

## BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

### Chapter 23

#### Sofia's POV

“It’s alright, I guess.” I replied to her before turning back to Ryan who had an unreadable expression on his face. He always had this same expression on his face so there was no way someone would be able to figure out what he was thinking or how he was feeling by just glancing at his face.

“Um, how about tomorrow? It would be really nice if the both of you could have dinner here, so when you leave here at almost midnight, you wouldn’t have to get dinner again.” I proposed to him and watched as he leaned against the kitchen’s door before replying.

“I am afraid that won’t be possible, ma’am. Mr Ricci wouldn’t be cool with it.”

“Why not? There’s no harm there, is there?”

I demanded, flabbergasted by the amount of unspoken rules that were in the mafia.

“I don’t know, ma’am. It’s kind of a disrespectful act from us to you if we eat together.” Ryan explained and I gaped at him unbelievably for a few seconds.

“Are you kidding me?” I demanded before turning around to glance at Matilda to confirm if she had heard what I had heard. She didn’t seem unfazed one bit, she only shrugged like it was a normal thing everyone was suddenly supposed to know.

“That’s the truth, ma’am.” He echoed once again and I puffed out a deep breath. Which made me start to reminisce back to my life growing up how the guards had never sat with us to eat at the table.

But I had never been fond of any of them so it has never really occurred to me why they never ever sat with us.

But this was totally different.

“I’ll speak to Luca about it, don’t worry about it.” I finally ended up saying as my teeth worked my lower lip around and my fingers fiddled with themselves inside the warmth of the jacket.

I didn’t know how I was actually going to speak to Luca about it, since he had after all only been returning home from work late in the night when I’d have been fast asleep.

I was going to find a way though.

Ryan finally left for where he said he was going to and I exchanged a few words with Matilda until the food

was ready.

“Where’s Sarah?” I asked her once she started dishing the food and setting up the table.

“Oh, she’d be down soon. In a few minutes, probably. She went to take a nap.” Matilda explained and I nodded my head slowly in understanding as a quiet ‘oh’ escaped my parted lips.

“You know she isn’t all that strong anymore, like the way she used to be... long before you came here.” Matilda continued and I watched her glide effortlessly across the kitchen, into the dining room and back to the kitchen once again.

“How long have you worked here?” I asked her as I stood up from my seat, tired of watching her working and making me feel idle as ever.

She smiled knowingly at me and picked the bottles of water before I could reach for them and made her way past me, straight into the dining room. I pouted at her when she came back into the room and she grinned while shaking her head.

“You’re injured, and shouldn’t stress yourself one bit. Just stay here, the table would be completely set up in a few minutes and we’d all have dinner together.

I sighed and sank back into my seat, grateful that she had insisted I don’t do a thing. I was starting to feel weaker than I expected I’d ever get just from a sprained arm.

Who knew a sprained arm could weaken someone’s whole system?

“So when did you start working here?” I asked again, needing something to talk about so I don’t sink into

my lonely thoughts swirling around in my mind.

“I started working here five years ago.” She replied and I waited patiently before she continued. “When I started working here, Sarah guided me so much because it was all new to me back then. She was also really healthy back then, compared to now.”

I wanted to ask about Sarah’s health and if what was wrong with her was really severe, and if she was going to be alright but I swallowed the worry and words that was on the tip of my tongue. I had a feeling that despite how loud Matilda was and how she loved talking, she wasn’t going to want to talk to me about whatever it was that was wrong with Sarah.

I was going to have to end up asking her myself.

I made my way to the dining room with Matilda leaving the way once she done settling the table and

sank into one of the seats. Matilda excused herself to go get Sarah and I nodded my head and waited on them. It took longer than I expected for them to emerge back to the dining room and I stared pointedly at Sarah as secretive as I could without being too obvious while trying to see if there was a way I could figure out what was wrong with her health by just staring at her.

Unfortunately for me, it only looked like she still looked a little bit sleepy as sank into the seat opposite mine. She smiled at me once she noticed my face and shielded her mouth with the back of her hand as she coughed into it before putting her hand away and staring back at me.

“Is something the matter, Sarah.” I inquired, feeling genuinely concerned as I took in her facial expression and tried to figure out if there was anything off about how she looked at the moment.

But she looked pretty much the same... except for the sleep still lingering in her somewhat dim eyes.

It could only be because she wasn't fully awake yet.

