

Chapter 21

"I'm not a gentleman," Chase said to her, lifting her chin so she would look at him in the eye. "And I'm not going to change for anyone. Not even for you."

He pumped his fingers in and out of her in slow and agonizing motions. Sophia watched in horror as he spat on her pussy and rubbed it all over. Chase was tired of waiting. He wanted to take her and fuck her the way he wanted. Hard and rough. Dirty and sinful. And knowing he would be the first man to do that to her had him even more excited.

Grabbing a foil packet from his nightstand, he slid the condom with ease. He lined his thick tip at her entrance, rubbing his cock up and down her folds, getting it lubricated with her wetness.

He pushed inside her with one hard thrust, tearing her insides bloody.

A painful cry erupted from her. She tried pushing him desperately from off her but he held her firmly. She was so tight that he only made it halfway in. Chase pulled out a little and for the first time after so many years, he smiled. He smiled at the blood that coated his dick. He truly was her first. He thrust again, harder, and filled inside her fully. A struggling cry and painful scream filled the room. Sophia was sure anyone nearby must have heard her.

Sophia gripped his shoulder blades, her dainty nails digging into his skin as she held on for dear life. It burned and stung that tears clouded her vision.

True to his words, Chase wasn't gentle. He didn't even give her a moment

to adjust to his size but instead rocked his hips at a quick pace that caused more burns to her insides. She couldn't even close her eyes to stop herself from witnessing the horror because each hard thrust of his hips forced her eyes to pop her eyes open out of their sockets.

The in-and-out movement combined with the dirty sounds of their flesh meeting was erotic. Nothing Sophia had ever witnessed or heard before. It made her skin flush.

Chase rested his forehead against hers, maintaining eye contact. With his whores - from years before preferred positions where he wouldn't see their faces but with Sophia, he wanted to see it all. Her face, the way her eyes rolled back and her lips parted, her breasts; the way they bounced to his rhythm and the outline of his dick moving in her body. It was pleasing. So carnal.

She was teary and visibly in pain but he loved the way she took him whole. The harder he fucked her, the louder her moans got. She was enjoying it, loving the way he was fucking her. Chase was sure she was.

He cupped her face and captured her lips into a kiss. Her first kiss. It wasn't sweet but hard and possessive, letting her know she was his only. Suddenly, Sophia sank her teeth into his bottom lip as the tightness in her stomach returned. Feeling her clamp down on his dick, Chase picked up his face and groaned with each rough thrust as he fucked her into oblivion.

She orgasmed, squeezing her thighs against his ribcage to hold herself in place. Her efforts were only futile as she shook violently, wiggling underneath him.

"Fuck," He said breathlessly, pressing his face against her neck.

Wanting to experience his release Chase let out an animal-like sound. He pulled away from her neck, throwing one of her legs over his shoulder and pushing down against the other one with his knees. His one free hand wrapped around her neck and pressed tightly.

Scared that he was trying to strangle her to death, Sophia held onto his wrist and begged him with her eyes to release her. She didn't like how it made her feel powerless.

Chase, loving the power, pressed harder, not to the point she'd struggle to breathe but just enough to frighten her. He loved it when she was scared because he knew she'd give in to anything he wanted without uttering a word, especially with the life of her Grandma in the palm of his hands even though he hadn't introduced that condition to her.

"Fuck Gattina!" He grunted slamming his pelvic into her so rough and deep he was sure he hit her cervix.

["Kitten"]

Chase came in one final thrust, shuddering as he spilled his cum into the condom. Rugged breathing filled the room and the smell of sex enveloped them. They remained still, entangled together holding one another until their heart rate slowed and a calmness settled in.

Sophia stifled a wince when he pulled out of her pussy. Only the pain and stinging persisted, her strength had left her body and she was filled with exhaustion. He was brutal, evident by the blood staining the sheets and coating his dick. She swallowed at the realization that she'd given him her virginity yet he only gave her pain in return.

He wasn't even gentle.

Sweat glistened on her skin, yet she was so cold.

Chase who had left the bed was strolling around confidently with his package hanging out. It was long and limped between his legs swaying side to side as he moved. He perched down on the armchair close to the window pouring himself a glass of scotch, drinking in a silent gulp.

He glanced at his Kitten who was curled up on the bed causing his dick to harden again. He poured himself one last drink before returning to the bed, ripping off his condom and throwing it in the trash.

Sophia uncurled herself sensing what he intended to do next. She pushed against his chest, earning a deadly glare in return. He shoved her hands away, cupping her face, and kissed her breathlessly.

Without a second thought, he shoved his dick into her without rubber barricading them.

He fucked her raw, rolling her onto her side while their lips were still entangled. He pushed her leg up with one hand while the other grabbed her breast, rubbing her nipple. All the while, pumping her filled to the brim.

She had come countless times to the point her eyes were fluttering with sleep. Just before sleep took over her, she felt hot liquid spill on her stomach and Chase's animalistic growled echoed in her ear.

Unable to hold onto her consciousness, Sophia welcomed darkness with open arms.