

Mafia God 382

Chapter 382: We Should Call Don First

Luca didn't believe a word of what she had just said. So, instead, he held her until he was sure the worst of the tremors had passed. Until her breathing no longer sounded like she was drowning standing up.

Only then did he release her. He turned to Marco.

"Suit up."

"We should call Don first. This is a Bastione matter. Besides, Voss—"

"Suit the fuck up!"

The roar cracked through the house. Marco gave one hard nod and moved at once, pulling out his phone as he headed for the door.

Luca turned back to Veronica immediately. "I need you to head to bed," he said.

She opened her mouth.

"No. Do not worry about a thing. Nonnina will be making you breakfast by morning."

Veronica nodded wanting to believe.

"Come on," Luca murmured. He guided her upstairs himself, one hand at her back, the other ready in case her legs gave out or the panic returned.

When they reached the bedroom, Luca led her to the bed and made sure she was lying down properly, adjusting the pillows then he turned to leave.

"Luca?" Vee called.

He had already reached the doorway, one hand on the frame, the whole shape of him sharpened by urgency. Still, he turned immediately at the sound of her voice. "Yes, love."

Veronica's throat tightened. "Come back to me."

"Always." He said and left.

Veronica sat back up in bed instead of lying down like she had promised. Her body still felt shaky, the remnants of panic lingering in her chest. She stared blankly ahead for a long moment, not really seeing the room around her. She took in a shuddering breath. Then another.

Her mind began replaying the day in jagged fragments. No break. Not a second of real rest since they touched down in New York. Veronica pressed both hands against her face for a moment, then let them fall. Her fingers drifted instinctively to her stomach again.

Were they ever going to be happy? A long stretch of peace. A season with no gun shot wounds.

Were they ever going to have that? She didn't know.

Nonnina was in pretty bad shape. The cab had been hit hard enough that she lost consciousness for a while, her small body thrown against the interior before everything went black. When she came to, the world was no longer the inside of a taxi heading home. It was darkness and unfamiliar voices.

Still, she had managed to stay calm. She knew fear but she stayed calm. There was no point giving her captors the satisfaction of seeing terror right away.

So Nonnina sat with her pain and waited. There was also no point in panicking, she thought as she sat where they had left her, in the basement of a building, hands stiff in her lap, head throbbing with a

deep, miserable ache that had likely come from striking something hard when the cab was hit. Panic would do nothing for her except worsen her heart.

Her Diavolino would come for her. Of that, she had no doubt. She could hear the men guarding her speaking from above in Italian. Their voices rose and fell in low, ugly murmurs.

Thirty years she had raised Luca. Thirty years. And no one had ever thought the nanny mattered.

In famiglia politics, women like her were expected to fade into the furniture, forgettable, disposable.

Which meant someone had known exactly what she was worth to Luca. Nonnina's mouth tightened faintly.

Her Diavolino was a man forged with fire. Anyone with sense knew that. He had been shaped by coldness, discipline, violence. The fact that these men had chosen to step on the dragon's tail like this told her only one thing:

They did not understand the extent Luca would go to for those he loved. She remembered the little boy with dark eyes that had learned too early how to hide pain.

She thought of Vittoria. Of the way that woman could turn a room cruel simply by entering it. Nonnina had watched Luca take her contempt and abuse in silence more times than any child should have had to. He would endure it, jaw set, eyes empty in that chilling way he developed even young, saying nothing because he already understood punishment.

But whenever Vittoria's anger shifted toward Nonnina, that was different. Then Luca would explode.

He never did it cleverly as a child. It was always too fierce, all his small body stiff with rage as he stepped in front of her or shouted or shattered whatever obedience the house expected from him in that moment. He always knew he would be punished for it.

Always. And he did it anyway. For her. For a mere nanny. Forgettable, they would say. Disposable, they would say.

But not to Luca. Never to Luca.

Nonnina opened her eyes again and stared ahead into the dim room, headache pulsing. He had always protected her. Even when he was too young to win. Even when it cost him. Even when silence would have saved him pain.

So yes, she would wait. Somewhere out there, her Diavolino would already be coming—with all that fire, all that devotion, all that terrible love these foolish men had mistaken for weakness.

He had decided to call her Nonnina when he was little and it had stuck. That was why she knew that he was coming for her now. Luca might let the world think many things about him. Cold. Cruel. Untouchable. But he had never, not once in all the years she had known him, abandoned the people he claimed in his heart.

He just had to hurry. Her head was killing her. The ache had settled behind her eyes and along the side of her skull. Every sound seemed too loud because of it.

Still, she managed a little prayer. For Zuccherino. For the bambino. And of course for her Diavolino.

Then she closed her eyes again and waited.