

## **Mafia God 357**

### Chapter 357: Your Buttons Are All Wrong

Luca glanced toward the house. "I'll get someone to get her." He lifted one hand, beginning to signal to one of the men posted nearby.

But before he could, Carol came hurrying out through the mansion entrance.

"I'm here! I'm here!" She was moving quickly. Her hair was mostly in place, her expression composed enough, though perhaps a little brighter than before. There was color in her cheeks that had not been there earlier.

Luca narrowed his eyes immediately. While near-death experiences had weakened his body, they had not dimmed his suspicion.

Carol came down the steps energetically.

"What took you so long?" Luca demanded.

"I... uh... I..." Carol stammered.

That alone was enough to make Luca suspicious. His mother did not stammer. Carol Genovese could verbally dismantle a room full of armed men without losing her train of thought. She did not "uh" and "I" unless something had gone catastrophically wrong—or catastrophically right.

Veronica noticed it too, but before she could say anything, her eyes dropped to Carol's blouse. "Uh... Carol?" Vee called, lifting a hand and pointing. "Your buttons are all wrong."

Carol looked down. "Oh!" she said quickly, fingers flying to her shirt. "I... got dressed in a hurry."

Luca's expression changed. It wasn't immediate horror. First came suspicion. Then calculation. Then that dreadful, dawning clarity that only a son could feel when he suddenly realized he had been living in blissful ignorance and was no longer going to be allowed that peace.

His eyes narrowed. Slowly, very slowly, his gaze lifted past the courtyard, past the lantern-lit stone walls, all the way to the far end of the mansion—to the top floor balcony overlooking the grounds.

And there stood Massimo. Watching. Hair tousled. Shirt unbuttoned. Trousers sitting a little too loose, a little too carelessly.

Luca stared. Then blinked once. "Oh my God..."

Carol was still fumbling with the buttons, trying for dignity and failing by fractions. "What?" she asked.

Veronica looked from Carol to Luca, then followed the line of his gaze upward. "What is it?" she asked.

Luca kept staring at the balcony, witnessing the collapse of civilization in real time. There were many things he had expected to deal with.

Marriage. Impending fatherhood. He had not expected this. They hated each other

"This is something I thought I would never say in my entire life," he said.

Carol stopped buttoning for just a second, visibly bracing herself. Luca dragged one hand over his face.

"But my parents just fucked."

Veronica's mouth fell open. Then she lit up. "Ooooh," she said, turning toward Carol with wicked enthusiasm. "Carol got some..." She wiggled her brows.

"Veronica," Luca said, still sounding traumatised, "do not encourage this."

"I'm not encouraging it," Vee said, failing to stop grinning. "I'm acknowledging it."

"There are some things," Luca muttered, "that should remain unknowable."

Carol finally fixed the last button and straightened with what remained of her dignity. "Can we all behave like adults?"

"No," Veronica said immediately.

"Clearly not," Luca muttered.

Veronica, still trying not to laugh, slipped her hand into Luca's. He looked down at her, still scandalised. She gave him an entirely unapologetic smile.

"Great move, Mum. Excellent move." Luca held the car door open with resignation.

Carol gathered herself and slid into the back seat. Veronica got in beside her, still vibrating with poorly contained delight.

Luca shut the door, looked once toward the balcony where his father still stood, and shook his head before climbing into the driver's seat. He regretted it instantly. He should have waited outside. He should have taken a walk. He should have let one of the guards drive.

Anything—anything—other than trapping himself inside a vehicle where the two women behind him were discussing his mother's recent roll in the hay.

Luca closed his eyes for one brief second. "No." He gripped the steering wheel harder as they gisted and giggled.

The car rolled slowly out of the courtyard. In the mirrors, two escort vehicles fell neatly into place behind them. It might have been a graceful family departure, if not for the fact that his mother and fiancée had apparently decided this was the ideal time to discuss his parents' rekindled chemistry.

"God, you're blushing!" Vee squealed.

"I am not blushing," Carol said too quickly.

"You are absolutely blushing."

Luca stared straight ahead, jaw clenched. "I am begging both of you to discover silence."

Neither woman acknowledged him.

Carol adjusted her hair. "It's just been a while."

Veronica gasped.

"For both of us," Carol added.

"Oh my God!"

Luca nearly drove into a decorative stone planter. "Okay, enough!" he snapped, horrified. "Enough. Remember," he said, "the product of that is sitting here. Keep it child-friendly, please."

Veronica and Carol rolled their eyes in perfect, horrifying sync and dissolved into giggles.

Luca muttered curses under his breath.

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Marco was the first to step through the airport doors, burdened. He had somehow become both bodyguard and luggage cart in one unfortunate evolution of masculinity.

Two bags hung from one shoulder, one wheeled case rolled behind him, and another smaller carry-on was tucked under his arm. Behind him came Valentina and Nonnina, moving more lightly, though the moment they spotted Veronica, any attempt at calm vanished completely.

Both sisters squealed. Luca physically felt the sound hit his skull. He stood a few feet away near the convoy, one hand already drifting toward his temple as Veronica rushed forward and collided with Valentina in a tight hug. Nonnina was folded into it a second later.

Luca glanced heavenward. His ears were going to bleed. Still, he could not exactly complain—not when this noise, this shrieking, this exuberant family mess meant everyone was here, safe, happy, content.

As soon as two of the men stepped forward to relieve Marco of the luggage, Luca moved toward him. He caught Marco in a solid, brotherly embrace, pulling him close with more feeling than either of them usually displayed.

"I owe you my life," Luca said.

Marco huffed softly against his shoulder. "Right back at you."