Chapter Twenty

Walking back into the crowd, they divide drunkenly allowing me to pass through. It took me about five minutes to calm down my cock. Serenity getting o to my voice had increasingly made my allure for her go just a greater depth.

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Her so Italian accent and pure voice had abruptly spiralled into this

burning every fibre of my being. I emerge from the building into a dark alley. Shadows slither from

sensual raspy tone. Traces of her moans, whimpers and whispers of my name lingered in the back of my head like a tortuous melody,

each end of the tunnel, old hags conversing and making deals, while others simply go about their business, engrossed talking to themselves inside their sadistic visions.

Across from me stood the woman I was looking for. Her blonde hair was pulled up into a high ponytail over her head, french tips spilling the ash from her cigarette. I step forward, rolling my eyes at her ogling ones, and she steps back, casually leaning against the wall.

"Silver Ceraso." She releases the smoke from her mouth, expressing a

smug smirk as she watches me. With a heavy sigh, I go for the revolver hidden beneath my shirt, and her eyes widen instantly when she sees the pistol. As I stood towering over her, I let go of my shirt, tightening my jaw.

"Where's the money, Sasha?" When she drops her cigarette, it slides beneath her feet, and I see her crush it right next to the full, black du el bag.

"Daddy's put it all in there." I snicker and kick the bag with my foot, making sure there's nothing explosive inside and that it's full of my money. Looking back up at

her, I nod my head down at the bag, and she frowns in perplexity. "Get on your knees and open it," I demand, watching her carefully. Her eyes narrow as she darts her tongue across her lips before

squatting down to the ground. Someone passes behind me, the male maintaining his head down and not blinking once beyond the darkness.

Green, lots of green, satisfies my needs. "Documents?" I stare at her darkly, waiting on the papers that hold all of our statements. She digs into the bottom of the bag, her slender hand pulling out a plastic sleeve full of papers.

Nodding, I take the bag from her grasp, causing her posture to fall

slightly, though she quickly stood back up and faced me. I swing the bag over my shoulder, grabbing a cigarette from my pocket and lighting it the next second. Sasha stares at me through the darkness, her thighs pressed together against the brick wall, and I hold back an eye roll.

"You know you don't have to go yet? We can hang out for a while..."

She trails o, gazing at my lips and then straight at my chest, following downward until she reaches my torso. I move closer, trapping her against the wall. She takes slow breaths, her back arched, eyes blazing into mine. "I knew you wanted me." Her accent hideously coos into my ears, leaving a restricting bubble in my throat of bile.

look at her better and shake my head, not containing my chuckles any longer. "You're hopeless, Tremblay." Her seductive smile falls, her jaw slack against her pale skin. "Go ask someone else to give you a pity fuck." With that, I lean away from her trembling form and turn my back

The smoke from my cigarette falls into her face, I bow my head to

towards her. Inhaling my cigarette, I walk down the alley in only darkness. Until reaching the side street, I reach the all-black Benz hidden around the curb and step inside. My driver immediately takes o and starts to head back to the warehouse.

The du le full of money sat beside me, one part of my work for

they'd trade all of their trust for just a few million.

And there she was again, creeping into my mind again

Her beautiful smile, pretty little hands, her thighs—fuck

them through my hair frustratingly.

stopped talking about him.

continue the same pattern.

fucking thing.

tonight done. The Tremblay's were always good with their word. Still, they were sneaky. It only took one minor look at a dollar bill and

Pathetic. I roll down the window beside me, getting rid of the ash from the fag. Inhaling again, I relax my body further in the seat, spreading my legs and allowing the nightly breeze to fulfil the lustful imaginings in my mind of Serenity.

I release a strangled grunt, tossing my cigarette recklessly outside of the window. Rolling it back up, I toss my head into my hands, running

Get her out of your head. Remember what she said. Do not get attached. Beats of Serenity's so giggle, her sweetening grey eyes that held all too much but then at times they held merely nothing—depending on what she wanted you to see. It all flashes through my mind at a lightning speed.

