

## **Mafia God 300**

### Chapter 300: You Feel So Fucking Good

"You feel so fucking good," he said. "So good."

She breathed out slowly and felt her body follow the breath, the resistance she had been holding softening.

"There she is," he murmured against her hair. He pressed his lips to the back of her neck and kept moving.

The rhythm he built was slow and deep, adjusting the angle between them.

"Luca—"

Faster.

"You still good?" he managed.

"Don't stop....Don't you dare stop."

His free hand found her hip then moved back between her thighs, and the combination of that and him inside her was too much.

She came again. Her walls clenched around him. Each contraction communicating itself to every part of him that was inside her.

"Fuck—" He went with her. His hips drove forward — once, twice, three times — each thrust deep and accompanied by sounds that were equally beyond management, his face buried in her hair, his body shaking.

After a long moment, Luca lifted his head from her hair.

"You're going to be late," she said.

Luca pressed one unhurried kiss to the side of her neck. "Worth it," he said simply.

A few minutes later, Luca was freshly showered and impeccably dressed. The transformation was almost unfair—his tan slim fit suit hugged his broad shoulders perfectly, the white shirt accentuating his tanned complexion. He matched it with a pair of white casual sneakers. His hair was still slightly damp, pushed back in a way that made him look effortlessly devastating.

Vee watched him with a soft smile. As he stepped closer, she reached for his shirt, her fingers deftly smoothing it where it exposed the skin on his chest. "Keep Valentina in line," Vee reminded him.

Luca raised an eyebrow. "Uh? Do you know your sister at all?"

Vee rolled her eyes. "Well, try your best."

"The best I can do is promise you that she will not get murdered," he said dryly, "although I am so sure she will be actively trying to get herself killed."

Vee let out a soft laugh, shaking her head. "That sounds about right."

He reached out, gently taking Vee's hands in his. "You are my entire life, my entire being. And aside from keeping you safe, I will trade my life for whatever concerns you. I will give my final breath for you."

Vee's smile faltered, emotion shimmering in her eyes.

"And believe it or not," he continued with a faint, affectionate smirk, "I do like your sister, even if she is the bane of my existence."

Vee laughed softly through the swell of emotion, squeezing his hands. "That might be the nicest thing anyone has ever said about her."

"She's annoying but she loves you, and that makes her family to me."

Vee stepped forward, resting her forehead against his chest, taking comfort in the steady rhythm of his heartbeat.

He pressed a gentle kiss to the top of her head. Reluctantly, she pulled away, giving his jacket one last adjustment. "You look completely gorgeous," she said with a teasing smile.

"I always do," he shot back with a wink and walked out.

Vee drew in a slow breath, steadying herself before turning toward the closet. The familiar scent of Luca's cologne greeted her as she slid the door open. Rows of neatly arranged clothes stared back at her. She began to rummage through the shelves, pushing aside folded sweaters and boxes until her fingers finally brushed against a small, hidden container at the back.

She pulled it out slowly—a simple tube of pills. For a long moment, she just stared at it, her thumb tracing the label as doubts surged forward.

At the time, she had convinced herself that having a child was reckless, even cruel. Luca's world was riddled with danger, betrayal, and violence. Bringing an innocent life into such chaos felt like sentencing that child to a tumultuous future. She had told herself it was the responsible choice, the logical one.

But logic had never fully accounted for Luca. Yes, Luca was crazy—reckless, impulsive, and often infuriating. Yet, beneath all of that was an unwavering devotion that few could truly understand. Who else would protect her and their family with such ferocity? Who else would run through shards of glass without hesitation just to keep them safe? Who else would drive himself into a knife, sacrificing his own body merely to divert an enemy's attention from those he loved?

She held the tube of pills tightly as an internal battle raged within her. Guilt reminded her of the life she might be denying him. Her eyes stung with unshed tears as she wrestled with the weight of the decision.

After what felt like an eternity, her resolve began to crystallize. If Luca was willing to give everything—his life, his future, his very breath—despite the uncertainty that surrounded them, then perhaps she

could do the same. Love, she realized, was never about guarantees. It was about choosing someone, again and again, even when the outcome was unknown.

With a deep, steadying breath, Vee walked toward the bathroom as she twisted open the cap of the tube.

Then, she emptied the contents into the toilet. She pressed the handle, watching as the water swirled and carried them away. It felt symbolic, like releasing a part of herself that had been shackled by fear.

A sense of calm washed over her. She knew the dangers that lay ahead, and she accepted them. All that remained was to ensure that, should the worst ever happen, her family would be protected.

She rested her hand on the bathroom counter, her reflection staring back with newfound clarity.

She just had to make sure her family would be well cared for when she wasn't there anymore—which was why she should probably look into insuring her life for Valentina.

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Valentina had taken her time getting ready for the evening, determined to present herself with confidence. She wore a royal blue floor length gown, crafted from flowy chiffon fabric.

"You look stunning," Ricardo had said. Dressed in a grey corduroy blazer and light coloured chinos, he extended his hand toward her with a gentle smile. "Ready?"