

BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

Chapter 26

Luca's POV

“Which reminds me, I met Richie today, at the hospital.”

The car finally came to a stop and I breathed out a sope and long sigh as I lifted my head from the car's head rest and turned my head around for a few seconds before proceeding to quickly dig my fingers into my left shoulder cord which felt stiff and cramped up as fuck.

“The fuck was he doing there, he spoke to you?”

“Yeah. We rode the same elevator down and as I was leaving, he informed me that he needed my help with something.” The car door got pulled open by the guard and I stepped out of the car with my phone

deep in my pocket once again. I didn't shove my hands into my pocket this time and instead allowed it to drop on my sides as James came to stand beside me, his suit jacket completely unbuttoned, and his undershirt first few buttons currently undone.

“What did he need your help with?”

“That's the thing. He sounded really secretive like he didn't want anybody to mistakenly overhear what he was saying, despite the fact that only a few people were currently on that floor and were way too far away from us to be able to overhear a thing.” I nodded my head at a few guards who were at the huge gate of my company as James and I made our way into the company's premises.

“And so I cut him off before he could finish talking, and advised him to arrange an appointment with one of my secretaries if he'd like to speak with me. And

then I left him standing there.”

“That fucker, what could he need your help with?”

James swore after a while and I only shrugged a little, having no clue whatsoever.

Once we arrived at my office, I sank into the seat behind the table and James took the seat on the other side of the table. I unbuttoned the first two buttons of my shirt and noticed that James was already shrugging his suit jacket off his shoulders and was laying it against the back of the seat he was sitting in.

I pushed the checkbooks towards him and tugged the files holding important details towards me and we both got down to work after a little while, working in a very comfortable silence and passing each sheet to each other once we were done, like we were supposed to.

He wrote checks and stamped them before passing them over to me for my signature, while I signed every area for my signatures to be in after thoroughly going through each piece of file, before passing it over to him to stamp and write in dates.

Ever since we took over from our fathers, being best friends for a long time helped a lot. Because we understood each other the most and were already used to doing almost everything together ever since we became best friends, a long time ago.

James and I were age mates but I knew he wasn't going to be getting married any time soon. His family members were already on his neck for him to pick a wife and produce offspring that would carry on their family name. But James wasn't in a hurry, James didn't really need an heir, at least it wasn't as important for him to get a wife, the way it was for me.

Which was why I had gotten married despite the fact that I didn't want to but had to, and he was still living the single life and still obviously enjoying it to the fullest.

We were done with the whole sorting and arranging of files in a few hours and both stretched and yawned tiredly. James stood up and quickly arranged the whole thing we've worked on, in a particular neat order on the edge of the table where he was sitting, for my secretaries to easily pick up later today, and distribute them to their much needed places.

"You hungry?" I asked James who was currently shielding a yawn with the back of his right palm. He nodded his head twice before tugging his hand away from against his mouth once he was done yawning and answered, "Yeah, that'd be really cool, I'm famished, man."

And so we left for a restaurant which was a ten minute drive away from the office. James had driven the car he came to the office in and I had ridden with him, sitting in the passenger seat beside him as he drove to the restaurant, to get our empty stomachs filled up.

“We have an early start tomorrow and we’re also visiting your third company tomorrow, so please put these in your schedule now, so as to have the whole of tomorrow’s schedule with you.” James said to me as I started packing up, obviously ready to go home.

It was currently some minutes after eleven p.m, James and I had worked ourselves late into the night the way we mostly do everyday.

“Are all the appointments scheduled for tomorrow

extremely important?” I asked him as I dug my phone out from my back pocket.

He nodded his head without glancing up from his phone which his fingers were currently flying over with a speed faster than normal.

“Oh.” He suddenly said after a few seconds, there’s one not all that important, we can totally have this rescheduled. The rest are all completely important and we have to see every one of it tomorrow.

Knowing how it goes sometimes, we’ll end up spending more than a scheduled time at a particular appointment, thereby disrupting the whole or our schedule because we’ll have to shift the schedules remaining for the rest of the day, forward and forward.

“We’ll try our best to be on time throughout each appointment tomorrow.” I said to him as I handed him my phone with the schedule app opened and ready

on the screen. He took the phone out of my hand and placed his phone on the table before him, and then he proceeded to type in the information on his schedule app, into my phone.

