

All Yours

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My Mother-in-law wasn't satisfied, she needed more, she needed me, she needed to be my slut.

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Relieved, bewildered, excited and horny all at once, I picked my way through the flailing bodies on the dance floor wondering how exactly we would get away with it. "Again," she had texted. And she would get it again, no doubt about that. The only question was how, and, more pressingly, where. She was looking directly at me as I walked towards her, sitting with her legs crossed in the centre of a low couch. She looked seductive, in control and serene - not at all like the nervous, unsure woman of a few hours before. Flanking her, and talking animatedly across her, were her husband, Greg and her daughter, Jennifer. Greg looked a little red in the face from drink, Jennifer's body language suggested some irritation. My guess was that Greg was giving one of his semi-drunken and boorish rants (on the subject, perhaps, of immigration, or tax, or golf, or socks. Who could guess what would get him apoplectic next?), and Jennifer was attempting to reason with him, or calm him. This was a regular occurrence between them and rarely ended well. Janet, meanwhile, sat perfectly still, watching me. Ignoring them completely, lost in her own thoughts; perhaps remembering our encounter of a few hours earlier, perhaps fantasizing about what our next might bring, probably a bit of both. She hadn't started the day expecting to fuck her Son-in-law, nor to feel a tongue inside her for the first time, nor to experience the taste of her own delicious juices, but now that she had, she wanted more. Being able to turn a man on was intoxicating to her, and the promise of sexual adventure was too much for her to resist. Her sex life with Greg was clearly functional at best, she seemed to have spent her life in denial of her overwhelmingly sexual nature. Greg, meanwhile, did not realise or care how sexy his wife was, or how much she needed to be told that she was. I was near them now and could hear the conversation. Greg, sure enough, was holding forth on a pet subject: speed cameras. Barely looking up as I handed them their drinks, Greg and Jennifer continued their discussion, which was rapidly escalating into an argument. Janet and I looked each other in the eye for a moment, our gaze conveying equal quantities of annoyance at the conversation, amusement with its sheer ridiculousness, and our desire to be away from them, our desire to be fucking each other. Unobserved by the others, I gave a tiny shrug. I was silently telling her, "I want you too, I need you too, but how can we do this?" I was hoping she had a plan in her mind already. The disco following the wedding reception had been going for a good couple of hours by now, and the dance floor was starting to empty. Most people had either exhausted themselves with over-enthusiastic dancing,

succumbed to drink and sunk into a couch, or paired off for intimate chats in dark corners. The DJ had worked his way through his repertoire of recent chart hits, disco classics and a few Sixties numbers to keep the older ones happy. Now it was apparently time for some smooching. A bit of cheese. A bit of, God help us all, Phil Collins. "Ooh I love this song," said Janet suddenly, breaking unapologetically across the on-going speed camera discussion. A pause. "DO YOU?" all three of us replied incredulously at once. "Yes, I do!" she replied, defiantly. "Takes all sorts," I teased, "I suppose someone has to." "Well now, Stephen, that's not very nice. I think to make up for it, you should come and dance with me." Jennifer and Greg laughed; to them this looked like our typical in-law bickering. To us, it was clearly flirting. The excitement of getting close to her again, of being able to whisper privately to her, of feeling her body against me, of planning where to fuck her next, certainly outweighed the embarrassment of slow-dancing to a Phil Collins song. Playing the game, I had, of course, to at least feign reluctance. "Oh come on, you know I can't dance." Janet pouted girlishly, knowing fine well she would have her way. Greg roared his encouragement while swigging his whisky. "Yes, go on Stephen, old son. Give her a whirl around the floor. Saves me a bloody job anyway!" Ignoring him, Janet wheedled, "Oh Steve, come on please. These two are boring me silly with their fighting. Don't worry, I'll take good care of you." She slid forward to the edge of the couch, her already short dress riding up to reveal more of her irresistible legs. She held her hand out towards me. "Go on Steve, she'll never let you off the hook now. You may