

## BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

### Chapter 10

#### Sofia's POV

I slowly ran my comb through my long, dark hair. My hair was a midnight black color and it stood out pointedly against my skin. It was also unreasonably long, but I wasn't complaining. I wasn't too keen about it either because combing it was so stressful. Other than that, I love my hair so much and wouldn't trade it for anything.

I got the hair for my mother's mother, a woman whom I had only been opportuned to meet once, while I was five years, before she passed away. She was a really beautiful woman who had lost her whole hair due to cancer, leaving her bald at the time I had met with her. I could vividly remember her feeding Angelo his bottle while telling me different stories of her childhood days. That particular day was extremely

special to me because that was the first time I had met with any of my grandparents, and the last time -till date. The rest of my grandparents were all late as well.

I combed the remaining untouched part of my hair as fast as possible before carefully braiding it into a long braid and tying the tip with a small ribbon. Once I was done, I quickly changed into a night wear which I had blindly grabbed. It consists of a knee length night gown and a knee length jacket like robe, it was a new, sexier set compared to the one I had back at home and I grimaced as I stared at myself in the mirror and noticed the way the neckline was dropping so low, half of my breasts were peaking out. The material was so silky, and sheerlike and it was almost completely clinging to my whole body. The part from the middle of the thighs downwards, was completely transparent and I breathed out a sigh as I tried to guess who had picked out this kind of night wear for me between my

mother and Aunt Gianna.

After taking one last long look at it, I turned around and headed towards the cupboard in the bathroom where my nightwears had been stored in to check if I'd see a different, more decent type. I thankfully saw one that was like the type I had at home, free and extremely decent, the remaining were all seductive types of night gowns.

I quickly changed out of the overly revealing nightgown I was in and wore the one I'd feel the most comfortable in, even though I was most definitely sure about the fact that I wouldn't be sleeping a comfortable sleep tonight, if I would even get to sleep at all, that is

I headed into the room once I was done in the bathroom and sat on my own side of the bed. The lights in the room were set to 'low' and I love the way

the led lights around the wall above the bed head illuminated a beautiful, calm yellow. The bedroom, my new bedroom that I had officially started to share with Luca, starting from yesterday's night

The room was extremely wide and the bed was also extremely big, the walls of the room were painted to a dark blue, the roofs of the room were also very high and a few indoor heaters were located on the roof of the room. The room adjoining this bedroom which was also for Luca and I was widely spaced and is used as a dressing room. In there lies all my clothes, arranged and separated out of each other and already placed in different positions, thanks to the housekeeper.

I picked up my new phone and thumbed it for a few minutes, scrolling through the inbuilt apps and literally trying to keep myself occupied to avoid myself from starting to think about how tonight was going to go

down.

I haven't contacted my brother yet, I had no idea if Luca was going to approve of me communicating with my sibling or if he was going to be completely against it. I decided to wait until after receiving clarification from Luca, to avoid myself from doing something to piss him off, without even realizing.

I carefully placed my phone on the bedside table on my side and laid down on my side of the bed as tiredness started to creep into my bones. I had forced myself to put in a small amount of spaghetti in my stomach without vomiting it back, and now that the time was slowly ticking by, the insides of my stomach was knotting up badly, making me feel extremely uneasy and nauseous. Once I remembered how cold, awkward and uncomfortable I had felt last night without cuddling myself in a blanket, I quickly slipped my legs beneath the thick and warm blanket and

pulled it up against my chin, feeling like I suddenly got cocooned in a ball of calming warmth.

My whole body was still sore and cramping from the amount of stress I had gone through since the moment I got informed that I was getting married to Luca, a week and a day ago. I wanted to do nothing more than to fall asleep and calm my fast beating heart, but the thought of Luca coming back home any moment from now and deciding to have his way with me whether I wanted him to me not, made me stay wide awake while my mind was starting to imagine up different senerios of him taking me against my will, each one worse than the other.

I willed myself to remain awake as the time went by, but as hours blended into hours, I lost the fight against my sore muscles and finally got pulled under a deep sleep, against my own will

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I slowly blinked my eyes open and quietly groaned beneath my breath as my head started ringing, my morning migraines was starting to return back once again.

