

Mafia God 319

Chapter 319: We'll Talk While We Cook

"Breakfast," Valentina answered quickly, grateful for the interruption and the escape it provided.

Marco cleared his throat. "Uh... Luca won't eat it,"

Vee descended the stairs with a small, knowing smile. "Oh, I told him already," she replied lightly. "He might hate Val's guts, but she is family. His words... not mine." Vee reached her side and gently took her hand. "Come," she said warmly. "We'll talk while we cook."

"I'll clean this up real quick first," Valentina said, gesturing toward the shattered glass and spilled coffee on the floor. The remnants of Luca's mug.

Vee nodded appreciatively. "But be careful," she replied gently.

"I will go check with the guards. Get an update," Marco said as he moved toward the door.

"Marco?" Vee called after him.

He paused and turned, one hand resting on the doorframe. "Yeah?"

"Take a break. Get some sleep," she said softly. "You just got back from Italy. Just pick any of the rooms upstairs."

Marco's lips curved into a tired but grateful smile. "I'll do that in a bit. I need to get the guards to bring Nonnina here," he replied.

"Thank you," Vee said sincerely.

Marco inclined his head before stepping outside, the door closing quietly behind him. With the maids given a leave of absence due to the unstable situation, the responsibility of maintaining the home now

fell entirely on Veronica. It was one of the few disadvantages of living in such a large house—its grandeur demanded constant care.

Vee made her way into the kitchen, tying her hair into a loose knot as she surveyed the space. She opened the refrigerator, mentally planning a simple breakfast.

Moments later, Valentina entered, having finished cleaning the living room. She washed her hands at the sink before leaning against the counter, watching her sister.

"Did I interrupt something with you and Marco?" Vee asked. She didn't look up immediately, focusing instead on gathering the ingredients spread across the kitchen counter.

Valentina, who was now slicing strawberries, paused for a fraction of a second before resuming her task. "No, no, we were just talking," she answered quickly. She kept her gaze fixed on the cutting board, hoping her sister wouldn't notice the faint blush creeping up her cheeks.

Vee hummed softly but chose not to press further. Instead, she began the process of mixing pancake batter, cracking eggs into a bowl and whisking them. "You shouldn't be mad at Ricardo though," Vee said gently. "I asked him not to tell you anything. If you need to be mad, be mad at me."

"I'm not mad," Val replied, shaking her head. "I'm disappointed. Not with you—never with you—but with Ricardo. He just keeps doing these things, making mistakes. And when it concerns you, I cannot take it, Vee."

Vee offered a small, understanding smile as she added flour to the mixture. "You don't have to worry about me," she said reassuringly. "I am to be worried about you. I'm your big sister."

Val let out a quiet sigh, setting the knife aside and leaning against the counter. "And if something happens to you, who will worry about me?" she asked softly.

Vee paused, her whisk hovering above the bowl as she considered her response. "You have Ricardo," she said gently. Then, after a brief hesitation, she added, "and in a way, Marco."

"Don't do that,"

"Do what?" Vee asked.

"Talk as if you are making preparations to go somewhere permanent,"

Vee smiled faintly. She set the whisk aside and leaned against the counter, folding her arms loosely across her chest. "Val, I'm not going to lie to you," she began. "I'm in love with a mob boss. One of the most feared men in the city—and maybe even beyond. He has enemies, and enemies always look for weaknesses. I am Luca's weakness. I am the easiest way to get to him, to hurt him, to manipulate him. And yes... someday, it may not end well."

Valentina swallowed. The thought of losing her sister was unbearable, yet she could see the unwavering resolve in Vee's expression.

Vee took a slow breath before continuing. "Now, I began this speech by saying that I love him. And I do. Completely. I would walk through hell with him if that's where his path leads. I chose this life with open eyes, and I need you to accept that."

Val nodded distractedly, absorbing every word. She understood the depth of Vee's conviction, even if it terrified her. Their bond had always been one of fierce loyalty, and while she wished for a safer life for her sister, she knew that love rarely followed the path of reason.

"I understand," Val said quietly. "As long as you promise me you will do your best to stay safe."

Vee's lips curved into a gentle smile, appreciating both the concern and the acceptance behind her sister's words. "If you are asking whether I am going to hide in a closet when there is danger," she replied with a playful glint in her eyes, "then yes, I promise you that."

Valentina let out a soft laugh. "Good. Because I'd hate to have to haunt Luca if anything ever happened to you."

"Oh, please," Vee teased. "You wouldn't even need to haunt him. The man would blame himself enough for a lifetime."

The batter was finally ready, and Vee poured it onto the heated pan. The gentle sizzle filled the kitchen.

"So you going to patch things up with Ricardo?" Vee asked, flipping a pancake.

Valentina sighed, resting her hip against the counter. "I can't... I can't talk to him now," she admitted. "I'll go home later, but I just... he already feels tremendously guilty. And if I say what is in my heart right now, I will definitely say something that will stab at him." She paused, pressing her lips together as she tried to steady her emotions. "So I will give it a bit."

Vee nodded in understanding. "That's probably wise," she said softly.

She slid the finished pancake onto a plate and began pouring another ladle of batter into the pan.