

BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

Chapter 16

Sofia's POV

I blinked my eyes open slowly and rubbed my fingers against my eyelids as I tried to register where I was for a few seconds before remembering where exactly I was in— Luca's bed... well technically, my bed now.

I glanced sideways and found the space beside me empty like it had been before I had fallen asleep. It was a little after three a.m in the morning and I had been woken up by my filled up bladder. I hesitated in my spot on the bed and allowed my mind to roam free for a moment. Luca didn't come home last night? Wasn't he supposed to be in bed at the moment if he had ended up coming home last night.

It wasn't like I was keen on him coming home, I wasn't looking forward to it one bit, but he was

supposed to be here nevertheless. Unless he was home, but not here at the moment. Perhaps he has decided to sleep in a different room tonight seeing as they're a lot of rooms in the house.

Which was totally fine by me.

I wished I didn't have to share a room with him in the first place. For someone that had been sleeping alone since she was very little, and was used to her own privacy and space, this was all a lot to take in and I was yet to take it all in.

I pushed out of the bed and allowed the blanket to slide down my shoulders to pull around my feet on the bed right before I completely hopped off the bed and stood beside it for a few moments. I lazily made my way towards the bathroom, my mind wandering around aimlessly and my eyes not completely opened.

I placed my hand on the bathroom's door knob and was about to pull the door open, only for it to be pushed back against my grip and for Luca to be standing on the other side of the bathroom door, his hand on the other side of the door knob.

I swallowed emptily and pulled my hand away from the door knob as if suddenly burned and froze right there, not knowing what I was supposed to do or say to him as he quietly watched me.

The first thing I noticed against my own will, was that he was naked waist up. There was just no way I could ignore that bit of information about him at the moment even if I wanted to, not when he was standing right in my face and staring down at me, with his wide shoulders looking huge as ever.

I swallowed again and ducked my head the moment it

registered to me that I was watching him— staring at his naked shoulders to be more precise. I felt embarrassed color flood into my cheeks and heaved a relieved sigh when he walked past me, into the room... Leaving me standing right there like a statue for a few frozen seconds before finally regaining myself and rushing into the bathroom, tugging the door closed as fast as I could.

I leaned against the closed door and heaved a deep, relieved sigh as I felt the tension drain out of my shoulders and limbs, the knots in my stomach slowly starting to lose up as I dragged in deep breaths into my empty lungs.

I made my way into the toilet and did my business, once I was done, I washed my hands for long minutes, slowly scratching each finger and cleaning my very clean nails thoroughly just to buy myself more time. Once my fingers started to feel sore from

too much scrubbing and washing, I turned off the running tap and just leaned against the white, porcelain sink, feeling the cold surface seep into my skin through the thin material of my nightwear.

I sat on one of the shaped, built in chairs on one part of the bathroom and pulled my legs against my chest on the seat, hugging my chest to myself and placing my chin on my knees, I prepared to wait an hour or so out, to be sure that Luca would have already been fast asleep before before I have to pull the door open once again and head back into the bedroom.

I lifted up from the shaped, built in chairs in the bathroom when I suddenly jolted awake, making me realize that I had unconsciously started to fall asleep at a point. Thinking and hoping that hours had already gone by since I had been in the bathroom and that Luca would have been fast asleep, I carefully pulled the door open and started making my way into the

room.

I halted in my tracks the moment my eyes locked with Luca's, who was on his side of the bed this time. I puffed out a slow breath and contemplated going back into the bathroom and just passing the night in there, on the cold tiles. But then I remembered that Luca was going to go out in the morning and would make use of the bathroom to get ready for work. With that in mind, I pulled the bathroom door close behind me as a small tremor went through my body.

I couldn't help it, I was nervous. I unconsciously flicked my tongue over my parched lower lips as my heart thudded against my rib cages.

I was extremely nervous.

And his firm stare was making me all the more nervous. It felt like he was promising to do whatever

he wanted to do with me and that there was nothing I could about it, by just staring at me deeply without blinking for once.

It could also be that I was reading much into it.

I hesitantly made my way around the room, towards my side of the room and I couldn't help but feel like his deep gaze was biting and burning into my skin and he followed my every move until I was out of his line of sight, straight into the other side of the room.