Thanks to the excessive stress I've been going through for over a week.

I slowly sat up on the bed and squinted my eyes while yawning tiredly for a few seconds, I had literally just woken up, but for some weird reason, I was feeling tired as ever.

Thanks to who? Yeah, you guessed right, stress.

I threw a slow glance into the side of the bed and as expected, it was empty.

Luca had definitely come back home last night, it was obvious enough from the way the blanket was positioned on his side, compared to how it was last night after I had slipped myself beneath it.

So, nothing has happened, again. And last night was the second night into my marriage. Was I happy? Relieved? Yes, absolutely

But... I blinked and absent mindedly bit on my lower lips as my mind started to wander.

Nah, no buts, I was relieved he had not done a thing to me. It was just really surprising and unexpected. I was sure no one is going to believe me if I tell them about how my husband, the mafia lord, still hasn't taken what was his, yet.

Luca, who was known for being completely ruthless and brutal, hadn't done more than brush his lips



against mine before a huge crowd after we got pronounced as man and wife, and that was all.

I wasn't complaining though, just worked up and still extremely nervous, because it was Luca we're talking about, and he's... him.

He is Luca.

I slowly pushed myself out of the bed and was super glad the room was without a huge window. It would have been really annoying and tiring because the said window would most definitely be left wide open in the morning, spilling direct sunlight onto a newly awake person.

If that isn't instant death, I didn't know what it was. I couldn't bring myself to wake up and the first thing my eyes saw was harsh sunlight rays, coupled with my contract early morning migraines, I was bound to die

an early death that way.

I made my way into the bathroom and did my normal routine, getting dressed up in a set of small shorts and a tank top because I was most definitely going to spend my whole day in the house. I made my way out of the room, the slight throbbing in my head reminding me to ask Sarah where I could find the first aid box. The kind woman had shown me where it was yesterday while taking me on a full house tour, but I had forgotten where it was located.

“Good morning, Sarah.” I greeted the housekeeper as soon as I made my way into the kitchen and Sarah answered me almost immediately with a small smile playing at the corners of her lips, “Good morning, Sofia.”

“Where’s Matilda?” I asked as I absentmindedly glanced around the wide kitchen.

“Oh, she isn’t available until an hour later as she went on an errand, would you like me to quickly make you something to eat?” Sarah asked immediately and I shook my head, “No, it’s fine. I just decided to ask her whereabouts because I didn’t see her here. I’d have breakfast once she returns.”

“Are you sure?” She tried inquiring again but I dismissed her worries instantly. “Yes, I am. Although I’d like to make my own cup of coffee myself. Also, can you please get me a pack of Advil, or any other pain relieving drugs?”

Sarah nodded her head and gave a single reply before exiting the kitchen to God’s knows where the first aid box was at. I walked towards the coffee making machine, grateful that there was already a cup of freshly made coffee in the machine. I prepared it the exact way I liked, getting it very creamy with lots

of milk and sugar. Sarah finally returned to the kitchen when I had hopped on a seat around the counter while slowly sipping on my beverage.

“Here you go.” Sarah handed me the said drug with a small grin tugging around the corners of her lips and blinked confusingly at her as I collected the drug and placed it on the counter beside me, a steaming cup of coffee.

“I’d advise you to take this drug this afternoon, and also before you go to bed tonight, to make the pain from Y’know, vanish quickly.”

“What?” I muttered quietly as I felt my cheeks heat up embarrassingly, the fact that she was stylishly referring to my wedding night and whatever pain I must still be supposedly going through, didn’t go past my head.

Everyone is so meddling here, ugh.

“Never mind, Sofia.” She answered before practically disappearing into one of the adjoining doors in the kitchen.

I drank the coffee halfway before giving up on it and washing the drugs down with water. Once I was done, I left for the sitting room and sank into one of the couches, my eyes once again taking in the whole exoticism. The television in here was a really big one, the length and breath way longer than what I’d term a regular television.

I guess this was what my life was all about now.

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