

BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

Chapter 19

Sofia's POV

But now that I was married, the majority of the new clothes which my mother and her sisters had packed for me were a bunch of small, revealing stuff which I wasn't sure I was going to be able to wear most of them.

It still feels weird.. adapting to being an adult, that is.

Ryan pulled the door open and I walked out followed by Sarah and Matilda, before Ryan who closed the door himself before coming down the few stairs to stand a few feet away from us.

The car in which I had used in purchasing my phone and activating a black card slowly pulled up beside us and Ethan alighted the car once the car engine got

turned off.

“Good morning, Mrs Ricci.” Ethan said to me with a tilt of his head and it was at the edge of my tongue to insist on him calling me by my name but I bit the words back because I knew it was useless, they were hell bent on referring to me formally and there wasn’t a thing I could do about it.

“Good morning, Ethan.” I replied with a small pull on the side of my lips. Ethan’s eyes lowered and focused on my left hand wrapped around my right elbow before focusing back on my face almost immediately.

“I am sorry about your arm.” He said and pointed at my arm with a flick of his head and I shook my head dismissively, they were all making it into something it most definitely wasn’t.

It wasn’t that big of a deal.

Jeez.

“Oh no, it’s nothing. Thank you.” I replied to him with a wave of my left hand and winced when a wave of pain washed over me.

He thankfully didn’t mention that wince and instead headed towards the back of the car to tug the door wide open.

I slid into the car carefully and cradled my elbow on my thigh and waved to Sarah and Matilda who were huddled beside themselves as they watched all what was happening unfold before their curious eyes.

Ethan closed the door silently just as Ryan slid into the driver’s seat, Ethan was in the passenger’s seat in an instant and the car was getting started in the next moment.

“Put on your seatbelt, ma’am.” Ryan called out without turning around and I bit on my lip and slightly turned around to tug on the seatbelt. It was harder for me to insert the belt hook into it’s house with one hand than I expected and I fought with it for over a minute before my left hand started to grow weak. I was about to give up and release my hold on the seat belt right before Ryan turned around to face me and do the seat belt for me himself.

His fingers mistakenly brushed against my fingers and I grew still until he was done and had tugged his hand away and was turning back around to face the front of the car, before I was able to move my fingers around again.

The car started moving slowly and I quickly cradled my injured arm against myself once again.

The first jolt of the car drew a startled cry out of the depths of my throat and I squeezed my eyes shut tightly as the pain lingered for long moments before finally ebbing away. I was sweating and panting when I peeled my eyes open. A glance at my injured arm showed me that it had become way more swollen than it was back at home.

“I’m so sorry, Mrs Ricci.” Ryan called out and I shook my head instantly. “It’s alright.”

The very next moment, the car jolted hard and I cried out again as my injured arm pressed into the side of the door. Tears threatened to slide down my cheeks any moment from now but I shoved the feeling back down and was determined to live this moment out like an adult that I am.

Me bursting out into tears would be a childish behavior.

And with that in mind, I bit my lips and winced and cried out and squeezed my thighs together until we reached the hospital.

“Mrs Ricci, I am afraid your right arm is sprained badly from the fall you thought was little. It would have been broken assuming you had fallen a little bit harder than you did, which you thankfully didn’t.” The doctor who was a man that looked like he was in his early sixties said to me the moment he made his way into the hospital room I was currently held hostage in.

He had on a doctor’s coat, and a complete suit inside the white coat. A stethoscope hung off his neck and the hair that was graying around the edge of his head as well as a little dusting of grey color in his breads made him appear really alluring.

“Oh.” I echoed slowly as his words sank into my head. I glanced down at my arm which had been prodded and touched and pressed ever since I got to the hospital. Ryan and Ethan had to step outside and give the doctors and I some excuse. A scan got carried out as well as a series of tests, and this doctor— standing a few feet away from my bed with a couple of papers which I felt were the results of my test— was informing me about it.

“I am afraid you’re going to be given a couple of injections today and you’re also going to have to have your arm in a protective sling for a couple of weeks. Jolting the arm around would only end up worsening the sprain and would most assuredly hinder the internal injury from healing up.” The doctor continued and I chewed absentmindedly on my lower lips as I digested all what he was saying to me.

