

Mafia God 307

Chapter 307: Maybe Twice For Good Measure

"We are?" he repeated, searching her eyes for confirmation.

"Yes... we are," she said softly.

A burst of laughter escaped him. Relief and happiness flooded his features, dissolving the tension he had carried for days.

He cupped her face in his hands and leaned down, capturing her lips in a bruising, passionate kiss. The intensity of it conveyed everything words could not—gratitude, love, and a profound sense of hope. When he finally pulled back, his forehead rested against hers, his eyes shining.

"We are trying for a baby!" he exclaimed, still laughing in disbelief. He kissed her again, softer this time but no less meaningful. "God, I love you."

Vee smiled against his lips, her hands sliding up to rest on his shoulders.

"What do you need?" Luca asked, his voice dropping to a husky whisper as he brushed a strand of hair from her face. "Want me to fuck you all day?"

"I think just once is enough," Vee laughed, her voice light and teasing as she traced her fingers along Luca's chest.

"Maybe twice for good measure," he replied with a mischievous grin, his voice dropping to a husky whisper. He bent low, pressing kisses along the curve of her neck. His fingers moved deftly to the strings of her robe, untangling them. The fabric slipped. Beneath it, she was completely naked.

Luca paused for a moment, drinking in the sight of her, his gaze filled with desire. "Fuck me..." he whispered reverently before lowering his lips to her skin once more, his hands roaming gently along her body.

Then, a distant murmur that didn't quite belong to the quiet rhythm of the morning stilled him. His senses sharpening instantly. Years of living in constant danger had honed his instincts to a razor's edge. The murmur grew louder, morphing into a building ruckus from outside the house.

Too many voices at once. Luca's head snapped up, every muscle in his body tensing. The softness in his expression vanished, replaced by cold, alert focus. He listened intently, his ears straining to decipher the sounds.

"Luca?" Vee called as she pushed herself upright, quickly pulling the robe around her and tying it closed.

Luca swung his legs off the bed and moved swiftly toward the window. He parted the curtains slightly, trying to catch a glimpse of what was happening outside. From this angle, his view was limited—only fragments of movement but the noise confirmed his suspicions. Something was very wrong.

"Stay here," he instructed.

Vee's heart pounded as she watched him cross the room. He moved to the closet and opened it. From it, he retrieved both of his handguns, checking them.

"Luca, what's happening?" Vee asked, her voice laced with anxiety.

"I don't know yet," he admitted. His gaze returned briefly to her. "But we're about to find out."

"Be careful, Luca," Vee begged, her voice trembling with fear.

Luca paused at the doorway, glancing back at her. "Stay here and keep the door locked," he instructed firmly. There was no room for argument in his tone. He turned and walked out of the room shirtless, a gun in each hand, ready to fuck the world up. His footsteps were swift as he descended the staircase. The voices outside grew louder with every step—shouting, the metallic clink of weapons, and the unmistakable tension of men on the brink of confrontation.

Bursting through the front doors, Luca entered the courtyard. The morning light revealed a chaotic scene: his guards were positioned defensively, attempting to keep a group of armed men at bay on the

other side of the wrought-iron gate. Engines of several dark vehicles idled nearby, their presence adding to the ominous atmosphere.

Luca's gaze sharpened as he recognized one of the men standing at the forefront. It was Julian's right-hand man—an enforcer who would never appear unannounced unless the situation was dire. "What the fuck?" Luca muttered under his breath, his grip tightening around the guns.

He strode toward the gate with fury, his imposing presence commanding immediate attention. The guards quickly stepped aside, making way for him. Standing just inches from the iron barrier, Luca raised one of his weapons and aimed it directly at the man beyond.

The scene was electrifying. Luca's muscles rippled with tension, his bare torso glistening faintly under the morning sun. The gate stood as the only barrier between his barely contained wrath and the men outside.

"You have till the count of ten to tell me what this is about," Luca said, his voice low and deadly. He cocked the gun. "One."

The man on the other side raised his hands slightly in a gesture of peace.

"Luciano!" he called out. "Believe me, I did not want to do this, but Julian is acting Don right now, and I have to follow his orders."

Luca's expression darkened, his jaw clenching as he processed the statement. The man swallowed hard but held his ground. Behind him, the other men shifted uneasily, their loyalty to Julian evident yet overshadowed by the palpable tension of confronting Luciano Genovese.

"Three," Luca continued, his voice calm and lethal as he kept counting, the barrel of his gun unwavering. The men on the other side of the gate exchanged confused glances, clearly wondering what had happened to "two."

"Julian says Miss Scalese is the traitor," the man finally blurted out, his voice strained with urgency. "And he has ordered that she be transported to Italy."

The words struck Luca with the force of a physical blow. Understanding dawned with chilling clarity.

So that was it. Bravo, Julian. Bravo, Bianca. Wow. Just wow. Luca thought to himself, a bitter admiration surfacing beneath his fury. The patience required for such a scheme, the meticulous planning, the careful manipulation—it was exceptionally executed. They had crafted a wonderful narrative. It was ruthless, calculated, and undeniably effective.

"Luciano?" the man called hesitantly, misinterpreting Luca's silence as uncertainty.

Luca's gaze snapped back to him. "You come here...to my house—"

"I didn't know this is your house," the man interrupted nervously. "All Julian said is Miss Scalese is your mistress and...."

The interruption proved to be a fatal mistake.