

Runaway Love

Tim Grant

Freeditorial 

There are times in our lives where we feel almost invisible. The world around barely recognizes our existence as we wander about living in it. For Katie Buckner, this is one of those times. Being the new kid in school is never easy. There are always nerves and anxiety that go along with not knowing a soul when you arrive at the building in the morning. All the other kids already know each other and cliques are usually already formed.

This was especially tough for Katie in that she was a particularly shy and quiet girl to begin with. Even at her old school where she knew most of the other kids, she was known as somewhat of a loner. And now, for her senior year of high school, she'd been picked up and dropped in the middle of a very unfamiliar place to her. Even just walking through the halls for the first time that morning, she could feel the eyes on her. Whether real or in her head, she could hear the whispers of the kids around her as she walked toward the school office to get her class schedule.

“Good morning dear. May I help you?” came a sweet, soft voice from behind the front desk as she approached. *Ok, this one is nice. Maybe this won't be too bad* she thought with a slight sense of relief. “Hi, I'm new here. I was told to come ask you for my class schedule?” she said, still somewhat unsure of the situation.

“Sure dear. And your name?”

“Katie Buckner” she said, almost feeling weird about telling her who she was.

“Here you go hun. Your first class is actually just right down the hall here. Your locker looks like it’s in the opposite direction though, just down that way a bit” she said pointing toward the way Katie had come into the building. “And if you need any help with anything, my name is Ms. Jennings”.

What’s she so happy about? thought Katie. Like most teen girls, Katie believed if you’re too nice, you must be fake. She started her walk toward her locker, still feeling like all eyes were locked on her. Upon arriving and opening her locker, it was immediately slammed shut in her face by a random guy, who laughed as he kept going. “Don’t be late for class new kid!” he shouted back in her direction after passing. *Ok, this is more like the shit I was expecting* she said to herself. She immediately regressed to her original feelings about switching schools. *The nice lady at the front desk must be some kind of anomaly. That other asshole, probably more of a real representation.*

She finished at her locker without any more interruptions and made it to her first class just before the bell rang. *Great...the only empty seat is right up front and center. So much for trying to be anonymous.* She reluctantly took her seat and just prayed to God that somehow, someday, nobody would notice her and she could just make it through without any issues. “Ok class, I know we have some new students joining us here this year. But, you’re all new to me. So, you will all start off on the same page with me. I know this is senior year and everyone just wants to get it over with, but there WILL be order and respect in this classroom, you guys understand?” said Mr. Worley. He was a big guy. Katie later would find out he was the varsity wrestling coach.

Her first thought after hearing his little speech was *there’s another new kid*

in here? He did insinuate there's more than one of us in here, right?. She looked around a little to see if she could tell who it was. One row over and three seats back was her answer, though she didn't know it yet.

Seth Graham was, on the outside, one of those stereotypical tough kids. He had an intimidating presence to him, one that, even as a new kid, most of the other students knew better than to mess with him. He was most likely older than the other kids at nineteen years old. As far as rough childhoods go, he most likely took the cake. He'd been expelled from his previous school after a fight that left one student in a coma for two weeks and two others with multiple facial fractures. While he didn't emerge unscathed, he'd definitely left them the worse for the wear. And, even though it had been determined that he'd acted in self-defense, because of the amount of damage he'd caused, he'd end up being the one kicked out of school.

Most kids at that point would be terrified of having to face their parents, having to explain what had happened. There was no such worry for Seth. He didn't have parents. He simply went back to the dingy apartment he was renting at the time and watched some tv.

Seth's parents were both losers in their own right. His dad was a drunk who couldn't keep a regular job. They both had gambling addictions and loved the party life. Having a child tied them down way too much. They needed to just be able to go out and party and have fun whenever they felt like it. From the beginning, they regretted Seth's existence and weren't shy about letting him or anyone else know it.

The summer Seth turned thirteen, his parents arranged for him to spend a week with his grandma on his dad's side. She, like his father, was also a bit of drunk. Empty wine bottles littered the house. She didn't even use a glass...she gulped straight from the bottle. As the week came to an end and Seth waited patiently for his parents to bring him back home, the long day turned to night. *Maybe they're stuck in traffic* he'd thought. He woke up the next morning still leaning against the windowsill. They hadn't come back last night to get him. And he'd soon realize, as hours turned into days and days into weeks, that they weren't coming back at all.

He spent the rest of the summer sitting, staring blankly at the tv or sometimes, at nothing at all. While he had not really been fond of his parents and he knew for damn sure they weren't fond of him, he never thought in any kind of real world situation, that they'd just abandon him like that. How does one cope with that? How does one deal with the feelings that come with knowing that your parents just decided to get rid of you and continue on with their lives as if you didn't exist? Seth decided that if they could run away, then so could he.

He left his grandma's house one Saturday morning after stealing all the money he could find(\$43 when his search was done), with a bag full of everything he'd brought with him for that original week's stay, and just started walking. He didn't have much stuff, as his parents would rather spend their money on booze and lottery tickets than on clothing or electronic devices for him. The few clothes he did have were now slung over his back as he walked along a dirt road heading toward town. The wind would pick up, hitting him in the face with warm, dry air as he hiked along with his head down.

He managed to hitchhike back to his house, a house now empty of most things. His parents had packed up most of their belongings and left an empty shell of a house in their wake. He found some food in the cabinets that was still good. The refrigerator was a lost cause as everything in it was nearly a month old. The freezer also had a few edible things housed within it. He still went to school when it started back up in the fall and lived by himself in his parents' old house until the electricity was cut. Seth never could catch a break.

Seth had noticed the shy girl at the front of the classroom that morning. He didn't know who she was and wasn't aware that she was also new to the school. But he'd definitely noticed. Katie, though shy and somewhat nervous, was still what the boys would consider cute. Bordering on an almost Emo look, but not as dark, she had a small air of mystery to her. Mystery always caught Seth's attention when it came to girls. It didn't hurt that she had nearly perfect skin, not too pale, but definitely not tan either. Her hair was dark and straight, yet not thin or stringy. After sitting behind her a few seats in English class that morning and being unable to avert his eyes or pay attention to anything their teacher said, he knew he had to approach her as soon as he could.

They again, were in the same class for 4th period Physics class. They'd both gotten there early and Seth wasn't about to let this opportunity to talk to her slip by. As he stepped through the door, he noticed she was already engaged in conversation with two other boys. His heart dropped like an anvil. He nearly

froze at the sight of it, but collected himself quickly and got to a seat quickly to sit. As he sat there with head hanging low, he listened in to their conversation. He realized quickly that this wasn't a good conversation they were having.

“We don't need any more new kids at this school, you understand that bitch?” said the boy closest to Seth.

