**Chapter Thirty Three** 

This overwhelming smile overtakes his face. A face that I haven't seen in years, and it looks like he hasn't changed a bit. Except for some of his features being more structured than before, he still looked like normal Alias.

Besides the occasional twist in his gaze, an iniquity lurking beneath. Between the time of us staring at each other, simply in a daze, he

looked over my whole face as if savouring every feature I held—and while he did so, he hadn't realised he had released my hands. Trying to escape was no use, trying to tackle this over-six-foot man would be even stupider. My only option was to harvest my phone,

unlock the device and call whoever was first in my recent calls. It was harder than I thought. Managing to slip it behind my back, I didn't have a passcode on my phone but only Face ID so it unlocked straight away without having it pointed in front of me.

I hoped that the position my thumb was in had hit the phone app,

and then I tapped any random place on the screen in hopes that my sad attempt at saving myself was working. phone dialling—that was when relief hit me hard.

But then I felt vibrating against my palm which had been a sign of my "Somehow, you have managed to get even prettier," He smiles so ly, holding a palm against my cheek and caressing his thumb along my

skin. On instinct, I shove his hand away and my back hits the door. My phone had slipped back into my bag, it was opened just in case I

needed to reach for it again. I just hoped that whoever was dialled had picked up and could track my location. His smile fades and an angry frown appears across his dangerous

"Don't touch me," I warn, folding my arms over my chest and hoping to lean away from him. Alias still makes no move to remove himself, instead, he only inches forward, even closer than he was before. An uncomfortable feeling settled between him and me, our unsaid

past, our teenaged past—it was all so long ago, a heartbreak well overdue but still an opened wound, unsettling me in my current life. "Alias?" My brows pinch together, finally allowing my gaze to settle on him The Alias I knew before was in front of me, a young, broken boy

who merely only needed a friend or love. Mylove. But the more I stare at him, the more I realise that his smile was empty, his eyes that had once been lively, fierce, resilient—now a look of craze, need, possession. The dead look in his gaze told me more

than I should know, sanity hadn't been kind to him. "I've got you now, Serenity."

His arms cage me in, settling his hands beside my head as he was severely pressed up against the door. I breathe hard, my palms sweating as I press them against his chest in a weak attempt to pull

My parents raised me better than this. They taught me self defence, and how to protect myself when nobody else can. Right now, I felt like I was at my weakest point. Physically not able to perform such miracles, but emotionally still wrapping my head around the point that Alias stood in front of me, trapping me inside such a small room.

An extremely small room that began to spin. I blamed it all on the alcohol. "No," I tell him, shaking my head in refusal. "You don't have me. Not anymore."

He fills my blurring sight, making sure to imprint on my mind the last look of what I'd remember him as—evil. Pure evil. "I've got so many plans for you and me, Serenity," He chuckles near my ear, and my eyes close in fear as I struggle with fighting for my consciousness. "And that manyou're with won't get in the way of any

Hearing him talk about Silver made my heart clench tightly. Even the thought of Alias touching him made my blood boil, it made my head spin more from the new, unsettling emotions. How dare he threaten him. How dare he come back into my life, uninvited, and claiming to take me away from what I've built for myself. What I've overcome and

My prayers were answered because a second later, all thoughts from my mind were cleared and all I could think of was getting saved.

what I have achieved.

open with his body.

again.

mustering all strength within me, I scream his name back as powerfully as I could. "Hayden!" My mouth gets covered by a large hand slapping over my mouth,

making my breathing falter by the pressure against my mouth and face. I breathe in whatever air I could muster, hearing curses fall from behind me and from beside me as Hayden begins pounding the door

"Serenity?" Hayden's deep voice fills the corridor just behind me,

Alias swears more and forcefully begins to pull my body away from the door as it slams open. Hayden's face appears behind the dizzy shapes and fading lights in my view, now knowing I was to be saved, I let go. Allowing myself to fall back into a void.

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So stroking running through my hair slowly slumbers me awake. I blink my eyes open until my sight is concealed with darkness all over

Besides the city lights that flash past through a window beside me, the smell of a clean car and a familiar musky cologne—followed by a cinnamon scent I longed for-cool leather seats beneath me all

confirm that I was sitting inside a car, safe and sound. Looking above me, I was in the arms of Silver once again. His gaze was placed outside the window, set in a cold stare with his jaw ticking every few seconds. I noticed the way his whole body was tensed, his muscular arms around me—protective.

My head throbbed with pain, my eyes were heavy and foggy making it

As if feeling my gaze on him, Silver's blue eyes flashed down to me in

hard to comprehend what was happening around me.

