

Mafia God 411

Chapter 411: You Look Pale

Then her eyes dropped to the bloody floor again. The smile died halfway. Val stared at it, and her stomach turned.

It could have been Veronica's blood there. Couldn't it? If Luca had been a second slower. If the guard had fired first. If one tiny thing had gone differently, her sister might have been the one on the ground while everyone screamed around her.

Val turned around and found Marco walking toward her. His expression changed the moment he saw her face.

"Hey," he said, closing the distance quickly. "Are you alright? You look pale."

Val forced herself to blink, to breathe, to not stare at the blood again. "Yeah," she said. "I just..." She swallowed. "It's been a long day."

Marco looked unconvinced. "Come on," he said gently. "I'll escort you to the bedroom."

"No." She shook her head. "You finish up here. I'll be fine. Don Genovese may need you."

"Are you sure you are okay, Val?"

"I promise, I am fine," Val said. She forced a small smile anyway. "Just... rattled."

That, at least, was true. She was rattled by the blood on the floor. By the guns.

"I'm sorry about everything."

Val shook her head. "You shouldn't be sorry. You didn't do anything."

Before he could respond, she turned and walked away, one hand resting against her belly, her steps slower than usual.

Marco watched her go with a worried look. Val wasn't usually like this. She was easily excitable, quick to laugh, quick to talk, quick to fill a room with emotion whether the room asked for it or not. Even when she was angry, there was fire in it. This quiet version of her felt wrong. He looked across the hall.

Massimo stood near the centre of the hall. Marco walked over to him.

"Don?"

Massimo turned slightly. "Yeah, Marco."

Marco lowered his voice. "I worry, Don. Do you think Don Vitale sincerely accepted your apology?"

Massimo made a dismissive sound. "Ugh, he'll get over it."

Marco's brows lifted slightly.

"This is not enough to ruin our friendship," Massimo added.

Marco truly wasn't sure about that. He had seen the first look on Enzo's face when everything went to shit. The shock. The humiliation. The anger.

And Marco wasn't entirely sure Enzo would accept that his daughter was at fault again. He truly wished everyone around him would stop acting based on emotions alone.

Just once. One calm decision. One carefully measured response. But no. In this family, they kicked the door open, set the curtains on fire.

It always, always backfired. Marco looked around the ballroom, his jaw tight. The staff were still cleaning.

"You look really worried, Marco," Massimo said.

Marco turned to him. "Yeah. I am always worried."

Massimo's mouth curved faintly. "That is because you are still young. When you get to my age and your own son ordered your assassination and you had to kill him, you learn not to worry."

Massimo clapped him on the back, then headed away from the ballroom. Marco remained where he was for a moment, blinking after him.

"Great," he muttered. "Just great." Marco stayed downstairs until the floor was properly cleaned. He watched the staff work over the marble until no trace of blood remained. Only then did he finally allow himself to head upstairs.

Meanwhile, Luca and Vee were taking a slow stroll around the estate. The gardens washed in moonlight. Somewhere in the distance, a fountain murmured, gentle and steady.

Luca had draped his jacket over Vee's shoulders to shield her from the cold. They walked side by side, close enough that their hands brushed every few steps. The estate stretched around them.

Since Nonnina's death, since the miscarriage, this was the closest they had been. Vee glanced at Luca's profile in the moonlight.

She realised then that she had been punishing both of them. By not leaning on him, by pretending her grief was private, by forgetting that Luca understood because he had lost a child too.

They sat inside a gazebo at the far end of the garden, where the night felt quieter and the house looked far enough away.

The Genovese estate glowed under the moonlight, huge and golden, its many windows lit. From this distance, Vee could see the full shape of it properly. Large. Round in its spread.

Vee pulled Luca's jacket tighter around her shoulders. Luca sat beside her, one arm stretched along the back of the bench, his body angled toward her. He hadn't said much since they sat down. Vee stared at the house for a long moment before speaking. "I named her, you know."

Luca turned his head slowly. "Who?"

Vee swallowed. The words felt fragile in her mouth. "Our baby," she said. "I named her."

"Oh God," he said. "You chose a her. I'm fucked."

A small laugh escaped her. "Why?"

"Wrapped around the finger of two women?" He leaned back dramatically against the gazebo bench, looking up toward the dark sky. "Lord..."

Vee rolled her eyes, but her smile lingered. It hurt to smile and talk about the baby in the same breath. It felt wrong and right at once. "I was just joking around," she said. "It's not like I was sure it would be a girl."

Luca turned his head toward her again, his mouth curving faintly. "Bambola, God hates me." He tapped his chest. "If it came to choosing between us, guess whose wishes He would grant."

Vee chuckled softly. It still hurt. God, it hurt. But it was no longer hiding in the dark alone. "I was looking forward to her," Vee said quietly. "Or him. I know your mum suggested taking the baby," she continued, fingers tightening around the edge of his jacket. "And I understood why. I did. This life is..." She glanced toward him with a small, tired smile. "Well, this life is insane."

Vee looked down at her lap. "But I was hoping that I could get at least a year in, you know?"