

Chapter 13 WALKED OUT

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CHASE WALKED OUT of his car and stared at the large building of his mansion in front of him. The same building that housed the pretty, innocent teenager he had not seen for a whole week. He travelled out of the country for an emergency work and was finally back. He couldn't wait to see her. He couldn't wait to inhale the sweet scent of coconut on her and more, of her pretty little pussy. His Kitten.

"Don,"

Chase turned to the man who had called him. "dov'è lei,"

{"Where is she?"}

The man gave Chase an apologetic stare. He had been asked by Chase to watch over Sophia till he returned and made sure she was going to be by the door to welcome him home. He swallowed. "Non è a casa in questo momento."

{"She's not at home at the moment."}

Chase narrowed his eyes at him. "Che cazzo vuoi dire con lei che non è a casa in questo momento? Doveva darmi il benvenuto a casa"

{"What the fuck do you mean she is not at home at the moment? She was meant to welcome me home"}

"Lei," The man's gaze fell on something-or rather someone; specifically two people-behind Chase and he looked back at him with a horrified expression. "Eccola"

{"She-"}{"There she is"}

Chase turned to look at her. His fists curled into a ball and his jaw hardened the moment he saw her with a boy. Sophia was seated on a bicycle, smiling at whatever stupid thing the scrawny twenty-year-old

boy said while he stood, guiding her to ride the bicycle as they reached the mansion.

The man by Chase's side spoke up. "Quello è Álvaro, il Nipote del giardiniere. È venuto qui il giorno che te ne sei andato e, beh, sono diventati molto amici. Non è una minaccia,"

{That's Álvaro, the gardener's grandson. He came around the day you left, and well, they've become pretty close friends. He's not a threat.}

Chase didn't care. No one could ever be a threat to him.

As if feeling his gaze on her, Sophia looked up. In a heartbeat, her eyes locked with Chase's dark, angry ones, and her smile dropped instantly, while her heartbeat quickened. He was back already?

On noticing how she had suddenly tensed, Álvaro-the boy with her-frowned and placed a hand on her shoulder, thereby unknowingly infuriating Chase. "Is everything okay, Soph? You seem tense," When Sophia didn't say anything, he followed her line of sight. The Don was around. "OH, it's the Don. Why do you seem so tense?"

Sophia blinked and stared at Álvaro. "N-nothing," She passed him a small smile and got down from the bicycle with his help. "Thanks for the ride"

"Sure," He smiled at her. "I'll go and return the bicycle to Nonno right away and greet the Don"

Sophia nodded at him and walked towards Chase while Álvaro went towards the garden with the bicycle. "Hey" She meekly said to him.

Chase looked towards the garden where Álvaro had disappeared and turned to the man by his side. "Torturatelo. Non lasciatelo morire. Ha bisogno di essere avvertito"

{Torture him. Don't let him die. He needs to be warned.}

"Sì, Don" and the man walked away.

{Yes, Don}

Sophia looked up at Chase to find him staring at her with an intense gaze.

She then whispered gently. "You're back"

Chase's jaw hardened. "You didn't wait for me by the door to welcome me as I instructed"

Sophia parted her lips to say something, but nothing came out. Her angelic voice came out again. "I-I was bored and tired of waiting"

"Come" Chase circled her small wrist with his large palm before dragging her with him inside the house.

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"This -" Sophia looked around the whole bedroom that she hadn't seen for a whole week. Truthfully, she was grateful for that. But it didn't mean she was okay with having a boring online class. "This is your room"

Chase nodded and took off his suit, then began to unbutton his waist coat. "I know"

"So what am I doing here? I-I should be in my room, right?"

So you'll have fun with that scrawny boy? No. Chase wanted to say out loud, but he ignored her question and turned to look at her. "I'm at home now, Gattina. You were bored. I don't want you to feel like that again, hmmm?"

{Kitten}

Sophia knew exactly what he meant. She didn't want that. She didn't want to go through the same pain she'd gone through. Not after regaining herself again after he left. "I-"

Chase closed the distance between them. "You want to refuse me?"

"Chase I-" She shook her head, tears blurring her vision. "I can't. It hurts. I -I've been feeling better without you. I-" She shook her head again. "I can't take it any longer. Please"

Chase balled one of his fists beside him and gripped her arm with the other one. "Do you want that boy's life gone? Hmm? You want to be the cause of his death?"

