

The Daughter In Law

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Chapter 15

I actually broke out in a sweat when we made the turn off for home. He sensed my nervousness because he took my hand and squeezed it before kissing my fingers.

“Calm down baby nothing’s gonna happen.” There was something new about the gate and I couldn’t quite put my finger on it until I saw the little post thing there with a man sitting inside. Oh shit he’d hired security, no wonder he’d been so sure nothing was wrong.

“Hey Gibb anything?”

“No sir it’s been quiet since the last time we spoke sir, nothing to report.”

“Excellent, why don’t you come on up to the house in a little bit and I’ll introduce you to my wife.”

“Sure sir.” I craned my neck to see what all he had done in the week we’d been away.

“When did you arrange all this?”

“A few days after the break-in.”

“Is he like, permanent?”

“He’ll be here as long as he needs to be.”

And that’s all he’d say on the subject. I wasn’t too worried about walking into a trap after that and was finally able to relax and enjoy being back home in my own house.

Two days later I was out shopping for, just stuff. I like to shop, that little flirt in New York had only whetted my appetite and now I’d caught the bug. There were so many cute little things for kids that I was hard pressed not to buy out the stores. Damien said he was gonna get started on the nursery as soon as we found out what we were having, he

wanted to color coordinate I guess. He was a little calmer now about the whole baby girl thing or at least he was pretending to be, but I noticed he's been reading up about it a lot since we got back. I wasn't quite sure what he thought the difference was going to be between raising a girl or a boy, except for the obvious; but the way he was acting you'd think she was a different species. I know one thing, if she was anything like me, that list of don'ts he has is in for a rude awakening. Southern boy! He has no clue.

By the third store I went into I noticed the same guy following me around. At first I thought it was a coincidence, but he didn't look like the type to wear La Perla so I got spooked. My first thought was that crackpot had hired someone to off me, but it was broad daylight. Maybe he was here to snatch me? I dipped into the changing room and peeped out to see what he was doing. He was trying to be inconspicuous but he had a direct view to where I was. What to do what to do? I can't call the captain, that number's for emergencies only. He has to hand in his phone or turn it off or something while he's doing army stuff I think.

I decided to alert the sales clerk and get help. Maybe she could call the cops or something. Then I just got pissed the fuck off. This was too much even for the ass. Besides we were in a roomful of people if I were going to confront him now would be the best time. I walked out of the room unexpectedly and he tried to veer off and pretend like he hadn't been staring holes in the direction I'd just come from.

"Okay asshole why are you following me around?" I spoke loud enough to draw the attention of the other patrons.

"Excuse me?"

"No excuse, you've been following me around for the last hour or so, what gives?" By now we had a nice little audience and Mr. Hot shot was backpedaling fast. He tried to leave but I blocked his path. "Oh no you don't you tell me who you are or I'm calling the cops." I held my phone up ready to call. He held up his finger and I almost snapped it off. "Hey, one minute just chill." He reached for his phone and all I heard was 'she made me'. Then he held the phone out to me. I gave him, and it, a curious look, like it was a snake coiled to strike.

"Hello?"

"Hello sweetheart I see you've met Tony."

"Dami, you know this guy?"

"Yep, he's your shadow."

"My what, why do I need one of those?"

"Because I said so."

“But...”

“He stays. I’ll see you when I get home, love you.” He hung up the phone. What the hell? Why did I need a guard following me around? Was this about Yeti? What the hell had gone on in that hospital room anyway? Tonight he’s telling me everything or I’ll light the damn place to the ground. This shit was just beyond.

“Damien.”

“What?”

“I know you can feel me boring holes in your head with my glare.”

He forked another bite of my succulent wine steak in his mouth. It’s my own personal recipe that I made up when I was experimenting a while back, kind of my twist on hunter’s stew if you’d like. I soak the steak in port wine and some other herbs and spices, let it marinate for a spell, and then char broil it. Damien just about gnaws his fingers off when I make it for him. The creature from the black lagoon claims her son only likes her cooking, and I should take lessons from her. My ass, I’ve never seen him go back for seconds any of the million times she’d made us come over there before his deployment. Looking back I wish I’d gouged her in the eye with a fork.

“I was wondering if you were having some sort of mental pause.”

“Har, har funny, start dishing big boy, what’s with the security at the gate and now this shadow guy?”

“I told you, they’re there to look after you while I’m not here.”

“Um; lots of men leave their wives everyday and go off to work, I don’t think they all hire extra muscle to follow them around. What happened, did your momsie dearest threaten me?” He kept plugging away at that steak like he hadn’t heard me.

