

BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

Chapter 30

Luca's POV

My mafia was one of the most respected of the Italy and I wouldn't want that to change, to avoid us falling to the bottom drastically.

"So, how are we going to do it?"

"That's the thing! We're going to observe and observe as if the prices of the first set of diamonds showcased were all way too expensive. We'll only come in when it's at the very last diamond and then, we'll drop a higher price. If the person that was about to receive the diamond before we come in decides to up his price, we'd up ours with millions immediately, and on and on until the person gives up and the diamond would finally be handed over to us." James started to say and I nodded my head in understanding as he

went on and on until he arrived at the last part.

“Wait. When we finally get the diamond, what’s going to happen? I won’t pour that much amount of money on a diamond only to keep it with me and set myself as a trap to hungry, shameless thieves.

“What’s going to happen is that, we’re going to sell the diamond back to the people that organized the auction. They’re going to buy it back with a higher price than what you bought it with, so you’re going to end up gaining.”

I stared at James, not following up with all what he saying.

“Wait... the same people that organized it would buy it back from us?”

James nodded his head with a grin and leaned

forward in his seat once again, “It’s not actually those particular people. It’s some group of people that the organizers of the auction would arrange themselves, that way if anything goes wrong with the selling of the diamond, you’ll hold them guilty and get them sued.”

James explained, serious as ever and his eyes shining the way it usually does each time he was talking about something that really intrigue him.

“How do you know so much about this?” I asked him in awe of how he know so much about an auction I was invited to, and hasn’t bothered to look it up and make researches all those while.

“I made researches and lots of findings like a normal human before sending back a message indicating that we had received the invitation and would be gracing them with our presence.” James said with an eye roll and I didn’t miss the laugh tugging at the side of his lips right before he dropped his head down and stared

at his hand on the table instead while shaking his head a little.

“That’s really amazing, really. You’re really amazing.” I paused and waited until he glanced back up at me, an readable expression on his face, before I continued. “You know, I don’t think I appreciate you enough. You do so much and not once, not twice, I sometimes wonder how your knowledge of things is so broad. You do so much for the mafia and want little to no credit on most days... like? How did I get this lucky to land someone as amazing as you as my right hand man?” I paused once again and puffed out a sharp breath, my heart constricting in my heart as it all started to dawn on me all over again, about James was just... James and how he was such an amazing and selfless human.

James stared at me without saying a thing and finally allowed his head back down once again as he

absorbed the whole emotions stifling the air.

“James?” I called out after some time and he raised his hand up and murmured in a quiet, gravely voice, “Give me a minute, man.”

When he finally raised his head up, his face was blank of any emotion like I had expected and he moved his fingers against the table for a few seconds before starting to say in a low voice. “You know, for someone who’s known as the most brutal and emotionless person all around Italy, you sure are a mushy idiot.”

I grinned knowingly, already expecting the angle he had decided to use in handling his emotions.

“I am not mushy, I just want you know how amazing you are and how much I appreciate you.” I replied without missing a beat and watched as a tiny sound

escaped his mouth before he leaned forward in his seat and sighed slowly, all sign of playfulness gone from his face.

“That was a whole lot to offload on me without any warning, do you know that?” James finally started to say and I shrugged my shoulders, not feeling one bit remorseful.

“I’m sorry, man. It wasn’t intentional.” I drawled out and reached for the capture cup of coffee and started to tap my finger lightly against it.

“At least give me a warning next time.” He continued and I snorted while nodding my head in understanding, he was shits when it comes to handling his emotions.

It was almost hilarious to watch.

“I really appreciate the fact that you see me in that kind of light.” James finally started to say and I stared at him without saying a thing until he continued. “I mean, I know you know I am really amazing, because hello? It’s me, amazingness.” He paused again, an unknown emotion shining in his eyes. “But it really means a lot, hearing you tell it to me.

“But just offload everything to me at once next time and give me a head ups next time please... I mean, you don’t want me breaking down in tears because of the amount of emotions you offload on me without warning, do you?” James demanded this time, a small scowl on his face but you couldn’t miss the way his eyes was shining with emotion and the way he cheeks was almost spreading into a smile.

“Actually, I’d like to see something like that. You, James, breaking down in tears would be a really intriguing sight to behold.” I started to say and I

watched as he shook his head from side to side right before he flipped me off and whispered a low ‘fuck you’ to me.

