

## BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

### Chapter 13

#### Luca's POV

“That went better than I expected,” James stated as the car slowly pulled out of the Monte’s premises, into the busy streets once again. I stared straight at my flexing fingers on my thighs, completely agreeing with James.

“It did go better than I expected. I half expected him to insist on not wanting to make peace, or even pull a gun out on us after requesting I send the guards out of the office.” I mused audibly with a small shake of my head before letting my head fall back against the soft, leather seat’s headrest.

“He admitted to having already planned to attack you...” James said slowly before slowly trailing off, leaving the unfinished sentence hanging.

“He knows he’d still never have been able to catch me unprepared.” I reminded James who only shrugged and threw his head against the head rest before pulling his tie loose and popping open his first three buttons. The tinted glass demarcation between our side of the car and the driver’s part gave us all the privacy we could even need.

“He still had the audacity to admit it to your face, he sure does have some guts on him.” James continued and I brushed him off with a wave of my hand.

“Everyone in the mafia has different ways of trying to leave an impact on other people, perhaps that was his own way of leaving an impact behind.”

“Hm. I’d still kept an eye on him for a while, starting from tonight.” James informed me and I nodded my head once.

“You do that, for everyone’s good.”

“How’s your little wife?” James suddenly asked and I blinked once, completely taken aback by the randomness of the question.

I watched him as he turned his head around to stare more clearly at me before inquiring again..

“How is she?”

“She’s alright.” I replied, because she actually was. Ryan, one of the two guards I had placed on her personal bodyguards the very next day after our wedding, had been sending me daily tabs about her, on my command.

“Alright?” James pushed and I sighed out slowly before turning around until I was completely facing

him.

“Yes, she is.” I echoed after him and I watched as he rolled his eyes for a few seconds before proceeding to continue questioning me.

“How was it?”

I knew exactly what he was referring to and my mouth pulled into a thin line almost immediately.

“I didn’t do a thing to her, man.” I informed him and James looked at me as if I had suddenly grown two heads.

“You didn’t? At all?” He echoed quietly and I nodded my head once before turning back around and leaning my head back against the car seat’s headrest.

“I didn’t. I couldn’t touch her, man.” I admitted after a

few seconds of none of us saying a thing. The silence that followed my admission lasted for about a solid minute before James broke it with his next words.

“I— Are you serious, man?” He demanded, sounding completely bewildered. I allowed my eyes to slide close while dragging in deep breaths from my nose and mouth, my lungs sucking up the breaths intakes hungrily.

I nodded once again without replying and James said something I didn’t catch but couldn’t bother asking him to repeat himself when I knew he’d rephrase his sentence to me some minutes later, if it was important.

“Why?” He asked again, after about two minutes of the car rendered in complete silence.

“I don’t know, man.” I replied honestly, lifting my hand

towards my throat to stroke the sides muscles of my neck where knotted up muscles were lining up there.

I breathed out a long, satisfying sign as my fingers dug into my sore muscles, massaging into the stiff muscles and tendons.

“But she’s now your wife.” James reminded me, like I had no idea she was my wife and had been waiting for him to wave that realization into my face.

“She’s still so young. Extremely young, man.” I started to say and I heard James grunt quietly beside me.

“That’s how it is in our lives, and you know it. Girls have been married off to lots of men in the mafia once they clock eighteen years of age. That’s how it has been working since forever.” James explained and

Moved my lips around but refused to say a thing as

the sentence he just said slowly drifted into my head.

“I know that, James. I just didn’t ever imagine that I’d ever be faced with that same fate, had it not been for the amount of pressure I was starting to receive from my father’s brothers who were all thirsty for an heir.” I explain to James, my head feeling like it was about to burst due to the amount of pounding that was taking place in it.

“And how do you plan on producing the said heir... without touching your wife?” James continued and I felt like smacking the back of his head by how judgmental he sounded.

“I don’t know man,” I paused and puffed out a slow breath from one part of my nose. Assuming I smoked, I’d have been extremely good at it,

“I think marrying her was a mistake.” I finally

continued to say, my tie and top buttons were starting to feel really tight but I refused to adjust or loosen it.

“The fuck, man? You just married her for God’s sake.” James quietly explained and I almost chuckled by the inquiring tone of his question.

Don’t I know it?

“She started fucking crying on the wedding night, and she was so skittish and jumpish like a little bunny. I couldn’t even bring myself to try anything with her that night.” I admitted to James who was currently staring and listening to me with so much attention.

“Oh.” James quietly stated.

