

# The Daughter In Law

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## Chapter 20

He has lost his damn mind and that's all there is to it. Somehow he got it into his head to enlist my father's help in dealing with old ratchet face. Now you have to understand something here, when I started this beef with his monster birth sac, I had no intentions on things going this far. I thought we'd have a big blow up and then I'd learn to freeze her out at future family gatherings as most sane people do. Damien, not so much! We brought little Justine home and all hell broke loose.

First, I learned through my mother, since Dami was still being tight-lipped, that his idiot mother found out about the birth through one of the volunteers, whose grandmother plays bridge with haggie or some such nonsense. According to mom Damien got the girl dismissed even though she needed the experience for her school credits or something. She tried explaining to him that Beelzebub's side piece had told her a sob story about me, the heartless bitch of a daughter in law who was after her son's money and was trying to cut her out of her only grandchild's life, and yadda, yadda, yadda. Damien's answer? I don't give a fuck. You endangered my wife and child now you can deal with the consequences.

With that said we came home a few days later and Damien went into overdrive. The security detail was back on the gate, Justine and I were fitted with these very suspicious matching bracelets, and the house was literally on lockdown. I was still pretty much in a daze from having pushed a meteor out my crotch so I wasn't too swift on the uptake. Mom kept supplying me with info that she kept siphoning out of dad. (I don't even wanna know). Anyway there was a ping, pong match going on inside my house. The men would sneak and do their thing and mom would eavesdrop and come back and tell me which stage of crazy my husband was at.

"Damien what's going on with you and my dad? Are you really gonna let him relocate your parents?"

"How do you know about that?"

"Don't mind that just tell me what's going on."

“Look, the restraining order isn’t working, and the cops can’t seem to do shit. Your dad was there when she showed up at the hospital remember? He saw what lengths she’d go to.”

“Yeah but still...”

“She tried to name my fucking kid.”

“What?”

“Oh your mail service didn’t report that one huh? Yep, she’s crossed all boundaries with me.”

“But how was she planning to do that?”

“How the fuck should I know how her mind works? The woman is nuts. Apparently the clueless twit who let her in was gonna help her get the papers to sign.”

I’m all kinds of confused, could people really do shit like that?

“Anyway there’s a stalking law here and she fits the profile. I knew she would pull something like this and I made it easy for her. Now she’s fallen nicely into my trap and she’s been given a choice. Relocate or face a prison sentence, and when I spell out the shit she’s pulled in front of a judge she’s facing no less than four years. To ensure that she stays where the fuck she’s going, your father offered up a location where he’s sure he can keep an eye on her. Apparently a lot of his old retired pals live around there.”

Oh shit. Haggie had really cooked her goose but good this time.

## Epilogue

It’s been three years since I heard from haggie. She tried one last ditch effort back then, with a long-winded fauxpology that I gave to Damien to add to his arsenal. Haven’t heard a peep out of her since. I was too caught up in my new baby to pay too much mind to her and her shit anyway. My man had gone above and beyond the call of duty and I no longer felt the need to punch her in the face. Only rarely would a memory raise its head, and I’d daydream about what I should’ve done to put her ass in traction, but those days were far and in between.

I’ve seen Barbara around a handful of times, but since she doesn’t have Broom Hilda to back her plays, she usually just makes a quick exit when she sees me coming. I’m not sure what all Damien had done to her after the day we moved in, but she was keeping a low profile. Funnily enough a lot of the women who used to befriend her and Haggie were now coming out of the woodwork with stories. These women were very cliquish, for them it was all about appearances and who had the biggest house. I wasn’t

interested, and besides, Damien was like a Pitt-bull these days, the only ones who got close were my family.

We have a new baby boy now, another one that looks like his dad; I'm putting the cooch on lockdown because that shit just ain't fair. I do all the work and he reaps the bennies.

He never talks about her and I don't bring her up, but every once in a while I wonder. He's my heart after all and I want him to be happy. I can't imagine it can be too easy accepting that your mother is a crackpot; now I'm surrounded by family, and he basically has none; all because of one woman's narcissism.

Denise comes over a lot these days though, which is good. Damien gave her a list of rules that she has to follow or she's out too. She's not allowed to mention the hagfish and she's not allowed to take any news back. Poor thing, she posted pictures of the kids on her Facebook page and haggie pounced and started commenting and shit. I tried to keep it hidden from Damien because I knew it wasn't Denise's fault, but good grief you would've thought she'd tried to sell them on the black market. She got banned for three months for that one. In the end I had to work on him to get him to let up. Poor girl didn't have any family left here either since she and rot crotch never got along, and we were all she had. Damien didn't really give a shit about anything except me and his kids.

If I'd ever doubted him before, well, there was no room for doubt now; he was rock solid and one hundred percent in my corner. If I even sneezed he was there. I think he still harbored guilt for not being there to protect me in the beginning and for not believing me right out the gate. But like I said, now that I have my own little kiddies to worry about, none of that shit really bothers me anymore. I no longer have that gut sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. I know that when I leave my house with my kids I don't have to worry about some nut job jumping out of the bushes.

The word through the grapevine before the relocation was that she was fit to be tied when I moved into Her house. I knew that would stick in her craw, and that's one of the main reasons I decided to make that move. It was the only slap I could take at her since Damien wouldn't let me twat punch her. Now she has to live everyday knowing that the daughter in law she hates has taken up residence in her coveted family home. I hope it eats a hole in her twisted brain. See, I'm not bitter or anything. I do get immense pleasure out of knowing that she failed though. Troll.

Our lives are full and happy, there's no tension, like none. The only blips come from the outside world, everyday things that we all face, but our family unit is cruising. Damien and I have not only gotten to know each other now that he's been home and not half way around the world, but we've grown closer than ever. It would kill hagfish to know that all she achieved in the end, was making our bond stronger.

