

Chapter Twenty

Recap

“She’s mine!” She continues to shout.

I want to do something—to move or stop her, but I’m stuck. The dread that took over my muscles paralyzed the functions of my body as well. I could simply stare in astonishment, confusion, and rage.

Once the first cop catches up to her, I watch as my mother writhes and wriggles to break free. The other cops and everyone else follow a er.

“You can’t take her from me!” My mom screams, “She’s MYdaughter!”

“Julie Williams—” The first starts to say, tugging at mom’s arms, “You are under arrest for the break in and violation of private and residential property. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will—“

“Faye Williams is my daughter,” Mom shakes her head violently and kicks her feet, “I’m doing this for her!”

Moments of silence go by as the other two cops and the first one wrestle her to the car. In an infinite struggle, the officers recite to her the Miranda rights and I place a hand on my mouth in horror.

“I’m coming back for you Faye!” She shouts, right as the cops slam the door shut.

Chapter Twenty

This morning was tense and monotone as the entire family tried to cope with what had happened yesterday. Apart from the slight humiliation on my part that Wes and his family had to drag my mother o of their property—only to have her run like a child to ours—I wasn’t doing so well. The cops had asked for us to come down just about now, but dad politely declined and o ered to take me on his own time at my own will.

So, when Laura told me that Layla had le early for school —‘president duties’ as she had stated—I was relieved when she told me Chase was waiting outside for me. Dad had to leave early as well, which le me with absolutely no way to get to school besides by foot. And of course, neither Laura nor I felt comfortable with me walking alone. Chase on the other hand was more than ecstatic—and to be honest, I wanted to bug him anyways.

I saunter up to the gate a er saying bye to Laura and spot where Chase is standing. I flash him a convincing smile and speed my way over to him. He returns the gesture and waves while kicking his foot out slightly.

“Hey,” He grins, pointing towards me, “Did you get a new car or something?”

I close the gate behind me and turn to give him an odd look, “What are you talking about?”

“That’s a sick BMW M3,” He states, pointing to a blood red vehicle behind him.

I walk up to him and take a long look at it. The wheels are black and slightly worn, similar to the way the paint of the red fades to reflect over usage.

“You call this,” I say, pointing to the rust on the front of the car, “sick?”

He shrugs, “That’s the original BMW.”

“Yeah,” I nod while widening my eyes, “It’s also old”

He throws his hands up, “What is it with women.”

I roll my eyes, “What is it with men?”

“Men keep it classy,” He states, walking forward and motioning for me to follow along. I let him lead the way and roll my eyes as I know where his statement is heading. “Women keep it trashy.”

“That’s a strong statement you’ve got there.” I declare, placing a hand on my chin, “Are you willing to take that to court?”

He feigns horror and places his open palms by his face, “Uhh—I’ve actually got plans.”

I decide to play along, “Oh? So I win.”

“Mm, not really,” He shakes his head and smiles, “You’ve got plans too.”

I raise an eyebrow, “I do?”

“You’re still coming to the game tonight, right?” He inquires hopefully, shooting me a sideways smile.

“Oh,” I give him a sly smile, “Shouldn’t you be asking Ashley?”

“God,” he rolls his eyes and looks forward again, “I never should have told you.”

“Would it make you feel better if I said she’s going?” I press, grinning as he attempts to hold back a smile.

He shrugs, “I mean, yeah—are you still going?”

“Oh cut the crap!” I exclaim, jabbing his shoulder, “You don’t care about my whereabouts.”

“That’s not true—“

“Oh really?” I ask, doubt dripping like honey in my tone.

“Yes.” Chase retorts, folding his arms across his chest.

“This is going to be a long walk,” I muse.

Shaking my head, I swivel back and pretend to gauge the distance between my house and where we currently are walking. However, as my eyes wander, I notice the same blood red BMW, trailing on the road a few meters behind us.

“Whoa,” I mutter, looking around, “Chase...”

He li s his head up and sends me an odd look. I grab onto the straps of my backpack, noticing how the first car had followed me down the street was now accompanied by a second.

“What?” Chase says, glancing around obliviously.

I take a subtle glance back before picking up my pace. Ever since the cops—and my mother—showed up on my doorstep, I’ve been extremely edgy. Righteously so, I believe.

“It appears your classy car is in stalk mode.” I say lowly, leaning closer to him.

Chase glances back again, a more determined look on his face this time.

“Let me handle it.” He says seriously, slowing down.

“No!” I shoot him a bewildered look and grab onto his elbow, “Are you crazy?”

He gives me a pointed look, “I want to touch it anyways.”

Right as he says that, I hear the screech of tires against grudging cement. My eyes widen as everything starts to slow down in front of my eyes. I whip my head around upon hearing Chase curse, my heart beginning its spiral towards a full on panic attack.

“Maybe they’re just cmoing over to talk...” I trail o , glancing nervously between him and the cars.

He nods his head several times, not once removing his gaze from the BMW’s. “Possibly.”

The two cars are parked sloppily on the side of the road. Just as two men from each car step out, Chase yanks on my arm.

“Oh shit!” I mumble.

“Yeah, time to go.” He orders abruptly, staring at me with wide, beady eyes.

Chase makes a sound in the back of his throat and snatches my hand forward, forcefully showing me—and himself—in the opposite direction. I take one final glance at the men before full on sprinting o the sidewalk.

As we sprint, I hear the thumps of footsteps following, a constant reminder of what would happen if we stop. My hands, clammy and wet, start to grow from warm to an uncomfortable hot. The beating of my heart, combined with both panic and adrenaline, is so loud, I can hear the blood rushing through my veins at a supernatural speed.

