## **Chapter Twenty Seven**



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There have only been three times in my life where I've seen murder

## with my own eyes.

The first time was when I was nine years old. My parents guarded me away from this world, holding my innocence for as long as they could. Although, you cannot do anything about fate.

We were travelling back from Italy and over to New York, unfortunately from where our private jet had landed, there were some people waiting for us on the tarmac.

Fortunately, my father was who he was, and my mother, who was also very skilled, had evaded all bullets and immediately went to fight the people o.

My Uncle Nicolo had sheltered me back into the jet but it didn't keep my tear-streaked gaze from catching the bloodshed they had caused. Briefly, the one human I saw lifeless was a man who had his neck sliced open, by none other than my mother.

Days went by and I hadn't spoken a word to them, purely out of terror. Being as innocent as I was, they're— ourlifestyle was still confusing to me. But I learnt quickly from that day that we were dangerous people with even more dangerous enemies.

Papà had explained to me what they did probably in the most brutalless way possible. He used phrases such as "missions" or "protecting you from harm" to make it less evil.

Growing up, the reality of it was shown through not-so-kind eyes. This now leaves me to the second time I had witnessed a murder. There was a time when I was introduced to the life of Alias Day, my ex-boyfriend. I wanted to see what he did, whom he fought, how he

earned money and the privilege to live o of it. Suburban streets, broken down houses on lower hills of the town, all of which consisted of insane drug addicts and gunshots filling the

emptiness behind every broken apartment door. As some would say cliche, an abandoned building was where all of his bets were made.

Vaguely, I recall seventeen-year-old me sitting horrified, surrounded by all of these overgrown men and beautiful women with prominent muscles and colourful tattoos, all of whom looked as if they'd knock me out for looking at them the wrong way.

Alias had made sure that I was safe. He had the guards who surrounded the ring keeping an eye on me and the people around me, and I was safe as far as being around a few women who spoke a handful of words about the men who would be fighting. Describing Alias as being ruthless. Untameable in the ring.

I hadn't believed that my kind and quiet Alias had lived up to these names Yet, I was to find out.

And then I did.

When the first round occurred, Alias seemed to be taking it easy. He didn't hold back nor did he fight too hard, allowing specks of his so features to be marked with blood and mostly upcoming bruises.

In the second round, I was shocked at how unkind his fists were becoming. He hit the man that was twice his size as if he were some sort of beast becoming untamed.

I remember the shock I felt when he had punctured him to the ground, releasing all of this anger out on the man who was by now, passed out.

There wasn't a third round.

Why?

Because he had fought him to death. That was the night that I had seen how far distanced Alias had changed. But I remained naive, carousing on my silly love for him.

Today would mark the third count of witnessing a murder.

The black-haired boy hovered over the man lying lifeless below him. I was simply at the wrong place at the wrong time.

My gaze returned to Silver, who had now lazily stepped over the dead body as if it hadn't even been there in the first place—making his way to me, never taking his gaze away from mine.

The bulky men dressed in black behind him began to attend to the dead body, laying out a black body bag and throwing him inside. I looked away almost immediately from the graphic sight of pure gore Nervously, I looked down at my feet also noting that his all-black

My breath hitches when I inhale the aroma of his faint cologne and the scent of cinnamon his eyes burntholes right through me.

"Serenity." He calls deeply.

Nike's had stopped in front of me.

I've never heard his voice so demandingbefore. Apart from the way he spoke to others, with me, he was always so calm and at least so er.

All of my femininity scuttles out of me, making me uneasy in the hands of an overly attractive man whose demanding power had le me oozing

"Yes?" I replied so ly, casually.

Acting as if I hadn't seen him kill a man was the right way to go, right

## " Guardami"

Translation: Look at me.

The thick lump in my throat was forced down and slowly, my

widened gaze moved up. Not that it was the time to observe his attire...but I did.

He wore loose-fitting beige jeans, and as my gaze travelled further, his top half was covered in an all-black sweatshirt with an unknown

symbol right in the very corner. His normal chain was around his neck, the crucifix dangling from his

top and gleaming in the a ernoon sun that appeared to sprinkle out amid the greying clouds.

