

My eyes grow tired as we pore over the documents.

A tear falls from my eyes and crests my lips.

"We do need to sleep, thought, ~~W~~we have a busy day tomorrow," Jed says.

"I can't wait."

The words are no more out of my mouth when Jed stands. "I'm going to find a place to lie down," he says.

I adore his gratefulness. I think of going with him, but I can't. I can't do that to Diana.

The echoes from a loud snap startles me. I stand and walk to the window. It looks

like a storm is coming. I breathe a sigh of relief. I still can't believe Jed is here. I had

hoped he had searched for me. I assumed he would have given up. I remember Jake

flailing every which way trying to hit me in desperation, and I shiver.

*Thank you, Jed. You saved my life. Relief sweeps through me. I am safe. I am finally*

*safe.*

I grabbed a soda from the fridge and walked back to the window looking out at the

Las Vegas lights. They reminded me of home. Mom didn't like me eating on the run,

or even in her car, but there was always an exception.

I can hear Jed snoring, and I think about how we first met. Sometimes I wish we

could go back to those carefree days. I should have agreed to go to the dance with

him, and now they're together. Life does have regrets.

I love him. If Diana's life isn't filled with conflict she's more miserable than she ever

was. She doesn't deserve him. I deserve him, and I will have him.



**Carol Thompson**

The past perfect tense should be used here because you are expressing a past action ("searched") that happened before the previous past action ("hoped").

**Carol Thompson**

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