Fixing Anna-Sophia

By : Darah Elizabethh

I'm Drake. I'm part of the Building Lives Association. Anna-Sophie, or Sophia/Sophie, is who i'll be building up. I can't fall in love with her though; that's rule one. I just broke Rule One...

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Chapter 1: The Beginning

Hey guys. (:Darah here ! Chapter 1 is just going to be mostly descriptive. Read it though, it helps to give backstory! #becomemyfan

~Darahâ ¥

Hey, there. My name is Drake. And this is my story of when I was Building Up Sophie.

Sophie was 14 at the time of when I first got her, and I was 15. She had long brown hair, and pretty bangs that always fell in her eyes. She had green eyes, and she always got little signs done on her fingernails.

"This peace signs stands for well...peace! And this green leaf stands for life. This heart stands for love. This circle stands for forever. This arrow pointing up means stay strong." Sophie used to tell me.

By the way, her real name is Anna-Sophia, but I call her Sophie or Sophia. She was a sweet girl... very nice. She had the softest hands and the gentlest touches.

The reason I decided to help Anna-Sophia is because she needed it... badly. Her parents were abusive, and her friends slapped her and hit her all the time. She basically lived by herself. She bought her own food... paid the house bill... until I decided to take her into my own hands. I told her parents that I was a long-lost cousin, and that I would take her to our aunt and uncle. They believed, but of course they were drunk, so it didn't matter to them. Sophie was scared of me at first. She had hardly gotten to know me before I had taken her. When we walked outside, with hre bags and everything, her eyes glistened with the stars. I got into the truck, and turned on one of the lights. I looked at her face.

Bruises and scratches covered her lightly tanned face. It was a horrific sight. I looked at her knuckles. They were red. She just stared back at me, with her mouth slightly open. I looked at her face, and then back at her hands. She was holding a green, folded up notecard. I reached my hand out to her, looking into her deep, green eyes. She slowly moved her small hand toward me. Sophie pressed the notecard deep into my hand. I took my hand from hers. I looked at the notecard. In cute, girly handwriting, it said "Thank you. May He bless you. â ¥" I looked back at her. I folded the notecard back up and gave it to her.

Sophie and I drove off into the night. I went about 12 streets over, to the Building Lives Association. I parked my burgundy truck, turned the ignition off, and got out of the car. Sophie looked afraid at first. I walked to her side of the truck. I opened the door for her, and stretched my hand out. She accepted my hand after several seconds. I tried to put my arm over her shoulder to pull her close, but apparently I had touched the wrong spot. She pulled away quickly. We were standing about 8 feet away from the entrance to the Association.

I tried to reach out to her to help, but she just looked away and grabbed her shoulder. I slowly walked towards her. I stood next to her hurt shoulder. She released the grip to let me observe it. I rolled her long-sleeved Winnie the Pooh shirt up. I looked at her shoulder. A scar. A deep, deep, scar was right there. I tried to run my fingers over it, but it was too painful. She jerked away.

Sophie started to pull her sleeve down. Tears ran down her face. She was hurt, and confused at the same time. She walked out of the parking lot, and across the street to the library. She went to the bench that was outside, and sat down on it. She sat there and cried. I just sat in the back of my truck, looking at her.

That beautiful girl, Anna-Sophia. She was hurt, frustrated, confused, in pain, and worst of all, unloved. By her parents, by her family.

That one person who did love her, was me. I was there to help her. I was her helper. Her supporter. Her builder. Her Fixer.

Chapter 2: Our First Week

Sophie and I had become more comfortable with each other. We had moved her into my apartment, with her own room and bathroom. Sophie had talked to me about being homeschooled, and I agreed. The day after I had first got her, we moved her in, and the day after that, we were just like best friends.

I woke up the first morning Sophie was in her new room. Sweat dripped from my forehead. "Nightmare," I mumbled, and got up out of bed. I put a t-shirt on and walked out of the room. The wood underneath me creaked as I walked slowly. I entered the kitchen and opened the fridge. I got the jug of milk out of the top shelf. I reached into the cabinet to get a plastic cup. As I poured the milk inside the cup, I heard frantic moving coming from Sophie's room.

