

## Chapter 1. Autumn

It's not everyone's favorite time of the year, but sometimes it's so beautiful. I love this time of the year, it's warm and a little bit rainy. And when autumn slowly and smoothly turns into winter, it still has warm days to pamper those who had not enough of the summer.

Ivan sees mornings as nothing but evil. He hates waking up. He loves three things in his life: sports, computer games and sleep. He could sleep on the walk, on the bus, anywhere. Ivan is so relaxed that it frightens his friends. He has not that many friends, but he loves each of them very much.

Ivan's mom came into his room. She was a good-looking woman, despite her 39 years. Hands, neck and face were well-groomed, she was full of the energy of a young girl.

"Ivan!" Mom called out loudly.

"Hey, get up now," she shouted as if she was an army commander. "C'mon, son, get up!"

Ivan lay without any move. He quietly sniffed and seemed not to hear a thing.

"Such a scoundrel! Been playing games all night again, this got to be stopped," she thought.

Mom abruptly pulled the blanket off Ivan. Ivan lay motionless and continued to sleep. The mother looked at her son and had thought of how he had grown, of pumped up arms and back he had and how beautiful he was. She admired her naked son.

"Oh, son, how many girls will run after you, uh! And how many hearts you will break," she smiled. Lastly, Ivan rolled over and showed his tummy and his six-pack. The panties she gave him a few days ago sat very beautifully on Ivan. He mumbled through his sleep: "I'm not ashamed of you, but I'm already a grown-up man and I have a grown root down there for a long time."

She blushed a little and laughed out loud. Ivan, like any 19 years old guy, had a beautiful elastic morning hard-on.

"Yes, son ... not only you have grown up, but also something else you have there.., and it's very, very..." his mother continued to think. Then Ivan opened his eyes and saw his mother examining him.

"Geez, mom..." Ivan quickly got under the blanket.

"Well, Ivan, breakfast is on the table and I need to get ready for work."

"OK, mom..."

"I know what your OK means, so you better get up before you fall asleep again!"

"Fine. I'm up, I swear!"

"Get up," his mother kept Ivan up.

"Okay, okay..." he sat up on the bed. Mom left his room.

She went out into the yard holding a cup of coffee. Then she sat down at the table and started to think. She was glad that 19 years ago she did not listen to her parents and gave birth to such a handsome guy. And at the moment Ivan's grandmother adores and dotes him.

Suddenly, a car drove up to the gate. Mom could hear loud music playing. A few moments ago the car began to honk. Here he was, a fiend that flew on a broomstick straight from Hell. That was Ivan's best friend Roman. They were like brothers. They were growing up together since kindergarten. Then they studied at the same school, went to the same gym. They even wore the same pants sometimes. She could never understand: what was binding them together. Roman was always on edge, sharp, cheeky. And Ivan, on the contrary, was all chill, didn't care about anything at all and was absolutely non-conflict. Roman was the kind of a guy constantly getting into fights and arguing about every little thing.

The gate opened, and Roman appeared. He was raw-boned, but still pumped up. He had broad shoulders and round brown eyes. Roman was very good-looking and was a big hit with the girls, though he has been seeing Oksana for a long time. Oksana knew him very well and always forgave his rough manners and sharp cheeky character. It wasn't that easy to be the girlfriend of a guy who has been engaged in mixed martial arts for 9 year, getting kicked in the head.

"Good morning!" he shouted loudly to Ivan's mom.

"Morning to you too. Go wake up your "brother", he can't get out of bed!"

Roman came flying into Ivan's room. Ivan sat on the bed sleeping. Roman got out his phone and shouted: "Whoops, selfie-time!", taking a picture of Ivan. Then he sat down next to him and pinched his ass.

"That's it, bro, let's go or we'll be late for train, and I don't wanna get hit from Coach Igor because of you. Ivan, hello-o! Wake up!

"On it!" he said and headed to the bathroom.

Roman jumped out of bed and pulled off Ivan's panties, laughing out loud.

"Moron," Ivan snapped, "haven't you seen me naked?"

"I saw it, like a million times."

Ivan took off his underpants and threw it in Roman's face:

"Here, sniff this, you lecher, panty bandit."

