Why Can't She Believe Me?

By : BounceAround

Katelyn's childhood was always hard to remember, nothing happy ever came to mind when she thought back to how her life was between the ages of nine and fourteen. All she thought about was her step-father and the way he abused her constantly. Even at the age of twenty-two she suffered with continuous nightmares regarding the occurrences from that time in her life. Which lead her to think there was no good future for her. Not with the scars left clouding her future.

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Chapter 1: The Beginning.

"Get away from me! Don't. Touch. Me. No, get away, back off, leave me aloneâ ¦nooo!!", Katelyn turned around running towards her bedroom, trying to hide from the pain. She felt him coming up behind her quickly, so she tried to run faster, then she finally reached her room and closed the door immediately, locking it and then running behind her bed. He came up to the other side of the door, and started banging it, screaming at her. Telling her to unlock the door. Telling her that if she didn't, he'd tell her mother that she'd been terrible to him again. She screamed back at him, pleading him not to. She hated when her mum thought she was a bad child, hated it so much, because she wasn't; it was all him.

He kept yelling, telling her what he'd tell her mother.

She slowly got up, crying, so much pain in her eyes. She slowly unlocked the door, and let him forcefully come into her room. He pushed her towards the bed and stripped all clothes off of her. That's when he did it. Over and over again.

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A sudden sucking of breath went through the bedroom. Katelyn woke up to another nightmare. Although it wasn't much of a nightmare, just a wretched memory which failed to disappear. Thirteen years had passed and not a single day passes where she doesn't remember what she'd gone through. The worst part about it was that her mother never believed what had happened.

Once, when she was thirteen and her stepfather was out at the pub with what little friends he had; she'd confronted the woman who'd given birth to her. This woman didn't ever think to go over the information which was being said. All she did was let out an explosion of volcanic anger. She had slapped Katelyn across the face for lying to her. Lying about the one man who had ever loved her. Her mum had asked her in the most horrible tone why she was lying, why she was making up stories about Karl? She said over and over again that Karl loved Katelyn and Alice like they were his own. Then she told Katelyn to go back to her room and not come out ever.

That was the first and last time she had ever spoke up to what all her nightmares had consisted of. Plus later that night she had met the devil. He actually came close to her, in flames.

Chapter 2: Memories Come Forward

Karl crept into Katelyn's room not long after he returned to the house he thought of as home. When he had stepped into the foyer he met Katelyn's mum and spoke a few words with her. Katelyn thought she was saying something like "The funniest thing happened this evening, our daughter exclaimed that you were raping her when she was younger. I of course never believed it, but I think you should talk to her. Tell her that she was watching too many films." Because when he came into her room she could just smell the anger in him. The anger and the booze he had consumed while away.

He leaned over the bed, covered her mouth, and yanked her up. Spoke foul words to her. Told her she was an idiot for speaking such lies to her mother. Said that no one would ever believe such a spiel. "All they will think is that you speak cock and bull stories." His tongue spat continuous venom on her face. His eyes were red with rage. His features looked almost as though he was Lucifer. Although she already knew he was, not physically, but beyond his loving faÃ§ade he held onto for her mum. Deep down with all his hating acts toward Katelyn, he was the almighty Devil.

There had been a time when Katelyn was younger, where she'd pray day in day out, pray that the man she had to call her father would just leave. Find some other family to falsely love and then torment when the doors were closed. That never happened. Karl stayed around the Pittsing family. When Katelyn had first lost her complete innocence, she knew that God didn't really exist. But his rivalry of a person created in tales did walk this earth. Although he didn't openly have horns. His name was Karl Bennet, rather than Lucifer.

Finally he pushed her back onto the bed, rather shoved her back. Told Katelyn to tell mummy dearest that she was ill the next day. Too ill to go to school. He told her that if she didn't do as he said there would be consequences. Deep down, Katelyn knew never to do as he said, but she was afraid for her life. That man was capable of all. All the wrong doings of life.

Chapter 3: Reenactment of a Nightmare

The usual morning consisted of mum waking up early, brewing her coffee, then taking a shower. After her shower she'd head back into the kitchen, drink her coffee and read the paper. Around that time Karl would wake up and pitter patter down to the kitchen to get his own cuppa. Little words were ever exchanged at that time of day. Karl would finish his coffee and go bathe while mum would put on her colorful scrubs. She'd always said how she wanted something colorful when she was working with the children. Pediatricians always had to have the upper hand when working with youngsters. With that position of leadership there had to be a level of kindness and trust which the frightened children needed. So the colors helped them out most of the time.