I put the jug down quickly and start to run to Sophie's room. I saw her brown hair splayed out in a ponytail. She kept tossing her head from side to side. "No, no, no, Dad, please, stop," She had a hurt expression on her face. I knelt by her bad. "Sophie," I kept saying. I was shaking her shoulder. She bolted up quickly. "What?" She rubbed her eyes. I leaned back. "You were having a bad dream. What happened?" I asked as I stood up. She let her feet hang off the edge of the bed. "I don't want to talk about it." Sophie just stared at the window.

I walked over to her side of the bed and sat down next to her. "Tell me, Soph." I looked at her face but she would only look down. "I had a dream that my dad... he was.. beating me." A tear shed from her eye. "Sophie, it's okay." I put an arm around her. I was careful not to touch her shoulder. The scar was still very fragile.

Sophie leaned into me and started to cry. I hugged her gently. "You don't deserve any of your past. Just forget about it. It's going to be fine. You have a new life ahead of you. You can't let your past bring you down forever. It's just something that's going to stick with you, but it shouldn't matter. You're past is behind. Look ahead to the future." I pat her back gently. She nods her head slowly. "Come on, let's go get some breakfast." I smile at her and help her up. She follows me into the kitchen. Her high ponytail moved back and forth as we walk. I noticed her Winnie the Pooh pajamas. *Hmm,* I thought, *a lover of Winnie the Pooh.*

I walk over to the fridge, this time getting out some orange juice. I poured her a glass of it and handed it over. She drank it slowly and in little sips. "So, know any good places around here?" I asked her. "Well, why wouldn't you know any?" She asked me, and scrunched her forehead up. Ahh, I hadn't told her. "Well, Sophie, you see, I just moved here. I came here for you. I've never lived in New York." She nodded her head slowly, like she was just now processing it. "Oh. Okay, then. Well, there's Terry's. It's like this really amazing ice cream place. They have the best waffle cones. Ever." Sophie's face lit up for the first time in a while.

A few minutes later, we were out the door, and on the way to Terry's. Sophie was talking to me about the little symbols on her nails. I wasn't really paying attention, though. I was too focused on the dream that Sophie had. What did it mean? Was it a sign of something? I turned into a small but packed parking lot. Happy New Yorkers were coming out of a cottage, with Terry's painted on it. I parked the car. I turned off the ignition and hopped out. Sophie just sat in the truck, staring straight ahead. I looked puzzled, and then followed her glance. I was shocked and scared, all of a sudden.

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Sorry that it's short, I had limited time. c:

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Chapter 3: Our First Week-- Continued

I ran to Sophie's side of the truck. She had started to panic. I would have too, if I had seen the man that abused me. And she had locked the doors. I didn't know what to do then, because there wasn't *much* to do except calm her down. Sophie couldn't stop moving around, and she had started to sweat.

"Sophie." I called throw the thick window. "You have to calm down."

She just shook her head and kept panicking. I ran around the truck again and opened my door. I opened it with such force, that the door almost came back and hit me.

"Sophie, calm down, it's alright. Nobody will get you when I'm here. You're perfectly fine." I tried to convince her.

The situation just got worse. I finally hopped in the truck and peeled out of the parking lot. I drove quickly to Our Lady of the Lake hospital. I chose the closest parking spot to the door. I parked and basically sprinted over to Sophie's side of the truck.

"Sophie, come on, let's go."

I grabbed her hand. It was ice cold. Her face had started to get incredibly pale. When she blinked, her eyes would stay closed for a few seconds. I didn't want something bad to happen to her. I finally knew that I had to get somebody to help me. I ran to the front door and saw a security guard.

"Look, you have to help me. I need something. My friend Sophie is about to pass out. She needs help immediately. Please, just use your radio or something to call another security guard. I need a doctor or somebody. Help me, sir, please help me..." I kept rambling on.

While I was talking, the security guard spoke into his radio. A doctor came to the door about 2 minutes later. I was in such a panic, I could just fumble over my words and point to my truck. The doctor waved a hand to a group of doctors pushing a gurney. They rushed to my struck, and just grabbed her. They grabbed her straight out of my truck, and pushed her away. I didn't see her for the next two hours.

