

## BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

### Chapter 14

#### Luca's POV

I typed in my complete schedule for the next day into my phone and set alarms on each one just as the car stopped outside the huge gates of the building in which I lived. A few seconds after the guards behind the other side of the gate confirmed who it was at this side of the gates, the gate slowly automatically started to slide open by a button and the driver eased into the compound while the gates slid close and got locked.

It was some minutes away from twelve a.m and I had no doubts that Sofia would have already been fast asleep by now I had been held back in the office by a lot of things, and lastly, the chick that had first sucked me off before riding me like her life depended on it, right there on my office chair.

The door got pulled open by one of the guards and I stepped out of the car and stood outside the door while scanning my eyes around the parking lot for a few seconds before flicking my wrist towards one of the guards in request for my briefcase which got handed to me in an instant.

The driver got down from his side of the car and came to stand a few feet away from me. He was a lean and tall dude who was a little over twenty five. A few years ago, his father, a friend of my late father, had pleaded with me to let him work directly with me. I had refused at first but later reconsidered and decided to grant him a post as my personal driver since I couldn't possibly give him a job as one of my bodyguards.

Bodyguards who worked for me had to be well trained and pass a whole lot of tests before they could be declared as a bodyguard. It was a huge honor for any man to become a bodyguard here in the mafia and

almost everyone wants to become one, but only a few manage to pass the complete tests.

“Same time tomorrow, Mr Ricci?” He asked me and I watched as he rubbed his hands against themselves while puffing out a long breath as he waited for my reply.

“Six a.m, yes.” I replied as I turned around and made my way away from the parking lot, towards the main house. The building was a huge duplex which consists of extremely wild rooms. I had built the house myself some time after I had clocked twenty five, and moved right in immediately. The house I had grown up in, my father’s house, was big but not as big as this, it was currently empty as I already had it reserved for a certain purpose.

The guards standing around the front of the house bowed their heads in greeting the moment I made my

appearance, I nodded at them without replying and slipped through the opened door leading into the house before closing and locking the doors shut behind me. I paused outside the door and flicked the lights on before making my way into the middle of the welcome room, there wasn't any appliances in which someone could make use of hiding in here but I still thoroughly scanned the whole room before making my way into the living room and throwing a scrutinizing glance around.

Once I was sure nobody was lurking behind any of the couches in the living room, I made my way towards the kitchen and dropped my briefcase on the counter.

Popping open my suit jacket and shrugging it off in an instant, I made my way into the walk-in freezer and fetched myself a bottle of vodka from one of the mini fridges located inside the cold room. I unscrewed the

bottle and took a long swing directly from the bottle. The cold, soothing substance filled my mouth and rushed directly into my throat immediately, leaving a cool, heady feeling lingering over my throat.

I placed the drink on the counter and completely unbuttoned my white shirt which I had worked beneath my suit jacket throughout the whole day, the cool air around the kitchen flooded my lungs and I breathed out a long sigh before picking up the bottle of vodka and taking in another mouthful.

My phone suddenly beeped and I returned the bottle of drink back on the counter and fished out my phone from my suit jacket's deep pockets. A text had come in from James.

James: You're home already?

I dropped the jacket back on the counter and quickly

took another mouthful of the alcohol before typing in my reply to James' text.

Luca: Yes, I am.

James: So you're going to finally do it to your wife tonight or has Matilda satisfied you enough back at the office?

I snorted quietly and took a swig of the bottle of alcohol beside me before typing in my reply.

Luca: It wasn't Matilda, it was Lisa. Also, mind your own business.

I knew he was only going to roll his eyes at my last sentence as I hit on the 'send' arrow. I haven't had dinner yet but I was too drained to think of throwing something around and making a small dinner to eat. I should have eaten at the office like I usually do, but

for some reason, I had chosen to have sex at the office instead.

Oh well.

It wasn't like I couldn't cook a thing, I just wasn't in the mood to make a thing tonight. I leaned against the counter and took another mouthful of the almost empty bottle as I scrolled through my socials. Only a few people had access to my private socials and I replied to some really important texts, completely ignoring the rest.

A text from James popped up at the top of the screen and I pulled it down immediately to read its content

James: Matilda... Lisa... whatever.