Ivan left the bathroom and headed to his room to dress up. Roman was in the kitchen, eating Ivan's breakfast.

"Stop eating my cheesecakes, let's go!" Ivan was outraged.

"Just a few more."

The mother glared at her son.

"Hold on, Ivan. You're not going anywhere if you don't have a bite to eat"

"Mom, we'll be late..."

"Ivan, don't argue."

Ivan obediently joined Roman, sitting down at the table.

"And now listen, boys. Especially you, Roman.

The boys visibly tensed up. They knew that such a serious look would not bode well.

"I beg you, don't drive like an ambulance at a full speed. Otherwise, you see what happens. That clear?" she stared at them like she could burn them, focusing that stare mainly on Roman.

"Yeah, Got it," replied the friend.

Ivan quickly emptied the plate, then got up from the table to kiss his mother and started to leave.

The guys froze in mild shock. A big black Mercedes blocked Roman's car from leaving.

"Hey, what's this? What a slob?" Roman started resenting, then turned to Ivan. "No, just look at this, what a jerk!"

Ivan shrugged his shoulders:

"I don't know, that's probably our new neighbors, they bought this mansion from our former mayor, some capital bigwigs..."

"Well, I don't care, how are we driving out?" Roman went up to the gate and started banging loudly on it with a stone he had found on the road.

"Hey, yuppies!" he shouted loudly.

"Rom," Ivan grabbed Roman by the hand. "Chill out, dang it, we'll figure that out."

Then the gates opened and a guy about twenty years old came out, he seemed to be the same age as the guys. He was wearing only shorts and slippers. The stranger was bare-chested and had a beautiful tattoo of a jaguar face on his shoulder. The guy was so handsome that it was impossible for him not to get all girls' attention. And not only girls', but everyone else's too. He was just that pleasing to look at that one wanted to look at him over and over again.

"Good afternoon," the guy said. "How can I help you?"

Roman, as he always did, immediately got ready to attack.

"Hey you, yuppie, is this your car?"

"Yes, it is," the guy replied calmly.

"Well, move it."

"Okay."

Suddenly a man appeared from behind the guy. He was wearing black glasses and looked more like a killer: he was physically very well-built and was quite a large person. Looking at his appearance, one could understand that this man was not a gardener, and not a gateman. He had an absolutely cold-blooded face. So he took off his glasses then put them in his pocket, and came up to Roman.

"Why are you being so loud and rude?"

The man had absolutely empty eyes, they seemed to be inanimate.

"I am so sorry," Ivan interfered in. "Good day, I'm your neighbor, Ivan, and we are already late for our training.

"And I'm Denis," the guy held out his hand to Ivan.

The man instantly stood back as if he was a dog obeying the order. Denis looked in man's direction and said:

"Xander, please, move the car."

Ten seconds later the road was clear.

"Thank you very much," Ivan said and held out his hand to Denis. "Glad to meet you."

They shook hands again.

"Why don't hug. huh..." Roman quipped. Meanwhile, Ivan's mother was watching through the window at the guys' run-in with the new rich neighbors. She absolutely did not like this "killer-man". She was ready to throw herself at this man like a lioness. But when she saw that the conflict had been settled, she started to get ready for work. Mom wondered what kind of new neighbors they were and what they were doing in this small town. Roman started the car, and the guys rushed at the speed of a bullet. Roman had an old Opel, but it was over-styled and with any possible tuning. All that was missing were seats from the Boeing.

"And what can you say, my friend?" Roman looked at Ivan.

"Nothing, this is really an absurd situation, and you just wanted to rush at that dude.

"Oh really. And that yuppie with a tattoo looks like a faggot."

Ivan looked inquiringly at Roman.

"Geez, Rom, how can you insult a person right away? And it looks like this Denis is good at sports, judging by his physique."

"Tell me, Ivan, how can you be so calm in daily life, and be as fast and dangerous as the bullet in the ring?"

"That is the way of the samurai ..." Ivan looked at Roman.

"The way, the way," Roman began to grimace. "It's always the same thing I hear from you."

