

I stop myself before i
say it.

[Business](#), [Career](#)



I really hate talking about my feelings. Being a detective I always try to keep my emotions in check and my feelings hidden.

The session is almost up and I haven't really said anything. Better think of something quick before Lori marks something in her fancy notebook. She only used a notebook for me, probably knows I could easily access her tablet and see what she writes." Bearing the name Axler has never been easy. Especially now that my father is running for President.

" This name always gives me two reactions, people looking up to me, or people looking down at me saying everything I achieve is because I have a powerful father." Sounds like bearing that name is a burden. Tell me more about that."" How confidential is this?" I ask." Valencia, I've been a counselor for twenty-six years, nothing you say leaves these walls. I will tell you that as a counselor I'm obligated to tell you that the exceptions to confidentiality are if you want to hurt yourself, someone else or if it's a threat to national security."" Wow, twenty-six years?" I pause.

" I haven't even lived that long."" Valencia, you are deflecting."" I hate it. The name, the politics, even," I quickly stop myself before I say it. I've never said this out loud before, " my father.

" She didn't say anything, knowing that silence invites people to talk more." I want people to know me for me, not for my father's achievements. I'm twenty-four and I have achieved so much myself. I graduated college, got a real job as a homicide detective. Even have my own office.

I ask nothing from him, I haven't even talked to him since he decided it would be so great for us all if he became President." "All of whom?" "You know, 'the gifted', 'the freaks', whatever you want to call us." I snap, a bit harsher than I probably should have.

And there goes Lori again writing shit down in that fancy fucking notebook of hers. "Oh look the time is up, can I go now?" "You can go and come as you please, I'm here whenever you need me." Lori says calmly as I walk out the door. I don't hate Lori, I don't even dislike her. If I didn't have to see her on a weekly basis I would likely even be friends with her, but I can't stand talking about my feelings. Probably because of how I was raised. My dad used to always say things like "Be strong," or "don't cry," even "don't complain it shows weakness."

"Hearing that on a daily basis made me an emotionless wreck. One winter we were driving through the Rocky Mountains and I said something that upset him, so he told me to get out of the car and find my way back home. I was only thirteen at the time. It took me nearly four days to get back to San Francisco. I was really mad that he just left me so I spent the next week at my friend's house to try to get him to worry or even go looking for me.

He never did, I doubt he even noticed I wasn't at home. He probably wouldn't even remember the incident if anyone asked him about it. That's just one of the many things that happened to me. Now all thanks to him I can't ever communicate my feelings. Thanks to him I have a nonexistent love life. My relationships never last and a big part of it is not knowing how

to show emotions. Now he's running for President and not even considering how I feel about it.

I hope he fucking loses. I'll even go and vote against him. Alright that's enough of a rant, I need to get back to work. I missed a call from Spencer. That's not a good sign.

I should call him back." Hey Valencia," he picks up right away, that's really not a good sign, he usually lets it ring three times before answering the phone. " We found a body. I need you to go down to Golden Gate Park. Oh and grab your senior partner this time."" On my way chief." I quickly hang up the phone and head to the door.

" Fuck." I whisper under my breath as I turn around and go looking for Dan. I can't believe Dan is my new senior partner. He is seven years older than me and I have nothing to learn from him. On his first week he managed to grab my ass, twice. Then he claimed it to be accidental after I smacked him across the face. He then complained to Spencer and it landed me in mandatory counseling once again.

Then the next day I overheard him calling me a monkey bitch to his friends who laughed and thought it was hilarious that he got away with sexual assault. On the third day he took a Snapchat off my ass and wrote, ' love me some monkey ass, going to hit that tonight!' then send it to his buddies. On day four he found out that I have super powers and called me a freak. There must be a way to get rid of this privileged trash. Oh great, he's with his other buddies probably fingering each other's assholes. He's been here a week

and already has more friends than me.” Dan lets go we got a call.”” Dude, who’s that fine piece of ass?” One of his buddies says just loud enough for me to hear.

