

The Daughter In Law

Chapter 6

I took my time getting dressed that night. For the last few nights I've been working Damien's dick like a pogo stick. He had no complaints. I still haven't spoken to his mother since Thanksgiving dinner and she's been blocked from all my social media. I know she must be tying herself in knots trying to figure out what I've been up to. I didn't bat a lash when Damien asked her why she was calling so early this morning. Just went downstairs and made my man his breakfast with my sunny disposition. It was so relaxing not to deal with the toxic waste for the past few days. And having mom here has been great. We don't spend our every moment talking about troggy, but having her here has shored me up some. It would be good if my husband was the one doing that but we'll see.

I wore my new low-cut, tight fit mini black dress that left my back out and showed a hint of cleavage. I know my moocher in flaw would hate it. But when Dami came out of the closet after getting his shoes, he walked right up behind me and his dick was giving me the one-eyed snake salute. "Damn baby you look so hot in this. I'm not sure I can sit next to you all night in this. I'll probably have visions of fucking you on the table all night."

I reached back and rubbed my hand up and down his hardness. Then I got an idea.

Dropping to my knees in front of him, I unzipped his pants and fished him out and into my waiting mouth. "Shit baby, fuck." I took my time playing with his balls as I let him deep throat me. I'll have to fix my hair since he was making a mess of it but that's ok.

The phone rang but I kept going. He didn't want to answer but the person hung up and called again. I had no doubts as to who that could be. He looked down at me as if he expected me to stop. I just opened my mouth and showed him the string of pre cum on my tongue before I tongued his cockhead. When I heard 'oh hi mom' I swallowed that shit down my throat again.

I almost laughed my ass off at the strain in his voice as he tried to carry on a conversation while I worked my throat muscles around his cock.

"Mom I can't talk right now I gotta...shit...no sorry...mom I gotta go." I could hear her annoying screech from down here. He hung up the phone and grabbed my head with both hands. "I want to cum on your tongue." He pulled out of my throat and shot off on my tongue. I swallowed like the good girl that I am before getting to my feet. I wasn't done there though. I shimmied my thong down my thighs and stepped out of them. Running my finger through my sopping wet pussy I lifted it to his lips before stuffing my soaked underwear in his pocket. I hope she comes in close for one of her monsterly kisses and smell pussy on his breath tee-hee.

“Let me...”

“We don’t have time, you know your mom hates to be kept waiting, let’s go captain.”
Yeah, think about that all night, how she kept you from eating the pussy, hahaha.

I made sure we were touching the whole way in the car to the restaurant. Mom and dad were just pulling up in their rental when we got there. We were gonna sit in the lounge and have cocktails until our table was ready, that was the plan.

“Oh Damien thank you ever so much for getting us reservations at this place, you know how much I love it here. You’re such a considerate boy.” He beamed at her praise as we were led to a booth.

Not long after, Beelzebub’s twin came in with her evil spawn Cruella DeSil. I said hello to his other sister first as she sidled into the booth on the other side of me. We were seated with mom and I flanking Dami, something I knew his momsie would not like one bit. The stern set to her jaw was a dead giveaway that we had hit our mark.

“Why Mabel you look amazing in that dress, what a flattering color on you.” Mom was all peaches and cream as dad and Dami stood until the ladies sat.

The conversation started off lightly enough with everyone exchanging pleasantries and asking after each other’s happenings since the last time we were all together like this. I knew it wouldn’t be long before she started her shit because she just can’t help herself.

“Well Vanessa it seems you’ve found something else to do with your days since I can’t ever seem to reach you anymore.”

“Well you know, Damien just came home after being gone for so long, I think I need to spend all of my time on him for now. We have so much catching up to do.” Choke on that you putrid twit. I made sure to lean my head on hubby’s shoulder with a big smile on my face. She didn’t like it too much when he kissed my hair and whispered in my ear. Bet she was just dying to know what was said.

Mom kept the conversation going after that and it was soon time to head to the table.

As soon as we took our seats and opened our menus the witch started again.

“Damien why did you choose this place? You know I absolutely hate it here. The food is so...European.” She sniffed like that was a bad thing.

“Mom likes it here.” Oh shit, did he just call my mother mom in front of Stalin? Shit’s about to get real. I caught her glare in my direction because obviously it’s my fault that her grown ass son calls my mother mom. She could be pissed because I still call her Ms. Spencer. In the beginning when we’d first met and I thought she was halfway to human she’d told me to call her mom. I’d felt so special and welcomed then. That was before the claws came out and she started nitpicking everything I did, or criticizing my every decision. The woman even wanted my husband to deposit his checks in her account for safekeeping. Apparently I was not to be trusted.

“That I do son thanks for thinking of me.” Momma rubbed his cheek and I thought Atilla was going to pop her one; which would’ve been a really bad move on her part because mom would wipe the floor with her over inflated ass.

“I didn’t know you called your mother in law mom. Son.”

Clueless actually answered her like they were having just your average run of the mill conversation. “Yes I do, she asked me to and well, she’s my mom now too in a way.”

Oh please don’t let this bitch croak when I don’t have my camera. That’s the kind of shit you need for posterity’s sake.

Oh boy oh boy oh boy this was getting so good. Clueless had no idea of the shit storm that was brewing, hagfish was about to blow and the little skank that could was about to pop.

“So Vanessa I didn’t know you knew my friend Jasper Nash.” Here she goes, I wondered how long it would take her.

“He told me you two met at his mansion the other day, for lunch.” She sneered at me and I wanted to gouge her eye out.

“Yes we did, have you been there yet? it’s gorgeous. Especially the master suite, I had a lot of fun working in there.” I tried to keep a straight face but then clueless had to go and spoil it.

