



Chapter 3

"Fine. What do I say when they ask about where you are living?"

"They ask about me?" I say slightly confused. Frankly, I wasn't sure if they even remember me. I mean sure, they loved me then and I had a close bond with a lot of people, but it has been six years.

"Of course they ask about you. This is your home, and people here know and love you."

I sigh. I don't want to hide from them. I love being home and I am praying that it helps with all my... issues, but I just can't right now.

"Tell them... its a work in progress." He sighs again.

I can tell he wants me to go out and see the town. He wants me to use the people I grew up with as a crutch so that I'll heal, because thats what my therapist recommended. And don't get me wrong I want that too, however the second I leave this house and see everyone it all becomes real. I am an orphan. My father is nowhere to be found. My mom is dead. My brother is now my legal guardian. How pathetic is that? I can literally hear the old town gossiping ladies saying, "Oh that poor girl. She is so young." Yeah yeah, I have heard it before. When Sarah Goodes mom died when we were in third grade everyone said that, but now that its me... its different.

"Please. All I am asking for is time."

He doesn't say anything, he just looks at me with those same

sad eyes he had when he told me mom was dead. Even though I already knew, but I didn't tell him that. I tell everyone I blacked out when we started rolling.

"Ok. Fine." I relax a little, and I can feel the worry dissipating.

"Well, I will leave you to it." He says with a tight lipped smile.

"Ok. Yell for me when dinner is here. I'll just be unpacking." He nods and leaves. I look up to try and stop the tears from spilling. Then, I get to distracting myself and quickly get to work on unpacking. I do that a lot, distract myself. Francesa, my therapist, says its how I cope.

Maybe I should get a job. That would distract me, which would help me cope, which would in turn make me feel better and not want to cry all the damn time. Seems like a good idea. I will look when I have the courage to leave the sanctuary that is this house.

I look around the room and see that I have a pair of double doors that lead to a porch. There is a swinging bench, a few stairs that lead to the woods, and a wrap around fence on either side of the stairs. I have the perfect view of the woods from here. While that is awesome and I think it will bring me down when I have panic attacks or can't sleep, it is also really fucking scary.

I wonder how many serial killers are looking at me right now? Oh, fuck no. I quickly walk back inside, shut the doors, and close the curtains. Maybe I will get used to having them open, but right now there is no chance in hell.

Lee's POV:

Six days later (I want to get y'all to the good part so I skipped ahead)

I slowly open my eyes and blink to adjust to the light flowing in through the room because of glass doors that lead to my porch. I stretch and close my eyes in hopes of getting a few more minutes, hours, or maybe an eternity of rest. Then my peaceful state of mind is gone as quickly as it came, because then I remember my life. I sigh, open my eyes, and just lay there staring at the ceiling for a good ten minutes.

Today is the day. I have to go out into the real world again. I spend the next 5 minutes contemplating whether or not I am strong enough to get up. I have come to the conclusion that I am not strong enough and would much rather wallow in my self pity and die in this comfortable bed than get up. However, I get up anyways, stomp over to the bathroom, and do my morning routine. You know, shower, brush teeth, wash face, etc. all the boring stuff. Then, I just stare at myself in the mirror. My stomach hurts and I feel nauseous.

Great. Just how I would to start my day, feeling like I am going to throw up.

I sigh, open the bathroom door, walk over to my closet, and pick out a purple tank top, slightly ripped jean shorts, black checkerboard vans, and my undergarments. It is hot as hell outside, and honestly no one here will care what I wear even if I am looking for a job. SV is super layer back, and sort of redneck-ish. My outfit is about as fancy as it gets.

After I get dressed, I quickly curl my hair into beach wave type curls, and put on some light makeup. Concealer, eyebrow gel,

mascara, blush, gloss, the works. Now, its time.

I walk downstairs and I notice that I have a text from Luca saying he already went to work. He works a lot and now with his new promotion will also be traveling a week out of every month.

Then my heart drops to my ass as I hear a glass break. And someone mutter, "Shit."

What the fuck was that?

I quickly walk to grab a baseball bat that is right inside the door for storage and start to slowly and quietly make my way towards the sound.

I can tell the glass was from the kitchen because it came from the left side. I take the turn that leads to the kitchen, go down the small hallway, and raise my bat. I see a head of long black hair and I gulp. Suddenly, she turns around and screams.

"AHHHH!"

"AHHHH!" I scream back while looking at her because why the fuck is she screaming? I should be the one screaming, duh. Then we both stop screaming a breathe heavily while looking at each other. My bat is still raised and she looks terrified.

"Who are you? Why are you in my house?" She says while her gaze travels between the bat and my face.

"Who am I? Who the fuck are you? I live here." I say back breathlessly because of the screaming.