

Mafia God 317

Chapter 317: I'll Get You A Robe

"What are you guys looking at?" she demanded, her cheeks flushing a deep shade of crimson. "Will you turn the other way?"

"I'll get you a robe." With a playful smile, Vee began to walk back upstairs.

Marco reacted immediately, snapping his gaze away and turning his back, staring intently at a spot on the wall. His jaw tightened, and he took a slow, steady breath.

Luca, however, remained exactly where he was.

A smirk tugged at the corner of his lips as he watched the scene unfold, thoroughly amused by Valentina's sudden modesty. He made no move to turn away, his arms loosely folded across his chest.

"You too!" Valentina yelled, mortified by his lack of cooperation.

"Me? Why me?" Luca replied innocently. "I don't find you sexy. He does." He pointed casually at Marco.

Marco stiffened instantly. "What are you doing?" he snapped under his breath, careful to keep his voice low.

Luca's smile widened, but it wasn't Marco's unease that entertained him—it was Valentina's. The girl had an uncanny talent for unsettling and embarrassing him at every given opportunity, and Luca found himself relishing the opportunity for a payback. After the chaos of the past few days, a moment of levity felt necessary.

Marco let out a quiet groan. "Luca, for the love of God, stop talking."

Valentina shot Luca a glare. "If you don't turn around this instant, I swear I will make the rest of your life a constant struggle."

Luca's gaze flicked briefly toward the staircase, ensuring that Vee was still out of sight. The playful mischief in his eyes lingered as he savored the moment, clearly enjoying the harmless torment.

"See, the moment you walked in here, dressed like that—boobs almost spilling out, entire fabric transparent, hips curved like that and my God, that baby bump—my man here? Yeah, he done died and went to heaven," Luca continued, his tone dripping with mischief as he gestured casually toward Marco.

Valentina's face turned an immediate shade of crimson, the blush spreading from her cheeks to the tips of her ears. Her eyes darted instinctively toward Marco, who remained turned away, his shoulders tense.

Val snapped her attention back to Luca, who seemed entirely too pleased with himself. "I'm going to tell my sister you were checking me out," she shot back, narrowing her eyes in mock threat.

"What?" Luca's confident demeanor crumbled in an instant. His eyes widened in exaggerated terror as he threw his hands up defensively. "No! No! I wasn't!" he protested, shaking his head vigorously. "Absolutely not. I have impeccable taste, thank you very much."

Marco, still facing the opposite direction, couldn't suppress the quiet laugh that escaped him. He covered it with a cough, the slight shaking of his shoulders betrayed him.

Valentina smirked, enjoying Luca's sudden panic. "Oh, I'm definitely telling her," she teased, folding her arms protectively across herself while maintaining her triumphant expression.

At that moment, Veronica reappeared at the top of the stairs, holding a soft robe in her hands.

"Did I miss something?" Vee asked, her brows lifting with curiosity as she descended the stairs.

Valentina hurried toward her, gratefully accepting the robe and slipping it around her shoulders before leaning in to whisper conspiratorially into her sister's ear. Vee's eyes widened slightly as she listened, her gaze flicking toward Luca with growing amusement.

"Don't listen to her!" Luca barked immediately, his voice tinged with desperation. He pointed accusingly at Valentina as he backpedaled verbally. "Your sister is crazy! I swear I didn't—I wasn't—I don't..." His words tangled together as he searched for a coherent defense.

"You're digging yourself deeper, boss," Marco muttered under his breath.

Luca shot him a quick glare before turning back to Veronica, his expression softening into a pleading look. "Babe?" he finished, his tone hopeful, silently begging for her belief and mercy.

"I don't understand. Isn't she right?" Vee asked, tilting her head slightly as she looked between Luca and her sister.

"No! No! She's wrong. Absolutely wrong," he insisted, his hands lifting in a defensive gesture.

Vee's brows knit together in confusion. "You don't love me?" she asked softly, her voice carrying just enough vulnerability to make Luca's heart skip a beat.

"What? Wait—what did she tell you?" Luca demanded, his eyes widening as realization dawned. Perhaps that should have been his first question. He shot a suspicious glance toward Valentina, who was now biting her lip to keep from laughing.

"That you seem to genuinely love me," Vee replied.

Luca exhaled in relief, placing a hand over his chest. "Of course, I love you. I do love you," he said earnestly, stepping closer to her. "There has never been a question about that."

"But you just said she is wrong," Vee pointed out, her lips curving into a faint smile as she began to grasp the nature of her sister's mischief.

"No, I didn't. I mean..." Luca faltered, running a frustrated hand through his hair as he tried to untangle the verbal trap he had so expertly walked into. His gaze shifted from Vee to Valentina, who now stood openly grinning behind her sister, clearly enjoying every second of his discomfort.

"Oh you bitch!" he exclaimed.

"I have to admit," Marco said, shaking his head, "that was masterfully done."

Vee shook her head, laughter still lingering in her eyes. "Come, get ready for your trip," she said, gently pulling Luca by the arm toward the staircase.

Luca allowed himself to be led, not without casting a narrowed, suspicious glance over his shoulder at Valentina. Val responded with a perfectly timed, sarcastic wave of her fingers, her lips curling into a teasing smile that only deepened his mock irritation.

"I'm watching you," Luca muttered under his breath.

"Get going, Don Dramatico," Val shot back lightly.

With a final shake of his head, Luca disappeared upstairs with Vee, leaving Valentina alone with Marco in the living room. The sudden quiet felt intimate after the whirlwind of emotions that had filled the space moments earlier.

Val hesitated, her playful demeanor fading as she turned toward Marco. He was still standing with his back partially turned, uncertain whether it was appropriate to face her now that she was properly covered.