

Addy a short story

“I said no, Addy,” Dad grumbled as he hauled the bale of hay off the back of his truck. “You’re seventeen years of age.”

“Exactly,” I replied, stomping my foot like I was six. “Everyone else is going. Mom said I could.”

He looked at me and raised a brow. “Yeah, and I’ll be having words with your momma about that.”

Yeah and that probably meant them locking themselves in their room for two hours. They thought us kids were stupid if we didn’t know what they were up to when Dad was ‘mad’ at Mom for something. Let’s just say they’d recently found out that they had kid number five on the way and they were almost forty. According to my mom the new baby was *another* gift from Great Aunt Ruby in heaven. My dad then grunted about it being nothing to do with Ruby in heaven, but the heaven he took her to every night. Uncle Garratt always said it was a miracle I wasn’t the eldest of about ten kids the way they went at it.

“That Evan boy will be there won’t he?”

I cleared my throat and looked down at the ground, rubbing the toe of my sneakers where bits of hay were mixed in with the dirt.

“Yeah, thought so.” My dad growled, and I actually mean growled, like a dog. “I know what that boy wants from you Adeline and he ain’t getting it.”

“Daddy!”

He paused in his work and looked at me wide-eyed. “I was eighteen once, believe me I know.”

“Ugh, sometimes you are so mean.” I thrust my arms across my chest and gave him a stare that I’d tried to copy from Mom.

“And that won’t work,” he replied with a chuckle. “There’s things your mom offers with that stare that you can’t.”

“Oh my God, you two are disgusting. Why’s it always about the sex with you both?”

“It isn’t. There’s a whole lot of love and respect too. I just happen to love respecting your mom’s body.”

The damn irritating man let out a full belly laugh and then threw some hay at me.

“Sometimes Dad, I have no idea who the kids are around this place. I really don’t.”

I turned on my heels and stomped away, feeling frustrated as hell with my stupid father. There was only one person that would cheer me up and that was my Uncle Garratt and he was

visiting with my Granma with my little cousins Nell and Nathaniel while Aunt Jemma was out shopping with Mom and Lorelai.

Patting my horse, Dapple, I skirted the paddock to Granma and Grandpa's house, excited to see them. I lived away at a school for gifted children so didn't see them as much as I'd liked, so whenever I was home, I was in there house a lot. This was my last year though and seeing as I'd been fast tracked to get my degree in business and economics, I wouldn't be going away to college.

"Anyone home?" I cried as I pushed open the door.

"Aye, Aye." My little cousin Nathaniel came tottering over holding his arms out for me to gather him up.

"Hello my little man." I kissed his cute little button nose and breathed in his smell.

"Hey sweetheart," Uncle Garratt said as he got up from the floor and pile of building bricks in front of him. "I didn't know you were back."

"Yeah, I came back a day early to go to Katrina Miller's party, but dad won't let me go so I may as well have stayed at school."

"Aye, Aye," Nathaniel cried his version of my name and smacked at my face to get my attention. "He's grown Uncle Garratt, and I can't believe how good his walking is."

Uncle Garratt beamed and dropped a kiss to Nathaniel's head. "Yeah, he's doing well considering he was so ill when he was born."

Nathaniel's birth Mom had been a crack addict when she had him, so he'd been born addicted too. When Uncle Garratt and Aunt Jemma adopted him, the doctors weren't sure what affect it might have had on his learning and motor skills, but he was doing great.

"Where's Granma?" I knew Grandpa would be out riding the ranch, even though he was supposed to be retired. Dad's horse business kept him and Caleb busy, so Trent, Dad's foreman, and the ranch hands were the ones who had to try to slow Grandpa down, but rarely succeeded.

"In the garden with Nell and Ruby. They're searching for worms."

We both laughed at the thought of the mess my youngest sister and cousin would most likely end up in.

"So, what's up?" Uncle Garratt asked as he took Nathaniel from me. "Why so glum chum?"

"Like I said, Daddy won't let me go to the party."

He grinned and rubbed Nathaniel's back as he was starting to get sleepy.

“I’m guessing because boys are going.” He laid his son down on Granma’s sofa and turned back to me.

“It’s not like I haven’t kissed a boy before Uncle Garratt.”

“Ugh no,” he cried, grimacing and sticking his fingers in his ears. “That’s not what I want to hear.”

I rolled my eyes. “God, you’re as bad as my dad.”

“Too right. I agree with him. Boys mean trouble. I was eighteen once.”

“Oh God, I know. I had the same lecture from Dad.”

“Well then. You know we know, so listen to us.”

I pouted and walked past him. “I’m going to see Ruby and Nell I’ll get more sense from them.”

“Ah maybe, but will they give cuddles like I do, and will they tell you better jokes than I do?”

I sighed heavily and left him shouting all his good points at me.

*

“I can’t believe he won’t let you go,” Evan sighed on the other end of the line. “He does know you’re almost eighteen, right?”

“Yep and he’s an overprotective idiot. He treats me like a kid. God, Ruby and Clemmie get more freedom than I get, and he needs to be careful about Ruby. That kid is going to be wild.”

Evan chuckled. “Don’t worry, we’ll make up for it during the Summer.”

My stomach turned as I thought of Evan looking handsome in some nice jeans and a button down, with all the girls of Bridge Vale fawning over him at Katrina’s party. He was the first boy I’d ever *really* liked, and Dad had to be awkward about him. I’d had a couple other boyfriends at school, but they’d been nothing more than a quick kiss on a date. With Evan though things were different. We’d done a little more than kissing and I kinda liked it – a lot.