I remember the octave of her voice when she talked to me about her paintings. Telling me the partial stories of her life, the way her eyes would sadden or lighten—and that damn cat. Butterscotch. She never

Every time she touched me, every dead thing inside of me would come alive. I wouldn't have known that I was so touch-deprived if it wasn't for her. She traced my tattoos, she'd go over my veins and

I fucking obsessed over it. Over the feeling, her warmth— every

"We have arrived, Mr Ceraso." I snap my head up from my hands, Serenity slips from my mind for a minute as I grasp the du le, my gun, and the door handle. Swinging the door shut, I pull the du le over my shoulder, keeping my head high and straight with my gun gripped tightly in my other hand.

My security opens the gates for me to walk through, closing them shut once my feet hit the premises. Lights above the building flicker, reminding me to get them replaced. I pass many halls, ending my trail

Working bodies were scattered throughout the room. Walking my way right down the end of the hall and took the le, leading exactly

inside of the elevator, and riding up into the o ice.

to my o ice. "It's all there?" Switch, a friend and my most trusted worker steps to open up my o ice door and stares down at the bag in my hands. "Get someone in here to count every dollar." I ordered, slumping the bag onto the carpentered floor. He nods, exiting the room and closing the door behind him.

Picking up my phone, I carelessly drop it on my desk and begin

I had an endless amount of work to complete. You required someone with both brains and guts to do the job that I do. But you needed the

I only hire the best of the best. My family knows well, and very clearly

Roman knows what he's doing. I'll give him that. He isn't one with no

signing into my laptop.

the Agnello's do too.

assistance of people you could rely on.

brains. Knowing exactly what he wants and how he wants it. Which was the ideal reason we were working with him. Our men have combined. Our dealerships expand throughout each city, keeping our end of the bargain and making sure the others do too.

Recruits would be working for both of us. We train them and they do their job. A lot of new recruits get taken advantage of, meaning their

And that is exactly when we know whom we add to our team.

I reopen multiple folders, searching through the names, addresses,

Taking the documents into my hand, I scan them and access them on

"Got 'em, Sir." Switch comes in with two of my workers. The woman gets on her knees and starts unzipping the bag, the male nodding at

trust is tested from multiple lengths and edges.

figures, all of that until finding Tremblay's.

the computer.

elevator.

wanted her.

the wall.

sly and furtive.

to me if needed.

And desperately.

me once in fair acknowledgement and then getting down on his knees too. Merely passing them a glance, I grasp my laptop and tuck it under my arm nodding at Switch to follow me. "Keep an eye on them," I tell one of my guards, not waiting for his

response as I walk back through the halls instantly heading to the

"I need you to run a search for me." I look over at Switch, seeing him fold his arms and nod at me with determination. The one reason why

Switch was my second hand, was that he knew when shit needed to be done and so he does it without a flaw. "This about the attack?" Humming, I enter the elevator, and he follows me in. Waiting until the doors were closed, I take out my phone and send him the link to the

Yes, I lied to her. But I didn't need her to worry any further. Her father has people watching her every move, and all she needed to know was the name of some rookie from the opposite side of New York who

document that I had on the guy wanting to take Serenity.

"Alias Day." Switch hums, nodding at the information in his hand. "And you're sure it's him?" Rolling my eyes, I rest my head back against the elevator wall and nod. There wasn't a single chance that I could be wrong about this, yet, when was I ever?

"There's been rumours about him. Federico said he's been trying to gain every gang in New York under his wing. Sly, motherfucker."

"Exactly why I need a search done." I reasoned, bringing myself o

The elevator doors open and we both exit in silence. My thoughts ran wild, but I kept silent, allowing no one or no thingto know what was

Switch grumbles, shaking his head in anger.

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going on inside my mind. Making it back out into the parking lot, Switch tosses out his keys and turns to me. "I'll send you everything I find once it's done." With that, he strides across the parking lot and I go the opposite way to my own parked car.

Amongst entering my car, the engine revs once my foot was held down on the accelerator and I was out of the building within seconds.

Driving caused the adrenaline inside of me to rise. Every slowing car I swerved by, every light that wasn't green I crossed. When the sun was down it was easier to do things. The physical jobs were easier, more

The home my family lived in was well-o on the other side of town, the wealthier side. Security was maxed so even though their home wasn't secluded from other streets they had guards at every entrance, every corner and fence. I was needed there tonight. My mother had called in a meeting with just us and my cousin. Probably going to ask useless bullshit about how things were going on our end of the deal.

