

## BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

### Chapter 20

#### Sofia's POV

“My elbow, upwards.” I replied and blinked again. My lips parted unconsciously and my eyes widened as his finger dragged upwards, all the way from my wrist, slowly towards my elbow and I held my breath as a tingling sensation infused into the depths of my skin at that confusing touch.

His finger lightly grazed over my elbow and my eyes fluttered, before glancing down instantly and sucking in a sharp breath just before a rush of pain flooded into my veins as his finger glided over a spot on my elbow where it was really hurting.

“That’s the spot?” He asked and I nodded my head, feeling a weird kind of feeling gathering in the depths of my stomach.

It was most definitely fear.

I was, after all, scared of him.

He continued his journey and I puffed out a tiny breath when his finger continued, the touch light as a feather as he grazed another injured spot on the edge of my shoulder.

“Ow.” I whispered on a quiet puff when he passed another spot a tiny space away from the previous spot. He pulled his hand away and inserted his hands into his pockets immediately... to my disappointment.

I mean, his finger felt really delicate on my arm, like it could never hurt a fly, even though he could hurt even the most biggest human in the whole world, in reality. That didn't stop me from silently missing the warmth of his finger on my cold skin.

I had been in an armless cloth since morning and was starting to feel cold. It was totally normal for me to welcome a warm human's touch.

Yup.

That's totally it.

And we were literally in the hospital room, where nothing could happen... because it wasn't the privacy of our house. My arm was also sprained as well.

So nothing could happen to me, at least that was what I hoped.

I shifted in my spot on the bed and suddenly felt confused at the kind of thoughts floating around in my head at the moment.

I glanced at Luca who was also staring at me and our eyes locked once again. His hands were buried deep in his suit pockets and he looked really calm and relaxed, something I most definitely wasn't at the moment.

To cut the long story short, I was the complete opposite. My insides were slowly starting to knot up without me realizing it.

"How are you feeling now?" He inquired and I stared down at my injured arm before shrugging my good shoulder.

"Hurting. My arm is hurting really bad." I replied honestly because it felt like he wouldn't believe me if I told him that I was fine, so I opted for honesty instead.

"Have you been given anything for it yet?" He continued to ask and I nodded my head instantly.

“Yeah. I still have a couple of injections to go through, and then I'll hopefully be free to go home.” I replied and glanced up at him to find him watching my arm the way I was doing a moment ago. He glanced up at me the very next second and our eyes locked once again to my embarrassment.

“That’s a good thing then. Be sure to use the medications given to you properly,” He started to say, which sounded so much like he was planning to leave anytime soon.

“You’re leaving?” I asked before I could stop myself and shook my head immediately, rephrasing my sentence instantly. “I meant, yes. I will, sir. I mean, um...” I trailed off on realizing that I was starting to ramble.

“Yes, I am. I’ll see you tonight when I return from

work. Also, be a good girl and do as I say.” He replied in a voice which sounded smooth and almost growly. I sucked in a breath and glanced up at him immediately as his last words sank into my head.

“Um,” I started to say without knowing what I was actually going to say. After a few moments of staring up at him and feeling like I was burning up from the insides due to how deeply he was staring into my eyes, I ducked my head with color flooding into my cheeks and an unknown, weird like feeling gathering in the depths of my stomach.

“Sofia?” He started to say again and I dragged in a slow breath before staring up at him, I was starting to feel sweaty despite how cold I was feeling.

“What’s wrong?” He asked softly and I swallowed emptily and glanced around the hospital room which was empty of any other person except from Luca and

I, before settling my gaze on his face after some time.

“Um, I-“ I started to say before trailing off again, not knowing what to actually say.

“What’s wrong, Sofia?” He asked once again after waiting for me to say something, to no avail.

“Um, nothing. Nothing’s wrong.” I finally breathed out after a long minute. Luca didn’t say anything after that and I blinked down at my finger on my thighs, wondering why it felt like I had said the wrong answer.

Like I had said something I wasn’t supposed to.

Like... like I had lied.

My eyes widened and I breathed out a quiet gasp when his hand suddenly wrapped around my chin tugged my face upwards until I was staring into his

face. His face was blank, the grey eyes feeling like it was about to swallow me up. My eyelids slid lower and my gaze passed over his moving lips for a fleeting second before I pulled my eyes open and was once again staring him straight in the eyes like he wanted me to.

“What’s wrong?” He echoed, his voice still as quiet and calm as before, and maybe a breath lower than it sounded before because I shivered slightly as the two words settled over me slowly.