This guy is not even a cop. What is he doing here?” Man, I bet you tap that all night long.” Another disrespectful shithole thinks he is better than me because he’s a male.” Ha-ha.” Dan does a quiet laugh knowing it will be a very awkward car ride for one of us, and it won’t be for me.

“ See you bros later.” I am raging and want to scream. This day can’t get any worse.

*** “ You will want to see this,” someone says shortly after I get out of my car. “ It’s a nasty one.” Why would I want to see it? This is someone’s life they are talking about. People always assume that since I am a homicide detective I love seeing all the gore and guts spit all over the floor.

I would prefer it be a clean shot to the head than something like this.” Any witnesses?” I ask as I get to the body.” No, the cleaning lady saw the body and called the police. We are still asking others who may have seen or heard anything.”” What we got here?” I ask the officer on scene.” Female, according to her driver license she was twenty-five years of age.

We did an initial investigation, but left the body undisturbed for you to investigate. I can send you all of our observations which hopefully can help the investigation. Is there anything else I can do for you?”” No, thanks. You’ve been very helpful.” I respond to the officer as I put on my gloves.

“ Several incisions on the abdomen, probably caused by a knife. The lower part of her abdomen is partly ripped open.” I pause needing a minute to settle my thoughts and focus on the victim. It’s a really deep, jagged wound. Where the blood that had flowed so freely from the severed neck now lay in pools around the corpse and soak her cotton clothing like some garish Halloween dummy.

But no matter how hard I wish for it to be a dummy I know is all real. It smells like an abattoir. I look over to Dan who is standing there frozen just staring at the body, “ Are you taking notes?” I ask, knowing the answer is no.

Oh this will be good. Three, two, one yup, called it. There he goes throwing up what looks and smells like his favorite tuna fish sandwich. Has this guy ever seen a crime scene? How is he a senior detective? Dan’s father must have had a lot of influence in his career. I will just do it all myself. Thank you Ebba, the Goddess of Power, for giving me the ability to tap into electronic devices, because of you I don’t have to rely on asshole Dan to write this down.

The throat appears to have been severed by two cuts. It is a mess, I can’t imagine what she went through. Wonder what kind of shit she must have gotten herself into to go out in a way she did. Gosh it looks like she was some sort of sick sacrifice.” Have you found any weapons?” I ask one of the cute officers.” Not yet, still doing the initial one mile radius search.” She answers.” I’m sorry you have to follow the protocol, we both know its probably pointless, this seems like a well thought out murder.

I doubt the killer would be sloppy enough to throw away the weapon here.” I tell her.” True, but no one would want to be carrying a bloody weapon down the street either.” She says. “ Good point.” I start scanning for the victims phones, nothing nearby. The murder may not even have started here, why would they take her phone and leave her wallet full of credit cards and a few hundred bucks? She may have been attacked somewhere else and her body just dumped here. But if she was killed elsewhere it wouldn’t be such a bloody scene.

Unless they dumped the blood here too. They picked up her blood and dropped it again, that would be a lot of work. Perhaps she just lost her phone, or the killer took it knowing it would be useful for us to know her whereabouts and what calls she made in the last few days.” Call me if something comes up.” I hand her my card and head over to Dan.

“ You okay?” I ask, hoping he is embarrassed enough to quit his job.” Yes, sorry I think there was something wrong with the sandwich.” He quickly makes up an excuse as to why he couldn’t hold in his lunch.” Could you go to the office and run a background check on our victim.”” I can do that, then I will go home it’s already five and I have some dinner plans.

” Dan says.” I know you are the senior detective but no, you can cancel your date with your buddies. We need to pull up the footage from the surrounding cameras and look for anything suspicious.

” I tell him firmly and look straight at him without blinking. “ Do you need a ride back to the office?” Dan asks, but I know he is only asking it to see if I

am going back to work or if I am just trying to get him to do all the work.”
No, I need to talk to the lady who called in the homicide. I’ll take the train
back.”