

# Wednesday

By C. Jade Wyton

*Becky reminisces about her week so far, before having a serious conversation with her boyfriend.*

***Contains some sexual content and mentions of abuse.***

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It had been an interesting week.

Monday had been great! Becky had gone to Warm Waters with her friends after school and they'd gone clothes shopping for the formal. Malinka had found a beautiful dress, Portia had found a box of weird vintage accessories, and Adam— Adam hadn't found anything.

*Thank god.*

If he'd found something, Becky would have had to ruin the surprise her and her father were making for him.

A set of formal wear. A vest, shirt, pants, gloves, and shoes.

Becky had made the gloves herself.... And even if they had taken her the same amount of time as it took her dad to make the entire rest of the outfit, she was so *incredibly proud of herself* for actually finding a way to contribute to the gift. It made it mean so much *more* than if she'd left it all for her dad to do.

She'd given it to Adam on Tuesday, after skipping school due to a stomach-ache (*"That's what you get for eating nothing but condiments!"* Isa had told her), and his reaction had made all the work so, so worth it.

And now it was Wednesday. Becky had felt better after a day of proper meals and gone to school again. Though she hated to admit Isa was right.... And she was still determined to keep her stash of trail-mix hidden from the drow.

Isa had pestered her about it all afternoon, while she'd been drawing with her father.

But she hadn't been too bothered; she'd had too much fun drawing.

Becky had figured out she *hated* charcoal. It was messy, and got everywhere— But she'd also found out she really enjoyed the way alcohol markers glided over her sketchbook paper.

The best part of the whole process, however, was when they'd gotten halfway through their still-life drawing of a bowl of fruit. Ken had been showing Becky how to shape the curve underneath the bowl— Only for it to sprout legs and run to the kitchen at the sound of Isa using the can opener, leaving a trail of fruit behind it.

Becky was glad she'd set aside Wednesdays after school for her father.

*Hm....*

It was *Wednesday*....

Becky let out a sigh.

It had been two full days since Portia had spoken to her.

She wasn't sure what she'd done wrong, to make the triton so upset with her.

But she hadn't seen Portia since she'd vanished during their Monday shopping trip, and she wasn't replying to any of Becky's messages....

Becky really wasn't sure what she'd done, but... it must have been *something*....

She felt Jareth's hand slip into her bra and was jolted back into reality. She'd forgotten she'd been laying with him while watching TV. But as he playfully fondled her and pressed a kiss into her neck, she realised their movie had ended.

'So, uh... what did you think?' Becky asked. 'Did you like it?'

'Uhh...' Jareth's face scrunched up, and he looked halfway between humoured and pained. 'It certainly... was a movie. I enjoyed the part where the... goat did the thing. With the... knife.... Uh. Gotta be honest with you though, it was sort of weird.'

'Oh, so... you didn't like it?' Becky asked.

'I liked that *you* like it,' Jareth told her, pecking a kiss onto her cheek and giving her a loving squeeze. 'You said there was a second one?'

'Yeah!' Becky chirped. 'But I won't make you sit through it.'

'At least not today,' Jareth chuckled. Then, he hefted Becky into his lap and cradled her close; his hands both finding their way back into her bra. 'What do you want to do now, babe?'

Becky giggled, and felt herself wiggling as Jareth's lips met her neck. 'Whatever you want.'

Jareth's kiss cut off, and he sighed into Becky's neck. '*Becky*,' he said, gently. 'We've been doing what I want all week. I wanted today to be for *you*. What do *you* want to do?'

'Uh,' Becky was taken aback. 'Um.... I... I don't know?'

'You don't know?'

'No, um. I don't,' Becky shrugged. 'Like, Mattel would always pick what we did. I never had to think about what to do when I was with her.'

'Well, *I'm not Mattel*,' Jareth said; his tone turning firm as his hands slid away from Becky's chest and wrapped around her midsection. 'And I don't think it's fair that we've only been doing the things I like. You deserve to have fun too.'

Becky bit her lip, and sheepishly rubbed her feet together. 'I don't mind.'

