

Chapter Fi y

∞ Recap

"Of course..." I whisper frantically, bracing a spread hand on my forehead.

Unless he knew, all along, that those guys were going to attack me.

And the only way he could know is if he planned it.

Just as that thought occurs, it's as if reality has finally come crashing down on me with full force.

I make up my mind in the split second of understanding that follows my realization. I can't waste a single second here, and I've been gone long enough.

I slide along the wall until I reach the edge and peer over the corner. I spot Chase just as he turns his head to look out the window with his chin braced on his interlaced hands.

This is it.

I take his distracted mind as an opportunity to make a break for it. I push o the wall with such force that I catch up with my feet inches away from the door handle. I don't even dare to look back as I grab onto it and push through while breaking into a full on sprint.

With my heart racing, my ears and eyes sharp and alert, and my hands pumping, I grit my teeth and force myself to run faster.

If he's following me, he has another fight coming.

And this time, I'll be the one to walk away.

∞Chapter Fi y∞

∞ ∞ Travis∞ ∞

My palms still throb from the punch I threw at Wes just a few minutes ago. Mr. Williams and I found him trying to probe through the backdoor with a metal slate in his hand.

That coward, he tried to run, but we got to him before he could even take two steps forward. If it weren't for Mr. William's reasonable temperament, I would not have stopped punching him when I did. It took every ounce of strength I had to walk away from him, and even then, Mr. Williams had to take him out of my sight. I insisted, beyond eager, to take Wes to the station myself, but he took one glance at my shaking fists and rejected.

Now, as I pace around the entrance of their home, waiting for someone, something I anxiously await Faye's arrival. I hope, that by now, she is out of the café, away from Chase—but there's no way James could make her escape that easy.

He could just come straight to me if he really wanted to. But you see, that's not where he gets his twisted version of fun. The thrill, as I remember, of being a part of his gang was not the victory itself, but rather the chase. James loves a good chase—he'll do anything, everything, to confuse his target. He waits, like an undefeatable predator, until his prey can no longer tell right from wrong, good from bad.

When my phone vibrates in my pocket, as I somewhat expected, I do not flinch. I've been expecting it. Without looking down at the screen, I hold the phone to my ear, gritting my teeth when the brash voice blares across the speakers.

"Travis." James coaxes, his voice sounding as unpleasantly suggestive as our other phone conversation.

"James." I state, keeping my voice entirely void of emotion.

"Don't sound so excited." He mocks, laughing so ly to himself.

"What is it with you and foreplay?" I question rhetorically, referring back to the time when I ordered him to quit beating around the bush.

"Ah," He replies lightly, "So you doremember all of our conversations."

When I don't reply, he continues to speak in a haughty yet deceptively humble manner. "How have you and—what's his name?" He pauses, "Masonbeendoing?"

I clamp my eyes shut as a surge of toxic anger seeps into my veins at a dangerous pace. "Fine."

"Wonderful," James hums in satisfaction, "and your girlfriend, Faye?"

I open my mouth to speak but he interrupts me.

"She is your girlfriend, I'm assuming," He muses, "Or—well, was"

I feel my heart drop, leaving a heavy and burning sensation brewing in my chest. Meanwhile, James begins to laugh loudly, the sound fluctuating in volume to my now ringing ears.

"I got you there, didn't I?" he jokes while hu ing between periods of laughter. As I recover from his twisted move in silence, he too recovers from his laughing fit. "But really," he resumes, "How is she?"

"Fine." My voice comes out low and heavy when I speak again.

"She does lookfine." James agrees, "In fact, she looks very healthy." I frown as he continues to elaborate, "...Motivated, confident even." His voice trails o and another silence envelopes us as he refrains from speaking and as I listen intently for any clues. "Wow," He marvels a er a short period of time, "She reallys running."

Then it hits me.

"James—" That is as far as I get into my threat.

"So maybe I am watching her right now." He admits, dreadfully confirming my own thoughts, "At least she looks good."

As my chest heaves, I begin to fume. I nearly clamp down on my fist to prevent myself from saying anything that will make him think he has the upper hand.

"Oh my," He continues to taunt me by animatedly narrating Faye's every move, "She's outrunning Chase!" Another pause, "She puts Chase to shame—did you teach her a few things?"

Of course, I'm not expected to respond—nor can I physically.

"It's too bad all that spirit is going to waste, huh? I mean she's running rightinto the trap." He explains in feign sympathy, "I guess I should let you know that while Faye's lovely sister was being interrogated, I personally requested that the current o icers be replaced."

"Replaced. I demand gru ly, running a hand through my hair.

"More or less," He muses, then sighs dramatically, "Well, I wanted to save you some detail, but if you must know: fiveof the seven original o icers are dead—"

"You replaced those men with men of your own." I interrupt him icily.

"Intelligent boy." James cooes, as if he is talking to an infant.

I spin around and throw my free hand in the air in distress. Without hesitation, I sprint over to the impala across the street with the intention of going to the station.

"Hey—" He begins abruptly, coyly. "Isn't that Faye's father?"

I freeze as it dawns on me, the unsettling and terrible realization that everymember of her family is headed towards or in the police station, and my go wide in fear.

"You—"

"Oh look, Faye made it inside." James cuts me o once again. "It's going to be a reunion to remember."

"Listen James" I muster out at last, my voice unforgiving and relentless, "I don't know what game you're playing at here, but I'm not falling for this."

"Don't you get it?" James growls out, his demeanor shi ing entirely, "The onlyperson fueling this fire, the only person responsible for what's going to happen, is you"

"What the hell are you are talking about." I demand

He ignores my response, "Do you remember our last family reunion?"

I bite my lip and clamp my eyes shut, holding back every emotion and memory that his question ignites. The pain, it hurts more than I can remember, having pushed it away for so long.

"I think you do," James continues, "Cassie EmmonsShe was beautiful, her death was the saddest part of my day."

Unwillingly, I remember the hand that pulled the trigger that ended her life—the careless shrug that followed—all James. I pull my head away from the phone, despising the way my eyes begin to burn just at the sole mention of her name coming from his mouth. I knew that he was going to pull this card on me, though I hoped he wouldn't. The Cassie Card.

"This game—it ends when you do." His voice comes out guttural and visceral. "If you don't want a repeat of your sister's death—many repeats—I suggest you meet us allat the police station." James pauses reflectively and adds, "Alone."

I hang up the phone and toss it forcefully onto the passenger seat.

"No, James." I Jam the key into the ignition and start the car, making a face as his name tumbles o my tongue. I think of Cassie, I think of the ways she made me stronger, I think of her courage and bravery, I think of her fiery spirit. Then, I think of revenge. "It's game over for you"

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Hey lovelies,

So wattpad is kind of annoying me with its new version of the 'my works' page. I have no idea how to keep the spacing now, it just doesn't work. I'm probably a bit too obsessive about it, considering it is the ONLY thing I can notice about the chapter. I just hate that my chapter looks so disorganized. BY THE WAY, if any of you are wondering: what the hell is up with the excessive amounts of infinity signs? Yeah that's what I mean by obsessive...I tried fixing the spacing by doing that, but it clearly isn't working and I couldn't be bothered to take them down.

Anywho, I hope y'all enjoyed Travis's point of view. I had fun writing it!

QOC: What do you think of Travis's point of view?

can I have 70 comments? (:

VOMMENT!

xxSummerxx

Continue reading next part