

# The Daughter In Law

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## Chapter 12

It's been weeks and I'm getting nervous, you know, waiting for the other shoe to drop. It's not like she's been quiet this whole time, not by a long shot. In fact I think she amped up the crazy. Now we're headed for New York to be with my family and I'm expecting Jill the ripper to be in the seat behind me. "Baby you sure you have everything?"

"Yep and if I don't my honey bear will get it for me." He's so cute. I've been spoilt rotten in the last month or so since the dragon lady has been in exile. I think he's trying to make up for all those times that she was mean to me. After that first night when I'd told him of her horrid behavior we never revisited the topic. I was keeping that shit in reserve for when and if he ever lost his damn mind and decided to give her another shot. But she wasn't making it easy to forget her.

One morning I drove out of the driveway and just as the gates were about to close behind me, I could've sworn I saw Mata Hari dart behind the hedges, true story. Sometimes she'd call and hang up. I started keeping track of those and informed hubby how irritating it was and how I just couldn't take my needed afternoon nap with all the interruptions. The number was changed to an unlisted one the next day.

I'm not sure how she was handling not talking to her baby boy sixteen times a day; she must be climbing the walls. I know he still hasn't talked to her, because I've been checking his phone. The first sign that he's about to cave I'm upping my game. She went too damn far with her shit. The only way I'd let her back in is if she offers me a sincere apology and since I'll be the one judging the sincerity of said apology, that would be a cold day in hell.

At airport check-in I was a nervous wreck, I kept looking around for Quasimodo in a trench coat with sunglasses and a hat pulled down to her brows. Damien was his usual relaxed self, not a care in the world. Poor thing, he'd met his dad at his office to give him his gifts from us. Haggie would skin him alive if she knew he was consorting with the enemy. Damien got her something too, he couldn't help himself, but hers is at home in a drawer. I think he plans on saving them up until she starts behaving, then he can give them to her. I'm thinking yard sale or Goodwill.

"Babe, stop twitching what's wrong, you nervous about flying with the baby?"

“No it’s not that.” As much as I hated bringing up the Thing, I had no choice. I was giving myself indigestion.

“Then what is it sweetheart?” He pulled me in close and kissed my hair. Could he be any sweeter? I wonder if he noticed how stress free he was since he’d cut off contact with the beast?

“I’m afraid your mom’s gonna spoil it for us. I don’t know how but I just know she’s gonna find a way.”

“Babe we’ll be in New York how the hell will she do that?” Is he for real?

When they started to call our flight and nothing happened I was finally starting to relax. Looks like I was stressing for nothing. Just then Damien’s phone went off and I still didn’t think anything of it, we’d dodged a bullet.

“What, when, what happened?” Next thing I knew he was dragging me off in the opposite direction. No, no, no, the plane is that way.

He was moving so fast I could barely keep up and my heart started pounding again. “What is it, what’s going on?”

“Mom’s in the hospital.” That’s all he’d say.

We had to get our car back from the parking dock and all this time he’s still not saying anything but his face is set in stone. I of course start feeling guilty for every mean thought I’d ever had about this poor woman who was even now lying near death.

Was she hit by a car, a truck what? I’m pretty sure it must be a car accident because Haggie drives like she took Kamikaze classes. Then I started thinking of the guilt hubby was gonna feel because he’d been about to leave on a holiday. Then I thought, if this bitch dies she’s going to not only ruin every Xmas I ever have, but because of his guilt she’d be ruling my life from the grave. That last one was maybe not so nice but hey, it’s the truth.

I had the presence of mind to call mom and tell her what was going on so she wouldn’t be standing at the airport waiting for us. She took it rather well, but she did make a very weird statement. “Don’t worry sweetie, I’ll call the airlines and have them book you on a later flight.” Harsh mom real harsh!

So we drove like a bat out of hell to get to the hospital, Damien still hasn’t spoken word one. We flew through the doors and kept going until we reached the nurse’s station. “Oh are you the son? Thank heavens, she’s been waiting for you.” Oh shit, this is serious. I started getting sick to my stomach again. Damien went to the room they directed him to while I stayed outside because they said she requested only her son. No problem, that stung a little but it’s understandable.

