## Chapter Eighteen

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***Ur Can I	een forever. I know. nedited.*** get I get more comments than votes please?
VOMN	MENT.  C☆  Recap
	"So is that a yes?" I press, not able to conceal my eagerness.  can almost see her smirking as I ask her those words.  That depends," She responds coolly, "Are you free Monday?"  Without hesitation, I respond, "Absolutely."  Great," She chirps, "Meet me at the Lacrosse game by the
any si	ners." "Sweet," I agree, turning around to take one more glance for gn of Travis. "I'm about to hang up when Ashley's voice prevents me from
and in	"Hey Faye?" She asks, her voice deathly curious. I don't respor stead pause, wating for her to ask her question. When she s that I'm still there, she asks, "What made you change your
althou ever le	heave a sigh and shake my head; the question sounds so e, yet it's really much more complicated than that.  At first, I just wanted to mend Travis to fix myself. Now igh a part of me still wants to do that, I feel there is no way he et me. The only time I got close enough to finding out was whe drunk. Even then, he wasn't topped enough to pour his guts thout realizing it.
"Well,	Finally, I smile a humorless curve, then smirk, someonenas to play with fire."  Chapter Eighteen
day, La I don't along	eeing as it is Saturday, and I had been sitting in my room all ayla pulled me out and forced me to go on a walk with her. Whe exactly understand, considering it's nearly 85 degrees out. Arwith the heat comes humidity—something I really had no standing of back in Boston.
but sh think of for the	nad insisted that we instead just go in the waves on the beach e wanted to 'get out', far away. It strikes me as strange when left how this is her idea of rebellious when Laura and dad are outer evening.  Of all things," I speak aloud, "You chose a deathly stroll when
the pa La yes, th	rents aren't home?" yla looks up from her phone as we enter the school grounds— ie school—and shoots me a peeved look. hey took the cars." She defends, shrugging her shoulders.
gotter Sh	Te both know if you wanted one of those cars, you could've them." I say, raising an eyebrow.  The looks up again and smiles, "Yeah you've got a point."  The looks up again and half amused, and look up at the sky.
"A "Wo voice o	nd of allplaces," I press, "You chose to go to school?"  uld you have much rather gone shopping?" She entices, her coming out feign and enthusiastic.  ve her a flat look, "God no."
that's As	ell If we had a car, or if the mall was walking distance—then where we would be." we walk past the lockers and approach the grass field for , I raise an arm.
place? "N	hat about that park down the road?" I say, "Isn't that a nice on," Io," She says without looking up, "No one goes there." ok down, frowning at how that's the only answer I've ever
gotter It's	out of her and anyone else I've ever asked.  only when Layla sighs that I look up.  that your friend Chase?" She asks, pointing towards the far er
white stance	llow her gaze, and sure enough, there he is. Dressed in red and lacrosse armor, he holds his fists up in front of his face in fighter.
like th She	lordy," Layla grumbles as we give each other looks, "It looks ey are about to rip each others' faces o . holds up a finger and motions towards their direction.
her in watch they d	nts later, she pushes herself to jog, leaving me following behing slow, lazy pace despite the urgency she is sending o . I as she runs up to the two and spreads her hands out when on't even notice her presence.  ack a smile at the image and then reluctantly quicken my paceds the three.
Chase clench forwai with a Layla	That is going on?" Layla interrupts as I come in hearing range. and Wes keep their eyes focused on each other—their hands ned, clearly someone is about to get a hard blow. Layla reacherd and tugs on Wes's arm and he stumbles a small step back scowl on his face. I shoot Chase a glance before following a eand Wes.
voice of West Compe	his is what you meant by 'competition'?" Layla presses, her dry and annoyed.  es shrugs and eventually rips his gaze from Chase's. "It's only etition if you feel threatened by someone."  fold my arms and raise an eyebrow, "you sure know how to fit chool."
Wh turns t	natever anger he was showing before fades gradually as he to send me a princely wink. "I try."  ayla sco s and places a hand on his back, "Yeah, you're going
hand o	ye Aye Captain," Wes salutes to her and grins as she places a on her forehead in muse.  oll my eyes and turn back around to approach Chase as the two begin walking away from the scene.
hearin "A bit full I s	That was that all about?" I ask once Layla and Wes are out of ag range.  h," Chase shrugs and brushes his shoulder feignly, "He's just all of himself."  hoot him an amused glance, "Seriously? You almost ripped others' faces o because of that."
pride.' "I me sha field.	Hey," He defends, shoving me slightly, "I've got to protect my"  Did that punch to his face help?" I shoot sarcastically, looking oes as we fall in step with each other and walk away from the le chuckles and shoves his hands in his pocket, "No. Three or
four m I g "W	nore would've settled it." gawk, "I didn't think you actually did it!" Vell I didand so did he." He says bitterly, looking back briefly e raising his eyebrow and shrugging.
his res	ence envelopes the two of us, as I really have nothing to say to sponse, but it's quite peaceful. I catch Chase glancing at me n odd expression on his face.  wrinkle my nose and stare up at him, "What?"
somet At Howe	he corner of his mouth tilts up before he decides to finally say thing. "Where's Ashley?"  Ther name, my heart rate quickens at our plans this Monday.  Ther wer, I shake it o as quickly as I can to answer Chase's question
Ch	ne.  ot sure," I shrug, "Why?"  ase repeats my actions and looks around, "I don't know—it just like you two are like peanut butter and jelly."
"Y	crack up, "Peanut butter and jelly?"  Yeah," He grins, "good friends"  We are!" I bop by head and then nudge his padded shoulder, e we."
so. I st in che	What's wrong?" I ask gently when I can't figure it out.
Ιn	e looks up, "Me?" od and raise a brow. lothing," As he speaks, his face starts to burn a crimson color, '
redde I le "No	o way." I drawl, finally connecting the dots as his face turns runder my stare.  It out a tiny squeal and clap my hands, "Do you like Ashley?"  O." He says too quickly, "Yes"  mirk and pull out my phone to pull his strings.
"Jurun ap	hat are you doing?" He says cautiously a er a few moments.  ust going to give Ashley a call," I tease while opening my temp  plication.  o!" He lunges forward and I dodge him by a few inches. I laugl  old my phone over my head as he tries to use his stick to knoc
Just he sho retriev sincer	of my hands. It then, his phone rings mid jump and we both stop. I chuckle a bots me a warning glance before digging into his pocket to we his phone. He takes a brief look at it before sending me a e apologetic look.
help w I s He	ave to go," he says sadly, raising the phone, "my dad needs with his car."  mile and raise my hands over my head, "You're dismissed."  grins and backs away slowly, but not before gesturing that watching me'.
One my he as I mu The	ce Chase disappears around the corner we had turned, I turn ad back to face forward. The smile I had kept up slowly drops use at the silence of the streets.  Sough the sun is out, the roads are empty, the traic signs ting for no one. It strikes me as strange, for it is almost Saturd
slow s Occas I lo lolling	e clicking of my slippers slap against my heels as I continue metride. Once in a while, two or three cars roll past me. ionally, a car is packed and the radio is turned on full blast.  Took up at the sky, most nearly throwing my head back in a relaxation, and walk lazily down the road. While one part of rectant to have accompanied Layla, the other is grateful to have
The head to passes with passes some	ne sound of rumbling starts mid stare, and I quickly lower my so seem slightly normal. For the brief moment that the car s by, the oncoming drivers view me as an average girl, walking ride and comfort. However, once he's gone, I manage to find other ridiculous thing to do to pass time.
from for telling becau	s I place a hand to my abdomen to pat it, my thoughts dri ood to dates to Ashley and Chase. hey sound perfect—like a pea and a pod. When Chase was me earlier, I knew it would happen. I just knew it would se I could always see it. Even from the first day I came here, and Ashley seemed way too close to be just friends.
going and Cl morni	At the same time, I wonder if Ashley feels the same—or if she i to friend zone the poor boy. Either way, it's inevitable. Ashley nase—the two names together ring like chimes on a wedding
ear cu my mo	I'm about to chuckle at my own delirious humor when a loud, rdling honk echoes beside me. Instantly, the words slip from outh, overcome by a powerful yelp that carries my entire body rd. I jump under my skin and angrily whip my head to stare at
comba	lprit. Only, my gaze falters as I take in the prowess before me. Browat boots tap the sides of the sleek motorbike followed by loos dress pants and a tight, olive green shirt that clings to the

