

The Daughter In Law

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Chapter 18

As I pulled out of the driveway an hour later I thought I saw a familiar car pulling ahead and zooming off down the street, but then I thought, 'no way, you're imagining things'. At this time of night that's just nuts, but I knew better. I was hoping Vanessa hadn't seen what I saw and was satisfied that she hadn't since she was busy rummaging through my glove compartment for who knows what.

"What're you looking for buddy?"

"Oh just evidence."

"Evidence of what?"

"I don't know yet, but this is your truck, I'm hardly ever in it because you like the convertible and I'm thinking you might say to yourself, 'hey the little woman isn't in the truck that often, this would be a good place to hide those panties my new little girlfriend gave me as a keepsake the last time I boffed her.'"

"You have a sick twisted mind you know that?"

"Hey it makes the day go by faster."

I grinned and took her hand in mine as I drove. Tonight would be the first in a long time that we'd gone out like this. One, because we genuinely preferred to be at home alone together, and two, because I wasn't ready to run into any of my relatives just yet.

We got to the restaurant and were seated. Vanessa had picked the place because she liked the ambience she said, and the food wasn't too bad either. It was an upscale Italian eatery and she claimed she had the need for grease since I've curtailed her meals to include only sawdust. Her words not mine. "You okay baby, you want me to ask them to turn the heat up a little?"

"Damien seriously, the rest of the world does not revolve around me and pin. Leave those people alone."

“If you’re sure.”

I perused the menu to see if there was anything remotely healthy that she could have that wouldn’t give her heartburn. She was always bitching about wanting to eat shit, then we’d be up all night with her shit.

We ordered a porterhouse for me and she got the rosemary chicken dry. There was a little tussle over that one but I put my foot down. The woman is a menace.

“Well hi kids, fancy seeing you two here.”

You have got to be kidding me.

“Damien I’m sorry I didn’t answer your call today, I was otherwise occupied so it’s good that I ran into you now.”

I took Vanessa’s hand under the table and squeezed. In that one touch I was trying to convey a world of things and hoped she got it.

“Hi mom, dad, why don’t you sit?”

She gave my wife a smirk as she took her seat and it made my gorge rise. I kissed Vanessa’s cheek because she had turned into a block of ice next to me. “I had thought to do this in a more private setting but as usual mom you pushed the envelope. First, if someone called you today it wasn’t me. I was too busy painting my kid’s room so I wouldn’t have had the time.” I turned to look at my dad, a man I’d had respect for my whole life and had stressed over what my actions would do to him at this stage in his life.

“Dad, when I first started this it was all about mom, but now I see that you’re as much to blame. You had every opportunity to step in and put a stop to this, but for whatever reason you didn’t.” I held my hand up as he made as if to interject. “Let me finish. I don’t know how long she’s had your balls in her purse, but obviously it’s given the women in our family the impression that she rules supreme, since you as the head of the family just sat back and let her run buck wild. I guess that’s why my own wife thought I too was a weak livered ass, because she saw it in you. In about thirty years or so when my kid comes to me with his choice of a wife, I hope to fuck that I’m nothing like either of you. Sit down mom I’m not done, and you might want to hear all that I have to say. You have three days to get out of my house. You won’t take anything but your clothes because everything else that’s in there belongs to me.”

“What? Damien are you insane, that’s my home, my father...”

“Left everything he had to me, you ever wondered why he did that? Obviously he knew something about his own daughter that the rest of us couldn’t see. And before you tell

me about your rights as squatters or whatever else you may have up your sleeve, your criminal activity put paid to that.

Yes mom, I know about the guy you hired to run my wife off the road. I know about the fake profiles you made up to stalk her on the Internet. I intercepted everything you tried to do to her, and because of that she never had a moment's worry, because she never knew. All the time you thought you were harassing her it was me and the people I hired for just that purpose, who were playing along until this moment." She looked like she was about to have one of her famous heart attacks but I could care less.

This wasn't a mother sitting across from me. I don't know what it was, but there wasn't one maternal bone left in this thing if there ever had been. I'd had to do something no grown son should ever have to. I'd had to replay every moment of my life with her to see which parts were real and which were for her own personal benefit.

"You can't just do something like this, can he Clarence?" Dad didn't say anything, just kept staring at me like he'd never seen me before.

"I'm sorry you got caught in the middle dad but you'll survive, you still have the business and although you've let her spend your money as soon as you made it, I looked into your records and you should be able to keep your head above water, if you put a stop to her shit. You won't be able to live in the fashion you've been accustomed to, but at least you won't be on the street."

"But I don't understand, why do you even want the house? It's not like you don't already have a perfectly fine one. This is all just one big misunderstanding, we'll just work this out..."

"There's nothing to work out, I've made up my mind. Your mistake was that you didn't use your eyes or your head. You painted me with the same brush as you; thought I couldn't love. I love her with everything that's in me, more than I've ever loved anyone or anything before. As to the house, that's up to Vanessa, maybe she might want to move in there to raise our children since it has all that extra space, or she could use it as a showplace for her talent later on when and if she decides to go back to work."

"Oh I could so revamp that place, it would be kickass." I knew her over exuberance was hiding her nervousness. This wasn't how I wanted this shit to go down, I didn't want any of this touching her. I squeezed her hand again and she settled down. I wasn't kidding either; the house was hers to do whatever the fuck she wanted. That was my fuck you to mom, I knew it would burn her ass to have Vanessa having any control of the place, whether we moved in or she used it for her designing business.

"This is all your fault, you..." I was expecting the move and grabbed her arm as she reached out to strike my wife.

“I’ll break it the fuck off I swear, and you’ve just knocked one more day off your stay. Two days, I’ll have someone there to look after my interest and make sure there’s no damage to my property. And remember, if you take anything of mine I’ll have you brought up on charges. They’re bringing our food out now, you may leave.” I kept my face stone cold as I glared at her. Her tears didn’t move me; I was done.

If there’d been any semblance of compassion left in me for her, it died when I sat and listened to a tape of her putting a hit out on my wife. Not only that, but she’d wanted her to suffer knowing that she carried my child, her own grandchild. What she didn’t know was that her being kicked out of the house was just the first step in my campaign. I wanted that for Vanessa, the humiliation and desperation. But in a few days I was taking those tapes to the cops and let the chips fall where they may. I wasn’t taking any more chances with my wife’s safety and Mabel had proven that she wouldn’t stop.

There were two very beaten people who stood from that table, at least dad didn’t look like the wind had been knocked out of his sails, but mom was a wreck. She didn’t even seem too worried about her image as she walked out of the place bawling.

“You are so getting you some tonight soldier boy.”