I paced in the lobby & thought, *What happened to Sophie? Had I just been irresponsible? It was my fault she had gotten into a panic, I was the one to suggest going somewhere. How could I have been so stupid? I had thought something bad was going to happen. What am I talking about? Me? Being* responsible for a 14-year-old*? Impossible for me to take care of her. I'm so foolish to even think I could go through with this. I should just declined the request.* A door opened somewhere. I looked up to see the doctor that took Sophie. My heart pounded inside my chest.

The doctor looked at me and smiled gently. He looked sad, but he still tried to smile. I just looked at him and folded my hands in front of me. He gestured toward a wooden door with the words LOUNGE ROOM painted on it. He walked toward the door and opened it. I followed him. The doctor sat down on a cushioned chair. I sat across from him. I was incredibly nervous. If she had died, I would have never forgiven myself. He just sat there, looking at me. He stared at my dark brown hair, my light blue eyes, my freckles on the bridge of my nose, my body.

I waited for the news. He finally sighed and got up. I thought he would get paper and write the news down on a piece of paper. But instead, he got *coffee.* He got coffee in a moment like this. I just leaned back and blew out a breath. This could take forever. He poured a cup of coffee for himself. The doctor came back and sat

down. He sipped the coffee, and let it settle into his stomach. He set the coffee down on a glass table that sat in between us.

"Alright, Mr. Parker. I have some... news." I got tensed up again when he said that.

"I'm incredibly sorry. She's passed."

I've never broken down that before in my life, and I'm sure I never would again.

Chapter 4: Her Recover

I made this one long since it's been a while. Leave your comments and like! :)

â ¥Darah

The doctor sat there with me and just pat my back.

"It's going to be fine..." He said, very unsure.

I just shook my head and wiped the tears from my cheeks. It was a terrible thing to think about. I stopped crying and just leaned back into the chair, thinking of how little time we had gotten to spend together. I sat there for about 15 minutes before I heard running coming from the hallway. I also heard mumbling and more running, followed by the door opne.

"Doctor Dean," a nurse busted into our room and basically screamed his name. "We've got a heartbeat!"

She rushed out of the room, and Doctor Dean followed. I ran outside of the door and basically slipped on the tile floor. They were jogging to an elevator, and I saw that they had pressed the number 11.

"Dang it," I thought, suddenly feeling lost again.

I was on the third floor; it would take way too long for me to wait for the elevator. I reached the elevator after crashing into many people. I stopped to catch my breath. I looked to the right: the stairs. I started to run up the stairs faster than ever.

When I finally got to the top, I was out of breath. My face had turned red. Nurses and doctors walked past me with cups of coffee. I searched for a desk of some sort. I saw a sign hanging from the ceiling that read 'Customer Service.' I pushed past doctors and nurses until I reached the desk. The girl at the desk was about 19, and she had white-blonde hair.

"Yeah?" She popped her bubble gum.

"I'm looking for Anna-Sophia. What room is she in?" I was anxious to see her.

"Lemme check, sweets." She turned her chair slowly and looked through files. "Room 41B. Take a right when you get to the exit sign and her room should be the last door on the right."

I thanked her and started to get frustrated. All of those people were in my way. They had a Lounge for a reason. Finally, I decided to use a method my 6-year-old brother taught me, called the Punch & Run Method. I put my hands into fists and held them out in front of me. I started to run. If anybody was in my way, they would get punched. Hard. Everybody jumped out of my way. I got to the exit sign and started to turn so fast that I slipped and fell, but caught myself with my arms. I heard stifled laughter.

I picked myself up and calmly knocked on Sophie's door. I heard a doctor say something, and then come to open the door.

"Mr. Park--" I wouldn't let him finish.

I pushed him out of the way and walked inside the room. I saw Sophie laying there with her eyes open. I ran towards her.

"Sophie, I'm so sor--"

"Mr. Parker you will have to leave." A nurse told me.

"Um, no, I will not. Go away." I said with attitude.

"Mr. Parker, you have to leave this room *immediately.* Goodbye." The nurse tried to push me out of the room.

"Is she your responsibility? Did you rescue her from abuse? Did you get to know her like I did? Will you ever think about her again? Will you be her best friend and her caretaker after this? Will you give her shelter? Will you feed her? Do you know her middle and last name? Do you know her backstory?" I pushed the nurse's arms off of me with that being said.

She's *my* responsibility. Not theirs. They wouldn't take care of her after saving her life.

