

Chapter Twelve



"Ms. Lana?" I tried calling out, but my voice shook so much it was barely louder than a whisper.

John B called out.

The woman didn't answer, but we found her sitting in the bathroom sobbing and hugging herself. John B ran towards her, and I tried prying my hand out of JJ's, but he held on tightly.

"Dude, she's tweaking."

I glared at the blond as Ms. Lana turned to look at the three of us.

"Do you need a doctor?" I asked the woman, noticing how her face was bleeding somewhere and she was clutching her arm. "Let's call the sheriff's department."

"No cops, please!"

I turned away from JJ and back towards the woman.

"Mm," JJ hummed. "That's not good. Come on, guys. Let's just go."

John B and I both ignored our blond friend and focused on the crying woman.

"You two shouldn't be here."

JJ tugged on my hand again.

"That's enough for me. Come on."

"Wait," I pleaded, resisting his pulls.

JJ sighed and waited.

"What do you know about these guys?"

Ms. Lana glanced at me.

"They were looking for something," she answered, her voice cracking.

John B pulled our dad's compass out of his shorts pocket.

"Does it have anything to do with this?"

Ms. Lana's eyes widen as she saw what John B was holding in his hand.

"Do you know anything about this? This is my father's, and Scooter had it. Why?"

Ms. Lana started shaking her head.

"Scooter didn't have it, okay? Don't tell anyone that you have that. They can't know you have that! You gotta get out of here!"

I finally allowed JJ pull me out of the house as Ms. Lana worked herself back up into a sobbing fit. I stumbled behind JJ, not fully able to work my legs properly as I tried to process everything that just happened.

Ms. Lana knew that Scooter had the compass. She knew it was my dad's. Those two men were looking for it, but why?

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