

## BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

### Chapter 6

#### Sofia's POV

My heart was hammering hard against the insides of my chest and my rib cages, my pulse rate has spiked high up to the level of me feeling it vibrating fast on my throat. I shivered slightly as fear started to crept into my veins once again and stubbornly leaned back when Luca's fingers started to slow trail over my robe covered arm. To my surprise— and in the very next second, horror, Luca pulled his fingers away from my arm almost immediately. My eyes widened in horror as I realized what I just did and I held my breath fearfully, my whole body going numb as I waited on the slap that was surely going to hit me any second from now.

A few seconds passed, and... nothing.

I blinked a few times and turned my head around and— locked eyes with Luca. He was staring at me the same way he had been staring at me since the start of my wedding, there was nothing standing out about his facial expression. I silently prayed he wasn't already thinking up different ways in which he could use to 'discipline' me

"I'm s— sorry," I whispered in a quiet breath, my voice wavering and stuttering fearfully as I averted my gaze from staring into his gray eyes and instead focused them on my robe covered thighs. My hands were starting to shake due to how scared and worked up I am, and I clasped my two hands together and placed them on my laps to try to slow my heartbeat down which would then automatically calm the bubbling nerves that was causing my hands to shake.

A startled sound suddenly flew out of my mouth as Luca suddenly grasped my chin and tugged my face

around until I was staring into his eyes once again, I tried to stare in a spot that wasn't his face— his grey eyes in particular, but his firm hold on my chin didn't waver for a fleeting second and I wouldn't ever dare try to pull my face out of his hold— because I wasn't ready to meet my end yet.

“You're so skittish,” He suddenly said, his voice deep and sounding all growly despite how quiet it sounded. I felt my cheeks flush in embarrassment, making me duck my head almost immediately— or tried to, but couldn't because my new husband was still holding my chin captive in his hand, his eyes trailing over every feature of my face.

“Um,” I whispered and bit my lips in concentration as I tried to think up a word that would be a good reply to what he said a few seconds ago. I couldn't say ‘thank you’ to that because that was most definitely not a compliment, now could I? But then I couldn't leave his

words hanging in the air like that because that would be just rude, and I didn't want him to think I was slow, something I most definitely wasn't.

"I, um..." I started to say again without knowing what exactly I was going to say, my eyes stayed focused on his nose and cheeks, that was a way safer place for my eyes to peacefully stay glued to, compared to those, unnerving eyes of his.

I trailed off immediately and stared wide eyed at him as he started to lower his head towards mine once again, his face was only a breath away from grazing mine and I was fully aware of myself slowly leaning away from him, his grip on my chin to only thing keeping me from outrightly pulling away from him. I was trying to plead with my body to stay still, to avoid angering him, but for some reasons, my body was doing a different thing from what my mind was telling it to.

It was most definitely going to get me in trouble tonight.

He pressed his lips lightly pressed against my throat and at the same time brushed one part of my robe off my left shoulder. I gasped audibly and willed my body to remain still as his warm lips ghosted over my bare throat and was now lightly trailing over my collarbone, his grip choose that moment to thankfully leave my chin and I dragged in a deep breath and did my possible best to keep my body still as I refilled my empty lungs, my fingers twitching and slightly trembling on my thighs. The deep breaths that I took into my lungs a moment ago whooshed out the very next second when he unexpectedly pushed on my shoulders until my back was flat on the bed. I tightly fist the white, fluffy bed sheets as my mind started to register the fact that it was finally time for what was his to be taken.

My virginity was going to be non-existent before he pull himself away from me tonight.

My eyes started to sting and the back of my throat started to hurt as tears threatened to spill out the sides of my eyes and I squeezed my eyes shut, not wanting to anger him further since I knew I had angered him a few times tonight by my actions.

Look at me, sprawled out fearfully on the bed as I awaited my dreadful fate which was to have my privates invaded against my will, by this man— who was now my new husband, whom I had no doubt would definitely hurt me when doing the said act. I couldn't stop the set of tears that managed to accept my tightly closed eyes and I held my breath and tightened my hold on the sheets even more as I awaited the smack that was going to hit the side of my face now.

