

The Daughter In Law

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Chapter 11

“Babe, we’re a team remember? Help me out here; stop lining up those damn cans and come sit down.”

“I can listen to you and count my cans at the same time, go on.” He grabbed my hand and dragged me to the table.

“Babe, I am trying to navigate this minefield the best way I know how. I just found out that my mother, a woman I’ve loved and respected my whole life isn’t...well, you know.”

“She’s an agent for the devil is what she is. And there’s only one way to eradicate such evil, a nice stake through the heart ought to do it.” He glared at me but whatever.

“Vanessa, do not forget that this is still my mother we’re talking about. You’re my wife, I get it, united we stand. Now that I understand what that means to you I’m gonna do my best to see that you get what you need from me, though I think you should’ve known this all along.”

“I’m not a mind reader and this little talk better not be leading up to you telling me things are going back to the way they were, because I will pack me and the little pin up and be so gone.”

“Hey, don’t threaten me, nobody’s going anywhere so calm your little ass down. Don’t pout you deserved that for acting like a brat.”

“If we’re dishing out what people deserve then I should get to run your mother over with the truck at least twice, that’s only fair.”

He was back to glaring and grinding his teeth. “Are you gonna stop?” I huffed and folded my arms. I did not like this conversation at all, let me tell you. Then again I hated any conversation having to do with the Cyclops.

“As I was saying, I’m trying to handle this situation in a way that’s best for all involved. You and the baby are most important in this equation, please remember that the next time my mother gets under your skin.”

“She doesn’t get under my skin, she’s more like an ass ache...”

“Vanessa for the love of...” He was on to pulling out his hair now.

“Listen, let me make this easy for you. If that troll from the seventh level of hell doesn’t give me back my nana’s ring ain’t nobody gonna have any peace. Me and Tommy will go on a rampage, and just so you know I hid him so you can’t take him away.”

“I’ll talk to her about the ring just please let me handle it will you.”

“Fair enough but I don’t want her here, she’ll just be getting her way and I can’t have that.”

“Where do you suggest? You want to go there?”

“Have you been hitting the pipe? I thought they screened you soldier types. Of course I don’t want to go there.”

“Fine we’ll meet at a restaurant.”

“Yeah because that worked out so well last time.”

“Okay I give up; what do you suggest?”

“A shooting range sounds good.”

“You know you could have some sympathy for my part in all this.”

“Oh yeah, what part is that?”

“Stuck in the middle of two crazy ass women...” I threw the first can at his head. Hey my aim’s still good, all those years of softball paid off.

“Are you insane?”

“Didn’t you just get through calling me crazy?”

“Is this that hormone thing again or are you just fucking with me?” Like I was gonna answer that.

“What did you say when she said she was coming over?”

“I told her I would talk it over with you first. I’m not too jazzed about seeing her so soon after the other night, but with the ring thing she kinda forced my hand.”

“Which is just what she wanted.” I didn’t tell him that because he didn’t tell her no outright, that she would take that to mean it was okay to show up at my door. Saying he had to talk it over with me first was like a red flag for that loon. I know her so well and I had something for her ass.

“Are the men finished?”

“Oh yeah, I have to show you how the new system works. What’re you grinning at?”

“Oh nothing, come show me.”

He walked me through and showed me all the cameras and whatnot he’d had installed. I snuck and unlocked the door when he wasn’t looking. Since the locks had been changed hagfish wouldn’t be able to get in and this was the one time I wanted her to find her way in. I wasn’t worried about my father in law or any of the others coming with her, they had work and lives that did not involve making mine a living hell.

When I got started on him in the living room he didn’t know what hit him. “Feeling frisky are you?” I felt a momentary pang at using him this way but shit, I had to get my digs in where I could. I kept my ears pricked while making enough noise to keep him distracted. The dick was so good though I got sidetracked. If this didn’t work the way I expected at least I would’ve got a nice afternoon drilling out of it.

“Oh yeah baby right there.” He was hitting the coochie so good. I kept egging him on to make him crazy. “Oh yeah fuck that pussy like you own it big boy.” He only drilled me harder when I bit his ear and ran my nails down his back. I knew he was close so I put the kegel with a twist on his ass and it was off to the races.

“Shit Vanessa how can your pussy be this fucking good? Fuck I’m cumming.”

Her screech was loud enough to raise the dead. Oops.

“Mom what the fuck, what are you doing here?”

I took note of the fact that he did not get up. It could be because he had just off loaded and wasn’t thinking straight, but I don’t think so because he was trying to shield me from the idiot.

“Get up from there, oh my word this is so disgusting.” She was fuming; her little boy was being soiled. I’ll show that bitch who’s a tart.

“MOM GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.” She jumped a mile in the air before storming out of the room. Not before she threw a glare my way though. I just smiled back at her, where he couldn’t see of course. Until I had that ring, life as she knew it was over.

“I’m sorry baby.” He finally pulled out and helped me up.

