

Chapter Thirty-Nine

Recap

“So they think that the school break in has to do with our home break in as well as the gym shooting?” I manage to spit out those words without getting lost in the depths and despair of it all.

She nods her head, “Exactly.”

“They think closing down the school is going to help this whole situation.” Travis adds in sarcastically, clearly disagreeing with the decisions of the board.

His attitude matches my bitter emotions towards the outcome of this situation. I realize that he must have come to the same conclusion—perhaps school is the best haven—the only safe haven.

If they shut it down, there is no safe place for us.

For anyone.

Layla makes an irritated sound in the back of her throat, “So you’d rather have students in danger twenty-four-seven?”

“At least we’re all under protected supervision.” Travis argues, raising an eyebrow at her challenge.

She throws her hands up, “We’re all better off at home—we’re safer there.”

I bring a hand to rub my temple and finally speak through gritted teeth.

“Layla,” I say slowly, “At this very moment, we don’t have a home—we are far from safe.”

Chapter Thirty Nine

We were in the impala and out of the campus faster than bullets shooting out from a gun. Layla, who looked as if she had suddenly seen a ghost, had finally understood the brevity of the entire situation—of course, she didn’t know that what she knew wasn’t everything.

Once we arrive at home, I follow her upstairs and watch with a twinge of sadness as she walks over to the guest bed and falls face flat on the mattress.

I take my original position near the wall and slide down until my thighs meet the carpet. Silence engulfs the two of us, and I gradually lean my head against the wall, listening to the sound of hushed breathing as if it is the first real silence since a while.

“Layla?” I ask so ly, “Are you okay?”

“No.” She deadpans, talking into the covers of the bed.

Despite everything, I feel a small smile form at the edges of my lips.

With a frustrated huff, Layla shifts in her position so that she is now laying on her back with her face towards the ceiling. She brushes a hand across her face before beginning to speak.

“I just can’t shake this feeling that someone was looking for us.” She mutters, now knitting her fingers into an interwoven web.

“We’ll be okay.” I state, deciding to keep my opinions to myself. The more I notice the amount of stress she’s under, the more I shy away from the idea of just telling her everything.

“What if the station is right?” Layla wonders loudly, “I mean—what if there is a connection between the gym shootings and the robbery?”

She sits up from her previous position, her eyes grown wide. She darts her gaze to look out at the window, her eyes growing distant and foreign as she stares at our house across the street.

I shudder, picturing the eery caution tape rippling in the wind the same way it did last night.

Instead, I shake my head, physically throwing away those thoughts long enough to convince Layla of the sincerity of my words.

“Hey,” I say gently, grabbing her attention, “There is no connection, okay?”

She offers me a sad smile, “How do you know that?”

“I—it just doesn’t make sense,” I shrug, staring her directly in the eyes, “The break in happened fifteen minutes after the gym shooting, right?”

She nods her head, recalling the information the news had released.

“There’s no way they could get from the gym to our home in that time.” I reason, shrugging my shoulders, “The police were already on their tails.”

“Yeah,” She agrees, though it’s evident she’s not even close to convinced, “I guess you’re right.”

Before I can come up with any more convincing evidence, her phone begins to ring. The sound of bells continues to chime for a good few seconds before Layla reaches into her pocket, unlocks it, and puts it to her ear.

“Hello?” Her voice comes out strained, but it quickly changes from agitated to relief within seconds, “Mom!”

I pull my neck forward, taking away the support I had provided myself with against the wall. I stare in curiosity at Layla while she continues to listen to what Laura is saying across the line.

“We’re okay.” Layla reassures her, “We’re staying at Travis Emmons’s house—when will you be home?”

A few moments go by before Layla talks again, “He’s our neighbor—the one right across from us. It’s fine.”

A pause.

“What!” She abruptly exclaims, jolting forward, “What about dad?”

I bite my lip, beginning to grow frightened at the direction this conversation has taken on. Instead of trying to desperately and telepathically hear the entire conversation, I persuade myself to lean back and wait for her to finish the call.

Layla sighs, “Okay,”

Another moment goes by, “Yeah, I’m sure we will be fine.”

She glances at me, her voice sounding completely convincing, but her face void of any hope at that specific moment. I nod my head, almost instinctively reassuring her that we will be.

At least, she will be okay.

“Bye.” She says, and then takes the phone away from her ear.

When Layla glances up again, she meets my gaze—a pained, on the verge expression capturing her features.

“What is it?” I ask instantly, curiosity getting the best of me.

She shakes her head, “Mom is held up and Eric’s flight has been postponed.”

Considering the fact that I had been expecting much worse news, I hesitate to gather the correct reaction—well, the reaction that Layla is expecting. As an ironic sense of relief washes over me, I look down at the carpeted floor while I gather the appropriate emotions. Instead, it feels as if one heavy burden has been released from my shoulders.

“Oh…” are the brilliant, emotionally captivating words that escape my lips when I glance back up at Layla.

She falters and raises an eyebrow, “Oh?”

I frown, “Yes?”

“Mood kill,” She shakes her head and mutters in exasperation, “I’m going to get some water.”

“Okay.” I reply as she moves to get off the bed and past me towards the door. She takes her phone with her and then disappears in a few moments time.

The instant she’s gone, the hopeful atmosphere I had managed to create drastically drops to a level of none. The small smile that I held in Layla’s presence vanishes and is replaced with an intense frown that I had been fighting the entire time.

In no time, I pick myself up off the floor and make my way out of the guest room. With my sight trained on Travis’s slightly ajar door, I walk towards it, completely intent on sorting this entire situation out right then and there.

“Travis.” I call as I push past the door, “We seriously need to talk.”

Only, when I turn around after shutting the door closed behind me, I catch sight of his mom sprawled across his bed—completely and utterly wasted.

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Hiya! I know this chapter is short. So, I swear if I get any comments telling me how short my chapter is..you will get one HELL of a rant. <you have been warned my lovelies>

Here is the deal:

1. I am officially done with my finals (IT was so so painful. I just- I don’t even want to talk about it)

2. Now, I have three days to complete four more college applications—supplements included.

3. On the evening of the third day, I will be boarding a flight and traveling across the world (yeah, sitting in a plane for a total of 30 hours.) to another country. There, I will be shadowing some students at a medical school.

4. The internet connection there may not work.

5. I come back on the 31st of December.

6. Worst comes worst, I won’t have connection or the time to update.

7. At least I’ll have time to write a lot of chapters and start chugging on REBELLIOUS ROOTS WOOH.

8. When I start school again..I will be one. free. bitch.

YES.

Happy reading!

Can I get 40 comments?

xxSummerxx