“I'm just sit...”

“Did I say you could talk? Shut your mouth!” he yelled as she tried to speak.

“You need to take your ass back to wherever you came from. We have enough Emo losers here, we don't to add to their numbers.”

Seth had heard all he needed to. He adjusted in his seat, preparing to launch himself into that douchebag at a moment's notice. “Hey asshole, you wanna back your shit off a bit there?” he said in a low, seething voice. The boy whipped his head around, surprised that the other new kid had spoken to him.

“Another new kid? Who gave you permission to talk to me, other new kid?” he said with a smirk.

“Don't need it. I open my mouth whenever I feel like it. You got a problem with that, dick?”

“Ah, other new kid is a tough guy. Hey Mikey, I don't think other new kid realizes tough guy new kids never last here. Should we show him why?” the boy said, tapping his friend on the shoulder.

They both got up slowly from surrounding Katie and headed toward Seth. He didn't wait for them to reach him. He got up in a flash and launched the big mouth douchebag through a couple rows of chairs with a forearm shot to the head. As he reset, Mikey came quickly toward him with his arms out, trying to get a hold of him. Seth quickly grabbed an arm and flipped him over his shoulder onto another desk, which fell under his crashing weight.

Katie had jumped up from her seat and stood near the board at the front of the room. She was quite thankful that Seth had been there, but was a little scared at his display of violence. Although she was used to violence in her own home, it still shocked her to see it in school. Seth looked over at her with a small grin until he noticed the first kid, whose name was Terry, getting up and coming towards him again slowly. He was still rattled from the first blow, but didn't know enough to just stop there. He stumbled forward at Seth, who could tell the boy wasn't really much of a threat in his current condition.

"Just stop dude. It's not worth it to get your ass kicked first day back in school" Seth said, almost feeling bad for the kid. He'd grabbed Terry by the shirt, almost to help him keep standing.

"Quit talking and fight bitch" Terry mustered in response.

Seth could only let out a short laugh. He then unleashed a solid slap across Terry's face, letting him fall back into a seat. The teacher for the class, who'd stepped out for a minute, happened to come into the room right after that, noticing desks and chairs strewn all over the floor. "What the hell is going on?!" she demanded angrily. The rest of the class had now finished filtering in and taken their seats...at least the ones that weren't turned over on the floor.

“Well ma’am” Seth started. “Slap happy Sally and his friend here were picking on this lovely young lady here and giving her a hard time about being the new kid. So, being the other new kid, I decided to stick up for her. Turns out, they didn’t like that and they came at me. Didn’t turn out so good for them though” he concluded.

“Well Mister, as noble as that may seem to you, fighting is still not ok. Take your seat now!” she said loudly, trying to take control of her classroom. “Terry and Michael, I can’t believe you guys are starting this same crap first day of Senior year. Get your asses to the office now!”

Seth made sure he was sitting right behind Katie this time. As for Katie, she wasn’t too upset that he was sitting there either. She turned around and locked eyes with him for a moment. “Thanks for doing that” she said, still somewhat shyly. “You’re beautiful” was all Seth could come out with, a slight grin on his face. Katie smiled and took a deep breath, turning back around to face the front of the classroom.

The lunchroom, especially first day at a new school, can be a bit awkward. Where do you sit? Who do you sit with? Katie looked around, having grabbed her lunch from her locker, and saw a table at the far end of the cafeteria that was nearly empty. She made her way over and seeing that the two kids at the other end of the table didn’t seem to mind, she sat at the end opposite them. As she opened her bag for what would most likely be another terrible lunch, she noticed Seth come into the lunchroom also. She looked down, shyly

pretending she didn't notice, but still kind of hoping he'd head over shortly.

She got her wish as Seth saw her sitting by herself and knew that just wouldn't do. She needed company...his company. He walked confidently passed all the other tables full of kids, heading toward the only one he cared to talk to. Katie looked up as he got near the table and put his bag of chips down across from her. He sat directly in front of her, folded his arms on the table, and put his chin down on them, resting his head. He stared at her with a small smile on his lips. She stared awkwardly for a moment before he finally spoke.

"How's it going?" he simply asked.

"Ok I guess" was all she could respond with. She was nervous in his presence, but a good kind of nervous. Boys, much like the girls, usually seemed to ignore her. Even in her old school, she tended to blend into the background of any situation, leaving her with almost no friends.

"So, you're new here too, huh?" he asked, even though he already knew the answer.

"Yeah, I guess those two boys this morning made that obvious for everyone"

"Yeah, sorry you had to deal with that. And I apologize if I scared you by fighting. I could see on your face that it made you nervous" he said.

"I'm used to violence, just not in a school setting" she said, then immediately lowered her eyes from his. She'd hoped she didn't reveal too much about herself with that comment. He squinted a little at it, but thought better of asking any probing questions.

“So, I ain’t even gonna lie...I think you’re the cutest girl I’ve ever seen. I saw you walk into English class this morning and have thought about nothing else since. That’s why I tossed those guys around for messing with you. I find you intriguing in your quietness. I can tell that you’re not used to getting attention, even as I’m talking to you now”.

He was right of course. She was not used to her peers engaging with her in any extended conversation. *And wait, did he just say I was cute?* She blushed even more at that thought, feeling her ears getting hot. “You embarrassed?” he asked with a chuckle. “Don’t be. I’m slightly nervous also, just so you know. Not of being in a new school, but talking to a cute girl. I’m pretty good at hiding it, but my stomach is currently doing backflips inside”. She laughed at the thought of this tough new kid being nervous. She found herself very happy that not only was this guy determined to be close to her, but he’d protect her from the usual high school BS she’d dealt with before, including just that morning.

They talked, less awkwardly as time passed, for the rest of lunch. They were VERY happy to discover they had the exact same schedule for the rest of the day. They were young and this was new for both of them, but they both knew there was an instant attraction between them. They felt like even after only knowing each other a few hours, that they’d been a couple for months. At one point during Math, Katie had reached behind herself to get an itch on her back and Seth quickly reached forward and grabbed her hand. He held it for nearly a minute, feeling her not only let it happen, but being glad that it was.

That afternoon, after they said goodbye, Katie made her way home on the bus. For a lot of kids at school, this was their favorite part: leaving. For Katie, she wanted to be anywhere but home. She'd lost her mom about 5 years ago and her father, who'd already enjoyed diving into a bottle of anything he could get his hands, went full blown alcoholic. While he wasn't always violent, there was no telling what could set him off at any moment. The floor in their home might as well have been made of egg shells. Every step, every noise, every look had the potential to start another violent episode.

