

Fortify

# Fortify

By : **ForeverSimplicity**

Catherine Jacobs' proudest achievement is helping victims of sexual assault heal. It is her calling, but what happens when she gets too close to a victim, whose tragic departure makes her lose perspective? When this work becomes more than she can handle?

Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/ForeverSimplicity](http://booksie.com/ForeverSimplicity)

Copyright © ForeverSimplicity , 2013  
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

# Fortify

**So I found this website one day and felt really inspired. I really wanted to write a story, I just couldn't think of anything I wanted to write about. Then this idea popped into my head and I figured, what the hell? Let me take a shot at it. So here it is, the first chapter, I know its short but I don't know how I feel about this story yet. Hopefully I'll get some reviews that'll give me motivation to write more chapters. Give it a chance though, I promise it'll get better.**

**Also in no way am I affiliated with the Joyful Heart Foundation. I support the charity, and Mariska Hargitay is my inspiration. With this storyline being so relevant to her foundation, I wanted to bring light to her charity. I recently read a piece on the charity's blog about putting an end on the backlog, and went with it.**

---

The city atmosphere was intoxicating. The constant noise, the enormously tall buildings, and streets full of city residents and eager tourists, was what she loved most about this city. In her eyes, it was what made New York City so breathtaking. This was her home, where she had grown up. The city was apart of who she was, it gave her a sense of hope and resiliency. Her parents, her friends, and more importantly, her job was here. How could she ever leave it all? Living the quiet life in Savannah, Georgia, was not something she had given much thought. She was unsure about whether or not she could even handle living such a precarious lifestyle, but she had to *try*. She needed to find a way to manage, somehow pull through; otherwise it would cause a great deal of turmoil in her relationship.

Her fianc  was recently offered a huge job promotion. It was his dream, and turning it down was not an option. She didn't want to move 3,000 miles away, but she was willing to make the sacrifice. She wanted their relationship to work because she *loves* him. She may not always show it, but she does. Truth is, her love is so powerful that she'd do anything for him. Including putting her life on hold for the next two years, and he's aware of that. He loves her for it, and is very diligent about reassuring her that the move is only temporary.

Two years, she thought dreadfully.

But she wasn't going to let herself dwell upon it today. Instead, she decided to immerse herself in a hard days work. For her, working was the best kind of distraction. It gave her a peace of mind.

She worked long days and sleepless nights this past week, preparing for this afternoon's convention. Today she and other members of the Joyful Heart Foundation, assembled to achieve something far more important, than her inability to cope with having to move to another state. Today she provided awareness; she encouraged people to fight beside her to put an end to the backlog of untested rape kits. At the end of the day, she was glad she had volunteered because ultimately, she made a difference. The experience was humbling, and it really opened her eyes, hopefully opening the eyes of others as well.

She is a lawyer, her specialty is divorce and mediation, at least that's what it says on the paycheck she receives in the mail every other week. Her other occupation is the volunteer work she does on the side at the rape crisis center. She helped victims of sexual assault; she guided them, offered any aid or counseling that would help victims make peace with their trauma. She gave them a reason to trust her as opposed to giving them a reason to doubt her, and her ability to help them heal. She wanted to help in any way she could, it was her job, and she loved it. She invigorated victims, and they gave her that same satisfaction. She had lightened her workload at the firm so she could be more involved in empowering survivors. She felt like she had an obligation to do

## Fortify

this job, and do it well. It made her feel *alive*, like her purpose in this world was to do something greater than hear husbands and wives bicker back and forth at each other over who was keeping the beach house in the Hampton's. She's been doing this work for almost five years now, and she can't help but reminisce about what drew her to this kind of work in the first place.

She remembers it all very clearly now. She had just started her job at the firm, which was a hard adjustment at first. She was juggling at least 5 or 6 different cases at once, which didn't leave much time for her to establish relationships with her clients. It wasn't until meeting Sara that all those things changed. Her case was the most complicated. Her soon to be ex-husband was a little too *obsessive* for her comfort. She had speculated an abusive relationship, but Sara shot her down when confronted by her accusations. That made her realize the importance of establishing a relationship with the client. She knew she needed to convince this woman to trust her in order to get all the facts. Again, she knew their situation was complicated, but it wasn't until later on that she would learn the extent of their complex situation.

It was a late Tuesday night at the firm, she had a settlement to look over and approve before her 8 am meeting the following morning. Halfway into the settlement, she noticed Sara walk in her office. Her dirty blonde hair was a mess, and her pale face was swollen, where the bruises would eventually form. She was wearing a plain white tee shirt and a light pair of denim jeans. The part of her arms uncovered by her tee shirt, showed the grab marks, it looked like someone had gripped her arm with so much force, that it must have been painful. The fresh blood clotting on the right side of her neck was by far the most alarming.

She looked *traumatized*. The look of her made Catherine cringe at first. She couldn't help but think that she needed to convince Sara to go to the hospital to have that cut on her neck, as well as the other injuries she had sustained, checked out by a doctor. She was standing in the doorway, seeming so lost and afraid, like what just happened hasn't hit her yet.

"Sara, what happened? Are you alright?" She asked, even though the answer had been obvious.

She opened her mouth to speak, but the words wouldn't form. Catherine started to walk toward her and gestured her to sit down. As she got closer, Sara's body shook in a panic. The fear in her eyes was fierce, which caused Catherine to calmly back away, giving her the space she needed. She decided to pull up a chair and maneuver it so that it would be directly across from the couch, where Sara would eventually sit.

Catherine patiently waited out the silence, while managing to communicate with Sara through their breathing. She was still standing in the doorway; it took time before she finally sat herself down on the couch.

This was something she had never experienced before, she had no clue how she would address it. Her main concern was Sara's mental state. From what she had known, Sara was witty, and funny in spite of the escalating abuse in her relationship. She wondered what such a trauma would do to her soul. The thought of it terrified her.

Sara was staring at her now, and she tried to hide the weakened look on her face, in hopes that Sara would not notice.

'Ask her what happened!' She heard her conscience scream. 'Just ask her, already!'

"Do you want to talk about it?" Catherine finally managed.

She nods her head.

Fortify

Fortify

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2013-06-19 13:51:58