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the next second. Concern began to grow over the nonchalant expression he held, his weight shi ing as he pulled me closer to his body. "Flower?" He whispers so ly, removing his stroking hand to the coolness of my cheek. "Are you okay?"

I shake my head briefly in response, but part my mouth to tell him I would be fine eventually. But when I did, my voice wasn't there and he noticed, grabbing a fresh water bottle from his other side and

"I'm going to sit you up a little," He murmured, li ing the upper half of my body and tipping the cool water down my throat. Weakly, I grasp the side of his arm and swallow, licking my chapped lips.

"Thank you," I finally say, he keeps the water bottle uncapped and

He sighs and runs his hand through his already unruly hair, turning to

look out the window before returning back to face me.

"Hayden got to you before I did. He managed to knock that

uncapping it, moving it close to my mouth.

places it in the cupholder beside him.

"I'm okay, Silver...what happened?"

"Is Hayden okay?"

do was hug him and never let go.

"Is she okay?"

"Did she wake?"

dead in the eye and stared.

moment, baby,"

psicopaticout but only for enough time to get you out of that room away from him." Translation: Psycho A heavy feeling occurs through my bones, dreading his next words. "He escaped without a trace of knowing where he is."

His dark gaze became too much for me, so I settled myself closer in his arms and stared out at the stars as we've now passed the city.

My best friend saved me. He saved me from evil. I had my whole life to make it up to him, the least I could do was make sure he wasn't

dreadfully hurt. "He's fine, Amore He'll be at your house when we arrive." I was relieved hearing those words, but now I thought of my parents and how much worry they would be going through—and there was no doubt my grandparents knew, my uncle and my aunts—oh god

"Hey," His voice's gentle murmur distracted me from my incessant thoughts. "I can tell you are overthinking, there's no need, beautiful. Everything will be fine." He uses the tip of his finger to trace the side of my cheek, and while my heart pounded in my chest, all I wanted to

"Everyone is on their way back to your home," He confirms, loosening his arms around me, only wanting him closer. So, I li myself as much as I could without the urge to faint, and I wrap my weak arms around

"Thank you for coming to save me," I feel my eyes begin to water, the luck I felt consumed me and it was gratitude that overtook me. "I need you in my life more than you know, Silver. And not just because I

his neck, snuggling the tip of my nose into his shoulder.

need saving." Silver's hand fell on my back, rubbing it soothingly until I was lulled back to sleep. "And I need you more than I need myself, Serenity."

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again. I find myself in my own room, surrounded by blankets—and a protective Butterscotch—but also with many members of my family. Starting with my mother who sat on the edge of my bed, her eyes full of worry but her cheeks slightly red—meaning that she had been crying. Behind my bed were my Uncle Andre and my grandfather Landon.

Uncle Dre's face held worry and concern, and my Pops, he looked me

I felt my chest begin to bubble with dread, my head felt light and I switched my gaze to my Papà behind him. I fear the look in his gaze. He looked deadly, a desire of murder ready in his gaze and a crease between his brows that showed all that he was feeling—rage

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"I think everybody needs to calm down and take a deep breath,"

The so murmurs of my family's bickering brought me awake once

"Obviously not, Arabella. She looks nearly dead!"

just entered, and as he overpowers me and kisses me all over, his over-six-foot form falls into my arms. "Are you alright? Did that bastard hurt you? God, when we find him, he'll be wishing to go to hell— "Nico!" My Aunt Davina grabs ahold of my uncle's shoulders, gradually pulling him away from me. "Let the girl breathe for a

I gave a weak smile to Uncle Nico, making sure that I hadn't hurt his feeling at the sigh of relief when he was pushed o my body. It was sore, unknowingly why. It might've been the way I had been dragged or the way I was so far pressed up against the wall it bruised me.

"Baby girl," My mother cooed, her eyes so ened and delicate, only bringing me a sense of comfort. I open my arms for a hug, and she immediately takes me into her hold. I close my eyes and breathe in her scent, feeling just as protected as when I was with Silver.

"My beautiful niece!" My gaze immediately turns to the man who had

"I'm so glad you're okay," Her murmur lulls my eyes closed, breathing in her lavender scent. "I'm going to kill that asshole for hurting you." "Me too!" The second female voice behind her was my Aunt Kara, her fiery gaze

running wild with her thoughts. Uncle Theo wrapped his arm around her, kissing the side of her head and then smiling down at me.