But... nothing. My heartbeat continued to pound and I was extremely scared to peel my eyes open in fear of what I was going to find. What if he was staring at me with so much anger pouring off those unnerving eyes of his? Or what if he had already gotten completely naked in preparation for what was going to take place between us tonight? Or what if...

A quiet stuttered breath puffed out my lips as I felt him pull my hands off the sheets I had tightly fisted a few minutes ago, and next thing I knew, I was being moved on the bed.

To the center? Where he was going to do it?

I couldn't help the second set of tears that spilled out the sides of my eyes and I tightly bit into my lower lips to stop a sob from slipping out unconsciously.

I felt my head being placed on a pillow before I finally stopped being moved and I held my breath again and awaited the worst.

“Open your eyes,” Luca’s voice commanded, the voice sounding close to my face and slipping into my ears immediately. I blinked my wet eyes open the next second as I couldn’t bring myself to disobey him despite the amount of fright stifling my fast pumping heart.

I blinked a couple of times before finally locking eyes with Luca, the whole surroundings of the room feeling bright and blurry because of the tears clinging to my lashes, as I stared into his grey eyes and unconsciously pressed my head into the pillow for there to be space between us, than there currently was.

“How old are you?” He asked, slightly moving above

me, which was when I noticed that he was slightly kneeling above me, his arms were on either side of my head and his face was a few inches away from mine. I ignored the way his big shoulders and biceps were making me feel extremely tiny compared to him as I tried to focus my overheating brain on his question.

“I’m eighteen years of age,” I whispered my answer, silently impressed in myself for not stuttering in between the words.

“Fuck.” He quietly exclaimed above me and I flinched, immediately trying to figure out if I had done something to anger him at this very moment and coming up with nothing. He broke eye contact this time, staring at a spot above my head and I noticed the way his throat moved a few times in a swallowing motion while the protruding Adam apple protruding and way more more outlined than any one I’ve ever

set my eyes on. Father had something like that, but it was mostly covered in fat since he started putting on weight while my brother and I were growing up. I had no one else's to compare with Luca's since I had never seen any man's throat in this kind of close proximity— except my brother's, and his was barely outlined as he's still growing up.

“Sleep.” He instructed the moment his gaze locked with mine once again and I blinked at him a couple of times, trying to confirm if I had heard him correctly.

Sleep?

Sleep as in, go into an unconscious state and lose all control of my body, leaving me in an extremely vulnerable state and leaving my body at risk of it being violated by him?

But sleep? He wanted me to sleep?

Or he wanted to wait until I went to sleep before pouncing?

I watched as he pulled his hands from either sides of my head and rolled his whole body over to the other side of the huge bed, keeping a wide space between us- which was when I noticed that he had pulled my body over to the very left side of the bed, instead of the middle I had thought. My eyes followed his every move while my heart stay pounding hard against the insides of my chest and I watched as he sat on the other side of the bed with his elbows on his thighs.

I blinked as my eyes took in the whole expanse of his back, the upper side of his back was very wide and my eyes immediately zeroed in on a scar in the left lower side of his back. It looked jagged and shrieked tightly together like the actual wound was way bigger but the scar then chose to not be as big as the initial

wound. I had no idea what kind of wound the scar was form, I have seen quite enough gunshot wounds while growing up to be able to identify a wound from a bullet on first glance, but this one was quite... confusing and complex looking.

Wait, why was I suddenly analyzing his scar?

Luca choose that particular moment to glance behind him and I flushed red on mortification as his eyes locked with mine, I averted my gaze immediately and turned around on the bed, facing the other side of the room and silently praying that he had gone back to staring at his fists and meditating instead of staring at my awkwardly, curled position. My knees were tucked behind my thighs and I was very aware that my robe had rode upwards on my thighs along the line, but I was too frozen and scared to do a thing about it. I felt very vulnerable and wanted nothing more than to curl into a small ball beneath the blanket that I was

currently on— but I wouldn't dare move around on the bed just to get beneath the blanket.

Luca had asked me to sleep which my over analyzing mind had broken down into multiple meanings even though it only had one actual meaning.

It could be that he actually wanted me to sleep, because maybe he had suddenly lost interest in my body like I had feared— and hoped.

If you find any errors ( broken links, non-standard content, etc.. ), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.