

Mafia God 460

Chapter 460: You Are Insane

"So tell me where I went wrong," he said. "And you pull that trigger. Marco says your aim is excellent, so don't you miss."

"You are insane. You are completely fucking insane. We will never be safe," Val cried. "Not truly. Not with you. We will never be safe."

"I love her," he said quietly. "You love her. I'd give my life keeping you both safe."

"I'm..." she whispered. "I'm..."

Then her face twisted. A sharp pain coursed through her, enough to steal the rest of the words from her mouth. Her fingers clenched involuntarily, squeezing the trigger as she let out a scream. Her hand went to hold her stomach, as she felt the push of liquid from inside her.

The bullet flew past Luca. It cracked through the air and buried itself somewhere in the rusted belly of an abandoned machine behind him. A flock of birds shot up from a nearby heap of scrap, shrieking.

For one insane, suspended moment, he actually thought she had done it. He thought Val had followed through. He thought all that pain, all that grief, all that blame had finally found a direction, and it was him.

His eyes flicked from the gun in her shaking hand to her face. "Val?"

Her wide eyes lifted to his.

Very calmly, she said, "Well, this is very inconvenient."

The woman had just nearly shot him, and now she sounded irritated.

"I knew I shouldn't have come with you," she added.

"What is it?" He moved toward her, slowly. A pregnant woman with a gun and a grudge was apparently one of the few things on earth that could make him cautious.

"What does it look like?" Val snapped. She pointed down.

Luca followed her finger. A dark wet patch had spread across the dusty sand at her feet, sinking into the ground beneath her shoes. His brain refused to cooperate. "It looks like you peed yourself, Val."

Val's head snapped up. If looks could kill, Luca Genovese would have died in a landfill with no dignity and no final words. "The baby is coming, you stupid fool!"

"What?" Luca barked. "Now?!"

"No, next Christmas!" she snapped, clutching her belly as another wave of pain tightened through her. Her breath came out sharp. "Yes, now!"

Luca looked at her stomach, then at the car, then at the road, then back at her. Now?!" he repeated.

"Was it supposed to ask for your permission first?!" Val demanded. She slapped the gun back into his palm. "Take this before I actually use it."

He caught it automatically, still watching her with a look of terror. She walked to the door, whooshing air out of her lungs all the way, one hand gripping the curve of her stomach while the other reached blindly for the car. He shoved the gun into his waistband, hurried forward, and pulled the passenger door open. His hand went to her elbow, steadying her.

"I cannot believe you have me in a landfill right now Luca— This is not a story I want to tell my child."

He helped her into the seat as gently as he could. She sank down with a sharp inhale, then gripped the edge of the door, sucking in a breath as another contraction rolled through her.

Her eyes squeezed shut. "Hurry please."

"Yes, yes, yes..." Luca rushed around the car to the driver's side.

For once in his life, the great Luciano Genovese looked genuinely rattled. He yanked the door open and got in.

"Can you fasten your seat belt?" he asked, starting the engine. "I'll have to drive like a maniac. We are sort of far from civilisation."

Val slowly turned her head toward him. Even through the pain tightening her face, the look she gave him was sharp enough to skin bone. "Of all the places you could take me to!"

Luca leaned across to help, then thought better of putting his hands on her. "Do you need—"

"I need you to drive."

"Yes. Driving."

The engine roared as he slammed the car into gear and sped away from the dump. Gravel spat beneath the tires. The car fishtailed slightly before catching the road, and Val grabbed the side handle with a gasp.

"Careful!"

"You said hurry!"

"I said hurry, not kill us before the baby arrives!"

Luca swallowed a curse and tightened his grip on the wheel. "Don't blame me. You're the crazy one!"

The silence that followed was more dangerous than any gunshot.

Val turned slowly, breathing hard. "Call me crazy one more time."

Luca wisely shut his mouth. He faced the road and floored it. Luca drove like the devil had loaned him the car and expected it returned on fire. One hand gripped the wheel; the other fumbled for his phone. He called Marco.

Veronica got out of the vehicle in front of the hospital and ran in, heart in her throat. The hospital doors slid open with an irritating calmness that did not match the panic clawing through her chest. Bright white lights, nurses moving briskly. She had run out of Commissioned after Luca's call.

All she had heard was Luca's voice, cracked with panic in a way she had never heard before, and Valentina screaming in the background.

Vee had not even stopped to question what Luca was doing with Val in the first place. But at that moment, all she had heard was the baby was coming, they were far away but to get to the hospital.

Once Vee got inside, Luca was waiting restlessly. He was pacing in the hospital corridor. A nurse passed him with a clipboard, and Luca turned so sharply toward her that the poor woman nearly dropped it.

"Still no," she said quickly, clearly having answered him before.

Luca dragged both hands over his face.

"Luca!" Vee called.

His head snapped up. The second he saw her, he crossed the corridor in long strides and grabbed onto her like a lifeline, one hand at her waist, the other at the back of her head, pulling her close so suddenly she stumbled against him.