

## **Mafia God 432**

Chapter 432: That Ass Is Mine

"Might?" Luca's brows shot up, his pride wounded beyond repair. "Girl, that ass is mine—"

"Keep talking like that and I will be closed for business," Vee threatened.

"What the..." He took one slow, dangerous step toward her.

Vee's eyes widened with laughter before she took flight up the stairs, shamelessly delighted with herself. Luca followed at once, muttering about disrespect and discipline.

Halfway up the stairs, he realised he was hungry, yes. Just for a very different kind of dinner.

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Vee's life was changing and quickly too. There were days she caught herself standing in the middle of Commissioned, looking around like she had somehow wandered into someone else's life. Only months ago, she had been taking orders at Scalese Pizza, fighting bills, worrying about Val, and trying to survive one normal problem at a time.

Now she had an office inside Commissioned. An actual office. Conveniently situated between Luca's and Marco's, because apparently the men had decided she needed to be protected, accessible, and constantly supervised. Her name had been placed on the door in sleek gold letters.

Donna Veronica Genovese. Not legal yet, but no one in Luca's world seemed to care about legal paperwork once blood, oath, and declaration had done the heavier work.

Being Donna wasn't title only. She learned that very quickly. Women came to her. Wives of the famiglia. Fiancées. Widows. Mothers. Sisters. Women who had nowhere safe to place their fear. They came with complaints and family issues they definitely should have taken to a therapist.

But therapy did not understand omertà. So they came to Vee. She learned to listen. To read what was said and what was carefully avoided. To know when a woman wanted help.

She also screened the fiancées of bachelors in the famiglia, which felt ridiculous until Luca explained that a wrong woman could destroy a man. She was also being tutored.

Family structure, alliances, rivalries. Then came self-defence classes and shooting training with Luca.

Those sessions with Luca mostly ended too well. Luca would stand too close behind her, hands on her waist, voice low in her ear, and suddenly accuracy became impossible for entirely different reasons.

They had become inseparable, emotionally and physically, in tune and in sync. Always reaching for each other.

And well... They were also making excellent use of every locked or unlocked door in Commissioned.

In between it all, the expansion of the shop had begun. Add that to wedding errands, and Luca's never-ending appetite for her attention, she was exhausted.

But excited.

Val's wedding to Marco was the next day. The men were having a bachelor's party at Commissioned. Meanwhile, she and Val were at Marco's house, sitting on the sofa, each with a bowl of ice cream.

Val's bowl was larger. Pregnancy privilege, apparently. "Do you think there will be strippers at their party?" Val asked, spoon halfway to her mouth.

Vee burst out laughing. "Give the guy a break for one night. He will be stuck with you for the rest of his life."

Val gasped. "Stuck with me? I am a blessing."

"You are a hormonal little menace."

"Hmmm..." Val sank deeper into the sofa. "It's not fair. They are having fun and we are stuck here."

"We are not stuck here. You are pregnant. You think you can go all night and still be fresh-eyed by morning to go another whole day?" Vee asked. "You would complain about your back, your feet, Marco breathing too far away—"

"I like him close."

"I know. Everyone knows."

There were wedding things everywhere: garment bags hanging by the door, boxes of favours stacked near the wall, shoes waiting in their boxes, flowers scheduled to arrive in the morning. It looked like a life about to begin.

Val stared down at her belly, her spoon forgotten in the ice cream. "I'm going to be married..." she whispered, still not believing it.

Vee smiled gently. Val looked up, eyes shining.

"I'm going to have a baby boy."

"And I am going to be an aunt!" Vee squealed.

"You are going to spoil him rotten."

"Of course I am. That is literally my job. I will be the rich, stylish aunt."

Val laughed again, but then the smile dimmed slightly. She looked down at her stomach, fingers moving slowly over the curve. "What if Ricardo comes back?" she asked quietly. "And wants the baby?"

Vee's heart sank. She did not have the heart to tell her sister yet that there was a very huge chance Ricardo wasn't even alive. That Marco and Luca had already begun preparing for the worst. That the silence around Ricardo was becoming too heavy to be called cold feet anymore.

Not tonight.

So Vee reached over and took her sister's hand. "We cross that bridge when we get there. For now," Vee continued, forcing lightness back into her voice, "let's enjoy your last night being single."

Val's eyes widened as if the truth had only just landed. "I'm getting married!"

"You're getting married!" Vee shrieked back.

Val kicked her feet excitedly, nearly sending the bowl of ice cream sliding off her lap. "Oh my God, I'm getting married!"

They laughed, giddy and breathless, their voices filling Marco's living room. Well, their excitement lasted all of thirty minutes before they fell asleep.

Val went first, spoon still in hand, head tilted awkwardly against the cushion. Vee lasted only five minutes longer, tried to wake her, gave up, picked the blanket from the armchair, covered them both badly, and passed out beside her.

The next morning, just before dawn, it was a whirlwind. Marco's house transformed into madness. Designers came in. The makeup artist arrived with two assistants. Maids moved in and out. The chef from the Genovese house took over the kitchen.

There were so many people moving about, it was hard to keep track. But just as Vee began to think it was all becoming too overwhelming, the maid appeared at the edge of the chaos.

"Miss Scalese?"

Vee turned sharply, a look on her face that suggested one more problem might finally push her into murder.