

Mafia God 291

Chapter 291: We Love Each Other

Beneath his confidence was fear—that perhaps something beyond his control stood in the way of the future he envisioned.

Vee sighed softly. "Luca..."

He leaned closer, resting his forehead briefly against hers. "Babe, come on. What more do we need? We love each other. We already live like a family. I want something that's ours. Something no one can question."

Vee pulled back slightly, meeting his gaze. "I'm back on the pill," she said quietly.

There was shock on Luca's face—genuine, unguarded shock. This was a blow he hadn't seen coming. He had thought... he had assumed... that they were trying, that every shared night was a step toward the future he had quietly begun to build in his mind.

He took a slow step back from her, the physical distance mirroring the emotional one that had suddenly opened between them. His brows furrowed, confusion clouding his expression. "I don't understand," he said. "The doctor said..."

"I started again as soon as I was cleared."

"You..." Luca ran a hand through his damp hair, trying to process the revelation.

"Luca, I couldn't risk it," Vee said gently, stepping toward him, her voice laced with apprehension.

He looked up sharply, the hurt in his eyes unmistakable. "Couldn't risk what?"

"Luca," she began, choosing her words carefully, "look at the life you live. How long ago was it that you looked me in the eye and told me to either kill you or we die together? What kind of life would we leave for our kids? Orphans? I can't do that."

Luca's jaw tightened as he absorbed what she was saying. He nodded slowly in response. Veronica could see the flicker of pain in his eyes, the way his shoulders seemed to bear an invisible burden.

Vee stepped closer, her heart aching at the sight of him. "Luca, I'm sorry," she said softly.

"It's fine. You have a right to your own decisions," Luca said. "I have to go."

Vee's brows knitted together. "You haven't eaten yet."

"Lost my appetite," he replied. He leaned forward and pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead. "I'll see you later tonight. Gotta stop by the house. Bianca is in town already."

"Oh... okay," Vee said softly, swallowing the discomfort that threatened to surface. She forced a small smile, unwilling to let the moment end on a sour note. "Would you please just eat? I did make it for you, please. You eat and I will put out your clothes to save time."

He nodded slowly. "Alright." He took his seat on the edge of the bed, lifting the tray onto his lap. The food still steamed gently, filling the room with comforting aromas. Vee moved around the bedroom, selecting a crisp shirt and dark trousers from the wardrobe, laying them neatly on the bed.

Luca picked at the food, chewing mechanically. His mind was elsewhere. He had imagined a future with her where everything aligned—power, loyalty, love, and family. But reality was far more complicated. He would never have it all with her. Still, he wasn't a man who dwelled on what he couldn't change. Win some, lose some, he reminded himself. That's the way the world works.

After finishing a few bites, he set the tray aside and dressed quickly. Before leaving, he paused at the doorway, his gaze lingering on Vee. There was so much left unsaid, but neither of them had the strength to voice it. With a final nod, he stepped out.

The atmosphere at Luca's home was markedly different—grand. Soft golden lights illuminated the foyer, reflecting off marble floors and ornate décor. Nonnina stood nearby, her hands clasped in front of her, as she awaited Luca's arrival.

When the front door opened, Bianca was already moving toward it. She carried herself with elegance, her posture poised. Every detail—from her tailored dress to the subtle fragrance that accompanied her—spoke of refinement.

Luca stepped inside. His eyes met Nonnina's, who offered a knowing nod before discreetly stepping aside, allowing the couple their moment.

Bianca approached him with a soft, welcoming smile, her eyes searching his face with affection. "Amore mio," she said tenderly as she walked over to Luca, her voice smooth and melodic. "How was your day?"

"Why are you here?" Luca asked, dispensing with pleasantries. His tone was direct, cold, as he walked past Bianca without so much as a greeting, heading instead toward Nonnina.

Bianca's smile faltered for the briefest second, but she recovered quickly. "Well, you know," she began lightly, his reaction was entirely expected. "Don thinks Italy is going to be heated in the next few days and wants me out of the way."

Nonnina watched the exchange with understanding. As Luca approached her, the tension in his shoulders softened. He leaned down and pressed a gentle kiss to her hair, inhaling the familiar scent that always brought him a sense of calm. She responded with a fond smile, reaching up to take his jacket.

"Leave us, Nonni," Luca said softly.

Nonnina paused, her wise eyes flicking between the two of them. She gave Luca a pointed, warning look. "Diavolino," she murmured.

Luca's lips curved into a warm, reassuring smile. "I'll behave. I promise."

She eventually nodded. She turned and made her way up the staircase, leaving the couple alone.

"You could at least pretend to be happy to see me," Bianca said from behind him, her voice calm but edged with disappointment.

Luca exhaled slowly before turning to face her. He took a few steps closer, trying to read the truth behind her words. "Don wouldn't send you this way," he said. "If Italy is going to get heated, then New York will as well."

Bianca took a tentative step forward, her eyes never leaving his. "I told him I wanted to be here with you."

"Why?" Luca demanded. "Why would you want to be with me? Any more chess pieces you are moving on a hidden board that needs your presence here?"