

## BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

### Chapter 15

#### Luca's POV

I didn't have to look any harder to see the slight tremor that went through her body the second after our eyes locked.

She hesitated and fidgeted in the same spot for a few more seconds before stiffly making her way past my sight and towards her side of the bed, I didn't want to overwhelm her any further than she already was, which was why I refused to turn around and keep on staring at her the way my mind was trying to coerce me into doing. I faintly felt her pull the blankets upwards and slid beneath it. The bed barely moved as her weight was nothing compared to mine and also because she had most definitely remained in a stiffened spot out of nervousness.

The dim lights were quite distracting seeing as I was used to sleeping in the dark, but I hadn't bothered switching it off for some unknown reasons. When I had walked into the room last night and saw Sofia's curled up body with the dim lights illuminating her face, I had figured that she had left it on in order to feel a little bit safe... not like I was going to do a thing to her, which was why I also hadn't bothered to turn it off tonight.

I had an early start in the morning which was only but in a few hours and I was supposed to be fast asleep already, but my curious mind wanted nothing more than to take one last look at Sofia's face before anything else. I shifted on my side and pushed the blankets off my bare shoulder until it was bunched up around my waist.

My mind started to wander only to end up returning to the girl on the other side of my bed. I slowly turned

around on the bed until I was lying on the side of my body, giving me a much needed view of Sofia's side of the bed.

To say I was surprised that she was still awake would be an understatement, it's been over an hour since she came back from the bathroom and I was already expecting her to be fast asleep... only for my eyes to focus on her face, and for her eyes to flutter open and lock with mine almost immediately.

Her eyes fluttered again and she lowered her head in the next second, shielding those blue eyes of her away from me and shifting in her stiffened spot. I noticed the way she curled into herself even more, if that was even possible with how tightly she was curled up before. She pulled the sheets tightly around her even more and laid still beneath the wrappers.

I didn't need a soothsayer to point out the fact that

she was still very much awake to me, her body was barely moving beneath the blankets which means she was only taking in a little amount of breath into her lungs.

A part of me wanted to demand her reason for being so scared and jumpish but I ignored that part of my mind and instead focused on her face, the only part of her body which was visible to me. Her eyes suddenly squeezed tight like she was curious to peak her eyes open but was too scared to encounter whatever it is that was out here in the open... not like anything was out here that could be so frightening.

I puffed out a long breath and finally tore my eyes off her face before turning around and facing my side of the bed once again. I might just be seeing too much into it but it felt like she exhaled a deep breath almost immediately.

I settled into my pillow and didn't bother with the blankets anymore as I finally got some much needed sleep.

It was probably some minutes after three a.m.

Which meant I had about three hours to sleep, and wake up without an alarm.

With that, I drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

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I blinked my eyes open and sat up on the bed, my eyes felt clammy and I massaged the sides with my fingers as I kicked the blankets off and pushed out of the bed. I picked up my phone and the phone automatically unlocked due to the Face ID application installed into the phone. I winced and pull the phone out of my face the moment the brightness of my

phone hit my sore eyes with so much intensity, I felt my eyes get more sore in an instant.

I squinted and lowered the brightness completely before bringing the phone back up and checking the time. It was some minutes to six a.m in the morning, leaving me with enough time to work out and get coffee before leaving for work. With that in mind, I headed into the bathroom and did my business. Once I was done, I brushed my teeth and cleaned my face before making my way out of the bathroom, towards the doorway leading outside the bedroom.

I paused in my tracks as my eyes landed on the bed, and the human huddled on the far end of the bed. She was on the very edge of the bed and would automatically roll off the bed if she tried moving in that particular spot. Her face was nowhere to be seen, meaning it was also beneath the sheets, like the rest of her body.

I contemplated walking around towards her side of the bed and lifting her up to place her further in the middle of the bed, or leaving her be to with the hopes of her not moving an inch from the particular spot— because if she did it towards the wrong direction, she was going to find herself on her ass or her face immediately.

I decided on the latter and made my way out of the room, closing the door quietly behind me.

The gym was here on the second floor and I threw the door open and made my way into it. It was extremely spacious and equipped just to my taste. I shut the doors, set my timer on my phone, placed the phone on a chair beside the treadmill and got to work immediately.