as well get it over with," sighed Jennifer, looking exasperated with both of her parents. "Oh come on then," I replied, taking Janet's hand softly, attempting to sound unwilling. She pulled on my hand and stood, much taller than usual in the towering high heels she'd borrowed from my wife earlier that afternoon. Jennifer had changed into more sensible footwear, believing that it would be impossible to dance in the ones Janet now wore. "Well, I'll soon find out if your Mum is better in heels than you are," I smiled at my wife over my shoulder as I walked to the dance floor, hand in hand with Janet. Pushing my luck, no doubt, but I couldn't resist it. "That was very naughty!" Janet whispered at me as we faced each other to dance. "I know," I winked and wrapped my arm around her back, pulling her tight in to me. Only a few metres from her husband, and my wife, we pressed our bodies together, my cock growing hard against her body as we danced. "Feels like you haven't lost interest in me either," she smiled, pushing herself even closer against me. "Oh not at all, Janet. And, for the record, I already know that you're better in heels. And, if you want it again, you'll get it again. I just don't know how we can avoid those two for long enough." She pouted. "Oh but Steve I need you! It felt so good. Come on, please. We don't have to take long. We could just go upstairs now, and be quick." It sounded risky, but the desperation in her voice turned me on and I knew I'd not be able to resist for long. My mind raced, trying to find a safer solution, maybe getting another room or using the car, but all of my ideas were either impractical or would spoil the moment too much. And the reality was, my cock was as hard as a rock, I was as turned on as I had been this morning, and I needed to fuck her as much as she needed me. I lowered my mouth to her ear and whispered quietly. "OK. We'll use your room. I'll fuck you on your bed. Do you have the key card?" She nodded excitedly. "Good. We'll finish our dance, make sure they're still talking, then I'll walk to the bar. You go upstairs and wait for me. I'll follow you in two

minutes as long as they don't come looking for us. OK?" Another nod. We were barely dancing now, I suddenly realised. Just holding our bodies to each other. We looked like the other horny couples on the floor, barely moving and whispering into each other's ears. I pressed my lips quickly and softly to the lobe of her ear then moved my face away, and made an attempt at a proper dance with her. I spoke to her quietly, keeping my face neutral, as if talking about the weather. "Janet?" "Yes?" "Is your pussy wet for me?" She nodded silently. "Say it then. I like hearing you say it." She raised an eyebrow, not replying immediately. After a moment, she parted her lips, and touched the tip of her tongue to them. "My pussy is very wet for you." God what a rush, to hear her saying this in public to me. My cock was harder than ever and I could feel pre-cum on the tip as I pressed against her. Her beautiful wet pussy so close to me, and I knew I'd be fucking it again soon. "When you get upstairs, lock the door. Take off all your clothes except your shoes and panties. And touch yourself while you wait for me." Her eyes glinted with excitement, and she nodded her agreement just as the song came to an end and the DJ segued into a Celine Dion song. Now was the moment. I glanced back over to where Jennifer and Greg had been; my heart sank as I realised they were no longer there. Shit. "Where the hell did they go?" I hissed at Janet. I needed to fuck her so badly and it looked like our plan had come unstuck at the last minute. She gave a light giggle, and her hand brushed down my back, briefly and lightly over my arse as she let go of me and broke from our dance position. "Oh don't worry so much! Look," she said, nodding happily towards the window behind me. I turned and looked, then broke into a smile too. The two of them had gone outside and were sitting on the balcony, still deep in conversation, where they had been joined by Greg's brother, Peter. Like Greg, Peter was a renowned and inveterate gasbag. Once they started, god only knew when they would stop. At this point I would normally be looking for an excuse to escape their puerile waffling with Jennifer, but this was perfect. I knew I would shortly be sliding my hard cock into Greg's wife, into Jennifer's mother, and seeing them there boring each other silly, just made my little adventure all the more exciting. "Thank you for the dance, Steve. See you soon," Janet pecked me chastely on the cheek, interrupting my thoughts, and before I knew it she was walking across the dance floor towards the hotel reception. I