

## Chapter 11 PAIN

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PAIN SHOT THROUGH her core. Every inch and fibre of her was aching, throbbing even and hunger stabbed at her stomach. Sophia woke up and looked to the side, expecting to see Chase passed out beside her as well, but the place was cold and empty.

Her eyes fell on the bedside clock, and she let out an inaudible gasp.

03:56 pm.

She had slept the whole day.

Slowly, she managed to get down from the bed and tried to walk to the door but ended up toppling on the ground, thanks to the sore between her legs. If she was a heartless person, then maybe, she'd have cursed Chase for all he had done to her; taking away her parents, being the cause of her nightmares, keeping her captive with him, away from her Nana, and exploiting her body like he'd done the previous night. She just hoped it wouldn't repeat itself again.

She crawled towards the bathroom and slowly opened the door before sliding in. When she finally reached the bathtub, she arranged a bubble bath and slipped in, to help soothe the sore between her legs and wash away the dried blood and fluid on her inner thighs. She was sure after she fell unconscious, she had felt Chase filling her again countless times to the brim.

Once her nerves were relaxed and she was able to stand on her own two feet, Sophia got out of the bathtub and wrapped a neat, white towel around her body, before stepping out, only to gasp at the huge, familiar figure standing by the bathroom door, dressed in a black shirt and sweatpants, staring down at her.

"You-,"

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Chase was more than happy for the previous night. He had spent the whole night pleasuring her and himself without an ounce of sleep and couldn't wait for more. If she thought it was over, then she was deadly wrong. Not after the way he had seen how she responded to his touches in bed and after seeing her in his towel.

"I brought you breakfast and lunch together. Figured you'll wake up soon," Chase wrapped his arms around her bare shoulders tightly and walked her to the bed as she took note of the suddenly arranged room; the sheets were changed and their clothes from the previous night were not scattered all over. "Sit,"

Sophia faced him and shook her head. "No," She tried to step away from his grip, but he held her firmly. "I-I'm not hungry."

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She was lying. She just wanted to be away from him. Chase knew that very well, and the hell would he allow that to happen. "Sit, Gattina," His voice was stern firm and cold, giving no room for disobedience.

{Kitten}

Sophia gulped lowly, ransacking her brain for any excuse to give him. "I-ahh," She whimpered when his grip on her shoulder tightened, and she nodded, then sat down on the bed.

Chase sat down opposite her on the bed and took the tray of food from the bedside table to place it on his lap. He then took a spoon from the food and took it to her lips. When she didn't open her mouth, he glared at her. "Eat,"

Sophia eyed the creamy but not too thick rice-like dish and back at him. "What's that?"

Chase arched a brow at her. "You don't know what a risotto is?"

Sophia's brows pulled into a frown. "What's a risotto?"

"It's an Italian dish," He replied, then nudged her lips softly with the spoon. "Open up,"

Sophia slowly parted her lips, and he slid the spoon in her mouth, then brought it out empty. The dish tasted like rice. Just that it was much tastier and elegant. "It tastes like rice,"

"That's because it's a rice risotto," He replied, taking another spoon to her lips.

"I don't know it," Sophia said, opened her mouth, and he fed her again.

"Agosti and Giovanni knew it," Chase said.

Sophia's ears perked up at the mention of her parents. She liked it whenever her Nana talked about them, and now Chase wanted to. "Really?" A smile graced her lips. "Mama and Papa knew it?" Her parents never introduced her to anything related to their mother language, not even the dishes. It was even worse that she couldn't speak nor understand Italian. There were sometimes when she'd want her Nana to teach her, but she didn't want to stress the old lady, so she'd let it go.

Chase's expression hardened instantly, and he roughly shoved the spoon in her mouth. Why the fuck did he have to tell her about her parents?

Sophia noticed the sudden change in his mood, and she frowned. "What's it? Did I say something wrong?"

Chase ignored her. "Just eat,"

Sophia silently obliged.

Soon, when Chase was sure she was satisfied and had finished the meal, he took a pill from the tray and took it to her lips. "Open,"

"What's that?" Sophia frowned again.

"Have the damned pills already," he said.

"But I don't-ahh," She yelped when he gripped her arm tightly, making the towel loosen around her chest.

