

Mafia God 341

Chapter 341: Lord Have Mercy

What the fuck just happened? His heart was pounding—too fast, too loud, like it was trying to break out of his chest.

She didn't mean it. She was young. Overwhelmed. Pregnant. Emotional. This was confusion.

This was stress. This was—

"Bullshit," he muttered under his breath.

And then Luca's voice echoed in his head, clear as day.

You're an idiot, Marco.

Luca wasn't wrong. Marco stood there for one more second. Two. Then—

"Ah... fuck it."

His body moved before his brain could catch up. He turned sharply and strode out of the living room, his pace quick, urgent, his pulse still racing as he pushed into the hallway. "Va!" he called out.

She was just reaching the main exit. Slowly, she turned around. Even in the low light spilling from the hallway fixtures, he could see the sheen of tears in her eyes, the way she was trying and failing to hold herself together.

Marco didn't stop walking. Didn't think. Didn't weigh consequences or rules or the absolute shitstorm this would cause. He closed the distance in seconds, reaching her just as her lips parted like she was about to say something—maybe to stop him, maybe to explain, maybe to take it all back.

He didn't give her the chance. His hands came up, gripping her firmly as he pulled her into him.

And then he kissed her. This wasn't like their first kiss. That one had been uncertain—curious, accidental. A test. A line crossed just to see what it felt like.

This? This was war. The moment Marco's lips met hers, there was nothing hesitant about it. No second-guessing. No restraint. It was fierce, consuming—like something that had been building for far too long and had finally snapped free.

A 'I'm never letting you go' kind of kiss. And he knew—God, he knew—how dangerous that was.

The rules of the famiglia were laws carved into bone. Lines you didn't cross unless you were ready to bleed for it. And this? This wasn't just crossing a line.

This was setting the entire thing on fire. If not handled right, it could cost him his life. But in that moment?

None of it mattered. He would die a thousand deaths for this. For her. His hand slid up to her neck, fingers curling possessively against her skin, letting go wasn't an option anymore. And Valentina—God—she didn't pull away.

She gave in. Her hands found him just as urgently, gripping his shirt, pulling him closer as she kissed him back with equal hunger, equal need. There was no confusion.

Their mouths moved against each other like they were trying to make up for every moment they had held back, every glance they had ignored, every word they had swallowed.

It was messy and completely, utterly reckless. Somewhere in the back of Valentina's mind, a warning bell started ringing.

Her breath hitched as she forced herself to pull away, her lips parting from his with a soft, reluctant break. "Marco..." she sighed.

"No..." he murmured. "Not today." His hands slid down, gripping her firmly as he lifted her by her thighs. Valentina gasped softly, wrapping her legs around him to steady herself, her hands bracing against his shoulders.

"Marco—" she started again.

He carried her back into the living room, his focus locked entirely on her. When they reached the sofa, he lowered her onto it carefully and leaned over her immediately after.

Valentina stared up at him, her breath still uneven, her mind racing. How had it gotten to this?

How had they let it get this far? How had something so simple turned into something so completely... forbidden?

Marco kissed her once more like he was making a point. Like he had something to prove. And God, he was proving it.

Val's fingers found the buttons of his shirt before her brain could file an objection. This is a terrible idea, her brain said. Her fingers said, noted, and kept going.

He helped them along, breaking the kiss just long enough to shrug the shirt from his shoulders. It fell somewhere behind him — neither of them watched where.

Val looked at him. "Lord have mercy." A soft, helpless exhale leaving her lips. Her palms mapped the taut ridges of his abdomen like she was reading something important in braille.

Hormones, she told herself firmly. This is hormones. They were clearly the culprits here.

There was no resistance left in her body. It had all dissolved somewhere between the second kiss and the shirt situation. Even now, even starved and urgent as he clearly was, he was mindful of her belly. He moved his hard cock against her crotch, grinding and grunting while his mouth found her neck and did several illegal things to it.

She bit down on a sound. He bit down on her collarbone. "Marco—"

His mouth moved lower and Val closed her eyes and thought about absolutely nothing because there was nothing left to think. Her body had taken over the meeting. Her body had a whole agenda. He was like a man who hadn't eaten in months, and perhaps that was because he hadn't — not really. He had kept his distance. Done the honourable thing. Respected her choices, her space, her baffling, infuriating engagement to another man.

He was done with that now. There is no way, he thought, as his hands moved and she moaned, no way in hell she is marrying someone else.

Not after this. Valentina's toes curled. She wasn't proud of it. It was involuntary — a full, humiliating, body-wide betrayal. Her hips had developed opinions. They were moving of their own accord, rising to meet him, chasing the pleasure the grinding gave her.

Marco's fingers slid beneath the hem of her dress, warm against the inside of her thigh, and that was when she realised how far they were going.

Her eyes flew open. "Marco...Marco — no. No, please—"

He stopped. His whole body went still above her. Then slowly, he got to his feet.