

Mafia God 277

Chapter 277: This Was Really Nice

She pushed herself up from the floor, still catching her breath as she rose onto her knees beside the couch. "This was really nice. You allowed Valentina do this to you?" she asked.

"At the time, it was embarrassing but I'd do anything...anything...Bambola even tolerate your monstrous sister. But let it be known now that going to Valentina will always be a last, final and desperate resort. It is what I will do when I am at the end of my rope with you."

"And who do I go to when I need to knock some sense into you?" Vee said. She crossed her arms, one brow raised. There was a spark in her eyes, playful, curious, and just a little too pleased with herself.

Luca huffed under his breath, leaning back into the sofa. "My mother. Now that I think about it, she is quite sneaky too. She and Val would get along quite well. Would you like to meet her?" Luca asked.

"Meet your mum? Uh...I...well..."

"Just say yes."

"yes." Vee said.

"Come closer."

She got up and sat on his lap, facing him. Luca's hands came up, settling at her waist, holding her in place. Her knees pressed into the couch on either side of him, her fingers brushing lightly against his shoulders as she adjusted herself.

Luca looked up at her, his expression less sarcastic now, less guarded. More serious. "Now, I need you to listen to me, Bambola. What I did to you was unforgiveable. I realise that. You should know by now that I am an extreme man, with an extreme job that carries extreme consequences. The things I have done could put me in jail for fifty lifetimes. The enemies I have would kill me if and when they have the opportunity to get away with it. You need to rise above blemish, above question and that was what you did. Even when I am not there, your loyalty will not be questioned. You have proven beyond reasonable

doubt that you are my donna. I will continue to do things that will annoy you, make you want to stab me in my sleep even but you have proven a point and that point stands even when I am not there."

"I'm still mad at you." Vee said.

"You have every right to be. As long as you are in my arms, stay mad, love." He wasn't trying to fix it anymore, Lord knows he was bad at it. He just wanted to exist with her. His hands tightened slightly around her waist as he pulled her closer, guiding her until her head rested against his shoulder.

Luca's chin brushed lightly against her hair. Then his eyes flicked to the TV. And immediately— He reached for the remote, switching it off before another second of that cursed video could play.

Vee chuckled against him. "You looked really cute."

"Anything for the kids."

"You should do it more often."

That earned her a suspicious look.

"Embarrass myself?" Luca raised a brow.

The incredulity in his tone made her grin wider.

"No. Give back."

"Wanna know something I never told anyone about me."

"I know you are a man of many secrets."

"Something not mafia related." Luca pointed out. He lifted a finger slightly. He needed to clarify that before she started guessing.

"Okay..." She adjusted slightly on his lap, her hands settling more comfortably on his shoulders, eyes locked on his face. She didn't want to miss a single word.

"I volunteer at the animal shelter once a month. I make donations of course. But I go in, care for the animals, help the staff." Luca said.

Vee's mouth dropped open. She was waiting for the punchline that wasn't coming. "Why is that something you cannot tell anyone?"

"Luciano Genovese, the devil, volunteering at an animal shelter, sleeves rolled up, petting, washing and feeding dogs and cats and what nots. Does that picture look pretty?"

The way he said his own name made it clear exactly what he thought of the contrast. It didn't fit.

"To me, it does."

Luca stilled slightly at that, his gaze flicking back to hers, searching for the joke. There wasn't one. "That's because you love me."

"And hate you at the same time." Vee shot back.

That pulled a small, real smile out of him.

"I'll take it. I'll take anything. Just be here, right here."

"Will you stay with me tonight?"

"How am I supposed to say no to that?" Luca chuckled, leaned in and kissed her.

Bianca knocked and carefully entered Don's suite a few minutes after he got back home. "Don?"

"Bianca!" Don said brightly as soon as he heard her voice. He stood near the sofa, just undoing his tie. The brightness in his tone didn't quite match the tension in his shoulders, but he turned to her with a smile anyway.

"I told the maids to inform me as soon as you get back. You wanted to see me." Bianca stepped further in, closing the door behind her.

"Yes. Look at you, you look so stressed out. Are you alright?"

Bianca let out a small breath, between a sigh and a tired laugh. "Let's just say, starting a business isn't the easy part."

Don nodded slowly. "That's why you are going on vacation. You need rest. Get out of your head for a couple of days."

"Don...I know you just want me out of the way because of your oncoming plans."

Don paused, his hands stilling briefly at his collar before he let out a quiet sigh. "Never could get anything past you." He finished loosening his tie, pulling it free and setting it aside before facing her fully. "But you do have to be out of the way."

"I could go to New York."

Don's shoulders tensed. "New York. Why? It's not a vacation spot."

"It is to me. My husband is there." Bianca reminded him.

"True. But New York is going to be hot soon. Ripple effect of what goes on here."