

Chapter 19

THE IMAGES OF Chase stabbing her mum in the abdomen, followed by that of him stabbing her dad in the chest and then, a poor man being shot between the eyes by Lucas and finally, that of Chase stabbing Ricardo on the neck and emptying his bullets in his head all appeared in Sophia's mind and her eyes snapped open immediately. She sat up and looked around the whole room she was in.

It wasn't her room. It was a room with a black bed, sheets, drawers, curtains, doors shelves, and a closet. Everything there was black except the bulb that was lit in the room. She was scared. She couldn't remember anything that happened after Chase had hugged her tightly and told her not to look at Ricardo's dead body and the other lifeless bodies in the whole hall. She also had a vague memory of him telling two men in black to get rid of all the bodies in the hall. He had also instructed the men to find the dead people's remaining family members and get rid of them. That was all she could remember before she passed out in his arms.

The scent of sandalwood hit her nostrils and panic surged through her. She got down from the bed, noticing that she wasn't in the dress she had on. She was dressed in a fresh, clean set of pajamas. Her hands flew to her face to check if there was still Ricardo's blood that had splattered on her face when Chase shot him there was nothing there. She had been cleaned up and she hoped it wasn't Chase who did it.

The same image of all those people that she had witnessed being murdered flashed across her mind and her hands trembled at her sides. She couldn't stay with Chase or anyone in that house. They all had the blood of innocent people in their hands and it frightened her.



She had to run. She had to escape. She couldn't stay there again. Immediately an idea struck her, she ran towards the closet and searched for what she was looking for until her eyes landed on the pile of sheets folded neatly on a drawer and she breathed out in relief.

"Non era ancora destinato a morire," Lucas said to Chase the moment the doctor that treated Luciano left. "non avresti dovuto ucciderlo. avrebbe dovuto essere torturato prima poi implorarci per la sua stessa morte,"

{"He wasn't meant to die just yet."} {"You shouldn't have killed him. He should've been tortured first and then begged us for his death. "}

Chase stopped in his tracks and turned to Lucas. "He was going to take her away,"

Lucas scoffed. "That didn't mean you should have killed him. Nothing like this has ever happened in this empire. When people betray you, Don, you torture them and make them beg for their death. Not give them peace by killing them immediately,"

Chase glared at him. "That's why it's my empire. That's why only I can make the rules and bend them as I wish. You don't have the right to interfere or complain about how I run my things,"

Lucas matched his stare. "I'm your underboss,"

"Exactly," Chase moved closer. "That's why you should only follow my instructions because even my consigliere didn't give a rat's shit about what I did. He knows better than to question me,"

"The person you're doing all this for is a woman, Don. A fucking teenager



who doesn't give a single flying fuck about you. All she wants is to be free," Lucas said.

Angrily, Chase brought out his which he loaded with a bullet the minute he put Sophia to bed and pulled the trigger. The bullet narrowly passed Lucas' neck and grazed the skin there. "I told you not to talk to me like that, Lucas. Trust me next time, you won't survive it,"

Chase never missed his target. He had intentionally grazed Lucas' neck and spared his life. They both knew that.

Safely tucking the gun in the holster of his trousers, Chase turned and walked away towards his room. He quietly opened the door as carefully as he could so as not to wake Sophia up, but the sight in front of him made his anger return to full mode.

Sophia had tied the sheets in his closet together and was trying to escape.

"Are you fucking trying to escape?"

Sophia froze with the sheets in her hand and whipped her head towards Chase who was taking long strides towards her and staring at her with unspoken fury in his eyes. "You - ahh" She yelped when he gripped her arm tightly. "Please,"

"You're so fucking stubborn!" Chase flung her on the bed and glared at her. "I told you. I told you that you can't escape me, Gattina. I told you there'd be consequences,"

["Kitten"]

"I-I'm sorry," She cried. "I didn't want to stay here again. You-you have a lot of people's blood on you. You-you've murdered innocent people and it makes you a sinner. You're a sinner and I can't stay with you,"



"The person you're doing all this for is a woman, Don. A fucking teenager who doesn't give a single flying fuck about you. All she wants is to be free," Lucas' words played in his mind.

"Really?" He asked. "So I'm a sinner? Why don't we sin together tonight then?"

Sophia's eyes widened in horror and she sat up immediately as she watched him unbuckle his belt. "No-", Panic coursed through her veins when her back hit the headboard. "Please,"

Chase wasn't stopping. He was angry. Livid even. Lucas was right. She didn't want him but he didn't care. He was finally going to have her. Maybe that would make her understand just how much she was meant to be with him.

He moved closer and knelt a few inches away from her on the bed.

"Please -," Sophia's eyes fell on the gun in his trouser holster and she quickly pulled it out, then pointed it at him. "Don't come closer. I'll shoot you,"

"And be a sinner like me?" Chase's face and eyes were blank; void of fear. He should have been scared, considering the safety of the gun was off but that was the least of his problem.

"I-it's part of self-defense. I-I won't be a si-I won't be sinning," She stuttered.

"Fine then, shoot me," He said, not making a move to stop her. "Shoot me. Kill me and free yourself from me," He covered the remaining distance between them and wrapped his palm around her small wrist, then brought the tip of the gun directly to his clothed chest. "Shoot," His



finger moved to hers' that was on the trigger and pressed it softly. "Shoot me. I'm here to guide you to do that. Shoot me, kill me. But do you know what? It won't change a thing. It won't change the fact that I've murdered the main people I want to kill and those are your parents. Even if you shoot me in the chest to stop my heart from beating, it won't affect me because I don't have a heart any longer. You can also shoot me in the head, it won't change a thing Gattina," He stopped and accessed her face. "It would only make you fucked up and you'll live the rest of your life with guilt clawing at your heart for taking a life. You will die of guilt, Gattina. You will be just like me. A sinner. So shoot me,"

{"Kitten"}

Sophia's hand shook and her grip on the gun loosened a bit. He was right. She would be a sinner just like him and she didn't want to end up like that. "I-I don't want to do it please,"

"You wanted to shoot me. Do it!" Chase knew Sophia very well. She wouldn't pull the trigger not shoot him. She didn't have a single violent bone in her body "Shoot me," He encouraged.

Sophia shook her head as fat tears kissed her cheeks. He was asking her to shoot him. To kill him. "I can't do this! I don't want to do this!" She cried in panic.



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