

Mafia God 416

Chapter 416: You Are Not Paying Attention

Not that Vee needed much of a formal initiation anymore. In truth, she was already far too deep in the workings of the New York famiglia. She knew where weapons were hidden, who could be trusted, which rooms in Commissioned were dangerous. She had stood through blood, secrets, and enough madness to scare any sane woman back to a peaceful life.

But tradition was tradition. She still had to take the oath. She still had to be declared publicly as Luca's Donna.

Marco was responsible for arranging it. So while they were cake tasting for his own wedding, he was distracted on his phone, making sure the right people would be present.

Across from him, Valentina was glowing with wedding excitement and pregnancy hormones, which meant she was both adorable and terrifying. The baker kept presenting tiny slices of cake.

Chocolate hazelnut, lemon cream, vanilla almond, pistachio. Something with berries Marco had stopped listening to three cakes ago.

Val simply shoved bites into his mouth whenever it was his turn. Marco chewed, swallowed, and hummed his approval.

What was the point of dragging him to these things anyway? Was it because Val had become quite clingy since they returned from Italy?

He didn't mind. He wasn't complaining. After everything, he understood why she wanted him close. He liked being close. He liked that she reached for him. He liked that she wanted to marry him.

But God... This was torture.

"Marco," Val whined suddenly.

He looked up too fast. "Yes?"

"You are not paying attention!"

Vee chuckled into her napkin.

"I am. I am," Marco said, panicking slightly as he quickly put his phone away.

Val narrowed her eyes. "So which one did you like?"

Marco looked at the row of cake samples in front of him. They all looked like sugar. He went for the safest answer. "It's hard to choose," he said carefully. "I like them all."

"You are no help!" Val sighed, dropping her fork onto the little disposable plate. "It's your wedding too, you know." She was trying so hard to make this good. To make it beautiful. To carve out one happy thing in the middle of all the madness that kept surrounding them.

So he reached for her hand and squeezed it. "How about you just make all the decisions? You got all the smarts in our family."

Val's face lit up instantly. Vee noticed too and raised both brows. "Wow. That was...effective." Vee whispered.

Marco shrugged. "I know my woman."

Val, now glowing like he had handed her the moon in a gift box, turned back to the baker. "We'll do the vanilla almond for the main cake."

The baker nodded. "Excellent choice."

"And for the filling, the lemon cream."

The baker smiled brightly. "Now, for the cupcake flavours."

"Oh God..." Marco grunted under his breath.

Marco quickly slipped his phone out and shot a text to Luca.

'Save me.'

His phone rang not one second later. Marco looked at the screen and almost kissed it. He answered quickly and put it on speaker so the ladies could hear.

Luca's voice exploded through the phone. "Marco, where the fuck are you?"

Vee immediately covered her mouth, already laughing.

Luca continued, clearly performing for an audience he knew was listening. "I need your ass back in the office. Pronto. Do you hear me? We have actual work."

Marco rose slowly, arranging his face into solemn regret. "Understood, boss."

Val narrowed her eyes. "Marco."

He looked at both ladies and shrugged. "Duty calls." He bent and kissed Val quickly, his hand resting briefly against her belly. "Choose whatever you like. I trust you."

Val still looked suspicious, but the kiss softened her enough for him to escape. Marco made his exit before anyone could introduce another flavour category.

And as he left, Val wondered. Would this be the last she heard of him? or would it be her sister to die next?

A couple of days later, David, who had now successfully purchased Heritage Slices, stood behind the front window of his new store and watched Veronica Scalese walk into the pizza parlour across the street.

Well, finally.

Heritage Slices sat directly opposite Scalese Pizza, close enough that the two businesses could glare at each other through their glass fronts. The place still smelled of fresh paint and new coffee machines. Workers had only just finished installing the sign that morning. Heritage café because he was too lazy and disinterested to change the name entirely.

He had not bought the shop because he suddenly discovered a passion for little businesses. He had bought it because it placed him in Veronica's line of sight. Because it gave him a reason to exist near her without raising too many questions. Because sometimes the best way to haunt someone was to stand openly across the street and smile.

He saw her through the window. Veronica stood inside Scalese Pizza, wearing dark jeans, a fitted coat, and sunglasses pushed into her hair. Her guard stood near the wall while clearly watching every door and window.

Tony was behind the counter, arms folded, speaking to her.

Quickly, he left Heritage Slices or rather Heritage cafe, crossed the street, and pushed open the door to Scalese Pizza.

The bell jingled above him. Inside, the shop looked newly repaired but not alive yet. Chairs were still stacked near the far wall. The tables had been polished.

Veronica was at the counter, still speaking to Tony. Both men pretended not to know each other as David approached.

Tony barely looked at him.

"Sorry, we are not open," Vee said as the bell jingled, without turning around.

"Oh, I am not a customer."

That made her pause. Her shoulders shifted slightly before she turned.

"Are you Miss Scalese?" David asked.

Vee finally faced him fully. Her gaze swept over him quickly. Her eyes flicked to her assigned guard.

The guard had already straightened, one hand near his jacket, clearly ready to jump in if this turned hostile.

"Yes," Vee said. "And you are?"