

Chapter Six

Revision completed. Let me know if there are any mistakes. Please leave comments and votes!

Chapter Six

Surprisingly, this week has gone by pretty well. Ever since I met up with Travis at the library, he's only talked to me once, and that was about the project.

Really.

It's actually beyond refreshing.

"Faye, wait up!" I hear someone call behind me. The petite thumping of the girl's shoes running after me immediately tells me it's Ashley.

I turn around with a huge smile on my face as I pack the remainder of my textbooks into my backpack. Ashley, Chase, and I had planned to hang out this afternoon during lunch a few days ago. To say I am excited is an understatement.

As weird as this may sound, I've never actually hung out with friends before. There was always something that I had to do—there was always some sort of catch, like maybe I'd have to pay for everything.

That's why I'm ecstatic now. For the first time ever, I get to be free and hang out with a friend free of charge.

"Ready to go?" Ashley beams, tugging me after her as we head towards the parking lot.

I nod my head giddily before realizing Chase is missing.

"Where's Chase?" I inquire curiously.

Ashley shakes her hand in a 'carefree' gesture and shrugs, "His coach decided to have a lacrosse practice. It's just you and me."

I nod, my heart sinking a little. I really was looking forward to talking to both of them more today.

"You're okay with that right?" Ashley says softly while we climb into her car, "I mean—we can always just plan it for—"

"No, no!" I interrupt quickly, my eyes widening as she pulls out of the parking lot, "It's absolutely okay."

"Oh," She states coolly, "well good!"

I roll my eyes at her sudden change in tone and laugh before she turns on some music.

The song, "We Are Never Getting Back Together" plays, and Ashley starts squealing while keeping her eyes on the road.

I grin and roll down my window, sticking my head out and listening to her horribly off-tune singing.

"We, Are never ever ever ever, getting back together!" She shouts at the top of her lungs, lifting a hand up in the air while singing 'ever'.

"Like ever." I add in a snobby tone when she starts her choral rap part.

"Whoa, that's my line Faye." Ashley warns playfully, glaring at me.

I shrug and purse my lips, "Not anymore."

She fakes an offended scoff and focuses her attention back to the road. Thirty seconds into her act, she starts to bob her head to the music again, grinning at her failed attempt to ignore me.

"So where are we going?" I ask loudly over the music.

"Winsling Beach Cafe." Ashley states, glancing into the rear view mirror while exiting the short highway, "You'll love it."

I nod my head and focus more on my surroundings just as the the song ends.

"C'mon," She prods, getting out of the car, "We get free food."

My eyes light up and she immediately giggles, "That works everytime."

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"No way." I squeal, slapping my hands on the table.

Ashley giggles and nods her head sheepishly, "It's true!"

"Ugh!" I groan playfully, "I should have payed to see you run around in a duck jump suite!"

She rolls her eyes and tucks a strand of her 'sun' behind her head, "Oh, believe me. Chase Video taped it and put it on Youtube."

My eyes widen and I cover my mouth, "Are you serious?"

"Mhmm."

"Great minds think alike." I teased, grinning when I saw the look of challenge in her eyes.

"Just wait, Faye Williams," Ashley warns with a mischievous grin on her face, "Karma is going to bite you in the butt one day."

I stare at her for a few moments before scoffing and looking out into the ocean once again. We had decided to sit outside earlier, and I am finally beginning to regret it. The cool breeze is starting to nip at my skin.

"You want to head out now?" Ashley interrupts my ranting midway, and I smile as a 'yes'.

We both wait a few moments as the friendly waiter, a friend of Ashley's says her goodbye before we head back.

The cafe lights made the evening sky a little brighter, but now that it is gone, everything seems to have gotten a whole lot darker. The sun is slowly disappearing behind the lapping waves, and the shadows of the palm trees are beginning to fade along with it's tall outline on the sandy surface of the beach.

"That was fun," I state as we walk around the Cafe to our car.

"Yeah we'll do it again sometime." She chirps, jingling her keys in her hands.

"Hey, I'll be right back," I say abruptly when I spot a trash bin on the side of the building, "I'm just going to throw some stuff away."

"Go for it." Ashley replies smoothly.

I turn around and start digging through the purse I had brought along with me. This past week has been one of the best weeks of my life.

And no, it didn't involve partying for that matter.

This week showed me that I can live my life to the fullest.

I pull out the pictures I had saved of my old mother.

God knows why I kept it.

I figured maybe I'd miss her, but I guess I proved myself wrong.

I don't miss her slaps, her screams, her angry face, her late night visitors or anything else that is in distance of her.

I don't miss her.

A sudden feeling of determination rushes through my body, lighting my blood on fire as I stare empty at the face I once knew. Before I know it, I grab the picture and chuck it in the dumpster bin like it is highly diseased. I dig in my bag and find three more, leading it to the same fate the first picture had.

Not ever again.

Just as I'm about to chuck the last one in the bin, I feel a cold hand grab my free arm and lock it firm.

Panic settles in and the picture in my hand drops to the floor.

"Wha—"

Another hand is slapped over my mouth before I can get one word out. Instantly, my palms become warm and sweaty. Dread fills my senses and I attempt to let out a muffled scream. I begin to thrash around, my legs flailing in the air, but it's no use.

Before I know it, I'm being lifted by my waist, my feet still kicking, and lead to the back of the building.

Scream, yell, talk. Don't give up!

