

Chapter Twenty-One

Recap

This paralyses grows, like the roots of a tree, and I begin to panic when I realize I the only thing I can move now are my eyes. Even then, my lids begin to droop and I'm afraid to close them.

It feels as if millions of bricks are placed on top of me, su ocating me as I at last give up the fight.

Just as I'm about to close my eyes, a sharp jolt catches my attention. Through blurry vision, I can make out those eden green eyes and the thin, angry outline of bruised lips.

Oh hell.

Travis Emmons.

"Faye, look at me." Travis says gru ly, squeezing my face, "You can't close your eyes."

Even in my state, I try to come up with something snarky, but I can't. The words that come to the edge of my tongue slip out in a strange sound as my pounding head lolls to the side.

"God dammit," He groans again, his breath still heavy and labored, "You're an idiot."

Chapter Twenty-One

I can't sleep.

This heavy pounding in my head, throbbing as if nails are being hammered, beats faster than my heartbeat and louder than my rushing blood. I remember Travis taking me to his place—as I had gone into and out of consciousness on the ride home—but I don't know how long I've been here.

My eyes flow open as I hear murmurs for the millionth time. The white, glassy room penetrates my delicate pupils and causes a strange, discomforting sensation at the top of my temple. As I groan and place a hand to my forehead, I hear the murmurs again.

Gently, I li my head up, glancing past a white washed wall and into an openly lit area. A burning curiosity, despite my condition, urges my feet o the plush mattress and over to the slightly propped open door. I slip past it and take one slow, gradual steps.

Silently, I glide along the surface of the wall, making minimal noise in an attempt to tune in on the so mumbling. Peering across the corner, I spot none other than Travis with his back facing me. One hand is gripping a phone while the other is roughly grasping chunks of his hair.

I frown and then will myself to ignore the gradually increasing throbbing pulsating throughout my skull. Yet, as I try to gain a good ear on his conversation, the blood rushing to my head and down prevents me from catching on.

Instead, I hear small phrases, or tid bits of the conversation. It's like trying to fit together a thousand piece jigsaw.

Nearly impossible.

I try to edge a little closer, jutting my knee as if that could help. Placing my clammy hands on the wall, I lean forward even more.

His voice becomes clearer, sometimes coming and going, but I can easily detect the anger and bitter frustration in his tone. Each time he speaks, he snaps, shaking his head or throwing in a humorless chuckle. Then, for a time, he goes silent; however, by the way he exhales, his shoulders rising and sinking in a slow movement, I can tell he's fuming.

"I thought I told—" upon some miracle, I begin to hear him clear as day,—"no. I—" He pauses impatiently again,—"No, you listen. This is serious. When I say to get it done, I god damn mean to get it done"

Sure enough, he's raging. The hand that was in his hair a few moments ago drops to his side in a clenched fist. I gulp, pondering at his unrestrained anger, and gently rest my head against the wall.

"Well," He draws sarcastically while starting to turn around, "Clearly that didn't happen—are you even on my side?"

Upon realizing his actions, I widen my eyes and lurch further back as gracefully as I can. My heart begins to pound as his footsteps and breathing approaches me. I place a hand over my mouth to prevent a groan when the increase in my heart rate causes the palpitating sensation in my skull to hammer down mercilessly.

"It's a little too late for that," He nearly snaps, his voice now rotund, "She's already involved."

My heart rate quickens even more as I muse nervously over his words. A small, incessant feeling in the pit of my stomach, churning to no end, whispers that he's talking about me. That the 'she' is Faye Williams in the flesh and bone.

But what, why?

I feel my ears turn hot and my breath start to become ragged and heavy. My vision suddenly turns prickly, narrowing in at the end of the hall and then fading in a taunting manner. The world around me begins to rotate, spinning clockwise and then jerking back in the alternate direction. In attempt to stabilize myself, I reach out to grasp the wall; however, even the wall seems to crumble and twirl at my fingertips.

"Faye!" I hear the same astonished voice call my name. Instead of the low, gru tone, his words vibrate like shrill drums in my temple.

Travis enters my line of sight and he too begins to swirl around. Even as he approaches me, his voice sounds distant and hushed compared to the sound of the blood and sweat and tears and breathing rushing past my ears.

"Hey," He tries again.

When I can't respond, he places both his hands on my shoulders and presses my down. Normally, I wouldn't have budged, but my weak knees make his touch look more forceful than that of reality. Instantaneously, my knees collapse and I flop to the floor, releasing a jarred, painful exhale.

I clamp my eyes shut and attempt to relax, but I can't. Each time I think about being calm, I remember how I can't breathe—and the whole cycle restarts. I look down and try to hold my breath to prevent it from coming out so ragged, but that only makes things worse.

"Faye," Travis calls, squeezing my shoulders, "Look at me."

I li my head and wince as my wheezing starts to scratch at the base of my throat. My hand flies to my neck instinctively before curling around something firm and stable.

Travis ducks his head to meet my gaze, and our eyes lock amidst my racing emotions. He opens his mouth to speak, but I only catch words as they fall out of his mouth.

Watch. Don't. Calm. Think. Okay.

As I struggle to understand what he's saying, I feel my lungs liberate and release for a longer amount of time. His lips, which form an o shape, easily reflect deep breathing. My heart rate gradually drops while my vision becomes clearer and still. As a matter of fact, the world had stopped rotating as well, and I become completely and regrettfully aware of my surroundings.

