



A T3ddyTalk Short Story

For Life

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Also, by Teddy Gutierrez

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A *Post of the Day* short story based on the following writing prompt:

What am I supposed to do? Why isn't anyone helping us?

Warning:

For Life

Lying in bed, her fiancée next to her. Hale rolls onto her side, kissing her partner's shoulder. "It's time for work, sweetheart."

Aubrie rolls away, playfully slapping Hale in the face as if she's the alarm clock's snooze button. "Five more minutes, please."

Hale laughs, reaching over and tickling Aubrie's sides. Knowing her ticklish spots. "C'mon," she says as she watches Aubrie squirm.

Rolling back over, lying on her back, she looks at Hale. A soft smile on her face. "Fine." She leans over, kissing her future wife before jumping out of bed.

Beginning the day with a cup of coffee, Hale walks down the busy streets of London. Making her way from the tube station to her office. “Hello, Miss Parrish. How are you today?” Geoffrey asks as she walks through security.

She smiles at the guard. “Not too bad, and yourself?” She stops – allowing him to use the handheld metal detector over her as part of their daily routine to get into the building.

“Good, thank you,” he says, gesturing for her to continue.

“That’s good to hear. See you soon, Geoff.” She nods to him, continuing her way up the stairs.

“How are you settling in?” Cayden asks, catching Hale up.

She nods at her boss. “Good, we haven’t had any major issues yet. So, we should be fine.”

He smiles, a soft expression on his face.

“That’s good to hear. If you need anything, just let me know, okay?”

Hale bobs her head. “Thanks, Cayden.”

Her time in the office was longer than initially intended, but it’s finally home time. Heading out of the building – Hale says goodbye to Geoff and walks to Baker Street Station.

“Hey,” Hale says, a broad grin on her face as she approaches her fiancée. She kisses Aubrie on the cheek, taking Aubrie’s hand in hers.

Heading into the station – it’s quieter than usual. The pair had both worked late today, it’s 11:30 PM, and they’re heading for the last train to Stratford.

But with it being quieter, it’s more suspicious when a group of men start following a couple of women.

One of the men catches up to them, pulling them to one side by their hair. Hale's head being smashed against the wall as he does.

Aubrie screams, blood dripping down her nose. The other men catch up separating the pair.

"No..." Hale cries, standing up as she tries to push past them and get to Aubrie. Hearing a zipper... *I can't let this happen!* She kicks one of the men in the balls, but swiftly gets knocked to the ground. One of her eyes losing the ability to see after being kicked in the face.

"Hale!" Aubrie screams.

Hale tries again, slowly getting up but put down again quickly. Her gut killing her, her face numb from the adrenaline. Finding it hard to breathe with the amount of blood in her mouth. *What am I supposed to do? Why isn't anyone helping us?*

“Aubrie...” She says before her head is stamped on one final time, knocking her out.

Aubrie keeps fighting, blood pouring down her face. One of the men kicks her in the chest, causing her to sit against the wall. Trying to catch her breath but being unable to due to a punctured lung. She tries to scream, the pain overwhelming her, but nothing comes out.

“Oi!” She hears someone shout.

The men turn around, a fight erupts. Aubrie tries to stay sat up for as long as possible. But after a few minutes, the pain takes her. She slumps onto the ground – struggling to breathe – she slowly passes out.

The man who’d attracted the mob’s attention was a police officer. Taking on several of the men at once while he waits for other officers to arrive. Civilians wandering into the station swiftly going to help the officer fight the men and help the two victims lying on the ground. Both unconscious.

The men are arrested, and the couple are taken to the hospital.

They were lucky. If Officer Campbell hadn't arrived when he did, they would be dead.

After hours of surgery, the pair came out well. But both missing something. Hale lost her sight – being kicked and stamped on damaged her optic nerve.

Aubrie lost a lung. The damage she'd inflicted to her chest and back – several ribs breaking and puncturing her lung – it was easier to remove it than it was to save it.

The men got life in prison for attempted murder, and rightfully so.

Hale and Aubrie both had to fight for their lives to get out of what they'd done to them.

Lying in bed, in their new home in Glasgow. Hale smiling as she feels Aubrie's lips against her neck. "I love you."

“I love you, too,” Aubrie says, her right arm over Hale’s stomach. Scaring all over their torsos.

“I’m going to be like this for life, aren’t I?” Hale mutters.

“Most likely,” Aubrie tells her, kissing her cheek.

“Do you still want to be with me?”

Aubrie pauses, a sickening feeling in her stomach. She climbs on top of Hale – looking down at her beautiful fiancée. “I’ll marry you tomorrow, and spend the rest of my life with you.”

Hale laughs, smiling as she begins to cry. “I miss seeing your face.”

Aubrie takes hold of Hale’s right hand, lifting it to her face. “You may not be able to see it, but it’s here,” she giggles, kissing the palm of Hale’s hand.

Hale sighs, “So, this is for life?”

Nodding, Aubrie smiles. “For life.”