

## Chapter 4 LUST

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LUST WAS ALL Chase felt when he'd seen her on her knees, unknowingly showing him the outline of the beautiful shape of her round perky ass in that shorts, packing those plates from the ground. For the fucking first time after so many years, he remembered how to feel. Like, he felt something, and it had to be lust; something he never for once felt for his fiancée Saige even after all her sexual advances towards him; the same feeling he buried years ago for the same girl.

Sophia Bennett.

As absurd as it may sound, he had been lusting over her since he knew her as a fucking child. He never failed to secretly admire her every time he was sent on an errand to her dad's place. She loved wearing all those knee-length, floral dresses and leaving her hair in a pigtail style. The main thing that always attracted him to her was the way innocence radiated off her in waves with those beautiful freckles on her tanned skin. Anytime looked into her eyes, he felt himself drown in them and it hurt him that she was oblivious to how he felt.

Of course, it wasn't her fault. They never talked because she was a young girl, a mafia princess-something he doubted she knew father's little princess, which he hid away from the world and she was just out of bounds. Chase knew that, but still, he let himself think with his dick as long as it was related to her, and maybe, just maybe, that was why he had let her live again that night for the second time.

He made the mistake of leaving her all those years, but it seemed like destiny had something else in store for them, rather than having them apart, so he would hold on to that. If their fates wanted them together, he was going to have her no matter the cost. He didn't even care about the fact that he had a fiancée; for, he didn't owe her his loyalty. Only she owed him the loyalty because that was how their world worked. The husband owed no loyalty but the wife owed all of hers'. She was to be an obedient wife, stay at home, and give him babies.

Chase was dangerous for Sophia. His world was too dangerous and corrupt for a soft soul like her. He knew that more than anybody, but that was the least of his problems. They were made for each other and no one would ever be able to change it because they would lose their lives even before doing so. After all, he was the devil. He always got what he wanted, and his eyes were only set on Sophia. So, he would have her and make her his' whether she wanted it or not.

Chase got distracted from his thoughts when his phone rang on the bedside table. With slow, calculative steps, he strode to the table and picked up the phone.

Seeing as the call was from his underboss, Lucas, he picked it up with a silent growl. "Che cosa,"

{"What?"}

Lucas replied almost immediately. "è scappata, cazzo,"

{"She fucking escaped"}.

Chase knew very well who Lucas was talking about from the tone of his voice. He didn't seem fazed. He just didn't expect Sophia to escape that early. He slowly pulled out the cigar from his lips and blew out smoke, not saying a word.

Lucas called from the other end. "Don,"

"Non è andata lontano," Chase said, without any panic in his voice. "stendila quando la trovi,"

{'She hasn't gone far.'} {Knock her out when you find her.}

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The distant sound of squeaks became louder as her consciousness slipped in, and the moment she recognized the sounds, Sophia's eyelids opened on their own.

She let out a squeak when her eyes settled on the uncountable number of rats running around the familiar-looking room she was in. She tried to move or run but was restrained by something hard pulling on her bruised wrists and ankles. She accessed her whole form before realizing she'd been tied to the same wooden chair she was tied to earlier that night when she was brought in.

A lone tear slid down her cheek, followed by a muffled sob. All she wanted to do was go home, but there she was, being tied up like a criminal for witnessing a murder, with squeaking rats all around her. Annoying animals, she hated and felt scared of all her life.

She continued crying as she remembered how she had gotten there.

Flashback

"No-Papa-" She whimpered. "Mama-please don't go-please," Sophia's eyes snapped open, and she sat up with a jerk on the bed.

Sophia hugged her knees as violent tears kissed her cheeks, landing on her knees. She was petrified. She waited for the usual warm touch and voice to reach her ears but nothing happened. All she heard and felt was silence and loneliness. Her eyes ran over the room, searching for her Nana until realization dawned on her when she took note of the room.

She wasn't at home. She wasn't there in her room, and her Nana wasn't there to comfort her or give her milk.

In a panic, Sophia got down from the bed and pulled on her hair as images of the terrible night her parents were murdered crossed her mind, threatening to make her lose her sanity. She clutched and pulled on her hair as she fell on her knees. "Please-go away-don't-", Fresh tears fell down her cheeks, and the images flooded faster than they normally did. She dragged her hair, almost pulling it out of its roots till some of her hair was in her hands.

When she realized what she had done to her hair, her breathing labored a little, and she got up on her feet, rushing to the closet. It was empty, and there were no clothes in it. She rushed to one of the drawers there and pulled it open, till her eyes landed on two pair of black clothes.



