

## BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

### Chapter 17

Sofia's POV

My arm was broken?

I swallowed emptily and winced at myself in the mirror before staring down at my arm, the sides at the corner of my elbow was throbbing red and starting to swell irritatingly.

I made use of my left hand to make my way around squinting a little amount of toothpaste on my toothbrush and using it to clean my teeth, all the while trying my best to not move an inch to avoid pain from shooting into my right arm.

Taking off my night dress was harder than I expected and already dreading the thought of pulling it upwards from my head like I normally did, I stretched the

neckline of the gown until it was slacked and stretched enough to slide off my shoulders. It didn't stop pain from zinging through my arm the moment I mistakenly moved the arm forward.

How would I go about things now?

How was I supposed to do things now?

It wasn't like I've gotten a lot of things done ever since I got married, but I already knew I was still kind of in a honeymoon phase and would be shown my actual duties as a wife as the week went by... and now this was going to hinder me from starting.

Luca was definitely going to get mad at me for being this clumsy.

He seemed like the type to detest clumsy people with deep passion, I could tell.

My life is so done, I'm so done.

I moved into the shower and opened the tap for warm water to pour down my whole body, completely soaking me up in an instant from how intense the spray was.

My wet hair felt really heavy against my face and I felt like throwing it back, but I wouldn't dare move my neck around to avoid the motion from pulling painfully on the muscles connecting to my right shoulder.

I shook my head around slightly until the wet hair was out of my eyes before reaching for the liquid soap and squinting a little in my palm which I used to wash off. Once I was done, I exited the shower and awkwardly wrapped the towel around myself. Making my way into the walk-in closet, I sat on the chair before the dresser and panted slowly. The air around the walk-in

closet felt really cold and I shivered uncontrollably as I pulled the towel off my right arm to take a more clearer look at it.

It had gotten way more swollen than before and the whole area around my elbow to my shoulder was really red. I lightly prodded a spot on my elbow again and winced almost immediately as an intense pain shot deep into my bones.

Lifting up from the chair, I made my way towards the wardrobe where my clothes were stored in and fished out a pair of shorts, a sleeveless top and a pair of underwear.

Shimmering into the panties was a lot harder than I expected but I ended up getting it on, before pulling on my shorts over it. I gave up on getting the bra on when a sharp pain shot into my elbow when I had tried to lift my arm up in order to hook the arm of my

bra over it. I discarded the bra and wore the sleeveless top over my naked chest and combed my fingers through my hair before making my way out of the closet once again.

The pain in my arm was getting more intense as the seconds went by and I was starting to think it was something really serious than I thought. Picking up my phone and inserting it into my pocket, I made my way out of the bedroom and climbed down the stairs carefully.

With each step I took, my arm got jolted, resulting in pain shooting into my bones every next second. By the time I made it to the end of the stairs, the pain was so intense, tears were starting to prickle the back of my eyes and the back of my throat was starting to hurt from the urge to burst into tears.

But I wasn't a child anymore.

I am an adult and adults do not cry over a little pain.

Alright, this was definitely not a little bit of pain... but still.

I made my way through the overly large house and headed straight for the kitchen in search of Sarah.

“Sarah?” I called out as soon as I made my way into the kitchen which was surprisingly empty. I sank against the counter, too scared to try hopping on one of the high chairs and risk my arm getting jolted around painfully.

“Sarah?” I called out again, a little louder this time. The pain was getting even more intense and I was starting to panic at this point.

“Sarah? Matilda?!” I called out again, and got no

response.

“Sar-“ I started to call out again but trailed off when someone suddenly stood at the doorway, which was empty a moment ago. I blinked once and felt my heart start to squeeze up nervously right before my mind started to register who the person was.

It was one of Luca’s... I mean, my bodyguards.

My new bodyguards.

“Good morning, Mrs Ricci. Is there a problem?” The guard asked after greeting me respectfully, a gesture which still made me feel uneasy despite my current situation.

“Um, where’s Sarah? Or Matilda?” I asked while glancing around the wide kitchen once again as I tried racking my brain thoroughly for his name which I was

sure I was told yesterday, but for some reason, couldn't bring myself to remember at the moment.

"Matilda went on an errand for some foodstuffs and Sarah is currently doing some chores upstairs. Would you like me to get Sarah for you?" He informed me in a smooth voice before asking and I shook my head and nodded my head at the same time.

