

## Chapter Thirty-One

### Recap

Travis had already made his way to the door and was one click away from unlocking it. He shies in his position, the helmet already tucked under his left arm. His eyes pierce my own, and another ineffectual expression captures his features before immediately vanishing.

"Fire." He answers gruffly.

And for the first time, I hear the change. The raspiness in his voice, the lingering silence that follows when he doesn't finish his sentence.

My eyes flicker back to the blue tattoo before finally landing on his face.

And when I do, I know I'm a lost cause.

My feet move automatically, and I simply follow along. A flame ignites in my own veins as I extend my arms and reach for Travis's chest. He stumbles back as I push, and I only stop once he's completely aligned with the wall.

However, the near sound of the door rumbling on impact snaps me out of my trance in an instant. I drop my arms hastily, my ears exploding with red.

Humiliation enters as quickly as my unexplained determination had come. While I start to take a giant step back, Travis lets out a frustrated growl—a deep, guttural sound. Then, his arms come around my waist just as his heated lips crash down on mine.

### Chapter Thirty One

It takes me a good few seconds before I am able to fully understand the fact that I am currently kissing Travis Emmons. In the back of my mind, I try to remember why I shouldn't be, but the cycle of amnesia restarts each time his hand travels further up my back.

It's only when he breaks away to breathe that I allow my thoughts to churn without interruptions. However, within instants, I'm the one against the door. That plan flies out the window the minute my back touches the surface.

Instead, I sneakily glance at him, completely awestruck and fixated on his intense gaze. After what seems like hours of heavy breathing, I began to observe the freckles of hazel in his eden eyes.

Just as he leans forward to capture my lips again, I hold him back with my hand on his chest. I desperately need to clear my head, because this feels so incorrectly right.

"Fire?" I ask, my voice coming out so soft and airy. I try referring back to his tattoo, in an attempt to distract him.

Out of nowhere, he bites his own lip, the bruise from a previous fight turning pale white in the process. My eyes narrow in on the cut—perhaps his perfectly swollen lips—and then I glance back up at Travis.

When he catches my eye, he lets go of his lip, allowing the corners to curve into a devious smirk. He leans forward again, inching closer to my face, and I apply light pressure on his chest.

He grins, and this time, pushes past my hand and ducks his head. A hand leaves my back and finds its way to the back of my head. Ever so gently, he grips the roots of my hair and angles my neck.

Moments later, I feel his cold, lukewarm lips on the base of my collarbone. My eyes flutter shut and my hands trail over his shoulder blade. He presses kisses all along my neck, pushing my head into the wall each time he does so.

"I..." I start to say, swallowing with great difficulty, "we should go."

"Mhm," He murmurs, his vibrating vocals humming along the side of my ear.

Just then, the most aggravating screech rings from my pocket. Yet, at the same time, I'm relieved. While the phone continues to ring, Travis freezes in his place, his lips still on my neck, before eventually lifting his face up and bracing his hands against the door to support himself. He groans in irritation before pushing back, allowing me to reach into my pocket and pull out my wailing phone.

Flushed and shaken, I look down and unlock it quickly before pressing it to my ear.

"Hello?" I say, waiting for the static to clear on the other line.

Travis stares at me intently, carefully observing my expression as I listen intently for a voice. I frown when I don't hear anything.

Travis, on the other hand, grins. His teeth stretch across his features, illuminating a set of pearly whites, while I absentmindedly glare at him. Without having to ask, I already know what's he's thinking.

I'm already shaking my head, but he doesn't pay any attention. He ducks his head once again and pulls my hair to the side. Weaving his fingers through my strands, he arches my neck even further while planting warm and cool kisses up and down.

"Hello?" I manage to ask again, my eyes clamping shut in concentration.

I press my free hand against Travis's shoulder, trying to pull him in yet push him away at the same time. He seems to notice my conflicted action, as he releases his grasp on my hair, grabs my forcing hand, and interlaces his fingers with mine against the door.

"Hello?" Suddenly a shrill voice is heard, "Faye?"

It's Layla.

Instantly, I jerk, showing Travis one of me with a profound force I use only when we're training. He stumbles back, but I tightly press the phone to my ear.

"Layla!" I demand, "Are you okay? What's wrong?"

I hear her heavy breathing on the other line. My brows furrow as I listen intently to the background noise. I hear a lot of clatter, more static, and sirens.

Sirens

My heart begins to pound at an increasingly dangerous rate.

"Faye I'm fine," Layla says shakily, "But you need to come home now."

Before she can even complete her sentence, Travis has already grabbed my hand and thrown open the bathroom door. We run through the café, rushing past all the blatant stares as we do so.

"Okay, just stay on," I order Layla.

A sick sense of nausea broils at the pit of my stomach. It churns the more I think of those sirens. I knew it was stupid to think the police wouldn't catch us.

This is it. This is the moment where Travis and I might get arrested. For murder.

For murder?

No, I'm too young for that—I haven't done a single bad thing in my life. And even so, the man we shot didn't die, he only injured his leg. There's no way we could be arrested for that—especially if all we were doing was protecting ourselves.

By now, we have reached the motorbike and are jumping onto the seat. Wordlessly, Travis ignites the engine, the deadly roar erupting. He lifts his foot off the floor, and we zoom off.

Once on the highway, I slip my free hand into the front pocket of Travis's jacket. With the other hand, I press the phone closer to my ear so I can hear better.

"Are you still there?" I shout over the rushing wind.

"Yeah!" Layla replies moments later, "Hurry."

