

Mafia God 412

Chapter 412: Little Socks Everywhere

His expression softened painfully. "Vee..."

"Just one year where I could pretend we were normal. One year of waking up with the baby. Feeding. Crying. Little socks everywhere." Her smile trembled, and then she looked away again.

Luca shifted closer. "Vee, if you do not want our child or children raised by Mum, you just have to say so."

She turned to him.

"I mean it," he said. "You don't have to accept it. I am quite capable of protecting my family."

"Luca..."

"I'd make sure everything they own is bulletproofed," he continued seriously. "The crib. The stroller. The toys. The little spoon."

Vee stared at him.

"What?"

"The spoon?"

"You cannot be too careful."

Despite the ache in her chest, she smiled. "No. It's the most logical option with your mother."

"It is not the only option."

"What other option is there?"

Luca looked back at the house. For a moment, he did not answer. "I've been thinking," he said slowly, "that when Dad kicks the bucket—not that I am eagerly looking forward to it— I could take the Genovese famiglia another direction."

Vee raised a brow. "What are you saying?"

"Go legit," Luca said.

"You're kidding, right?"

"No."

She shifted on the gazebo bench to face him properly. "Luca..."

"I know how it sounds."

"Do you?"

"Yes." He dragged a hand through his hair. "It sounds insane. There will be lots of pushback but it can be a gradual process. Doesn't have to land all at once...Since Nonnina passed..." He stopped, swallowed, then continued. "I just thought, this is a cycle, you know? You make dangerous friends," he said. "Then you get even more dangerous enemies. Then your enemies come for what you love. Then you retaliate. Then their sons retaliate."

"I don't want to raise children to inherit blood feuds," Luca said. "I don't want our child—our future children—learning which windows are bulletproof before they learn how to spell their own names."

Vee looked down at her hands.

"Keep that thought between us, okay?" he added. "It's still in the thought phase."

Vee leaned into him then, resting her head against his chest. His arm came around her automatically, pulling his jacket closer over her shoulders. "Would be nice," she whispered. "A nice dream."

"Yeah."

For a while, they sat in silence.

Then Vee said, very softly, "Is it too soon to ask for another baby?"

Luca's hand stilled on her back. "What did you name her?" he asked.

Vee closed her eyes. "Lila..."

Luca looked down at her, his face softening. "It's beautiful."

"You didn't answer my question," Vee pointed out.

Luca exhaled. "You caught that, uhn..."

She gave him a look, and he smiled faintly. Another baby, another pregnancy. The thought filled him with longing and terror at the same time. He wanted it. God, he wanted it. A child with her. A little life that belonged to them both.

But wanting had cost them already. And Luca, for all his arrogance, did not know how to ask God for something precious without fearing it would be taken just to punish him.

"Only if you promise this time you will wish for a boy," he said at last, so as not cause her any distress.

Vee lifted her head from his chest, brows drawing together. "It doesn't matter if we have a girl or a boy."

"It matters to my sanity."

She smiled. "Hell, it doesn't even matter if we have twins or triplets."

Vee touched his face, her thumb brushing his cheekbone. "You are going to be an amazing father."

"Thank you," he muttered. He leaned down and kissed her hair.

Vee settled back against him.

"Wanna go back inside?" Luca asked.

Vee shook her head. "Let's just stay here a little bit more."

"Okay."

"Pretend it's just the two of us left in the world."

Luca's arm tightened around her. "I like the sound of that. You would have to do a lot of repopulation."

Vee turned her face up to him again. "Would that be too much for you?"

Luca looked personally offended. "Girl, I'll repopulate you right now!"

She burst out laughing. Luca laughed too. It filled the little gazebo, softening the edges of all the pain waiting for them beyond it.

Vee leaned into him, still smiling, and though it was weird, but somehow, after everything, it seemed like they were even closer than they ever were.

Bianca's mother was fuming by the time she and her husband, Enzo, arrived back home. Fuming was even too gentle a word.

She was burning.

Bianca had been kept at the hospital for stitches, her beautiful head wrapped, her perfect hair ruined, her pride dragged across the Genovese ballroom floor. The doctor had said she would be fine. As if that meant anything. As if a few stitches could repair humiliation.

Enzo removed his coat slowly. She stood in the entrance hall, fury in her eyes. Graziella loved her husband.

She truly did. But God help her, she did not always agree with the way he chose to be so hard on the children. She had only two children. Two! And since David had been banished from the Vitale famiglia, Bianca had become her only pride and joy.

Her daughter. Her beautiful girl. Add that to the fact that Bianca was the most beautiful woman in Italy? Bianca had grown up turning heads without trying. There had been so many prospects for her daughter. Good prospects. Wealthy prospects. Men who would have adored her, spoiled her, placed the world at her feet and thanked her for allowing them to do so.

But no. Enzo had decided Bianca's marriage should be political. He had chosen to cement his stupid, one-sided friendship with Massimo Genovese and offered Bianca like a ribbon at just five.

And now look. Her daughter had been tagged a traitor. Used, cast aside. Left with nothing for her future but the insult of being shipped off to Paris.

She had accepted many things Enzo shoved down her throat over the years. Too many. His rules. His punishments. His pride.