

BETROTHED TO THE MAFIA LORD

Chapter 8

Sofia's POV

I slowly ascended the row of stairs and paused three stairs to the final landing on seeing two men standing there. I stared confusingly at them, wondering what it was that they were looking for. My eyes zeroed in on their weapons strapped on their similar attire as I brushed my hair out of my face.

Oh, Luca's guards. But Luca wasn't home... or was he?

"Good morning, ma'am." They both echoed at the same time and in sync, bowed their heads down a little. My mouth widened and I shook my head immediately with a wave of my hand.

"No, no... are you sure I am the one you actually want

to speak with?" I asked in confusion.

"Yes, Ma'am. We were ordered here by Mr Ricci and starting from this moment, the both of us are officially your two bodyguards." One of the two men responded immediately and I breathed out a small sigh, of course I was going to be assigned body guards immediately who were going to monitor every bit of my life starting from this moment, like they said.

"Don't address me as 'Ma'am' please, 'Sofia' is fine." I informed them in the next second as the term 'ma'am' sounded really weird for me to be addressed as. It also sounded like it was used to address really older women, and not an eighteen year old girl.

"I am afraid we wouldn't be able to do that, ma'am. It's our duty to thoroughly respect and protect you. We addressing you as your first name is a taboo, we're so sorry ma'am." The second guard said this time and

they both bowed their heads down a little at the apology at the end of the sentence. I watched them silently for a few seconds before nodding my head in understanding, of course our rules and beliefs just have to be extra toxic as well.

“The housekeeper is already here and the cook has been patiently waiting for you to come down so you could tell her what it is you want to be prepared for you.” The second guard continued and I blinked a couple of times before nodding my head as a sign that I was listening to him.

“Mr Ricci asked us to relay a few messages to you.” He paused and my heartbeat quickened for a fleeting moment.

“Oh, he isn’t around?” I asked the guard because I was starting to get confused. The guard thankfully answered immediately unlike the guards back at

home who would have rolled their eyes had my brother and I ask them any kind of question.

“He already left for work, ma’am, which was why he called us over at the wee hours of today.” He answered and once I gave a nod of my head, he continued.

“Mr Ricci said we are to accompany you to the electronics so you can get a phone, he also said we should head to the bank where you would be assigned a black card in his name with no limit and... is something wrong, Mrs Ricci?” The guard suddenly trailed off to ask and I blinked my eyes a few times to take off the tiny daze that came over me a few seconds ago.

“No, there’s nothing wrong. Everything’s fine.” I replied and clasped my hands together as I slowly dragged in deep breaths into my lungs.

I was going to get a new phone today? That means I could reach my younger brother?

I had no idea I was going to be given a phone so fast into the marriage, after all, the one I had been using before got seized before the wedding because my father believes I wouldn't be needing that piece of device while going into marriage, and that if I please my husband and do whatever he requests of me, then maybe he'd decide to get me a phone. And so I had not been hoping for a phone to be given to me any time soon, and that thought definitely didn't cross my mind one bit this morning since I couldn't even please him last night, now did I?

"Mrs Ricci? Would you like to sit down for a bit?" The second guard asked and I blinked again on realizing that I had unconsciously zoned out on them once again. I tightened my hold on my hands, feeling a little

uneasy around them and also reassuring myself that they wouldn't dare do a thing to me because of how badly Luca was feared.

"Yes, thank you." I replied so as not to come off as a rude person to them, and because my legs were starting to hurt.

I ascended the last of the stairs and they immediately parted for me to walk through their midst. I hesitated for a few moments before I left walking past them, fully aware that they were like giants beside me. I walked further into the unfamiliar but extremely beautiful and expensive house until I arrived at the sitting room.

The sitting room was a really wide room that contained white and blue colored couches and a few small throw pillows on each particular couch. Even the couch was expensive looking as the edge of each

one has some kind of golden intricate carved into each shiny wood in different swiny designs. It was really beautiful.

I sank into one and breathed out a sigh, this place which looked so much like the hotels I've seen in a few movies. My parents' house wasn't small, mind you. It was big, and really sophisticated. But compared to Luca's house, it was actually small.

But then Luca was the mafia lord, what was I expecting?

The guards didn't sit down on the couch like I expected and instead stood on different parts of the couch which I was currently sitting on.

"Are you comfortable, ma'am?" The guard who has suggested I sit down asked and I let out a tiny smile at him in appreciation. "Yes, I am. Thank you very

much.” I replied, wishing I didn’t have to be referred to with so much formality and respect.