I shivered again when his gaze roamed over my face and dropped downwards to focus on whatever had held his attention for a few seconds before dragging his gaze back towards my face.

“I’m cold.” I blurted out the first two words that popped into my head, seeing as it was the best and only explanation for what was currently happening to me.

What else could be causing me to feel this kind of way if not cold? The air conditioner was blowing with full force and I was in a sleeveless top, so of course I was feeling cold.

That was also why stupid, embarrassing shivers kept slithering over my body.

Yeah... that's why.

It was kind of... weird.

Yeah, it was weird.

He held my chin and continued to stare quietly at me for a few seconds more before slowly losing his hold from my chin and pulling his hand away. I sucked in a relieved breath and ducked my head immediately, feeling my chest and lungs expand as I dragged in

slow breaths into it.

I didn't know what to make out of what just happened and so I focused on my fingers, wishing different unintelligible thoughts weren't swimming around in my head at the same time.

A rustling sound made me slowly peek upwards, only to find Luca unbuttoning his suit jacket. I felt color flood into my cheeks the moment what he was about to do registered in my mind.

“Um, you don't have to.” I mumbled feebly, my embarrassment making my voice echo quietly.

I wasn't all that cold, and it wasn't even right for him to hand over his suit jacket to me.

I mean, maybe I was a little bit cold... or a lot cold.

But I hadn't expected him to offer me his jacket. I had only blurted out those words just to satisfy him, not because I wanted him to care for me or something.

I watched as he shrugged out of his suit jacket and bit on my lower lips a tiny black button in the middle of his chest strained as he bent his arm to tug his arms out of the jacket.

Gosh, he was so big... and his inner shirt looked like it was struggling with life with the way it strained back there.

He successfully pulled the jacket off and glanced down at me once again, I ducked my head the moment our eyes locked and flushed in embarrassment. I watched from the corner of my eyes as he closed the small distance between us and draped the suit jacket over my shoulder.

I breathed out a deep, slow sigh and burrowed into the texture of the suit without even realizing it. It was extra softer than I expected it to feel like and smelt really, really nice. It smelt so much like the bed sheets and blankets back at home, it smelt like our bedroom... it smelt like Luca.

Luca was the owner of the smell which I had come to love profusely without knowing who actually owns it at the very start.

I— wow. Wow. I had no idea.

I've had no reason to go really close to him after our wedding day and have barely exchanged words with him since our wedding day, four days ago... until today.

All because I had sprained my arm.

Dumb me.

“Thank you.” I whispered up at him and gratefully burrowed more closely into the jacket. It was really big and swallowed me up instantly.

I really was small, compared to him.

He stared down at me without saying a thing and instead reached forward to tug his jacket more closely around my injured arm and I muttered a silent ‘thank you’ to him, feeling self conscious as ever.

Being the center of his attention was really unnerving and it was leaving weird feelings behind in my stomach. My stomach was starting to knot up due to how I was slowly starting to become nervous.

A knock suddenly resounded on the hospital door, breaking through the hazy aura surrounding me and I

jolted a little and stared straight at it, chewing on my lower lips and wondering if I was supposed to invite whoever it was that was knocking, in.

Luca thankfully stepped in before I could proceed to overthink it and spoke up, his voice firm and still managing to be quiet. I shivered slightly and tugged the suit tighter around me as the next words echoed around the hospital room. “Who is it?”

Those words were regular, simple words, but I had no idea why they were suddenly making me feel weird thoughts once they rolled off Luca’s tongue.

“It’s the doctor.” An unfamiliar voice echoed back from behind the closed hospital door.

“Come in.” Luca echoed back and I blinked confusingly as to why he suddenly inserted his hands back into his pocket. The moment the door got

pushed open and the said doctor made his way inside, the tiny bubble that it felt like I was in, vanished immediately.

“How are you feeling, Mrs Ricci?” The doctor who was a lot younger than the doctor who had pronounced my arm not broken but badly sprained, said in greetings as he made his way into the room and closed the door a little too loudly for my liking behind him.

“Good day, Mr Ricci.” He bowed his head a little at Luca in respect. I didn’t catch what Luca said in reply to him but it felt like he only nodded his head at him in response.

I wasn’t looking at Luca so I couldn’t tell.

“I’m here to give you your remaining injections medications and write your prescriptions for you and also to sling up your arm.” The doctor informed me

and I swallowed emptily, shifting uneasily on the bed and feeling extremely cold all over again, despite the fact that I was thoroughly cocooned in Luca's suit.

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