

BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

Chapter 24

Luca's POV

I walked out of the hospital room and closed the door quietly behind me, the ever distracting facial expression of Sofia when I had informed her that I was leaving, and the look she had worn throughout the small conversation that occurred between us before the doctor came in, was still brightly imprinted on the front of my mind. I inserted my hands deep into my pants pockets and glanced at the roof of the hallway of the hospital, directly staring into the security cameras located on the four corners of the roof.

I got into one of the empty elevators and sighed silently when someone placed his foot in between the doors, stopping it from sliding close, and it slid back open after a fleeting seconds to reveal the face of

someone I'd rather not see at the moment.

“Good day, Luca.”

“What are you doing here, Richie?” I sighed out in a voice void of any emotion a few minutes after he had made his way into the elevator to stand on the other side of the elevator, keeping a wide amount of space between us.

Richie and I had been friends, once. It was a long time ago, when we were still kids. Identifying him as one of my ex friends seemed too far-fetched. Richie and I were never all that close, we were both involved in the mafia somehow, that was one of the many things that made us start talking at first.

Being in the mafia from birth and getting brought up in a particular lifestyle, meant even the school I went to while growing up, knew the kind of lifestyle their kids'

parents were into. The school had its own bodyguards which was to keep the whole students safe and protected from anyone and anything— their mantra was: once your child comes into our school, their well-being and safety is automatically entrusted into our arms, right until they leave the school premises. If anything was to befall any of the students while in the school premises, the school would get sued and would have to pay whatever due requested by the child's parents.

Richie and I met one day during break, in the playground. I could remember everything as clear as day, it might have happened decades ago, but my retentive memory was sharp as fuck.

“Visiting the hospital, obviously.” Richie replied in a low voice and I studied him from our reflections in the mirrors of the elevator doors.

“Could have fooled me, thought you were tailing me and wanting to all up in my business.” I mused after a few seconds, my voice carrying a air of authority like it normally does.

Despite all that has gone down between us in the past, he’d always have to be respectful to me, whether he wants to or not.

“I can’t do that, I have more... important things up on my sleeves.” He replied and I watched as a scowl crept into his once relaxed facial expression, making the lines in his forehead more prominent and outlined.

I didn’t bother giving him any other reply, I was obviously bigger than him mentally and would be acting like the bigger person here, because that was usual style and I wasn’t going to be changing that because of Richie.

The elevator finally landed on the last floor and slide open, I puffed my chest out and moved my shoulders around a little without taking my hands out of my pants pocket as I made my way out of the elevator, vividly aware of Richie falling into steps behind me.

“Er, a word, Luca?” His voice finally drifted up from his spot behind me and I slowed down before pausing in my tracks.

“What’s that?” I demanded without bothering to face him, I wasn’t worried about Richie trying anything stupid on me like stabbing me in my neck now that my back was turned to him, or blowing my brains off because I wasn’t looking at him.

Richie and I might have a past together, but that didn’t stop him from being automatically part of the mafia family.

Not like I trusted anybody in the mafia.

“I want to talk to you about something, I might need your help for something important and...” He started to say almost immediately, in a voice low and barely audible. Only a few people were walking around here on the last floor and some of those said people were throwing me curious glances, while some were openly looking at me and drinking me up.

I was used to getting this kind of attention wherever I go, here in the mafia, and in some neighboring mafias. I wasn't popular in the states and I was extremely thankful and grateful for that.

People in the states were not aware of the fact that this kind of lifestyle we live out here was indeed a reality here and not a fictional story like they used to think it only was. Only a few people who were also involved in the underground business were aware of

the kind of things our lifestyle entails, which was a really good thing.

“Make an appointment with my secretaries and come see me, we will discuss whatever you want us to discuss then.” I said to Richie who was still standing behind my shoulder, my voice just as low as his was, moments ago.

“I...” He wanted to say something else at first, it was obvious in the stall in his voice before he finally replied, “Alright, thank you.

I didn’t say a thing to that, nor acted like I noticed the stall in his voice as I made my way away from the stop I was in for a few minutes, all the way outside the hospital this time, and I was aware throughout that he didn’t continue to walk in my footsteps, like he did at first the moment we exited the elevator together.

The guards situated outside the hospital doors bowed their heads respectively as I made a way out the doorway, into the afternoon sun and the cool breeze of Venice.