“Yeah, oh.” I echoed after him, sliding my eyes close and slowly breathing deeply.



“That was definitely unexpected... I mean, she did look really mature on the wedding day.” James said I couldn’t agree more.

“That’s the thing, the make up and way too fucking exposed gown made her look way matured that how she actually was. I should have gone to see her once at least, before getting married to her. Maybe I’d have seen how tiny and skittish she was and save myself the stress of all these.” I sighed out, a small yawn coming out from my mouth almost immediately.

“So what are you going to do now?” James asked and my mouth pulled into another thin line. “I have no idea, man. I cannot touch her, she looked way too innocent for me to even think of touching intimately.”

“You know you’re going to have to end up touching her at a particular point, you know?” James continued and I let out a dry chuckle. “Not if I call off the

marriage.”

“You can’t do that, man.” James argued immediately.

“I can.”

“You can’t. It’s going to be the biggest news in the mafia. Imagine the made up scandal stories, imagine the rumors, imagine the flashing headlines on televisions and the newspaper.” James started to say, which made my face morph into a scowl, because he was right.

News spread like wide fire here in the mafia and almost everyone is ready to formulate anything, just so they could feel like they belonged in the society.

I had only spent two nights with her, and here I was, already thinking if there’s a way I could send her back to her parents and look for a more suitable bride that

would fit into my... tastes.

For one, I was into thick women, that has always been my taste and preference since I was a teenager. I liked it when they had enough curves on every necessary part.

I also find it extremely hot when they are bold and hot, when they know what they want and directly go for it. I was used to the type of women who were outspoken, I wasn't used to the type of women who nervously stutters her words out and couldn't maintain eye contact for the life of hers.

Sofia was a petite, little thing. And way too fucking innocent. She was so fucking stunning, it almost hurt to stare at her bare face when she had walked out of the bathroom stiffly on our wedding night, in a robe which was supposed to give her a sexy aura, had she not been clutching the robe's thin ropes like her life

depended on it.

I had returned home extremely late last night and Sofia had been in a deep sleep when I made my way into the room, her face was so relaxed despite the fact that her hands was tightly clutching the blankets like she wanted to use that piece of weapon to protect herself against me.

I didn't need a magician to let me know that she barely got any sleep, on the night of our wedding. Her body had been so stiff like a rock, and the amount of awkwardness that emitted off her stiff position on the bed in waves, had been a great lot.

It was a good thing she was fully sleeping soundly when I made my way into the room last night. I had been transfixed in a spot for a few seconds as I did nothing but drink her up.

Lord, she was really something else... but also really petite, and definitely not my type.

How tall was she?

“You’re right, I can’t possibly call off the marriage.”

“Exactly!” James echoed after me before proceeding to ask. “So, what are you going to do now?”

“I don’t know, man.” I replied flatly, because I honestly had no idea about what I was going to do.

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I dug my fingers into her long blonde hair and tugged on the roots before thrusting into her throat and she moaned around my length with her eyes staring up into mine, the tiny sound she made around my length sent a slow, vibrating feeling into the heart of my cock

from the dripping tip.

“Oh fuck, suck harder.” I breathed from in between my teeth and I pulled out and slowly thrusted in, my length slowly easing its way into her willing, hungry throat.

“I’m going to fuck your throat raw, Janelle.” I promised the big breasted woman kneeling between my thighs in my office, her top long gone and only a thin lacy bra held her boobs together against her chest.

“It’s Lisa, honey.” The woman corrected me with a small grin, not being put off with the fact that I couldn’t manage to remember her name even though we’ve hooked up more than once.

“My bad, Lisa... I’m going to choke you on my dick right now. You want that, don’t you?” I continued in a husky voice, the wet head of my hard nudging against

the side of her sloppy, parted lips.

“Yes, please. Please.” She moaned hungrily, lust filling her eyes completely as she used her mouth to chase my dick around, a move that was really hard due to the fact that my fingers were still buried in her hair. She finally ended up catching the head in between her lips and I hissed in pleasure as she sucked strongly on the cap and alternated between sucking the mushroom head and digging her tongue into the leaking slit.

“Now take me deeper,” I groaned and she obliged, almost swallowing me down to the hilt in a go, her mouth was only a few feet away from touching my pelvic bone. She hummed low in her throat and I threw my head back and cursed as white hot pleasure washed over me.

She was one of the few people that had been able to

almost take my full length into their throat and suck it like they mean it, the rest hadn't been able to take it past its seventh inch.

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