I was a little surprised to find father in law, his misplaced sperm, and the sister in law that I liked. (Her name's Denise by the way) sitting in the waiting area. Why weren't these people in there with Broom Hilda holding her hand in her final hour? To top it off nobody was saying anything. I just sat there like a block of ice, or more like a lump of coal since it's the holidays.

I got tired of it, no one had said what was really going on, not even the nurses come to think of it, and I had no idea what my poor hubby was in that room facing. Was she hooked up to tubes, deformed, what?

I headed back to the nurse's station for some info. "Look my in laws seem to be in shock or something and no one's talking. Can you please tell me what's going on with my mother in law, like how bad is it?"

"Oh it's nothing horrible like that, you poor thing. She's just waiting for a psych eval that's all." A what, what? My first thought was 'what poor soul had the misfortune to draw that particular straw at the holiday season? It'd take him more time than he had to delve into her head, he'd be here 'til next November.

Then she started telling me what all had happened and I felt my temperature rise with each syllable. Apparently the succubus had "threatened" to kill herself. Then she'd locked herself in the bathroom and father in law had panicked and called the cops when he couldn't get her out. The cops came and by law she had to be admitted to make sure that she wasn't a danger to herself. Upon entering the hospital all she wanted was her son. Can you say pissed way the fuck off? I wanted to walk into that room and drag Damien out, but then I figured maybe this will show him once and for all what a narcissistic bitch his birth sac was.

So I headed outside to call mom back and tell her what was going on. "That's fine baby, we got you a later flight in three hours." Now I understood her cryptic remark, she knew. She went on to tell me how the airline had tried to give her a hard time because it was the holidays and they were fully booked and blah blah blah, her words not mine. But then she'd told them she'd call back and dad had called somebody he knows and half an hour later the airline called her back with a new flight.

I made my way back to the room where no one was still saying anything and took my seat. Denise gave me a weak smile and I tried not to let my anger show at the situation, cause heaven knows what these poor people have been through.

"I don't know what you're doing here, it's not like you're needed or wanted. This is all your fault..."

"Not now Barbara, this is neither the time nor the place..."

“Tough dad, I don’t see why the rest of you are always so afraid to tell this little tramp how it is. I for one am not afraid to speak my mind. This family was doing very well before you came into the picture. We never fought or had disagreements until you showed up with your New York attitude putting on airs like as if you’re somebody. You’re nothing but an upstart little wannabe with your gangster father and your overblown mother.”

Okay this bitch done lost her damn mind. I wasn’t gonna do this. It’s two days before Xmas and my father in law, a man I have a modicum of respect for didn’t need any more stress. But this shit was for the birds.

“Listen you breech born bastard. Yes, I know all about the fact that your skank of a mother wasn’t married to your dad when she got knocked up with you and the poor man had to sell his life away to make an honest woman out of her. Talk about a deal with the devil.” She turned ten shades of puke grey and I could see her chest rising and falling with every breath she took.

“I’m sorry that it’s illegal, not to mention immoral, for you to fuck your brother. Yes I peeped your little issue the first time we met. You remember? Like how you’d force yourself between us whenever we were sitting down together? Or the hissy fit you threw when he finally got tired of your shit and told you to cut it out? Or how about when we would come over for a BBQ or something at the house and you were always running your hands through his hair and making those inappropriate comments in front of your friends? You don’t fool me. It’s not my fault you can’t find a man willing to stay around longer than it takes to stick it and run. That’s about all it takes for them to know that it’s not worth it.” Oh this bitch had me good and steamed now. Her twat of a mother had spoiled my holidays for this shit.

“How dare you...you.” She had literally run out of words. “I hear you’re supposedly pregnant, I hope you don’t think that that entitles you and your whelp to any part of our inheritance. In fact is it even my brother’s? First thing I’ll have mom do when it’s born is have Damien take a paternity test to make sure it’s his...”

Before she could finish the hiss on that S I was in her ass. I pounded her face like the dough nana use to teach me how to make when I was little. Her dad and her sister were screaming and yelling but I was blind deaf and dumb. This bitch had a lot of talk but she couldn’t fight worth shit. She just kept screaming for her dad to ‘get her off me get her off me’. But he must’ve seen the kill lights in my eyes when I went after her because he stayed put.

