said "That's that sorted out, she would love to go with you". I was amazed! It was as easy as that. Mum asked - Joanne said 'Yes', and I had a date with the lady I had been having hot dreams about for about 3 years."

Joanne joined in, "I could have done with a bit more notice though" she said, "Had to take Friday afternoon off to go to the hairdressers, and buy something to wear. These men don't understand how much effort it takes to look so casually beautiful, do they Lisa?"

Lisa laughed, "No, they think it is the same for us as for them, a change of shirt, a quick wash and shave, a splash of After-Shave and they are ready. I think we should make them grow their hair long and wear makeup, and see how long it takes *them* to get ready."

"Look out lads!" I said, laughing. "Feminist Alert!"

"Anyway, we had a lovely evening." I continued, "We danced together most of the evening, although I did have a little bit of competition for her company from one or two of the other men. The slower numbers became more frequent as the evening wore on and I found I was spending more and more time with my arms around her. Then as another slow song finished and the party was starting to wind up, it just seemed the right thing to do at that moment, so I kissed her. Nothing passionate, just a 'Thank *you for a lovely evening*' sort of kiss, but Oh Boy! Did it ever set my heart racing. All the way home in the taxi I held her hand, but I couldn't get that kiss out of my mind. What was the correct etiquette for saying goodnight to one of my mother's friends, who had come with me as a 'fill in date' because I hadn't anyone else to ask? But she hadn't objected when I had kissed her, so .....? I just didn't know. Would she be offended if I kissed her again? Maybe she would be offended if I didn't kiss her. What was the right thing to do?"

"She asked me in for coffee so I paid off the cab and went inside. Trying to be helpful, in her kitchen, which was quite small, I bumped into her, and she nearly fell. I caught her, and there she was, in my arms again, so I kissed her, a bit more passionately this time. Perhaps the drink I had consumed during the evening had made me brave, but she was definitely kissing me back. Then she dropped the cup she was holding, which smashed on the floor. The noise of it breaking broke the mood of the moment and put an end to the kiss, which I wasn't exactly pleased about. Joanne pushed me away and said, "I think it's time you went home, don't you?" Then she guided me to the door. I certainly knew the etiquette for leaving *that* night; it was 'The Bums Rush' out of the door."

Joanne burst out laughing, "It was no such thing" she said, "You nearly knock me over, grab me and kiss me, smash one of my best cups, and you still expected coffee? Huh! ... Men!"

Simon and Lisa were both laughing and I took the opportunity to catch the trio leader's eye and nodded to him.

As the introduction to Wonderful Tonight was starting, I said "Right! That's enough talking, come on, it's time we were back on the floor." I turned to Lisa, "May I have the honour?" Before she could say anything I took her hand, drew her to her feet. I winked at Joanne and nodded my head in Simon's direction, then began to lead Lisa towards the floor. A quick glance back told me that Joanne had understood and had taken Simon's hand and they were following us. As we took the floor, I mouthed "Stay close," before starting to dance with Lisa. I waited until the start of the second verse, when, after checking that Simon and Joanne were close by, I said to Lisa, "Somehow I get the impression that this combination isn't working, something doesn't feel quite right. I think you would much rather be dancing with Simon than with me."

I reached out and tapped Joanne on her shoulder. She stepped back and I guided Lisa into Simon's arms, taking Joanne into mine. Simon and Lisa were now dancing, but as far as I could see, stiffly, not really together as a couple. I manoeuvred us next to them, and said to him, "It's a dance you know, not a military parade. You are supposed to be enjoying it. Take your lead from me at the end of this number and I think you will find it might help." Simon seemed to relax a little, and by the end of the song they were at least looking as if they were dancing together.

As the song ended I held Joanne tightly in my arms and kissed her, keeping one eye open to see what the reaction from Simon was. At first there wasn't any, but Lisa must have figured out what I meant. She put her arms around Simon's neck and drew him into a kiss. There was a moment when Simon didn't respond, but then he relaxed and began to return her kiss. A moment later the change in what was happening between them became obvious. I broke from Joanne and whispered, "I think we may have really started something here, look."

She turned and we stood watching two people, both completely oblivious to everyone, locked together in their own little world. If the roof had blown off the hotel at that moment I don't think they would have noticed. The group began to play another slow dance number, but Simon and Lisa didn't even move. I looked around and everyone on the floor was looking at the couple, locked together in the centre of the floor. I nudged Joanne and we began a round of applause. Almost at once others joined in, and within a few seconds everyone in the room was clapping.

