

Mafia God 288

Chapter 288: She Will Leave Me

"I'll stop by to see Luca," she said. "I don't know when next I'll see him when Bianca arrives."

"Vee..." His voice dropped. "If Val finds out from Marco, the narrative will not help me. She will leave me."

"I will make sure he doesn't," she said simply.

"Okay."

"Oh, I have one more question. What does it mean to be Donna?"

His eyes narrowed slightly in realization. "Luca wants to make you Donna?"

"I don't know what that is," Vee admitted.

"Uh, well..." He hesitated, searching for the right words. "You basically become his right hand. After him, it's you."

Vee's brows lifted slightly, but she said nothing, letting him continue.

"Everything famiglia-related in his absence is up to you," Ricardo added, gesturing vaguely. "Decisions, orders, discipline. Asides from that," he went on, warming into the explanation, "you are in charge of his men. You cater to their individual needs, make sure they're... functioning. Loyal. Stable."

"These are grown men, not houseplants."

Ricardo huffed out a quiet laugh. "You'd be surprised. Half of them behave worse than children when left unattended."

He continued, more serious now. "You also make sure their families are safe. Provided for. For those who have families. You become the bridge between power and responsibility." He paused, then added, almost thoughtfully, "See it as the queen of a city. And you're responsible for your people's welfare."

"Ah..." Vee nodded slowly, processing. Then her lips pursed. "Shouldn't that fall to Bianca?" She tilted her head slightly. "I mean, she is his legal wife."

"A wife doesn't necessarily have to be Donna," he said. "In fact, most aren't."

Vee blinked. "That sounds... problematic."

"There are Dons who have lived their entire lives without their wives knowing the details of their operations." He gave a small shrug. "Luca's father is one."

"So what makes a Donna different?" she asked.

"A Donna must be beyond reproach," he said. "Beyond question. Because her word..." He paused, letting it settle. "...is to be law."

Vee's lips curved slowly. "Interesting," she murmured. "My word is law, uhn? Does this extend to Luca too?"

Ricardo chuckled again, this time more relaxed. "You'd think," he said, shaking his head, "but no."

Vee clicked her tongue softly, feigning disappointment. "Oh... too bad," she sighed, the slight curve of her lips betrayed her amusement. "Would have loved to have that handy. Thank you anyway," she added lightly, already turning toward the door.

The door clicked shut behind her. The underground level was quieter. She made her way toward Luca's office.

His men were stationed as usual. When they saw her, they nodded respectfully. Vee acknowledged them with a small tilt of her head, her heels clicking steadily as she walked past. She moved through the space now like she belonged there.

She reached Luca's door and pushed it open, stepping inside. "Hey, handsome."

Luca looked up immediately, and just like that, the hardened edge he carried so effortlessly around others softened. His eyes lit up. "Bambola..." he said, already rising from behind his desk. "I didn't know you were coming." He crossed the room toward her.

"Yeah," Vee shrugged lightly, a smirk playing on her lips. "I like to keep you surprised."

Luca stopped in front of her. "No," he said, shaking his head slowly, amusement creeping into his tone. "You came to check if I have killed Ricardo already."

"Okay, guilty," she admitted without shame. "But thanks for keeping your word."

"The hard part was getting Marco to stand down," Luca said, pretending to be exhausted. He loosened his collar slightly, eyes still on her. "I should get a reward for that." He pouted.

"Awww... poor baby," she cooed, mock sympathy dripping from every word. "You want your dick sucked?"

His smile widened—completely unashamed. "I'll never say no to that."

She rolled her eyes, with a soft huff of laughter. "Of course you won't."

He reached for her hand, and tugged her gently toward the sofa tucked at the end of the room. It was a quieter corner, away from the desk. "Come here," he murmured.

Vee let herself be pulled along, even though she made a show of it—like she was being inconvenienced. But she didn't let go of his hand. "Nonnina says to tell you she will be coming with your lunch," she said

as they sat. "She keeps complaining that you do not eat enough." Vee replied, shrugging. "Which... to be fair, she is right. The woman is old. Cut her some slack. You cannot keep only wanting her food. Tell her you will eat at my place sometimes at least."

"I eat your food." He argued.

"Ah yes. Little bites and pieces. You are addicted to Nonnina's meals. Really, its giving mummy's baby vibes, totally not sexy."

He laughed under his breath, shaking his head. "I promise you. Nonnina isn't complaining." He said then asked after a bit. "You both are still wedding planning," he said, glancing at her sideways.

"We have everything," Vee replied. "Just need the happy couple to pick a date." She paused, then added with a small grin, "Plus your shopping with Valentina helped with everything."

Luca groaned softly. "Don't remind me. I'm glad you're here," he said quietly after a bit, the teasing edge gone now.

"Me too..."

Then Luca shifted, turning slightly on the sofa. He lowered himself and rested his head on her lap.

"What are you doing?" Vee's brows pulled together as she looked down at him. "You're at work."

Luca didn't even open his eyes. "I just need my brain to shut down for a bit," he muttered. "I'm going crazy." He exhaled slowly then he turned his face slightly, pressing a soft kiss against her stomach, lingering there for a second. Luca in this moment looked... vulnerable.

Her fingers hovered for a second before she let them drop gently into his hair, brushing through it absentmindedly. She didn't even realize she was doing it. "I'm going to miss you," she said quietly.

Luca's eyes snapped open instantly.

