

Mafia God 463

Chapter 463: Fill Me Up

She would love to be a mother too and she was in her fertile cycle. She intended to make the most of it. She got home way before Luca would get back from work. She showered slowly, letting the hot water wash away the exhaustion of sleepless nights and baby cries. Then she opened Luca's special drawer and pulled out the weaponry called underwear.

Black lace. Dangerous straps. She poured herself a glass of wine, climbed onto their bed, and waited, scrolling through her phone.

When Luca arrived home and stepped into the bedroom, he stopped.

Damn, she looked gorgeous.

The lamp on the nightstand was doing her an extraordinary number of favours.

"Hey..." she said, voice dropped to a register she reserved exclusively for his destruction. She had a plan and the plan was him.

He cleared his throat. "Let me guess." He leaned against the doorframe trying to appear unbothered. "We have to make a baby too."

Vee's smile widened. She pointed her wine glass at him. "You are a very wise man." She set the glass on the nightstand and laid back further against the pillows, arms relaxed, the picture of seduction. "I'm already prepped and ready to go." She took a pause, savouring it. "Fill me up, fiancé."

"I'm just going to take a shower," he said. "Wash the day off me." He crossed the room and began emptying his pockets onto the dresser — keys, phone, wallet — and shrugged his jacket off his shoulders. Then his shirt. Then his belt, buckle clicking in the quiet.

Undressing with every step toward the bathroom. Vee sipped her wine and watched him go. She was smiling before he'd even reached the door.

He was absolutely hurrying. The man thought he was being subtle. He was not. She could hear him in the shower now as she finished her wine, set the glass down and waited.

The shower stopped. She got to her knees on the bed, shuffled to the edge, and arranged herself so that when he stepped back into the room she was right there — eye level with his chest.

He stepped out with a towel at his waist, still damp, hair pushed back from his face. He moved toward her.

She leaned forward and pressed her lips to his abdomen, just above the towel. Felt the muscles contract beneath her mouth. She looked up at him through her lashes. "Did you miss me?"

Luca looked down at her — hair loose, lips curved, kneeling at the edge of the bed. His fingers tangled in her hair. "Every moment you are not with me, Bambola," he said quietly, "I miss you."

She let the moment breathe and then let her hands do the talking instead. "Hmmm..." she hummed. She reached up and dropped the towel.

From the moment her hands touched him, Luca knew something was wrong. He didn't acknowledge it immediately. He kept his fingers in her hair. He kept his face neutral. He chalked it up to the day, to the drive home, to the weight that had been sitting across his shoulders.

Stress, he told himself. Just stress.

Italy was moving. The Bastiones were being circled. Everyone was repositioning, his father was getting ready and Renato....

Luca's jaw tightened involuntarily. If that man thought — if he genuinely believed — that he could sweep Nonnina's death under the rug. That Luca could quietly bury the loss of his unborn child in silence and the passage of time, and that Luca would simply allow it, then Renato had spent years fundamentally misreading who he was dealing with. That score existed. It was written somewhere permanent. And it would be settled.

Not now, he told himself. You're here. Be here.

Vee's hands reached for his cock and he tried to follow her — tried to let the warmth of her pull him back from the place his mind had dragged him. She was right here. She was everything in this room. Her hair in his hands, her mouth, the wicked way she touched him.

But nothing moved. He felt the first cold edge of panic.

What—

He kept his face still. Whatever was happening, she was not going to see it before he'd figured it out himself. He leaned down and covered her mouth with his, communicating his intention even when his body wasn't cooperating. Buying time. Buying himself thirty seconds to have a very important internal conversation.

Okay.

His lips stayed on hers.

Okay, little dude.

He kissed down her jaw, her neck, keeping her close.

Now is not the time for this. I need you to get it together. I need you to show the fuck up.

He pulled back and looked at her. She smiled up at him, unsuspecting, beautiful, entirely confident in him.

Please.

He reached forward once more, deepening the kiss this time, pouring everything into it — his hands cupping her face, tilting her head back. He felt her soften against him, her fingers curling into his chest, and when he finally pulled back her lips were swollen and her eyes were slow to open.

He used the moment. Both hands on her shoulders, he pushed her back onto the bed. Vee bounced once and giggled — surprised, delighted.

Focus, he told himself once more.

He moved onto the bed and knelt between her thighs, picking up one leg with both hands, cradling her ankle. He pressed his lips to her toe, kissed her arch, her ankle. The inside of her calf, dragging his mouth upward with no apparent sense of urgency. He felt the tremor move through her leg before he'd even reached her knee, the involuntary shiver of her body responding.

Good, he thought grimly. At least one of us is cooperating.

His fingers found the waistband of her underwear, hooking in gently, and he drew it down slowly. She lifted her hips instinctively to help him and he pulled the fabric free and set it aside and then— He was face to face with the gorgeousness of her. Soft and warm and glistening slightly, already aching, already beautiful, inviting. An open question that deserved an answer he was not, currently, in a position to provide.