

# Dance Class

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*While attending ballroom dance class, man finds a new dance partner.*

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The time that I spent with Lynn, the girl I had met at the gym after my divorce, was rather blissful in many ways. Not only was she fun to be around and a great conversationalist, but she loved to try new things. This I consider a very positive attribute in a woman. Not just new restaurants and the like, but actually learning new things. Expanding our horizons, so to speak. One of the things we did together as a couple was to take ballroom dance lessons. Prior to this time, my idea of dance was something you did at weddings after a few drinks. I am admittedly not much of a dancer. I have to say I admire those dancers you see on TV. I often envied their grace and athleticism. I sometimes imagined myself at some event, tossing my date in the air in the middle of the dance floor while everyone present looked on in wonder. Hopefully, I would be able to catch her on the way down. Those occasional thoughts of wowing the audience on the dance floor at some relatives wedding were never enough to get me to take dance lessons. My watching competitive ballroom dancing on the television and imagining myself and a date in the spotlight seemed like something that had little or no chance of ever really happening. It ranked right up there with ultimate fighting. I sometimes imagined myself in the ring while watching the UFC, but I knew better than to ever let that happen. Until I met Lynn, I felt the same way about ballroom dancing. Lynn somehow had remarkably persuasive powers over me. Probably something to do with the fact that she was a hot looking, athletic woman who was good in bed. It was not hard for her to get me to do almost anything and she knew it. So, when her and I went down to the local dance studio and enrolled ourselves in ballroom dance classes, I did have my misgivings. In the back of my mind I somehow thought this was only going to end up with me making a huge fool of myself. I was always fairly athletic, but dancing was something that just never seemed to come natural. Perhaps because my heart was never truly into it. Then again, maybe if I had a partner dressed like those ballroom dancers you see on television it might be a different story. We paid our dues after listening to a fifteen minute speech by the instructor and headed home. Our classes were to take place every Tuesday night at eight. I had mixed emotions as I drove home that night. For the most part I felt that I really could not make too much of a fool out of myself surrounded by other beginners, yet I still had my reservations. When Tuesday night finally arrived, Lynn and I

drove the twenty minutes to the local dance studio. Lynn was much more excited about the whole thing than I was. It would be more accurate to say I was more nervous than excited, though I somehow resisted the temptation to stop at a bar for a few drinks to calm my nerves along the way. After parking the car we made our way into the dance studio. We were about ten minutes early when we made our way into the big room. It was a sparse room with few adornments other than the folding chairs which lined the walls. People were standing around chatting, waiting for the lessons to begin. Looking around, I counted a total of sixteen people, eight couples in all. Most seemed casually dressed, like ourselves, and my initial impression was that everyone was fairly friendly and easygoing. That was a definite plus. Several minutes later our instructors walked in carrying a portable sound system which they set up in the front of the room. They were an attractive couple in their thirties, I would guess. Judging from their accents, I would have to say they were from South America. I guess it would be nice to learn Latin dances from real Latin Americans I thought to myself. Later I found out they were indeed from Argentina and had been teaching dance most of their lives. Carlos and Maria stood in front of the room and gave a brief talk about the different types of ballroom dances following their initial introductions. They had an easy going air about them and punctuated their conversation with occasional laughter. This no doubt helped put everyone at ease, myself at least. When their talk was over they followed it with a demonstration of the various dances while the music played in the background. I could not help but be impressed by the ease of which they glided across the dance floor as us sixteen students stood back and looked on. After the talk and demonstration, the sixteen students were divided into groups of four, two couples per group. This made it easy for one of our instructors to spend time with each of the groups and it also allowed us the opportunity to switch partners within the group. Lynn and I were paired off with an attractive couple who introduced themselves as Ron and Jillian. I would have to say Jill, as she called herself, was around my age or slightly younger. Her husband Ron was about ten years older than her. Ron and Jill seemed a pleasant enough couple, which was nice since we would be working closely with them for the duration of the lessons. Ron was by far the most talkative of the two, a very gregarious sort of guy. He informed us that he is a vice-president of a major investment bank. Jill apparently spent her days involved in charity work. One only had to look at her expensive yet tasteful jewelry and clothing to imagine a woman who's biggest worry was how to donate the couple's excess money. Lynn and Ron's shared gift of gab assured there was never a lull in the conversation. Jill by contrast, had a quiet reticence which would seem a put-off to some. She rarely seemed to look you in the eye, but when she did her big brown eyes displayed a remarkable intensity. Far from being put off, I was quite intrigued. Our instructors made their rounds as we were given some basic waltz steps. Lynn and I moved easily to the rhythm of the music coming from the portable stereo. Carlos and Maria's easy going manner helped me relax and I was able to get into the groove more than I would have expected. Lynn was more of a natural and needed little coaxing. After a period of time, we were instructed to change partners. It was my turn to dance with Jill. I walked up to her and offered my hand. She accepted and we began to move together in time to the music. This quiet, reticent woman seemed to somehow come alive on the dance floor. Those eyes which seemed so intense yet distant

