

## BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

### Chapter 22

#### Sofia's POV

A quick image of Luca running his finger against my skin flashed in my head for a fleeting second and I shook my head to get the image out of my head as I slowly pushed myself to my feet.

I'm not going to think about that anymore.

It was just him trying to figure out where I was hurting, and nothing more.

"Did you want anything, Ryan?" I asked once I was standing on my feet and sliding my feet carefully into my fluffy, warm slippers.

"Oh, no I didn't. I just wanted to check how you were faring." He replied and I felt a small smile tug at the

corner of my lips.

“I’m doing just fine, there’s no need to worry about me.” I dismissed his worry immediately even though it has warmed my heart that he has cared enough to still come check how I was doing.

At least there were some people who still cared about me... or act like they do at least, apart from my younger brother who was back at home.

“Thank you though.” I added lastly before crouching and picking my phone up and slowly making my way towards the doorway where he was still standing. The clouds were full of darkness now and the stars were out already, twinkling and sparkling in the dark sky. I’d have loved to sit by myself some more and enjoy the beautiful sight, but after being interrupted and scared by Ryan, I surprisingly wasn’t in the mood anymore.

He took some steps back once I got to the doorway and I stepped through the walkway, into the mansion once again. Ryan walked around me and shut the door behind me through the wide space where we were both standing.

The lights turned on here were a bright white color which burned into my eyes for a few moments after I made my way in here. I tugged the suit jacket around me with my good arm and glanced up at him as he locked the door and imputed a pin in the lock pad securely.

Everything in here was that classy.

He turned around once he was done and I ducked my head instantly, not wanting to meet his eyes for any reason.

I made my way down the hall and ascended the stairs

carefully, being fully aware of Ryan walking a few feet away from me. I made my way directly into the kitchen and smiled softly who beamed brightly the moment she spotted me.

“Good evening, Sofia!” She gushed out excitedly and I waved at her a little with my left hand. She had been cooking something a moment ago but left it and walked towards me, concern emerging on her face and mingling with the excited expression that occupied her whole face, a second ago.

“How’s your arm, ma’am?” She asked as she unconsciously reached for the suit lapels still wrapped around my shoulder. I took a step back and shook my head which made her snap back into reality and throw her hands up apologetically.

“Oh my, I’m so sorry, ma’am. I got carried away again, I remember you not wanting me to touch it this

morning as well.” She apologized immediately and I nodded my head as I gnawed on my lower lips while glancing over my shoulder at Ryan who was still hovering around.

“Yes, that. It was because it was hurting then, that was why.” I started to explain, leaving the part that it was also because she was always too high spirited and energized and might jolt my arm too much, this morning, to myself as I continued. “And now, I don’t really wanna pull this jacket off my shoulder because I’m feeling a little bit cold.”

“Isn’t this Mr Ricci’s suit jacket?” Matilda suddenly asked as she stared pointedly at the suit jacket like she was just recognizing it.

“Yes, it is. He came over to the hospital and ended up giving it to her before leaving.” Ryan replied over my shoulder before I could start thinking up what to say in

reply to Matilda and I watched as a smile started to spread out across her rosy cheeks.

“Oh my god, that’s like the sweetest thing he has ever done, and he did it to you!” Matilda cried out, excitement shining brightly in the depths of her eyes. I shook my head immediately, trying to make sense out of what she was saying.

“No, no. It wasn’t like that. He only gave it to me because I was feeling cold, that’s all.” I explained to her but she shook her head and waved my argument off with her fingers.

“That’s the thing! He never does that. He’s not that kind of person.” Matilda continued to argue but I shook my head adamantly as I walked around her and stopped against the counter to lean against it.

“It’s probably because he has never gotten a wife

before, so he has never felt obligated to her before. That's the thing. There's nothing behind his gesture, don't sweat it." I said from my spot against the counter and I watched as Matilda remained quiet for a few minutes before puffing out a slow breath. Ryan remained quiet as well, leaning against the door way.

Matilda made her way towards the stove and stired whatever it was that she was making. It smelt really nice and I was starting to get hungrier than I expected, seeing as I've only had a little thing to eat since I got back from the hospital, for the whole day.

"I don't know..." Matilda started to say once she was done stirring what she was making and I decided to cut in, not wanting her to continue to access what was never there in the first place.

