

Mafia God 280

Chapter 280: I Am Jealous Of Valentina

Instead he was lying here while she took him apart at her own pace and he was letting her because she mattered more than the desperation clawing up the inside of his chest.

His cock tightened painfully under her touch, straining against her fingers.

"Luca?" she called again.

"Hmmm..." He was present in the conversation and simultaneously very, very distracted by what her hand was doing.

A beat passed.

"I am jealous of Valentina," she admitted.

Luca blinked, his brain performing the mild gymnastics required to track the conversational pivot — from her hand wrapped around his cock to her sister. He loved Veronica, genuinely, but her ability to hold a completely sincere emotional discussion while dismantling him physically was a unique and slightly diabolical gift.

"Yeah..." He exhaled. "Me too, Love. Me too. All that wedding planning and baby stuff going on," he continued, "it's getting to me."

Understatement.

"I saw her in a wedding dress today," he said. "And my God, was she divine."

Valentina had come out of the fitting room and he had been entirely unprepared for it. She was annoying and sharp-tongued and constitutionally incapable of letting anything go — and she had stood there in white with her chin up and her eyes bright and he had felt something crack open in his chest so

suddenly that he'd had to look away and find something architecturally interesting about the boutique ceiling for a moment.

"Thank you for doing that for her," Vee said softly.

"Oh, don't get it twisted." The sentiment lasted approximately four seconds before Luca's natural instincts reasserted themselves. "I'm going to get her back for that stunt she pulled today, I assure you."

Vee laughed. He felt it reverberate against his chest where she was still pressed against him. "She bought things today," Vee said, amusement threading through every word, "that I am sure have nothing to do with the wedding."

"Obviously."

"Just as long as you were paying."

"Wanna hear my thoughts about this whole thing?" Luca asked.

"Of course."

He shifted slightly, adjusting his position. He had been sitting on this observation for most of the day, turning it over, examining it from different angles. "I think your sister isn't marrying the man she is actually in love with."

The silence lasted exactly one second. Then Vee sat up. The loss of her fingers around him produced a groan that he hadn't entirely authorised, escaping before he could apply any kind of filter to it. He noted the loss and accepted that this evening was going to be a sustained exercise in suffering, and carried on with the conversation.

"She loves Ricardo," Vee said.

"Does she, really?" He kept his voice even. He was presenting evidence to someone intelligent enough to assess it properly, because Veronica was exactly that — and she knew her sister better than anyone, which meant somewhere underneath the defensiveness, she already had her own file on this.

"Yeah, Marco made a mistake," Luca continued. "He took the friend zone too far. Waited too long, said nothing, let it calcify into something she thought was just friendship." He paused. "But now that he has made his feelings known — actually said it out loud — it awakened something in her too."

"Vee," he said, "she spent the whole day asking questions about Marco."

She sighed. "What do I do? I can't let her go ahead with something I know she will regret in the future."

"She is carrying Ricardo's child," he said finally. "That's a major factor in her decision making. It changes the geometry of everything. She knows that. Whatever she feels for Marco, she is also doing the mathematics of a baby, a future, a family structure."

Vee's shoulders dropped slightly.

"You have to let her make her own mistakes, Vee. If you decide for her — even with the best intentions, even because you love her — she might resent you for it."

Vee settled back into him with a sigh of exasperation. "Why is love so hard?" she asked the darkness.

"Something else is hard, Vee."

"What?"

Luca took her hand beneath the sheets, sliding it down and wrapping her fingers back around his cock. He had spent the last however-many hours being exceptionally reasonable and had now reached the absolute limit of that particular endeavour. "I missed you, Bambola."

She leaned in and kissed him. Her mouth pressed against his, and then her lips parted and his responded. Her tongue met his and he made a sound low in his throat, one hand coming up to cup the back of her head as the kiss deepened and widened and took on a momentum of its own entirely.

Her fingers were still around his cock. He was becoming genuinely concerned for his own sanity. "Touch me, Luca." She whispered it directly against his lips.

Like he needed to be told twice. His hands found the shoulders of her nightdress. He drew it down slowly. The fabric gave way and her breasts spilled free against his chest.

His fingers trailed up the line of her throat first, tracing her collarbone before his palm curved to cup one breast in his hand. He felt her breath change immediately — the small, involuntary catch of it. He fondled her gently, learning the weight of her all over again, his thumb finding the tightened peak and pulling at it slowly.

Then his fingers began their descent. Down the soft plane of her stomach, mapping her by touch in the dark. Down further, past her hip, sliding between her thighs, parting them gently, finding the warm centre of her, brushing along the tiny hairs there with a featherlight touch.

Vee lay there in the anticipation of his touch, her whole body reoriented around the expectation of it — every nerve ending leaning in the same direction, breath shallow, thighs parted, waiting for the moment his fingers would slide into her.

His fingers didn't slide into her. They brushed upward instead — a slow, trailing, infuriating return journey back up the inside of her thigh, grazing her skin with just enough contact to be absolutely criminal and nowhere near enough to be anything else. Up her hip. Along the curve of her waist.