

## BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

### Chapter 31

#### Luca's POV

I alighted the car the moment one of the guards who had ridden in the other car pulled open the door for me on noticing that I was about to leave the car.

James got down from the vehicle as well and we both stood at the side of the car while quickly scanning our eyes over the whole premises.

I beckoned the three guards forward and they stood around James and I in the next second.

“You’re going in there with us.” I pointed to the guard in the middle and watched as he nodded briskly, his hands folded behind his back.

“The rest of you are to stand beside the two cars the way every other guard is doing, huh?” I continued and

they both nodded their heads in understanding.

“Be alert and do not leave your various spots for any reason.” I paused and stared pointedly at the two guards I was referring to. “If you notice anything strange and weird going on here during the auction, give me a text, and a call if I don’t reply to the text immediately. Got it?” I brushed my hair backwards that was falling into my face as I waited for their reply which came a second later.

“Got it, boss.”

“Noted, boss.”

James and I started walking side by side as we slowly made our way towards the large hall where the auction was supposed to take place at. The invitation card was deep in my pockets, along with my phone and the hand kerchief I had collected from James this

morning. The fucker surprisingly had another new piece of hand kerchief in his bag, which he had brought along with him to the auction.

“Hope it won’t be extremely rowdy, because it sounds like it’s really noisy in there.” I grumbled beneath my breath to James as we neared the entrance of the hall with every slow step we both took in sync.

“I hope so too. But I do have a feeling that it would be filled but still arranged neatly and accordingly, nevertheless. An event as classy as this cannot afford to be tagged as rowdy.” James murmured back to me and whistled lowly as I finally stepped into the hall which was guided by a bunch of security guards.

“Damn.” I said beneath my breath as my eyes traveled over the whole crowd who were seated in rows and rows of chairs and tables. What took my breath away was the front of the hall. It was a huge

space with a stage put away in the middle of it, but at the full length wall at the front of the wall, displayed different kinds of diamonds in different shapes and sizes, through the aid of a bright and sharp projector.

“That’s some really hot pieces of diamonds, damn.” I said to James without taking my eyes off the display which kept changing to reveal a different kind and style, every two seconds.

“I know, right? It’s somehow sexy...” James trailed off with a small laugh and I glanced at him immediately.

“I never knew diamonds could be classified as hot until this very moment.” I said to him as I turned back to the pictures being displayed on the wall.

James nudged my side with his shoulder and I looked at him questioningly, but he only wiggled his brow without saying a thing while a grin tugged at the side of his lips. I ignored him and was about to turn back to

what I was watching before until I felt a very light tap on my back.

I turned around and stared at the man dressed in security attire that had tapped me, moments ago.

“If I may show you to your seats, sir.” He said after a few seconds and I glanced at James without saying a thing, silently asking him if this was how it was done. He only shrugged at me before focusing his gaze on the security man once again.

I followed the lead of the security, ignoring the way a few people couldn't help but follow my footsteps with their whole faces, while the rest only trailed my footsteps with the movement of their eyes... until the security finally stopped in a spot on the right side of the room, a few steps away from the front of the hall.

I grimaced for a few moments before sinking down

into the seat that was apparently mine... because it even had my name on it, with James's name on the seat beside mine. I breathed out a long sigh and glanced around the people sitting around where I was currently sitting and fortunately didn't recognize any of the men sitting around here. They were either too far for my mafia to know about or I might have heard their names before without knowing what they looked like.

"Well, this event seems really collected and organized, don't you think?" James leaned into my side and whispered a few feet directly away from my ear.

"They haven't even started yet, James, so I wouldn't know." I said to him and noticed the way he rolled his eyes immediately before I continued, "Also why did we get assigned to the row almost at the very front of the room? Everyone is going to be watching us without us knowing who it was." I demanded and

watched as he shrugged his shoulders right before he quickly scrubbed his hand over his face.

“I think it’s out of respect for you.” James murmured to me in reply after a while and I turned his words around in my head as I glanced from feces to faces more carefully this time, which was when I noticed that I had met some of these people at other social gatherings without mingling or getting to know each other, and that I had most definitely seen a few of those faces on television, one way or the other.

Maybe they weren’t as unknown as I thought they were at first. I lifted my hands up and ran it through my curls, stifling a yawn with my fingers almost instantly.