“It’s okay.” I had my sad face on of course. I got a kiss and a squeeze for my troubles. “Don’t be embarrassed baby we weren’t doing anything wrong. She’s wrong for just barging in here like that.” He pulled me out of the room behind him after we’d made ourselves decent.

Her nuttiness Billaby frig was sitting on the couch with her nose in the air looking put upon.

“Really Damien, I expected better of you.”

“I don’t see why, you showed up at our home unannounced. How did you get in anyway?”

“What do you mean? The door was open but I still have a key.”

“No you don’t, we changed the locks after the place was broken into. You wouldn’t know anything about that would you mom?”

“Are you accusing me of something?” he studied her like a gnat under a scope.

“I know when you’re lying, now the only thing I can’t understand is why you would take my wife’s things?

Was it just to hurt her?”

“I don’t know what...”

“Can it mom. Where is her ring?” She sniffed and acted all hurt but she wasn’t fooling me.

“I didn’t come over here to be insulted.”

“Did you greet the lady of the house?” Say what now? oh this ought to be good.

“What?”

“Vanessa, this is her home, you entered it; did you say hello?”

“I don’t see why I should after what she...”

“You can leave now.”

I wanted to jump, clap and high five my man all at the same time, but there was still the matter of my ring.

“I’ll come another time when you’ve come to your senses. I can’t begin to imagine what’s gotten into you. You don’t have that PTSD thing do you son?” This bitch takes the cake. He was finally putting her in her place so obviously, he had to be suffering some sort of debilitating disorder. I could only shake my head in wonder.

She stood to leave and I looked at Damien to see what he would do. He’d asked me to let him deal with it after all. But when it didn’t look like he was going to say anything more I blocked her path.

“My ring.” I held out my hand; she looked back at her son for help.

“Vanessa…”

“Fuck this.” I pulled the bag from her shoulder as she screamed and yelled about calling the cops. Damien was trying to get to me but I was smart, I emptied everything out on the floor and had her scampering.

I saw my ring wrapped in tissue and pounced. “Call the cops thief and explain to them how my shit got in your purse.” She was red faced and hyperventilating. Good bitch I hope you stroke out, evil twat.

My eye caught on something and I bent to pick it up. Damien was just looking at his mom as though he hadn’t really expected her to have the damn ring.

“Oh shit what’s this?” I turned the picture over so Damien could see and she made a grab for me.

“Touch me bitch and I will Rocky your ass.” I’m sure the idiot didn’t know who Rocky was but it worked. Damien was studying the picture in disbelief.

“Those are my panties but that’s not my ass and that guy sure ain’t you.”

“Mom what’s this?” He turned the picture over for her to see and she looked away.

“Were you…are you trying to set her up? What the hell is wrong with you?” This imp from hades really had gone around the bend.

She tried making tracks for the door but Dami wasn’t having it. Something about those pictures and what they entailed must’ve flipped his switch, because he was all but

twitching. "Oh no you don't, you don't get off that easily. What are these pictures mom? And don't pretend you don't know what I'm getting at because it's plain to see. The woman in this picture is hidden except for the hair and the underwear. I'm guessing I was supposed to see these and believe this was my wife with another man's hands all over her ass?"

"I just want to leave Damien, please just let me leave; haven't you embarrassed me enough?"

"Me embarrass you? Please tell me how the fuck this is about you. You claim to love me and this is the shit you do? I'm glad I found this out now because I don't want your poison around my kid." Oh shit Damien you mook. Why why why?

Oh hell.

Haggie's whole expression changed, no joke. It was like watching something out of *The Body Snatchers*. Her head did a complete three sixty and she zoomed in on my nonexistent tummy. I think she was foaming at the mouth a bit. Think Cujo on steroids. I backed away a little because she was seriously beginning to scare me and I didn't trust that gleam in her eye.

"Kid? you're pregnant?" I glared at clueless who was still looking pissed and had no idea he'd just opened Pandora's box. If there's one thing I know it's that the Gila monster would move heaven and earth to get her hands on our offspring. She'd waxed poetic about it enough. Of course I had no plans on telling her until say, college graduation, but shit.

"How can you cut me out of your life at a time like this, with a baby coming? Neither of you know the first thing about raising a child, of course you're gonna need your mother's help. I better call Jackie and have a talk. Does she know?" She gave me this demonic grin like she'd like nothing more than to have one-upped my momma. Hah, good luck with that. I reveled in giving her the news.

"Of course, she's my momma. I told her right after I told my pooh bear days ago."

I almost felt sorry for her hurt, sad look, almost. But then I remembered her telling his ex skank how much she wished he'd married her instead of me and I wanted to break her face.

"Let's go mom it's time for you to leave."

"But, the baby..."

"Is none of your concern; you made your choice with your behavior." He was actually dragging her by her arm towards the door. I knew this victory would be short lived.

There's no telling what crackpot Nellie will come up with next. But now that I had my honey on my side I wasn't too worried.