

BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

Chapter 18

Sofia's POV

What could I do? What was I supposed to say to that?

Sarah and the bodyguard exchanged a few more words together but I didn't pay any more attention to them as I got lost to some thoughts flowing around aimlessly in my head.

"Are you ready to leave, ma'am?" I blinked my eyes open and focused it in the direction in which the guard's voice had come from.

"I'm sorry but what's your name again?" I finally asked after staring long at him without saying anything while trying to remember his name again.

"It's Ryan, ma'am." He replied without missing a beat

and I slightly nodded my head as I pushed his name around in my head, hoping I would remember it from now on and wouldn't have to ask him for his name again.

"Ryan." I muttered absentmindedly, rolling the name around in my tongue.

"So are you ready to leave for the hospital now?"

"Where's the other bodyguard? What's his name again?" I inquired instead, because I was a bad person who couldn't for the life of hers, remember the people's names who she had been introduced to, some days ago.

"Oh, Ethan? He's at the back of the house with the other guards. doing a survey. He's currently bringing the car over to the front of the house and would accompany us to the hospital.

“Oh, alright.” I replied, storing the other bodyguard’s name in a part of my mind and promising myself to always remember both guards’ names from now on. I shifted in my spot on the couch and winced as a slight amount of pain washed over my shoulder blade.

Just how hurt was my right arm and shoulder?

“Ma’am, the hospital. Are you ready to go?” Ryan asked again after a few seconds and I hesitated for long seconds before shaking my head slowly, wishing I could lift my legs onto the couch and curling into myself... but I wouldn’t be there because my wounded arm would most definitely be against that move.

“But you have to go to the hospital, ma’am.” Ryan started to say but I only shook my head and shifted a little on my seat. The living room was airily quiet and it felt like I could hear my own breaths echoing loudly in

my own ears.

“I don’t want to. I’ll be fine.” I informed him, knowing fully well that I was being absurd but not wanting to go to the hospital nevertheless.

I’ve always hated going to the hospital for reasons best known by me, and nobody was going to understand.

“But you have to get checked up, scanned and given proper medications.” Ryan said again but I only pursed my lips together without replying.

I wanted to ask him to leave me alone and mind his business but I know I couldn’t do that because that would be so childish of me, an impact I never want to ever leave on him.

And so I remained silent and stared pointedly at the

blank television and pretended as if I wasn't feeling his deep stare on me the whole time.

Sarah came back into the room and clapped her arms audibly.

"You're still here? I thought you'd have left for the hospital already." Sarah started to say as she made her way into the living room and headed directly to where I was sitting. I remained silent and she turned towards Ryan after a few seconds and demanded what the problem was, from him.

"Mrs Ricci is refusing to visit the hospital." Ryan informed her and I pursed my lips even more, wiggling my toes into the soft rugs on the ground.

"But you have to visit the hospital, Sofia. It's for your own good." Sarah started to say as she turned towards me and I breathed out a long sigh without

saying a thing.

“I don’t want to go.” I replied to her quietly, turning my head around and staring straight at the empty couches on the other side of where I was seated.

“Is there a reason for you refusing to go?” Sarah asked with genuine concern brewing in her eyes and I watched as she laid a hand on the couch, a few feet forward and that hand would be on mine.

I hesitated for a few seconds before shaking my head, knowing there was no way I could just speak to her right now about something like that.

We were not close or anything, she’s just being nice to me because she’s paid and expected to.

“I think I should call Mr Ricci and inform him.” Ryan suddenly started to say and I whipped my eyes

towards him to watch him dig out his phone from his pocket and started to type away on it.

“No, no... don’t inform Luca.” I said to him before he could dial Luca’s number and both heads in the room turn towards me instantly.

“I’ll go to the hospital.” I said and pushed myself to my feet with some difficulty. I winced a little at the little jolt I encountered and stared at the both of them.

“I’ll need some...” I started to say but Sarah already magically knew about what I was going to say before I could complete my sentence. She held up a finger and nodded her head instantly before clarifying.

“Footwears, right? Let me go get them right now, I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

“Yes please.” I clarified and she exited the living room in an instant, leaving me to Ryan in the living room.

We remained silent and I shifted from foot to foot, wondering about if Ryan was probably looking at me like I was a little, stubborn child.

I shoved the thought out of my head and focused on standing still without jolting my arm as I waited for Sarah to arrive.

“Good morning, Mrs Ricci.” An unexpected loud voice echoed from the doorway which made me jolt unconsciously and let out a small, pained cry as pain shot into the bones in my right arm.

Matilda made her way into the living room and the bright smile fell off her face the moment she took in my situation.

