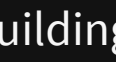
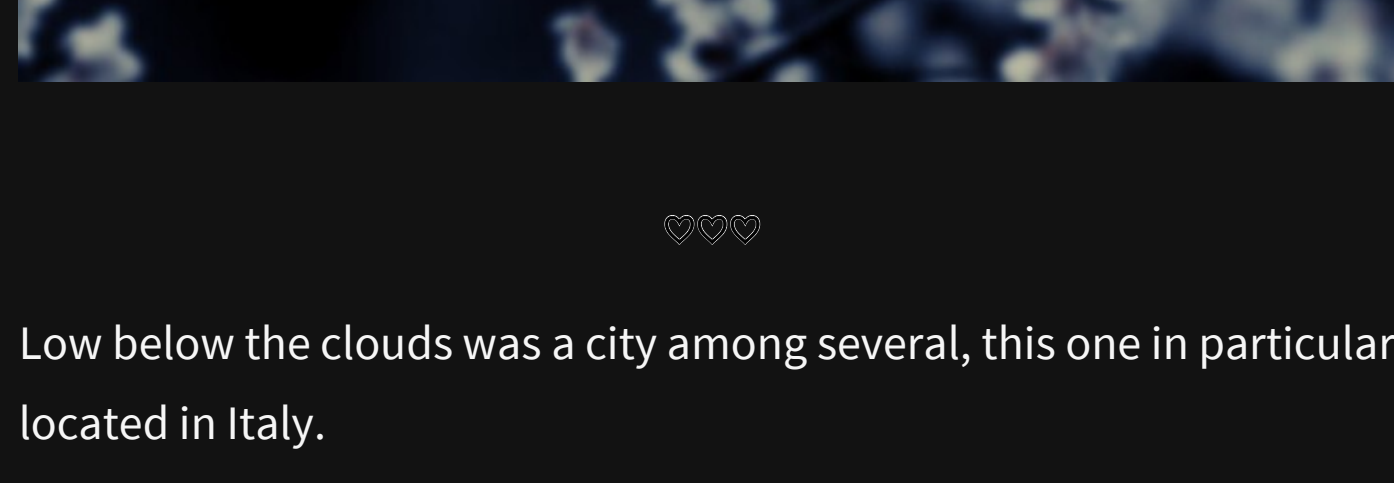


Prologue



Low below the clouds was a city among several, this one in particular located in Italy.

A massive, vast home sat on the very top of a hill, past several villages and broken down yet historic buildings.

The family who owned it was a force to be reckoned with. They had a reputation for being ruthless in their town, country even.

But sitting inside this home was a young girl described as everything far from what they were.

Her legs dangled from the wooden chair she sat in, swinging them back and forth to the rhythm of the song she hummed.

In front of her was a new colouring book filled with different animals that were to be coloured in—something her father had recently bought her.

She had a collection going on. Her most recent colouring book featured a variety of foods and fruits, and the one before that featured a variety of princesses.

Her favourite princess is Rapunzel, of course.

Two powerful families sat opposite her in the other room. One family belonged to her, while the others belonged to the mansion.

The young girl was alone in the room. Two bodyguards stood on either side of the door, one on either side of her.

She merely voiced out the deep hums and familiar voices coming from behind the door, still deep in concentration. Her tongue poked out from between her lips, the only deep thought on her mind was to stay between the lines of the pre-drawn whale.

Colour coordination was all and everything she knew when it came to colouring. Everything had to be a specific colour, no matter what it was, but it had to make sense.

Just as the girl was finishing up, still completely unaware of the world around her, another young person joined her inside the room.

When the door clicks closed behind the person, that seemed to have pried the girl out of her hypnotic state.

Her dark curls bouncing over her shoulder and framed her face, her head shoots up from its slumped position. She meets a set of piercing blue eyes from across the room.

In front of her stood a boy who appeared to be a bit older than her but still young enough to be a friend.

He was frozen. Almost in shock or startled by the young girl.

The girl cocks her head to the side, slowly assessing him.

The boy raises his eyebrows curiously, tilting his head to the side as if to mock her.

She furrows her brows at his use of mannerism—which she finds offensive—but she then chooses to ignore him, turning her gaze away from the young boy and back to her colouring.

Slow, gentle footsteps enter the room, but the young girl ignores them and keeps colouring in the blue whale.

The chair beside her, exactly beside her, screeches across the tiled floor and makes her wince ever so slightly—ever so careful not to draw over the lines.

