

## **Mafia God 314**

### Chapter 314: That Ship Has Sailed

Marco arrived at Vee and Luca's home straight from the airport the next morning, still carrying the weariness of travel.

Vee stood by the counter, dressed in a simple robe, her hair loosely tied back. The rich aroma of freshly brewed coffee filled the room as she poured a cup and handed it to Marco. "How was your trip?"

"Long flight."

"Luca will be down in a moment." She gave him a reassuring nod before heading upstairs to fetch him.

Marco took a slow sip, stepping out of the kitchen to the living room area. The domestic calm felt surreal compared to the storm he had just left behind in Italy.

Moments later, hurried footsteps echoed from the staircase. Luca appeared, hastily pulling on a shirt, the top buttons still undone.

"Marco..." Luca began, striding forward to envelop him in a firm, brotherly hug. "I'm sorry I pulled you out, but I need you here. I have to be in Italy. Julian needs a reminder of his place."

"That ship has sailed, boss," he said. "Julian is making moves I do not seem to understand."

Luca's jaw clenched. "Yeah, here too. He sent his men to get Veronica, to bring her to Italy on charges of treason."

Marco exhaled heavily, setting his coffee cup down on the coffee table. "Boss, he has called off the search for Don," he revealed.

Luca's eyes widened, disbelief quickly morphing into anger. "The hell he has!"

Marco held his ground, meeting Luca's fiery gaze with steady resolve. "Julian has command of the men remaining from the raid. You have no authority."

Luca's hands curled into fists at his sides, the muscles in his jaw working as he struggled to process the implications. He drew in a deep breath, attempting to rein in his temper. "So," he said finally, "my brother stages a coup, abandons the search for our father, and dares to accuse the woman under my protection of treason."

Marco nodded grimly. "Italy is not safe for you."

"I'm still going," Luca asserted. He stood tall, shoulders squared, the decision had already been carved into stone.

"I can't let you go by yourself," he replied. "Italy is a powder keg right now. Julian is consolidating power, and you walking into that mess alone is practically a death sentence and let's not forget that the Bastiones are only just quieting down because the other Dons got involved."

Luca shook his head slowly. "I need you here. We have family here, Marco. I do not know when and where Renato will clap back, but I know he will."

"Luciano, you are not listening to me!" Marco's voice rose. "This isn't just about pride or authority. Julian has the men, the resources, and the narrative. He's already painted you as a liability, protecting a traitor. If you go there, you'll be isolated."

"I know," Luca replied. "I know the promise you made to Mother is what drives you to always want to be by my side." He placed a steady hand on Marco's shoulder. "But I need you to promise me, as your brother, that you will keep my family safe here."

Marco's jaw tightened, emotion flickering across his features. "Luca, don't make me do this," Marco murmured. "You're asking me to stand by while you walk into a warzone. How the hell am I supposed to live with that?"

Vee watched the exchange with a heavy heart, her eyes moving between the two men.

"I once told you," Luca said, "if it ever came down to choosing me or her, you choose her every damn time."

The gravity of Luca's request was forcing him to confront the impossible choice between a promise made to the past and the responsibility demanded by the present.

Marco swallowed hard, his hands curling into fists at his sides as he struggled with the decision.

"Fine," Marco said at last. His shoulders sagged slightly. The promise he had made years ago echoed painfully in his mind, but Luca's request left him with little choice.

"I'll leave in a bit," Luca continued, his tone returning to one of authority. "You stay here. Get Nonnina to be here too."

Marco frowned, momentarily confused. "Mrs. Genovese?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"She's handled," Luca replied simply.

As Luca turned, he noticed Vee standing silently behind them. She held a cup of coffee in both hands, the steam curling gently upward, but her stillness revealed that she had been there for some time. It was clear she had heard everything—every word of Luca's decision, every reassurance that placed her safety above his own.

Luca saw the glimmer of unshed tears in her eyes, she fought valiantly to keep them at bay. What was it with the damned tears lately? It seemed as though every emotion she had been holding back now threatened to surface at the slightest provocation.

She stepped forward and handed him the coffee. "I'll pack you a bag," she said softly, the sadness in her voice barely concealed.

Luca nodded, offering her a reassuring smile. He hated leaving her, especially now, but the situation in Italy demanded his presence. Some battles could not be delegated.

Vee turned toward the staircase. She kept her head high, determined not to let the tears fall.

Marco watched her retreating figure, concern evident in his expression. Once she disappeared from view, he turned back to Luca. "Is she alright?" he asked quietly.

Luca took a slow sip of his coffee, using the moment to gather his thoughts. "The whole thing has been quite a lot for her to handle," he admitted.

"You don't seem worried," he observed.

Luca allowed a faint smile to form. "She seems to be handling it well," he said.

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Valentina stirred slowly, emerging from the soft cocoon of sleep as the early morning light filtered through the curtains. She blinked lazily, stretching her arm across the bed.

Her gaze shifted to the sofa, where he was.

"Ricardo?" she murmured, her voice still thick with sleep.

His posture was rigid, and there was a blank, distant look in his eyes that immediately set her on edge. He hadn't even noticed that she was awake.