

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Recap

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 stiffens, 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. A sharp sting 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.

Chapter Twenty Nine

1 minute and 45 seconds.

From the corner of my eye, I gasp as I feel a bullet scathe past my arm, an excruciating trail of sting electrifying the flesh. In complete shock, I continue to stare down at my arm, waiting for the blood to begin flow out like they did in the movies.

Instead, I begin to feel nothing.

A cold, distant numbness glazes over my body.

My fingers begin to shake, if they hadn't been already, and the speed at which they quiver increases. Soon, rackets of waves circulate my entire body—head to toe.

Despite this, I am still able to hear everything and everyone around me—The heavy breathing, the laughing, the hushed murmurs.

"It hurts doesn't it?"

The one question rings clear amidst the clatter, and I slowly shift my gaze over to the one who spoke those words.

Scarface, grinning with pride, pointedly motions towards my arm. He slowly inches his left hand alongside the edge of the gun, almost as if to tantalize the power it holds.

1 minute 37 seconds.

It's just a scratch

I remind myself, nothing more

"How mad do you think James will be when he finds out that you didn't kill me and you got arrested?" Travis suddenly spits out, his voice hard and undetectable.

With his back still facing me, Travis indicates towards sound of the sirens.

"Travis—" I warn, surprised by the way my voice delivers. Clear cut, despite my complete shock.

I know what he's doing.

He's trying to distract them, to make them forget about me and move onto him. He's provoking them, enticing their true demons to come out and direct their force right at him instead of me.

Suddenly, Scarface changes direction of his gun point and aims it right at his mate. He stares at him from the corner of his eye, confusion paralyzing his features.

"Not yet!" Scarface growls, looking between the gun and Travis, "He wants him alive"

A deadly pang settles in my chest as I realize the mate's original intentions. Travis could have been shot only a few seconds ago. Shot, bleeding, dead even. A horror unimaginable rushes over me, and I hastily sneak a look at Travis.

Alive

Much to my surprise, instead of mimicking the terror I feel, Travis shows his teeth and lets out a small, amused snort.

"So really," He taunts, "You can't shoot me."

"Oh I can," Scarface narrows his eyes, his jaw clicking at the same time. "Just not yet."

Travis nods his head, completely not in understanding.

"You know what's great about not being apart of his shit?" He presses, raising an eyebrow and smiling cruelly.

Cruelly because in that moment, before either one of them can blink, he shoots the gun out of Scarface's hand and sends a bullet straight into his mate's shin. Travis's answer lies in the fire of his gun.

Liberation is the answer, freedom.

The sound is earshattering and deadly. Like two explosions in a peacefully calm dream. The thunderbolt slices through my senses, cracking and rattling each and every bone and ligament in my body.

I scream as it happens, mostly in terror when I don't know which side it's coming from. When I watch the man fall with an agonizing groan and a pale scarface sprint off in the other direction, relief washes over me.

My voice is unrecognizable as I allow my instincts to take over. Before I know it, Travis and I are on the run again, dashing around the other corner and making an escape out.

As we round the opposite wall, I spot his motorcycle and nearly shout in relief. Never in my life have I been this thrilled to see his bike, just waiting for us to take it on an excessively bumpy ride.

Travis's emotions mirror in his actions as he quickens his pace towards the bike. Within seconds, he throws himself over the seat and starts the engine. I do the same after catching up and immediately slip my arms around his torso and squeeze. The wail of the police sirens grows nearer, only to be drowned out by the sound of the bike handle rotating.

A mechanic and rusty roar envelopes the atmosphere around us, and we fly off. My heart lurches as we speed out through the entering side. Only, once we merge onto the road, Travis accelerates so much so that the air whipping our faces creates a vacuum—a suction of air.

Remembering what Travis had told me to do earlier, I pull out the pre paid phone and chuck it as accurately as I can into an approaching bush on the side of the blurred road.

The sirens that once were growing have now succumbed to a dull groan, leaving us only to broil in astonished silence. The silence dominates while a turmoil churns heavily in my head, slowly grappling every twist and turn of the situation behind us.

"Holy shit." I mutter, more to myself than to anyone else.

Promptly, the bike jerks tremendously. My hands curl and I wince as Travis spontaneously gyrates the wheels before altering his northward course.

I lean forward once he has finally stabilized the jerkiness of his ride.

"What are you doing?" I shout over the noise of whooshing air and a rumbling engine.

As predicted, he doesn't reply—not even a flinch.

It isn't until we approach and exit towards Starbucks that he even heaves a noticeable sigh. With my brows drawn together in confusion, I purse my lips and ponder what on earth he could've brought me here for.

Despite this, I don't ask him any questions, knowing that if I do, he may erupt. At times like this, when he exhales and refuses to speak, I've learned to simply let him be. Whether or not I want to know what's going on in his head, he'll let me know sooner or later.

He cuts the engine off after taking over a parking spot reserved for cars and sits in utter silence for a few moments.

To my utter surprise, he covers my hands with his own, completely endorsed in his thoughts. My cheeks flame, burning crimson at the uncharacteristic yet gentle notion. Then, as quickly as it came, he removes his grip on my hands, the warmth leaving mine as he does so, and jumps off the bike.

Startled and unwilling to let it show, I limp my legs over the seat and find my footing on the floor on the side of the Starbucks. Travis clears his throat briefly, motions towards the Starbucks building, and begins walking in that direction.

Following suite, we enter the dimly lit space and are greeted by the stares of sit in customers and grins of café servers. If I weren't so deterred by the attack beforehand, I would've had a drink and an extra cup of whip cream in my hands at this very moment.

However, the very thought of food repulses me.

Instead, I allow Travis to guide me to the back of the café.

"Do you need to go to the restroom?" I ask aloud as we approach them.

I look back at him, and he shakes his head, reaching forward.

"No." The men's door swings open, and Travis pushes us both in. "But you do."

I stumble forward and nearly buckle knees with a very low sink.

I whirl around to see Travis locking the door behind him, and as I do, I realize the sink I nearly rammed into is a toilet

I begin, "Uh—"

"We need to talk." Travis says abruptly, his eden eyes piercing the scratch on my shoulder.

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Again, NOT EDITED

I posted this chapter just because I found spare time to write it. There are probably mistakes which I won't get around to correcting until after December, so as usual, just pardon them for now. Thanks!

QOC: What do you think Travis wants to talk about?

Thanks for all the comments on the previous chapter. It literally made my ENTIRE week. The fact that I hadn't posted in a while, yet people still commented...I am just so happy. For any fans who write stories themselves, I know there are a few of you who value comments more than votes like me. Seriously, I just LOVE comments-votes aside, that whole button could vanish and frankly, I wouldn't give a cheeseball.

So THANK YOU!

Can I get some votes and 25 comments?

xxSummerxx

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