otherwise, took on a certain playfulness. Her curly brown hair framed a face which began to reveal a newfound joy. It was as if someone had taken a key and unlocked a cell door which had been imprisoning her very soul. As we moved around the dance floor, our movements locked in rhythm. It was as if time stood still as this otherwise reserved woman seemed to somehow come alive in my arms. Watching a certain glow unfold across her pretty face was causing me to have feelings which were best not shared with Lynn. That night, on the way home, Lynn and I discussed our first dance lesson. We both agreed that taking dance class was a good move. Lynn and I thoroughly enjoyed our first class, though perhaps not for the same reasons. The rest of the week, I could not get Jill out of my mind. I sat at work thinking about the girl who mysteriously came alive on the dance floor. Sitting there, I was truly looking forward to my next dance class. As time went on and our dance lessons progressed, we gradually got to the Latin dances. I was admittedly looking forward to the Rumba, or Argentine Rumba as our Argentine instructors so properly called it. Lynn took to the Rumba like a fish to water. It was fun dancing with her as her moves were always light and fluid. Her natural athleticism always shined through on the dance floor and her Rumba moves were certainly no exception. When it came time to dance with Jill the experience was quite different as our hands joined and our fingers touched. Whereas Lynn was playful, Jill was passionate. Jill displayed a fire in her eyes as she took to the dance floor. Our instructors had explained the Rumba is a seduction of the hips, and Jill seemed to know this instinctively. Her movements were truly seductive as she moved her hips at times with animalistic abandon. It was as if a fire inside was causing her blood to boil. At times, our hips would move together locked in rhythm as if we were joined. It wasn't as if she just enjoyed dancing, it was more as if she truly needed to. When the dance was over, we both returned to our original partners. Lynn came over and grabbed my hand trying to get my attention. My mind was, however, a million miles away. As I watched Jill morph back into her usual reticent self, my thoughts could not help but start racing through my head. On the way home in the car that night, Lynn asked me if I thought Jill was attractive. "Yes, she is an attractive girl." I replied, "Ron is certainly a lucky man." At least I didn't lie. I was certainly being honest with both my statements. Jill was most certainly an attractive girl and Ron was indeed a lucky man. If she came alive so passionately on the dance floor, I can only imagine in my wildest dreams what she might be like in the bedroom. A couple of weeks later, it was announced there would be a big party when the classes came to an end. It would be a dress affair at a fairly posh hotel in the area. It would be a chance for all of us students to show off what we had learned in a more proper environment. There would be a real band playing music as well. Besides that, there would be good food and drink. Sounded good to me. Lynn was really looking forward to the event and I was as well. She went out and bought a new dark blue dress for the occasion. Women generally don't need a good reason to go out dress shopping, but this was indeed a good one. I would wear a dark blue suit I had so that we would sort of match. It was her idea. The night of the party, or more correctly the ball, soon arrived. Lynn looked so good in her dark blue dress, with her blonde hair and blue eyes that almost matched. I was really quite proud to be seen with her as we made our entrance. She really did look that hot. The ball was held in a very posh, but aging, hotel not far from the dance studio. There were several banquet rooms but we soon found the

