

BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

Chapter 27

Luca's POV

Taking another huge gulp of the vodka and letting the chilled liquid to slide down my throat and into my lungs, I placed the bottle on the counter once again and reached for the knife and chopping board on the other side of the counter before laying it on the table along with the knife. And then I began to slice the sausages into small dices but not into too tiny shapes. Once I was done, I scraped it all into a small bowl and pushed it aside before rinsing the red peppers with warm water and proceeded to chop them into extremely tiny pieces, and scraped it all into a smaller plate once I was done.

The water was already boiled and so I opened the lid and inserted the two noodles into the steaming water, adding a few seasons and covering it to start boiling

once again.

I reached for my bottle of vodka and chugged in two mouthfuls before fishing around in one of the cupboards for onions. Once I found a small sized one, I peeled and washed it before slicing and chopping it until they were in a moon shaped tiny pieces each.

I open the lid off the pot and empty the tiny peppers into the noodles. The onion followed suit almost immediately and a tiny drop of vegetable oil.

Cooking wasn't something I engaged in frequently because of how busy I was and how I almost never got any time for myself. I have been cooking even since I became a teenager. I know how to prepare a variety of dishes well.

Practically bringing up your younger brother yourself would make you master a skill you have no business

leaning, just to satisfy that said urge to care for your brother.

I leaned against the counter and unbuttoned the remaining buttons of my white undershirt before shrugging out of it and placing it on a spot on the far end of the counter. I picked up my bottle of vodka and took a small sip, allowing the chilled liquid to flow around my tongue, the strong taste seeping into my tongue almost immediately the way I loved it. I raised the bottle and stared at it for a few seconds without doing a thing, before finally lifting it to my lips and taking a huge mouthful from it. The cold liquid chilled my teeth out my throat constantly, the burn of the alcohol following suit immediately, leaving a heated feeling behind in between my chest and around my lungs.

I wasn't an alcoholic, I almost never drink any kind of alcohol for several weeks straight, but I definitely

loved a good, chilled drink. It helps me relax, it calms me in a weird kind of way only men or people who drink can be able to understand.

And the hot feeling that comes back up your throat after you swallow a mouthful of alcohol... that's complete bliss only alcohol can be able to leave behind.

I returned the bottle of drink to the counter and made my way towards the boiling pot. Opening the lid and placing it on the sink beside it, I lowered the heat of the noodles when I noticed that the content of the pot was starting to dry up, a sign that the food was almost ready.

I walked towards the counter and picked up the sausages and emptied the whole content into the pot before stirring everything together and laying out a plate on the sink a few feet away from the cooking

pot.

Once I was satisfied with how the noodles looked, I turned the cooker off and turned the pot over, into the plate I already laid out minutes ago. The heated smell rose up in the kitchen and drifted directly into my nose, making my mouth water hungrily.

Damn.

Perhaps I was hungrier than I thought at first.

I carried the food over to the counter and placed it before one of the high chairs in the kitchen. Fetching warm water for the tap into a glass cup, I placed it on the spot near my plate, dragged my bottle of vodka towards where I was going to be eating every bit and piece of my food, before sitting on the chair and digging into the hot food.

I dug out my phone from my pocket and tinkered around with it, scrolling through my socials and completely steering clear off my Instagram's DMs.

I was fucking verified on Instagram, as well as on Facebook and a few other social platforms. Owning companies all around Russia and in some other foreign country turned me into a celebrity overnight.

I posted a picture I had taken yesterday at the office and put in an emoji that indicated night time and a rainy weather before going out of Instagram and going through my business emails. A few companies and individuals mailed me about interest in working for me, with me and also to merge with me.

I didn't reply to any of the mail and promised myself that I was going to remember to give the password of this particular mail to my secretaries so they could do their findings on every one of them and get back to

me in a few days time.

I shoved in another forkful of noodles into my mouth and another, chewing fast and trying to be done with eating as fast as possible the moment I noticed that it was already one a.m

I should have just had either cereal or a little snack, I had no idea it was going to get this late for the food I prepared to be ready. Once I was done, I emptied my glass of water and downed some more of my vodka before closing the remaining content of the bottle and throwing it into the trash.

