

Angry. Hurt. Scared.

By C. Jade Wyton

Recovery is a difficult road to traverse, doubly so when someone you love breaks your trust. Becky Bloom is struggling with this; knowing her father went against her wishes and looked at the art she made in therapy eats at her, and she finds herself bubbling with anger, ready to explode at the smallest trigger....

Contains descriptions of domestic violence and suicidal thoughts.

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It had been a roller-coaster of a time for Becky.

Yesterday, especially, had been a particular mix of ups and downs.

There hadn't been a home room in school that day; nor a first period, which was a nice change of pace from the usual stressful school day.... The Barbarians VS Paladins football match had been that morning, and almost the entire school had gone.

The barbarians had won— To the joy of almost everyone.

But especially to the joy of Jareth, who's lips Becky had needed to be practically *pried* off of... he'd protested as his team had forced him to the showers— Just like Becky had protested as Adam hooked her under the arms and walked her several steps back from her boyfriend.

Becky had just been so happy to see Jareth's team win— And she'd had so much energy, too, after forgoing her usual exhausting duties as a cheerleader.

It had been a suggestion from Jareth, actually, the previous Friday, after she'd stayed at his house. He'd told her she needed to *do less*.

Relax more.

She'd not wanted to give up her hobbies, so shortly after getting back into them, but....

He was right that she needed less stress. Especially after she'd....

She shivered.

She'd clawed Jareth in his face in her sleep.

Becky didn't remember it at all, but apparently she'd been having a nightmare so bad that when he tried to wake her she'd gotten violent and lashed out; digging her nails into his cheek so hard she'd managed to break the skin.

*It was like you were fighting for your life*, Jareth had said to her.

It made her anxiety spike. She'd wanted to skip school again, after that night, but didn't want to go home because— Because....

She bit her lip, and tried to push the thought to the back of her mind.

She shouldn't have left her artwork where her father could see it.

She thought he'd changed after the time he went through her phone. It had been *years* since he'd invaded her privacy like that— Or.... Or maybe....

Maybe it had only been years since she'd *caught* him.

The thought made her sick to her stomach, and she put down her fork.

She didn't want her eggs, anymore.

And she didn't want to go to school again.

She knew it was going to be weird; she'd made it weird. She'd approached Nikki and Joe and tried to talk to them and— She hadn't thought it out. Not at all. She'd been awkward and stiff and unclear and overall just really uncomfortable.

And from the look in the two artificers' eyes, they'd felt even more uncomfortable than she had....

Which, of course, was only confirmed when Becky went on social media and saw Nikki had posted about her.

*"Weirdest thing happened today..." she'd written. "Becky Bloom APOLOGISED to me. BECKY. BLOOM. It was SO wild. I've never been so uncomfortable in my LIFE! I thought she was going to ATTACK me. But apparently she's?? Sorry for bullying me?? I think the doppelganger rumour is true there's NO way that's ACTUALLY Bloom."*

It stung to read, but Becky supposed there were worse things that could have been said about her.

It was the comments that worried her.

The utter disbelief and confusion from her classmates....

She deserved it though, she supposed. She'd been awful to them her entire school life. Anyone outside her immediate circle of friends had been her victim at least once.

Hell, she was lucky that her friends still cared about her, after her stint with Mattel!

*Mattel.*

Becky felt sick again.

Mattel had changed her. And she hated that.

She couldn't believe it had happened— She didn't even know *how!*

She'd always been so strong. And felt she was so capable. She'd barely noticed Mattel slowly chipping away at her confidence. Turning her into an obedient mess who couldn't say no.

She thought about all the horrible things she'd done at Mattel's command. She hadn't enjoyed most of it— At least, she recalled hesitating and doubting herself before being snapped at to *just do it* by her now ex-girlfriend.

She'd been so, so scared of losing Mattel that she hadn't even noticed she was losing *herself*....

She pushed her breakfast away and frowned.

