

Chapter 7: A Silver lining

Lily's POV

"What are you doing here?" The voice asked, soft yet very unmistakably masculine and I froze, not wanting to turn around because how worse could my luck get?

I was hiding here to avoid being bullied and now I had run into yet another person who might not be alone and might also be interested in having his pound of flesh.

"I'd like an answer" the voice said again and I knew that I was doomed. So I turned around and gave the brightest smile I could muster, stopping short when I saw that the person speaking was sitting behind an easel, painting something.

I could not see his face as he made strong strokes but I could see white hair that was packed up into a messy bun.

Who was that?

Then again, it didn't matter who the person was. All that mattered right now was that the person would be nice enough to not bully me and let me stay here until I was sure the coast was clear. That was all that I needed at the moment.

"Please, I'm so sorry for interrupting you. Can you let me stay here for a while? Not too long please. Just a little while. I will be on my way soon enough. Thank you very much" I said in one full breath, not even sure that he would hear some of the words because of the way I had rushed them out.

I remained by the door as I spoke, terrified that I might end up having to go back outside immediately but also prepared for the worst; the fact that this person too might also be a bully that I have to flee from.

But then the person stepped out from behind the easel, his gloved hand covered with paint and the apron he was wearing stained with paint, I froze in surprise because I knew who this person was.

He was the same person that had rescued me not so long ago. The person with the soft and gentle voice that had lulled me to sleep even as he had carried me to the medical ward for treatment.

Ren Hawthorne. The prettiest boy in the whole of Shadow cove and I meant it literally.

He had a face that many girls coveted and was built strong and tall, with a body that I was sure many girls fought themselves over.

His long white hair was held up in a messy bun with a pencil and his light brown eyes that looked like glass mirrors made him look like a ghost. No, not a ghost. An angel. With the way angels were described, with that flawless porcelain white skin, it was easy to believe that they would look like Ren.

And then I remembered that beyond my awe at his presence was fear. Massive fear as he started to walk towards me.

He had saved me once but what was the guarantee that he was not planning to hurt me this time? After all, it was no news that he was on Aiden's level and Aiden had practically announced to the entire school that it was okay to bully me.

Taking in the entire place, I realized that what I had walked into was not a garage but a studio of sorts. There were easels everywhere and the walls were splashed with paint.

"Please don't hurt me. I am so sorry for barging in here without permission." I whispered but refrained from explaining why I had run inside here.

It would be stupid to announce that some people were bullying me when I was not even sure that Ren was not about to do the same, no matter how beautiful he was.

Aiden would be one of the most handsome people in the community, if he didn't have that deadass smirk and eyes that were lled with menace after seeing me.

"Beauregard" Ren said softly as he crossed the distance between us and I didn't know when I moved away from the door and started to walk backwards inside the studio, trying to make sure that he could not catch up to me.

Sometimes, I wondered if changing my surname and dying my hair another colour would have helped me and my mother to please the community better into forgiving us for the crime that we didn't commit.

Then again I was sure that even if I changed my face, people would always associate me with my father and would not hesitate to throw a stone at me.

My back hit another wall and my eyes widened when Ren closed the distance between us. I fell to the floor, wincing in pain at the pressure that I had placed on my sprained ankle from all the walking and running that I had been doing and when Ren knelt in front of me, I closed my eyes in fear, waiting for a slap that never came.

"You are hurt" He mused quietly and I opened my eyes to see that he was inspecting my swollen leg, some strands of hair falling over his beautiful face.

He removed the gloves from his hand and placed them on the ground beside him before he looked away from the leg and back at me.

"I'm going to touch you now, Lily. Hold still" He said and my eyes widened in panic, wondering what he meant but before I could object, he took my swollen ankle in both hands and inhaled slowly.

That was when I realized what was happening.

He was healing me. How was that possible?

He had done something like that earlier when he saved me but I had been too out of it to actually believe that it was what he was doing.

That was when I remembered that his family was descended from the Fae. He might be a lycan but he also had Fae blood running through his veins and they were blessed with otherworldly beauty and the gift of healing.

I watched in amazement as the swelling on my leg reduced until it disappeared completely and when he dropped my leg gently back to the ground, I quickly reached for it, raising it up and watching in disbelief as I could not feel pain anymore.

Amazing.

Looking up at him, I realized that I was crying but it was not from sadness. It was tears of relief.

"Thank you for healing me. And for saving me..." I whispered, my face red with embarrassment, "again." I added, quickly wiping at my eyes.

I was probably the poster girl for damsel in distress to him right now.

How embarrassing. Being in such a demeaning state both times that he had met me, while he was the picture of elegance all those times.

"You're welcome" He said with a gentle smile and I realized that his eyebrows were not completely white but mixed with brown hairs too. It should be impossible to have that colour of brows and still look pretty but he managed to pull it off.

We stared at each other in silence and I was about to beg him again to let me stay here when he spoke again, his eyes softening.

"You're so strong," he said, making my voice catch in my throat and my heart pound harder. "And that's a good thing. This school... this place... it's a hellhole and you'll need a tough spirit to get through it."