

Family Group Chat

By C. Jade Wyton

Becky Bloom is feeling very good. Especially so when one of her distant relatives, Marta Bluehender, contacts her online. Becky thinks it might be nice to have all of her family meet and talk, so she suggests they all join a group chat together. However, it turns into an absolute mess as her aunt Isabel uses some... clumsy wording that causes Becky's father to try and pick a fight with her.

Contains some mentions of sexual content and abuse.

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The zoo had been, hands down, the most amazing place Becky had been for a *long* time— As amazing as the mimic house!

Maybe even better.

The mimics in the zoo were better fed, and less stressed out, and overall living in ideal conditions. Which was a worthy trade for not being able to climb into their pen and pet them.

The trip had been so exhausting (both physically and emotionally) that Becky had fallen asleep on the bus ride home, and woken up with Jareth's arm around her.

It had been the first time she'd slept since Guillmero's death where she *hadn't* woken up screaming in fear; so that was a plus.

The con was that Don had drooled *all over her*, and Becky had been stuck looking like she'd wet herself for another hour before she'd been able to get home and shower.

Which, after their shower, Becky and Jareth had hidden themselves away in the bedroom. Talking. Then kissing. Then....

Becky blushed, biting her lip as she crossed her legs tighter.

It was the first time she'd felt well enough to have sex in weeks. And it had been *amazing!*

The feeling of Jareth grinding against her. The taste of the sweat on his neck. The sound of his moans in her ear— It had driven her *insane*.

And by the way he'd taken her, she guessed he'd felt the same....

'You look happy!' Ken's voice cut into Becky's thoughts, and she turned away from the television to look at her father. 'What are you thinking about?'

'I had the *best sex* of my *life* yesterday!' Becky exclaimed, flopping back in her chair and letting out a dreamy sigh.

'Ah,' Ken's ears folded back, and his smile vanished into an uncomfortable grimace. 'I... see. Good... for you. Mon bébé. I'm happy? For you?'

'Thanks!' Becky chirped, not realising she'd said anything wrong, before her phone *dinged* and she looked down to see what it was....

A message? From someone she didn't know—

*Bluhender?!*

Becky sat up straight, gripping her phone tight in excitement and opening the

message.

She'd sent her extended family her social media details in a letter, hoping that they'd be able to contact her to talk— And it had happened!

She'd been contacted by someone with the username *BluhenderMarta*.

Marta Bluhender.

Becky looked through Marta's profile, and felt herself smiling.

She was a very beautiful woman. With long braids, and freckles, and mushrooms in her hair.

'Becky? Is everything alright?' Ken asked. 'You sat up *very* suddenly.'

'Look!' Becky held her phone up for her father to see. 'She says she's my cousin.... Ish. Distant! Removed. Whatever that means.'

'Huh,' Ken gave a humoured grunt. 'She looks... friendly. Oh. She has a rooster! I was attacked by one of those, once.'

'Really?'

'Yes, your mother and I took you to a petting zoo,' Ken recalled. 'She took you into the bathroom. I waited outside. And then while I was waiting... a rooster came running up out of nowhere and tried to attack me! It was quite terrifying.'

'Oh, just out of nowhere?' Becky asked, only half-listening as she started her reply to Marta's message.

'Yes,' Ken said, sitting beside his daughter. 'They said he was "just like that," and often pecked at people. And I said if they let him out and he scratched you, I would....'

Becky eyed her father as he paused. 'Would...?'

'Aah...' Ken waved a dismissive hand. 'I don't think you want to hear specifics. It wasn't pleasant.'

'It's hard to imagine you saying not-pleasant things,' Becky admitted. 'But, like... I remember that time you yelled at your boss.'

A furious look flashed in Ken's eyes as he scowled. 'I *should* have killed him!' then he took a deep breath and forced himself to be calm. 'Sorry. Let's not get into all that— Your cousin? How did you get in contact with her like this?'

