

The Daughter In Law

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Chapter 19

It's August and somebody set the temp on the eighth level of hell. Pin, the little shit, has taken up residence and refused to budge. He or she is a week overdue and doesn't seem to be in any hurry to make an appearance. Personally, I think he or she have been hearing the shit that has been going on on the outside and decided they didn't want any part of this shit. Couldn't blame them. Damien had made good on his threat and kicked his family out of the house, I never expected him to go through with it. I swore he would cave after the million and one attempts the sea hag made to contact him, but he didn't. I guess she knew he meant business when the hospital called and said she was admitted for observation and was asking for him, and he just hung up on them. He'd then proceeded to have his Marshall buddies go help out with the move. That shit was funny as hell.

I had to give a lot of thought to what I wanted to do with MY new house. In the end we chose to put our place on the market and move to the ancestral home, since it was so much bigger, had a big ass lawn and backyard and had better schools in that zone. Barbara tried to show her ass the day we moved in, but Dami seemed to be hip to her cray-cray and had the cops there in a matter of minutes to remove her from the premises kicking and screaming.

His mom was served with a restraining order in the hospital, after Damien took the tapes into the cops and the DA said there wasn't anything they could do, because the threat hadn't been carried out and she could always claim in a court of law that she was just playing around or whatever. He did decide after all the other evidence that Damien had collected, that we had enough for a restraining order. Now there was a cease and desist against her as well for the phone calls and emails. She must be out of her mind by now not being able to get to us in any way. Hubby had cut off every avenue she had. In the end I had to admit that he was right. I would've maybe knocked her on her ass and be done with it, but he just eliminated her once and for all. The only one I really felt bad for was Denise, because Damien let it be known that as long as she was still dealing with the toxic waste, there was no room in our lives for her. When the man said done he meant done.

The latest thing he did was to register me at the hospital privately and give strict orders to the doctor and the staff, that the only ones to get anywhere near that room is he, mom or dad, who were here for the birth. I didn't even know you could do that shit, but the captain had a lot of pull it seemed. I think if he had his way he would have his

mother kicked out of the state, but as it was she was living on the other side of town. I would've liked to be a fly on the wall when she was explaining to her society maven friends why her circumstances had changed so drastically. I had no doubt that she'd been telling them for years that the property was hers. It wasn't even like she was living in a hellhole these days. It was a nice middle class area, but knowing her narcissistic ass, that wouldn't be good enough.

Now I'm ready for this kid to be out like yesterday and he was being stubborn like his damn father.

"Damien we have to get pin out now, today, I can't do this shit one more day in this heat."

"And how do you propose we do that?"

"Come and see." I laid back on the bed where he'd just finished shaving me because I couldn't find my own girly bits these days.

"Vanessa..."

"The book says it's perfectly okay. It's either your dick or I'm thinking of getting a crowbar and helping this thing along. I figure your dick might be less abrasive so let's go."

"I don't know about this." His mouth was saying one thing but the tent in his shorts spoke volumes. I upped the ante by fingering myself for a taste. Uh-huh, gotcha.

"Fine but no rough stuff."

That's what you think, how else am I supposed to dislodge pin from his cushy hiding place?

"Get on your side, less pressure." He put a pillow under my tummy and got behind me. He started to eat the kitty but ain't nobody got time for that.

"Uh-uh big boy, this is not a love making session, this is a search and rescue."

"Shut up and let me do this."

"Fine." I huffed like having him eat the cooch wasn't like the best thing ever. He took his time and ate her good until I was pulling out his hair. "Okay Dami you've had your fun

now hurry up; mom and dad aren't gonna be gone forever and you know how noisy you get."

"Me or you?" I got a slap on my ass for that one. I lifted my leg to let him know I was ready for the dick. He eased in nice and slow and reached over to hold my tummy. I think he thinks if he doesn't do that, that pin might fly out or some shit.

The dick felt good but he was defeating the purpose. I had to find a way to amp this shit up. "Look here, remember that you won't be able to hit it for at least two months after pin gets here. You better get it while it's hot. I put my kegels to good use, which I haven't been doing for a while because I kinda thought that might dislodge pin before it was time.

"Quit it Vanessa or I'll stop."

My ass I'm quitting, I just squeezed harder and reached between my legs to find his balls. Oh yeah, he can't withstand this double whammy. "Fuck me harder Dami come on."

"What if I put out an eye or something?" That shit made me howl with laughter, he's such a dork; I worked him over so good he didn't even seem to realize when I pushed myself up and turned on my hands and knees. I cocked my ass back trying to suck his dick in deeper all the while telling him how much I liked being stuffed by his big hard cock. He went nuts and bit into my neck, which had me clamping down on the dick and pushing back even harder. His grunts and my groans were loud in the room as he drilled me hard and fast, just the way I needed. "Fuck I'm cumming."

"Me too don't stop." I forgot why the hell we were doing this in the first place because it felt so good.

After all that, pin still didn't budge. I ate spicy food like I'd read was good for my predicament, nothing. I tried playing Wii but Damien caught me and read mom and I the riot act, until dad took him off somewhere to have a drink. The man is nuts.