correct one. I was really quite taken aback when I entered the room. There was a band playing and sharply dressed waitresses serving drinks. Everyone in the room was dressed to the nines, the men looking rather sharp and the women quite lovely in their dresses and gowns. The old banquet room itself was extremely ornate, with large crystal chandeliers hanging from the high ceilings. The whole effect was quite spectacular and rather breathtaking. We soon found Ron and Jill and made our way over to their table and took our seats. We had a good view of the band and the dance floor from where we were sitting, but it was the view at the table that caught my attention. Jill was dressed in a satin black dress that highlighted her dark brown hair and big dark eyes. The diamond earrings that dangled seductively from her ears as well as the diamond necklace she wore provided a sharp contrast to this darkly dressed, mysterious woman. She was in her usual pensive mood and one could not help but wonder what went through her mind. Ron and Lynn more than made up for any lull in the conversation. Both could talk more than a Southern senator during a filibuster and one would have thought they were long lost friends who had recently reunited. I managed to slip a word in edgewise on occasion, but for the most part left the conversation initially to the two pros. After the elegantly dressed waitresses brought around trays of hors d'oeuvres and took our drink orders, the band took a break. Our hosts, Carlos and Maria took up position prominently in the middle of the dance floor and each made a small speech. It was basically the usual canned speech about how good we all look, how proud they are of us, how far we have all come, that sort of thing. After the speech, Carlos explained how there would be a waltz during cocktail hour followed by dinner. Following dinner would be the Latin dancing where every couple would get a chance to show off their stuff. The band resumed it's playing as Carlos and Maria began the dancing. I took Lynn by the hand as I spoke. "Waltz, my dear?" I asked with a grin. She just smiled as she rose from her seat and followed me onto the dance floor. Ron and Jill soon followed and momentarily the whole room was out on the floor waltzing to the music as the band played on. As Lynn and I waltzed around the room, I was proud to be dancing with such an attractive woman. Yet, I could not help but glance over to Ron and Jill from time to time. That mysterious woman in the black dress with the diamond earrings sparking in the light of the big chandeliers was just something I could not resist taking a peek at. The way she somehow came alive on the dance floor as she moved in time to the music held an indescribable attraction. When the waltzing was over we returned to the table and resumed sipping champagne until the food was brought out. The food was quite delicious and wonderfully presented. The food was in fact so good, it was almost enough to draw my attention away from the elegantly dressed women with whom I was sharing a table. Both looked so beautiful as the glow from the candle lit centerpiece and the soft lighting of the old crystal chandeliers lit up their faces. Following dinner, the plates were cleared and the waiters came out with our coffees and dessert. As we were sitting there eating our mousse, Carlos and Maria again made an announcement from the center of the dance floor. The Latin dancing would soon begin. Immediately following the announcement, the band resumed playing. This time the music had a lively Latin beat. I finished my coffee, stood up and looked at Lynn as I spoke. "Rumba, my dear?" I asked, extending my hand to her. Lynn took my hand as we once again made our way out onto the dance floor. The music was loud and lively. You could

actually feel the pulse of the music in the vibrations of the old floor boards beneath your feet. Lynn and I joined hands and began to dance the Rumba along with the other students from our class. As we moved on the wooden floor, our hips pulsed and swayed in erotic movements in time to the music. Our movements formed a rhythm that often seemed to lock us together as one. Lynn looked so hot in her blue dress as we moved rhythmically along with the other sweaty bodies on the floor. After a couple of numbers, Maria made an announcement that it was time for each couple to show off their stuff by coming up to the center of the floor and performing their best moves for a couple of minutes. Because of their position on the floor, Ron and Jill were among the first to take their place in the center. Jill looked so seductive as Ron led her around on the floor. As the music pulsed, the two dancers moved their hips to the rhythm. Jill looked so good in her black satin dress which had a soft sheen under the light of the old crystal chandeliers. As their movements progressed, Ron spun her around and their number ended with Jill arching her back, her head down with her curly brown hair nearly touching the wooden floor. Ron held her firmly by her thigh as she extended her left leg upwards, toes pointing towards the ornate ceiling. I was finding it quite arousing just watching this normally reserved woman let loose on the dance floor in a very public way. It was a transformation that was captivating and very sensual. My gaze was transfixed, I could not help but stare. When it was our turn, I took Lynn by the hand and led her to the center of the dance floor. We started our dance as the others looked on. We moved in time to the music, our hips swaying seductively to the erotic rhythms. Lynn looked so hot in her blue dress with her blonde hair shining under the soft lights. Yet, my mind seemed to be elsewhere. Our number ended in a far less dramatic fashion than that of Ron and Jill. We made our way off to the side and stood there watching the other dancers. After every couple did their solo thing in the middle of the floor, it once again became a bit of a free for all. The progression of time combined with the open bar was making for somewhat of a real party atmosphere. Lynn was in a great mood and wanted us to make our way back out onto the dance floor. Just as I was about to join her, I could feel my cell phone vibrate. I unhooked it from my belt and looked at the number. It was my boss John. Lynn looked at me and smiled as she spoke. "Let me guess, it's your boss John." She said loudly above the music. "Who else?" I answered somewhat nonchalantly. It was not unusual for John to call me at night. He is a workaholic who typically works 14 hours a day. The fact that it was after ten did not surprise me. I told Lynn I would be back in a bit. I had to leave the room since there was no way I could call him back and hear anything he had to say over the noise of the band and the people. I left the banquet room in search of a relatively quiet place to make the call to John. He probably can't find some file which is right in the middle of his cluttered desk. As soon as I left the room, I found another banquet room right next door that was not being used. It appeared to be under renovation as most of the tables were covered with large drop cloths. I sat down in an old chair and admired the dark wood paneling and ornate decorations on the ceiling. Like the room we were in next door, this room had the huge crystal chandeliers hanging down from above. The hotel was really quite old and I could not help but think that it was not often that you see rooms this ornate these days. Even though the band was in the room next door, you could feel the vibrations in the old wood floor. After completing my phone call to John, I put away the phone and