Sophie's eyes got wide and just stared at me. Her eyes welled up with tears.

"Drake," she said, starting to cry.

I walked over and hugged her gently. The nurse and doctors left the room.

"I thought you would be gone forever. I would have never forgived myself... God, I am so happy you're alive."

Sophie smiled at me. "Thank you for everything, Drake."

I kept hugging her. I wasn't proud of myself. I had failed, and it wasn't me that got her back to life.

"Let's go home," I suggested.

Sophie nodded her head and sat up slowly. Her brown hair fell around her shoulders. I grabbed her hand and helped her up. She started to walk slowly, and then quicker.

"WAIT! Where are you two going?!" The same nurse that was in the room earlier said.

"Home. Adios!" I picked up our pace and we raced down the hallway to the elevator.

Sophie laughed. She actually laughed. I suddenly felt very happy and proud. I didn't fail. She's still alive and with me.

We had drove home in silence. Sophie was now sitting in her room, looking at pictures of her old friend. I just sat in the living room, drinking milk. Once I had finished, I put the glass up and shuffled into Sophie's room.

"Hey. I came to say goodnight."

I leaned into her room. She didn't notice me.

"Oh, hello." She said, looking at me with her big eyes.

"Looking at old pictures?" I asked her, sitting next to her on the bed.

"Yeah... Just family stuff and old friends." She put her photo album down.

I glanced at it. I sighed.

"I know you miss 'em." I said quietly.

"Yeah. I do. Lots. Drake, I think I'll go to sleep now." She said.

Sophie was avoiding the conversation about her family and friends.

"Alright, I guess I will too." I said.

"Good night." She said with a bright smile on her face.

"Night." I said blandly.

I just sat there until she fell asleep. I could hear her snoring. It was very soft and quiet, and very cute.

"Love you..." I said slowly and quietly, hoping she didn't hear me.

I leaned over on her and kissed her forehead. She smiled cutely.

Chapter 5: The Park

That morning I woke up earlier than usual. I rolled over on my side to check the clock. It read 8:00 A.M. I sat up slowly and stretched out. I remembered that Sophie had just been in the hospital, and I almost fell onto her desk while I rushed inside of her room. She was silently sleeping. I just wanted to make sure she didn't die from being panicked again. I calmed my nerves and shuffled into the kitchen. Sunlight streamed through the windows. The New York life was bustling down below me. I went to the fridge to get out some milk, and thought about making breakfast for us. I whipped up some eggs and toast, and while I was pouring milk, Sophie came walking down the hall. She looked extremely cute in her Mickey Mouse pajamas. She yawned and stretched.

"Morning," I said.

"Mornin' " She said, and sat down at the counter.

"What should we do today?" I asked, pushing her plate of food and glass towards her.

"It's beautiful outside, we could go to the park." She said, eating her toast slowly.

I nodded in agreement. I ate my eggs quickly. Sophie picked at her eggs.

"I think I'll go take a shower." Sophie said, getting up.

"Oh, okay." I said, and picked up her plate.

I put the plates into the sink.

"I guess I will too, then." I said, and we both went to our bathrooms.

I jumped into the shower and washed my hair with shampoo and conditioner. I washed my body quickly, and got out of the shower. I stole a towel from the rack and dried off my body. I heard a knock at my door.

"Hold up!" I called.

I threw on some boxers and stone-washed jeans. I opened the door, making sure Sophie could only see my head.

"I need my jacket." She said, and pushed open the door.

I look shocked. I noticed what she was wearing. A long t-shirt, that goes just past her butt. I averted my eyes. I could still see that she had little cotton panties on. I looked the opposite way again. I just stood there awkwardly, waiting for her to leave. She turned around and noticed that I didn't have a shirt on. Her eyes widened, and I could feel them staring at my abs. She immediately gripped her t-shirt and pulled it down, past her butt.

"I'll wear something else." She said, and rushed out.

I closed the door and exhaled. I put on a black and white striped Polo, with a gray and white snapback. I put on an old pair of my skater shoes. When I opened the door, I saw Sophie...changing her shirt. I turned my head quickly to look down the hallway, but instad, I hit my nose on the doorframe. My nose cracked, and it

hurt worse than ever. I grabbed it and grunted.

"Drake!" Sophie exclaimed, rushing to put her shirt on.

