

Mafia God 402

Chapter 402: Don't Leave Me

"Bambola," he murmured, easing one hand to her wrist. "I'm just trying to cover you."

She shook her head against the pillow, eyes filling without spilling over. "Don't leave me."

"Now, why the hell would I do that?" Luca asked.

"Because your life would be much better if my dad never asked you for a favour."

"My life is much better, thank you very much," he said. "Would you let me go?" He raised a brow, trying for humour, trying to give her a familiar version of himself to hold onto.

Vee only looked at him with heavy, unfocused eyes. "You think so," she whispered, "but it isn't."

"Babe..." Luca exhaled slowly, forcing his hand to relax. "Can we discuss this in the morning?"

She shifted suddenly, pulling herself up just enough to press a light kiss to his mouth. His eyes narrowed slightly.

He pulled back a fraction. "Have you been smoking?"

"Maybe."

Luca shut his eyes. "Goddammit," he swore.

The anger flashed back. "What in the hell are you doing?"

Luca tried to shift, but she refused to release him. "Veronica....I am not leaving." He sighed and stopped fighting her grip.

Instead, he slid one hand beneath her waist, careful not to jostle her too much, then shifted his weight and turned them over in one smooth movement until he was on his back and she was lying on top of him.

Vee settled against his chest, still clinging to him.

"There," he muttered. "You win. I am captured."

Her cheek rested over his heart. Luca stared at the ceiling, one hand resting across her back, the other slipping into her hair.

"This isn't how you heal, Bambola."

"That's the thing," she admitted quietly. "I don't want to."

"Why not?" he asked.

"I don't want to heal," she whispered, "because I don't want to forget."

Luca's arm tightened around her.

"I want to stay angry," she said.

Luca brushed his fingers through her hair slowly. "I have enough anger for both of us."

"I don't want your anger. I want mine."

He frowned.

"I need mine," she continued. "I need it to fuel me."

"For what?" Luca asked softly.

Vee was quiet for a moment. Then she lifted her head slightly, eyes distant. "I'll know when I see it."

A chill passed through him. He understood her too well, way too well.

"Bambola..."

She leaned up and kissed him again. Luca made a low sound against her lips, caught immediately between wanting her and wanting to stop her. Her hands slid into his hair.

"Vee..."

"Fuck me," she demanded softly, continuing to kiss him.

His hand moved to her face gently. "I know I once told you to shoot me if I ever tell you no and still feel free to shoot me," Luca murmured, brushing hair away from her face, "but I am going to say it anyway. No."

It was as if she didn't hear him at all. She pressed herself closer against him, desperate for warmth, for distraction, for anything that could drown out the hollow ache sitting inside her chest.

He sighed and shifted, rolling them over once more until she was lying properly on the mattress beside him. Before she could protest or climb back over him again, he trapped her gently with both arms and one leg, pinning her in place. "There," he muttered. "Now stay."

Vee frowned up at him. "You don't love me anymore..." she whined softly.

He let out a quiet chuckle. "Yeah," he said dryly. "Like I'm even capable of that." His hand slid slowly through her hair again, untangling strands carefully from her cheek. She looked up at him with glossy eyes, lips slightly parted, her sadness sitting openly on her face now instead of hidden behind coldness.

For hours, she had been holding herself together so tightly that it frightened him. Now the cracks were finally showing.

"It hurts..." she whispered.

Two words. Only two words spoken in the fog of drunkenness. And Luca breathed out in relief.

Finally—finally—he knew he wasn't alone in this breaking. She was breaking too. He kissed her forehead and ran his fingers through her hair, down the curve of her back, slow and soothing.

"We're going to do fine," he whispered.

After a while, her body finally softened against his. Her breathing deepened little by little until she was no longer fighting sleep.

Luca held on to her that way until morning. The comforter remained half tangled around their legs.

Yeah, maybe it hurt too much to talk about it. Maybe they were already drowning in Nonnina's loss, and there was only so much pain a heart could hold before it began throwing pieces overboard to survive.

Maybe someday they would cry together properly. Maybe someday he would stop feeling like the world had robbed him.

Maybe someday, they would lean into each other instead of away. But Luca knew one thing with certainty.

Their love would not break. No matter how hard the world tried to bend it. And until she was ready to talk about it, he would protect her from it.

Voss was the one to rouse the house the next morning. Luca's mind was still foggy when the knock came on their bedroom door.

He opened one eye. His arm was still around her. Veronica had him in a sleep grip. One leg tangled with his, one hand across his mid section, her face pressed into his side.

Another knock came. Luca carefully disentangled himself from her, moving inch by inch.

He slid out of bed, dragged a hand through his hair, and walked to the door. He yanked it open. "Yeah?"

One of the maids stood there, hands clasped tightly in front of her apron.

"There is a Detective Voss downstairs waiting."

"I'll be right there," Luca said.

The maid nodded quickly and disappeared down the hallway. He turned back toward the bed and found Vee awake.

She was lying on her side, hair tangled over one cheek, eyes still heavy from sleep and alcohol, but alert enough to read the change in him. Her fingers curled around the edge of the blanket.