On the most part, when mum was done getting ready she'd knock on Katelyn's door to wake her up, or even stick her head into the room to speak kind words to her daughter to let her rise from her dreams. But on that day she didn't even make notice that she had a daughter in the room adjacent do the Kitchen. Instead she went to Alice and stuck her head inside the room. Katelyn heard her whisper to her youngest daughter that she had to wake up and get ready for another day of school. She cooed and spoke to her saying that the week was nearly over. Then she closed the door and went to the foyer to grab her car keys and handbag. She pressed the code into the alarm and unlocked the door. Then she opened it and left for work.

Katelyn listened eagerly for Karl's presence. She didn't hear much, but she did hear Alice stir and then get up. She heard the shower turn on and Alice step in. She kept a keen ear towards her surroundings while laying on her side with her knees up to her chest. After some ten minutes or so, Karl made a move. He yanked the door open to Katelyn's room and smiled. "Good to see you're quite 'ill' today. Your mother left, and soon I'll take Alice to school. Don't you dare think about moving, bitch." Katelyn shuddered to his harsh words, which made Karl giggle.

Katelyn remembered the hatred which boiled beneath her skin as she saw her step-father find his obvious pleasure in watching her recoil away a simple couple of sentences which could lead to blatant pain. Even at thirteen she felt the constant increase of hate for the only stable man in her life. Just the thought of the memories made her body heat up with a pain which nearly lead her to tears. But she was still in the healing process. Twenty-two and still healing from a nightmare which never seems to end.

A part of the healing entitled remembering every action which occurred in great detail. Such as when it was late morning, the house had gone silent. There wasn't a soul in the entire three bedroom house. No one but Katelyn. The silence caused her to feel comfortable. The easy sound of nothing let her finally fall into a dreamless slumber. Unaffected by any terrible thoughts of danger. Her sleep was so deep that she didn't hear a car pull into the front of the house and the foremost door opening than slamming shut. Karl crept his way into his step-daughters room and noticed her fast asleep in her bed. He chimed loudly about how excited he was to see that she was laying like a log; motionless to even his powerful laughter. He drifted over to the side of the bed with a red container in hand.

Chapter 4: Beyond the Eyes of the Devil

She began to dream then, dream she had dived into the wide ocean. It spread far around her, past the horizon. The water was a very clear blue color, clear like the water you would see on TV or on a vacation ad to CuraÃ§ao. She swam around for a decent time feeling the warm water glide along her skin. Then she began feeling the water change temperatures, from a nice lukewarm feeling to nearly ice cold. Everywhere she paddled the water would be the same chilly temperature. That's when she heard an evil laughter waft through the air.

Almost immediately Katelyn opened her eyes. Above her she saw Karl with a satisfied grin on his face. She saw him begin to laugh as he lit something. "This is what happens to girls who spool lies about adults." Seconds later all she saw was light. She thought he had put himself in flames, making it so he was killing himself, but then she began to feel a increasingly heated burning sensation. All she could feel was pain shoot through her entire body. From the top of her head to the bottom of her feet. That is when she noticed it was her who was aflame. He had left. Left her to die under an almost indescribable pain.

The flow of the burning had all of a sudden begun to numb away. That was when she felt she would be able to finally scream. And scream she did. Katelyn had no train of thought as to walk or run or escape the room, the only thing on her mind was to let out her pure agony. She thought sooner or later someone would hear her. A neighbor was bound to hear the rip of pain shooting through the silence of the Autumn midday.

Katelyn let out as much as she could, until she didn't have enough strength. And then there was silence.

Chapter 5: Deathly Shocking

Katelyn began to stir as the picked up the scent of antiseptics. Then her eyes slowly fluttered open, what she saw blinded her. She couldn't see much, just a blinding white surrounding. She thought she was lying in the Dentist chair, because that could be the only reason for her being in a clean environment. But she couldn't adjust her eyesight on the headlight which usually stood over the patients view. Instead all Katelyn saw was her mother on the chair beside the bed. Her mum had a red blotchy face with dried tear drop lines along her cheeks. Seeing her mother in the state that she was immediately lead Katelyn to think she was in her mothers' workplace. The hospital. Yet she had no idea why she would be laying in one of the beds as a patient. Her last memory of being in the hospital was when she was seven, helping her mum tend to some of the little kids.

