

## Chapter Nine

New part uploaded! I actually had a lot of fun writing this chapter. It seems out of character characters seem to draw my attention. I'm really liking the new personality I gave Faye.

**Make sure to leave comments below, as I prefer feedback over votes.**

Thank you for reading!

VOMMENT.

Can I get **65** votes and **10** comments?

xxSummerxx

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Chapter Nine

I take slow steps towards Travis, careful not to make any abrupt noises. In the moments that I had been walking towards him, he had managed to plop himself on the sandy floor, his legs crossed.

When I am mere inches away, I reach my finger out, ready to poke him, but then I quickly withdraw. Compared to usual, he's appears peaceful. I turn my head to see if Layla's still watching, but she's no longer standing by the door. The lights are on in my room with no one there.

"What are you doing?" Travis's grumbled voice snaps my attention back to him.

I step back slightly and then fold my arms.

"I could ask you the same question." I reply, shaking off the previous overdrive his rough voice threw my heart into.

He brings a bottle of wine up to his lips and takes a gulp, "What does it look like?"

I look away, slightly repulsed that he brought a bottle with him. It reminded me of my mom, someone I had successfully forgotten for a while.

He chuckles when he sees my expression and places the bottle on the floor besides him.

"Are you drunk?" I press, finding it hard to believe that he would let himself be so vulnerable in the open.

He shrugs, "Am I?"

I scoot and unfold my arms, "I think you are."

"That settles it then." He flashes me a sloppy smirk before picking up the bottle and going for another swig.

I watch as he exhales another gulp and then goes for another chug. My face scrunches up—nose wrinkling and all—as I continue to watch him mercilessly finish most of the drink.

"You've never had a drink before, have you?" He asks once his lips leave the bottle for more than a second.

"No," I say with a quipped tone, "I would never."

He lifts a perfect brow and snorts, "Why not, it's so liberating."

"It's an illusion," I argue, "It only makes you think you're free."

"Looks like you know more than you're letting on." He mocks, leaning forward and almost falling face first on the sand.

Resentment rushes through me as he says those words. They truly hit home; he really doesn't know how much I actually know.

I shake my head and make a move to sit a few inches away from him.

I just need a little distraction.

That's all.

I push a strand of hair behind my ear and start drawing shapes in the sand. In between the silence, he grabs the wine and takes one huge gulp. I look up at him, wordlessly slandering his actions. It's as if my eyes are drawn to him and that bottle, no matter how much the thought repulses me.

"Won't your parents be missing that bottle?" I press, raising an eyebrow.

He laughs as if what I've said is the most outrageous thing he's ever heard, "My parents don't give a damn."

For some reason, I feel the need to argue back, "How would you know?"

"Because," He retorts, turning to face me fully, "there are many other bottles on their radar."

"They drink in front of you?" I ask, my voice sounding strange and bewildered.

He gives me a sideways glance and chuckles a deep throaty noise, "I'm sure they'd drink with me if I tried. They're so desperate to be free."

Travis shoots me another puzzled look before continuing, "It's as if they want to forget they have kids, a family to look after."

I sense some signals going off in my brain, telling me to stay away from his personal life, but I just can't. His words only intrigue me more, yet I can't help but acknowledge how wrong this is. It's as if I'm committing verbal rape.

"And what about you?" I press, giving into my weakness to know more, "What could Travis Emmon possibly want to be free from?"

He tenses slightly, his posture stiffening. I almost believe he is sober again.

"Everything," He states vaguely, looking out at the ocean.

"Like..." I urge him to continue.

He shoots me a look, "Are you always this annoying, or is it just when I'm drunk?"

"Wow," I muse, shaking my head, "It seems you're an ass sober and drunk."

My remark earns a chuckle and he lifts his bottle for an imaginary cheer. He laughs through his nose and points a wavy finger at me.

"You," He starts, "You're something different, you know that?"

I don't say anything, hoping that if I stay silent he will continue to elaborate. Instead, I prop my knees up and rest my arms on them.

"You've got some nerve—punching me and all," He continues. "You're a bitch."