She put her hand on my face. Her fingers were cold.

"Oh! I know what to do!" She rushed into her room.

She bent down in her jean shorts. They were cut-off short-shorts, I'm guessing. She was wearing an old t-shirt, and on top, she was wearing a Batman hoodie. She looked overrall very cute. She grabbed a plastic tub and handed it to me.

"What's this?" I asked her with a confused face.

"It helps to heal cuts, brusies, even mending bones. You just rub it on... and you're done!" She took some on her fingers and rubbed it on my nose.

I sneezed and then shook my head. She was walking down the hall in her black Vans. I stared at her as she walked.

"I'm leaving, Drake!" She yelled, and then opened the door, and I heard it close.

"Wait!" I yelled.

I ran out the door. Sophie was already crossing the street when I got into the parking lot.

"Sophie!" I screamed.

She looked at me, and then continued to walk. I finally caught up with her, after waiting for the traffic to pass.

"Soph, don't do that to me. You could've gotten killed!" I exclaimed at her.

"I'm not a baby, Drake." She said with an attitude.

The rest of the walk was silent. I finally saw the park come into sight. I jogged to the nearest bench.

"Aaah." I said, leaning back against the bench.

Sophie looked around the park.

"Oh, no. People from school are looking at us." She said, and quickly hid her face.

I squinted with the sun in my eyes. I finally saw a group of people. Four cheerleaders and 4 football players. The normal group of people that would make fun of Sophie.

The tall cheerleader saw me and Sophie, and she told her friends something. They all looked at us with smirks. The group walked over to us. The cheerleaders were the head of the pack.

"Hi, Sophie, dear. How's life? Terrible as usual?" Her little friends laughed.

I stood up in front of the cheerleader. I was even shorter than her.

"How's life, you giraffe? Hoping to shrink some? And you guys can leave now." I said.

She backed up from me. The football players came up to me. They were trying to be cool or something.

"Maybe Sophie here doesn't want us to leave. Maybe she wants us to stay. Isn't that right Soph, sweets? I wanna feel that sweet body of yours right here..." The tallest football player pointed to his crotch.

At that point, Sophie had started to cry. I had turned around to look at Sophie. I turned around again, staring the football player right in the face. I just relaxed my shoulders. I punched that guy so hard, he won't be able to talk for a while. The rest of his group surrounded us.

"Get away, Sophie! Nobody wants you here!"

"We'd be better off if you died!"

"Go lose some weight!"

"We all know you're secret!"

The insults were too much for Sophie. It had started to get very dark. It was almost pitch black. I then realized we had left about 6:00, so it figures. The cheerleaders pulled Sophie onto the ground, even though I tried to make sure Sophie stayed sitting. Sophie got kicked by the girls. The football players were pinning me onto the bench. I fought with them to get up. Sophie was kicked in the ribs multiple times, and also kicked in the head. I kept shouting at them to stop, but the group would just laugh. The guy I had punched finally came too, and joined in on the kicking. He pulled Sophie's hair, and slapped her, very hard. Finally, I just used all the strength that I had. I kicked and fought my way out.

I pulled Sophie out of the little circle that had formed around her. The football player and two cheerleaders tried to kick me, but it wouldn't break me. I grabbed her hand and just pulled her up. She couldn't walk. I just decided to move away from the group. It was too dark for them to follow us. We went a few feet away to a hill, that was high from the ground.

Sophie kept coughing. I thought she would cough up blood. Gladly, she didn't. We sat there. Sophie suddenly leaned towards me and kissed my cheek.

"Thank you." She said quietly.

I smiled. "Anyday."

There was moments of silence. An idea popped into my head.

"Hey, how about I give you a piggy-back ride to the apartment?" I suggested.

She smiled and we got up. I picked her up and grabbed her legs. We walked slowly down the hill and across the street. She kissed my head sweetly.

I was falling too hard for this girl.

Chapter 6: The Healing

We slept good that night. I stayed awake with her, tending to her wounds. She had scratches above her eye and cuts all over her body. I tended to her head first, then her legs and stomach. I then got to her arms and saw a deep scratch. "Shi..." I stopped myself from cursing. I wasn't going to teach her to talk that way. Not after what just happened.

