

Mafia God 296

Chapter 296: You Worry Too Much

So, as David sat outside Commissioned, his eyes casually scanning the entrance, he waited. The minutes stretched, punctuated by the distant honk of taxis and the murmur of pedestrians. When Marco finally exited the building, David's posture didn't change, but his senses sharpened. Showtime, he thought with a faint smirk.

Instead of trailing Marco directly—a rookie mistake—David started his engine first and eased into traffic, positioning himself ahead. This way, Marco would unknowingly follow him, eliminating any suspicion. He checked the rearview mirror just once, catching a glimpse of Marco entering his car and pulling into the street behind him.

He'd been watching Marco for a day already and had learned the man's routine. Also, it helped him learn about the city.

Marco had called Valentina earlier, asking her to meet him at the coffee shop close to the Scalese home.

About fifteen minutes later, Marco parked near the café. David continued past the location before circling the block and settling into a discreet spot with a clear view of the entrance. From his vantage point, he watched as Marco stepped out of his car and entered the shop.

Inside, Marco ordered a cup of coffee. He sat at a small table by the window, fingers drumming restlessly against the mug. His gaze flicked repeatedly toward the door.

Then the door chimed. Valentina stepped inside, her presence instantly altering the atmosphere.

As soon as he saw her enter, he realised just how much he missed her. Her stomach was just beginning to round, a soft, subtle curve beneath the fabric of her dress. One might easily miss it if they weren't looking for it, but to Marco, it was impossible to ignore. It was a reminder of everything that had changed.

He raised a hand slightly. Valentina's gaze swept across the café until it found him. The moment their eyes met, her face transformed, lighting up with a warmth that made his chest tighten. No matter how complicated their lives became, that expression never failed to undo him.

"Marco..." she laughed softly as she hurried toward him, her arms wrapping around his neck in a familiar embrace. He hesitated for only a fraction of a second before returning the hug, careful not to hold her too tightly. "What's going on? What's so urgent?" she asked, pulling back. Then her brows lifted. "Wait..." She slid into the seat beside him. Marco quickly shifted in his chair, creating a distance between them. It was a small act of self-preservation, and right now, he needed a clear head.

"Is this because of the dinner thing? Ricardo called to tell me," she added, placing her handbag on the table.

"Yeah," Marco replied. He reached for her bag. From inside his jacket, he retrieved the compact handgun and slipped it discreetly into her bag before pushing it back toward her.

Valentina's eyes widened slightly. "Marco..." she began, her voice tinged with concern.

"I taught you how to use this," he said quietly, meeting her gaze. "Do you remember everything I taught you?"

A flicker of nostalgia crossed her face, and she gave a small nod. "Yes," she answered. "But Marco, it's just dinner." She attempted a lighthearted smile. "What do you think is going to happen? Bianca throwing a fork at me? Because, honestly, I'd like to see her try. Pregnancy hormones aside, I can still kick ass."

"Knowing Bianca, a fork would be the least of your worries," he replied dryly.

Valentina nudged him playfully. "You worry too much."

"Maybe," he admitted. "But I'd rather be paranoid than regretful." He leaned forward slightly, lowering his voice. "It's just for protection. The moment you sense danger, pull this out and get out of there. Don't hesitate. Just leave and call me, please."

"You're serious," she murmured.

"Always," Marco replied.

"I'm told Luca would probably be there too," Valentina said.

"Probably," Marco replied.

"Oh, trust me, Vee will make sure he's there. She made such a fuss when she heard about the dinner. Honestly, I'm kind of looking forward to meeting this woman."

Marco arched an eyebrow. "Of course, you are. I know you, and that is precisely why I'm giving you this," he said, gesturing subtly toward her handbag, where the gun now rested.

Valentina placed a hand over her chest in mock offense. "What? It's not like I'm going to say something to deliberately piss her off."

Marco gave her a pointed look, his silence speaking louder than any words. "You won't?" he asked, skepticism lacing his voice.

She held his gaze for a beat before her lips curled into a sheepish grin. "Of course, I will," she admitted unapologetically. "She shot my sister." With that, she smacked him lightly on the arm.

Marco chuckled. Watching her like this—spirited, defiant, and unapologetically herself—stirred a warmth in his chest that he had spent months trying to suppress. She had always possessed this ability to bring light into the darkest corners of his life. He shifted slightly in his seat, maintaining the careful distance he had created earlier, every instinct urged him to close it.

"I miss you," she said quietly.

A thousand responses crowded his mind, yet none felt safe enough to voice. Missing her was dangerous.

He forced a small smile. "You see me now," he replied gently, attempting to deflect the intensity of the moment with a hint of humor. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder, remember?"

Loving Valentina had never been simple, and circumstances had only made it more complicated. Yet, sitting across from her, he realized that distance had done little to dull his feelings.

"How are you doing? Everything going great in there?" Marco asked, his voice softening as he gestured toward Valentina's stomach.

Valentina followed his gaze, her lips curving into a gentle smile. She placed a protective hand over the slight curve of her belly. "Yeah," she replied warmly. "Everything's going well. We'll be going for a check-up after the engagement party." She looked back at him, her expression hopeful. "Are you coming for the party?"