

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Recap

Travis jerks up and covers the distance with determination in his dead set gaze. I watch with caution as he places both his hands on my shoulders. He leans down at stares at me levelly.

“Yes?” He corrects, “You can”

“I’m sorry Travis,” I reply, stepping out of his grip, “But I can’t.”

Before he can say anything else—before I can—I spin on my heel, grab my bag, and fast walk out of the room. Travis doesn’t say a word, and I don’t expect him to.

As I start to jog down the hallway, I feel tears brim at the ridges of my eyes. Shock, confusion, frustration, anger...all these emotions cloud my senses, leaving me an emotional wreck. My heartbeat starts to grow louder, louder than the pumping of my blood, and I hear it travel through every inch of my body.

The only thing I can think of now is getting home.

I push further and use my body to ram through the entrance of the gym door. Only, when I glance up, I notice the same three people the le the building earlier blocking my escape route.

With their hands in their pockets, and smirks on their faces, they watch in amusement as I start to walk backwards.

“Hello Faye,” One of them states, grinning at my retreating figure.

Twenty Seven

Travis

I gasp for the air that had le my lungs so quickly when I chucked my boxing gloves across the room. My heaving only makes me more frustrated, and my fingers throb with a seductive urge to destroy something.

Clumsily, I seize my du le bag by its handles and struggle to swing it away from me. The betrayal and disbelief that bleeds through my reopened scars makes my vision blurry and red. Red for all the anger directed right at Faye.

Another surge of incredulity passes through me as I replay the entire conversation I had with her. Just thinking about it—about the way she looked at me—it makes my guts clench with a feeling I’ve never expressed since I le the gang. Hurt.

I slam the gym bag to the floor in agony when its handles become too tangled in my grip for me to chuck. A resounding thud echoes in the empty room, and I look around at last, angrily brushing a hand through my hair in the process.

I’m furious with her—furious over the fact that she can’t just stay at my side and believeme. I’m angry over how defenseless and hopeless I feel whenever it comes to persuading her.

Truth be told, I’m done.

I exhale sharply while bringing a hand to rest on my forehead. In an attempt to calm myself down, I clamp my eyes shut, trying to visualize my next move. As much as it contradicts everything I have been saying and thinking, I don’t have a choice. I have to do this alone now. I can’t have someone always second-guessing me—I can’t have Faye running away from me, not when she can get killed in the blink of an eye.

Absentmindedly, I rub my temples as the stress elevates to an unbareable pressure. The pounding grows excessively louder each time I probe at the corners of my brain.

“Shit.” I groan once I come to a dead end on each possibility.

The humming of blood rushing across my head is so loud and sluggish that I nearly miss the sound of voices in the near distance. However, as I listen closely, I am able to pick out the mu led conversations. At the thought of having company who could witness my inner battle, I begin to storm around the room, rounding up all my thrown workout equipment and stu ing them back in my bag.

Vacancy rushes over my features as I head out the door and into the hallway. Just then, the door swings wide open, followed by stumbling footsteps. Chains rattle a few moments later and the latches click with a heavy sound ect.

I arch an eyebrow, suspicious immediately rising in my stomach. Gently, I stop shu ling around and focus on listening intently for any other signs.

Definitely a lock down.

My heart races in anticipation despite my outer tranquility and I take an ultimate glance in the direction of the door. The steps from earlier grow louder, and I automatically shove myself against the inside corner of the gym wall.

Despite the seriousness, a humorless smirk appears on my lips, tugging at the corners of my mouth. I think of how desperate Grenage must be getting—considering that the member coming to get me is leaving a loud trail of noise behind him.

As swi ly and quietly as I can, I lower my du le and grab a gun I had tucked into the back of my jeans. Bringing it right near my chest level, I hold it close and wait for mere seconds.

By now, the footsteps are heavy but I continue to remain still, only moving my eyes from one corner to the next. I lick my chapped lips in anticipation and lower my hands so that the gun is facing straight down and so that my finger is ready to pull on the trigger.

I take a mental count of three, noting that on one I’ll jump out and take aim. Chances are that both of us will be armed and ready to shoot—so it’s simply a matter of who pulls the trigger first.

Three.

As I count down, my body slowly seeps into a state of contagious numbness. Every muscle, every bone, every ligament feels like a heavy, senseless burden. The thudding grows louder and closer, but the sounds start to fade out. My vision also begins to narrow in, showing me only parts of what I should normally be able to see.

Two.

I step back automatically and shake the gun slightly so that I know it’s still there. By now, I can hear nothing but the incomprehensible ringing bouncing in my ears. My tunnel vision turns into a narrow beam which is extremely sharp and heightened—only focusing on one spot at a time.

One.

Despite every warning signal in my body, I place one foot in front of the other with speed. I li my gun, my eyes darting for the target to aim at. Suddenly, the ringing in my ears stops; however, the silence remorsefully sounds louder than the tedious ringing within. With lightening speed, I narrow my brows and think of the trigger aimed at my target.

“Whoa,” A voice shouts shakily, “Wait!”