In his earlier years, Allen Buckner had been a happy drunk. He'd joke around with friends, tell jokes he thought were hilarious, and generally just be a hoot to hang with. That time had long passed. Since the death of Katie's mother Marianne, not a single solitary smile had crossed his face. His happy, giddy drunken stupors had been replaced by constant breaking of items close by. He'd hit Katie if he felt like it, sending her to school with new bruises she'd have to explain away. He'd actually been able to find a somewhat steady job with the new move, but as his shift ended and he dragged himself back through the door, a bottle of anything liquid would greet him like a loving wife at the end of a hard days work. Instead of a kiss hello though, he'd wrap his lips around the end of the bottle and slowly drift off into a fog of drunken rage, stewing in his own self misery.

As Katie came home today, a smile on her face after the events of the day, her dad decided it was his duty to put an end to this display of happiness. "What the hell are you all happy about girl?" he questioned her, slurring ever so slightly. She stopped in her tracks to face him.

“Nothing. It was just a better first day than I thought it was going to be, that’s all” she said sheepishly.

“Aw, you’re all happy cuz you had a chipper first day, huh? How about you get your ass in the kitchen and do the dishes you didn’t do last night... useless”.

Yeah, that was about what she was expecting. Katie knew her good mood wouldn’t last one minute once behind the front door. Still, as she stood at the sink scrubbing the pile of dishes...*his* dishes...she couldn’t help but smile about the day she’d had. She’d liked a few boys before, even dated one or two, but none had made her feel like Seth did. She’d felt special and, seeing the kind of guy he was, she felt worth something. It was a feeling she was unaccustomed to in recent years, but it came flooding back in the conversations she’d had with him. And the moment...the moment she felt a scintillating connection with him when he grabbed and held her hand...that was new to her altogether. She’d never felt that way in her life. In that one grasp, she’d felt as if they’d be together forever, that he’d protect her from anything and everything life may throw at them.

School the rest of the week was nearly a blur. Every moment that wasn’t spent together seemed like they were wasting time and occupying themselves until they could see each other again. School flew by around them, almost as if they were standing still in a moment while everyone else just happened to be living and existing. Somehow, they both managed to pull decent grades and

focus on their school work long enough to get by. They didn't have every class together, so unfortunately, they couldn't see each other every second of the day. But when they did, the butterflies reignited inside their stomachs, sending their hearts into puppy love stupors.

That evening, Katie decided to chance having to face her dad's wrath later and went to Seth's apartment after school. It wasn't much, being that he was still in high school and had to work a job just to pay the rent and eat. The landlord gave him a break on rent and didn't charge a whole lot. It was a small, cozy one bedroom place with a tiny bathroom and a kitchen that wasn't much bigger. Due to his financial issues, Seth's diet consisted mostly of PB&J sandwiches and Ramen noodles. He also stocked up on bags of white rice and butter to change it up sometimes.

Katie didn't mind the living conditions though. For her, it was more about the person that lived there than anything else. Seth was comfortable enough with Katie that he wasn't embarrassed by his circumstances. She knew his story and what he'd been through. People in the area had been willing to help him out with different things, whether it was jobs or money. He worked at the grocery store down the road, so transportation wasn't an issue. Katie was just happy to not be going home for now. Anything to prolong that was a good thing in her mind.

"Make yourself at home" Seth said with a smile. "It ain't much, but it works I guess".

"I love it. I wish I could live like this instead of having to deal with my dad. ANYTHING is better than that!" she exclaimed, rolling her eyes as she sat.

“You want a drink? I got water or...yeah, is water good?” he said with a smirk.

He grabbed them both a drink and they sat. For a minute, they just sat staring at each other, not even knowing what to say. “So, what do you think of the place? I know it’s not much, but the guy’s helping me out and only charging me \$350 a month. So, it’s hard to turn that down, ya know?”

“Like I said, I love it. I’m ok with small and cozy. If I was in your situation, I’d want the same thing. Hell, I want it now! Like I said, anything to be away from my dad” she said.

“How bad is he really? He’s still there for you” said Seth, looking down at the floor.

“Yeah, I kinda think he’d rather not be though. I’ve always felt like he kinda just tolerated me because he loved my mom. They kinda got married because he got her pregnant. Things were really good for a while and then when mom died, he was like ‘I’m done’ and just stopped being a dad. Now he’s just an asshole that sits around when he’s not working and just drinks until he stumbles to bed or just passes out in his chair. He’s such a loser.”

Seth just sat there quiet and listened as Katie talked about her dad. He wasn’t even sure how to react. They were sitting close, knees touching. He looked at her sad, but still adorable face, and did the only thing he could think to do in that moment...he kissed her. It was a kiss on the cheek, but a kiss none the less. He wanted her to know that he cared about her, more than maybe anyone in her life before. She looked at him, mouth slightly agape.

“Sorry. After hearing all that, kissing you was the first thing that popped into my head” Seth said, cheeks turning red in slight embarrassment.

“Yeah, but the cheek?” she asked, a small smile forming on her face.

He leaned in and pressed his lips to hers. He noticed her cherry lip gloss as they kissed, tasting her for the first time. After about 5 seconds, they separated and once again, staring at each other with intensity. In that moment, neither of them knew what to say. Maybe saying nothing was the only reaction to have. Then, in a sudden movement, she lunged at him and kissed him with a passion he wasn't expecting, but was quite ok with. Tongues mixing with each other in a flurry of motion, they fell back on the couch with Katie landing on top of Seth, still attached at the mouth.

She grabbed his face with both hands, trying to seemingly bring it closer to her, though that was impossible at this point. She'd never felt like this before and had never been in this situation with a boy. *What do I do with my hands? How fast do I move my tongue? Am I doing this right?* She thought.

Seth grabbed her lower back with both hands, pulling her body against his. He hadn't expected this to happen, but he was surely not going to stop it. He moved one hand up, brushing her hair out of the way, holding the back of her head as they continued to kiss. The passion and intensity between them in this moment was something neither of them expected. Seth lowered his hand from her head to her side, slowly beginning to caress her breast. This seemed to get her even more excited, pushing her face even harder into his. He pulled the front of her shirt down, exposing her bra and chest. Gently, he slipped his hand inside her bra, softly holding her breast, manipulating her nipple with his

middle finger. The moan that escaped her let him know she enjoyed his touch.

Soon, Seth decided he wanted more. He let his hand travel from her breast down her stomach to her waist. He was able to get her button undone with one hand and quickly unzipped her pants. He lowered his hand beneath her panties and felt around until he reached her warm, wet lips. She moaned more, convincing him to go further. He entered her with his middle finger, when suddenly she stopped him and separated, attempting to catch her breath.

“I...I don’t think I can do this. I’ve never...” she gasped.