But this wasn't a child's room; no the room that she was in was an adults room. There wasn't a single sign of color to make a child feel at ease. The walls were a dull gray color, while the ceiling had white padded mats to conceal noise from patients being disrupted by another patient's discomfort. There were curtains and blinds on the window to shade the sunlight, but they were both lacking color to keep Katelyn from freaking out. That's just what she did after taking in her surroundings. She tried to speak up to get her mum to know she was alright, but her voice wouldn't let out. It was almost as it was trapped in an enclosed space. That made Katelyn really start to panic. All she could do was penetrate her gaze into her mother's face, and hope that she felt that she was being watched and then finally wake up.

Fifteen to twenty minutes must have passed before she saw movement in her mother. Her lips went from slightly ajar to being closed and then opening fully to a large yawn. Then she blinked a couple times and sat up to read her hot pink rubber Swatch watch. After she checked on the time she glanced upwards and met Katelyn's eyes. Her eyeballs nearly popped out of her head when she saw that her eldest daughter was awake. She stood up and reached to hug Katelyn, but then she pulled back. That feeling of almost being unloved made Katelyn's eyes water up. She began thinking that her mother had not at all been happy to see her awake.

As her mum became adjusted to her daughter being up, she broke the silence. Maybe she was afraid that if she spoke straight away she would break her brave composure. The words that she spoke next shocked Katelyn indefinitely. Her mother said that she had been in a coma for three days after being found on the floor beside her bed in flames. A neighbor had heard a constant screaming sound come from the house and had followed the noise and found her in complete agony on the floor. As he entered the room, the howls of pain subsided to an eerie silence. He went straight to her shocked by what he saw then raced to the bathroom; he drenched a large towel in cold water and bolted back to where Katelyn lay. Then he wrapped her in the cool towel to stop the fire from seeping into the dermis. Her mother then explained that the dermis is the layer of skin under the layer which is visible to the human eye.

Katelyn opened her mouth to speak, but her mum urgently pressed that she mustn't speak. She said that the burns were very bad. That the worst of them spread from her right cheek bone down to the near middle of her chin, and then down her neck. They continued down along her chest sliding down past her navel until it came to her right hip bone. She also stated that Katelyn's right arm and shoulder was also burned quite severely. Although they were quite horrible burns, they didn't burn as deep that it extended to the underlying muscle and bone. Meaning there was absolutely no loss of function to her arms. Yet there would definitely be permanent disfiguration. But she let up with a smile telling her daughter that they wouldn't have to worry about any of that yet.

Once she was done informing Katelyn of what had happened, a nurse in aqua-blue slacks came into the room. She told her mum to have a seat as she checked Katelyn's blood pressure from her left arm. Although the left side wasn't as burnt, it was still bandaged up due to the third degree burn lining the skin underneath. The nurse said her name was Holly and that she and her coworker Nancy would be tending her for the length of time that

she would be staying in the hospital. As Katelyn heard that she turned her glance towards her mother. Her mum looked up at Holly and nodded, then looked back at Katelyn. She spoke softly, saying that due to the burns being fourth degree, she had to stay hospitalized for one or two months.

After hearing that all noises around her faded to a numbing dinging in her ears, she saw her mother and Holly's lips move, but didn't hear a single thing. Just a constant bell ringing within her ear drums. Then she saw a couple of familiar faces through the window of the door to her room. One was of a girl who stood at five foot with a fair complexion, her hair was parted to the side and she wore a barrette to keep her fringe from falling into her face. Her hair was just past being chin-length at a bistre-brown color. Her midnight-green eyes were filled with worry and slight happiness, Alice looked relieved to see that Katelyn was awake.

Alice pushed the door open slowly then stepped in. As she entered the room, Holly left so the family could feel assured that everything was alright. Alice smiled a shy smile then ran over to Katelyn's left side to hug her big sister. She was stopped though by an interfering mother who said she shouldn't be hugging Katelyn in her state. So instead Alice just leaned down to kiss Katelyn's forehead. Then she wiped her right hand under her eye, no doubt brushing away a tear.

