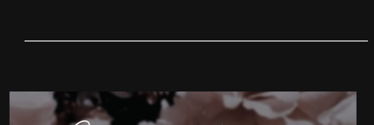
Chapter Seven



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I was blinded by flashing lights and darkness. My ears were being held captive by the raging music, you could feel the vibration of it right under the pads of your feet.

Hayden grabbed my hand and I held onto it tightly as he led us through the crowd of drunk college students.

My eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets when I caught onto a guy clearly getting into with two girls. Jesus these people are wild as fuck.

We came to a halt inside a kitchen, where there were bottles and bottles of various alcoholic beverages spread out.

Hades let go of my hand and moved behind the kitchen counter, picking up two empty red cups.

"Nothing too strong for me," I mention, sliding myself onto a stool.

"You sure?" Hayden raises a brow, his hand stopping midair from pouring the bottle of vodka into my cup. I nod my head and he starts to run our drinks.

The party wasn't overly crowded, but it wasn't quiet either. It reminded me of a typical high school party, except this had less action and more 'high on sex and drunk on tequila'.

I watched the boy from before be led by the two women upstairs—very obviously heading toward a room.

Everyone else seemed already so far gone, and the ones that weren't were getting there. Girls were grinding on each other, some dry humping boys but most on women—direct insight for the horny boys to watch them.

"Drink up," Hayden slides the cup over the counter, already chugging down his own.

I take a small sip of my drink, my mouth becomes occupied with the sweet, fruity flavour—the taste of alcohol barely even there.

Just how I like it.

Hayden takes my hand and guides us through the house again, stopping halfway through where all the commotion was happening.

"Let's dance," He smiles, places down his empty cup and takes my hand. I sigh heavily and happen to just drown down the rest of my drink before being led to my death.

"This is way out of my comfort zone," I mumbled right as he started to lead us to the middle of the dance floor.

"Exactly, Serene!" He chuckled, spinning me around and placing a hand on my waist, rocking our bodies to the rhythm of the music.

'In The Night' by The Weekend was playing. Hayden loved his music so I was surprised when he kept waltzing with me instead of freakishly grinding it up with some guy.

We were the odd ones out of the groups of females and males. Where everyone sexually danced, we danced as if we were the main characters of a Disney movie.

I close my eyes and laugh in ecstasy, the lyrics were humming in the back of my mind, and the small dose of alcohol I had consumed was now kicking in.

"And I know that she's capable of anything, it's riveting."

My eyes reopen and land on the neon green and blue lights flashing across Hayden's expression, which seems to be elsewhere—distracted

"But when you wake up she's always gone,"

Suddenly, I'm spun around, "gone,"

And I'm let go by Hayden's grasp, presently placed in someone else's arms.

"gone."

"In the night she hears him calling..."

So forth, my eyes dart up to place a face on who's now rocking with my body. The red neon lights reflect a gloom upon none other than Silver.

My lips parted with surprise, our hands were intact, one other hand on my waist and my other one on his shoulder.

Our faces are far from each other but still as close as ever.

My eyes darted to his, and they met. I watched a slow, playful smirk cross his most plump lips and the glint in his gaze caused riots to corrupt my body.

When he leant down to reach my ear, I felt my cheeks flush and my breathing come to a halt for a split second as his deepest voice caressed my ears more than the music ever could.

"Hey, friend"

I felt the dripping sarcasm lacing his tone, the arrogance he possessed flowing right through his pearly whites.

"D'argento." I greeted firmly and rolled my eyes while he leaned his head away with a now blank expression.

It was like his emotions could be switched off with the action of just flipping a light switch—reminding me that this was a red flag that could be seen from miles away.

"You look beautiful," He stated, keeping his eyes directly on mine.

I broke my gaze from him, failing to keep my cheeks from heating but I didn't shy away, no, I kept the same expression and pretended that his words hadn't affected me in the most sinful ways.

"Thank you." I keep my gaze on his shoulder, the one where my hand lay.

'Alter' by Kehlani drifts into the air, bringing us in different lighting. The lights changed to a lighter purple, dimming and merging into a darker shade of purple and then repeating the same motion again.

"I didn't think you were the party type," I mentioned.

