

The Daughter In Law

Chapter 9

As soon as we got to the cabin in the Appalachia I headed for the bathroom under the pretense of having to pee really bad. Which was true since I'd been holding it in for freaking ever. He of course was ready to hit the trail. I was a nervous bunny as I waited the few minutes it took for the stick to change color. When the window at the edge of that little stick turned pink I started to cry. It was one thing to guess but something else entirely to have proof.

I walked back out into the room where he sat waiting.

"What is it baby, what happened?"

I had tears rolling down my cheeks so of course he thought there was something wrong.

"Sit down baby." He looked like he wanted to argue but he sat with his eyes on mine. He looked so worried, how had I ever doubted this man? Okay Nessa don't get carried away, you doubted because he was being an ass-hat. But that was then this is now.

I pulled the stick from behind my back and held it out to him.

He took it with a worried look on his face until he caught on.

"Are you, are we, you're. Are you sure?" His voice had gone whisper soft; it was the sweetest sound I'd ever heard.

I nodded my head yes and he stood and grabbed me up in his arms twirling me around. We were laughing and crying together and I was so happy that I hadn't waited.

Of course I had no idea until now that my husband was a lunatic, not bat-shit cray-cray like the hagfish, but he had something going on. It started like this. When we left our hometown to come up to his secret place the intent was to walk the trail, do some hiking, maybe fuck like rabbits down by the cute little spring he'd shown me the first time he brought me up here. Mind you it was just a few short hours ago when this had been on the agenda.

Fast-forward to groundbreaking news 'baby onboard' and this captain in the American army, a man mind you with a stellar education as well. Just totally lost his shit. Apparently pregnant women lose the ability to walk. 'You're not walking the trail babe it's too steep in some places: you sure you're supposed to be wearing those jeans, aren't those too tight? Babe maybe I should run down to the little market (it's about another hour away) and get you some more fresh fruit and stuff because I don't think we brought enough.' This was part of the diatribe that I heard while I was relegated to the big stuffed chair in the corner and told to stay off my feet.

"I'm moving in with the other crazy one when we get back." That stopped him in his tracks; from what I could tell he was looking around the cabin in search of hazards from which to protect the pregnant lady.

"Who, what?"

"Your twisted chromosome of an incubator, I think I'll move in with her. At least I know her brand of crazy, yours is freaking me out." He got a hurt look on his face that lasted all of two seconds.

"Cute, but here's the deal. You, get to carry him or her, I have no control over what goes on inside there even though he or she is mine. So whatever I have to do from out here to ensure their safety will be done and you will follow orders."

This fool is having an out of body or some shit. I sat there for literally forty-five minutes while he went down a list of my new dos and don'ts. It was only half way through that I realized he was scared shitless. How did I figure this out? he knelt down in front of me and with the sweetest look on his face, placed his big hand over my tummy and said, 'I don't want anything to happen to either of you, you're my whole world'. Of course I started crying and he started worrying about why I was crying.

Needless to say the weekend did not turn out the way I expected it to; it was better. After he got over his...whatever the hell that was that he'd gone through, I'd got him to calm down just a little. There was no real service up here so I didn't have the Google monster to help me teach him some of what he needed to know. But when I reminded him that women had been carrying and birthing babies for a few thousand years now no problem, he seemed to snap out of it. A little.

The sex was phenomenal. Of course the crazy man thought he had to take it slow, so that's how the forty or so encounters we had that weekend started out. But just as he started getting into the groove of things, I'd whisper something about his big cock breeding me in his ear, and his dick would take over. Best freaking sex in the world; I got the tender, sweet, 'if I touch you too hard you might break' loving, along with the jack hammering that my coochie craved. Win-win.

Now we're back home. Nothing looked disturbed this time thank fuck. I guess the crackpot found another outlet for her psychosis. I found out what that was when I hit the replay button on the voicemail. "Oh shit on a stick." Who the fuck leaves someone over fifty messages in one weekend? I didn't even know these things could hold that many messages.

“Babe turn that off, we’re not doing that shit today.”

“But there could be an emergency.” My ass, I just want to listen to her level of insanity as the calls go by.

“Tough, let’s go, you need to relax after that long drive.”

“Hey, do you plan on treating me like I’ve somehow lost all my faculties this whole pregnancy? Because you know pregnant does not mean invalid. It means I am woman hear me roar, because obviously pansy ass men couldn’t do the job so us girls had to get ‘er done. So please stop with your brain fart ideas.”

“What’s that you’re eating? Give me that.” He snatched my candy bar and walked into the kitchen for a banana. “Here have this, it’s better for you.” I’m gonna kill that Siri bitch. All the way home I had to listen to her smarmy ass as he asked her dumb-fuck questions about what was best for me. This had to stop; I knew I should’ve checked that cray-cray gene.

I finally snuck away and called mom while in the bathroom taking a bath in the lukewarm water that was all I was allowed by Hitler. I was wondering when he would show up seeing as how momsie is Mengele personified, can’t have one without the other. “Mom I’ve got news but it’s twofold and I have to talk fast. First we’re pregnant...” Eardrums mom eardrums.

“You little shit, did you know while we were there?”

“Yeah but the timing was all wrong. Anyway you’re gonna have to celebrate impending baby mooching later I have a problem.”

“What kinda problem sweetie your witch in flaw again? by the way your husband rocks.”

“No not her and thanks but right now my husband’s cheese fell off his cracker.”

“What! What does that mean, what happened?”

I told her the stories and this clown howled with laughter, she thought it was the cutest thing.

“I don’t know what you’re complaining about, when I was carrying you and your brothers I had twenty four hour guards.”

“Mom you always have twenty four hour guards.”

“Not like this girlie. It was insane; your father was afraid I’d stub my toe and have a miscarriage. Some fool filled his head with all these horror stories and he made my life a living hell. Until I threatened to throw the female nurse slash spy out the window. So you see you have it easy, buck up.”

Well, no help from that corner. Shit. We talked for about ten minutes, in which time I realized that I had already been replaced by my unborn child. What is it with people and babies? A week ago her whole conversation was about this cute this and this amazing that that she was getting for me. Now we were planning shopping trips for the baby. I kept one ear pricked for the door because sure as shit he’d be up here soon to make sure I hadn’t drowned in the three inches of water he’d allowed me. He had work tomorrow, who knows what kind of hell that was gonna mean for me. Maybe they have a daycare for preggos. If they do he’d find it the nut.

Chapter 10

The next morning he wasn’t making tracks for the door. “Honey don’t you have work?”

“I’m taking a few days off.”

“From the army? How does that work? Isn’t that illegal?”

“No baby it’s not stop worrying and come ‘ere.” I went back to the bed and laid down, I know what he was after. I lifted my negligee so nutty could see that my tummy had not grown one iota since the last time he looked. He was being so cute, apart from the list of don’ts; that I was really starting to enjoy this whole pregnancy thing. I had no symptoms yet of course but he was in there.

“We’re going to the doctor first thing then I have a guy coming out to wire the house...”

“Wait, wire the house, wire the house for what exactly?”

“We’re beefing up security I’m having eyes put in around the property and inside. It’s for your safety baby I shoulda thought of it sooner, then what happened a few days ago wouldn’t ...”

“By the way did you listen to your messages?”

“You’re not to worry about that shit; no stress remember.”