

The Daughter In Law

Font Size: AA+A++

Chapter 13

Now here we are, two days before Xmas and I'm sitting in a parking lot wondering what the hell had happened to my life, and how long it was gonna take Damien to realize that I'd been kicked out of the hospital?

It wasn't that long because ten minutes later I saw him coming. I tried to gage his mood from his facial expression but that was a bust because the aviators he had on hid his beautiful stone grey eyes. I guess I got my answer when he slammed the door as he got in. My stomach started to twist and turn again and I was back to inhaling my cuticles.

"What the fuck happened in there?"

"Um..."

"None of your bullshit Vanessa I want the truth out of you."

"What?" I started crying and I hadn't even started telling him yet. Why was he acting like I'd been lying to him or something? "She was mean to me and pin. She was saying horrible stuff and..."

"So you thought it was okay to put your hands on her? That's unacceptable, I wouldn't let her do it to you and I won't let you do it to her. You owe her an apology."

My chest was concaved from me crying so hard. This was so unfair. Okay maybe I shouldn't have hit her, but couldn't he see how her pushing and provoking might lead me to do that? He had some other choice things to say about my behavior and I sat there like a child and let the words rain down like blows. I'd never felt so hurt and miserable in my life.

I listened as all the work I'd done in the last few weeks unraveled, because the spawn of Satan had convinced him somehow that it was my fault that she was suicidal. Luckily for me, I had a what the fuck moment right then and there in that parking lot. I dug down deep for the girl I use to be before I ever met this ass wipe and his family from the cast of a real trailer trash Jerry Springer show. I was remembering the girl that use to kick ass on the streets of Bensonhurst Brooklyn. The one who didn't take shit from anybody because her daddy would level them, and their grandpa if they fucked with his baby girl. What the fuck had ever happened to her?

My mind started racing because I knew this was a pivotal moment right here.

“Fuck you. Fuck you and your prune faced bitch of a sea hag mother, and fuck your rot crotch slag of a sister. Take the apology you think she deserves, roll it up fine and shove it back in your mother’s vajayjay where apparently you just decided to go back to.” His mouth was hanging open like a landed trout.

I got out of the car cool as you please, fuck him; pin and I will just find our way to New York, he could stay here with the toxic waste.

“Vanessa get the fuck back in the car now.”

I kept waking because I was so done. I had no idea where I was going but I had money, I could call a cab to take me to the airport. Shit my carry on was in the trunk. Thank heaven that’s all the luggage we’d taken because I’d planned to shop in the city and I needed the room. Oh well that was shot now.

The idiot man got out and wrestled me back into the car. I didn’t say a word to him even when he was staring holes in my head. Then he really lost his shit and started pounding his fists into the steering wheel. I buffed my nails.

“Take me to the airport please.”

“What? we can’t go now we’ve missed our flight.”

“My mom got us new ones, you can stay here if you want but me and pin are going.”

“Vanessa...”

“Just because you stuck your head back up your mother’s snatch doesn’t mean I have to. Now either you take me or I call a cab.” He punched the wheel again and pulled off.

I was so scared and sick on the way there I didn’t know what to think. If he didn’t come with me I knew I was going to be mad at him for a long long time. It really stuck in my craw that she’d won after all. I hated her so much in that moment it was hard to believe. When we got back to the parking dock I got out to of the car and got my carry-on after he popped the trunk. “Wait.” I stood next to the trunk and waited as he came around and got his.

I took my first easy breath. Then he put his hand in the small of my back and led me along. I was beginning to feel better by the minute. We didn’t say anything as we sat and waited for another hour or so for our flight to be called. I spent the time worrying about what was going to become of my marriage and how I was going to get through

this pregnancy without him if it came to that. The thought of losing him made me hurt so bad I wanted to cry but I held off.

When we boarded he once again had his hand on my back; that one little piece of contact felt like manna to a starving soul.

After we were seated and belted in he turned and studied me for the longest while without saying a word. Oh shit he's gonna tell me that we're through. Instead he wrapped his arms around me and hugged me, and for some twisted reason the floodgates opened up. "Shh, baby come on it's okay." He unhooked me and pulled me into his lap and I held on like a lifeline. He rubbed me and soothed me, and all I could think was, if that horse face flight attendant said anything about buckling your seatbelts I was going to knock her ass out midflight. We hadn't taken off yet though so no one said anything.

When it was time to take off he put me back in my seat and buckled me in, then when they released the seatbelt light he told me to lay back and take a nap. "You've had a long day baby why don't you take a nap?"

"What're you going to do?"

"It's just a four hour jump to New York, I'll be fine."

"Okay just for a few minutes."