watched her go, unable to resist a lingering look at her beautiful body, her feet, ankles, legs and arse looking perfect as she moved confidently through the room. I wanted to follow right behind her, but I knew I would have to wait so as not to attract attention. And, I realised sheepishly, if I was to walk through the busy bar it would be prudent not to do so with quite such a noticeably well-developed erection. Thankfully my trousers and shirt made it a little less obvious than it could have been, but I thought I'd better have a sit down and try to calm myself a little. I shuffled back to the couch for a moment, hoping that I wouldn't be spotted by Jennifer and dragged outside. Simultaneously I tried every trick I knew to lose my erection as quickly as possible, despite my imagination already picturing my Mother-in-law rubbing her delicious, swollen clit for me upstairs. Screw it, I was going to go for it. My cock was just getting harder, if anything, as I was unable to picture anything but the scene in Janet's room. I pulled my shirt down to cover myself as best I could and, resting my arm on my lap, discreetly rearranged myself so that my erection pointed straight up into the waistband of my trousers. That would have to do. Walk quickly and confidently, and nobody

will notice a thing, I told myself. I stood, with racing heart, forcing myself not to look over to where the others sat in case one of them caught my eye and called me over. Skirting around the dance floor to the bar area, I mimed a ridiculous act along the lines of "I'm just choosing a drink, oh wait I've forgotten my wallet, I'd better go and get it," for the benefit of anybody watching. Then I strode to the stairs at the back of the bar, excited beyond belief now. I climbed the stairs as quickly as I could, hoping desperately that Janet hadn't lost her nerve and that she would be waiting for me, ready to fulfil her promise of being naughty for me again. My cock throbbing, I walked quickly along the corridor to her door and knocked. There was a pause which seemed to stretch on for hours. The silence and emptiness of the corridor seemed suddenly oppressive, my heart was beating out of my chest, my eyes darting from the door to the corridor and back again. What if I was seen? What if somebody walked past or came out of their room just as Janet opened the door? This had been a stupid idea, the risk was too great. What was I thinking? And so now it was me losing my nerve. I bet she had too, she'd probably be back downstairs already, I thought, looking sheepish and apologetic. At last, a click as the door was unlocked from the inside. Slowly, it swung slightly open, although I could not yet see behind it. I pushed it open gently and stepped through. Before I could even nudge the door closed again and set the lock, she was on me, pushing me back against the wall. Her bare breasts and tummy pressing against me hard, her head leaning back, offering her lips to me. I lowered my mouth to hers as I pressed the door closed with my foot, and as one of my hands stroked down her back to her arse, the other reached out to click the lock into place. Now nobody but hotel security would be able to open the door, although we'd certainly have plenty explaining to do as to why we were locked in there together. The risk of being caught which, only moments before, had me frozen and ready to give up, now made me even more turned on than ever. My cock was throbbing, almost painfully hard as my tongue slid between her lips and deep into her mouth. We kissed wildly. Last time we had been nervous with each other, taking careful steps, judging the other's reaction to our every move. Now we knew exactly what we both wanted. Both hands gripping her hips hard, I spun us around so that she was against the wall, my kiss pushing her head back against it. I broke off suddenly and stepped back half a pace to look at her. As instructed, she was wearing only panties and Jennifer's heels. My eyes ran over her body slowly, appreciatively. "I put red panties on for you," she whispered, "I hoped you might like them." I had to stifle a giggle. It was a peculiarly sweet and thoughtful gesture, as if the colour of her panties would make much difference to how turned on I was. That said, I did love her doing things "for me." The knowledge that she would choose something specifically to please me was, in itself, what turned me on, much more than the underwear, or the shoes. "I love them," I smiled reassuringly, "you look even sexier than before." She smiled back, happily. Still loving to receive compliments, to hear she was sexy. There was a slight pause, again she seemed a little unsure, or perhaps she just enjoyed being guided. I was more than happy to direct her. "Stand beside the bed," I told her. I said it quite forcefully, almost an order. This wasn't my usual way, but I sensed that something in being told what to do turned her on, and I wanted to see if I was right. Slowly, deliberately, seductively, she walked silently to the bed. Whether she'd been taught how, or practised in the mirror, or was just a natural, she knew exactly how to make her movements

