Chapter Three

The piercing colour of his eyes reminded me of glaciers, exactly like the colour of ice. My breath was taken, his beauty was so much more beautiful up close and it captivated me. a I felt my heart begin to race, being in the mere presence of this guy was making me nervous and all jittery. Why? I don't know. a He broke our gaze by li ing his cigarette away from his lips, slowly looking down my body and up again—making my cheeks heat instantly. I looked down at him too. His attire consisted of black slacks tightened with a black leather belt. Glossy black dress shoes below him, and above him was my favourite piece of all, the restricted white dress shirt that was lazily half untucked into his pants, and the first few buttons of it undone. He looked like an art piece, one made purely and profoundly for the gods. The sleeves were rolled up to his elbows, exposing the tattoo sleeves lining up his arms—adorning the veins that pulsated up his muscley biceps too. a Our eyes met again, I shi ed awkwardly on my feet and changed my stance, which seemed to only lead me closer to him. The familiar feeling that I had only experienced moments ago occurred again. The feeling that articulated why I thought I'd seen these eyes before, whythese features were so recognisable to the point where he gave me a sense of nostalgia. He turned from me completely now. Choosing to ignore me as he continued to smoke and watch the dead of the night. a I look away from him too. Instead, I dig my hand down into my purse and clutch onto the rectangular, cardboard box of death. Smoking wasn't an occurring thing for me. I'd only smoke when I was stressed. As of right now, I became agitated as to why I couldn't pinpoint a remembrance of this boy. And it was stressing me out to the max. a Revealing a single cigarette, my hand goes to reach for my lighter with the pretty daisies painted onto it—which I had done myselfonly soon to realise I hadn't brought it with me. Who packs cigarettes and not a lighter? a Meapparently. Mentally, I slap my forehead. With a frustrated sigh, I slump down onto the single sofa chair placed behind me. This dress was slowly killing me, as were the heels on my feet. Yes, the dress was gorgeous on me and noton me, but fuck my back practically begged to arch until I was comfortable, only if I did that it would completely rip the dress into shreds. a I was so tempted to strip out of it and just remain in my bra and panties. My gaze travels toward the male again, who remained standing Leaving him to be my only and last option, my voice speaks up for the first time. "Can I borrow your lighter?" I hadn't realised how quiet I was speaking, and by the way he hadn't moved or reacted to my voice, I assumed he hadn't heard me. a Biting the inside of my cheek, I part my lips to speak again but stop when I see the movement of his hand. He places his free hand into his pocket, and the next second there was a sheer gold lighter between his long fingers. Looking up at him, I watch as he slowly inhales his own cigarette, holding it for a while allowing his cheeks to hollow and his cheekbones to pop even more against his ivory skin. As he releases the smoke, he turns his rather large body towards me and soon a er, his electric blue gaze finds mine. Without breaking contact, he steps in front of me, coming in front of my crossed ankles, and somehow underneath the sheer light, I see his jaw tense. The so scent of cinnamon was the first thing I could gather when he came near me. It was melted in with a musky cologne making the cinnamon seem more like a homely smell. Beautifully addicting. By the time he brought his hand in front of my mouth, the cigarette was between my parted lips, my heart pounding against my ribs. I took note of the many golden rings on his fingers, di erent designs, some simple and some complicated. a Veins stroked his hand as did ink. His thumb easily clicked the lighter on, and he lit the cigarette between my lips whilst keeping his gaze on me. Heck, I didn't know this man, it felt as if I did, but I didn't And here he was, getting under my skin without even touching me. a I inhale the smoke and look away from him, I watch in my peripheral vision as he backs away casually and leans back against the railing, staring up at the opened ceiling. The tobacco calms my nerves, calms my heart. I cross my leg over the other and wiggle my bottom to get a little more comfortable in the seat. "Thank you." I mumbled, avoiding eye contact with him instead of looking down at my strappy heels. He says nothing and it slowly starts to bother me. I wanted to know what his voice sounded like. Would it match his appearance? Or would it not? The mystery was killingme. When I finally glanced back up at him— which was only supposed to be a quick glance-it ended up being a full-blown staring contest. a His piercing eyes were already on me, studyingme. They held emptiness, absolutely void of nothing And that bothered me too. a We stared at each other for a while, up until I couldn't take it anymore and became uncomfortable with the silence between us. It was definitely not an interaction I've had before, with anyone. I'm not one to start conversations, I leave it to the other person to do it. I hatedtalking if I didn't want to. But right now, I wanted nothing more than for him to speak up. "That's stupid." á My brain suddenly stops and I snap my attention back to him Well, that answers my question. His voice was phenomenally exactly the perfect match to his appearance. Two words. Deep and dark. Yet he had a strong Italian accent, one that made me want to melt against the pavement just by hearing the sound of it. And the two words he spoke le me confused, I stare up at him, frowning. "Sorry?" My voice is still quiet, as it is always. The only time I find myself ever 'loud' is trying to get the attention of my cat—who has severe hearing problems when it comes to bringing him to cuddle He clenches his jaw and looks down at his feet as he drops the bud of the cigarette, stepping on it and swi ly swiping it over the edge of the balcony. My frown etches further. He could've picked it up and put it in an