

The Daughter In Law

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Chapter 1

"I do not want your hag of a mother in my home for the holidays." I moved around the room as I spoke because if I stood still too long I might commit murder.

"Vanessa I've asked you not to refer to my mother like that."

"Why not? She calls me worst and I've got the Facebook posts to prove it."

"She's my mom. What do you expect me to do?"

"I expect you to grow a pair and tell that nut job how it is or there's gonna be hell to pay."

"Baby, come on. Can't you just try for me?" He was advancing but I was onto his shit, no way; not this time buddy.

"What? You mean for the one-hundredth time? Uh-uh, all trials are over, she failed. When people fail the trial period you don't hire them. You should know that you're a Captain in the army. If your ass had failed boot camp that shit would be out; and let me tell you something, boot camp ain't got shit on a new daughter in law trying to fit in with a narcissistic tyrant set on destruction."

"She's not that bad."

"To you maybe, you're her son, to me she's Cerberus at the gates of hell. And while we're on it honey boo boo can't come either." "Who the hell is honey boo boo? Have you lost your mind?"

"That would be sister number two. In fact, the only ones allowed are your father and your older sister. Them I like, but if I have to sit at MY dinner table after slaving all day to prepare food for ungrateful people who talk about how much they hate me, I'm bringing Tommy to the table."

"Okay now calm down. I'm sorry I ever bought you that damn gun."

"You said it was for protection from predators while you were deployed. Those two are the only wild animals I met the whole time you were gone."

"I don't see why you have such a big problem with my mom, she's been nothing but nice to you."

"Of course she's nice to me in front of you, apparently she has more sense than you do."

"What do you mean by that?" Oh, are your feathers ruffled big boy? Tough.

"I mean that if you've lived with this woman for the first eighteen years of your life, and have known her for the last fifteen and still don't know that she is Beelzebub's bastard spawn. Then you ought not be looking for evil in foreign lands soldier boy because you obviously don't know what it looks like."

"Vanessa my mom is not evil...." Enough of this round and around shit; I've had it up to my eye socket.

"Okay let's do this the easy way shall we. Your mother, or your wife; and remember, incest is illegal in this state."

"For fuck sake Vanessa, what the hell is wrong with you?"

"This is what happens when I put up with sneak attacks for a damn year while that black hearted demon from the pits of hell acts like she's a saint. And before you say anything you'd be wise to ask yourself if I'm the kind of woman to make this shit up. Then again since you don't recognize evil maybe you can't see so good either." I was screaming and ready to pull my hair out at this point. Only that troll could get my blood to boiling this much. Ugh.

He sighed long and hard while holding the bridge of his nose between his fingers. I guess he was feeling the strain of the holiday drama that was unfolding around him now too. Too bad it had to come to this. I tried, I really did. But there's only so much a girl can do before she says fuck this shit and takes matters into her own hands. I'm amazed that I held out this long and didn't hamstring that putrid bitch before now. But hubby had been away fighting a war. It wouldn't have been good to lose his monster and his wife at once. Because I'm sure if I ever did put my hands on that demon seed it would be the end of her shit stirring ass. Bitch!