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**Chapter Twenty Six** 

My body was aching from the strong force of my hips thrusting upwards. I continue on, the weight above me light in my hands but starting to grow heavier with each thrust. A er two more gains, I lower the

weights back onto the bar and stand up, a layer of sweat trickling down my neck.

The boxing section across from me captures all of my attention, forcing me to find my way to the boxing bags. Standing to the side, I begin to remove each of my rings and place

glide onto my hands as I prepare to take my position. The strong force of my fist hitting the bag had it flying right o the stand. I grumbled under my breath, moving over to another bag and kicking it forcefully with my foot making sure it was stable enough.

them on a side table. They are replaced by red boxing gloves, that

Beginning to puncture my arms into the bag furthermore, my mind begins to race again.

Serenity's name flutters through my mind. Frustratingly feeling her

so hands on my skin, her smile that can light up my current beating heart—all of her angelic features were enough for my lungs to run out of oxygen, even if I was breathing perfectly. Unknowingly, she was becoming my secret obsession. I thought about her constantly. Almost every hour would have a flicker of her

dark hair dri ing in and out of my mind or those grey eyes. Fuck those eyes. She was doe-eyed, always peering at me with this innocence that made me want to tame her. But she also had this fire in her, this demanding fire that would come out every so o en, only if you got close enough you'd be blessed to capture it.

Whereas her appearance was only an asset to her precious giggles and so voice of hums. Her aspirations were something I wanted to make come true for her. Every wish I wanted to grant. I was whipped and I was only realising it now.

Sweat trickled down from the ends of my hair, falling onto my face only to remind of the desperate trim I needed. Jolting me from my thoughts, my gaze burns through the black boxing bag and with every fist pummelling to it awakened fire into

my bones, awakening my anger, my pleads, every dishonest truth that would burn her heart.

The frustration from before comes humming through the traces of my expression, actioning into my fists. I knew well that she felt exactly like I did, our chemistry was undeniable, ever since the day we first met. I knowthat she had been hurt in the past, it was clear on her

face every time we were together—she had a hard time trusting. Yet, she trusts me. Something I've gained. Earned What a fucking mistake that was.

My jaw sets with a click. I pull my fists away from the bag, feeling the muscle in my calves strain. The force from what my arms were giving out had travelled down my body, creating aches everywhere. I threw the gloves somewhere along the side, grasping my bottled water and chugging it down to drown out the dry thirst.

me realise that I still had time le —deciding to take a shower before leaving. The gym was empty. I made sure no one would be here tonight, including employees.

Entering the showers, I had placed my phone along with my extra set of clothes aside on the marbled benches. I switched the shower on,

When the scorching hot water collides with my skin, I travel my hands through my hair with another wave of anger, streams of steam seep

My phone flashed awake in front of my eyes, the time shown made

from every corner of the shower, halting each of my senses. I rest my back against the tiled wall, my mind rushing blood with thoughts of her, and I revert to chewing the insides of my cheeks to stop the groans in my throat.

My chest becomes heavy when her face comes flashing behind my eyes. The other morning when I went down on her, the look in her eyes—how they lit up blindly, so thrilled and outshining all the

stripping myself down to nothing.

darkness in me. Groaning, I feel the taste of her in my mouth again. On instinct, my cock began to grow. I threw my hand around it, grunting and closing my eyes, imagining her plump ass beneath my

Her warm mouth on mine. Tongues fighting and her big breasts bouncing that spill flush onto my chest. Cazzo" I rasp, my thoughts becoming wild.

My hand strokes my cock continuously, Serenity's sigh of words falling into my ear. Her name dances on my tongue when she moans it pleasurably, her thick thighs squeezing around my torso as I kiss

her needly.

the way it bubbled.

conversations die.

Here we go.

gaze.

consider yourself dead."

may not be important.

"Silver? What's taking so long?"

roll from me at the sound of her voice.

The movement of her stomach rubs against my dick, rolling her hips against me. I groan in torment, my hand thrusting my length harder now. Droplets of water fall down my body that was slick with desire, feeling every curve of her body against my own. I continue to thrust my dick into my palm. Pulling my hand faster and

harder, my thumb gliding over the tip of it every now and again creating that exposure of pleasure, which only gained my imagination think it was her tongue dipping around my tip.

Her warm breath caresses my skin as I thrust in between her legs, moaning and panting. With each thrust my torso made inside of her, her ass was cradled in my hands, her wide hips attached to mine.

