

BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

Chapter 25

Luca's POV

"I gave it to Sofia."

James eyed me from the corners of his eyes and remained silent for a while longer before turning his face around to look me properly in the eye.

"You gave your suit jacket to your wife?" He inquired, sounding almost shocked and confused... even I was starting to rethink that particular gesture of mine now that it was starting to sink in.

"Yes, I did." I replied and turned away from him, staring straight at the dark glass demarcation with half lidded eyes.

"Why?"

“She was feeling cold, so I decided to give it to her.” I explained, having no idea why it slowly started to feel like I was defending myself for what I did.

“That’s a very intriguing information.” James mused in a throaty voice and I absentmindedly scrubbed my right hand over the material of my suit pants.

“Oh, shut up.” I drawled out and James barked out a small laugh.

“What? Did I say anything?” James demanded as he picked up his phone from on top of his pants when it started to vibrate against his thigh, a signal of an incoming call.

“Your eyes are judging.” I informed him, because that part was very true. He had been staring at the side of my face ever since I informed him about my jacket

being with Sofia and I could literally feel his stare dig and sear into my skin on the side of my face.

“I wasn’t judging you, I can’t do that.” James replied with an amused tone as he returned the phone back to its former position on his thigh without answering the call.

“I was only surprised, that’s all.” James started to say before pausing for a few seconds only to continue again when I thought he had thankfully dropped the subject. “I mean, that’s so unlike you. This is the first time you’re doing something like that.”

“There’s a first time for everything, isn’t there?” I replied to him and I allowed my head to fall against the headrest of the car, as I did my possible best not to think about how soft Sofia’s skin had felt beneath my fingers and James was thankfully keeping my mind preoccupied.

“Why not? There is.”

“How’s her injured arm though? Is she going to be released today?” James after some minutes of the car being totally silent, except for when his phone started vibrating again – which he still didn’t answer to and instead cut off the incoming call almost immediately.

“It’s sprained and not broken like I had thought at first, she’d also be released in a while, if she hasn’t been discharged yet, that is.” I informed him and dragged my fingers through my dark curls, the air conditioner in the car was blowing around nicely and keeping the car in a much needed amount of chill, but for some reason, my shirt felt a little bit sweaty and I have this sudden urge to take my shirt off and allow the air conditioner to directly ghost over my chest.

“Ohhh. How did she get the injury? Didn’t you say she

was perfectly fine and still fast asleep when you left home this morning?”

I shook my head with a small twitch of my hand which was laying on my suit pants. “She was. She was. But she was at the very edge of the bed when I got out of bed this morning, and when I went to gym and later went to get ready and shit before finally leaving for work.”

“She was in one position the whole time?” James asked and I nodded my head with a small snort sliding out my nose and mouth.

“I know, right? In the same spot. I wanted to put her in the middle of the bed or wake her up and ask her to move away from the very edge of the bed, but I didn’t want to disturb her because she looked so peacefully sleeping there and clutching on the blankets, and also because she didn’t get enough sleep throughout the

night.

“She didn’t?”

“Mhmm.” I nodded my head absentmindedly, my mind wandering around and finally settling on the way she had shivered slightly at first when my index finger had met with the soft skin on her wrist.

“So y’all finally did it? And here I was thinking you were becoming way softer than I ever expected, not knowing that you had already finally done it with her.” James started to say again and I forced my mind away from the direction it was going to and forced it back here into the present and on what James was saying.

“So how was it?”

“How was what?” I demanded and watched as he sat

up and turned around until he was leaning against the locked door on his side of his car and was now fully looking at me this time.

“The sex, obviously. Didn’t the both of you end up doing it last night?”

I shook my head once and tugged on the roots of my curls, “Nah, we didn’t.”

“You didn’t?” James demanded again and I stared at him quietly without saying a thing for a few seconds before finally glancing away from him.

“Then why didn’t she get enough sleep last night, you said so yourself, don’t try to take your world back, fucker.”

I barked out a small laugh, James was impossible.
“Oh, that.

“It was because she was nervous around me. She’s always nervous around me and get little to no sleep each time she wakes up in the middle of the night to find me beside her. Last night wasn’t even like that, I went straight into the bathroom and was coming back out when she had woken up and was coming into the bathroom as well.”

“You didn’t grab her and kiss her?” James asked and I shot him a long look. “Why would I do that?”

