



The Fight

{Anthony's P.O.V}

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It's almost been a year since Anna has lived with us. Lots of things have changed as well. Anna had wanted to join a soccer team so we signed her up for a little league for 4-5-year-olds.

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But the coach had felt that she would do better with the 6-7. I wasn't so sure at first because I didn't want the older kids to bother Anna, but...

(Flashback)

I got a call from Anna's coach about 20 minutes ago about an issue concerning Anna. At first, I was worried, but when the man reassured me that she was fine, I calmed down a bit.

"Anna had got into a fight."

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I stood up right away, hanging up the phone, and grabbed my coat and keys.

"I'm clocking out for the rest of the evening. Have mike take care of things." I told my assistant.

Driving a 15-minute drive to the fields. I headed towards the office, where a lady guided me where to go.

When I opened the door, the first thing I noticed was Anna, she had a small bruise on her cheek, her fist a little red, her head was down, and her cheeks were flushed.

She didn't look up.

She knew I was here.

I look at the girl sitting next to her who had similar injuries but with a black eye. Other than that, she seemed fine.

I was pretty sure that was her little friend she went to school with.

Two other little boys looked to be older than the girls but still young.

Black eyes, Bloody nose, dirty clothes, messy hair, and bruises everywhere.

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I held back a smirk.

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"Oh, Mr. Del la Cruz, I'm sorry I had to disturb you from your work which I know is very important to you because you are an...intelligent man."

Kiss ass.

'But Anna and Dani here seemed to attack these boys here for no reason-'

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"And how do you know that?" I asked skeptically.

"Well...um." He hesitated.

He then cleared his throat, "Well, Connor and James here had told me-"

"And you're just going to believe them?" I raised a brow.

Then one of the women who seemed to be the mother of one of the boys spoke up.

"Are you calling my son a liar?!" She barked at me. "That brat had attacked, my baby boy! You're lucky I don't sue you!"

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I chuckled.

"If you want to sue us, then do it." I stare at her coldly. "See what happens." She physically paled and kept quiet.

This woman had the galls to call my sister a brat too.

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What a bitch.

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Not wanting to stay in this suocating room any longer, I told Anna to grab her things, and we were leaving.

She froze a bit. Like she was scared as if she was in so much trouble. She slowly picked up her things and mumbled goodbye to her friend, who gave her a small, sad smile.

Once we walked out, I made her sit on the bench. I crouch down to her level, looking at her bloody fist.

Anna still didn't meet my gaze. She kept her head down, silently sniffing.

"Anna. Look at me."

And she did.

I gave her a small smile as I wiped away some falling tears. "I'm...sorry bubba."

"What are you sorry for, baby girl?"

"I know y-you tell me to b-behave b-but they were so mean! And when I told them, they were not nice, and if they didn't stop, I was going to tell on them, they got mad and pushed me." She cries out in mixed anger and embarrassment.

"Then Dani pushed them back, and, and then they hit her! And Alex told me it's not nice for boys to hit girls. And Joshy had told me always to defend myself and my friends. And tyty had taught me this cool fighting move...."

I sat there listening to her; I was so proud of her for standing up to the bullies. Even though she could have found a better approach but I'm not one to talk.

"I was just trying to protect my friend." She cried. Her hands flew to her face covering herself.

I let her cry it out for a few minutes until she calmed down.

"Bubba..?" She says.

I hum in response.

"Do you hate me?" She whispers.

"I could never hate you, princess. I love you too much."

A look at her first once more.

"But just a piece of advice." She looks at me, Wiping her tears away.

"Next time, aim lower."

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A/N

My first double update!!!!!!

My inspiration for this chapter was something that happened recently.

My little brother is four years old; I've got into a fight with someone who was a grade above him or something like that. He was just older. I don't know the details, but I know that my little brother had pushed him on the playground or something. Either my brother was being playful and then had an accident, or the kid pissed him off.

Either way, it's a proud big sister moment.

When I found out, I gave him a high five, but my mom told me that I shouldn't encourage that behavior. So I told him, "You don't hit people unless it's ABSOLUTELY necessary. And if you're going to fight someone, let them hit you first, then kick their ass." My mom sort of agreed.

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Anyways, have a great week!

I have three tests this week, world history, antonym, and geometry.↵

I lost my calculator so..... Could you send me a new one?↵

jkjk I'm buying one tomorrow.

Love you all, byeeee!♥ ♥ ♥

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