

Mafia God 232

Chapter 232: Don't Do It

Valentina's breath caught. Ricardo reached into his pocket and pulled out a small case, flipping it open with steady hands.

The ring caught the light instantly. Valentina's heart started to pound.

"What are you doing?" she asked, disbelief creeping in. "What are you doing?"

He looked up at her.

"Don't do it," she whispered, her eyes darting around the restaurant. "Don't do it."

"I know that I am undeserving of this chance you have given me," he said. "Actually, I am undeserving of any of the happiness you give me. I really do love you," he continued, his eyes searching hers, holding them there. "And I really think we should give being a family a shot."

"Ricardo..." She shifted slightly in her seat.

"So please," he said. "Valentina Scalese... will you marry me?"

Then, almost as if he knew exactly what might tip the scale, he added, "I have your sister's blessing... in the meantime."

Valentina let out a small laugh, her hand coming up to cover her mouth as she shook her head. "You went to her?" she asked, eyes widening slightly. "I... are you sure?" she asked after a moment. Her gaze dropped briefly to the ring, then back to his face. "This isn't something you can take back. Don't do this just because we are expecting a baby," she added.

Ricardo shook his head immediately. "No," he said. "No, that's not it. But..." he admitted, a faint, self-aware smile tugging at his lips, "I guess the baby did knock some sense into me."

Valentina huffed out a small laugh at that, her eyes still searching his, still trying to read him.

"All that matters is..." he continued, "I love you."

Her gaze dropped once more to the ring. Then back to him.

"I love you too." Her hands trembled slightly as she reached forward and lifted the ring from the velvet box. She just stared at it.

Then, before she could overthink it, she slid it onto her finger. It fit perfectly.

"Please tell me that's a yes to marrying me," he said, "and not just to wearing the ring."

Valentina let out another laugh, shaking her head as she looked down at her hand and then back at him. "Oh... yes... God, yes."

That was all he needed. Ricardo pushed himself up to his feet. He pulled her into his arms, holding her tight. Valentina wrapped her arms around him just as quickly, her laughter muffled against his shoulder as the reality of it all sank in.

Around them, the restaurant came alive. Applause broke out from nearby tables, some guests smiling openly, others raising their glasses in quiet congratulations. A few murmured "congratulations" as waitstaff paused to watch, the soft piano music continuing in the background.

Ricardo pulled back just enough to look at her, his hands still resting on her arms. "I'm going to make you very happy, Val..." he said.

Valentina smiled, a playful glint returning to her eyes despite the emotion still lingering there. "I promise to make you happy some of the time."

He let out a quiet laugh, shaking his head. "I wouldn't want it any other way."

Then he leaned in and kissed her, lingering just enough to draw another soft cheer from a nearby table.

When he pulled away, Valentina exhaled, her fingers unconsciously brushing over the ring again, like she was still trying to convince herself it was actually there.

"I should have seen this coming," she said, chuckling softly.

Ricardo smirked slightly. "I think I did a pretty good job being sneaky."

She narrowed her eyes at him playfully. "Hmm. Maybe too good."

Then something clicked.

"My sister knows?" she asked.

"Yeah... I told her," Ricardo admitted, a low chuckle slipping out. "She did promise to break my legs if I hurt you again." He paused, his grin widening slightly. "And I think she threatened my balls in between. I'm not entirely sure. She was smiling while saying it."

Valentina burst out laughing. "Classic Vee," she said, shaking her head, her curls bouncing slightly with the movement. "I love you so much."

"I love you too," he replied.

Then, as if reality suddenly caught up with her, Valentina let out a small gasp, her eyes widening. "Wait... so when do you want to get married?"

Ricardo blinked, caught off guard by the immediacy of the question. "Straight to business, huh?"

"I'm serious!" she insisted. "Ugh... let's hope before the baby is born."

Ricardo raised a brow, glancing down briefly at her stomach before looking back up at her. "That's still a long time away," he said.

Valentina let out a dramatic exhale. "Oh boy... planning a wedding..." She waved her hand in the air. "Woosh!"

"It doesn't have to be a big wedding," he said. "We can keep it simple."

She paused at that, considering it for a moment, her lips pursing slightly. "I guess..." she murmured.

Then it hit her again. Her eyes widened, her hand flying up to her mouth before she let out a sudden, high-pitched yelp, unable to contain it. "Oh my God, we are getting married!"

Ricardo couldn't help but laugh too, stepping closer to her again, his hands settling on her waist. "Yeah," he said. "We are. I should call your sister and tell her," Ricardo added after a beat.

"Maybe we have an engagement dinner?" Valentina suggested.

"Anything you want," he said. He seemed content to let her take the lead, to watch her light up over something that now belonged to both of them.

He leaned in and kissed her again. The waiter arrived just as they pulled apart, placing a chilled bottle of champagne into an ice bucket beside their table, followed by two elegant flutes.

"Oh—I can't drink..." Valentina started, her words cutting off as she glanced at the glass being poured for her.

Ricardo smirked, sliding her glass gently away. "I'll drink for both of us," he said lightly, lifting his own glass instead.

"How noble of you."