'I sent the Bluhenders my details,' Becky said. 'And she contacted me! She says everyone says hi, b.t-dubs.'

'Ah. Uh.... Hello to them?' Ken gave an awkward wave and nervous smile. 'Are they nice?'

'Yeah, they seem to be!' Becky said, typing away. 'I could add you to a chat with them— Ooh, we could make a family chat! With everyone in the family!'

'*Everyone?*' Ken said, cautiously. 'Including...?'

'Well. There's me, you, Isa, Marta,' Becky started, counting on her fingers as she did. 'Isabel... and I definitely want Jareth in there, cos he's family.'

'*Isabel,*' Ken's scowl came back. 'Are you sure you want to expose your cousin to *her*?'

'She's getting better, Dad,' Becky reassured. 'She really is.'

'Hm,' Ken gave a grunt of disbelief. Then, he sighed, and his face softened. 'Alright. I'll *try* it.'

'Oh! Yay!' Becky clapped her hands happily. 'Oh this is gonna be so good! Just let me ask everyone else if they're interested!'

'You're *asking* before adding everyone to a chat?' Ken gave a humoured

chuckle. 'That's unlike you.'

'Oh, yeah, well. One of my friends said they'd like me to ask, first, before I add them to chats with other people,' Becky shrugged. 'Guess it's a habit now.'

'It's a good one,' Ken nodded. 'Thank you for asking. I think I would have a heart attack, if I was just added to this without knowing what was happening!'

Becky giggled, and then grinned wide. 'Ah! Yes! Everyone's interested! I'll send everyone an invite link, now!'

'Ah... wonderful,' Ken said, sounding like he didn't think it was wonderful at all.

Becky twitched a sympathetic ear at her father, before looking back to her phone.

**Isabel has joined**

**Becky:** Isabel!

**Isabel:** 😊

**Isabel:** OOPS

**Isabel:** ♥□

**Isabel:** Sorry! These pictures are so small until they send! I thought the red one was a heart 😊 I'm not angry!

**Becky:** lol

**Ken has joined**

**Isabel:** Hiiii Ken!

**Ken has left**

Becky glanced over to her father, who looked like he was in pain.

'Dad...?'

Ken took a deep, deep breath before looking back down at his phone. 'I'm fine.'

**Ken has joined.**

**Isabel:** Hi Ken?

**Ken:** Isabel.

**Isabel:** Hi!

**Ken:** Hello.

**Isabel:** Bonjour!

**Ken:** No.

**Isabel:** Oh 😊

'Dad!' Becky gasped, looking up at her father.

'Ehhh,' Ken gave Becky another pained look. 'I'm sorry. I'm trying. It's just... eh...'

Becky heaved a sigh as her father stood up and headed for the stairs. 'Dad?'

Ken silently waved a hand before making his way upstairs.

All Becky could do was sigh again and look back to her phone.

