

Mafia God 450

Chapter 450: Val Says Hi

So much sat in the silence between them. Apologies. Forgiveness. The bond stretching, strained but not broken.

Then Val whispered, "Say hi to Luca for me."

"I will."

The line clicked off. Vee held the phone to her chest for a while, eyes closed, breathing slowly. The part of her heart that belonged to Valentina finally started beating properly again.

Behind her, Luca stayed quiet.

"Val says hi," Vee said, her voice still thick.

"I heard."

She shuffled down into the bed again, making herself comfortable beneath the covers, her back to him.

Luca closed the space between them, adjusted the covers around them both, and threw his arm around her waist.

Vee immediately settled into him.

He pressed his mouth to the back of her head. "Better?"

"Better," she whispered.

"Good." His hand spread over her stomach, holding her close.

The room had gone quiet. The sheets were warm. Vee was draped against him, her back to his chest, his arm loose around her waist. Her breathing had slowed.

"Good night, love," she whispered.

He pressed his lips to her shoulder. The soft skin just below the curve of it. "Goodnight." He closed his eyes.

A minute passed. Maybe two. His mind drifted toward the pleasant, dark edge of sleep, where nothing required anything of him and the world was simply warm and quiet and—

"Luca..."

"Hmmm."

A pause.

"Are you still hard?"

"You feel that, hm?" He couldn't stop the chuckle.

Vee twisted her head to look back at him, expression caught between disbelief and a deep, spiritual exhaustion. "What the fuck are you on?"

He adjusted slightly, which helped nothing. "You've got your naked body curled up against mine. Stuff is bound to, you know—" he paused, searching for the diplomatic phrasing, "—move." He looked amused.

"Jesus Christ."

"It's biological—"

She made a groan and began shuffling. Shifting her hips forward, trying to find some configuration of the available space where she was not in direct contact with the apparent situation.

If I just move slightly left—

She moved left.

Okay, that's worse. Right then—

She moved right.

"Bambola." His voice had developed a faint strain. His hand tightened at her hip, stilling her. "You're just making it worse."

She laughed. "Like it matters what I do."

"Not really." His hand moved beneath the sheet, finding her breast. His thumb traced slow circles against her nipples and she felt the warmth of it spread outward.

She should sleep. She knew she should sleep. "Am I going to get any sleep tonight?"

"Not really."

Veve exhaled slowly. "I'm not moving from this spot." A statement of terms. She was comfortable and warm and her limbs had stopped belonging to her entirely and she was not, under any circumstances, rearranging herself.

"You don't have to," he murmured into her hair. His hand left her breast and moved down to the dip of her hip. He lifted her thigh gently, draping it back over his, opening her just enough. And then he shifted forward and slipped inside her, fitting into her.

"Oh God—" she moaned.

The fullness of him hit her somewhere beneath thought. She felt him exhale against the back of her neck.

He rolled his hips in a slow, deep rhythm. Her hand reached back and found his thigh, fingers curling in.

"Luca—"

"Give it to me, babe." Low. Right against her ear.

The slow rhythm built on itself — each movement drawing her further from the shore of sleep. She arched back into him, chasing the depth of her climax, and he obliged, pressing deeper, his arm wrapping around her waist to hold her exactly where he wanted her.

Her fingers tightened. Her breath shortened. His rhythm steadied, his mouth moving against her shoulder, her neck.

"Cum for me," he murmured.

The orgasm broke through her in long, rolling waves — she gasped, pressing back hard into him, his name half-formed on her lips. He followed moments later, his whole body pulling tight around her, hips stuttering, a low groan muffled into her hair as he spilled into her.

His arm stayed around her waist. Her leg stayed draped over his. Their breathing slowed together, syncing without effort.

She closed her eyes. "Now can I sleep?" she murmured. She felt his smile against the back of her neck.

"Yeah, Bambola. Now we can sleep."

She was already most of the way there.

Veronica stepped out of the pizza parlour once she had finished with Tony. The yellow tape was gone now, at least from the front, but the place still felt watched.

Across the street, Heritage Café sat quiet behind clean glass windows.

"Donna," her guard said, opening the car door for her.

Everything happened really fast after that. One moment, her guard was pulling the car door open for her.

The next, he gave a sharp grunt and collapsed to the ground. Her training screamed louder than her fear.

Move.

She turned quickly, but she was not fast enough. A punch landed straight on her face. Pain exploded across her cheek, blurring her vision. Her head snapped to the side, and she stumbled, one hand catching the car door to keep herself from falling. "Fuck," she gasped, tasting blood.

From inside the shop, Tony screamed.

"Vee!"

The bell above the door went wild as he came running out, panic tearing through his voice. "Get away from her!"

There were four of them. Four men in dark clothes, faces partially hidden. One of them stepped toward Tony and stopped him instantly, raising a gun.

Tony's face drained. His hands lifted slowly, but his eyes stayed on Vee. Vee, on the other hand, wasn't about to go down that easy.

Fear had long since lost its hold on her. Maybe once, she would have frozen. Maybe once, the sight of a gun, the strike to her face, the body of her guard on the ground would have locked her in place. But Luca's world had taken that softer version of her and burned it away piece by piece.