

Chapter 16 TRUTH

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SOPHIA SMOOTHLY RAN her fingertips over the books arranged neatly on the black shelf in Chase's room as her eyes roamed over them. She didn't know Chase used to read books. How would she know? The times she used to be in the room, it wasn't of her own accord, so she never noticed.

But that day, she had taken herself there. To the lion's den. To thank him for her Nana and allowing her to go to college.

He wasn't in the room yet. Probably still working, but she was ready to wait for him. He had considered her future and finally let her study and also stopped her Nana from worrying too much about her. Not to mention the surgery.

Sophia's heart fluttered at those little gestures. Maybe he wasn't as bad as she portrayed him to be. He wasn't the villain in her life.

A book caught her attention, and Sophia gently took it out of the shelf to inspect it. It was a large book. On its cover, was a suit looking as if someone was wearing it along with a hat above something like an invisible head. It confused Sophia. No one was putting on the suit either. It was just...

She giggled silently as her eyes fell on the book title. "Ohh. Invisible man," That was enough to explain the invisible head wearing the hat and invisible body the suit was on.

She wasn't a big fan of books or novels else; Sophia was sure she'd read the book. It looked vaguely interesting.

However, she didn't notice the sound of the bedroom door opening and clicking shut until she heard the familiar deep, Italian accented voice.

"What are you doing here?"



Sophia jumped in her place, and the book in her hand fell down on the floor. "I-I'm sorry," She quickly bent down to pick up the book. Once she did that, she placed it back in its place on the shelf before turning to Chase who had already made his way towards the bed. "I-I came to say thanks,"

Chase didn't turn to look at her. He pulled off his suit coat and dropped it neatly on the armchair. "For what exactly?" He began to unbutton his waist coat.

Sophia gulped down. "My Nana"

Chase's hands froze, and he turned to her. "What happened to her."

Sophia took a step forward. "You-you didn't let her worry about my absence. You also helped with her knee surgery."

Chase turned his face away and continued working off his waistcoat buttons. "I didn't do that."

She took another step forward. "B-but she-she wrote a letter and gave it to my friend to give me. She said you paid for her surgery and sent her to London,"

Chase dropped his waist coat on his suit coat and began to take off the cufflinks from his button-down shirt. "Am I your boyfriend?"

Sophia parted her lips to say something but clamped it shut before opening them again. "You didn't forget that letter, did you?"

Chase amusedly shook his head at her and turned to face her, finally getting rid of the cufflinks. "What did you think?"

Sophia gasped and staggered backwards as tears glistened in her eyes. So, it was all a lie? She'd been deceived to think so, but why?

Chase began to unbutton his shirt, totally ignoring her presence. He knew she was going to cry, and he didn't want to see her.

It was better for her to think her Nana was worried about her. Truth was, her Nana had actually been sent to London for her treatment and was told that Sophia was with her boyfriend, helping out. Yeah, her Nana had also written the letter, but that didn't mean Sophia needed to know the



truth. It wouldn't change the fact that she was going to forever be tied to him.

He was the devil. And just because he wanted an angel like her didn't mean she should be happy all the time. He could still want her by all means and cause her pain in his own sick way.

Chase was psychotic. He was well aware of that, and all credit goes to his uncle; Lucas, Luciano and Valerie's dad.

Chase finally turned to look at her. "You know, you can still thank me for allowing you to go to college, right?" He pulled off the shirt and made his way towards her.

Sophia stared at the scary tattoo on his chest. That tattoo of two women's-more like a mother and daughter-bodies burning down in flames scared her every time she saw it, and it wasn't any different at that moment.

She staggered back, knowing where this was leading, until her back hit the shelf, and she finally looked into his eyes. She didn't know what it was, but that was the same look in his eyes anytime he was taking her. "Chase, I-I-I didn't come for this,"

"It doesn't matter, Gattina" He ran his knuckles over her face, the rings on his fingers slightly grazing her skin with their coldness. "It doesn't matter whether you came here or not for what I want, I'd have still brought you here myself,"

{Kitten}

Sophia shut her eyes tight, clamping down on her bottom lip.