'I mind,' Jareth said. 'I miss doing the things you enjoy. I mean— Do you remember when we were kids, and you used to order me around?'

'Yeah,' Becky giggled. 'I was kinda bossy.'

'You were a *lot* bossy!' Jareth joked; then he took on a high-pitch, stubborn voice as he pretended to be a younger Becky. '*I'm going to the park! And you're coming with me! And we're going to play princesses! And you have to be the knight. Because if you're not, I'll beat you up!*'

'So... you want me to boss you around?'

'I want you to set boundaries with me,' Jareth told her. 'Tell me what you want. Tell me *no*.'

'Um...' Becky shifted awkwardly. 'I... I'll try. But... I'm not sure what I want anymore.'

Jareth let out a long, deep sigh at that. 'Well.... What about.... When you were with Mattel? What did you miss most when you were with her?'

'I... I missed *you*,' Becky answered, honestly.

Jareth blushed, and Becky felt his grip on her tighten.

‘And eating chips,’ Becky added with a wistful sigh.

‘Eating chi— She— *What?!*’ Jareth sputtered. ‘Mattel didn’t let you *eat chips?!*’

‘Oh, no, it was for my health,’ Becky answered. ‘She said there were too many calories, and that she was worried about me gaining any more weight. It wasn’t a big deal or anything, she was just worried about me.’

‘Becky. What the *fuck*,’ Jareth growled. ‘That’s not— That’s *not*— What the fuck?! You can eat whatever you want! Nobody has the right to tell you— Oh my god I am going to *kill* her!’

Becky flinched as the back of Jareth’s fist met her bed’s headboard and he let out a furious snort. Then, he noticed Becky’s fear and forced himself to calm down.

‘Oh, Becky, no— I’m sorry,’ Jareth took a deep, deep breath and embraced Becky again; moving a hand to her hair to brush it from her eyes. ‘I’m sorry. I’m not mad at you.’

Becky leant into Jareth’s gentle hand as it ran over her cheek.

‘Was what Mattel did... not normal?’ she asked slowly.

‘*Fucking hell*,’ Jareth muttered under his breath. ‘Becky... *fuck*. No. It’s not normal.’

‘Really?’ Becky asked again. ‘Because... everyone’s always chosen that sort of thing for me. Like. Isa, and my mum, and.... You know?’

‘Yeah but that’s your— They’re your *parents*. It’s different,’ Jareth said. Then, he buried his face into her hair and let out a mournful sigh. ‘I’m so sorry. I should have been there for you....’

‘No, it’s okay. I mean, you told me you didn’t like her,’ Becky said. ‘And so did Katie. And Isa. And Adam. And Benny. Even Jezzibeth and Marilyn didn’t like her, and they like *everyone*.... I should have gotten the hint, then. It’s my fault things got so bad.’

‘Becky, it is *not* your fault,’ Jareth pulled away from Becky and took her tightly by her shoulders. ‘Listen to me. *Listen*. What Mattel did to you was *not* your fault.’

‘But I didn’t listen—’

‘It was *not* your fault,’ Jareth repeated, firmly.

‘But—’

‘*Becky*,’ Jareth interrupted. ‘Not a *single thing* she did was *your fault*. She knew what she was doing.’

Becky wasn’t sure Jareth was right about that, but the severity of his tone.... She knew he meant it.

Maybe she should let herself believe him?

He always seemed to know better than she did—

Becky smacked her lips, making a loud *popping* sound as she did.

*But.*

But. He’d also said he wanted her to disagree with him, sometimes? To say no....

*Was this one of the times he wanted her to disagree...?*

She looked into his soft dark eyes, filled with love and concern, and let out a breath.

*Oh.*

*No.*

*This was not definitely not the time.*

Becky leant forward to press into Jareth's chest, and he let her. He hugged her tight and pressed another long kiss against her cheek.

'Sooo...' Becky started, slowly. 'What do you want to do?'

Jareth's kiss turned into a raspberry, and Becky let out a squeal and rolled out of bed.

—END—

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