"What are you making for dinner?" I inquired and that did the trick immediately because Matilda beamed

widely and started explaining the dish she was making and how she has decided to make it specially just for me. She went on and on and I wasn't complaining, it was exhilarating watching the joy on her face as she talked about something she obviously loved with this much passion.

I've never loved something with this much zeal and passion before, so it was beautiful watching the smile and excitement take over every space on her face and she gushed and explained everything there was to know about the dish she was preparing.

She suddenly stopped as she was washing her hands at the sink and turned around slowly with a sheepish expression on her face.

"I'm so sorry, ma'am. I got carried away back there." She apologized meekly but I smiled at her and shook my head.



“No, no. I don’t mind. Watching you talk about something you love that much was beautiful. You are beautiful, and when you talked about your passion for cooking back there, your face just seemed like it was lighting and glowing. It was beautiful, really.” I said to her softly and I watched as shock passed over her face at first, before happiness, surprise and then satisfaction.

“Oh wow, I had no idea you could see me in that kind of light.” She started to say, her voice coming out softer than it usually was. “I mean, everyone used to think I was just blabbing and making unnecessary noises each time I start to talk about cooking and everything that involves it.” She paused and laughed softly but her voice caught and broke at the end of the latch like she was about to cry, “Except Sarah, that is.” She continued with a small laugh and full on sniffed this time before turning around and facing the

sinking once again.

“The people who don't see you in that light have no idea about the kind of goodness they've missed out in this life. I meant it when I said you glowed back then, it was really beautiful and I wished more people would be able to see it the way I did.” I said again, glad that I had made her feel good about herself tonight and bummed that there were some kind of people in this world who thought she was just making noises and blabbing each time she started talking about her passion. Matilda could be loud and too much sometimes, the few days I've spent here with her made me realize that. But she was also a free spirited human who deserved all the good things in this world and I wished everyone could see that as well.



“How can you be eighteen and sound really smarter than almost everyone I’ve met?” She asked without turning around and I cracked a smile, taking what she said as a compliment because it sounded so much like one.

She turned back around before I could say something else and started apologizing. “That was rude of me and I shouldn’t have said that.” Matilda started to say but I cut into her apology before she could complete it, not being put off one bit by her statement.

“It’s alright, I don’t mind.” I reassured her and I watched as a small smile finally appeared on her face after a few moments before she continued to stir what she was making on the stove.

“Don’t you want to have a seat, ma’am? Your legs must be starting to hurt.” Matilda paused in the throes of what she was stirring again and turned around to say to me.

“Oh, I do. But the high chairs are too high for me and I’d have to jump to get on one of them... and I can’t do that with my arm in a sling now. So...” I trailed off and shrugged my good shoulder before shifting my weight from foot to foot.

Matilda only stood still for a few seconds before turning towards the doorway and speaking to Ryan whom I had already forgotten was still standing there.

“Can you please get a chair from one of the chairs in the dining room and Mrs Ricci?” She asked and Ryan agreed and was out of the kitchen, into the door adjoining the kitchen and the dining room together, before I could say a thing.

I pursed my lips to stop the argument that was about to tumble out from my mouth back down since my legs were actually starting to hurt and I wanted to sit down so bad.

Ryan returned with the chair and placed it against the counter, a few feet away from the spot I was standing in.

“Thank you.” I said quietly as I hesitated for a few seconds for an unknown reason before gratefully sinking into the seat and trying to ignore the way the two other people in the room were staring at me.

“I’ll be outside with Ethan, we want to check out some things together.” Ryan said to me before turning around and heading towards the doorway of the kitchen.

“Wait.” I said before I could stop myself. He paused in his tracks and turned back around to stare at me quietly.

“Why don’t you and Ethan have dinner with us? Matilda prepared enough, didn’t you Matilda?” I referred the last part to Matilda and turned my head around to stare at her while waiting for her clarification.

“Unfortunately not, I’m so sorry, ma’am. I had no idea you wanted them to eat with us so I only made a small potion for you, Sarah and I.” She explained with a dejected expression and I bit my lips as an embarrassed color flooded my cheeks.

Just how dumb was I to purpose some people stay behind to eat dinner with us, without checking first and confirming that there was enough for everyone.

I'm so dumb.

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