

# The Daughter In Law

## Chapter 7

Momma and daddy declined the invitation, I think momma knew what was up she'd been there before. I wish she'd have clued me in. First came the speeding. Damien never speeds. Then as soon as we walked through the door he slammed me up against the wall and lifted me so he could fit between my thighs. His mouth came down hard over mine as he fought with his zipper. I barely had a chance to catch my breath before he was surging up inside me. My hands were fisted in his hair as he worked his dick in me so good I wanted to sing an aria.

I could tell he was pissed but all I got were grunts with each thrust.

I guess my dress was in the way because he tore the top of that shit down the middle so he could get to my tits. Swallowing them one after the other until I was mewling and keening like a cat in heat. When he took me down to the floor I thought for sure he was gonna kill me. He'd never fucked me so hard in his life and Damien fucks hard sometimes.

I barely had time to hold a thought before he was turning me this way and that. My heart was racing a mile a minute and I was soaking the floor beneath me. When he started biting into my flesh that's when I finally screamed.

"I love you, look at me." He held my hair back and looked into my eyes, eyes that I could hardly keep open because of sensory overload. "I love everything about you, you're perfect." I tried to climb his dick after that because hey, action speaks louder than words, but sometimes the words can be sweet too.

We finally made it to the bed and we had yet to say two words to each other. Other than grunts, moans, squeals, and the slapping sound our bodies made when he pounded into me, not a peep. Every once in a while he'd call my name like I was leaving for a year, but other than that, it was all action. It was as though he had a point to prove, what that point was I wasn't entirely sure but I was enjoying the hell out of it.

When he'd off loaded in me for the third time we just laid there with his body pressing mine into the mattress and his face buried in my neck. When he started kissing me again I thought he'd lost his mind and was going back for more but he slipped out of me as we shared the softest kiss. "I'm so sorry baby."

Isn't it weird? This is exactly what I wanted, for him to grovel at my feet for being a clueless shit for so long. But somehow the victory felt a little hollow because I realized that she'd hurt him too. He really had no idea. I think some secret part of me had wondered if he'd known and just not cared. Or if maybe he'd been of the mind that his mother was always right and that as his wife I should just go along. It was still left to be

seen what tomorrow will bring. I know that barnacle wouldn't give up that easy. But for now this was good, this had hit the spot.

We didn't talk it to death but he wanted to know everything that she'd ever done to me. I told him every word and watched his face turn purple with rage. The good thing was, not once did he accuse me of making it up or question whether or not I'd misunderstood. The best part was when I told him about overhearing her with his ex. I thought he would lose his shit for sure then.

That night my husband held me like he thought I would disappear in the night. It was sweet, it was even sweeter when he rolled me to my back in the predawn hours and made sweet love to me. I was a little sore from the night before but I'm a smart girl. Never turn down a Damien Spencer slow ride.

I still hadn't told him about the baby. I was waiting on two things, one to be absolutely sure, and two for the dust to settle. I was enough of a princess to want the news of my impending motherhood to be received with much fanfare. Then again this might just be the kind of news he needs now after learning his mother was the serpent from hell.