

Daddy's Got You

By C. Jade Wyton

Kenneth Bloom was watching his daughter when she started having a nightmare. Unsure whether or not to wake her; he tries his best to comfort her.

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*'Help....'*

Kenneth Bloom was at a loss.

*'Help....'*

He had no idea what to do.

*'Help....'*

His daughter —his most precious, beautiful little girl— was crying for help in her sleep, and he was the only one at home.

*'Help....'*

She was supposed to be taking her afternoon nap, like she did every day, and Ken had offered to watch her so that Barbra and Isa could head out together to discuss... *something* for the house.

*'Help....'*

He had gone into the nursery to check on her, and found her breathing laboured and her cheeks tear-streaked as she trembled so violently her cot shook.

*'Help....'*

He had only meant to quietly check on his daughter before returning to his study to continue his work; but now he paced the nursery with Becky bundled in his arms, rocking her back and forth in hopes of lulling her into a more peaceful type of slumber.

*'Help....'*

It didn't seem to be working....

*'Help....'*

He had no idea what could be giving her such terrible nightmares that she cried and begged for help. She had only turned three a little over a month ago, and nothing terrible had ever been allowed to happen to her.

*'Help....'*

He didn't know whether or not to wake her.

*'Help....'*

And he was even less sure if he should call Barbra or Isa.

*'Help....'*

The word broke his heart.

He had only heard four other words from his daughter before.

*Isa. Cheese. Mama. Daddy.*

And now, he supposed, he was hearing her fifth word.

Her horrible, terrible, most *awful* fifth word:

*'Help....'*

*'I'm here, mon bébé,'* Ken whispered into her hair. *'Daddy is here.'*

*'Help....'*

'*Shh...*' Ken kissed his daughter, adjusting her in his arms so he could hold her more secure to his chest. 'I'm here. Daddy is here....'

'*He.... He....*'

'Daddy's got you.'

'*Hel....*'

'I'm here.'

'*Help....*'

'I have you....'

'*H.... Hm....*' a low, mournful whine escaped the girl as she shifted in her father's arms; though she didn't wake up.

'I have you,' Ken repeated; moving his whole body as he rocked his daughter. 'Daddy has you.'

'*D.... Da...*' the word half-escaped her, before she shuddered.

'Daddy's got you,' Ken promised. 'You're safe. I'm here.'

Another mournful sound. This one was cut short by an almost-sob as the girl took a jolt of a breath and woke; her eyes snapping open.

A moment passed— And then Becky gave a long whine that began to rise in volume, slowly growing louder and louder until it had become a wail.

'*Mon bébé...*' Ken sighed into her cheek. 'It's okay, mon bébé.... I'm here. You're okay. Daddy's got you.'

Becky's hands grasp up at her father, and he lifted her so she could wrap her arms around his neck and bury her face into his shoulder.

'Daddy's got you.'

'*Dad-dy...*' she sobbed, her voice wet and broken. '*Dad-dy....!*'

'*Shh,*' Ken comforted, pressing another kiss into her. 'You're okay. You're okay. I'm here. You're safe....'

'*D.... D...*' slowly, Becky trailed off; her sobs dying down as her eyes closed and her breathing evened.

She was asleep again.

This time much more peacefully.

She didn't cry out. Or mumble. Or whimper.

She barely made a sound as she dozed.

But, still.... Ken didn't dare to put her down.

—END—

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