

Mafia God 239

Chapter 239: My Beautiful Boy

She sat there for a moment, her hands still resting on the steering wheel, her eyes scanning the house in front of her.

It wasn't what she expected. But then, being in the mafia did come with its perks. Her phone sat on the passenger seat, the last message from Cassidy still visible.

He had refused to meet in public. That he couldn't be seen with her. She had tried to reason with Luca but he still wouldn't bend.

So she had done the next best thing. She told Valentina. Just in case. Val hadn't liked it either.

Veronica exhaled slowly and reached for the door handle. She swung the door open and moved to get out, her gaze flicking once more toward the house. Her hand was still on the car door when a piece of cloth pressed tightly over her nose and mouth.

The chemical scent hit instantly. Veronica's body reacted—her hands flying up, trying to push it away, her breath hitching as panic surged through her.

Her vision blurred. The world tilted. Sound faded into a dull, distant hum. Her strength drained almost instantly, her limbs going heavy, unresponsive. "No—" she tried to say, but it barely came out.

Darkness closed in from the edges, swallowing everything. And within seconds— Veronica went completely still.

Marco had always liked the quiet. The kind that lived in places like Carol's garden. He had landed in Singapore barely an hour ago. By the time he arrived at Carol's house, she hadn't been home.

So he had done the only thing that made sense. He kept himself busy. Now, he was on his knees in the small but carefully tended garden, sleeves rolled up, hands deep in the soil as he worked around the base of a flowering plant. The scent of earth and greenery filled the air. He loved the earth, Luca loved animals but these were pleasures they couldn't afford to indulge in. So wherever they both had the opportunity to indulge, they always did.

The sound of footsteps on gravel broke the quiet. Then he heard her voice. "My beautiful boy..."

He looked up. Carol stood at the entrance to the garden, grocery bags hanging loosely from her hands, her face lighting up.

She dropped the bags without a second thought, the plastic rustling softly against the ground as she stepped forward, her eyes already shining.

Marco got to his feet quickly, wiping his hands on his jeans as a smile spread across his face, unguarded in a way very few people ever got to see. He crossed the distance between them in a few strides.

Before anything else, he reached for her hand. Her left hand. He lifted it gently and pressed a kiss to her fingers—a respectful gesture.

Then he pulled her into a hug. Carol laughed softly as she wrapped her arms around him, holding him tight.

"My beautiful boy," she repeated, her voice thick with emotion now as tears gathered in her eyes.

"Ma..." Marco murmured.

She pulled back just enough to look at him properly, her hands immediately coming up to his face, cupping it as she examined him. "Oh, you've grown so big!" she said. "When did I see you last? Three years ago?"

"Yeah, sort of," Marco said with a small smile.

She shook her head in disbelief, her gaze still scanning him—his shoulders, his arms, the way he carried himself. "Are you still lifting those damn weights?" she asked.

Marco chuckled softly. "Gotta stay in shape."

Carol rolled her eyes lightly. "Hmm. You boys and your muscles," she muttered.

Marco bent to pick up the groceries she had dropped earlier.

"Come," she said, already turning toward the house. "You must be tired. Have you eaten? You look like you haven't eaten."

"I'm fine, Ma," he replied, following her up the small path.

"How is Luciano?" Carol finally asked, as she stepped toward the door, fishing her keys out of her purse.

Marco shifted slightly, reaching for his luggage by the door as he answered. "He is good," he said. "He knows I am here this time."

Carol nodded, slipping the key into the lock and pushing the door open. "Hmm," she murmured. She stepped inside first, then glanced back at him with a faint smile. "Why didn't you just break in like Luca would?" she asked, amusement dancing in her eyes. "That boy never learned patience."

Marco chuckled under his breath as he followed her in. "I didn't mind waiting," he replied.

That earned him a soft look from her.

"Oh, I missed you so much," she said suddenly, turning back to him and pulling him into another hug.

He wrapped his arms around her again, holding her just a little tighter, just a little longer. "I missed you too, Ma," he said quietly.

She pulled back after a moment, wiping at the corners of her eyes with a small laugh, as if embarrassed by her own emotion. "Alright, alright... enough of that," she said.

Marco carried the groceries into the kitchen, setting them gently on the counter. The space felt exactly the same as he remembered—warm, lived-in, filled with little details that made it feel like home. He began unpacking the bags—placing vegetables where they belonged, setting aside perishables, organizing things the way he knew she liked them.

"What brings you by?" she asked.

Marco reached into one of the bags, pulling out a bundle of greens before answering. "Just thought to see you before I head back to New York," he said.

"Where did you go?" she asked after a beat.

"Italy," he answered.

Carol hesitated before she spoke again. "Massimo?" she asked quietly.

"He is fine, Ma," he said.

Carol nodded slowly. "After all these years," she murmured, "I still worry. I worry mostly about you."

"I'm fine," he assured her, his voice steady as he closed the fridge door. It was the same answer he always gave.

And just like always—She didn't entirely believe it. But she let it go.