The guys were almost late for training. They ran to the locker room pulling off their clothes on the go then they put on training uniforms. Ivan's coach Igor stood with a stopwatch: "Well, well, another 5 seconds." But Ivan and Roman were already in the workout room. The Coach whistled loudly, and the guys began to line up. And there, when the warm-up began, was the moment Ivan immediately changed. Sparks were flashing from his eyes: he was like a dragon that started to emit the fire. He left his calmness before enter the room, he was like an atomic reactor, which had been idle for many years, and then all the auxiliary turbines were finally launched and they began to heat it up. Any of the guys was not fond of being paired with Ivan, because Ivan spared no one. Though he would never offend newcomers and weak boys, he always prompted them and explained to them techniques and how to duck punches. And he trained on a par with his guys, with whom he had been training for many years. As an exception he could offer Roman some guidance, and that's it. Ivan was the pride of the Coach. The big guys were already afraid of Ivan, because he stepped on their toes growing with each workout session. The guys were running around and warming up. After the warm-up the Coach paired all of them up and the real training began. Ivan was getting high from the very process. He did not much care about the little things. He hadn't fancy gloves or uniform, unlike the other guys: they wanted to stand out, so they bought an expensive uniform. But Ivan didn't care at all, he said: "It's not the gloves that fight, but the fighter himself." Some guys didn't really like him for his simplicity. They said that he was too showing off.

Ivan never got into real sparring with Roman, because Coach forbade them to do this as there would be just a slaughter in the ring, and not a fair fight. They had seething rivalry like all brothers had. Even though Coach knew that Ivan would kick Roman's ass in no time. Ivan just wasn't himself in the ring. When he sparred with Roman, they both often had injuries and various bruises. So their sparring was forbidden, and they competed in different weight classes. Ivan was bigger, and Roman was thinner. Coach was pleased that two best friends would not meet at the competition fighting each other.

For Ivan two hours of training flew in 10 minutes. All of the guys were getting tired, and Ivan was restless. Finally, the long-awaited whistle sounded, and Coach said that the training was over. The guys started slowly going to the locker room. But Ivan, as always, practice punches on the bag for another hour and then pumped the press, did some pull-ups, lifted weights. Sometimes Coach stopped him and even kicked him out of the gym. He yelled at Ivan to make him not dry himself out every day, as if he was an orange for fresh juice.

The guys were kind of jealous of Ivan and disliked him for his dedication and for his excellent results at competitions. Roman approached Ivan and asked:

"Sooo, are you gonna finish soon?"

Ivan jumped off the horizontal bar and went up to Roman, took some time off and said:

"Well, twenty more minutes is for sure."

Roman looked at Ivan and said:

"Damn, just look at you, no one in the gym can keep up trains with you! What's next? You are already King Kong alike!"

Ivan smiled back and went on punching the bag.

"You're nuts!" Roman called after him. "Ivan, are you going home or what?"

"No, Rom, you go, I'll go to my grandmother for lunch and she needs some help in the garden. So I'll see you tonight in the gym."

“No, Ivan, I’m done, I’ll blow off tonight. We are going to the cinema with Oksana and I want to get frisky with her.”

“Oh, Rom, the girls will be your downfall.”

“Oh, and yours is the gym. And I want to see a date next to you, and you are always alone, without a girlfriend ...”

“I am just looking for the love of my life!”

“What about hormones?”

“That’s okay, I’m doing fine.”

“Or you could hook up with any girl.”

“No-o, I don’t want it that way. I need romance, hugs, and kisses.”

“Well, screw this.”

There was some sadness in Ivan’s eyes when he said:

“Yeah, well... Any girl hasn’t won my heart yet.”

“Alright, Ivan, I’m gonna take a shower, and then I’ll be in the cafe, in the hall, drinking tea. If you can, come up.”

“I’m not sure, maybe I will. Still have a lot of work to do before tonight's training.”

Ivan has finished the training and sat on the floor in the gym unwinding the bandages from his hands. It looked like he had something on his mind as he was staring at nothing. He has rolled the bandages and sat motionless. He seemed to be paralyzed, completely gone into nirvana. Even his eyes didn't move. Something has happened and Ivan revived and came round — he got up from the floor and went to the locker room. He was still in his nirvana and it seemed that he was walking not noticing anyone. He went down to the locker room, undressed, took a towel and headed to the shower. And then it was like a burst of electricity, as if Ivan has slammed his head against the corner of the door. Then Ivan finally came back to his senses and realized that he has he bumped into someone and it was painful. And as result that someone fell to the ground. Ivan started to examine that one who suffered because of him being not careful. And he saw his new neighbor on the floor. Ivan felt very uncomfortable seeing his neighbor lying without a towel and without slippers. He had it lost after Ivan has bumped into him.

