

## BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

### Chapter 21

#### Sofia's POV

“I’ll be on my way now,” Luca suddenly said beside me and I glanced up at him immediately and nodded my head, not knowing if the feelings suddenly floating through my veins were that of relief or something close to disappointment.

It has got to be disappointment, because for some unexpected reason, I was kinda enjoying his presence here with me.

It’s probably because we’ve barely exchanged words since we got married, until today.

“I’ll see you later.” He murmured quietly as he stared down at me and I nodded my head slowly, my teeth tugging on one side of my lower lips one sidedly.

I watched as Luca turned around and faced the doctor who was staring at Luca and I from the top of the sheets he was obviously pretending to be going through.

“How much is everything?” Luca asked without taking his eyes off me and my lips moved in protest immediately. “But um, I can pay myself. I have my card with me.” I mumbled quietly in disagreement and flushed in embarrassment a moment later as the words I said a second ago registered in my head.

But it was his money that was in the black card... which means it was still the same thing.

Luca ignored my feebly protest without batting an eye and my mouth dropped open the moment the doctor called out the amount of my hospital bills in total.

“You’ve got a checkbook on you at the moment?” He demanded of the doctor almost immediately and the doctor nodded his head immediately and whipped out what resembled a receipt book from one of the pockets of his white coat before handing it to Luca.

Luca stared at the doctor's face silently for a fleeting second before accepting the checkbook and writing something on it before returning it back to the doctor who pocketed it without glancing at it.

Luca pocketed one of his hands in his pants pocket and was out of the hospital a few seconds later... and he didn't give me another look before finally leaving and shutting the door behind him.

Making me start to question myself almost immediately.

What was I expecting in the first place? For him to

suddenly start being all nice and mushy?

It sounds stupid even in my own head.

The doctor rubbed his hands together and stared down at me with a small grin which made him appear almost creepy and I shuddered in irritation and pulled the suit jacket more tightly around me just as the doctor murmured beneath his breath.

“Where were we?”

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Sitting on the chilled tiles on the balcony overlook the busy streets of Venice, I dragged in a slow, deep breath and burrowed into Luca’s jacket which I currently had around me.

I had left the hospital hours ago with my bodyguards

and I had a little thing to eat some hours after I got back home, then I had tried to sleep because the doctors had been reminding me to make sure I get enough sleep seeing as it would apparently hasten my recovery. I managed to get an hour of sleep and that was it, I gave up trying after that.

It was currently some minutes after seven a.m and I had decided to come out to the balcony and sit by myself and the cold evening air for a while. At the very last moment, I had decided to come out here with Luca's suit jacket because it was still so warm—surprisingly and still smelt so much like him.

I had planned to put the jacket away once I got back from the hospital and return the jacket to him whenever I get to exchange some words with him, because I had a feeling I'd have been fast asleep before he return home tonight... and I was going to try my possible best to drink a little water as possible so

as not to have any reason to get up in the middle of the night to empty my bladder.

But me using it one more time, right now, before returning it to him wouldn't hurt.

It wasn't like he had to know.

I shifted a little on the floor and moved my sling up my arm a little, as expected, it didn't budge on me a bit—which I was really grateful for. Assuming it had still been able to move despite the fact that it was in a sling, I'd have just been hurting throughout.

But I thankfully didn't feel any pain now — I haven't actually felt any pain in that arm since I returned home, I knew it was because of something that got injected into me and I knew that that arm was going to hurt really badly tomorrow morning.

I picked up my phone and it automatically got unlocked once my face got scanned. I couldn't still properly operate it despite the fact that the guys who had sold the phone to me showed me so many ways in which I could use in operating the phone, they also made it seem like it wasn't going to be complicated when trying to figure your way around it— but they had lied because it was really complicated to use, which was why I still haven't been able to do a lot on the phone.

I didn't know who I could ask to assist me a little. I could ask one of the guards but I didn't know if that was a part of their jobs... after all, their job was to watch over me and accompany me wherever I wanted to go.

My mind wandered around for some time and settled on my brother after a few seconds. I breathed out a slow, deep sigh and leaned more freely against the

balcony.

Without the beautiful protective bars around the balcony, I'd have found myself on the ground in a second if I had tried coming out here and sitting out here. But thanks to the supportive banister, it almost gave me no choice to attempt anything stupid.

