

Chapter Eight

Dedicated to Nickymb because writing this chapter reminded me of our friendship

I'm so excited...I feel like the same girl who started writing this book a year ago!

I have so much planned this time around and I'm just getting started.

And yes, I may have stopped writing this book for a while, but my cli hangers never le me. There here, and I'm not sorry for dropping them on you!

I hope you enjoy this chapter.

Thank you for reading!

Can I get 60 votes and 15 comments?

If I can, I'll upload chapter nine by tonight or early tomorrow!

VOMMENT.

xxSummerxx

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Chapter Eight

"We did the right thing, Faye," Dad reassures me in the car as we drive home from the police department.

I stare out the window and nod, hoping his words are all the encouragement I need.

"I hope so." I admit, rubbing my hands together.

A er telling him mom called last night, we sat down and discussed what we would do. He said we would go down to the police department a little a er noon the next day-and that's exactly how everything went. I insisted that we keep this between the two of us, but he refused and told me he'd have to tell Laura and Layla as well.

Which explains why they are in the car now, sitting in the backseat with their eyes fixated forward.

"She has some real nerves." Layla muses, folding her arms across her chest in the process.

Laura rubs her shoulder and makes eye contact with me through the rear view mirror, "Everything will be okay."

I nod and take a quick glance at Dad. A er all this, he's been generally quiet, unless it is to assure me that our actions were justified. I could tell on his face that what happened last night took a huge toll on his patience.

The rest of the car ride back home is silent; however, with my head leaning against the car rail, the wind was the only thing making vast noise.

Once we reached home, we all got out and waited for Dad to open the front door of the house. We filed in one by one and then separated on our own ways a er the door was closed.

All of us were so engrossed in our own thoughts that it didn't even occur to us that we were being extremely introverted at the moment.

I head up the stairs, a few steps behind Layla, and push at the door to make my way into my room. The first thing I catch sight of is my phone, and I hesitantly walk over to it.

No new messages.

A sigh escapes my lips even though mom hasn't made any contact with me since last night. I still feel like she's watching me-maybe because she is.

Walking over to my bed, I plop down and sit there momentarily, trying to relax myself. It only takes a few seconds to realize that sitting idle was not calming at all.

"Ugh," I moan, throwing my head back against the covers.

A tiny knock at my door makes me freeze in my position.

"Hey, can I come in?" Layla, as I recognize immediately, speaks from the other side of the door.

I li myself up while saying, "Of course."

When she opens the door and walks over to me, looking slightly nervous, I pat a seat next to me for her to sit down on.

"What's on your mind?" I ask, watching as she stands in the middle of the room.

"I just want to talk," She states, "Let's go outside."

I follow as she leads the way to the patio, taking a seat across from her as she does so herself. Leaning back, I prop my feet up on the lounge chair and start to twindle my fingers.

"Were you scared?" Layla asks quietly yet loud enough for me to hear.

I stop moving around to think before answering, "I was more angry than scared."

She nods, "She was drunk wasn't she?"

Before I can stop myself, I blurt out, "How much has dad told you?"

Some part of me was frustrated that they knew more about my personal life than I did about them. Yet, at the same time, I'm glad that he told them so I don't have to for myself.

"Enough." She shrugs, looking at me apologetically.

A feeling of sadness rushes over me as I take in her sympathetic look. I didn't want sympathy, but I knew people would give it to me anyways. The look on Layla's face was enough to remind me of that fact.

I exhale sharply and look around, "Can we talk about something else?"

"Yeah," She agrees, "Sorry."

"It's fine." I reassure her, running a hand through my hair and pressing my head back against the chair, "Man, I just want it to be summertime."

She laughs, "It's almost here. I can't wait to take you places then."

I lean forward to look at her, "What's your favorite thing to do?"

She grins, looking up, "Night swimming."

I gawk, "Isn't that dangerous?"

"Not really," She shrugs, "If you don't go too far out, you're fine."

"Yeah but how can you ever know? It's dark out-And you're alone." I argue, raising an eyebrow.

I take a look at the ocean, observing the calm water as the waves wash ashore. Everything always looks terrifying at night. The sounds of the crashing waves would not sound the same as they would when it's pitch dark.

"Who says you're alone?" Layla asks, wiggling her eyebrows when I turn back to stare at her.

"Layla!" I exclaim, trying not to laugh.

"What?" She raises her hands as if innocent, giving me the wide eyed look.

I roll my eyes, "You're such a thimble!"

She giggles and curls her feet up on the chair, "Did you just make that up?"

"It's possible." I admit, smiling when she puts her forehead in her hands dramatically.

"What am I going to do with you?" She muses, chuckling to herself.

I snort ungracefully and look out at the water when silence engulfs us again.

This feels nice. Being able to take my mind o of things and just relax. With Layla by my side, for the first time in a while, I feel okay.

Suddenly, I grin when an idea pops into my head. Layla stares at me bewildered and suspicious, but I act before she can say anything.

I leap up from my seat and pull her with me, heading straight for the waves. She squeals and allows herself to be pulled a er me. I laugh and tug her all the way into the waves. The instant the cold water hits my legs, I let go and attempt to run away from her.

She screeches as I do so and shouts, "Oh come back, you!"

I continue to run, purposely kicking my feet back so the water splashes hit her face. Just as I turn around to watch where she is, I see her fall face first into the water.

I stop moving and burst out laughing, kneeling and letting the water hit my shirt as I do so. When she manages to pick herself back up, she stomps over to me, trying not to crack a smile. I would have moved by now, but I can't, considering I'm laughing too hard. She walks right up to me and shoves me down. I crash back first into the waves and hold my breath as I sink into the cold blanket.

When I pop back up, it's Layla's turn to laugh. I giggle and splash some water in her face. She does the same, and before we know it, it's a full force water fight. It's only when the wind starts to nip at our numb skin that we realize it's getting late.

"Hey," Layla says, her voice coming out curious as she blocks the splash I send her way, "Is that Travis?"

I turn around to face where she's looking. A little further down the beach, a man, with the same outline as Travis himself, is stumbling along the waves.

"What the hell is he doing?" I wonder aloud, watching as he continues to fumble with his steps. His gaze is down at the beach floor. He looks way too invested in it for it to be real.

"I don't know," Layla pitches in, "Nose goes!"

I whip back around to give her an incredulous look, only to see her finger on her nose.

"Are you serious?" I ask dryly.

She nods, "Dead."

"Why?" I ask, wondering why she's so curious.

"Because he's in our part of the beach." She states like it's obvious.

I shrug, "It's technically everyone's. Let's just go inside."

She shakes her head and gives me a devious smirk, "Oh hell no. Find out what he's doing!"

I start walking to the house a er shooting her a disbelieving look,

"No, you do it!"

"I touched my nose first!" She shoots back, racing in front of me.

"No!" I argue, folding my arms across my chest.

I make a move for the house, but Layla darts past me before I can take in what's happening. She rushes in and closes the door as I watch her in shock.

"What the hell!" I exclaim, throwing my hands in the air.

She waves and points me in Travis's direction.

I storm up to the door, shaking my head in a huge 'no'. She quickly pulls the tab down into 'lock' position and I give her a dry look.

She stares back at me and then looks over at Travis.

I slowly back away from the door and wrap my arms around myself. I look over my shoulder and notice Travis coming closer, yet not knowing where the hell he is walking.

I sigh and give Layla one last look before making my way over to him.

God damn.

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