“It’s ok, take a minute” he assured her.

“No, I mean...I can’t go any further with this. I’ve...I’ve never had sex before”.

“Ok. We don’t have to. It’s all good. I’m sorry if I made you uncomfortable”.

“Have...Have you had sex before?” she asked sheepishly.

“A few times, yeah. It never meant anything and honestly, as just a way of getting something I needed at the time. You gotta do what you gotta do to get by sometimes” he said, not exactly proud of what he’d done in his past.

“I’m not saying no for good. I just wanna be ready for it, ya know?”

“Absolutely. It’s all good. When you’re ready” Seth assured her.

“That was all amazing though! God, that felt so good. I didn’t want to stop you, but I...I just wasn’t ready.”

They sat staring down at the floor for a bit. “Come on, I’ll walk you home”

said Seth, finally standing up. He took her hand to help her up. He put an arm around her waist to bring her close and kissed her on the forehead. She smiled up at him and couldn't help but feel in love. Luckily, Seth only lived a half a mile away and the walk wasn't long. They stopped at the end of her driveway and stood, arms around each other. "I'll see you tomorrow babe" Seth said looking down at her. He kissed her gently again as they embraced. "You got it" she said with a beaming smile. She turned and headed up to the door, looking back to wave good bye for Seth.

She slowly opened her door, attempting some sort of a subtle entry to the house. Though drunk, her dad was still aware of her presence immediately.

"And where the fuck were you?" he said, almost too calmly for the current circumstance.

"Uh...detention?"

"You got detention in your first week there? Get over her girl" He grumbled. This wasn't going to be good. Little did she know how bad it would actually be.

"What the hell did you do this time? You actin' like a dumbass or...wait, why you all disheveled? You smell different too...what the hell have you been doin' girl?"

Katie stood back from her dad a couple steps. "Nothing. I didn't do anything".

"You been with a boy, weren't you" her dad seethed. She noticed he started breathing a little heavier and could feel the anger exuding from him.

“No, I..”

“Don’t you dare lie to me bitch! Your lip gloss is all smudged up! I may be drunk as shit, but I ain’t stupid! You met a boy at school, didn’t you?!” he yelled.

Katie didn’t even know what to say. She hadn’t been this scared of her dad in years. He’d stalked forward, now looming over her, face to face. She tried to back up some more, but was thwarted by the wall behind her. She looked up at him, terror on her face.

“You go to his house, huh?” he slurred.

“Yes sir. I went over after school and...” she said, suddenly interrupted by a hard slap to her cheek. The force was strong enough to knock her off balance.

“What the hell you doin’ at his house, huh? Did I say you could go over there!?”

Katie was still slightly dazed from the first slap and unable to answer. Before she even had the chance to respond though, her dad launched another hard slap to her other cheek, rocking her in the opposite direction.

“What’d y’all do over there, huh? You kiss? Make out? You suck his dick, you whore?!” he yelled, grabbing her by both shoulders to bring her in front of him. He tossed her to the floor violently, hitting her head against the side of their old couch.

Katie’s dad had abused her before over less than this. But this, this had already been one of the scariest times ever and she was quite afraid that it wasn’t even close to over. He’d blocked off any escape she might have had,

standing in the entryway to the living room as he slowly came toward her. Katie began crawling on her hands and knees to get as far from him as she could, even if it only delayed the inevitable.

“Where the hell you goin’? You think you can just go to some random boy’s house to have sex and get away with it? Nah, you’re paying for that. You like to fuck, huh? You ain’t felt nothing yet!”

Katie noticed that the whole time while slowly chasing her around the room, he’d been taking swigs of his newest bottle of vodka. She knew his state of mind, as bad as it had been when she first got home, was getting worse as this went along. *And wait, did he just threaten to rape me?* she thought, the shock hitting her all at once. She quickly pulled herself up with the help of the couch arm, but he was vicious in shoving her down again. She popped up quickly to try to make some sort of getaway. He grabbed her arm as she got to her feet again and unexpectedly through a brutal punch into her stomach.

Katie collapsed to the ground, nearly throwing up in the process. She immediately realized how much worse this situation was than any she’d been in before. While she was used to getting an occasional single, solitary slap, he’d never hit her anywhere on her body with a closed fist. This was a full on, full force punch he’d just delivered. The scariest part was rolling over and looking up with tears in her eyes and only seeing a seething, red face on her dad with no remorse for anything he’d done thus far. He was only seeing red at this point, an expression of pure rage spread across his face.

“Dad, what are doing?” Katie cried out, hoping some form of sympathy would return to him.

“You’re getting what deserve bitch” he growled, sounding almost inhuman.

He then did what she feared most at that moment and reached down, beginning to tear at her black jeans. The button and zipper tore apart with the force of him yanking at them. He then quickly pulled them down to around her knees. He ripped apart her panties instead of just pulling them down, making it even more painful as the lining dug into different skin folds before finally giving way. *This can't be happening...*

It was happening and Katie felt helpless to stop it. She tried to fight back as he tore her clothes, but it wasn't helping. He hit her again, this time a back hand across her face, drawing blood from her lip. He began to undo his own pants when she tried to find an opening and runaway. She jumped up, now half naked and bleeding from her mouth, and tried to run across the room toward the entranceway that was now unblocked. She only got a few steps forward before she felt his weight flying into her, arms wrapping around her in a tackle. They landed hard into the couch, cracking the frame a little in the process.

“Dad, stop!” she yelled. “You don't need to do this!”

“You need to learn a damn lesson girl” he slurred, barely able to get the words out.

She realized in the moment that it wasn't her father she was dealing with anymore. This was a whole different animal she was dealing with, a monster fueled by alcohol and rage. The sickening feeling sank into the pit of her stomach: she wasn't going to be able to stop what was about to happen. Being 5'5" and only 122lbs, she physically couldn't stop a man her dad's size, let

alone a man that size who was no longer in his right mind and couldn't be reasoned with.

With that thought in her mind, she gave in. she stopped fighting and stopped trying to reason with him. He was inevitably going to do what he wanted with her. Her dad could be kind of creepy around her young friends and they were never truly comfortable with him. She knew this and saw how he watched them as they'd walk by him. His eyes couldn't help but be drawn to their young, little tight asses. She never thought for a second that his perverted thoughts would come to this though. His own daughter, down in front of him on the couch, naked from the waist down...and he had no conscience...no soul in him.

She was now kneeling on the floor, bent over the front of the couch, face pressed to the back cushion. He kneeled behind her and without warning or ease, shoved himself hard inside her. She screamed out in pain and for a split second, he hesitated as if realizing what was happening. Then a smiled spread across his face, an evil grin enjoying the violation he was causing. "That's right bitch, you scream. And you keep screaming. You brought this on yourself" he hissed, sounding nearly possessed.