There is a slight buzzing ringing in my ears by the time my breath is even and slow, but it's nothing compared to a few moments ago.

As I sit there in silence, recovering from what I can gauge as my second panic attack in less than two weeks, I feel my face grow warm under a pair of heated eyes.

"Are you okay?" Travis finally speaks, breaking the awkward, yet comfortable safe silence.

I glance around me and then back at him before nodding, "I think so."

At my confirmation, his eyebrows drop and his shoulders visibly relax. He shi s his gaze to his arms, which are still firmly gripping my shoulders. Only, I realize soon enough that my hand had been curled around his arm for the time being.

Instantly, I tear my fingers away from his and ball my fists as if to cover my actions. As I do so, Travis drops his hands from my shoulder and starts to get up, leaving me kneeling on the floor.

He clears his throat and I watch with guarded eyes as he ru les his hair again. I finally manage to look away and I spot his phone lying on the edge of a burgundy table nearby.

The sight of the phone reminds me of what he was talking about earlier and the same burning curiosity arises. My brain starts churning at all the endless possibilities of what he could've meant.

Just as I open my mouth to ask him, he takes a step back and steals my chance to talk.

"Come with me," He interrupts hastily, his eyes glazing over my facial features, "You reopened a few of your scratches."

Before I can even muster a response, he turns his back to me and walks o in the other direction. With a permanent frown set in stone, I slowly fumble to my toes and trace his footsteps all the way to the bathroom. Once he sees that I'm inside, he gently kicks the door shut and switches the lights on.

"Why'd you close the door?" I inquire suspiciously while trying to keep a cool demeanor.

He glances up and raises an eyebrow, "My brother is upstairs."

"Oh." Is my brilliant reply.

The corners of his mouth tilt up as he refocuses on setting the first aid kit on the counter behind me.

While digging through the kit, he asks, almost in a taunting manner, "Are you scared?"

"Who were you on the phone with?" I shoot, evading his question and pushing straight to the point.

Travis's hand tenses when I mention the phone call, and I know I've hit a nerve. His reaction sparks a sense of bitter unease in my gut, as I know I've been thrown into something big.

With a slight shake of his head, he brings an alcohol swab up to my cheek.

"That's none of your concern." He mumbles right before dabbing the disinfectant onto my skin.

The notorious stinging sensation shoots through my nerves cluttered near my cheek, and I bite my lip in agony. My fingers curl around the edge of the counter to redirect some of the pain.

He watches me the entire time, and I can't help but think he did that on purpose in an attempt to shut me up.

When the pain subsides, I retort, "I think it is."

Travis clenches his jaw before removing the slightly bloody swab. He turns around to throw it in the trash can.

"You're wrong." He states coldly, as if that is the final say.

I roll my eyes and glare as he turns back around.

"Then why'd you say 'she's already involved?'" I press, leaning forward when he doesn't respond or look up, I take that as an opportunity to push further. "She's me, isn't it."

Travis looks up and isolates his gaze on me. He seems less fazed at our proximity than I am. In fact, he leans forward even more while I gradually tilt back in surprise.

"Drop it ."He demands, placing his hand on either side of the counter.

I force a sco , my palms turning clammy all over again. "How can you say that?"

He flashes me an oblivious look, "Easily."

A surge of rekindling frustration shoots through my wrists and I shi in my position. I bring my hand out from under the counter and give him a firm shove.

As he stumbles back, I snap hotly, " Travis I was attacked today!"

"I know that!" He grinds out, folding his arms across his chest.

"Really?" I throw my arms in the air and look around, "What else do you know! I mean, if you've got anything up your sleeve, like about how I'm currently talking to a psychopath—that would be god damn nice to know! There is a—"

"Faye!" He shouts, holding a hand up in front of me, "Just—shut up"

I stare at him, my chest heaving and my ears ringing, partially in disbelief and the other half in rage. I place a hand on my head and clamp my eyes shut and grit my teeth as hard as I possibly can to gain control.

"You know what?" I finally say, my voice unnaturally calm, "I'll find out myself."

I push o the counter, not bothering to look back, and tug at the door. I step out and exhale just as Travis calls my name.

"Wait—" He says, his voice coming out strangled, intertwined with irritation and hope, "Just—stay home and lay low for a while."

"Why?" I urge, my voice low and quiet, " Just give me one reason why."

Travis looks at me for a moment longer before exhaling and turning away. He clenches his jaw and fists his hair in agitation while I simply stare, my heart beating and hoping that he will just—tell me.

"I—" He opens his mouth, his eyes bright; however, he falters. "I —Faye...the less you know, the better."

I narrow my eyes and slump my shoulders, "Not good enough." a1

With that, I spin on my heel, wincing as my head starts to throb drastically, and storm o . a1

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Heyo!

Thank you for giving me comments yesterday! I really enjoyed reading them—and I would love to continue enjoying them.

Now, this chapter is going to make you either hate Travis, hate Faye, or both...I can tell. a1

But I ask you to put yourself in their shoes—try and understand each person's perspective. With that said, Do you have a preference? Which character are you leaning towards at this moment—why? :) a1

I'll let you know what I think in the next chappiel!

Can I get votes and at least 15 comments?

VOMMENT. a1

xxSummerxx

Continue reading next part