Hospital security had to break us up and then they kicked me out because I started it. They couldn't very well ask her to leave anyway since they had to stitch her mouth back together. Dumb twit.

So I'm outside in the parking lot wondering what I was supposed to do now? Damien was still in the room with Maleficent and I wasn't sure how long it would be before he knew what had happened? Would Denise or his dad even tell him? I doubt it.

I sat in the car and stewed because this whole thing was so unfair. I just know Damien's gonna blame me for this.

I sat there biting my nails and pleading with pin not to make me throw up. My mind was going in sixty different directions at once. The end all and be all was that ratchet crotch had destroyed any chance I had for a good holiday.

I tried to remember at what point the beast from the great beyond had taken up residence in that black putrid mass she calls a heart, but no one discerning moment came to mind. When I first met the wildebeest I thought I'd hit the jackpot. Who haven't heard in law stories? I'd heard plenty. But my future mother in law was a gem. She was always praising me, giving me compliments on the way I dressed, my hair, the way I carried myself. There was always something wrong with the tentacle that she'd birthed but I just figured Barbara was that one lunatic relative everyone in the south supposedly had out on their front porch.

We use to actually do things together, and Damien, since he was away so much, was more than happy that his girl and his mom were close.

Fast-forward to six months after we met and he asked me to marry him. Now mind you it could've been the fact that we'd only known each other that period of time that had her spooked. I understand a woman looking out for her son. What I didn't understand was her sudden attacks. The snide comments and innuendos, the slights that left me second guessing myself and always these things were done out of earshot of Dami.

It all really became clear when I would run into her friends and they'd all ask when I was due. At first I had no idea what they were talking about, until one of them slipped and let the cat out of the bag. This Hag was telling everyone, friends and family alike that I was pregnant and that's why her Damien 'had' to marry me. Huh! I let that one slide because maybe that's what she really thought.

Then it came time to plan the wedding and she wanted to take over. Everything I chose was faulty in one way or the other. Then she wanted to invite about a hundred other people that neither of us knew. Just people she'd ran into throughout her life that had no real meaning for her other than as a thorn to poke me in the side with.

Momma had stepped in back then when she tried to change my bridesmaid dresses. Old lizard ass Barbara was all bent out of shape because she wasn't in the wedding. I

thought the bridesmaids were supposed to be friends of the bride? But she moaned and groaned to Damien until he coerced me into letting her in and then she proceeded to try to destroy the whole event.

At this point I was stressed beyond the limit, but still trying to hold it together. I had my first snap when monster in flaw called the bakery and had them change my cake. Now lucky for me the cake maker knew me because lets face it, food at an Italian wedding is right up there with the nuptials; so by this point we were on a first name speed dial basis.

She called me up all flustered because she could've sworn I told her I had an allergy to red velvet and why was I now changing my order so close to the date? After I convinced the poor woman that it wasn't me and we did some digging we followed the thread back to the hagfish. I nicely and politely asked Damien to tell her not to interfere. I should've known then that he was still on the tit because his answer to me was 'oh she's just trying to be helpful'. Yeah by ordering a cake that she knew would put me in the hospital.

There were so many things she did after that, leading up to the talk with the ex; too many to mention. But things got really bad when Damien was deployed. She really let it all hang out then. She would walk into the house and act like she owned the place and I was just a squatter. Once she rearranged the kitchen to suit her. I liked to make Dami little care packages every week to let him know I was thinking of him. She hijacked that. 'It would make more sense to just send one, don't you think since the army's so busy and all'? There goes my secret little eye openers. Then she wanted to know what time he usually called because she wanted to be there to talk to her son.

Once I was in the kitchen with headphones on jamming to my old school hip-hop while I was cooking. I saw movement in the sliding glass door and almost had a heart attack. When my heart climbed down out of my mouth I realized it was her, just standing there with a sneer on her face.

"You can't just walk in here like that any time you want, what if I'd been indecent?"

"This is my son's house of course I can come and go as I please, that's why he gave me keys." She smirked at me the old cow. No he gave you keys because you convinced him that with him gone it was the best thing for my safety. That's when I started buying cans of tuna and keeping them handy for her ass.