He rammed her repeated, attempting to get as deep as he could each time. All her writhing in pain seemed to make him try to hurt her even more, but she couldn't help it. Every second that passed was agony for her and she couldn't mask it. She didn't want to give him the pleasure of her pain, but it was nearly unbearable. After what seemed like an eternity, but was actually only a couple of minutes, he decided he'd not been evil enough already and needed to hurt

her even more.

“I know what you need bitch” he snarled.

He pulled out of her quickly, but nearly just as fast, spread her ass apart. “No...” was all she could gasp, realizing what he was going to do. He plunged fast, breaking the barrier and tearing through her anus with a ferocity she wasn't expecting. She let out a blood curdling scream, unable to bare any longer, what was happening to her. Her body and soul could no longer handle what it was receiving. He unleashed a fist across the side of her face that nearly rendered her unconscious. She laid there, eyes barely open, and not able to convince her body to move. For the next 5 minutes, she endured a total destruction no human should have to endure. He punished her insides relentlessly until she could finally feel him ooze inside of her. He slid out of her and stood, pulling up his pants.

Her body, unable to move itself, slumped to floor next to the couch. He reached over to the table and grabbed his trusty bottle and finished it off, a scowl still on his face. “Now...you get your whore ass up into the shower and clean up and go to bed. You got school tomorrow...” he stammered out before falling into his chair and turning back to the tv as if nothing had happened. She didn't move. She'd only then come back to full consciousness and was now feeling every bit of the pain that had been caused. She could barely get herself up to a standing position, using the couch to make it.

Walking was torture, but she pushed through to get away from him. She limped and cried all the way upstairs to the bathroom. She turned the water on, the shower nozzle spraying out at its normal half power, as she fell into the

tub. Shaking and crying, she laid there as the water washed away the filth her dad had left her with. She could feel things oozing back out of her, running the length of the tub to the drain. Tasting the blood still coming from her lip, she put her hands over her face as the water rained down on her. She laid there for nearly a half hour, until she realized the water had run cold.

She stood and dried off, being careful around parts her that were now extremely sensitive. The walk to her bedroom was still torturous, pain shooting from her backside. Once in her room, she draped a large t-shirt over her naked body and fell into bed. All she wanted to do was sleep, but in that moment, it felt nearly impossible. Her reality had been shattered. A father who'd always been violent and somewhat abusive had turned into a raging monster and stripped her of any dignity she may have had. Every thrust, every grunt still lingered in her brain as if still happening. Crying and physically destroyed, another thought entered her mind in that moment: *What would Seth say? Shit, what would Seth DO?*

The next morning was a not-so-typically windy and chilly day, especially with it still being early fall. Where they lived in Virginia, it was usually pretty warm for most of the fall, but today was not playing according to the rules. Katie, still a mess from the night before, had gotten dressed pretty quickly and left early to head to school. Because she didn't want to get to school too early, she decided to sit on the bench overlooking the small pond in her neighborhood. She'd go there every now and then to think about life and

things that were troubling her. Nothing had troubled her more in her life than what she'd experienced at the hands of her own father. *He beat me. He fuckin' raped me! I can't believe this is real. What do I do now? Seth will kill him if I tell him what happened. Maybe that's what I want? I wanna kill him myself, THAT'S what I want!*

These thoughts continued to swirl through her head as she got up and headed for school finally. She wasn't dressed in her normal gear and Seth would notice immediately that something was wrong. As soon as she saw him in the distance, she had to fight back tears. All she wanted was to run crying into his arms and be held. And when he got close enough to notice all wasn't right in her world, she did just that, running up to him and throwing her arms around him, sobbing uncontrollably. He noticed the black eye and cut lip she was sporting from the previous night. "What the hell happened to you?" he asked. She could barely answer, sobbing too hard to even speak.

He brought her over to a bench in front of the school and sat, still hold her in a tight embrace. Kissing her head, he raised her face up by the chin to look at her. Anger took over in him as he saw how upset she was, the markings on her face something he couldn't protect her from. "What happened to you?" he asked again, this time slowly and sternly.

"My dad...he..." she started.

"He beat you?" he interjected, feeling himself becoming even angrier.

"Worse..." she sputtered out, burying her face back into his chest.

"No way..." he whispered in near disbelief, realizing what she meant.

“He...he figured out I’d been with a guy and accused me of having sex. He said he was going to teach me a lesson about having sex with random guys. He destroyed me Seth. I can barely sit or walk...it hurts so bad!”

Seth sat there holding her, feelings of disbelief and rage running through him. He never imagined that something like this could happen to her. She’d said her dad was a bad person and a drunk, but this was beyond anything he could have imagined. Seth released her and stood up slowly. She stood also and attempted to look into his eyes, but they were staring off. Like her father last night, Seth was now seeing red. He’d decided on his course of action and was ready to do something about the situation. He looked down at her and said the two words that would change their lives forever: “Fucker’s dead”.

Katie couldn’t hold him back any longer. Seth marched up the driveway, clenched fists swinging at his side. If she was being honest with herself, Katie really didn’t want to stop him. Seth lunged into the door shoulder first, smashing it open with vicious force. Allen Buckner rushed out of his bedroom, hearing the crash of the door. “What the hell is going?! Who the fuck are you?” he yelled, staring wide eyed at Seth. He looked around Seth to see Katie standing behind him. “You bring him here bitch?” he growled at his daughter.

“She didn’t bring me anywhere. She told me what your sick ass did and I insisted on coming here” said Seth, staring Allen down with a scary intensity.

“Oh, you’re gonna do something boy? You puttin’ on your big boy pants now?”

“Dude...you’re fuckin’ dead” Seth stated, heading toward Allen.

Before he could reach him, Allen pulled out a pocket knife, stopping Seth in his tracks.

“What was that boy? Who’s fuckin’ dead?” snarled Allen.

“Dad, just stop already! This is YOUR fault!” yelled Katie, tears streaming down her face.

Allen lunged forward, swiping at Seth with the blade. He didn’t come too close and Seth was able to dodge it easily. Seth noticed the full cup of hot coffee sitting on the end table next to the couch. “When I’m done with him, I’m gonna kill you too girl” Allen heaved, anger filling his voice once again. While he was distracted, Seth grabbed the coffee and launched it into Allen’s face. His eyes burned fiercely as he tried to rub the coffee out. Seth took the advantage, throwing the hardest punch he could into the side of Allen’s jaw. Allen dropped heavy to the floor, dazed but not out.

