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All Over - Sample Proofread
Angela Traficante, Lambda Editing

Chapter 1

"Oh, it looks like you've been upgraded to first class."

Katelyn stared blankly at the woman behind the counter for a moment before remembering that she should smile. *Yes, normal people in normal situations are happy about things like first-class upgrades.*

"That's nice, thank you," Katelyn said, hoping the grin made up for her expressionless tone.

The woman continued to smile blandly as she scanned Katelyn's passport and typed on the computer. Her name tag read "Isabelle." Isabelle was pretty, with blue eyes and long red hair. Katelyn bet that nothing bad had happened in Isabelle's life this week. Katelyn bet that Isabelle had a boyfriend, a dog, a house in the suburbs, and probably a mundane hobby. She looked like maybe she played tennis.

"Any bags to check today, Miss Stanton?" Isabelle asked, her smile still in place.

"No, none." Katelyn wondered if that looked weird. Did people fly without luggage a lot? God, why should she care, anyway?

"You're all set, then. Have a lovely flight." Isabelle's smile was still fixed in place, but it didn't reach her green eyes.

Isabelle handed Katelyn a thin sheet of paper with a barcode on it. It didn't look at all like the boarding pass she had gotten when she had last flown, eight years ago.

With a final, fleeting smile, Katelyn clutched her purse to her chest and turned for the escalators up to the security checkpoint. Every twitch of her muscles felt mechanical. Every word spoken was forced——a word she'd rather not say. *Why won't everyone just leave me alone?* she had wanted to scream each time a well-wisher approached her in the past week, and the hardest part was yet to come.

But it would appear at the end of a four-hour flight, so maybe she had a couple of moments' peace left yet.

First class was both infinitely better than coach and infinitely far from the comforts of even the lumpiest old armchair Katelyn could imagine. She accepted the blanket, pillow, and eye mask that the stewardess offered her, but she declined the champagne. Every bone in her body was crying out for a drink, but it seemed like a terrible idea on top of her long day and queasy stomach.

Should've brought some crackers with me, she thought and frowned. Why did every errant thought bubble up so stupidly into her mind, and why did each feel so alien?

Commented [AT1]: Her eyes were mentioned as blue a couple of paragraphs ago.

She stowed her bag under the seat in front of her, buckled her seatbelt, and took one look out the window at the dark runway before pulling on the eye mask and curling up with the blanket pulled up over her chin.

Katelyn woke feeling terrified. *Nightmare?* she asked herself, confused. She couldn't remember anything. After a moment, the feeling passed. Pulling the eye mask off, she nearly knocked into a plastic cup of water that was sitting on her pull-down tray. She eyed it, perplexed. When had that gotten there?

She looked to the seat next to her, and her stomach fluttered. A young man sat there, dark haired and handsome with a classically chiseled jaw and high cheekbones. He was engrossed in a book, and one long thin finger was trailing along the text. The cord from his earbuds disappeared down into the pocket of his jeans, and she could hear the very faint din of music.

Katelyn looked at her watch—she'd only been asleep for a little over an hour. *Long trip.*

She moved to fix her hair, and the young man finally looked up. Pulling out one earbud, he gestured to her food tray.

"Water?" he asked. His voice was quiet. "I didn't know what you'd want. It seemed like a safe bet."

His smile was playfully apologetic, and he had magnificently expressive eyes—some sort of deep green or blue.

"Oh," she said, still not quite understanding. Why had it been so hard to drag herself back to consciousness lately? Did that happen to everyone in her situation? "Um, thanks."

The young man held out his right hand, awkwardly angling his elbow. "Alexander."

"Katelyn," she said. "Kate, actually."

"Well, hello, Kate Actually." The playfulness had crept into his voice. Was he flirting with her? Two sentences into a conversation with a stranger?

She forced a smile; it was what polite people did. She remembered that.

"You ordered me water?" she asked, and the question sounded as stupid aloud as it had in her head.

Alexander gave her an odd look and nodded. She lifted the cup to her lips and took a sip.

He shrugged. "I know how hard it can be to sleep on a plane. I figured you wouldn't want to be woken up."

"Thank you. That was considerate," she said, trying to decide whether to continue this conversation or not.

Alexander had closed the book, although his finger still marked the page. Katelyn could take her own earbuds and book from her bag—make it clear she didn't want to talk. But she had another three hours on the flight. Why alienate her seatmate? *Really, one could ask for a worse partner*, she thought, and felt like a silly teenage girl mooning over a movie star.