as provocative as possible. Something in the soft sway of her hips and buttocks, combined with the elegant athleticism in her toned legs, combined again with the slightly vulnerable wobble in her ankles from the high heels. All together it was an incredibly alluring, incredibly sexy sight. She stood by the bed, and turned to face me, awaiting my next request. I shook my head and motioned for her to turn around, which she did without complaint. I walked over to her, unbuttoning my shirt as I went. "You have," I told her, "the most beautiful legs." I was standing right behind her now, I placed my hands on her bare shoulders and firmly pressed them forwards so that she bent over the bed. I continued guiding her down until she had her hands flat on the bed. She gave a little involuntarily moan but didn't reply to my compliment. "Your body is so sexy, and your arse looks perfect bending over like that for me. Are you feeling naughty again?" "Mmmm yes," she whispered. I undid my belt and removed my trousers, socks and shoes. Although I knew our time was limited, I did so without haste. I wanted to make her wait where she was, just for a while. She began to straighten up, wanting to turn and see me, touch me. But I stopped her, holding her arms firmly, standing right behind her, bending her over again. My hard cock tight up against her arse cheeks. "Stay there. I promise you'll like it," I told her, still finding the right balance between guiding her and not frightening her by being overly domineering. I knelt slowly behind her and guided her legs slightly apart. I could smell that she was wet for me. My fingers ran slowly up her legs, from her ankles to her thighs, stroking every inch of them softly. My lips followed, placing light kisses up the backs of her calves, her knees, her thighs. Then I crouched right down and began to kiss her shoes and feet. Running my tongue over the strap, down the heel, across the top of her foot, kissing each of her toes softly. Kneeling up a little, I cradled her right ankle between my hands and pulled her foot up and backwards so she was only standing on one leg. I guided her foot to my cock, feeling the soft leather of the shoe rubbing against me. She took to it immediately, wanking me slowly and gently with her foot. Alternating the soft skin of the top of her foot with the rigid sharp heel. Supporting her ankle with one hand, the other snaked up the inside of her leg to her pussy. As her foot continued to rub my cock, I let my fingers press softly against her, pressing the fabric of her panties up between her pussy lips. My index finger curled inside her underwear, my knuckle running along her hot, slick slit. She wiggled and pressed down against me, wanting my finger inside her. But instead, I began to pull her panties down, almost tearing the flimsy material as I tugged them over the curve of her hips and arse. I pulled them over her thighs, to her knees, then let them fall almost to her ankles. Bending her knee further I kissed the sole of the shoe that had been wanking me, then gently returned her foot to the floor. Standing up again, close behind her, I found it almost impossible to resist sliding my cock into her pussy. She wanted me inside her, her pussy was glistening, wet, ready. But not yet. "Take them off," I told her. Kicking and jiggling her feet, she let her panties drop to the floor and stepped out of them. My hands reached to her hips and pulled her closer to me, my erection pushing between her arse cheeks. "You feel how hard you make me for you?" I asked She murmured a low, appreciative assent. I grasped her hips firmly, my fingers digging into her flesh. "Pick them up." I held her hips still as she bent low at the waist, holding my cock against her arse as she reached down to her wet panties. Her arse was spectacular, my cock felt so good rubbing against it. I could see the tip glistening, pre-cum wetting

