

Mafia God 335

Chapter 335: She's In New York

For the first time since this nightmare began, his shoulders dropped.

"Its over," Marco said in disbelief. Then louder, firmer, like he needed them to believe it too. "It's over."

Val glanced at him quickly from the driver's seat. "What do you mean it's over?" she asked.

"Don's back," Marco said.

"Was that Mama Luca?" Nonnina asked.

Marco nodded. "Yes."

"Where is she?" Nonnina pressed.

"She's in New York," Marco replied, running a hand over his face as exhaustion finally began to creep in.

"Don asked her to come calm things down until Luca gets back." He let out a long breath, shaking his head faintly. "Lord knows I need the break."

Val let out a shaky breath of her own, her eyes flicking briefly to Veronica in the rearview mirror. "So... this is done?" she asked softly. "Julian... all of it?"

"It's not done. But it's... shifting."

"Carol..." Nonnina whispered, her brows lifting slowly as the name settled on her tongue. "Carol... is here?"

"Yeah, I'm shocked too," Marco said. "But right now, I just need to get Miss Scalese to the hospital and then find a hole to hibernate in." He leaned his head back against the seat for a second, eyes closing briefly before snapping open again. He couldn't afford to relax just yet.

The car sped through the streets, the convoy of guards following closely behind.

"Is this your life?" Val asked suddenly from the driver's seat. "Like... this is something to expect all the time? All this madness?"

Marco let out a soft breath through his nose, staring out the window for a moment before answering. "We are the mafia, babe," he said simply. "It is what we do."

Val's hands tightened on the steering wheel, her cheeks flushing a deep, ridiculous red almost instantly. She bit down on her lower lip, hoping no one noticed. She knew he didn't mean anything by the word 'babe'. He was just... relieved. Running on adrenaline. Talking without thinking.

Still, her heart betrayed her. A quiet chuckle slipped out of Marco.

Val glanced at him, confused. "What?" she asked, her voice defensive thinking he had noticed her reaction. "What is it?"

Marco shook his head, trying to suppress it, but it only made it worse. The chuckle grew, turning into a low laugh, then building—until it broke free completely. He leaned forward slightly, laughing in a way that felt foreign after everything they had just been through.

Nonnina looked at him like he had finally lost his mind.

Val frowned. "Marco," she said, more insistently now. "What is funny?"

He tried to wave it off, but another burst of laughter escaped him, his shoulders shaking slightly. "Nothing... nothing," he managed, though it clearly wasn't true.

"Marco," Val repeated, her curiosity now fully piqued.

He finally turned to look at her, wiping at his face as he tried to regain some composure. "I'd like to see Luca's face," he said, "when he finds out your sister is pregnant."

"What?" Val's head snapped back so fast it was a miracle she didn't miss the road entirely. The steering wheel jerked under her grip and the car swerved slightly into the next lane.

"Val?!" Marco barked, his hand shooting forward. Beside him, Nonnina gasped.

"Sorry! Sorry!" Val said quickly, her eyes snapping back to the road as she corrected the car. Her heart was pounding now. "Oh my God—she's pregnant?!"

The hospital building came into view ahead. Val tightened her grip on the wheel, but a grin was already breaking across her face.

"At least that's what Nonnina thinks," Marco said, a tired smirk tugging at his lips. "She is the pregnancy seer."

Val let out a breathless laugh. She bounced slightly in her seat, unable to contain it.

"For goodness sakes, cara mia!" Nonnina snapped. "Will you stop jumping before you hurt yourself?!"

"Sorry! Sorry!" Val repeated. She glanced briefly in the rearview mirror at Veronica, still unconscious. "Does she know?!" she asked, excitement threading through her tone.

Marco shifted his gaze to Nonnina, raising a brow in silent question.

"I don't think so," Nonnina said.

Val laughed again, shaking her head slightly as she pulled into the hospital driveway. It felt strange, laughing, after everything.

It had been chaos, and yet here they were, clinging to unexpected hope.

Val parked the car hastily, already unbuckling her seatbelt. "Okay, okay—let's go, let's go," she said, her energy returning in full force. "We need a doctor, like, yesterday."

Julian turned sharply, gun still raised, only to freeze mid-motion. Don Massimo Genovese stood a few feet behind him.

Alive and breathing. More than a dozen men flanked him.

"Father!" Julian exclaimed, shock cracking through his voice. He rushed forward, lowering his weapon. "Father! Look—Luca betrayed you. Him and that Scalese girl. They've been working against you, against the famiglia—"

Behind him, Luca stood still, barely able to process what had just happened. The shot he had braced himself for... the one he had accepted as the end... had never been meant for him.

It had been fired into the air. His eyes locked on his father. He swayed slightly, blood still dripping from his wounds.

Massimo simply looked at Julian. And there was no anger in his eyes. No rage. Only... sadness.

It was a devastating sadness that came from disappointment too deep for words, from a wound that cut far deeper than betrayal.

"Dad," Julian pressed, his voice growing more frantic under the silence. "Why aren't you saying anything? You... you know Luca did this, don't you? You know?"

Massimo stepped forward slowly. The men behind him remained still, their loyalty unwavering, their eyes fixed on the unfolding moment. He reached out and placed his hands on Julian's shoulders. He had never imagined it would come to this.

Never imagined that he would stand here, facing his own blood as an enemy. He had raised them to be men. Mafia men. Strong. Formidable. Men who understood loyalty, honour, sacrifice. Men who could carry the weight of the name Genovese without faltering.