

Chapter Twenty-Three

Recap

I whip my head a little to the side and spot a navy blue motorcycle under a dimly lit lamplight. My eyes quickly scan over a pair of formal, black shoes followed by the familiar pair of grey dress pants. My heart flips as I take in Travis, waiting impatiently with a scowl plastered on his face. His hands firmly grip the handle of his bike and I make a sharp cut for him.

He holds out a helmet as I approach him and I fumble to slam it onto my head with one hand while jumping onto the seat with another. As the engine roars to life, I snap the straps on and instantly wrap my arms around Travis's torso.

"Stop right now!" The same voice calls sprinting merely five feet away from where we are.

"Travis chuckles, a rumble that vibrates deep in his chest, and lets his foot off the floor. Immediately, we race off, and I tighten my grip.

I look back over my shoulder, watching with a smug yet relieved look as the man continues to demand for us to come 'right back'.

It's only when I turn back around and scoot closer to his broad back that I realize the twisted truth that Travis saved me from getting caught spying on him

Chapter Twenty Three

Of all the possibilities, I had never expected to be sitting on a rooftop with the notorious Travis Emmons. Never

Nor did it occur to me that it would be his rooftop.

After escaping the scene, Travis didn't say a word. He was moody—I could feel the way his chest vibrated while on the bike. Occasionally, he would tense his biceps and speed up. By the end of the ride, the adrenaline was long gone and was replaced with bewilderment.

Nonetheless, here I am, facing him with a mere few feet separating us.

I swallow back my confusion and stare out into the distance. From afar, I can see my side of the beach—the area where so much has happened. I try to find solace in the waves crashing against the sand, like I have numerous times, yet, this unsettling feeling prevents me from relaxing.

A soft, cool breeze whips my face and I watch from the corner of my eye as Travis raises a bottle of beer to his lips and swallows the liquid. His hair ruffles in the wind, along with his thin-fabric t-shirt.

We're both in a comfortable—well, somewhat comfortable—silence. Considering the way Travis has been downing his drink, what's left to say may not be pleasant to hear. Frankly, I feel neither of us want to talk.

And then I wonder why I'm even here.

My house is right across the street—I was so paralyzed over his mood on the bike that I had done what he said without hesitation. When I got off the motorcycle, he instantly placed a hand on the small of my back and guided me up to the rooftop.

I clear my throat and start to stand up, feeling strange and craving home, "I should go."

He is perfectly capable of getting drunk on his own.

Travis remains silent, his gaze fixated ahead. I stare, waiting for him to reply, because for a second, it looked as if he would, but he simply sucks his bottom lip in and releases.

Once I realize he's not going to respond, I start to walk across the roof, my arms folded across my chest. When I reach the end, I bend down to pull up a latch revealing a staircase—but then I remember something.

I straighten and close my eyes briefly, opening them only when I decide to break the silence.

"Thanks for—" I pause, faltering over how to phrase my sentence. What am I supposed to say? Thanks for saving me from spying on you? I purse my lip, "You know."

"Saving your ass?" He states bluntly, his voice ragged and low.

My eyes widen a fraction when he actually responds, but I rapidly recover from the initial shock.

I exhale sharply, moodburst "Yeah."

It's quiet for a second and again, I reach for the latch, fully intent on leaving this time.

"What were you doing exactly?" He inquires roughly, making me halt in my stance, "I told you to stay home."

I had planned to just walk away, but when he mentions that, I can't resist. I spin on my heel, determination coursing through my veins, and face him.

Although I don't expect him to be up on his toes and a few feet away from me when I turn around, I suppress a startled gasp that aches to escape my throat. He peers down at me, his eyebrows curved into a little furrow. Instead of showing my shock, I defiantly place a hand on my hip and narrow my eyes.

"I thought I made it clear I wasn't going to listen to you." I counter with vitriol.

He shakes his head and turns his head towards the beach, as if to redirect his anger. My eyes flicker to his fists, which are now in a tight ball by his side.

"I'm only trying to help you, Faye." He grinds out when he finally brings his hot gaze to meet mine.

"Why?" I press, raising an eyebrow.

"I can't answer that," He tenses, his voice coming out constrained and firm.

I stare at him for a moment, noticing the way he shakes his head at the mention of the topic.

He was really adamant about this.

It seems as if I won't be getting anything out of him.

A wave of frustration rushes through me—but I force it back, willing myself to stay calm and collected.

This is what he likes to do.

He likes to get me riled up, angry—and then he'll just leave.

Travis notices that I'm glowering at him, and he narrows his eyes, challenging me the same way I am provoking him. I fold my arms across my chest and stare until I begin to see specks of hazel in his eyes—kind of like freckles.

"Let's play a game," He says suddenly, throwing me off guard.

My eyes widen momentarily before I regain composure.

Despite my suspicion, I feel intrigue broiling at the pit of my stomach. Travis Emmons will never fail to startle me. He's predictably unpredictable.

"What type of game?" I ask, genuinely interested.

He smirks, sensing my captivation, "20 questions."

I shoot him an odd look, "You do realize I'll ask you why you're trying to keep me locked up like Rapunzel, right?"

"You're far from a princess," He quips rolling his eyes, "And yes—I do."

I step away from the latch slowly and place a hand on my chin.

"So let me get this straight," I state, "You're willing to tell me the truth through a game even though you've been avoiding the question since it first came up?"

His jaw clicks, "There's something in it for me too."

"Oh?" I say, sliding my hands into the back of my jean pockets.

"I get to find out more about you." He says, stepping closer, "What a reward, huh?"

I stay rooted in place, even when my body screams for me to retreat back. I didn't think of that part—much to my dismay. There are so many things he doesn't know, so many things I've done—things that I'd never want to admit even before I die.

"So," Travis draws, his raspy breath, slightly intertwined with alcohol. He trails over my face, and I remember thinking that he must be drunk. "What do you say?"

"I—"

"Just know," He interrupts me, giving me a pointed look when I glare at him, "once I tell you, there's no turning back."

"Seriously," I groan and tilt my head up towards the sky, "It sounds like you're about to murder me."

He flashes me an irritated look and then scowls at my words.

"I'm serious." He all but growls, bending down to my eye level, "You can run, but there will be one of two outcomes. One: I'll catch you and I'll lock you in a tower, or two: they'll catch you and you'll be dead."

If it weren't for my name and the mention of death in the same sentence, I would have cracked a smile at his Rapunzel reference. Or maybe I would've wondered how he even knew about the story—but I don't waste my time on the minor details. Rather, I perk at the mention of 'they.'

"Who's they?" I demand instantly, pondering aloud what is going through my mind.

He leans back and runs a hand through his hair, "Are you in or not?"

I narrow my eyes, "For the game yes."

"Once you agree to the game, you agree to my rules."

"What type of 20 questions is this?" I mutter, more to myself than him.

If he heard that, he does a good job ignoring me. Instead, he raises an eyebrow and waits expectantly.

"Okay!" I exclaim with exasperation, "Deal!"

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I know, it has been a while. I planned on updating a few weeks ago, but minutes before I was going to upload, word document crashed and I couldn't recover the file. So yeah, I needed time to cool off because I was really angry.

Anywhoo, time's up, and you've just read the next chapter.

Tell me what you think—you know how much I love comments!

I am curious to hear what you guys have to say about this one:

Why do you think Travis has decided to tell her? Do you think he will tell her the truth?

Can I get some votes and 16 comments?

VOMMENT.

xxSummerxx

Continue reading next part