“What happened to you, Mrs Ricci?” She asked immediately she stopped some feet away from me

with wide blown eyes.

“I fell off the bed this morning and might have broken my arm, so now I have to visit the hospital.” I informed her in a small, sad sigh and I watched as she clutched her heart dramatically for a few moments before reaching for my cradled arm. I took a step away from her and shook my head immediately.

“Don’t touch it, Matilda.” I said with a shake of my head, vividly aware of the bodyguard’s eyes watching the cinematic exchange between the both of us.

“Why?” She asked, looking genuinely confused for a moment and I bit my lips before nodding at my arm.

“It hurts.”

“Oh, my bad! I’m so sorry, Mrs Ricci.”

“It’s alright.” I paused for a few seconds before continuing. “Also, it’s Sofia and not Mrs Ricci.” I reminded her, my teeth unconsciously tugging on the side of my lips.

“My bad, Mrs Ricci. I’m so sorry.” She started to apologize before trailing off on realizing her slip up again. “I mean, Sofia. I’m so sorry, Sofia.”

“It’s fine, Matilda.” I reassured her with a tiny, forced smile.

I was feeling like crap at the moment but I didn’t want her to feel bad any longer.

Sarah chose that moment to arrive back in the room with a pair of white sandals in her hand. She handed it to Ryan before I could reach for it and I stared in horror as he crouched down beside my legs with a sandal held in his grip.

“I can wear my own sandals myself, thank you.” I started to say as I took a step away from him, feeling color flood my cheeks at the amount of eyes that focused on my face the moment the words I said sank into their heads.

“Your arm is currently injured, so you cannot wear it yourself for now. If you’d allow me, ma’am.” Ryan answered smoothly and I didn’t know if there was a way I could grow redder than I already was.

He moved towards me and reached for my foot once again before wrapping his fingers around my leg and slowly lifting it up.

“Ow.” I whispered as that move made my body shake and in the process, jolted my right hand around.

“I’m so sorry, Sofia. Once you get to the hospital,

everything will be alright.” Sarah reassured me and I nodded my head at her despite the fact that I knew she was just bluffing.

I wasn't a dumb child. Everything doesn't automatically become better once you get to the hospital.

Ryan inserted my left foot into the white sandal and buckled it up immediately and I did my best to pretend like I wasn't completely aware of him touching my feet and doing up my sandals like it was suddenly a normal thing.

Or perhaps, it was a normal thing for him.

He moved towards my right foot and I bit my lips when he wrapped his fingers around it and slightly raised it up. Feeling like I was suddenly about to lose my balance and fall down, my left hand found itself on

Ryan's shoulder before I even realized it and I waited awkwardly with color flooding my cheeks once again, as he did up my second sandals.

I lifted my hand off his shoulder once he was done and took a step back as he started to rise unto his feet. He dug out his phone from his pocket and started tapping away on it in the next instant.

"Can you please get me a glass of water?" I turned towards Matilda who nodded her head immediately – a little too enthusiastically before turning around on her heels and exiting the living room to go fetch me a glass of water.

"How are you feeling now, Sofia?" Sarah came to stand beside me as she inquired.

"It hurts really bad." I replied honestly and she shook her head sadly with a small smile that was almost

sympathetic.

“It’s going to be alright, Sofia. It’s going to be alright.”
Was her reply just as Matilda returned back into the room with a glass of water.

‘It wasn’t going to be alright, stop lying.’ I wanted to say in reply to Sarah immediately but I bit my tongue and swallowed my words back down, what use would it be off anyway?

I collected the water from Matilda and expressed my gratitude before drinking the clear liquid. I was grateful that the cold water was sliding smoothly into my throat and cooling down my insides almost immediately.

“The car is outside the house already, we can leave for the hospital now.” Ryan suddenly spoke up and we all glanced towards him. He was still staring at

something on his phone for a few more seconds before turning towards us and pocketing his phone instantly.

“Are you ready to go now, Mrs Ricci?”

I nodded my head without saying anything and handed my half filled glass of water back to Matilda before patting the back of my shorts in search of my phone, only to find it empty.

I turned around and glanced at the spot on the couch where I had been sitting down before to find my phone laying there.

I walked back towards it and picked it up and holding it in my hand this time. The shorts I had picked out this morning was a blue colored one and it wasn't all that long, it wasn't all that short either. It stopped a few inches down my thighs and that was it. The

sleeveless white top I had on hand had tiny hands which left both my arms bare.

I wouldn't have been able to go out in something like this back at home, as it would seem like I was revealing my future husband's property to the public. I was only allowed to wear slightly revealing dresses to some of the official gatherings since when I was sixteen and that was all.

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