

Mafia God 449

Chapter 449: I'm Not Entirely Sure Anymore

It hit him. Luca's jaw locked, every muscle in his body pulling taut as the orgasm tore through him. It wiped him clean of language and dignity in equal measure. His fingers dug into her hips. His head pressed back. His mouth fell open around a sound that didn't quite make it out.

Sweat beaded at his forehead. His heart was going at a rate a cardiologist would find professionally interesting.

Vee moved above him, finishing what she'd started. She had done the thing. The tongue. All of it. Delivered in full, and it had sent his entire world sideways in under four minutes — a personal record he would never admit to.

He gripped her hips and held her still above him, needing a moment. Just one moment to remember his own name. "Shit," he breathed.

It was the only word left in his vocabulary that was adequate to the situation. An honest accounting of what she'd just done to him.

She looked down at him — hair loose, cheeks flushed. When the room stopped tilting, he pulled her down against his chest and covered her mouth with his. His hand moved up her back.

He spoke against her lips. "Let's skip work tomorrow. Stay in bed all day. Let me fuck you breathless."

Vee smiled against his mouth.

"Come on, girl." His hands traced up her spine. "I'll even let you tie me up." He deployed the nuclear option.

She pulled back. He could see her actually considering it — the slight tilt of her head, the way her eyes moved.

Say yes. Say yes. Come on.

"Tempting," she said finally.

Yes—

"But I have to be in Commissioned tomorrow." She settled against him, fingers tracing absently across his chest. "Then I'll head to the pizza parlour after. Tony called — said the yellow tape was gone."

Luca stared at the ceiling.

Fuck me.

"You sure you want to go there and continue with the construction?" Luca finally asked.

The playful mood that had lingered between them faded slightly as reality crept back into the room.

Vee adjusted herself against the pillows and looked over at him. "Yeah. Val wants to keep the shop open, and honestly, so do I. I want to keep Tony close."

Luca lay back and folded his arms behind his head.

"Who do you think Tony could be doing all of this for?" Vee asked. "That is if he actually is. I'm not entirely sure anymore."

Luca stared at the ceiling. Too many names immediately came to mind. Too many enemies. Too many grudges.

Too many people who would happily use Veronica Scalese as a weapon against him.

"I have a lot of enemies, Bambola."

Vee groaned. "Well. Tell your enemies I'm not going down easy."

That made him smile.

"They'll learn," he said quietly. His gaze settled on her. "In due time."

Eventually she reached toward the nightstand and picked up her phone. The screen lit up immediately.

Her stomach dropped. Two missed calls from Val. "Oh my God." She sat upright.

Luca instantly pushed himself up as well. "What?"

"It's Val."

"Call her back," Luca said.

Vee was already unlocking the phone. Her fingers suddenly felt clumsy. She tapped on Val's contact and lifted the phone to her ear.

The line began to ring. Vee held her breath and waited for the call to connect.

"Hey, sis..." Val's voice came through.

Vee's throat closed immediately. "Hey..." she whispered.

One word. That was all she managed before the tears rushed up. She hadn't realised how badly she had needed to hear Val's voice until it reached across all the hurt, the silence, the fear, and touched that old place in her heart where it had always been the two of them against everything.

Luca sat beside her, one hand resting lightly on her back.

"I thought you were asleep," Val said.

"No... no," Vee said quickly, wiping under one eye with the heel of her palm. "I just didn't hear the phone. How's Santorini?" Vee asked, trying desperately to sound normal and failing beautifully.

There was a tiny pause. Then Val exhaled, and Vee could almost hear the smile in it. "Dreamy..."

Vee closed her eyes. "Yeah?" she asked.

"Mhm. The villa is beautiful. There's this view... Vee, the sea looks fake. Like someone painted it. And Marco keeps asking if I'm comfortable every three seconds. I told him if he asks one more time, I'll push him into the ocean."

Vee laughed. Then Val went quiet. The silence stretched for a second too long.

"I miss you..." Val said.

Vee's face crumpled. "I miss you too."

A small, strangled sob escaped her, and she pressed her fingers to her mouth as if she could push it back in. Luca's hand moved slowly over her spine.

"I'm sorry about leaving the way I did," Val continued. "I shouldn't have. I was hurt and confused and angry, and I took it out on you."

Vee squeezed her eyes shut.

"I love you, Vee," Val said. "I do."

Vee's tears slipped freely now.

"And I'm sorry," Val whispered. "I'm sorry I hurt you."

"No... no," Vee said quickly, shaking her head even though Val couldn't see her. "You have absolutely nothing to be sorry for." Her voice trembled, but she forced the words out clearly. "You have every right to your feelings, Val. Every right. I know this is a lot. I know it hurts. And I should have given you space."

Vee pressed her fingers to her lips, trying not to cry again. "I just want you to enjoy your honeymoon, okay? Just... be happy."

There was a pause on the other end.

Then Val breathed out softly. "I am happy."

Vee closed her eyes.

Thank God.

"Marco is..." Val paused, like she was looking for the right word. "Relaxed. Smiling more. It's nice here."

Vee smiled through her tears. "Good."

"I wish you were here."

Vee's heart squeezed. "I'll see you soon, baby."

"Yeah..."

For a moment, neither of them spoke.