

The Daughter In Law

Chapter 8

“You sure you’re gonna be okay here by yourself?”

“Huh?” What the hell?

“Well I know your parents left early this morning and...just don’t answer the door to anyone okay baby.”

Oh shit, he was trying to protect me from Genghis Khan. That was so sweet.

“Stop worrying honey I’m fine.” He was so cute I almost shared my news. His phone rang with her tone just as he was going out the door and my stomach started to hurt. He closed the door and I ran to the window to look out. He looked at his phone, shook his head and turned it off. Hot damn.

I did a happy dance as I made my way up to the master suite to take my bath. I needed to soak some of the knots out. Now what to do with myself? I’m a trained interior designer but since moving from New York a couple years ago I’ve just been taking jobs here and there as the mood strikes. Damien was one of those ‘I don’t want my woman working outside the home types’. Another thing his monster hated. She thinks he coddles me and has said as much on more than one occasion.

With her out of my life and not having to be her errand girl, my days were once again entirely mine. What in the world was I going to do with myself? I had a great idea as I climbed out of the tub. I felt excitement bubble up inside. Just because I wasn’t ready to share my news didn’t mean I couldn’t do stuff for the baby. It would be fun to just go look. I could do it on line but the weather was so nice for a fall day in the south and I could do with some fresh air.

Damien’s warning was ringing through my head and I wondered what exactly it was that he thought might happen. I wasn’t afraid of haggie or her spawn, but he seemed genuinely concerned. Oh well, I wasn’t going to let it bother me. I got dressed and headed out the door. My step was lighter and I hadn’t a care in the world. My man loved me, that’s all I’d wanted to know and now that I did, wasn’t nothing gonna stand in my way.

I spent the day flitting in and out of every children’s-boutique in the city. I don’t know why I was bothering, Jackie Spinelli will never let me hear the end of it if I went baby shopping without her. I had lunch alone at an outdoor café and then headed home to get started on dinner. Tonight I was going to make my baby something special to say thanks.

As soon as I hit the door I knew something was off. Things looked strange. It wasn't that anything was missing but things seemed out of place. I made my way up the stairs to our room, not sure if I should just turn around and head back out, but somehow I didn't feel like there was anyone here.

My lingerie drawer had been gone through and pieces were missing. Someone had rifled through my jewelry case and my nana's ring was missing. I felt tears prick my eyes. Only one person I know who would bypass the three big ass flat screen TVs and all the other expensive shit we had laying around to do that shit. I'ma have her ass arrested.

I called the cops don't think I didn't. I wasn't about to give an inch. They were there when Damien showed up looking all flustered. I was standing at the top of the landing when I heard him barking at one of the cops. "Where's my wife?"

"Up here Dami, I'm fine." He rushed up the stairs and grabbed me. "Baby are you okay?"

"Just a little shaky."

"What the hell happened?"

"Someone took nana's ring and some of my underwear."

"What? that's nuts, that doesn't make any sense, why would someone..." He got it too.

I'd made sure the cops printed the drawers, the doorknobs any and everything she might've touched. Her prints might be expected in certain parts of the house but not on my panty drawer the perv.

After the cops left I could see him pacing back and forth like a caged animal. I knew what she wanted she wanted contact. I say let the cops deal with it.

I moved about the kitchen making dinner while he ran his hands over his head over and over again. "This is nuts. Why would she do this?"

"To get a rise out of you. It's a power play."

"Power for what? for fuck's sake what is going on? Why would anyone do a thing like this? This is not my mom, I've never known her to be this vindictive, this..."

"You never had a wife before."

“That’s it, we’re changing the locks and if it turns out that she has the ring well...fuck this is crazy.”

You said it buddy, bat shit cray cray; the way only the south can do it.

“I hope you know that she’s crossed the line. I was willing to stay out of it and let you two handle your thing your way but she took my nana’s ring. If I see that prune faced bitch I’ma Hoffa her ass.”

“Vanessa...”