It seemed to Ivan that Denis would command his bull terrier alike guard to attack. But the appeared something more scaring compared to a hundred bull terriers ... That was a swimming coach Tamara, and she turned out to be the coach of Ivan's new neighbor, nicknamed Theodore. That name was the name all of the guys in the sports complex used. In the past, she was an excellent athlete — national champion and medalist, European swimming champion and world medalist. But that all was in the past... now she's a 58-year-old woman, all alone. She divorced her husband 12 years ago. She created her own swimming school in this small town. Many famous swimmers dreamt of getting there for at least one training session. Sport was everything in her life and she has already brought up many good swimmers. It was a real fan of coaching, but there was just one thing. She hated martial arts and she was in a state of conflict with Coach Igor. They argued about different things: because his guys pulled off the swimming trunks from some swimmer and stuffed them into the women's locker room or because they behave terribly in the pool. And the last story, that made her almost burst with anger: when Ivan and Roman were fooling around in the pool. Ivan accidentally dropped a large palm tree that was standing near the windows into the pool. And the pool had to be drained and washed. Ivan and Roman was the ones to do that, and at home they caught hell from their parents.

“Oh, you, numbnut, why did you hit Deni ?! What kind of a person you are? Ivan, I didn’t expect you to put your hands like that, honestly.”

Ivan looked at everything that happened, and really could not figure it out at all. Like what happened and how it happened. He quickly grabbed Denis to lift him up, took a towel from the floor and wrapped it around Denis's hips.

"Ah-ha-ha, thank you, Ivan," Denis laughed.

"Coach Tamara, I didn't mean to offend anyone, I just lost in my thoughts and somehow didn't notice Denis."

"Hmm... And how could Denis have been overlooked? Is he invisible? You were like a locomotive taking him down as if he was an autumn leaf from a tree!"

Denis stood up for Vanya:

"Everything is fine, I get lost in the thoughts myself and did not notice Ivan."

Tamara looked inquiringly at Denis:

"Are you sure that's exactly what happened?"

"Yes, Coach Tamara, I am one hundred percent sure."

"Well, look, Denis, if there any problems with these numbnuts, tell me immediately!" and she went on the locker room.

Vanya looked at Denis:

"Sorry, I was all on my mind and bumped into you..."

"Ha ha, yeah, I was also walking and staring into the phone, and I didn't notice you either."

"Hmm ... And so we met again" added Denis.

"Yes. And you are so pumped up," said Denis blushing at his own compliment.

Ivan turned red. He has never been complimented by a guy before. Denis sighed.

"Well, let's finally take a shower, shall we?"

Ivan mumbled something incomprehensible in response and nodded his head agreeing.

The guys went into the shower. Denis hung up a towel and went to shower stall. Ivan stood up motionless staring at Denis. Denis got out of the shower and looked at Ivan:

"What are you doing?"

"Never mind..." Ivan stirred.

"Then take a shower," Denis said.

"Yes, yes, yes ..." Vanya answered. And he slammed against the door.

"You don't see well, huh?" Denis asked.

Ivan did not answer. He hung up the towel and turned on the water, standing with his back to Denis. Denis looked towards Ivan, sighed and left.

Ivan got out of the shower and went to get dressed. Roman was still sitting in the café drinking tea. Ivan came up to him.

"Well, you had enough of train?"

"Yes."

"Hey, Ivan," Roman began waving his hands in front of Ivan's face. "Are you all right or what? Why are you so enchanted?"

Ivan took a sip of tea from Roman's cup and was silent.

"Are you gonna say something? What happened to you?"

"Nothing," Ivan said. "I'm fine, I'm going to grandma's."

"I know that. Do you need a lift?"

"No, thanks, I want to listen to music and walk a little."

"Just listen in the car."

"Thanks, but I'll pass."