her. "Have you ever had your arse fucked, Janet?" I felt her tense slightly, suddenly nervous. I knew perfectly well she hadn't. My question had the desired effect, though, partly making her nervous, partly turning her on, partly speaking to the part of her that wanted to be naughty, that wanted to be sexy and wild and turn me on. Frankly, I thought, if she is daring enough to fuck her Son-in-law while she wears her own daughter's shoes, and while her husband is downstairs, well, she's daring enough to take a cock in her arse. In reality, I had no intention of doing so; not yet, not today. It would need more time, more gentleness, but I loved bringing out the daring in her. "No," she whispered. "That's a shame. You have such a beautiful arse. I bet you'd like the feel of my cock pushing into it." She arched her back, which had the dual effect of making her arse more accessible, but pulling it slightly away from me. Mixed messages. Perhaps mixed desires in her head too. "Give me your panties. Are they wet?" "Mhm, they're very wet," she whispered, standing up straight, still facing away from me, and flicking her panties over her shoulder towards me. I took them from her and immediately pressed them to my lips. "You smell so fucking good." My tongue ran over them, my lips sucking out the warm juices which had soaked the fabric through. "And you taste so good too." "Thank you," she said quietly. She sounded a little impatient, as if she were about to tell me to stick my cock inside her already. Truthfully, if she had, it would have turned me on so much that I would have had to obey. But she kept her patience, enjoying being guided, and enjoying letting me have control. I decided to reassert that control. We both got a kick from it after all. "Bend over," I told her sharply. There was a slight pause, she didn't move, her back still to me. She wasn't used to being spoken to like that, certainly not by me, and it seemed to shock her out of herself for a moment. My instinct was to soften my words, add a "please" or even a "trust me," but I held my nerve, trusted my instincts. "Janet, bend over!" I repeated, more forcefully still. This time she did so, without a word, slowly placing her hands on the bed and stretching her arms out. "Good, that's good," I told her softly, gently. I put my hands on her shoulders and let them drift down her back, stroking it, almost massaging it reassuringly. "You like turning me on don't you, hmm?" My hands had reached her hips, my hard cock once again rested against her arse cheeks. "Don't you, Janet?" She had been silent a while, and although I enjoyed being in control, I also needed to know she was still turned on, not losing her will. I didn't expect her to demur, but then I didn't expect the response I did get either. "I fucking love it," she gasped, raggedly. I'd never heard her swear in her life, I'm not sure she ever had. But one thing was clear, my more direct approach had got her more turned on than ever. I almost laughed with surprise, but she had said it so sincerely that I stopped myself. My hand, still holding her panties, slid over her arse and down between her thighs. I began to rub her pussy, letting the panties push between her lips a little. She moaned ecstatically, pressing down onto my fingers. "Do you like being a slut, Janet? For me?" "Mmmm yes," she gasped as I began to push my fingers into her, her panties hooked around them. "Good. You're a good slut. You're a fucking sexy, naughty slut." I continued feeding the panties into her hole, until they were all the way inside her dripping wet, beautiful cunt. I knelt quickly and ran my tongue greedily right along her slit, from her clit to her hole, drinking in her juices, feeling them spread over my chin and lips and cheeks. She opened her legs wider for me, bending further forward on the bed, inviting me into her. I spread her pussy lips open with my fingers, pausing for a minute to watch

as her juices wet my fingertips, glistened inside her, and on her swollen clit. I could glimpse her red lacy panties inside her. My mouth went to her clit, tongue flicking against it and pressing it carefully and gently against the edge of my teeth, squeezing it slightly. She gave a little moan, and I softened my lips, kissing and sucking soothingly. She began to rock her hips, rubbing herself against my mouth, harder and faster. Wanting to come, needing to come. Uh uh, I thought, not yet. Not yet. My mouth slid back to her hole, and my tongue and then my teeth caught on her soaking wet panties, pulling them out of her. I let them drop to my hand, heavy and wet and crumpled. She was pushing back against me still, desperate to come, expecting to feel my tongue sliding into her, gasping. Not yet. "Get on the bed. On all fours." No hesitation this time, she slid her arms forward and placed her knees on the bed, crawling forward, presenting me with her delicious arse and pussy from behind. "Good." I bent over her, reaching my hand over her shoulder to her mouth, her soaked panties brushing her lips. "Taste," I told