

Mafia God 206

Chapter 206: I Love You

His fingers traced lightly along her back. "Luca..." she started. His hand withdrew and connected with her bare ass with a slap hard enough to shock.

Veronica gasped, her fingers pressing harder against the wall as the sensation bloomed warm against her skin.

Then his hand smoothed over the same place, soothing, undoing what he had just done.

He leaned in, his breath brushing against her neck before his lips followed, pressing a slow kiss just below her ear.

"You don't pull me out of important events," he murmured.

"What's so important about it?" she shot back. Another slap. Stronger this time. Veronica cried out, her back arching slightly as the sensation spread, heat rising instantly.

"Luca!"

"I love you," Luca said. "But you don't manipulate me. Is that clear?" Veronica nodded quickly, breath uneven, her fingers pressing harder against the wall.

That wasn't enough. The slap came again pulling a startled sound from her lips. "Yes!" she gasped, correcting herself instantly. "Yes."

That satisfied him. "Why did you come?" he asked. "What did you want?" His fingers slid into her hair, gathering it to one side, exposing the line of her neck. His mouth followed, pressing warmth against her skin.

Veronica's eyes fluttered shut for a second before she forced them open again. "You..." she started.

He didn't let that stand. Another quick, firm correction. Her breath broke. "You have me," Luca said, right against her ear. "What do you want from me?" His lips brushed just beneath her ear.

Veronica swallowed. Her thoughts felt slower. "I..." she tried again. His teeth grazed lightly at her ear.

Focus. He wanted words. Veronica exhaled shakily. "I need your cock."

"You said you didn't want it," he reminded her.

Her head shook faintly. "No... I said I wanted you to wear protection."

"You know I won't change my mind, and yet you are here," he said.

"I know. I just... wanted you anyway."

"You are one hell of a slut," he muttered.

"Consistently."

His hand slid from her hair, trailing down her shoulder. "Looks like you're a little too in love with my dick," he added, a trace of dry amusement slipping back into his tone.

She nodded instinctively—then caught herself. He didn't miss it, another slap. "Fuck!" She straightened slightly, even with her hands still against the wall, forcing herself to answer properly this time. "Yes," she said.

"Say it." he commanded.

"I'm in love with your dick," she admitted, shivering. Luca's eyes darkened, piercing into her with a hunger that made her pulse quicken.

"Are you wet, right now?" he asked, each word dragging.

"Yes...please stay with me," she whispered. He slipped his fingers into her underwear, the warmth of her slick sliding against him.

He hummed, a deep, satisfied sound. "How badly do you want me?" he murmured, pressing three fingers flat against her clit.

She gasped, hips arching as the slow, torturous rub sent shivers down her spine. Her moans were raw, mingling with the low hum of his satisfaction.

He leaned closer, the heat of his body pressing against hers, controlling every shiver, every whimper.

Every touch, every movement, was impossible to resist. "Like air, Luca," she finally managed to whisper.

"Then you can wait until I'm done with my commitments," he said. He pulled his fingers from her, leaving her aching and raw. He stepped back, adjusting his suit with an unnerving calmness, as if nothing had just happened.

"No! Luca...what? No?!" Vee turned to face him, panic and longing mixing in her eyes.

"You stay here and think about what you have done," he said, a smirk tugging at the corner of his lips. He picked up his gun, and made his way to the door.

Vee's knees threatened to give out as she watched him, her body still trembling, her mind reeling.

The door shut behind him, leaving silence like a second, cruel lover. Her breath caught in her throat.

She dropped onto the bed, chest heaving, still not fully believing what had just happened. Her body was on fire, every nerve raw with want. She was wet, desperate, aching for him, willing to let him fuck her

without protection—and yet he had just walked out. Her fingers fumbled for her phone, ready to send a scathing text that would strip him bare in words.

But before she could type, a message blinked on the screen. It was from Bianca. 'Well played, Bitch. Well played.'

Vee paused, staring at the words, and then a slow smile spread across her face. Well, mission accomplished anyway. She had promised Bianca that Luca would be with her that night.

And even if it had only been for a few fleeting minutes, she had delivered exactly that. The memory of Luca's fingers, his touch, the way he had humiliated yet pleased her at the same time, still throbbed between her legs.

She sank deeper into the sheets, curling around herself, every ache a reminder of his control. She felt victorious, a perverse sense of power swelling inside her.

Bianca's text was the cherry on top—a reminder that her manipulation had worked, that she had orchestrated something that even Luca couldn't resist entirely.

She let herself laugh quietly.

Meanwhile, Marco felt the full weight of Luca's wrath as he parked in front of the Scalese home that evening.

And even as Luca exploded through the phone, Marco could tell that the surprise had caught him off guard delightfully.

"Will not happen again, boss," Marco said.

"I didn't say it shouldn't happen again," Luca snapped. "I'm saying a heads up would be nice."

Marco shrugged, unconcerned. "A heads up would ruin the surprise."

"You know what? Fuck you!" he barked, then ended the call, leaving Marco staring at the phone with a triumphant grin.

He glanced at the Scalese's front door. Then he climbed out of the car. He swung the trunk open.

Inside, he had packed everything he thought she might need, and more—fruits, groceries, and carefully chosen treats.

He lifted the bags, one after the other, careful not to drop anything.