He raises a single, perfect brow and twirls me with our hands lingering in the air.

As I spin back around, he holds me back to his chest firmly.

Our breathing merged with each other's as our lips were inches away from touching—my gaze fixed on those perfectly rosy lips.

"I wasn't aware that you knew me so well to assume?"

His response has my breath ceasing in my throat, yet my voice still manages to escape only below a whisper.

"Well, we are friends aren't we, D'argento? Am I right or am I wrong—you aren't a party type?"

Amusement flashes across his features, but it vanishes as quickly as it appeared. Those lips glide past mine and over to the side of my cheek, lightly grazing my skin before returning to above my ear.

"Well, here is your first known fact about me, Serenity," His whisper was so delicately quiet, but the roughness of his voice and the emotionlessness made him sound so intimidating.

"I'm only partying when I want something," He continues, "And tonight, that something is you."

It was impossible not to practically fall to your knees after hearing something like that come from the most attractive man you'll ever see—but it's even worse when you're nearly tipsy off one drink.

The daring look in his eyes as he pulls away makes me wonder what game he was trying to play. He seemed all too serious but fuck, I would jump his bones within a second if that's what he wanted.

You're better than this, Serenity. What happened to your femininity? Remember the 'fuck boys' phrase you've been sticking to for your entire life.

"I thought you wanted to be friends, no?" My breathless voice was giving away the terminal of my body, how it reacted to his so obediently.

He chuckles, the sound deep and rumbling. "Yes, I do," He travels his hands mindlessly down to my exposed sides, I loop my own hands around his neck and we sway to the slower music.

"Then what do you mean you want me?" I tilt my head to the side, trying to figure him out. He was confusing, I hardly knew him and here he was saying he wanted me. Even if I did want him to—which made me a hypocrite but still, I'm sure his version of it is different from mine.

When I wanted someone, I wanted them not just physically but emotionally too. And most don't want that emotional connection, hence why we stay away from hot men.

His tongue slipped across his bottom lip and his blue eyes that shadowed over the purple lights peered at me curiously, tilting his head to the side too.

I assumed he was mocking me once more; it seemed to be our thing now. This irked me at first, but it gradually wore off on me.

"You'll find out soon enough," He whispers, making me frown. "You're confusing," I mumbled, breaking my gaze from him as he scoffs.

"So, you're working for my father now?" I raise a brow, suddenly I only now feel the muscle of his shoulders under my hands. I look down at his attire, he was dressed casually but still managed to look handsome.

A classic black shirt that hugged his toned body, and a pair of black sweatpants that looked to be hanging low on his hips.

"Working with him, Sí." He confirms with a blank voice. I ignore his obnoxious answer and continue to study him.

Diamond studs in his lobes, a golden necklace with a crucifix attached hung around his neck along with so gold rings adorning his long, tattooed fingers. Those hands were so veiny, and as I peered down, I noticed the Jordans on his feet.

Looking back at his necklace, I thoughtlessly brought my hand to the crucifix. "You're a Catholic?" I tilt my head up at him, observing his longing stare.

He nods his head once, and his answer was slightly amusing to me. Being religious wasn't the deal, it was that he killed people for a living and he still finds a spot with God.

Oddly, I admire that.

"I like it," I mention, tucking the crucifix into his shirt. He blinks at my actions and pulls away from my body as the song ends.

I hadn't realised how long we'd been dancing just by ourselves, it was incredible how time would go by when you get caught up.

"Want it?" He raises a brow, walking us away from the floor. I noticed then that our hands were connected, his holding mine and steering me away from the people.

"But it's yours?" I frown, looking up at him as he stops near the counter full of alcohol. He takes a water bottle into his other hand, letting go of mine as he unscrews the cap and takes a swig of it.

It shouldn't have been that attractive, the way it streaked down his throat making his adam's apple rise up and down, and the way his jaw tensed attractively—but it was immensely attractive.

"Got another one somewhere," He says this and catches my gaze eyeing the bottle in his hand. Silver holds it out to me, silently asking if I wanted a sip. And without thinking a thought, I took it to my lips.

The cool water brought fresh air to my lungs, alcohol wasn't all fun for my body so the water immediately freshened me up.