“So as I was saying before, Mr Ricci said we are to accompany you to the bank where you would be assigned a black card with no limit to the card, which means you can spend whatever amount you want from the card without...” He continued to explain but trailed off immediately when I started speaking.

“I know what a black card is.” I informed him because I didn’t want them to think I was a dumb, little girl which might give them the impression that I most definitely didn’t want them to have of me.

“Oh, my bad. I’m sorry, ma’am.” He apologized immediately and I waved my right hand, brushing his apology off.

“It’s alright, er... what are your names?”

“My name’s Ethan, ma’am.” The first guard replied with a little bow of his head and the second guard took over from him almost immediately.

“And I am Ryan, ma’am.”

“Nice to meet you guys.” I answered, turning their names around in my head. It wouldn’t be weird if I ask them to refer to me as ‘Sofia’ again, would it?

I guess it would.

“Nice to meet you too, ma’am.” They replied in sync and I sucked in a small breath and blew it out slowly. This would need some getting used to as it is a lot weird to me.

I walked into the said kitchen which the guards had pointed me to because I was completely clueless as to where was where in the whole house. Apparently the house keeper was also going to show me around today, thankfully.

“Good morning, Mrs Ricci. I am Sarah, the house keeper of the house.” The woman greeted me the moment she noticed my entrance into the kitchen. She looked like a woman in her early forties and if I was uncomfortable with the guards addressing me with so much respect, then I was down right feeling uneasy watching a woman way older than I am addressing me with so much respect.

“Hello Sarah, please address me as Sofia.” I replied to her and clarified immediately. She was definitely older than my mother and there was no way I was going to be alright with her addressing me with ‘ma’am’.

“Oh no, ma’am, that would be me disrespecting you.” She argued back instantly but I shook my head as her words sank into my head.

“I Insist, Sarah.” I continued and she stared at me quietly for a few seconds before finally nodding her head with a small sigh leaving her lips.

“Alright, Sofia. Although, I honestly don’t know how Mr Ricci is going to feel about this.” She expressed her thoughts and I shook my head, effortlessly dismissing her worry for my own comfort.

“I’m sure he won’t mind.”

“That’s great then. Welcome home, Sofia.” Sarah started to say and my stomach twisted sourly, this most definitely doesn’t feel one bit like home.

What even is home?

“Thank you, Sarah.” I replied to her, grateful that at least the people I’ve been introduced to since the start of today had all been nice people. Our house keeper back home wasn’t all that bad, but then she wasn’t all that good either. She was just... there.

Like mother, just there.

“Matilda would be back soon, she went to retrieve the master’s suits jackets from the laundry room. Once she arrives here, she’d start up whatever it is that you’re interested in eating.” Sarah said as she moved around in the wide kitchen and immediately started up the coffee machine.

“Would you like coffee, ma’am? I mean, Sofia.”

I smiled softly at the little slip, grateful that she was at

least trying to make me comfortable.

“Yes, please.” I answered despite the fact that my stomach was churning badly but in no state for food to be given to it.

“Have a seat, please.” She gestured towards the few set of high chairs surrounding the counter and I slowly hopped on one while thoroughly checking out the kitchen.

Like I said, the whole house was expensive and beautiful, the kitchen was no different.

Starting from this set of high chairs, we didn’t have these back at home and I’ve only seen it in movies and read about it in stories.

The counter was so long and wide, I wondered what it was that could even want to be prepared here that

would ever warrant this amount of space for just a counter. The cupboards were never ending and I could spot three to five microwaves and ovens on the other side of the kitchen.

I glanced around again but didn't see a fridge anywhere. Perhaps Luca doesn't like anything cold and had therefore seen no need for it to be in the kitchen?

"How long have you been a house keeper here, Sarah?" I asked Sarah when she dropped off the cup of coffee she had prepared for me, before me on the counter and was about to walk away from me.

I watched as her lips twitched in the obvious fight of her trying to hold back her telling smile which could be clearly seen in her eyes as well, due to how extremely crinkled up it currently was.

“Oh, for over a decade now.” She answered and I lifted up my steaming cup of coffee and blew over the top for a few seconds before taking a small sip from it. The hot liquid slid into my mouth and down my throat slowly, the coffee tasted nice, but not the way I liked mine.

It wasn't sugary enough.

“That's really amazing, Sarah. How has it been so far?

“Oh, thank you, Sofia. It's been a whirlwind of emotions and honestly soothing for me. Nothing pleases me like housekeeping does, and I've been really happy since I started working here.”

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