

## **Mafia God 268**

### Chapter 268: I Didn't Ask For Tea

"Uh... excuse me?" Her eyes flicked sideways immediately—instinctively—toward Luca.

"I had nothing to do with it," Luca said quickly, raising both hands in defense before she could even form the accusation.

"I didn't ask for tea," Vee repeated, narrowing her eyes at him now instead of Nonnina.

Before Luca could say anything else, Nonnina continued as if she had simply been waiting for her moment.

"Diavolino said you are to bear the heir," she added matter-of-factly.

Luca physically dropped half an inch in his seat. He genuinely considered disappearing into the floor or the table.

Or anywhere that wasn't this exact moment in time.

"I'm getting on in years," Nonnina went on, completely unfazed by the collective internal collapse happening in front of her. "The tea will speed things up. When I see the piccolo bambino, I can close my eyes and be happy with my death."

Vee slowly turned her head toward Luca again. Her brows lifted so high they nearly disappeared.

Luca, on the other hand, looked like a man trying to decide whether lying, running, or spontaneous combustion would get him out of this faster. "I—" he started.

Then stopped. There was no sentence that would survive this intact. Nonnina smiled proudly, clearly satisfied with her contribution to both romance and legacy, completely oblivious to the fact that she had just detonated emotional chaos at the dinner table.

Vee's gaze stayed locked on Luca. Nonnina didn't just have bad timing. No. Luca thought grimly, sinking lower in his chair hoping gravity would claim him—

Nonnina had the wrongest timing. "Come on, drink. It's not bitter. I promise. And it's the right temperature," Nonnina urged, her tone gentle but carrying that unmistakable authority that made refusal feel illegal.

Vee held the cup between her fingers, staring into the light steam curling upward begging it to reveal an escape plan.

She gave Luca one last glare which meant the conversation was not over—just postponed. "Nonni... I don't think—" she started carefully.

"Nonsense," Nonnina cut in immediately, waving her hand dismissively. "It works wonders. You drink and Luca does his part—voilà... bambino."

"Fuck," Vee muttered under her breath, just low enough to keep it between herself and Luca. She could feel his presence beside her stiffen. He knew he had just been dragged into a future he wasn't ready to defend.

With a resigned sigh, Vee lifted the cup and took a cautious sip. Then another. Her brows knitted slightly in surprise.

It wasn't bad. Actually... It was good. A soft hint of peppermint lingered on her tongue, warm and soothing.

She finished the cup. Before she could even set it down properly, Nonnina was already refilling it with efficient enthusiasm.

"Nonni..." Vee warned this time.

"Two cups," Nonnina said simply. "That's the dosage."

Vee closed her eyes briefly, inhaling, preparing herself for battle. Then she picked up the cup again. "If I wake up pregnant, I'm bringing the roof down," she muttered to herself before downing the second cup in one go.

Nonnina beamed, her entire face lighting up with satisfaction as she clasped her hands together. "Ah... your babies will be just divine," she said dreamily.

Slowly— Very slowly— Vee turned her head toward Luca again.

"Babies?" she repeated, her voice dangerously calm now. "You hear that?" she added, tilting her head slightly. "Babies..." Her eyes held his.

Luca swallowed once. "Yeah..." he said cautiously. "I heard."

Nonnina picked up the kettle and cup with a satisfied hum, clearly pleased with the seeds she had just planted, and shuffled out of the dining room, with the walk of a woman who had successfully completed her mission.

The moment she disappeared— Luca leaned back in his chair, watching Vee carefully, studying a ticking bomb and trying to guess when it would go off.

"Are you going to start throwing things again?" he asked cautiously, glancing around the table. "I'd really like to have a helmet on this time."

Vee turned to him slowly. "You told her we were trying to have babies?" she snapped.

Luca raised his hands slightly in defense. "Not specifically so."

"Oh," she said. "How unspecific weren't you?"

Luca opened his mouth, then paused—clearly realizing there was no version of the truth that would come out of this looking good for him. "Okay," he said instead, shifting tactics, offering her a half-smile. "When you look like that? I get really scared."

"Do I look like a woman you want to joke with right now?" Vee asked.

"I thought we were trying for a kid," he said.

"We were fucking not trying!!!" she snapped, frustration spilling out in full force now.

"But when people fuck," he said calmly, "babies are... you know... part of the equation."

"Well, I guess we have no problems then," Vee said. "Because there will be no more fucking."

"You're kidding, right?" he asked.

"Oh no," Vee replied. "I am dead serious."

"See," he began, his voice lowering into that dangerous calm she knew all too well, "when you throw that willy-nilly at me like that... it is sort of a challenge."

"Again," she said, picking up her fork dismissing him entirely, "that's a you problem."

"I bet," he said slowly, "I can fuck you right here on this table, Vee."

Her hand paused mid-air.

"You'll fight for a bit," he continued. "Eventually..." he added, "you'll be moaning my name like nothing else matters—even with Nonnina and the staff right next door."

Vee's mouth snapped shut. The worst part wasn't the audacity, wasn't even the arrogance.

It was the fact that somewhere, deep down, she knew exactly why he sounded so sure. And she absolutely refused to give him the satisfaction of confirming it.

So she didn't argue. Didn't snap back. Didn't even look at him. She just sat there, rigid, focusing on her plate.

A slow smile spread across his face. Satisfied, he picked up his fork and continued his meal.

"If we had a kid, would you have done that?" Vee asked.

Luca paused, his fork hovering briefly over his plate as he looked at her, trying to understand what exactly she was asking.