

Mafia God 468

Chapter 468: Lay It On Me

Great.

Fucking freaking fantastic.

Luca shifted in the chair and glared at the doctor. He had better hope the bumbling fool in the white coat could fix it.

Otherwise, Luca was going to have to point a fucking gun at the doctor's head and threaten his entire family, friends, and whatever golf club he clearly belonged to until someone produced a solution.

Was that unreasonable? Maybe. Was Luca in the mood to be reasonable? Absolutely not. The doctor finally hung up the phone.

Luca straightened. The doctor turned to him.

"Mr Genovese..."

God, that was not starting well. He leaned back in the chair, jaw tight.

"Lay it on me," Luca said.

"I'm afraid a lot of things are catching up with you, which has led to the current situation."

Luca stared at him. "What do you mean?"

The doctor sat forward, folding his hands over the file on the desk. "Well," the doctor began carefully, "I would not pretend and say I do not know what you do."

Luca's eyes narrowed.

The doctor cleared his throat. "Everyone has heard of Luciano Genovese. You have a high-pressure life. Constant stress. Lack of proper rest. Repeated adrenaline spikes. Hypervigilance. That is one factor, and frankly, I think it is the strongest."

He could argue, but what was the point? His average week was everything the doctor had listed.

"Plus," the doctor continued, glancing at the file, "over the years, you have been treated for gunshot wounds, stab wounds, deep cuts, blunt trauma, fractures..." He paused, turning a page. "You have foreign objects and scar tissue in places they should not be, Mr Genovese." The doctor gave him a flat look. "You have metal buried in your body."

"I have back ups to my back ups."

"Yes. I gathered."

Luca leaned forward. "Get to the point."

The doctor sighed. "All these factors are beginning to affect your body," he said. "Stress, trauma, sleep deprivation, circulation issues, and psychological pressure can all present physically. In your case, it seems to have started with your erectile dysfunction."

Luca went completely still.

Dysfunction.

It was an ugly word. A weak word. A word that belonged to broken machines, not him. Not Luciano Genovese.

"Dys..." Luca's mouth twisted around the word like it tasted bad. "Dysfunction? What do you mean dysfunction?" Luca demanded, his voice rising despite himself. "Are you saying you cannot fix this?"

The doctor inhaled slowly. Luca's fingers tightened on the armrest. This was not happening. Not to him.

Not now.

He leaned forward, eyes dark.

"We do not recommend enhancement drugs because you were recently shot in your lungs," the doctor continued.

"What the fuck are you saying?" Luca asked.

The doctor's throat bobbed. He had not prepared for explaining erectile dysfunction to Luciano Genovese, a man whose name was whispered in certain circles like a curse and whose eyes currently suggested that modern medicine was about to get fucked up. "I'm saying...that your case appears to be both psychological and physical."

Luca's jaw flexed.

"Your body has been under extreme strain. The medications over the years, the previous injuries, the scar tissue, the stress levels, the constant adrenaline responses—"

"English," Luca snapped.

The doctor flinched. "Your body is tired."

"My body is not tired."

"Mr Genovese, with respect, your body has been stabbed, shot, beaten, and operated on more times than many soldiers. The point is, this cannot be managed recklessly."

"Spit it out, doctor!"

The man finally lost the last of his professional calm. "You will not be able to have proper sex for a while."

The doctor rushed on, perhaps hoping speed would save him. "I recommend regular checkups. We monitor your blood pressure, heart function, lung recovery, hormone levels, and stress response. When it is safe, we can discuss prescribing medication to help. But not now. Not without risks."

Luca heard only fragments. But he understood the last part. It meant he would eventually need pills.

Blue fucking pills.

He sat there, gobsmacked. Him.

Luciano Genovese.

He was going to be reliant on pills?

Impossible.

That was not happening. That wasn't going to happen.

"What exactly," Luca said slowly, "does 'for a while' mean?"

The doctor swallowed. "Weeks. Possibly months."

Luca's stomach dropped.

"Mr Genovese," the doctor began carefully, "this does not necessarily mean you cannot feel pleasure. It simply means you cannot have a proper erection like you used to, or you may not be able to maintain it for too long even if you do."

Luca's brows kept rising with every sentence. "You're fucking with me, right?"

The doctor swallowed. "I'm afraid I am not."

Luca laughed. "Fuck..."

"Like I said—"

"I know what you said." Luca's eyes snapped to him. "I remember all you said. I understand all you said. I am just having a hard time processing it. So if you will stop talking for a goddamn second... I might be able to."

The doctor wisely closed his mouth.

Finally.

The doctor sat very still. He was beginning to realise he had not thought this through when he accepted this case. He should have.

Luca, on the other hand, kept staring into space. His whole life felt suddenly ridiculous. He could not go home and be what Vee wanted right now. She wanted a child. They wanted a child. Finally, a child was what they both wanted. Luca wanted to give her everything she wanted. He was fucked.

His life was fucked. And soon, his life with Vee would be too. "Fuck..." he whispered once more.

Bianca had just gotten off the phone with David.

Correction.

Bianca had gotten off the phone after spending nearly four minutes cursing. Apparently, one of her stupid pieces on her stupid board had messed up her stupid plan once more.

Tony.

David had warned her about him. Men like Tony were unpredictable, sweaty liabilities. Bianca, however, liked her little arrangements. Her web of nobodies. Her quiet messengers. Her pathetic little pawns.

And once again, she had come up with another stupid plan.