

Mafia God 269

Chapter 269: I Was Trying To Leave

"What?" he asked.

Vee finally turned to him fully, her eyes searching his face now. "Would you have pulled that shit?" she clarified. "If we had a kid waiting at home."

"Yes."

The answer came easily. He didn't know how to lie to her. Had never lied to her. And wasn't about to start now.

"If I doubted something that could destroy everything I've built... everything we've built," he added, "I would still need to know the truth."

She looked away.

"Come on," Luca said after a beat. "Eat up and finish up with Nonnina."

The rest of the meal passed without incident. No more arguments. Later, Vee and Nonnina moved into the living room, spreading out catalogues and fabric samples across the table, their voices blending into soft discussions about cake tiers, colors, and guest lists.

Luca stayed back for a while, lingering in the dining room before stepping outside. He pulled out a cigar, lighting it slowly, watching the flame flicker before taking a long drag.

For a few minutes, he just stood there. Thinking about everything. He exhaled, smoke curling into the night as he gave the gate guards a few instructions, his voice returning to its usual authority.

When he stepped back inside, he poured himself a glass of whiskey. Then he headed upstairs.

He stepped into his room, stripped down, tossing his clothes aside before switching off the lights.

Darkness settled around him. He got into bed, stretching out, one arm resting behind his head as he stared up at the ceiling.

About two hours later, Luca hadn't moved much. His eyes open despite the darkness. Sleep hadn't come.

Then there was a knock. He didn't even need to guess.

"Come in," he said.

The door creaked open slightly.

"Luca?" Vee's voice followed. "Are you asleep?"

"No," he answered simply, shifting slightly on the bed but not sitting up. "You need something?" he asked, even though he already knew.

He heard her step in.

"I was trying to leave," she said, "and the guards said they were shut down for the night."

"Yeah," he said after a moment. "Security purposes."

"You didn't just give them that instruction so I wouldn't be able to leave?" she asked.

"Worked, right?"

"Luca..." she exhaled, her patience thinning again. "I have to go."

"Why?" Luca asked.

"For God's sake, where is the light switch?" Vee muttered, one hand sliding along the wall as she stepped further into the room. "Feels like I am talking to the darkness."

A pause.

"Although... that would be a perfect word for you."

Luca huffed a quiet laugh from the bed. She finally found the switch, she clicked it. Light flooded the room in an instant.

She saw him lying there, naked. Her eyes widened for a fraction of a second before narrowing again, her lips pressing into a thin line as she took in his nakedness.

"Great..." she muttered dryly. "Just great."

"Like what you see?" he asked, a smirk tugging at his lips.

Vee dragged her gaze away, turning her face slightly to the side. "Luca, I have to go," she repeated, forcing her voice to stay steady.

There was the slightest hitch in her breath.

"Tell me you don't want to come over here and feel me up," he said.

"Luca... I have to get home to Val," she insisted.

"That's a lie."

"And how do you know that?"

Luca shifted slightly, propping himself up on his elbows now. "Because I saw Val come to Commissioned after leaving the shop," he said casually. "And they left together."

"You got no excuses, sweetheart."

"Come on," he added, his voice dropping just slightly. "You don't have to fight it. You know you want me."

"Never mind. I can sleep somewhere else."

The room plunged back into darkness as she flicked the switch off again. Vee turned, already heading for the door.

"Wait!"

The urgency in Luca's voice was desperate, followed immediately by a loud rustling, and then a thud.

"Oh fuck!"

She turned back, fumbling for the switch again. The lights came on, flooding the room—and revealing Luca sprawled awkwardly on the floor, tangled in his sheets. "What the hell?" she exclaimed, rushing over to him. "Luca!" She dropped to a crouch beside him, her irritation momentarily overtaken by concern.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" she demanded, reaching out to untangle the sheet from his leg.

"You!" he shot back immediately, wincing slightly as he shifted.

Vee rolled her eyes. She let out a frustrated sigh but still helped him up, gripping his arm and steadying him as he got back on his feet. "You're an idiot," she muttered.

"Yeah," he said under his breath. "I'm your idiot."

That she ignored. The moment he was upright again, the space between them disappeared.

His hand slid to her waist and he stepped closer. Her breath hitched slightly as their bodies aligned. His cock sandwiched in between them. "Stay, Vee," he said, his voice stripped of everything but sincerity. "Please... tonight. Just stay."

"I cannot be around you," Vee said.

"Why?" Luca asked. "Tell me why, Vee. I know you are mad, but don't do this to us. What if we were married?" he pressed. "Would you pack up and leave whenever we have a fight?"

"But we aren't married," she said. "We cannot get married. And honestly..." she added, letting out a small breath, "marrying you is going to send my blood pressure off the charts."

"Bambola..." he murmured.

"Fine." Vee shifted, pulling back. "But there will be a pillow barrier," she added quickly. "You cannot touch me."

Luca nodded immediately. "I promise." He meant it exactly as he said it.

Then she stepped away fully, breaking the contact between them.

"Can I take a shower?" she asked.

"Mi casa... su casa," Luca replied softly. "I'll get you something to wear."

"Thank you." She walked into the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

Luca let out a long, quiet sigh. He bent down and picked up his pajama pants from the sofa, stepping into them and pulling them up with a small shake of his head.