"As you wish."

Ivan said goodbye to Roman and went to his grandmother through the park. It was beautiful autumn weather outside: it was still warm and cozy, there was a smell of leaves reminding of the past summer, which no one want to let go. But you can't rush nature as it was the way it works.

Ivan was in high spirits: he was so excited, that it seemed that Ivan had got the good news, as if he had been waiting for it all his life and finally received an answer that completely satisfied him.

After 40 minutes of walking, Ivan came to the grandmother's gate. He opened the gate and went into the yard. Ivan went further into the house to look for his grandmother. Ivan's grandfather was once a very famous dentist and treated the local elite, and during this time he received two decent plots of land for himself with his connections. There he built two solid houses — one for Ivan and his mother, and the other for grandmother, where his grandfather lived before his death. Grandma's house was much larger than Ivan's: a larger courtyard and a plot with an orchard, a beautiful wrought-iron gazebo.

Grandma was not in the house. Vanya began to look for his beloved grandmother, who really did not want Ivan to be born, but then he turned out to be her only joy in life. She adored him and didn't appreciate that Ivan was engaged in martial arts and fights in the ring. Ivan saw grandmother with a rake in the garden fussing, cleaning the garden, preparing it for hibernation. She saw Vanya and smiled:

"Ivan. my grandson," and she ran to him like a child. Though Ivan was embarrassed by these lisps, he loved that. He was very, very pleased. He simply melted when was cared by his grandmother. Grandmother hugged Ivan and began to kiss and squeeze, as a child would squeeze his favorite toy. Ivan, as always, was indignant:

"Grandma, why are you squeezing me like that, you could strangle me!"

Grandma sounded like a song:

"Oh-oh-oh, you're hungry ... let's eat."

Ivan's grandmother thought that her grandson has not eaten for a few years, as all grandmothers in the world did.

"Everything in the gazebo is all ready and, probably already cold."

"Grandma, tell me, do you need any help?"

"Oh, there is nothing to do. I did everything."

"Well, grandma, you shouldn't load yourself because of your pressure."

"Oh, Ivan, when I work, everything is fine with me, but as soon as I lie on the bed, then pressure, then my head, then my legs hurt. And when I get out of bed, then everything is fine right away. So I can't stay in the bed."

Vanya and his grandmother went into the gazebo. There was food for five people, not one.

"Granny, do you want me to burst?"

Grandmother looked at Ivan with a stern look:

"You better eat, otherwise you will completely exhaust yourself there, in your training. You seem wiped out, completely pale. Ivan, when you done, could you take some things to the attic?"

"Sure, no problem"

Vanya's lunch was more like a small banquet. There was: red-beet soup, so meaty that there was less cabbage than meat; then mashed potatoes, cabbage rolls and stuffed peppers; vegetable salad and cottage cheese pancakes.

"Grandma, you really want me to burst?"

"No, Ivan. Eat quickly, and I need to do some things in the garden."

Ivan's grandmother poured soup into a plate, that was not a plate, but a small bowl for fruit. Ivan loved grandmother's food. Though his mother's food was as good as grandmother's, but grandmother's food was somehow different: magical, like from a fairy tale. That was Ivan's grandmother who spoiled him being strict with him. And it was his mother who was constantly angry with him because of the games and because Ivan absolutely did not want to study. But at least Ivan loved reading and this calmed his mother a little.

Grandmother said: "He knows how to write and read, which means he will be just fine. But he doesn't hang around the streets and doesn't smoke or drink. Golden child!"

Ivan ate so much that he could hardly breathe.

"Grandma," Vanya shouted. "I'm done, I finally ate everything, thank you very much."

Grandmother came into the gazebo with the stern face as if she was inspector checking fire.

"But, Ivan, you haven't eaten two pancakes!"

Vanya barely sighed.

"Granny, I'll just burst and pieces of my poor flesh will roll around your beds ..."

"No, you won't. Okay, I'll wrap it up for you and put some more so you can eat at home."

"Grandma, what do you need help with?"

"Oh, well, I don't need help. You better lie down in the fresh air — I'll bring you a cover and a pillow."

Ivan got up and left the gazebo:

"No, let me help you."

"Okay, let's go."