Chase used his fingers to slowly pull out her lower lip from her tongue. "Stop it. Its driving me insane. Only I have the right to do that," He bent down and picked her up with one of his arms beneath her knees and the other beneath her neck.

He dropped her on the bed and sat down to pull off his shoes and socks. Once he was done with that, he took off his pants and faced her. "Come"

Sophia ransacked her brain for something to use as an excuse to escape the situation but found none. She didn't know how to escape from Chase.



Slowly, she moved forward till he pulled her on his lap, so her legs were on either sides of him, pressing her against his erection.

"Can you feel it?" Chase bucked his hips. "That's what you make me feel. Only you make me feel like that."

The moment Chase snuck his hand behind her to caress the nape of her neck and pull her in for a kiss, Sophia places her small palms flatly against his hard chest to stop him. "Tell me what you do for a living." That was the first thing that crossed her mind at that moment.

Chase froze for a moment before locking eyes with her. "Why?"

Seeing that he was falling for her trap, Sophia screamed internally with joy. She began to try and move away from his lap, but he held her still, his palm not leaving the nape of her neck. Maybe she shouldn't have been so quick to try and escape. "I-," She looked down on her hands on his chest and dropped them to her lap, fidgeting with them. "I wanted to know what you do that involves killing, kidnapping, and guns"

Chase dropped his hand from the nape of her neck, and the other one that was already undoing her button stopped there.

Sophia almost did a happy dance. Almost.

But her happiness was short-lived when he held both of her hands, uncurled her fists, and placed them on his chest. "Leave it there," He circled both her small wrists with one of his palms and continued unbuttoning the buttons on her jumpsuit.

"You didn't answer my question," She peeked at him through her lashes, and he tightened his grip on her wrists. "You're in the mafia,"

A low chuckle rumbled off Chase's chest. Another thing he had done since Sophia's presence back in his life. "If you already knew, then why did you ask?" He slid the sleeveless strap of her jumpsuit down her arms, and the upper part of the cloth fell around her waist.

Foolish Sophia. She slapped herself mentally. She wasn't meant to show him that she knew. "You murder people. You traffic drugs and people. They are all sins in the eyes of the Lord," If questioning wouldn't work for her, then maybe using the Lord against him would work.



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But, oh boy, Sophia Bennett was wrong.

Chase understood clearly what she was trying to do. She wanted to annoy him with her silly questions so he would lose interest and let her go. But she didn't realise just how much her trying to be smart turned him on. It made his need to be buried inside her grow.

"There's nothing like sinning in our world, Gattina," He slowly raised one of her legs and slid down the trousers of the jumpsuit. "We fuck who the hell we want. We murder who the fuck we want, we do every single fucking thing we want and no one stops us. Do you know why?" He twirled her hair in his free forefinger, while his other hand slid the last part of her jumpsuit down her leg and he leaned in. "We do all that because we rule the fucking city. I rule the fucking city and beyond. Do you have any other questions?"

("Kitten")

Sophia leaned back, trying to think of what to ask again. He was ready to answer her, so why not ask for answers? "Do-do you traffic people then? Drugs? Weapons? Rape? You do all that?"

Chase slowly raised up her tee shirt but not in a way that she was going to notice before sliding her panties to the side, positioning her core directly on his clothed cock. "Trafficking people? No" He raised her up a bit and pulled off his boxers slowly. "Drugs? Yes," He spat on his fingers and rubbed it on her core, watching as she threw her head back when a small moan left her lips at his touch. "Weapons? I make masses of them and sell to those who want it" He slowly wrapped her hair around his fingers and pulled her in before palming his cock with the other hand, guiding the tip which was already leaking pre-cum to her core. "Rape? No," With that, he slowly sank his length into her.

