

## BIOLOGICAL 45

### Chapter 45: Chase

When the lessons concluded, Logan, Conal, and Orson headed towards the main entrance to collect their belongings. The school buzzed with the energy of many students exiting the classrooms, relieved that the day's lessons were over.

The trio navigated their way through the bustling corridors, weaving between the dense rows of students. Their journey took them to a spot near the corridor's end, a juncture where two lengthy hallways converged beneath an archway crafted from metal.

As they neared this architectural feature, various small clusters of girls hastened along from both directions. They breezed past Logan, Conal, and Orson, paying no attention to them. This lack of recognition sparked a tinge of resentment in Logan.

Navigating through the maze of corridors, Logan, Conal, and Orson arrived at the lockers near the main entrance. As Logan reached for his locker, he felt a vibration in his pocket. His phone was signaling an incoming message.

"Hold on a sec," he said to Conal and Orson, a note of surprise in his voice. It was unusual for him to receive messages from anyone other than his immediate circle.

Curious, Conal and Orson peered over his shoulder. "Who's it from?" Conal asked, trying to catch a glimpse of the screen.

Logan, feeling a rush of irritation at their prying, shot back, "Let me read it first, then I'll know." He pulled out his phone, his attention now on the unexpected message, leaving his companions in a moment of suspense.

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Dear Logan.

I always wanted to say to you that you are the most disgusting person I have ever met. Not only you are a motherfucker with the mama complex, but you amount to nothing.

The only thing you can do is to be a waste of space, a waste of air, and a waste of resources. I know for sure that your mommy wanted to kill herself for having you.

You are the shit stain on a white underwear pair, like a piano crashing on someone's teeth. Your mother is a bitch that shouldn't have you.

You will never find happiness in this world, but by all means, keep on dreaming about it!

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The message continued, and Logan read it all.

He put aside the phone and stood there for some time, thinking about what he had just read. Besides the blatant insults, there was one last line that caught his attention.

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Logan finished reading the message, his focus unwavering until the last word. He then set his phone aside, absorbing the content he had just encountered.

The barrage of blatant insults had left an impression, but it was the last line of the message that captured his attention, lingering in his thoughts.

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Logan, with a deliberate movement, pocketed his phone, a veil of composure masking the inner storm the message had stirred.

Orson, leaning in with a furrowed brow, inquired, "What did it say?"

Not far behind, Conal chimed in, his curiosity clear. "Yeah, Logan, what was that about?"

Logan took a moment, his face a mask of control over the rising tide of anger. Then, with a voice edged with resolve, he announced, "Let's go to the train station."

Both Orson and Conal, picking up on the change in Logan's demeanor, looked puzzled. Orson's voice carried a mix of confusion and concern. "Why? What's at the train station?"

Logan's eyes narrowed, the anger within him finding its way into his voice. "There's a motherfucker that needs a beating," he said, his fists clenched at his sides, reflecting the aggression boiling within.

With a shared grin of anticipation at Logan's declaration, Conal and Orson pursued him out of the building. Their expressions, twisted into smirks of cruel excitement, spoke volumes of their eagerness for the impending confrontation.

They strode through the main gate, their steps brisk with a menacing purpose.

As they left the school's driveway and took the path southward toward the train station, their demeanors reflected their unsavory nature.

Throughout the walk, Conal remained silent, his silence not one of contemplation but of brooding anticipation, a stark contrast to Orson's behavior.

Orson, unable to contain his malicious glee, kept chattering and taunting, his words laced with nastiness, reveling in the prospect of violence.

Their strides carried a predatory quality, as if they were hunters closing in on their prey, each step a testament to their malevolent intentions. While Conal didn't care what the message said, Orson was curious and kept pestering Logan.

Orson's voice held a tinge of impatience and curiosity as he pressed Logan again. "Can you tell me what the hell that letter said?" he asked, his gaze fixed on Logan, searching for any clue.

Logan's response was sharp, his frustration boiling over. "Shut up, Orson!" he barked, his voice loud and domineering. His outburst caused Orson to fall silent, a flicker of surprise crossing his face before settling into a sullen quiet.

As they continued their walk through the city streets, the trio's eyes darted among the passersby. Maybe the guy wasn't there yet, and they hoped to find him soon.

