**Mountain View, United States of America**

Rebecca parked the car a few hundreds of meters back the old building, as she liked to walk through the little garden to reach the top of the hill. She wasn't in a hurry, being early, so she airily immersed in the memories.

She used to go there  when she was younger, earlier than her first work, and she had a lot of memories coming back in the brain, some happy and some sad.

She had kissed her first girl around there, sitting on a bench of those, and she remember that a boy had tried to kiss her right there, leaning against one of those green trees. Horrible situation...

There was something sad with her, these days. She remembered  about her youth and she couldn't help but become sad because she wouldn't be spontaneous anymore, since she've been living in San Josè.

Her work as a reporter had deleted her will to live. The last person whom she had slept with was part of her job, another of her pitiful attemps to prove that the music industry is corrupt.

Results, a crush for a mentally unstable girl with a box of analgesics and a complaint for stalking. She wondered why her girlfriends had always to be psychically unstable.

Overcoming the exit of the park, she stepped on the white marble as usual and she reached the old building's atrium. Being six o'clock in the morning, she didn't expect anybody to be there.

She slowly pushed aside the door of the editing room and came into the place, turning the lights on. She spotted someone leaning against the table, quietly sitting on the ergonomic chair, who was silently sleeping.

Surpised, she approached to the young girl, brushing aside the light blanked off her. She wore only her underclothes, except for her indigo camisole and the coloured socks, painted with some cartoon character.

"Kylie?" - she whispered, suprised - "Have you spent another night working, with the flu and the fever...?" - the american journalist scolded softly her.

Kylie issued a groan, complaining. As she put an hand on the girl's forehead, she could sense it was hot because of the fever. - "You are burning, Key-key... I'll bring you in the hospital, your flu is no joke apparently..."

She carried her with a strenght which she was not supposed to have, and brought her out of the building. A step, another step, and one more step foreword towards the exit, the staircase seemed to be endless.

The embrassement was rising as she exited the front door. Kylie was half-naked under the heavy blanked which was laid on her body and now she was carrying her passing through the park.

Luckily, not so much people were gathered there when she crossed the garden.

"Re...be...ha" - She heard another slight groan from the younger girl, who was cautiously moving the heard, trying to face the girl whose arms were wrapping her softly. - Wh-wh-where a-are we go-going?" - she babbled, shivering heavily.

"Shush..." - She said with a soft whisper. - "You have the influence, don't overstrain".

She kept holding her like a little kid. Like a mother... She thought. Hidden behind her unconscious mind, she missed touching somebody like that. Take care of a sick person gives you vibrations of freedom. And authority.

Moving her thoughts away she drove with her car until the hospital. She wrapped her bare skin with her own jacket, to preserve heat in that body. They walked in the atrium where a nurse welcomed her.

"Oh my god, what has happened? Has she fainted?" - The nurse said, pointing with the finger another room where to put Kaylie's unconscious body. Following Rebecca, she asked about the situation the older girl. - "Is this your daughter, Mrs...?"

"Miss Jackson" - She replied with an annoyed voice. The constitution of this state prohibits gay marriages, she added mentally... - "And how old do you think I am? She is not my daughter, obviously!"

"How are you two related, so?" - The nurse, offended, unkindly replied Rebecca.

"She's my employer".

"Is this a joke? I thought this girl had like... fourteen years old..." - she said.Incompetent people. Luckily, a man in his fifties dressed as a department head doctor interrupted them, entering the door behind the nurse.

"Marisol, is there any problem?" - she calmly scolded her subordinate, sitting on a chair near Kylie, who was still unconsciously lying there in the middle of the bed.

As the nurse called Marisol shook her head, and came out of the room, he approached to the young girl and gave her a sudden look, with a worried gaze. - I'm sorry. Marisol is young and she gets nervous when she makes mistakes... how old is this girl?"

"She is twenty... I'm sorry for her quirky clothing... she's a little bit eccentric"

"There isn't anything to be sorry, I'm used to worse things" - He smiled back, grabbing a stethoscope.