He pushed my seat all the way back because first class has these kick ass seats now that can turn into a bed. He threw the blanket over me, kissed my hair, and took my hand before rummaging in the back of the seat for a magazine. I held his hand so tight.

The next thing I knew he was waking me up because we were getting ready to land.

"Was I snoring?"

"No but you did drool a coupla times." I wiped my mouth.

"Not to worry I cleaned you up."

"You're so full of shit." I punched his arm and he kissed me. Hard to believe just a few short hours ago we were sitting in a parking lot close to divorce.

We grabbed our carry-ons and left the other suckers heading for baggage claim. Momma and daddy were there with two of my nephews waiting. Momma was looking sharp in her white Fox and her Breakfast as Tiffany's shades. She gave me the once

over and daddy was eyeing my red eyes, but neither of them said anything. After the hellos we just headed for the car and home.

That night we decided to take it easy because I was wiped out. Damien called home a few times but he didn't offer any information and I didn't ask.

After we went to bed in my old room we had a ball trying to be quiet while we made love. It was a very confusing time for me. How could this man who was so loving and kind be so blind when it came to his family? He touched my hair and face as he stroked in and out of me nice and slow. "I love you." I started to cry again for no earthly reason because he was being so sweet and I hated and loved him more in that moment than anything. "We're going to be fine baby okay." I nodded my head because I couldn't form the words.

I had the best orgasm that night; it wasn't a Damien Spencer special but it came from the depths of my soul. It was soft and hot and sweet, and rolled through me like a wave. He covered my mouth when my screams got out of control but I bit his palm and licked it so he replaced it with his mouth. That only prolonged the sweet agony and I drenched his cock as he kept up a steady pace of in and out strokes. When he buried his face in my neck and groaned I clenched around him squeezing that last drip of goodness out of him.

He held onto me so tight that night I was almost afraid. Was he saying goodbye or something? He turned to me twice more in the night; each time was sweeter than the last. He whispered all kinds of goodies in my ear and I was lost. That sick fear I'd been feeling was slowly dissipating. No man could touch a woman like that and make promises to their unborn child if he had one foot out the door.

The next day we went shopping and sight seeing with the rest of my family. We even took a carriage ride through Central Park and ate chestnuts. We each got one of those giant pretzels with loads of mustard on it as we walked hand in hand through the streets of Manhattan. "You sure you're supposed to be eating this stuff?" Here we go.

"Of course, what's wrong with it?"

"Nothing, I just think you should have some fruit or something."

"I already had a banana this morning."

"You did? I don't remember seeing that."

I eyed his junk and he put me in a headlock that had me squealing with laughter.

We had a fun, blissful, stress free day.

My family has weird holiday traditions. Like playing word games together while drinking eggnog or warm cider for the kids. I had to get in on the cider this year because the pregnancy police was out in full force. I'd been a bit worried with all that was going on that maybe he'd have some bad moments, but I couldn't see where that was true. He seemed to be enjoying the ribbing from my brothers and rough housing with my nephews.

When it came time for another time-honored tradition I was hoping and praying that he'd notice the difference between this year and the last. We'd spent our first Xmas as man and wife with his family. I'd felt left out of everything since the demon and the hound of Baskerville had led every conversation, and they were all about past events that I knew nothing about. Meanwhile my family were asking him all about the military and giving him props for looking out for his country. And when he opened the one gift we were allowed on Xmas eve, I hope he noticed the thought that had gone into the lovely engraved golf clubs that my parents had got him.

He'd been talking about taking up the sport so much that when mom asked, I'd told her that they would be perfect. His face told the story, and I was so pleased with my parents for being who they are. Did he even remember the passive aggressive night we spent last year with his family? Or the crappy dollar store robe his mom had given me that smelt like mothballs? I'd burned that shit the first chance I got. Haggie had the nerve to ask me why I didn't wear it around the house sometimes when she dropped in, and I told her it got damaged in the wash and I had to throw it out. You'd have thought it was the Hope diamond the way she carried on to hubby about it. When I'd told him the truth he'd said it was the thought that counts, I had to let him know I didn't like those thoughts too much.

After we were through with the gifts and it was time for bed we went up the stairs hand in hand. It was as if the day before had never happened. I knew it was dangerous to leave things up in the air like that, but I also wanted to salvage what was left of my holiday. It was pin's first holiday and I wanted it to be great. "Imagine, next year this time pin will be here."

He put his hand on my tummy and rubbed. "Yeah, I can't wait." He kissed my hair and squeezed me and I felt my world right itself. Tomorrow was another day; let's hope the bitches of Eastwick don't pull any shit.