

Chapter 7 DUMSTRUCK

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SOPHIA WAS DUMBSTRUCK at Chase's announcement. She just stayed there glued to his side without moving with her head bowed down just like his men even though she wasn't asked to do souse was scared. She didn't know what he meant when he said she was his' and what to make out of it. Everything around her was numb except the wild thumping of her heart.

Jesus. Her heart. She couldn't even count how many times her heart started behaving like that since she arrived at that place. She didn't even know what they did for a living, but one thing she was certain about was the fact that it wasn't a good business else why would there be guns and murder all around them?

"Gattina," She heard Chase's voice, and his Italian accent didn't hide itself. But she was too lost in her thoughts to even move or answer whatever that name meant. "Gattina," it came out harsher than the first time, and Sophia snapped her head up.

{Kitten}

No one was in there with them. Not even Luciano. She was trapped with a man she was badly terrified of, a man who murdered her parents in cold blood in front of her own eyes and didn't even have a means of escape.

"I-," She avoided, looking at his eyes. "I should-ahh!" She yelped when he gripped her arm and pulled her against his chest harshly.

"You are mine get it? Any man who tries to stare at or even touch you will face my wrath, Gattina. You shouldn't be scared of anyone. I own all their fucking lives because it's in my palm, hmm?" He gritted out. He wanted her to know. To know whose property, she was so she wouldn't go around dressed in a simple Tee and shorts moving around the house while his men were around. He didn't want to go around killing his own

men like he'd already done, but still, to prove his point, he'd do that. Just to have her by his side.

{\*Kitten\*}

"You-," Sophia placed her small hands on his hard chest, feeling the numb beating of his heart against her palms. "What does that mean? What does it mean that I'm yours?" She couldn't help but ask. It had been nagging at the back of her mind ever since the night he introduced his silly game and she wanted to know the meaning. How innocent could she be?

Chase took a sharp intake of breath, trailing his hawk eyes over her lowered eyes, cute freckles-sprawled all over the bridge of her similarly cute nose and underneath both of her eyes-and her full, plump lips before he raised one of his hands and ran his cold knuckles over the delicate smoothness of her face. He could feel the way she stiffened under his touch and he was resisting the urge to have her there and then. "You're so innocent, aren't you?" His voice came out hoarse, any it sent chills down Sophia's spine.

She meekly looked at him through her thick and full lashes before looking back down when she saw the intensity of his stare. Subconsciously, her lips parted when her eyes fell faintly at the rings adorning each and every single finger of both his beautiful and calloused hands. "You have beautiful hands,"

Chase knew that. He always knew he had beautiful fingers, and she wasn't the first to tell him, neither would she be the last. He knew that very well. So, he ignored her comment and spoke. "What I meant when I said you were mine is that you fucking belong to me. Every single part of you, Gattina, belongs to me and you won't leave me unless I want you to which will never happen", He then buried his face in her hair which had the strong scent of coconut shampoo and he inhaled sharply. "Your hair is only mine to touch, mine to bury my face in, mine to grip in my fists when I-," He pulled away and looked at her face for any type of reaction but was only met with a flustered, innocent and confused gaze. He chose not to say what he was about to say and continued, cradling her left cheek in his large right palm. "Your eyes are only mine to look at. these freckles are mine to give kisses to -" He looked at every single feature of her face as he claimed then. "your nose is only mine to peck and pinch, your lips are mine to devour with kisses, straight to your jaw, neck and

whole body. Every single perfect part of your body is mine to caress and do as I wish to", He then leaned in and buried his face in the crook of her neck, his hot breath fanning the skin and giving her goosebumps all over her skin. "Mio. Non vedo l'ora di vederti contorcersi sotto di me e urlare il mio nome dal piacere mentre ti faccio piccole cose sporche",

{“Kitten”} {“Mine. I can't wait to have you. I can't wait to have you writhing beneath me and screaming my name in pleasure while I do dirty little things to you}

Sophia didn't understand what he meant but she could understand what he meant when he told her whole body belonged to him and she could feel her head pounding with an intensity she hadn't felt before as realization sank in. No. No way. There was no way she'd let him do as he wished with her body. Her body was the temple of God as her Nana and pastor in the church had taught her. Only a woman's husband was allowed to do what Chase was planning to do with her and she couldn't allow it. Chase was her parents' murderer. He wasn't a man she had ever seen herself with in the future, so, it was impossible. In panic, she roughly pushed him away, taking him off guard.

Sophia watched as Chase's jaw clenched, and his fists balled at his sides before she opened her mouth to speak. "N-no", She shook her head. "I-I can't be yours. It's a sin. It's a huge sin,"

Chase resisted the urge to sneer at her. The hell? There was nothing such as sin in their world and too bad she was already part of it. She had parents that were also born into that world, even though she didn't know about it. He doubted she knew what her parents did for a living, but then, he was going to make sure she found out about it. Just that, it wasn't going to be then. At that moment, he had to deal with her innocent stubbornness. He had to ingrain it in her mind that she was his property no matter what.

