

Chapter 4

Iris:

“Thank you, I will be sure to pick her up at one.” I said, smiling at her teacher who nodded.

I got down on my knee in front of my daughter before taking both her hands in mine. “Now, I want you to remember to be kind, baby girl. You are going to enjoy your day and you are going to make a lot of new friends.”

“For real?” She asked, smiling at me. I cupped my daughter’s cheeks before kissing her forehead. It was something that I couldn’t remember my own mother doing to me. Maybe she did when I was younger, but I couldn’t remember it. If anything, I could barely remember her leaving me to go to school with a maid, it was something that I swore not to do to my little one.

“Yes, it all depends on how you approach your classmates.” I said, and she smiled. I stood up and nodded at her teacher who already knew to call me if there was an issue. I waved at my princess who smiled and entered her classroom, now somewhat more boosted and excited. It made me smile to see her growing to become a confident girl. The last thing I wanted for her was to grow up in fear or pain, it was something that I was completely against, and I was making sure that even she knew it.

I crossed my arms over my chest as I walked out of the building, and walked toward my car. I knew that I had to visit my father at the hospital. The man’s body was weakening by the day and the last thing I wanted was for him to end up

losing his life when I wasn't around him. I knew that I had to be optimistic about it, and as much as I tried to be, I knew that even he gave up fighting. He was far too tired for the fights, and has requested that no one help treat his sicknesses, and that was something that broke me. I was against it, and I did try to convince him otherwise, but he didn't listen.

I didn't know how mom would be able to handle it, nor did I know how I would be living without him in my life. Just the idea of it was scary, and that wasn't something that I wanted to think of, if anything, I was scared to death of something happening to the man.

I got inside my car and drove off, not wanting to waste any time. He called me last night telling me that there was something that he wanted to talk to me about, and though I was aware that it would be about work, I dreaded the conversation.

I knew the responsibilities of taking care of a company worried him, but I also knew that I was more than capable for them. I ran my own things for five years, and though I now have a manager and CEO, I know that there would come a time when I am required to be back at the company and that they would be listening to what I had to say while I listened to what they have done and the plans that have been followed.

However, my father seemed a little more worried this time, and that wasn't something that I understood. I knew that he had his partnerships, but those weren't things that I would be associated with. I would be in charge of whatever we ran, and he would be handling his own partnerships and work from where he was. When he got back on his feet, and something inside me tells me that he would soon, I knew that he would be

taking care of things like he always did. This was just a minor setback. It would be something that he got out of, I was sure of it.

I reached the hospital's door, freezing in front of it for a few seconds as I parked my car. The thought and image of the number of people in there wasn't easy. How he managed to stop his fight or why, I didn't know. But I knew better than to ask, I made that mistake once, and I promised myself to never repeat it again. I hated admitting it, though I knew that he would be there, it has been a long while since I have seen him and I was more than scared to see him as weak as he was. In my eyes, my father was my hero, that man who would be taking care of everything and everyone without flinching for a second.

He had the kind heart to stand strong for anyone who needed the support that he provided, and at times, I knew that I needed him more than I let out.

I had no one in this world but him as my support, and I, in return, was his. The man lived strong, and happy. He made me proud, and I knew that he was a proud man, that was something that I didn't need to question.

The man would run his fingers through my hair as he held me close, hugging me tightly when I needed it, and the next thing I knew it, everything was back in place and I was able to face the world. How? When? What he did? I don't know, but I called it 'daddy magic'; therefore, I knew that if anything happened to him, I was going to end up dying inside. Something inside me was going to break, and that wasn't something that I wanted to handle. If anything, I was petrified of it.

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I stared at the hospital's front door for a few seconds, my heart racing against my ribcage faster than I thought would be normal; however, I forced myself to take a deep breath, I ran my fingers through my hair, fixing it. The last thing I needed was to get in another conflict with mother over my hair. I already expected a number of insults to be thrown my way, and this was not something that I wanted to deal with.

"You are not going to give up on me, daddy." I said, speaking out loud as I walked through the door. "I won't allow you to keep giving up your fight..."



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