I rolled my sleeves until my whole biceps was bare and the material of the suit bunched up against my elbow. My first few shirt buttons were still unbuttoned and I wasn't doing a damn thing about it.

James held my phone out to me after a few seconds and I accepted the phone and scrolled through the appointments, wincing and slightly tugging on the inside of my cheeks with my teeth because I realized that I didn't remember what over half of the appointments staring back at me were.

I shoved my phone into my pocket and thanked James who was also pushing himself unto his feet and dropping his phone down on the table to pick up

his jacket from the back of his chair where it has been on since this afternoon, and shrugged it on without bothering to the the few buttons up, and finally picking his phone back up.

We made our way out of the office, through the empty and quiet hallway, down the elevator and out of the company main doors which led into the first floor of the whole building. The first floor wasn't as empty as the rest of the floor, a few people were still doing different things here.

We made our way outside and over to our cars. My driver was standing beside the back door, ready to tug it open for me to slide in and sink into the car seat.

I paused outside james' black slick Audi along with James.

"My regards to your wife." James started to say at first

before barking out a laugh when I narrowed my eyes at him daringly.

“Oh, my bad. I forgot that she’d have been currently fast asleep and the both of you might probably not exchange any words until you leave for work tomorrow morning, before she wakes up.”

“Fuck you, James.” I breathed out with a small shake of my head as I flipped him the bird.

James, totally unfazed, slapped his palm against the driver’s door of his Audi before tugging the door open and sliding smoothly into the driver’s seat.

“Just how sexy was that spank to this sexy baby?” James drawled out.

“You’re sick, James.” I said around a small laugh as he only rolled his eyes at my response.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, mate.” I bided him as I started to turn around, towards my own car.

“Yeah, yeah. You too. Have a good night.” He called out right before he slammed his Audi’s door shut and started to pull out of the parking lot, just as I was sliding into my car’s seat and the driver was slamming

the door close and making his way into the driver's seat almost immediately.

The car pulled out of the parking lot and into the busy streets. It was almost twelve midnight but that didn't stop the roads of Venice from being busy and rowdy as fuck.

The second car containing some of my personal guards which always tail mine was in its usual spot when I checked through the rear view mirror.

I breathed out a long sigh and reclined the car seat with a button until it was stretched out and could make a make short bed for someone whose body wasn't as big as mine.

I laid down on the seat and stretched my legs out in front of me, to see how far they could go, before allowing my eyes to slide shut.

I peeled my eyes open, already aware of the fact that we were currently slowly pulling into my compound even before I opened my eyes. I groaned softly as I sat up on the seat and tapped on a button, returning the seat back to its former position. I groaned quietly again as I moved my neck around and a few of the countless tensed up muscles cracked and loosened out, offering a sudden feeling of relief in that particular spot.

The door got pulled open by one of my men and I stepped out of the car and paused outside the car to stretch out my arms a little, loving the way the muscles in my shoulders and neck loosened out and cracked loudly.

Lord, I needed a cold shower... and a drink.

And sleep.

Lots of sleep. At least six hours of sleep at least.

The thought about how I barely got enough sleep last night drifted around in my head and I also remembered the sole reason as to why I barely got enough sleep last night.

Sofia.

Only to end up receiving a call from one of her personal bodyguards a few hours after I had left home, and getting informed that my wife had sustained an arm injury and would be visiting the hospital.

I made my way into the house and relaying my first schedule of the day to my driver who promised to be

here on time, the way he always does, before he zoomed out of the compound in his own car, a car he drove all the way from his house over to here, every morning, and to go back home in it, every night.

Heading straight for the kitchen and feeling a little bit hungry, I made my way into the frozen room and roamed around, searching for something simple and light to prepare.

I ended up picking a couple of noodles, some sausages, red peppers, seasoning and most importantly, a chilled bottle of vodka.

Turning on the cooker the minute I was out the frozen room, I placed a pot of water on the stove and left it to boil before getting my bottle of vodka open and directly drinking from the bottle.

I almost never bother with a glass cup when I'm

alone, it is more enjoyable and easier to consume this way.

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