Now that I was Don, I relevantly needed to keep track of what I was

partnership between the Agnello's, I was sure Roman worded every

They spoke more regularly for business, which was then passed down

Passing by multiple armed men, I drive straight into the underground garage with the doors closing shut behind my car. But suddenly I saw

Inside the garage, a hot-red Ferrari roars, purposely revving the engine back and forth as it glides past my car and occupies the exact

Anger boils up inside of me at his arrogant ass. Fucker thinks he's better than me at everything. The di erence is, I don't even have to

parking spot I claimed when we first arrived at this house.

When we entered, I noticed the snarl curved on his lips; all

doing and keep them up to date. Although with the recent

For a forty-minute drive, I had made it in only twenty.

little thing we did together to my father.

the doors reopening in the rearview mirror.

spare him a glance to prove him wrong—he knows well who's right. Angrily, I stand out of the car and slam my door closed, finding Elijah's cocky smirk grinning back at me. "Sorry." He lets out a laugh as I pass him, knocking my shoulder into his as I move into the elevator.

amusement had vanished from his demeanour. He stands next to me, resting against the wall and casually crossing his arms across his chest, his tongue flicking back and forth to interrupt the silence.

I grunt in response, not finding any worth in using my voice. "You fuck her?" As the elevator door opens, my jaw clenches and I jerk my head towards him, staring him down.

chuckling. Following behind him, my feet are inches away from kicking his backside and propelling him to the ground, but my eyes meet my mother's as she suddenly appears in the frame. Placing a helping hand on Elijah's shoulder in confusion, she looks between us both.

"Protective of what?" She questions. Elijah's smirk widens and I roll

Silence falls through the halls. I find myself inside the room my

"It was merely a question, cousin. No need to get protective" He

smirks, knowing exactly what he was doing.

my eyes, passing him as he spills out her name.

"Serenity."

the packet of cigars.

serious right now?'.

him directly.

pride. "Yes, sir."

Bullshit.

like a smug stronzo

shoulder to calm her down.

between them harshly.

deemed useless.

elevator, I take the stairs.

demon she's been hiding.

You can do this.

front of me.

Do it.

"Everything is still on track."

comfortably with everybody's eyes on me, following every move I make. "Why am I here? I have shit to do." I grumbled, pinching the cigar the deathly condensation swallow me.

When I find the bastard, he'll be six feet under a er I've had my ways with him. "What?" My mother grits her teeth in anger, suddenly standing on her two feet with rage. Elijah leans back in his seat with a smirk, crossing his legs over each

Keeping calm amongst her brewing storm, I unbutton the sleeves of my shirt and roll them up my forearm, bringing my mother's eyes to glare at the sudden action—the specific tattoo on my bicep burns

"Why are we only hearing about this now?" My mother screeches painfully, bringing my father to stand and place an arm around her

A muscle in my jaw tics and I find my fingers pinching the cigar

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"Besides the leader of the Manhattan Mafia coming a er Serenity." I mention it just as casually. It was fine, I had everything under control.

Attention moves to me, dragging another lung full of smoke.

"Silver-My mother protests, but I storm out of the room before she can continue. My mind is filled with images from my childhood. The nostalgic feeling of her demands hit me and instead of su ocating in the

Flashback

Everything inside of me begged me to stay put. I fought back, her

When I don't move, her soothing mask crumbles, revealing the

"Silver." She commands sternly, her back straightening. "If you don't

step closer to the metallic tray that smelt of blood.

warm smile that once calmed me, now a mark of terror.

"Step closer, son." She urges hastily with her hands, beckoning me to

"Mamma, I don't want to," I beg, shaking my head in refusal. My heart was nearly coming out of my chest and with my hands so sweaty, I was sure I wouldn't be able to touch anything without it sliding through my palms.

She grows angry again. Her fist smacks down on the plate, causing

Trailing my eyes away from her, the silver shine of a pistol stared in

"That's it, my boy. You can do it." She cheers on, her voice echoing in

My fingertips graze the cold metal, I feel sparks run through my palm

what was lying down to rattle and confirm my suspicions.