ashtray or something... "You bring cigarettes but not a lighter?" His deep voice caresses my ears, blessing them with the rumble of his emotionless tone. He sco s and I narrow my eyes at him. a "It was an innocent mistake, I just forgot them." I shrug, deepening my gaze on him. My tone had gotten a little defensive, passiveaggressive maybe. I was a calm person, but he seemed to irk that other side of me at this moment. I could tell he was fighting some sort of smirk by how his lips twitched but within a flash, they returned to a straight line. He crosses his arms over his chest, my gaze travels to the way his muscles ripple underneath the linen and I have to keep myself from staring for too long. God, he was so gorgeous. a "Didn't think you had permission to come up here?" He states rather than questions, his accent pops with the words he spoke. He looks at me lazily, his eyes hooded—like they were half-closed. a To save me from embarrassment, I lie and continue to inhale the tobacco. "Your mother said I could come up here," I state as casually as I could. He hums, the sound was as dark as him a My cigarette finished and I placed it inside the ashtray, now feeling a lot calmer than I was before entering the room. Before I could get too comfortable, I stand up from the sofa and looked down at my wrinkled dress and begin patting it down with my hands. "I'll leave you now." I comment, looking up at him with a slight challenge in my gaze. He looks at me blankly, staring down at my figure. Grasping my purse, I swi ly turn around allowing my hair to fly over my shoulders and down my back. I press my lips together to keep from cursing myself for being so awkward and uncomfortable. Just before I could take a step, his dark voice stops me. "You don't remember me, Serenit?" ₫³ My name on his tongue sent me those radiant tingles. Electricity and butterflies and all that stu. His words, though, catch me more o guard than that. I frown and turn back around, seeing him lean o of the wall and step in front of me. The immense height dierence was evident. I was already small, my mother even towered over me, not that she was that short but still. He knew my name already. I figured it could've been because he knew of my family as most did, but the way he said it was as if he knew me I say nothing but slowly analyse him. My head tilts to the side as I take in his inky black hair and his full lips and his glacier eyes. As he watches me too, he mockingly tilts his head, like he was making fun of me. ď And as if being hit by a strike of lightning, it all comes back. "Maybe we can be friends? I don't have many back at home." "I need to know your name first." "You have to tell me yours first." "Silver." Clasping his hand, I smile. "Serenity." My lips part in shock, and I take a step back in astonishment as his lips crawl into a mischievous smirk. " Silver" I whisper his name, now only learning the importance of it. He was the only boy I'd ever met who made my younger mind ecstatic. His presence was as calming as the ocean, as artwas. It made me happy that I had found someone that matched my energy. We'd only met once before, however, he appeared to have a better recollection than I did. He stares down at me, his gaze compelling. Slowly, my lips initiate a little smile, the more I look at him I see the resemblance that I had once seen. His eyes precisely. I recognise the freckles across his nose, you could only see them if you were close enough or if there was light shining directly onto them. Luckily, I had the option of both. They had the resemblance of snowflakes or diamonds. Yeah, diamonds "D'argento". I say, now grinning up at him as if we were long lost, friends. "You've changed a lot." I blurt out rather randomly. It was true though. When I met him, Silver was grinning like a ball of sunshine, full of so much life. Translation: "Silver." But now, he looked rather the opposite. His eyes were hooded, as if tired or sluggish. His hair was dishevelled and a mess, but in a sexy way. His body was built and muscular, obvious that he went to the gym o en. a Silver was gorgeous but he was utterly emotionless. Empty. As if all the life in him was sucked out, leaving nothing but a shadow of darkness. He sco s, parting his lips as he looks at mine. "And youhaven't changed a bit." He darkly says, then glances down at my body again, suddenly I become self-conscious under his lazy stare. Licking his plump lips, he allows his gaze to linger over my body and back up to my eyes. " Maybeyou've changed a bit." He smirks with dead eyes. ď It was my turn to sco now, stepping back away from him. "Don't look at me like that." I grumble, looking him straight in the His smirk fades into a tilt of his lips, still assessing me as he shoves his hands in his pockets. "Like what, Serenity?" Innocently, he shrugs and tilts his head to the side-mocking me again a I roll my eyes and glance away from him. "Like you knowme." Before I could let him say anything else, I was already halfway across the balcony, stepping foot inside the room. "See you soon, Fiore" Translation: "See you soon, Flower." Inhaling deeply to keep my heart at a rate that was normal, I place my hand over it as I halt my movements. "You won't be, D'argento" a With that, I o icially leave the room and leave my racing heart behind in the palm of his hands. It had been another solid hourbeing here. I kept checking my phone just to see if it was past midnight yet. Hayden had le only five minutes ago with his mother, he considered sneaking me away with him but I refused. God knows what he was up to tonight. Now, I'm le bored out of my mind, standing between my parents with only one thing on my mind. Or person, perhaps. Still, I couldn't believe I hadn't remembered him. But for some reason as soon as he decided to do the one thing that irked me, something I hatedand something only hehas done before—instantly triggered the memory of him. We met once And as a child, Silver was my first and only friend. I lied when I said I didn't have 'many', I actually had none and Silver happened to be my My family and I were away in Italy to visit my family from there. We ended up