

Mafia God 465

Chapter 465: I Think I Stopped Functioning

When Vee had been around, she had taken some of the madness with competence. She walked around with Matteo on her shoulder, whispering nonsense to him.

But now Vee was back home. Which meant it was entirely up to him and Valentina.

Val was recovering, somehow still beautiful even when threatening to smother him with a pillow if he asked one more stupid question. So Marco had taken the nights.

He reached for his coffee, took a sip. The door opened then. Marco looked up. Luca walked into his office. He looked as composed as ever but Marco knew him well enough to catch the tension around his mouth. "Boss?" Marco said automatically, sitting straighter. He was already preparing himself. Another assignment. Another problem to solve when he barely had enough energy to solve the mystery of where he had left his phone yesterday. Spoiler: Val had found it in the refrigerator.

"No..." Luca said.

Marco paused. Luca shut the door behind him.

"I gotta talk to you."

"What's up?"

Luca stood there for a moment, one hand on his hip, the other dragging over his jaw. Then he exhaled. "I think I stopped functioning."

Marco's brows furrowed in confusion. "How?"

Luca grimaced. "You know..." His jaw tightened. "I can't get it up."

"Oh..."

Then the meaning settled properly.

"Oh." His eyes widened with every version of the word until he looked more awake than he had all morning. "Oh." Marco pressed his lips together and then he started to laugh. He bent forward slightly, one hand pressed to his forehead, shoulders shaking with exhaustion and pure disbelief.

Luca stared at him with murder in his eyes. "Marco, it's not funny."

"I know," Marco managed, still laughing. "I know it's not. I'm sorry. It's just..." He waved a hand weakly. He dragged in a breath and sat back, fighting for composure. "Sorry. Sorry. Okay. Serious face."

"That is not your serious face."

"It's the best I can do on two hours of sleep." Marco cleared his throat, though the corner of his mouth still twitched. "When did this begin?"

"A couple days ago," Luca muttered.

"And it has happened more than once?"

Luca looked offended by the question. "Do you think I would be here if it happened once?"

"Fair."

"Valentina has infected her sister with baby fever," Luca said, sounding genuinely betrayed by biology. "And every time we try to fuck, it's not working."

Marco's brows rose. "You're blaming my wife?"

"I am blaming Matteo. He started this."

Marco covered his mouth, but a laugh escaped anyway. "You don't find her attractive anymore?"

"Fuck no!" Luca snapped. "She is... perfect." He looked away, embarrassed. "I just... I don't know what's happening."

Marco nodded slowly. "You know you can go to the hospital for matters like this. Talking to your adopted brother about your cock issues seems..." He chuckled again.

"Fuck you!" Luca said.

Marco laughed harder. He really tried not to. Truly. Somewhere beneath the exhaustion, the headache, and the terrifying new responsibility of fatherhood, there was a loyal adopted brother who knew this was a sensitive matter and should be handled with dignity.

Unfortunately, that brother was currently losing to the version of Marco who found the entire situation too absurd.

Luca Genovese admitting he'd gone limp. It was tragic. It was concerning. It was also, regrettably, funny as hell.

"I'm just saying," Marco managed, lifting both hands in surrender. "There is nothing I can do about it for you."

Luca glared at him. "You are enjoying this."

"A little." Marco rubbed a hand over his tired face. The reports on Tony lay forgotten between them, which was honestly a relief. He would rather discuss Luca's wounded pride than stare at another bank transaction.

Luca stood near the desk, one hand on his hip, looking deeply offended by the universe and everything in it. "Goddamn it. Of all the reasons to visit a hospital, I never thought that would ever be one of my reasons."

"It's not a big deal. It happens to everyone."

Luca's eyes narrowed immediately. "Has it happened to you?"

Marco made a small mocking sound. "No."

Luca pointed at him. "Fuck you!"

Marco sighed and reached for his cold coffee, then thought better of it. "Luca, listen to me. You're stressed."

Then Luca exhaled sharply and looked away, jaw tight. "I just don't want her to think it's her."

"Then tell her that."

"I tried."

"Did you use actual words?"

Luca's silence answered.

Marco groaned. "Jesus, Luca."

"I am not good at this."

"No shit."

Luca shot him another look.

Marco raised both hands again. "Hospital first."

Luca dragged a hand down his face. "Fine. I'll go now, but do not breathe a word about this to Val," Luca warned.

"My lips are sealed," Marco swore.

Luca stared at him for a second longer than necessary, as if trying to decide whether brotherly loyalty could survive pillow talk with Valentina. Marco lifted two fingers like a scout.

"I mean it," Marco said. "Sealed."

Luca turned toward the door, then paused as if remembering something. "Vee asked me to drop off some new stuff at the pizza parlour. Would you help take it over there?"

Marco looked down at the graveyard of Tony reports on his desk, then back at Luca. "Of course," he said, pushing himself to his feet. "I'll get right to it. I need to talk to this Tony guy anyway. Get a feel of him." Marco grabbed his jacket from the back of the chair. "Go to the hospital, boss."

"Thank you," Luca said.

Marco's humour softened. "Anytime."

Tony wasn't supposed to come into the pizza shop that day. It was the weekend, for God's sake. The workers were off. The place was quiet.

But Vee had called. She had said she was sending some materials to the shop, he decided to go in.

His girlfriend came with him. She stood near the counter, scrolling through her phone, dressed for work and already checking the time every few minutes. He had promised to drive her.