He noticed the knife fall from Allen’s hand and quickly scooped it up. He looked down at Allen, who was now defenseless, sitting on the floor. He leaned over him, glaring at him eye to eye. “Big boy pants, huh? You wanna see how big these big boy pants are?” he asked, speaking lowly and with evil intent. He swung back his arm and jammed it forward, plunging the knife deep into Allen’s stomach. He did it twice more as Allen fell on his side moaning. Standing up, he looked down, almost in shock at what he’d done.

“Seth...give me the knife” said Katie softly. He handed it to her, his hand shaking slightly.

“Dad...” she said kneeling down next to him as he rolled on his back, holding his now bleeding stomach. “Enjoy hell, you dick.”

She stabbed him in the chest multiple times, relishing every time the blade entered his flesh. No emotion emanated from her face. He’d taken away every last bit of love, respect, or care she may have had for him the night before when he’d raped her. 9 stabs to the chest later, she stopped and stood, facing Seth. “What have we done?” he said softly. Katie broke down crying, falling to her knees. Normally the most calm and non-aggressive person you’d ever meet, here she was, a murderer having killed her own father. She’d never been in any kind of trouble, never really done anything truly wrong or bad. The knife still took residence in her hand, proving to herself this wasn’t the case anymore. She’d not only done something wrong, she’d committed one of the worst crimes a person could. Some people may feel it was justified in light of the atrocities her father had unleashed on her the night before, but he was dead and she was the cause of it. Seth had wounded Allen severely, but she was the literal dagger to the heart that put an end to her father’s life.

Seth knelt down beside her, putting his arms around her. “What do we do now?” she sputtered, tears still pouring from her face. “Well, I’m not going to prison. You’re not going either. We need to get the hell out of here. Give me the knife, we might need it”. Katie handed it over, hand shaking, barely able to hold it anymore. He stood, pulling her up with him. “Come on” he said, pulling her gently by the hand.

“Where’s your dad’s keys?” Seth asked. Katie saw them over on the counter near the refrigerator and grabbed them for him.

“Why do you need these? You can’t drive”.

“I can. I just can’t afford a car right now” he said, grabbing the keys from her hand.

They went outside into the morning light from the darkness of Katie’s home, heading to the car. They hadn’t at first notice the neighbor watching them. “Y’all ok over there?” he asked, a serious face showing concern. “It’s that blood on your shirts? What’s going on?”

“Fuck off old man!” Seth yelled at him as he jumped into the car. The old man, Mr. Polens, started walking toward the car quickly, but before he could reach them, Seth tore out of the driveway backwards into the street, forgetting to look where he was going. A red Ford pickup truck nearly crashed into a parked car trying to avoid Seth’s wild entrance to the road. Mr. Polens quickly made his way up the driveway and in through the broken door at the front of the Buckner home. He slowly made his way around, trying to find where all that blood on their shirts had come from. He soon found Allen Buckner lying on the floor, blood still draining from his wounds. Panic set in and he ran to the phone on the wall. Dialing 911, he looked back at Allen’s motionless body.

“911, this is Tammy” came the droll voice over the line.

“You gotta send the cops over here now. These kids murdered my neighbor!” yelled Mr. Polens into the phone.

“Ok sir, remain calm. What is the address of the emergency?”

“192 Taylor Lane. These two kids, the girl lives here I think. They came running out of the house with blood on their shirts. They sped off in the car

and I came into the house and found her dad dead. There's blood everywhere!"

He could no longer keep himself together, dropping to the floor sobbing. Looking over, he could still see Allen's bloody corpse, the eyes almost staring through him. The sirens blared in the distance as an officer happened to be nearby, throwing on the lights and speeding around the turns. Mr. Polens had dragged himself to the front door, slouched on the ground leaning on the frame.

Over the next half hour, the police questioned him, getting as much information as they could on what he'd seen. They figured out the young lady he'd seen leaving was Katie, but they didn't know if she'd been forced to leave against her will or if she was part of it...

She was a part of this, a large part. Although Seth had stabbed her dad first, she finished him off with multiple stabs in the chest. Going back and forth between emotionless and wracked with regret, Katie didn't know how to feel as she sat there next to Seth as he drove. They had no destination, only to go forward. Seth had hopped on the highway and was heading west into an unknown future. He was silent as he drove, but she could see that his brain was going a million miles an hour. While he'd been involved in some rough things in his life, he'd never done anything like this.

"So...we're just gonna drive. We're heading west and we're just gonna keep going. We gotta get as far from here as possible. That old guy saw us, so I know they'll be looking for us" said Seth, somewhat monotone.

“Yeah, that’s cool” Katie said back softly.

Neither really knew what to say, but were uncomfortable with the silence. When thinking about it, they’d only really known each other a month and now, they were murderers and on the run from anything resembling law enforcement. Katie was still trying to wrap her head around it all when Seth noticed they were already almost out of gas. Luckily, a sign up ahead let them know that a gas station was coming up at the next exit. They pulled up next to the pump and got out when they noticed something that made both hearts nearly stop. A cop car had also pulled in a few seconds after them. Seth went in to pre-pay for the gas while Katie waited in the car. She watched the cop get out and immediately stare at the car. He reached back into his car and got on the radio. After a little less than a minute, he hurried into the station where Seth was, still staring back at the car.

Seth looked up upon the bell for the door ringing and saw the officer enter, looking around somewhat intently. There was no way out of the building except to...wait! He noticed a side door across from the counter. Speed walking a bit, Seth made his dash for the exit, knowing he wouldn’t be able to get the gas he’d just paid for. The officer noticed the hasty exit and went back out the door he’d entered through. Seth was halfway back to his car when the cop approached from behind him.

“Excuse me sir, turn around please” called the officer to him sternly.

“Yes officer?” he turned, stopping to face him.

“That your car son?”

“Nah, it’s my girlfriends’. We’re just hanging out. Why?” he asked, trying to come up with something believable.

“Son, that car was seen leaving the scene of a homicide little more than an hour ago, ironically, about an hour from here.”

“You sure it was this one? We only just left my house a few...” Seth started.

“Cut the shit kid. It’s the same license plate and you fit the description of the guy they said took it. Hell, you have blood on your damn shirt! Come back to my car now son” said the officer grabbing him by his arm.

Katie had been watching the whole exchange and saw that Seth was now in trouble. She saw them heading back to the patrol car. She began to panic. Does she turn on Seth and play like she’d been kidnapped against her will? Does she go down in flames with him? Or does she do neither? It was at this moment she remembered her dad kept a gun in his glove box. She hadn’t fired a gun in a few years since her dad took her to a firing range. Her mind began racing once again. She had just gained freedom from her dad and in life. She couldn’t now just give that up an hour later. She watched as the man she loved and would protect her from anything needed protection. He was about to lose the freedom they both now had.

