Chapter Four

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I see a flash of muse come and go through his eyes before he takes

step back, wanting to keep myself and him and in check.

one giant step towards me, invading some personal space. I instantly

Before I can protest, he approaches me again, this time making sure

to leave no space between us. His arm reaches out to rest on the side

of my waist and for some reason, the gesture seems to be fine with

my wildly beating heart. Despite the warning signals going o in my

head, or the loud curses my mind is repeating, I focus on the warm,

threatens to release themselves throughout my body, and I clamp my

"Hmm?" He murmurs mockingly as he pinches my waist and starts to

Automatically, I start to arch back, trying to stay as far away from him

"Rule number one," He whispers, pulling back to look me right in the

He flashes me a cunning smirk as I stare at him, stunned at what he

had just done. Only, he makes a mistake of turning to see what

"Mhmm," he muses, his breath now on the base of my neck.

I feel myself sink into his grip, no matter how hard I try not to.

bubbly feeling at the pit of my stomach. A spark of warm shivers

eyes shut, trying to focus merely on reality.

"I—" I gulp slowly, "Stop."

as I can. "I said fuck o.

eye, "Neverlet your guard down."

head whips back with the impact.

opponent."

backs up.

eden green eyes.

lean forward.

I shake my head and blink my eyes a couple times.

