

Mafia God 424

Chapter 424: We Will See Him Soon

She quickly grabbed a knife from the rack and placed it beside her on the counter. Just in case. Some moments later, footsteps returned. Vee straightened immediately, one hand drifting near the knife.

Marco entered the kitchen carrying a decorative box. Dark polished wood, with gold detailing along the edges and a black ribbon tied neatly around it. "Miss Scalese..." he said.

"Marco?" Vee breathed, relief rushing through her. She looked past him. "Where is Luca?"

"He left."

"What?" Vee's eyes widened.

Marco stood in the middle of the kitchen, holding the decorative box. His face gave nothing away. Typical Marco. "We will see him soon." He stepped forward and handed the box over to her. "Please get dressed in this. We have to leave in a bit."

The box was heavier than she expected. It felt ceremonial.

"What's going on?"

Marco said nothing. Vee looked from him to the box, then back again. Her heart began to beat harder as understanding slowly dawned on her.

"It's tonight, isn't it?" she asked. "The initiation?"

Marco still said nothing. That silence answered everything. Vee inhaled. It all made sense then. Everything Luca had prepared for was leading up to this. The flowers. The dinner.

The bastard.

Her throat tightened with emotion. She looked down at the box again. Once she put on whatever was inside, she would not just be Veronica Scalese anymore. Not only Luca's fiancée. She would be Donna. Vee swallowed, then lifted her chin. "Give me a few minutes. I'll just go upstairs."

"I'm afraid you have to change here," Marco said.

Her head snapped up. "Excuse me?"

"I will be right outside the door, waiting."

Then he stepped out of the kitchen.

Why couldn't Luca give her a heads-up? Just one small warning. One tiny, considerate, by the way, bambola, tonight you will be formally presented before dangerous men as my Donna, maybe fix your hair. Was that too much to ask?

Apparently, yes.

Vee stared at the box, suddenly painfully aware of herself. Her hair was a mess from his hands. Her cheeks still held colour. And God help her, she was almost certain she smelled like sex. She inhaled again and opened the box.

The dress inside was black. The fabric looked rich and heavy, a mix of satin and velvet, with a fitted bodice structured to sharpen the waist and lift the shoulders slightly, making the wearer look taller, stronger.

The neckline was high, elegant. Long sleeves of black lace carried delicate gold embroidery from wrist to shoulder, vines and filigree twisting. Along the bodice, fine gold thread formed a pattern of a crown.

The skirt fell long and fluid, with a deep wine-coloured panel hidden beneath the black outer layer. It would only show when she walked. A secret flash of blood-red beneath darkness.

Then there was the veil. Black lace. Soft. Long.

"All right," she whispered. She changed quickly. Then she attached the veil carefully into her hair, smoothing it into place as best she could. She had no idea what she was walking into, but she would walk with Luca wherever it led them both. Vee opened the kitchen door and stepped out.

Marco was waiting. But he was not alone. A line of men from the New York famiglia stood along the hallway, dressed in dark suits, hands clasped in front of them, faces solemn.

Vee looked to Marco in surprise. He only smiled proudly. He gestured for her to walk past. Vee took a deep breath.

Then she took the first step and the next. Her heart hammered, but her spine straightened. She squared her shoulders and lifted her chin.

She had a mighty husband-to-be. There was no way in hell she was going to cower. She was going to be strong, dammit. She was going to be formidable even if it killed her. She walked out of the house into the night.

Another line of men began outside the entrance and stretched all the way to her waiting car. Dark suits. Straight backs. Serious faces.

None of them spoke. As she passed, heads bowed slightly. One of the men held the car door open for her. Vee stepped in and settled in the back seat, gathering the long skirt carefully so it did not catch beneath her shoes.

The door shut. Soon, the car began to move. Vee looked out the window. She saw the headlights behind them.

A whole procession followed her through the streets, sleek black vehicles moving as one body. They arrived at Commissioned soon after.

The club had been shut down to outsiders for the day. The building stood dark and guarded, its name glowing above the entrance.

They drove into the garage and waited until another line formed there too, beginning at the car and continuing through the underground space toward an open area at the back of the building.

Vee stepped out. She had never quite understood the magnitude of the famiglia. She had known Luca was powerful. She had seen men obey him, fear him, protect him, move at his word. But knowing was different from seeing it stretched out before her in living bodies.

These were people he was in charge of. People he provided for. People who answered to him. And now, these people would become her people too.

The thought sent a tremor through her. At the end of the line, the space opened wide. Luca was seated there.

He looked devastating in black, his eyes fixed on her. Marco stepped forward and led her into the centre of the space.

On the ground beneath her feet was the Genovese crest, recently crafted into the floor—dark stone, gold inlay, a symbol of power, loyalty, and blood.

Vee stopped in the middle of it. She lifted her chin. Through the veil, she held Luca's gaze. Her heart was beating fast.

Marco then stood beside Luca. "I present to you," Marco began, "Miss Veronica Scalese, who has made sacrifices, proven her loyalty, faced enemies, and is to be married to the son of Don Massimo Genovese, Luciano Genovese."