I look ahead and gage the distance we would have before they could catch up. Seeing as we’ve barely even gotten started on our pathway to school, I guess we’d be toast in a minute max.

Taking a speedy scan across the area, I latch onto Chase’s baggy shirt and yank him onto the sand of the beach. I figured we’d be able to cut through the distance by running past houses.

“They’re gaining.” Chase hu s a er taking a quick glance behind us.

I send him a sideways glance, silently cursing him for boosting my confidence level. With my breath coming out jagged and heavy, I start to feel an uneasy churning in my stomach. A burning sensation, mixed with acidity and terror, clashes to create heat that welters below. Perhaps a sense of nausea.

My feet dig into the sand, making it even more di cult to run. It’s as if I’m sprinting in place—something that occurs in my dreams in a timely manner. The waves that pound the sand, which I once found comforting, now become an overwhelmingly loud roar.

Despite my will to get away—mostly in fear that I didn’t know who they were or what they wanted, I feel my body start to slow its movements. The thudding of the footsteps grow louder and faster.

I hear Chase yelling at me, urging me to keep at it, but I can’t.

I take a hopeless glance at him in an attempt to apologize, but he’s suddenly taken down in a blur.

A heavy clump followed by grunting and assault gets my heart leaping in anxiety. A stronger terror broils, like the lava bubbles and explodes from a volcano. I know without looking back that I’m only seconds away from being attacked. Not by one, but possibly by a grand total of three men.

I briefly close my eyes, instantly willing myself to fight. I don’t know how—but I know enough to resist. I know deep down inside that if I could thank my mom for one thing—it would be for allowing me to learn how to defend myself to some point.

I’m not sure whether it’s the adrenaline or the fear that makes me think irrationally, but I definitely have made up my mind. The terror that had formed in my pit earlier turns into a fire burning right into it.

Moments later, forceful hands are my forward by the lower back, knocking the breath out of me as I fall face first on the floor. I feel heavy and light at the same time as my head rebounds from the sand below. Almost instantly, there is a horrid pounding in my skull but I attempt to ignore it.

I roll over as fast as I can, disregarding the pain that streaks through my head. I clench my teeth and release a strong kick with my foot that somehow flailed in the air.

A pair of hands grab my foot but not before one of the men stumble back. I shoot up from my position, knowing full well that laying down is the worst way to be placed in a time like this. The man who fell, picks himself up in a hu and charges at me, throwing a blind fist. My eyes widen as I instinctively dodge it briskly whooshing past my eyelashes.

Quick to recover, I train my eyes on the man, watching like a hawk as he takes a slow step forward. With every advance, I take two steps back. When he jumps at me, I lurch to the side. As he tries to knock me down with a strong kick, I avoid the impact. Finally, he charges again, and I jerk away at the last moment.

A streak of pain surges to my toes as part of his arm gets a jab at my jaw. In the moment, I start to taste a metallic salt at the edge of my mouth. Like a spider dangling from a web, this throbbing liquid gradually oozes out. I look down in shock—a wrong move—and brush my hand across my face to see the blood.

In that brief, silent moment that I zoned, the third man comes up from behind me and slams me into his body. A choking sound escapes my lips as I stumble against his vice grip. My arm viscerally latches onto his, aimlessly scratching at his grip to take open my airways. With each ticking second that goes by, I feel him purposefully tighten his grip around me.

“He wants her alive,” One of the men state lowly, almost hesitantly.

“Shut up,” my attacker snaps before returning his attention to me, “She’ll live.”

In a final attempt, I hu and try to elbow him in the gut—which comes out weak and frail.

He starts to laugh as the other two men enclose on us, but his humor is cut short. Suddenly, he’s slumping to the ground, lugging me with him. I frown in confusion and fright as my knees buckle and as the two men who were advancing immediately jump back.

“I’ll give you two seconds,” A voice growls.

I land on the floor, uncomfortably heaved on top of the man who tried to choke me. In disgust, I start to clumsily unravel myself from his touch.

“Time’s up.” The same voice snarls viciously.

Right a er he says that, I hear the sound of flesh on flesh--beatings and punches. One blow a er another. The clunk of defeated bodies and the moans of battered skin.

I try and move, however my muscles seem to be completely distant from my thoughts. They are extremely heavy—and even as I manage to trail a hand down to my thigh, I have no sense of feeling there. My hands are simply shaking and numb.

This paralysis grows, like the roots of a tree, and I begin to panic when I realize the only thing I can move now are my eyes. Even then, my lids begin to droop and I’m afraid to close them.

It feels as if millions of bricks are placed on top of me, su ocating me as I at last give up the fight.

Just as I’m about to close my eyes, a sharp jolt catches my attention. Through blurry vision, I can make out those eden green eyes and the thin, angry outline of bruised lips.

Oh hell.

Travis Emmons.

“Faye, look at me.” Travis says gra u, squeezing my face, “You can’t close your eyes.”

Even in my state, I try to come up with something snarky, but I can’t. The words that come to the edge of my tongue slip out in a strange sound as my pounding head lolls to the side.

“God dammit,” He groans again, his breath still heavy and labored, “You’re an idiot.”

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Hello!

I hope y’all enjoyed this chapter. I have to be honest; I had a really hard time writing this. I just. i really struggled. SO I would really like to know what worked.

PLEASE--comments would be much appreciated!

Thankyouthankyou my loves.

Can I get votes and 11 comments?

VOMMENT.

xxSummerxx