

Mafia God 420

Chapter 420: I Need To Be Something

She came closer, still scolding him with her whole body. One hand on her hip, chin lifted. "You promised you would not track me unless it was an emergency."

She opened her mouth again to tear into him properly, but by then she was close enough. Luca caught her by the waist and yanked her toward him, swallowing her protest with his mouth. The kiss was sudden, hot, and full of everything he had been holding back since he saw her in that training room.

Pride, love.

His hands slid into her hair, fingers tangling in the damp strands as he held her still enough to make her feel how serious he was. How much he meant it. How much seeing her fight, seeing her choose strength for herself, had pleased him.

Vee melted. She had no idea what was happening. But damn it, it was a good kiss. A very good kiss.

So she let herself enjoy it. She could yell at him right after. Hmm...Probably....Hmm....Maybe.

When they finally pulled apart, her fingers were curled in his shirt, his forehead resting against hers.

Vee whispered against his lips, "What was that for?"

Luca brushed his thumb along her cheek, his smile softer now. "You were magnificent."

Her eyes widened. The anger returned instantly. "You saw?"

"For a couple of minutes," Luca admitted. He had the decency to look slightly guilty, though not guilty enough. There was still pride sitting on his face, irritatingly warm and visible. "I'm sorry," he added.

Vee groaned and covered her face with both palms. "Oh my God."

Luca reached up and gently pulled her hands away. "Why did you keep it from me?"

"I don't know," she said at last. "I just wanted to do it, I guess." She exhaled, rubbing at her forehead. "So I don't feel so helpless all the time." Vee swallowed. "I'm tired of everyone pulling me back, pushing me behind them, telling me to stay somewhere safe, putting guards around me like I'm some expensive vase Luca Genovese bought and needs insured."

She gave him a tired look. "I know you're trying to protect me. I know that. But sometimes it feels like my whole life is being carried by men with guns. And I would like to be able to get myself out of tricky situations. I do not want to be just your wife, I want to be your partner. Maybe not as trigger happy as you, but you know, I need to be something."

"And I just wanted one thing that made me feel like I could stand on my own feet again," she said. "Even if I'm not good yet."

"I really shouldn't worry about you so much," he murmured.

A small smile tugged at her lips.

"How did I do?"

Luca leaned back against the car, pretending to consider. "Honestly? You could do better."

"I have only been training for a couple of days."

"Yes, and for a couple of days, you are doing well."

"That is not what you said."

"I said you could do better. That is different from saying you were bad. And if you had told me this is what you wanted..."

Vee immediately lifted a hand. "Shut up!"

"I could have—"

"Do not finish that sentence."

"—found you someone excellent."

"I said shut up."

Vee gave him one long look, then turned and rounded to her side of the vehicle.

"I'm just saying," Luca continued. "I have the number of a very good martial artist."

Vee stopped with her hand on the car door and turned slowly. "Oh really? And who would that be?"

Luca placed one hand lightly against his chest. "Me."

The confidence. The arrogance. The absolute lack of shame.

"Ugh!" Vee yanked the door open and slid into the passenger seat.

Luca opened the driver's side, looking entirely too pleased with himself as he got in.

"You cannot be good at everything," Vee said, fastening her seatbelt with more force than necessary.

"True." Luca started the car. "But I can still teach you something."

Vee leaned back against the seat, narrowing her eyes at him. "What's that?"

He glanced at her, mouth curving. "How to aim precisely with whatever you have in your hands." He pulled away from the curb, one hand on the wheel, the other resting lazily near the gear shift. "You already have good instinct. That bottle at Bianca's head? Excellent arc. Strong follow-through."

"You rushed the recovery, though. The goal is to knock your opponent out or kill them."

She looked out the window, fighting a smile. "You really can teach me to fight with whatever I have in my hands?"

He glanced at her, eyes glittering with wicked pride. "Girl, I took down Renato with a pen."

"That's a lie," Vee drawled.

Luca gave her a quick offended glance before returning his eyes to the road. "I'm telling you the truth."

Vee stared at him for a long second, then leaned back in her seat with a disbelieving little laugh. "You are so full of shit."

"I had no weapon on me," Luca continued, clearly enjoying himself now. "None. They searched me before I entered the room. Renato handed me the pen himself to sign away Commissioned."

The humour faded slightly from her face. "That's what he wanted?"

"A lot of people want Commissioned."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because they want access to what makes me powerful," Luca said. "What they don't know is Commissioned is useful. It is profitable. It opens doors. It is a tool. Not the source."

Vee folded her arms. "So what is the source?"

He glanced at her, eyes glinting. "Me."

She groaned. "There it is."

"What?"

"That impossible ego. I was wondering when it would enter the vehicle."

Vee smiled as they continued home. Truth be told, she did like a bad boy. Luca was all that was bad and he was extremely, smugly proud of it.

Plus he made it look beautiful.

After a while, he spoke again. "I came looking for you because I had this nice evening planned and you weren't answering your phone."