

Mafia God 344

Chapter 344: I'm Such A Bitch

Marco was painfully hard. Suffering beautifully, punishing himself with restraint he was running out of.

Soon. Soon he was going to have her. And have her, he will.

"I'll have the guest room ready for you and also deal with..." he gestured his free hand to his still erect cock standing tall beneath the fabric of his trousers. "this problem." He withdrew his fingers slowly, the loss of her already unbearable.

Val nodded. Words were beyond her. She watched him walk away and sat in the wreckage of what had just happened. Her underwear lay on the carpet.

Ricardo's engagement ring sat on the table. God.

"I'm such a bitch," she whispered.

Don Genovese personally came to the airport. Massimo Genovese did not hand off important things to drivers and bodyguards if there was even the slightest chance he could make an entrance himself. So there he was, one hand buttoning his jacket as he watched the terminal doors.

The moment Carol and Veronica emerged, his posture shifted. Carol came first, elegant as ever, currently distracted by a much more urgent mission.

"Veronica, give me the bag."

"I can carry my own bag."

"You are pregnant."

"I am not disabled."

"You are carrying my grandchild, so at this moment you are a national treasure and therefore not lifting anything heavier than a handbag."

Vee shot her a look. "You are enjoying this way too much."

"I have earned it."

Behind them, the guards had already moved forward, but Massimo raised two fingers toward his men before they could crowd in too quickly. A silent command. Get the bags. Don't startle the women. Don't be idiots.

Then he pushed off from the vehicle and strode toward them with that same infuriatingly smug smile Carol hated.

Vee noticed it too and thought, Oh, so Luca got the smug bastard gene naturally. Wonderful.

Massimo stopped in front of Carol first, eyes warming in a way that would have shocked anyone who knew him only as Don Genovese. He leaned in, clearly intending to kiss her.

Carol planted a palm flat against his chest and stopped him cold. "Hold your reins, big guy."

Massimo let out a quiet sigh. "You wound me."

"Not enough."

His mouth twitched, but he let it go. Then he turned to Veronica. "Welcome to Italy," he said. "Officially this time."

Vee huffed. A very deeply unimpressed huff. Veronica had not forgotten their last encounter, and she was not about to pretend otherwise.

Massimo, to his credit, seemed to understand that. "Still angry with me, then."

Vee gave him a flat look. "What gave it away?"

Carol snorted. "On the bad side of the mother of your grandchild already," Carol said, folding her arms as she watched him. "You are a lost cause, Massimo."

Then all at once her eyes widened so much Carol realized, a split second too late, exactly what she had just done.

"Carol!" Vee shrieked. "You were supposed to keep it to yourself!"

Carol winced, though only slightly. "I'm sorry," she said, lifting both hands in surrender. Then she shot Massimo an accusing look. "The idiot just riles me. I cannot keep my mouth shut."

"Grandchild?" Massimo Genovese stared at Veronica, the word itself had struck him across the face. "You... you are..." He could barely force the sentence out.

"Yes," Vee said quickly, lifting both hands. "And would you please keep—"

But it was already too late. Massimo turned so sharply toward his men that even Carol groaned before he opened his mouth.

"We have an heir!" he bellowed.

The men behind him erupted immediately. Clapping. Whistling.

"An heir?" Veronica repeated, whipping around to Carol with wide, horrified eyes. "I don't—I don't understand!"

Carol closed her eyes for one brief second, the way a woman did when trying not to commit a felony in public.

Then she turned to Massimo with deadly calm.

"Massimo," she said, "is your brain attached to your ass like a tail and dragging on the ground?"

Massimo blinked. "Carol—"

"No." She cut him off with a finger raised between them. "You are not dragging my grandchild into this life. You hear me? This. This madness. This blood-soaked circus you men call legacy."

Veronica stood between them in stunned silence, looking from one to the other.

