

Chapter Seven

All chapters previous this point have been edited.

From here on out, the chapters are going to be different from what was originally written. I was debating whether or not to simply change the grammatical errors or to change everything.

I decided the latter.

I might as well, considering my original plot doesn't interest me as much anymore.

This one is MUCH more interesting and has a lot more father-daughter involvement. I realized my mistakes by rereading it and I've also corrected character flaws to make them more realistic.

With this said, please give me feedback and votes.

Chapter eight will be posted tomorrow.

Thank you for reading.

VOMMENT.

xxSummerxx

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Chapter Seven

"Faye!"

Just as I shut the front door closed, I hear dad's footsteps patter closer to where I am standing. I repress a repulsive curse word as he approaches me, and I attempt to zip my jacket up past my neck to hide whatever marks were left there.

"Hey dad," I say, folding my cut-sleeve arms across my chest.

"Hey?" He remarks, turning the light switch in the kitchen on so he could get a better look at me.

To my disappointment, he's quite displeased. The usual smile on his face has dimmed down into a straight, pursed line. His eyes are lit into a frown and his arms are in the same position as mine.

I didn't have the strength in me to fight back, nor the confidence, so I simply stared up at him wordlessly. In my mind, I was begging him to turn that frown upside down. I didn't want him upset me this short time we've been here.

"It's almost ten." He states, looking up at the clock above my head.

I nod my head and look down, "Sorry, I was out with Ashley and I lost track of time."

I hear him sigh and I look up to see whether he's angrier by my words. Only, he is more confused than angry now.

I sweep a hand across my cheek, throwing some loose strands of hair out of my face in the process. It's only when I catch him eyeing my wrist that I realize what mistake I've made.

Immediately, my hand shoots down and I fold them back again.

He looks up at me with suspicious eyes, "What happened to your hand?"

I feel my face turn hot, but I try to play it off, knowing if I falter, he'll know something happened.

"I almost walked into a pole today but Ashley snatched my hand before I could." I state.

He shakes his head and puts his hand out, "Let me see."

"Dad, really it's fine—"

"—Let me see." He interrupts, unfazed.

Despite my pounding heart, I can't help but feel a sense of déjà vu when he keeps repeating 'let me see'. I only get dried away in my thoughts momentarily until dad gives me an expectant look.

Hesitantly, I unfold my arms and give him my wrist—lucky for me, he saw the one that had minor damages to it.

He grabs it and turns it around, his eyes scrutinizing every knitch and panny, as if something mysterious would pop out when he wasn't looking. It took a couple minutes, but once he was satisfied, he gave me back my hand.

"It's bruised." He states, rubbing his eyes, "Now, either Ashley pulled very hard, or you're not telling the truth."

I gulp, not knowing how else to counter his statement, but I manage to keep my expression guilt-free. I raise an eyebrow and shake my head.

"No lies," I press, "I guess she pulled harder than we thought." ³

Dad looks down and then gives me a sad smile. He gives my shoulder a small pat before turning and heading for the stairs.

I watch in awe, my heart somewhat breaking, as he makes his way up the steps. For some reason, I can tell he knows I'm not telling the truth. It kills me to have to lie to him, but I don't want to be any trouble—especially since before I came, there really wasn't any. I want to be that perfect daughter, and I can't be unless everything seems normal.

I scratch my head and look around, cringing when I feel pain shoot through my neck. Dropping my hands, I walk over to the kitchen and sit on the chair of the island counter. Alone, I try to sort out what I have to do now. What I could do to help myself and move on.

However, all I can think of is the way that man just grabbed me. As much as I tried not to remember, it felt just like the way it did when mom's men came after me. Although nothing ever ended up happening, it always felt like hours of hell. Today brought back more memories that I'd rather trash out along with my pictures of mom. I just felt terrible, knowing that I moved here to forget about my past. Yet, everything I did reminded me of what I left behind—good or bad. It's like no matter how hard I try, I can't forget what haunted me.

What still haunts me.

All I wanted to do was stay out of trouble, yet all I end of doing is getting into it.

I throw my bag on the table and place my head between my elbows. The throbbing in my neck increases momentarily at the level change, but I ignore it and let it dim down on its own. Then, I let my mind drift, letting all my worries display themselves in front of me.

Travis.

From the moment Layla told me he was bad, I knew it couldn't be that bad. I still believe so, mainly because I've never seen him do something that would give him such a reputation. Besides his horrible temper and death glares, I don't see why people are so deathly afraid of him. He irks me, yet I've only known him a few days. It's what truly gets to me. He keeps all these emotions bottled up inside himself that he finally has to let them go somehow. The only thing keeping me curious is the fact that, in a way, he seems like me.

Nevertheless, I can't help but feel there is something more. Something he is hiding. I don't want to know, yet at the same time, I feel like knowing will help me. It's as if he's the fire and I'm the stick. Once I truly figure out what's going on, I'll be tossed into the fire, whether I wanted to or not.

Suddenly, I feel my phone vibrate and my elbow slips off the table. As it does so, my chin bounces and scrapes the edge of the counter, making me moan in agony.

"Damn," I groan, rubbing my chin furiously.

I pivot my attention to the phone, not sure whether to be angry at the table for hitting me, or the phone for interrupting my thoughts. Only when it continues to vibrate do I decide to move on and pick it up.

"Hello?" I answer, shocking myself at how tired I sound.

"Faye, you answered." The voice on the other line replies, pure shock evident.

I tear the phone away from my ear and stare at it in bewilderment.

Right on the Caller ID, it says Mom. I mentally curse myself and bang my fist on my knee at my stupidity for not checking the ID first. Anger coils up in my veins and I put the phone back to my ear.

"Get a hint, mother" I say sarcastically, "Leave me alone."

I hear her laughter on the other end, allowing me to come to the conclusion that she is drunk.

"Mom, you need help." I say seriously yet still disgusted, "Are you drunk?"

She snorts, "Yes, but that's not why I'm laughing."

I roll my eyes and sigh, "Okay, well I'm hanging up."

"Well before you do that," She says quickly, her voice turning sober, "I just thought you'd want to know I'm having you traced—"

Horror struck, I shove the phone away from me, but I can still hear her voice. My heart is pounding a mile a minute and I scramble out of my seat.

"—Every second you spend on the phone is a second closer for me to find out where you are hiding—"

I charge over to my phone and hit 'end' before I can hear anything else. When I back away, I notice my breaths are short and quipped, as if I'm panting.

Without hesitating, I go to the base of the stairs and call out, "Dad?"

Moments later, Dad appears at the door and starts to come out when he sees me at the bottom.

"What's wrong?" He replies as soon as he sees the horror on my face.

"Mom is onto me."

Continue reading next part