

## Mafia God 262

### Chapter 262: I Have A Sister

"I have a lot to think about," she said quietly. "I need to reassess my priorities," she continued, her voice steadying as she spoke. "I have a sister. I have a nephew or a niece on the way. We will talk when I am ready."

The boundary was clear.

"Fine. I'll go. I'll come by in the morning," Luca said at last.

"Don't."

Luca paused. He considered arguing. But something about the way she stood there—arms wrapped around herself, eyes no longer burning but distant instead—told him this wasn't a battle he could win by force. He exhaled quietly. Then nodded once.

"Alright," he said and walked out.

Marco was already waiting by the car, leaning casually against it. One look at his boss's face was enough to read the situation. "Let me guess," Marco said as Luca got closer. "She is still mad?"

Luca let out a short chuckle as he opened the car door. "Mad?" he repeated, sliding into the passenger seat. "What's the word that means I'll be kissing her ass for a decade?"

Marco smirked faintly as he moved around to the driver's side, opening the door and settling in behind the wheel. "I'm not sure there is a word for it," he replied, starting the engine. "Do I still go on with the initiation plans?" Marco asked.

Luca stared out the window for a moment, the passing streetlights casting brief shadows across his face. "Have it set up," he said finally. "But don't schedule a date yet. It doesn't matter her feelings about me now," he added. "Who knew Bianca wouldn't be New York Donna," he muttered.

Marco glanced at him briefly before returning his focus to the road. "I always thought Miss Scalese would be excellent," he said.

The faintest hint of a smile touched Luca's lips. Despite everything— the chaos, the anger, the damage he had just caused—

He knew one thing for certain. Veronica was formidable. "What are you going to do about Val? You going to make your move now? She did call off the engagement."

"No."

"You're an idiot."

"You've said that a lot in the past few days."

"And I will say it a hundred more times," Luca snapped back.

Marco knew he was an idiot. Valentina had chosen him. She had walked away from a man she was building a life with, a man she was carrying a child for, because she couldn't let him go.

And still— He said no. He could still see her face, hear her voice, feel the weight of that kiss.

And the aftermath of it. There was no clean way forward from that. So no— He wasn't making a move.

"Do you have a date with the Italy thing?" he asked instead, redirecting the conversation.

"No," he said. "And it worries me. If Dad would just keep up with the times and use a goddamn phone," he added, irritation creeping into his voice.

Marco allowed a faint, almost amused exhale at that. "That would require him admitting the world has changed," he said.

"And we both know that's not happening," Luca muttered.

"There is nothing to worry about," Marco said after a moment. "Don showed me everything. Every detail was accounted for," Marco continued. "It is a success. Unless he is betrayed, of course."

"You think Julian would betray Father, don't you?" Luca asked wearily.

"I honestly don't know if he has the guts," Marco admitted finally. "It's just... he's been moving mad lately."

That was the only way to describe it. Erratic, uncalculated, dangerous. It felt emotional.

"I fear," Marco added quietly.

Luca let out a slow breath, dragging a hand down his face as he stared ahead. "Father would never believe me," he said. "And if I say something, he would just assume I'm trying to discredit my brother."

Marco nodded slightly. He understood. "Asides from the Italy thing," Marco said after a moment, shifting the focus again, "you have bigger problems."

Luca glanced at him.

"Announcing Miss Scalese as New York Donna," Marco continued. "The Vitales will not take it."

"My marriage alliance with the Vitales was for more control of Italy," he said. "Not New York."

"Still..." Marco said, leaving the rest unsaid.

Power wasn't just about what was agreed upon. It was about what was felt. The Vitales would feel challenged, undermined, disrespected.

Especially if a woman—an outsider to their inner circle—was suddenly placed in a position of authority.

It would be personal.

"We will cross that bridge when we get there," Luca said. "Right now," he added, "I have Vee to worry about."

That was the one thing he couldn't strategize his way out of. Marco let out a quiet breath, a faint smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth as he shook his head slightly.

"Right," he said.

With just enough sarcasm, "Well, good luck. Wouldn't want to be you."

Luca wasn't entirely sure he wanted to be himself either.

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Valentina had only just arrived back from the Hamptons. The drive had been suffocating. Too much time to think. Too much time to replay everything over and over again until nothing made sense anymore. She hadn't slept properly.

Hadn't eaten much either. Every thought circled back to the same place—Marco, the kiss, Ricardo, the ring she had taken off.

She wasn't expecting to see Veronica there. Valentina let it go. She didn't have the strength to dig.

Not today. Not with everything already weighing on her chest. It wasn't long before Marco arrived.

She got to her feet quickly, her heart picking up pace. "Marco..." She took a step toward him.

But he stepped back. Valentina froze in her tracks. She saw the deliberate space he was putting between them.

"I just..." her voice faltered slightly, but she pushed through it. "Are you okay?" Her eyes moved over him quickly, scanning, searching—taking in the subtle stiffness in his posture, the way he held himself just a little too carefully. "Are you in pain?" she added. She knew what he had gone through.