

## Chapter Twenty-Eight

### Recap

“Stay here.” I press, feeling a barrier tear down as I realize that there is nothing I can do to save her life right now. No matter how hard I could try.

Faye shakes her head and then does something that brings sensation to my numb body.

She pushes herself o the wall and stares up at me with driven, hazel eyes. The distance between us closes and I sti ly watch as her gaze flickers to my lips. Unconsciously, she draws in her lower lip—an act in which I can now understand as her nervousness.

“Please.” I force out, willing myself to keep my eyes trained on hers.

As if the distance between us weren’t already sealed, she manages to step closer, the heat of her body transferring to my own. I look down, knowing that if I take one glance at her, my hands and feet will move in their own accord.

“No.” She blows out eventually, her eyes wide as if she’s innocent, while she’s far from it. Faye closes her eyes and mine shi to her hand which begins to travel along my arm.

“You’re not leaving my side.” I demand abruptly, exhaling sharply at our proximity.

While looking away, I take a retreating step backwards, stabilizing her as she nearly stumbles from having most of her weight on my torso. My fingers pulse with a yearn, and I nearly kick myself for even wanting such a thing—especially when I realize I may not make it.

### Chapter Twenty Eight

It took every ounce of courage to stand my ground. When I saw the three men, I didn’t know what to be terrified of more. The fact that I knew a fight was coming or the fact that I was going to be involved in it. Nonetheless, whatever panic I was feeling dissipated when I saw the driven expression on Travis’s face.

He looked like a warrior.

Then a pang of guilt entered my system when I considered at once how o en he must have come across these fights. In the middle of the day, at home—near his brother, before the waking hours in the morning...

I was stupid.

Completely and utterly selfish. All along, I was worried about myself, my family, my life, but I didn’t ever pause to think about Travis’s. Yet, at the same time, the thought confuses me because I’ve never felt the need to think so much about him.

I thought all I felt towards him was anger.

But now I don’t know how to feel.

\* \* \*

“Hello Travis,” One man smiles and says as we walk out the door.

I stand on the right side of Travis, slightly behind him, but not completely. He tenses as the man speaks, as if he expected speedy knives to slice his confidence. I remain silent, only eyeing the other two men next to the one who spoke.

“Do we have to talk,” Travis demands, “Or can we skip the foreplay and move on to better things?”

The man shows his teeth this time, and I notice how a nasty scar starting from his scalp line to his ear wrinkles in the process. For the sake of this situation, I repress an urge to gag at the sight.

Instead, I focus on what Travis had told me earlier.

We had exactly four minutes to carry this all out.

Four minutes until the police would show up.

Scarface replies with a chuckle and a snarky comment that was truly twisted in meaning.

“Send James my regards, won’t you?” He says, a hint of sarcasm seeping into his tone.

While Travis speaks, he subtly steps back, close enough towards me that the side of his back is pressed against my chest. With the hand that is completely shielded by his shoulders, I gently slip my gloved fingers into his back pocket and reach for the pre-paid phone.

My heart begins to escalate in speed as I bring the device behind my back and transfer the call to the police.

3 minutes and 59 seconds.

I clear my throat just as Travis opens his mouth to speak.

“Actually, don’t.” He sneers.

At lightening speed, he pulls out his gun and shoots at the man to the le of scarface. The bullet reaches its destination spot on and the man cries out, gripping his arm while falling to the floor.

There’s so much commotion and noise that I don’t even think twice before grabbing Travis’s arm and yanking us behind the recycling composts in front of the wall. Just as we dodge out, a bullet sears into the wall, banging and causing a racket.

I whirl in my ducked position and scan his body and face to make sure he didn’t get shot. When our eyes meet in that brief instant, I realize he had been doing the same thing.

“You think I care that you shot him?” Scarface shouts, his voice approaching the bin.

I bite my lip, my palms growing sweaty and my breath becoming heavy and shallow. I must have let out some noise as doing so, because Travis reached down briefly to give my hand a squeeze.