I think Simon was the first to notice, as he ended the kiss. He looked around in amazement that everyone was looking at them. Lisa covered her face and was blushing furiously. She was about to run from the floor when I caught her arm. "It's all right, take a look around you, you are among friends, stay and dance with the man. For goodness sake Lisa, you have wanted him to do that for long enough. Getting over that hurdle has taken you two far too long, so don't run away from it now it's happened. I waited years before I found the courage to kiss Joanne. They were wasted years!" I handed her back to Simon. "I think even the group is waiting for you to get yourselves together so that we can continue." I indicated the stage, where the trio were all standing, applauding.

Simon's arm was around Lisa, as she tried to hide her face in his shoulder. He raised his hand in acknowledgement. The trio began to play another slow dance. I nodded at him and took Joanne in my arms again for another dance, noting that Simon followed my example. This time there was nothing stiff and formal about them, they were definitely together. Part way through the number their lips were locked together again. They were not so much dancing, as kissing to music.

As the song ended I spoke to Simon and Lisa, "I think this calls for another glass of champagne, don't you?" I led the way back to our seats. Simon moved his chair closer to Lisa's and they sat down. He put his arm around her and she cuddled up to him, neither wanting to let go of the other. "So!" I said, as I refreshed our glasses, "How long have you two been so much in love you couldn't

see what was obvious to everyone else? Come on now, don't be shy. When we were talking, Lisa, while Joanne was having her hair done, Simon came out of his office, and you almost melted. I thought I was seeing things and it was me for a moment, perhaps I was so happy myself, I was seeing love all around me, but he spoke to you and you were so happy that he was pleased with you, you actually blushed. I looked at you, Simon and there was so much love on your face. You couldn't take your eyes off her. You had to drag your eyes away from her when you shook my hand. I think the only people in this whole place, who don't know you are crazy about each other, are you two."

Lisa's face said everything about how she was feeling. She looked like the cat that had got the cream. "When I first started here, about two years ago, I thought he was really nice. But I knew he was married so I didn't really think about him like that. Then I found out that his marriage was breaking up. He was so sad and upset, I found myself wanting to hold him and comfort him, but of course I couldn't, after all, he was my boss. I suppose it was about 6 months after I started here. That was when I really knew how I felt about him."

"How about you, Simon" I asked, "When did you fall in love with her?"

He looked shamefaced, "From what she has just told us, it looks as if it was about 6 months before she realised how she felt about me. Lisa applied for a job in reception and I interviewed her. She came into my office and something happened inside me, she walked straight into my dreams.

My marriage was, in all but name, over. My wife was seeing someone else, again! We had managed to agree on what was probably the only thing we had agreed on since the wedding. A divorce! Even then she wouldn't let it be an amicable arrangement. She was being, excuse my language, a first class bitch! She wanted everything. She would have left me with just the clothes I stood up in if she could have, and *she* was the one who was playing around. The man she was seeing was the third boyfriend she had had during the 2 years we had been married, that *I* knew about, there may have been others. That was why, when Lisa came to me and told me of her suspicions that this was actually your wedding day, but something had happened and everything had gone badly wrong, I began to wonder if we could do something to help.

Then she said she thought it was your best man who had done something which had messed everything up and that settled it, I just had to do something. I knew the bridal suite was free this weekend, so I suggested the upgrade. When I heard you telling Lisa what had happened at your reception, it was almost like listening to a re-run of my wedding day. One thing was different though, about ten minutes after my new wife went up to get changed, my mother went up to see if she needed any help getting ready. The door wasn't locked and my mother walked into the room to find my bride, on her back on the bed, with *my* Best man' between her .....! Oh God! That still hurts so much! I thought he was my best friend, how could he do *that* to me? She was still wearing her wedding dress and she was .....! " He covered his face with his hands as his shoulders shook with the pain of the memory.

Lisa had tears running down her face too. She wrapped her arms around him, moving his hands from his face and kissing him. "Oh My God!" she sobbed , " I never knew about any of that. I knew the divorce was because she had someone else, but no-one said anything about any of that. I will never ever do anything to hurt you, my love," she sobbed. "I promise you now I will be faithful to you. I have never been with anyone else, you will be my first and you are the only one I want, or will ever need. I have loved you from that first time we met and I always will love you, just you, and *only* you!"

Joanne hugged me. She had tears in her eyes too, "I think I am going to have to forgive you for ignoring me when I said about not interfering in someone else's relationship. You're a right little Cupid aren't you?"

I looked at her in disbelief, "Who, me? All I did was to see what everyone else could see. I just gave them a little push to get them to dance with each other, that's all. Well, perhaps I did hint that maybe he should kiss her too."

Just then the barman came up, and put another bottle of champagne, and a room key, on the table. "Mr Richardson - Miss Collins. This is from all of the staff, with our congratulations and best wishes. I don't know yet who has won the sweep on when you would finally realise what we could all see, but it was agreed by us all, that a bottle of our best champagne was to be provided from the pot, when you eventually got together, and it looks to me like you have, at long last, finally figured it out. As your barman I can see you have had far too much to drink tonight, to drive home safely, so I took the liberty of speaking to reception on your behalf."