As Mamma pulls away from me, I smile at them both and flutter my gaze over to my Papà who still looked like he was ready to take a bullet and shoot a bullet at the same time. When I was about to ask for him, somebody else wrapped their arms around me and I

"Hi Grandma," I smile, hugging her back just as tightly.

"We're glad you're safe, Serene."

immediately recognised the hug.

moment.

as Silver.

hide it away from me.

croaky, even in a whisper.

depart and nod to my father.

out.

frequently.

"Yes?"

word.

at the perfect time.

dread now.

to not bring down the mood.

I hadn't even known he was in here...

up, it had been my Uncle Dre. I grin up at him, and he grins back down at me. He ru les my hair and I giggle, swatting his hand away and my mood lightened up at his playfulness. The next person that trails into my sight shocks me just the slightest.

My Uncle Aydan, which is my Aunt Kara's twin brother, was standing right in front of me with his easy-going smile and arms wide open.

His gentle embrace warmed my heart a little bit more, and I quietly giggled. As a professional basketball player, Aydan is frequently away, travelling as much as halfway around the world to practise or to perform. I couldn't believe he was in the room with me at this same

She pulls back slightly, her eyes watery and another tear falls down her cheek. "I'm sorry this has happened to you, Serenity." She kisses my cheek and as she does so, another shadow falls upon her, looking

sadly at my comment. "I promise to come to visit you all more when I've got the chance, just don't die on me." He says this and instead of saddening me, it just makes me laugh. We all catch up for a few moments, little conversations here and there—everyone was careful not to bring up my situation any further

As some of my family trailed away over time, I began to try and situate myself up from a sleeping position. My mind was fuzzy and my arms were sore as I put pressure on them. A er wincing once, an arm gets wrapped around me and helps me up, I look up to see the person

"That's because I wasn't," He smirks, brushing a strand of hair away from my face, obvious that I had said my thoughts aloud. His blue eyes were a shade darker than usual, uncertified darkness lurking beneath his gaze but he seemed to hide it away from me—triedto

"How are you feeling?" He asks me quietly, making sure that our conversation was heard only between us. I nod gingerly, staring at his plump lips. "I'm okay, better that I'm home." My voice still sounded

He says nothing, making no expression either—only nodding. Silver appears to have wanted to stay by my side; however, as my family lingered behind him, watching us suspiciously, he was constrained to

"I'll be back later to talk with you." He announces, authority bouncing o of him. My father nods once, not sparing a word as Silver walks

Silver trails o as I trace his back with my eyes; nevertheless, as if sensing my probing stare, he turns his head to me once more, and I

"I haven't seen you in months," I laugh and he pulls away, smiling

smile. He smiled back, melting me into a puddle, and then he slowly le the room. "Are you guys together yet?" My Aunt Kara asks, raising her brows suggestively. I blush when I realise that everybody in the room had their eyes on me, obviously witnessing our little moment. "No," I so ly murmur, shi ing under the sheets of my bed.

"Yet." The familiar voice booms, my eyes switching over to the other

Hayden stood against the wall, arms folded over his chest and a knowing smirk sprawled across his lips. His golden locks were dishevelled, obvious that he had run his hand through them

Our eyes connect, his brown gaze warming as he steps forward, obvious that a tear had escaped my eye upon seeing him. If it wasn't for him, I would've been gone. Taken away from this very position.

"I owe you big time" I whisper into his ear as he wraps his arms around me, hugging me tightly. He smiles against my hair, kissing the top of my head. "You don't owe me a thing, Serenity. Saving you

"Thank you," I finally say, holding him tighter against me.

A er a long-needed hug from my best friend, everyone slowly leaves the room, claiming to let me rest. There were only three people who

Mamma came over to me with a steaming cup of hot chocolate, it was

I thank her briefly and look down at the floating marshmallows,

"Serenity," Pops' deep voice startles me and I snap my gaze up, catching sight of the frown between his brows. I sighed, placing my hot chocolate on my side table and crossing my hands on my lap.

He takes a seat beside me, staring over my features that slightly resemble his own. He seems to try and find something—an injury,

concern, worry—anything to blame on the fright he felt.

side of the room I hadn't lingered upon.

shouldn't come with a price a er."

stayed behind. Mamma, Pops, and Papà.

my favourite type—the Lucky Charm's flavour.

smiling upon the sweet taste bringing me comfort.

"I'm sorry we weren't able to protect you," He shakes his head, disappointed. "Your bodyguards were injected at the time, he had this planned for a while. I just don't know how he knew you would be going out." Pops looked confused—and he neverwas one to be confused. "We're assuming he's been keeping an eye on you, he's got men

watching your every move even from home." Mamma interrupts, standing at the start of my bed along with Papà who still hasn't said a

Just the idea of someone keeping an eye on me made me feel very terrified. It was always being disturbed by the thought that someone was monitoring you and interfering with every sense of peacefulness.