My gaze so ens once I finally connect my eyes with his pale blue

gaze, emotionlessly staring right through my soul. Whatever fear I felt before vanished and I remembered who I was with.

Pretend you saw nothing.

"What's wrong?" I tilted my head at him, my eyes blazing with an unknown certainty.

I watch an amused glint form within the darkness of his pupils, his lips twitching for a brief moment before straightening again.

"You're going to act dumb now, huh?" He digs his hands deep into his pockets, tilting his head to the side and assessing me in the same way I did him.

Straightening myself up, I give him a casual shrug and try not to glance at the men poorly washing away the bloodstream behind him. "Hey, if you're willing to believe that I went blind for those few moments..." He nods slowly, biting the insides of his cheeks to hold the smile he tried so hard to keep but nonetheless quirked into a little smirk.

There was nothing but the rustling of trees above us and the sound of car doors opening and closing.

Then it shamefully began to pour again.

Droplets of cold water pelted down from the sky, showering us like a waterfall. This was the exact reason why I had been in this alley in the first place.

I groaned in frustration as the rain fell on my body and more water poured down, soaking through my hair and the very white dress I was wearing.

A dark chuckle ascends the alley in an echo crashing with the sound of the pelting rain, my eyes, which were probably streaked with mascara running down their edges, had snapped back up to the man in front of me.

"Why are you laughing," I grumbled out, tossing my hair to the side in an attempt to protect it from the rain.

He stepped forward suddenly, overwhelming his towering body with my smaller one. His hands went to mine, grasping my wrists to pull them away from my hair.

I stared longingly at him, his hair tangled and wet from the rain, the falling strands over his brow trickling with droplets of water. The rain gathered around us as I pressed my body against his firm chest, his face a shade paler but his lips a voluptuous red.

Streaks of wet hair stuck to the sides of my face, but I hardly cared as I was magnetically being pulled towards him.

"We can get sick standing here like this," I muttered out, inching closer to his lips and adjusting my hands on his shoulders, "And you just killed somebody—"

He silences me with a single ringed finger between my lips, his fisting the wet fabric that clung to my hips. I looked up at him, his finger moving from my lips and tracing a trail of rain along my throat.

Gathering his whole hand behind my neck, he pulls my face closer to him with a tug of my hair. Our lips were forced to brush against each other. My eyes flutter shut, caught in the crossfire of arcing electricity. "I thought we were going to leave that," He breathed against my lips. I breathily inhaled his scent, so ly swiping my tongue along my lips only to catch the salty taste of rain. A low hum rumbled from his chest, satisfaction from the unintentional action of my tongue

"No, we are," I answered so ly. I could feel my nipples harden from the cold, poking at his chest.

There was no doubt my dress was see-through right now, but Silver never made eyes with anything below my lips.

"Hm," He hums again, now tightening his hand at the back of my hair. It was a forced grip but it had my panties soaking—which most definitely wasn't from the rain.

"You look so tempting right now," He coos against my lips without pressing them together.

I reach for his hair, raking my fingers through the silky, wet strands. "Then kiss me," I implored, liberating a smaller smile to evoke his plump lips.

"Desperate, are we?"

grazing along his bottom lip also.

I sco , shaking my head at his ridiculous question.

"Desperate enough."

Taking matters into my own hands— or lip<del>s</del>–I smash my mouth onto his.

A groan escapes him when our lips finally connect. His demanding hands come to my hips, pushing me right up against him. As if I weren't close enough for him, he liss me by my thighs and wraps them around his waist.

The action brought a moan out of me, and the arousal between my legs continued to throb as his tongue entered my mouth. My hands made their way out of his hair and clutched the back of his

sweatshirt, his front pushing me up against the alley wall, our lips never leaving each other. "Fuck," He breathed, driving my eyes to flutter open. "You get me so

hard, Serene." I felt his bulge press between my thighs, increasing the pulsing pleasure I desperately needed.

I clutch his shoulders for support, nestling my head into his neck and starting kissing his jaw, down to his neck. As his skin erupts in goosebumps, I curl my lips into a smile, and my hips automatically initiate to roll against his.

"Oh, fuck," He groans, one arm around my waist, the other on the wall beside my head, his gaze trailing over my body—leaving a burning trail of goosebumps.