"Can we not do this here?" he said through his teeth, lowering his voice while trying and failing to preserve what remained of his dignity. "We are beginning to attract attention."

"Good. Maybe shame will finally accomplish what bullets haven't."

Massimo gestured toward the waiting limo, and the driver hurried to open the rear door. Veronica got in first, still dazed, wondering if there was still time to disappear back into the terminal.

Carol moved to follow. Massimo, apparently believing the worst had passed, stepped toward the open door too. Carol stopped him with a flat palm to his chest once more.

He looked down at her hand, then at her face.

"Get in another car," she said.

Massimo's brows rose. "Carol—"

"I'd rather not have my grandchild ride in the same car," she said coldly, "as a man whose head is still wanted by the Bastione famiglia."

"Carol... for goodness' sake."

"Go!"

For one brief, glorious second, Veronica felt satisfied watching Don Genovese—this feared, polished, untouchable man—get ordered around by his estranged mistress.

"Fine. Fine," he said, lifting both hands in surrender. "I get it. You are still sore."

Carol's eyes narrowed. "Oh, I am not," she said, her tone deceptively smooth. "I am here to keep an eye out for my family." She paused just long enough for the words to sink in. "Something we both failed to do."

Veronica was suddenly feeling like she had stumbled into the middle of a conversation that had started twenty years ago and never really ended.

Massimo gave a small nod. Then he stepped back, waiting while Carol got into the car. The driver shut the door carefully behind her. Massimo stood there another second, one hand braced briefly on the roof of the limo, then turned and made his way toward one of the other vehicles in the convoy.

Only when he was gone did Veronica finally exhale. Carol adjusted herself beside her. She smoothed her skirt, fixed a loose strand of hair, and looked entirely satisfied with herself.

Veronica turned to stare at her. "I cannot decide if you love him or hate him," she said.

Carol snorted softly and glanced out the window as the convoy began to roll forward into traffic. "A little bit of both," she replied. "But he works very hard to tilt himself in favour of the latter."

"Does Luca know we are here?" Veronica asked.

Carol turned to her then. "No," she said. "It's a surprise."

Luca thought he was dreaming. In fairness, he had been doing a lot of that lately. The doctors had him pumped so full of medication that time had stopped behaving properly. Morning bled into evening, reality slipped in and out like a badly tuned radio signal, and every time he drifted off, he found himself somewhere between memory and hallucination.

So when he felt arms slide carefully around him, soft and warm and impossibly familiar, Luca didn't question it.

Then came lips on his. Gentle at first. Then real. He kissed her back before his mind had fully caught up, because dream or not, he would take whatever version of her he was offered. He would take a phantom. A memory. A cruel trick of his own drugged mind. Anything.

His hand lifted sluggishly, heavy with weakness, and found her hair. Silken. Real enough to make his chest ache. His fingers tangled there, holding on. His eyes struggled open.

Everything was blurred at the edges. But her face hovered above him, close enough to steal his breath even in his condition.

He whispered her nickname against her lips. "Bambola..."

"I'm here," she said softly. "I'm here, love."

That voice was not imagined, not borrowed from memory. His eyes opened fully then.

"Vee?" he said.

She pulled back just enough for him to see her clearly. And Christ. She was beautiful. She looked tired. Her hair framed her face in slightly disordered waves. There was relief in her smile, tenderness in her eyes. She smiled wider at the look on his face. "How is it," she asked lightly, one brow arching, "that you always land in hospital beds?"

"Occupational hazard," he muttered.

She laughed softly at that. He shook his head once, still trying to make sense of her presence.

"How are you here?"

"Uh..." Veronica drew the word out as she settled more carefully beside him, still looking slightly amused by his expression. "I took a flight from New York. Your father brought me here and then, finally, told me you had been shot." She glanced around the room with exaggerated suspicion. "Do all your houses come with a built-in medical wing?" Her eyes narrowed at him playfully. "And why are you looking at me like that?"