She opened the glove box and saw the gun sitting there, waiting to be used. She pulled it out and nervously opened the door and got out. She was trying to be as quiet as possible, not even closing the door behind her as to not make any noise. She stalked quietly behind them, getting closer as their backs were turned. They reached the squad car and she saw the officer force Seth’s hand

behind his back, bending him over the side of the car. She couldn't hear what was being said, her head cloudy and muted.

No more than 15ft away now, the officer opened the door and put Seth in the back seat, shutting the door with a slam. He turned and saw Katie standing not 10ft away now. The gun was raised into firing position at eye level and he froze. Was she really about to do this? *Cant' go to jail...just got free.*

“Ma'am...put the gu...”

An explosion from the barrel of her gun interrupted him mid-sentence, sending him slumping to the ground. She'd got him in the throat, but he was still alive and weakly reaching for his gun. Before he could get it out of the holster, she fired again, this time taking off the side of his face. He fell the rest of the way to the ground, lying in a heap, dead. She was in a stunned stupor, but was able to walk over to let Seth out. He too, was left in shock by what she'd just done for him. Killing a man that had raped her the night before and abused her for years was one thing. This young officer may have had a family waiting at home for him. He was probably a good guy. Katie had put their freedom first though and decided she could not be trapped once more. Now that she had her freedom and the man she loved, she wasn't giving it up.

She suddenly noticed people both inside and outside of the gas station staring at them silently. Her anxiety and fears boiled over. Seth had found the key and uncuffed himself as she looked around at everyone. Unexpectedly, she grabbed his hand and pulled him with her, running toward the car. She opened fire on everyone watching them, more as a distraction than actually trying to kill anyone. They made it back to the car as glass shattered and people

screamed in terror, ducking behind anything they could.

“This is nuts!” yelled Seth, still running with her.

“I don’t know what the hell I’m doing, but we’re not getting caught...not now...not ever” she said, eyes intently focusing on his as they reached the car.

He hadn’t realized how trapped she was with her dad. She had changed, not really in a bad way, but her confidence and desire not to be trapped again and lose her new found freedom was on overload. As much as he enjoyed the shy, vulnerable Katie, he had to admit that the confident and free Katie was kind of a badass...and he loved it!

They jumped into the car and he began to drive again. After only a few minutes, he looked down and realized they’d never gotten gas. After a quick stop off at the next exit to fill up, they hopped back on the highway and headed for the open road. Once again, they were kind of quiet and not sure what to say or do in the moment.

“So...um...you killed a cop dude. What the hell?!” Seth said, not sure what to make of the whole situation.

“Yeah. I had to. We would have gone to jail. I’m not doing that. I’ve been in a prison in my own home for the last 18 years of my life. I’m NOT going to real prison the day that I finally have freedom!”

“Ok, I totally understand that. But, now they’re going to use all their resources to come after us! You killed a friggin’ cop! You don’t come back from that. That’s a death sentence!” yelled Seth, starting to panic like he’d never had before.

“Then either way, they’ll have to kill me to catch me.”

Katie was almost like stone now. He could see her sinking into herself, nearly losing who she’d been...who he loved.

“Katie, I’m gonna flat out say it: I love you. I’ve never felt this way about anyone before. You might be the most amazing girl I’ve ever met in my life! Please...please don’t lose who you are.”

“I’m ok Seth. I love you too. I’m still the girl you love. I just...I can’t not be free again. My freedom, a life with you, that’s all that matters now to me. I want to get married, I want to have your kids. But, we need to stay free for that to happen” she assured him.

“I’m just afraid that...well, you killed a cop. I don’t know if we’ll ever be able to be free again. We need to like, leave the country and a change our identities or something.”

“Ok” she said. “Then that’s what we do.”

It’d taken nearly 4 days, but they’d made it to about 40 miles until the border of Mexico. They laid together in a musty bed in a rundown hotel in southern Arizona. They’d traveled a hell of a distance and were now near their destination. 40 miles until freedom was in their hands. They’d both showered and were laying on the bed in only underwear, looking up at the ceiling. Seth looked over at her, noticing how perfect her skin still looked in the dim light. Seeing her in the least amount of clothing he’d ever had, he noticed how

amazing her body really was. He scanned her from head to toe, taking her all in. She felt his eyes on her and looked back at him. He smiled, realizing he'd been caught. "Seth, I think I have an idea of something we can do instead of just laying here all quiet and stuff" Katie said with a wink. She rolled on her side, running her hand along his bare chest.

"You sure about this?" he asked.

"Yes. The last time, I had it taken from me by someone I hated. Now, I want to give it to someone I love" she said, her eyes lovingly connected with his.

While she was still on her side, Seth reached behind her and undid the clasp of her bra. It gently glided off her shoulder, falling to the bed between them, and exposing her perfect, young breasts. He pulled her body against his, kissing her neck passionately. He couldn't get enough of the feeling of her skin against his, pulling her tighter. He laid her back down on the bed and hovered over her, kissing her chest. Working his way down slightly, he reached her right nipple, teasing it gently with his tongue. A slight moan escaped her lips. He bit her ever so slightly, causing her to grab his head and pull it against her breast.

As he was kissing her, he removed her panties with his free hand, sliding them off quickly. As he entered her and began slowly rocking, they both heard police sirens off in the distance. They stopped dead still, looking at each other nervously. The sounds of sirens steadily grew closer and their anxiety heightened. He jumped back, tearing out of her and off the bed.

"Come on, throw your stuff on. We gotta get out of here!" he said loudly.

“I can’t believe this is happening” she moaned aggravated.

“Trust me, I don’t want to stop now either. But, those cops could very well be coming for us. The guy at the counter might have noticed our license plate or car model or something and called them. This is what I meant earlier...I don’t think we’ll really ever be free.”

They quickly got dressed as the sirens grew even louder now. Looking out the window, Seth could see the glow of the lights now a ways down the road. Katie’s shirt wasn’t even on yet, still only in her hand, as he grabbed her by the arm, dragging her out of the door to the car. “This is insane dude!” shouted Seth, half excited, half filled with nerves. They got in and tore out of the parking lot, not paying any attention to the stop sign in their way. The police were maybe a half mile behind them now, but their destination was the hotel at which Seth and Katie had been staying.

“We might actually get away with this. I doubted we could ever have a normal life together, but if we can cross the border, it might actually happen!” said Seth excitedly.

“I just know I need to be with you. I never wanted to kill anyone...that’s not me. I just wanted to be free” said Katie, quietly realizing the magnitude of her actions.

