

Chapter 10 ECSTASY

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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.

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"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 e 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-its 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.

It was all a bluff. She never really intended to shoot him. She only wanted to scare him and in her way, prove that she could handle such a situation, but judging from the daring glint in Chase's eyes, he wanted her to shoot him. Why? She didn't want to find out.

They stared at each other. He remained still and calm with the gun pressed against his chest. Yet, the main person holding the gun was trembling, afraid that one movement of the finger would set off the trigger, killing him.

She was not a person made for prison.

"I can spend a lifetime like this," Chase sniggered cocking his head to the side. "And I won't mind dying by your hands,"

Sophia was at a loss for words. She had never hurt anyone deliberately, not even a fly or spider that crawled itself into her bedroom.

"If you want to shoot me, do it now Gattina," He continued his torment. He held onto her hand firmly.

{"Kitten"}

"No," She cried, her voice quivering.

She loosened her remaining grip on the gun to only have him keep it there, tightening his hands around her own. Both of their index fingers were resting on the trigger. If he just pushed the finger, the bullet would travel straight to his heart.

"I don't want to do it," She admitted. "So please let go of my hand,"

"You won't have any other opportunity to do so after now because I'm sure you'll want to kill me after what I've planned to do tonight in this room,"

Brown and black eyes met. Sophia knew instantly what she had to do to get him to let go. If she didn't her shaking would accidentally shake off the bullet.

"O-okay. I'll sleep with you,"

The metal was tossed to the side in a heartbeat. Chase lifted Sophia by the waist and lowered her onto the pillow as he hovered over her frame. He pecked her lips, then trailed her jawline down to her collarbone with feathery kisses. He gripped the neckline of her shirt and shred it into two, tossing it at a corner in the room along with her bra and toyed on her left tits with his teeth. Sophia gasped, her palms laying flat against his chest.

He released her tit, grazing his nose along her stomach and resting above the top of her trousers. Sophia swallowed, pushing back her tears. She had asked for this, she bitterly reminded herself.

"I'll do it myself," She murmured in a quiet tone.

She leaned against the headboard and pulled off her trousers followed by her panties down her legs. Chase inhaled sharply at the sight of her bare pussy, so cute and small. His fingers drew circles on her milky flesh enjoying the view.

He then looked up at her. "Pull off my clothes,"

Obediently, Sophia unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it out of his body her eyes trailing over the tattoos sprawled over his bare chest. It was a tattoo of two bodies, lying dead in a fire their bodies burning. She shuddered at the sight and looked back into his eyes.

"What are you waiting for?" He asked, pointing to his pants.

She gulped before pulling off his belt and trousers while he

bucked his hips so she could have easy access to remove the pants. Once he was only on his boxers, Sophia eyed the black fabric and looked back into his dilated pupils "Do I have to do that too?"

Chase shook his head at her. "I'll do it myself," He then peeled off his undergarment causing his cock to spring free, and a silent groan left his throat. He was finally free from his constraint.

He was so huge, Sophia cried out silently staring wide-eyed at his length. It was so thick, veiny, and already leaking pre-cum. It was thicker than her forearm and perhaps longer than her face. It made sense, she considered because he was a really big man. It was the perfect size for someone with thick muscles and as tall as the door. If he wasn't so gifted, it would have been embarrassing.

"Do you like it?" Chase asked seeing her eyes glued to his package.

Sophia remained silent, biting her inner cheek as she stared up at him. It won't fit, she wanted to say but she remained silent. The words couldn't leave her lips.

"I'll fit it perfectly inside of you," Chase whispered in her ear, in a voice so sexy, it made her heartbeat quicken. "But I'll have to prepare you first for that,"

He separated her legs wide with his hands. He kissed the inside of her thigh, above her socks before dipping his face against her pussy. He inhaled her sweet scent and was delighted to find her already wet. However, it wasn't enough if he wanted to fit fully into her.

She let out an electrified gasp the moment his tongue licked her folds and sucked her flesh. His mouth was bigger than her entire pussy, so he had every bit of her inside his mouth. His mouth tasted everything all at once. It was pure ecstasy.

"I need to pee!", She suddenly squeaked, feeling a tightness in her stomach.

Chase ignored her and continued to suck on her clit. It made the tightness in her stomach only worsen to the point she was unable to hold it in and exploded everywhere. To her surprise, nothing came out of her, except a loud eye-rolling moan. Her legs were shaking but kept together by Chase's hold.

Once she came down from her high, he tasted her wetness with his fingers to see if she was ready. He shoved two fingers inside her, she winced and attempted to pull him out by holding his wrist.

"It hurts," She gasped as he scissored her. "I've never done this before so please be gentle," Flustered, she didn't meet his gaze and averted her eyes to the sheets to distract herself.

"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 spilled on her stomach and Chase's animalistic growled echoed in her ear.

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