“Might as well get up!” Scarface continues, still pursuing his previous comments. By now, he voice is merely a few feet away. He walks intentionally slow, trying to build up some sort of anticipation.

“I’ve got to say, my other mate is slightly pissed that you shot his own brother.”

I don’t have time to overthink his statement because by the time he speaks, I see his head from above the compost bin. I narrow my eyes despite a chilling anxiety that settles on my bones. When I glance at Travis, I see we both have the same idea in mind.

He jerks his head in the direction towards my le and I nod my head curtly. Then, we both leap up and shove the metal bin with as much force as we can muster. Surprisingly, it topples much faster than I thought it would, though I’m sure most of the weight came from Travis’s momentum.

Before it can hit the floor, a shot is fired, but we dart around the corner of the building and sprint to the other end. I end up running ahead of Travis, and he continues to urge me around the building with hasty whispers.

We’re completely silent as we run, but I can feel my heart beat nearly ready to crawl out of my throat. As I pump my hands back and forth, my vision begins to become watery from how hard the wind whips the surface of my eyes.

Travis pushes ahead of me before finally coming to a cautious halt on the opposite wall from where we started.

2 minutes 12 seconds.

His hand reaches my torso and forcefully pushes me against the wall. I let out a raw grunt as he does so, and I allow my free hand to grasp his wrist. My breathing is completely disoriented and the side of my chest begins to ache with increasing intensity. Travis glances down briefly, his chest heaving as well, and gently places a finger to his lips as if to motion for me to dim down my panting.

Suddenly, Scarface’s mate jumps around the right corner with a grin on his face, the gun pointed at the two of us. Travis pushes me back and raises his own pointedly at the man.

1 minute 56 seconds

“Got you.” A dreaded voice comes from behind.

Travis sti ens, his arms faltering.

The sound of another trigger clicking rings in my ears. Slowly, I clamp my eyes shut, not able to think of anything but the mess we had gotten ourselves into. Travis curses under his breath just as my stomach drops even further down. A small, tingling sensation begins to erupt at the top of my scalp, quickly inching its way down to my toes. I’m going into travels throughout my body and I subconsciously realize I’m going into shock and paralysis at the same time.

And then, moments before I completely lose it, I hear a faint sound.

Sirens.

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**\*NOT EDITED, SORRY\***

I have missed writing so much, I feel like I’ve had **seperation anxiety**. I literally felt like these past months have been the hardest for me.

And you know what sucks? I still have until Feb. Then finally, **HOPEFULLY**, I’ll be done with **college applications**.

They are a pain. in. the. **ass**.

Anywho, thank y’all so so much for being **patient and always always supporting this story!** I say this all the time and I’ll say this again: I **appreciate** each and every one of you. I look forward to all the **comments** y’all have. So don’t feel like you’re being ignored if I don’t respond, especially this time of the year. I am completely amazed by all the support everyone has been giving me! **THANK YOU** a million times.

**QUESTION OF THE CHAPTER: I’m interested to hear how you imagine the remaining 1 MINUTE AND 56 SECONDS to play out.**

**How do y’all think they are going to get out of this one? And what do you think of Faye this chapter? Is ANYONE warming up to her?** (I feel like I’ve made y’all hate her...!)

I’m also super duper excited because it’s almost Christmas. And on watsapp, that means that it is **WATTY AWARDS TIME!** WOODHOOP. I’ve entered **PWF** and **TYD** into the contest to be sure to vote it if you feel like my stories deserve it. Good luck to the others who are competing as well! But in the end, remember: you don’t need an award to tell you how great your book is. (;

On another note (sorry this is so long because, you know.) I don’t know if any of my PWF fans have read TYD, but this summer (HA!) I put out another book called **Rebellious Roots**. That book is my freaking baby. Most of my TYD readers have sent me messages saying how much they adore RR, so if you haven’t yet read it and are interested, I encourage you to check it out and leave me a comment!

**You know I’m all about those comments** (;

Speaking of which, can I get **20 comments** and some votes?

Thank you loves!

xxSummerxx

Continue reading next part