

The Daughter In Law

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Chapter 17

Mom wants a meet but I'm pretty sure Vanessa would have my balls if that happened. That, plus the fact that I wasn't too sure I could be alone in the same room with my own mother without choking her out. I'd stopped trying to reason with her since Xmas. It was the middle of February and I was running out of plausible excuses to give her at this point. I just needed a little more time to do what I needed to, to safeguard my little family, and then she would be out of my hair.

It was by no means an easy decision to cut all ties with my family. I knew from talks with dad that if I took the road I was on that that would be the end result. Unless he and Denise, who seemed to be the only two with any working brain cells left decided to stand up to mom and her shit. That wasn't my problem though, she was his wife and like he'd said, after almost thirty-four years together he couldn't just up and start over. It was probably horrible of me as a son, but I don't see why not and I'd told him as much. It was a testament to how pissed she'd made me that I'd even thought such a thing let alone said it out loud. But after thinking this thing through day in and day out for the last few months I came to one conclusion. My mother was willing to sacrifice my happiness to fulfill her own twisted needs, whatever the fuck they were. Fuck that.

Vanessa is almost five months along and starting to show. I've never been so scared in my fucking life. We'd decided in the end to forgo the identity thing and just let pin surprise us on D-day. I'm pretty sure I'll shit a brick if he, turns out to be a she, but I'll deal. Right now I'm ass deep in nursery constructing. Vanessa has a list of wants a mile long and I'm trying to give her everything she wants. She hasn't been riding my ass about the situation with mom as she calls it, and had I not had eyes on her I'd be worried that she was up to something. So far she seems to be satisfied with the status quo, but with hormones and shit you never know.

She does seem a little less tense than she had been, which is what I'd been after all along. Whether she'd been pregnant or not, I didn't want that for her. When I put my ring on her finger I made some pretty serious promises, promises I aim to keep. It could be because I'd decided to talk things through with her that she was less stressed. I still haven't told her what I planned to do, but I got from some of her rumblings and the asshole jerk comments that she kept lobbing my way, that she had shit on her chest that she needed to get off.

Basically she needed her man to be a sounding board and to back her. She seemed to need justification for her feelings, which I assured her straight off that she didn't. If I'd thought for one second that she was at fault for any of this I would've been in her ass, but far as I can tell this was a one sided attack. That hurt most of all, that she'd been doing all the things I would've expected her to do vis a vis, respecting my mom, and family and trying to fit in; while they'd tried to destroy her.

I don't see how the fuck she could believe that I loved her and yet would be okay with that shit, but she's a female, they think differently or some shit.

I felt some guilt for having left her here undefended; she didn't seem to understand that, until I spelt it out for her. That was one of the reasons why I needed to take care of it now.

When I finally sat her down and we had a talk, she got where I was coming from. Even though she was still of a mind that she should be allowed to have a part in what she calls 'the destruction of Elizabeth Bathory'. I had to look that shit up because half the time I don't know who the fuck she's talking about. All I can say is that my woman has a very prolific imagination and her arsenal of names for mom is limitless.

Now I have a better understanding of her point, but I still can't let her get involved. All I could do was reassure her that I was always in her corner no matter what and that I would never choose my mother over her, especially when she's wrong. That seemed to feed whatever beast was in her for now, and so peace have reigned for the last little while. I'm not expecting it to last too long though because she gets antsy very easily these days and any little thing can set her off. Her belief that my mother or dumb ass sister will come out the woodwork and try some shit isn't unfounded, but it's my job to keep them away from her. All I want her to do is enjoy the life we've made together. I've seen enough destruction to last me a lifetime, I don't need that shit in my everyday life too. If people knew the shit that was going on in the world around them they'd hang up all this petty shit and get their acts together, but I guess that's too much to hope for.

"Get out of here Nessa you can't be around paint."

"I just wanna see."

"You can see later when the paint dries, as it is I'm not even sure we should stay in the house tonight." She rolled her eyes and backed out of the room.

"Your cray-cray is showing again."

