

Mafia God 426

Chapter 426: I Got You A Gift

"Oh..." She looked around the open space, now empty except for the Genovese crest beneath their feet and the low light washing over the walls. "I guess I have a lot to learn," she said quietly.

"You will." His thumb brushed over her waist. "You will have a coach over the next few weeks...Meanwhile, I got you a gift."

Her eyes widened immediately. "Oh my goodness... Really, I should have sensed something. With all the flowers and the dinner, I should have known something was in the works."

"Good to know I can still surprise you," Luca said. He moved to the decorated table and retrieved a black box.

It was beautiful. The box was made of ebony wood. Gold curled along the edges. The Genovese crest had been engraved into the lid.

A black satin ribbon had been tied around it, and beneath the gold clasp, her initials had been carved.

V.G.

Luca held it out to her. "Here."

Vee took it carefully, her fingers brushing over the crest before she opened it. Inside, nestled in black velvet, lay a gun.

It was compact, elegant, and terrifyingly beautiful. The metal was a deep matte black, with fine gold engraving along the slide. The grip was dark pearl with a tiny gold Genovese emblem set near the base.

Vee stared at it, stunned. "It's beautiful...But I don't know how to use it," she admitted, looking up at him. "I've never used one before."

"You just have to learn, that's all," he said gently. "I can teach you, if you want."

She looked back at the gun. "Sure," she said softly. "Of course. Thank you."

Luca's gaze drifted over her then—the veil, the dress, the gold embroidery, the sharp line of her chin, the way she stood in the middle of his world and somehow made it look like it had been waiting for her. "You look amazing, Bambola," he muttered.

Vee smiled, closing the box carefully. The ceremony, the oath, the blood, the title—it was all still rushing through her veins. Her heart had not calmed. Her body felt alive, electric, trembling with everything the night had made her. "Come on," she said, holding the box in one hand and reaching for him with the other. "Let's go home."

Luca raised a brow. "I thought you would be exhausted."

"No." Her smile turned wicked. "I'm high on adrenaline right now. Come on." She tugged him toward the exit, and Luca followed, laughing softly under his breath.

"Well, fuck me! I didn't know I was going to get a gift too."

Vee laughed pulling him forward. They moved quickly toward her car, Luca allowing himself to be led. He had long since accepted that where this woman was concerned, resistance was largely decorative.

They got in. Doors closed. The engine turned over and the car pulled smoothly out into the night, headlights cutting through the dark road ahead.

Vee had mentioned she was excited. She had not been lying. Approximately forty seconds into the drive — the car barely at cruising speed, the road stretching out quiet and mostly deserted ahead of them — her hand crossed the centre console and settled directly on his cock through his pants.

"Shit." Luca's foot eased off the accelerator. The car slowed. He recalibrated his relationship with the steering wheel, gripping it with both hands.

Her hand moved with a deeply destabilising casualness. He kept his eyes on the road. She unbuckled his belt.

Unzipped his pants. Reached inside. Found him — semi-hard and getting less semi by the second — and wrapped her hand around him.

"Careful there, love." His voice came out remarkably steady given the circumstances. The chuckle underneath it was less steady.

"What?" She tilted her head toward him, the picture of innocence, hand moving with languid, devastating strokes. "Can't multitask?"

He glanced at her. Her expression was angelic. Her hand was not. "With you?" He returned his eyes to the road, jaw tight, every traffic safety instinct he possessed rallying heroically against extraordinary odds. "No."

"Well then, hurry home. I'm dying here." She said. "You're driving like a grandma."

"If you weren't such a goddamned distraction," he said, jaw tight, "maybe I'd be able to put some speed in it."

She turned to him. "You know what? Fuck it. Drive as slowly as you want."

He heard her unbuckle her seatbelt. Oh no. She leaned over took his cock in her mouth.

"Oh my fucking God—" his whole body seized. "Bambola— God fucking dammit!" His hands locked on the wheel. Eyes wide, pupils blown, staring down the yellow lines of the road.

Don't crash. Don't crash. Don't you fucking crash.

"Hmmm..." Vee hummed, and the vibration traveled through him.

He let out a breath— a slow, wrecked exhale. She had decided to destroy him at a comfortable pace, and she was going to enjoy every second of the process.

Her mouth clasped around him — tongue sliding down the full length of him, massaging the muscles of his cock.

He wanted to grab her hair. God, he wanted to. His right hand twitched off the wheel by half an inch before he slammed it back down.

Hands on the wheel. Eyes on the road.

He was losing. He knew he was losing.

Vee had not stopped.

She's going to kill me. I'm going to die in this car.

"Bambola." He cleared his throat. "How about we make a deal here, hon?"

She hummed around him in response. The sound punched straight through his spine.

"Lord, please." He let out a long, suffering sigh. "Come on. Just give me five minutes and I will get us home." He paused. Swallowed. "I swear. I'll fuck you in the courtyard if you want."

"Hmmm..." she hummed.

"Vee—"

"Hmmm..."

By some miracle of muscle memory and sheer will, Luca turned into the long street that curved toward his estate.

He brought the car to an abrupt halt. He reached down and fisted his fingers in her hair the way she liked and tilted her head. "You want this cock? Take it."