

Mafia God 441

Chapter 441: He's Done For

Soon, other couples joined them. The dance floor filled slowly. The reception hall glowed warmly around them.

Luca and Vee stood side by side near a marble pillar. Their attention was fixed on Tony. He was on the dance floor with his girlfriend, one hand at her waist, smiling. He looked normal. The same Tony who had known the Scalese family long enough to feel like part of it.

Now every movement looked suspicious.

"If it really is him," she said softly, loud enough only for Luca to hear, "he's done for."

Luca did not look at her. His eyes stayed on Tony. "You're still too nice. If it's him, he's dead."

If Tony had betrayed them, Luca would end him. Vee turned back toward the dance floor, where Val was smiling up at Marco.

Vee's heart twisted. "How am I going to tell her Ricardo is dead, Luca?"

"I can do it if you want."

"No. You have the emotional range of an asshole."

He leaned back slightly, hand pressing to his chest. "Ouch."

"I'm being honest."

Luca's mouth curved, but his eyes stayed serious. "You do not have to tell her tonight."

"I know."

"She deserves one night."

Vee nodded, swallowing hard. "One night."

They stood in silence for a moment, watching Val laugh as Marco spun her slowly, carefully, as if she were the most precious thing in the world.

Then Luca leaned closer, his voice dropping enough to make her spine react despite the chaos around them.

"You'll pay for that insult later tonight, love. I don't care how tired you are."

Vee smiled. "There is something definitely wrong with us."

Luca's mouth curved immediately. "Only something?"

"It is not normal to be thinking about sex right now."

"Our love is dark." Luca winked and extended a hand to her. "Dance?"

The room around them remained full of light and noise. Guests circled the dance floor. Champagne glasses clinked. Marco was still moving with his bride.

She placed her hand in Luca's. His fingers closed around hers at once, and he led her into the sea of people.

The music was slow. Luca slipped one hand to her waist and drew her in. Vee rested her hand on his shoulder.

Vee smiled faintly as they moved. Loving Luca might not make sense to Voss. It probably didn't make sense to anyone standing outside the madness, looking in. On paper, he was dangerous. A man with enemies, secrets, blood on his hands.

But in times like this, when he held her like his own heart, when his anger was not cruelty but fear for her safety, when he loved her with all the force of a man who had never learned moderation, it made sense.

It all made sense to her. He cared for her. Protected her. And maybe their love was dark. Maybe it was twisted around danger and grief and impossible choices. But it was theirs. Real, raw, consuming, and somehow still tender in the middle of all the chaos.

She looked up at him and smiled.

Luca's thumb moved lightly against her waist. "What?"

"Nothing..." Vee said, her smile softening. "Just grateful."

Luca's eyes searched hers, the music moving quietly around them. "For?"

"You," she said simply.

He did the only thing he trusted himself to do. He leaned in and kissed her. When he pulled back, his mouth brushed hers.

"I'm a lucky asshole," he muttered.

Vee laughed. "Yes, you are."

Luca pulled her flush against his chest, one hand firm at her waist, the other holding hers as they moved slowly with the music. Around them, other couples swayed beneath the chandeliers. Val and Marco danced nearby, wrapped in their own fragile peace. The hall glowed with flowers, champagne.

Luca looked over the room for a moment, then back down at her. "Is this the kind of wedding you dream of?" he asked.

"With you?" Vee asked.

His brow lifted. "No, with Voss. Yes, with me."

She smiled. "No. I want to elope with you."

That actually silenced him. Vee laughed. It was rare to shock Luca Genovese.

"I thought you would want something beautiful like this," he said.

"I used to."

His thumb moved against her waist. "What changed?"

Vee looked around the hall. At Val's beautiful dress. At Marco's careful smile. At the flowers, the cake, the music.

Then she thought of the church gate. Voss. The cuffs. Beauty, lately, always seemed to come with someone waiting to ruin it.

"I realised something," Vee said quietly. "When we try to make something beautiful, the world seems hell-bent on putting a blemish on it." She lifted one shoulder in a small shrug. "So... we elope to Vegas maybe."

"You really want that?"

"With you?" Vee said. "Yes."

His eyes warmed. "Noted." Luca kissed her hair and held her close, his arms firm around her as the music continued to drift through the reception hall. "I love you," he murmured against her hair.

Vee smiled into his chest. "I'm obsessed with you."

A quiet laugh moved through him. It was their fashion now, their little crooked language.

Val and Marco were still at the centre of it all, glowing. Guests watched them with smiles, whispering about how beautiful the bride looked and how careful Marco was with her, how love softened even the hardest men.

But Luciano and Veronica had their own gravity. Their love was not sweet in the simple way. It was not light or neat or easy to understand. It was loud in the quietest, most unfathomable way.

The next morning, after dropping Carol off at the airport to return to Singapore, Luca and Vee sat in silence for most of the drive to Marco and Val's house.

She stared out the window, one hand locked in Luca's. Val's world was about to break again.

When they arrived, Marco opened the door before they could knock. Luca held Vee's hand as they stepped into the house.

The place still carried traces of the wedding morning: a ribbon on the side table, a forgotten flower arrangement near the stairs, a pair of ivory heels by the wall.