her, "Drink it all up." She opened her mouth willingly, and I felt her tongue slide out and over them, as I pushed them into her mouth. "You're going to put them back on when I'm done with you, and go back downstairs. And nobody will know any different. But they will remind you that you are my slut." She sucked on her soaking panties without any shyness, crawling further onto the bed and letting me push her legs apart as I knelt behind her. My fingertip dipped into her pussy slowly, then slid all the way in. I curled it inside her, feeling her muscles contract and her pussy tighten, near to coming again. And still I didn't allow it, letting my finger glide out of her pussy and drift upwards, as slowly as I could, to her arsehole. Wet with her juices, my fingertip pressed gently against it, exerting just a little pressure. I knew she had never had her arse played with before, knew I had to be sensitive and gentle. But, fuck it was such a turn on. And she certainly wasn't pulling away. I pushed just a little more as I whispered to her. "How do your panties taste hmm? Good? You love to taste your juices don't you?" She nodded silently, still licking and sucking at her panties noisily, rotating her hips slowly but not pulling away from my finger. "And you like me playing with your arse too don't you? Because you love to be my slut, love to turn me on, love making my cock hard for you." She moaned agreement. The tip of my finger pushed into her arse, carefully and softly. It was so tight. The urge to fuck her arse was almost irresistible, but I knew it wasn't the right time. But she surprised me once again when, after a long intake of breath, she slowly pushed herself back in one smooth movement and let my finger slide all the way inside her. She settled for a moment, still, getting used to the feeling. With one hand she removed the panties from her mouth, letting them fall to the bed, and reached between her legs to massage her clit. Now rocking her hips again, my finger slowly fucking her arse, her own fingers rubbing furiously at her clit. She was gasping, moaning, and telling me, "Yes I love to be your slut. Love being naughty for you, oh god mmm. You can do anything..." Her voice trailed away as she neared orgasm. She slid two fingers inside her pussy and fucked herself hard and fast, her hand slick and shining from her juices. Unable to resist, I pulled my finger from her, roughly spread her arse cheeks and bent to hungrily push my tongue into her. I heard her loud moans of delight as I lapped inside her. She really was naughty, and god I couldn't wait to get the opportunity to fuck that tight virgin arse. My tongue wriggled and twisted, my face pushed so hard into her that I could barely breathe, but I wasn't going to stop. This was just too good, too perfectly

wicked. The orgasm jolted through her suddenly. I felt it as her arse tightened and quivered, my tongue buried deep inside it. She stopped rocking her hips to fuck herself, her fingers were pushed as far inside herself as she could manage. Almost perfectly still now, with her head rolled back, her other hand grasping the bedclothes, the low moan from her got louder and higher, becoming almost a scream. I was about ready to come too, although my cock had not felt her fingers or tongue on me, much less felt the pure ecstasy of sliding into her. I stood, slowly, behind her and saw her body slowly begin to relax as the orgasm peaked and subsided. Grabbing her hips hard, I pulled from the bed and up to a standing position, swinging her around to face me. The look on her face was a yperfectly equal mix of shame and pride, a peculiar expression. It said "I know tyhat was bad, but oh god it was good." I stared at her for a second, and could see that the pride in her was winning. The twinkle was there in her eyes. It had felt good, so good. That much I knew. One arm wrapped around her neck, I pulled her to me, kissing her urgently and insisently. Open mouthed, my tongue pushing between her lips. Would she be disgusted, the tongue that had seconds before been unashamedly pressed deep into her arse was now sliding into her mouth. As I suspected, my slut of a Mother-in-law was anything but disgusted as her lips opened wide to accept me, she sucked my tongue and my lips with relish, while my hard cock, wet with pre-cum, pressed into her tummy. We kissed, hard, she seemed as turned on as ever and I knew I needed to come too. For the first time I wondered how long we had been here, how much longer we could push our luck before we heard footsteps in the corridor, and a knock at the door. I broke away from the kiss, still holding her face close to mine. "How do you like being my slut?" A wicked, twisted