And to top off her shitty life, her dad hadn't even had the guts to come downstairs to eat with her.

He was still being distant and weird after looking at her art.... Acting like *she'd* hurt *him* with it.

Well. If he didn't want to be hurt by what she'd made, he shouldn't have broken her trust.

*Again.*

'Becky,' Isa's voice was firm as she stepped out of the kitchen. 'Finish your breakfast and get ready for school.'

Becky looked away, her frown turning into a scowl.

'Rebecca,' the drow's voice became warning; her tone fanning at the anger in Becky's chest and making it a hot flame of a feeling. 'Finish your breakfast. And

get ready for school.'

Becky let out a harsh snort and crossed her arms. 'No,' she said, letting her foul feelings get the better of her.

'Rebecca—'

'I said *no*,' Becky growled bitterly. 'I'm not going. It's *my* choice.'

'Rebecca Bloom, you are going to school!'

'I! Said! No!' Becky snapped, rising to her feet. 'Why should I listen to you! *Huh?!* You're not my mother! You're just the *maid!*'

Isa flinched, stepping back in shock and taking in a laboured gasp— And Becky could see the hurt look in her eyes.

But it was too late. The anger was bubbling out, now, and Becky couldn't stop herself from letting out a furious shout and blindly throwing the remains of her breakfast across the room— It missed Isa, barely, before shattering on the wall behind her and leaving a large, yellow spatter.

'DON'T YOU *DARE* LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT!' Becky shrieked, tears welling in her eyes. 'Like I've done something wrong! *You're* the one who said it! *You* said it! *You!* *You* made it clear that you don't care about me! *You* made it clear this is just your *job!*'

She felt her voice break, then, as the tears escaped her eyes, and she quickly turned and ran out of the room so that Isa wouldn't see her cry.

She couldn't show weakness, now—

*She couldn't!*

She retreated up the stairs and into her own room, slamming the door loudly and throwing herself onto her bed.

*Oh, gods!*

Becky felt it as soon as her face hit her pillow.

*She was the worst person alive.*

The weight of the awful thing she'd said came down on her like a vice; squeezing deep to her soul and forcing tears and sobs out of her like nothing had ever made her cry before.

Then, she felt more than just tears coming up, and rushed to her on-suite just in time to wrench her breakfast into the toilet instead of onto the floor.

*She was the worst.*

Isa hadn't deserved that.

She squeezed her eyes shut as she slumped over the toilet bowl, too weak to continue crying.

*She was the worst.*

*The absolute worst.*

And she always hurt everyone she loved, in one way or another....

She tormented them, just by existing and being herself.

Just by being alive.

Her parents.

Isa.

Katie.

And Jezzibeth.

Jareth.

Adam.

God— *Adam*.

Adam had always been so supportive of her, while she was always so mind-numbingly *difficult* to deal with!

He'd always been willing to do almost anything for her— And she might as well have just stabbed him in the back!

She never listened to him. Even when she knew he was right.

He was so kind. And sweet. And smart. And supportive—

And she was an angry, cowardly bitch who had held him back. She'd held him back *so much* with her *pathetic* cowardice.

She knew that now. It was clear.

Now that he was finally out in the open and flourishing— It was obvious she'd made him ashamed of himself. And held him back from his true potential all these years.

He'd been so lonely, and for what?

Her own stupid, stupid anxieties!

Slowly, Becky slid backwards until she was resting against her sink's cabinet.

She'd ruined his life. Just like she ruined everything in her own.

Becky let her head drop back heavily against the cabinet— Flinching when her medication fell into her lap.

Her medication.

*Hmp.*

She scowled.

*She should just tip it all into the toilet and flush it away*, she thought bitterly.

*It wasn't like it was helping!*

Then she fiddled with the lid; spinning it loudly along its child-proof lock.

Or.

Or.

She could take them all at once, right now, and see what it did to her.

*Hmm....*

It was so. *So* tempting....

And it would be so easy....