Looking up, she stares blankly at the boy who has come beside her, matching her blank stare to the wall across from him.

"Who are you?" She asks with much curiosity but the tinge of annoyance in her tone hinted that she was annoyed with his current presence.

Upon this, she notices his appearance.

He had black hair, the same colour as hers, although his wasn't long. Instead, it was cropped and piled neatly onto his head, little strings of hair falling over his forehead.

Eyes the colour of ice from the antarctic. They were the kind that makes you question why you couldn't have gotten that colour instead of the one you had on your own.

Along with his straight nose, she noted his freckles.

His complexion was a cream—caramel colour, as if he'd spent days in the sun but not for too long. Those freckles were perfectly sprinkled under over his nose and around near his cheekbone, resembling the shape of diamonds.

The boy scoots, jumping her out of the silly little trance.

The girl frowns even more. Narrowing her eyes at him while he pushes his hair back and slumps back in his seat, looking toward the ceiling.

"Who are you? I'm pretty sure this is my house." The boy grumbles out, never sparing her a glance.

She appears to take no offence to his response, even if his attitude was rude, she knew she could be cranky like that too so she brushed it off.

"My Papà and Mamma are here for work. They told me to stay here until they were done." She shrugs, beginning to pack up her pencils and crayons in the lilac pencil case her Mamma had gotten her.

The boy never answers, rather he simply glances at her from the corner of his eyes, intrigued.

He looked down at her neatly coloured-in whale, glancing over all the ridiculously bright and dark colours that could practically shake the world of its colour.

"I like that." He points to the whale, sitting up slowly to face her.

The girl stops her struggling, the pencils being only halfway crammed inside the case. Looking to her side, she looks up into those blue eyes.

"You do?" She smiles a little watching him nod.

"I want to be an artist like my Mamma. She's very good. Has her own art gallery back at home." The girl mumbles shyly, twisting her little body in the direction of his.

The boy nods again, turning his own taller body toward hers. Their legs graze ever so slightly as they turn at the same time, the girl keeps her head down and plays with the frill on the ends of her shorts.

"What's your favourite colour?" He asked her, looking across from the girl.

She looks up suddenly, seeming surprised.

"Lilac." She answers immediately, her head tilting to the side as she assesses him again. "What's yours?"

The boy mocks her again, tilting his own head in the direction hers was.

"Ivory."

She nods slowly, taking in his unusual answer.

"Lucky number?" She looks at him curiously, waiting for his answer.

The boy smiles at her, dimples creasing his cheeks.

"Seven."

The girl smiles too, her dimples peeking out as well.

"Mine too."

"Maybe we can be friends? I don't have many back at home." She straightens her posture, leaning just a little closer to the boy.

He shrugs and never looks away from her.

"I need to know your name first." He traces his finger along the outlines of the whale she coloured in, and she now observed his movements.

The girl hums and looks down at her book of colours, watching his hand move in interest.

"You have to tell me yours first."

He snaps his eyes to her immediately, amused.

Straightening his back, allowing his wandering hand to be placed in front of her.

"Silver."

The young girl bites the inside of her cheek, keeping her mouth from giggling at the irony of his name. She liked it though, in a way, it suited him.

"D'argento." She whispers under her breath, looking at him curiously.

Translation: "Silver..."

A flash of amusement crossed his features as he had heard her whisper.

Clasping her hand with his, she gives him a toothy smile showing off her recent missing tooth.

"Serenity."

Shaking hands, Silver's boyish laugh fills the room quietly and his bright smile makes her smile too.

The sound of the door opening had both their hands pulling away, their natural natures fogging away.

The build of a muscular, older male now stood in the room. His expressionless exposure glanced straight at the young girl, who now squealed with happiness.

"Hi Papà!" She runs into his arms and he smiles instantly, picking her small self up into his arms.

At that moment, more people join the room.

A young woman came beside the male, grasping the young girl's cheeks and bringing her down from his arms to peck her forehead.

"How's my flower?" She whispers looking up at her daughter.

Serenity giggles and turns in her Papà's arms, hugging his neck as she feels him then move her out of the room slowly.

Just before they exit completely, her small gaze meets a blue pair.

She waves to the boy and mouths goodbye.

Unfortunately, she wasn't there long enough to watch him wave back with the same smile she graded.

Therefore, the friendship that had only bloomed within only minutes faded with time as they never had met each other again.

Yet.