Suddenly, ropes of warm liquid slide down my hands and onto the other side of the wall. I clench my jaw to keep my groans in check,

clutching the top of the shower head from the ovulation. My back slumps against the wall again, eyes closed and jaw slacks with distraught. Get out of my damn head, beautiful Serenity.  $\triangle \triangle \triangle$ 

Dark ripples of liquid begin to fill the glass beside me. I eye it, not touching the alcohol that was likely strained with substances from

From over the table, Switch catches my eye. He seemed to have

caught on as well, not touching his own glass.

The older men around us chuckle, mindlessly sipping their glasses of whiskey and gambling every ounce of their finance with cards. "Now, I'm sure Alejandro was kind enough to give us another month or so. We owed him and returned the money within that time. I'm sure you are willing to do the same as your father, Sí?" The male at the head of the table stared over at me with prodding

eyes, confidence oozing from his ageing, stubbly figure. I sco ed in response, earning stares from the men around. Laughter falls and

"Do you think it's a joke, Mr Ceraso? I can assure you, I am not making

"I know you're not." My voice rises, my fingers dancing along the dark, oak table to a random beat as I try to control the wrath inside of

My gaze surpasses the male, his eyes burning with fire.

already pointed right at him, shooting him dead.

"Although, I am not my father." Switch remains tense, his hands under the table, ready to protect. "Maybe if you hadn't spiked the drinks I would've given you more time," I lie straight through my teeth. I was notmy father.

His face visibly pales at the realisation. The men around the table remain quiet, unspoken. He started to form words but doesn't make a sentence out because my gun hidden underneath my suit jacket had

Gasps were heard from around the dead casino, we were the only ones inside, and each man at the table shook with unbearable fright.

I stand from the table, looking down at all of the men with a hard

"I want my money given to Switch over here," I nod toward Switch, driving each scared gaze to him, "—by the end of the night. If not,

Turning my back on the men, I pick my phone out of my pocket,

anger rolling through me. Fucking hopeless, figli di puttana. Translation: Motherfuckers The air whips against my skin setting out into the rather colder night,

the all-black Ferrari in front of me opens and I was inside of it at last.

Connecting my phone to my car, I dialled one of the many missed calls from my father. Missed calls from various people clogged my phone, and I never bothered cleaning it all out—the numbers may or

"Where's father?' grumbled out, making it known that I had no interest in speaking to her at this given moment. Her sigh broke through the speakers, my foot slammed on the accelerator and I was out of the suburban street within seconds. "Remember we're having a meeting with the Agnello's now. Your

father is in the other room...and we're waiting on you as well."

Just the talk of Serenity's last name had something inside of me spark. I knew she wouldn't be there, although the possibility...

My mother had picked up the phone instead, urging an annoyed eye

"Serenity is also here with some guy. I thought you had her handled, Silver?'Her hushed whispers excruciated the bitterness already pulsing through me, her sudden comment had my hand winding up against the leather steer. "What do you mean by 'some guy'? Each word was spoken with an

almost calming barrier, I had no o icial e ect on what she was claiming to note, Serenity didn't have any other man in her life—at

least not that I was aware of.

teeth together when frustrated.

She hangs up with a temper.

Jayden or something.

Explosions erupted instead.

"Drive safe."

Serenity needed to pick something up from her mother." Swerving through the empty lanes, I tilt my head back for a second, silently inhaling a breath of exhaustion. She stresses for no reason, a er everything, she still had no faith in me.

Even though her voice was only heard, the visible clench of her jaw was prominent behind the phone. She had an issue with grinding her

"I'll be there in five. You think too much of things."

"I don't know, Silver, She sighs frustratingly, I could almost see her face wrinkling in stress. "He's here with her. They're leaving soon,

One very similar to my own. When I walk through the vast doors, I don't know what to expect.

What I didn'texpect was a giggling Serenity curled up in the arms of a taller, bigger man than her. He was holding her as if she were his.

My jaw tightens, my throat clogging with jealousy. I step into the room, her laughing halts from the door slamming shut behind me.

Her expression was obscured by the male's body, and they both fell silent. I get closer, my fists clenched in the pockets of my slacks with

my footsteps echoing through the hall. The closer I get to the room outside of the study, the closer I get a good look at the guy. Instantly, the feelings that slowly started to madden me settles for a moment.

It was that guy she hung out with, the one Switch is so obsessed over.

