

Mafia God 212

Chapter 212: She Is My Family

"Your family..." Veronica said, her voice tightening as she held his gaze. "That includes Bianca and not me."

Luca let out a short, humorless breath, his patience thinning. "You know what?" he said, leaning back slightly, his eyes darkening. "Since we're starting the morning off like this—as bitches? Yes," he finished bluntly. "She is my family."

"Are you calling me a bitch?!" she demanded, her voice rising despite the public setting.

"Yes," Luca shot back without hesitation. "Because that's exactly what you're being right now."

"And you know what?" Veronica snapped, her chest rising and falling faster now. "Fuck you!" Her hands clenched on the table as everything she had been holding in finally spilled over. "Why in the world do I even make it seem like you're all that?" she continued, her voice shaking with frustration. "All you are is confused about what you actually want—and you're dragging me down this rabbit hole with you..." Her breath caught slightly, but she didn't stop. "A rabbit hole where there is no future," she added, her voice dropping just a fraction, "and I cannot believe, for the life of me, that I'm allowing it."

"I'll tell you why," he said slowly. "Because you have never—and you will never—find anyone who makes you feel the way I do."

The confidence in his tone was conviction. He paused, as if considering something, then added, more quietly—

"Actually... that goes both ways. My point is..." he continued, "you were made for me."

Before she could respond, his hand moved—cupping her cheek, his fingers firm against her jaw.

He held her there, forcing her to look at him. "You are my soulmate," he said, his gaze locking onto hers with an intensity that made it hard to breathe. "And it doesn't matter how crazy we drive each other..." His thumb brushed lightly along her skin, the contrast between his earlier harshness and this quiet

control sending a different kind of tension through her. "I will always be the one you want." His eyes dropped briefly to her lips before returning to her gaze. "You're just as obsessed as I am." His other hand shifted, resting lightly against her thigh. "Finish your breakfast, love," he said quietly.

"Uh..." Vee blinked, her voice trailing off as she tried to pull her thoughts back together.

"Finish your breakfast," Luca said. "I need to give you some news... but it has to be upstairs."

"Oh... right." She nodded quickly, and turned back to her plate as if the simple act of eating could ground her again.

But it didn't. Vee picked up her fork, trying to act normal, trying to ignore the weight of his gaze on her.

It didn't work. Every movement suddenly felt... noticeable. Luca's eyes fixed on her mouth as she took another bite.

He didn't even try to hide it. The soft press of her lips against the fork, the slow pull as she drew the food in—

It shouldn't have meant anything. And yet, it did. When her tongue flicked briefly across her lower lip, catching a trace of syrup, his gaze darkened.

His mind betrayed him instantly, filling in images he had no business entertaining in a public space. His fingers tightened unconsciously where they rested on her thigh beneath the table.

Vee shifted slightly under his touch, her breath catching just a little. She tried to focus on her food again, but it was impossible now. She took another bite, slower this time, more aware.

More conscious of him. Of how close he was. Of how easily he affected her. By the time she reached the last bite of her pancakes, she just had to ask.

"Are you alright?" Vee asked finally, glancing up at him as she swallowed.

His eyes were still on her, still dark, still fixed. "No," he said. "Not one fucking bit."

Vee's brows drew together slightly, concern cutting through the haze. "Why?"

He reached for her hand beneath the table. Vee glanced down, confusion flickering across her face until he guided her hand to his cock.

A satisfied smile spread across her face. "Yup," she said, her voice light, teasing. "I've still got it."

"Nice to know my discomfort is a source of entertainment for you," he muttered.

Vee tilted her head, her fingers cupping him, her smile lingering. "I'll kiss it better later," she said, her voice dropping just enough to carry promise.

Luca's gaze darkened instantly. "I'll hold you to that," he replied, already counting on it.

Vee cleared her throat lightly and turned back to her plate, finishing the last of her breakfast with more focus than before.

"Done?" he asked.

She nodded, dabbing her lips with a napkin.

"Let's go," he said, already getting to his feet.

They moved through the hotel quietly, side by side. By the time they reached her room, and the door clicked shut behind them.

Luca didn't ease into it. "Rosa is dead."

"What?" she asked, her voice tinged with shock. "What? How is she dead?" Her mind raced, trying to catch up. "I saw her," she continued, shaking her head slightly.

"I saw her when I went into the shop this week."

"She was shot," he said. "In the alley behind the parlour."

Her stomach twisted, the earlier lightness completely gone now. "What..." she started again. "What is happening? Oh my God... oh my God... Valentina!" Vee's voice rose sharply, panic breaking through. "Where is Valentina?!"

"She's fine," he said.

Vee's eyes snapped to his, searching, desperate for certainty.

"She's being watched," he continued. "By two very capable men."

There was a faint edge of dry humor in his voice. "Crazy, yes... but no one will do a better job protecting her."

"She's pregnant," she said quickly.

Luca blinked, clearly not expecting that. "Oh?" he said, his brows lifting slightly. "Oh... ah..."

For once, he looked momentarily thrown off balance. "How should I feel about that news?" he muttered. "I... I don't know..."

Vee shook her head slightly, still trying to process everything. "She's still deciding what to do," she added.