Sweat was dripping off my body profusely by the time

I was almost done with my exercise but I didn't relent, never did. Once I was done with the treadmill, I switched to the barbell after a few minutes pause and started lifting them up, counting carefully in my head.

Age was nothing but a number and I could prove it, starting from my appearance. I was thirty three years old, but didn't need anyone to tell me that I looked seven to ten years younger. I was never hugely built from the very start, which made me look even younger than I'd have liked on some days.

Some people who had been well into the mafia world would only take a glance at me and unconsciously dismiss me in their heads because of how 'young and calm' I looked at first glance though. That was where it mostly ends though, one go with them in an exchange of fists and they'd be rephrasing their thoughts about me in the very next second.



Once I was done with two rounds and still having twenty minutes left before my alarm was supposed to go off, I headed towards the punching bag and got into the punching protective gloves before starting to punch away in the next instance.

I got lost in my head as I punched at the punching bag like it was an enemy I was trying to kill off with my fists. Sweat was literally pouring off my whole body and matting my curls to the back of my throat but I ignored it and continued to deliver harsh punch upon punch until the alarm went off.

Panting hard and fast with my chest heaving deeply as I pulled in breaths into my long empty lungs, I tugged off the punching gloves and fell into one of the nearest chairs. I reached for the bottle of water which I had placed there earlier on and unscrewed the cap to chug down half of its content in a go. I was still panting hard but at least I wasn't gasping for breath

anymore like I was doing some moments ago.

Staying in shape wasn't a thing in my dictionary because I had been working out since I was a teenager and was used to gyming almost everyday.

I was never not in shape, my abs were extremely defined and my biceps were bulging so big, it wasn't something frequent you see on a lean muscled man. I wasn't that lean muscled though, but I also wasn't all buffness. My shoulders were very broad, likewise my chest. My pecs were very tight and my breasts were bulging. It lifted my clothes and made it seem like my shirt buttons were always holding on for dear life each time I stretched while in one of my undershirts.

I made my way out of the gym and back into my bedroom, closing the door quietly behind me once again. Sofia was still in the spot in which I had last seen her in, making me slightly impressed at how well

she could sleep without moving an inch. It was normal for me to sleep that way, but I've heard a lot of things about girls being unable to sleep neatly and would always roll for spot to spot on the bed. I hadn't been able to experience that because I haven't even slept in the same bed with a girl... until Sofia, that is.

With that, I made my way into the bathroom and quickly shaved the unwanted hair growing above the line I wanted on my face. I've been growing beards on my face ever since I clocked twenty five. It was a neat and very light sheen of facial hair running from the tip of my hair line on the sides of my face, down to my jawline. It was extremely light and just the way I liked. To avoid it from over growing, i trim it every blessed day... or cursed day.

Once I was done, I made my way into the showers and got out of the pants in which I had slept and worked out in, before proceeding to take my bath.

I made my way directly into the walk-in closet once I was done in the showers and randomly picked out my undershirt and a brand of suit which I couldn't place my fingers on, at the moment. Once I was dressed up, I stood before the floor length mirror in the closet and sized myself up for a few seconds.

I walked towards the dresser and ran a comb through my still wet curls, the curls were as dark as night, it had been that exact color and curls right since I was born. I had tried straightening the curls out of my hair at a certain point in my life while growing up because I felt it made me appear less manly than I'd have liked. Despite how much I had it straightened out, it always ended up curling back into its natural curves after a few days. I completely gave up on having it straightened out when out of frustration, I had left my hair in the straightening comb for too long, which resulted in a certain part of my hair getting burnt and

chomped off by the hot comb.

Ever since then, I had completely steered away from it, and also come to terms with the fact that I was stuck with my curly hair.

It started growing on me at a point and till date, I was in love with it as it added more appeal to my facials and made me appear even younger than I'd have thought, throughout when I was wishing I had straight hair and hating my father for giving me his kind of hair.

I sprayed my hair treatments over it and colorless gel to make it all the more expensive before exiting the walk in closet and making my way out of the bedroom. A quick glance at the bed revealed to me that Sofia was still in that same position she had been in, right as I quietly pulled the door shut.

I made my way down the stairs and into the kitchen, starting up the coffee machine almost immediately. It was almost a few minutes to seven a.m and my driver would be here right on the dot.

Once the coffee got ready, I downed a cup, straight black, and was out the door once the clock hit seven.

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