“Whatever, go read a book or something ‘til I’m done here. I only have that last wall and then I’ll be done for the day. You want to go out for dinner?”

“Sounds good, where’re we going?”

“I don’t know you pick.” She blew me a kiss and disappeared.

Thirty minutes later I was attacking her in the shower. Now I’ve always loved my wife’s body, let’s face it, it’s what made me make a beeline for her the first time I saw her at a friend’s party. She was visiting my city for a convention and had been letting her hair down so to speak, after all the hobnobbing.

I stood across the room and watched her for ten minutes, just taking her in. She was brown on black, for those who don’t know that means brown eyes, black hair. And what a head of hair it was. A wild abundance of curls that seemed too perfect to be real. Now I know it’s the Mediterranean blood in her that gives her that kick ass hair, not to mention the all year tan that just brings out everything about her and makes it all seem ‘more’.

She had an ass that I could rest my beer on, and the rest of her body was compact. How she carried that ass and those tits was a scientific mystery, since she barely topped off at five two in heels. It was when she threw her head back and laughed from her gut, and my dick jumped to attention, that I said ‘yep, that’s the one’.

From that night to this I’ve done everything in my power to keep her with me. I didn’t pull any punches, I told her flat out how it was gonna be. Of course she thought I was drunk off the one beer I’d had, but nothing she said would sway me. That night we sat in the bar of her hotel until closing. Then we moved to the lounge, because I didn’t want to let her out of my sight and I was very impressed when she didn’t invite me up to her room, even though by then I could tell the attraction was mutual.

Now her body has mesmerized me again. That little bump where my kid sleeps is the sexiest fucking thing I’ve ever seen. It’s funny, but now that I have to be extra careful with her I want to pound her harder and harder. It does add an extra kick having to hold my dick in check. She claims it’s perfectly safe but I won’t harm her or the baby.

We started off slow, she’d beaten me to the shower and was soaping up her legs, with her hair pinned on top of her head and her full tits swinging with her every movement of the washcloth that she used. I dropped trou and stepped in behind her and that ass was all I saw. Vanessa is a bit of an anal freak, though when I first talked her into letting me ass fuck her she was a bit gun shy. Swore up and down it was not something she could ever get into. Yeah, okay. Now at least three times a week if not more it’s ‘Dami please, fuck my ass’. She doesn’t have to beg too hard. But right now I have no interest in her ass, I’m more in the mood for the pink gash between her thighs that’s peeping out at me

from behind. She has these fat pussy lips that hide her clit and hole from sight. It's always fun going on that treasure hunt.

"Stay bent over like that baby."

I used my fingers to wash away any soap that might still be there, and then used those same digits to explore her inside. She was already pushing back against my hand and I hadn't even gotten started yet. I softened her up a bit before getting on my knees behind her and licking into her deep.

"Umm, Dami, that feels so good." I bet it did. She loves to have her pussy eaten for hours; of course we don't have that kind of time now not if we're going out to eat, but I can give her a preview of what's to come later.

I spread her open with my thumbs and ate her until she came in my mouth. Then getting to my feet I eased into her nice and slow.

My intentions were good, I was going to fuck her nice and slow to relax us both before our evening out. She on the other hand, had other ideas. Using her fingers between her thighs, she caressed my cock each time it slid out of her heat then she'd push one or two of them inside with my cock. That meant she was hungry, and when she gets like that there's only one way to satisfy her.

"Okay, okay hang on." I made sure she was safe enough, with her hands flat against the wall and her feet planted far enough apart for balance, before pile driving into her pussy. I still wasn't going as hard as I would like, but at least it would feed her need. My hand reached around for the little mound of her tummy and that's all it took to set me off, the feel of my kid inside her. "Cum baby."

"Almost, right there right there."

I pressed down on her clit and rotated with the fingers of my one hand while holding my child with the other. She moved her ass back and forth on my cock like she was trying to break it off and when she screamed I grunted and off loaded inside her. She dropped to her knees as soon as I could see again and cleaned me up with her mouth and tongue.

"Thanks baby." She had that glow going which is all I was after.