18 - Troubles

I woke up, gasping for air as Dean held me in his arms. Pushing him away, I dashed to the bathroom and heaved out the remaining food from the previous night. Dean had come around, rubbing my back and holding my hair up so it wouldn't get caught in the vomit.

Pulling back, I wiped away the stray tears and flushed the toilet, the acidic urinate prominent in my mouth.

"I'm sorry, didn't mean to throw up--"

"Sophia, I don't care about that. I care about you and your health."

I stood up, walking over to the sink and began to rinse my mouth clean. Dean stood intently at me through the mirror, making me grow nervous as I spit out the toothpaste and put it back in its respective holder.

"You did not do what allowed to throw up or you." I tried to jibe but immediately stopped since I saw his expression, concern and sadness apparent.

"Sophia--"

"You aren't mad at me, are you?" I asked quietly.

"Of course not, Sweetheart." He replied, a forced smile.

I took his word for it and noted the time, seeing it was already basically three to get up. As it flung back my hair in a ponytail, I walked over to the kitchen to make myself some food. Last night had actually been among the hours I had the were watching a movie as his room since I was finding it.B. Just to sleep.

I hated that Dean still a stayed me, even in my dreams. I felt like I had moved past him in all ways except mentally. He was still engrained in my head like a virus, infecting my happiness like a bug.

"Sophia?"

I hummed, bouncing myself with pouring in oil.

When Dean didn't respond I looked up, finding his arms crossed over his chest with a concerned look in his eyes. I already knew what he was going to say and sit honestly, combining this with the fact I still not telling me much about what was going on with him was making me miserable.

"Do you wanna talk about what just happened?"

"Nope." I popped the vowel as he in the counter, setting the timer appropriately. Sitting down with my ex-in-law, I blew tentative breaths over the tea before I started sipping on it without a further. Dean came around and sat next to me, sighing in slight frustration.

"Sophia."

This time I sighed, looking up at him as I set my mug down with more aggression than needed. "What, Dean? What the fuck do you want me to say? That's get nightmares? You already know that."

"You throw up." he says quietly.

"Okay, and?"

"And? Sojh, who throws up or a nightmare?" He looked at me in disbelief, his arms well crossed over his chest. Was the cuteness, annoyed.

"It isn't a big deal, Dean."

"Yes it is, Sophia."

The toaster popped up with my waffles, but my hunger subsided. Back due to my nightmare and the topic of the conversation. I felt like pacing again but held it down. Knowing I would only by have even the table bread and Dean would just it as an excuse to continue the conversation. I gingerly picked up both waffles, pushing them on a plate in front of me despite having no desire to eat them.

"It isn't," I insisted. "It'll pass."

"I wanted to talk to you about something..."

"What?"

"I think... I think you should try therapy."

I slid the plate away from myself, standing up immediately.

"No."

"Sophia, you woke up screaming and shaking. You were kicking out your backs and feet like you were trying to get away from someone. That isn't normal."

"I don't care if isn't."

"I know you have panic attacks and shut down when something reminds you of him. Sophia, you're wearing yourself down by pretending like everything is okay. It isn't. And until you acknowledge that, he'll still be haunting every aspect of your life."

I stared hard at the door. "Are you saying that I'm crazy, something wrong with me?"

"No, I'm stupid to touch me, hands overcrowing and taking two by two video. I'm saying that he's hurt you long enough. You deserve to be happy, Sojh. You deserve a life that isn't filled with hate. You don't have to keep doing this alone anymore... you're not alone anymore."

I swallowed thickly, pushing past him. While my heart knew he was right, I felt like I was being ganged up on. I felt like I was being ganged up on by my friends and my parents. I felt like I was being ganged up on by everyone.

"It was hard enough to tell you about my shit, Dean. And now you want me to go out and tell a complete stranger about how fucked up I am?" He didn't deserve my anger, I know. And as terribly as I wanted to take back my harsh tone and apologize to him, I needed him to understand that I couldn't do that. That I wouldn't do that.

"You are not fucked up, Sophia. The things that happened to you were and that's my main concern. You're the strongest person I know and fucking care about you. I don't want to see you turn into a shell of who you used to be."

I swallowed thickly, avoiding his gaze. "I'm not going down this road with you."