Vanya got a task: to pull out huge twenty-liter glass bottles from the cellar (grandmother would pour young wine into them, which was famous for the whole town). Ivan easily took out the bottles and began to wash them. Then he heard a loud stern cry:

"Oh-oh-oh, what are you doing? Ivan, no, no, no, I'll do that, you won't wash it properly. Go back to the gazebo: I brought you a pillow and a cover there, rest, you will go to training again I suppose."

"Yes, on training."

"Oh, those trainings," Grandma rolled her eyes and lifted her head. "You beat each other in the face, why the hell do you need it? You are so handsome, my grandson."

"Geez, grandma I'm a man."

"Okay, go get some strength, get some rest. What time to wake you up?"

"In two hours."

"Okay."

Ivan made himself comfortable. The autumn weather was so warm and beautiful that it seemed that it was not autumn, but spring. Only the smell of autumn gold leaves on the trees reminded that autumn was coming. That was beautiful, not rainy and very sunny autumn without slush and dullness.

It's been like two minutes... Ivan felt that someone was pulling his nose and shoulder, not letting go, stronger and stronger. Ivan opened his eyes and saw his grandmother standing in front of him:

"Wake up!"

Ivan thought of how he had just closed his eyes and fell asleep a little, and he's already being woken up, but alas, two hours had already passed.

"Wake up, Ivan."

He woke up quickly this time because he didn't want to be late for training again as he would have to make his own way. Ivan got up easily. He was so fresh: he felt he had the strength for two more workouts.

"Look, Ivan, some more food is here," and the grandmother showed a small bag. "Just don't forget to put everything in the refrigerator. I remember the last time the food was in your room for four days, stinking! Until you remembered."



The grandmother gave her grandson a gentle cuff on the back of the head.  
“Well... I forgot...”

Ivan took the bag, packed up his training clothes, that grandmother managed to hang out so that they would dry out a little and would be a little fresher. Ivan kissed his grandmother and went out of the yard into the street. He went to the tram stop, as he didn't feel like walking. After a couple of minutes, an old shabby tram pulled up to the stop. He got into it and went to the training.

## Chapter 2. Warmth

Denis, after meeting Ivan and then after a situation in the gym, thought: “Well, Ivan seems to be good guy, and I’d like to befriend him.”

He didn't know anyone in the village. And for a long time he was not interested and bored with riding in the capital to hang out with his friends. Denis preferred sports, studies, and he wasn't fond of clubs and other parties. He loved travelling. He traveled to exotic countries a few times a year. He liked different way of life, not like his, and he liked to learn about other cultures.

Denis drove up to the house, turned the car around so it stay out of the way. He wasn't up to drive the car into the yard, as he had to go to the second training session in the evening.

He went into the yard where Xander met him.

“Hey, Denis, how do you like training? How was meeting with the guys?”

“Everything is fine. Guess what, Xander, I train with our new neighbor in the same sports complex. He does martial arts. I met him again there in the locker room by chance.

“Okay. I suppose that his friend is also involved in this, the neighbor... what's his?”

“Ivan.”

“Exactly, Ivan. And his friend is so sharp and impudent! He was up to beat me. Youth has, no respect for adults...”

Denis smiled.

“Well, yes, Xander, if your jeep was clamped, what would you do? Can't even imagine! By the way, you also need to be more respectful and communicative. You also can be a psycho sometimes.”

Xander looked at Denis:

“Come on, I have a harmful job, I have the right. By the way, Denis, your father is arriving in three days, do you remember?”

“Yes, I remember... And for how long?”

“Why are you reacting so negatively? For a few of days, maybe five.

“Yeah, got it. Xander, I need you to do something for me. Ask my guards not to glow that much, I feel very uncomfortable. My personal life will fucking collapse, I don't want it to be all about my protection.”

“Fine, I will consult with your father, if he tells me, then I will remove the guard altogether.

“I will be very happy”

“Yes, I know, Denis, that it bothers you, but this is for your safety.”

Denis sighed.

“You all know me, but do as you wish. It pisses me off.”

“Sorry, Den, I am personally responsible for your safety, and if necessary, there will be guards under your bed.”

“Yeah, and in the bathroom?”