The sound that le him only made me want to please him more, so I moved my lips to the corner of his mouth, ghosting them over his.

"Let me help you, Silver," I so ly speak, our eyes briefly connecting. Taking control of the situation, Silver removes me from the wall and swings my body into a bridal position—devising a shriek of surprise from me at the veryswi movement.

"I'm taking you home then."

I bite onto my bottom lip, my thighs clenching from anticipation. "Who's home?" I raise my brows, eager to know if he was about to surrender me or take me on for the challenge. "Mine."

His final statement concludes with me being buckled into his black car, determination written all over his normally blank expression.

I catch him with my hands just as he moves away, my palms caressing his so cheeks, and pull him in for another kiss. This time, my tongue dives straight into his mouth, caressing it and imprinting one word through it.

The moment my feet stepped inside his refined mansion, he had latched onto me like a maddening, hungry man.

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I was tossed up into his arms again, my thighs clenching around his waist as he kisses me needly and makes his way up to his room. We enter, panting and hungry. His lips had latched onto my neck,

dwelling between my swollen breasts and then trailing back up again to my lips.

I take control again, sliding one leg down from his waist and he reluctantly lets me go. With a confused expression, Silver partially watches me get down to my knees—completely removing myself from his lips.

His plump lips part as my hands move to the belt around his jeans, my eyes fluttering up at him in question.

"Is this okay?" My voice comes out so er than expected. He nods once, licking his lips. "Perfectly fine," he breathed. af Smiling, I begin to unbuckle his belt, my hands working with

excitement. "Have you done this before?" His hand comes to my damp hair, running his hand through it and tugging it away from my face.

I moisten my lips, shaking my head twice in reply. My hands tug down his beige jeans, just enough for his white boxers to appear.

"I can guide you?" My gaze snaps away from the increasingly large

cock imprinted behind the little cloth of fabric, now enlightening me with a smirk.

"Mhm," I hum, letting my fingertips dance along the hem of his boxers, "If you wouldn't mind."

grin into his palm, and he reciprocates it. "I don't."

Slowly, my fingers curl under his boxers, pulling the fabric down his thighs simply for his boned-up cock to tuck out.

He raises my head even higher, his hand grazing beneath my chin. I

I had to stop myself from drooling when Silver took o his damp sweatshirt—his ripped muscles tensed and strained from the moment.

His tattooed arms were on display, with lumps of his biceps bulging with muscle and veins popping from his hands. One hand ran through his damp hair, and then he looked down at me, his hair flopping over his brow.

I held my breath as he cradled his cock in his palm, then gently took my other hand into his and replaced it with mine. The feel of his skin against mine intrigued me. I bit my lower lip to keep my upcoming whimpers and moans at bay, discovering my

livening nipples ripe beneath my still-soaking dress. Everything clung to my skin, the certain cold sent shivers up my arms. I was lucky that the sun had broken through the clouds and was

shining down through the opened curtains. "Follow my movements," Silver gently placed his palm on top of

mine, guiding my hand up and down the diverse length.

"You're so big," I droned thoughtfully, my eyes peering directly at him doing so. He was. Barely fit around my palm. I don't know how this over 6-inch monster is going to fit inside of me

one day. af Veins creeped out from his skin-tanned dick, a humming of pleasure

fluttered through his chest and seemingly levitated onto me. I squeezed my thighs together, my other hand laying flat on his

stomach— or abs.

"That's it, Serenity," He murmurs out, his head falling back in pleasure whilst I repositioned my hand and moved in a rotational velocity back and forth over his cock.

I shu le closer, my lips grazing the tip of his dick.

His eyes lit up and he looks down at me with a deep passion. His hand had suddenly gone somewhere under the back of my head, tilting my head higher to face him.

"Don't do anything you can't finish, my love." He leans down briefly to place a kiss on the edge of my temple, fanning his breath near my ear, "Because I won't be hesitating to finish you" Licking my lips from the great ordeal his words had over me, I nodded

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submissively at his words and watched him lean straight again, his intense gaze shadowing me.

"Where do I start?"

He adjusts the tip of his cock to my mouth, his other hand moving the hair out of my face briefly.

