

## BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

### Chapter 28

Luca's POV

Why was she even still feeling pain?

Weren't the doctors supposed to have taken care of all these?

She moved again in her sleep and I winced as she moved her injured arm once again, sending another pang of pain through her body and resulting in the scrunched up facial expression getting more prominent and defined on her face.

I watched as her eyelids fluttered once before her face eased into a relaxed expression, right before it fluttered again and finally slid open after two more flutters. I watched as her sleepy lidded eyes blinked open and I watched for a second longer, marking her

last facial expression in my head right as I allowed my eyes to slide shut as if I was already fast asleep.

I didn't hear any other sound that would signal that she was either trying to get out of the bed to probably go the bathroom, but nothing sounded after a few minutes. I didn't bother giving in to my curiosity to peel my eyes open to take one last look at her and instead moved in my spot on the bed until I was laying down more comfortably.

And then I slowly fell into a deep sleep, the feeling of Sofia's silky underwear crossing my mind, the last thing I remember.

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I was up a few seconds before my alarm could go off and quickly shut it off before it started ringing and woke Sofia. Dragging myself out of the bed, I

stretched for a few minutes, feeling my muscles release and hold only to release again.

Not feeling in any mood to exercise at the gym this morning, I crouched down and decided to do a few push ups right there beside my bed. And so I started moving up and down, counting silently in my head and finally stopping once I had gotten to fifty.

Feeling as if I had sweated out some of the worked up feeling I had in my chest, I made my way into the bathroom and took a quick shower, the icy cold water cascading down on me in a quick rush, washing the sweat and soap off my body.

I stepped out of the shower and grabbed a towel to rub myself dry. I got into a pair of boxer shorts before making my way into the walk in closet to pick out something to wear.

It was a Thursday, the fifth day into my new marriage and I picked out a dark blue suit and a white inner shirt. Picking a tie to match my suit, I dressed up and was taking care of my hair a few minutes later, standing before the mirror and tending to my hair, rubbing the usuals into it and running my comb through it before finally blowing it out and slightly patting it down with my hands.

I didn't need to carry a briefcase or a bag around which was supposed to be holding a laptop and some very important files because most of the important files I work with are there at the office and I almost never take my work from the office all the way home to complete it. I have an office here at home and I also never take any work from there all the way to the office at the company.

I shrugged on my suit jacket once I was done and made my way out of the walk in closet, out the

bedroom and only paused to pick up my phone, to run my eyes over Sofia's sleeping form and also checked to make sure she wasn't on the edge of the bed this time before finally making my way out of the bedroom and shutting the door quietly behind me.

I ascended the staircase and made my way out of the door, not bothering with coffee this morning. I'll get one when I get to the office.

And with that in mind, I stepped out of the house door and nodded at the guards standing outside the house. Sofia's personal guards were outside the house as well and I motioned my finger for them to climb down the few stairs at the front of the house.

"How was your night?" I asked after they greeted me once again.

"It was nice, thank you." The one named Ethan

replied while the other guard remained quiet.

Perhaps something happened to him last night and he was already thinking about it again because of my question.

“You’re to monitor Sofia’s injury. If the pain is still as intense as it was yesterday, get her to the hospital and have her checked up.” I said to them, directly eyeing the guard named Ryan who had checked Sofia’s injury yesterday. He’s the one good for this assignment because he knew how intense it was yesterday morning.

“We’ll see to it sir.” They both replied in sync and I nodded my head once before starting to say again, this time, directly speaking to Ryan.

“You saw how intense the pain was when she moved the arm around, monitor it today again and then if it

ends up being as intense as it was yesterday, give me a call like you did and take her to the hospital.”

“Will do, sir.” Ryan replied with a small bow of his head and I nodded my head once before dismissing them by waving a hand at them and watched as they both turned around and went to stand outside the house with the other guards.

It wasn't time for them to be able to go into the house yet, that would be until half an hour later.

The gates got rolled open by the workers in that department here in the house and my driver drove through the open gates, parking perfectly in one try. He stepped out of the car and jogged towards me, his face eased in an easy expression.

“Good morning, Mr Ricci.” He greeted the moment he stopped beside me and I nodded my head at him,

looking him up and down and wondering why he appeared so hyper this morning.

I wasn't one to depend completely on coffee to wake my brains up in the morning, but coffee helps to wake my system up way faster than it would do automatically.

"Good morning. How are you feeling?" I murmured and watched as he threw his head back before starting to reply to me, it was obvious that he was high on coffee or molly at this point.