Two of my personal bodyguards, which I had assigned over to Sofia the day after we got married, lifted up from their reclined position from the car they were once leaning against and discussed quietly the moment they sighted my presence.

I paused a few feet away from the car with my hands still lodged deep in my pockets and both guards bowed their heads down slightly in respect, and in sync. “Good afternoon, Mr Ricci.”

“Ethan, Ryan.” I murmured as they lifted their heads up and kept their hands behind their backs, their heads raised high.

“How did you find out about Sofia’s injured arm?” I asked, because the territorial part of me had been in complete disarray ever since I got called and informed about the said injury.

The part of me that had been next to dead inside of me throughout my whole life.

“Mrs Ricci came into the kitchen and started calling out for the housekeeper, I heard her from the sitting room and went to meet her when it was obvious the housekeeper wasn’t going to be replying to her.”

Ryan, one of the two guards started to say and I nodded my head once as I silently questioned myself why I was suddenly concerned about all these?

“And so i went in there and asked her if there was anything I could help her with since it was obvious to me that she needed something, she told me she didn’t need anything, but then I noticed that she was

clutching her right elbow and her skin was paler than normal, which was what spiked my attention. I asked her if there was something wrong with her arm, she said there wasn't anything wrong with it at first but changed her mind and told me she fell off the bed this morning."

"I inspected it, and by the look of it, it seemed really serious, and so I informed her that we were going to be visiting the hospital for her to get her hand checked out." Ryan finally paused and flexed his fingers before continuing.

I tugged out my phone from my pocket and texted my driver to come pick me up. After dropping me off at the hospital, he had driven off with James in it to a meeting which James and I were supposed to attend together, but I had asked James to go on without me and drop me off here at the hospital because a nagging part of my mind just wouldn't be at rest if I hadn't satisfied it by going to see Sofia and confirming that she was indeed fine, by myself. As

“She refused to go to a hospital at first though, for reasons best known to her because she didn't share her reasons for not wanting to get checked up at a

hospital.”

“She refused?” I echoed quietly, my mind turning the particular detail around in my head, perhaps she was afraid of hospitals...

“She did at first, but agreed to come to the hospital the moment I said I was going to give you a call and let you know that she didn’t want to visit the clinic.”

Ryan explained while Ethan remained quiet throughout, making me guess that he wasn’t anywhere around them when the whole thing had unfolded.

Oh? Interesting...

“The doctors would be done with her in some minutes, go wait for her upstairs. Once she’s done, get her home safely and tell Sarah I said to make sure she get some sleep.” I instructed Ryan and once he

indicated copying my instructions, I turned around and walked away from them, towards the wide open gates of the hospital.

The Masaretti which I had ridden this in morning in slowly drove towards me before finally stopping a few feet away from me. The front doors got pushed open and the driver along with one of the guards who had ridden with James and I stepped out from the car. I pulled the door open before they could step around and get to it before briskly sliding into the back seat and slamming the door shut.

The car slowly pulled away from the hospital premises and into the busy roads. James was on a call with someone so he only eyed me from the corner of his eyes, looking at me with a look that judged silently. I ignored him and turned towards the front of the car before leaning forward and tapping on the button which rolled the demarcation glass upwards to

seclude the backspace to ourselves, giving us more than enough privacy.

“How did the meeting go?” I asked James the moment after he ended the call with whoever it was that he was talking to.

“It was alright, the majority of the plans have been changed though. The list has been retouched a little as well. The map and the list would be sent over in a few days.” James started to say and I listened attentively, not having any problems with the fact that some changes had been made to the plan without my consent, James wasn’t just someone closer than a best friend to me, James was also my right hand man and someone’s judgment I trust so much.

I don’t ever have to worry about him making a bad decision without me in the picture, that was how good of a right hand man he was.

“That’s nice. They didn’t mind my absence, did they?”
I asked and James shook his head before replying.

“Nah, they weren’t too bothered about it because I was there at least.”

“That’s a good thing then.”

James eyed me from the side of his eyes this time, his eyes ghosting over my body in a fast second.

I narrowed my eyes at him when he didn’t look away yet. “What?” I demanded.

“Where’s your suit jacket?” He asked and the side of my lips twitched once before I slowly glanced down at myself and took in my appearance.

Oh.

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