

The Daughter In Law

Chapter 4

"No, I'm through. You have no idea what it means to be a husband. You just showed up for the party and to stick a ring on my finger that says you own me so that no one else can have me. After that you buried your head in the sand and went about life as usual. You have no idea what it's been like. My parents treat you like a prince while your mom treats me like shit. You moved me half way around the country. No friends no family and no support system..."

"I'm your support system Nessa."

"No, no you're not, you're a great provider and you're very attentive and loving but when it comes to your family you have blinders on. You refuse to see the truth, do you know how it makes me feel when they do some shit to me and then I see you smiling and laughing with them like it's A ok? And then your pig face troglodyte of a mother and your community pussy slag of a sister give me their secret smirks behind your back like they've won. Which they always do because you're an asshole jerk who has his head too far up his mother's vag to grab a clue." He didn't say anything but he stopped breathing for a good ten seconds. Whatever I was over his shit.

"Anything else?" Oh he wants to be condescending? Well fuck him.

"Yes why don't you move back in with mommy since you can't seem to get off her tit?"

"You're trying to piss me off aren't you? Well it won't work because if I put hands on you right now they'll be cops at my fucking door."

"You don't scare me."

I tried pulling away but he wouldn't let go. "Let go Damien I wanna get up." He held on a little longer but when I kept my body stiff as a board he relented and let me up. I headed for the walk in closet and dragged out my luggage. He watched as I pulled clothes off of hangars and out of drawers, throwing them haphazardly into suitcases. The tears were really flowing now, emptying my heart as they fell. I zipped up the last bag and scrounged around under the bed for my flip-flops. I made it as far as the door before I was tackled.

"Not gonna happen. I might not understand all the dynamics of what's going on with you and my mom but I do know one thing. You belong to me, nothing and no one is ever gonna change that."

We had a Mexican standoff after that. He wouldn't let me leave and I was intent on staying only on my terms. Of course I forgot that outside of the whole monster in a floundering thing he was a kick ass no nonsense type who wouldn't think twice about taking me over his knee.

He helped me clean up downstairs; both of us too stubborn to give in to the other. But the whole time I was planning shit in my head. I had some hard decisions to make. Do I stay and hope that eventually he gets his head out of his ass? Or do I walk away from the only man I've ever loved? Funnily enough old hag face had a lot to do with my decision. The thought of her winning really burned me up, that and the fact that I was carrying his son.

It was early days yet and I hadn't even shared the news with him, but I was late. I've never been late a day in my life. When he came home a little over a month ago he'd fucked me up, down and six ways from Sunday for the first two weeks. He had a year of back up to work off and so did I; those Skype calls while he'd been away had only tormented my ass. I didn't want my baby to not know his daddy and I didn't want troggy to win. I'm a fighter though, always have been, I'll figure it out.

The next day as soon as he left for the base (after eating the cooch until she purred before hitting it nice and sweet) I was on the phone.

"Momma I need help."

"What that bitch do to you this time? I told you to let me deal with her hillbilly ass..."

"Momma, momma, no wait listen. I need a plan. Damien doesn't get it and I'm tired of knocking my head against the wall. He won't let me leave..."

"Leave, leave where? Look your father and I will be on the first plane out."

"Momma chill I don't need you to come out here, that'd just make her more crazy than she already is you know she's insanely jealous of you and Damien."

"More reason for me to come out there. Look just because you got married that doesn't mean you stopped being my kid. What have I always done when somebody fucked with one of my babies?"

"Momma you can't, if anyone's gonna beat this bitch it's gonna be me. I mean it momma hands off."

"I'll hold your purse. You don't need to get the room ready sounds like you guys need your space, we'll stay in a hotel, but we're coming." Shit she hung up the phone.

If Damien finds out that I called her and told her about this they'll be hell to pay. He's big on keeping our shit between us. That doesn't stop devil spawn from sticking her nose in though. I think these hormones are driving me bat shit. Was I really about to walk out on my marriage because of one meddling old hag? Fuck that, I have a kid to prepare for. Time to put my thinking cap on. If old pussy lips thinks she's slick, always causing strife and shit I'm just gonna have to learn how to beat her at her own game.

I had to get my thinking cap on. All this time I've been playing defense, time to switch that shit up. I'd only given him a small taste of what she really is last night, now it's blitzkrieg time. I have to get this shit right before my kid gets here. I got paper and pen to put down my thoughts. First and foremost did I want to salvage any kind of relationship with this demon from hell? Not just no but hell no. Did I want to spend the next thirty or forty years on a battlefield? Nope. Do I want to let her get over on me ever again? Oh hell no.

The phone rang just then and the caller ID said the hagfish was calling. She's relentless; she'd fuck with my ass and then call me up like nothing happened. Stupid me always answered because I wanted to keep the peace. Not this time. Who would've ever thought that letting something go to voice mail would be so cathartic? Her screech was enough to make my ears bleed. Toxic bitch.

I got my shit down and left the house to get away from her calling nonstop every second on the second. I killed time doing nothing at all and it felt good. Usually I'd just be hanging around the house, like a sitting duck waiting for her to take aim. I was her sometimes errand girl and gofer, or her pincushion. No more, that shit was dead; I'm going to take my power back with or without her son. And if he wanted to have any kind of relationship with the kid I'm almost sure I'm carrying, he'd better get his shit together quick.

That night as soon as he came through the door he started his shit, but I was expecting it so was prepared.

"Mom said she's been calling all day but you weren't here."

"Oh? I must've been out." Give that one a think army boy. I'm sure her next step is to convince you that I'm cheating anyway, now you gotta wonder. I had his dinner ready and waiting and was looking rather scrumptious myself. We enjoyed a pleasant meal together where I didn't mention her even once. Bliss. He didn't bring it up either so I'm pretty sure he thought it was water under the bridge. Yeah, if I could drown the old cow in it! That night I was all sugar and spice when I put it on him. I hit him with the magic pussy and knocked his ass out cold.