

Mafia God 203

Chapter 203: We Need An Heir

The way she looked at him. He simply adjusted his hold on her waist, keeping the rhythm, letting the music carry them through the performance.

That was what this was. A performance. The famiglia surrounded them, their voices blending into a warm, celebratory hum. Glasses clinked, laughter echoed, and somewhere behind them stood the towering anniversary cake, decorated in absurd elegance, waiting to be cut.

A weekend of celebration. A retreat. A dinner. A party. They had turned a year of nothing into an event.

It had been two days since he last spoke to Veronica. Two days of silence that didn't sit right.

Her number hadn't been going through. At first, it had irritated him. Then it had unsettled him.

He had called Marco. Marco had assured him she was fine. Probably sulking. Probably being dramatic.

Probably punishing him for leaving. His jaw tightened slightly as he spun Bianca smoothly, catching her hand again as she turned back into him.

"She's fine," he told himself. The music slowed, signaling the end of the dance, and applause rippled through the room as they came to a stop. Luca gave a small nod, the faintest acknowledgment of the crowd, his hand slipping from Bianca's waist.

Her fingers lingered on his arm, sliding down to his hand, holding it again. The toast followed.

Glasses were raised, voices grew louder, more animated. Family members took turns speaking, each one more enthusiastic than the last. Stories were told, exaggerated for effect, laughter spilling easily through the room.

"And now," someone announced, grinning far too widely, "we wait for the real celebration."

Luca already knew where this was going. "When are we getting a baby?" The room erupted into knowing laughter, eyes turning toward them with curiosity, expectation, amusement.

Luca smiled. "We need an heir!" He chuckled lightly, lifting his glass in a vague, noncommittal gesture. "Patience," he said.

It was enough. The attention shifted, the conversation moved on, the moment passed. Bianca's fingers remained looped with his, or resting against his arm, or gripping lightly at his elbow. It irritated him just slightly.

He glanced down briefly at her hand on his arm, then back at the room. "You're going to wear a hole through my suit," he murmured under his breath.

"Then I'll buy you another one," she replied.

He didn't want to be here. By morning, he would be gone. Work would be the excuse. He would get on a plane. He would go back to New York. Back to Veronica.

Don Vitale rose. Conversations dimmed, glasses paused mid-air, and attention shifted. He stood tall on the platform, one hand resting lightly against the wood, the other holding a glass.

Luca barely looked. He already knew how this would go.

"Family," Don Vitale began. "For years, the Vitale and the Genovese have stood side by side."

Applause followed. Luca lifted his glass slightly in acknowledgment.

"And now," Don Vitale continued, his tone swelling with pride, "we are not just partners. We are family."

More applause. More smiles. Luca nodded faintly, his jaw tightening just slightly as the speech carried on. He caught fragments—business ventures, shared success, dominance over Italy—and somewhere in there, his name was mentioned again.

New York. His success. His expansion. His empire. Everyone clapped. Everyone looked impressed.

The music picked up again, lighter now, signaling the next phase of the evening. People began to move, laughter returning.

The plan was simple. The couple would leave. There would be a grand exit. There was a car waiting outside to take them to a resort because apparently one weekend wasn't enough.

It was an anniversary, not a goddamned wedding. But Mrs. Vitale had orchestrated it like one anyway.

"Come," Bianca said softly, her hand already slipping into his again, guiding him toward the exit.

Luca followed. The night air outside was cooler, quieter, a stark contrast to the suffocating warmth of the ballroom. The sound of music faded behind them as they stepped toward the waiting car. And then his phone vibrated. He pulled it out instinctively, his thumb already moving.

The screen lit up and he saw her name. He opened the message.

'I'm trapped. Save me.'

The world stopped. Just... stopped. Luca's entire body went rigid. His shoulders locked, his grip tightening slightly around the phone as his eyes scanned the words again. And again.

Just four words. Four very wrong words. Trapped. Where? How? Why hadn't Marco said anything?

Why hadn't anyone—

"Luca?" Bianca's voice cut through. "Whats wrong?"

The shift in him was impossible to miss. One second he had been tolerating the night, the next he had gone completely still.

"Give me a minute." Luca was already moving as he cut away from the glow of the celebration and into the quieter, dimly lit stretch behind the hotel. He forced himself to breathe. In. Out. Slow. Controlled. The way he had learned to do when everything in him wanted to act before thinking.

Panic was useless. Rage, even more so. He needed clarity. He pulled out his phone again, opening the one app he had sworn he would never touch unless there was no other choice.

She was supposed to be in New York. The map flickered. Then updated. And Luca's entire body stilled.

Italy? Vienna? Fifteen minutes away? For a second, he genuinely thought the app had glitched.

His eyes narrowed, scanning the screen again, zooming in, out, refreshing. The small blinking dot stayed exactly where it was. "What the fuck?!"

Of all the possibilities he had run through in his head, this had not been one of them. She wasn't trapped in New York.

She wasn't safe and sulking like he had been told. She was here. His head snapped up, eyes scanning the area until they landed on a familiar figure across the courtyard. His father's right-hand man stood near the edge of the gathering, half-engaged in conversation but alert.

The man straightened slightly as Luca approached. "Get me three armed men," Luca said. "They better be behind me in two minutes."