**Jareth has joined**

**Isabel:** Hello, handsome 😊

**Jareth:** Hey Isabel

**Becky:** jareth : )

**Jareth:** Becky : )

**Isabel:** I'm so excited to be included in this!

**Isabel:** I'm never included in things like this!  
**Jareth:** We're happy to have you  
**Becky:** ye  
**Ken:** Eh.  
**Becky:** dad : (  
**Isa has joined**  
**Becky:** ilhar!  
**Isa:** Good evening, Becky  
**Isabel:** Oh Isa is joining?  
**Becky:** y wuldnt she?  
**Isa:** Yes. Why wouldn't I?  
**Isabel:** Oh just with the whole "stepmother" thing I wasn't sure!  
**Jareth:** Uhh maybe don't word it like that?  
**Isa:** : |  
**Isabel:** I thought this might just be for Becky trying to reconnect with her biological family!  
**Isabel:** Oh I don't mean anything by it  
**Becky:** um  
**Ken:** "Biological."  
**Isabel:** I thought it was!  
**Becky:** pls dont fight  
**Isa:** And your assumption with Jareth was... what, exactly?  
**Isabel:** Uhhh  
**Marta has joined**  
**Ken:** Isabel, I know that your parents were cousins or whatever but that doesn't mean that Becky has to follow suit  
**Jareth:** EVERYONE LETS SAY HELLO TO MARTA  
**Isabel:** My parents weren't cousins???  
**Jareth:** HELLO MARTA  
**Isa:** Oh my god  
**Isabel:** Oh hello Marta! 🙋  
**Becky:** im so sorry  
**Marta:** What on earth have I just walked in on?  
**Becky:** im SO sorry  
**Jareth:** A small family feud  
**Marta:** Oh my  
**Isa:** Implications that because I'm only Becky's stepmother I shouldn't be included in family groups  
**Isabel:** Noooooooooo  
**Marta:** Oh  
**Isa:** Because I'm not her "biological" family  
**Isabel:** That's not what I meant!!!  
**Becky:** ilhar : (  
**Isabel:** I didn't mean it like that I promise!  
**Ken:** Then how did you mean it?  
**Becky:** dad pls no  
**Isabel:** I don't know I'm dumb 🙄

**Isa:** Finally something we can all agree on

**Becky:** ILHAR

**Isabel:** Ken you KNOW I'm stupid you were there when Barbra convinced me to drink glue

**Ken:** Hah yes I was.

**Jareth:** She convinced you to drink glue? What did she tell you it was?

**Isabel:** Glue

**Ken:** Oh no she KNEW it was glue.

**Becky:** o

**Marta:** Oh dear

**Ken:** She had diarrhoea and Barbra convinced her that the glue would "hold it together."

**Isabel:** Look in my defence I was desperate

**Isa:** So not much has changed?

**Becky:** i drunk glue 1s

**Ken:** Yes. I remember that.

**Becky:** it tasted bad

**Isa:** Of course it did. It was glue

**Becky:** ye

**Jareth:** So, Marta. How are you doing? Sorry that you walked into a burning room, life's like that sometimes

**Jareth:** I'm Jareth, Becky's boyfriend

**Marta:** Hi Jareth! It's lovely to meet you : )

**Jareth:** Everyone introduce yourselves

**Isa:** I'm Becky's stepmother, Isa

**Jareth:** And be nice about it

**Ken:** I'm Ken, Becky's father.

**Jareth:** Or else ☹️

**Becky:** haha

**Ken:** It's nice to meet you.

**Isabel:** That's a joke right??

**Jareth:** Yes Isabel : ) I'm just joking

**Isabel:** Haha ok

**Isabel:** I'm Becky's aunt, Isabel!

**Ken:** On her mother's side.

**Isabel:** Yes, Barbra's sister ☺️□

**Marta:** Ah, will I get to meet Barbra?

**Becky:** no : ( she gon

**Isa:** I'm afraid not, she passed away a few years ago

**Isabel:** 😞

**Becky:** auntie thats a laugh emoji

**Isabel:** IT IS???

**Jareth:** Yep. So are 😊 and □

**Isabel:** NO!! Wow!!

**Isabel:** Learning something every day!

**Ken:** If only you could retain it.

**Isabel:** ☹️

**Becky:** dad : (

**Isabel:** Je comprends pourquoi, mais ça fait toujours mal

**Ken:** Bien.

**Isabel:** ☹️□

**Becky:** DAD

**Marta:** So I am guessing you two have a history?

**Ken:** Yes.

**Becky:** im so sorryy marta their usually not like this

**Isa:** Us three have a history, actually

**Isabel:** Yes I'm the in-law ☹️ And I acted like it

**Marta:** It's alright. I'm just getting a feel for the dynamic you all have

**Marta:** I see

**Ken:** Yes she tried to BREAK me and Barbra up when we announced our engagement.

**Marta:** Oh my...

**Jareth:** Fucking hell I didn't know that part

**Isabel:** Yes... I regret it so much ☹️

**Isabel:** At the time I thought it was for her own good, because our parents were going to kick her out and I was a dumb coward who was scared of losing her

