

Mafia God 289

Chapter 289: Fuck That Shit

He shifted, looking up at her, confusion etched across his face. "You going somewhere?"

Vee hesitated, her fingers slowing in his hair. "Well... Bianca is going to be around..."

"Fuck that shit!"

"Luca..." she said. "You don't have to go out of your way to reassure me."

He scoffed. "I'm not—"

"I'm good," she cut in gently. "I promise."

There was no accusation in her voice. No jealousy. Just... acceptance. It was funny but Luca didn't like that she was okay with it. Didn't like that she wasn't fighting him on it.

Didn't like that she seemed ready to step back.

"I'm going to see you whenever the fuck I want," he said finally.

Vee's lips parted slightly, but she didn't interrupt.

"I'm going to fuck you whenever the fuck I want, wherever the fuck I want."

Vee smiled down at him. He really did look like a child like this—sprawled across her lap, all sharp edges and danger temporarily folded away. If anyone else saw him now, they wouldn't recognize the man people feared. "If you say so," she murmured, amusement threading through her voice.

Luca shifted again, settling more comfortably, his arm sliding around her waist. "You smell nice..." he mumbled, his voice muffled slightly against her.

"Are you alright?" she asked finally. "You're acting... clingy."

Instead, he answered simply.

"Why wouldn't I be?" he said, his lips brushing lightly against her wrist before trailing to her palm. "I have everything I want, right here."

Luca relaxed further into her. Every now and then, he'd tilt his head just enough to press a kiss somewhere—her stomach, her wrist, the inside of her arm.

Vee kept her hand in his hair, her fingers threading through it rhythmically.

"I'm obsessed with you," he whispered. His eyes stayed closed.

"I love you," she said. She knew—God, she knew—what this was. There was nothing safe about them. It was consuming, reckless.

One of them was going to die one day for it. She could feel it. And still... she chose him.

Still, she stayed. The most dysfunctional love story ever. Soon after, the door swung open.

Nonnina swept into the room. A woven basket rested comfortably in her arm, covered with a neat cloth that hinted at far more food than one person could reasonably eat. "Zuccherino..." she called, her voice bright and affectionate. "Ah! I was afraid you must have left. I made some of that tea."

Vee's smile froze. "The tea?" she repeated slowly, glancing down at Luca.

He still had his eyes closed, head comfortably in her lap, but now there was a small, very guilty smile tugging at his lips.

"Nonnina..." Vee started carefully, choosing her words. "Really, I don't think the tea is necessary."

Nonnina waved her off instantly, already moving toward the microwave behind them. "Do you always have to argue?" she said, not even looking back. "You young people think you know everything."

Vee opened her mouth to protest, then closed it again. How exactly did she explain that the tea was the last thing needed right now?

Oh, if only you knew... Luca thought in response to Nonnina's question, biting back a laugh.

That stupid smile was still on his face. Vee narrowed her eyes at him, then lightly smacked his cheek enough to wipe that look off.

"What did I do?" Luca protested, finally opening his eyes. "I didn't do anything."

"Exactly," she shot back under her breath.

In the background, Nonnina hummed softly as she began unpacking the basket. Containers clinked lightly as she set them down.

Luca stretched lazily, clearly in no rush to move. Vee looked down at him, unimpressed.

"Get up," she said, nudging his shoulder.

He groaned. "Why?"

"Because," she replied, already shifting slightly to force him off, "you're not a child, and Nonni is literally unpacking your entire life over there."

"She can manage—"

"Get. Up."

He exhaled dramatically but he didn't argue further.

"I gotta help Nonni."

Luca lifted his body reluctantly as Vee slipped out from beneath him. The warmth of her lap disappeared, replaced by the firmness of the sofa cushions, and he let out a quiet sigh as if he'd just been robbed of his favorite indulgence.

"Every time she gives me that tea, you pay for it," Vee whispered as she leaned close to him.

Luca's lips curved into a slow, wicked smile. "Gladly," he replied. He stretched out again, resting his head against the back of the sofa.

From his vantage point, he watched as the room transformed. Nonnina was unpacking containers from the basket and arranging them neatly on the small table. The aroma of freshly cooked meal filled the office, softening the stark, masculine space that usually housed tense meetings and dangerous decisions.

Vee joined her. She passed plates, fetched utensils, and exchanged light banter with Nonnina, their voices blending into a comforting rhythm. It was an oddly domestic scene—two women bustling about, turning the devil's office into something resembling a cozy kitchen rather than the command center of a criminal empire.

Luca watched them silently, a genuine smile settling on his face. He felt an unfamiliar sense of peace, a fleeting illusion of normalcy. As he lay there, listening to their chatter and inhaling the comforting scents of home-cooked food, he realized he was genuinely happy.

Very happy.

David had already begun the cleanup after his sister. The apartment was dark, the only light was from a dim lamp beside him. David sat calmly in a chair, a pair of black gloves snug against his hands. A gun rested casually on the table beside him, within easy reach.

Opposite him, a woman sat tied to a chair, her wrists bound tightly behind her back. Her breathing was uneven, shoulders trembling. Fear radiated from her, filling the silence between them.

David, however, appeared entirely unbothered. He flipped through the file his sister had handed him earlier. A file? he thought to himself, shaking his head. Who does that? He turned a page, scanning the neatly organized information. What did she need a file for? This isn't high school or some departmental project, he scoffed softly. His sister had always been meticulous.