

Mafia God 461

Chapter 461: She Can Do It

"Is she okay?" Vee asked immediately, gripping his arms.

"I don't..." Luca swallowed, and the sound was so unlike him that her heart clenched. "I don't know. Marco is in there with her. I don't fucking know. I don't know, Vee."

Vee cupped his face, forcing him to look at her. "She's going to be alright...She's strong. She can do it."

Luca stared at her as if he wanted to believe her so badly it hurt.

"Breathe."

Luca pulled her fully into his arms again, holding her so tightly she could feel the violent beat of his heart against her chest. "Don't ever do that to me."

Vee frowned against him. "What?"

"You cannot do that to me. You cannot go through that."

Her brows furrowed. "You've never seen a woman in labour before."

"I'm hoping this will be my first and my last."

"Uh...Luca? I thought..."

"Not anymore," Luca snapped.

Vee stared at him and smiled. He looked genuinely distressed. His face had gone pale and his panic looked boyish so much so that he was trying very hard to strangle it before it embarrassed him in public.

Luca had been brought to his knees by childbirth. "Bambola," he said, his voice rough with fear. This kind of pain he could not fight, he could not shoot, he could not threaten. The pain he had seen Val go through was entirely beyond his control.

Vee ran a hand down his back, slow and soothing, feeling the tension locked in every muscle. He was terrified for what this meant when their time came. "She's okay," Vee whispered. "She has to be okay."

The double doors at the end of the corridor swung open. Vee saw Marco step out. Everything inside her went still.

She quickly straightened, her hand falling away from Luca's back. Luca turned too, his entire body locking beside her, already expecting the worst because that was what he was natural wired to expect.

Marco stood there, his shirt wrinkled, his eyes red and bright. He looked like he had been through battle.

Luca reached for her hand. She grabbed his tightly. Together, they walked toward Marco, their steps both careful.

Marco took a deep breath. "It's a boy," Marco whispered.

Vee yelped happily. She jumped forward and threw her arms around Marco, holding him as tightly as she could. "Oh my God, Marco!"

Marco laughed into her shoulder, shaky and overwhelmed. "A boy."

Luca heaved a breath of relief so deep it seemed to come from the bottom of his soul. He shut his eyes for a moment, one hand dragging over his face as if he could wipe away the terror of the past hour. "Thank fuck," he muttered.

Vee pulled back from Marco, still smiling. "How is she?"

"She's exhausted but fine," Marco replied.

"Are you okay?" Luca asked.

Marco looked at him, then down at his own hands. His fingers were trembling. "I am now, I think." He collapsed into the nearest seat.

Vee turned her head slowly toward Luca. "I don't understand," she started, rolling her eyes. "The amount of shit you guys see every day and you cannot handle this?"

Marco and Luca glanced at each other. Neither man had anything to say. Both of them looked like they needed therapy.

The hospital corridor buzzed around them. Nurses passed in soft-soled shoes.

"Can we see them?" Luca asked. He looked toward the double doors like he was trying to imagine what waited behind them.

"In a minute," Marco answered. "They're just prepping them both." He swallowed. His eyes lowered to the floor, then lifted again, unfocused and full of wonder. "I'm a father," he whispered.

Behind those doors was a tiny boy who would need him, know him, love him, and probably ruin his sleep for the next several years.

Marco let out a shaky laugh, pressing both hands to his face. "I'm someone's father."

Vee's eyes softened into a smile. Luca dropped into the seat next to him, his shoulder brushing Marco's.

The two men sat there in silence, both staring ahead. Luca leaned back still stunned.

"It's weird, right?"

Vee watched them both without saying anything.

It was strange, Vee thought.

Childbirth was different for women. A woman began becoming a mother in pieces. The first missed period. The first sickness. The first flutter beneath the ribs. The first time she looked down and realised her body was no longer entirely hers. Women fell in love with their babies slowly and all at once, from the moment they realised someone tiny had moved into them and started rearranging their organs.

But men? For men, it was more visual. More sudden. A bump was sweet. A scan was exciting. A kick against the palm was magical.

But then the baby arrived and suddenly the word father stopped being a title and became a fucking assignment from God.

Vee could see it happening to Marco in real time.

"Yeah..." Marco answered Luca, staring at the floor. "I'm going to be responsible for a human being. I'm..." His head snapped up, eyes wide with fresh horror. "What the fuck?!"

Luca sighed. "Well, if it makes you feel any better, I cannot think of a better father." He clapped Marco on the back.

Marco covered his face with his palms and let out a long whoosh of air. "He looked so tiny."

Luca frowned. "That cannot be normal."

Marco shook his head, still overwhelmed. "I couldn't hold him. I...I'll break him."

"Maybe leave the holding to the women."

Marco nodded in quick agreement. "Yes. Good plan."

Vee slowly turned her head toward them. She looked from Luca to Marco, then back to Luca again, her brows rising, realising she was looking at idiots. "What kind of bullshit advice is that? You're not going to hold the baby?"

"Nope," both men said in unison, suddenly united in cowardice.

Vee opened her mouth to give them the kind of retort they deserved, but the double doors opened once more, saving both men.