He swi ly turns around, his amusement falling as his eyes catch my own. But almost immediately his grin was plastered back onto his face, swerving his body to the side to present the girl of my dreams.

Serenity's grey eyes shone with laughter, her eyes smiling at him as

her expression turns confused, looking from the guy to me.

suddenly stands from the seat she was perched on.

When she gazed up at me it wasn't those fireworks that went o .

doing something that hadn't been done before. Her short arms encircled my waist, hugging me close to her. I could feel the warmth of her cheek seeping into my chest, and my arms seemed to naturally fall around her waist. She buries her head deeper into my chest as a result of this, my chest

rising and falling with the contact of her warm body against mine.

For a second the world around me stopped, it was suddenly only her

"How are you doing?" Her so Italian voice brings me back to reality, my gaze fixed on her inquisitive ones. Her arms lingered around my

A throat clears behind her, assembling my gaze to snap back towards the other person in the room. He was leaning against the wall, staring

Serenity pulls away, laughing under her breath as she scatters back to

"I'm alright," I breathed out, the daze I seemed to be in slowly

waist, drawing herself back slightly to face me.

Her bright, rare smile fills my sight. "Definitely."

at us both with some sort of knowing grin.

the boy, tugging at his hand to come forward.

residing. "Are youalright?"

"Silver," She grins, walking up to me with a bounce in her step and

Serenity's eyes sparkled, her faint smile growing wide as ever and she

"Silver you haven't o icially met Hayden," Hayden.That's right. The guy comes beside her, pulling out his hand in front of me. "Hayden Hart, Serenity's best friend." His British accent brought my brows to raise, and I looked down at his hand, shrugging casually and taking it in a firm grip. "Silver Ceraso." I say coldly, looking into his eyes.

Hayden licks his lips, smirking down at Serenity and taking his hand away from my hold. "Such a handsome fellow," he had tried to subtly whisper to Serenity but failed miserably. I nearly chuckled. Nearly

He backs away, when the sound of the study door creaks open,

"Don't use it all at once," She tells Serenity, handing her what looked to be a black card. Serenity grins, pecking her mother's cheek before placing the card into her back pocket, which now only brought me to

Her curved hips were being hugged by a pair of dark skinny jeans, two rips on each knee. As she turned around I got a good view of her

I looked up to the small, red midri from which her large breasts emerged from; the rest of the view was obscured by a casual black jacket. My gaze averted immediately. I was afraid that if I stared any longer, I'd be taking her away from everyone just to have her all to

perky ass, my pants seemed to be restricting against me.

revealing Serenity's mother, Arabella.

asses her outfit.

myself. Have my ways with her. My own mother emerged from behind Arabella, a gentle smile on her lips as she met my gaze. "Roman's asking for you, Figlio" She waves her hand for me to enter and I reluctantly nod once, skimming away from her. Hayden seemed to wander o down the hall, Serenity about to follow a er him but halted when she saw me. In a quick second, she was in-between my arms again, hugging me

tightly against her before reaching up on the very tips of her toes to

"I'll call you soon," She whispers into my ear before springing to her feet and zipping down the hall, calling out for Hayden to wait for her.

Shaking my head from the shivers that are starting to creep up my spine, I look at the two women who are probing their heads into the

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Dark clouds covered the sun, deeply enhancing the shadows that

A lit cigarette hung from my mouth, my eyes scanning my phone briefly, all in hopes to receive a call from a girl I hadn't heard from in

Serenity's arms that were wrapped around me mere days ago still had a hold on me, the lingering warmth cradling my body. It was hard for me to adjust to the touch, my weakest spot was her hands on me.

The sound of a car door slamming shut from afar brought my phone being placed back behind my back and my gun replaced its position.

Men in black suits arm the young, trembling male wrapped tightly in the wire around his wrists and a cloth shoved deep into his mouth.

Once reaching halfway through the alley, they drop the man to the ground, creating a large thump along the concrete. His bones

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threshold, both of whom have giddy smiles on their faces.

quickly pull her lips against my cheek.

It was a late a ernoon on a Friday.

created the alley I was placed in.

Dio, aiutami.

days.

crunching. He wails in pain from the journey to the floor, chest heaving from the lack of oxygen. I let the cigarette consume my lungs, inhaling and exhaling while I walk toward him. His eyes were glassy and red from the crying and smoke my men had gassed him in, looking intently at every stride my legs made. When I approached, one of the men removed the cloth from his mouth, causing him to gasp for air, inhaling the tobacco from my throat and the filthy air of the alley.