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"Please, I don't want this, please let me go," Sophia wept to the twenty nine year old man as she hugged her knees, pressing herself onto the headboard.

"Should I leave you alone, Gattina?", Chase smirked and knelt down in front of her. He never smiled or smirked, neither did he ever show any

facial expression, so the fact that there was a smirk on his face made her even more scared. "Should I just abandon something as innocent as you are?" He trailed his fingertips on her face. "I can't deny my desires for you because of your tears now, can I?",

"Please, Chase", She shut her eyes closed as her lips trembled. "You murdered my parents already, you can't take something so precious away from me,"

"But that precious thing is what attracts me to you, Gattina." He wiped her tears. "Come on, stop crying. I hate seeing you like this,"

When she didn't stop crying, he wrapped his arms around her waist and jerked her forward to him.

"I want you, Gattina, and I can't deny my desires for you. I love that innocence you have in you, and I want to destroy it,"

"Please-",She croaked out. "Please don't do this to me,"

Her tears didn't make him feel anything. He loved to see people beg him and that was exactly what she was doing. He loved it even more as he imagined those tears leaking from her eyes when he fucked her thoroughly.

"Don't cry, save those tears for the time when I fuck you. I'll love to fuck those tears out of your eyes that day. Do you know how I've imagined it? I've jerked off so many times because of you and your perfect little body", When she didn't stop crying, he grabbed her hair backwards. "I told you to stop crying!" Before she could comprehend anything, he ripped off her shirt and unclasped her bra before dipping his head in to attack her tits.

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Sophia's eyes flew open and she sat up with a jerk as sweat trailed down her forehead. She peeled off the comforter covering her body and let out a sigh of relief when she saw her clothes still intact but realized she was still on the robe she'd draped round her body when she had a bath and had fallen asleep forgetting to wear her pajamas.

It was just a nightmare. But a different one. Different from the ten years long ones except that it was the same demon appearing there.

She couldn't even say which one was more terrifying. Was it the one of him murdering her parents or the one of him trying to rape her?

The second one made her shudder in fear.

Chase wouldn't rape her, right? He wouldn't touch her without her permission, right?

With a soft sigh, she massaged her forehead and laid down back on the bed, feeling lazy to put on a pair of pajamas but she knew very well that falling back asleep without a cup of milk was nearly impossible. Since she arrived at Chase's mansion, she normally took milk after waking up from a nightmare and that night couldn't be an exception.

She looked at the table clock on the bedside table.

02:35 am.

Oh God, how much she missed her, Nana. If the poor old lady was with her, she'd have been there to comfort her, rub her hair, and if possible, tell her stories.

Sophia wore her flip flops and tightened the sash on the robe around her small frame before opening the door softly. She quietly walked down the stairs till she reached the kitchen and switched on the lights.

She opened the refrigerator and brought out a carton of milk, then warmed it up as quickly and quietly as she could in order not to wake anyone up as she normally did for the past week but luck wasn't on her side that night.

However, the glass of milk in her hands fell down on the floor and shattered into pieces when her eyes landed on Chase-dressed in a black cargo pants and shirt-leaning against the doorframe setback at her. "Y-" She trembled, remembering her nightmare. Except from when he'd appear in her nightmares, she didn't see Chase again after the day he murdered one of his men for talking to her.

Chase's eyes trailed from her scared face, down to her delicate neck and down her body in appreciation. His eyes darkened in lust the moment he looked at how the silk robe kissed her skin and every curve of her body. He looked back at her eyes and moved forward. "Is there something

wrong with you?"

Sophia cowered and took a step back. "W-what do you mean? I-I'm okay,

"That's not what I'm talking about." Chase's legs carried him forward till he was standing in front of her. "I've noticed that every night around this time, you always come here to have milk", Chase hardly ever slept; and so, he had seen her on three consecutive days after she settled in through the CCTV footage sneaking up to have milk every night around that time. After those three times, it perked up his interest. With anyone else, it wouldn't have bothered him but for Sophia, he was instantly worried.

It wasn't hard for him to stay awake at night to watch her every movement because he had his own skeletons in his closet along with his nightmares which never allowed him to sleep unless he took a few pills. Who would have ever thought that Chase Romano, the same man who was everyone's worst nightmare had his own nightmares? That was unbelievable.

Sophia opened her mouth to speak but closed it shut. She couldn't tell him the reason why she was always having milk at night. She then shook her head. "It's nothing-", She fidgeted with her fingers. "I-I'm just used to having milk at night. That's all,"

Chase knew she was lying. Straight-up, his instincts and sixth sense had told him and they were never wrong. Another thing he had been forced to learn during his training was how to read if people were lying and that talent just snapped in him. "You're a terrible liar, do you know that?"

Startled at his reply, Sophia looked up and curled her fists at her sides. He didn't have the right to talk to her like that as if he actually knew her. She didn't know what button switched in her but she regretted the next words that left her lips because of it. "And how is that your business?"