Another yell makes way past my mouth but it comes out as a mere groan. My body begins to shake so much, I can barely stay still.

Without much thought, I force my mouth open and bite down on the hand on my lips.

Think, think, think!

The man, as I collect, grunts and momentarily loosens his grip on me. With his other hand still grasping my arm, I shove it back into his gut, hoping it will do some good. He grunts again and I repeat the action again.

Right as I'm about to use my feet, I hear a masculine voice growl, "Don't talk, and I'll make it quick."

I hear a small whimper escape my own lips as he tightens his arm around my neck. His hand latches tightly onto my shoulder, leaving me very little room to position my head—or breathe, for that matter.

"Ay!" Another deep voice shouts behind me, "Get your hands off her."

"Fuck off, I'm busy." The man grasping my neck growls out.

In a final attempt to get him off me, I kick backwards, hoping to hit him hard enough to make him loosen his grip.

It does no good.

Suddenly, he stumbles back, releasing his lock around me. I spin around, ready to run, but the man is already running off in the direction he came from. Startled and out of breath, I lean back against the wall and rake a trembling hand through my sticky hair.

The other hand travels to my neck, trying to soothe the burning and bruises I'm sure will be present tomorrow.

"Oh my..." I stutter, panting. It's still a little hard to breathe, considering it hurts to take long breaths, but the pain doesn't affect me as much as the events that just unraveled in front of me do.

"Are you okay?"

I push off from the wall and whip around, ready to run.

"Whoa, whoa." The same voice calls from the right, "It's okay. Everything is okay."

A little voice in the back of my head sends a trigger message, telling me the voice is familiar, but I refuse to believe it. Only when the man steps out of the shadows do I relax.

Travis, with his hands above his head, takes one slow step towards me, as if startling me would send me running.

Actually, that's seems just about right.

"Travis," I breathe, watching his every move.

"Are you hurt?" He asks again, coming closer when he doesn't see me objecting.

I shake my head immediately and rub my neck, "Not badly."

By now, he is right in front of me. The contours of his bruised face and chiseled jawline are more prominent than ever. He stares at me with an intense look, almost as if he's guilty.

"Let me see." He demands, reaching out for my wrists.

"No!" I jerk away and make a move to step around him. He quickly puts his hand out by his side, blocking me from going forward. I retreat back ungracefully and send him a glower.

He returns my stare with a glare of his own and gently pushes me back in front of him.

"Let me see," He repeats, "I'm not going to hurt you."

This time, when he reaches his hand out to observe my wrists, I let him, knowing that if I don't, I'll just end up getting shoved back. Besides, even if I wanted to leave, I wouldn't be able to because his body is positioned in the direction I'd have to walk out from.

Wordlessly, he lowers his hands and I watch as his eyes travel up my arms and to my neck. I don't know what he has seen or whether it looks as bad as it feels, but there certainly is something.

I throw my hand up, "What is it?"

He catches my wrist and holds it down as he takes his own and tilts my neck back. I try and protest but he silences me with an icy glare. Moments later, he drops my wrist but I don't dare move. His hand travels to my neck and he takes two fingers and gently dabs it.

I wince and try to step back, but he keeps his hold firm.

"Travis," I mumble, "I'm not a lab rat. It does hurt."

He drops his hand and looks back at me with an undetectable expression on his face.

"Your hands will be fine but that's going to swell." He states, completely ignoring what

I said before.

I nod, resisting the urge to roll my eyes and tell him that much was obvious. As much as I don't like the idea, he saved me from god knows what.

"Thank you." I mutter, bringing my hands back up to my neck.

He nods briskly before looking the direction the man ran in, "Do you have any clue why he could have been after you?"

"Something tells me he just wants sex." I state, my voice harsh and cold.

"Did you get a look at him?"

I shake my head, "No, he was too fast."

"Faye!" A feminine voice interrupts us and I whirl around to face the direction I was dragged in from.

Ashley rounds the corner, her hair flying in her face, with a worried expression. As soon as she sees me, her shoulders slump slightly and her eyes go back to their normal size.

"God damn you," She curses, yanking me in for a hug, "What the hell took you so long?"

I pull back and shrug, "Sorry, I was emptying out things from my bag. Guess I got caught up."

"Yeah just a bit!" She exclaims sarcastically, her eyes roaming around. She tenses slightly when she catches sight of Travis standing solo behind us.

Her eyes dart to mine before flying back to his.

"What is he doing here?" She looks back at me and asks in a lowered voice.

I stare at her, not knowing how to answer her question without revealing to her what she really missed out on.

"I made a stop to this café," Travis pitches in, his voice rough and serious.

"Oh. Okay." Ashley says, her eyes slightly widening again when she realizes he heard her. Then, she looks back at me and says, "Well, let's go then. It's getting cold."

"Actually, can I get a lift?" Travis asks before I can respond back to Ashley.

She stares at him incredulously before stepping forward. She opens her mouth to say something, but even before it leaves her lips, I can tell it's going to be bad.

"Don't you have your own car?" Ashley asks, her question coming out more as a reminder.

Travis raises an eyebrow, "I ran."

I quickly step in and place a hand on her shoulder.

"Ashley," I say quietly, "it's okay."

She looks back at me with a bewildered expression, as if I've grown to heads. The face I give her next must have been enough to convince her because she turns her head and motions for him to follow along.

"Just this once." She mutters while walking ahead.