I puffed out a slow breath, my chest undulating as I repeated the motion a few times before finally pulling the blankets upwards and crawling beneath it. I'd have been more comfortable facing my side of the room and turning my back to him the way he was currently doing to me— since he was facing the other side and staring at the bathroom's doorway when I came back into the room. But I'd be extremely

nervous, scared and disturbed if I had to turn my back to him and try to get some sleep.

I'd rather be facing him when whatever that was going to happen, happens. At least it wouldn't feel like I was stabbed in the back, since I was facing that direction and can somehow say that I saw it coming and expected it to end up happening at a point.

I pulled the blankets around me and burrowed into the warm sheets, tugging the blankets more firmly around my neck and folding myself into a small ball. I inched towards the edge of the bed even more, not wanting to ever mistakenly touch my legs against his.

I squeezed my eyes shut and breathed out a slow sigh.

It was already some time since I had returned back from the bathroom and the whole room was

completely quiet – except for my breathing which sounded really loud to me as it roared around and rang in my ears.

I sucked in a sharp breath and stopped breathing as I felt him move around on the other side of the bed, my side of the bed slightly dipped as he moved around for a few more seconds before stopping. It felt like he was moving around in his sleep and unconsciously changing sleeping positions.

Once everything was settled and curiosity was digging its claws into my mind, I slowly peaked my eyes open and was taken aback when my eyes locked with grey once instantly.

I blinked once and ducked my head immediately, squeezing my eyes back close and slowly dragging in deep breaths into my lungs. Why was he facing this side of the bed?

He never faced this side.

Although I had only slept in the same bed with him a few times and had no idea about all that went down through out last night since I was completely out until the morning.

What if he reaches out and tug the blankets down before tugging me upwards to have his way with my body, all of a sudden?

I felt a tiny shudder wash over me and I pulled the blank around me even more as dread filled the depths of my stomach.

I shuddered once again as a disturbing image threatened to fill up my head, pulling the blankets even more tightly against me and curling into myself, I froze once again as I felt Luca move on the bed

again.

I winced and bit on my lower lips as I unconsciously prepared myself for when the blankets would be tugged off my body, to reveal me to his dirty gaze.

But after a while and nothing happened, I started to loosen my tense up limbs and release the hold I had on my muscles and the wince since painted on my face.

Nothing happened, again.

I didn't know what to make of all these. If I was given my own personal room, I wouldn't have to be so paranoid and worked up each time he moved, because I wouldn't even be beside him to be able to tell.

But then I was married to him and expected to share

a room with him as his wife.

What a sad world I live in.

I knew Luca wasn't in the bed anymore when I peeled my eyes open, glancing in the spot beside me just to be sure, it was confirmed to me that he was indeed not in bed anymore.

I sat up on the bed and stretched my hands out, wincing as my limbs stretched out and cracked audibly. My whole left arm felt swollen and sore seeing as I had slept on it throughout the night, and in that way, barely allowing enough blood to flood through the limb.

I stretched my hand out and tried to retrieve my phone from the bedside table— but fell off the side of

the bed almost immediately.

“Ow.” I winced and breathed out a quiet scream as pain shot up my right shoulder the next second.

Sitting up slowly and leaning against the bed, I cradled my right elbow in my left hand and bit my lips to stop the pained cry from slipping out.

I should have remembered that I was literally lying at the very edge of the bed before.

I pushed up from the floor and carefully flopped on the bed, feeling like a bunch of needles were piercing into my right hand, elbow upwards, all the way to my right shoulder's joint.

I leaned forward and picked up my phone from the bedside table successfully this time. Touching the phone screen lightly, the screen lit up and I was finally able to see the time.

It was some minutes after eight a.m in the morning, and I had stupidly started my day by injuring my right and.

I am so clumsy, it's embarrassing and disgustingly irritating.

Pushing out of the bed and slowly making my way to the bathroom with my right hand being carefully cradled by my left hand, I paused in front of the sink and stared at my reflection.

My eyes look sunken and I looked hella ridiculous standing there with my left hand supporting my right hand.

I slowly removed my left hand from supporting my right arm and couldn't hold back the pained cry that tore out of my mouth and echoed around the

bathroom.

I stared wide eyed at my arm and wished I could turn back time and not try to retrieve my phone when I tried to.

I carefully tried to move my right hand again and another strained cry bubbled out of my throat, echoing around the bathroom again.

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