

Mafia God 346

Chapter 346: I Think I Prefer Regina

"I'm going to go spend time with your father," she announced.

Luca blinked. "What?"

"Yes. Your father. The same terrifying man is now, apparently, obsessed with me. Turns out," she continued, with the smugness of someone who had discovered a new weapon and intended to use it irresponsibly, "I am his *la mia piccola regina*." She said with a weird lilt to it.

Luca frowned faintly. "That is not even properly—"

"Do not ruin this for me too," she snapped.

He shut up immediately.

"Anyway," she continued, "I'm going to go and be treated exactly like that while you lie here and suffer for what you just did."

"Haven't I suffered enough?" He tried to take another step toward her.

It was a mistake. Pain shot through him so sharply his face tightened at once, and he had to catch himself on the bedrail.

She gasped in outrage. "Get your ass back in bed!"

Luca straightened with visible effort, one hand pressed to his side now, breathing a little harder. He still had the nerve to look at her like he could charm his way out of this. "Bambola..."

"I think I prefer Regina," she shot back, and then she walked out of the room.

"What the fuck is wrong with me?" he muttered to no one.

It was an honest question. Because truly, only Luca Genovese could find out the woman he loved was pregnant, and then somehow still manage to ruin the moment with the timing of an absolute idiot.

His cheek still held the memory of Veronica's slap, and frankly, he deserved a second one. He barely had time to wallow in that thought before the door opened again.

Carol stepped in and the look on her face could have frozen balls. Luca didn't even bother pretending not to notice.

"Mum..."

She stood there, taking in the scene: her son half-upright in bed, one IV line messed with, a face full of regret. "First of all," she said, advancing into the room, "you are a fool."

Luca let out a tired sigh. "I know."

"No, I don't think you do."

"I do."

And then, because she was still his mother no matter how sharp her tongue got, Carol crossed the remaining distance and wrapped her arms around him.

"Ooooh," Carol breathed, holding him tightly, all her anger dissolving into relief the moment she actually touched him. "I'm so glad you're okay."

He closed his eyes briefly, leaning into the hug. "Really?" he muttered. "Because right now I'm wishing I died. She's going to hold this over my head for my entire existence."

"As she should."

"Mum."

"I raise no objections to whatever hell she sets up for you."

"That is incredibly unsupportive."

Carol sniffed. "If anything, you got off lightly."

Luca groaned. "You're all against me."

"Yes," Carol said simply. "But not because you are wrong. You were trying to do the right thing, I get that." She helped him settle properly back into the bed, adjusting the sheets and reattaching the IV line.

"What am I supposed to do?" he asked quietly. "I cannot let her get hurt," Luca said.

"She understands who you are," Carol said, smoothing the blanket over his lap. "She has accepted it. All you have to do now is put things in place for her protection."

"I'm gonna be a father," he whispered.

"Yeah," she said gently.

Luca Genovese smiled. It started small, uncertain, he was afraid the emotion might break if he let himself feel it too fully. But then it spread, helplessly, until it lit his whole face. "Do you know how long?" he asked, turning to her.

"Two months."

Luca gave a breathless chuckle, shaking his head slowly against the pillow. "She's been pregnant all this time."

Even while she had been arguing with him. Fighting him. Pushing back against the idea of bringing a child into their world with all the passion and stubbornness he had somehow fallen even harder in love with.

He let out another soft laugh, this one edged with disbelief. "She just finally agreed to—My God."

Of all the catastrophically stupid things he had ever done—and the list was, objectively, glorious—this had to rank uncomfortably high.

Carol's lips twitched as she looked at him. "Congratulations."

"I gotta fix this, Mum."

"You're handicapped," Carol noted dryly. "You can barely breathe properly."

"Yeah," he said. "Julian nicked a damned lung." He let out a careful breath, then looked at her with shameless confidence. "But I have you, don't I?"

Carol narrowed her eyes immediately. "Oh God," she muttered, already rubbing her temple. "What are you dragging me into this time, Luca?"

His smile widened boyishly. "The beginning of your grandma duties."

"I'd say don't call me that," she said. "But it sounds cute coming from you."

Luca grinned and tipped his head back against the pillow, letting out the faintest huff of laughter.

"I need to talk to you," Carol said, "about your father's plans for this child."

Luca's grin faded. He already knew where this was going before she even finished the sentence. "I know what his plans are," he said.

Carol watched him carefully. "And you agree with it."

If the child was a boy, there would be expectations before he could walk. Weight before he could speak. A future chosen for him before he had any chance to decide what kind of man he wanted to be.

It was how this family worked. How it had always worked. Luca understood it, accepted it.

"Let's hope it's a girl," Luca concluded.

Marco had hated Ricardo's guts from the moment the man arrived in New York. Hate that sat low in the chest and sharpened every glance, every word. Ricardo had walked in with that easy face, that decent-man act, that quiet way of making himself useful—and somehow, despite Marco's extensive efforts, the bastard had stayed.

Worse, he had made his move on Valentina. Marco had watched it happen in slow, miserable detail. It had been hell. A long hell.