“Now what?” I said as I pushed myself to my feet and out of my seat. I stretched my arms out and moved from side to side as I felt the muscles of my shoulders stretched out.

“Now, we sort these files which we’re going to need for our third appointment today, there’d be no time to this after our second appointment and we most definitely won’t be coming back to the office from our second appointment. We’d instead head straight to the third appointment.”

I paused in my thores of stretches I was performing and turned around until I was staring at him— or at his head rather, because he was once again going through the said files we were supposed to sort out

together.

“Where is the third appointment holding at? The AMAs, right?”

“Yeahhhhhh. That particular shares company. They wanted to merge with us because they’re in debts. But once we merge and we pay off their debts, the whole shares would be divided equally between both companies, and then we’d be automatically receiving twenty percent of their own shares every month. So once the whole income comes in for the month, we get seventy and they get thirty. That is after we take back the money we used in paying off their debts though.” James paused and glanced up at me to check if I was still with me. After confirming, he dropped his head back down and continued what he was doing to the files right before he continued what he was saying.

“So now we’re merging their company with my fourth shares company because it was my most smallest company but wasn’t doing all that bad either.” I said to him and he nodded his head immediately.

“Exactly. So that’s what’s going to happen. The auction is going to be taking place in an hour and so minutes and we’d have to leave for there any moment from now.” James informed me and I nodded my head at him even though he couldn’t see me.

I made my way towards the restroom in my office and washed my hands in the sink. I stared at myself in the mirror once I was done and took in how red my eyes looked and how bags were starting to gather beneath my eyes.

I didn't need anyone to point out to me that I was stressed the fuck out. My facial expression was more than enough explanation for anyone.

I made my way back into the office and sank into my seat before taking each file James had already set aside and quickly glanced through it before stamping and putting my signature down on it. We were both done in a few minutes time and together rounded up before making our way out of the office together.

We made our way into the empty elevator together and started talking about one thing or the other in

there, almost immediately.

“You don’t plan on driving us there, do you?” James asked and I narrowed my eyes at him.

“What do you mean by that?”

“I meant that, you’re in no state to drive.”

“Fuck you.” I replied him with a scowl and he only laughed in my face as the elevator doors slowly slid open.

We made our way out of the elevator and were out the company’s main door in a few minutes time. We decided to take my car since it was bigger and James insisted on driving because apparently I looked way too stressed out to consider driving, and also because I wasn’t used to frequently driving the way he obviously was.

We drove out of the company's premises with the other car containing my bodyguards, tailing the car as usual. After a really long while, quite longer than I expected, we finally pulled up against a large building painted in white. The gate got thrown open after we were confirmed and cleared as one of the people that were officially invited, which means people who didn't receive an official invitation wouldn't be allowed to go in.

We parked in an empty spot on one part of the wild looking expanse of space where a lot of other cars were parked in. A few people were moving around and beside each car, stood a guard or two in different attire which would each signify each particular mafia by just staring at their guards clothes.

James removed the keys from the ingenator and turned around slightly until he was facing me. I slowly

did my bottoms back up and made sure my tie was in place as a feeling of weakness slowly washed over my body.

I needed sleep.

I needed to rest.

I'd have rather not be here at this moment, but because it was important for our mafia, here I was, attending the auction and hopefully existing the large hall room where the ceremony was going to be taking place, with the most biggest auctioned antique.

"You ready?" James asked and I nodded my head before unconsciously reaching upwards and yanking on my tie.

"Whoa, there. You're supposed to be making yourself more presentable, not doing this." James signed out

beside me as he ran his fingers through his hair and patted it down, he aligned and arranged himself until he was looking neat and sleek as fuck.

I, on the other hand, felt like crap. It felt like the coffee I had taken this morning at the morning has completed dried off from my insides, leaving me feeling weird and almost lifeless the way I was feeling this morning as I drove all the way to work, from the house.

I arranged my tie once again and patted it down until it was laying smoothly against my chest. I knew I was only being unconsciously difficult to myself, because the reflection of myself staring back at me through the rear view mirror and the side mirror, was that of me on a normal day.

I didn't look sick or weird or lifeless like I was currently feeling, my face still looked sexy as fuck, except for

small the eye bags beneath my eyes. My hair was also not as slicked back and curly as it used to be like on a normal day, now it was fluffed out, the curls appearing even more prominent this way.

I wasn't all that bad looking, at the moment, the way I had been feeling at first.

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