

The Daughter In Law

Chapter 3

I tore off my clothes and put on the ugliest, rattiest sweats I owned, with a t-shirt to match; something else that would set him off. He expects a sweet smelling lace and satin wearing sexpot in bed. He can kiss my ass. I'm so fucking mad it's a wonder I'm not levitating. It didn't take him long to traipse up the stairs. He stopped in the doorway and studied me but I iggered his stupid ass. I had Tommy across my lap in case he got jumpy. He's a spanker.

"Vanessa put the gun away." I didn't answer just kept gazing off into space like he wasn't there. "Baby..."

I hit play and her screeching voice filled the room. He got a curious look on his face and came farther into the room so he could see the screen. I didn't say anything just let the scene play. From my bright hello and her first words of complaint. The look on their faces while we were in the kitchen was priceless; not to mention the bee line to the door after the shot was fired. When it was done I just clicked off and rolled over with my back turned; too mad to even care any more. Out the corner of my eye I saw him sit on his side of the bed with his head in his hands. He stayed there for what seemed like forever before turning to me.

When his hand caressed my shoulder I cocked Tommy.

"Vanessa, quit it. Turn around let's talk."

"Ain't no more talking to be done, you had your chance."

"So what're you saying, that you want to leave things like this?"

"No, I'm saying I'm done. I don't want to live with a man who doesn't respect me enough to stand up for me. Your dick's good but the price is too high. I'm sure I could find some that don't come with all the hassle." Oh shit, I think I went too far. Tommy went flying out of my hand and I had one pissed off captain leaning over me breathing fire. "What did you say?"

I couldn't say shit; my heart was knocking against my rib cage and I think I forgot how to breathe. And that was before the hand around the neck thing. Now he's going to choke the shit outta me. I always knew that bitch was gonna be the death of me. "If you fucking ever..." Oh boy, he's too mad to speak, this is not good. "You wore this shit because you thought it would keep me from wanting you?" He went after my sweats, and then my top. I didn't know you could tear sweats. What the fuck's the army been feeding my man?

"Ohh." I croaked out a sound around the hand he had wrapped tight around my throat when he pushed two big, long callused fingers inside me as he swallowed my tit. Fucker, he knows just what to do.

"Nothing stops me wanting you, not even your fucking mouth."

Why oh why does my own body always trip me up? There was no point in denying it; the proof was already in his palm, on his fingers, in the air. I was juicing like a sprung leak and he hadn't even given me the dick yet.

"Dami..."

"Shut...up." The fingers came out and he slid the dick in nice and slow. I tried, I really did. For all us girls who have to put up with this shit time and time again. I tried to hold onto my mad but shit. Okay one last one for the road.

"Who do you belong to?" I guess I didn't answer fast enough because that hand tightened and the dick came in on a different angle and hit something.

"Damien..."

"Who the fuck do you belong to?"

"You..." Another croak. This fucker pulled me up by my neck and bit into my lip while pile driving his monster cock into my poor little cooch.

Was that our bodies making that sound? Sounded like thunder claps or gunfire? I was about to beg for mercy when suddenly he pulled out. I had a split second of relief before he flipped me over and did me rough from behind. I think I spoke about three different languages then. Have you ever tried grabbing ten-thousand thread count Egyptian cotton? It doesn't work. I couldn't grab ahold of anything as he pounded my body into the mattress. His hand had left my throat for my tits which he squeezed like he was milking me, which for some reason set off the mother of all orgasms. Shit, dick shouldn't be this good.

"Should I pull out?" He growled into my ear before biting into my neck.

"No, please, gimme." I locked down on his cock just in case he tried pulling out. I wanted his seed, I deserved that shit, I worked for it.

"Only my good girl gets my seed. Are you my good girl?"

"Uh huh." The fuck I know, I just want the dick. And he gave it to me, he gave and gave, and...

"I'm almost there babygirl." Smack. Oh shit he's pulling out all the stops. A spanking just as I'm about to cum. I'll be no use to anybody for a good couple hours after since I'll be dumb deaf and blind from overload.

"Do you want me to spank you?" I could only nod my head.

"Then say it. Beg me to spank your ass."

Depraved motherfucker. "No." He rubbed my hot ass where he'd already landed a couple blows but that wasn't enough. I needed to feel the hard callused flat of his hand stinging my ass. "Beg." I shook my head as much as I could with his hand buried in my hair pulling it from the roots. The dick never stopped moving and I was about to get the shakes.

"Please Dami..."

"Please what?"

"Please..."

"Say it."

"SPANK ME."

He rained hell down on my ass, both cheeks. I started cumming from the first one and didn't stop. Not even when I felt him throbbing inside me, signaling his own release. Cum, pussy juice, everything was leaking down my thigh and I sounded like a half drowned donkey as I screeched and howled. He capped it off by pulling my head back and feeding me his tongue.

If my bitch in flaw ever knew the kind of sex she inspires she'd never come back to my house again. Hey that's not a bad idea, maybe I should tell her, you know, let it slip. That thought gave me the warm and fuzzies, which didn't last too long.

"You ever say some shit like that to me again I'll tear a strip off your ass. I'll only let you get away with so much Vanessa. Know your fucking place."

I was up and off the bed scrounging around on the floor for my sweats and tee. "Are you threatening me Damien Spencer?"

"Damn straight I am. You're my wife, if you need your ass beat for doing stupid shit I will oblige you."

"Why you..."

"Watch it, I'm in no mood for any more of your shit." He pointed his finger at me like I was one of his soldiers getting a dressing down. I did my temper tantrum dance as mom likes to call it. Hopping from one foot to the next while I foamed at the mouth too upset to form words.

"You asshole jerk, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you. I hate you and I hate your stupid mother."

I was mad enough to spit nails.

"For the love of fuck Vanessa, do you know what I do for a living? Do you have any idea of the stress I'm under? I spend my days thinking up ways and maneuvers to keep people alive. You and the other three hundred million or so that are here in this country. Do you think I have time to deal with your petty squabbles?"

"They're not petty..."

"Yes they are, you're both adults, you should be able to settle your differences. Instead there's always some fuckery going on with you two here lately and I'm sick of it."

"She makes my life a living hell."

"I seriously doubt that."

"See you're always sticking up for her."

"VANESSA, for fuck's sake I'm not choosing sides. Listen, when mom's wrong I tell her just as I tell you when you're wrong. Your problem is that you want me to choose sides and there are no sides. You're my wife she's my mom. I love you both, but I can't spend my life refereeing between you two, I'm not gonna do it."

I stormed around the room opening and closing drawers as I gathered my shit to get the hell outta dodge. He doesn't get it he'll never get it.

I felt arms go around me and pull me back towards the bed where he dropped us both. Then I felt his body shaking. "Are you laughing at me?"

"You're just so fucking hot when you're mad baby. Hot and adorably cute."

"Don't touch me, I don't wanna be touched by you right now." I couldn't hold the tears at bay this time. I'd lost she'd won; and it hurt so bad. I didn't just cry either; these were loud, wracking, chest concaving bawls. That's all the shit I'd been holding in for over a year now.

"Hey what're you doing? Vanessa look at me."

I tried hiding my face in his chest when he rolled me over in his arms.

"Baby...what...please don't cry baby please." He hugged me tight enough to crack ribs as he apologized. I wonder what he was apologizing for since he didn't see anything wrong with anything. "Come on baby is it really that bad?"

I didn't answer any of his questions, just purged myself through tears as he tried his best to soothe me. When my crying jag was over the room was deathly quiet. I wasn't talking; he wasn't talking.

"Tell me everything."