"Do you want me to force it down your throat?" He asked.

Sophia slowly opened her mouth, and he put the pill on her tongue before bringing a cup of water to her lips. "Drink and swallow,"

Sophia did as told, and she tried to pull away from him, but his grip on her tightened. "chase, you-," Her heartbeat skyrocketed when she found his gaze on her breasts where the towel had already loosened. "You -" She yelped out again when he roughly shoved her to lay on the bed, then hovered over her. "Please -" She tried to cover herself with the towel, but he didn't let her.

Chase gripped the towel and pulled it away from her body before throwing it somewhere in the room. He ran his gaze over her naked body. "Fuck," He dipped his head in and placed feathery kisses on her neck.

"Chase, I-," Sophia sobbed, feeling the tears clouding her vision. "I'm sore. I-my legs-," She sobbed. "They hurt. I can't,"

Her words seemed to make Chase angrier, and he groped one of her breasts in his large palm-making her to yelp out-and stared at her, his eyes heavy with lust. "You can never say no to me, Gattina,"

{Kitten}

Tears leaked from her eyes as he separated her legs and settled between them, his knees on either of her sides. "But-but I'm sore. I can't,"

Chase leaned in and cupped her cheeks, his other hand already getting rid of his sweatpants and fisting his hard member in his palms. "It's okay, Gattina. The pills you just took will soon have its effect on you. It will help soothe the ache, hmm? It's good you're sore, isn't it?" A ghost smile appeared on his lips. A small, sly one which disappeared almost immediately. "Just take me fully because you're mine,"

{Kitten}

"Please, just-," She didn't finish because he swallowed her words with a hard kiss. Her palms rested atop his hard chest and she tried to push him away but her hands ended up falling beside her when she felt him shove his dick into her forcefully in one powerful, hard thrust and she let out a loud scream in his mouth.

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Pain. Ache. Sore.

That was the only thing Sophia was feeling all over her body and her eyes snapped open. She tried to comprehend where she was as she stared up at the ceiling even though she couldn't see it because of the darkness clouding the whole room she laid on a bed in.

Was she kidnapped again? Had she been taken away from that vile man?

Her thoughts and little hope were squashed into the mud the moment the familiar scent of sandalwood wafted through her nostrils and a small sob escaped her lips at the realisation that she was still in Chase's captivity and bedroom after being fucked thoroughly.

She had a vague memory of Chase claiming her body and drilling his length in her hole so many times she couldn't even take it and fell unconscious.

Was that what her life had turned to? Was that how her life was going to get destroyed? She didn't want that type of life. She didn't want the type of life where the same man who murdered her parents would be the same person to do horrible things to her.

She had dreamt of a life where she would be a successful nurse and find a man to sweep her off her feet. They would have a beautiful and less

problematic love story and live happily ever after with their kids.

Wasn't that where she was foolishly naive?

She was definitely naive and innocent, having such fairy-tale dreams because Chase Romano had waltzed himself into her life to destroy her dreams.

Sophia's small hands searched for the lamp on the bedside table, but she could only feel a fabric on her palm. Still, she was able to switch the lamp on, dimly lightening the dark room. She slowly sat up and looked down on her body. All she could see was the upper half of her body because the large, warm duvet filled with sandalwood scent was covering her lower half. At least, she didn't wake up to the horrifying sight of her nakedness; she wasn't sure she'd be able to look at her body again. Slowly, she peeled off the duvet and got down from the bed, slightly wincing at the cold tiles beneath her feet and throbbing pain in her core.

When she was on her feet, Sophia looked down at herself again.

She was clad in a black button-up shirt. One that swallowed her petite frame, directly stopping on her knees, which she was sure belonged to Chase; complete proof of the same sandalwood scent on it. The tip of her fingernails could barely reach the arm length of the shirt. And its collar was even slightly grazing her cheeks. That was enough proof of how her body swam in the shirt.

Sophia accessed the room to be sure Chase wasn't in there, and she breathed out in relief before walking towards the door. She turned the doorknob and the door opened, leaving her happy that he hasn't locked her in there to come back and fuck again.

Once Sophia got out of the room, she made her way down the stairs. She wanted to go to the kitchen because she suddenly felt like taking milk.