She looked uncomfortable when I pressed a warm towel to the cut. "Sorry," I said sheepishly. "It's okay.." she said, wincing. Sophia shifted her weight and sighed. I took the towel off of her arm. I couldn't see anymore damage.

"I'm sorry I let this happen to you. I never should have even taken you in like this. This is ridiculous. I can't take care of you. I'll only disappoint." I sat down and put my head in my hands. "You're an amazing caretaker, Drake. Don't ever think you can't take care of me. You can do it. I promise." She took my hand and placed it in her own. I just shook my head. I wasn't going to get into that conversation just yet.

"We should probably be getting to sleep now..." I said quietly after a moment of silence. "Yeah," she said letting go of my hand. "I'll wake you in the morning." I said. She nodded and walked back to her room to sleep. I just sat there, thinking about our future. I'd have to get a job, get her an education.. I had a bunch on my plate. I sat and kept thinking for quite a while. At about 2 A.M I started to get tired so I got up and started walking back to my own room. I checked on Sophia and she was sleeping soundly.

I walked next to her bed and sat down. I stared into her face. Her beautiful, amazing face. I couldn't take it anymore. I took her head and legs into my arms gently and carried her into my bedroom. I layed her down and climbed into bed next to her.

I fell asleep soon after I wrapped her into my arms and held her. About an hour later, I woke up. She was shaking and crying and sweating cold sweat. I grabbed her arms and shook them hard. "Sophia! Wake up now!" I yelled into her face with my eyes closed with frustration of saving her. I don't care if it hurt her feelings that I yelled at her. I would take care of her, that was fixable. But I'm not risking her going into the hospital again.

She gasped and her eyes popped open. Her breathing returned to normal and curled up. "What happened Sophia..." I said softly. "I don't want to tell you Drake. You wouldn't understand this. It's something only I go through and only I understand why I go through it." She looked away from me and looked down into the blanket. "I released my grip on her arms and then she stared into my eyes. "I had a dream I was cutting, Drake." I stared back at her. What a beautiful, amazing face she owned.

"Give me your arms." I commanded. "No, stop, Drake...stop it..." I yanked her arms back and stared at them. Huge scars were splayed across her arms. Up until her shoulder. All around her arms. "They're beautiful." I said simply. "What?" she said, as if she wasn't expecting that. "Your scars are beautiful. You're beautiful." I said, returning my gaze back up to her face. Her eyes filled with small tears. I saw one drip down her cheek. I wiped it away immediately, I wouldn't even let her cry from happiness.

"No Sophia, no crying. You're perfectly fine." I lifted her arms to my lips and slowly kissed the first cut. "Stop Drake... don't do this..." Sophia tried to gently take her arms away. I held my grip on her arm. I kissed the next one. I continued to kiss all of them, slower and slower each time. I reached the last one and by that time, she had fallen asleep. I gently laid her hand on my heart and my hand on her heart. "I love you Sophia," I whispered softly into her ear. "I love you so much..." I allowed myself to cry a small bit.

I would never let Sophia get ruined again. I'll keep track of her cuts and kiss them three times a week. I'll take care of her and never let her out of my sight. I'll make her whole and healthy again. Sophia will be strong and graceful and beautiful one day. Because of me. Because of Drake. Because of my love that makes her whole. Because I am the one that healed her cuts. I closed the scars, the memories.

I'm providing her with family and true love.

Chapter 7: The Association

I awoke at around 10:30 AM the next day. She was still laying in my arms, our hands pressed to each other's heart. I squeezed her tight and then kissed her forehead. I just layed there, letting the sunlight splay over her beautiful face. Every pinch of her face and body is perfection. I caressed her head and pushed her head so that it was onto my chest. I looked out the window at the sun rising and the cars moving slowly below us. I layed there and let her sleep safely. She soon woke up and looked up at me. "Good morning,' I said, smiling at her. I kissed her forehead. "Good morning." She said back simply.

Why didn't she return the kiss? She didn't even react to it. Was I moving to fast? Of course. Was I forcing her to do things that may be out of her comfort zone? Possibly. It's not like I was forcing her to do sexual things. I was just being caring. Like a boyfriend. But then again, I wasn't her boyfriend. So this is why. I'm not her boyfriend, I'm supposed to be like a father that takes care of her. I couldn't fall in love with my child. It's inappropriate and sick. I hated keeping it low-key with my love for her.

