

## **Mafia God 398**

### Chapter 398: She Had A Miscarriage

The doctor continued, voice gentle. "She had a miscarriage."

Val let out a small broken sound and turned into Marco again. Marco's jaw tightened hard, his eyes closing briefly as he held her.

Luca only stared at the doctor. He did not understand the language anymore. The doctor kept speaking.

"Her blood pressure was quite high, which led to placental abruption."

Luca inhaled deeply. It was the only sign he had heard the doctor's explanation. "How is she?"

"We gave her the news already," the doctor said gently.

Luca's eyes remained fixed on him, unblinking.

"Physically, she is fine," the doctor continued. "She can go home in a bit, but..." He paused, choosing his words carefully. "She will need all the emotional support she can get."

Behind him, Val made a quiet sound and pressed closer into Marco. Marco held her, but his eyes stayed on Luca, watching him like he expected him to shatter or explode. Either one felt possible.

Luca swallowed. "I can..." He stopped. His voice had betrayed him before the sentence even formed. He tried again, but the words scraped up his throat. "I can see her?"

"Of course. One at a time, so she will not be overwhelmed."

Luca nodded once. He didn't look back at Marco or Val. He couldn't. If he saw Val crying, if he saw Marco's pity, if he saw anyone's grief reflected back at him, he might lose the thin thread holding him together.

So he followed the doctor down the hall. Every step brought him closer to Vee and further from the version of their life that had existed a few hours ago. The one where their baby was still something they could whisper about in bed. A piece of them that Nonnina had fussed over and looked forward to.

The doctor stopped outside a room and pushed the door open. Vee was sitting upright on the hospital bed when they entered.

Luca stopped just inside the door. For the first time in his life, he didn't know how to walk toward her. His eyes held hers, but words did not come easily. There were too many of them and none of them were right.

I'm sorry.

I love you.

I failed you.

Please don't leave me too.

None of them came out.

"Hi..." Vee said softly, helping him out.

The sound of her voice nearly undid him.

Luca drew in a careful breath. "How..." His throat closed. He cleared it and tried again. "How are you doing?"

"I'm fine." She turned to the doctor immediately, like she needed someone official to support the lie. "I'm fine, right?"

The doctor gave her a kind, cautious smile. "Yes, Miss Scalese. You just need to rest well. We gave you some medication to lower your blood pressure. That's it."

"So I can leave."

That was her next question. The doctor paused.

"Ugh..." He looked to Luca for help.

Luca gave him nothing. He stood like a man whose soul had stepped out for air and forgotten to come back. His hands hung uselessly at his sides. His face was pale beneath the bruises Marco had left there, his eyes fixed on Vee with helplessness.

This was her decision. He knew that. He also knew he was useless right now. Truly useless. Hollow. Unsteady.

Nonnina was dead. Their baby was gone. And for once in his life, Luca did not want to do anything.

He only wanted the day to stop taking from them.

The doctor cleared his throat. "We would like to still observe you for a little while, but you are physically fine."

"Then I would like to go home, thank you very much."

"I'll sign the release papers." He gave Luca one last look, perhaps hoping the man would suddenly remember how to be responsible, then turned and walked out.

For a moment, neither Luca nor Vee spoke. The room hummed around them.

"You're quiet," she said.

Luca blinked. "I'm..." He stopped. Swallowed. Tried again. "I..."

Nothing.

Vee smiled faintly. He could be quite cute in moments like this. Terrible, heartbreaking moments where his arrogance abandoned him and left behind the man behind the devil. She reached for him.

Luca crossed the small space to take her hand. His fingers closed around hers carefully. His mouth twisted, pain flashing through his eyes.

Vee looked down at their joined hands. Her ring still on her finger. "So," she said softly, changing the subject before either of them drowned in the silence, "when are we taking Nonnina to Italy?"

Luca inhaled slowly. "The paperwork is being prepared and proper transportation."

"Good," Vee said quietly. "Just feels like we just returned from Italy and now we have to head back."

"Why aren't you mad?" he asked.

Vee blinked and looked at him. "What?"

"Or hurt or..." Luca shook his head, struggling for words. "I don't know. What... what are you doing?"

Her brows drew together. "Why would I be mad?"

Luca stared at her. "Vee," he said slowly, carefully, "we just lost a child."

Her face changed. A tiny flinch near her mouth. A flicker in her eyes. A crack so fast she buried it almost immediately.

Then she looked away.

"I don't want to talk about it."

Luca's hand tightened around hers before he forced himself to loosen his grip. "I want to talk about it."

Her head snapped back to him. "Then find a therapist!"

Luca recoiled slightly. "Are you for real right now?" he snapped.

Vee's eyes flashed. "Look, I have made myself clear on the subject. I do not want to talk about it."

"Fine," he said, voice rough. "I'll get you something to change into from the hospital store."

"Could you please get one of those soft slippers they have too?" Vee called after him.

Luca stopped at the door.

"It's really very comfy and warm," she added, adjusting the thin hospital blanket around her lap. "And if you could make it a pair of stretchy pants and a T-shirt."

Slowly, Luca turned back to look at her.