

Mafia God 290

Chapter 290: He Was At Your Hotel

The woman whimpered quietly, drawing his attention. David finally looked up. He pulled a photograph from the file.

He studied it for a moment before turning it around and holding it up for her to see. The woman looked up at him, confusion clouding her tear-filled eyes. Her mascara had long since smeared, leaving dark streaks down her cheeks, and her lips trembled as she tried to make sense of the man sitting so calmly in front of her.

"He was at your hotel," David said finally. "What did he want?"

The woman swallowed hard, her bound hands twitching behind her back. "Uh... I... he wanted information on a guest," she cried, her voice cracking under the weight of fear.

David's eyes flickered briefly to the photograph of Marco in his hand before returning to her. "What did you give him?"

"I gave him the details," she replied quickly, desperate to be cooperative. "The guest only had one visitor. She gave her name, but... but I cannot remember."

"Did he ask for descriptions?" he asked, his tone still deceptively calm.

"Yes," she nodded frantically. "Yes, he did. But you have to understand—so many people come through the hotel every day. It's hard to keep up with faces. I didn't think it was anything serious. He seemed... official."

David considered this, his gaze drifting momentarily as he processed the information. "Hmmm," he murmured thoughtfully. He rose to his feet. The movement alone caused the woman to flinch. She instinctively tried to retreat despite being bound. David adjusted his gloves.

The woman watched him anxiously, her breathing shallow and uneven. Every movement he made seemed to amplify her terror. Finally, unable to bear the silence any longer, she spoke. "Will... will you let me go?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Now why would I do that?" David asked.

The woman's eyes widened in terror as he slowly withdrew a knife from his pocket. Her breath hitched, and she began to shake uncontrollably, the chair creaking beneath her. "Please... please... I promise... God, no, please," she sobbed. Tears streamed down her face, and her words tumbled over one another in desperate disarray. "I won't tell anyone. I swear. I have a family. Please..."

David stepped closer. He moved behind her, placing one hand firmly on the back of her neck, holding her head steady. His touch was neither rough nor gentle; it was simply controlled.

"I won't tell anyone," she repeated.

"With the right motivation, darling, you will," David replied simply.

Before she could fully process his meaning, he drew the blade across her throat in one swift motion. The room fell into a heavy silence as her body went limp. He pushed her head forward gently, allowing it to rest as the last remnants of movement faded.

David then wiped the knife clean on the hem of her shirt. He returned the blade to his pocket, glancing briefly at the file still resting on the table. Another loose end tied. Another step forward.

Luca stepped out of the bathroom, a faint trail of steam following him into the bedroom. His phone buzzed on the bed—Nonnina's name flashing across the screen. He picked up and listened. Her message had been simple: his wife had arrived. He made a small grunt of acknowledgment before hanging up.

A towel hung low on his waist, secured just enough to remain in place as he walked toward the mirror. Droplets of water traced lazy paths down his chest and shoulders. He picked up a comb from the vanity and ran it through his damp hair, studying his reflection with a thoughtful expression.

The door opened and Vee entered, balancing a tray of food. Her face lit up with a bright, genuine smile.

"Alright! Lunch is ready!" she beamed.

Luca turned to her with a warm smile, the earlier irritation from Nonnina's call momentarily forgotten.

"I promise I made it by myself," she said proudly, lifting her chin slightly as she gestured toward the tray. "No one else came close."

Luca inhaled deeply, letting the aroma of the food fill his senses. "Smells amazing," he replied.

"Come on," Vee urged, nodding toward the wardrobe. "Put on something and come eat." She placed the tray carefully on the bedside table, ensuring everything was within reach.

Luca paused, leaning casually against the dresser as he watched her. She had woven herself into every corner of his life: his routines, his thoughts, his moments of peace. She had everything of his—his time, his protection, his loyalty—everything except his name.

He was working to change that, pushing against the slow grind of circumstance and obligation. But time felt stubborn, dragging its feet when he needed it most.

Vee bent slightly to pour a glass of juice, her focus entirely on the task. The movement drew Luca's attention, his gaze tracing the curve of her ass with undisguised appreciation. He licked his lips, a familiar heat sparking within him. If he wasn't actively trying to pump her full of babies, that perfectly round ass would be his playground in every imaginable way.

Unable to resist, he stepped forward and delivered a firm, playful smack.

"Luca!" Vee yelled, jerking upright as she spun around to face him.

"What?" Luca asked innocently, a devilish glint dancing in his eyes. "Just checking on the merchandise."

Vee stared at him, her mouth slightly open in disbelief before narrowing her eyes. "You checked on it this morning."

"Did I?" Luca tilted his head as if genuinely trying to recall the event. "I can't seem to remember. Wanna refresh my memory?"

He drew her closer, his arms wrapping firmly around her waist. The towel hanging low on his hips did little to hide his intentions. He pressed himself against her just enough to make his meaning unmistakably clear.

"Luca, come on. Behave," she argued, attempting to twist out of his embrace.

He held her steady. "How full do I have to pump you before you give me a baby, uhn?" he murmured, brushing a strand of hair away from her face. "Do we need to do something... see a doctor?"