

The Dad Thing To Do

By C. Jade Wyton

Ken Bloom listens out as his teenage daughter gets in a fight with her date.

Contains mentions of sexism, violence, and sex.

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Ken had spent the last three minutes pretending that he hadn't heard two sets of footsteps making their way to his daughter's bedroom.

He'd been sewing when he'd heard Becky come home with her date.

Isa had said Becky had called her after school, telling her not to bother picking her up because she was going out with some elf boy from her class.

Ken had been concerned, of course. Becky was barely seventeen and he hadn't wanted her going to some strange boy's house to have sex....

He hadn't considered the *much more awkward* alternative that, after seeing their movie, they'd end up coming back to *her* house.

Ken had now spent the last *four* minutes trying to pretend that he hadn't heard his daughter come home with a boy.

Ken had spend the last *five* minutes trying to pretend—  
'EXCUSE ME?!'

Ken jumped as he heard his daughter's angry shout, and his ears flicked down.

*Ooh... no.*

He'd never heard one of her dates end *this* poorly before.

'Say that again!' Becky shouted. 'Fucking *say that again!*'

Ken let out a long, pained, desperate sound and grimaced. He then rose to his feet and made his way to his study door.

He closed it; but lifted an ear to listen to his daughter as she began screaming profanities in two different languages— Oh, no. *Three*. She was using the small amount of gnomish she had picked up from the Frankensteins....

'That was the most *piss-poor* attempt at *flopping around* I've ever experienced, and then you come out with *that bullshit?!*'

Ken only heard half the boy's the reply over Becky's swearing.

'I mean.... And.... It's not like girls can cum anyway—'

The sound of a *very* hard slap echoed through the house, and Ken kept his hand on his study door handle. He was ready to intervene if the fight escalated or he thought the boy might hit Becky back... but he also didn't want to get between his daughter and someone she was *this* angry at....

He was not brave enough to do *that*.

She was too much like her mother, and would most definitely just go through him to get at her goal....

Another sexist comment, another loud slap, and the boy let out a fearful cry as Becky's bedroom door was kicked open.

The sound of Becky literally *dragging* her date down the stairs made the hair

on Ken's arms stand on end....

She was *far* too much like her mother.

It was downright terrifying.

More screaming from his daughter, threatening to cut off some very sensitive body parts, and then the sound of the boy tripping over the garbage bins in his rush to escape the yard.

Then Becky stomped back *up* the stairs, and Ken let out a whimper and instinctively backed away from his door.

*Oh, god.*

He wished Isa was home to say something and calm his daughter down.

'Fuck!' Becky cried, and Ken heard her punch the wall. '*Fuck!*'

*Okay....*

*Deep breath, Ken.*

*You can't leave her out there on her own.*

*That's your daughter.*

*Deep breath.*

*You have to at least ask if she's okay.*

Slowly, Ken reached for his study door handle and turned it. His voice as he opened the door was meek and quiet. '*B-Becky...?*'

'What?!' Becky snapped, rounding on her father.

'Are you alright—'

'Do I *look* alright?!'

Ken shook his head.

'UGH!' Becky let out a scream, throwing down her arms and stomping her foot in anger. '*I HATE BOYS!*'

Ken gave a nod, very, *very* carefully slipping out of his study to stand in the hall with his daughter. He *hoped* his presence would be comforting but... he wasn't sure it wouldn't just make her angrier.

But it felt like the right thing for him to do.

It felt like the *dad* thing to do....

'I'm so mad right now that I can't— *I can't even!*'

Ken gave another nod, biting his lip as his daughter turned and punched the wall again; this time putting a hole in it.

'*Why!*' she exclaimed. 'Why are all the hot guys *dicks?*'

Ken shrugged, too scared to say he didn't know why out loud.

'UGH!' she stomped her foot again, and spun in a very angry circle as she very clearly tried (but sadly, failed) to keep herself in control. 'I can't, Dad! I just *can't!* I'm so mad!'

'Do you...' Ken hesitated as Becky looked at him again, and he felt very small and threatened. 'Need... anything?'

'I need a guy who's not a complete *cunt!*' she hissed through her teeth.

Ken cleared his throat awkwardly, before shuffling in place.

*He couldn't believe he was about to suggest this, but....*

'Why... don't you... call... Jareth?' he coughed again. 'I could order... pizza. And... garlic bread for you both.'

Becky took a deep breath, slowly letting it out; and Ken realised there were tears forming in her eyes.

Whatever that boy had said to set her off must have hurt her more than he'd thought....

'Would you like that?' he asked quietly.

'*Cheesy* garlic bread,' Becky demanded, flatly.

'Cheesy garlic bread,' Ken repeated. 'And Pepsi?'

'Mhm,' Becky grunted, and Ken couldn't decide if it was an angry grunt or a sad one.

'Okay,' Ken let out his own long breath. 'I'll order that now, okay?'

'*Mhm*,' Becky grunted again; her tone *definitely* angry this time. Then she turned and stormed back to her room, slamming the door behind her.

'Okay. Uh... I love you... Becky....'

—END—

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