

Mafia God 216

Chapter 216: Just Like That

The intensity built steadily, each thrust deeper, more consuming than the last. Their sweat mingled, the scent of desire thick in the air, their bodies slick and warm. Vee's hips pressed harder, pulling him in, letting herself feel the fullness, the connection, the unrelenting heat between them.

"Luca..." she whispered, voice strained with need, tilting her head back as he drove into her.

He groaned in response, holding her even tighter. "That's it, love...just like that..."

When night finally fell in New York, Valentina took pity on Ricardo and finally let him inside. The man had been nearly frozen sitting on her porch, shivering in the crisp evening air, his breath visible in the cold as he muttered complaints under his breath.

She handed him a steaming cup of cocoa, the warmth seeping into his chilled fingers as he wrapped his hands around it. The couch creaked slightly as he settled in, finally letting himself relax after the long, tense wait outside.

"I thought you were going to leave me to die out there," Ricardo said.

"I'm still considering it," Val said. She crossed her arms over her chest and leaned back against the chair.

"Will you ever forgive me?" he asked.

"First, tell me why? Your reason about work was bullshit. I thought we had something great going." She had given him a piece of herself once, and the memory of it still lingered.

"Yeah, we did," he admitted, his gaze locking with hers, unwavering. "I wish I could give you the basics, but I know how close you and Marco are. I did something stupid... something that would most definitely cost me my life, and I didn't want to drag you into it."

"Honestly, that makes me feel a whole lot better," she admitted, letting herself breathe a little easier, her fingers tapping nervously on the armrest of the chair. "No one wants to come second place to work."

"I never stopped thinking about you, Val. Never, not once."

Valentina swallowed, fighting the sudden lump in her throat. "You really mean that?" she asked. There was so much left unsaid between them, so many moments stolen and lost. But now, facing him, feeling the honesty in his eyes, she couldn't help but hope.

"I do," he said firmly. "And I hope you will give me the opportunity to do right by you and our child. To be there—not just in moments, but in all of them. I want to protect you, to hold you, to make sure nothing ever hurts you. I can't undo the past, Val, but I can fight for our future."

Valentina's eyes glistened as she looked at him, the pain and the longing and the love all warring within her. The child growing inside her was a reminder of what had been, what was lost, and what might still be gained. She had wanted clarity, and now she had it. The man in front of her was not perfect, but he was real, and he wanted them—wanted her—with everything he had.

Her lips trembled as she finally spoke, "You've made a mess of things, Ricardo"

"I swear... I will never let you down again."

Valentina shook her head, pressing her palm to her forehead. "My sister is disappointed in me. Marco too. He doesn't say it, but I know. They both don't say it," she admitted.

"Trust me, your sister is not in any way disappointed. Right now, she is in Italy trying to fix my mess."

"What? She told me she was going to see Luca. Did you put her in some kind of danger?" She couldn't even picture her sister anywhere near danger without feeling her stomach twist into knots.

"No! No! Yes... she went to see Luca, but it's because of me. I prompted the trip," Ricardo said.

Valentina's hands twisted nervously in her lap. "Does it have something to do with his wife?"

"You know about that, uhn?" Ricardo asked, a small smirk breaking through his otherwise tense expression. There was relief in knowing that Valentina wasn't completely in the dark.

"Yeah, she told me eventually," Valentina admitted.

Ricardo let out a slow sigh. "Yeah... But your sister knows what she's doing, and she's strong enough to handle it."

"Tell me about her, Luca's wife." Val urged. She needed to understand who they were really dealing with, the woman who shot her sister.

"Ugh... Well, Bianca... that's her name... When you meet her for the first time, she comes off as a spoiled, sweet woman. Very beautiful. I mean unarguably the most beautiful woman Italy has ever produced."

Val raised an eyebrow, letting the words sink in. "I can see how someone like that could be Luca's wife," she said.

Ricardo nodded. "She is the daughter of one of the powerful famiglias in Italy. When she was just a girl, her family and the Genovese decided to cement their friendship in marriage. Merge their holdings, their reach. Imagine two individually powerful families merging. They become unstoppable." He paused.

Val nodded slowly, absorbing every detail. She could see the picture Ricardo was painting: a woman molded by privilege, power, and expectation, someone capable of bending situations to her will without anyone even realizing it.

"Intelligent, and she knows it. Like I said, she grew up surrounded by powerful men. She understands the dynamics of influence. She knows how to command attention, how to get what she wants, and how to protect what's hers." His gaze sharpened as he continued. "She is pretty, powerful, and smart. Let's put it this way... she is the soft version of Luca. But don't get it twisted—she can be brutal when she wants to be. She knows exactly which side of her to show at every moment. Whether it's the pretty

woman, the charming daughter, or the sharp-minded strategist... she chooses her role carefully. Every word, every gesture is deliberate."

Val absorbed it, feeling both intimidated and fascinated. "So, we have established that she's dangerous," she said quietly.

"Dangerous doesn't even begin to cover it," Ricardo said with a dark chuckle. "She's not just dangerous; she's untouchable in her world."