Following Alice into the room was him.

Karl wore a large plaid shirt over his white wife beater. He stood at five foot and eleven inches, towering over the three women he lived with. His lips were pressed together in a thin line; he was obviously trying to make a face of empathy for his eldest step-daughters' incident. It didn't fool Katelyn. She watched as his pupils contracted and extracted, his hazel eyes bolting around the room; then finally meeting evenly with Katelyn's. She saw the evil smile which reflected in the set of eyes he beheld, and began to panic.

The heart monitor started to go off, making Alice stand alarmed begging for her mother to tell her what was going on. Holly raced into the room and told everyone to leave instantly, and injected a fluid into Katelyn's IV. Suddenly, the room went black.

Chapter 6: Back to the Real World

Every dreadful image went through Katelyn's head as she bathed and toweled her body dry. She absolutely hated the fact that most days of the week began with a detailed memory of how life stood in the 90's.

She opened a drawer from her chest which was placed across the foot board of Katelyn's queen size bed. She picked out a simple white 32A cup sized bra and matching white boxer-brief panties for women. She set them on the bed as she padded over toward her vanity table to blow-dry her thin auburn hair. Once done that task she began to brush out any remaining knots, and then she paused everything to glance at herself in the mirror. She reached up to her jaw line to stroke some of the tear jerking scars left behind from when all hell was set loose in her life. Katelyn then got up and walked towards where she had placed her lingerie and slipped into her panties followed by her bra.

She then made way over to her closet to pick out a lean pant-suit and a crisp white dress shirt. Before slipping on the shirt she slid into an undershirt out of use of habit for when the scars would let out white pus in the amending process after the grafting operations. By the time she finished getting ready for work, she looked as slick as a model who was ready to strut down the catwalk. Katelyn stood at five foot and five inches with her black and white Salvatore Ferragamo pumps adding three inches to her normal 5'2". Her legs were long and lean from her hips down to her ankles with the coal business pants on. She wore a matching suit-jacket which she wore open on the white button up shirt. To finish off her ensemble and hide the worst of the scars, Katelyn wore a floral silk scarf which tied in the front through the collar of her shirt. She had put her hair into a messy bun to keep the look business like but not too strict. She made way to the kitchen to retrieve an apple from the fruit basket on the kitchen counter then picked up her black and white leather Hobo handbag. Before she thought of leaving the house, she made sure her Blackberry Curve 8520 was still in its little socket in the side wall of her Gucci bag and that it was somewhat charged.

Next she grabbed her set of keys and her already set briefcase on the couch in front of the TV set. Off she then went all ready for another day on the job.

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Once on the freeway she turned up the volume to an old favorite of hers and began singing to *I Hate Myself for Loving You* by Joan Jett. After fifteen minutes of driving at the speed limit she turned at the exit and made way to the Starbucks just a few minutes away from the office. She ordered two cups of Chai tea, one cinnamon dolce latte, and a caffÃ¨ mocha. To go with the drinks she also ordered half a dozen chocolate old-fashioned doughnuts as well as two apple bran muffins and two blueberry streusel muffins.

She had a feeling that all of that sugar would keep her boys content for the morning, because it usually did until the hard work started rolling in and the tension was on a rise. Katelyn paid for the sweetened breakfast and mustered over to the workplace.

As she drove her bright platinum bronze BMW X5 into the parking lot, she noticed that there were a few more cars than there would normally be, which made Katelyn wonder. She found her spot and piled everything out of the vehicle and then made way to the front entrance. She pushed the door open with her backside because her hands were full with all the contents from Starbucks. Once in the building, she cruised through the departments to the office she shared with her boys.

"Hey Pittsing, how's the road this morning?" asked one of the guys.

"Mornin' Rimsey, it was surprisingly easy today. Not too much traffic. Definitely no difficult people on the 7

o'clock drive over here. Hey Ben, Carlos, how are you three this morning? By the way, I got the usual from Starbucks. Although you guys probably already guessed from the sugary waft which arose when I stepped in here."

"Naw, nena, we just thought you were Saint Nicolas coming to give us some goodies."

"Carlos, shut up! He wants to say thank-you, but I'll say it for him. Thanks Katelyn. You are the best woman to work with us," said Benjamin Clark.