Chase was taken aback by her question, and he angrily gripped her arm tightly in a harsh tug. His nostrils flared, and his eyes turned to slits as his jaw clenched "Who the fuck do you think you are to talk to me like that?"

Stupid Sophia. She internally scolded herself, but it didn't stop or falter the sudden determined courage in her. "If you don't want to be talked to

like that by me, then you should have just killed me on that horrible night, you murderer! "She spat.

Chase was livid. He tightened his grip on her arm and glared at her. "There was no way I'd have murdered something I wanted to fuck so much",

"I'm not a thing!", Her innocent eyes matched his glare. "I'm a human being and you have to respect that!",

"Respect the fuck what?". Chase lifted a brow at her internally amused at the feisty side of her. It seemed to turn him on and gradually, his anger faded away as his hands trailed to her right thigh before he slowly raised it up and placed it on his own left thigh as he rested the toe on its tip. "In what other way should I respect a pretty little innocent girl like you when I already have my own way of doing so, Gattina?"

{"Kitten"}

Sophia tried to comprehend words to say to him but couldn't think of anything. Her mind had suddenly gone blank at the position they were in. Anything she would have said was already late because his left hand had found its way towards her panties and stopped there. "You-", Her words died in her throat when he pressed his thumb against her clothed clit. "Mhh-",

"You like it, Gattina?". He slowly rubbed that area and pushed her panties to the side, then palmed her core. "Tell me how you want it", His voice was hoarse and his hand that was holding her arm was wrapped round her slender waist, giving his arm limited access to feel the curve there.

{"Kitten"}

Sophia's vocal chords betrayed her because no matter how hard she tried to say something to push him away from her, it would come out as a moan. "Cha-", That time, it was an inaudible whisper, silently encouraging him to continue his dirty movements with his hands.

Slowly, Chase slipped his middle finger in her, and she gasped out, her mouth forming an 'O' shape while her small hands instinctively flew to grip his taut shoulders in a tight grip "Look at you, so innocent, yet so tempting. I wish you could just understand just how much your body wants me. Only I can feel the tightness of your labia around my finger",

He moved his finger in and out of her in a slow motion, the cold ring on the finger softly grazing her twitching entrance.

"I don't want you," Sophia managed out, her hands falling from his shoulder to rest atop the counter behind her.

He added a second finger into her pussy and she let out a muffled moan. "You sure you don't want this? Your pretty little pussy seem to be betraying your words",

She gripped the edge of the counter and shut her eyes tight, managing through gritted teeth. "I hate you, murderer",

His jaw hardened and he stopped his movements with his fingers inside her. "Say it again",

She wanted his fingers to move in her so badly, as pathetic as it may sound. She gritted her teeth again and let out. "I said I hate you, murderer! I wish you would just die and -ahh!", She yelped the minute his fingers left her panties and grabbed her to bend her over his knees as he sat on the tall stool there. "What are-ahh!", She yelped when his palm made a harsh contact with her bare ass.

"Count!", He growled.

"I won't," Sophia turned her head to glare at him. "Let me go home!",

Chase smacked her on the ass harder than he had done earlier. "Count!",

She was a fool. She finally realized that the moment her lips parted and instead of a rude comeback, she whispered; "One",

"Good girl," Chase said and caressed the spot where he'd just smacked and landed another smack on it. "Count again,"

"Two," Smack. "Three", Smack. "Four," Smack. "Five," Smack. "Six", Smack. "Seven," Smack. Her voice came out as a tired whisper. "Eight," Smack. "Nine," Smack. "Ten,"

Chase caressed the spot again. "It's going to be sore. Apply some ointment on it", He helped her on her wobbly feet and wore her panties back for her. "Just ten spanks, and you're already a tired mess, Gattina. " He stood up and caressed her flushed cheeks. "I wonder how



exhausted you'll be if I'm to fuck the innocence out of you", Without a second glance her way and a care in the world, Chase walked out of the kitchen leaving her all alone with a racing and guilt clawed heart.

("Kitten")

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Naked, with quivering lips, tears streaming down her flustered cheeks, red nose, shaking hands and shaky legs, Sophia stepped under the shower in her bathroom and began to scrub off her body harshly. She wished scrubbing off her body like that would help wash off the dirty touches Chase had left earlier on her.

A loud shrieking scream tore from her lips and she fell on her knees as the water cascaded down her body the moment she realized it wouldn't be possible to wash Chase's touches away from her body. He had, in his own way, degraded her body by doing what he did and left her there.

She was to blame too. She shouldn't have spoken to him like she did in the first place because then, maybe, just maybe, he wouldn't have gotten upset and touched her like that. She hated Chase Romano. She hated herself and she hated the Sophia Bennett that had given Chase access to her body back there in the kitchen. Wasn't she the same one that told him what he was doing was a sin? Wasn't she taught that her body was a temple of God? Wasn't she the same girl that promised that only her husband was going to have that right she just gave Chase to her body? Well, she'd forgotten her principles and broken that promise for the first time in her life.

And that, for a man who murdered her parents.