"No, there's nothing wrong, Sofia. Everything's alright with me. I just decided to get a late nap because I was feeling tired this evening, that's all." Sarah explained with a small smile tugging at the sides of her lips. I was almost about to believe her had it been I hadn't caught the glance Matilda and she had exchanged just as she dismissed my worry.

Which pinged my radar in my head immediately.

Something was definitely wrong, somewhere.

But she didn't want me to know... yet, at least.



And I wasn't going to force it out of her.

"How's your arm now? Is it still hurting the way it was this morning?" She asked, changing the topic immediately and moving it towards my direction. I acted like I didn't know what she was trying to do and shook my head with a dismissive wave of my left hand which was peeking out of the jacket I still had around me.

"It's better now, I guess? And no, it doesn't hurt anymore. It doesn't even feel anything for now, so I have a feeling I am going to feel the actual pain tomorrow morning once the drugs injected into me must have probably waned off." I replied as I slowly shrugged the jacket off my shoulder and placed it in the empty seat beside me.

"That's the master's suit jacket." Matilda said to Sarah while pointing at the discarded jacket and a quiet

laugh escaped my lips, Matilda was so unbelievable.

“It is? She took it from his closet because she was cold? Would the master be cool with that?” Sarah asked Matilda with a worried expression covering her face in her instant. I made to reply but Matilda beat me to it.

“That’s the thing! The Master gave it to her himself.” Matilda continued and Sarah just looked confused once Matilda’s words sank into her head.

“He came back home while I was taking a nap? And you could come wake me up.” Sarah said the last few words to Matilda as she hit her arm and I watched as Matilda scowled and rubbed her wrist before continuing.

“No, he didn’t. He went to see The young Mistress in the hospital, and he gave the jacket to her himself

because she was feeling cold.” Matilda explained further and I watched as Sarah smiled softly before turning towards me. I started to shake my head before she could start to say something.



“He only gave me the jacket because I was feeling cold and was only in a sleeveless top. That’s all.” I said to her but her smile only widened, making me groan silently in my head.

“Sounds like someone’s starting to become a favourite of the master.” Sarah murmured as she reached for her bottle of water and unscrewed the cap before pouring a little of it into a glass cup.

I wonder what their reactions would be if they realized that it wasn’t what they were both thinking because we barely talk. How did I become his favorite without us talking at all? Back there at the hospital was the only place where we had both talked, apart from our wedding night...

I wonder what their reactions would be like if they realized that I was still a virgin and that their master dto haven't taken what was his from me... just how would I become his favorite without him doing that to me at least?

Did he even seem like the type to keep favorites?

Do I even look like I want to be tagged as his favorite?

No, thank you.

They were both huge, ridiculous romantics.

"It's not like that, believe me. He just felt obligated, that's all." I reassured Sarah as I reached for my fork and tugged the plate of food before me.

"You do know that the master doesn't ever feel obligated to anyone or anything. He only ever does

something if he wants to.” Sarah said in reply and I paused my fork midway with the food clinging to it. Lowering the fork slowly back on my plate, I unscrewed my bottle of water and filled up my glass cup before picking it up and taking a huge gulp from it.

“Oh.” I mumbled quietly after I had taken at least two mouthfuls of water.

Matilda only shrugged with a small smile and Sarah sat still while watching me quietly as well. I ignored their gazes, not knowing what to say and finally settled on pretending like I didn’t know they were waiting on my reply as I picked up my fork of food and shoved it into my mouth.

They thankfully dropped the subject and focused on eating their foods. After a while, everyone was done eating and Sarah along with Matilda cleared off the

table. I tugged the suit jacket over my shoulders once again, pointedly ignoring Sarah and Matilda's long, knowing stares as I made my way into the cold room to grab a small carton of juice.

The meal Matilda had prepared consisted of spicy beefsteaks and spicy sauce. It wasn't something I couldn't handle and I was kind of glad it was spicy, as it had managed to chase the cold that had managed to seep into my body through the pores on my skin, in the form of perspiration.

I wasn't feeling cold any longer but for some selfish reasons, had still decided to hang Luca's jacket around me once I was done eating.

It was probably because I was going to return it to him tonight and would most definitely never get to feel the warm texture of his jacket against my skin.



So I was savoring my last moments with it.

Making my way into the cold room, I welcomed the cold which seeped into my skin and through the jacket around my shoulder before picking up a pack of juice from the row of juice arranged in a small fridge located in one part of the cold room before exiting it.

I bid Sarah and Matilda a good night, thanked them for taking care of me and the nice dinner before making my way straight to my bedroom and shutting the door quietly behind me.

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