"Begin here." He states with a huskiness to his tone. I wrap my lips around the pink tip, my tongue scorching against the skin.

I moan as his taste enters my mouth, his lips part with a low hiss, and I pull back afraid I've hurt him, only for him to respond verbally by pushing himself back into my mouth.

"That's it," He coos so ly, biting down on his bottom lip in

anticipation.

By the look in his eye, I could see the pleasure swirling in his gaze, how hollow his cheeks have become and his jaw clenching down hard.

Humming, I push my mouth further down his cock, passing the tip and licking the first quarter down.

He groans in response, holding my head in his hands.

"Good girl, Serenity," He praises and I throb

Placing one hand around the part of his cock that wouldn't fit, I pump my hand back and forth and take him into my mouth a touch further. This was most likely all I could go, he wasn't going to fit.

Smooth groans thundered from his chest, and each sound reverberated throughout my body, striking me right where I wanted to be pleased.

I could feel his hands tightening around my hair as I upped my movements, recalling the silly porn videos I had watched in my early teen days for the experience.

Which now comes in handy.

Saliva catches around his cock as I slowly pull away with a pop; he seemed to relish it, only to push my head back down.

My mouth throbs as he thrusts himself into me, aggravating the tension between my thighs. I could feel the moisture in my undies almost soak.

"That's it, beautiful," he hums, watching me with hooded eyes only to slowly release his grip and allow me to take control again.

I shoved him deeper, the high finding me as I slid a distracted hand under my dress. Tucking my fingers between my slick folds, I moan onto his dick from the cunning sensation.

"Fuck," He groans, brushing his hands through my hair, "that's so hot," he whispered while watching me with desire in his extremely dilated blue eyes.

I smiled, taking him out of my mouth for a moment as I rub myself with my fingers. I continue to pump him with my hand, slick with my mouth all over him.

As my thumb brushed against his throbbing tip, he let out a low moan, pre-come oozing out. My chest thumps with a whimper, slurping him back into my mouth and curling my two fingers deep inside of me.

I try to keep my eyes open for him, lazily gazing up at him while fucking myself with my fingers and mouth-fucking him all at once.

"God, you're unreal, Serenity." He slowly slides one hand down to my neck, wrapping it around my throat in a firm but loose grip. "Taking it like a good girl, hm?" Smirking lazily, he now gently thrusts

his hips to match my more weakened movements. d A blast of pleasure grips me tightly from his words, creating the beats

of my heart to fume and the slickness around my thighs to burn. I quicken my rhythm between my thighs, allowing Silver to drown me

with his cock, teasing himself around my lips, rolling the tip of his cock over my bottom lip until shoving himself in and groaning. My fingers deepen with each thrust, and I work hard to find the

pleasure point he always found. The tips of my nipples poke against the fabric of my wet dress, and I let the cold air take its toll on my heat, giving me exactly the sensation I need.

"Silver," I gasp as he releases his cock from my mouth, my moans humming through his dick. He wraps a hand around himself, pumping while he leans down to whisper on my lips.

"Tired yet?" He kisses me lightly, drinking up my moans. The tip of his dick unintentionally hits my nipple and I clutch onto his shoulders for support at the ripple of pleasure.

"No," I breathe out, ready to suck him o again. He hums briefly,

straightening his back and luring my lips back to him. I take him in again, shoving him deep down my throat and curling my toes to keep from gagging.

He throws his head back in pleasure, the clench of his jaw fills my sight as well as the apple in his throat bobbing continuously. Streaks of his hair consume the sight of his blue eyes, strong hands clutching my hair tightly bringing my fingers to still inside of me as a jolt rumbles through me like a personal earthquake.

There we go. He thrust himself out before forcing himself back in. I pump my hand furiously and he curses in Italian, slow groans catching in his throat as he takes himself out slowly.

"Take o your dress." He demands suddenly, rolling his hand back and forth along his cock.

