

Mafia God 306

Chapter 306: You Stubborn Bastard

Grunting with effort, Carol struggled to drag his unconscious body inside. He was heavier than he looked, and her back protested every inch of the way. "Come on, you stubborn bastard," she huffed, pulling him across the threshold before kicking the door shut behind them.

She paused to catch her breath, hands on her hips as she stared down at him sprawled across the floor. "Did you actually come all the way from Italy to Singapore with an injury?" she asked incredulously.

There was no way she could move him any farther. Her back wasn't what it used to be, and the effort had already taken its toll. "Fantastic," she muttered, shaking her head.

"Idiot," she added, rolling her eyes. Turning on her heel, she began heading upstairs in search of the first aid box. "Stupid mafia people. Don't know when to quit. Fucking fool," she continued to curse under her breath as she moved through the house, her irritation masking the flood of memories and emotions threatening to resurface.

Despite her grumbling, her steps were quick and purposeful. Whatever history lay between them, one thing was certain—she wasn't about to let him die on her floor.

Luca lay on his back, staring up at the ceiling, his jaw clenched so tightly it ached. He hated waiting. He hated not knowing. Uncertainty was more dangerous than any visible enemy.

If Renato was going to retaliate, he should have done it already. Calm was often the most deceptive state of all. Violence, at least, was honest. It announced itself with gunfire and blood. Silence, however, concealed intentions.

There was still no word about his father. Marco remained in Italy, chasing fragile leads that seemed to dissolve as quickly as they appeared. Each passing day without news deepened Luca's frustration and fear, emotions he rarely allowed himself to feel. The Don was not just his father but the pillar upon which their famiglia rested. Without him, the balance of power trembled precariously.

Aside from his father's disappearance, everything else seemed... calm. Too calm. Luca exhaled slowly and leaned further back into the bed, his eyes never leaving the ceiling. From the adjoining bathroom came the soft sounds of running water and Veronica's quiet movements. The familiarity of her presence offered a some measure of comfort amidst the chaos swirling in his mind.

Veronica had suggested that the engagement party be cancelled, arguing that it was too risky given the current circumstances. Luca, however, had dismissed the idea. He refused to allow fear to dictate his actions.

"I'm not putting my life on hold because some asshole doesn't have the balls to come at me," he had told her.

To Luca, cancelling the event would signal weakness—a message to their enemies that the Genovese family was vulnerable. That was a perception he could not afford. Strength, even if it had to be performed, was essential.

Maybe Renato would strike. Maybe he wouldn't. The uncertainty was maddening. Days had passed, and New York remained eerily quiet. It was as if the city itself were holding its breath.

Meanwhile, in Italy, Julian appeared to be stabilizing the situation with the assistance of Don Vitale. It left a bitter taste in Luca's mouth. Luca had no desire to become further indebted to Bianca and her family. Plus Julian's loyalties were still being questioned.

Luca turned his head slightly, listening to the water shut off in the bathroom. His thoughts drifted back to his father—the man who had taught him everything about leadership, loyalty, and survival. The absence of any confirmation about the Don's fate weighed heavily on him.

He ran a hand over his face, exhaustion beginning to creep in despite his restless mind. The engagement party had been rescheduled. Vee had expertly crafted a believable excuse for Valentina. It was convincing enough. Luca was certain that Valentina hadn't entirely bought the explanation, but she was wise enough to let it go.

Ricardo, however, had been given a few more details. Luca remained wary of him. Yet Veronica had pleaded on Ricardo's behalf, urging Luca to give him a second chance. For her sake, he agreed.

Vee stepped out, wrapped in a plush towel robe, her damp hair cascading over her shoulders. The faint scent of her soap filled the room. Luca's expression softened as he extended his hand toward her in invitation.

"Come here," he murmured.

She smiled gently and slipped her hand into his, allowing him to pull her onto the bed. Settling against him, she rested her head on his chest. "Are you going to work today?" she asked softly, tracing absentminded patterns on his chest.

"Yeah... I have to," Luca replied, his fingers idly brushing through her hair.

"Oh, okay," she said, a hint of disappointment lingered in her voice.

Luca tilted his head slightly, sensing the unspoken emotion beneath her words. "What is it?" he asked gently. "You want me to stay?"

Vee hesitated, her fingers tightening slightly against his chest. She lifted her gaze to meet his. "Well, it's just that..." she began. A faint blush crept across her cheeks as she held his gaze. "I'm ovulating today."

Luca raised a brow. "Okay... what does that have to do with me not going to work?" he asked, genuinely puzzled.

Vee shifted slightly, propping herself up on one elbow. "I wouldn't have said anything," she began, choosing her words carefully, "but with everything going on, we haven't exactly been... you know... having sex."

Luca's brow furrowed deeper, his confusion evident. "I'm finding it difficult to follow your line of thought," he admitted.

Vee inhaled sharply, deciding that subtlety was overrated. "I think I'm ovulating today, and I need you to fuck me," she said quickly, the words tumbling out in a rush.

"Still don't understand," he replied.

Vee rolled her eyes. "We are trying to make a baby, aren't we?"

Luca pushed himself upright, staring down at her, trying to determine whether he had heard her correctly. "We... we... are?" he stammered, disbelief etched across his features. The possibility of her changing her mind had seemed distant, impossible even.