Chapter Ten

10:00

A pony, unhealthy-looking, was pressed between my fingertips while I took my very first bite of deliciousness.

I drop the burger and slowly chew with my hand over my mouth.

"Where did you learn to flirt like that?" I asked the two across from me while removing my hand from my mouth and crossing it with the bottle of water.

He peered at me from his he-y position—legs spread, body dipped down in the seat and still with his head raised.

"Myself." That's all he said as he leaned back on his elbows and casually stole a fry from my plate. I stared at him blankly before returning my gaze to my now-fry less fries.

"I told you to order some, yet you steal from me," I chide my head, claiming my food immediately by hugging it to myself.

"I like leaving you," he smirks, falling back against his seat again. That little smirk expands when my eyes pierce holes in his head.

"Well, I don't like it."

Ignoring him, I continued to ask him questions—that is, before he went to ask me one.

"Why are you not a part of your family's business?" He studies me with his gaze, the stare itching my skin.

"Were you always the nerd-looked?" I shot back at him, raising my brows.

He rolls his eyes and looks out the window for a second. "You're as innocent as a flower, Flora," he explains, turning his head back to me, now taking one of his brows as I his with. "Am I nerd-looked?"

"I'm not nerd-looked," I argue, shedding a glance at his lips that tilt slightly again.

"Sure, Serenity," His accent rolls my name with a sensuality that reaches between my thighs instantly.

Focus on your burger Serenity, I's scene.

"I'm not nerd-looked because I don't want to be. That world is dangerous and I have no intention of living in it."

My statement was made clear and it was nothing but the truth.

This is what I tell everyone who asks me this same question, the ones who are concerned for myself. I've told a lie to my family, my friends, and I'm going to tell Silver the same thing too. It wasn't as personal as everyone thought, I just wanted nothing to do with that world.

"You're surrounded by it, and you just ignore it?" he curiously tilts his head, he found actuallestered in this.

"No," I admit confidently, aiming to watch this conversation up by re-melting into my burger.

Taking a large bite, I avoid any eye contact with Silver and merely focus on my food instead.

"Hmm come you go to college but rarely show up to class?" jokes a the-sarcastic tone because I don't want to be. That world is dangerous and I have no intention of living in it.*

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"Taking note are we?" He looks at me blankly and I roll my eyes at him. "You're nosy because my only friend in that class sexy as other friend dropped out...so, yes." My reply was so- and quiet, not as outspoken as the animals I realized before.

I hated that my attitude was switching up so much around him, my sarcastic side seemed to crawl out and bite back at him and then, once the arguing was over, it crawls back inside and my introverted self creeps back in place.

"I'll be in tomorrow." He states making me frown.

"That wasn't my question."

He raises his brows and ice-t lightly, finding it amusing.

"College is just about waiting for me to do," He looks around the restaurant emotionlessly, "when I'm away, that's when I handle work."

It seemed like there was another reason, that the days he couldn't come to were the days he was busy? As a leader, I know from my own parents how quickly work piles up, so why waste time on college when you don't need it or have any interest in studying?

"Why not do work full time, surely you're busy enough to be occupied?"

He remains silent, not saying or making a sound. Silver stares out the window, his face blank, gloomy, and lifeless. Maybe it was time to change things up.

"Do you want to see my cat?"

His gaze lift- ed to mine, a spark of amusement and mischief flickering in them. Only until my words are rendered into my brainless brain and I shake my head, denying-as dirty thoughts.

"His name is Butterscotch," I explain for my phone, my lock screen was a picture of him but I had better ones—video's even.

Absolutely, I do - from my side of the bed and thread his side and slide in close enough to the point where our thighs touch.

I peek-ed mine-d in, being absolutely caught up in the photo I found of my cat.

Grinning ear-to-ear, I almost practically shove the phone in front of his face-upon this, he takes it from my grip and looks down at Butterscotch dressed up as a pumpkin last Halloween.

"Isn't he the cutest, if-ever-in?" I swipe the pictures, revealing a video of him boxing at my Papa. "He can be feisty too, but rarely." I ramble and then stare-line another photo, one of me cuddling him.