Later that night when I'd finally settled down from the cartwheels the little troublemaker was doing in my tummy, I felt liquid gush from between my thighs. I jumped out of bed dislodging the hand Damien had wrapped around my tummy to calm down his son.

"What is it, what's the matter?"

"Get mom, my water broke." He was out of the bed like a shot. He got dressed in the clothes he had on hand for just this occasion. Then he got me dressed and I noticed that he wasn't saying a word in English, just a stoic face with determination written all over it. "Dami you okay?"

“Fine, I’m concentrating.”

“On what?”

“The route to the hospital.” He looked at his watch.

“It’s three o’clock in the morning traffic should be light. Stay there let me go get your parents.” The man had turned into a machine. I sat where he left me and tried to calm my racing heart. I’d been waiting for this moment forever, but now that it was here I wasn’t so sure. Maybe pin had the right idea after all. Just stay in there.

The four of us hopped into the jeep and were off. Mom and dad were having a regular conversation, while Damien held my hand and watched the road like he was expecting an invasion. I was having a private conversation with pin, promising all manner of things if he or she would take it easy on mommy.

Damien started barking out orders as soon as we cleared the hospital doors. I wanted to remind him that these people weren’t his recruits, but there was no talking to him. The staff seemed to be very adept at dealing with lunatic fathers to be, and took it all in stride though. I didn’t have time to think about hagfish, but Damien was on it. He reissued his orders that no one was allowed in the delivery room but he and mom. He’d asked me who I wanted in there with me and it was a no brainer. Dad was happy to sit out in the little sitting area of the room because as he said, blood makes him squeamish. Yeah, okay.

Something must’ve been going on around hour five, because I heard raised voices out in the hallway and Damien looked ready to chew nails when he kissed my head and told me he’d be right back. Five minutes later the noise was gone and he was back. Pin was still being a pain and refused to move any farther and the chirpy nurse was happy to tell me how many more centimeters I still had to go. I would’ve snatched her ass bald but Damien calmed me down.

I couldn’t believe that this man who’d been a basket case for the past month or so was now this calm, cool and collected. He helped me breathe, and cooled my brow and did everything but push the little sucker out for me. If I were paying attention I would’ve noticed that he was white as a sheet and his jaw was hard enough to cut rock.

I think he threatened the doctor once or twice around hour ten but I wasn’t paying attention. I was too busy wondering if women really did this shit more than once. I don’t think Damien appreciated me giving him a blow by blow of what it felt like to have his kid rearranging my vajayjay though.

“Get this kid outta me now.” I think that was me but it sounded more like a spawn from the depths of hell. I didn’t bother threatening Damien; that was so done. But he got the drift from the kill lights in my eyes when he tried telling me how the fuck to breathe that last time, when pin was doing his damndest to tear me a new one.

“I can’t do this anymore, put me to sleep, wake me up when it’s over.”

“Baby look at me. You can do this, don’t you want to meet pin? We’ve been waiting forever. Think of all the fun the three of us are gonna have together, all those cool things we got for him.” He talked a good game but nothing doing.

“Why don’t we switch places asshole and you can tell me how good this feels?” Mom was busy taping everything for posterity; I’m not sure who she expected to show it too. Then again I could keep it on DVR or something to show the little shit when he was a teenager and giving me shit.

“We’re almost there Mrs. Spencer just one more big push. On the count of three.”

“Ungh...” I expelled a basketball with limbs from my cooch. That kid must have the biggest head in creation. Everyone was moving around tending to the scream machine while I was trying to feel my body to see if it was still working. Damien had his eyes peeled on the nurses while mom was in their faces with the camera. No one was making it out of here with that kid. He was well documented that’s for sure.

“Here you go Mr. Spencer, you have a beautiful, healthy baby girl.”

The big lug had tears in his eyes when he turned back to me to pass her off. She was so tiny and perfect. How could something so small be so much damn trouble? I was grinning like a fool and had no idea why; I’d already forgotten the pain. And when she popped open those eyes my heart melted. She was her daddy’s girl for sure. She had dark hair like both of us, but those eyes were gonna be the same steel grey as her dad’s.

“You okay Dami?”

“Uh-huh.” I think he forgot how to form words, he was just staring at his daughter like she was a new species and I could’ve sworn he was shaking.

After they cleaned me up, and the little piglet had her dinner, Dami sat on the bed and held us both. “Justine.”

“Say what now?”

“That’s her name.”

Well I sure wish somebody had consulted me first. But I liked it.

“You had that name picked out?”

“Uh-huh, it’s the closest thing to justice for a girl.”

That reminded me. “What was all that out there earlier?” He looked at me for a good minute before answering.

“Mom tried to get in, I don’t know how she found out but I’ll look into it. Your dad held her off until I got there and made her leave.” I held the baby closer to me.

“There’s nothing for you to worry about I’ve already called the station and let them know. As soon as you and Justine are settled I’ll go down and take care of it.”

“She’s not gonna stop.”

“I know; that’s why she and dad are moving out of state.”

“They are? how did you arrange that?”

“I have my ways.”

Scary. I’ll have to wait ‘til I could move again to go snooping.