laughed to myself about the trivial matters that my boss feels the need to call me about at ten at night. I sat for a moment in the darkened room which was lit only by the light entering from the doorway. Moments later I rose from my seat and decided to return to the party next door. It was obvious they were having a good time. The music and occasional shouts and laughter could be heard through the old walls. As I arose from my seat and made my way to the doorway, I realized I was not alone. Standing in the doorway was a figure cast in shadow, lit only from behind. The backlighting sparkled in her diamond earrings which dangled seductively from her ears. A small amount of light reflected off a large mirror hanging on a wall delicately illuminating her face. In the near darkness I thought I could detect a faint smile. I stared into her face intently as the Latin music could be heard faintly coming through the old walls. For a moment, time seemed to stand still as my thoughts raced through my head. Other than the music and the occasional sound of the revelers next door, we were quite alone in that old room. I looked into her big dark eyes as I spoke. "Rumba, my dear?" I asked softly. I held out my hand and Jill took it in hers. I led her gently into the old darkened room. We began to dance to the Latin beat coming through the walls from the room next door. Our hips began to move together rhythmically in time to the music as we made our way across the empty dance floor arms intertwined. I spun her around as the old floor vibrated beneath our feet. As the music came to an end, Jill dramatically bent back and extended her left leg up in the air, her curly brown hair nearly touching the old floor boards. With her leg up in the air, I held her tight by her thigh. I pressed her gorgeous body against mine as my arousal started to grow. Our groins pressed together, I began to stroke her soft thigh. She let out a soft moan as her back arched further, putting her head almost to the floor. With my right arm around her leg, I placed my left hand under her butt and lifted her over to the table. I laid her down gently on the cloth that was covering it. I leaned over her and gently kissed her on the lips at first, then parted her lips with my tongue as our tongues met. With my hands, I gently fingered her moist lips through her panties before removing them and tossing them on the floor. Jill reached forward and helped me undo my pants and drop them. I pulled down my underwear unleashing my fully engorged member. I slipped my hands under her black dress which was now pulled up. I gently ran my fingers down towards her womanhood as I kissed her inner thighs. I softly stroked her pussy lips in a teasing manor and lightly encircled her engorged button. With her back on the table cloth, I lifted her feet all the way up onto my shoulders as the band resumed playing. I slowly entered her as our hips joined in rhythmic motion as the Latin music could be heard through the old walls. On that table in that old banquet room we did our own style of dance as the revelers next door could be heard shouting over the music. As we came together in that empty room, our own cries of passion were heard only by the old crystal chandelier and dark paneled walls. When it was over we sat for a moment savoring each other's company before gathering our clothes and making our way back into the next room. Nothing more was ever said between us and Jill and I never saw each other again. I just felt I needed one last dance. 11-05-09.