

## **Mafia God 433**

### Chapter 433: You Have Guests

"What?" Vee snapped.

The maid swallowed. "You have guests."

Guests? Now? Her eyes moved to the clock on the wall. The wedding was still hours away. The church still needed checking. The flowers had not been confirmed.

Vee was just about to burst into a flurry of curses to express her frustration when she looked down the staircase.

And stopped. Most of the women of the famiglia stood in the foyer. Vee's mouth opened slightly.

"What..." Her voice caught. "What are you all doing here?"

One of the women, a graceful older wife, lifted a brow. "Good morning to you too, Donna."

"The wedding is at the church," Vee said, still confused. "And it's still hours away."

"We came to help," another woman replied.

A younger one beside her nodded. "We were a bit slighted you wouldn't ask us for help, so we took the initiative to be here nevertheless."

Vee stared at them. For a moment, she had no words. The feeling of belonging that rushed through her was so sudden, so warm, so unexpected, it almost knocked the breath out of her. She had been trying to do everything. Trying to prove she could handle it. Trying to be strong, capable.

And here they were. Her people. The joy she felt made her heart feel like it was about to burst out of her chest.

"You..." She pressed a hand to her mouth and laughed once, shakily. "You have no idea... I'm sorry," Vee said quickly. "I'm sorry. I should have asked. I just didn't want to bother anyone."

"A wedding is supposed to bother everyone. That is tradition. Besides, we all love Marco."

Vee rushed down the stairs. "Come on..." She gestured with both hands, already moving, already leading them toward the preparation area in the kitchen. "We need help here and upstairs with the bride and the church. We still have to put up..." She looked around helplessly, overwhelmed all over again. "I can't... I mean..."

Another woman held on to her. "Breathe," she said gently. "You have done well so far," she continued. "Just tell us the departments and we will find our way."

Vee inhaled then exhaled. Right. Departments. Tasks. Words. She could do words. "Okay," she said. "The bride is upstairs. Makeup and hair need help with timing. Someone needs to make sure Val actually eats something. The flowers for the church need checking. The cars need confirming. The reception staff need to know the seating arrangement."

The storm began to organise itself. Before Vee even knew what had happened, everything was being handled. Women moved through the house, giving orders to maids, redirecting designers, taking trays, checking lists, and solving problems Vee had not even known were problems yet.

For the first time that morning, her chest loosened. She could focus on Val.

"We have so many rooms here," she added quickly. "The maids will assign you to one when you are ready to prepare."

"Just go," the women said in a chorus.

"Yes! Yes! I'm going..."

Still laughing, still close to crying, Vee hurried back upstairs.

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Marco didn't think he would be nervous. So why the hell were his palms sweating over a wedding? He stood in front of the mirror, dressed, staring at himself. The tailor had done good work. Black suit. Crisp shirt. Clean lines. He had been looking forward to marrying Val for so long that he was sure this would be a breeze.

But now that it was finally happening, his chest felt too tight. He couldn't believe she had chosen to be with him.

Valentina Scalsese had somehow looked at him—at all his blood, shadows, sins and still decided he was worth loving.

Him. A man more than ten years older than her. A man whose tomorrow was never promised. His hand shook as he smoothed down the front of his suit.

"You okay?" Luca asked from beside him.

Marco looked at him through the mirror. "What? No. No, I am not okay."

Luca took a cautious step back. "Now I'm regretting asking."

Marco turned slowly.

"You are not going to be sharing feelings or anything right now, are you?" Luca asked, face tightening with genuine alarm. "Because I'm terrible at that."

Marco sighed. Of all the men in the world to have beside him at a moment of emotional crisis, God had given him Luciano Genovese. "I'm..." Marco swallowed and looked back at the mirror. "I'm not good enough for her. I shouldn't be doing this to her," Marco continued.

"Oh, for fuck's sake."

Marco shot him a look.

"No. Listen to me. I don't know what dramatic nonsense you are thinking, but Val is actually your pleasurable punishment."

"What?"

"That girl was put on this earth to fuck you up," Luca said firmly. "And me too, by extension. That is power."

Marco turned back to the mirror. His own reflection looked foreign. Too large. Too hard. Too much history standing in one body. Valentina was warmth and laughter and softness and little storms. He was blood, bruises. "She deserves normal," he said quietly.

Luca's expression softened then, only slightly. "She chose you, Marco. She knows what you are," Luca added. "And what you are not. She still wants you standing at that altar."

Marco's jaw tightened. "I'm so much older. I'm so big and she's so small. Half the time, I'm afraid to crush her..." he went on.

"I was going to do this later," Luca said, already looking annoyed, "like some sort of wedding gift. But fine... since you need someone to hold your tissues..."

Marco turned from the mirror with a dry look. "I thought that's what you are my best man for."

"To hold your tissues?" Luca's face twisted in disgust. "Your wife embarrasses me enough. You dare add crying to my duties, I shoot you in the leg." Luca pointed at him. "Just give me a minute." He walked out of the room, leaving Marco alone.

For a few seconds, Marco stood still then he gave up. He yanked at the tie, loosening it with a rough breath. The thing had been hell-bent on choking the life out of him. He shrugged out of the suit jacket too, tossing it.