

## **Mafia God 193**

### Chapter 193: Sunday Is The Actual Party

"My parents are making a big deal of it. My mother... she's unstoppable."

"I'll be sure to indulge her then," he said.

"Thank you," she said softly. "According to her program," Bianca continued, "it's going to take the entire weekend. There's a family retreat for tomorrow... I'm sure they just want to gather the familia, mostly talk business, but whatever... and Saturday is a simple dinner. Sunday is the actual party."

"So... you're going to be busy all weekend," he observed.

"Yes," she said. "But it's nothing I can't handle. My mother will drag me through the motions, but I'll survive. Our wedding was worse."

"Will keep that in mind," Luca said. His gaze remained fixed ahead.

"Thank you for doing this," she said after a moment. "I know with everything going on with us, you don't have to."

"It's fine," he said simply. "Let's just get it over with."

She nodded once, silently, turning her attention back to the road as the city blurred past them.

Patience, she reminded herself. Patience always won.

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The kettle sat untouched on the stove.

Veronica stood there, her back partially turned, her fingers resting lightly against the edge of the counter. She had placed the kettle there moments ago but her mind had never followed through.

It lingered instead on her sister, on the strange urgency in her voice, on the way Valentina had insisted—insisted—that they needed to talk only after Luca had left.

That alone was enough to unsettle her.

Veronica turned, her brows drawn together in quiet confusion, her gaze settling fully on Valentina now.

"Why is it so important that Luca had to be away before you talk to me?" she asked. "I don't understand."

Valentina stood near the small kitchen table, her fingers tracing absent patterns against the surface, her thoughts clearly tangled somewhere between fear and resolve.

"Ricardo told me..." Valentina began slowly, "that Luca only offered him the job as Commissioned club manager because of me...so Ricardo wouldn't go back to Italy."

"Yeah," Veronica said after a moment. "So what?"

It didn't seem like a problem.

Luca did things like that.

It was who he was.

"What I am about to tell you..." Val continued, lifting her gaze now, meeting Veronica's eyes fully, "will make you angry. And then... well, Luca reacts based on your feelings."

That was true. She had seen it, witnessed it.

"I don't want Ricardo to lose his job," Valentina finished softly. "At least not because of me."

"Val, just talk to me," Vee sighed.

"We broke up."

Vee's expression changed instantly, her features melting into concern, love, protection. "Oh, baby... I'm so sorry." She moved, stepping toward her sister, arms already beginning to lift, ready to gather her. But Valentina stepped back quickly.

"No, wait," Val said. "Uhm... there is more."

Vee's brows drew together. "Okay... okay... what?"

"Please, don't be mad," Valentina said. That was when the dread fully settled.

"Val," Vee said softly, "I could never be mad at you. Mad at everyone else, yes—but not you. You are my baby sister."

Valentina shook her head slightly. "This will make you mad."

"Baby... you're scaring me."

"I'm pregnant."

"Holy shit!"

Valentina stepped back again, instinctively, bracing, waiting. Because she knew what came next.

"Holy shit..." Vee whispered again, the volume dropping but the weight increasing, her mind scrambling, trying to catch up. "What the fuck!!!"

There it was. The eruption.

Valentina closed her eyes briefly. She had expected it, prepared for it. And still—it hurt.

"What the actual fuck?!" Vee continued, her hands lifting, falling, pacing now as her thoughts spiraled faster than she could contain them. "How? Why? I told you—we had the talk—I..." She stopped abruptly. "I thought you knew. I told you to tell me when you are sexually active. The moment it happened—I told you to tell me."

"I know," Valentina said quickly. "But you had so many things going on—with Luca, and the shop, and Inferi. There was always something wrong. Always something falling apart. And for once..." she continued, her eyes dropping briefly, "...for once, I was happy I wasn't the source of your worries."

"And how did that work out?" Vee asked.

"Vee, I'm sorry." Valentina said it again

Vee stood there, motionless. Her mind was working fast. Piecing things together, rearranging them, rejecting them, then dragging them back again because the truth refused to stay buried.

"So Ricardo broke up with you because of the pregnancy," she said finally. "I'm going to kill him."

"No! No! He doesn't know! He doesn't know!" Valentina rushed out, panic flashing across her face as she stepped forward, her hands lifting slightly.

"...what?"

"He doesn't know," Valentina repeated, quieter now.

Veronica's eyes narrowed slightly, her thoughts shifting direction once again. "Well," she said slowly, the calm returning, "we are going to tell him."

"What? No!"

"No?" Veronica echoed. "Oh, okay." She let out a short breath, her hands moving now as she began to pace. "Tell me then," she continued, "since you are old enough to make your own decisions now, big girl... what do you plan to do?"

"I don't know, okay! I don't know! But he broke up with me, and then I found out about this—and I don't want this to be the reason he comes back!"

"Sweetie..." Veronica said. "He is the baby's father. He will be involved in the child's life either way. It's better he knows now." She spoke gently, carefully.

"I'm not having it."

Veronica genuinely thought she had misheard. Her brain struggled to catch up, to process, to align what she had just heard with what she thought she understood. "I'm sorry—what?" she asked slowly.

"I'm not having it," Valentina repeated.

Vee stared at her sister. At the girl she had practically raised. Eighteen. Just weeks away from nineteen. Still a child in so many ways. And yet—standing there, making a decision that felt far too heavy, far too permanent, far too... final. Veronica's mind reeled.