The evident panic laced in the vocals snaps me out of my daze. Viscerally, I drop the gun upon realizing the familiar voice and allow its pang to bring me back to life.

It falls and I instantly whip my gaze to the hysterical Faye in front of me. I only stare at her for a second before she reaches forward and shoves my chest while constantly moving her mouth.

“Travis!” She shouts and shoves me again, “They’re here!”

I don’t need to hear it again to understand what she means. It’s as if something in me clicks at her words, and my body starts to function at its normal pace again. I take a quick glance at the direction of the door before fixing my gaze back on Faye.

“Who is it and where are they?” I demand, taking her by the waist and pulling her behind me.

With her eyes wide and breathing heavy, she points over my shoulder, “just outside the door—three of them.”

As she informs me, I reach down, grab my gun, and fully arm it with bullets I kept in my pocket. She remains silent as I hold it between us and lock it with a few resounding clicks.

I know what she’s thinking about the gun, and from the way she’s staring at me, I know what she feels towards me.

I have to do this alone, I remind myself, alone.

I pretend to ignore the doubt that flashes through her eyes while I shove the gun back into my jeans.

A er I’ve tucked it in, I reach forward and place two hands on Faye’s shoulders.

“Okay,” I state calmly, bending so that I am at her eye level, “I’m going to go out—you stay here—it’s me they want.”

“No.” She begins shaking her head even before I’m done.

My shoulders slump at her adamant stubbornness and I squeeze her shoulders slightly in agitation, “Listen, when I said stay here I wasn’t asking you.”

“Give me the gun.” Faye continues on, as if I hadn’t told her clearly that she wasn’t going to be involved in the first place.

I stare at her in astonishment, “What?”

Her jaw flexes, a mask of determination washing over her features. She straightens in her stance and brushes her fingers through her nettled strands of bunched hair.

“I trust you and I want to be apart of this.” She states calmly, acting completely oblivious to her previous beliefs on ‘trust and Travis’.

“Five minutes ago you didn’t.” I rebuke, starting to back away in irritation, “Just stay here so that I can take you back home in one piece and let you live your life—then you wont even have to deal with me.”

“Travis—”

“Stay. Here.” I order, silencing her immediately with my anger laced tone.

In her quietness, I turn on my heel and begin to walk slowly towards the locked doors. The pounding had stopped, and I know now that the silence is the deadliest weapon pointed against me.

Grenage’s mates never give up. Ever.

With a calculating movement, I observe the chains on the door and ponder upon my first step. Just as I reach for one of the locks, I feel Faye come up behind me.

I grit my teeth in agitation as she stands there in what I can guarantee to be her hip poseOne knee jutted out and her opposing arm planted on her hip.

“I’m coming whether you like it or not.” She states, leaving behind no room for much argument.

I nearly growl out at her persistency. I don’t find her declaration humorous; rather, I find a mysterious and foreign sense of desperation enter my system. Desperation intertwined with frustration and something I can’t put a finger on—nor do I ever want to.

In a flash, I grab Faye by the waist and pin her against the wall. My fingers shake as I do so, slowly losing what little control they had over my ever-growing anger. When her back presses the surface, I move my hands to spots on either side of her head. I tower over her, every bit crushing me inside as she refuses to back down. As I spent more time together, I remember admiring that about her—I remember feeling a sense of pride whenever she stood up for herself.

And now, I regret it—big time.

I lean forward, inching closer and closer in an attempt to intimidate Faye into staying in this room. I’d rather have her hate me than hate myself if anything happened to her.

“No, you’re not.” I repeat menacingly, my voice coming out lower and gruer than I ever thought I could go.

She pushes at my chest, but I refuse to budge.

“You can’t scare me,” She sco s, “give it up.”

I grit my teeth, hating how right she really is.

“Stay here.” I press, feeling a barrier tear down as I realize that there is nothing I can do to save her life right now. No matter how hard I could try.

Faye shakes her head and then does something that brings sensation to my numb body.

She pushes herself o the wall and stares up at me with driven, hazel eyes. The distance between us closes and I sti ly watch as her gaze flickers to my lips. Unconsciously, she draws in her lower lip—an act in which I can now understand as her nervousness.

“Please.” I force out, willing myself to keep my eyes trained on hers.

As if the distance between us weren’t already sealed, she manages to step closer, the heat of her body transferring to my own. I look down, knowing that if I take one glance at her, my hands and feet will move in their own accord.

“No.” She blows out eventually, her eyes wide as if she’s innocent, while she’s far from it. Faye closes her eyes and mine shi to her hand which begins to travel along my arm.

“You’re not leaving my side.” I demand abruptly, exhaling sharply at our proximity.

While looking away, I take a retreating step backwards, stabilizing her as she nearly stumbles from having most of my weight on my torso. My fingers pulse with a yearn, and I nearly kick myself for even wanting such a thing—especially when I realize I may not make it.

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Hey guys!

So I've been really busy. College apps, sat's and all. I'm sorry for the wait, and I'm kind of on an 'update when I update' basis, so bare with me. Hopefully this will be over soon enough!

Thanks for understanding!

Can i get 20 comments?

VOMMENT.

xxSummerxx