

Chapter Thirty-Six

Recap

“One condition.” He demands, suddenly, holding his finger up.

I drop my hands from his shoulders and let them hang. “What is it?”

“I’m taking you both to and from school.” Travis states without room for disagreement.

As if I’d disagree to that.

“On your motorbike?” I reply, genuinely curious.

“No.” He gives me an incredulous look, “There’s an Impala in the garage.”

“I see,” I nod my head to emphasize y point. Clearly, our conversation is coming to an end.

“Okay.” Travis says awkwardly while I look down and pat my pockets, “I’m going to change.”

I look up and watch him go, but then he suddenly halts I his position. Suddenly, he turns around as quick as he had done on his way out, and he takes two large strides towards me. He ducks his head and I remain frozen as he nudges my hair to the side. Within seconds, I feel his lips pull on the skin of my neck, a warm-cool sensation tickling my nerves.

And then, he’s gone. He distances himself again, allowing the cold air to rush to my exposed skin. When I open my daze filled eyes, Travis is staring at my neck.

“Good luck explaining that oneto Layla.” He winks, managing to catch me o guard.

A hand flies to the subdued sting on my neck, and I silently curse when I feel the tender skin underneath my fingers.

“Oh hell!” I hiss just as he saunters out the door, “A hickey?”

Chapter Thirty Six

I’ve always been fascinated by outdated cars. I like to believe that outdated doesn’t necessarily mean outrageous. Perhaps—

outrageously vogue—but never outrageous alone.

Sitting in Travis’s outrageously vogueexceedingly impressive Impala, I find it surprisingly easy to leave my precautions and heavy anxiety at his doorstep. There still is this hazy cloud hovering above my head, but the scent of fresh leather does a good job of distracting me.

For every once in a while, I find myself tracing along the seams of the beige leather seats. With Travis driving across the highway towards to school, and Layla sitting in the back seat, her face glued to her phone, I sigh and re-adjust my gym coat from last night.

Unfortunately, Layla and I wear the same exact clothes we slept in. furthermore, I had to throw on my black jacket to cover my patched up arm and the newformed hickey on my neck.

At the mention of the hickey, I frown and take a quick glance at Travis from the corner of my eye. The corners of his mouth li up into a curve, but he doesn’t say anything else. That’s probably best for both our sakes.

Just as I turn to look out the window, I notice we are entering the parking lot of our campus. I take in my surroundings, observing the usual routine of people gathering around their friends’ cars moments before school begins.

There has always been this subconscious schedule for socializing. It seems like the parking lot is the place where everyone goes—kind of like a bonfire party, excluding the beach and flames. A few Chevrolettrunks are topped down, providing seats and space to sit in. Of course, the phones are always out, selfies and whatnot. My absence from school suddenly feels like centuries of time as I realize these subtle things that never occurred to me.

The guttural rumble of Travis’s car engine brings me back to reality. I dart my gaze to the rearview mirror, watching Layla gather her belongings for a brief second, before swiping a few strands of hair out of my face and following suite.

I exit the door and gently close it. Layla is one step ahead of me, slinging her backpack over one shoulder. She jerks her head in the direction of the school entrance.

“I’m going to head in.” She states, “I’m missing first through third for this meeting.”

While she says the last part, I watch as boredom laces into her monotone. I grin and wave a hand at her.

“Have fun.”

She mutters a complaint and then swi ly turns to walk o in that direction. I continue to look in her direction, smiling as she waves to random people, before drawing my attention towards Travis’s direction.

He pushes the door open, extending his foot to guide the door farther out, and pops out moments later. The door slams shut, making the entire car rattle and the windows rumble in anticipation. Completely oblivious or utterly ignorant to the fact that he nearly shattered the glass of the delicate Impala, I gape at him as he walks around the car and towards me.

“Are you nuts?” I ask incredulously, “That door is going to fall o before you know it.”

“What?” Travis looks at me in surprise, then back down at the beauty, “This baby?”

I nod my head pointedly.

Absentmindedly, he locks the door, the resound, low pitched horn sounding o. Travis shoves the keys in his pocket and motions for us to walk towards the school doors as everyone else has begun to do.

