

## **Mafia God 470**

### Chapter 470: There's Been A Shooting

David cocked the gun once more. Scalese Pizza looked peaceful, if one ignored the blood on the floor, the fallen body.

The daylight coming through the dusty windows made everything worse. Night would have been kinder.

David stepped back toward Marco. He looked down at him, studying the large, motionless man with mild interest. Men like Marco were usually difficult to move, difficult to intimidate, but not usually difficult to kill. David raised the gun and delivered two quick shots to the ground beside him.

He pulled out his phone and dialed 911. His voice, when he spoke, was breathless. "There's been a shooting...Scalese Pizza. Please hurry." He ended the call, dropped the gun to the ground and reached into his pocket, pulling out a ziplock bag containing two phones.

Then he headed out for Marco's car.

Bianca wanted time. Fine. He would give her time but the next time one of her little pieces made him clean up this much stupidity, he was killing someone.

\*\*\*\*\*

Luciano headed home. There was nowhere else he wanted to be at that moment. He drove in silence, one hand tight on the wheel, the city moving past in blurs he barely noticed. He had to tell her. He knew that. Vee deserved the truth. She deserved more than him kissing her cheek, staring at the ceiling, and leaving her to wonder if she had somehow become less desirable overnight.

But Christ, he was not looking forward to it. Maybe he would take her somewhere first. A romantic dinner.

Something expensive and beautiful. Some fancy date to cushion the blow he was about to deliver to their sex life.

Yes. That sounded reasonable.

Though nothing about telling the woman you loved that your body had betrayed both of you felt reasonable.

By the time he reached home, his head was pounding. He went straight to their bedroom, undressed without really seeing what he was doing, and stepped into the shower.

He stayed there for a ridiculous amount of time, long enough to lose track of the minutes. He did not know how much time had passed until he felt arms slip around him from behind.

"Hey love..." Vee murmured. "You've been in here for a long time."

"Just washing off the day's work..." Luca said.

The lie sounded weak even to him. Steam curled between them, turning the glass walls of the shower cloudy. Water ran down his shoulders, over old scars and healed wounds, over a body he had always trusted to obey him until it had chosen the worst possible moment to become a traitor.

Vee's arms stayed wrapped around his waist. "You weren't at Commissioned for most of the day."

Luca closed his eyes. "I..." He swallowed. "Had business to handle." He still did not turn to face her.

"Well," she murmured, pressing closer against his back, her voice sultry, her breasts pressed against his back, "then how about you handle me?"

His body went tense. "Vee..." he sighed heavily.

The sound gave him away. Her arms left him instantly. He knew right then and there, she had reached the end of patience while he hid behind tiredness, stress, and half-answers.

"What's this?" she asked. Her voice was hurt and angry.

Luca turned his head slightly but still did not look at her.

"What?" she pushed. "What's going on?"

"Bambola—"

"Are you sleeping with someone else?" she snapped.

That cut through him.

He turned so quickly the water splashed against the wall behind him. "What? No! I'm not—" He reached over and turned off the water then grabbed a towel from the rack with more force than necessary, wrapping it around his waist, hiding the evidence of his non-cooperating body before her eyes could drop and find another reason to blame herself.

"Then what?!" she demanded.

This fear that he was less than what she deserved? He had no language for it.

Vee stepped back, wrapping her arms around herself. "Let's ignore the fact that I am the one even begging to get pregnant now," she said, voice trembling with anger. "Let's ignore how embarrassing that already feels. I am standing here, offering myself to you, and you keep turning away like I'm something you're tired of."

"Vee, no."

"Then what is it?" Her eyes searched his face, desperate now beneath the rage. "Do you not want me anymore?"

"Bambola...I could never not want you."

"Then tell me, Luca," she said, her voice cracking around his name. "Please."

His eyes flicked to hers.

"I don't mean to act like a sex fiend or something," she rushed on, embarrassed now. "But you know this is not us. This is not you. One touch and you are lighting up like a time bomb."

Luca chuckled.

Yup.

That was true.

Veronica could brush past him in the hallway and he'd have her against the wall. She could lean over a table, lick sauce off her thumb, and his cock would suddenly develop a mind of its own.

That had always been them. Fire first, words later, apologies somewhere in the middle if they remembered.

"I still do," he admitted dragging a hand over his wet hair and hating every word before he said it. "I just cannot get it the fuck up."

"Yeah," she said carefully. "I noticed."

He gave her a look. "I was at the hospital today...That was the business I was handling."

"Oh..." Her eyes widened. She stepped forward at once, grabbing another towel from the rack and wrapping it around herself. Then her palms were on his bare chest. "What's going on?" she asked. "Are you sick?"

Luca looked down at her hands on his chest and hoped for a second something would twitch. Nope, nothing. "Kinda."

Her head snapped up. "What do you mean kinda? You are either sick or not. There is no 'kinda'."

"With me, apparently, there is." He sighed, glancing toward the fogged mirror as if it might offer him a less humiliating version of the truth. "The doctor says my body is breaking down...And well, it's starting with..."