


HIS(18+)

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Chapter 2 CHASE WALKED UP

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CHASE WALKED UP the stairs towards his room with both his hands in his pants pocket.

"Don,"

Chase stopped in his tracks and without turning, he waved his fingers at the person who just called him to walk up to him. Clearly understanding what his cousin meant, Luciano walked up the stairs till he was standing in front of Chase.

Chase brought out a cigar and a lighter from his pocket before lighting it. "Parlare." He took a long drag from the cigar and blew out the smoke from his lips.



{"Speak"}

"The task was completed, but there was a witness at the scene. Valerie requested to bring her over here."

Chase stared at Luciano, his calm composure still on. "E voi, branco di sciocchi, avete fatto questo?",

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{“And you bunch of fools did that?”}

“She was insisting that the girl shouldn’t be killed. She said she didn’t deserve to die,” Luciano defended. He knew his little sister was likely to receive an earful from Chase.

“And other witnesses? Did they deserve to die?” Chase flung off the cigar he was holding in irritation. “Valerie conosce le dannate regole e non è stupida. lei per eliminare la ragazza stessa, altrimenti io farò io e ciò avrebbe lasciato una cicatrice sulla sua salute mentale”.

{“Valerie knows the damned rules and isn’t stupid. Ask her to eliminate the girl herself. Else, I’ll be doing it for her, and it would put a scar on her mental health”}

Chase was not someone to make empty threats, and if he said he was going to do something, then he would do it. Luciano couldn’t begin to imagine the torture Chase would make the teenage girl go through. “Don, she-”

Luciano was cut off by Valerie’s presence. “Don, I’m sorry, but please think about it. She doesn’t deserve to die. She has a whole life ahead of her. She’s such a naive and innocent teenager,”

Chase snorted out. “Is that why you asked to let her live? Because she’s naive and innocent, doesn’t mean she wouldn’t leak information, Valerie. In our world, you don’t show your fucking emotions”.

"I-"

Chase turned to Luciano. "Where is the girl?",

"She's in the first room close to the basement",

Immediately Luciano finished talking, Chase walked back down the stairs towards the place his cousin just told him of while he tugged off his tie from his neck.

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"Wake up,"

Sophia's eyes snapped open the moment she felt something cold poured over her head as it trickled down her skin. She shook her head to clear her hazy eyes before squinting them to take note of the room she was in.

She was in a dimly lit room. Her hands and legs were tied tightly to the wooden chair she was seated on while her lips were sealed with tape. Images of how she got there flashed across her mind.

Flashback

The moment she screamed, Sophia's palms instinctively flew to cover her mouth as she realized what she'd just done, but she was too late because the three murderers whipped their heads towards her and her eyes widened in fear.

She shouldn't have screamed.

But then, that didn't stop her from acting immediately she felt the adrenaline rush through her veins. She turned on her heels and ran back towards the coffee shop.

"Let's get her", She heard the laptop guy's voice and she increased her pace. Her bag fell on the floor but she was too caught up in her run to pick it up.

She could get it back in the morning, but all she wanted at that moment was to run to the coffee shop and lock herself in their till they left. Her plan was already in motion but she couldn't pat herself mentally again and praise herself for her smartness. Too bad because she felt someone's palms clamp over her mouth and the person used their other arm to hold her shoulders in place, leaving her against their warm, hard, muscular chest.

Sophia tried to scream, but it was as futile as her trying to wiggle out of his tight grip.

The person growled. "Stay in place, girl," Immediately, she knew it was the laptop guy.

Commented [Ma1]:

Soon, the other guy and the already holding her bag appeared in front of them.

"What do we do with her?" the second guy asked.

"What else?" The laptop guy said. "We will kill her and dispose of her body with Russo's. There's a lake not far from here."

Listening to the three siblings talk about how they'd kill her and have her disposed of had Sophia panicking the more, and she continued to struggle.

"Why would we do that? She's innocent!" the lady said, noticing Sophia's panic mode.

"No one said she isn't innocent, Valerie", the Laptop guy said. "She's a witness and isn't meant to live."

"We can take her back home," Valerie suggested. "But not murder her."

The second guy turned to his sister with a glare. "Are you out of your fucking senses, Val? Witnesses shouldn't live. They should die on the spot",

Valerie turned to him. "Luciano, please", She then looked at the Laptop guy. "Lucas?",



"Sorry, Valerie but that's not the right thing to do. If Don gets his hand on her, it would be worse. We all know that",

"Please",

"Dammit, Val", Luciano muttered and looked straight into his twin brother dead in the eye, before nodding his head.

Before Sophia could understand their silent communication, she heard Lucas groan in annoyance and irritation before she felt something cold and sharp prick her neck.

In no time, everything went blank.

End of flashback.

Sophia began to wiggle in the chair again, trying to scream out for help, but the tape on her lips muffled her voice.

"It's useless trying to scream because no one will hear you", Sophia looked in the direction where the voice came from, and her eyes fell on Luciano, leaning against the wall, staring at her. "This place is huge, and no one can save you from your death. If you had minded your business, you wouldn't have been here,"



Sophia glared at him as he moved away from the wall. She wanted to push her hair that was sticking all over her face but it was completely impossible. Her hands were tied and there was no way she'd let that laptop guy do it for her.