The thought of not being able to fall in love with her made me sick inside. It made me want to kill myself.

"Drake, Drake." I snapped back to reality. "I thought you were possessed or something. Hehe." She said, trying to lighten the mood from awkward to casual. "No, I shouldn't be." I said with a half-smile. "We should go out today. Somewhere that people won't bother me at." She suggested. "Oh, I have the perfect place." I said excitedly.

Three hours later, we arrived at the Association. "Jeez, was that ride long enough?" She said as she hopped out of the car. "It was worth it, trust me." I said, helping her walk across the parking lot. I pushed open the double doors and let them close loudly.

"Kean!" I called out. "Who?" Sophia asked. "The headmaster." I explained quietly. "Kean! Kean! It's Drake and Anna-Sophia!" I called again. An older man in about his seventies appeared from behind a pillar. "Oh, Drake. Glad to see you could stop by with..." he trailed off, waiting for me to say Sophia's name. "Anna-Sophia." I said after a moment. She smiled at Kean. Such a beautiful smile.

"Follow me." Kean instructed us to do. I strutted next to him, leaving Sophia in the back to gaze at the paintings on the walls. "You've got a beaut, Drake. Good job." He whispered to me. I smiled and nodded. "Yeah, I sure do." I said, not giving any hint that I love her. "Drake, where are we going?" Sophia asked me. "To Christopher!" Kean said, throwing his hands up for a magnificent display to the name. "Christopher?" I asked quickly, suddenly tensing up. Christopher would surely make a move on Sophia. I couldn't let that happen.

"Yes, Christopher. He'll show Miss Anna-Sophia around while we chat for a while." Kean said, making sure I understood. "Oh, okay..." I said quietly. We turned a corner and Christopher was standing there, waiting for Anna-Sophia. "Hey Mr. Kean." Chris said. "Drake, how's it going?" I shifted my weight and blankly stared at him. Kean was giving him instructions on where to take Anna-Sophia and what to do. He nodded and put his arm out. "Miss Sophia. I'll take you around." He said with one of his million-dollar smiles. She locked her arm around his waist.

His waist. They haven't even met yet. They only knew names. This wouldn't turn out good.

"You're beautiful babe, I bet you didn't know that from Drake." He said as they walked away, turning around to look at me when he said my name. I flared my nostrils and just followed Kean to his office.

Kean's office is decorated with paintings of depressed kids and quotes and tears and sadness. It was meant to bring a serious and sad vibe to the room. "How has Sophia been?" Kean asked, propping his feet up on the desk. His black hair and wrinkles made him look like the president. "Good. We've gotten real close. I know about what she's gone through and what she normally goes through." I said simply. "That's good, Drake. You're doing just fine with bills and providing for her? No extra money needed?" He asked, staring into my eyes to make sure I wasn't lying to him."No, we're fine." I said. "Alright, that's all I really wanted to talk to you about." He said, getting up.

I followed him out of the office and back to where Chris and Sophia were scheduled to be. "Kean, what if I fall in love?" I asked Kean. "Love is a silly thing, it's never real nor true. What happened to your other girlfriend? Grace, was it? You can't possibly fall in love with two people, child. Haven't they taught you this in school?" Kean explained. I shrugged and bit my lip. "I heard a quote from a wise old man once. He said, 'You can't be in love with two people. If you really loved the first, you wouldn't have loved the second. Therefore, go with the second.' I've always remembered those quotes from him." Kean said.

I looked down and meditated on that for a few minutes until we arrived at the station that Chris and Sophia were supposed to be at. I looked around for them. I knew what Chris was doing. I shuffled around the room. I looked behind the stairs, under the tables and chairs, even in the snow-cone stand. I walked over the the room that said RESTROOM and opened it quickly. I spotted it. It hit me like a hurricane. Their lips entwined, I watched as Chris did exactly what I knew he would do. He had started to undress her, and she was all into it.

She was drugged, definetly drugged, that's what he always did. Sophia wasn't like this. I walked up to Chris and yanked Sophia away from him. It shocked her and she fell back, I caught her with my left arm. I stared at Chris straight in the face and screamed "FUCK YOU." I then punched him right in the face and watched him fall to the floor.

If you have really loved the first, you wouldn't have fallen in love with the second.Was Sophia drugged? Was she the one that thought of this?