"I'm not forcing you, Sophia. I would never do that. Just please, think about it? I support you, you know this. But I'm not a professional. I don't know how to help you with something like this." He paused, lowering his voice all the way. "I'm scared you're drowning and I have no clue how to pull you out."

I stared my hard at my heart in my throat as I tried to give him my best convincing smile.

"I'll be fine, pinky. I'm sad." I always am.

A or that conversation with Dean I had taken a shower, changing into clothes for work before heading out there. We didn't exchange any more words with each other, mainly because I was trying my best to avoid him at all costs. My anger had subsided and I was to feeling miserable and upset, all at myself.

Dean was trying to help me and I did it blunnerly, he was right. He wasn't a professional, he wasn't someone who could help me work and pop my coping issues in a way that it would stop interfering with my entire life. He was my more-than-a-friend, someone who had taken care of me in ways no one had ever felt like I knew I did and back to his face by refusing help.

But in aftermaty, I just didn't think I was ready. Going to therapy made what happened to me real. It confirmed that something is wrong with me and that it needed to be fixed.

I sighed, wiping down another table as I had discarded the customers finished dishes in the sink. Being a waitress was a strain on my back however it was good for my physical activity since I was on my feet all day. But the pain weren't so bad after.

My eyes glanced up to look at the clock, noticing that my dr. was about to pick up to discuss a cancellation for my appointment. I would shifting from about 8, not mistaking him that it was today, because I wasn't a card of the mouth that would let on about. I wast sure if I wanted him to see that side of me, one that confirmed that I was an abuse victim and my body held evidence of that.

Walking over to the bar, I smiled at my coworker and owner of this diner, Alan, who was busy wiping down some glasses and filling with a girl at the counter. At the sight of me he grinned wide, forgetting her and leaving his beauties on the counter.

"Hey, Sophia, what's up?" What brings your royal ass over here?"

I roll my eyes, sitting down on a stool. The diner was fairly empty, except the regulars who hung out at the bar, so I wasn't scared of accidentally neglecting any customers. Besides there were the other waitresses also working the job today, most likely on their phones due to the slow day.

"Am I not allowed to get a drink?"

"Ah," he mouth, flipping over a glass in front of me and pouring in some water. "Any troubles?"

"You know that's very secret, right. Automatically assuming that every one in the room is the mobster a guy." I joked out, taking a sip.

He raises his hands in a mock surrender, forgiving an apologetic look. "Sorry, honey, my bad. We are you on down today then?"

"I've got a lot of shit going on in my life," I shrug, motioning for him to pour me some more. He complies with a sigh, nodding at my words.

"And so I begins. You're so young, you shouldn't be having any struggles in life yet. You should be out, swinging in some park a the mantlers."

"Best, you do know that I'm almost twenty one, right?"

He raises his eyebrow, rolling eyeballs at me with skull. "Are you saying you're too old to sit on a swing?"

"I'm saying that I'm on the verge of graduating university with some dumbass degree that won't guarantee me a job. If I could swing a swing and I'm not my best life right now, I would. Sojh, that the only applies to the prologue."

"Yeah, I just got back from Cleo. Why? Do you wanna hang out?"

I closed my eyes, contemplating telling her before deciding I wanted the support right now. "I'm in the hospital."

"What? What the fuck happened? Are you alright? What's going on?"

I winced, realizing I probably shouldn't have started with that. "I wasn't here for a full body scans. The one I told you about the other day."

"Oh." I heard the tone of a sigh of relief. "Yea, I remember. What's wrong? Did something happen?"

"No. I just... if you were able to, can you come here? I just don't want to be alone."

"Of course, Sojhia. I'll be right there. Just root me the name of the hospital, alright? I'm leaving right now."

"Thank you."

Alan had arrived shortly or in the call, and I already knew she had most likely speeded in order to show up for me on time. I let myself smile at that, leaning my head on her shoulder as she kept the company. They had first set me up in a separate room, letting me fill out the medical history sheet before taking my blood. Now we were waiting for a doctor to come in and x-ray my body, needing to check for internal damages.

"How are you feeling, Sophia?" Alan asked from beside me, holding my hand in hers.

I shrugged, still slightly dim from my small one-sided argument with Dean earlier and the worries due to having to do the x-ray.

"That's okay, we're almost done. A or this would you wanna get some ice cream?"

"At nine are in the morning?" I asked her, snuggling closer to her body.

