

## **Mafia God 456**

### Chapter 456: They Just Got Back

"What? You're leaving? They just got back." Vee cried.

His eyes stayed on the doorway Val had disappeared through. "I think it's better I am not here, Bambola. I think Val is still uncomfortable with me."

Vee looked toward the house, then back at him. "How do I fix this? What do I do?"

"Give it time," Luca said. "Pregnancy hormones and shit."

Vee smiled. He stepped closer and tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear, his thumb brushing lightly against her cheek. "Maybe."

Luca leaned in and kissed her forehead. "Spend time with your sister," he murmured. "I'll be home, waiting for you like a good little boy."

She laughed, then remembered something and narrowed her eyes. "Oh, have you gone to see David?"

His expression shut. "No..."

"Luca, for God's sakes!" Vee threw her hands up in the air.

"I'll go," he said quickly.

"You said that two days ago."

"I just haven't had the time." He sighed, dragging a hand over his jaw. "Besides, I don't like the guy's face."

"Like I said..." she warned.

"I know... I know..." Luca lifted both hands slightly in surrender. "I don't have to like him to thank him."

"No, you do not. You only have to be civil." Vee stepped into him, smoothing her hands over the front of his shirt. His attention shifted instantly, exactly the way she expected it to.

"Come on," she said softly, tilting her face up to him. "For me, baby."

His eyes dropped to her mouth. He then exhaled like a defeated man. "Fine," Luca said. "I'll go."

"Today?"

He groaned. "Today."

"And you will thank him properly?"

"I will thank him." He leaned down and kissed her once more, his hand resting at her waist. "Go inside...Your sister needs you." He gave her one last adoring look before turning and heading back to his car, while Vee headed inside.

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David watched from inside his shop as Vee dragged Luca across the street. Luca Genovese was being pulled by the wrist by his tiny, furious fiancée, his face set in a hard, offended expression of a man being marched toward public humiliation. David leaned slightly closer to the window.

This should be entertaining. Vee's heels clicked sharply against the pavement, each step carrying the righteous fury of a woman who had said the same thing too many times and had finally decided to physically supervise obedience. Even from across the road, David could tell she was furious.

He wondered how Luca dealt with a woman such as this. Then again, perhaps "dealt with" was the wrong phrase. Luca did not look like a man dealing with her. He looked like a man who had already surrendered and didn't even have any options left.

Interesting.

Of course, Veronica was not the regular mafia wife. She did not follow the basic rules of standing quietly at her husband's side, being his peace, softening his edges.

Maybe Luca liked the chaos she brought with her. Maybe he needed it. David's fingers tapped once against his coffee cup.

Maybe that was what made Vee different from Bianca. Bianca had been trained to be a mafia wife. Raised for it. Molded, polished, taught when to smile, when to lower her eyes, when to bleed without making a fuss. Bianca knew the rules of that world because the rules had been pressed into her bones before she was old enough to question them.

Veronica had no such training. She came into the world like a storm. And somehow, Luca had wrapped his entire existence around her like she was the only disaster he trusted.

He stretched one leg out, and picked up his cup as if he had been doing nothing but minding his business.

The bell above the door jingled. David took a slow sip of coffee. The odd couple stepped in. Vee walked behind Luca like a furious mother, and he could tell Luca would rather be anywhere else but in his shop.

"Still not open for business, I see," Luca started.

David looked up from his coffee. The café was almost finished. Dark wooden tables sat beneath warm hanging lights. The counter gleamed. A glass display case waited empty, spotless, and useless for now. Behind it, shelves had already been lined with cups, jars, and carefully labelled bags of coffee beans.

"How long does it take to get a coffee shop up and running?" Luca asked. His tone was casual. His face was not. He stood near the entrance with his hands at his sides, shoulders squared, eyes taking in the place. Vee stood slightly behind him, arms folded, glaring at the back of his head.

David set his cup down with care. "Just waiting for state approval."

Vee cleared her throat sharply.

"What can I do for you?" David asked.

Luca took a step forward. "It has been brought to my attention that I owe you."

David raised a brow. The words alone seemed to pain Luca.

"What do you want in return?" Luca asked.

David leaned back in his chair. "For?"

Luca's eyes sharpened. "Saving my wife."

David smiled. Vee, however, looked ready to kick Luca in the ankle. "She already said her thank you," David replied. "Multiple times, I might add. It's exhausting now. So I do not need anything from you."

Luca's stare turned colder. David's remained pleasantly bored. The air between them tightened, thick with all the things neither man was saying. Luca did not trust his entire existence.

Vee stepped forward quickly. "What Luca is trying to say... is that he appreciates you stepping in for me."

"Is that what he is really trying to say?" David asked. His voice was mild, but the amusement sitting beneath it was obvious. The man looked far too comfortable for someone standing face-to-face with

Luca Genovese's barely restrained dislike. "It seems like he expects some kind of transaction to take place," David added.

Vee nudged Luca hard from behind. Luca's shoulder shifted forward from the impact.