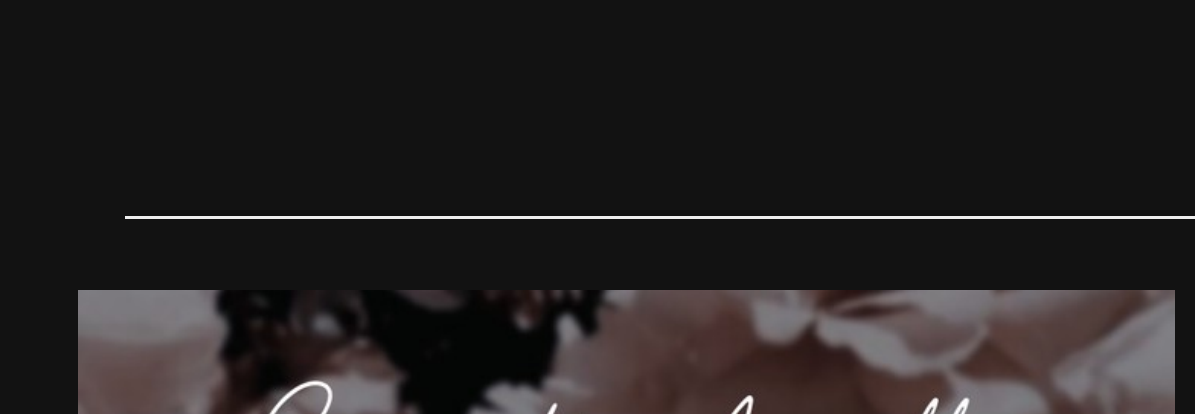
Chapter Thirty Four



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"You didn't even give me the opportunity to get dressed." I grumbled, curling my legs up to my chin on the leather of his car.

Considering I was still in my Snowman Christmas pyjama pants and a white sweatshirt with nothing underneath, I truly hoped we weren't adventuring into a crowd full of people.

He chuckles, licking his lips moist and I found it incredibly hard not to reach over and slam my lips against his.

"Don't worry, it's nowhere fancy."

All I did was hum in response and preoccupy myself with the view outside of the window.

"Why are you talking to me all of a sudden?" I ask him sarcastically, not glancing over once at him. I made it a mission to make him own up to whatever shit he was pulling because I wasn't about to let him get away with the fact he ignored my texts for as long as four days.

Although my face was kept unread, it was turned towards the sky that was littered with cloudy stars, I was so tempted to see the expression on his face. Would it be emotionless? Or would his eyes hold guilt?

I kept my ground, chewing on the insides of my cheeks to keep me at bay.

"Flower," He sighs, there again with that nickname that makes me melt only when it falls from his luscious lips. Do not fold.

"I've just been...preoccupied. I'm sorry for not responding, or for checking up on you."

His apology sounded sincere. Demanding my attention, he stopped the car midway through an empty road, pulling us off to the side. I immediately thought we were at the destination, but then his car door never opened.

I spun around and looked at him with a perplexed look as his blue eyes pierced into mine. With a serious expression on his face, he rests his other palm on my cheek and wraps his fingers beneath my hand.

"I'm so set on finding him, Serene. It's all I'll do to make you safe again."

Suddenly, it hits me.

He's been so fed up with trying to find Alias, that was why he was distanced.

I shake my head and give him a half smile. "You shouldn't be overworking yourself about it, he will be caught soon. When the time is right, hm?" I run a hand through his hair, feeling his own hand travel from my cheek down to the back of my neck.

"You're too forgiving, Serenity." He murmurs, grazing our lips just enough to make me want more.

"Only for you." I whispered, suddenly caught under his spell again.

"Can I kiss you?" He murmurs against my lips, my chest heaving in anticipation.

"You never have to ask," I vow. He pushes his lips softly against mine, delicate with my touch.

Automatically, my mouth responds to his. The same way a submissive is to its dominant. I moved my lips softly, desirably. I yearned for his taste and the sensation of his gentle lips embracing mine.

As my hands crawl deep into his hair, a pleasurable groan fell into my mouth and the tightening of his hands on my hips had me kissing him deeper.

While savouring and favouring each taste and touch, our tongues collide. He briefly withdraws so that I could collect my breath, but he still chooses to make me shiver by sending trails of hot, wet kisses down my throat.

When his lips move back up to my jaw, I eagerly grab his face in my palms and smash my lips against his.