travelling to Sicily for business, and Silver and his family happened to be that. I was placed in that room for the time being. My parents always brought me along, they had certain trust issues to leave me alone with a babysitter or a guard to look a er me. It would be simply stupid to do so being the only child of two Mafia dons. Therefore, I was secluded away from the mishap and placed in a room where I could give into my most prized talent. Art. Due to my brief memory, I don't remember how long I was in there but I coloured in quite a bit, only up until Silver decided to come in. Ebony hair, diamond freckles, full but smaller lips. A lean, skinny frame with that he wore only a Nike black t-shirt and a pair of matching black shorts. It seems the love for black has still kept the same. I remember how long he looked at me, it made me uncomfortable due to the fact I was so used to it at school. Everyone would stare. As if I were a villain. I had continued to draw and then he sat next to me. From then on, it was a conversation to last. I liked him. Whether it was a silly drop of hope that Silver could be my friend, or if it was because he approached me as if I were a normal person. A er I le , I remember telling my Mamma in the car that I wanted to visit there all the time. She laughed and said "Sure, baby." а But we never did. I spent random nights thinking about him, but being the young little girl I was, he le my mind as easily as he came in. But now he was back. Completely changed, physically and emotionally. This wasn't going to change anything, though. Everything will remain the same, go to college, live life, maybe go on a trip to Vegas with Hayden and party a bit—even if I hate parties and basically enjoy my years of being young and youthful. a No boys, no men, Niente đ Translation: Nothing A hand placed on my back pulls me away from my head, I blink once and then twice before looking up at the person. Papà nods over to the doors and slightly leans down to talk. "Ready to go, Flower?" My eyes widen with excitement and I nod continuously. Papà smirks and shakes his head with amusement. Turning around, he goes over to my mother and tells her we were leaving. I look down at myself, making sure everything I brought is with me. By the time we had said our goodbyes to the family—Silver not included as he was still nowhere near to be seen—we were out the gates of the mansion and heading down the freeway. "That wasn't so bad, was it Serene?" Mamma looks at me from over her shoulder, smiling weakly with hooded, sleepy eyes. "It was horrible, Mamma." I give her a pointed look and she sco s, swatting at me. "But you had Hayden there." She points out sleepily, I watch her cuddle into the seat and lay her head against the side of the door. "But then he le and I became bored." I grumble and slump into my own seat. She hums for a moment before being entirely silent, indicating that she had dri ed to sleep. As we stop at a red light, Papà li s her head up from the side of the door and magically plucks out a random cushion, placing it under her I smile slightly and look back out the window as we speed back down the street. "You hungry, Serene?" My eyes connect with Papà's through the rear-view mirror and I instantly grin, nodding my head numerous times. "Can we get-"McDonald's." He finishes for me, and I continue to grin like a maniac. He was the best When I was a kid, some days a er school either my father or my mother would take me to McDonald's for a treat. **They** were the best About an hour or so later, I was back inside my most loving bed with a bag full of fries, nuggets, and an extra cheesy quarter pounder. a My body was curled inside the blankets, my poor, poor feet now resting from their war out in those atrocious heels. It was currently raining outside which decrypted my mood completely. Butterscotch hated the rain too, hence why he was curled up on my lap. He was also a cat who liked to sleep whenever he felt like it, which meant that he'd wake up at an obscene hour and then nap in the middle of the day. a He was weird but so was I. Perfect match I'd say. The vampire diaries played on the tv in front of me. It was probably my fi h time rewatching the series, it was a yearly thing almost. a I glanced around my room while munching on a nugget, my gaze lingered on the blank canvas that stood just behind my window Technically I did have an art room, but my bedroom was where most of my projects are created. Figuring that all of my idea's come when I'm out, or looking outside, or even if my eyes and brain just wandered around, working together, and then boom, I've got an idea. The space in my bedroom is where I'll keep all of my ideas or bring them to action somehow. As long as I had a pencil and paper in front of me, that was all I needed to bring my ideas to life. And for some reason, the blank canvas looked all too good for me to use right now. I had absolutely no idea what I wanted to draw or paint, but my fingers itched to reach forward and start. Erratically, my phone started to vibrate from my nightstand, pulling me away from the daze I was in. Grasping it with my clean hand, I look down at the caller ID, snickering as I read the contact. **Incoming call from: Snickerdoodle** The nickname was an inside joke between us. Answering the call, Hayden's deep voice bursts through the speakers. "Serenity, I'm going to murder my mother." That was the very first thing that was said right before he continued. "Please distract me. Say anything and I'll be happy. This maniac of a woman is killing me." I sco ed and pressed the facetime icon. A few moments later, Hayden's head pops into view and I take in his rough appearance. His tamed curls from tonight were now completely rugged, flying in every direction. His suit was also completely torn apart, leaving his shirt unbuttoned and for the world to see his fortunately chiselled chest. "Jesus, what happened to you? Covering my mouth, I giggle underneath my hand watching him glare at me in the darkness. "And are you in a car? It was evident to see that he was sitting against a leather seat, sunk down against the window as if he were hiding.