“It’s got the strength of a hellhound,” He boasts while smirking with pride, “The beast is invincible.”

Despite myself, I crack a grin, “Not if you go slam dunking the door.”

“Don’t worry,” Travis exasperates, as if having this conversation with me is making his head hurt, “The Impala likes the rough edges.”

I roll my eyes and reach a hand out towards the entrance door to stop it from closing in on us as we walk in.

“Let’s say I accepted the fact that you classify emotions for inanimate objects,” I tease, grinning when he shoots me a glower, “How would you know what the Impala likes.”

“That’s easy.” He shrugs, “The Impala takes on a er me.”

“Right…” I muse, completely torn between laughing at his remark or worrying that he’s serious.

While weaving our way through the crowd of students, we round the corner that leads to the English Department.

Eventually, our car conversation dissolves as students continuously bump into us as we walk. Slowly, we approach my first class, probably the most torturous class aside from Trigonometry.

Just a few feet away from the door with people sliding past us to walk in, I run my fingers through my hair and look up at him.

Despite the previous lightheartedness, Travis’s features are vacant and serious. He looks pensive, brooding, as he takes a swi glance in both directions of the busy hall.

When he looks down at me he narrows his eyes, “Don’t get caught o -guard today, okay?”

I nod my head in agreement, “Don’t do anything irrationabr violent” I put emphasis on the last three words to hint towards the argument we had in the wee hours of today morning. “Seriously.”

He throws his head back slowly, his neck extending, “I never should have said anything.”

“No, I guess not” I say, raising an eyebrow, “It sucks you did.”

He shakes his head in slight irritation before motioning to my class, “Just get in there—I think your friend is waiting for you.”

I look over my shoulder, and sure enough, I spot Chase sitting in next to my assigned seat. Excitement courses through my veins, for I long to feel what it’s like to worry about incessant, unimportant things rather than life-or-death situations.

When I turn back around, Travis is already walking o in the opposite direction. Hastily, I take one look at the clock and realize I have about four minutes before the second bell rings.

“Hey!” I call above the chattering, “Travis come back here!”

He pauses in his stance, his shoulders shaking in what I assume to be an amused chuckle. When he rotates around and raises an eyebrow, I bite my lip and motion for him to come back to where he was originally standing.

“Yes?” He asks, curiosity laced into his tone.

“Layla said something to me today.” I begin, watching his expressions very carefully.

“What did she say now?” Travis knits his eyebrows together, three creases forming on his forehead in guarded apprehension.

“She asked me if we were a thing”

Suddenly, his face relaxes and his expression turns pensive yet suddenly interested. “And what did you say?”

I lean forward, a smile gracing my lips as he asks the question I had been hoping he would ask from the moment I started the conversation. My gaze flickers towards his lips, and he immediately catches on, raising an eyebrow at my sudden boldness.

He closes his eyes, and moments before my lips meet his, I alter my course and give him a so peck on the cheek.

“That’s for my god awful hickey.” I whisper victoriously, “See you at lunch.”

With that, I push myself away, a smirk glued to my face, and head into a world of Shakespeare that I know I won’t be able to focus on today.

Chase lights up when he sees me, a devious grin plastering his features as I walk closer to him. He looks behind me momentarily when I throw my bag up on the desk and face him—crimson ears and all.

“I hope you know that Travis Emmons is giving you a death glare right now.” He states, his eyes holding suspenseful humor in them.

“Oh,” I chuckle and train my eyes on him, “I know.”

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Hey!

You know that moment where you realize the time you thought you had suddenly shrinks in front of your eyes and you’re suddenly le with absolutely NO time at all? That’s pretty much me right now. I JUST realized that Final Exams are two weeks away, College Apps are due in Three, and Test Number one is this Wednesday. AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

I swear, one day, when all I have to worry about is Senioritis, I’m going to be the happiest woman on the planet. Anywho, despite my schedule, you guys have continued to endlessly parade me with lovely comments and I’m in love (;

So keep it up, they make me happy whoo!

Can I get 60 comments?

VOMMENT.

xxSummerxx

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