“So,” I started hesitantly. “You still going to the party tonight?”

Evan laughed and my hopes plummeted. He was going to say of course he was and just because I was treated like a little kid, didn’t mean he was.

“God no,” he replied, surprising me. “Why would I go without you?”

“Really?” I couldn’t help the tears that pricked at my lashes, even though they made me feel like a sap.

“Yeah really, baby. I wouldn’t go without you.”

“I don’t know what to say,” I replied shakily. “I felt sure you’d want to still go.”

“No way. So, how about I come over? If you think your dad will let me.”

I grimaced inwardly, expecting that would be a no, but I could ask. “Yes, that would be great.”

“Good, I’ll see you around seven.”

We said our goodbyes and then I lay on my bed thinking how amazing my boyfriend was.

*

“Addy baby, you want to come down here.”

My mom’s voice stirred me from the book I was reading, and I groaned. She never asked me to do much around the house, except to help out with my brother and sisters occasionally, but I’d already heard them run off across to Lorelai and Caleb’s house to play in the splash pool with Lyla. The nights were getting longer as we headed toward Summer and all of the little kids were given a lot more leeway when it came to bedtime.

“Coming,” I shouted and climbed down from my bed, putting my huge white fluffy bunny back in his place.

I stroked his head tenderly, remembering when Dad had won it for me and then used it to persuade Mom to stay here on the ranch and marry him. I loved that bunny for so many reasons, not least because it reminded me of when my daddy started to smile again.

“Hey,” Mom said as I entered the living room. “You okay?”

“Apart from Dad being mean, yeah.”

She smirked. “He’s just being protective of you, that’s all.”

Her English accent which now had a slight American twang to it, made me smile. In fact, my mom just made me smile the whole time. She was beautiful inside and out. My Granny was Spanish, so Mom and Uncle Javi were both dark haired with olive skin and both gorgeous. When he ever came to stay there were always ladies from town dropping by for ridiculous reasons.

“Well, I’ll be eighteen in two months, so it’s about time he cut me some slack.”

“Like this you mean?”

I looked up to see Mom was holding out two bags for me. “What are they?” I asked.

“Oh, just the jeans, top and boots you wanted when we went into the City last weekend.”

“Oh my God, you didn’t?” I screamed reaching for the bags.

“No, you’re mean old, daddy did. He told me to get them for you, seeing as you have a party to go to.”

“He did?”

Mom nodded and smiled. “Yes, baby he did. Did you really think he wouldn’t let you go to a party?”

I shrugged. “He is kind of protective and annoying at times.”

“I know,” she laughed. “But, he’s also the best Dad around.”

“Where is he?” I asked, putting the bags on the floor.

“Out back cleaning the grill.”

I ran past my mom, through the open patio doors and into the yard where my dad was. He was shirtless and wearing jeans that rested on his hips and I just knew he and Mom would be at it soon, once she saw him dressed like that. Even I could see for thirty-nine he was good looking. All my friends told me all the damn time what a DILF he was – ugh!

“Daddy.”

He looked up and grinned. “Hey sweetheart. Your mom give you the stuff?”

I ran to him and threw my arms around his neck. “Thank you.”

“It’s my pleasure. I had to try so hard not to crack though when you were throwing your little hissy fit earlier.”

“You’re mean,” I said giving him an extra squeeze. “But I really love you.”

He sighed and pulled me tighter into his arms. “I love you too. I told you before, you’re my first-born, my pride and joy and I’ll do anything to make you happy. Even letting you go out with that damn Evan kid.”

We both laughed and pulled apart and then I gasped.

“What’s wrong?”

“Evan doesn’t think I can go,” I cried, reaching into my back pocket for my cell phone. “I need to call him and tell him to get ready because-”

“Hold your horses,” Dad said as he placed a hand over my phone. “He knows all about it. He’ll be looking suitably dressed for the occasion when he comes to pick you up.”

“He does?” My eyes went wide as I looked at my dad. “You arranged it all?”

“Yes, I called him this morning and told him. I wasn’t trying to be mean and play a trick on you, but we didn’t want you to get all dressed up in something else. Especially when your mom told me how much you’d loved the stuff you’d seen last weekend.”

He looked down at my cell. “You should go and get ready, because by my reckoning you’ve got forty-five minutes until lover boy gets here.”

I looked at the time and gasped again. “Oh God. I need to do my hair and my-”

“Sweetheart, go.”

Dad grinned and when he did it struck me how lucky I was to have him. He'd gone through a rough time when my birth mom died, but eventually he'd come around and been the best dad ever. Granma told me I had Mom to thank for a lot of that and I knew that was true. I'd overheard them talking one night about how he'd been and how Melody had failed me as a mother. He'd cried and then Mom had cried and then they'd started talking all soppy with each other and that was when I sneaked back to my room and I cried. Not because I was sad at how Melody had treated me, but because I had the best parents and I loved them with all my heart.

"I love you Daddy," I said as I kissed his cheek. "More than you will ever know."

"And I love you too, baby and I'll protect you with my life today and always."

With a huge smile I left my dad cleaning his grill and went to get myself ready for a party with my boyfriend. My boyfriend who I was pretty sure was the one.

The End

Nikki Ashton