

Mafia God 271

Chapter 271: I'm Going To Kill Him

"I am not using anything against him. I'm going to kill him," she added. "I need to know him first."

Julian let out a slow breath. "If this blows back on you, Bianca..." he began. "There is no escaping it. Marco is famiglia. Luca's capo."

That was protection. That was blood-bound loyalty.

"I don't care. I am a Vitale. Your famiglia rules don't apply to me." she snapped suddenly, the sharpness in her voice breaking through the carefully maintained composure she had worn all morning.

The façade cracked.

"I do not give a shit," she continued, her eyes blazing now. "Whatever and whoever stands in the way of my plans, I will get rid of."

"I'm not helping you," he said simply.

"What?"

"This madness we've gotten into," Julian went on, pushing to his feet now. "It hasn't yielded any success so far. I am not going to risk this until I am absolutely sure—one hundred percent—that your plan will not fail."

Bianca's lips parted slightly, her chest rising as she took in his refusal. "Fine," she said. "I will find help somewhere else." Her chin lifted slightly, pride settling back into place. "I knew I shouldn't have depended on you anyway." She turned without waiting for a response.

Julian watched her go, his jaw tightening slightly. The morning felt colder now. He exhaled slowly, dragging a hand through his hair as he stared out over the gardens, no longer seeing the beauty of it.

Just the storm forming beneath it all.

"Luciano..." he muttered under his breath.

All of this started with him. With Luca. With the way he had pulled people into his orbit and left them changed.

Broken. Obsessed. Julian shook his head slightly, a quiet sigh escaping him. Luciano had finally driven his own wife to madness.

And despite everything, Julian worried about her. He really did.

When Luca opened his eyes the next morning, he didn't move. Didn't breathe too deeply.

Didn't shift even an inch. Vee was on him, pillow barrier all gone. Her head rested on his stomach, turned slightly to the side, her hair spilling over his skin in soft waves. One of her arms was draped loosely across him, and her fingers were absentmindedly tracing slow, lazy patterns right at the top of his pajama pants.

Luca's lips twitched into the faintest smirk. Well... looks like someone couldn't resist all the hotness. He closed his eyes again, pretending to still be asleep, choosing patience over reaction. He waited.

Whatever this was—this unguarded version of Vee—he didn't want to scare it away. Her touch was light at first. Distracted. Like she didn't even realize what she was doing. Circles. Lines. Random shapes drawn against his skin through the thin fabric of his pants.

But then, her fingers lingered. Just a second longer than before. Then again. Each time drifting just a little lower.

A little closer. Luca's body was reacting. A slow tension building, tightening, his cock subtly responding under her touch. He kept his breathing.

Every nerve tuned to her. Every movement magnified. Her fingers brushed closer to his cock again.

Then pulled back. He almost cursed. The wait was killing him. Minutes stretched, each second dragging as she continued her quiet exploration, unaware of what she was doing to him.

Finally, her fingers traced the length of his cock through his pants slowly. Luca's jaw tightened ever so slightly, his body responding fully now, his cock rising gradually under her touch, pressing against the fabric, against her hand.

His hand drifted to her hair and she made to jerk up but he held her head in place. "Stay..." he ordered.

Her breath hitched. She could feel the warmth of him, the closeness. Her fingers twitched at her sides, uncertain.

With his order hand, he pulled his pant down revealing his cock, needy and ready. "You know you want to Bambola. Come on."

Her gaze faltered, darting away for a second before being pulled back. "No..." she whispered, but it lacked force.

His grip in her hair tightened just enough to remind her he was still there, still in control of the moment, still waiting.

She swallowed, her throat dry. He leaned slightly closer.

"Come on, love."

"No." she said, making to move once more but he held her head right there, forcing her to look down at how much he wanted her, how much he really needed her.

"Stop fighting me. Come on. Just your tongue, please." He begged already breathing hard.

Her lips parted slightly, a breath escaping. She hesitated again, her resolve wavering. Everything about him seemed to lean toward her, waiting, wanting, asking without pulling back.

Vee ran her fingers up and down the length of him a few times, the precum on the head calling her name. She stuck out her tongue, rolling it around the head. That small contact caused Luca's eyes to roll to the back of his head.

A low, unsteady breath escaped him, his body reacting instantly to the light, deliberate touch.

Her fingers continued their slow movement. Luca's head tipped back slightly. His breathing grew heavier, uneven, each inhale sharper than the last as sensation built steadily. Her grip adjusted, firmer now, her movements more confident as she continued to stroke him.

"Come on babe, you can do it. Come on. You want me, you know it. Come on. The cock is yours, take it." he urged. His voice was thick, coaxing, each word dripping with insistence as he watched her, waiting for her to give in completely.

Vee gave in. it was just a blow job right? It didn't mean anything. It didn't mean she had forgiven him. She kissed just the head of his cock, drawing him into her mouth and letting go with a pop. Her lips lingered for a moment before pulling back.

A quiet sound escaped him, his body reacting instantly to that brief contact. She hesitated only slightly before leaning in again, her breath warm against him, her resolve already beginning to blur.