

King Salvatore.

The nickname 'iron st' is not something I intentionally ordained people to call me. It is the name the streets of Lead city began to call me due to the swift and enigmatic ways that I handle my business. In the mining industry, one has to have substantial power due to the amount of competitors, foes and several other external parties.

My force is a reckon that is studied in universities and they have ruled it to the term, 'Maa'. King Salvatore, the maa of Lead city, a CEO by day and an iron rst by night. I step out of black Bentley car, my Italian loafers cracked asphalt on the Crime ridden street of Lead City.

There is a cigarette in my mouth as I nd my way through the street in an impeccably tailored charcoal suit, exuding an air of auence that was a complete contrast to the environment. Although I grew up in castles and estates of my family's wealth, these are the streets I learnt to run a business.

A gust of foul air mixed with the faint aroma of decay brushed past, reminding me of the stark contrast between his ivory tower and this den of iniquity. I stop, killing the cigarette to the oor as I make my way to Donatello, my only worthy competitor in the city who is as vicious and cunning as a fox.

Donatello steps out of the dark, his bodyguards rise in their feet and their conversations come to an end due to my arrival. Today, I didn't bring any bodyguards with me—although Donatello and I are rivals, and a strong competitor in the mining business. I am not intimidated by his nor his minions.

"Wow, you kept us waiting forever Salvatore!" Donatello says, we are closely the same age but we she's different views in life. He has a club where he adopts young women who have been pursued from home and turns them into strippers. He is that kind of man.

"I had family matters to attend to." I say, remembering Lilas.

A cruel sneer twisted the corner of his thin, lipless mouth, lending an air of calculated malice to his already formidable presence.

"How do you do it? A father, a CEO, a husband and a maa. You work harder than my strippers." Donatello says and his gangsters laugh at this stupid joke.

There is also a scar on Donatello's face due to the unnecessary battles he has contested in. A reminder to me of how stupid he is.

"I do. And I don't have time to chat with you and your minions who you pay to laugh at your jokes." I say and his gangsters rise to their feet in defense after listening to the insult that left my lips.

"Sit. Salvatore will wipe all of you out in a second, you can't beat him." Donatello warns his gangsters and they look at each other in confusion.

"You know I don't call you out...the reason I have done so is because there's something important to discuss. A worker of mine stole from my mines, you see. I hate thieves." Donatello says, letting go of his cigar and I gazing at me.

"How is that any of my business, Donatello?" I ask, my thick, knotted brows forming a formidable ridge above narrow predatory eyes.

"Well, this is where things get interesting...Salvatore. This is how it becomes your business." Donatello says and stands on his feet.

"The thief wanted to hide the gold he stole. So, he found a man who owned a leather shoe company and he gave it to him. He asked this leather man to craft the gold on two hundred pieces of shoes."

I stare at him, listening to his story and waiting to listen to the part that will involve me.

"I caught the thieves who stole from my mine and they told me all of this. I decided to pay the leather man a visit and when I did, I found out he was in the hospital you see. And when I visited the hospital, he was dead." Donatello says and he claps his hands.

"Here...he has a daughter called Lilas Light, familiar?" Donatello says and I stand on my feet inquisitively.

Immediately, there is a tense silence between the both of us. A tumultuous power struggle ensues as I walk towards Donatello, my eyes are a vortex of violence.

"Repeat that." I say, my voice is like a whisper but its contents emanate prejudice.

"Lumen Light, Lilas Light...your wife and your step daughter. Isn't fate a crazy thing? You took Lumen from my club to be a mother to your children and now, I guess her daughter belongs to me." Doentello says and he begins to cackle, his eyes releasing water.

"If you touch a hair on her head. I will kill all of you." I say, my voice is a serious note and Donatello knows a threat when he hears one.

"You should have told me sooner, Salvatore. You know I always make sure every debt is paid. I have to nd my gold. I cannot let your step daughter off the hook. If she cannot nd it, she will work in the night club until the debt is paid." Donatello says and I begin to head out, taking my phone from my pocket and dialing Lumen's number to nd out where her daughter is.

"Salvatore, don't you know your daughters are at the club? They are at Starplus and it's alright! My men will

be bringing Lilas any moment from now. I have to introduce myself to her." Donatello says and continues to laugh.

I place the phone against my ear and Lumen answers.

"Where are the girls?" I ask.

"Ciara and Lilas went to a party. I gave them permission. Is there a problem?" Lumen asks and I stop the call.

My sharp, calculating gaze scans the grati-strewn walls of the room, I take my seat on the couch, keeping a composed behavior but a storm is brewing on the outside.