

## BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

### Chapter 5

#### Sofia's POV

The crowd cheered loudly as Luca and I got called to the dance floor for our first couple's dance. He took my hand and led me into the middle of the dance floor. My veil and tiara had been taken away from me by the designer the moment we arrived at the reception hall, leaving my shoulders and upper back completely bare. Luca placed my hand on his shoulder and slid his left hand around my waist before clasping my left hand in his right one and proceeded to lead me in a slow dance.

My head was barely reaching his sharp looking jawline despite the fact that I was in tall heels, our eyes locked for the fourth time today as we moved from side to side. He moved his hand over my waist ever so lightly and I puffed out a flustered breath and

ducked my head immediately. I felt another shiver slid down my spine when he pulled me closer to him, our clothes brushing against each other's.

"Look at me." He rumbled quietly, his vibrating, deep voice eliciting goosebumps over my bare arms. I glanced back up almost instantly, locking eyes with him again. His grey eyes bored into my blue ones, holding my gaze captive and leaving me no choice but to drown in his deep eyes.

"You're so beautiful," He murmured and I blinked a few times before swallowing emptily. I wanted to duck my head in embarrassment but couldn't find the power to break the eye contact despite the fact that my cheeks were flushed in embarrassment.

"Um, thank you," I whispered before ducking my head and puffing out a deep breath. I was super glad he didn't ask me to raise my head up again. His voice

was quiet, yet so firm and I couldn't bring myself to ignore it.

I've caught a few glances of him a few times while growing up, and none of those peaks prepared me for the man I met today. I prayed and wished he'd be ugly looking up close with a mouth and body odor so as to give me more reasons to hate him. I definitely wasn't expecting him to have eyes deep enough to make me feel like I was sinking into it each time our gaze locked.

I couldn't deny the fact that he was extremely good looking with dark curls framing his face and neck, a nicely curved nose, a light trimmed and neat looking beard hugging his outlined jaw sexily, making him appear way younger than I expected.

I couldn't believe the fact that I was married to the mafia lord, so many people were watching us dancing

and I didn't miss the way some of the girls from the bridal train had looked at him with longing in their eyes.

A bunch of clueless girls.

They could come have him though, it wasn't like I wanted to get married to him in the first place.

I definitely wasn't looking forward to tonight as well.

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I mopped my face and body with the fluffy towels in the bathroom before slipping on the lingerie set I was supposed to wear on my wedding night. Aunt Gianna had told me I was supposed to present myself to my husband on the wedding night this way two days ago. I felt like a sacrificial animal getting all cleaned up in preparation for the sacrifice. My heart was beating

fast and my pulse was running faster than my heartbeat as I slipped my robe over the sheer material of the lingerie and made it exit the bathroom. I paused beside the door and puffed out a breath before giving myself a little pep talk and pulling the door open.

Luca was sitting on the bed and I paused outside the closed bathroom door as my eyes landed on him. He was sitting on the edge of the bed and speaking quietly to someone on the phone, he was only in a black pants and I blinked a few times as my eyes landed on his naked, toned chest and skittered away almost immediately. He looked so huge and tall compared to me, I knew it wouldn't be hard for him to render me powerless if he wanted to.

His eyes lifted up and landed on me and I watched as the top of his lips twitched a little before he ended the call and placed the phone on the bed side table, I glanced at the bedside table and felt my heart jump in

my chest with a jolt of fear as I took in the two guns positioned beside his phone.

I've seen a lot of guns while growing up, on father and his men, I've seen some in his office as well on some occasions. But never have I been this close to one and that thought alone was making me nervous all over again.

What if he doesn't like my body and shoots me out of disappointment?

What if...

"Come over here," He said, cutting into my jumbled up thoughts and I dragged in a deep breath and closed the distance between us without wasting any time to avoid him from getting mad at me. He wrapped his large hand around my wrist and tugged me down on the bed the moment I got to his side and I sat wide-

eyed beside him with my heart sitting in my mouth, our eyes staring into each other's.

I could feel my own heartbeat in my ear and my blood was currently boiling over due to how nervous I was feeling. I broke eye contact and stared down at my robe covered thighs, wondering how he was going to go about everything tonight.

Was he going to lift me up and throw me on the bed before getting on with it? Was he going to tear my robe and underwear off if I hesitated on taking them off myself? Was he going to kiss me again the way he did at the wedding today? The way he had brushed his lips ever so lightly against mine...

The kiss had left a shivery, confusing feeling behind and I didn't know if I wanted to experience it again or not.

He grasp my chin and tugged my face up, making our gazes lock, we've locked eyes a lot today that I had lost count due to the amounts of things on my mind and each time he stared into my eyes with his grey eyes. It felt like he was staring right into my soul and trying to hypnotize me.

He leaned down and I squeezed my eyes shut immediately, my heart hammering hard against my chest. I felt soft lips faintly ghost against the edge of my lips ever so slowly before dragging over my cheek.

"Let me see those blue eyes, Sofia." His lips moved over my cheek as he whispered those words and my eyes fluttered open slowly, I tried to duck my head unconsciously but his sudden grip on my jaw prevented that. I was covered with my robe but that didn't stop shivers from sliding down my spine when his eyes raked over my facial features before coming



back to connect with mine.

“You look way more beautiful without makeup on,” He murmured against my cheek and I puffed out a slow breath as his voice rumbled against my cheek.

Oh.

I didn’t know what to say to that so I remained quiet and tried not to close my eyes as his lips lightly traced my jawline.

“You look so innocent,” He murmured as his lips traced a line down my neck, warm breath hitting my skin as each word left his mouth and I gasped a little with my eyes fluttering unconsciously.

“Um...” I started to say but trailed when he pressed a soft kiss on the spot beneath my ear and I puffed out another tiny breath as another confusing shiver

slithered down my spine slowly.

“But you are not, are you?” He lightly bit into the spot beneath my ear as the next words left his lips and an unintelligible sound slipped out of my lips, resulting in sparks flying around in my head.

What was happening?

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