Once she reached the foot of the stairs, she tripped. But before she could reach the ground, a pair of warm arms gripped her by the waist firmly.

"Be careful, sweet cheeks. You don't want to harm yourself, do you?"  
"Luciano helped her settle down on her feet before he hesitantly pulled his arms away from her waist. "Are you okay?"

Sophia nodded and peeked at Luciano through her lashes. "T-thanks,"

Luciano passed her his mega-watt smile. "What are you doing down here so late?"

"Is it late?" She asked. "What's the time?"

Luciano looked at his wristwatch, then back at her. "It's three minutes past four. You should be in bed,"

So, she slept the remaining day off only to wake up in the middle of the night?

Sophia smiled. "Thanks. I guess I'll just have what I want quickly and go back to bed,"

"What's that? I'll help you get it," Luciano asked.

"It's just milk I need from the kitchen," She replied.

"Oh sure then. Come and sit, I'll get it right away," He said.

Sophia made her way to walk past him but the sore between her legs made her stop and wince. She bit down on her lip.

"You don't look like you're in the condition to walk. I'll walk you to the couch. Are you okay with that?"

Sophia nodded. "yes, please,"

Luciano wrapped his arms round her shoulder and walked her towards the couch in the living room till she was seated. "Okay now?"

"Thanks," She nodded. When Luciano turned to leave, she grabbed his wrist and looked up at him, maintaining eye contact. "I-," She let go off his wrist. "I want it warm please. I hope it's no trouble,"

"Sure," Luciano smiled and walked towards the kitchen.

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"Here," Luciano passed Sophia a warm glass of milk. "Have your milk. As warm as you want," He sat on the coffee table opposite her.

Sophia collected the milk. "Thanks," She then took it to her lips. When she took a sip, she pulled it away and locked eyes with him. "Why are you still awake? Shouldn't you be asleep?"

Luciano tried all he could to avert his eyes from her innocent ones. He couldn't. They were drawing him in and he could do nothing to stop it. "I-I-", "Dammit. He stuttered for the first fucking time in his life. "I'm waiting for Don. He's out late and I have to talk to him about something important,"

Sophia's heartbeat increased at the mere mention of Chase and tears stung her eyes as memories of how he forcefully took her flashed across her mind. She broke eye contact with Luciano and looked down on her thigh.

Luciano, however, noticing how her mood changed at the mention of his cousin, internally cursed himself. He shouldn't have answered her truthfully. He should've just lied instead. It would have been better because she suddenly seemed uncomfortable. He clearly understood what she was feeling at the moment.

To ease the tension in Sophia, Luciano blurted out the words that had been on the tip of his tongue since he saw her for the first time. "You know, you remind me of my mum,"

Sophia's head snapped up, and she smiled a little. "How?"

Luciano smiled, proud that he had been able to shift back her mood. "Your kind of look like her loti don't know if it's because I've been thinking too much about her since I met you. You both have similar hair-," His eyes flickered to her hair and then, her eyes.-and similar eyes. You have a similar eye and hair colour with her. As stupid as this may sound because it's rare, you seem to have freckles just like her. Dammit, you also have that innocent and naive aura she used to have. "He then chuckled and shook his head. "Don't mind me, though. I think I'm talking like this because I miss her a lot, but it doesn't change the fact that you both have a few similar features. Since I met you, I always remember how she would hold a crying Valerie and tell us stories, "His eyes glistened with unshed tears and he looked distant with a sad smile, as if remembering something. "She was the best mum on earth,"

Sophia frowned. "Was?"


Luciano blinked, and a lone tear dropped from his eyes before he looked back at her and nodded. "Yahweh lost her when she was birthing our second sister. They both died. They didn't make it out of the ICU alive, "Another tear rolled down his cheeks, and he let out a sad laugh. "sorry. I didn't mean to say so much. Its just -"

Sophia cut him off with one of her small hands through the fabric of the shirt she had on, on his cheeks. She passed him a small smile and wiped the tears. "It's okay. My Nana tells me it's good to let out your emotions rather than bottling them up,"

Luciano held her wrist and smiled at her. "Thanks a lot,"

Their little moment was cut off when a cold, loud, and angry voice sliced in through the air. "What the fuck is going on?"



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