“Because you can? And I’m also sure she’d give in to your touch almost immediately.” James informed me like those particular words haven’t crossed my mind a countless times ever since I had ghosted my lips ever so lightly over his cheeks, oh our wedding night.

And lord, her response had been real and passionate

at first, catching her off guard at first before the mask of fear and fright had replaced that startled and pure expression on her face.

“I can’t do that.” I reminded James in case he might have forgotten about the conversation we had which was so similar to this, a few days ago.

“Why not?”

“She’s very young and too innocent... that’s a no for me.” I said in a low voice, wondering why that last few words felt like a bitter lie on my tongue.

“Fuck you mean? That makes it all better and you know it. It’s so much better when you’re the one that’s going to introduce them to how the body works with pleasure, how intense orgasms can be, how intoxicating the feeling can be, how their every reaction would be pure and totally natural because it

would be coming out on complete instinct, and not because they're trying to set the mood up."

I tugged on the roots of my curls as James words poured out of his mouth, directly into my head and mind.

The whole thoughts I've been trying my damnest not to think about and imagine were right there in my face before I could stop it and I stared powerlessly as different images which left the same scotching effect on my body, formed around in my head.

Different scenarios took place in my head and all of them involved ke doing bad, bad things to her ever willing body. I could perfectly imagine her voice breaking on a moan as I sucked and tongue her nipples until the ability to form words completely desert her. I didn't need to try harder before a scenario of me pressing her against the wall and

silencing her moans with my lips as I swallowed those tiny sounds down, with my hand wrapped around her throat, lightly squeezing but firmly gripping and...

I shook my head and blinked once, coming back to reality in the next second.

The car was quiet and James was no longer speaking. I ran my hands through my hair once again, completely sure that my curls wouldn't be as neatly arranged as it was this morning before I left for work due to the amount of time I had run my fingers through it since the start to today.

I glanced at James to see him staring at me quietly, our eyes held for a few seconds before I dragged my

gaze away, leaning my head against the headrest and sighing out slowly as my eyes slid close.

“What?” I demanded after a little while when he was still staring at me quietly without saying a thing, I didn’t need to look at him to know that he was still watching me, feeling his eyes burning into the side of my face was more than enough.

“You were thinking about it, weren’t you?” He asked knowingly, amusement evident in the low ting of his voice.

“No, I wasn’t.” I answered, shamelessly lying through my teeth and he knew that, because he didn’t buy my reply for a second and didn’t bother to hide it.

“You horny fuck.” He drawled out and I flipped him off without bothering to drag my eyes open.

“If you ask me, I don’t think there’s anything stopping you though. I know you’re a good person, the most amazing person I know, after myself, obviously. But that doesn’t change the fact that you’re a good person who never want to hurt his new wife. I get the fact that you feel she’s innocent... I mean, like I said before, o my girls who don’t get married off to any potential husband picked out by their father are the ones that are most likely to explore however they want. While those that are married off to whoever get picked for them in most cases and young and innocent as fuck.” James pushed for a little while before continuing.

“She is eighteen years old, she’s legal enough to get married. There’s nothing wrong with you finding her attractive or wanting to do dirty things to her innocent body... that’s totally normal.”

“She’s not even my type.” I mumbled quietly, knowing that I was once again shamelessly lying to myself and

once again trying not to think about the way a tiny breath had escaped her lips after hitching in her throat for a fleeting second when I had tugged on her chin and forced her to stare up at me with those big, baby blues of hers.

“With the way you were thinking about her moments ago in a not so pure and innocent way, I beg to differ.” James mused and I flipped him the bird as I moved my head around on the head rest my head was currently Leaning against.

“What’s our next schedule for today?” I asked and James remained quiet for a few seconds which made me think he was probably going through our schedule on his phone and accessing it thoroughly.

“A celebration ceremony. We don’t have to go because it’s not that important. I would send over a few bottles of champagne, flowers and a

congratulation note once we get to the office.” James finally said and I peeled my eyes open and stared at him from the corner of my eyes without bothering to lift my head up.

“It’s not that important?”

“Yup. It’s De Salva. They’re celebrating their twin sons' graduation from the army, we got an invitation at the office a few days ago.”

“It’s not that important then, we’ve got better and more important things to do than to go to a gathering to start associating with other people I’d rather not see and talk to at the moment.” I said to James as I allowed my eyes to slide back close.

The speed of the car started to slow down, signaling the fact that we were almost arriving at our destination which was the office.

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