I take my fingers away from myself for a moment, doing as he says. I bit down on my bottom lip as my breasts were revealed, which

seemed to be exactly what he wanted. Silver brushes his tongue along his bottom lip, gazing down at my breasts while teasing his thumb over his tip, gazing into my eyes. "Vengo, bella" Translation: "I'm coming, beautiful." I part my lips, transfixed on the sight of him. My hands climb over his, rubbing him as he groans and loosens his grip, slumping his hands at his sides while he releases himself all over me. He seemed to be in a daze as I connected my lips with the tip of him, licking him o one last time. Dazed in a stare with my breasts that were covered in his pleasure, I released him from my mouth with one last pop Throbbing, I part my knees and gasp from the feeling of the cold air hitting the heat of arousal. Looking down, Silver's release was all over my chest and quickly, I was pulled up from under my arms and thrown over his shoulder. I shrieked in surprise and had a strong hand slap against one of my ass cheeks. "Silver!" I gasped, startled. He chuckled and threw me down onto his so bed, the mattress covered in white sheets. A smile breaks out on my face as Silver hovers on top of me, smirking widely. The feel of his cock resting between my thighs had my hands tightening around the sheets, a sense of urgency running through me. "Perfect isn't enough to describe you," He murmurs, tracing his hand along my Jaw. а My lips parted in astonishment. A tissue had made its way into his hand and began wiping o everything around my breasts, occasionally slipping his thumb over my nipple. I rub my thighs together uncomfortably. The ache was becoming nearly unbearable. He tossed the tissue away, sliding his hands all over my body. I shivered from the feeling, his hand climbing down my body and slipping his fingers between my thighs. "Fuck," He chuckled humourlessly with those little dips forming in his cheeks, making me blush. "You're so wet, it's making me hard all over again." Upon saying that, his cock brushed up against my thigh, very much so bricked up. I smile upon that, moving my hips against it only for him to grunt. "Serenity." He warns, slipping three long fingers between my parts and feeling every inch of me there. I cried out loudly, throwing my head back and relishing in the gentle caress. "Oh, god, Silver," I moaned feverishly, wanting his hand deeper inside me. "My poor girl," He hums along my throat, ghosting his lips from my neck to my jaw and hovering over my lips teasingly. "In pain, aren't you?" I ache Nodding my head, he slowly slid only two fingers inside of me, but by the way I was panting and desperately needing something rather biggerJ knew a third finger wouldn't be any harm. "Oh," I groan, stretching my thighs wider for more friction. "Mmm," He bites down on his lip, watching my body writhe with pleasure. I rock my hips forward, moving with his gliding fingers. He picks up his pace, his fingers becoming rough by the second. "Silver," I pant. Looming over me, his lips brush mine and place butterfly kisses along the edges of my jaw. "What's wrong, my girl?" a My girl. Biting down on my lip, my chest heaves in and out in need. Desperateneed. "I wantyou." His kisses pause on my cheek, his eyes connecting with mine as he leaned away. An emotion swirled in his eyes, something between lust and something else I couldn't quite place-nevertheless, his eyes sparkled "Are you sure, Serenity?" His fingers slide out of me, creating a low whimper to leave me. I breathe out a sigh and pull my hands around his neck, smiling up at him. "Definitely." "Are youready?" I tilt my head at him, frowning slightly. His consent mattered just as much as mine. a A slow, genuine smile creeps up onto those plump lips of his. He y the chin, kissing my lips once and linger mine. "Only if you are." I give him a full-blown grin, wrapping my bare legs around him and guiding my hips in a motion for his cock to connect to my lower lips. He clenches his jaw, tracing his tongue over his plump bottom lip and looking down at the friction between us. "Let me get a c-"I'm on the pill," I mention but arch my back to whisper into his ear, "but if you're more comfortable with a condom then we can use one." He smirks, taking his hand to the back of my neck and guiding my head to face him again. I gasp as he runs his tongue along my bottom lip, kissing me tenderly. "We'll be fine without one," His deep voice settles onto my lips, roughly pushing me back down onto the so bed, making me smile excitedly. a "Besides," I feel the tip of his cock glide over my clit, settling shivers up my spine. He leans up on one hand, looming above me with wisps of black hair falling into his devilish, pale blue gaze. "I'd rather fuck you raw" ď  $\infty \infty \infty$ 

## Hehe

Just wanted to remind everyone that there won't be any updates a er these two and for the next month as I'm away on vacation. Sorry bbys <3 As soon as I get back I'll be getting back into the swing of things. Thank you so much for reading!

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