The tables and chairs were arranged in a way that nobody would be able to obstruct another one’s view of the whole event that was going to go down. The

floor of the hall itself was in stairs, going all the way, from the very top of the hall.

Which means that each row or tables and chairs were on each of the stairs. Everyone also sat in twos and threes, depending on the amount of people you come with, and nothing more.

The low music that has been playing even before we got here started getting lower and lower before finally turning off. I watched the stage closely as a lady in a yellow dress which had a slit right from the top of her thigh, all the way down, walked towards the front of the hall from the far end of the wall which I knew held a door that lead into somewhere private for the workers.

She was a tall lady and the shoes she had on made her way more taller as she climbed on the stage and waved her right hand which clicked a white card in the



air while speaking into the microphone in her left hand, at the same time. “Hello everyone!”

The crowd murmured a hello back but it wasn't as enthusiastic as she preferred because she repeated her greeting a little more loudly and the crowd voice went up a little more this time.

“How was everyone's journey here? I'm hoping it wasn't a lot stressful. Forgive us for hosting this occasion in an area so far from all of the most popular places here in Venice.” She paused and smiled a little, the cameras were focused on her now because a huge screen of her and the gestures she was making was being displayed on the wall behind her.

“But that was because this was the most safest place for us, seeing as we'd be in a really risky situation and be pulling ourselves out there in the middle of the gun by doing something like that. Forgive us once again.”

“I want to thank everyone of you, for honoring our invitations and making time to grace us with your presence.” She paused and waited for a few moments before continuing. “So Thank you and be expecting to be wowed and blown by our pretty diamonds itching to be in his grasps and grips.”

“My name is Hayley, and I’d be your host for tonight, along with... Jake!” She called out and everyone clapped their hands as she said Jake came directly from the direction she had come from as well, bouncing into the hall and jumping on the stage to stand beside her immediately.

“What’s up everyone?” Jake demanded loudly and loud noises erupted in the crowd, the sound going shades high than when it was for the girl.

“The name’s Jake and you’re looking at the assistant

host for the day.” Jake introduced himself with a wide grin painted across his face and the noise in the crowd went a tad higher, making me sit up in my seat and properly glance around the hall.

By the look of things, it was obvious that there were a lot of females in here, who were all simping big time for Jake. I had a feeling this said Jake was into modeling and something that made him famous to the girls, anyone could be able to tell with the way shouts went up the crowd the moment he walked into the room, that the women were quite familiar with him.

“Drinks would be served to everyone, if it still hasn't gotten to you yet. Our staff are seeing to it already.” James said once the noise died down and I rolled my eyes, wishing they could get on with the main reason for the gathering, after all.

“So...” Hayley started to say this time before

dramatically pausing only to continue after a few seconds. “Who’s ready to bag some dope ass diamonds?” She asked and the noises in the crowd went high and lasted a few seconds.

Finally.

“Let’s start with the tiny but still beautiful as fuck ones that would most definitely sweep your girl off her feet immediately!” Jake said and everyone clapped loudly and I noticed that some things were being wheeled into the front of the stage, from the direction in which both hosts had come out from.

The hosts got down from the stage and came to stand before the cart that got wheeled in, a moment ago. As said by James, small diamonds were the first course of the event and I watched as Hayley lifted up a small diamond earring into the air and held it out for everyone to stare at. The cameras zoomed in on the

diamond to reveal it more clearly to the crowd.

It was a small studded earring, but you didn't need to touch it to confirm that it was real diamond.

“Anyone want this baby?” Jake asked and a lot of hands went up, mostly females.

He laughed into the mic before he continued, “Well you know it cannot be going for free of charge, so let's get to bargaining!!”

“It's going to be going for ten thousand dollars. Any one want this baby? Let's see those hands up.” Jake said and multiple hands went up.

“Whoever offers the most can have it.” Hayley informed them and a woman with glasses on got to feet almost immediately.

“Twelve thousand dollars! Give it to me.”

“No, I have fifteen thousand dollars, can I have it?

Another woman got to her feet and demanded, throwing the woman in glasses a pointed look. They were one the edge of the left hand side of the hall so I could see everything clearly.

“Going for fifteen thousand dollars... going, going... sold!” Everyone clapped their hands as both lady slide back into their seats a few seconds later, making me wonder how costly the big diamonds were going to be and just how packed and prepared everyone was.

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