## **Chapter Forty-Two**

## Recap

Was

A sick sensation crawls through my veins as I realize he used the dreaded past tense.

"I'm sorry." I muster, suddenly feeling rude for bringing her name up.

Distinctively, I remember the way Travis's mom looked when she saw me. She was awestruck—filled with disbelief and relief at the same time. It didn't register then, but now that I know...she though I was her deceased daughter.

"Why?" He snaps, irritated, "You didn't do anything."

"I know." I whisper, staring o into the distance.

I may not have done anything, but I did make him hurt again by making him think about her.

It wasn't long ago when I was introduced to Layla as her stepsister. But even now, I can't imagine losing her. Having that type of connection with someone—one that you've lived with all your life —and then one day, they are just gone?

### Unbareable.

"She's dead," Travis bites harshly, glaring at the marble on the floor, "And her blood is on my hands."

#### **Chapter Forty Two**

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I stare at Travis in complete and utter astonishment while he buries his head anxiously in his hands.

"You don't mean that." I say gently, watching as his back expands when he takes slow, deep breaths.

When he li s his head up, he flashes me a chilled look.

"I do." Travis persists a er releasing my gaze, "That's the thing she was inmy hands."

I start to shake my head but he reaches out and places a firm arm on mine to stop me from interrupting him. สื

"Faye, she diedin my hands." His features turn stoic and his eyes glaze over, as if they refuse to go back into the past and relay what he is feeling. He swallows and closes his eyes while taking his arm away from mine.

"Was it—" I start to inquire before stopping my train of wording.

It had to be.

Why else is he so adamant about his whole situation—about James and the other elusive members. I remember the time I saw him mercilessly throw punches at a man. Behind the wall, shaking in my toes, I wondered how he could do so and not feel a thing, not regret his actions one bit.

"The gang?" Travis finishes my sentence seemingly unfazed.

I hold his penetratingly eden stare as a response to his question.

The corners of his mouth li and he lets out a humorless laugh. Abruptly, he brings his palms to his knees and pushes himself o of the toilet seat. Sti ly, he stalks towards the door, and I'm completely sure he's going to walk out on me. However, moments before reaching it, he turns around and begins pacing, his eyes darting around as if unwillingly reliving the memories.

"Travis, don't." I order, viscerally despising the way a hysteric crease marks an indent on his forehead.

"You need to know." He argues, still pacing.

"There's no rush." I insist.

He's shaking his head even before I finish my sentence, "I should have told you before you got drowned in this mess—maybe it would have scared you away."

I sco despite the situation, "You should have let me go when I was willing to."

"I gave you a chance," Travis retorts while I raise an eyebrow, "— At the gym."

By now he has stopped pacing and is instead standing halfway between the door and the bathtub I am occupying. He stands with his hands loosely in his pocket while I begin to straighten out of my seated position. I feel his eyes on my every move as I step over the rail and approach his stance.

"Like I said," I state before stopping a good few feet in front of him, "You should have let me go when I was willingto leave."

Upon my added attitude, he folds his arms across his chest. Even I surprise myself with my terrifyingly liberating confessions.

I just feel as if now isn't the right time for him to be telling me about his sister. Although he brought it up, I simply see it in his eyes that he isn't ready—and the last thing I want is for him to regret telling me something so intense.

"I should have." He agrees.

And in that moment, a part of me nearly cracks in half.

"Why didn't you, then?" My voice comes out more bitter, in the

same way I readjust myself. "I don't know," He reasons, frowning, "Maybe it's because

wherever I was, you always ended up seeing me at my worst. I just felt like I needed to explain."

## "I see."

"—But then, you wouldn't listen, and all I wanted to do was make you understand. It was like trying to light a match in the rain." He looks down at the floor, completely lost in his own confusion, "Eventually, I asked myself why I even cared. Making you understand would throw you into everything—so I stopped persisting. And when I stopped—" a

"That's when I started." I complete his sentence for him.

"Exactly," He nods, "And that's when you lit the flame."

I glare at him despite my childish question, "Why did light the flame?"

Travis rolls his eyes, "Do you remember that time on the beach?"

I purse my lips, "You've got to be more specific than that."

"When I was drunk?" He adds in, raising an eyebrow.

I snort, "Yeah that clarifies a lot."

He rolls his eyebrows, "When you foundme drinking from a bottle in front of your room."

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I nod, pieces of that night coming back to me as I do so. Layla and I had just gotten home, and when we spotted him there, we argued over who would go over to him and kick him o the property. Layla had gone out of her way to lock me out of the house—so I was the one who ended up having to talk to him.

"You were trying to squeeze information out of me while I was wasted." Travis states in an accusatory tone.

Immediately, I feel crimson vines crawl up to my face.

It's true. I wastrying to get some details about him—but it was only because he wouldn't give them to me himself.

"What makes you say that?" I play it cool.

He shoots me a look.