With shaky hands, she picked them up and assessed them. It was a pair of hoodies and joggers. She didn't know what had taken her to the closet, but whatever it was a blessing in disguise and she wouldn't let the opportunity pass her. She would wear the clothes and find a way to escape. She missed her Nana and wanted to see her. She wanted her to soothe her and tell her everything was going to be okay. She wanted Nana to tell her that her parent's murderers wouldn't be able to harm her even if he had found her.

She quickly put on the joggers and hoodie over the clothes she was wearing and rushed to open the door. She walked out of her room and tiptoed down the stairs, hoping not to bump into anyone and luckily for her, no one was there. She followed her instincts till she got to the large main door and opened it since it wasn't unlocked.

A part of her told her it wasn't normal for people as rich as that to leave their doors open, but to her, it was their business. It wasn't her business to meddle in and she made her out.

She walked down the porch of the mansion and halted in her steps when she saw a lot of men standing all around the compound, wearing all black, their bulgy arms folded across their chests, with stoic expressions on their faces. She was sure they were Chase's men, considering their intimidating looks and body builds. Her breath hitched and she hid when one of them looked towards the direction she was in.

Her eyes fell on a stone by her feet, and she picked it up the moment an idea struck her mind. She immediately threw the stone towards a dark place, and all the men's eyes went there. They all looked at each other in confusion and brought out their guns from their holsters.

"Who is there?" one of them said, pointing his gun towards the direction, and Sophia gulped. She suddenly realized that they could all blow off her brains if she got caught.

When she saw how some of them walked in that direction, she seized the opportunity and ducked behind a pillar close to the dark place. She silently watched them in the dark with a fast racing heart till they left the place and walked back to their spot.

"There's no one there", Another man said, and they shook their heads.

When she was sure everything was settled, she ran in the dark direction and placed her hand over the fence but it didn't reach. For the first time, she internally thanked her friend back in high school for teaching her how to climb over a fence.

"This fence is so high I can't jump over" she mumbled. She took a step backward till she stumbled over something, and she let out a loud yelp before palming her mouth in realization.

"Who is there?" One of the men asked, his voice ringing, and her eyes widened in fear. "Who is there?" His voice got nearer, and Sophia could swear she heard the loud thumping of her heart beating.

She looked at what she stumbled on and breathed out in relief when she saw that it was a stool. She quickly picked it up and placed it close to the wall before standing on it.

When she raised her toe and placed her hand over the fence, she froze

when she heard a deep, scary voice behind her. "Who are you?"

Once Sophia felt the man's tight grip on her arm, she thrashed, until she unknowingly kicked him between the legs, and he let out a groan, clutching the place she kicked.

Sophia panicked once the sounds of gunshots rang through the air and quickly placed one of her legs over the fence.

The man on the floor bellowed at his fellow bodyguards. "Follow her! She's the girl the underboss brought in!",

She panicked the more as realization dawned on her that he had seen her face. In a few torturing minutes, she had already scaled over the fence and landed on her butt. "Ouch,"

She stood up immediately, and her eyes landed on a truck parked a few feet away from her. She ran towards it and ignored the truck driver who was peeing by the roadside and swung the front door open, rushing inside it to settle behind the steering wheel. Once she did so, she closed the door shut and that was when the owner of the truck noticed.

He ran towards her. "Get out of my truck, you little thief!",

"Sir, please-", Sophia's eyes fell on the cars driving their way, and she looked back at the man. "Look, I'm so sorry,"

"I said -" The truck driver was cut off when Sophia zoomed off.

"Lord, please help me," Sophia muttered as she clutched onto the steering wheel. She had never driven a car nor learned how to drive one in her life. She had only taken note of how taxi drivers drove and she didn't even know if a truck operated like a car. She just had to go.

Her eyes widened when a black SUV drove towards her, horning at her. She tried to step on the brakes of the car, but it wasn't helping. She turned the wheel to move away but she froze when she saw another SUV driving her way from behind and more coming from either side. She was cornered and had no way out. That minute, she knew the cars were all from Chase's mansion. How could she be so foolish to think they'd not be able to catch her?

She tried to slam her feet on the brake, but it wasn't working. "OH lord, please help me", She muttered. "If this is how I'm going to die, then take care of my Nana. Tell her I love her and that it wasn't my intention to die." She kept on hitting the brake, but the car didn't stop.

She watched as the SUV in front of her moved out of her way, and she smiled. Maybe they had let her go. But her happiness didn't last a second because her smile died the moment she realized she was driving towards a wall. Before she could do anything, the car slammed right against the wall and a scream left her lips as her head hit the steering wheel.

Sophia closed her eyes shut, waiting to see heaven, but she only saw darkness. She could hear her heart beating wildly against its ribcage, and she opened her eyes, ignoring the thumping pain in her head.