I have to have my arm in a sling?

For weeks?

Urgh. My life is so unbalanced.

“Can’t I do without the sling? I promise not to move it around as much as possible.” I started to say but the doctor only shook his head before coming to stare pointedly at my injured arm— a piece of limb which was swollen and shiny because of the balm that got massaged into it some time again by one of the nurses— and shook his head again as he reached for my arm and suddenly lifted it up.

“Ouch.” I cried out in horror as a sharp pain shot into my veins at the sudden, painful moment. I wanted to wrench my arm away from the doctor’s grip but couldn’t do that because it would only cause me more pain.

“See what I’m talking about? This is more severe than you think and it will do you good if you take it seriously and don’t try to ever take the sling off yourself.” The doctor stated, his eyes studying my arm intently like it was a science project he was trying to unravel.

I nodded my head and let out a relieved sigh as he slowly let go of my arm and took a step back away from me.

“Um, did you say I mustn’t take the sling off myself?” I rephrased to the doctor the moment the words sank deep into my head.

“Yes, Mrs Ricci. Someone would have to help you take it off and put it back on. In order to avoid you not moving the injured limb unnecessarily.” The doctor explained, no longer staring at my arm but at the

perplexed expression on my face at the moment.

“But...”. I started to say but the doctor didn’t let me finish and I swallowed my tongue instantly.

“No buts. It shouldn’t be that hard. After all, it’s for your own good.”

And then he proceeded to write a couple of reports on my file which was on the table in the hospital room I was currently in, before bidding me a good day and exiting the room before I could begin to process everything that was happening.

I sighed and settled more comfortably against the bed I was currently made to lie down in, to no avail. I was told to sleep, ever since I got given a shot to help ease the pain I was feeling, the moment I got here. But as expected, sleep hadn’t been able to come and I didn’t bother trying to force sleep into coming

because I knew it was going to be fruitless.

I was hella uncomfortable, I didn't want to be here and couldn't wait to be out of here.

Hospitals hold one of my darkest memories and I hated anything that involved it.

A knock suddenly sounded on the door and got pushed open before I could respond, making me wonder to myself why the person had even bothered to knock in the first place.

The scowl I had focused on the door turned into a look of shock and I quickly sat up— and winced immediately as pain shot into my arm.

Luca made his way into the hospital room and pushed the door shut behind him, making the room somehow smaller with his presence in it.

“Um,” I started to say before biting my lips and trailing off to glance away when Luca finally stopped beside my bed without saying a thing. I felt embarrassed color flood into my cheeks as I started to imagine just how dumb and stupid I was be looking to him.

I felt extremely naked and venerable and wanted to crawl away and hide away from him, but there was really nothing I could do at the moment.

I had, after all, given myself the broken arm.

“You sure do sleep crazily.” Was the first thing Luca said since he made his way into the room and I sucked in a small breath as more shade of color flood into my cheeks.

It wasn't my fault that I was so uncomfortable around him, now was it?

The words were at the tip of my tongue but I swallowed it back down and finally turned my head around to stare up at him. Our eyes locked and I blinked once, feeling like I was slowly sinking into the depths of his grey eyes once again.

Gosh, for a man as deadly as him, he sure do have the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen.

I broke the eye contact after a few seconds, which felt like long hours to focus it on my twiddling fingers on my sheets covered thighs.

I whipped my head around the moment I felt Luca's finger lightly trailing over my right hand, I glance up at him to find his eyes focused on my injured arm.

"Does it hurt?" He asked in a voice that sounded very different from the voice in which he had used in

growling at me— that kind of voice which makes me react to it in a stupid kind of way.

Not like I find his voice attractive or anything.

No.

“Sofia?” I breathed out a small puff of air and glanced up at him with my lips a little bit parted on hearing him suddenly calling out my name.

“I asked if it hurts.” He rephrased with a blank expression on his face and I blinked again, willing myself to not end up breaking eye contact again like a scared cat.

“Oh. Um, it didn’t hurt because you didn’t touch where was actually injured.” I replied after managing to gather my wandering thoughts.

“Where exactly did you get injured?” He inquired, his finger still lightly grazing the skin around my right wrist and I tried my very best to concentrate on what was happening and not the warmth of his finger slipping into my cold skin.

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