I do wish he'd lighten up a bit though, he seems to think that having kids have somehow changed the world. According to him if I'd seen half the shit he had I would feel the same. I have to remind him that I won't see shit because he's made it his mission to

stand between me, and everything that he thinks poses a threat. He's like this big wall of solid mass, my own defensive line.

And to see him with his kids; there are no words.

Justine is his baby, they're like two peas in a pod, she pretty much has him wrapped around her finger, and he won't have it any other way. Little Damien is a mama's boy. Sometimes I hold him close and hope and pray that I never put him through what his grand monster did to his dad. All in all I have to say I won that fight and didn't even have to throw a punch because of my kick ass hubby and my non-tolerance for bullshit.

DAMIEN

Well I've done everything I can to secure my family's future. I thought the shit would bug me, but I can't say that I've lost any sleep over it. I no longer have a mother, well that's not entirely true, Jackie does her best to fill that void and I appreciate it, but all I need is my wife and kids. The woman who birthed me no longer exists for me. That was a hard pill to swallow, but that shit she did coming onto the end was the last straw. What she'd hoped to achieve by naming my daughter after her I'll never know, but only a very twisted mind would even think of doing such a thing.

I haven't heard from her and don't wish to. I've cut off every avenue she could even think of using to get to me and my family, and what I can't do my father in law has taken care. Do I regret the fact that my kids don't have a grandmother and grandfather from my side? Not really, they're not missing out. I would never have her around my kids since she hates their mother that much, only a dumb fuck would do such a stupid ass thing. Plus their mom would make my life less than comfy and I enjoy the life we have together way too much to risk that shit.

So when she tries sending me messages through clandestine means, I rebuff them all. Her sob stories no longer move me and my life has been rather stress free since I decided to pretend she died. Harsh I know, but the only way the breach could ever be mended is if Vanessa decided to forgive her, and I don't see that shit happening. I know some men might try to straddle the fence and maybe hide and contact their moms because they need that connection and can't break it. I'm not one of them. If the tables were turned I would expect total loyalty from my wife so I can give no less.

Now I get to watch the girl I married blossom and grow without the sword of Damocles hanging over her head. I don't talk about my mother and I've gone through our new home and removed any semblance of her. Yeah, she tried leaving little reminders here and there. I especially liked the letter she left hidden away in my secret boyhood cubbyhole. It was full of accusations against my wife, each one unfounded. Not even there, in what could be her last contact with me, did she once think of me or what the shit she was doing was doing do to me. Somewhere along the way the woman I knew

as mom had ceased to exist and what took her place is not fit for human interaction. Do I hate her? No. It's worst; I've obliterated her from my mind. Why? Because she tried to destroy the one thing that I cherish above all else!

"Let's go babe your mom took the kids to the pond to feed the ducks." She was lying out by the pool looking hot in a little two-piece suit that barely covered anything. The in laws were in town for the weekend, it was July fourth and we were expecting a houseful. It's not often that we have someone to watch the kids while we slip away because I don't trust anyone with my family. If we go somewhere, they go. Denise have been putting in her bid for nanny services, but that'll have to wait until my kids area trained to take care of themselves when me and their mom aren't around.

"Where are we going?"

"Damien is almost one year old."

"Yeah, what's your point?"

"If I get started on you now we could have the next one by the time he's maybe two or close, let's go."

With kids in the house I gotta get mine where I can. She was right on my heels as we made our escape.

The backyard was crowded with people; everyone was having a good time. I'd invited some of the guys from the base and Nessa's aunts, uncle's and assorted cousins were here, along with her brothers and their wives. Denise was here with her new beau, not looking as drawn as she had been in the months after mom and dad left. The kids were running around getting into shit, much as I once did in this same place.

I saw Nessa standing in a group of women chatting while they all kept a beaded eye on the kids. My phone went off with a text, which I read in semi disbelief. I always knew there was a possibility, but I was hoping this day would never come. How many ways did she want me to do this shit? I made sure my wife was preoccupied as I slipped away to the little garden gate on the other side.

She was standing there, hidden behind a tree with high-powered binoculars. It was almost sad really, the picture she made. An aging woman with her greying hair and more lines in her face than were there the last time we'd met.

She saw me and started to bolt, but then something made her stop.

"Son..."

“Who are you, who’re you looking for?”

“Damien don’t, I said I was sorry.”

“What exactly are you sorry for?”

“I don’t...wait...I’m sorry that I caused you so much trouble, you have to believe me, I was only looking out for you.”

“Really, is that what you were doing? I choose to see it differently. I told you this a million times, I tried to do it in a way that would cause less harm; maybe I was wrong for that. You still don’t get it.” She seemed so normal. How was it that she could come up with the things she did?

Looking at her, I saw the woman I knew her to be, but I’d been bitten by that snake before. I couldn’t forget the venom I’d seen in her in that hospital bed when she’d talked about destroying my wife. When she’d laid out for me all the ways she’d planned to do it and still will if she got the chance. But here, now, she looked like any other lady of means out for an innocent stroll.

And then just like that, it was there. I saw the look come into her eyes. That same rabid look an animal gets when it’s cornered or ready to strike. I didn’t have to see the gun to know she had it. She’s always been a good shot, came from all those hunting lessons she’d had as a girl. I daresay I got my shooting skills from her.

I heard the footsteps coming before she did. She turned to the men who appeared there, her eyes widening in fright.

“Mrs. Spencer you’re under arrest for trespassing, stalking and violating a restraining order.” They rattled off a list of her infractions as she yelled for me to help her. I closed the gate behind me and walked back to the party. One thought plagued me as I walked over to my wife and hugged her to my side. Who had been her intended victim, Vanessa or me?

THE END