“Vanessa I already told you that’s not something we’re going to discuss...”

“Now see, that’s not gonna work. I’m in the need to know business, I need to know exactly what Eva Braun said, did and thought.”

“Who are you talking about now, is that Hitler’s girlfriend?”

“That’s one of my names for your incubator, now stop changing the subject and spill.”

"I said no, now stop asking. Your problem with my mother is that she's too controlling right? that's one of the things you said? So why are you now trying to control me? is it your idea for me to slip one noose for another?"

"I'm not trying to control you, you ass; I'm trying to prepare myself for whatever asshole scheme that demon from Satan's armpit comes up with next. How can you be so damn clueless?"

"Don't get yourself all upset, I wish you would just calm the hell down and stay out of it."

"I can't stay out of it because she dragged me into it a long time ago. She started this shit and contrary to what you think she's never going to leave me out of it. You just don't get it, her fight's not with you, you're her precious golden boy; I'm the one she's trying to eliminate." He was so working on raising my blood pressure right now. I was giving some serious thought to lobbing a baked potato at his head.

"She's not going to get near you Vanessa stop worrying about this shit. All you're doing is making this shit harder on me. I told you I have it under control so just leave it."

"No." That threw him for sure.

"What do you mean no?"

"I mean that I have a dog in this fight and I mean for him to win. Now either we do this together or I do my own thing, because your track record where she's concerned isn't that good, and quite frankly I'm not sure I trust you to see through her shit. Trust me, if it took you this long to glimpse her strain of bat-shit cray-cray, you really have no idea what you're dealing with." He folded his arms and sat back.

"Okay so tell me, exactly what is your big idea of how to deal with her?"

"I'm of two schools of thought on that one. One, either let Tommy handle it and tap her one in the back of the head while she's sleeping, or total non contact."

"Since murder is illegal I'm working on your last suggestion, but your involvement is going to keep setting me back because you think like a female, all emotion and irrationality."

"Bite me asshole, you're not the one she terrorized for a year, I want to get some of mine back and you're gonna let me or there'll be no anal sex in this house for years to come." He swallowed hard at that one but I knew I hadn't won the battle yet.

"I'm pretty sure you know that I'd take that shit so that's an empty threat, not to mention you like it too so you're full of shit. And the answer is still no."

"I ought to nut punch you."

"What, why?"

"Because you're being a Class A jerk right now. I understand you wanting to handle hagfish on your own and all, but what you're not understanding is that I will not be happy unless I get my pound of flesh. Which I will get with or without you."

"So what you're saying is that after I've asked you as your husband to let me handle this situation, you will go behind my back and do as you please." I didn't too much like the way he said that, or the way he was glaring at me.

"I wouldn't exactly put it that way." Now I was squirming in my seat.

"I just don't want you sweeping this shit-uation under the rug because you fell for one of her sob stories or one of her fauxpologies." That really was my biggest fear, that she'd somehow get to him when I wasn't there; and how can I be there if he was shutting me out of the operation? He didn't say anything for the longest and I was beginning to wonder what the hell was going through his head.

"Vanessa do you doubt that I love you?"

"No, I don't know."

"What kind of answer is that? Either you do or you don't."

"It's not that, I just think you like her more than you do me." That last was said in a whisper because when spoken out loud it sounded kind of cray-cray.

"What? come 'ere." He pulled me out of my seat and into his lap.

"Baby that's crazy, the love I have for you is not the same as the love I have for her."

"But I don't want you to like her anymore after she's been so mean to me." I sounded like a whiny brat but I didn't care. Let him blame it on hormones like he's been doing everything else. He kissed my temple and hugged me close.

"It doesn't work that way baby. I'm very angry at her for the things she did to you, but to just stop loving her after years of her caring for me isn't that easy. I understand where you're coming from, you want my loyalty and you've got it. I told you I get it didn't I? I didn't doubt your word about anything did I?"

"No you didn't."

“And I told you that you and pin comes first right? so let that be enough for now. There’ll be time enough for you to learn what’s going on, just not right now.”

I tried to accept that even though it didn’t sit too well with me, but he sounded so sincere, like he really had his finger on the pulse of things. Maybe I was being unreasonable and should just let him handle it like he said. I just hoped he really knew what he was dealing with. One of my issues was that he really didn’t know this monster; he only had second hand knowledge of her evil, having never experienced it himself.

“I’ll give you point for now but I reserve the right to twat punch that hag if she comes within spitting distance of me and that’s non-negotiable.”