The streets were bustling with students from their school, a river of youthful energy flowing in the same direction, yet none bore any hint of being connected to their current predicament.

Logan's eyes narrowed with each face he examined, his expression laden with suspicion. Conal, walking apart, remained silent, his gaze distant yet alert.

Orson, having recovered from Logan's rebuke, scanned the crowd with a less discerning eye, his earlier curiosity now replaced with a growing eagerness for the confrontation ahead.

Every student around them donned the familiar school uniform. Some were absorbed in phone conversations, others engaged in lively chats, a few shared kisses with their significant others, and many enjoyed lively discussions with their friends. Amidst this everyday scene, no one stood out as suspicious.

They neared the bustling vicinity of the train station. Trains were arriving and departing, their tracks crisscrossing the sky like dragons in flight, weaving an intricate web above New Alexandria.

They watched the trains glide out of the massive station structure. After taking in the scene for a moment, they moved towards the stairs leading to the elevator.

Logan, his frustration clear, jabbed at the elevator button repeatedly. His forceful prods continued until the button glowed red, signaling the elevator's imminent arrival.

His actions, marked by impatience and a simmering anger, reflected his eagerness to break jaws and a couple of limbs.

One minute passed before the elevator doors glided open, unveiling the interior. The walls on either side were adorned with large monitors, broadcasting news and updates about nearby areas.

These screens featured a variety of content. Some displayed the faces of well-known celebrities, while others rotated through a series of advertisements and public service announcements.

Conal and Orson exchanged uneasy glances. The intensity of Logan's anger was unfamiliar to them; even when he had encountered Amber and Erik together the day before, his fury hadn't reached such heights.

Upon reaching their destination floor at the train station, the trio exited the elevator.

They navigated through the compact space and made their way towards the bustling waiting area, where crowds of passengers were gathered, each expecting their forthcoming journeys.

Before reaching their destination, Logan's eyes scanned the crowd. His attention was drawn to a young boy in the school uniform, his identity concealed by a striking mask. The boy's steady gaze on them was clear, though the mask rendered his face unrecognizable.

Reacting, Logan lunged towards the masked student, certain he was the culprit behind the offensive letter. Conal and Orson joined in, starting a pursuit through the train station.

The masked student moved with confident agility, maneuvering around the passersby with calculated precision.

Logan, in pursuit, presented a different picture. His approach was more forceful, less about finesse and more about raw determination.

As he made his way through the crowd, his broad shoulders became instruments of disruption. He moved like a boulder rolling downhill, unstoppable but not without consequence.

His less calculated movements caused a ripple of disturbance, with bystanders caught off-guard.

Some recoiled at his approach, while others weren't quick enough, resulting in a few of them losing their balance and tumbling in the wake of his pursuit.

The masked boy, exuding calmness and tact, orchestrated diversions. With strategic intent, he upset items from the nearby stalls, flinging them across the floor. This act, far from random, was a calculated move to impede Logan, Conal, and Orson, a simple display of his cunning in evading pursuit.

Among the objects he hurled were candies, newspapers, books, magazines, water bottles, and various items scattered around the station.

This method proved effective. The trio, Logan, Conal, and Orson, found themselves compelled to halt their chase.

They stood rooted to the spot, as their path was obstructed by the array of items deployed by the masked individual.

As the scene unfolded, it became apparent that the masked boy was in control of the chase, skillfully manipulating the chaos at the station to his advantage.

The commotion at the station was interrupted by the piercing hiss of an arriving train cutting through the air. Seizing the moment, the boy with the mask quickly pivoted and dashed towards the train that had just arrived, successfully boarding it.

Conal, Orson, and Logan, driven by determination and fury, mirrored his actions. Logan, in particular, bore an expression of unbridled anger. The identity of the masked boy mattered little; Logan was resolute in making him pay for his insolence.

The train moved; the doors sealing shut with flickering lights as they all found themselves onboard. Gradually, it gained momentum, departing the station.

The train sped up, reaching velocities Logan had never experienced, his lack of familiarity with the station clear in his reaction. The world outside transformed into a mere blur, its details lost in the sheer speed of their travel.

Logan scanned the interior, his eyes searching for any sign of the elusive masked boy. It was only when his gaze shifted to another carriage that he spotted him — the same masked figure, now looking at Logan, their eyes locking across the moving train.