That moment, Sophia's eyes widened when she realised what just happened. She had been too busy listening to him that she didn't realise when he pulled off her clothes and...

Chase, seeing that she had finally put the pieces together, bucked his hips.

"Chase - arhh -"

Chase placed both of his hands on her waist and raised her up, then sank her onto his length, so hard that her ass hit his balls. A cry-a mixture- of pain and bliss escaped her lips and Sophia threw her head back, aching her body as she clung to his neck. He helped her move again by lifting her from his cock and dropping her onto it again.

He did it a couple of times but the pace was too slow and steady for him. He didn't like it one bit. He wanted something more, something rougher, something carnal. Something that reminded him of the night when he had taken her virginity.

He wanted to see the blood. He wanted to see the pain and fear in her eyes. He liked - no loved-intuit reminded him that he was in control.

And so, he bucked his hips harder-so hard-he was sure he was buried deep inside her, hitting her g-spot and making her feel him in her lower stomach.

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Sophia padded towards the garden slowly, managing to walk with the sore between her legs-her thighs shook as she walked. It was already late and she didn't want anyone to see her. She wanted to meet Giuseppe as quickly as she could. He had told her Alvaro had something for her and she wanted to collect it.

"Uncle Giuseppe," She called once she got to the garden.

"Bella ragazza," Giuseppe quickly pulled out a white envelope from his pocket and gave her. "Álvaro sent this for you,"

{'Pretty girl'}

She quickly collected it and smiled at him. "Can I come and see him tomorrow morning before leaving for college?"

Giuseppe shook his head with an apologetic and tearful stare. "I'm sorry, child. You can't,"

Her heart skipped a beat. "why? Is he upset with me? I-I-Please help me talk to - "

Giuseppe cut her in. "Read the letter once you get to your room.



Goodnight," He then turned to leave.

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With shaky hands, Sophia unfolded the note and scanned over it with her eyes, her heart breaking with each word she read.

Soph,

I hope that when you're reading this, you're in good health.

I'm very delighted and lucky to have a friend like you. Trust me, a week with you was a week filled with fun.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry for being the cause of all this. I'm sorry I had to leave. I had no choice. The Don had instructed that I stay away from you as farthest as I can. Trust me, if he hadn't brought Nonno's life into this whole mess, nothing would have made me leave. I would have stayed and fought for our week long friendship, rather than running off like a coward.

I'm not upset with you. Please, don't ever think you're the reason for what Don did to me yesterday. It's not your fault. It's not your fault that you're pretty and innocent. It's not your fault that you caught the Don's attention to the extent he was ready to do anything for you.

Nonno told me you came to see me while I was unconscious. Thanks a lot. It really means a lot to me.

Honestly, I feel like it's my fault. I had been a very bad friend to you for not even asking how you ended up in the mansion. I only found out from Nonno. I'm deeply sorry.

Anyways, I'm making this brief so I'd love to go now. I'm leaving the country but I promise to reach out to you through Nonno. Please, take care of yourself and Nonno for me. Make sure you concentrate on your studies also. I want you to be a successful nurse just as you wish to be. And don't ever forget about me because I'm not doing that anytime soon or ever. You'll forever have a place in my heart.

Bye,

Alvaro.

By the time Sophia was done reading the letter, her tears were already wetting the poor paper.

The note fell off from her hand, and she buried her face in her knees as more tears streamed down her face.

Chase had successfully managed to take away everything from her. First, her parents, then her freedom, her Nana, and then, her new friend.

Alvaro deserved to be happy with his Nonno. He didn't deserve to be in another country just because of someone as devilish as Chase Romano.

What hurt the more was that she could do nothing to change anything. She had unknowingly managed to drag Alvaro into that mess with her. It was all her fault. The blame was all on her and the guilt of being the reason Giuseppe and his only relative were separated would forever weigh on her shoulders.