I couldn't help myself, I burst out laughing. "That is priceless" I said, "The staff were running a sweep about how long it was going to take you two to get together, and you didn't even know?" I hugged Joanne, "Now do you believe me about how obvious it was?"

The group of four people at the nearest table to us, had heard what had been said, so this time it wasn't us who started the applause. The whole room was standing applauding. I put my hand on the barman's arm as he turned to go. "Could you open whatever you need and hand round a glass for everyone?" I asked. "I think this is going to be a night we are all going to remember for a long time."

He had a big grin on his face, "Already on its way" he said, and indicated the door. "Don't worry about the cost, the sweepstake pot can stand it." Three of the waiters from the restaurant were walking in with trays filled with glasses of, what looked like champagne and had already begun to hand them around. Other staff members were coming in, as well as other guests, all with glasses in their hands, picked up from the bar on their way in. No matter where you are, mention 'Free Drinks' and you soon have a crowd. The trio were playing softly in the background, but nobody was dancing. The applause died down as hands were filled with fresh glasses.

I pulled Joanne to her feet, "I think we might need the microphone in a moment" I said. Then I took Lisa and Simon's hands and pulled them up as well. Joanne took Simon's hand and I took Lisa's, and we led them to the stage, collecting fresh glasses from one of the waiters as we passed. The leader handed me the 'mic' and I held up my hands for some quiet.

"Ladies and Gentlemen" I began, "Tonight seems to have become something of a special night, for more than just myself and my new wife. I sort of, got a feeling when we came in, that you were expecting us, it appears that our story had been 'leaked'." A ripple of laughter ran around the room. "What you may not have realised is just how much these two wonderful people here have done, to rebuild for us, the day it *wassupposed to have been*. When talking to Lisa, I realised just how much she cared for Simon here, but for some reason he couldn't see it. Probably because he was so blinded by how he felt about her. Now I have just been called 'Cupid' for having got them to dance together, a title I really have no right to. Cupid had already been here, long before today. Everyone on the staff knew it, and I now discover there was even a sweep running as to how long it would take them to get together." Another ripple of laughter. "I think we can confidently say that somewhere in this hotel we have a winner, because, Ladies and Gentlemen, look at them! These two are meant to be together and after tonight I think it would take teams of horses to drag them apart."

I would like to thank each and every one of you for the welcome you have given myself and my new wife, this evening. BUT! As must be obvious to everyone, we are not what this evening is really about any more. I ask you all, to raise your glasses and drink a toast. A toast to two beautiful people, who have at long last found, what everyone else knew had to be.

**Ladies and Gentlemen, I ask you to raise your glasses and drink a toast .... To Love! - And to LISA and SIMON!**

The toast was echoed around the room and a few cries of "Speech, Speech" were heard. I looked at Simon, shrugged my shoulders and handed him the 'mic'. "Go for it pal" I said, "I've got them warmed up, I think they will cheer for you now, if you just read them the weather forecast."

As I stepped away and put my arm round Joanne she whispered, "I think that second date you mentioned is looking like a distinct possibility. First you arrange a wonderful day for us out of nothing, then you drive me to distraction in bed. You can open champagne without breaking things and making a mess, and you take me to a restaurant where the food and wine is out of this world. Now you put two people who love each other, together – And you make a speech which has almost every woman in the room in tears. Yes, that second date is definitely looking like a possibility."

I kissed her gently behind the ear, and yes, I got that response again. "We haven't finished the first date yet" I said. I have plans for you, young lady. The night is still young."

"Oooh!" she replied, "But mummy wouldn't like it."

The old jokes are still the best, aren't they? I had to respond to it. "But mummy isn't getting it!"

She chuckled, and whispered, "OH YES SHE IS! And she is going to really enjoy it. I told you, I intend to be really, really indecent tonight. I may border on or even slip over into, the positively pornographic, that is, if we haven't done that already. This could be a very busy night."

Yes! I know! She set me up for that one, didn't she? I walked straight into it! Never mind, win some, and lose some. When I thought back over the day, I really couldn't complain. I had risked everything by telling her I loved her. The 'mock' wedding ceremony had worked out very nicely. The Hotel had been an absolute dream, come true, and our session in the bedroom couldn't have been better, for either of us. I must admit, I did still hope I hadn't got her pregnant with our first full lovemaking session, but somehow even that didn't really worry me. I reckoned I was still well out in front.

Simon had finished his few words and handed me back the 'mic', which I returned to the trio leader. He was grinning all over his face as he shook my hand. "That worked out rather well, didn't it?" He said. "Bar takings will be up tonight that's for sure. We have been trying to get those two together for ages."