Glancing up, Silver's expression doesn't surprise me, though his blank face holds the slightest of a smile as he stares down at the photo.

"Your hair was blonde?" He raises a brow and I shyly pry the phone away from his hands, completely forgetting that my presence was in the photo.

"Yeah, I went through a phase, I guess. Ave a month I started to hate it so I dyed my hair back to my natural colour."

He laughs so-fy, the little smile on his lips completely overwhelming me. Even when the small dimple on his right cheek comes out the-aside, me want to paste it away time.

Though the melody of his laugh, his actualaugh, was more than mesmerizing to me. It was so- and boyish, as if he wasn't this upright, emotionless pedro! Reflie-mate guy.

"You're beautiful either way." I turned my head to look at him, noticing how clear-ee were-to each other.

The a-ed his words have one-ne would be desc-lbed as a chalehold. I don't need validation on my appearance, but my gosh! Be happened to tell me everyday I'd have a higher-up than Liam Payne.

I cleared my throat and scoted away slightly, but not removing myself. Ever so-slightly uncomfortable with the way I'm feeling—which was just something intense.

"We can share." Flaring-ha this between us, I'm-ed my burger in front of me. "Just know I don't do this with anyone, even Hayden." I point-ga at him-ainly, picking a fry while his eyes make contact with mine.

"Hayden?" He questions and leans back, picking up a fry too.

"Mm," I hum and swallow, "My best friend, the one from the party. He's friends with- youthand, Switch?"

Silver seems to know-ehsen I'm talking about, but makes no expression appearing at to so.

I focus my entire attention on him as I-down water down my throat, allowing my gaze to flicker over his long eyelashes, which-ee-ed seemed to be forming his eyes from his side-profile. He lowered his head, looking at something on his Apple Watch.

"No," he replies, finally looking up at me. "Why, Serenity?" he tilts his head to the side a little, bringing my name-ee-ed so-ly into a smile.

"Do you want to come over? I can show you my paintings?"

His amusement dissipate-ee as he lets out a low chuckle, the small smile on his lips the cause of his slightly stalking. The-ed he had on me was simply substantial, and the fact that he rarely showed emotion and- has the rare who-made him smile-made me feel proud.

"You're really keen on me seeing these artworks of yours, Si?" Amusement swirls in his blue gaze, and I only grin and shrug in a casual manner.

"I think you'd like them. that's all."

Nodding slowly, he relaxes an arm behind my back—hanging it over the booth, "Sure, I'll come over."

Tipping his head down, he ignores the consistent phone call coming from his phone—transferring in his-apple watch and then taps the-bunch-ness with his hand.

"Ready to go?"

I nod, pick up my purse, sling it over my shoulder, and slide out of the booth, looking happy. I stand aside for Silver, watching as he drops a $ on the table and dri- s his body next to mine.

I forgot we had to pay, I'll-ram him next time.

Walking side-by-side, we exit the diner and the cool air instantly hits me. A-ba-lanzing inside for so long, I always forget how cold it actually is.

Suddenly, a jacket was pulled in front of my body and I turned toward Silver, raising a brow in questioning.

"Put it on," he grumbles as he holds the jacket open behind my back. I sigh and slip my arms through the sleeves, looking up at his tall figure from over my shoulder.

"Thanks, Silver." I give him a little smile and he nods in return.

"I think that's the first time you've spoken my name." He stated sarcastically, holding the car door open for me.

Sliding in, I roll my eyes at his words, bringing the seatbelt over my body, I snuggle into the warm jacket and take a good whiff - of his scent that lingered on it.

Once Silver was inside the car, we headed back onto the road. The radio played lightly, Wicked Dreams by Taylor Swi- was playing and I had to physically hold myself back from bringing my hand forward to turn-the music up.

Silver drove smoothly, fast but smoothly. When he drove, I noticed how elegant he was with it. Overall, he was a classy guy, even just looking at his knowledge self revealed his power and skill.

That drew me in even more.

"I like your Mexican tattoo," I mentioned it, staring at the Dia-ep with the embroidered tattoo, which was now partially obscured his black shirt.

