

No One To Trust

Something was seriously wrong. My boyfriend, Todd and I had been in the library when we heard a commotion and tons of students running towards something. We raced outside to where everyone is gathering. As we get closer my apprehension grows as I see people looking at me and whispering. Everyone is gathered at the construction site of the new wing to the school. Right now there is just a big hole about forty feet deep into the ground. Todd and I finally make it to the front of the crowd. What I see almost makes my heart stop. At the bottom of the hole is the prone body of Julian.

"Julian!" I scream and start to rush forward, only to be wrenched back by Todd. Not processing anything but the fact that Julian, my only sibling, was dead at the bottom of a hole, I resorted to thrashing against Todd. I felt a deep need to get down to Julian, but Todd had me tightly pinioned against him.

Because I kept fighting, Todd unceremoniously slung me over his shoulder and carried me away. By now tears of despair were streaming down my cheeks and I felt so detached from the world that I almost didn't notice my best friend, Cally standing under a chinaberry tree with a big smile on her face. Why in the world was she smiling?! She and Julian had been dating in secret for almost a year and I had just found out about it earlier today. If she loved Julian as much as she claimed to, she should be in as much grief as I was!

Todd sits us down on a bench away from all the commotion and holds me until the police come to question me. They ask me if there is anyone else who is acquainted to Julian so I tell them about Cally, pointing her out. But when the police officer gets a good look at her face, his eyes widen in shock.

"Rebecca...She's here..." He mutters into a walkie-talkie. When I look back at Cally, I see two officers grab her roughly then handcuff her.

"What are you-!" I start, rising, but Todd pulls me back down. He gives me a look that says he'll handle it, then turns to the police officer.

"What do you want with Cally Summers?" He asks. The officer laughs.

"Cally Summers? That girl ain't no Cally Summers. Her name is Rebecca Cheston and she broke out of Calm Waters Reformatory three years ago. We've been trying to find her since then. Although, I'm quite surprised she didn't change her appearance. She's usually so smart. If you know what's good for you, Miss Stavania, Mr. Rhine, I'd stay away from her." With a shake of his head, he left. But a paramedic soon replaced him. He gave me more bad news. Not only was my best friend a psychopath, but my brother was surely dead. He had killed himself.

After that I was in no mood to answer any more questions or talk to anyone, so Todd ended up either speaking for me, or just giving glares to anyone who even came too close. Everything was falling apart and I didn't know what to do.

Three days later, I was sitting between Todd and my sobbing mother at Julian's funeral while my father gave a speech. His was the last one, so when he finished, we had another moment of silence.

As we were all making our exits from the funeral home, a man came up to Todd and I.

"Miss Lily Stavania?" He asked.

"That's me." I answered bleakly.

"I am Private Investigator Rován Wilde and I have some information that may interest you. But first, I would like to offer my condolences on the death of your brother."

"Thank you." I said as fresh tears sprang to my eyes. "What do you need to tell me?"

"It's about your brother's death."

"She does not need to hear anything more about that tragedy!" Todd glared, grabbing my arm and starting to drag me away. "She's had enough to deal with."

But Mr. Wilde's next words made me stop in my tracks.

"Your brother's death was not a suicide, but, rather, a murder."

"What...did you say?"

"Lily, you don't need this right now. You just buried your brother!" Todd's voice was strangely desperate as he continued to try to pull me away from the PI.

"I have two suspects. Two that you know very well and will surely shock you." Mr. Wilde continued as if Todd wasn't there.

"Lily..." Todd began again.

"Who?" I asked.

Rován Wilde's final words did give me a chill, mainly because of the way he looked straight at Todd as he said,

"Rebecca Cheston, or Cally Summers as you know her, and...Todd Rhine."

Everything stops. My world silences.

I see Todd yelling at PI Wilde, but hear nothing. The PI isn't even looking at him. He's looking at me. Gauging my reaction.

My brain then starts spinning in motion. Wilde is trying to see if I knew anything about Julian's death. He thinks I might be in league with either Cally or Todd. Todd...was a suspect. And just like that, my brain clears. Only one thought forms.

I have no one to trust.

Sound returns to my ears and my tears dry up. Todd is looking at me now.

"Lily..." he says, reaching for my hand. I take a step back.

"Don't touch me." I say quietly.

"You...you don't actually believe him...do you?" He asks in disbelief.

"I don't know what to believe, Todd. My brother's found dead at the bottom of a hole where

he was murdered, my supposed best friend has been lying to me and is actually insane, and now I hear that the last person I think I can trust is a suspect."

"You can trust me, Lily."

"I don't think I can trust anyone anymore, Todd."