"Ben, baby, I am the only woman working with you guys. But you are all welcome. I mean someone has to take care of you pups." As she said that she couldn't help herself from smiling. Katelyn definitely loved working with Tyler Rimsey, Carlos Estevez, and Benjamin Clark. The three of them made it so there was never a dull moment on the field. Plus they were all completely different that arguments were a must on the weekly basis which let out a shitload of stress when needed.

Katelyn walked over to her section of the 8x6 area of the room. Her few tables was all she needed to work on whatever came her way. She turned to face the large bulletin board on the left side of the room to see the difference faces posted on the board and began pulling out files on each of them.

Another day, another name, another man to catch.

Chapter 7: Finding Trouble

A few hours had passed since Katelyn had walked into work and she already had three possible stories to look into. There had been cases noted by teachers that children would come to school with bruises all over their little bodies and when someone would approach them about it, they'd cut themselves off completely. Or the students would fall asleep while in class. Some wouldn't even play with other children of the opposite sex because they were so frightened. But the most popular thing seen in a school for teachers to recognize is when the child is so vulnerable that they would attach themselves to people. They'd get so close to the point that you'd think there was something more mature going on.

"Hey Katelyn, remember that you have a discussion on the second of April at St. Mary's Roman Catholic primary school. That's this Thursday."

"I know, Bob. I've got my speech all worked out. I hope we can really get through these kids heads. They have to know that there are always people around to help them."

"They sure do! Which is why you're our star on the road to show them the light of freedom, girl."

"Erm.. thanks."

Katelyn continued going through files and looking up previous convictions for each of the men. She found one suspicious man who had a violent background. It stated that he was said to have assaulted a few women. He'd also had some more instances happen which were all made a record of. This man seemed like a very bad person.

"Hey, do any of you want to come with me to check out a potential child abuser?" Katelyn asked the men sat behind the desks in their office.

"I don't have much to do, so I'll go with you if you don't mind, seÃ±orita," replied Carlos.

"That's fine, we'll be going to 45 Welton Gardens. That's Northern Lincoln, right?"

"Remember, I'm a foreigner in this country. No sÃ© nada aquÃ–."

"Right, forgot. I'll drive, you read the map. Let's go!"

Carlos and Katelyn walked towards the cramped parking lot and made way to the terribly parked BMW. Carlos had to wait on the side for Katelyn to pull out of the parking spot due to how close the right side of the car was to the other vehicle. When sitting in the passengers seat, Carlos pulled out the manila file folder from Katelyn's bag and opened it to see what this bad boy was all about.

He read that the man living on Welton Gardens was called Big Tom by all his friends and workers. But his real name was infact Anthony Thomas Grayhound.

He'd also been caught up with the police a number of times for DUI. And in his younger years he was behind bars for rape charges, but was bailed out not long after being thrown in the sucker. He never once was free of the police.

So the two of them were headed to a real crack in the wall type of man.

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The bronze vehicle drove into the narrow road which was supposedly called Welton Gardens, but the street sign read otherwise. They pulled up in front of a semi-detached house, number forty-nine. The lot beside it was far more attractive than what was meant to be Big Tom's house, due to the brand new painted faÃ§ade with the lovely planted flowers along the pathway toward the house. But Mr. Grayhound's place had broken termite-eaten wood on the patio as well as all sorts of weeds growing through the floor and all woven into the uncut grass. The paint was either chipped of peeling off due to the wind. The house either looked haunted or empty, maybe even both. Yet there was still a car in the driveway, didn't look like it could be driven and it was destroyed probably due to the age. If 1981 Buick Skylark cars are left without maintenance they tent to deteriorate. That is exactly what was happening to that once beautifully rosso corsa red Buick.

Katelyn walked up the battered walkway and made it up to the porch. First she peered through the dusty windows to look for any sign of occupancy. She sighted a TV and a recliner chair. The TV was turned to a fuzzy picture. The program kept lighting up, but then being blocked out by the fuz. There was definitely someone notice of someone living in the property, but it wasn't enough to view to make sure that someone was home. Katelyn decided she would knock on the door waiting for a response.

She did so for five minutes, which Carlos then came up with his door opening tools. He squatted in front of the door and inserted a pick. For a brief moment Katelyn heard a little struggle and then the door opened slightly. Carlos looked up to her and smiled.