"I am, "He starts o, "I don't want to talk about it. Please distract me. "He says dramatically and all I could do was sigh and replace my

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"Fuck Serene,"He groans and I grin with a mouth full of fries, knowing this would piss him o . He loves Mcdonald's more than

Rolling my eyes, I swallow and wipe my fingers on a napkin while

"I'm distracting you aren't I?I'raise an eyebrow up at him giving him

He breathes in deeply and closes his eyes, sinking even further into

"We have school tomorrow. Like 'first day of college' type of school.'Sarcasm rolls o of his voice and the reminder only brought

It seemed that Hayden had noticed and he immediately became

"Don't be nervous, pooh bear. We'll stick together when we can, yeah?"He raises his fist to the camera—ignoring the dry blood and cuts, I raise my own in front of my face and we bump our fists virtually

"Besides, maybe we can finally get you a boyfriend?" echuckles while I send him a quick glare. I didn't need a boyfriend, or a man, or just a partner in general. Yes, I lacked experience in that department

"Shut up. Says you who basically man-whores around, how about **you** settle down, huh? It was Hades' turn to glare at me, to which

"How about one of your 'hot' bodyguards? I'm sure mommy would

And then he hung up with a growl. Giggling, I throw my phone over the other side of the bed and continue to throw all of my rubbish

The house was eerily quiet, when Mamma was asleep then all that could be heard was the sounds outside of the house or my own

I closed my bedroom door completely, proceeding to dim my lights to the lowest level. My bathroom was positioned to the side of the room, where another leading door on the right of it was my walk-in closet,

Pulling on a white oversized sweatshirt that I had rummaged around for about three minutes before I finally made motives towards the

Butterscotch was already snuggled on one side of the bed. He did have his own little bed inside my room, but he preferred to sleep with

Rolling my eyes, I let out an exasperated breath and turned o my

The room went dark. My opened curtains appealed to the milk-like moonlight to pour through and enlighten the room a smidgen. Even though my high walls were enough to keep the outside from seeping in, still the glow of headlights and illumination from outside my home

For some, it would be annoying to have any type of light as or before you sleep, though, for me, I enjoyed it. It was comforting to know that

I wasn't afraid of the dark, though I made no plans to become fond of

Soon enough sleep overtook my body, soundlessly allowing my body

bathroom to brush my teeth and head straight to bed.

More like you preferred he sleeps with you.

the darkness didn't take over completely.

lights with a remote kept aside on my nightstand.

an anxious whirlwind of thoughts to combust in my brain.

words with fries.

anyone in this world.

the car.

serious.

together.

Sure, Serene.

like that-

away.

me.

contrasts.

to rest in peace.

"You're just as bad as my mother."

resting the phone on Butterscotch's back.

the 'I'm right and you know itlook.

but I'm perfectly happy on my own.

only provoked my teasing.

footsteps tapping around.

which was where I headed first.