Whoever it was that opened the door didn't even let her sit up because she felt cold hands gripping her arm, and she was jerked out of the truck harshly.

"Owww", She whimpered and fell on her butt. She looked at the boots in front of her and looked up at the person wearing them, only to find Lucas standing there with a clenched jaw and eyes turned into slits. The glare he sent her way was fast enough to give her the information that he was very angry." I- ahh!" She yelped when he pulled her up.

"Are you fucking out of your mind?", Lucas snapped and she flinched.

"I-I missed my Nana. I wanted to-",

Lucas yelled at her. "To hell with your Nana! You should be damn grateful you were even left to live your fucking miserable life",

She began to cry and tried to pull away her arm from his strong grip but he wasn't having it. "Please, let go of me",

She watched with panicked eyes as he pulled out a white handkerchief from his pocket and covered her nose with it. "As much as I fucking want you dead, I have to follow the Don's orders. You've been a big pain to my ass",

Sophia struggled, but she was no match for Lucas and his strong body build. She knew that and her legs gave out as he pressed the handkerchief further against her nose till everything went pitch black.

End of Flashback.

"Owww", Sophia whimpered when she felt something nibbling on her toenails and tried to pull away her legs but her attempts were futile because the ropes tied on her leg were tight. "Go away!" she cried at the rat.

The animal was persistent in biting her and it scared her more. When it jumped towards her, she let out a loud scream and shut her eyes, waiting for the harsh impact of whatever it was going to do to her but felt none.

The rat squeaks slowly quieted down and they sounded distant, making her slowly open her eyes, only to suddenly find herself alone in the room. She looked at where the distant squeaks came from and breathed out in relief when she saw the rats disappearing into a small hole.

She flinched a little when the wooden door opened slowly, and she squinted her eyes a little. She watched as a large arm held the door an arm's length before a large body appeared in front of the door that was held for the owner. Even without looking at his face, Sophia knew the owner of the body was none other than Chase.

His handsome face came into view, and he walked in casually as if he had all the time on earth, his intense stare on her made Sophia shudder in her seat.

Once Chase was directly in front of her, he bent down and stared at her, deep in the eye. "I knew you'd try to escape, and like a foolish, naive girl,

you fell for the trap,"

"Please let me go home. My Nana is worried about me" " she cried.

"Is she? "Chase raised a brow at her. "No worries, your grandma knows you're in safe hands,"

Sophia's eyes widened. "W-what?",

Chase stood up and stared down at her, completely ignoring her question. "I'll let you go home,"

A huge smile broke out on her face. "R-Really?",

Chase pulled out a cigar from his pocket and placed it between his lips, then brought out his lighter and flicked it open, before lighting up the cigar. He returned the lighter back to his pocket and dragged it in smoke. Slowly, he pulled out the cigar and blew out smoke, he then stared at her. "Don't you want to go home? I'm letting you go",

"I-I want to go home, please" " she said with a huge smile. She didn't think Chase would let her go that easily.

"Well, don't be too happy now, getting, "Chase returned his cigar to his lips and brought it out, then blew smoke out again. "I'm only going to let you go on one condition?",

{Kitten}

Sophia's smile fell immediately those words left his lips. "W-what do you-what do you mean?",

"You're going to be tied up here for twenty-four hours as your punishment for trying to run away", He said.

"Is that a-is that a punishment?" She frowned.

Chase only nodded and threw his cigar on the ground, then stepped on it to switch it off. "You would be starved for the whole day,"

"Is that all it takes for me to go home? I'd be tied here and starved for twenty-four hours?" Sophia was confused. "I-I'm ready for the punishment. I'm ready for any type of punishment as long as you as long as you'll let me go",

Chase raised one of his perfectly arched brows. "Any type of punishment?",

Sophia thought about his words for a moment before nodding slowly. "Y-yes",

Chase tucked his hands in his pocket. "Why don't you wait here till



tomorrow night then? Immediately after twenty-four hours I'll be back and we'll play a small game". The hell would he ever let her go? There was no way in hell he would ever do that; not after realizing just how much he wanted his dick buried in her, how he wanted to be the one to taint her innocence, how he wanted to be the only man whose name she would scream in pain and pleasure, how he wanted to be the only man she thought of, how he wanted to be the only man to rule her mind and body so she'd run to him at every opportunity she got, how he wanted to keep her for his self. All had to do was play a few games here and there with her, keep her on her toes, and leave her wondering what his next action was; just as he loved to do to people. Chase wasn't one to beat around the bush, so he spoke up. "In that game, I and you will be opponents and if you win, I'll let you go-", He trailed off, accessing her pretty face for any emotions and as expected, confusion was written all over her face. "-but if I win, I'll have you and you'll be mine for the rest of our lives",