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This is going to be a pretty short author's note. *woo hoo*
 I'm rushing this part, yeah just a little, cause I've got to get to
volleyball practice! Anyways, I'm a little late with my upload, but I
made it worth your time. It's pretty long so please enjoy!
Tell me what you think!
Vote, Comment, Fan
 Summer xoxo
                    * * * * * *
                    Chapter Four
"What!" Layla shrieks half in fear and the other in excitement.
"Travis is my partner for a class I'm taking." I repeat again, much
slower this time. To be honest, I know she doesn't literally mean for
me to repeat it, but since it's the reaction I've been getting recently,
might as well make the most of it.
"I heard it the first time smarty pants," Layla rolls her eyes and
follows me to my locker, "I just don't know why you're telling me
now"
"When else would I have told you?"
"Uhhhh," She pauses and puts a finger to her chin, pretending to
think, "I dunno...Maybe yesterday When you just found ou?"
"Well yesterday you seemed busy with 'president' stu, and I didn't
want to interrupt." I hurry over the words, trying to find an easy
excuse for simply not wanting to make a big deal out of it again
"Oh that's bull missy" She narrows her eyes and points a finger at me
accusingly, "Why are you telling me nowthen?"
I sigh, "I have to work on the project with him today a er school at
our house."
I cringe and wait for a high pitched scream, or something of that sort.
"He's wha" She stops herself and glares when she sees that I'm
about to repeat myself, "No. That's not happening!"
I stop emptying out some of the contents from my bag and look up at
her, "I don't want to get an 'F' just because-"
"It's not going to happen, Faye!" She wags her finger around like a big
'no no', "I won't have a criminal in my house."
I hu and fold my arms across my chest, "Fine. I guess I'm going to his
place then."
Her eyes widen, and I bite my lip to stop myself from cracking the
smile.
"No!"
"Layla, I already love you," I start o honestly, "but I'm getting this
project done no matter what."
She clenches her jaw and looks around as people start filing into the
school.
"Fine." She grinds out, "But he is coming to ourhouse, and he willbe
watched."
I mentally fist pump, and manage to raise an eyebrow at her adorable
threat, "And who will be watching?"
"Me of course." Layla says in the 'duh tone'.
"Right..." I trail o while starting to walk o, "And what if he tries to
rape me?"
"Faye!" Layla warns loudly as I get farther.
I laugh and shake my head at the expression she must have on right
now.
I hear the bell ring the moment I reach the classroom door, and I
smile to myself before walking in.
No awkward introductions.
"Good morning Faye." Mr. Arch calls when I reach my seat.
"Morning."
He calls out 'morning' to several other people in the class as they
start walking in as well. He is definitely sweet for a teacher.
 'Boo." A low voice near my ear causes me to jump up and look
around.
"Heyy." I whine when I see Chase looking down at me with an amused
expression on his face.
"You get scared easily." He states, ru ling my hair and then sitting
down.
I turn to frown at him while fixing my nicely done hair, "Was that
necessary?"
He imitates my pouty face and I fold my arms across my chest. He
does the same, and pushes his chest out, making him look like a
flimsy girly-girl.
Despite how annoying he is being, I can't help but let a chuckle
escape my lips as he further classifies himself as a girl.
"You look ridiculous." I state with an eyebrow raised.
He puts a hand behind his head and strikes a pose before gasping
and placing a hand on his chest.
"That hurt my feelings."
"Aww," I cooe sarcastically, "I'm sorry I hurt big boy's feelings."
"Maneton." Mr. Arch calls, getting our attention, "would you mind as I
explain to the class?"
"Yeah sorry." Chase replies unfazed.
As soon as Mr. Arch turns around, his face turns into a contorted
expression as he attempts to mock his stern expression.
I stifle a giggle as he pretends to scratch his head when Mr. Arch turns
back around again.
The rest of the class was filled with filling out boring worksheets,
reading Much Ado About Nothingy Shakespeare, staying silent, and
trying to stop myself from banging my head on the table and falling
asleep.
In other words, English was boring.
When the bell finally rings, Chase and I are the first ones to pack up
and rush out of the door before anyone else. I take a deep breath of
relief as soon as we step out.
"See you in Chem, Faye." Chase calls out before walking in his own
direction.
I nod and then smile when I see Ashley walking up to me with a smile
of her own.
"Hey." I say once we fall in step with each other.
"Hey," She replies before her face turns into a sneer, "You ready for
the 'Big Bad Wolf'?"
I feel knots form in my stomach, but I can't help but laugh hesitantly
at her reference to Travis.
"You know I've been thinking about him." I muse.
"Oh?" She says, staring at me with a knowing look, "Doesn't
everyone."
I whip my head to hers, and instantly realize what she is getting at. A
little laugh escapes my lips and I shake my head.
"No, Ashley. Not like that" I reassure her, watching as she relaxes and
puts on the same dull expression, "I've been thinking about how I
need to step it up a bit."
"What are you saying?" She wonders aloud as we enter the gym.
My eyes flicker to Travis, in the same corner, and then back to Ashley,
"He's scary as hell, but...that's only because people let him be."
Ashley frowns and asks me how.
"He knows he's feared, which is why he thinks he has all the power. I
can't give that to him." I reply, not telling her everything.
Mom made me realize what the di erence was between a bad person
and a bad image I'm not saying Travis doesn't have either, or both for
that matter. Mom was bad in both ways, which is why I know I can
handle Travis. I feared her and she knew it. That gave her all the more
power. Fearing Travis will only give him what he wants, and that's not
something I'm willing to accept that.
Not if I'm starting fresh.
