

Middle of my Mind

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Middle of my Mind

by [wouldratherbe](#)

Summary

I could never figure out why you were so hard to find.

Zoe has something to tell her dad.

Notes

Title from 'Middle of my Mind' by Tom Rosenthal. I have so many daddy issues.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Mr. Murphy, I just need something to tell Mr. Lawrence and Mrs. Kemper. Is there... anything, really. Any update that I can give them? And then I won’t bother you until Thursday.”

Larry held up a finger once he saw his daughter, peering into his office like she did when she was little. She and Connor used to peek in, and he was always afraid that they’d slam their fingers in the door. And Connor did, and sobbed in Larry’s shirt for an hour afterward, despite his fingers being fine. He just needed his dad...

“Uh, yes. Tell Gretchen that I’m working on a breakthrough right now... The president has yet to give me the company’s official statement, but I’m still planning on having the press release, and I already know which direction the case will go in, I just need the official statement. Don’t worry, though, Lucas. And, uh, yes, bright and early, Thursday. I gotta go, my daughter is waiting for me.”

Lucas got off the phone quick after that, and Larry’s attention shifted to his desk. “Hey, Zoe, what’s up?”

The girl was perched in his alcove, flipping through the mini photo album he kept there, along with all of the homemade pictures she and Connor had given him over the years. A picture of them at the Washington Monument was thumbtacked to his cork board, along with both of their newborn pictures. Zoe’s fingers glossed over her brother’s as she started to speak, hesitating halfway through and rubbing her temple.

“I-uh... how’s your day going?”

“Great. Great. How about you?”

She was shaking. Larry saw that now. Her calloused hands trembled as she ran them through her hair, legs bouncing wildly. She stood and jogged awkwardly to his desk chair, swiveling around for a second before shaking her head and standing again, sitting in the chair across from his desk.

“Zoe, what’s- What’s going on?”

“I have to tell you something, I just don’t... I don’t want you to be mad at me, or-or think I’m- Think any less of me, or think of me different, I just-“

Larry’s eyes popped over to meet hers as her voice cracked. And he was immediately by her side, rubbing her back and wiping her tearful eyes. “Zo’. I could never, *ever* think of you as anything other than my Zoe. My Josie girl. You’re my daughter, and nothing could change that. Absolutely nothing. Okay? Everything else comes second. So, just tell me. I promise it’s not as bad as you’re making it out to be in your head.”

Zoe nodded, and took a deep breath. And another, and a third, her shoulder blades expanding under his touch. She couldn’t meet his eyes as she finally spoke.

“I think I’m... I-I think I’m bi. Bisexual?”

She looked down at her feet, silent as he took her in. And he knew that it was his fault she was so scared to tell him. And he knew he was wrong for it.

“I think that’s great. I think that’s, um... That’s great. I’m proud of you for... building the courage to tell me. And you know... I’m fine with that. I’m fine with *you*.”

She nodded, tears still falling silently. She had a runny nose.

“When your brother told me, I told him that my love for him would never change, and I asked him a question, that I am going to bring back for you, which is...”

The father breathed deeply, falling to his knees beside his daughter. “Are you the best version of yourself? Do you have a motivation to get you through the hard times ahead?”

Zoe thought for a second, before a blush settled on her cheeks, and she nodded.

“Okay then. If this is... *who you are*, then. I love you, Zoe. And if it’s not, then I still love you. As long as you’re working towards being your best self, as well as you know how to be, and as long as you have a motivation. Something that keeps you on your course. Because you and I... were on different courses. And there are things that I will not be able to help with. As long as you promise me that you won’t give up, and can show me why... then I will always support you. Got it?”

“Got it.”

He hugged his daughter tight, and kissed the side of her head, before sighing. “And there’s nothing wrong with that, you know. It doesn’t change how I see you... Although, I have to ask... do you have a girlfriend?”

Zoe blushed wildly, sighing. “No, I, uh... I don’t think so?”

“Oh, but there’s a girl?”

The teenager sighed, defeated. “Yes, but I’m not bringing her around anytime soon. I haven’t even told mom.”

Larry nodded understandingly, before grinning at Zoe. “What’s her name?”

The fifteen-year-old moaned from behind her hands, shaking her head. The tears had stopped falling, replaced with a goofy grin and ears that had turned pink like her hair.

“Come on,” Larry poked her side. Zoe giggled. “Name?”

“Oh, my God, okay. Her name is Eva Hansen. But don’t, like, google her! That’s weird!”

“Eva Hansen? Followed by... zomurph, connormurphy. I found her instagram. A junior? Oh, she really likes trees.”

“Dad!”

End Notes

I know it's not great, but it's more for me to get my angst out than anything.

I do want to continue the series, though, and add Connor.

Comment, leave kudos, if you liked it!!! I'm on tumblr @the-second-to-last-Jedi !!!

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