"Can you tell me what's going on?" I press, "Why do I hear the police in the background?"

There's a brief silence over my words, and I slowly begin to feel my emotions erode. A powerful thrust of heat and agony swirls in my gut as I wait for her reply. My hands grow clammy and the wind whipping my face acts as a literal slap in the face.

"There's been a break in," Layla finally replies, her voice barely a whisper.

Relief washes over. The swirling rests at the bottom, and the subconscious bile rising up my throat vanishes in an instant. Yet, moments after I feel relief, reality kicks in.

Instead, a cold, gripping fear paralyzes me. It isolates my toes, crawling at a centuries pace up my calves. It wallows in my knees, making them tingle in utter anxiety before continues past my numb thighs. Cold washes over my torso, creating a painful and twisted tickling sensation that provides no sense of comfort. The emotional ice imprisons my wildly beating heart before finally traveling to my lips.

"What?" I whisper, my ears ringing.

At the sound of my broken voice, Travis accelerates even more, speeding at an insane speed past blurry main roads. When we finally screech onto our street, the beach that always used to be comforting is only a haunting reminder of what's to come.

"Faye," Layla responds hesitantly, "Nothing was stolen."

As we approach our end of the road, blue and red lights flash brightly. Almost like a sick, disillusioned version of a disco ball's worst nightmare. The sirens wail dully, echoing all around the street. Lights all around are lit, the first house at the edge to the last houses on the other side.

Travis halts a few yards away from the scene, and I jump off. He turns off the engine and follows after me, eventually reaching my side. We walk in worried silence towards the group of police officers accompanied by firemen.

All around, families and individuals are gathered outside their homes, watching the action unfold in front of their eyes. Some have hands, inexplicable expressions, while others are shocked with their gestures completely covering their mouths. Children grasp onto their parent's night gowns, hiding their faces in the cotton as if to make the nightmare vanish before their eyes.

I force myself to look away and simply focus on what lies ahead. I catch Layla's eye and immediately pick up my pace. My fast walk soon transforms into a light jog before breaking into a full blown sprint.

She walks hastily towards me and opens her arms, embracing me as I run into them. A sense of familiarity, comfort, and home settles in my churning stomach as I clamp my eyes shut. When she pulls back, she smiles passively before opening her mouth to speak.

"Mom is on her way home and Dad is catching the first flight back," Layla informs me, her eyebrows knitting in frustration and fear.

I nod my head and swallow with difficulty, "It's going to take them ages to get home."

Her lips are in a straight line as she solemnly replies, "Yeah, it's just us two right now."

"Did the police inform them or did you?" I ask, wondering how anxious they must be feeling.

"I did, and the police confirmed it," Layla states, taking a quick glance at the officers.

I follow her gaze and watch as the caution tape comes out and travels around the perimeter of our house. A few officers on the side are huddled together, talking about something urgent in solitude.

"You two should stay at my place," Travis suddenly pitches in, stepping forward and motioning towards the house right across from ours.

My heart jumps at the suggestion, for I know that safety won't be an issue if we're with him.

"Uh," Layla looks doubtful, but takes repeated glances between the two of us. When she sees that I haven't resisted the idea, something registers across her features. She takes one final glance at me before shifting her gaze back to Travis. "Are you sure you're parents will be okay with that?"

I watch Travis reply unfazed, "They're not home at the moment, but I'm sure they'd be fine with it."

Despite this whole situation, I still wonder what part of that sentence—if any—holds any truth to it. If I didn't know his story, however, I would've believed every word as easily as Layla buys his answer.

Nonetheless, it works, and Layla smiles slightly.

"Alright," She agrees, "Thank you Travis."

She turns around to observe what the police officers are doing now, and I take the opportunity to glance up at Travis so that I can thank him myself. He looks back down at me, and his gaze instantly softens.

Before I can even mutter the words, he shakes his head and says, "I know."

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So, I'm just going to take this opportunity to tell you a little story. About an hour ago, some person told me how I was being extremely rude to my fans. Of course, this person went on to comment on the validity of my work, my ego, my attitude...Alright, well if that's the way the person feels, then I **REALLY** try to connect with all of my fans. Correct me if I am wrong, but I pretty much let you all know how much you mean to me in every author's note. I reply to almost all the comments. Basically, after talking to this girl, I've realized that she is the only one that is creating a barrier between the author and the reader. I see everyone as equal—so what if you don't write, so what if you don't have millions of reads or plenty of fans? That seriously doesn't matter in the end. So, I don't know what this girl is going on about. And according to her "many of my fans feel the same way as she does."

Anywho, with that rant out of the way, I would like to **THANK Y'ALL** for the buckets of comments last chapter. Okay, well most of them were outrage, but I don't care. I just cannot believe I got One freaking hundred comments. I just... AH. I think I had the best day of my life. Seriously guys, **COMMENTS MAKE ME SO SO SO HAPPY**. So if you want to show your love, **COMMENT**. I don't know how else to say it: **THANK YOU THANK YOU!**

Also, thanks for making **PWF #13 in action**, it's been a while since I've been on the front and it's nice to see! Alright, moving on.

**QOC: Thoughts on Travis? (YES. Ogging is totally okay..and NO, he's not on amazon...because if he were, I'd be the first to buy him ;\*)**

Can I get **30 comments** and some votes?

And YOU YOUNG CHEEKY LITTLE MONKEYS! My comments do not count towards the 30 comments ;)

Peace my lovelies!

xxSummerxx