“We’ll be ok babe...” started Seth, quickly cutting himself off. He was looking in the rearview when he saw the glow of the red and blue police lights in the distance behind them. Katie had seen his glance and looked back as well, her stomach squirming as she too saw the lights. “GO! GO! GO!” she yelled in panic. Seth hit the gas as hard as he could, both of them being jerked

backward in their seats. Quickly, the race was on. They had just past a sign stating 20 miles to the Mexican Border when they'd noticed the police behind them. There was still at least a half mile between them and the police and it grew wider as Seth kept his foot all the way down on the gas, blazing ahead as the sun continued to rise.

It was still early morning as they attempted to make their way to freedom. As they tore ahead, Katie looked over and noticed the gas light on the front dashboard was lit.

“Are we almost out of gas?” she said, again with panic in her voice.

“You’ve gotta be kidding me!” yelled Seth, also now hitting a point of panic. “Fuck it, I’m just driving until it won’t go anymore. We gotta get there.”

Even with the speed that they were traveling with, the police were still catching up to them slowly. They didn’t know how many cop cars were behind, but they sure didn’t want to stop to find out. Katie murdering an officer increased the amount of cops on their tail, a number that had now reached 10 cop cars roaring up behind them. As they sped ahead, they also noticed the distant sound of a helicopter approaching the area.

The miles had now dwindled down to 10 left as they neared supposed freedom.

“We’re gonna have to go off road at some point” said Seth loudly.

“Why the hell would we do that?!” shouted Katie as the wind blew into her face from the open window.

“Every road into Mexico has a check point. There’ll be Mexican police there. We’ll never make it through there and definitely not in time to get away from the cops chasing us.”

This was going to be harder than they thought. Nearing the end of their gas supply and needing to go off road, their chances of making it were shrinking with every minute. Suddenly Seth jerked the wheel to the side and started his path off road to possible freedom. The police caravan chasing them veered as well. The helicopter they’d heard was now overhead, tracking their every move. The police had gained more ground, everyone now traveling at over 100mph.

“Jeffords, take those bastards out” commanded the lead officer to his partner.

“Roger that” he replied with a grin, pulling his weapon from the holster.

The first two shot fired missed closely, but third shot connected with the passenger side mirror. “Shit! They’re shooting at us!” yelled Katie. She began to cry, unable to process all the emotions and the enormity of their situation. It had finally sunk in for her...they probably wouldn’t make it out of this alive.

“Ok, maybe if we stop now and surrender, they’ll let us live” she shouted in desperation.

“No way! We’re out in the middle of nowhere. They catch us, they’ll kill us...” he said, cut off by the car starting to shut down.

Their fuel supply had finally run out. The car slowed to a halt as the police still quickly approached. Another bullet exploded the back window as they

ducked for cover. “Get out! We gotta run!” yelled Seth over the sound of sirens. They did just that, exiting the car and running toward freedom. They could see the border markers that were set up as they ran in that direction. Weaving, trying to avoid being shot, they ran as fast as they could. Then, in an instant, Seth collapsed to the ground, pulling Katie with him accidentally. He’d been shot in the leg and could no longer run. He sat on the ground as Katie knelt in front of him.

“It’s over babe” he said, somewhat calmly.

“I don’t want to die” she cried, wrapping her arms around him.

The police had now surrounded them, a circle of police cars with sirens blaring, stopping any chance of escape for them.

“I’m so happy I met you and learned what it was like to truly love someone” he said to her, tears now streaming down his face as well.

“Me too. I love you Seth. I just wanted to be with you forever”

“Will you marry me? When we get to the other side?” he asked, reaching down and holding his leg with a grimace.

“Yes. It may not be here, but we’ll be together forever” she said, managing a smile through the tears.

A few officers had gotten out of their vehicles, guns drawn and pointed at them. Seth looked around at them, knowing they were done. Even if they did take them alive, they’d spend the rest of their lives in prison separated. He knew he couldn’t live a life without her. He remembered he’d grabbed the gun from the glove box and slipped it in his pocket after they’d left the hotel

earlier.

“Katie...hold me. I love you” he said calmly, reaching for his pocket.

“I love you too” she said, hugging him tightly.

Seth grabbed the gun in his pocket and pulled it out, pointing at the police surrounding them. He only got one shot off before a hail of bullets rained down on them, riddling their bodies. Seth fell backwards, Katie falling on top of him. Blood flowed freely from both of them as they laid there. Seth, still with a sliver of life left in him, looked up and saw Katie’s face in front of his. She was lifeless, having died instantly from the swarm of gunfire they’d endured. “I’ll be right there babe” he whispered and kissed her lips one last time. His head dropped to the ground and he closed his eyes, giving into the impending death that was waiting for him.

A couple of officers stepped forward toward their bodies, the heap of dead flesh and blood they’d now become.

“Well...what the hell we do with them now? They’re a regular Bonnie and Clyde, huh?” joked the first one to come up to them.

“Shit, Bonnie and Clyde were famous. These kids ain’t nobody. They’re punk bitches who killed a man in his own home and one of our boys in blue. They’re nobodies that need to be forgotten” stated the other. “Listen, clear all the guys outta here. Tell ‘em we’re gonna handle this” he said to the first cop. He did as he was told, letting the rest of the officers know everything was good and they could leave. After they did, he returned to his partner near the bodies.

“So, what are we doin’ with them boss?” he said, not expecting the response he’d get.

“Toss their asses back in the car and torch that shit. They’re worthless punks who thought it’d be cool to kill some people. I don’t feel like doing all the paperwork on this, do you?” he said coldly to his partner. The first cop shook his head, a bewildered look on his face.

“Just torch ‘em? You sure” he said, not really wanting to do the deed.

“Yeah. Nobody will miss them. You got the bolos on them...no family anywhere. They’ll just disappear and no one will care. Besides, they killed an officer. They don’t deserve to be remembered” he seethed.

The first cop, a younger man, possibly a rookie on the force, did as he was told. He dragged the teen lovebird’s bodies back to their car and tossed them on the back seat. There happened to be a gas can back there as well and he used it to douse the car before setting it ablaze. The flames shot up quickly as it was engulfed in a sweltering inferno. The two officers watched for a minute before turning and heading back to their cruiser and heading off back toward the road they’d come from.

They there were, the new kids in school, only there a month. They hadn’t made one friend but each other. The officer was right: no one would be there to miss them. Neither had any family left. They had yet to leave their mark in school. Their whole love story existing in its own little reality. It was enough for them to fight for, kill for, and ultimately die for. To them, it was their world, it was all encompassing...life itself. To the rest of the world, it never existed. Such tragedy with nothing to remember it by. Seth and Katie, together

til their last breath. They only ever mattered to each other...and that was enough.

The End

Freeditorial 

Liked This Book?

For More FREE e-Books visit Freeditorial.com