

Chapter Eleven

Hey, I'm sorry for the wait.

I hope y'all had an amazing, Happy New Year!

My goal with a revised PWF was to slow things down a bit. Well, I feel like I've done a pretty good job building, so here's where all the fun truly begins. I'm squealing at the thought of writing all those Traye/Favis scenes again!

Can I get 90 votes and 10 comments?

VOMMENT.

Enjoy,

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Two is always better than one, I conclude, eyeing the knife the man is still holding.

A wash of courage and determination rushes through my as I push myself o the wall and get ready to barge in.

When I was younger, I had always wondered what would be the best way to die. I came to the conclusion that I'd rather die to save someone than to die being saved.

With that final thought, I bite my lip and squeeze my eyes shut in a final attempt to encourage myself. Only, when I finally get the guts, I hear the man grunt and a thud follows a er a few short seconds.

Flabbergasted and somewhat relieved, I look up, only to have dread and bile form at the pit of my stomach.

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An Hour Ago

Sunday is lazy day.

The day that mostly everyone does nothing.

Unlike that majority, I have been sitting on the couch waiting for somethingo happen. Perhaps, a long awaited phone call from Hangover Travis. Ever since that night he got drunk and landed on my side of the beach, he hasn't said a word to me. At first, I didn't mind.

However, when he decided to dump the entire project on me by not showing up— again I got a little annoyed.

"He's so cute," Layla sighs, her face buried in a pillow besides me, "Wes Hayden. Even his name makes me melt."

I yank my glare away from the phone to give an oblivious Layla an amused look, "You've been talking about him nonstop."

"He's hot." She insists, kicking her feet up in the air carelessly.

I let out a lazy laugh and slump even lower in my seat, "He is."

"Have you moved on from Travis already?" Layla snorts while I give her a dry look.

I grab the pillow from underneath her head and raise it up to hit her back. She squeals and barriers her face in her arms. Once I feel satisfied enough, I place the pillow down and roll my eyes.

"Travis is a fart." I grumble, feeling the hatred for him boil up inside my stomach all over again.

Whatever Layla is about to say is cut o when the shrill ring of the phone I've been staring at, finally decides to ring.

I quickly jump out of my seat and grab it as if in one second, the ringing would come to a stop.

"Hello?" I stalk over to the lounge room and stare out the window.

The gru sigh on the line as I speak is all it takes for me to know it's Travis.

"I can't come today." He states bluntly, his voice deep and breathy.

I feel my right hand clench into a ball as I attempt to stay calm, "Yeah, I figured a er you didn't show up the first hour."

"Great, I'm glad," He snaps, "Now if you'll excuse me—"

He continues speaking, but I stop paying attention to his jumble of words when I see him dash out of the house with a phone in his hand. He has a black leather jacket on, the back pu ing as he takes huge strides across the sidewalk.

I narrow my eyes and lean against the wall, making an instantaneous decision to play along.

"This is probably none of my business, but why can't you make it?" I grind out, trying to hide the anger in my tone.

"You're right, it is none of your business," He agrees crisply, "But if telling you will get you to shut the hell up, then I have a brother to babysit."

"Right." I almost growl, pressing the 'end' button on the phone and lowering it to my chest. I shake my head a er regaining my composure, a nasty smirk spreading across my features at a sudden idea. A sick sense of humor washes over me as I watch him wordlessly shove his phone back in his pocket and pick his pace up to a heavy jog.

"Damn," I hear Layla drawl, snapping me out of my evil plotting, "He must think you're an idiot."

I grin at his stupidity and at how wrong he is. I make brief eye contact with Layla before grabbing the home keys o the co ee table and making a dash for the door.

"What are you doing?" Layla calls, her voice still amused.

As the door starts to close, I sarcastically say, "Showing him what an idiot am!"

Once I've walked a little distance on the road, I look around at the ends of each path to see if I can spot him running.

Travis may be tough, be he's no superman.

He shouldn't be too far...wherever he may be.

Just as I had predicted, I spot Travis jogging in the direction of the park. I narrow my eyes for the second time and immediately follow a er him, trying very hard to keep my noise minimal as my feet ungracefully hit the cement below..

"Babysitting." I pant as I watch him turn the corner, "good one."

As I approach the salmon colored building, I start to slow down. The closer I get, the more I can hear a mu led conversation. The suspense at what's behind the corner eats at me the same way it does when I can no longer find a spider. Placing a hand on the side of the wall, I hold my breath and gently peek out.

"Bill," Travis states in a menacing tone.

To say I'm caught o guard is a complete underestimation.

"Bill" grins at his recognition and begins to circle Travis like a predator to its prey. Every step he takes, Travis follows, not missing a single beat.

"Long time no see." Bill states calmly. His voice sounds as if the soothing tone is only the calm before the storm.

Then, without warning, Travis takes two large steps towards him, making the man cower ever so slightly. Viscerally, I sink back against the wall and take a step father away from the end of the building. I watch carefully, a knot forming in my stomach as Travis starts to talk in a low voice to that man.

The doubt churns about as I stare wordlessly at the two. At this point, my heart is throbbing so loud, I can't even hear the mumbles between them.

Suddenly, Travis pulls back and punches the man right in the face. I throw a hand over my mouth, my eyes going wide. I watch in horror and shock as the man stumbles back before catching his footing.

By now, my hands are trembling uncontrollably and my breathing is rigid and forced.

To my terror, Travis goes for round two, charging full speed with a determined look on his face and pummels him square in the nose before the man can even pull himself together.

I clamp my eyes shut, trying to block out the scene in front of me. Right now, every signal is blaring in my body, shouting at me to run and not look back. However, I'm paralyzed, stuck in a leg lock.

Suddenly, it's way too quiet for whatever comfort there is le .

No heavy breathing, no cursing, no mumbling.

I suck in a breath and place a shaky hand back against the building. Again, I hold my breath, feeling as if the sound of my breath would be louder than the drop of a pin on the floor.

On the count of three, I peer over, my head barely popping out. My heart doubles its pace as I peek around the corner and take in the murderous scene I am witnessing. Travis, with his back to the wall, is muttering deadly bittersweet threats to the man who has himpinned against the glass. Despite the blaringly bright knife sparking in Bill's hands, He laughs humorlessly.

Bill shoves him harder against the wall, grazing his knife along the surface of Travis's neck. I slap a hand to my mouth as I feel a scream building at the base of my throat. My legs twitch, shaking in adrenaline, as I calculate my chances of making it out alive if I attempt to help him.

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Panic seeps through my body once the echo of my scream fades and I slam my back against the wall. I'd be one damn ignorant girl if I tried to tell myself that no one heard that. Truth be told, I only thought I could scream like that on roller coasters.

Shit repeat in my head over and over again.

There's no point trying to be silent, considering my loud mouth blew that option.

I hear Travis shu le frantically and that's what does it. Without a further thought, I tear myself away from the wall and pump my legs as fast as I can in the direction I came from.

Run

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