“If it saves your life, the guard will sit next to you on the toilet.”

Denis was red with anger and went to second floor shouting: “I hate all of you!”.

As soon as Denis went into his room, his home phone rang. He could phone everyone who was in the house from all over the it: the kitchen, security or whatever. Denis was called by their housekeeper Olga. She was kind of a grandmother for Denis, since Denis did not have grandparent as they all died long ago. Denis picked up the phone.

“Yes, I'm here,” when he heard Olga's voice, he immediately changed his intonation.

“Sweetie, do you want to eat?”

“Yes, of course, I could eat a horse.”

“Okay, do you want it served in your room or you will go down to the dining room?”

“No, I'm going down to the dining room.”

“Okay, be there in three minutes.”

“Thank you, Olga.”

Denis used to call Olga “grandmother Olga” as a child, but his father did not like it. Denis came to the kitchen where chop with pineapples, potatoes and a tomato salad with sour cream were waiting for him. Denis chowed down on the food like a kite on its prey.

“Denis, would you like to have dessert? I made your favorite, tiramisu.”

“Of course!”

Then someone gently hugged Denis from behind and kissed him on the neck. Denis turned his head and saw his beloved sister Stacy who had just woken up.

“Murr, hi bro.”

Olga’s face changed as if she had mistaken sugar for salt. Denis smiled.

“Nightclub Queen, did you sleep off?”

“Yeah, waking up.”

Stacy opened the refrigerator and took out a bottle of cold prosecco, took a glass and went to her room. Olga called after her:

“Anastasia, are you going to eat?”

Stacy shouted in response:

“I would like seafood and a hot guy.”

Olga sadly looked after Stacy. Denis saw that and said:

“Olga, this is her life, don't be upset. I can see on my own how my sister has ran wild, but I love her.”

Olga began to cry:

“You're like one of my own, and I worry about you. And this shameless woman walks like a prostitute in these damn clubs.”

Then they heard Stacy shouting out:

“I can hear you, hag! It's time for you to retire!”

Then Denis shouted:

“Hey” he jumped out of the table like a cat. “What the heck is wrong with you, Stacy?! Olga is a part of our family, and and father fully provides for her. If she leaves, he will pay her so much that she will have enough for the rest of her life.”

“The old bitch should leave then.”

Olga’s face turned pale. Denis jumped out of the dining room and started shaking his sister’s shoulders

“Are you right out of your mind? I'm ashamed of you!”

Stacy smiled like a maniac, spitting at him and yelling even louder.

“And I'm ashamed of you, you're not a man.”

“Go apologize to Olga.”

Denis grabbed Stacy and started dragging her down to the dining room. She slipped out like a fish from his hands, Denis abruptly released Stacy, and she fell to the floor.

“I hate our whole family, bastards!” Stacy shouted.

Then Xander came running. He put Stacy on the floor with one move, then put her on his shoulder and carried her into the room. Denis returned to the dining room. There was Olga sitting on a chair and crying. Oh god, what is going on with her, she went completely mad after Daria’s death.

Daria was Denis's mother who flew off the road and died two years ago, under unclear circumstances. The car could not be recognized as there was a terrible blow. And what was truly terrifying was that Denis’s younger brother was with her, and he was only three and a half years

old. Denis's mother was very fond of driving fast and racing, she was even a repeated winner of the country rally. And there she met Vlad, Denis's father. It was a bandit, all on edge, a hot young guy. He immediately liked Daria. such a beautiful gorgeous girl. She reminded him of a young wolf, who could gnaw off her hands and gnaw her throat for herself and her family. After six months of courtship, he proposed to Daria. But she stood firm and said no. She liked Vlad, but he was a bandit, it scared her away, even if she knew that her heart in love with him. She was afraid to bind her life with his. But Vlad never gave up hope. One fine day, Vlad arrived at his home, where he was assassinated, but he miraculously survived. When Daria found out, she ran to the hospital and cried a lot. Vlad came to his senses, he told her:

"If you marry me, I will definitely survive for the sake of our love and future children."

And Daria agreed. And oddly enough, Vlad began to recover quickly to the surprise of the doctors. Two years later, Stacy was born and another three years later Denis was born. They lived very happily.

