

Chapter Nineteen

Long time, no see.

Well. It's summer now, so wooh.

Can I get votes and 11 comments?

VOMMENT.



Recap

I've always been a sucker to motorcycles anyways.

I look back at Travis and li one shoulder, "Okay."

Shock crosses his features momentarily before quickly being replaced with a cool control over his emotions. He walks around and throws his leg over the top, straddling himself comfortably near the handle. Once he brings his attention to me, I step forward and size the beauty before going about my turn.

I take a final, brief glance around before swinging my leg over the seat. The rumble of his motorbike beneath my feet spikes as I settle down behind Travis. I grab onto the leather part of the seat on either side of me and distance myself as far as I can get. I hear Travis hu impatiently as he reaches over and carelessly chucks me a helmet.

"Wear it." He demands, "I don't want anyone seeing you."

I sco and roll my eyes while sinking it over my head, "How charming."



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Whatever distance had been between Travis and I at the beginning of the ride was all sealed. My hands that had been gripping the leather seat are now wrapped entirely and dangerously around his torso. At first he was tense, coiled up like a spring; however, as time went on, he relaxed. It seemed in that moment, the hatred level had lowered for a slight instant.

I have never felt such a liberating exhilaration as this. There is a swell in my chest, not of awe, but of rebellious roots. The wind that whips my face, which was previously classified as painful, transforms into a so caress that tantalizes my emotions.

Yet, with this eerie calm comes a contrasting, deadly rumble. The rumble of the bike. Its feral growls echo through my veins, pumping blood faster to my heart. The rumble of the bike travels from my resting feet straddling the sides, to the tips of my tingling fingertips coiled around Travis.

As we round corners and speed by residential areas, the rumble grows louder and the wind beats faster. Occasionally, Travis slams the breaks, causing my face to ram harshly into the jagged contours of his chiseled shoulders. Momentarily, I'll scowl at the back of his head and silently scream as my heartbeat thumps in my lower lips. But as the adrenaline pumping experience carries on, I find my anger floating away with breeze.

At last, when I'm most definitely not ready to jump o , we enter our street. The wind vanishes, the rumble hushes, and the exhilaration dies. Meanwhile, my ears are still ringing, similar to the way a seashell on a beach carries the sounds of the waves. Passing by a few of the mansions, covered in glass and coated with sun, a bittersweet smile possesses my lips

The smile that occupied my lips quickly vanishes, however, as we approach the court drive of my house. I let out a small gasp as my hands fall limply by my sides.

"What on earth..." I mumble, my eyes captivated by three police cars parked by the entrance.

Travis cuts o the engine a little out of view and I stay put, trying to piece together some explanation. Instead of calming myself, I feel numb. The adrenaline that once engulfed my senses is now replaced with a bitter nothing. So as my feet move on their own accord, stumbling robotically o the bike, I follow, my eyes narrowing in on one area.

Just as I'm about to take a step forward, Travis calls my name. I turn around, ready to tell him to leave, but he stares at me with a vacant look that most likely reflects my own.

"My helmet would be nice?" He says, his voice heavy with sarcasm.

Rather than wasting my time to come up with a remark of my own, I pull the helmet o my head and walk over to him. He holds his hands out and I shove it in his grasp.

"Thank you." I state gru ly before turning on my heels for the door again.

This time, I feel two hands grasp my upper arm and yank me back.

I viscerally snatch my hand out of his grip and shoot him an icy glare, "Travis—"

"What did you do now Williams?" He interrupts, the thin line of his lips transforming into cunning smile.

"Seriously?" I narrow my eyes and step back, "I don't have time for this."

"Really?" He forces a laugh and takes a glance behind me. "But you have time for crimes?"

"Says the infamous Travis Emmons." I retort, brushing a strand of hair out of my face.

"Well seeing as we've both got some history with cops, I figured —"

"I am nothinglike you." I cut him o and jab my finger at his chest. My voice comes out low and completely unrecognizable.

Travis breaks eye contact with me to stare at my finger on his chest. Then, he slowly li s his gaze and steps forward as I keep my hand directed at him. "Admit it. You're justlike me."

I shake my head and turn to walk away. I only make it one step before he grabs me again. He takes another look at the entrance and I take the moment to pry his arms o of me again.

"You like to think you're di erent, but you're not." He continues, shrugging his shoulders nonchalantly.

I open my mouth to snap back, but a shrill scream takes my words away. I briefly stare in confusion at Travis, before he takes one look behind me. Instantly, I do the same, my back facing him.

The entrance of the door slams open even further as Laura, Layla, Wes, my dad, and two cops come storming out the door.

"That's her!" A voice shouts, cracking and slurring.

A river of dread slithers through me as I recognize that voice. Harsh and cold, bitter and mushed.

Slowly, I turn, my fists clenching and unclenching, to face my struggling mother. Clumsily stumbling down the stairs, her hair fizzy and disheveled—a good resemblance of her over all life—she points a shaky finger at me, her eyes overcome with excitement. Followed behind her is the third cop, sprinting and shouting a er her.

"She's mine!" She continues to shout.

I want to do something—to move or stop her, but I'm stuck. The dread that took over my muscles paralyzed the functions of my body as well. I could simply stare in astonishment, confusion, and rage.

Once the first cop catches up to her, I watch as my mother writhes and wriggles to break free. The other cops and everyone else follow a er.

"You can't take her from me!" My mom screams, "She's MYdaughter!"

"Julie Williams—" The first starts to say, tugging at mom's arms, "You are under arrest for the break in and violation of private and residential property. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will—"

"Faye Williams is my daughter," Mom shakes her head violently and kicks her feet, "I'm doing this for her!"

Moments of silence go by as the other two cops and the first one wrestle her to the car. In an infinite struggle, the o icers recite to her the Miranda rights and I place a hand on my mouth in horror.

"I'm coming back for you Faye!" She shouts, right as the cops slam the door shut.

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