

Undressed By The Mafia God #Chapter 11: You Hid It Badly - Read Undressed By The Mafia God Chapter 11: You Hid It Badly

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Up close, he looked different than he had in the office. Less dangerous. The jacket was lighter.

He lifted the bag slightly, weighing it in his hand. "You hid it badly," he said calmly.

Her pulse roared in her ears. "You followed me?"

"You were always going to run."

Anger flared through the fear. "You said there was nothing I could do. What other choice do I have. I have to keep her safe."

"And I have to make sure she stays put," he said.

A car passed at the far end of the street, headlights sweeping briefly over them, then moving on. The city did what it always did. It looked away.

"Marco, please... please don't do this," Vee said. "I'm begging you. She is just a child."

"It's not my problem, pizza girl."

Vee swallowed hard and shook her head, stepping closer despite every warning bell in her body screaming at her to stop.

"Marco, you do not have to be him," she said urgently. "You don't have to be like Luca. You are a good person. I can see that."

"Am I now?" Luca smirked.

"Let us go," she said.

"And yet, I cannot," he replied. "I cannot let you go. There is too much riding on the exchange now." He exhaled through his nose. "Luca... will be pissed."

"You don't have to care about how he feels," she shot back, anger burning through the fear. "Just help us." She reached out without thinking, fingers curling around his arm. "I cannot let this happen to my sister."

Luca looked down at her hand where it rested against his arm.

He imagined what it would feel like to pull her closer. To tilt her face up. To see if that fire burned just as hot when she wasn't pleading for someone else's life. If she was the same in the throes of passion.

He stepped back abruptly, breaking the moment.

The night rushed in again.

He handed her the bag.

Her fingers closed around it instinctively, disbelief flashing across her face.

Then he dipped his hand into his coat pocket.

"Make sure you are not found," he said.

Vee was shocked that begging him had worked. The realization hit her in a delayed wave. She stepped forward, heart hammering wildly, and planted a peck on his lips.

Luca's eyes held hers.

"What's that supposed to be?" he asked.

Vee shrugged, a small, helpless gesture. "I don't know," she said honestly. "But I sort of always wanted to do that."

The admission surprised her as much as it did him.

Luca chuckled. "Really?"

"Really." Her mouth twitched into a nervous smile, cheeks flushed now that the adrenaline was beginning to ebb. She clutched the bag tighter against her chest, suddenly shy, suddenly aware of how close she was standing to a very dangerous man. Then instinct kicked back in.

She turned and sprinted down the street, shoes slapping against the pavement as she chased after her sister and the fragile hope of escape.

Luca watched her go.

Then his hand lifted on its own, fingers brushing his lips. He let out a quiet laugh, shaking his head at himself.

"Pizza girl..." he muttered.

He slipped his phone out of his pocket, eyes still trained on the direction she had disappeared into. He wondered what she would do when she eventually found out who he really was. Not Marco. But Luca. The devil her father had bargained with. The man whose name made grown men swallow hard.

Would the fire drain out of her eyes in fear?

Or would she turn that fire on him?

He found himself somehow looking forward to a combination of both. Fear and defiance had always been far more interesting together.

He dialed Marco's number.

When Marco picked up, Luca did not waste time. "Follow them," he said calmly. "Pick them up at their first stop. And put the girl on constant guard."

"Both of them?"

"The younger one," Luca clarified.

"Yes, boss."

"Send another car to pick me up here," Luca added, glancing down the empty street, suddenly aware of how open the corner felt now. "I feel exposed."

"Understood."

The call ended.

Luca slipped the phone back into his pocket and took one last look down the road.

He exhaled slowly.

He saw a rat dart out from behind the dumpster, its small body quick and fearless, whiskers twitching as it disappeared into the shadows and reappeared again, clearly unbothered by the danger of the open street.

"It's nice to be free, uhn," he said to the rat.

The rat paused, sniffed the air, then vanished into the darkness.

Luca scoffed softly. Figures. Even vermin knew when not to linger.

The motel was perched in an a back street. One long flickering sign. Two floors. A parking lot. It wasn't pretty, but it was anonymous.

Veronica and Valentina arrived hours away from home, shoulders sagging with exhaustion and adrenaline finally bleeding out of their systems. The front desk clerk barely looked up as he slid the key across the counter, uninterested in two tired girls with haunted eyes.

Inside the room, Valentina laughed.

It burst out of her suddenly. She kicked off her shoes and flopped onto the bed, staring at the ceiling. "I can't believe we actually got away."

"Well," Vee said, dropping the bag by the wall and exhaling deeply, "we haven't yet." She glanced at the thin curtains, the flimsy lock, the unfamiliar space. Then she smiled anyway. "But tomorrow, it's hasta la vista, baby."

Valentina snorted.

They took turns in the bathroom, splashing water on their faces, scrubbing off the road and the day and the terror. When they emerged, both in simple night dresses, hair damp and loose, they looked younger.

"I'm gonna miss dad, though," Valentina said quietly, sitting cross-legged on the bed.

Vee sat on the other bed, towel in hand, rubbing her hair absently. "I hope he lives through this," she admitted. "Luca might hurt him, you know."

Valentina sighed. "I should feel bad for him but..." She trailed off, shrugging helplessly.