My hand li s from my side, I feel it begin to shake.

my mind and falling deep within my soul.

"Go on, Honey. Pick it up just how I taught you to."

at the sensation and my eyes were wide. Keep going, Silver. grasp it finally into my hold.

Shaking my head, a wave of cool air hits my heating skin and I relish it. Breathing in deeply, I let out a frustrated growl and run my hand through my hair, tugging at the strands. A feeling I haven't felt in a

You did it. **End Of Flashback**

while comes alive. Powerless. I had no control over my feelings. I have no control over the memories that trigger at any time to tear away my walls.

get in my car and drive to her. Take her away from this shitty world and have her for me only. But I didn't . I couldn't.

It would ruin everything.

I restrain myself from grabbing his neck and flinging him out of the elevator. He just loved to get on my last nerve. "I heard you took Serenity out the other night?" He initiates a conversation by mentioning the one thing my heart prevents me from talking about with him or any of my family members. "Non sono un bastardo assonnato come te." I growl out, my feet striding up to his shrinking, frail form. I tower over him, the mischievous expression on his face making my hands balls into fists. Translation: "I'm not a sleazy bastard like you." He puts his hands up in surrender, sliding away from my wrath.

mother loved to be in most. The o ice. Taking a seat at the head of the table, my legs spread and my arms rest comfortably on the armrests. Members pile in one by one until my mother arrives last and shuts the door behind her. My father sat on my right, Elijah to my le, and my mother across the room. I roll my head back, caressing the tense muscle in my neck with my palm. Here we go. "What's this talk about becoming protective of Serenity, Silver?"

I could feel her eyes burning into me, attempting to figure me out. She recoiled as my eyes returned to the present, realising that the training she had corrupted me in was well beyond her goal.

Behind my motives, behind my emotionless facade, she finds

"Why does it matter?" I release a sigh, leaning over the table to grasp

She sco s, crossing one leg over the other and stares at me sternly. Her eyes bore into my own, giving me a look that says, 'are you

I don't take my eyes from her as I light the cigar between my lips, waiting for her to back down first. Sensing the tension in the air, my father clears his throat and waves a hand in the air as the smoke hits

Allowing my eyes to fall across the room, I adjust my hips and settle

away from my lips and exhaling the contents a er moments of letting Receiving a glare from my mother, my father leans forward and leans down on his elbows staring at each one of us. "Everyone from Italy will be transferring soon." He declares, looking over at Elijah. "I'm assuming you have everything sorted, Elijah? Everyone is aware of our deal with the Agnello's and such..." he moves his hand in the air, his accent thick with authority looking at his nephew. Elijah nods sternly, all of his cockiness set aside wearing this face of

"It's not for youto worry about. I've got it settled." I shot at her, earning her narrowed gaze to take place on the cigar between my fingers. "Put that out before you kill yourself with it." She spat, releasing her arm from my father's grip and childly slumping back down in the chair. Her dark hair bounces onto her shoulders, slim arms folding across her chest childishly.

Keeping in another eye roll, I toss the useless cigar into the ash bin and stand on my feet utterly done with the conversation that was

come here, I'll move it toward you myself." Gulping back my bile, I tread lightly towards the tray. This was something I avoided for months. I figured if I worked hard enough, she'd leave it alone and I'd be able to get away with it. With each stride I take, my mother's lips curl. When my chin made contact with the tray's surface, she smiled sinisterly. I refuse to look down.

I hover my palm around the handle, looking my mother in the eye as I The breath in my lungs le me as the gun in my hand was loosely wrapped around my palm. "That's it, son! I'm proud of you." She whispers, placing her hand over mine on top of the gun. I look down at my hand and tighten my hold around the pistol.

And I have no control over the feelings I feel for Serenity. No fucking control whatsoever and it's driving me insane. She's driving me insane. But in a way that I like. I likethat she drives me mad, her name is constantly on the top of my mind and the tip of my tongue. She was like this siren, luring me in with ways that she didn't even know she had. Every muscle in my body and every thought in my mind wanted to