

Undressed By The Mafia God #Chapter 191: Thinks About It - Read Undressed By The Mafia God Chapter 191: Thinks About It

Chapter 191: Thinks About It

Everything Julian had never quite been allowed to be would be given to a child that didn't yet exist. And now—now Bianca was offering him a different path.

A darker one. A path that didn't wait for inheritance.

His mind raced. "You're insane," he muttered.

"Think about it, Julian," she said softly. "And come back to me when you are absolutely sure. I'll be waiting."

He stood there, staring at nothing, everything around him fading into the background as his thoughts spiraled inward.

Don Genovese. Tempting, terrifying.

Behind him, he heard her footsteps retreat.

Luca insisted on taking Veronica to her checkup himself—as he always did. He held her hand as they walked in, his grip firm, unconsciously tightening every time someone brushed past them. Veronica simply laced her fingers with his.

Soon enough, they were separated.

The nurses took her away, and Luca was left standing there, his hand suddenly empty, fingers curling slightly. Then he sat in the waiting area. People sat scattered across chairs, each wrapped in their own private anxieties.

His leg bounced once then stilled. He checked his watch twice. Then a third time. Ridiculous. He leaned back in his seat, dragging a hand down his face, exhaling slowly. Sitting here, waiting for a doctor's opinion, felt infinitely more unbearable. Because this... this involved her.

And Veronica had become his weakness in ways he didn't fully understand—and didn't particularly want to.

When she finally returned, she walked toward him.

"Everything alright?" he asked.

"I think so," she replied, easing into the seat beside him. "We just need to wait for the doctor's assessment. But everything was alright the last time so I'm guessing there shouldn't be a problem now."

He reached for her hand again, threading his fingers through hers. This time, his grip was gentler. "Marco will bring you for your next checkup," he said.

"Oh yeah... you will be in Italy already."

"Yeah. Also, I think we should stop by the pizza parlour for a bit."

Veronica's face brightened. "God, yes... I haven't seen Valentina in a while and she hasn't been picking my calls."

"Really? Does she do that often?" Luca asked.

"Only when she wants to hide something from me," Veronica said, a quiet amusement threading through her voice. "But I don't worry. It doesn't take her too long before she spills her guts." She chuckled softly.

"Right..." he murmured.

A nurse approached them. "Mr and Mrs Genovese?"

"No!" Veronica said quickly. "It's a Mr Genovese... and Miss Scalese. It should be in my file."

The nurse blinked, clearly caught off guard. "Oh, my apologies. The hospital is charging the bills to Mr Genovese directly so I just assumed."

"Oh..." Veronica hesitated. "I thought my insurance—"

"I cancelled that. Any problems?" he added, shifting his attention back to the nurse, effectively closing the conversation.

The nurse shook her head quickly. "No, sir. The doctor would like to speak with you now. Please come with me."

Luca nodded once, already rising to his feet.

Veronica followed. The walk to the doctor's office was short.

"Mr Genovese," the doctor greeted as soon as they came in. "Miss Scalese, please have a seat."

Veronica sat down first. Luca followed, taking the seat beside her.

The doctor opened her file, flipping through the pages. "Right..." the doctor began, adjusting his glasses. "I will just get straight to it. You are progressing quite nicely and I am sure after two to three weeks, you will be as good as new. You will be running sprints."

"I hear a but coming," Veronica said.

"Not a but," the doctor replied. "Just an observation. I wanted to confirm with you," the doctor continued, adjusting his glasses as he glanced down at her file, "if you have been taking all your medication?"

"Yes. Of course, I have."

"Are you sure?" the doctor pressed gently. "Did you misplace any?"

Veronica shook her head, a small crease forming between her brows. "I would tell you if I did."

The doctor exhaled softly, his fingers tapping once against the file before he spoke again. "It's just that... we put you on blood thinners, and your last checkup was perfectly fine. Everything was responding as expected." He paused, choosing his next words carefully. "But now, it seems like the blood thinners aren't working as effectively as they should. Which could be fatal," the doctor added. "You could develop clots."

Luca's entire body stilled. "What could be another reason for this?" he asked.

The doctor glanced at him briefly, then back at Veronica. "Are you taking any other medication that wasn't prescribed by us?"

Veronica opened her mouth to answer, already shaking her head. No. Of course not. She would have said no. Because she didn't think—

"Contraceptives?" Luca's voice cut through the moment.

"Oh—" she blinked, caught off guard, her thoughts scrambling to catch up. "Oh... oh... yeah... yeah..."

The doctor nodded immediately. "No... you'll have to put a hold on that for now. At least for about two to three months."

Have you ever seen a look of total satisfaction on a person?

That slow, inevitable smile that spreads across someone's face when the universe—by some twisted sense of humor—aligns itself perfectly with their desires.

The kind of expression that feels almost... divine.

Like fate itself had taken their side.

That was the exact look on Luca's face.

It didn't come all at once.

No, it unfolded gradually.

The tension in his shoulders eased first.

Then his jaw loosened.

And finally—That smile.

Luca leaned back slightly in his chair, his fingers brushing lightly against his lips.

"You'll also need to be monitored more closely during this period," the doctor continued, oblivious to the silent storm unfolding in the room. "We'll schedule more frequent visits just to ensure everything stabilizes."

"Of course. Of course, doctor. I will stop it immediately," she said. "Is that all?"

The doctor nodded, already closing her file. "Yes, of course."

Vee stood. Luca rose behind her.

He followed. They stepped out into the hallway....

