

Mafia God 217

Chapter 217: We Dated For A Bit

"You seem to know too much about another man's wife," Val noted, her eyes narrowing slightly as she studied Ricardo more closely.

"That's because before she was married, we dated for a bit," he said plainly.

"Great," she muttered dryly. "Both I and my sister are dating leftovers of the same woman."

Ricardo let out a short laugh, shaking his head. "That's one way to look at it."

"It's the only way I'm looking at it right now," Val shot back.

Ricardo sobered slightly. "Look... she's not going to let Luca go. That's not how this works. But you don't have to worry," he continued quickly. "Your sister is under Luca's protection. She is famiglia now."

Val swallowed, processing that. It brought a strange mix of comfort and unease. Before she could respond, a knock sounded at the door.

Both of them turned instinctively. The door opened without waiting for an answer, and Marco stepped in.

"Marco!" Val exclaimed, her entire face lighting up instantly.

The tension in her shoulders melted away as she stood up quickly, crossing the room toward him.

"Hey, pumpkin. You good?" Marco asked. He gave her a small smile, his eyes scanning her briefly, checking for any signs of distress.

Ricardo might as well have disappeared. Val nodded, relief evident now. "Yeah. I'm okay. Did you get any info on who hurt Rosa?" she asked.

Marco's face hardened slightly, the warmth in his eyes dimming just enough to make it clear he had already been down that road. "No," he said. "It was an ambush." He stepped further into the room, his posture relaxed but alert, like a man who never truly let his guard down. "I dug into her life," he continued. "Asides from a kinky lifestyle, she is alright. Nothing that points to this."

Val exhaled slowly, her arms wrapping around herself again.

"The police are all over it also," Marco added. "You can rest easy."

Val nodded, choosing to accept the comfort for now. Marco's gaze shifted then, landing on Ricardo.

Where there had been warmth, there was now cold. "You can head to the club now," Marco said, his voice calm but leaving no room for argument.

Ricardo looked between them, then back at Marco.

"I would like to stay," Ricardo said, like he was testing a boundary he already knew existed.

"You will like to go," Marco countered. The two men held each other's gaze for a moment.

A silent standoff. Valentina stood there, watching the exchange. It wasn't new—the tension between them—but it never felt any easier to witness.

Ricardo exhaled sharply, breaking the moment first. "Fine! Fine!" he said, throwing his hands up slightly in surrender. "I'm not in the mood to fight with you anyway." He got to his feet. "I'll see you tomorrow, babe," he said, turning his attention back to Valentina.

"Okay," she said softly.

Then he turned and walked out.

"Babe?" Marco repeated, one brow lifting slowly as he turned to look at her.

Valentina let out a small breath, rubbing her arms lightly. "Habit... I guess," she said, though even to her own ears, it sounded less certain than she wanted it to.

"Are you taking him back?" he asked finally.

Val's gaze dropped briefly to the floor before she shook her head slightly. "I don't know, Marco," she admitted.

And that was the truth. The only truth she had right now.

"I don't know anything," she added. She moved toward the couch slowly, sitting down like the weight of everything was finally catching up to her. "All I can think of is moving forward." She looked tired.

Worn down by decisions, by uncertainty, by everything that kept piling up around her.

"Moving forward doesn't mean rushing into something," he said gently.

Val looked up at him, her eyes searching his.

"I know," she said. "But staying stuck isn't an option either."

"Have you decided what to do about the baby?" Marco asked.

"No..." she admitted after a moment.

She turned her head slowly to look at him, searching his face like she was trying to read something he wasn't saying.

"Are you disappointed in me, Marco?" she asked.

The question caught him off guard.

"What? Why?" Marco said immediately, his brows pulling together as he shifted closer and dropped down to sit beside her.

"I don't know," Val said, shrugging slightly, though her eyes stayed on him. "You just have that look."

"A look of disappointment?" he repeated, a faint crease forming between his brows.

"I don't know," she said again, like even she wasn't sure what she was feeling—only that it was there.

"You are seeing things," he said.

"I'm hungry," he added, glancing around casually. "You have anything edible in this house?"

"I'll make you something," she said, pushing herself up from the couch.

Marco watched her as she walked toward the kitchen.

He let her go. He did that quite often. Get her to walk away from him so he wouldn't do or say anything he would regret. It was easier that way.

Cassidy felt his heart pound violently in his chest, like it was trying to break free as Bianca moved above him, completely in control.

The rhythm she set was relentless, like she knew exactly what she was doing to him and had no intention of stopping.

Coming to Italy for a booty call was not something he had ever imagined himself doing.

Not once.

And yet—

Here he was.

Flat on his back, breath uneven, hands gripping at her waist as Bianca took what she wanted from him without hesitation.

Cassidy swallowed hard, his fingers tightening slightly as he tried to keep up with her pace, but it was useless.

He wasn't leading this.

He never was with her.

There was something dangerously addictive about it—the way she held power even here, even now.

He exhaled sharply, his head falling back slightly as he let himself get lost in the moment, even knowing how reckless it was.

His hands gripped her waist as his cock pulsed, a low breath breaking from him.