

BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

Chapter 4

Sofia's POV

“Remember to smile once he unveils your face, hm?” Father said as he handed me a bunch of blue flowers which were as big as the dress I was currently in.

“Yes, father.” I replied with my heart racing uncontrollably, I was going to be walking down the aisle in a few minutes time with my father and I was about to have a panic attack to my utmost horror.

“I am going to miss you so much, Sofia.” Father continued as he pulled my veil over my face, I would have quietly snorted at his words had I not been silently trying to fight the panic attack back.

Father stepped out of the car and held his hand out for me but I hesitated, afraid my legs was going to

give out on me if I dare stand up.

“What are you doing, Sofia? We’re going to be called in a minute.” Father demanded impatiently and I tried really hard to push the dizzy feeling back but it was only getting more intense and threatening to pull me under its waves.

“Can you get me water please?” I whispered and father cursed angrily before walking off and returned with a bottle of water almost immediately. I sipped the water and dragged in deep breaths, echoing the same words in my head continuously.

‘You’ve got this, Sofia’

I slipped my hand in father’s and was out of the car instantly. Father didn’t look happy but couldn’t do a thing about it like hit me or scream at me since we had an audience, he only squeezed my hand harder

than necessary for a few seconds while glaring at me before relaxing his hold and wearing a smile on his face as the paparazzi surrounded us and started clicking away.

The guards were around us in an instant, pushing the paparazzi away from us and leading us into tip of the hall before standing at the doorway to keep the paparazzi away.

I dragged in a deep breath and unconsciously squeezed father's hand as we made our way into the hall, a long red rug led the way into the gathering, all the way to the front of the hall where the groom was most definitely waiting at, along with the priest. I refused to glance up and instead stared at my feet as we walked slowly, trying to block the fact that thousands of faces were watching me walk down the aisle out of my mind and failing miserably since I could feel a panic attack building up in my head once

again.

We arrived at the end of aisle and I finally glanced up slowly as my father slipped my glove covered hand into Luca's hand, making the breath hang in my throat for a few seconds before whooshing out slowly and quickening uncontrollably.

I stared up but refused to look directly into Luca's face and instead focused on his neck which a blue colored tie clung unto as the priest started the sermon. He held my hand although, the warmth of his palm seeping through the silky material of my hand glove. All what the priest preached about barely made it into my ears as I was worked up to the extent that the thumping of my loud heartbeats was echoing loudly in my ears, leaving a continuous ringing sound behind.

The ring bearer, who was a cute little girl in a blue dress which I've never seen before, brought forth the

rings and I picked up the bigger one and slipped the ring on Luca's ring finger while repeating the traditional vows along with the priest. Luca did the same, his large palms almost swallowing my left finger completely as he slipped the ring on my fourth finger and then the priest declared us man and wife, without asking the crowd if there was anybody that would like to object to the marriage-- not like anyone would even dare.

"You may now kiss the bride." The priest called out and I felt blood rush in my face and my pulse race uncontrollably as Luca's fingers reached for the edge of my veil as if on slow motion mode and unveiled my face before nudging my face up with a light grip on my jaw, leaving me no option than to finally stare into his face.

Our eyes locked for the first time and my heart stutter slowly as his grey eyes framed with curly, dark lashes

lowered and focused on my lips. He leaned down and tugged my face upwards before lightly brushing his lips against mine. My eyes slid shut before his lips touched mine and I felt him press his lips firmly against mine, sending chills sliding down my spine and my heart thumping nervously against my chest as he brushed his lips against mine over and over again before pulling away as everyone started cheering loudly. I blinked my eyes open and our eyes locked again for a few seconds before I ducked my head the moment he released his light hold on my chin.

...and there goes my first kiss.

My heart was beating loudly and my lips felt tingly, I wanted to wipe the feeling off with the back of my palm but couldn't since we were before a huge crowd, and I wouldn't dare ruin my makeup. Luca took my hand in his and turned around to face the crowd and the cheers went up even more.

I caught sight of my brother who was standing beside father on the front row of the crowd, a scowl on his face with his hands at his sides. I puffed out a breath and focused on the fact that Luca was leading me down the aisle this time, as his wife.

I was legally married to Luca Ricci.

My name was no longer 'Sofia Giuliani' anymore. It was now automatically 'Sofia Ricci'.

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