"Are you judging me?"

"I would never."

The door opened and a female doctor came in, clipboard in hand as she scanned the notes written down them. With a warm smile, she nodded at us and said in her chair by her desk, something it ice cube could face as.

"Hi, Sophia. I'm Dr. Jojhal, we met on the phone?"

I nodded, my face beaming in regeneration of the studied her. She was pretty, no doubt. Her skin was brown like mine, her hair pulled back and away in a plait ponytail. She was wearing a pair of black-rimmed glasses, a pair of shorts beneath her in her with minimal jewellery, only wearing a gold south asian style necklace around her neck.

"I don't know if Dr. Peterson explained to you but you'll be doing a full x-ray on can-ass body for internal injuries. Are you claustrophobic by any chance?"

I shake my head and her shoulders drop in relief, setting down her clipboard in her lap.

"Well that makes this a bit easier. Alright, let me walk you through what you will be doing." She walks over to the machine in the room, large and in the shape of a cylinder. "A table with slide out here inside where you will be laying down. I'll press this button which will make it slide back inside. I know, it's small and may seem scary but I really need you to be as still as possible. Are you wearing jewellery by any chance?"

"Yeah, just a necklace and a few rings. Should I take them a?"

She nods, smiling at me. "Yes, please. Think of this tube as a huge magnet. Wearing something metal inside can be very dangerous and can interfere with the scanning."

I slipped a my rings, heading to Alex before reaching around my neck to unclasp the small chain. My hands slightly shook, knowing the one piece of Dean that I always had with me had to be taken o. Once I was certain Alex had them stored in her hold, I stood up, walking over to where Dr. Jojhal was standing.

"How long will this take?" I asked, dh ing my weight from one foot to the other.

"Around 10 minutes. If, at any time, you start to feel overwhelmed please let me know."

I agreed, laying down on the table and waited for it to suck me back inside the tube. It was small but not dark, lights on the inside and I held my breath, unknowingly starting to feel tightly. I shut my eyes, trying to think of something other than being scanned by a machine.

Dean, of course, was my first thought. I knew it had only been a couple of hours since we had seen each other but I missed him. And fuck, I hadn't had him with me. I loved Alex and I was grateful she was here with me, but on my first time held by my sides and my breathing shortened, dh I really wanted was to hug him.

"Five more minutes, Sojhia. You're halfway there."

I breathed out, internally nodding. Alright, I could do this. Just four more minutes and I'd be out of this metal tube.

Seconds felt like hours in here and sometimes the would had get me that restraining order. I just needed something concrete, something legal that had my back in case he came too close.

Finally, the sound of a beep sounded and I was let out of the machine. Immediately creeping the tube back around my neck as its tqbal led to as an adjoining room, telling us we could sit and yet another doctor would be here to assist us.

"How long do you think this will take?" Alex whispered from in front of me, my hand resting on it as I looked around the small room. It was it a typical doctor's room, however there was one machine in the corner that I wasn't familiar with.

Another five minutes passed before I was met with Dr. Peterson again, gloves on her hands as she shut the door and looked at us with a smile.

"Alright, Sophia. One last test and I promise, a or the, you're done."

I shot her a weak smile, moving around uncomfortably on the marmoleum table, the paper layered underneath me crinkling.

She walked over to me with a tube in her hand, gesturing for me to lay down.

"We'll be doing an ultrasound into just to further check anything out. Can you do it - your shirt up for me, please?" I complied, doing so and she proceeded to squirt the gel on my stomach, the coldness sending a shudder up my spine. She then placed something a of the machine's side, placing it where the gel is on my stomach and moving it around, looking at the screen.

I stare at it for a few seconds as well but when I see her demeanour change from the corner of my eye, I turn my head and watch her. She goes over my stomach a couple of times, watching the screen intently before nodding, looking up at me.

"Sophia, there's something serious I need to talk to you about."

My back straightens, a quick glance in Alex's direction as I weakly jokes, "Well, you are a doctor so I assume everything you say is serious."

She doesn't look amused, making me let out a breath of air, nodding at her to continue.

"There is no easy way of saying this so I'm really sorry." She starts and I feel Alex come up beside me, holding my hand tight as the next thing the doctor says goes in one ear and out the other, breaking my entire world apart.

"There is a high possibility that you may be infertile due to the damage done to your uterus."