“Who’s this Jasper guy?” He didn’t look too pleased about this turn of events. I pulled his head down and whispered in his ear. “Remember the pictures I showed you of the mansion the guy wants to redecorate as a surprise for his new bride?”

“Oh yeah I forgot.” He was back to smiling again.

When she realized there were no fireworks forthcoming she went back to looking like she was passing a gallstone.

I was getting settled into my bouillabaisse when momma the shit stirrer really did it.

“So when are you guys coming out to New York, what day I mean? I hope you’re not just gonna come up Xmas eve. Your father and I are looking forward to having at least a week with you guys this time. We can go shopping a few days before and Dami we can take you ice skating at Rockefeller Plaza, you’ll love it.”

“Wait what? what’s going on?” Haggie had her hackles raised. “You’re going to be gone for the holidays?”

“Yes mom, I thought we talked about this before. We spent Thanksgiving with you this year and we’re spending Xmas with Nessa’s parents.”

“Yes, well, I didn’t think anything was settled. Our family has always spent the holidays together. I’m sure Jackie and Dan wouldn’t mind if you came later; would you?” She looked at my mom. This lady really is ass stupid.

Before mom could answer I felt Damien tense beside me. “No mom, it’s settled, we’ve already made our plans.” Cue the hostile glares in my direction. I kept my head in my bowl because it was too soon to laugh in her horrid face, but the strain was killing me.

“Well now my dinner’s been ruined. I can’t believe you’d spring a thing like this on me just a few short weeks before the holiday. It’s very inconsiderate, and after all the trouble I’ve gone to to make it special.”

“Leave it alone Mabel, the kids have their plans set already. No sense in spoiling everyone’s evening.” Poor Clarence, he tries.

“Oh stuff it Clarence, don’t expect me to sit here and watch my family being destroyed and say nothing. She’s been nothing but a headache ever since she came along. Nothing’s ever been the same and now this. My own son is deserting me on the most precious day of the year.” Cue the waterworks. Was this bitch high or had they upped her meds? Usually she never showed her ass in mixed company, she usually saved that shit for our special alone time. Like when we used to take bathroom breaks together. I’d wised up to that shit quick though and soon started finding any excuse not to be alone with the demon spawn.

Clueless was wearing a curious look on his face like he still didn’t get it. I guess mom had schooled dad, because although I could see the vein popping in his forehead, he held his peace. I had yet to say a word edgewise, this was the Mabel Spencer show for one.

"I don't appreciate your sneaky underhanded tactics young lady. You know how important it is for me to have family around me for the holidays, I thought we understood that. But I see I was wrong. You waited until my back was turned and worked your wiles on my son to get your way. I guess that's to be expected from your sort. Now my family will be torn apart for the holidays, something that's never happened before. The only good thing about this is that I won't have to have you in my home. I won't have to spoil my holiday by sharing it with the likes of you. I hope you're pleased with yourself you selfish little home wrecker."

Oh shit, here comes Mrs. Hyde. Where the fuck is my camera? You have got to be shitting me. Things were getting so good I almost forgot the whole purpose of this exercise. It was like watching a train wreck in slow motion. Momma was right; just a few strategic moves at the right time and this bitch would detonate.

"Mom what the hell? What are you saying? Are you for real? This is my wife."

"Yes and I'm your mother..."

"Yeah that's right my mother, not my woman, not my owner nor my keeper. I can't believe I didn't see this in you before. Is this what the fuck you've been doing while I was away? After I asked and you promised to look after her like one of your own?"

"I'll thank you not to speak to me like that Damien, I'm still your mother."

"Yeah you are and I've never been more disappointed in you than I am right this minute."

"Disappointed in me, how dare you. If you hadn't married beneath you..."

"ENOUGH." Get the fuck out, did he just? I think I just came on myself no joke. "I'm sorry I didn't see it Vanessa, sorry it took me this long."

"This is all her fault, she's been filling your head with lies and..."

"No, no she hasn't; in fact until I came back from my last deployment I never even knew there was anything wrong between you two. How the fuck far did you push her to make her finally stand up for herself? How could you? I trusted you with her. Have you any idea what you almost cost me?" Oh shit, he was halfway out of his seat.

"Honey calm down." I tried soothing him because in all seriousness I did not expect this to turn into a Jerry Springer moment. And though the tables were situated in such a way that the patrons had relative privacy, I didn't want things to get out of hand.

“No fuck that, I’ve been fighting with you, trying to get you to be... and all the while she...” Poor thing he couldn’t even speak.

“I don’t know what you’re getting so upset about it was just...”

“It was just you being a royal bitch to my wife in front of others, who the fuck do you think you are lady? You think because you wear the title of mom that that gives you the right? Come on Vanessa we’re out of here you don’t have to put up with this shit. I’m sorry Jackie, Dan. You guys are more than welcome to follow us back to the house. Dad I’ll talk to you later.” Momma and daddy got up and daddy dropped some bills on the table. He was fighting a smile now so there was no danger of him gutting anyone. Did I mention that my dad’s Italian? From Brooklyn? Nuff said.

Honey boo boo opened her mouth to add in her two cents and caught some of that nice wrath hubby had working. “You shut the fuck up. I might draw the line at hitting my own mother but I’d have no problem popping you one. You disgust me. You talk shit about my wife, trying to imply that she was meeting up with other men? She has more class in her pinky than you do in your whole sordid life. The whole lot of you get this straight. Anyone and I mean anyone who tries to fuck with my marriage I will destroy you.” He glared at his mother before taking my hand and dragging me out of there.