"Why even doubt the expert?", Katelyn snorted to his vanity then gestured that they should continue inside.

Carlos went upstairs while Katelyn kept to the main floor searching for any evidence of abuse or ideas that there may be more going on than understood.

There wasn't a single sign of anything on the main floor, not even in the basement. Then suddenly there was a sound of a few whistles. That meant Carlos found something.

Katelyn walked up the stairs in a quick pace then went to the open door at the end of the hallway. She found Carlos squatting on the floor with a hand to his temple.

"What is it? What did you find Estevez?" she followed his gaze to the wardrobe, and then a whole wave of shock took over her body.

Chapter 8: A War Unravles

What she saw was worse than she ever expected.

In front of her was a wardrobe filled with pictures of half naked girls. Not women, but little girls. Possibly between the ages of 5-9. The few photos in the center of the collage were a few photos of his very own daughter. She was cute, with curly strawberry-blonde hair circling a pale face. She had rosy cheeks and a toothless smile. The biggest photo of her was the exact center of it all, which portrayed her in a blue frilly bikini. It didn't fit her properly which revealed part of her innocent body on the photograph. She was floating on an air tube in a pool. Her top revealing her chest in what would be a purely normal thing for children of such a young age, but seeing a photo in a grown man's wardrobe puts a whole new meaning to innocence of a child. The other photos which surrounded the picture of his kid were of other children in far more revealing positions.

One picture was even of a girl flattening out her towel and thrusting her little pink bathing suit covered bottom high up.

To make matters worse, there was also sight of underwear poking out of a drawer. Katelyn put on a glove and opened the drawer to investigate the contents inside. Only then did she become completely dismayed for what she saw nearly brought all her walls down. There were definitely many pairs of childrens' underwear, but underneath it all was a photo of a young girl of whom Katelyn recognized without a doubt.

The photo was of a girl in only panties. She wore her hair in little braids on each side of her small head. There were bows at the ends of her braids. In her hand was a pink teddy bear with a different colored patch on each limb of his body. A blue and a yellow hand, with a green and red foot. Her eyes were filled with sadness.

Sadness came over her due to her big sister leaving her. Leaving to go to her first day of school. She felt so alone, didn't want to be anywhere if not with her big loving sister. She begged her mum all she could, asking if she could also go. But her mummy wouldn't give in. She ran up to her sister and hugged her. Told her how much she'd miss her. And hope that she would come home and soon. Her big sister spoke softly stating that she'd never wish to ever leave her little sister for a long time. That she loves her so much, and not to worry.

Katelyn turned away quickly, and clashed into Carlos. He grabbed her and held her tightly. He felt her muscles tense up and then suddenly release. She then began to sob. That's when he knew something was up.

"What's wrong seÃ±orita? Tell me what's going on, I'll give you some Spanish lovin'." That lead her to cry all the more, tear after tear kept letting loose. She just couldn't stop. Her knee's even gave way so she was leaning on her little Spanish friend, Carlos.

"Katelyn, mirame- look, talk to me. Tell me what is going on. I need to know what triggered this." She looked up and met his eyes. They were filled with true concern and love. He wasn't the type of guy who avoided emotions like sadness, but he let them go, and he vowed he'd fix every tear which would fall from ones sad eyes.

"A-A-Alice.
that photo is of Alice. My first day of pre-school. She w-w-was so sad to see me l-leave." Her emotions took over again.

Carlos took a sharp breath then swore to God, now he knew that this case wasn't going to let off easily. This bastard would cause pain for everyone on the team until he was behind bars for a long time. No ifs, ands, or

buts,- he was going down.

"Okay, grab the door, I need to take a photo of all this." He lead her to the door frame and pulled out his Samsung Epic 4G and went straight to the camera. He took a shot of the whole collage of children, then of the drawer filled with knickers, and finally the picture disposed underneath the child-worn panties. He sent the pictures back to the base and placed his phone back in his pocket. He then closed the entire wardrobe up as it was before. He walked up to his partner and took her by the waist and made way back down to the main floor. They walked through to the back door and walked around the house for security reasons.

Carlos then placed Katelyn in the passengers spot and took the wheel.
Before heading back to the office he drove to a Colombian food shack. Where he made Katelyn indulge in food meant to heal the soul. She did so without a second thought.

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