I snorted out a small laugh and typed back a reply immediately.

Luca: I called her Janelle when she was sucking me off.

James: Haha, just don't call your wife some chick's name when she'd be sucking you off.

I blanched inwards as I read James' text the moment it popped up.

The thought of calling her Someone's else's name alone was revolting. How could I even? Her name alone was living rent free in my head and this is only the third night since we've only been married.

Luca: She won't be coming close to my cock any time soon, thank you very much.

I hit the 'send' arrow and threw the last content of the bottle into my throat and dropped the bottle into the



trash can, some feet away from the counter.

A beep from my phone signaled that a reply from James had come in and I picked up my phone and ghosted my eyes over the text.

James: She won't?

Luca: She won't.

I reply to James and picked up my briefcase and suit jacket before making my way out of the kitchen and climbing up the stairs which led into our room.

She won't.

I echoed in my head once again as I stepped into our room and silently closed the door behind me, my eyes took in how tiny she looked cocooned in the thick blankets with only her head poking out.

Yup. Too innocent, too pure, too everything to come close to my dick.

I walked into the room and paused at my side of the bed to stare down at her more clearly. Her long, black curls was beneath the blankets as well but a few wisps of her hair framed the shape of her face and my heart constricted at how innocent and soft she looked.

With long curly lashes fanning her cheeks, and skin proclaim white and smooth like that of a baby. I had touched her face a few times during our wedding day and night, and the softness of her skin alone had taken me aback for a few seconds.

Her lips were a light sheen of pink and were in a pouty shape which gave her a more innocent and cute look. The blankets were bunched up at her neck

and I had no doubts that she had been clutching tightly to it before finally giving in to sleep, along the way.

Feeling like a creep, I dragged my eyes away from her face and made my way into the closet and changed out of my work clothes, into a loose pair of joggers before making my way back into the living room.

I was used to sleeping in just my boxer shorts for a long time, but ever since I got married, it had felt wrong sleeping that way beside my very scared wife, making me opt for something more covered to sleep in.

I walked into the bathroom and emptied my bladders before cleaning up and making my way towards the small sink to clean my teeth. Once I was done, I splashed water onto my face and mopped it off with

one of the towels in the drawers beneath the sink.

Already sure the time was some minutes after one a.m in the morning, I made my way out of the bathroom and paused on seeing Sofia start to rise from the bed. She was taken aback on seeing me and I didn't miss the way fear had flashed over her once blank face the moment her mind had pieced together the fact that I was indeed there in person.

I made my way away from the doorway of the bathroom and sank into the bed before pulling the blankets upwards and sliding beneath it. I watched as she blinked those huge eyes at her hands clasped on her thighs for a few seconds before finally pushing the blankets off her shoulders and rising up on her feet.

My eyes took in the nightwear she had on and the moment my eyes settled on the small swell of her breasts and the two nipples poking out of it, I

breathed out a harsh breath from my nose and turned away from her, laying on my side immediately.

I heard and felt as the blankets rustled as she climbed off the bed and made her way towards the bathroom, I was facing away from I side of the bed, which left me with no choice than to stare at her as she made her way into the bathroom as fast as she could and closed the door behind her like she thought I was going to come after her in the next second.

Was this how it was going to go on now? She was my wife and we've not exchanged any words ever since our wedding day and night. We were going to end up working something out but I had no enthusiasm towards that decision.

Time went by as my mind wandered and wandered.

I didn't check the time, but I knew she had spent over

four minutes there in the bathroom, probably in hopes of me being fast asleep when she'd finally decided to come out.

At this point, if she didn't come out any time soon, I was going to go in there and get her out myself. She needs her beauty sleep, I'm sure she's been getting more than enough sleep back at home and wouldn't like that to change just because she got married to me.

She also didn't need to be afraid of me.

I wasn't going to tell her that though, it wasn't like she was going to believe me.

As if on cue, the bathroom door got slowly pulled open and out stepped Sofia, the first thing she did was to glance in my direction even before she pulled the bathroom door close and our eyes locked

immediately.

She blinked a few times and wet her lips by sliding her tongue over her lower lip in a fast second before glancing away and slowly pulling the bathroom door close behind her, I didn't have to look any harder to see the slight tremble that went through her body the second after our eyes locked.

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