Chapter Forty-Nine

Recap "Shit," Chase's eyes go wide, "We3"	
I nod, relieved to see that he's almost as shocked and speechless as I am about the news.	
"Wh-How-When?" He stumbles over his words briefly before finally pausing to breath. He breathes out through his nose and angrily rakes a hand through his hair, "I swear, next time I see him, I'm going to kill him."	
Despite the situation, I feel the corners of my lips tug into a small smile as I observe, with admiration, scale of his anger towards Wes. As I look down at my lap to hide my smile, a notification alert appears on my phone, and I instantly hold it up to see if it's an update on	
Layla's status or from Travis. Relief pours through me as I see that the text is from Layla, indicating that she has been released from the questioning room. My mind darts	
to Laura and I can't help but think how pleased she must be at this very moment. I scroll through her text and nearly double as I read the words she has	
written in bold: MOM TOLD ME YOU WENT TO GET COFFEE. SCREW IT. GET BACK HERE NOW. I KNOW WHO IS WORKING FOR JAMES. IT'S CHASE!!	å
Chapter Forty Nine	ď
With nothing but bewildered eyes, I slowly li my head to get a nice, long look at the boy sitting across from me. He stares back at me expectantly, his lips forming words, but I'm too stunned to put a sound to his voice. How could Chase be behind all of this?	ď
I think back to the day I met him—my first day of school in Miami. The way his arctic blue eyes sparkled in spite of the academic ambiance, the way he le me flabbergasted by o ering me a hug, the way he entertained me all throughout the dayHe was so welcoming so kind, and so humorous that we immediately clicked.	,
It's almost impossible to think that he was faking our friendship the whole time, using our proximity and my emotions to pry around my life and get close enough to wreck it.	a
"Faye," Chase's fingers appear in front of my face, "You alright?" I blink, shaking my head in an attempt to get rid of the obvious shaking in my palms. I needed to get out of here, whether or not he truly is the one—I needed to leave.	,
"Yeah," I respond in the strongest voice I can, "I'm sorry what were you saying?" The worry furrows on his forehead relax as he grins and	a
reminds me of our previous conversation. "Wes—you said he broke into your house. Well, do you have any idea why he did?" I swallow, thinking in the back of my mind how that is a very	
accurate and good question to be asking myself once I'm out of here. "I honestly don't know—" Just as I say that, my phone vibrates, and I look down at it again. It's a message from Travis:	
Faye, get out of the café. Layla found out it's Chase. They are waiting at the station. I'll be there soon. My breath hitches gradually as its weight scratches tumultuously at	a
My breath hitches gradually as its weight scratches tumultuously at the base of my throat. A fire awakens in my veins and my hands grow increasingly clammy with anticipation, anxiety, and fear. With great e ort. I try and push the feeling back—I try to remind	
With great e ort, I try and push the feeling back—I try to remind myself to stay as calm as I possibly can. I just need a game plan, a way to get out without getting him suspicious. I grit my teeth momentarily before forcing myself to plaster a	á
I grit my teeth momentarily before forcing myself to plaster a smile on my face. Chase raises an eyebrow at my expression, but nonetheless, grins back. "What's with the smile?" He asks curiously, his eyes	
"What's with the smile?" He asks curiously, his eyes dangerously trained on me. I shrug, hoping that my terse move will portray a carefree image in his eyes.	
"I'm just so relieved to know who broke into the house," As I explain myself, half telling the truth, he nods, "I think not knowing who was worse than the break in itself." I leave out the tiny detail that I'm still burning in this turmoil of unanswered questions—that I'm still dying to know what he was looking for—considering he didn't steal a single object from the house.	t
"I bet that feels amazing," He agrees. I purse my lip, trying to suppress a shiver of paranoia, and instead focus on my escape. The door is nearly three feet away and the station is a few blocks around this corner. If I run, I can make it—that's for sure. But I can't break into a sprint without a head-start.	đ
I'm partly relieved at the convenience of the situation, considering that I will be headed straight to the police station. If he follows me, he'll be walking up to his own death trap. The only thing that needs to happen is that I need to make it to the station without	
him catching up to me. I need a distraction first, something to draw him away from the path of a normal conversation.	
"Hey where'd you get that scar?" I point out the mark on his head, the same one I asked about a while ago while we were at the ice cream parlor. I already know the answer—he bruised it a while ago during Lacrosse—but it was the first thing I could think of.)
