

Mafia God 386

Chapter 386: You Came In Here

His fingers had drifted from her belly to between her thighs, rubbing slowly..

"Luca," she warned, "I have to go help Nonnina."

"You came in here," he countered, shifting closer, his voice dropping lower, "you brought your pretty self, bounced on my cock, and now you expect me to behave?"

"That is not what I—" Her words cut off into a quiet laugh as he leaned in, brushing a slow kiss against her neck. "Luca..." she tried again, but she tilted her head slightly.

He smiled against her skin, clearly pleased with the effect. "Come on," he murmured. "You know exactly how to make me lose my mind."

Vee tried to squirm away again, but his hand held her steady against him.

"Please, mummy," he teased. "Give daddy some sugar. We're not going to get much fucking time when the baby comes," he added.

"I would," Vee said, already trying to pry herself free, "but I've got to go. Nonnina is waiting. I need to help her with breakfast."

"She'll understand."

"Luca!"

There was just enough desperation in her voice to make it funny.

"Come on!" she begged, half laughing now as she tried again to slide away from him.

"You're starving me," he replied, dead serious.

She pushed lightly against his chest, trying to sit up properly, but his hand was still tracing slow, distracting patterns over her jeans like he had nowhere else to be and all the time in the world. "Stop being needy," she said.

"Ouch."

"Luca," she warned again.

Luca finally let out a quiet breath, considering surrender. Vee took advantage of the moment, shifting just enough to sit up properly, smoothing her hair back with one hand.

"Okay," she said, adjusting her tone. "I promise I'll come to the office for your weekly entertainment."

One brow lifted, he smiled.

"I like the sound of that."

"I knew you would." She nudged him lightly. "Just make sure you come down for breakfast and I will rock your world."

He eased his grip just slightly enough to show he was considering being reasonable. "Promise?" he asked.

Vee nodded. "Promise," she asserted.

Finally, reluctantly, he let her go.

"Fine... go... leave me high and dry..." Luca muttered, rolling onto his back.

Vee rolled her eyes—again—and jogged out of the room, her laughter trailing faintly behind her.

Luca stared up at the ceiling. His face tightened back into a frown. He had tried to lighten himself for her, to be the version of himself that was always distracted by her, the one that made her laugh instead of worry.

But the previous day refused to loosen its grip.

Luca exhaled slowly and pushed himself up. The warmth of the moment with Vee faded. He really had to get on top of things. His enemies were getting bolder.

They were reaching in for people they had no business touching. That required a strong response. He needed to remind the entire city what happens when someone thinks they can touch his family.

His jaw tightened. It would have been nice—very nice—to send that message through Renato.

Luca could still feel the unfinished part of that encounter. The way it had ended too cleanly.

He wanted to bask in Renato's blood. But Italy wasn't settled yet. That was the chain on his hands.

The Genovese couldn't handle a full-blown war right now, not with everything still unstable back home, not with losses they hadn't fully recovered from. One wrong move in New York could ripple straight back across the ocean and fracture things even further.

So he had let Renato live. For now.

Luca stood up slowly, running a hand through his hair as he crossed the room. Still... there was a nagging feeling.

Renato would try again.

It was funny, in a twisted way, that everyone suddenly seemed to be using Cassidy's disappearance as an excuse to get something from him.

Ridiculous.

They weren't even pretending to look for the man properly. Cassidy had become a convenient ghost, not important enough for anyone to actually care where the hell he was.

Luca sighed, thinking of getting ready for work anyway to see exactly how much damage Voss had managed to do. He needed reports.

Voss had come in with anger and fire. Commissioned had been the first stop. He had shut the club down, sent patrons stumbling. His men tore through booths, private rooms, liquor cabinets, wall panels, storage closets—everything.

And Luca's smug face had been sitting in Voss's mind the entire time. That calm little smile. That try harder look.

It pissed him off more with every useless drawer they opened. By the time they reached Luca's office, Voss already knew the truth. They weren't going to find shit.

If Luca was careless enough to leave anything useful lying around, he would have been buried years ago. Powerful or not, influence only protected a man so far. Stupidity finished the rest.

His office looked untouched, insultingly normal.

"Check the drawers again," he ordered.

One of his men looked at him. "We already did."

"I know that! Do it like you have hands this time."

Papers were scattered across the desk. Receipts. invoices. permits. legal rubbish. Everything neat enough to be legitimate, boring.

Voss dragged a hand over his face. He was sure the bastard had probably hidden more secrets in the walls of this club than most men carried in their souls.

A knock came at the door.

"Excuse me?"

Voss turned sharply.

Veronica Scalese stood in the doorway, wrapped in elegance. Her hair was pinned back, but her eyes moved over the ruined office with irritation.

Voss straightened.

"Where is Luca?" she asked.

"Somewhere upstairs around the club."

Veronica nodded once and turned to leave. She had no intention of giving Voss more than that.

"Congratulations!" Voss called after her.

Vee stopped at the doorway. Slowly, she turned her head and looked at him over her shoulder, one brow raised. Her expression said very clearly that whatever he was about to say had better be useful and brief.