

The Daughter In Law

Chapter 2

"Vanessa?"

"What?"

"It's almost seven aren't you gonna get up and put the turkey in the oven?"

"What turkey?"

"What...Thanksgiving turkey that's what turkey."

"Did you tell Satan's concubine not to come to my house?"

"Not this shit again." He was quiet for way too long after that and I didn't trust it one bit.

He ran his fingers up and down my spine, the sneak. He knows that's my weak spot.

"Cut it out Damien, I already got me some last night, it's not gonna work." My ass. Of course he didn't quit but I had to be strong. If I get sidetracked by the dick I'll end up across the table from Lucifer's main bitch and her side kick.

"Oh shit Damien too deep too deep." This fucker just went balls deep while I was half asleep. Son of a bitch!

"You gonna behave?" Pound, pound, pound...shit he means business. That shit felt like a lead-pipe on my ovaries.

"Damien." I tried getting to my knees to ease some of the pressure in my tummy.

"Uh uh uh you stay right where you are." The fucker tried to come through my navel. You ever had that pussy hurt feeling that was so good but you know the cooch is gonna be sore for hours after? Yeah like that.

"Just let me get to my knees."

"No you don't." He pulled my hair bending me almost double, the diabolical bastard.

"This is what happens when you misbehave. Can my mom come to dinner?"

"Nuh uh...oowwwweeee you fuck."

He finally pulled me up to my knees but the pounding only intensified. Now he had my tits to hold onto for added support.

"Just for being bad you don't get my seed."

Oh that was a low blow. He knows...

"That's mean Dami." I had that sulky little girl thing going on only it was for real. I hated when he pulled out, unless he was going to paint my back or my tits. Only I knew when he was punishing me he'd go into the shower and finish in there. I hate his bitch of a mother, this was all her fucking fault.

Ain't this all about a bitch? First he jerked his shit off in the shower after leaving me high and dry, literally. And this sea hag from hades still gets to show her face at my door? Oh it's on motherfuckers. This Brooklyn Italian bitch is about to show these good ole southerners how it's done. Smile Vanessa don't give this bitch the satisfaction.

"Oh Vanessa have you gained a bit of weight?"

Yes bitch, this is the much-awaited grand baby that you won't ever be seeing if I have anything to say about it. You ass abscess. "You think so?" I looked down at my svelte self and gritted my teeth.

"I sure would like a nice martini, it was a bit of a drive in, what with traffic and all."

Bitch you live twenty minutes away. "One martini coming up." With a little hint of twenty mule team borax.

I glared at my dead man walking hubby and I guess he saw something in my eyes because he was on the move.

"I'll get that you just sit and rest, you've been working all day in the kitchen." My ass you care about that, you just don't want me to poison Rosemary's baby.

"Vanessa I promise you, if you don't behave what you got this morning will look like child's play when I'm done with you tonight. Remember that time you threw your glass of wine at my head?" He whispered that shit in my ear with a smile for the rest of the room. Shit I started twitching my legs; I could still feel the burn and that had to have been over a year ago.

"The turkey's a bit dry this year. I always made a nice turkey didn't I Clarence?" My poor father in law looked constipated. I have no idea how this man managed to live with Chucky's bride for almost forty years. I gave hubby a look, that was his cue to step up to the plate, but his greedy ass was too busy gnawing on a bone. Oh well, I'll take this one.

"There's a Boston Market like ten minutes away, thataway." I pointed in the general direction.

"Vanessa..."

"What? She's not happy, I'm just trying to be helpful." Next one bitch; I've been practicing this shit in my head all week bring it.

I could see her gearing up for another volley. She was a little stymied there for a hot minute; she's not accustomed to me answering her jabs. The skank of Babylon sitting next to her looked like she had a pinch nerve in her face. I was ready for her ass too. Meanwhile I'm secretly taping all of this to show the clueless one later. If he thought hard dick scared me he was demented. He knows all I have to do is nip that bar in his cock just right and the tables will be turned. Like putty in my hands.

"Well, that was rather rude and uncalled for..."

"Mom drop it, you were both out of line."

"You only got that half right sport." Now it was his turn to be stymied. Blame it on hormones or whatever but I was not about to put up with their shit. As far as I see it, if he can't stand up to the Gila monster on my behalf it was me against them.

"Vanessa can I see you in the kitchen for a minute? It's time to get dessert."

Uh huh. "Why bother? She'll only find fault with the pie, take her to carvels for some ice cream cake. She thinks that shit's gourmet." I think I choked half the table.

I was ever so proper as I folded my brocade napkin brought from Castile by my dear nana, and left the table to follow hubby. I skirted my way around the island and kept out of reach. He's a grabber. I walked to the pantry and opened the breadbox. I'd planned for everything way in advance. "Now Vanessa, I don't know what's gotten into you but...for fucks sake Nessa put that shit away." He was backtracking fast. Tommy has that affect on people.

"Did you think I was playing when I said that I would straight up twat punch your incubator and that rotted fruit of her womb you call a sister? Didn't I tell you not to bring these people to my house?"

"You've lost your fucking mind."

"YES I HAVE, and it's thanks to that devil's reject you call a mother." He was trying to whisper and shit but I had no problem with her hearing every word. After all she doesn't whisper when she's slinging shit my way.

"Two years, two years I put up with their shit. One you were here for and the other you were away fighting for your country while I was duking it out with Satan's hench-women in the bowels of hell." I could hear the gasps in the other room from this far away.

"If she says one more thing to piss me off I'll cap her ass." I could tell I'd really thrown him this time. He has no idea. I'd put up with a lot, but when I overheard the sea hag talking to one of his ex girlfriends about how she wish he'd married her, all fucking bets were off.

"Baby what's really going on? Why in the world are you behaving this way? Talk to me."

"Motherfuck...I have been talking to you, you just haven't been listening. Now if I have to clip this bitch one and get her black tainted blood on my good linen and china there's gonna be hell up in this bitch."

He shook his head and opened and closed his mouth three times. Poor thing he's so clueless, the evil that bore him has him totally snookered. She had me fooled for the first few months after we met too. Until I realized that she was taking everything I said and twisting it around to serve her own twisted, demented purposes. Now I'm just all the way the fuck over it.

"Get your mom her pie mama's boy." I know he hates that shit but this is war. If I have to act like a raving fucking lunatic...

I heard the whispers picking up in the next room and I just knew she was bashing me again.

"Hey old lady we've got stand your ground in this state, any perceived threat bitch, try me." I yelled that shit into the dining room and just for emphasis popped one off at the ceiling. My dad always said, go big or go home. I started this shit off might as well finish it. Who knows when I'll have the chance again? I guess the stampede heading for my front door was the answer to that. Not tonight.

"Are you happy now?"

"No, I'll be happy when you get your head out your ass and realize that that wasted shot of jizz is not a saint."

"You..."

"Yes I called your mother a wasted shot, your grandfather should've flushed that one."

"I can't believe you, where's this all coming from?"

"It's called frustrated, fed up and pissed way the fuck off. Did you hear anything that man that was standing in front of us at the altar said? Forsaking all others, that means meddling, destructive, lying ass mothers who talk shit about your wife to anyone who would listen. I intended to keep up my end of the bargain but since you can't or won't there's no point in me putting up with this shit. You can get the fuck out of my house too."

When I felt the tears starting I turned to leave the room. I won't show any more weakness in front of any of them. I just wish I didn't love the stupid jerk so much that it felt like ripping off an arm to fight with him.

"Vanessa get back here, this is not how we handle things in this house."

"Tommy says kiss my ass."