If I can fix him, I can fix myself.
"Well, time to test your theory," I turn to where Ashley is looking, and
there he is, oblivious to two sets of eyes staring him down with
dislike.
"Chop, chop everyone!" Ms. Welse orders, clapping her hands
together, "I want you guys to get the most of the time I'm giving you
in class."
"Aaand thatmeans we're working with our partners." Ashley drawls,
leaning in with a knowing smile on her face.
"Use this time wisely guys!" Ms. Welse shouts over everyone else's
chatter.
I roll my eyes and stop right in front of Travis.
"Hi." I state bluntly, my hands in my back pockets.
"Sit." He demands,.
"Excuse me?"
He rolls his eyes, "I don't want to get up, so sit."
I fold my arms across my chest and remain standing.
When he doesn't see me make a move, he slowly li s his head to give
me a six feet under glare. His eden green eyes are smoldering, and a
muscle in his jaw ticks.
Just as he props himself to get up, I plop myself on the ground a safe
distance across from him, deciding that now was not the time to pull
any strings.
He returns back to his normal self and leans back again.
"So, did you find out?" He presses, referring to his reputation.
I sigh and longingly look back at a busy Ashley, "Doesn't change the
fact that we have to start working on the project."
"You're not even the leastbit interested?" He challenges
unconvinced.
"I couldn't care less." I lie through my teeth.
I grab my backpack to avoid looking at those mocking eyes, and
search for the research I had done last night on our topic. I get so
engrossed on looking for the final piece of paper, that I don't notice
the proximity between Travis and I until it's too late.
"Whatever you're doing, it's not going to work." I snap, shoving the
piece of paper in his face before he can do anything that will change
my mind.
He falls back and takes the paper I stu ed on his chest into his own
hands. As he starts to read it, he glances up at me every once and a
while.
"Sounds like you know what you're saying." He acknowledges,
handing back the paper.
"I've had a lotof practice." I mumble while remembering the men
mom brought home sometimes.
"Okay, show me what you've got." Travis clears his throat and says,
catching my attention.
I stare at him and then raise an eyebrow, "I don't think testing my
abilities is part of the project."
"Well, since you're going to be the victim, it does." He says matter-o-
factly.
I gawk and fold my arms, "I didn't agree to this."
"Well, I wasn't asking for your permission," He grumbles, "Now get
up."
"Really? So everyone can see?" My eyes widen as he, himself stands
and starts coming closer to me.
He heaves a sigh and starts reaching for me, but I quickly pull back.
"Okay, okay! I can get up on my own..." I mutter, reluctantly rising.
Now that Travis is actually towering over me, it's just a bit
intimidating that my eye level is at his shoulders. His very broad
shoulders...
"Turn around." He demands again, an expectant look in those eden
green eyes of his.
I fold my arms and stare right back, not willing to just show him my
end.
With mom and her men around, I learned one thing, which is rule
number one-to neverlet your attacker out of your sight.
He glowers and before I know it, I feel him rightbehind me. I instantly
turn to face him, but he places an arm on my shoulder to push me
back. With his hands on my shoulders, all I can think about is the
heat pooling into my body.
"What the helldo you think you're doing?" I hiss, trying to wiggle my
way out of his stone grip. I quickly take a look around the room,
thanking god that we are in the very back, nearly behind the
bleachers, and not in front of the whole class. Everyone else is
laughing and working cooperatively, while I…I'm struggling.
In response, he nudges his clasped hands into my back, causing it to
sag back slightly.
"Wow, you're a little weaker than I thought." He taunts, clenching my
wrists even tighter.
I grind my teeth and chuckle to myself.
"Yeah?" I ask, not waiting for a reply.
Before he can say anything else, I sweep my right leg up and coil it
around his leg. As he tries to get a better grip on me, I hit the back of
my heel against the back of his knee. It collapses and he looses his
balance, just as I had hoped. What I didn't expect was for him to pull
me down with him. As he hits the floor, I follow a er with a huge
thunk.
"Travis!" I snap with my face to the floor, "Stop, people can see!"
He tightens his grip and presses his weight on my legs, "Then get out
before anyone sees."
"Hell" I seethe, bucking my head back, "I can barely breathe!"
Travis hu s and bends his knees so that he's resting on them instead
of me.
"Stop being a whimp," He orders gru ly, "And fight me."
"Get. O . Of. Me." I growl, feeling anger rise up like the temperature
on an extremely hot day.
"N-"
Even before he can finish what he is saying, I extend my bent foot
backwards and send him a jab in the stomach. I can hear him take in
a breath and that's when I take my chances. I elbow him o of me
completely and crawl out from under his position. I hear him
scramble to get up and I do the same, my heart racing so fast, it's like
disco music. I dart behind the bleachers and screech when he follows
a er me, looking just as vicious.
"Okay," I start, putting my hands between us, "I foughtyou o, now
 backo."
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everyone else ahead of the bleachers is doing. I smirk and take a step back forcefully. Just as he turns his head back to face me, I swing my arm at his face. It connects with his jaw and his As he is turned away, patting his jaw and feeling the inside with his tongue, I take the opportunity to speak. "No.That's rule two," I snap, "Rule one is never turn your back to your He tears his hand away from his cheek and takes one huge step towards me. Chest to chest, he glares down at me and then slowly The bell rings as he does so, but I'm to focused on fuming and keeping eye contact with Travis to care. Even as he leaves the room, the only thing I remember are his furious, **Continue reading next part** □