Like to jump over the balcony and see what was going to happen.

If I was going to still be alive, that is.

I shoved the dark thoughts that were about to start overwhelming me out of my mind and hastily dragged in deep breaths into my lungs.

I wonder what Angelo was up to at the moment... I wonder what he had been up to these past few days after I got married, four days ago.



He must probably be thinking I was suffering and being treated badly...

He most probably didn't get any sleep the night I got married because he'd be thinking my husband had forced himself on me, he had probably spent that night planning Luca's death.

If only he knew that Luca hasn't done a thing to me since that day.

I mean, I knew expecting him to do something – anything he wanted to do to me– to get it done and over with, but for reasons unknown to me, he hadn't done one damn thing to me.

And I couldn't believe it on some days.

I was extremely happy he hadn't pounced... yet, but

that was the thing.

He was unknowingly making me grow more nervous day after day, because I'd always be unconsciously expecting him to just get it over with and do whatever he wanted with me— I'd forever be thinking it was going to happen, until it ends up happening, that is.

And that's the thing. It was most definitely going to end up happening. We were married and were expected to become one that way.

I was also expected to birth him a child — an heir — a thought which I'd rather not house in my head for the time being.

I still felt like a child on most days and wouldn't know what to do with a child in moments like this.

I sighed and moved into a different, more comfortable

position until I was laying on the cold tiles on the ground in the balcony.



I wonder what my mother and father's first thoughts were after they returned home from my wedding ceremony without me.

Happy? Relieved?

My lips twisted into a line and I squeezed my eyes shut for a while as my mind wandered and traveled. They had probably been relieved, thankful and happy that their daughter had been successfully married off to the mafia lord— a man whom my father owed a

ridiculously huge amount of money and had chosen to exchange me off for his own greedy use.

And my mother had folded her hands behind her back and watched silently as her daughter got used as a sacrificial lamb... she hadn't even bothered putting up a fight.

She had been excited about the wedding even, and had been disappointed that I wasn't jumping up in excitement when they had broken the sickening news to me.

Can I hate both of them any more than I do?

Kids loving their parents profusely and trusting them so much, children being so in love and feeling extremely safe around their parents... never happened here in the mafia. There was almost nothing like love between kids and their parents,

except a few of my former friends back in school who had been really close with their mothers, unlike me, back then.

Parents only get super protective over their children here because their children were an asset to them — for them to either marry off for their own selfish reasons, or for them to strengthen a bond between two families, or to secure a spot in a higher ranking family... everything all burned down to them doing everything they do, including putting tight security on their daughters and never giving them any kind of breathing space while growing up — all just so they could be protected and kept safe until they'd come of age and finally be of use.

The sound of the balcony sliding door getting pulled open made my eyes snap open immediately and I sat up and blinked up at the figure standing at the doorway. The sky had darkened more than I expected

which made it really hard for me to figure out who it was that was standing there. I shivered and tugged the jacket tight around me like it was suddenly an amour and tried to think of what I could say in a situation like this.

“Mrs Ricci?” The quiet voice got carried around by the evening breeze and the breath I had been holding whooshed out of my lungs on a relieved sigh as I registered the owner of the voice almost immediately.

“Ryan?” I breathed out, my hands still clutching the jacket lapels tightly.

“Yes, ma’am. It’s Ryan.” He replied, his voice sounding a little louder than it was a moment ago and I puffed out another breath again.

“You scared me back there, for a second.” I breathed out as I moved into a more upright position and



leaned my back against the cold banister once again.

“I never intended to do that, please pardon me, ma’am.” He replied almost immediately, his voice becoming more familiar in my head even more.

“It’s alright.” I replied in a reassuring tone, brushing his apology off instantly even though he had managed to scar me really well, moments ago.

“How’s your arm?” He asked and my left fingers automatically found their way over my right arm and I allowed my cold fingertips to graze lightly against the skin of my right arm, starting from my wrist— the way Luca had done in the hospital.

“It feels numb, I can barely feel it so it’s pretty good that way.” I answered Ryan after a little while and at the same time bit on my lower lip as I pulled my fingers off my skin in the very next moment before I

could proceed.

Just what was that?

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