

## **Mafia God 278**

### Chapter 278: Luca Is My Husband

Don turned slightly, picking up a glass from the side table, moving to the bar.

Bianca took another step closer. "Don, Luca is my husband. It doesn't matter if he loves me or not, I should get an opportunity to try. This distance is not helping. If things look like they are going sideways, I promise I will book a trip to the Bahamas or something. I need to be with my husband. I need to put a bit of effort." Bianca said.

"The last time you were there, you shot his mistress."

"I am a new bride. I should be allowed some mistakes, shouldn't I? How else will I learn?"

"Have you talked to him about this?" Don asked.

No matter how clever her idea was, this part mattered. Bianca's lips pressed together briefly.

She looked away briefly, then back at him. "You know he will say no. I haven't spoken with him since he left Italy."

"Then you should. Luca doesn't like to be snuck up on."

"Maybe if you put in a word...he will not be able to object." Bianca said. She softened her voice just enough, tilting her head slightly. It wasn't manipulation—not entirely—but she knew exactly what she was doing. With Don, it was about reminding him of his role in all of this.

"I'll see what I can do. But I am making no promises."

"Don..." Bianca stepped closer.

Now she was right in front of him, helping him pour the brandy into his glass.

"You chose me for your favourite son. You promised me happiness beyond measure. Why aren't you fighting harder for me?"

He knew the answer. Of course he did. It sat at the back of his mind like an inconvenient truth he couldn't voice.

The simple answer was, one doesn't go to battle with someone armed with true love in his right hand.

Love made men reckless. Impossible to control.

"I'll talk to him."

It was the only thing he could offer without opening doors that couldn't be closed again.

"Thank you." Bianca smiled, took his hand and kissed his ring. She had gotten what she came for. "Thank you very much. I had them make your favourite for dinner tonight." Her tone brightened instantly. She stepped back, smoothing her expression.

"I'll be right down." Don said.

Bianca gave a very wide smile before leaving the suite.

Don shut his eyes briefly. He had wanted to stay out of this mess. He had planned to. But she was right.

He had promised her happiness. And she hadn't gotten any. What was he to do? If he had known everything would turn out this way, he would have married her to Julian—who clearly was head over heels in love with her. That would have been simpler.

Julian would have worshipped her. Given her peace. Luca gave her fire. Don opened his eyes slowly, staring at nothing in particular.

Luca had to find a way to meet her halfway. If not, her family would begin to ask him questions.

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Luca wrapped his arm around Veronica the moment they settled into bed, pulling her close carefully. He had been so good tonight. Consciously, heroically good. No lingering touches, no deep kisses that could escalate, no excuses to glance down her shirt. It was killing him.

He was what one would call a gentleman. A saint, even. Someone should nominate him for something. His cock, however, had not received the memo.

The moment her body curved back into his and the warm, soft weight of her settled against him, it stirred. And then, with absolutely no respect for the delicate situation his owner had carefully constructed, it pressed firmly into the curve of her ass.

Brilliant. Just brilliant. Luca held his breath. If he didn't move, maybe she wouldn't notice. Maybe the laws of physics would take pity on him just this once.

He stared at the ceiling and mentally cycled through every un-erotic thing he could summon.

Nothing. She was like a drug. That was the only honest way he'd ever been able to frame it. He wanted her when she was talking, when she was quiet, when she was laughing, when she was arguing with him. He wanted her every second of every day, and the wanting didn't dull.

He thought about the last time they'd been in bed together. He'd constructed a pillow wall. And somehow, through mechanisms that still defied his understanding of space and physics and female logic, the wall had been gone by morning, and she had been sucking his cock, and he had briefly forgotten his own surname.

Not enough, though. It was never enough with her. One taste and he was straight back to starving.

He adjusted his hips back approximately one millimetre, which accomplished absolutely nothing except making him feel like he'd tried.

"Luca?" she called softly into the dark.

"Hmmm..."

"You said earlier you had enemies who would kill you if they had the opportunity."

"Yeah?" he responded, keeping his voice easy.

"Is that something you just accept?" She paused, and he could hear her working through the thought. "That you might walk out tomorrow and be a dead man?"

"Over the years, yeah." He exhaled slowly. "I have accepted it."

It was the arithmetic of the life he'd chosen — or, more accurately, the life that had been built around him before he was old enough to choose anything at all. You could rail against those odds for years, lie awake cataloguing your vulnerabilities, or you could make your peace with the uncertainty and get on with the living.

He had chosen the latter somewhere around his late twenties, around the second time someone had put a bullet in him.

"I have been shot a couple of times," he said. "I've been in jail — released, of course. Prosecution couldn't make a case." A beat. "I have always been lucky. But someday, my luck might run out."

Beside him, Vee shifted. She turned, and even in the low dark of the room he could feel her eyes on his face, reading him.