

Mafia God 434

Chapter 434: Get Yourself Together

Marco rolled his shoulders. He still couldn't breathe. The mirror did not help. It kept showing him exactly what he feared. A large man in an expensive suit, trying to pass as someone deserving of a woman like Valentina. His hands were too rough. His life too dangerous. He bent forward, palms pressed to the vanity, and closed his eyes.

"Get yourself together," he muttered.

The door opened again. Marco straightened instantly. Luca stepped in with Carol. Marco saw her reflection in the mirror first.

He did not trust what he was seeing. Maybe he had tied the stupid tie too tight and cut off blood to his brain.

Carol smiled like she had been waiting years to see him standing there on the morning of his wedding.

Marco turned fully. "Ma..."

Carol stood beside Luca, dressed elegantly for the ceremony, her eyes already shining.

Luca leaned against the doorframe. "I had her brought here."

Marco barely heard him. His eyes stayed on Carol.

"My beautiful boy..." Carol smiled.

The words nearly finished him. Her boy.

"You came," Marco said.

"Of course I did." Carol's eyes softened as she stepped farther into the room. "I wouldn't miss it for the world. Why didn't you tell me?"

He rubbed the back of his head, looking guilty now. "I didn't want to bother you. It's quite the trip."

"My boys could never be a bother," Carol said, facing him again. "Never." Carol moved closer, reaching up to touch Marco's cheek. "You deserve everything you want, Marco."

All the doubts he had been wrestling with, shook beneath the weight of Carol's certainty. Marco walked forward.

This time, he didn't kiss her hand first. He just went in for a hug. Carol's arms closed around him instantly, he had to bend slightly to fit into her embrace.

His eyes lifted over Carol's shoulder and found Luca. Luca stood near the door, arms crossed, wearing his smug expression. "Thank you."

Luca shrugged, pretending it was nothing.

Carol patted Marco's chest. "Come on now, we gotta get you married."

Marco exhaled. "Okay, Ma..." He turned to pick up his suit jacket from the chair.

Luca suddenly straightened. "What?"

Marco glanced at him. "What?"

Luca's eyes widened dramatically. "That's it?"

Carol frowned. "What is wrong with you now?"

"That's it?" Luca repeated, pointing at Marco. "Where are the tissues? Where was the worthless speech from two minutes ago?"

"Ma's here," Marco simply said as if that explained everything.

And annoyingly, it did. Luca stared at him then looked at Carol, then back at Marco. His face twisted with offended disbelief.

"What the fuck?" he said. "You are such a mummy's baby."

Marco did not even deny it.

"No wonder she likes you more," Luca added, pointing between them.

Marco and Carol didn't bother correcting him. Carol merely stepped closer to Marco, reached up, and began fixing his tie properly. Marco lowered his head a little so she could reach him better, looking calmer than he had all morning. The knot sat straight beneath her fingers, and she smoothed it down.

Luca watched them, increasingly dramatic. "No, Luca," he whined in a mock-soft voice, pressing a hand to his own chest. "I don't love one son more than the other, Luca. I love you boys equally, Luca. You are both precious to me, Luca."

Carol glanced at him. "Now who is a mummy's boy?"

Marco's lips twitched.

Luca looked betrayed by the entire room. "Fuck my life. Nobody loves me."

Carol patted Marco's chest, then turned fully to Luca. "Quit whining and go get the car ready."

He threw both hands up. "Fine."

Still, he stood there another second, glaring at them both while Marco allowed himself to be fussed over, looking annoyingly peaceful now that Carol had arrived and fixed whatever emotional crisis had nearly swallowed him.

Luca muttered, "I'll double-check security."

"Yes, dear."

Luca's eyes narrowed. "I hate this family."

"Go," Carol ordered.

With one final wounded look, Luca finally left the room to get the car ready. The hallway outside was already busy. Luca shifted immediately from sulking son to commander, issuing short instructions, confirming the convoy.

Moments later, Carol and Marco joined him. He slipped his phone back into his pocket. "Just called Vee. Told her you had arrived. Get ready to be smothered at the church."

Carol chuckled softly. "She is doing well, I assume."

Luca nodded. "Yeah," he said. "Better than well. She's good."

Carol smiled at him. "Come on. Let us get this man married."

Soon, Marco was at the church. The place was already filled with guests. White roses and pale greenery decorated the aisle.

Marco stood at the altar. Luca stood behind him as best man, looking calm.

He placed a steady hand on Marco's shoulder. "She's totally smitten with you, Marco. Just relax."

Marco glanced at him and nodded. It helped a little. It wasn't enough to stop his heart from trying to climb out of his chest, but enough to keep him standing.

The organ began to play. The whole church rose. Marco turned toward the doors. Val stepped through.

The breath left him. She was beautiful, radiant. The dress softened over her pregnancy, white fabric flowing around her, her veil trailing behind her, her face glowing with emotion and nervous joy.

Beside her was Vee, holding her hand. Vee looked elegant and fierce in navy blue satin, every inch the Donna now, but in that moment, she was only a sister. Her hand held Val's firmly, guiding her, loving her forward.

Marco stood taller. His nerves steadied instantly. Val wasn't unsure. She wasn't doubtful. Her eyes found his from across the church, and whatever fear had been clawing at him fell silent. He loved her.

She loved him. It was simple. Nothing else was supposed to matter. Nothing else did matter. For this one moment, there was only Val walking toward Marco.

Val smiled as she came down the aisle. She knew the suit bothered him. If Marco wasn't in a T-shirt and jeans, he didn't want it. The man looked most comfortable in plain clothes. Anything tailored seemed to offend his body.