"Okay, fine." I sigh, "What's the point?"

"If I were drunk enough to give you true answers, you would be dead."

"Well honestly," I reply, "I don't think it really would have mattered how truthful you were. Because both of us now have wanted signs plastered on our foreheads."

"And whose fault is that?"

"You know what?" I shrug my shoulders, "Fine. If you really think it's my fault—feel free, but if you haven't noticed, I'm still here to stay. Youdragged me into this mess, and it's just your luck that I don't want to leave you to clean it up on your own."

He stares at me in silence as I continue on my sparked rampage. In complete thunder, I peel o my jacket and pull down the clothing around my injured arm. With shaky arms, I start to undo the knot that he had made around the scathed skin.

"What are you doing?" He demands, as I continue to peel it completely o.

I ignore him as I feel Travis come closer to where I am standing.

When at last my arm is throbbing and free, I flaunt the bruised shoulder in his face.

"I should care about this, right?" I ask, my breath coming out heavy from frantically taking o the layers that surrounded the injury. "It's my arm—of course I should—well, I don't I couldn't care less. This," I point again at my bare arm, "is all the more reason for me to stay. Do you get how crazy this sounds? Do you even understand how much you've changed me? So before you start accusing me-" a

I turn around, feeling panic rise in my chest in the familiar ways it has done so before. This doesn't even make sense—I feel completely possessed by a side of my I didn't even know existed. All this hysteria, this refusal to leave now, has caused so much stress, but I never even realized it. đ

And now it's about to come crashing down on me.

My palms begin to heat up, burning as each second ticks by. The heat leaves an odd trail of ice cold as it travel up my arms and along the circulatory paths in my body. A wave of dizziness washes over me as it reaches my forehead, and I begin to feel the corners of the room fold in around me.

"Faye," Travis calls out cautiously. It echoes in my ears, ringing but growing so er and more unrealistic on each repeated sound. " Breathe

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Subconsciously, I feel a pair of hands latch onto the spot just below my shot arm. A heavy weight presses down on the crevice of my neck, only making me feel entirely unstable and wobbly. I clamp my eyes shut before the entire world closes in on my vision.

### Breathe.

As my chest rises and falls, I try, gasping to capture a controlled breath. Moments before I feel collapse around the corner, I am able to maintain a stable pattern of inhales. With my heart still pumping at an excruciatingly fast rate, I force my eyes to relax under the influence of my breath.

"Are you taking deep breaths?" This time, his voice is loud—and awfully close to my neck.

I nod my head but keep my eyes closed.

A er a few moments, I hear him murmur, "Good."

His thumb gradually begins to trace circles on my skin, leaving a trail of goosebumps along the way. The excessive heat vanishes from my system, but Travis's presence maintains a certain amount of warmth.

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Suddenly, I feel a so touch barely below injury on my upper arm. I flinch in surprise and jerk my head to stare down. I stare in complete shock as Travis presses his lips to the skin once again.

"What—" I begin airily.

He straightens in his position but his thumb never leaves my arm.

"You should never be glad you're hurt—because watching that bullet even brushyou—it scared the living daylight out of me. "He bends down to look at me.

Just as I open my mouth to speak, we hear a bang behind the door.

Travis and I fly apart, nearly running into opposite walls, when the door flies open. Layla bursts through, completely unapologetic to her behavior, and marches right over to me.

I stand frozen, completely aware that my arm is entirely visible to her eyes. In an instant, she grabs my opposite shoulder and pushes me so that she gets a full frontal view of the marks.

Anger, full fledged rage, crosses her beast like features. She holds the phone up—the screen paused on a scene where my patched up shoulder could be slightly visible through my jacket slip. a

Layla reaches across the room and grabs my jacket o the floor before tossing it to me.

"I knew it. What the hellis going on?" She growls, looking between the two of us, "And don't skip the part where my sistergets shot!"

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Hey guys!

So, I had written this chapter LAST weekend. Literally SECONDS before I hit the publish button, my network lost connection to wattpad. I was pretty annoyed, considering I stayed up till midnight on a school night to finish it...but I figured that I could just post it the next day in the morning...NOPE.

If y'all have been wondering why I've been M.I.A for the past week, it's because my network could not form a connection to wattpad for FIVE days. Ugh. I was trying to check wattpad today, and by some miracle, it worked a er nearly a week.

I posted this chapter like my butt was on fire.

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ANYWHO, I don't know how long this on and o connection thing will last, but let's all just hope it doesn't ever happen again for more than a day haha.

I hope y'all enjoyed this chapter! Pretty emotional, huh? a

QOC: Do you think that Faye's Anxiety (shown in the form of panic attacks) makes her a weak person, or does that, in a way, make her a stronger female role? (I'm really interested in hearing what y'all think). ď

Sorry for the wait, and thank you for reading!

Can I get 65 comments?

VOMMENT

xxSummerxx

Continue reading next part □