I frown and straighten my neck, ignoring the pain that shoots through my entire body.

"—But when I saw you getting attacked yesterday, I don't know, I was just... angry But then I realized, it wasn't just anger. There was guilt too."

"Guilt?" I can't help but interrupt.

"Yeah," He confirms, piercing my hazel eyes with his eden ones, "Guilt."

"How so?" I ask, curiosity brimming at the surface.

He shrugs carelessly, "I feel responsible. With everything that has been going on with me, I wouldn't be surprised if he started attacking people I talk to just to get to me."

Confusion settles in as I process what he just said.

"I'm not following, Travis?" I ask, my tone coming out harsher than intended.

He looks up, startled, before realization of some sort lights up his face. Unfortunately for him, he's too drunk to mask up his facial expression, meaning I catch them all.

The irritation, the fear, the confusion.

This isn't exactly the boy I've heard about and gotten to know.

"What the hell is your problem?" He suddenly asks, his voice raising.

He stands up as if someone ignited his pants, wavering and placing a foot out to support himself.

I push my head back to get a good look at him.

Anger. That's all I see.

His eyebrows are knitted together, eyes fiercely dull, and jaw clenched.

It appears the Travis I've known is back.

"My problem?" I ask, disbelief evident in my tone.

He points the bottle in my direction and shakes his head, "Do you realize what you're doing?"

I bolt up from my sitting position and gulp, knowing I'm caught red handed, "No! I don't even know what is going on!"

A major lie. I knew exactly what I was doing.

He starts to take menacing steps towards me, his eyes narrowed like a predator on its prey. Instantly, I take one huge step back.

"Travis, what are you doing?" I throw a hand up to distance us. He couldn't possibly want to get violent with me for this.

When he doesn't stop, my instincts kick in. Without giving it much thought, I spin on my heel and make a dash for my room.

Before now, I would have considered my feet sinking in the sand as a relaxing sensation, however, now, it's just frightening and a nuisance.

"Where do you think you're going?" He shouts after me, the whoosh of his pants coming closer and closer.

I scream and push my legs faster, cursing myself for walking farther away from my room in the first place.

"I'm sorry!" I shriek back, hoping it's not too late to appease him.

All my dreams are crushed as I feel his grubby hands wrap around my calf and yank me down on the sand. I yelp as I fall face first and then feel Travis's presence on my back. I roll around on the sand and attempt to get up again, but Travis is there, his knees on either side of my waist. He grabs my arms and holds them with one hand as I shoot him a murderous glare.

"Let go!" I yell, flailing my legs around.

It frustrates me even more that he is drunk and still has the upper hand.

While he just sits there, waiting for me to finish struggling, I bite and scratch ferociously to get out of his vice grip.

"Ugh!" I cry, "Travis"

By now, my neck and wrists are pulsating like crazy. I'm sure that if they fell off, I probably wouldn't feel them.

"You can't use me like that!" He shouts, pointing his free finger at me.

"Like what? I shout, jerking my legs up and down.

I admit, I'm no saint when it comes to lying.

"You can't get information out of me while I'm drunk!" He persists, looking slightly lost now.

"Travis you're hurting my wrists." I groan, completely ignoring what he said before.

Thankfully, he's sober enough to realize I'm serious. As soon as I say that, he drops his hands and closes his eyes.

With his eyes still closed he growls out, "Stay the hell away from me Williams."

I stay motionless on the floor as picks himself off the floor and starts to storm off. It takes me a few moments to realize what just happened.

Suddenly, a thought comes to me.

Why should I stay away from him?

I prop myself up on my elbows and stare off at him in confusion.

Oh hell

I jump up from my laying position and begin to charge after him. When I'm a few feet away, I release a battle cry and shove him with as much force as I can muster up.

I'm too fast, as he drops to the floor like a bug. When he rolls over, I stand over him with my hands on my hips.

"Bitch!" He moans, covering his head with his hand.

"Let's get nothing straight," I snap, "I found you drunk on my property."

Before he can say anything, I twirl around and run off, cursing the sand as it continues to make my grandeur exit an utter disaster.

So much for that plan.