'*Mrrp?*' a curious chirp by the bathroom door caught her attention and Becky looked up to see a lone shoe peeking in at her.

'*Baby*—' Becky gasped, instinctively reaching out her hand and kissing loudly at the air. '*Here, baby*. Come here, girl.'

Mimi slowly crept into the room; its legs skittering along the tiled floor until it came to a rest at Becky's side.

It gave another chirp and looked up at her, before pressing against her with a gurgle and sigh.

Becky swallowed, and dropped her pills on the floor so she could pick up the mimic and stroke its heel. 'Hey, Mimi,' she said gently. 'I'm sorry. I scared you, didn't I? I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to be so loud or angry....'

Mimi gave a nervous trill, turning into a plush animal so it could snuggle more comfortably into Becky's stomach.

'*That's my girl*,' Becky whispered. '*You're such a good girl....*'

A chill gripped Becky and she felt like she might be sick again.

*What had she been thinking?*

What had she almost done?

What was *wrong* with her?!

She couldn't just— Mimi needed her to get better.

Maybe nobody else cared but— But Mimi *needed* her.

Just like Mimi was *her* everything— She was *Mimi's* whole world.... The time she'd spent with Mimi after getting out of hospital made that clear to her. The mimic loved her deeply, and *needed* her to love it back.

Becky bent down to kiss the critter's head, right between its eyes, and sniffled as it returned the kiss with its long wet tongue.

Nobody understood Mimi's needs like she did. And she didn't trust that anyone else could ever keep Mimi happy....

If she disappeared, what would happen to her baby? Would anyone be able to look after Mimi like she could?

Jareth— She knew Jareth would *try*, but....

She hated to think about what would happen if he couldn't handle it.

Becky buried her face into the mimic, giving a loud sniff, before hearing a timid knock at her bedroom door.

She didn't recognise it as Isa's, at first— It was so gentle, and quiet....

It was only when the woman spoke did Becky realise who it was.

'Rebecca?' Isa tested. 'Rebecca, can I come in?'

Becky bit her lip, scraping it painfully along her teeth as a tight knot of anxiety found its way into her chest.

'Rebecca?' Isa asked again— Then, when there was no answer, she sighed.

'Becky?'

Becky gave a loud sniff, but didn't say anything.

'Becky, I'm really worried,' Isa said. 'If you don't answer I'm going to have to come in, okay? I need to know you're alright.'

Silence; and then Becky heard her bedroom door slowly *click* open.

'Becky?' Isa called.

She heard the drow move around her room; stepping to the bed and then, obviously realising Becky wasn't there, hurrying to the bathroom door.

'Becky?' Isa's voice quivered as she stepped inside. 'Becky— Oh, thank god— I was so scared! I thought you might have snuck out....'

Becky sniffed as Isa slowly approached; but she didn't look up.

'Becky?' fear tinged the edge of Isa's voice as she crouched by Becky's side.

'Please say something.'

'*I'm sorry*,' Becky's voice was quiet, barely a whisper, and immediately followed by a loud sniff.

'I know,' Isa said gently.

A bowl of icecream found its way to Becky's lap, placed carefully beside Mimi, and Becky finally looked up.

It was clear Isa had been crying.

Even past her thick, cover-all sunglasses, Becky could see a redness at the edges of the woman's eyes.

And it made Becky's own tears burst out of her again.

'Becky— *Becky*—' Isa spoke softly as she sat next to the girl and pulled her close. 'It's alright. It's alright.'

'I'm sorry!' Becky blurted.

'I know.'

'I didn't mean it!'

'I know.'

'I didn't! I'm sorry!'

'I know— I know.'

'I don't know what's wrong with me!' Becky sobbed. 'I'm sorry!'

'Shh, *shh*...' Isa squeezed Becky tight, comforting her as she began to blubber out more apologies. 'It's okay. It's alright.... I know. It's just a bad day, that's all. Bad days happen. They do— I promise— I know. I know. I'm here. I'm here. You're alright. I'm here. *Shh*....'

