

BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

Chapter 3

Sofia's POV

The housekeeper brought me breakfast the next morning which made me assume father wasn't as angry with me as he was last night. I told her I wasn't hungry and she returned the breakfast tray back downstairs, leaving me to myself once again. I wasn't hungry since I ate a bit of the snacks Angelo left me last night, the rest was currently in my closet since I wasn't feeling hungry one bit.

I closed the book I've been trying to read to no avail out of frustration and sat up on my bed, staring at the rack of gold and silver medals which I had won throughout high school in the far end of my room. Father thought medals were not as important as award cups, which means the medals I won while growing up stayed in my room, while the award cups I

won got placed in his office.

I let my mind wander aimlessly like it has been wanting to do since the moment I woke up from the thirty minutes sleep I managed to catch after staying up and talking with my brother from ten pm to two am, and then lying awake and just thinking how doomed I was from two am to six am in the morning.

The sound of my door getting pushed open made me jolt and dart a fearful gaze at the doorway, my mother's familiar frame filled the doorway and I got off the bed instantly, "Good morning, mother." I mumbled quietly as respectfully as I could before sliding back on my bed.

"Did you sleep well, Sofia?" She asked and I almost rolled my eyes in irritation.

"Yes, I did." I replied, wondering what it was that has

made her take some minutes from her precious time to come all the way to my room.

“The housekeeper reported that you refused to eat this morning,” She continued, still standing in the doorway like a stranger that she was in my life.

“I wasn’t hungry.”

“Your father wouldn’t be happy when he hears,” She continued and I remained silent, staring at my fingers laying motionless on my thighs.

“I came to inform you about some important plans concerning your wedding.”

My head snapped up the moment the words left her mouth.

“You’d be going to the designer’s lounge in a few

hours time to pick a dress, shoes and flowers. Your aunt Gianna would be going with you.” She continued and I swallowed emptily, feeling my heart sink into my stomach again, what was I hoping she’d say anyways? For her to inform me the wedding wouldn’t be hoping anymore?

“Yes mother,” I acknowledged, thankful she wouldn’t be coming with me, perhaps I’d be able to pick a dress of my own choice at least.

“What do you mean I can’t pick that dress?” I demanded of the two women working at the Designer’s lounge.

I had fallen in love with the dress the moment I set my eyes on it, it was small and almost resembled a regular, white dress, it was short sleeved with flower

prints all over the flare of the dress, it was simple looking and would hopefully allow me blend in with the bride maids and decorations at least.

I wanted little to no attention on me during the wedding and this dress was going to help a long way... that was until the owners of the lounge had killed that thought immediately with their next words.

“I’m so sorry Miss Giuliani, but we’ve been given orders as to a particular style you can pick from, if you’d kindly allow me, I’ll show you to them.” The woman who had welcomed my aunt and I into the lounge said smoothly with quirk of her lips, a list of what I was going to need for my wedding clasped in her right hand.

“Why can’t I pick what I want? It’s my own wedding not yours.” I argued, scowling at the women whose stance almost appeared as if bored of the drama I

was putting up.

“We received strict orders from your mother, Miss Giuliani and there’s nothing we can do about it,” The spokesman of the two women replied smoothly and I glanced at father’s youngest sister who has been quiet throughout the whole outburst.

“Why can’t I pick what I want, Aunt Gianna? Tell them that’s the one I want.”

“Your mother wants you to pick something else, Sofia, they are way better than what you picked out here.” Aunt Gianna replied and I huffed out a resigned sigh, my hopes about me getting a dress of my choice disappearing into thin air.

I followed the women deeper into the lounge until we arrived at a large room housing large, sparkling looking dresses with thousands of layers and

diamonds.

“If you’d pick any one of your choice, miss Giuliani, we’d get to the measurements part as soon as we can.” The woman announced while waving her hand around the whole room. It was pointless of me to try searching for a small dress when everything here were the same size and almost the same style.

“I’d go with anyone you feel like,” I replied, feeling emotional drained all over again. I just wanted to get it over with at this point.

“Perfect.” The woman nodded her head and with the assistance of two more women, they managed to pull off one of the huge dress off the mannequin. Thirty minutes later, I was in the dress, in the changing room filled with a floor length mirror on a part of the wall.

The dress hugged my waist snugly but was slipping

off my chest a little due to the cups being a bit bigger than my breasts, other than that, it was perfectly fine in everyone's eyes. It was armless and transparent in the waist's area. Tiny sparkling stones were used to form different intricate designs on the transparent part of the dress, while the flare got designed with bigger stones.

All in all, it was a really beautiful dress, a dress meant to make everyone's head turn, a dress meant to steal the full attention of the groom, a dress made to create a dramatic entrance, a dress that was made for the spotlight, all of which I was trying to avoid from the very start.

I breathed out a small sigh as I took in my appearance in the mirror, I couldn't deny the fact that I looked good in the dress.

I hate my life.

The days came and went by in a blur, making me dread the wedding day as it got nearer. I barely saw father throughout the week except at dinner once and we'd barely exchanged a few words. I spent most night talking to my younger brother, trying my very best to treasure every moment spent with him.

He had accompanied me to get my hair and nails done while the guards hovered around as usual, I was already used to doing almost everything with them breathing down my neck at this point.

A day to the wedding, mother has accompanied me to get my whole body waxed after a quick breakfast, we didn't speak to each other until she asked if I was hungry at a point, which I wasn't and that was it.

I was sitting beside my window that evening, looking up advices for a virgin having sex for the first time on my laptop, my mother and I never talked about anything personal and the only time this topic has been mentioned to me was in school during studies and that's that.

Different options came forth, all of which revolved around the girl being extra comfortable to begin with around the man- something I definitely wasn't around Luca...

Heck, I haven't been officially introduced to him. I had no idea what he looked like up close except for a few times that I've seen him during some gatherings.

Another option was lube for much needed lubrication, an option I knew was out of the question.

With a resigned sigh, I closed the laptop and leaned my head against the cold wall, there was so many

emotions running through my head. I blinked once before squeezing my eyes tight. I've shed a lot of tears since I got told I was getting married to Luca to the extent of my eyes running out of extra tears.

This time tomorrow I was going to be sitting beside my husband while everyone wined and dined around me, then an hour later we were going to head to his house where he was going to...

I breathed out another sigh and forced my eyes open, refusing to complete the thought in my head. My clothes have already been packed by the house helps, I had no idea what was packed and what wasn't, mother supervised it so I was sure all what I was going to need was going to be in it.

Father said I couldn't take any of my books since apparently a wife wasn't supposed to be wasting time away by reading stupid books.

I pushed away from the floor and made my way towards my adjoining bathroom, I stood before my mirror and stared at my reflection, my hair was done high on my head to hold the tiara and veil tightly, the skincare I had received today made my face glow, but my eyes looked empty and sunken.

I cleaned my teeth and headed back into my room, sliding beneath my covers and hugging to my chest, my favorite book which I had reread a countless times since I knew I wouldn't be seeing it again after tonight.

It was going to be a long day tomorrow and the makeup artist and designers were going to be here by seven. With that in mind, I fell into a dreamless sleep with tears clinging to my curly eyelashes.

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