Immediately, the door opened and she squinted her eyes as the light from outside the room shone on her face. She looked at the huge body standing by the door and glared at him even though she couldn't see his face.

For all she knew, he was the so-called Don the three murderers and kidnappers were talking about. He was the man who imposed the rule of killing witnesses. She inwardly scoffed at the thought.

Sophia felt the sweat trickling down her forehead as his large, intimidating body walked closer to her. The room suddenly had a chilling silence as only the slow sounds of his shoes were heard and it had her shivering.

Once the tall man was towering over her, she craned her neck to see his face but couldn't as she heard the soft click of the door closing.

Soon, he knelt in front of her and raised his right hand to push off the hair covering her hair, his fingertips grazing her cold skin and she shuddered. If there was a monitor attached to her body, Sophia was sure to be embarrassed by the loud thumping of her heart.

She yelped the moment the tape came off her lips with a harsh tug, courtesy of Mr. Tall and intimidating. "What do you want from me?",

Ignoring her question Chase studied every feature of her face as if engraving it to his memory. Something about her light chestnut brown hair, Hazel colored and almond-shaped eyes which screamed nothing but innocence, down to the freckles smeared just below both of her eyes and the upper part of her small button nose and then, her small pouty lips, seemed to remind him of someone at the back of his mind. He internally shook his head at that thought, convincing himself that she just looked like her, but then, all the thoughts jumped out of the window the moment his eyes fell on the small birthmark just below her chin.

She was the one. The girl whose parents he had taken away from her when she was just eight.

His eyes returned to hers' and his voice came out cold. "Sophia Bennett"

Sophia gulped and she felt goosebumps erupt on her skin at the way his voice sounded. Cold, sexy, deep, seductive, manly, and had an Italian accent to it.

She tore her eyes from his familiar ones to look anywhere else but at him and that was when her eyes landed on the tattoo on the side of his neck.

'RIP'

She felt hot all over when she peeled her eyes away from there only for it to betray her and sneak a glance at the other tattoo on his taut upper chest that the button-up shirt he was wearing failed to hide because his first two buttons were undone.

'Brutality' was written there with the ink dripping down and it made her gulp lowly again. She didn't even what was more intimidating about him. Was it his body build, walking steps, presence, eyes, voice, or even him himself? It had to be all.

"H-how do you know my name?", She stuttered out. "Who are you?",

The room remained dead silent, neither of them speaking and it only made her more impatient. Sophia's brows pinched into a frown and she squinted her eyes again to study his features.

He had jet black hair which was sleeked backward, with similar colored eyes which sent a feeling of familiarity in her. His nose was long, straightforward, and downward-pointy. His thin lips were pursed into a straight, thin line and she could feel his eyes on her too.

"Who-who are you?",

Hearing her question, Chase brought his eyes back to hers to see if she would recognize him or not the gasp that left her lips gave him his answer.

"You-", Sophia broke out in more sweat and she went into a panic mode as tears spilled from her eyes. It was one thing panicking when she was about to be killed, but it was another thing meeting the same person who murdered her parents and she wished those three had killed her instead. "You-what-you-you-mama-papa-murder-you-you-killed them",



Immediately Chase heard her words, he ignored her words and sealed back her mouth, then, stood up before he walked out of the room ignoring Lucas' confused stare.

The latter followed him out of the room. "Don",

Chase stopped in his tracks and pulled out another cigar from his pocket with a lighter. Before Lucas could reach up to him, he lighted the cigar and returned the lighter to his pocket. "What?", He didn't wait for Lucas to stare at his face.

Lucas stood by Chase's side. "What should we do with her?",

Chase blew out smoke from his lips and pinched his brows with his thumb and forefinger. "Ask Valerie to have her settled down in one of the guest rooms",

Lucas watched as Chase made to walk away again and asked. "What do you mean 'have her settled down in one of the guest rooms'? Isn't she meant to be killed?",

Chase stopped and looked Lucas, dead in the eye. "Are you questioning me?",

"I'm not doing that, Don", Lucas replied. "I don't just understand why you're letting her live",



"It's my decision, Lucas, and you don't have a say in it", Chase retorted, before returning his cigar to his lips and trying to walk away again in a bid to control the anger he was suddenly feeling.

"Well, that's a fucked up decision you just made because it's unfair to the other witnesses that were killed!", Lucas almost snapped.

Chase stopped, then blew out smoke from his lips. He turned and took slow, predatory steps towards his angry cousin till he was foot to foot with him and glared at him in the face, none of them breaking eye contact. "You Won't Ever Talk to Me Like That Get it?",

Still not backing off, Lucas nodded. "Sure, Don",

"Good", Chase took two steps backward and placed the cigar between his lips. Ever so sensually and taking his time, he blew out smoke again and nodded at Lucas. "This should be your first and last time behaving like a fucking teenager throwing a tantrum else we both know I won't hesitate to bury a few bullets in your skull, si?",

{Yeah?}

Still not batting an eyelash, Lucas gave a stiff nod one in his position had the right to behave, talk to, or look at another person in Chase's position like he'd done. It wasn't an appropriate way to behave with one's boss like that and Lucas knew that very well. They both knew it, yet, Chase chose to ignore it.

Without saying anything and knowing very well that his warning had

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settled in Lucas' mind, he turned and walked away.



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