

## Mafia God 427

### Chapter 427: I've Been Up All Night

He pushed his hips upward, holding her head steady, and felt her gag around the full, sudden depth of him. "Take it. Come on — take it." He expected her to tap out, to pull back, to concede.

She gagged — and then, with absolutely sinful composure, she flicked her tongue in a slow circle around him. She reached down and squeezed his balls.

Luca's eyes rolled back. He gripped her hair, hips stuttering upward, and came — hard, helpless — his whole body shuddering with release. "Fuck me," he gasped.

Vee slowly straightened up, wiping at her lips. "Now, get me home and fuck me!"

"Yes, ma'am..."

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Marco, on the other hand, wasn't having such a great night. At least not at first. Admittedly, he got back home at four in the morning, which, in hindsight, had not been his smartest move. He knew that the moment he stepped into the living room and saw Valentina sitting upright in the sofa, arms folded over her chest, eyes fixed on him.

That was how he knew he was finished.

"Val—"

"I've been up all night," she said. Her voice was calm. "All night," she repeated.

He sighed quietly and turned to face her fully. He looked tired, but not guilty enough for Valentina's liking. "Babe, I told you I was going to be home late."

Val's eyes widened. "Late is eleven p.m., Marco." She held up a finger. "Late is even twelve a.m. if I am feeling charitable. Not frigging four-thirty in the morning."

"It's not four-thirty."

She reached for her phone, tapped the screen, and turned it toward him. "Four twenty-eight. Forgive me for exaggerating by two whole minutes."

Marco rubbed a hand over his face. "Love, come on... I had obligations."

"Of course." Val nodded slowly. "Yeah. Obligations."

Marco frowned. He knew that tone. He had heard it growing in her for days now. "Val..."

"No, it's fine." She carefully got off the sofa. "You had obligations."

Marco's jaw tightened. He was exhausted. The initiation had run late but this wasn't about the time.

Not really.

"Okay, Val," Marco said. "Tell me what the fuck is wrong with you because I know you and this isn't you."

Her face changed instantly. "Don't cuss at me!" Val snapped.

"I'll do whatever the hell I want if you don't start talking to me!"

Val's breathing stopped. It was the first time Marco had ever raised his voice at her. Marco was always so gentle with her. Too gentle sometimes. Like she was made of glass. Like one wrong touch, one hard word, one sudden movement might crack her straight down the middle. He treated her like an egg, and she found it sweet.

Marco must have seen the shock on her face. He stepped closer, then stopped himself, hands flexing at his sides. "Something is wrong, Val. You check on me a million times a day as if you are suspicious of me or something."

Val looked away.

"You are barely resting," he continued. "You get mad at the drop of a hat. You watch the doors. You flinch when my phone rings. You ask where I am, who I'm with, when I'm coming home, and then when I come home, you yell at me."

Her throat tightened.

Marco's voice broke slightly. "Val, please tell me... please." He would kneel if she asked him to at this point. She could see it. This large, dangerous man who frightened others without even trying would lower himself to the floor if it meant she would finally let him in.

"Nothing is wrong," she said weakly. "I'm just nervous."

His eyes hardened with pain. "You're lying to me."

"Marco—"

"You're fucking lying to me, and that's not fair!"

"I'm afraid, okay!" she cried. "I'm afraid all the time!"

Marco went still.

"I've been afraid since Italy."

His face changed. The anger drained from it, leaving only worry. "Why?"

Val let out a shaky breath, but once the words started, she could not stop them. "I know that I haven't known Nonnina for very long," she said, tears spilling now, "but she was... she felt like..." Her lips trembled. "I liked her. I really liked her. She was bossy and scary and she treated me right. She was sweet. She was the one always telling me what to do and what not to do. She gave me some weird type of tea. She cared for me."

Marco's mouth moved faintly, almost a smile.

"And then she was gone," Val whispered. "Just like that. Gone."

Val shook her head, crying harder. "And at the party, I saw those men pull their guns out and aim at Vee, and I swear my heart stopped. I thought I was going to watch my sister die in front of me." She choked on the thought. "I couldn't breathe. I know what your obligations are, Marco and it frightens me."

Marco swallowed.

"I am afraid of losing you or Vee," she cried.

Marco sighed and pulled her into his arms or tried to. Her stomach got in the way now, round and firm between them, and under any other circumstance, he might have made some soft joke about the baby already refusing to give him full access to his own woman.

So he adjusted, carefully wrapping his arms around her shoulders and holding her as close as her belly allowed.

Val sobbed into his shirt. Marco closed his eyes and rested his chin lightly over her hair. He understood her fear.

God, he understood it too well. It was one of the reasons he had punished himself in the beginning. One of the reasons he had kept his distance from her for so long. He had always known the life he lived did not truly belong to him.

He could have fifty years left. He could have five days. Who knew? Men like him did not get to make neat promises about growing old in rocking chairs. Men like him promised protection and prayed their bodies lasted long enough to keep the vow.