

## **Mafia God 385**

### Chapter 385: You Should Rest

"Luca, you should rest," Marco said. "Actually, we should both rest."

Luca stopped walking. He stood there rigidly, shoulders tight, hands at his sides, his whole body still humming. "I wanted to kill him, Marco. I should have killed him."

"I'm sorry," Marco said at last. "I had to notify Don."

Luca glanced at him but didn't argue.

"I knew we could get her out," Marco continued. "But Don's not ready for a full-blown war right now."

"I know," Luca said. He knew exactly why Marco had made the call. Knew why Massimo would want to keep the city from lighting on fire all at once.

But knowing did nothing to quiet what was inside him.

"What am I going to do, Marco?" Luca asked. "If my enemies keep targeting people I love, what am I going to do?" He broke off there, drawing in a shaky breath he clearly hated needing. "I don't..."

"It's our life," Marco said. "It's the path we were handed....The path we chose."

"Go," Luca said finally, needing some time alone. "Get some rest. Instruct the men to get Vee here in the morning," Luca continued. "Her things can be moved later. Just get her here."

If the city was shifting under them, then Veronica would be brought into the center of his protection whether she liked the method or not.

"Of course," Marco said.

Luca walked into his room and sat down heavily on the edge of the bed, the weight of the day had finally chosen that moment to settle fully into his bones. He buried his head in his hands, elbows braced on his knees, breathing slowly through thoughts that would not stop moving.

What if he hadn't taken the necessary precautions to keep Nonnina safe? He had never thought she would be a target.

Not once. Not in all his life. Not until a few months back, when Nonnina herself had mentioned her concerns.

He had listened. He had taken precautions. But now, sitting alone in the dim quiet of his room, he could not stop thinking about how close close had been. His hands tightened against his face.

And beneath his worry came more questions. How much information had Bianca given Cassidy?

How much? And where the fuck was Cassidy? That, more than anything, kept needling at the back of his mind.

Luca lifted his head slowly, eyes dark and tired and very far from done with any of this.

\*\*\*\*\*

Veronica nearly ran into Nonnina's arms the next morning. Despite the plaster on the side of her head and the entirely reasonable expectation that she might spend the morning resting, Nonnina was already up and about.

When Zuccherino—as she fondly called Veronica—hit her with a hug that was far closer to a tackle than an embrace, Nonnina laughed and held her tight.

"I was so afraid, Nonni," Veronica cried into her shoulder. "So afraid."

Nonnina stroked her hair. "I'm okay, dear. I'm fine."

Veronica only held on harder.

"I keep telling everyone," Nonnina continued, amused now despite herself, "and they won't believe me. Luca is crazy... says he won't have breakfast if I insist on making it anyway."

Vee smiled. "How is he?"

Nonnina gave a dramatic little sniff, thoroughly annoyed by the overreaction of everyone around her. "He's moping...I am fine. Fine. I do not need a doctor."

"You sound exactly like him."

Nonnina huffed.

"How about I help you with his breakfast?" Vee asked.

"You're the one who needs rest, Zuccherino," Nonnina pointed out at once. "Yesterday was quite stressful."

Veronica waved one hand dismissively. "It's alright. You're fine. Luca is fine. Nothing to worry about anymore." She said, like if she said it brightly enough her own heart might decide to believe her. Then she clapped her hands together lightly. "Come on. Breakfast! I'm hungry."

Nonnina knew forced cheer when she heard it but she let Veronica have it anyway. "Go see Luca first," she said. "And maybe put in a word that I am still on my feet."

Vee hugged her once more, then hurried upstairs. She pushed his door open and found him awake but still in bed, staring blankly at the ceiling.

His hands were folded behind his head.

"Hey!"

Luca barely had time to turn his head before Veronica crossed the room, climbed right on top of him, and jumped once with just enough force to jolt him out of whatever dark hole he'd been sinking into. He let out a short grunt. "Jesus—"

Vee planted her hands on his chest and looked down at him with a bright, suspicious cheerful smile.

Luca lifted one brow. "Someone looks happy."

"Yes, I am," Vee said, grinning. "We are going to be living together!"

Luca looked at her from where he still lay half sunk into the pillows, one brow lifting with lazy amusement. Morning light spilled across the bed, warming the rumpled sheets around them. "Well...we sort of have been living together."

Vee rolled her eyes and dropped down beside him. "Not officially."

"Ah." Luca nodded solemnly. "My mistake. I forgot there is apparently a legal difference." He turned a little more toward her, one hand sliding across the bed until his fingers came to rest over her stomach. Some part of him still couldn't quite believe there was a child there and needed the contact just to settle himself.

"How's my baby doing?"

"I'm fine."

"You're not my baby."

"Oh?"

"You are my babe," he corrected with great seriousness.

Vee's smile widened. "Oh, you mean that baby."

"Yeah, that baby."

She glanced down at his hand where it rested over her belly, then back at him. "Baby is fine," she said.

"Good to hear."

Vee lay there beside him, shoulder brushing his, and let herself enjoy the sweetness of the moment. "Uh...Luca..." Vee called, her voice caught somewhere between laughter and warning.

"Hmmm..." he replied lazily.

"Your fingers are sort of straying there, bud."

Luca didn't even bother pretending innocence. "They have rights to stray," he murmured. "My ring is on your finger."