I cleared where I prepared food in, took the litters into the trash and rinsed the plates before organizing it on the counter, Sarah would load them into the dishwasher tomorrow morning and wash it off for me.

I picked up my shirt and phone as I made my way out

of the kitchen, up the stairs and into the bedroom which was once mine and mine alone for a long while, until I got married. Now it was a shared room and I was sure my wife was going to be fast asleep, I thought to myself and with relief as I pulled the bedroom's door open and stepped into it before closing it softly behind me.

My eyes focused and zoomed on the figure huddled beneath the blankets, but not taking only a little of the whole space of the bed like she always does.

I stepped away from the door and walked into the room, which was when I noticed that one of the pillows on the bed was in the middle of the bed, in part of the space which demarcated the two of us from ever mistakenly touching each other in bed. I 'ohh-ed' in my head the moment I figured out the reason as to why a pillow was suddenly in the middle of the bed.

Her injured right hand was in a sling, but that hand was placed on the pillow, to probably enable it enough comfort and so she wouldn't mistakenly roll over it or jarr it around while sleeping.

I noticed her usually relaxed face which in most cases would be currently almost hidden in the amount of blankets she'd be holding tightly to, against her throat and face. But now, it was quite different. Her face was scrunched up in an almost cute way, as if she was in pain or just still in trauma about her visit to the hospital.

The sudden urge to sooth that scrunch on her face away with kisses took me out of nowhere and I exited the room so fast, usain bolt would be impressed, straight into the bathroom.

I tugged my pants off and made my way into the showers immediately. The cold water washed over me in fast moves, soaking up my hair and whole body instantly.

I washed off with soap and was out of the bathroom in the next few seconds, drying off with a towel and tugging out a sweatpant from one of the drawers in the bathroom – or trying to tug out a pair of sweatpants from one of the drawers in the bathroom, because the drawer I pulled out and started roaming my hands around in, with my head buried in a smaller towel as I vigorously try to rub off the water from my

curls.

My hand slowly stopped moving around in the drawer and my other hand which was mopping water out of my hair slowed down before the towel came off my face to rest on my shoulder. I glanced into the drawer I was currently ruminating for some time now and literally stopped breathing.

I tugged my hand out from the drawer and shook my hand a little when one of the soft, silky materials of Sofia's undies clung onto my little finger.

Gosh.

She had a fucking drawer of sexy panties, right here in my bathroom and I had mistakenly, unintentionally searched through it because I thought that was where my sweatpants were packed in.

God.

I could have gone the whole week, and the next, and the next, without knowing that Sofia wears underwear as sexy as these.

How was I going to be able to concentrate now, knowing that my wife had something as mouth watering as these beneath her clothes.

Fuck.

I slid the drawer shut without looking into it again and groaned as I got to my feet and moved to the next drawer which my sweatpants were thankfully in, this time.

Getting into it as fast as I could, I made my way out of the bathroom and back into the bedroom. I sank into my side of the bed and first of all checked the time. It

was twenty eight minutes to two a.m and I was still awake.

My shoulders muscles magically felt lighter after the cold shower I took, which I was really grateful for. I placed my phone on the bed side table after setting an alarm as usual. Turning around on the bed and taking a fleeting glance at Sofia, I tried to imagine the type of underwear she had on at the moment...

After a couple of dirty thoughts flooded my head, I shook the thought out the window, not wanting to feel like a creep even to myself. I slid beneath the blankets and tucked the blanket against my waist before turning around on my side until I was facing her.

And then I proceeded to watch her and just think. I allowed my mind to wander around as I took in her facial shape and drank in every detail. Each time her

expression changed in her sleep, this sudden yearning to make everything better and take all her worries away from her kept increasing and increasing.

The feeling was a weird one as I had never experienced nor gotten this kind of feeling towards anyone before.

It was weird, kinda.

It felt weird that I wanted to take care of her and make everything all better for her.

It should feel weird, because I had no idea if it was a normal feeling or something else entirely.

She moved in her sleep and groaned softly, the sound quiet and still audible to me, as she moved a little in her sleep and I noticed exactly when she unconsciously moved her injured arm a little, and as

her face got scrunched up in obvious pain.

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