

Chapter Thirteen

Hey guys,

Apology ahead of time: This chapter is pretty short. I have to admit that I had to sit down and really think about what I was writing. I want this story to be different from the original so I will have to sacrifice page numbers to do so. I do, however, know what I'm doing now! So I'm calling that the good news.

Travis will show up soon—don't worry.

Thanks for reading y'all and stick with me!

Can I get more comments than votes?

VOMMENT.

Recap

I'm so against him, yet at the same time I feel obliged to be on his side. I can't help but think that if he weren't talking me through the attack, my face would've turned blue ages ago.

"Thank you." I force out, my voice sounding awkward and short..

He nods and then looks uncertainly at me, "Look—what I was trying to say before—"

"Please," I raise a hand up and purse my lips, "Can we not do this right now?"

He clamps his mouth shut and it forms a straight line.

I can tell he's not pleased, but he's not furious either.

After a minute of staring, he sighs and moves his head up and down.

"Will you give me a chance to explain later?" He presses, his face determined.

My mind screams no, by my heart, the one that nearly collapsed on me, reaches out to him.

"Yes." I breathe, and quickly add in, "But only because you helped me."

Chapter Thirteen

It has been a week—a week since my panic attack. Alongside, I haven't seen Travis either. A part of me is relieved that I've been able to evade the confrontation; however, the other half—the one worried about our project—is furious with him. Of the three meet ups we've planned, he has showed for a prize winning one

Although, I can't blame him entirely, considering I haven't even bothered to drag him to do the work. Truth be told, I'm terrified.

The image of that gun still haunts me—and I'm still not even sure why I haven't told the police. Yet at the same time, how can someone so ruthless save me?

I was hoping that sometime last week, he would've cooled off and showed up on Friday. He didn't—and I wasn't exactly surprised. It lead to the inevitable—having to confront him.

That's why the feeling of despair and angst overwhelmed me as I walked into class today. There was not a sign of him—good or bad.

I guess that can lead to my anger in the project now. While angrily placing the finishing touches, I've been imagining the touches I could put on Travis's face. Well, if I ever got the courage to do so.

The auditorium is loud as usual, the echoing voices bouncing off the walls effortlessly. From the corner of my eye, I watch as Ashley gives her partner an enthusiastic high five.

A snort escapes my lips as I observe she's done. She catches my eye after the brief contact with her partner, and smiles sympathetically. I grimace and slump, motioning to the empty space next to me where Travis should be.

Ashley turns her head to mutter something before standing up and making her way over to me.

"How's the project going?" She asks, yet I think she knows the answer.

I shoot her a dry look, "Great."

She chuckles silently before looking at the papers before me, "Well, at least you finished it."

"Yeah that's true." I nod, "I just—I hate Travis."

"I don't blame you," She agrees, shaking her head, "I don't know how you've dealt with him for this long."

"I haven't." I deadpan, "He's killing me."

I wince as I realize how ironic that sounds. With my eyes cast down, I ponder over how lately, I've been throwing these humorless puns into my speech without even realizing it.

"That was a joke right?" She asks suddenly, interrupting my monologue.

I lift my head up and wipe off the concern from my face. I replace it with a rather convincing smile and nod.

"Yeah, of course."

"Okay good—" Ashley concludes quickly, "Because I was going to say..."

I raise an eyebrow and anticipate the completion of her sentence, "You were going to say?"

"I don't know." She replies with a cheeky grin on her face.

I snicker and shake my head, "You and your empty threats."

"Don't they just scare you?" She jokes, throwing a crumpled piece of paper at my face.

"You put the 'A' in scare." I mock, swatting the paper out of my hair as it sits in my nested bun.

Her eyes light up immediately and I regret my word choice as soon as I see her delight.

"This is a sign!" She whispers, "You will succumb to Pretty Little Liars soon enough."

I groan, "I said A by accident."

"Your subconscious knew what it was doing." Ashley fires, wiggling her eyebrows.

I roll my eyes, "My subconscious takes over only when I'm not on my A-game."

"See!" She explains, "You did it again!"

I rethink my words and almost shove my hair in my mouth when I realize I said 'A game'.

"Coincidence." I reason tiredly.

"Debatable." She retorts, smirking.

"There are a lot of debatable things in my life," I mutter looking at the mess I've made—literally and physically—, "and this isn't one of them."

When I look up again, I see Ashley staring at me with a raised eyebrow.

"I did again, didn't I?" I ask, although I already know the answer.

"What on earth is up with you?" She blurts, giving me all the answers that I need to my previous question.

Well at least she dropped the Pretty Little Liars Investigation

I look around and bite my lip, wondering if I should tell her or let the thought eat at my brain. When I see that everyone else is engrossed in finishing up the final touches, I turn my head back and scoot closer.

Ashley looks utterly confused, but she does the same. All traces of jest have vanished from her features. I lean forward and try to think of the right words—to cushion the bomb for my brain and Ashley's sake.

"Faye..." Ashley warns me, her voice now coming out uncertain and guarded.

"Okay," I state a little after her small voice, "Just—promise not to say anything until I'm done?"

"You're scaring me." She ignores my previous statement.

"Promise me first." I press, my voice turning higher a notch.

She looks at me hesitantly for a moment longer before sighing and bobbing her head up and down. "I promise."

My shoulders relax slightly as she says that and I move backwards slightly. As she waits I manage to come up with the most subtle way to say what I need to.

"Travis has a gun."

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