Vlad worked hard and his whole business looked like one big link at the European level. He immediately realized that it was necessary to deal with energy resources. And he quickly found a permanent place. There was a lot of blood, but he stood his ground... Now his main office was in London. For the past five years, Vlad has decided to completely got out of the criminal life. But he knew that his partners would not let it go that easy, but eventually he found leverage and was able to arrange with everyone. But the biggest problem was his best friend from childhood, Dmitry. He was known as Somber. He got that nickname because he was wearing a mean face all of the time. Somber legally did not have any rights to the capital of their common company, but Vlad wanted to break up with him nicely as he has got a beef with Somber.

Dmitry was unscrupulous, he always took everything impudently, no one ever loved him, he killed a lot of people, and solved everything with his fists. Vlad was not a saint, but over the years he became wiser. He saw that he had a family, children he wasn't 30 years old anymore. At his 50s he knew, that no one could have all the money, and that he wouldn't have time to spend wisely all that he earned. Therefore, he decided to lay low and engage in real estate. In Europe, he has already opened a large network of gyms, hotels and much more. He knew it was time to stop.

He immediately decided to hide his family for a while, and plus Denis would be able to train with the famous swimming coach. He was completely pleased with this small town. It was not far from the capital, about seventy-five miles away. Though the children didn't like it, but it was necessary. Denis understood everything, and Stacy was a real problem she was all out of control... His army was in the capital, and here were his most loyal people.

Denis poured Olga a glass of water. She took the glass and looked at Denis:

"Thank you very much, my dear."

Xander entered the dining room.

"So, Olga," he looked at the pale elderly woman. "What was that you barked?"

Olga barely had time to utter a word, when Denis immediately interfered with the conversation: "Listen, Xander, what does your "barking" mean? Have you lost your mind? Is this how you talk to elder? She's old enough to be your mother! What's wrong with all of you here? You, Xander, you know that Stacy came back from the club, after drugs. She is crazy and she has mood swings. I had enough! This is the last straw. Father arrives, and we discuss all this, all together. Olga is a part of our family, got it? Did you hear me? And who are you? You are my personal bodyguard! And if you speak to my family like that, then I will personally tear out your tongue!

Xander had never seen Denis so mad. It reminded him of young Vlad being as sharp and unshakable as Denis right now.

Xander stood up and reached out his hand to Denis:

“Sorry, I’m getting tired here with you,” he turned to Olga. “Forgive me, I honestly didn’t mean to.”

Olga looked at Xander and said:

“Want to eat? I made you some fries, and the herring has already marinated.”

Xander went up to Olga, hugged and kissed her:

“Oh, what would we do without you here...”

Olga began to wave away with her hand:

“You can’t just got me a heart attack and the get kisses.”

Denis asked Xander:

“How is Stacy?”

“I gave her a sedative injection and gave her sleeping pills, I think she will sleep until morning.”

Denis had almost finished eating, though there was no appetite at all. He kissed Olga and thanked her. And he went up to his room. He asked Xander to wake him up in an hour and put his training stuff for him. After his sleep he needed Xander to take him to training and back home. Xander said that everything would be done and asked Denis to give him the keys so that he could drive his car into the yard, as today it would no longer be needed.

Denis slept like a baby, he did not notice how an hour had already passed, and Xander gently woke him up by touching his shoulder. Denis opened his eyes and stretched:

“Damn, how fast the time has flown by: that’s it, bang and an hour has passed. But I still feel like sleeping.”

“Sleep then.”

“Do you want me to become that rich kid, fat and spoiled? You will not get it! So, Xander, in 10 minutes we are leaving. Did you put everything I asked? A towel, swimming trunks, slippers and glasses?”

“Yes, everything is fine, I put everything.”

“All right, go to the car and don’t forget the bag”

Xander left the room. Denis got up, looked at his young beautiful body, made a little grimace in the mirror and began to dress. Denis went out into the yard, looked at it and said aloud: “Damn, it’s very nice here after all ...” He went out into the street, where the Hammer was waiting for him. It was Xander’s favorite tank he loved this car. Denis’s father gave him this one for his 55th birthday. He was full of joy and, jumped around the car like a child. All men are still boys who must have a favorite toy.