

Chapter Thirty

Recap

Startled and unwilling to let it show, I li my legs over the seat and find my footing on the floor on the side opposing him. Travis clears his throat briefly, motions towards the Starbucks building, and begins walking in that direction.

Following suite, we enter the dimly lit space and are greeted by the stares of sit in customers and grins of café servers. If I weren't so deterred by the attack beforehand, I would've had a drink and an extra cup of whip cream in my hands at this very moment.

However, the very thought of food repulses me.

Instead, I allow Travis to guide me to the back of the café.

"Do you need to go to the restroom?" I ask aloud as we approach them.

I look back at him, and he shakes his head, reaching forward.

"No," The men's door swings open, and Travis pushes us both in. "But you do."

I stumble forward and nearly buckle knees with a very low sink.

I whirl around to see Travis locking the door behind him, and as I do, I realize the sink I nearly rammed into is a toilet

I begin, "Uh—"

"We need to talk." Travis says abruptly, his eden eyes piercing the scratch on my shoulder.

Chapter Thirty

"In the men's bathroom?" I muse, li ing one brow.

Travis stares back at me, unfazed and unmoving. His lips are in a taut, straight line—devoid of any emotion. The precision of seriousness displayed across his features settles in, and I relax my inquisitive stance.

At first, it's a little bit awkward when he continues to stare, but then I begin to grow irritated. A few more seconds tick by before I fold my arms across my chest and stare directly back at him.

When I do, he straightens slightly, and folds his own arms across his chest. With him standing by the door and I by the opposite corner—near the god-awful toilet—we balk in our own challenged silence.

It's only when a small, barely noticeable, smirk li s the corner of his mouth that I bring my gaze down to watch it happen. Before it can grow even further, he turns around so his back is facing me and absentmindedly brings a hand to wipe the smile o his face.

I relax and bite my lip to prevent myself from smiling over my mini victory.

Travis reaches for a toilet roll on the side of the sink and turns the faucet on, drenching one towel completely under its touch. Once the paper crumbles under the pressure of the water, he turns the tap o and drains the soggy paper completely.

There's another silence between us, and the only noises that can be heard are the individual drops of water. I shi the weight on my legs and glance up at him when he starts to walk closer to me.

Each step he takes increases the pace of my wildly beating heart. The fact that I can't tell what he's trying to do makes me anxious. I search his eyes for any give-away signs, to no avail.

Then, he reaches forward with his free hand and grabs the arm with a scratch. The cold envelopes my scathed skin, and I instantly flinch—not at the pain, but at the surprisingly gentle touch. A shiver runs through my body and I look away, wondering if I was supposed to be feeling a sting instead of bliss.

"Women would probably kick my ass." He suddenly mutters, his voice heavy from not speaking.

I nearly jump in astonishment and his grip on my arm tightens for stability.

The shock slowly wears away as he pretends nothing unusual happened and continues to brush at the remains of dry blood.

"What?" I ask, confusion settling in once I slump back near the wall.

His eyes flicker to mine before focusing on my shoulder again. "Girls always need to use the restroom."

"And men don't?"

"Well, if the door is locked for a long time," He begins, pausing as a smile transforms his features, "They'd understand what that usually means."

As if to prove his point, he lowers his gaze and then stares back up at me with an uncalled for gaze. My cheeks turn crimson even before I realize what he's getting at.

"Oh." I mutter as a brilliant response.

He releases my arm and steps back a er I speak. His gaze is still trained on my shoulder as he does so.

"Done." He states while walking towards the toilet and tossing the blood-stained tissue into it.

I glance down at my arm on instinct and observe the cleanliness of it.

"Didn't you get any scratches?" I ask a er a while, when he's standing by the mirror and observing his own face for injuries.

He li s his eden gaze up to glance at me from the mirror, and then he shakes his head.

"Not this time." He replies, a hint of pride oozing into his voice as he says so.

Suddenly, recognition flashes across his face, and he spins around. A hand flies to his chin and he subconsciously rubs the growing stubble.

I push myself o the wall and step towards him.

"What is it?" I demand, glancing at the door.

When I bring my gaze back to him, he's shaking his head, his jaw locked and his eyes distantly murderous.

"They know who you are now." He states plainly, almost hopelessly.

The thought makes me shudder as I remember the way Scarface eyed me. His revolting eyes traveled along my body, my face, my hair—as if to take me in completely and store it in a special compartment in his head.

But I told myself earlier that I wasn't going to walk away anymore.

I couldn't, even if I tried.

So, whatever fear was crawling up my spine, I drop it. A cautious feeling settles in, but the fear that once overwhelmed me no longer matters.

I square my shoulders and shrug, "For all we know, they might already know who I am."

Travis stares at me, his lips in a firm line, before looking around once more.

"This is so bad." He mutters, more to himself than to me.

"It is." I agree, nodding my head at his statement.

He pushes himself o the sink and shakes his head. While he does so, I step back and clear my throat.

I bite my lip subconsciously as he walks towards his black helmet on the corner near the door. A strong, nagging sensation grows more powerful as I stand by. An overpowering sensation makes my fingers tingle, my breath quicken, my cheeks flush. Uncertainty taints my thinking as I try to snap myself out of my wonderlust daze.

But I can't.

I suddenly begin to notice the strangest things. The single vein on Travis's le arm—the way it travels like a slithering, predator snake up to his molded bicep. It disappears, as if to play hide and seek, and then the vein resurfaces near his neck. A symbol that I never saw before catches my eye. A deep, navy blue tattoo e ortlessly caresses the skin near his collarbone.

"What does your tattoo say?" The words fall out of my mouth before I can stop them.

Even once they are out, I glance at myself in the mirror to see if I'm even in here—if I even have control of myself.

Travis had already made his way to the door and was one click away from unlocking it. He shi s in his position, the helmet already tucked under his le arm. His eyes pierce my own, and another ine able expression captures his features before immediately vanishing.

"Fire." He answers gruly.

And for the first time, I hear the change. The raspiness in his voice, the lingering silence that follows when he doesn't finish his sentence.

My eyes flicker back to the blue tattoo before finally landing on his face.

And when I do, I know I'm a lost cause.

My feet move automatically, and I simply follow along. A flame ignites in my own veins as I extend my arms and reach for Travis's chest. He stumbles back as I push, and I only stop once he's completely aligned with the wall.

However, the near sound of the door rumbling on impact snaps me out of my trance in an instant. I drop my arms hastily, my ears exploding with red.

Humiliation enters as quickly as my unexplained determination had come. While I start to take a giant step back, Travis lets out a frustrated growl—a deep, guttural sound. Then, his arms come around my waist just as his heated lips crash down on mine.

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"If you're evil and you know it clap your hands"

me: "clap clap"

I KNOW, I KNOW.

Enough said.

I'll let y'all express your thoughts in the comments below. I'm beyond curious to know what is going on in those heads of yours.

I know this is pretty much the first kiss in this story—30 chapters in—but that's how I like it. I mean, don't you feel that there actually is a connection between the two now? I don't have many kisses in my stories, but when they happen, I make it count, got it? (:

BY THE WAY. I know I've le it o at a terribly evil o note, but I still will not tolerate excessively rude comments. I love comments, I love frustration, I love anger...but I don't love hate.

Can I get some votes and 25 comments?

xxSummerxx

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