

Mafia God 312

Chapter 312: It Is Fun Trying

"Hey, love," Luca said gently as she walked toward him.

"Hey," she replied, wrapping her arms tightly around him. He returned the embrace, holding her close, allowing himself a brief moment of solace. She pulled back slightly, studying his face with concern. "Long day?"

"The longest," he admitted with a weary smile. "Please tell me I am not too late for the baby dance."

"We can always keep trying with or without a window," Veronica said.

"Yeah, it is fun trying," he replied. "Now, I have an excuse to stay buried inside you."

She laughed, though there was a trace of weariness beneath the sound, a subtle heaviness that didn't escape Luca's notice. He brushed his thumb gently along her cheek.

"You didn't go anywhere today," Luca observed softly.

Veronica shook her head. "I thought to stay home."

He nodded slowly, understanding but not entirely comfortable with the idea. "You are learning to be careful," he said, "but I also do not want you to learn to be afraid."

She looked away briefly, her fingers absentmindedly tracing the buttons of his shirt before she sighed. "I didn't feel like it, Luca, truly," she admitted. "I... today just reminded me how dangerous your life is."

Luca remained silent, giving her the space to continue.

"You went out that door without one care in the world," she said. "You weren't afraid. It's not like you are bulletproof—hell, you didn't even have a shirt on. And I was afraid. The fear lunged in my throat, squeezing hard. I couldn't breathe until you walked back through that door."

She lifted her gaze to meet his, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears. "I cannot lose you."

The vulnerability in her confession struck Luca deeply. He cupped her face with both hands, his expression softening as the hardened façade he presented to the world melted away in her presence. "Veronica," he murmured, his thumb gently wiping away a tear that had escaped down her cheek. "This life... it is not something I can simply walk away from. It is woven into who I am."

"I know," she replied quietly. "And I never asked you to. But knowing it doesn't make it easier."

"I'm here, right now, in the present, loving you, still wrapped around your finger, still obsessed with you. And I am thankful for every moment—every single moment—I get to spend with you. I am grateful for it," Luca said.

"You want some dinner?" she asked.

Luca shook his head. "No, I was at the house. Nonnina couldn't help herself. She made something for me before I left. I just need to get to bed. I need my head to stop thinking for a bit."

Veronica nodded with understanding. "Come, come," she said softly, taking his hand. "You take a long bath. It will help clear your mind. I'll add in some essential oils—you will sleep like a baby." She led him upstairs to the bedroom.

Once inside the bedroom, Veronica guided him toward the edge of the bed. She began to help him out of his jacket.

Her fingers worked deftly, sliding the jacket from his shoulders before she began to unbutton his shirt, one button at a time.

"Nonnina doesn't go this far," he quipped, attempting to inject a note of humor into the moment.

"Well, Nonnina doesn't fuck you," Vee shot back, her eyes glinting with mischief despite the tension simmering beneath the surface.

Luca let out a low chuckle. "Touché," he conceded, the corner of his mouth lifting into a genuine smile. As she finished with the last of his buttons, he shrugged out of the shirt, letting it fall carelessly onto the floor.

Her fingers returned to him as she unclasped his watch and set it on the bedside table. Luca could feel the subtle tremor in her touch.

When she reached for his pants, he caught her wrist, and pulled her closer until their bodies were touching.

"You have to stop being afraid, Vee," he said quietly.

"I'm not. I'm not," she replied quickly.

Luca raised an eyebrow, his thumb brushing lightly over the inside of her wrist where her pulse fluttered wildly. "You're fidgeting. You're restless. I can basically feel your pulse in your palm," he murmured. "Be steel. I know you are. Live your life knowing you have me. You can walk on water and I'll be there making sure you do not miss a step."

Vee's gaze dropped. She leaned into him slightly, drawing comfort from his presence. "I blame myself," she confessed at last.

Luca frowned gently. "For what?"

"All of this going on," she continued. "I was such an idiot. Everyone was busy moving chess pieces, and I was playing Tetris. Completely oblivious."

He tilted her chin upward, urging her to meet his gaze.

"What... what do you see in me?" she asked. "I'm not meant for this. I don't have the cunning or the ruthlessness. Why would you choose me over someone like Bianca?" Her brows knitted together in confusion. "What is wrong with you?"

"There is absolutely nothing wrong with me," he began. "If anything, choosing you is the only thing I've ever done that makes perfect sense. Bianca understood the game," he continued. "But you... you remind me why it's worth surviving in the first place. You bring light into a life that has known nothing but darkness," he murmured. "You make me want to be more than this. With you, I remember what it feels like to be human."

"You're an idiot," Vee snapped.

Luca raised an eyebrow, clearly amused. "You are mad because I chose you? Sweetie, the things that make you mad..." He paused, feigning deep contemplation before continuing, "I'm sorry, but this will probably still make you mad—the things that make you mad are stupid."

Her eyes widened in mock outrage as she folded her arms across her chest. "You better not be calling me stupid."

"No," Luca replied quickly, lifting his hands in surrender, a playful grin spreading across his face. "I'm just saying... you are perfect. Compassionate. Everything that I am not—and that's what makes you special. Yes, maybe you have to learn the game too. Maybe you have to learn to be brutal as well. But it doesn't matter to me, Bambola. I just don't want you to ever be afraid."