“Babe just let me handle this okay, you don’t have to deal with any of this any more. Since I seem to be the bone that’s being fought over I think it only fair that I be the one to deal with whatever this is.” He’s so cute; he has no idea what he’s up against. But if he thinks he knows the rules to this game let him at it, we’ll see how long that lasts before I’m back to wanting to nut punch him again. He really doesn’t get it. Her fight’s not with him, of course she’s gonna be all sugar and spice with him, she’ll save her shit for me.

“Fine, if Cujo stays in her kennel and leave me the hell alone I’m all good.” I turned back to stir the pot of sauce I had simmering just as the phone rang. We both headed into the other room just as the machine picked up. “Hello Damien this is your mother, your REAL mother. I’m just calling to let you know I forgive you for last night. I know that wasn’t your doing and I understand. When you’re ready to talk just know that your mom’s here for you. I love you sweet boy hope to see you soon.”

“Cracked, all the fucking way cracked.” I could only shake my head. Bitch was off her meds again.

He actually looked surprised, like maybe he’d expected her to call him with an apology. “What the hell was that?” I shrugged my shoulders; she’s his mother if he didn’t know how the hell should I?

I studied him for a hot minute.

“What, what’re you looking at?”

“I’m wondering if we should have you tested?”

“Tested for what? I’m not sick.”

“Yeah but that brand of cray might be hereditary, I think that shit needs to have an end by date. Can’t be spreading that shit.”

“You’re funny,”

“I think so.” He smacked my ass as we headed back to the kitchen to finish making dinner.

All through dinner it was eating away at him. I was pretty pissed off too; I want my nana’s ring. That shit had been in my family for about two hundred years. There were stories of bravery and true love attached to that piece of metal. I’d shared those stories with Hagar the Horrible, that’s how I knew she was the one to take it. He thinks I’m gonna let that shit slide. What he doesn’t know won’t hurt him.

“Baby you’re off tomorrow why don’t we do something this weekend?”

“Yeah? What did you have in mind beautiful?”

“I don’t know, we haven’t been to your secret place in a while. I think it would be good to get away for a minute, clear our heads.”

“That sounds perfect baby.” This little impromptu trip had two purposes. Yes I wanted to get away with my hubby because this baby news was killing me to keep quiet, and I could think of no better place to tell him than in his favorite hideaway. And two, if the festering boil should call she’d see that we were out of range. I know from experience that nothing drives her up the wall faster than not knowing where we are every second of every day.

The next morning early the locksmith came out and then we were on our way. I had everything planned out starting with the test I had hidden away in my bag. The hagster wasn’t even a blip on my radar and I made sure my honey didn’t give her a moment’s thought. “Vanessa I’m gonna crash.”

“No you won’t just concentrate on your driving let me do the rest.”

We were on a long stretch of deserted backcountry road, best place to give my guy a tongue bath. I teased the shit out of him, bringing him to the brink and then squeezing him off.

The third time I did that I felt the change under the wheels. We were off road and I was pretty sure we had another half an hour at least to our destination. I soon found out soon enough when he slammed on the brakes and dragged me out of the car after extricating his dick from my tonsils.

“Shit Dami wait...”

“Uh-uh no waiting.” He pulled my jeans down to my knees and kicked my legs apart. I got a cursory rub of the cockhead up and down my slit before he was slamming into me. I was on my toes by the second thrust and my face was pressed into the hood of his

car. I'll think about germs and shit like that later, right now all my concentration was on his monster cock that was trying to split me in two.

"Fuck your pussy's so tight." I cocked my ass back a little higher so the dick could reach its target; that only made him fuck me harder. I think I scratched the paint when he jetted hot sperm inside me but that was his own damn fault. We hopped back in the car and I was a good girl the rest of the ride.

I was all kinds of nervous and excited. I don't think we'd ever had any real serious talks about kids and we were only married for two years; but he wasn't getting any younger and neither was I. I was twenty-seven to his thirty-three, perfect age to start a family if you ask me. Hopefully we'd have the problem of his demon-possessed incubator taken care of before long, and she won't spoil this for me.