

## **Mafia God 227**

### Chapter 227: I Know What You Do

That look. He didn't like the idea that anything he did could make her look at him that way.

Why didn't he tell her? Why didn't he tell her that the man who had asked him for that favour was her father?

That was where all of this had started. The first thread. The first decision that set everything else in motion.

He could have told her. Should have told her. But he hadn't. What would that change? He couldn't bring himself to regret it.

At the end of it all, he got her. She had been the outcome. The reward. The one thing that mattered above everything else.

He got her. She was the ultimate gift. The ultimate victory. So why hadn't he seen her in three days?

Why hadn't he called? Why hadn't he even tried? He had buried himself in work instead.

Julian was in town. There was still no final word from Bastardi. And until that came through, everything else remained in a state of suspension.

The Bastione ambush was still looming. He didn't trust Julian anymore to deliver messages to his father.

Julian had always been unpredictable, always walked the line between loyalty and self-interest a little too comfortably. But now? Now Luca saw it clearly.

So no. Julian wouldn't be the one handling this. Marco would. Marco was steady, reliable and loyal.

If something needed to reach their father intact, untouched, unaltered. Marco was the only choice.

His thoughts moved on, slotting into the next problem. Voss. Detective Andrew Voss. The man was becoming an irritation Luca couldn't quite shake.

Luca had already had him looked into. The man was clean. Spotless, even. Just a cop. A good one.

The only flaw—if it could even be called that was his obsession with Luca. Luca's eyes narrowed slightly as he considered the possibility again.

Could Voss have planted the documents on Veronica's desk? It would make sense. A calculated move to create suspicion. To provoke a reaction. To force Luca into making a mistake.

But no—it didn't fit. If he wanted Luca, he would come for him head-on—not through planted evidence to prompt Luca into killing Cassidy because it seems that was going to happen eventually if Cassidy was still snooping around his woman.

Still...Luca wasn't ruling anything out. He couldn't afford to. Then there was Rosa. The police had already written her death as a mugging gone wrong.

His gaze shifted to the stack of papers sitting on his desk. Bianca's business plan. He hadn't touched it. He hadn't even opened it.

It had been sitting there for days now. He considered it for a moment, then leaned back again, exhaling softly.

He was seriously thinking of skipping it entirely. Just sending her the money she needed without review.

It would be easier. Bianca was smart—he knew that. But right now, he didn't have the patience to dissect projections and proposals.

Not with everything else pulling at his attention. And she hadn't called. Not once. Which was... unusual.

Not that he wanted her to. The silence suggested acceptance. Like she was finally coming to terms with the fact that Veronica wasn't temporary.

That she wasn't a phase. She was a constant now. Too many things, too many distractions that he hadn't been able to focus on his relationship with Vee.

He hadn't seen her in three days. He hadn't called. He hadn't even checked in. He missed her.

That wasn't even news. He was just about to open Bianca's business plan when the office door creaked open.

And then she stepped in. Like she wasn't entirely sure she had the right to be there.

"I'm sorry," she said, a small pout tugging at her lips as she remained by the door.

That was all it took. Three days of tension. Three days of silence. Three days of questions he refused to ask—

Gone. Just like that. Everything inside him shifted, the tight coil of irritation and doubt unraveling in an instant.

He pushed back his chair slowly, rising to his feet without taking his eyes off her.

"I was being stupid and silly," she continued. "Of course, I know what you do. I'm not saying I agree with it..."

He started walking toward her.

"But I love you," she added. "I really do. I was overwhelmed in the moment..."

He didn't let her finish. The moment he reached her, his hands were already on her—pulling her into him with a force that wasn't gentle.

It was need. His mouth crashed over hers, silencing every remaining word before it could leave her lips.

And God—The second their mouths met. He felt that pull. That undeniable, consuming connection that made everything else fade into nothing.

A low sound escaped him, a groan, as he deepened the kiss, holding her closer. She was here.

She had come back to him. His hand slid up to the back of her neck, keeping her exactly where he wanted her as he kissed her harder, more urgently.

She was here. That was all that mattered. She was here. And more than that— She had chosen to be here.

With him. Again. There had been a part of him that wondered. A part that questioned whether she would still have him after the way she had looked at him.

After what he had told her. His grip on her tightened slightly, his body pressing hers back.

If she knew just how much that simple act of walking through that door had steadied him.

She would walk differently. She would walk with pride. His fingers tangled in her hair, gripping just enough to keep her exactly where he wanted her. He kissed her like a man starved. It was messy—breaths colliding, lips parting, soft sounds slipping out.

He wanted more. He took more. Every movement deepened, every second stretched. It was too much.

And somehow still not enough. Vee's hands spread across his chest, feeling the way his heart seemed to be pounding just as hard as hers. She didn't fully understand the intensity but she didn't fight it. She leaned into it instead.