He drew his eyes to me for a split second, the darkness overtaking his appearance, but I could make out his angelic features under a single street light-five flashed by.

"Thanks," He responds deeply.

"You got any?"

I shake my head, "I want one though..."

He smirks while turning a corner, "We can go together, I'm getting another soon."

My heart races and I find myself folding for this man internally.

"That would be nice," I mumble, sinking my body down in the seat.

"Got any ideas of what you want?"

My ideas are pretty basic, all of them point to the things I love. Such as a flower, or Butterscotch's name. Some would say it's silly, others wouldn't, but fuck it, it's my body and I'll do whatever I please.

"I was only thinking something small, maybe a flower or something to do with my cat, just something meaningful I guess," I mumble, gazing to the side of his face, curiously filling me with questions to ask him. "Do your tattoos have meanings to them?"

He nods his head slowly, also sinking in his seat and relaxing once we reach the red light.

"Each one?" I inquired raising my brows, he smirks a little and looks me in the eye.

"Each one." He confirms, looking straight ahead and racing down the street.

Sighing, I bring a hand to my temple and gently start to rub at it. A headache was forming and I simply had no clue as to why.

Back in high school, I used to get migraines from hell, at least twice a week—sometimes even thrice. I took pills before heading to school each day to stop them from forming, though sometimes they wouldn't work and sometimes they would.

I haven't had one in months, and now, my body decides to choose revenal of all days.

"Do you know what you want to get this time?" I kept the conversation going, in the hope to take my mind away from my head slowly pounding.

He hums in response, the sound vibrating deeply into my belly.

Leaning my head against the window, my temple is met with the cool touch of the glass, which oddly enough calmed my headache.

"You're not going to tell me?" I laugh weakly, staring down at my legs and flexing my feet.

"Surprise." Was all he said, well, mumbled. I give him a glance, watching as he turns and flexes his jaw—it ticks and his gaze is removed.

"Well, where are you going to go?"

He physically shows me his answer, bringing a hand to the curve of his shirt and pulling it down the slightest to reveal his collarbone.

"Just there," He says his finger below his collarbone, against his ivory skin, free of any ink.

Humming, I touch my own collarbone and nod in approval, "Maybe I'll get now there too." I consider, thinking it over.

It is a generally good idea. It's only a small tattoo and the placement could be noticeable or unnoticeable, so it works both ways.

Silence once again occurs, our voices far from each other—though, the sound of my pounding heart continued, only worsening by the second.

"Hey, do you mind if I pull the window down a bit?" I ask up, leaning away from the window.

He instantly clicks a button and the window smoothly rolls down, allowing the fresh air to breeze through the car.

Sighing, I lean my head back against the chair and close my eyes.

"You alright?" Hear his voice and feel his warm.

"My head just hurts, I'll be fine." My voice was hushed, considerably low and raspy. This wasn't good, either I was coming down with something or this headache was just a-ble-other realm of a migraine.

The sound of the car stopping brings my-eyes to open, we were stuck in to a-s, specifically on the road that lead to the start of my street.

A hand lands on my arm, bringing my attention to him. Silver's blue eyes held concern, an emotion other than amusement.

He held a water bottle in one hand, uncapping it and holding it in front of my mouth.

"Drink, Serenity." My name curled once again on his tongue, the rough voice-working and bringing my lips to the bottle.

Tipping the water down my throat, I take a gentle sip, closing my eyes and then reopening them when it was removed.

"Thanks," I sigh, re-closing my eyes again.

"You think we can reschedule the tour?" I murmured, feeling my body slowly shutting down.

Only realizing now, in my most weakened state, that his hand was on top of mine, his thumb rubbing my palm in a soothing gesture—something my grandmother did to calm me down, and now, he was doing the same thing.

"Of course, Flora." His voice was lowered again, my nerves settle upon his response.

"I'm just going to take a nap," I went on, snuggling into his jacket and letting my final words rest in the air.

Just-there-it-was-I. Had the car start to move again and the hum of his voice put me at my rest.

"Sleep, Serenity."