Chase's smile falters, clearly surprised at the change of subject. He reaches a hand forward to gently pat the old injury.	
"I walked past a door just as it swung open a few weeks ago," He says sheepishly, chuckling to himself while scratching his head. What	đ
I force myself to laugh and nearly cringe at the monotone and unnatural edge the sound has to it. My brain begins to churn in suspicion and angst as I broil in thought at the reasoning behind his lie.	
"Chase, I need to use the restroom," I say as slowly and politely as I can, "Excuse me for a moment."	
"Go for it," He motions towards the ladies room, but I'm already up and on my way over to it. As soon as I round the corpor towards the room. I pross my back	
As soon as I round the corner towards the room, I press my back against the wall and place a hand on my wildly thrashing heart. It's beating so fast that my breathing becomes pulsated and heavy in the process.	
So clearly he is lying about the scar. His stories don't line up—why would he want to lie about his lacrosse injury. Ashley was there when he told us, she knows where it's from too. I glance down at my phone and slide to unlock my beach image wallpaper. As I do so, a radical thought occurs to me. I freeze, and almost instantly, I swear my organs and breath stop functioning too.	а
The beach I was attacked on the beach. I was withChase when that	
happened, but then he just disappeared. Travis had to come and help me out—I nearly died in the process of being beat up, but I remember Chase getting a few punches thrown at him here and there as well. My head begins to pound as I quite literally begin to tread through the webbed and hazy sequence of events. There were men,	
just following us around as we walked home from school—As a matter of fact, Chasehad o ered to walk me to my house that day. We noticed a er a while that we were being followed, and soon enough, we ran for it. Only, we both got caught up in our own fights. I completely forgot to keep track of Chase and how he was handling the combat because I was too busy getting blows and kicks all over my body.	
I got a concussion—Travis had to get rid of the remaining men in the end. Now that I really think of it, he came out of nowhere He had to have been watching me from afar since he wasn't at school and we weren't talking. Something just doesn't click.	
I got out of that fight with a concussion and several bruised body parts while Chase somehow disappeared and showed up the next day with one single contusion.	
Unless— "Of course" I whisper frantically, bracing a spread hand on my forehead. Unless he knew, all along, that those guys were going to attack	
me. And the only way he could know is if heplanned it.	
And just as that thought occurs, it's as if reality has finally come crashing down on me with full force.	
I make up my mind in the split second of understanding that follows my realization. I can't waste a single second here, and I've been gone long enough. I slide along the wall until I reach the edge and peer over the	
I slide along the wall until I reach the edge and peer over the corner. I spot Chase just as he turns his head to look out the window with his chin braced on his interlaced hands. This is it.	
I take his distracted mind as an opportunity to make a break for it. I push o the wall with such force that I catch up with my feet inches away from the door handle. I don't even dare to look back as I grab onto it and push through while breaking into a full on sprint.	
With my heart racing, my ears and eyes sharp and alert, and my hands pumping, I grit my teeth and force myself to run faster. If he's following me, he has another fight coming.	3
And this time, I'll be the one to walk away.	ď
w ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ Hey guys! It's been a long time, but I finally found a decent amount time to write. It's been killing me these past two months that i	of
couldn't find the time to write because I had such strong spurts of inspirationbut at the worst times possible. Anywho, I'm a Senior in High School and I just finished my final	đ
exams this week. School isn't over yet, although, technically for seniors it isMy Graduation is on June 4th and I'm SO SO excited a	nd

Continue reading next part □

scared and nervous and happy. I can't say that summer is going to be

well and it will be tough. BUT. writing is my life, and I will always find

Thank you for always being supportive. I know I have not replied to

some of your comments, but that is only because I've had little time

to do anything on this site. Just know that I smiled when I read them

and I always take notice in all of you. So if you're a silent reader,

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a¹

the time I write a ton, because I will be starting summer courses as

a way to write so don't lose faith.

SHOW YOURSELF BRO. (;

Alright, on to the better stu:

LOVE ME. Can I get 60 comments?

VOMMENT.

xxSummerxx

QOC: What do you think of Chase now? (;