"What's wrong, Mrs Ricci?" He asked again, a little softly this time and I watched as he slowly made his way past the line separating the kitchen from the passageway and slowly started making his way towards me.

I glanced down at my right arm which I was still cradling in my left arm for a few seconds before glancing back up at him to notice his eyes following my gaze to settle on my cradled arm.

“Something happened to your arm?” He demanded, his voice still dripping with way too much respect and a hint of concern and panic.

“Um, I mistakenly fell on it upstairs but I don’t think it’s that big of a deal.” I started to say it but it didn’t seem like he heard what I had said because he was walking towards me and finally stopped a few feet away from me.

“It doesn’t look like nothing.” He finally said and I flushed red when he crouched down beside me and was about to touch my right arm before suddenly pausing with his palm a few feet away from my skin. He glanced up at me and then towards my arms before coming to rest his eyes on my face once again.

“Is it alright if I take a look at it, Ma’am?” He inquired and color flooded into my cheeks before I could bother trying to fight it off. I nodded my head at him

and ducked my head instantly, focusing my eyes on my right arm.

His hand was a little bit cold as it touched my skin and I winced and unconsciously took a step away from him as a bolt of pain shot into the bones around that particular area.

“Did that hurt, ma’am?” He asked immediately, glancing up at me with an unreadable expression on his face.

“Yes, um, it did hurt.” I replied after hesitating for a few moments. He closed the distance between us once again and reached for my arm once again.

I winced and bit on my lower lip in preparation for the pain that was most definitely going to follow his touch, and cried out when he grasped my elbow and lifted it up slightly.

“I’m so sorry ma’am, but I am afraid you’re going to have to visit the hospital. I think you’ve broken your arm or sprained it.” He informed me as he pushed himself back to his feet and towered over me once again.

“What?” I demanded as soon as his words started to sink in.

To think I was hoping to just ask for a pain killer from Sarah and hope to sleep the pain off.

“We’re going to have to visit the hospital, ma’am.” He repeated himself and at the same time whipped out his phone and started typing on it immediately.

“Can you please get Sarah for me?” I asked in a small voice. I didn’t like the way the small quiver in my voice was that obvious.

I don't want to go to the hospital...

"I'll go get her right now, ma'am. It would be best if you sit down and rest for a bit before we leave for the hospital." The guard whom I was still yet to remember his name suggested to me before turning around and exiting the kitchen to go get Sarah like I requested.

I didn't bother pointing out to him that I couldn't sit on the high chair at the moment because I'd have to hop to get on it, I couldn't hop in my current situation.

But he was right, I do need to sit down.

After waiting in the kitchen for a few more minutes in hopes of Sarah showing up instantly to no avail, I made my way towards the living room and sank into one of the soft sofas. Sifting softly in grateful relief as I leaned against the back of the sofa with one part of

my shoulder, I closed my eyes and counted one to ten in my head in a ruse to slow my fast beating heart.

“Oh my gosh, Sofia. What happened to you?” Sarah's airy but warm voice washed over me from the other side of the room and I peeled my eyes open and stared up at her once she got to the couch where I was sitting, worried shining brightly in her eyes.

“I fell off the bed, dumb me.” I mumbled quietly, breaking eye contact and glancing down at my arm for emphasis.

“Oh, that wasn't your fault. You most definitely didn't injure yourself on purpose so it's in no way, your fault.” Sarah argued immediately before reaching out and touching my bicep. I sucked in a harsh breath and pulled away, wincing painfully as pain rushed into my veins almost immediately.

“You poor child.” I heard her whisper quietly beneath her breath right before she turned around and glanced at the guard standing a few feet away from her, whom I was just noticing now.

“Have you informed Mr Ricci?” Sarah asked the guard immediately and I blinked confusingly at her words as I sat up more properly on the couch.

“Yes, I have ma’am. He said to accompany her to the hospital immediately.” The guard replied to Sarah immediately and I waved my good arm in the air to catch their attention; which was a useless move, by the way.

“Why was he informed? It’s just a slight injury. You shouldn’t have done that.” I said to the bodyguard, wondering why he had to inform Luca about something that he just got to know about some moments ago. It wasn’t like Luca was a doctor, or that

he cared about me to want to know whatever's happening with me.

“It's definitely more than a slight injury, ma'am. And Mr Ricci is supposed to know about whatever's happening with you.” The bodyguard replied immediately and I huffed out a small breath without supplying a reply.

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