Nobody was ever this excited in this early hour of the day where the day wasn't fully broken yet.

"I'm doing quite alright, sir. How is Mrs Ricci doing?" He asked back and I cracked a grin, no because he was never the one to try to start a conversation or ask a question for a question.



“What did you take?” I asked and watched as he blinked once at me before licking his lips once. He cleaned his palms on his pants material and licked his lips again.

“Um, coffee. I had coffee this morning.” He replied and I stared at him pointedly, my eyes finally picking on the effects I’ve been silently looking for for a little while now. His eyes were glazed over and he looked quite normal, but it was obvious he was high on something.

I reached out and wrapped my hand around his tie on his neck and used it to jerk him forward until he was only a few feet away from me. His eyes widened and the glaziness in his eyes was more obvious to me now due to how close he was to me. His mouth open but nothing came out and I watched as the fearful expression deepened when I tightened my hold on

the tie.

“What did you take?”

“Um, nothing.”

“I won’t ask you this question after this last time.” I paused and tightened my hold on him even more and watched as he quaked in my grip, sweat gathering on his forehead and sliding down his skin slowly.

I knew without turning my head around that the guards at the front of the house were most definitely watching the whole silent drama unfold between my driver and I. I wasn’t raising my voice one bit, so there was no way they’d be able to know what was actually going on.

“What did you take?” I asked again, grinding each word out and making sure they came out lower than

normal and I watched as he puffed out a slow breath which indeed smelled of coffee like he claimed to have only taken at first.

“I took Drugs, I’m so sorry, boss.” He finally confessed, his eyelids drooping as shame washed over him.



I knew I wasn't wrong.

"What kind?"

"Molly, and a few other ones." He confessed in a quiet voice, the most quiet voice I've ever heard used ever since he started working with me, barely able to stare into my eyes at this point.

"Why did you take drugs this morning? You wanna crash my car with all of us in it this morning?" I

demanded, shaking him a little for emphasis and he shook his head immediately.

“No sir, that was never my intention. I’d never crash your car or put your life in danger.” He started to say which made me snort not so quietly.

Do people who crash cars or get into accidents ever agree that they’d ever do it beforehand?

“Go home,” I said to him as I watched as he started shaking his head almost immediately. I released my hold on his tie and took a step back away from him, he reached forward immediately and clutched on my wrist as desperate pleas fell out of his lips.

I glanced down at his hands gripping my wrist and back up at his face and he released his hold on my wrist a few seconds later, but never ceasing the pleas and excuses.

“Go home, but come see me at the office later today. You and I need to have a word or two.”

I said to him before inserting my hands into my pocket and turning around to stare at the guards who all dragged their eyes away from our direction like they weren't just staring over here, a moment ago.

“What about my job sir?” His voice sounded behind my back and he continued almost immediately, his voice a thread away from breaking and cracking.

“Am I fired? My Ricci?” He continued and I turned around to face him and watched as he took an hesitant step away from me, dread clouding his glazed eyes.

“Go home. Now.” I said instead and watched as he nodded his head once and made to walk towards the

car in which he had come in.

“No, no. Leave it here. Go without it, call someone to come pick you up once you leave here or take public transport, but leave the car here.”

He stared wide eyed at me for a few seconds before nodding his head jerkily and turning around to do as I had instructed.

I turned around once again to stare at the guards still standing in front of the house, noticing immediately that Ryan and Ethan were nowhere to be found, making me figure out that they had most definitely gone into the house to check around the house and ensure it was a hundred percent safe.

I dug my phone out from my pants pocket and dialed James' number. He answered the call on the second ring and demanded where I was immediately.



“I’m still at home. Are you at the office yet?” I asked him, glancing up at the sky and noticing that the day was almost completely breaking.

“No, but I’m almost there. Why are you still at home? I swear to God, Luca-“ He started to say but I cut him off, not put off one bit with the way he was speaking to me.

We’ve been best friends since forever, what did you expect?

“I sent the kid home a few minutes ago, and I’m currently without a driver. I’ll drive my car myself today and be with you in a little while. Start sorting out the files we’re going to be taking along with us once you get there.

“What happened to him? He showed up with fight

wounds?” James asked and I made my way towards the car and opened it immediately before sliding in and starting the car.

“Worse. He was floating on molly and some other shits.” I replied to him and glanced sideways as the bodyguard who usually rides with us in the first car tugged the door open and slid into the passenger’s seat.

“Jesus. This early?”

“I can fucking relate, man.” I replied as I started to slowly ease the car out of where it was parked.

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