

# Staircase

By C. Jade Wyton

*Ken Bloom cannot believe how perfect his newborn daughter is. He loves her with all his heart, and just wants to hold her and keep her safe forever. However, Ken has always been a clumsy person, especially when distracted by something— Something like a tiny baby in his arms.*

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She was the most beautiful baby Ken had ever seen in his life. He couldn't believe how lucky he was.

Every day for the two weeks since she had been born, Ken had to take a moment to just... *look* at her, and thank every god in the world that he had been blessed with such a wonderful and beautiful thing in his life.

Even when she cried, with that ear-piercing screech, and Ken's ears rung like there was a swarm of bugs burrowing into his brain, he was still grateful for her.

He had never thought he'd have anything so perfect in his life.

Gently, he held Rebecca against his chest and rocked his entire body to lull her.

She gave a gurgle, and Ken felt his heart fluttering.

*She was perfect. So perfect.*

He pecked a very soft, careful kiss against the top of her head and began to pace.

Barbra would be home soon. And so would Isa.

A doctor's appointment and grocery shopping; meaning Ken was left home alone to work and care for Becky. Not that he'd gotten any of his *actual* work done.

All he'd been able to do, the entire time that the two women were gone, was watch Becky and sketch her as she slept.

And then she'd woken up about twenty minutes ago and Ken had braved her crying to feed and change her.... He wasn't sure how he managed it; but he knew she couldn't wait for Barbra or Isa to get home, so he *had* to be the one to do it. Even if the sound of her wails felt like nails being hammered into his skull.

*'You are so beautiful,' Ken whispered. 'Ma petite fille parfaite. My faultless tiny angel. Ma vie. Pas une étoile dans le ciel n'est aussi merveilleuse que toi.'*

Ken continued to pace, very slow making his way out of the kitchen and towards the stairs as he rocked his daughter and whispered words of love.

He could hear her tiny breaths as she began to drift off, and pressed another kiss into her face.

It was time to put her back in her crib to sleep, so he began the long climb upstairs.

*'Mon ange, tu es l'amour de ma vie,'* he told her. *'Je vous aime—'*

Ken missed his footing, catching the side of his foot on the edge of the step and slipping. He lurched forward, and felt his daughter slip from his hands.

He fell onto the stairs, twisting his hip and landing heavily on his side. And

then, everything seemed to slow down as he saw Rebecca fall.

It was the most terrifying moment of his life; and it felt like it lasted forever.

All he could do was throw his hands out for her. Throw his hands out and *pray*.

He reached out in a desperate attempt to catch his daughter in the air, feeling his stomach lurch and his heart stop as he scooped a hand under her and yanked her towards himself; the world suddenly in motion again as he curled protectively around his daughter and bumped his way down to the bottom of the stairs.

‘NON! Non— Non! Non, non!’ Ken cried, clutching his wailing daughter tight to his chest and panting. ‘Oh, my bébé! Mon chère! I’m sorry. Je suis vraiment désolé! Oh, are you okay? Es-tu blessé? Oh, non. Non, non, non. I have you! I have you. You are safe. I have you. I’m sorry. I’m.... *Ooooh....*’

—END—

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