grin from her. "I love it," every word spoken clearly, deliberately and with utter relish. "Kneel," I ordered her, with a firm push on her shoulders. She didn't need a second invitation, and now didn't seem to need guidance either. She knelt softly and quietly before me, wrapping her fingers around my aching cock. As she bent to kiss the tip, I watched her kneel back on her ankles, the soft roundness of her shapely buttocks contrasting with the sharp, hard lines of the high heels they were resting on. There was something perfect about it, and I wondered at the infinite ability of the human body to make itself beautiful and desirable. I felt her hot breath as she opened her mouth to envelop my erection, her tongue running up my shaft, and her lips pressing against me. In all honesty, it wasn't the best blowjob I've ever had, not by a long way. It was an inexperienced one, with a little too much effort and movement, and not enough rhythm and variation. But for all that, fuck it was so sexy. Her hand holding firmly to the base of my cock as she sucked and lickyed hungrily, her arse rocking tantalisingly. I felt myself getting close, my balls tightening in spasms. The thought entered my head to come onto her feet and shoes, and make her walk back downstairs with my sticky jizz still on her toes and soles. I knew she would be game to do it too (and I'll save that story for another day), but at that moment I looked down and saw her eyes open to meet mine. She opened her mouth wide and ran the tip of her tongue right up my shaft, to the wet tip, never taking her eyes off me. And she smiled. Proudly, triumphantly, happily. My naughty slut, happy to see me so turned on by her. And I couldn't resist any longer. My hand touched the back of her head and held her as I pushed the full length of my cock into her mouth. Her gaze still fixed on me, she took all of me into her without hesitation, and did not retract for a moment as my hot cum hit the back of her throat.

My cock pulsing, my balls tightening urgently, I sprayed into her mouth over and over, as her tongue swirled over me. And she gladly took every last drop. When I was done, she barely blinked as she slowly slid from me, closing her lips, rolling her head back a little and swallowed deliberately, willingly, almost gratefully. Her tongue flicked out and ran over her wet lips, she was looking utterly pleased with herself but also wanting more. My heart was still racing as she stood, gently stroking my cock as she did so. "How would you say I was progressing, hmm?" she asked, faking coyness, and following the question with another slow and provocative licking of her lips. "I would say you are doing very well. Very well indeed." "Mmm good. And," she added, more seriously, "Thank you. Thank you for making me feel desired." "Oh you are. You turn me on more than I've ever been turned on before. And there is plenty more I intend to do with you. To you. As long as you want to be my slut." For an instant, her face hardened. She became my Mother-in-law again. The prim and easily offended churchgoer. Her eyebrow raised severely, her lips pursed. She turned her back to me, and my heart almost stopped. What had I done to make her change so suddenly? I almost began stuttering an apology as I saw her reach for her discarded panties. "Well," she said at last, "If it's a slut to play with you're looking for..." She turned again, her panties hooked over one finger. And her face changed again, softening, now giggling at my astounded expression. She could evidently switch personae as easily as she could change, well, her shoes. "...I'm all yours." she finished. She pressed the panties to her lips, and ran her tongue lazily over them. "Mmm, still wet. I'd better put them back on for you." She sat on the bed and bent to pull the panties back on, over Jennifer's heels. "And we'd better get back downstairs," I added, gathering up my clothes too. "Yes," Janet agreed with a slow sigh, "You're right. Let's do that. And let's persuade those two they need to go for some quality time together at the weekend. You promised to fuck my pussy on my bed, and I'm going to hold you to that. I want to be your slut for a whole day. I want you to make me your slut. Will you do that?" I nodded. "I know just what to do with you. If you will do what I ask" Her eyes sparkled happily. "Oh yes. I'm your slut, remember. All yours." Ten minutes later, we were downstairs and acting perfectly properly. We needn't have worried. Greg, Peter and Jennifer still hadn't agreed about speed cameras. And, as I listened to their interminable noise, I smiled inwardly, knowing that her panties were still wet. Her pussy was wet. For me. My secret slut, all mine.