"If we don't stop now," I mutter through a breathless kiss, pulling away completely after kissing him once more. "—then I don't think we would be making it wherever we're going too."

He chuckles deeply, kissing the side of my cheek twice and I feel his smile through each peck. "Alright baby," He pulls back, settling back into the seat with me still all flustered from the hot kiss.

"I'll make it up to you." He assures, driving back onto the silent roads. I hum again in response, slowly reverting my attention to the sky.

Time passes by as I think. Silver's hand caresses mine as he drives, either playing with the tips of my fingers or running the tips of his along my veins, tracing every line.

Part of the reason why I was so stuck in my head was because of him. His distracting touch, his smell of cinnamon, musk, and mint. Or the way the tips of his hair touch his brow delicately grazes the longer strands passing by his lashes.

His pretty blue eyes are always coated with a mist of mystery, although his long, black lashes seem to always have his icy gaze captured by me.

Or maybe it was the way he spoke. The deep octave of his voice always carries the heaviness of a thick Italian accent, always managing to find my name in a sentence he conducts.

My mind was filled with so many things, so many thoughts and questions.

Why couldn't he be mine yet?

Why hasn't he asked me to be his?

Should I ask him?

Don't be ridiculous.

I sigh aloud, which seems to make him aware that I was pondering too hard.

"Overthinking?" He questions as if reading my mind. I blink my eyes away from the night, instead, I look towards the high road we head up.

"Yeah," I breathe out, feeling the edge of my fingers curl around his hand. "Are we nearly there?"

I wasn't sure how long we had been in the car for. The silence was loud but comforting. I had been too caught up in my thoughts to realise how far we had driven from any sign of life.

Right now, we were one car on the very top of a hill.

The engine cut and Silver was sliding out of the car, coming around to my side. I exit the car, my gaze trained on the freshly trimmed grass and the small daises that were slowly growing, reflective of the light of the moon.

I find myself edging close to the edge of the hill, a cliff on the other side. Below were steep tumbles of rocks until stopping at what looked to be a long way down to an empty freeway.

Slowly, I take my gaze away and turn back around to Silver, finding him laying out a large blanket over the grass. His headlights were kept on, illuminating the path in front of us. A few pillows were then tossed from the back trunk, landing onto the blanket until another large blanket appeared too.

My lips curl into the softest smile, and a familiar warmth manages to crawl its way through me at the kind and soft gesture he's done.

"You prepared all this?" I asked him quietly. His head shoots up from where he was arranging the pillows to sit, he leans his body to his full height and takes two or three strides toward me.

I tilt my head to face him, only with the help of his hand grasping and lifting my chin high enough to have our eyes connect.

"I did," He gently tugs his lips to the side, an edge of a smirk there to have my legs turn into jello.

"How did you know that I would be awake for this?" I raise a suspicious brow, waiting for his response. He shrugs gently, his smirk turning into a dimpled smile. "Then I would've taken you out tonight instead."

He then caresses my left cheek, twirling a lock of my hair around his index finger. "But I knew you wouldn't be sleeping, I've been checking in using your father."

Whatever anger or annoyance I had towards him left within the moment those words left his lips. After all, he was still worried about me and checked in on me by asking my father.

"I'll never stop caring about you, Serenity. No matter how tossed up I am between missions and work." He leans down, strands of black hair tickling the tips of my cheeks, pushing those plush lips of his with mine.

"It's Friday you know?"

I smile, remembering that it was way past midnight and it was definitely our Friday.

"It is," I smile, bringing my hands around his neck to pull us closer. Silver runs his fingers down my waist, tucking his warm hands underneath my sweatshirt and placing them on the skip of my hips.

"And it's our anniversary date. It's been a month, Flower."

Sucking in a breath, I exhale as he leans down and kisses me again. Feverishly, he does so—as if he hadn't tasted me in months when really it had only been minutes. My body alights in flames, the passionate kiss resonates into something more meaningful— love

Whether it was in the moment— or not—I felt that spark inside of me. That spark I've once felt before but it was different this time. It was much more powerful, more magnetically pulling. Love was strong in many ways and others, but this kiss meant something unchangeable.

When we pulled away, I took a moment to inhale the feeling. It took me a minute, it appears it took him some time as well, which had me thinking...did he feel that too?

"I brought the paintings." He tells, smothering the silence with his baritone voice.

"Good," I grin, taking his hands in mine and leading him towards all the blankets he set up.

We settle down into a position where he rests up against the pillows and where he became my pillow. My head lays on his lap, my body sprawled out to the side. His hand runs through my hair, stroking each strand with a delicate touch.

