

BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

Chapter 11

Luca's POV

The fire had almost escalated into something way huge and tragic, but had been thankfully put off before it got to that point. Thick black smoke thickened the whole arena of the two story building which belonged to Philip, the assistant head general handling one of my numerous warehouses. From what I've been told, the top building had been set on fire in the middle of the night and the occupants there had all been able to get out and alert the ones living downstairs before the fire grew bigger. The firearms took extra long to arrive due to an accident that occurred on the road this early morning.

I turned towards Philip who was doing a very shitty job towards shielding how shaken up he was by what had occurred. His face was set in a harsh scowl,

showing how pissed off he was, while his body language said another thing entirely.

“Philip.” I said quietly and as expected, he jolted upwards a little and puffed out his shoulders before turning toward me and lowering his head respectfully.

“Mr Ricci.”

“Who do you think could be behind this?” I questioned him after throwing another glance at the house and the whole commotion going on there as burnt up stuffs were currently being cleared out, while the ones worth saving were being positioned in a different position.

“I don’t know, boss. I haven’t been into any recent disagreements with anybody that I see as a serious threat.” He replied with a sigh and I watched as he ran his fingers through his hair and puffed out another

harsh breath from his mouth.

He was so shaken up.

“But you do know everybody is a threat, right?” I said in a flat voice with my eyebrows raised to the top of my forehead and I watched as his eyes widened for a few seconds before clouding up as he quickly masked that tiny slip in his emotions and stared pointedly at the ground.

“I do, boss.”

“Where were the guards when it happened?” I inquired and he answered immediately, “They were not behind the house when it happened.”

“So what do you think could be behind this?” I rephrased again before shoving my hands into my pants pocket and waiting for him to give me a reply.

“I think the two men who tried to bribe me into letting them into the inner part of the warehouse, a few days ago.” Philip finally said before glancing up at me.

“Who are they?”

“I have no idea about who they are, or where they came from. I held them hostage for a few hours because they had the audacity to think I’d let them into something like that. We had them searched but didn’t find a damn thing on them, then we ended up releasing them.” Philip explained and my brain started analyzing the whole situation, they might be behind this, and they might not.

It might be someone else entirely who’d be behind this, it might be someone he trusted in.

That’s one of the most complex things about being in

the mafia, you cannot completely trust someone.

“How sure are you that this wasn’t done by someone you’re close to? Someone here in the Mafia...” I demanded and quickly glanced at my wristwatch, the time was already some minutes after eight in the morning, meaning I’d be leaving here in a few minutes.

“I don’t think so, boss. I’m not close to a lot of people, and I guess it could only be done by someone who’s jealous of me or someone who just wants to see my downfall.”

“I’ll have people look into it. You make sure to place more guards around the house, and your wife and kids should lay low for a while. Whoever the person or people behind this could currently be planning another way in which they could use to get you or your family.” I said to him and he bowed his head a

little.

“Thank you, Mr Ricci.” He echoed in respect and gratitude and I nodded my head at him before heading towards my car and settling into the back seat once the door got pulled open by one of the guards. The car pulled out of Phillip’s compound and into the busy express road in a few minutes, the second car with the rest of the bodyguards tailing the one I was currently in, for extra protection.

It was my duty as the mafia lord to protect everybody working beneath me, as we were supposed to be one huge family. We’d have been that if I could see everyone’s mine and read everyone’s thoughts. But since I couldn’t do any of that, I couldn’t fully trust any of the men working for me in the Mafia.

Except James, that is.

I couldn't trust anyone else, but to protect them I could, and I'd always do my best to keep them all safe and in that process, keep the whole Mafia enemies free.

I dug out my phone from my pocket and quickly went over my whole schedule for the day, the whole day was fully booked with different meetings and official gatherings.

The car gradually pulled into the office's huge compound and I alighted the car once the door got pulled open. My briefcase got carried by one of my four guards and we all made our way into the building, and then into the elevator.

Two of the guards made their way into my office first, to thoroughly check if there was anything out of place before coming back out after a few minutes to give me the 'go ahead' sign. This has been my routine

since I took after my father's position in the Mafia, in order to avoid any danger or trap that might have been set down by one of the numerous enemies that I had automatically inherited the moment I took over from my father.

I accepted my briefcase from the guard's grip before making my way into the office and closing the door behind me. Once I had sunk into my chair and rested for a little bit, I pulled one of the large files still in need of my signature and quickly went through it. Once I was done with cross checking and signing it, I sent a text message to James, since the first three meetings I had scheduled for today involved him as well.

James and I had known each other since we were kids, our fathers were just the way we both were now. My father had been the Mafia lord while his father had been my father's right hand man. I wouldn't say his father was as close to my father the way James was

close to me though. Because my father took the whole 'do not trust anybody' quote to the deepest part of his heart and never fully trusted his right hand man, the way I did mine.

Whereas, I also took those words which he had instilled into my head while growing up to heart, but James was exempted from that quote.

I know damn well that he'd never be completely pleased with most of the decisions I've made in life after becoming a mafia lord, but it is what it is.

A knock resounded on the door and I lifted my head and stared at the door for a few seconds. "Yes?"

"It's James." The familiar voice of James filtered into the office through the door and I called out for him to come in, which he did in the next second.

“Dude, where the heck have you been since morning? We’re almost running late already.” I said to him once the door closed behind him and he quickly sank into one of the seat before my desk and breathed out a long, harsh breath.