Out with friends, hanging about in your room, sleeping-there would always be a set of eyes watching your every move, preparing to strike

"Serenity." The deep rumble of my father's voice echoed throughout the room, silencing everybody's words and thoughts. Fear was

evident in my expression—surely it was because I was consumed with

My father takes both of his hands and places them on my cheeks, li ing my scared gaze to his. I look into his amber eyes, finding the

"Nobody will hurt you, do you understand me?" I quickly nod my head at the use of his scary tone, watching as his eyes so ened for the first time in an hour. He lets go of my face, leaning down and

I relax in his arms, lightly hugging him back but he only tightens his

"Nothing will ever happen to you for as long as I am here," Tears well up in my eyes from his deep words, the meaning behind them so

struggle of my breath just a little easier to solace with.

wrapping his big arms around me.

myself without anyone at my side.

or two.

everything.

the void, but nobody spoke.

Definitely wasn't dreaming.

and the door closed.

hold on me more.

strong and yet delicate. "I know, Papà. Everything will be back to normal eventually." I smile to comfort him when he pulls away, but the saddening look on his gaze had my heart hurt more. Silence follows as we pull away from each other, the three of us sitting and thinking blindly. Alias will not take me away from my family, I won't allow it.

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It's been a few days now. I've had a few days to rest and recover from the recent tragedy and I haven't been out of my house since. A frightening feeling fills me at the mention of leaving my home by

For the past few nights, I haven't been able to sleep well. Nightmares about that night would occur if I slept too deeply, if I slept too lightly I would begin to think over everything. Indirectly, my solution was to watch comforting Disney movies until I would fall asleep for an hour

Hayden has been coming over when he could, just for an hour or two as well. My family knew well that I'd been struggling, although I didn't

I've been studying online too, my whole focus has been on college in a form to distract myself. Art has also been a distraction, a sense of

Most of my time was spent inside my art room, I've been painting,

complain once. I knew it would pass, eventually.

One thing though, I haven't heard a word from Silver.

peace in my dwelling mind.

and sketching, it was all helping me.

wasn't as important as whatever he was doing. My father briefly told me that he's been cooped up with work—not that I asked him about Silver—no, I think he could just tell that I was thinking about him. I probably shouldn't be pissed o that he hasn't messaged me or called me, I just thought we were so much closer now. Especially a er

But here I was, twelve a.m in the darkness of my room and I was thinking about Silver Ceraso, the mere thought of him being mine. O icially he wasn't, and I wasn't his either. We played the act that we

were o icial, that we are something. Uno icially, we weren't.

Suddenly, the darkness of my room gleamed with a portion of light. The hallway light dimmed in as my bedroom door opened slowly, my heart raced as I expected either my mother's or father's voice to fill

I began to think if I had been dreaming again, I blinked a few times

My heavy breathing halted any words to come through my mouth, to command the person of their identity. But when the figure stepped into the shadows, I immediately figured out who it was. A sense of relief tumbled over me, my gaze connecting with the striking blue

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I messaged him a few nights ago, but apparently getting back to me

gaze. "Silver?" I murmur out in the darkness. He steps towards me slowly, intimidation radiating o his unseen figure. I swi ly move my legs over the edge of my bed, never finding a way out as his figure stood above me.

"It's me," He confirms, as though not to frighten me. His voice was

I stare up at him, a glimmer of his features partially visible from the very faint moonlight coming through my curtains. His blue gaze

cold, it wasn't as so as usual—still quiet.

for me to take. "You'll have to find out."

"Do you want to go somewhere with me?" His question brought me to frown. "Right now?" I whisper back, my toes curling from the cold.

nods his head, black hair strands falling into place in front of his hooded eyes. "Where are we going?" I ask him, still hesitant to leave the house. But it was with him, I felt safer than ever that way. A faint smirk comes across his lips and he holds both his hands out

overtakes everything. He li s a hand to my cheek, running his thumb along my cheekbone. I see the faint motion of his tongue caressing his bottom lip, before he

Within the darkness, I placed my hands in his. **AUTHORS NOTE** Hiii <3 Hope you all like the chapter! Genuine question, out of curiosity, what is your favourite book?

(can be a series also)

I feel like I've read sooomany, but could never choose.

The Invisible Life of Addie LaRue would be my top tier though.

Let me know your thoughts!

- lei :)