Something I couldn't figure out was how a man as intimidating and bad as him, could be as gentle as he was with me. Even judging him by his overbearing appearance, he screams bad–yet, he could be as soft as a Golden Retriever.

Only to me, I hope.

Our hands were tangled together, resting below the front of my stomach. Above us were the stars, which he told me was the best place to view them.

"How did you find this place? It seems so secluded..."

I turned my head slightly in order to look at him, his gaze was still dominating on the stars which only brightened his own gaze. Twinkling lights sparkled in his blue gaze, when they fell down to me, I had to reassure myself to breathe.

"I found it on a mission, unknowingly."

Nodding my head, I keep my eyes on him in a way to keep him talking. I loved it when he spoke. His voice brought me butterflies but also a sense of peace. And I loved watching the way his lips would part just an inch or half an inch to speak, the way they moved when he did....

"It was my eighteenth birthday when I found it. Caught off guard by the view." He looks deep into my gaze, never once sparing another glance anywhere else as he talks.

At some point, I looked away because the heat of his gaze got too much for me. Nevertheless, I smiled into the night and began to speak to him about everything that was on my mind.

It started with what I had been doing the past few days to occupy my time, I explained to him how classes were a little easier in terms of being my first priority in order to distract me from life.

He didn't seem to like the fact I was overworking myself, he said to give myself time away from it, disposition myself from my mind and just rest. I told him I did, and painting with Butterscotch was just what I did to separate myself from myself.

Somehow the conversation led off to somewhere between my childhood, explaining the unhappiness I felt when kids, teachers, or parental figures would recognise me as the daughter of Arabella and Roman Agnello. Or, worse, the only granddaughter of Landon Angelo Malik.

The worst part of it all was how sad and alone it made me feel. It had been a blessing when I met Hayden. From that point on, it had only ever been him and I; he had been my friend from the beginning to now.

Everyone feared me, all because of the background of my family. It never brought me shame, never But it was disappointing how cruel this society could be, how reliably unresourceful they were.

After an hour passed of endless conversation, I shifted away from his lap and looked down at him from above.

"Painting reveal?"

He chuckles and holds out a hand for me to help him up. I placed my hand in his and he was by my side in a second.

I stand in front of the headlights, staring down at the deadly silent road below. The silent air was eerie but comforting. Knowing nobody else was out here besides Silver and me oddly comforted me.

"Before you ask, no, I haven't seen either of them."

Grinning, I turn back around to Silver placing the two canvases up against the front of his car with a black sheet over each. Walking forward, I reply.

"Not even a glimpse, Silver?"

I was confused as to why his head snapped up so quickly from my remark, he knew I was only teasing but it seemed that my question might have just revealed an answer.

"Wait...did you get a glimpse, Silver—

My mouth slaps closed the moment his long legs strode over to me, his eyes set firmly on mine and then I was pulled against his chest in a heartbeat.

"No, but that mouth of yours whispering my name over and over again might just drive me to fuck you before you could even get a glimpse of it."

Holy crap.

My cheeks rise in heat as he breathes heavily over my lips, my body pressing into his further. And just to prove his strongly spoken words, something hard pushes up against my lower stomach. I breathe in heavily, staring up into his overly lusted eyes.

"Nobody's stopping you," I slyly curl my lips into a smile. "And I surely won't."

I managed to break his serious exterior, earning a break of a smile through his plumped lips. He holds me tighter now and I feel him against my skin, sinking in the reminder that after two months of not getting my period, it finally showed up this morning.

Also reminding me that the moisture between my thighs isn't going to be fulfilled.

"But I'm on my period, so," I pat his chest with both my palms, giving him a small, apologetic look. But he doesn't seem fazed by that, instead, he looks even more sly.

In the next second, he was whispering into my ear.

"Oh, yeah? Well it doesn't stop us from doing anything else..." He lowers his head to my cheek, grazing his lips across my jaw and feeling the heat of his breath and the cool touch of his lips ghost over my neck.

Instinctively, I tilt my head to the side, an urgency of wanting more from him. But all I was given was a soft kiss against my pulse, his hands roaming my hips as he pulls us away only an inch.

"We do this first," Smirking, he pulls us towards the canvases.

Standing in front of these canvases had me thinking about how much my feelings have developed over time. I couldn't believe how in such little time could manage a transfer of feelings for one single person.