Mimi gave a chirp as Becky sobbed, and crawled up to wrap around her neck as a scarf. It licked furiously at her cheek, lapping up her tears and whining, until Becky was finally able to still her breathing and stop crying.

'Oh, girl—' she gave one last sniff as she wiped her eyes; then pet Mimi. 'Good baby....'

Then she felt Isa kiss the side of her head and let out a deep breath.

'I'm sorry,' Becky said again.

'I know,' repeated Isa. 'I know.... It's okay....'

Becky let out a deep, trembling breath and leant against the drow; pressing into her comforting hug. 'I love you.'

'I love you too, Rebecca. I do. I promise.'

Another trembling breath escaped from Becky as she nodded. '*I'm sorry*....'

'I know...' Isa paused for a moment, fixing Becky's hair before she continued. 'Do you want to tell me what's wrong? Hm? Why are you so upset? It has to be something.'

'I... don't know,' Becky admitted. 'There's so much— *Too* much.... I can't tell you all of it....'

'One thing?' Isa tried. 'Just tell me *one* thing?'

'I...' Becky hesitated.

One thing....

Just... one thing....

'The first thing you can think of?' Isa tried.

Becky swallowed, finally answering; 'I told Dad I wasn't ready.'

'Ready? For what?'

'For him to see it. My art. I told him I wasn't ready to share it yet.'

Isa's hug tightened, though she stayed quiet.

'I know he opened it,' Becky said, quietly. 'I saw him with it. He knew I didn't want him to see it but he... he looked, anyway. Even after I told him not to. I thought I could trust him, but... now...' she buried her face in her knees. 'He *looked*! And now he *hates* me.'

'No— No, no, no,' Isa comforted, moving so she could take the girl's face in her hands and press their foreheads together. '*No*. You father could *never* hate you, Becky. He *adores* you.'

'He doesn't *know* me,' Becky retorted, trying to hold back another wave of tears. 'He doesn't know me well enough to love me!'

'He knows you better than you think he does,' said Isa. 'Becky— He's doing his

best. I know that it's hard to believe it but please. I swear. He's trying as hard as he can to do what's right for you.'

Becky looked away.

It *was* hard to believe. After everything he had done to her. It felt almost *impossible* to believe, but... maybe....

Becky *hoped* Isa was right.

She really, *really* hoped she was right....

Then, as she wiped her eyes again, she saw her medication. She carefully picked it up and ran her fingers over the label.

Now that her head was clearing, she wondered....

Had she taken this today?

She couldn't remember doing so.... Not today.

*Or yesterday.*

She was pretty sure she'd taken it on Saturday. *Maybe* Sunday?

She couldn't remember Sunday but.... She *definitely* didn't have it yesterday.

Or today.

No wonder she was feeling so terrible.

'Becky? Are you alright?'

'I... I keep forgetting to take my medicine,' Becky admitted. 'I think need help. I can't do this on my own.'

'How many days have you missed?' Isa asked firmly as she took the bottle, her brow furrowing in worry. 'You're not supposed to skip doses! You could get really—'

Becky took a laboured breath, and Isa seemed to realise what Becky had only moments before.

'Oh.... Becky. It's okay,' she said gently. 'Alright... that would be it, wouldn't it? That's why we're so out of sorts....'

Becky gave a nod, and wiped her eyes on her sleeve.

'That's not so bad, then, is it?' Isa asked. 'It means we can work through this. *Hm?* We can fix this.... Do you want me to look after your medicine for a while? I can give it to you with breakfast. Then you won't forget.... How does that sound?'

Becky gave another slow nod— Which ended in a whimper. '*I'm scared, Isa,*' she said. '*I'm really scared.*'

'*I know,*' Isa whispered, pulling Becky close. '*But you're going to be okay. I promise. I promise you'll be okay.*'

—END—

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