"You're fucking crazy" He breathes heavily, his blonde hair falling

I chuckle humorously, my lips breaking into a smirk. "I think you're

His lips curl into a snarl and he attempts to free himself, wriggling his arms, his most likely snapped legs moving in contemplation. He groans and frustratingly releases a growl, his attempts stopping when

"Calling me crazy would be an understatement." The cigarette slips down onto his face, the ash burning the place above his brow.

Shrieking, the men cover his mouth from his never-ending screams,

"Now," I hum, squatting down to his level. His glossy eyes meet my emotionless ones, easily frowning with fright at our close proximity.

"Lower your voice, otherwise your death will be rather more painful,"

Slowly doing so, his freshly battered face becomes visible again with leaking tears soaking up the blood seeping down from his nose and

I warned, nodding for my men to remove their hands.

down into his eyes like a curtain shadowing darkness.

forgetting who you're talking to, Andre'ais."

discovers he wouldn't be going anywhere.

and I'm sure I'd go deaf if he kept it up.

casinos owned here in New York.

Switch and myself.

on the unlisted.

of its job.

him, so pathetic.

asked to be listed o?"

Translation: Bullshit

his misery.

take a life.

"Speak up or this will only get worse."

kneecap, pulling the trigger just there.

out.

who came to pay us a visit every now and then.

mouth. "Who are you working for?" My gun clicked against his forehead, he flinched as the barrel pressed against his sweaty skin. And he made his first mistake by keeping quiet. I gave him another moment, waiting impatiently for his answers.

Kyle or Ryle, as he stupidly changed it too, had royally fucked up. He and another guy took care of security management for most of our

They had lists of whom to let in and whom to let out. Fewer of those named are recognised for being more of the powerful individuals

Kyle or Ryle had been working last night when a synchronised ticking time bomb blew up the place, nearly killing the presence of both

Unfortunately, for him, he looked at that list with blind eyes.

Luckily, we had been preoccupied with something else.

We kept tabs on everyone who entered these places. Every single casino, every bar and restaurant, I knew who entered, day in and day

Never once has this happened before, and when the security cameras were cut o by a mysterious person, I knew then that it was someone

We had done another background check on Kyle, going deeper only to find that his birth-given name had been changed to fucking Ryle which had been a rumoured name fluttering around the area taken that he'd been doing jobs for di erent gangs. " Stronzo" I muttered, standing and repositioning the gun to his

My gun had a silencer on it, although it still didn't decrease the sound

Hands went over his mouth to restrain his longing screams, he shakes his head remotely as my gun begins to point to his other knee, his mu led words underneath their hands and I nod at them to let go.

"I was ordered by these men from Manhattan. They approached us in the security room, claiming to be of higher power and given authority for us to remove them from the listing..." he breathed heavily, his eyes

fluttering shut and then reopening almost ready to pass out.

I clench my jaw, realising how low his pain tolerance seemed to be.

"Who?" My voice demands, the anger that seeped through me visible

through the roughness of my tone. "I-I have no idea, they had no name stated. It seemed like they were doing a job for another." Hastily, I roughly grab him by the jaw, his eyes watering and squeezing shut as he sobs into my hands. My eyes darken down at

" StronzateYou knew every name on that paper, who was it that

men to bring in the cold bucket of iced water that was to be used to clean the bloodshed— not now. Water splattered onto his face, jolting him awake in shock. He coughs, spluttering water and a vile colour of yellow liquid. I step away from him, staring down at his weakened body.

He seems to be going in and out of consciousness and I point to my

"It," He breathes, "It was someone by the name of Alias," coughing out blood, he tumbled over in pain, his body lying weakly on the ground. I ran a hand through my hair, noting that my suspicions were right. Another life to cross o the list, my gun went o and shot him out of

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My patience ran thin. Each tap of my finger dancing along my gun was a tap closer to the pressure of it going o to the centre of his face.

Now, he rests lifeless on the pavement. Rain fell from the sky, rumbling with thunder that echoed through the streets. On instinct, my eyes snap up towards the end of the alley and catch the sight of a small woman dressed solely in a short, white dress with small flowers on it. Her black hair framed her face, but her normally sweet eyes were

Serenity was standing at the end of the alley, she had watched me

wide with horror, her palms around her mouth in shock.

At that moment, my heart skipped a single beat.