I catch the familiar pair of eden green eyes piercing through a transparent shield of the helmet. Without even taking a second glance, I know who's behind the armor. "Do you want a ride?" Once I hear the deep voice, my thoughts are confirmed. Travis. It seems that I'm at a loss of words, because as soon as I open my mouth, it becomes dry. Whether it is shock that hits me, or confusion that takes over. For the past few weeks, he has made it clear he doesn't want to have anything to do with me. And honestly, I haven't minded his absence. Whether or not he's there, his name is brought up and I'm le wondering more about him when he's gone than when he's around me. "No thank you," I finally muster, folding my arms as a sudden chill washes over me. "I'm enjoying my walk." Travis leans back in his seat, removing his vice grip from the handle of the bike. He grabs his helmet and arches his neck slightly while gently pulling it o his head. As he does so, I press my lips in a straight line when he yanks it completely o his face to give me a solid stare. Under the so breeze, a simultaneous wave ripples through his disheveled curls. The so ness his hair gives o is completely contradictory to the hard look he's giving me. While keeping eye contact with me, he whips a glove o and shoves his now bare hand through his hair. "Let me rephrase." He says gru ly, leaning forward, "Get on." I raise an eyebrow, "I said no."

I turn away from him, making it intently clear that I don't plan on

His request is so quiet it almost slips past my hearing. However, it

hitching a ride. For a brief moment of silence that follows, it appears

rings and I turn around again to face him in a sudden rise of

frustration. He watches me with a stoic expression as I hastily walk

"Why?" I demand when the bike is standing between us.

"I don't have to have a reason." He snaps, the so façade

"Well then my answer still stands," I shake my head and step

When he doesn't reply I exhale a sharp sigh in agitation. There is

back, "You can't shut me out and then come back in whenever you

that he has finally gotten the message.

over to him.

want."

dropping from his face.

" Please" He adds in grudgingly.

nothing anyone can get out of him when he's like this.

Reluctantly, I look down the road and contemplate the odds of walking in the heat to the house. It would be a good, fi een minute walk. I would've been able to do that, but looking at this bike now...
I'd rather have a li .

I've always been a sucker to motorcycles anyways.

I look back at Travis and li one shoulder, "Okay."

Shock crosses his features momentarily before quickly being replaced with a cool control over his emotions. He walks around and throws his leg over the top, straddling himself comfortably near the

handle. Once he brings his attention to me, I step forward and size

seat. The rumble of his motorbike beneath my feet spikes as I settle

down behind Travis. I grab onto the leather part of the seat on either

side of me and distance myself as far as I can get. I hear Travis hu

impatiently as he reaches over and carelessly chucks me a helmet.

"Wear it." He demands, "I don't want anyone seeing you."

I take a final, brief glance around before swinging my leg over the

I sco and roll my eyes while sinking it over my head, "How charming."

Continue reading next part

the beauty before going about my turn.