

Mafia God 214

Chapter 214: My Back Is Killing Me

"I did!" he admitted quickly, raising his hands defensively. "I did, alright? But there was nowhere else to look!"

Her mouth opened, ready to retort, but he wasn't finished.

"Besides," he continued, "I swore I slept on the couch. And right now... my back is killing me! So please, just... take it easy on me."

Vee's lips twitched in a smile. "Thank you," she said finally, the warmth creeping into her voice. "Thank you for telling me. Thank you for being honest with me. I know this... what we have is challenging."

Luca shook his head, his eyes darkening with a seriousness that silenced the playfulness for a moment. "That's not why it's challenging for me," he said. "It's challenging for me because you are not my wife. You're not the one I take home for anniversaries... for family dinners... for celebrations that matter," he continued, like he was laying out the truth of himself for her to see. "You're not exactly missing out on anything with my family anyway—but I want to be with you with pride. Truly." "I want you to wear my ring," he said finally. "I want everyone to see you and identify you as Mrs. Luca Genovese. I want everything possible with you," he said. "Every part of my life, every piece of my world—shared with you." His hands found hers, lightly gripping,

"Not just the easy parts, the celebrations, the dinners, the smiles... but the hard parts too. The decisions, the choices, the battles we fight every day. I want to face them all with you."

Vee swallowed hard, feeling the intensity of his gaze, the sincerity in his words, the need for her to understand not just his desire, but his longing.

"And yes," he added quietly, "That includes... every hidden part of me I usually guard. Because with you, there's nothing to hide. I want you to see it all... and still choose me."

Her lips parted slightly, a shiver running down her spine, the closeness of him, the vulnerability, the unflinching honesty—it was overwhelming. She rested her head against his chest. Her arms wrapped around him, holding on. "Me too, love," she murmured.

Luca's hand came up instinctively, settling at the back of her head as he pressed a gentle kiss to her hair.

For a moment, they just stood there. No arguments. Just the quiet, fragile space they had carved out for themselves.

And in that silence, their minds drifted— To what could have been. To how different everything might have been if their paths had crossed earlier.

Luca knew, with a certainty that he would have walked away from his wedding for her. That was how deeply she had rooted herself into him. He shifted slightly, his hand moving from her hair to her chin, gently lifting her face so she could look at him.

Her eyes met his. Then he leaned in and kissed her. The kiss had everything he couldn't put into words.

His lips moved against hers, building, deepening as she responded. Her hands tightened around him before sliding upward, fingers finding the buttons of his shirt.

One after the other, she undid them. The way she touched him sent a steady heat through his chest.

Her palms pressed lightly against his skin once the fabric gave way, and Luca inhaled sharply, his grip on her tightening.

Every touch felt amplified. Vee's breath grew uneven as her hands moved over him, as if reacquainting herself with what she already knew by heart.

The kiss deepened, becoming more urgent. When they finally pulled apart, it was only for air.

"I need you," Vee whispered.

Luca's hand slid from her jaw to the back of her neck again, holding her there. He undid her buttons too, pulling the shirt away from her and exposing her skin, his breath catching slightly at the sight of her. His fingers moved around her bra, tracing the edges slowly.

The touch alone made her shiver. Then he pulled her into him sharply, like he didn't want even an inch of space between them.

"I can't imagine sharing you with anyone," he said. "You are so fucking hot." He bent forward and kissed her neck, his lips pressing hard against her skin. He pushed her back inward so that she would arch against him, guiding her body exactly where he wanted it.

Her back curved instinctively, her breath catching as he took control of her movement. He buried his head between her breasts, breathing her in, his hands tightening on her waist.

Veronica gasped softly, her fingers digging slightly into his shoulders. Her hand slid down his chest, feeling every inch of him under her palm.

When she reached his pants, she cupped his erection in her hands. Luca let out a low breath against her skin, his grip tightening again as her touch settled there.

Then she moved her hand, running her palm up and down him. "You make me so horny, I can't stand it, babe," he whispered, his voice thick, strained with everything he was holding back.

"How do you do it? How do you have that kind of power?" His eyes stayed locked on her, like he couldn't fully understand how she affected him this way. He pulled her by the hand, leading her across the room. He stopped in front of the mirror and positioned her carefully, making sure she was facing it. "Look," he murmured.

Her eyes lifted to the reflection, catching both of them—his body pressed behind hers, his hands already moving.

He undid her pants slowly, dragging the moment out, his fingers brushing against her skin as he worked. He pushed the fabric down, letting it fall to the ground without looking away from the mirror. His eyes stayed on her reflection, watching every reaction, every shift in her expression.

Then his fingers hooked through her underwear, pausing there for just a second—

like he was giving her time to feel it, to anticipate it.

Soon, the lace joined the pants on the floor.