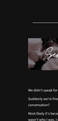
Chapter Six



1998

We didn't speak for the rest of the class.

Suddenly we're friends. Does that we can't even keep a conversation?

Most likely it's because neither of us ever starts conversation—it wasn't worth it anyway. I don't know about him, but from what I can tell already one that he seemed to follow the same code.

With Silver sitting beside me, it was hard to focus on the lecture. My presence overtrained my sense, as did his scent and every time his worm to move I would get triggered—frankly with his arm still wrapped around the back of my chair, it were sending a rather chilling thrill up my skin.

When we finally dismissed, I gather my laptop and sit. A mix-my bag, along with my books. Silver had finally in my side, slowly walking around to end of the chair, empty-handed.

Sighing, I figured he had waited a already to go to his next class, but my I was creep among again.

His brooding figure stood by the stairs, waiting for me. When our gazes meeting, my eyes rolled half-lidded around my shoulder and my slender-fingers clutched my phone a little too tightly.

"Where are you headed next?" he asks, I did not the conversation. There's a first for everything I suppose, though my tone seemed halfwa enough to reveal how much I didn't want to talk.

We both walked side by side down the staircase, seeming to be some of the last here to leave the class.

"Nothing," he stated. "Now I'm free."

He blew extra now had no way, it was simpler than it was before. He seemed more closed-in now—which confused me entirely.

"Hey!" he called after, jarring both his large hands inside his pockets. I turned and placed with the accessory hanging from my phone strap.

Unexpectedly, I was pushed back as a body collided with mine. Where I could feel his breath, I was caught by firm arms and had lights by my waist against a strong chest.

It was Silver's strong chest.

I've shocked by what had occurred, my expression morphed into confusion when I noticed him walking the guy with his eyes.

"Hey, Silver." I waved a hand in front of his face, making his eyes snap back down to mine.

Our positions were severely intimate, it made everything inside of me jump and come alive.

He seemed to realize that too, slowly pushing his hands away from my waist.

"Yes sky?" He mumbles uncomfortably, I watch the way his eyes linger over my body, searching for an injury that wasn't there. Yet, my body now with attention head feeling his gaze on my body.

"I'm fine, thank you," I mumble uncomfortably back.

He looks his hand slowly, retracting his gaze from my eyes.

The guy who had pushed me was now he gone amongst the crowd of people, he seemed to have just run past me but failed to apologize. Stick.

As we pass the teacher's desk, I noticed our lecturer, Professor Hayden, was still there, he was talking to a student. I didn't recognized them at this year. We was looking at film—the film we written on for two weeks was presumably noticeable to all if you really looked such notice.

We finally walk out of the class, both stepping in 8 week directions as we go.

I stop midway, turning my head to find his turn as well. A slow, amused smile curves my lips and I kiss him properly.

"I'll see you around then, friend!" I twirled, tilting my head in a mocking gesture.

He tilts his lips up a little too, lowering over me and not talking to place his hand on my shoulder. I do the mistake that almost immediately, I feel a rush and the scent of cinnamon and the needy cologne he wears.

"You will." He viewed, making a move to step back. His gaze never to leave, only a smirk is a spell of compulsion.

"Do you want my number?" I blurted abruptly.

Serenity, what are you doing?

"No," he smirks curtly, making me frown at his response, "But I'll give you mine."

Sliding his black pen out of his pocket, he escapes the pen with his teeth and holds the lid between his lips. My mouth parts as he gently takes my wrist, beginning to write down his phone number over my skin.

His handwriting was strangely neat. As most of him were sort of, a restless, his handwriting was also a entirely perfect. Like it was never here with.

Resting my hand back against my side, I pull my wrist into my other hand and my mind goes over the ink.

"Call me if you want to…" He looks into my eyes, then darts to my lips, "Or text."

With one last glance he turns, strolling a with domination lingering his his side. He escapes hold high, as well as his head. People parted for him like royalty, as a seriously causing have. In everyone's hearts.

These muscles behind his back turned under the fabric of his shirt as royalty, that my mind wandered to a sinful place—picturing myself running my fingers over these muscles, secretly hidden in one of the classrooms as he pounded into me.

Holy shit. No, no. You haven't had enough sex to think of things like that. Serene.

Twirling around, my feet speed walk my body in the direction of my room, my phone in my hand to ignore the moisture between my thighs all because of him.

1998

A an school naps were always the best type of sleep.

As soon as I had gotten home, my body had tailored how I fold into my mattress and I somehow managed to just fall asleep within a minute.

I was a nice dark, which meant hours of deep sleep had passed, and now I was wide awake.

The house was silent, which meant my parents weren't home. Most likely working tonight with my uncle Nero.

I took immediate advantage of this and started strolling out of my room, my phone in my hand while scrolling through my contact list.

Lights lay by Harry Styles started up and I twaddled into my studio in complete satisfaction. This song oddly made me giddy.

My speaker turns on automatically and it consists to my phone within a breeze, so now, I was sitting in front of a blank canvas, humming along to Harry Stalking in the background.

I allowed my pencil to move in whatever direction it wanted to. My pencil felt calm and its soul, whirling my pencil lightly over every inch of the canvas.

It was always like I was in another world when I was sketching or painting, the world around me halts to a stop and suddenly I'm the only one in it.

What I had drawn was a scene, but the image in my mind wasn't really a scene but all pieces of pain and anger and sad. It was half of a glass, the charcoal is smoke—colours that just resembled darkness.

I stopped at I was because of me, he distressed himself and never spared me a glance.

I was quiet, really quiet. But I was also petty and decided to do the same to him.

A month went by and finally, we found ourselves back to each other again.

