

## **Mafia God 339**

Chapter 339: I'll Do It

"I'll do it," Luca finished.

Massimo opened his eyes again, the faintest flicker of pain breaking through his expression. "I have to," he said. "Only I deserve to carry that burden."

Luca let out a huff. "He is your son."

"And he is your brother," Massimo replied immediately.

Luca's lips pressed into a thin line, his gaze hardening despite the exhaustion weighing on him. "Julian has never been a brother to me," he said flatly. "I'll do it."

Massimo shook his head slowly, once, the decision already made long before this conversation. "No," he said. "It has to be me. I am the Genovese Don," he continued. "Weakness will not be tolerated."

There was no point pushing further. They were the same in that way.

"When you are done questioning him," Massimo added, his tone controlled, "I will do what needs to be done."

Then, almost as an afterthought...

"In the meantime," he said, "I have sent for Bianca to come back to Italy."

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Veronica's eyes fluttered open slowly, her vision blurred at the edges as the harsh white ceiling came into focus. She didn't move.

Then it all came rushing back. The fear. The chaos. The exhaustion that had swallowed her whole.

Her gaze shifted—and landed on a woman sitting quietly beside her bed. Veronica shot upright so fast the world spun violently around her. The IV line tugged painfully at her hand before slipping loose entirely, the needle pulling free as the drip stand rattled beside her.

"Fuck—" she gasped, clutching her hand as her heart began to pound. "Who are you?" she demanded. "What do you want?"

"Good," Carol said calmly, crossing one leg over the other as she regarded Veronica with interest. "You've learned to be paranoid. Very good progress."

Veronica blinked at her, momentarily thrown off by the response. "You didn't answer my question," she shot back.

Carol sighed lightly. "Relax," she said, her tone smooth. "I'm Carol. Luca's mother." She tilted her head slightly, her brow lifting just enough to make the next part sting a little. "You know Luca, the man you're sleeping with?"

"Oh."

That explained... a lot.

Her shoulders dropped slightly, the tension draining out of her in uneven waves as embarrassment rushed in to replace it. "I'm—I'm sorry," she stammered. "It's just... it's been the worst couple of days."

Carol said nothing, just watched her.

Veronica swallowed, forcing herself to breathe properly again. "I'm sorry," she repeated. "It's nice to finally meet you."

"Lie back," Carol said, gesturing toward the bed with a small nod. "You've just yanked out your drip. I'll get a doctor."

Veronica glanced at the IV line dangling uselessly beside her, then back at Carol. The adrenaline was fading now, leaving her feeling lightheaded and painfully aware of how weak her body actually was. "Wait!" she called out.

Carol paused. Veronica swallowed hard, the question clawing its way up her throat but refusing to come out cleanly.

"Is... is..." she started, then stopped, her lips parting as she struggled to say it without sounding as terrified as she felt. Her fingers tightened slightly against the bedsheets. "Is Luca okay?"

Carol smiled. "Yes," she said simply. "He is fine."

The relief that washed over Veronica was overwhelming, her shoulders sagging as the tension finally released from her body.

Carol watched her closely. Young love. It always looked the same. And the girl... she was holding on better than expected. Stronger than she had given her credit for. "I'll get a doctor," she said, already stepping out of the room. Carol returned with a nurse who cleaned Veronica's hand before sliding the needle back into place.

A few minutes later, the doctor stepped in, flipping through her chart. He glanced at the monitor, then at her, offering a small, professional smile.

"How are you feeling?"

"Like I got hit by a truck," Vee replied bluntly. "What happened to me?"

"Well... too many things at once," he began. "Severe exhaustion, dehydration, elevated blood pressure—your body was essentially forced into shutdown."

Vee swallowed, nodding slowly. That part made sense.

"But," he added, pausing just slightly, "the bottom line is... you are pregnant."

"What?" Vee sat up. "No—no, I can't be." She shook her head, a small, frantic laugh slipping out. "I was on the pill. I stopped like... a week ago."

"According to the tests we ran," he said evenly, "you are approximately two months pregnant."

"Two months?" she repeated faintly. "Are you sure?" she asked. "There's no mistake?"

The doctor offered a reassuring nod. "The results are quite clear," he said. "But we can absolutely run the tests again if you'd like confirmation."

"Please," she said quickly. "I would appreciate that."

"Of course." He stood, offering a small nod to both women. "I'll have the lab prepare it."

And then he was gone. Vee leaned back slowly against the pillow, her eyes unfocused as she stared at nothing in particular. Her hand drifted absentmindedly toward her stomach, stopping just short of touching it.

Two months.

"Luca told me," Carol began, "that you didn't want to have a kid with him."

Vee's eyes flickered toward her.

"At the time," Carol continued, "I thought it was a smart idea."

Veronica let out a slow breath. "It is still the smart idea," she said finally. "But I guess Luca and I are just... stupid."

Carol's brow lifted slightly at that.

"If we were wise," Veronica continued, staring up at the ceiling, "we wouldn't bring a child into this crazy life we live in. But we deserve to be happy, don't we?" She turned her head then, her eyes meeting Carol's.

"Yeah," Carol said simply. "Of course. Everyone deserves happiness."

"I'm Veronica, by the way," Vee added, remembering basic manners suddenly mattered again.

Carol's lips curved faintly. "I figured."

"Have you seen Marco anywhere?" Veronica asked quickly, her mind already jumping tracks. "Or Nonnina? Oh my God—Valentina!" Her voice pitched slightly at the end, panic threatening to creep back in.

Carol raised a hand, cutting it off gently.