

Mafia God 350

Chapter 350: A Pregnancy Tracking Belly Ring

Luca's mouth twitched slightly. He slid one hand carefully into his pocket. "I had my mother do a little shopping for me," he said. He pulled out a small ring box. Luca held the box in his palm. "There was a time," he said, "I didn't think this would be possible with you. But I guess everything happened to get us here."

"What is it this time?" she asked, lifting a brow. "A pregnancy-tracking belly ring?"

Luca actually laughed. "If there was such a thing," he said, "I would be buying it without a second thought. But no..."

And then he opened the box. The humour vanished from Veronica's face. Her eyes snapped to his.

"What..." she breathed. "What is this?"

The question was ridiculous, of course. She knew exactly what it was. But the truth of it was so much bigger than the object itself that her mind seemed to reject it on impact.

"What are you doing?"

"I should probably be on one knee," he said. "But I'm sorry. This is the best I can do."

"Luca...You're still married."

"Only for a bit more, love," he said. "But right now," he continued, holding the open box between them, "I need you to know that I want it all with you."

Veronica could not speak.

"I'm sorry it took us so long to get here," Luca said. "I'm sorry for everything you've had to go through..."

Tears slipped down Veronica's face in a steady, helpless stream as she listened to him. Luca watched them fall and felt every single one.

Still, he kept going.

"I cannot promise a safe life," he said. "But I can promise you a happy one."

Veronica's hand trembled.

"I can promise you," Luca continued, "that I will spend the rest of my life being a good husband. I intend to love you obsessively," he said.

That earned the faintest laugh through her tears, because of course he did. Even his proposal came with a statement that sounded like a warning.

And then, finally:

"So please, Bambola..." His fingers tightened slightly around the little velvet box. "Please, marry me."

She stared at him through wet lashes, and then her mouth wobbled into a smile. "You had me at 'only for a bit more.'"

Luca frowned in mock offense. "Really?"

Veronica laughed, wiping at her cheeks with the heel of her hand. "Really."

"I didn't need all of that sappy speech?"

"No," she said, still smiling. "But it was nice to hear."

That made him laugh. Typical Veronica. He bared his heart, offered her his soul, promised obsessive lifelong devotion, and she informed him that the temporary status of his current marriage had already sealed the deal.

He loved her so much it was becoming medically concerning. With a shaky little breath, Veronica extended her left hand toward him. Luca looked down at it, then carefully lifted the ring from its box and slid it onto her finger.

Veronica stared at it. Then at him. Then back at it.

"I don't know if you like it..." Luca sounded absurdly uncertain.

Veronica gave him a look. "I love it," she said. Then her eyes widened slightly as she turned her hand, letting the stone sparkle again. "Is that a real diamond?"

Luca snorted. "I hope so."

The light in her eyes shone brighter than the ring ever could, and Luca found himself staring at her like he had never seen anything beautiful before this moment.

"Come closer."

Vee leaned in without needing to be asked twice. The ring still felt unreal on her finger, cool and weighty and flashing every time the light hit it just right.

His mouth curved as she came closer. "I may now kiss the mother of my child," he said.

Veronica snorted softly, but whatever teasing reply she had died the moment his lips met hers.

Luca cupped her face carefully, even now some part of him still could not quite believe she was here, wearing his ring, carrying his child. "I love you..." he murmured against her lips.

Vee smiled into the kiss. "I love you more."

"I've got to go talk to Julian," he said. "I'll see you later."

Veronica's entire face changed. "What?"

Before he could so much as think about pushing himself out of the chair, she put a hand on his chest and stopped him.

"Why?" she asked sharply.

"I know he's been working with Bianca," he said. "In fact, I think Bianca started all of this. Don says she won't admit to it. He believes she is innocent. Truly."

Veronica sat back slightly, her brows lifting. "And here I thought I was his regina."

Luca huffed a laugh at that despite himself. "You are."

"Clearly not enough to outrank delusional loyalty."

"I have learned Bianca can manipulate anyone."

Vee looked at him. At the exhaustion he was pretending not to feel. At the careful way he held himself so he could breathe.

At the fact that he was already trying to drag himself back into war. Absolutely not. A thought struck her then.

"Why don't I do it?" she asked.

"Do what?" Luca asked, the suspicion in his face said he already knew he wasn't going to like the answer.

"Talk to Julian," she said. "Get him to admit stuff."

His expression flattened into the particular look he reserved for ideas he considered deeply offensive. "And why," he asked slowly, "would I let you do that?"

Veronica's eyes narrowed immediately. "There it is," she said, pointing at him. "See, now, when you use words like let me, it makes me want to shove this ring down your throat."

Luca, to his credit, did not look remotely intimidated. "I've had worse things inside me," he replied dryly. "A diamond is welcome."

Veronica rolled her eyes. Then she leaned forward again, her tone shifting from playful to practical. "I mean it, Luca," she said. "Julian is not going to admit anything to you. There is too much bad blood there. Too much competition, too much history, too much..." She waved a hand. "Male nonsense."