(Brought to you by Jennifer Willard)

Chapter 192: I Will Make You Quiver

The door clicked shut behind them.

Then Luca laughed. It was deep, unrestrained. The kind of laughter that came from the gut and tore its way out.

Vee turned slowly, her eyes narrowing as she watched him bend slightly at the waist, one hand braced against the wall as his laughter continued, relentless. "You think this is funny?"

Luca tried to respond, but the laughter still shaking through his chest. "Hmmm—hmm—" he shook his head, breath uneven, unable to form words through the force of it.

That only irritated her more.

"Okay," she said, folding her arms. "Let me clarify things for you then. You better wrap your dick up," she continued, "or you will gain no entry whatsoever anywhere near my pants."

Luca straightened slowly, his breathing evening out. He stepped closer.

Before she could react, his hand came up and he pinned her to the wall.

"Do you want to really test my determination," he murmured, "about wanting you to have my baby, Bambola?"

Vee's heart stuttered. "Luca... it's—"

"Shhhh." His fingers held her jaw. "I didn't say you could speak."

Vee bit her bottom lip.

People walked past them—nurses, orderlies. And yet, right there, pressed between Luca's body and the cold wall, Vee felt like she existed in a completely separate reality. One where the rules bent. One where he decided how far things went.

"I have made you beg before," Luca said. "You think I can't do it again? Did you think I lost my touch..." he continued, his thumb brushing slowly along her jaw, "...because you have me wrapped around your little finger? Hmmm?"

"No..." she whispered.

"I will make you quiver," he murmured. "Make you beg for my cum... make you lose that fire you burn me with. and all that will be left... is me inside you, filling you."

Her throat tightened.

"Now..." he said, straightening. "Let's get your beautiful behind moving. You need time to think. About how badly you want me." And just like that—he let her go.

Vee stayed where she was for a bit, her back still against the wall, her breath uneven, her thoughts spiraling in directions she didn't want to follow. Because she knew.

God, she knew. She was losing this.

Finished. That was the word that echoed in her mind.

Just... finished.

Valentina stood behind the counter, mid-conversation with a customer, her hands moving animatedly as she spoke. But the moment her eyes landed on Vee— her face lit up. "Sis!"

She handed over to Rosa, closing the distance between them.

The hug came fast and tight.

"Now you act like you're happy to see me," Vee said. "Why haven't you been picking my calls? You haven't come to see me either."

"I'm sorry. It's so busy around here usually that I just crash when I get home," Valentina said.

"Thanks for holding down the fort," Vee said finally, letting it go—for now.

"Sure," Valentina replied. "But the accounts are a mess. I can't figure it out. When you get back, you have loads to do."

That earned a small laugh from Vee.

"I'll take a brief look at it," Vee said. She glanced over her shoulder at Luca. "Give me a minute."

He nodded easily. "Sure. I'll just catch up with Valentina here." He watched Vee until she disappeared behind the counter before he turned back to Valentina. "How is your training with Marco going?" he asked.

"Oh, great," she said, brightening just enough. "I can hit targets from quite the distance now without my hands even shaking at all."

He gave a small nod, approving. "And Ricardo?"

"Yeah... yeah... he's... okay," she said.

"Then tell me why Marco just recently broke Ricardo's face because of you."

Her shoulders tensed just a fraction. "Uh... I did not know that," she said.

"Val," he said. "Whatever it is..." He stepped just a little closer. "Whatever you need...I may not be able to keep things from your sister...but I assure you...I will have your back."

Valentina swallowed. "Thank you. I'm fine. I will talk to Marco. He is just quite overprotective."

He gave a small nod. His gaze drifted away from her to Veronica.

She stood at the small office corner behind the counter, slightly hunched over a cluttered desk. Papers were stacked in uneven piles, receipts peeking out. The chair tucked beneath it looked unforgiving—thin, stiff, entirely unsuitable for someone still recovering.

He made a mental note. A better chair.

"Why don't you have a seat? I'll get you a soda. You do drink soda, don't you? Because you won't get expensive champagne bottles in a pizza parlour such as this one."

"I'm fine. Thank you," he replied simply. He took a seat anyway.

Airports had a way of making everything feel temporary.

People came and went, dragging pieces of their lives behind them in suitcases. Announcements echoed overhead, names and destinations blurring into background noise, while reunions and goodbyes unfolded.

Luca stepped through the sliding doors.

Bianca saw him immediately. Her eyes followed him the moment he appeared.

A small wave lifted her hand, enough to signal recognition without demanding attention.

He noticed her wave, acknowledged it with a slight incline of his head.

"Welcome back," she said softly.

Luca stopped in front of her. "Bianca."

"Hi." She lifted the trunk for him. Her eyes didn't leave his as he dropped his small travel bag inside. As always, he traveled light—a single, sleek bag that held just enough for a brief stay. It was a subtle announcement; he had no intention of lingering. L

"You could have sent a driver."

"It's no trouble." She gave him a small, careful smile. Then, without ceremony, he swung into the front seat beside her. She started the engine, the car humming under her fingers. "How was your flight?"

"Fine." He kept his eyes forward, fingers drumming lightly against his thigh.

"Is anyone from New York coming for the party?" she ventured.

"It's just a wedding anniversary. It's no big deal," he said simply. His eyes flicked toward her for the briefest instant, then returned to the road.

(Brought to you by Jennifer Willard)

Today's Chapter will be up by my morning. My flu medication makes me sleepy. I hate that shit.