Sophia's eyes widened, and she shook her head, placing her palms on his chest so he wouldn't come any nearer. "Please no. Don't do this"

"Only you can save his life. Else, I'll take it as though he has touched you too," He gritted out, formulating plans on how he was going to torture the boy-if he had actually touched her- in his mind. "Tell me, did he touch you?" His grip tightened.

"No!" She cried out, her tears falling down her cheeks. "Only you-only you have touched me-like-like that"

"But I saw him place his hand on your shoulders earlier" He glared at her. "Didn't you warn him? Didn't you tell him you belonged to someone else? Didn't you?"

"I-I'm sorry. It-it won't repeat itself again. Please-please, don't hurt him. Álvaro is -"

He roared. "Don't fucking call his name!"

Sophia flinched.

"Don't fucking call his name. Only me-only my name can leave your lips. You can only taste my name on your tongue like that," Getting angry that she was protecting a boy from him was one thing, but her calling his name with so much softness was on another whole level. It didn't sit well with him. "You hear me? Don't call his name ever again"

Sophia nodded. "I won't"

"Good girl" He wrapped his arms around her small waist and pulled her closer to him, burying his face in the crook of her neck. He placed small kisses there. "Now stop crying, Gattina. Stop crying. Give me what I want, and your dear friend shall be spared,"

{Kitten}

It was over. She was defenseless against him. "Okay" Her voice came out as a mewled whisper.

As Sophia felt the sound of her zipper going down, she shut her eyes tightly and bit down on her lip, stifling a sob. Maybe that was her fate. She wasn't meant to be happy.

Álvaro didn't deserve to die or end up as miserable as she was. His poor grandpa didn't deserve to lose a young grandchild as precious as Álvaro either. Álvaro was a pure soul and always ready to help her. But she didn't want to burden him with her problems so she never uttered a word to him about her and Chase. She was even more grateful he didn't ask her why she was living in the mansion.

Even if she couldn't live her own life the way she wanted, she could at least spare another person's life, right?

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Chase walked towards the basement. Once he reached the large double doors, the men standing there opened it for him.

They both bowed. "Don"

Chase nodded and walked inside, the smell of blood hitting his nostrils as he walked down the hallway. Once he reached the particular door he was heading for, he stopped, listening to the loud screams coming from inside as it soothed him.

"Don," the man guarding the door bowed and opened the door for him.

With a nod, Chase walked into the dimly lit room. The smell of blood was even more stronger. He lived off it; the smell of torture, the blood of the enemies and betrayers splattered across the dirty grey walls, their screams which seemed to only resound only through the four corners of the room, their tears, pleading voices for life. They were all part of Chase; part of his life. His fucked up life.

Immediately he had walked in, the torture stopped, and the victim's loud screams turned into ragged breaths. Those ragged breaths emitted from the victim was the only sound that could be heard as silence stretched in the room.

Chase's voice boomed through the whole room. "Partire," That one order was all it took for the man torturing the victim to bow his head in respect and leave. Just as he was instructed.

{Leave}

Chase didn't for one take his eyes off Álvaro. His white tee was torn at

different places, blood staining it all over.

"White doesn't suit you, Nipote", His uncle's words replayed in his mind. "Why do you think Fratello and I never wore it? You don't want to get stained with a sinner's blood, do you?",

Chase dragged his eyes lazily over Álvaro 's whole body, taking note of each and every single injury on him. He had a few injuries on the face, and there was a streak of blood trailing from somewhere in his head. He had injuries on his arms, legs and other parts of his body but they weren't bad enough to make him die. Chase didn't want him dead. Álvaro was only going to be allowed to die if Chase wished and that would be the next time he dared to go close to Sophia.

Chase brought out his cigar and lighter, lighting it up before placing the cigar between his lips and the lighter, back in his pocket. He pulled out the cigar and held it between his fore and middle finger. "Ti è mai stato insegnato a non toccare mai qualcosa che non è tuo?"

{'Have you ever been taught not to touch something that's not yours?'}

Álvaro stared silently at Chase. He didn't remember doing anything to incur his wrath. He didn't remember touching anything that belonged to him either. In fact, he'd been on his best behavior ever since he arrived. All he ever did was help his grandpa out with a few work, visit his new friend, Sophia. "I-," He breathed out. "I haven't done anything, Don" He was so sure he didn't do anything. "I've only helped Nonno and spend my remaining time with So-ahhhhh!" His remaining words turned into a scream as Chase placed the burning cigar on his arm, pressing it deeply into his skin. It was sure going to leave a scar.

Chase pulled away the cigar and flung it across the room, then pressed his thumb on the burnt skin, digging his finger in.