My heart constantly races, his body heat radiated onto my back behind me, and my chest becomes heavy and warm filled with so much aspiration and giddy excitement for what was to come.

"You go first," He whispers into my ear, goosebumps rise on the back of my neck, and a heavy feeling dawns upon me as I raise my hand to one of the canvases.

"How do I know which is mine?" I glance between the two, chewing at my lip as a nervous strategy. I feel his shoulders shrug, his chin resting on the top of my head while his fingers rub circles on my skin from underneath my hoodie.

"Just pick one."

Calmly, I go with my intuition and take off the left sheet, only for it to reveal an extremely detailed portrait of me

If I thought my heart was beating fast before, I was more than wrong as it now spreads into a wildfire of thumps against my chest.

Seeing the depths of grey in my own gaze, the prominent touch of my high cheekbones and my lips coloured a deep red. Sunlight blazed across one side of my appearance, a window beside me and it was the same window and area as my art room.

He drew me on the spot, portraying exactly what he saw.

I continued to view the displayed artwork, the headlights of his car reflected onto it perfectly which gave us the ideal view.

"It's so beautiful, Silver." I blush, feeling weird to be calling a portrait of me beautiful. Although, it truly was. His art style was gorgeous, so close to reality.

"Thanks, flower," He smirks and trails his fingers slowly up my waist. "Can I see yours now?"

Nodding my head, I shift my body to the side which makes his contact with me trail off. I wait for him to lean forward and take off the sheet, nervous to see what his reaction to it would be.

Surely it wasn't as good as his, but I wouldn't doubt for a second that he would make a comment on that.

Silver gazes at me as he steps forward and brings a hand to the hem of the sheet, his right brow raises, sceptical, and I giggle, waving my hands and gesturing for him to continue.

He smiles slightly at the sound of my laughs, then his hand moves up and the sheet reveals a canvas full of colour.

Both our gazes go to the portrait, before mine bounces back to his face, yearning for a reaction. I step lightly toward him, watching his eyes light up in a heartbeat. The way his smile slowly fades and the light in his gaze brightens the more it moves around the canvas as if to take in every detail he could find.

I wrap both my arms around him from the side of his body, and his arm automatically comes around my shoulders and brings me closer to him.

"Well?" I sigh, continuing to stare up at his unmoving gaze.

Silver's blue eyes fall down to me, a certain light in them I've only seen at vulnerable times. My heart clenches as he swoops down and takes me in for a soft kiss. His hand was on my jaw, making motions with his thumb at the same pace as the kiss he gave me.

When he pulls away, his forehead rests up on mine and a little smile plays out on his lips after.

"I never doubted it to be incredibly perfect for a second."

He continues to take my breath away, his answer nothing but music to my ears.

"And I would like to ask you something,"

My mind suddenly goes blank after hearing his weakened whisper, his smile fading as he looks me dead in the eye. I couldn't think of much as the tension fills the air, but a certain nervous feeling spread through my hands and made its way around my body.

"Ask away," I respond, moving in his direction as he backs up just enough to put his hands in mine and interlace his long fingers through them. My lips broke out in a smile as I looked down at our clasped hands, but his deep voice quickly directed my focus back to him.

"Serenity," He runs his tongue along his bottom lip, his eyes fluttering nervously all across my features.

I'd never seen him nervous before, but what he looked like right now was just about as close to what nervous would be for him.

"Would you do me the honour of being my girlfriend?"

Without even knowing it, my lips had parted with a sharp intake of breath—left shocked, I stare into his eyes as my heart rams out of my chest.

He asked me.

He asked me!

A series of emotions rush through me at once, but my voice speaks up without hesitation in thought. A fellow, happy tear falls from my eye — or both my eyes–and I reply wholeheartedly.

"Yes."

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Serenity's Love
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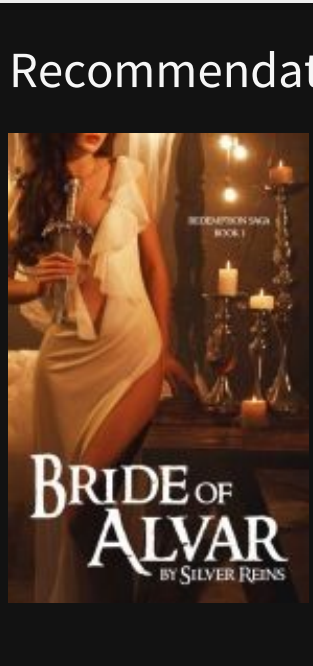

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