

I Won't Give In

I finish straightening my hair, I look at myself in my mirror. Tonight is going to go great, my father is going to love Ben for who he is.

I'm going to accept my father back into this family because my father will love Ben. There will be no yelling or cursing or fighting.

Things will be good.

I walk downstairs as I see mom putting the plates and utensils on the table.

"Please keep an open mind and get to know him before making anymore judgements upon him," I beg my father.

"I," My father begins, he catches a look from mom and he looks back at me, "of course hun, I will try to keep an open mind for this boy,"

"Well you should start o by actually saying his name," I tell him, crossing my arms.

"What's his name?"

"Ben Bruce, but please don't say his last name, I know you say people's last name when you dislike someone, just call him Ben,"

"I suppose I could try,"

I smile at him and walk to the kitchen to help mom. We hear the doorbell ring, I go to get the door but my father beats me to it.

I pray he doesn't have a rude greeting.

"Ben Bruce," My father says as he opens the door.

"Father!" I scold.

"Hi Mr. Banks," Ben awkwardly but confidently says.

"Hi Ben," My mom smiles as she hugs him.

"Hello Ms. Banks," Ben grins, loosening up.

My father lets Ben in as we go and sit down in the living room.

"So Benjamin tell me something about yourself," My father tells Ben.

"Well, I love music, I play the guitar actually," Ben tells him confidently and cool.

"Would you care to play something?" My father asks as he points to the guitar by the tv.

"S-sure," Ben says.

My father gets up and grabs the guitar, he hands it to Ben. Ben begins to tune the guitar.

"What would you like me to play sir?" Ben asks.

"Anything,"

Ben begins to play random chords, eventually he starts to play a familiar sounding song.

"Well Benjamin, I'll be damned, you're a pretty good guitar player, what's that song you're playing?" My father asks him.

"Intoxicated I Love You," Ben speaks, smiling.

I just smile as my father tried not to crack a small grin.

"Dinner is ready," My mom calls from the kitchen.

"Ah shall we?" My father stands up.

We walk to the table, my father sits at the end, as my mom sits at the other end. Ben and I sit across from each other.

"Would you like something to drink Ben?" I ask.

"Just a water please,"

I o er a drink to mom and my father. I get the drinks and set them on the table.

I sit down as we begin to eat.

"Benjamin would you like some bourbon?" My father raises a brow, getting up and walking to the counter.

"No, thanks," Ben kindly declines.

"So riddle me this Ben Bruce," My father goes and sits back down. "If you're into partying and drinking, then why don't you have a drink right now?" My father stares at Ben, intimidatingly.

"Well sir-"

"Why did you get my daughter into drinking?! If you won't have a drink with me right now, why drink with her?" My father raises his voice, hitting the table with his fist.

Ben kind of flinches back a bit.

"Sir I-I'm sorry, I-"

"Father! Chill okay?!"

"My bad," My father lowers his voice and smiles. "So why not drink with me?"

"I just don't think it's an appropriate time to drink," Ben explains.

My father kind of just snorts.

"When someone o ers you a drink, especially if it's your girlfriends father, you accept!!" My father raises his voice again.

"Can I have a word with you?!" I screech.

I stand up and walk outside. I take deep breaths, I'm gonna lose it.

My father comes out a er me.

"What's wrong?" He asks.

"What's wrong?! Father you said you'd have an open mind! You said you were gonna give him a chance! Now you're grilling him so bad he's gonna have third degree burns forever! Cool it! I love him, please do this for me! And if you can't accept it, then at least act civil," I sternly talk.

I walk back inside and play a fake smile.

"I'm sorry about that," I rest my hand on Ben's shoulder.

"Benjamin I think you should leave," My father walks back in.

"Oh um-" Ben goes to stand up.

"No, sit down," I tell him, he sits back down.

"You're obviously not the one for my daughter and you no longer have any business being in my house,"

Ben looks like he's about to blow a fuse.

"Josh, we haven't even finished dinner, give him a chance," My mom tells him.

"I will not have this bad influence in my daughters life!" My father yells.

Ben stands up, knocking the chair over.

"Mr. Banks! I love your daughter! She makes me the happiest I've ever been, I would give anything to see her, to see her smile, I'd do anything to make her happy, I wake up happy everyday knowing that I have her, that I get to be the one who makes her smile, all I ever want for her is the best! My intentions are only good for her, I couldn't imagine hurting her! Gosh, if I ever hurt her.. I wouldn't know what to do with myself, I promise you sir, you let me be with her I will treat her like a queen, I like to think that I treat her like I'm chasing her so she always knows she's the only one I want, and you don't even have to like me, that is okay if you don't like me because I can't change that, but please, let me be with her, I will never leave her side, I will always be here for her through everything!" Ben breathes heavily.

"Ben," My father cracks a smile. "That is all you had to say," My father walks up and hugs Ben.

He looks at me shocked as he hugs my father back.

"T-Thank you sir,"

"My pleasure Ben, take good care of my daughter," He shakes Ben's hand.

"I will, I promise,"

My father smiles at Ben as we sit back down.

We finish dinner and now Ben's on his way out.

"Goodnight Roni," Ben hugs me.

"Goodnight," I grin up at him.

"Night Ben," My parents say.

"Goodnight, thank you for dinner," Ben smiles as he closes the door.

I turn around smiling bright.

"Thank you so much dad!! Thank you, thank you, thank you," I hug him tight.

"You're welcome hun," My father chuckles. "Now, it's getting late, why don't you head upstairs to bed,"

Josh's POV

"See Josh, I told you that would help mend things between you and Veronica," Sasha grins as she takes the plates from the table.

"I can tell how happy Ben makes her, I just needed Ben to be a man and stand up for himself," I tell Sasha. "That's why I was so hard on him tonight,"

"Did you notice that she didn't call you father just now, she called you dad," She smiles.

"Gosh I didn't notice, I can feel things getting better,"

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