"Ahhhhh-" Álvaro 's scream died when Chase pulled out his thumb from the burn, with blood on it.

Chase rubbed it across Álvaro 's shirt. "Anytime you look at that scar, you remember that you should never mention her name"

Álvaro 's head sagged, and his breathing labored.

Chase gripped Álvaro 's hair in his hand in a tight fist and raised his head

up so he would be able to look at him. "Do you want your old Nonno's life to be taken away?"

"No-," Álvaro pleaded. "No, please. I'm sorry for whatever I did"

"Good" Chase replied. "If you want your Nonno to live longer, you'll stay away from her, hmmm? She's not yours. I hate people going close to my territory. Sono dannatamente chiaro?"

{Am I fucking clear?}

Álvaro nodded and Chase let go off his hair. He turned and walked outside the door.

"Don," the man from earlier bowed.

"Assicurati che riceva le migliori cure. Non voglio che le sue ferite vengano infettate. Giuseppe ha bisogno che il suo unico Nipote sia accanto a lui a questa età della sua vita," Chase turned to face him even though the latter was staring at his feet. "Comunque vada, Álvaro non dovrebbe morire altrimenti lo stai seguendo. Ho capito?"

{Make sure he gets the best treatment. I don't want his injuries getting infected. Guiseppe needs his only grandson beside him at this age of his life"} {"No matter what, Álvaro shouldn't die else you're following him. Am I clear?"}

"Sì, Don,"

{Yes, Don}

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Sophia curled herself into a ball and shut her eyes tight when she heard the door of the room opening softly and then closing with a soft click.

She then dragged the duvet down and peeked through her lashes, watching Chase take off his shirt, her eyes trailing down to the tattoo on his bare back. What did it mean?

When she saw him turn, she closed her eyes immediately and pretended to be asleep.

With her heart thumping wildly against her ribcage, she waited till she heard the sound of the shower running from the bathroom, meaning he had gone to take a bath.

She wondered what might have happened to Álvaro. All she hoped for was that Chase kept to his words and let him live. She was going to try and see him first thing in the morning, but at the moment, she wanted to talk to Chase.

She had thought about her decision throughout the whole evening.

When she had woken up after Chase took her, she wasn't surprised to find herself alone on the bed and dressed in one of his shirts. There was also dinner waiting for her on the bedside table and she remembered eating it before sleeping back. When she woke up again, it was already late, the plates weren't there and Chase wasn't back, so she used the spare time to think about her decision and waited for him to return.

"I know you're awake," Chase's voice startled her. "You don't need to pretend to be asleep"

Sophia blinked and pulled off the duvet from her body. She stared at him, wondering how long she'd been deep in thought that she didn't realize he was already out of the bathroom. He was already dressed in a black sweatpants and Tee shirt which clung to his body like a second skin.

Sophia's lips parted, and she blurted out; "Why do you always wear black? White would suit you too,"

"White doesn't suit you, Nipote. "That torturous voice played in his mind. "Why do you think fratello and I never wore it? You don't want to get stained with a sinner's blood, do you?",

Chase ignored her question and got into bed sliding beneath the duvet. "Why aren't you asleep?"

I want to talk to you. She badly wanted to say, but her eyes fell on his fingers adorned by rings, and she blurted out again. "I love your fingers," It wasn't all about the rings. No. His fingers were naturally beautiful, and she really loved them. Those rings on each finger just seemed to make them even much more beautiful.

Chase turned his face to her. "Are you noting out my features?"

Red hue stained her cheeks, and Sophia avoided eye contact, her eyes settled on his sharp jawline.

"You want to say something? Say it and go to bed. Its late. You have classes tomorrow morning," He laid on his back.

Sophia ran her eyes across his side profile. "I-," She swallowed. "Since you're taking my body, I-I need a favor from you too"

Chase turned to her abruptly. "You want to make a deal with me?" When she didn't say anything, he continued. "You don't make deals with your body, Gattina. It's wrong"

{*Kitten*}

"You-you already made me use it as leverage to save AL- to save his life," She said. "It's of no use"

Chase turned his face away and stared at the ceiling. "That's because your body already belongs to me, Gattina. Your approval wouldn't have mattered anyway. I only wanted to give you a choice," He then turned to her. "If you have something to say, I'm all ears,"

{*Kitten*}

Sophia breathed out. It was her body they were talking about like some ragdoll. "I-I'm bored of those online class. I don't like them,"

"So?"

"I want to go back to college,"