If I was the first, and Chris was the second...

Did she never love me at all?

I suddenly got all my answers right then. Straight from Sophia. Straight from the girl I loved.

Chapter 8: The Understanding

I dragged Sophia out of the Association and she still had half of her clothes off. I grabbed her shoulders and shook her as hard as I could. She just wobbled back and forth, having late reactions for each movement. "Sophia what were you thinking?!" I screamed at her. "How could you do this?! Why would you do this to us?! Why would you do this to me?! You know that I love you! You know how much I care! Why? Why?!" I screamed with my eyes closed. I felt the earth stop and then I suddenly got extremely calm. "Sophia," I whispered. "listen to me, Sophia. I'm going to help you and cure you from this. We aren't coming back to this Association." I whispered, opening my eyes and looking at the glossy-eyed girl I saw before me.

I walked her over to the car and opened the door. I gently set her in there and closed the door. I walked over to my side of the car and just kept shaking my head, wondering what happened in there. It was my fault, I shouldn't have let her go in there. I won't let them see each other. I won't let her think about him. I won't bring up anything related to him. Ever.

I drove home quickly so I could help her out of this unusual stage. I carried her into the living room and set her down onto the lounger. I went over to the refridgerator and pulled out a bottle of Fiji water. I unscrewed the cap and walked over to the lounger. I sat down next to Sophia, carefully forcing her to drink it. She swallowed as I poured sip after sip into her mouth. The vitamins would help her brain get more focused into the moment and not be so crazy.

Sophia began to come back into the moment soon. "Drake, it wasn't me!" She immediately started saying. She adjusted her shirt so her bra wasn't hanging out. "It's okay, I understand.." I said. "No, you don't! It wasn't me, he told me to use the restroom before we went to the gardens and I was fixing my makeup and...and... he just attacked me, I couldn't stop him, Drake, it was so-" I stopped her with a forceful kiss. It lasted for a few seconds.

"I understand, Sophia. It's perfectly fine." I cupped her face into my hands. She sniffled and I could see her mascara was smeared everywhere. She nodded and looked down at the pants. I kept looking at her, trying to see if she was just doing that because of the situation or if she was looking at something else. I looked down and saw it. "Shit, I'm sorry!" I grabbed a pillow and covered myself.

"It's okay, I don't mind." She said, smiling up at me. It took me off guard. She couldn't possibly like me in that way. I jumped up and sat in the other chair. "I'm sorry." I said calmly. "It's perfectly fine. I know how guys get." She said. Sophia was just saying that. She had no idea about what a guy goes through.

"You don't know anything about it, do you?" I said with a smirk. "Yes I do!" She insisted. "It's okay, you'll probably learn in school or somewhere." I said reassuringly. I realized she didn't go to school. "Wait, you haven't like...." I trailed off, trying to see if she knew what I was talking about. "Haven't like what?" She asked, completely and utterly puzzled. "Started your..um.." I asked awkwardly. "Started what?" She asked. I shook my head. I knew it would happen sooner or later.

"Nevermind." I said. "Tell me!" She said. "I'll tell you later tonight." I said. I hated to, I really did. I didn't want her growing up to fast. I wanted her to stay my little babygirl that I would remember.

Later that night, I had just fallen asleep when Anna-Sophia shook my shoulder. "You said you'd tell me Drake!" She exclaimed. "Fine, fine. Get in bed and I'll tell you." I rolled onto my back and stretched out. I sat up and prepared myself. "What is it, Drake, what is it?" She asked, apparently not being able to wait to grow up. "It happens whenever a girl grows up, now you see..." I explained on and on about it.

Finally, I finished the conversation. "Okay, I get it now. So am I ready?" She asked. "Are you ready for what?" I rolled onto my side again and yawned. "To be a woman?" She asked. I shook my head and smirked at her. I pulled her head close to me and said, "No, you're always going to be my babygirl." She smiled and kissed my chin. I kissed her forehead softly. I never wanted to stop kissing her. "Goodnight my beautiful." I said. "Never grow up on me, okay? Don't ever grow up on me. Always stay my babygirl." I said. "Forever." "Forever." I held her close to me. I entwined my fingers with hers, looking at her purity ring and reminding myself that I've done good so far.

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