We Could Run Away

By : Rue21Glam

Lane Greene lives with her awful parents.They hate her with a passion.Lane's boyrfriend, Liam Miller, knows waht they do to her and decides to put an end to the torture.Together Lane and Liam work together to devise a plan to run away. Btw: This is my first story,I may not stick with it. I do not name chapters,also.POv means point of view.

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We Could Run Away : Chapter 1

Chapter 1

I sat onmy bed,shaking and crying in fear.My parents had beaten me again, and the effects were strong. Pain wracked through my ribcage, where I was sure at least one rib was broken.My leg writhed in pain whenI tried to move it.I probably broke it or sprained it.

I looked over at my bedside table and reached formy cell phone.Flipping it open,I called my boyfriend,Liam.The phone rang two times before he picked up.

"Hey,Lane!" he said, obviously happy to talk to her.

"Liam,I need you to come pick me up."I croaked out,my voice only reaching a whisper.

"I'll be there in a minute." He said before hanging up.

His voice sounded panicked and in a hurry.I tried to stop crying and pulled myself off the bed.I pulled on the blue jacket Liam gave me and put myself phone in the pocket.I cracked open my door and heard my parents screaming.I cringed,knowing I'd have to go down stairs and see them.I waited, the same way I always did, to hear the usual knock on the door.When I heard it I slowly opened the door again.

"What do you want?" I heard my mother, Luara, scream.

"I'm here to pick up Lane." Liam said.

His voice sounded calm,but I knew he wanted to scream at Luara.

"Fine,whatever,she's in her room." Luara spat.

I heard Liam's foot steps coming up the stairs and I opened the door all the way.I saw him comeinto the haalwayand I ran out of my room.He opened his arms and I gladly went into them.We stood there for a few minutes before he pulled away.Liam had dark, golden-brown hair, dark brown eyes,and dimples.He looked down at me.

"What happen?" He asked.

"Not here.In the car." I said.

He nodded and took my hand.He went down the stairs first,placing me behind him as if he were sheilding me.

Chapter 2

Chapter 2

My parents screams became louder as Liam pulled me down the stairs.The only way out was the front door,which wa in the living room, where my parents were.I swallowed and held tighter onto Liam's hands.We entered the living room and my parents turned to us.They scowled at me and I tried nt to cry.Liam pulled me toward the door.

"Where are you two goin?" My father,Dan,asked.

"WE're going to my house." Liam said.

Dan nodded,glared at me,then started to fight with Luara again.

Liam pulled me out the door and closed it behind him.We wlaked to his car and he opened the door for me.

"Thanks." I smiled.

He smiled slightly back at me and closed the door.Opening his door, he got in and pulled out of my driveway.About fifteen minutes down the road, Liam pulled down a road and we headed out into the country.He pulled into the gravel driveway of a diner.

"I thought we were going to your house." I said.

"We will after.I need to know what happen and my parents are at home." He said.

I nodded and got out of the car.Liam walked over to me and suck out his hand.I took it and we walked into the diner.

"What did they do?" Liam asked as the waiter left the table.

"They beat me again.: I whispered,ashamed that I'd let it happen.

Liam pulled me into a hug as I started to cry.

"It's okay.We'll find a way to stop the,I promise." He said.

I nodded,but continued to cry.The waiter came back and gave me a weird look but said nothing.He took our orders and I looked around the small diner.We were the only people there besides the workers.The walls were made of dark,oak wood.There were the same wooden tables and boothes around the entire place.The lights were dim .

"Are you okay?" Liam asked

I nodded and smiled at him.He smiled back and kissed my forehead.I leaned my head on his shoulder and thought about how it was when I was little.Everything had been simple and sweet.I'd never been hit or screamed at.I only cried when someone took my toys or I was sad;never because I was in serious pain.I sighed and turned to say something to Liam when a sharp oan shot through my side.

"Owww!" I screamed.

"Lane,what hurts?" He said.

I put my hands on my ribs and closed my eyes,wincing in pain.The stabbing pain was still there,but wasn't as bad as it had bee when I'd moved.

"Let me feel.I need to see of they're broken," He placed his handon my stomach,"THis may hurt a litte bit."

He pushed ina little to feel m sides and the pain came back.I gasped in pain and closed my eyes.Liam took his hands off my sides and pulled me into a hug,being careful not to toch my ribs.

"I think you may have broken a few." Liam said.

I nodded.

"What else hurts?"

"My ankle." I said.

Chapter 3

Liam's POV:'

Lane looked out the window, avoiding my eyes, as we headed back to my house.She didn't know it,but she wasn't going home tonight; she was staying with me.My mom and dad wouldn't have it any other way.

"Are you alright?" I asked,looking over to Lane.

She nodded mutely.I reached my hand over and took her hand.She looked up at me and smiled slightly.I put my eyes back on the road.

"I'm sorry.I must be annoying and needy." She said.

"No you're not.Lane,don't think like that."

She looked back out the window without another word.I drive the rest of the way home.As we entered through the door, I saw my mom walking toward us.

"Oh,dear,Lane.What happen?" She asked.

I knew she was talking about Lane's black eye.I hadn't said anything to her about it,not wanting to call attention to it.I saw a tear fall down Lane's cheek as my mom embraced her in a hug.She knew what had happen,I'd told her about everything only a week ago.She's freaked out saying that we eeded to call the police.I felt the same way,but Lane didn't want that.She said she didn't want to call attention to it.I had no choice but to leave it alone, even if the sight of her crying eyes pained me.

"Let's go get your room ready." Mom said and took Lane down the hall.

She looked back at me and smiled.I could tell she was happy to know she'd be able to stay here.I walked into the living room and saw my dad.

"Hey,son.What's up?" He asked,trying to be cool.

I laughed to myself.

"I brought Lane back." I said.

The look on his face told me that he knew exactly why.

"Is she alright?" He asked.

"I'm not sure.I think she may have broken a rib or two and her ankle.I think I may have to take her to the hospital later.Plus she has a black eye." I said.

My dad sighed and looked at me.

"How do they live with themselves,knowing that their daughter is costantly in fear of them?"

I shook my head and sat down.I waited for my mom or Lane to come back out,but it was a while.I pulled my phone out of my pocket when it buzzed.It was from Lane's friend,Emily.

Emily: Do you know why Lane's not picking up her phone.

I was about to text her what happen,but remembered that she she didn't know about her abusive parents.I olny told half the truth when I texted bac.

Me: She's with me.Sorry.

Emily: That's okay.I was just wondering.

I put my phone away and stood up.I walked down the hallway toward where my mom had taken Lane.I heard them talking.

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