

Mafia God 409

Chapter 409: I Guess Your Daughter Volunteered

Massimo's face was cold. Marco was already moving toward Valentina. And Luca—the crowned prince of the Genovese family—stood there with a gun held loosely in his hand, as if the whole thing was no more than a minor inconvenience.

Don Vitale turned to Don Genovese in shock. Enzo's face had gone pale beneath his tan, his eyes wide as they moved from the two guards on the floor to his bleeding daughter, then to Massimo, who stood carelessly bored.

"What..." Enzo's voice caught. He swallowed hard. "What is this, Massimo? Is this why you invited us here? To attack my family?"

Around them, the hall remained frozen in the aftermath. A funeral reception had become a battlefield in less than a minute. Women stood clustered together, faces white with shock. Men had their hands near hidden weapons, waiting for one wrong breath to turn it all into war.

Bianca's mother dropped to her knees beside her daughter with a strangled cry. "Bianca! Cara mia!"

Bianca was on the floor, one hand pressed to the side of her head, blood staining her fingers and ruining the perfection of her outfit. She looked furious, humiliated, and stunned.

Massimo merely shrugged. That was his entire response. A shrug. Just a small lift of the shoulders that said, These things happen.

Luca walked back to stand beside his father, the gun still loose in his hand. His face was calm, but his eyes were on Veronica first.

She stood a few feet away, still held lightly by two women who clearly no longer knew whether they were restraining her or protecting the rest of the room from her. Her chest rose and fell hard.

Luca looked at her, then at Enzo. "My apologies," he said smoothly. "My fiancée has been itchy to hit something. I guess your daughter volunteered."

Marco muttered under his breath, "Jesus Christ."

Enzo's eyes bulged. "Are you crazy?! You shot my men."

Luca's face changed then. The humour vanished. "No one aims at her...No one."

Then he turned, handed the gun back to Marco as casually as if returning a borrowed pen, and walked to Vee.

The women released her at once. Luca stopped in front of her and looked her over, picking her fingers up to see if the glass had cut her. Thankfully, she was well.

"Would you please get me a glass of brandy," he asked her, "or the entire bottle, please?"

"Of course," she said. "I'll be right back with it." She turned and began to walk away, still elegant despite everything, still breathing hard, still very much the woman who had just brought hell down.

Luca watched her go for a second before glancing down at Bianca, who was now being helped to her feet so she could be taken to the hospital. He raised one brow and chuckled at the sight of her. "She must have been really mad."

"Is that all you have to say?" Bianca's mother snapped.

Luca turned back with a mildly curious expression. "Why should I say anything at all?" he asked. "Women fight all the time. It's nothing."

Bianca's mother looked like she might faint from rage.

Luca shrugged. "Bianca did shoot her once. Call this a late payback."

Marco closed his eyes for a second, praying for patience. Could Luca at least pretend to empathize?

Enzo Vitale looked ready to explode. Luca, having contributed absolutely nothing useful to the diplomatic crisis, turned and walked out to the balcony, leaving his father with damage control.

The balcony overlooked the courtyard, where the funeral flowers still stood in elegant arrangements, pale against the fading evening light. From inside, Luca could hear the low rise of voices, shock turning into whispers. The reception had been ruined or improved.

He rested both hands on the stone banister and exhaled. Soon, Veronica joined him. She carried a bottle of brandy and two glasses.

Luca looked down at her as she placed both glasses on the banister and began to open the bottle. "How are the injured?" he asked.

"They left," Vee said. "Your father had them moved to a nearby hospital. I think he is going to be mad about cleaning up my mess." She poured the brandy. Her hands were steady now, though Luca could see the tension still sitting in her shoulders.

He looked out at the courtyard again.

Vee handed him one glass. "I'm sorry I ruined the night."

Luca accepted it. "Hmmm..." He took a slow sip of brandy. "Yeah, Nonnina went out with a bang. She would have liked it."

Despite herself, she chuckled.

"She would have hit me with a spoon."

"Only after asking if Bianca deserved it."

Vee's lips twitched again. Luca turned the glass slowly in his hand, staring at the amber liquid.

"I'm really going to miss her," he added.

"Yeah," Vee said softly. "Me too...She made you human."

Luca inhaled slowly then exhaled. "Yes," he said quietly. "She did. You do too. Is it weird that tonight is the proudest I have ever been of you?"

"What?"

Luca's mouth curved faintly. "You heard me." He turned fully toward her, leaning one hip against the banister. "Look, I know you are angry. I know you have everything bottled up inside, and today it came out in a way that was..." He paused, searching for the right word.

"Criminal?" Vee offered.

"Energetic."

She gave him a look.

"Fine. Criminally energetic," he amended. "At a point, I was afraid that...maybe that anger might eventually be directed at me."

Vee lowered her gaze. "I lost control."

"No," Luca said. "You fought back. I don't even need to know what happened."

Her throat tightened.

He reached out and brushed his knuckles lightly along her cheek. "For days, you have been swallowing everything. You kept standing there like nothing touched you. Looking at you now, I have nothing to worry about. You're going to do good."

She shook her head. "Luca... you shot two people because of it."