

Mafia God 462

Chapter 462: They're Ready For You

A nurse stepped out, smiling. "They're ready for you."

Vee forgot everything. Her heart leapt. She was already moving before the nurse finished speaking, nearly racing down the hall while Marco and Luca got to their feet and followed behind her. Marco looked excited and terrified all over again. Luca followed with slower steps, his face carefully blank.

The nurse led them into a quiet room washed in soft yellow light. Curtains were drawn halfway. A plastic bassinet stood near the bed.

Valentina lay against the pillows, exhausted, pale, beautiful, and smiling. Her hair was messy, her lips dry, her face tired beyond words, but there was a glow around her Vee had never seen before.

Her baby sister was now a woman. A mother. "My baby," Vee cried.

"Hey, Vee."

Vee walked quickly to the bed and wrapped Val in a hug. "I'm so proud of you, baby," Vee whispered. "So, so proud. Look at you. You did it."

"You are an aunt," Val said.

Vee laughed, one hand pressing dramatically to her chest. "Yes, yes I am. I am a proud aunt."

Both men still stood rigidly at the door, watching the scene. Marco had one hand braced against the doorframe. Luca stood beside him, quieter than usual, his face unreadable except for the slight tension in his jaw and the way his eyes stayed on Vee.

Neither of them stepped forward. Maybe they both knew it. The innocence of that moment did not involve men like them. Men with too much blood on their hands.

This room was different. Soft yellow light. Clean white sheets. A newborn wrapped in warmth. A tired mother smiling through exhaustion. A sister crying because love had finally given them something untouched by violence.

It felt holy so they both stood at the door and tried not to ruin the holiness of the moment. Vee walked around to the crib and gazed down into it.

The baby was so small he looked unreal, his tiny face scrunched. A little cap covered his head. His fist was curled near his cheek, impossibly small, impossibly perfect.

"Oh, you sweet little thing," Vee whispered.

Tears slipped down her cheeks, and she laughed softly. She carefully picked the baby up, supporting his tiny head. The second he settled against her chest, she melted so completely it hurt to watch. She rocked him from side to side.

"I'm your aunt, baby," she whispered. "Aunt Vee. And over there looking like fools are your dad and uncle."

Val gave a small laugh and reached for Marco. That simple movement snapped him out of whatever terrified trance he had been trapped in. He crossed the room quickly and sat by her side. He leaned down and kissed her hair.

"You okay?" he asked softly.

Val closed her eyes, leaning into him. "I feel lighter."

Marco brushed his thumb over Val's hand. "You did really great."

Val looked behind Marco and saw Luca still standing near the door. He had not moved much. He had stepped in just enough to be present, but not enough to invade. He was too broad, too intense, too naturally commanding to disappear into the corner, but he was doing his best not to take up space in a moment he clearly believed did not belong to him.

Still, his eyes gave him away. They were smiling. He watched Vee sway around the room with the baby tucked against her chest, humming nonsense under her breath.

The baby did not need rocking at all. Vee rocked him anyway, moving side to side.

"Aunt Vee has you," she whispered, kissing the tiny cap on his head. "Yes, she does."

Luca's mouth twitched. Val watched him for a moment. The argument between them had not vanished but she felt differently now after what the both of them had been through getting to the hospital.

"Luca..." Val called.

He turned to her immediately. There was caution in his face, as if he still expected her voice to carry accusation, prepared to accept it if it did.

Val glanced toward Vee, then back at him. "You want to hold the baby?"

"No... no... no..."

Vee stopped rocking and turned slowly.

"Come on," Val urged softly. "They don't bite."

He looked at the baby, then at his hands. Those hands had done too many things. Broken things. Ended things. Held weapons. "It's..." He cleared his throat. "I mean... can I?" Luca shifted. "I don't want to drop him. Maybe some other time after I watch you all do it for a bit, but thank you." He gave Val a small smile.

And just like that, their argument was forgotten. Val nodded, accepting the answer.

"You guys have a name yet?" he asked.

Marco looked down at Val, and she smiled. "Matteo Ricardo Montgomery."

Vee's eyes filled again. "Oh, that's beautiful."

"Strong name," Luca said. His eyes went back to Veronica.

She was still smiling down at Matteo. Her whole face was soft, glowing with joy.

Shit.

She was going to start hounding him for one of their own now, wasn't she? He wasn't wrong.

The next couple of days were hectic. The whole family lost their minds over Matteo. Carol was practically living inside Val's phone. Every hour, like clockwork, her face appeared on video call, cooing, crying, praying, giving advice.

Vee spent the entire week staying with Marco and Val, helping with the baby and Val. Marco was wonderful too. Overprotective, self assigned body guard. Vee barely had time to go into Commissioned or the pizza shop. She barely even saw Luca.

Their conversations had become quick calls, late-night messages, and half-finished kisses when he came by and she was too tired to do more than lean into him.

When she finally went back home, she was prepared. If the universe was feeling generous, prepared for them to make their own baby.

Not that she was jealous of her sister.

Okay.

Maybe a little bit. She loved being an aunt. Loved Matteo's tiny fingers, his little yawns, the way he curled. But the past week had taught her something she could no longer ignore.