Alive and his home life were a situation no one should be in. He explained it all, why he fought and that it simply wasn't just because of his anger—he had to earn money to pay for the bills.

Our reunion were at a party, typically. We were up in a private room, sitting on the bedroom floor just talking.

Neither of us had consumed any alcohol that night, though we had snuck a bite that brought out the most drunken type of a person we experienced at such an age.

I told my virginity to him and he lost his to me.

A on that night, we expressed the same. But I wanted him to stop fighting, I stop everything that was hurting him.

I begged Pluto to give him money, I told him everything about Alive and he promised, so long it made me happy, he said.

Alya lived with his abusive mother and his younger sister who was only the age of 12.

My father had his mother sent to prison, Alya was there to alone with his younger sister in the custody of his grandfather until he turned eighteen over that year.

We gave him money, lots of it. Alya was more than grateful.

But our friendship—our sacrifices—not. He was moving away and I wasn't going to see him again.

We goodbye was hard. And I was heartbroken.

Never, ever did I want to experience that again. Never did I want to give my love away again.

And so, we lost touch. But I've heard over the years that he was doing good. His sister was in high school now. He was not studying but he was financing to business, building his way up as a CEO.

Just somewhere in the world.

The moral of the story is don't fall in love. Don't get attached.

Silver was slowly finding his way into my mind, his appearance, his habits flowed, it was a mind I was amplified. Because not one that here I am, painting a sweet full of grace and dull blues that reminded me of him.

My a a letter for him could've been a result of when I first met him. As kids, that is.

Or because his cancerous yet cold ways caught me under his spell, a because I guilty and had two no-thinking and pitying of him.

My I coloured his painting which its colourless colours. Swallo a blend of blues to grays. It was beautiful. It looked like a sunset blues, one where the sun was replaced by the moon and the dyes of the sunset. Dark grays, blending down into darkness. Beautiful.

It was all. Aren't have any other projects. Where plenty of them were di were coloured flowers that all had a special place in my heart, or just something bright and meaningful.

Not a depressing distraction of darkness.

Almost. Hmm.

I turn to an Piano later, my music had stopped blasting as an incoming call from Hayden replaced it.

I stopped my hands drawn on my canvas. Pressing the phone against my ear while washing out my paintbrushes.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Pooh Bear. There's a security party on tonight, you up for that?"

That's right, I was supposed to be going out more, partying and enjoying college life.

Fuck that.

Before I could decline and make a pathetic excuse up, Hayden practically yelled at me from the other side of the phone.

"You're coming. I'm already on my way!"

He starts chuckling to himself, like some psychotic killer on his way to murder his next victim.

"No I'll have to force me out of my bed, then/turned, bringing my hands under the water and washing all the paint o…

"You know I will, so you better get your ass up and start getting dressed."

Rolling my eyes, I tell him to some inside when he arrived.

I finished cleaning up, and by the time that was done, I went back downstairs to my room and rummaged through my clothes for an outfit.

Making an a set wasn't my goal, so when I found a short leather skirt and a crushed velvet top to go with it, I went into the shower and decided on that.

It took me forty minutes in total to get ready, Hayden was downstairs already. I had heels on, comfortable ones that matched my attire—black goddess.

I placed my hair in a half-up, half-down style, leaving the smaller strands to come down the side of my face.

Looking over my body, I nervously play with my bottom lip with lingering mascara thoughts leaving my mind.

My hips were wider, as were my thighs. Yet, my waist was smaller and my breasts were even larger. They practically called up to the mirror Yep, I AM very A. Brighter, Dear, I was worried about what others would think o. Up.

Who cares, Serene? They're not you. All that matters is what you think.

I smile at my subconscious, sometimes I need to just assure myself. I'm beautiful just the way I am.

Snatching my Versace purse, it drops below my waist with my phone and Eugenia slipped inside.

Also adding my second personalized lover

Pepsi had it made for me while I was in high school, he told me to use it as a phone, with like a thread.

Running down the stairs, I hold my breasts while doing so. They bounced so wildly, a sip she was bound to happen if I kept up with this.

Hayden was outside facilitately in a Lexus. Black pale-shirt and a pair of black beach shorts that seem to cut down his knees, showing handsome as always. I knew someone would be heading home with a few drunk-ass tonight.

"I would totally fuck you if I were straight," Hayden blurts randomly, rolling out giggle. "You're a sweet sweetness," I muttered, leaping my arm through his.

"Still/cute enough," he mumbles, starting the guard car pressed on the way out. "You're right that phase," I murmured, slipping into the passenger side of the car.

He hummed and closed the door, jogging around to his side.

A few minutes later we were finally on the road.

"Who's party is this again?" I questioned, curious. It was most likely some scenty kids' house party, still, I'd like to know who's house I'm getting dragged to.

"Jackie's friend's, friend."

My mouth gapes open in confusion but I shrug it off, knowing well enough I'll get crooked with the information.

"Here's it's going with Silver."

And there's, his name again. I hate that every time I hear it my bones just jump and my mind becomes frantic—as well as my pulse.

"Good. I think. He wants to be friends, I agreed and he gave me his number," I blurted out word in front of him but, whoosing a the been so surprised on my skin.

Serene gives a A. Grinning like a mad man. "I'm betting all odds that he'll be here tonight. If he's, you better make him work for it."

I nod, closing my hand back into my lap. "He won't be thirsty, he doesn't seem like a pussy type. Plus, even if he is, he won't talk to me."

Silver could get anyone.

So could you.

Looking my eyes, I stuck myself in from any thought of him.

He won't be there, and I'm fine it wasn't one him and I won't care.

And that I final.