**Isabel:** But then I lost her anyway

**Isabel:** I really regret not taking her side because from what Becky's told me she was so much happier with Ken than she ever was at home

**Ken:** Avec ta mère, je ne suis pas surpris qu'elle ait été misérable.

**Isabel:** Oui. Et avec Sharon, c'était encore pire

**Ken:** Oui.

**Isabel:** Après le départ de Barbra, ils se sont tous les deux retournés contre moi ☹️

**Isabel:** Et puis quand elle est morte, je n'en pouvais plus et j'ai emménagé avec mon père

**Ken:** Oui. Or as Katie might say. "Old Man McRacist."

**Jareth:** Ahhh we talking about Becky's granddad?

**Ken:** Yes.

**Isabel:** Yeah

**Becky:** i do not like him

**Jareth:** Yeah neither

**Isa:** Nobody does, honey

**Isabel:** Yeah ☹️ I don't really like him either, and he's MY dad...

**Isabel:** I really wish I had literally anywhere else to go

**Isabel:** Nobody here has a spare room?

**Isa:** Nope.

**Becky:** we do

**Ken:** Absolutely not.

**Becky:** ilhar we hav like 3 spare rooms

**Ken:** Not for her we don't.

**Becky:** y not tho?

**Marta:** Oh dear...

**Isabel:** Becky its ok I was just joking

**Isabel:** Well, half-joking

**Isabel:** I hate it here but I don't think it would be smart to move in with you

**Jareth:** Maybe you could rent a place or something?

**Becky:** ooo i no some places here r cheep!

**Isabel:** Oh Jareth honey that's the dream. But I haven't worked in years 😞  
I've been too busy looking after dad and now I'm too old to get back into modelling

**Marta:** Oh you're a model?

**Isabel:** Was, yes

**Isabel:** I don't recommend it

**Isabel:** Its an evil, evil industry

**Ken:** Ah, we can agree on that.

**Isabel:** Oui

**Isabel:** It turned my entire family into monsters, including me

**Ken:** Also can agree that you are a monster.

**Isabel:** Unlearning it all has been very hard

**Becky:** dad!!

**Isabel:** I still say really stupid things sometimes so if I say something bad please tell me

**Isabel:** I don't mean any harm but I'm "learning"

**Isa:** Why did you put that in quotations?

**Isabel:** I'm not sure

**Ken:** Putain d'enfer.

**Becky:** dad...

**Isabel:** 😞

**Ken:** I'm sorry. I'm just

**Ken:** J'ai beaucoup de colère en moi. Et Isabel et moi ne nous sommes jamais entendus.

**Ken:** I'm trying my best, I promise.

**Isabel:** No I understand. J'espère qu'un jour ça s'estompera et qu'on pourra au moins être neutres les uns avec les autres.

**Ken:** Peut-être

**Becky:** i cant reed french good dad

**Ken:** I know. Don't worry it's more of a message for her then you.

**Becky:** o k

**Isabel:** I have to go

**Isabel:** Dad's hollering for his dinner

**Isabel:** I love you, Becky 😞

**Marta:** Bye Isabel, I look forward to talking to you in future

**Isabel:** Oops I did it again ♥️❏

**Jareth:** Maybe use the blue heart? 💙 There's less to mistake for it

**Isabel:** Jareth you are SO smart 💙💙💙💙💙

**Isabel:** Bye love 💙

**Becky:** by auntie!!

**Jareth:** See you later

**Ken:** Au revoir.

**Isa:** See you

**Becky:** ok dad NOW she gon will u pls b CIVIL??

**Ken:** Sorry honey.

**Ken:** I'll try.

**Becky:** THAMK U

Becky heaved a long, heavy sigh and flopped over in her seat.

Why was her dad so *determined* to make things so difficult?!

He was acting like— Like—

*He was acting just like she did!*

Becky let out a loud groan.

*Well. It was nice to know where she got it from....*

—END—

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