"Thanks," I pass it back to him, ignoring the childish thoughts in my mind that screamed we had 'technically' just kissed.

He leans his Eiffel tower of a body against the wall, and I sit on the counter with my legs crossed over one another, leaning back on my hands.

"Are you bored?" I asked him, skimming my fingers on my thigh drawing faint circles and cubes.

He nods his head once, crossing his arms over his chest. The thought of those arms wrapped around me, comforting me, runs through my mind.

What would it be like?

"Are you?" His words fall off his tongue smoothly, deeply. His accent was a turn on—admittedly.

"Yeah, I am," I reply just as smoothly, momentarily catching onto the vase of flowers beside me.

I pick up one of the white Lilly flowers, holding it to my nose and breathing in the refreshing scent. It was far better than the toxic air of alcohol, weed, and sex.

"Wanna leave with me then?"

My eyes snap back up to him, shock radiates through me from his simple request, confusing me too.

"And go where?" I raise my brow, taking my flower into my other hand as I start to sit up.

He follows my movements with his gaze, falling onto my legs for a second or two before trailing back to my eyes.

"Anywhere."

I guess anywhere is better than here.

Stuff it.

Hopping off the counter, I stand right in front of him, our bodies merely touching. "Let's go then," I give him a tight-lipped smile, holding my hand out for him to take.

A smaller, almost sinister smirk curls upon his lips and I brace myself for the wrath of his sexiness.

He leans off of the wall he was against, his tall body steps in front of my own as his hand collides with mine.

Silver leads us out of the kitchen, people parting drunkenly out of the way for us both and lingering their red-eyed gazes' on us as we flow.

Hayden catches my attention from near the back room, he stands talking to a boy but had his eyes on us.

I give him a thumbs up with my other hand, and he nods slowly, slowly starting to grin like a wild animal—and then ever so maturely starts to thrust his hips into the innocent air, attempting to visualise my supposed time with Silver tonight.

Which was far from what was going to happen. And if that was the idea Silver had for us tonight, then I will simply be using my personal taser for the first time in my life.

Rain poured down from the dark, and two highly drunk girls laugh loudly, dancing together in the rain and kissing right after—bringing a blush to my cheeks. It was cute, only making me wish to find someone who would love me the way they were in love too.

It rains lightly as we walk through the water, Silver was calm as ever, as was I. The rain on my skin brought serotonin to my veins.

We stop in front of a Mercedes Benz sports car, I can't say which model but all I can say is that it is expensive looking and the colour of it blew me away.

It was a sheer gold colour, the number plate was the colour of his name, and the letters on his plate were also his name, Silver.

Silver had let go of my hand, and that was when I had turned back around and expected him to walk to his side of the car, allowing me to open my own door and step inside.

But he proved me wrong, again. He opens the door for me, standing behind it with his hands gripping the top of the door.

Staring up at him, I glance inside the car and then look back up at him—hesitating, and he notices, lifting one of his brows up at me in response.

"How do I know this isn't a trap to lure me into a forest for you to murder me?"

Scoffing, he loses eye contact with me, shaking his head in disbelief. He moves in front of me, leaning his arm on the top of the car as he takes me in with his eyes.

"We're friends remember?" He tilts his head to the side, raising his eyebrows in mockery.

I scoffed, folding my arms across my chest. "I still don't know you well enough," I make a point, tilting my head to meet his eyes.

His emotionless face breaks into a little smile, one that would have you melting in warmth and dripping with lust.

"Well that's the point sweetheart," He frames his gaze on my lips, "You can get to know me."

Looking back into my eyes, he gestures one of his ring-clad hands to the entrance of the car—finding myself following his guidance and climbing inside.

"I'm trusting you, D'argento," I warn before he could make any motion to close the door, he peers down at me emotionlessly, nodding slowly.

Leaning down to my level, his hands resting on the roof of the car, his face becomes mere inches from mine—my breathing hesitates once again.

"As I am with you," He swoops his arm around to my belt, easily buckling me in with the palm of his cold flesh grazing mine as he does so, "Serenity."

He stands upright, his cinnamon scent and mint all heightening my senses.

Closing the door, he comes around to his side and hops in—soon enough, we travel into the darkness and rain.