

## **Mafia God 471**

### Chapter 471: I'd Be A Bitch Too

He pointed downward.

"Oh my God... Luca..." She stepped into him and wrapped her arms around his waist, pressing her cheek to his damp chest. Her towel loosened slightly, but she didn't care. The fight drained out of her completely, replaced by guilt. "I'm sorry," she whispered. "I'm sorry I was being a bitch."

Luca's arms came around her slowly, then tightened. "Yeah, I'd be a bitch too."

Vee placed both palms on his chest again. He was alive, that mattered more than anything his body was struggling with. "So...what treatments are you going to get?"

Luca exhaled, looking deeply offended by the entire medical profession. "Just regular checkups and apparently, I'm gonna be needing blue pills."

Vee blinked then she laughed. Not cruelly. Not in a way that mocked him. It just slipped out, because hearing Luciano Genovese say blue pills with the expression of a man sentenced to public execution was unexpectedly hilarious.

Luca's brow rose. "You find this funny?"

"No, no." She pressed her lips together, failing badly. "Not funny. I'm laughing because you sound really humble right now."

His eyes narrowed. "Oh yeah?"

"Yes. It's new. Very strange. I don't know if I like it." She smiled, then reached up and touched his face. "Look, we will get through this, okay? We'll take time away," she continued. "Go on a vacation. Somewhere quiet. Just us. If the doctor thinks your body is breaking down, then you have to give it time to heal."

Vee wrapped her arms around him again, holding him as tightly as she could. "It's going to be okay."

"I'm just worried about us," Luca said quietly. "About what this will do to us, you know."

"What will it do?" she asked softly.

His jaw tightened. "Vee, I cannot... well..." He dragged a hand through his wet hair, visibly pained by the words. "Fuck you."

Her mouth curved wickedly.

Luca narrowed his eyes. "That smile worries me, Bambola."

"You may not be able to fuck me," Vee said, taking his hands, sliding it inside her thighs, "but you can still touch me, can't you? You have hands. You have a mouth. We can pleasure each other in so many ways, Luca, and God knows we have a closet full of toys for us to be creative." She smiled up at him. "Love me in other ways, my love. I am content with just having you there."

Her words had reached some locked, wounded part of him and carefully set down a lamp. She rose on her toes and kissed his jaw. "I want you. Not just one part of you. You. The arrogant, violent, emotionally constipated man."

"The last one was unnecessary."

"Deal with it."

"And I thought I couldn't get even more obsessed with you," Luca said, his voice softer now. He leaned down and kissed her forehead, his fingers still searching.

Then Vee patted his chest. "Come on, dry off and get your ass out."

Luca straightened. "Yes, Donna."

Vee rolled her eyes and stepped out of the bathroom, wrapping her towel tighter around herself. She heard Luca's phone vibrating furiously on the bedside table.

Again and again.

Vee frowned and picked it up then answered. As she listened, the colour drained from her face. Her hands shook as she called out to him. "Luca!" Her voice tore through the bedroom.

"Yes... yes... I'm coming..." Luca called, stepping out of the bathroom with a towel still low on his hips, one hand dragging through his damp hair. He saw her standing beside the bed, his phone clutched in her hand, her face drained of colour. Luca stopped. "Who?"

Vee swallowed. Her hand shook around the phone. "It's Marco..."

"Son of a bitch!" He rushed to the closet, yanking the doors open. Vee moved too, dropping the phone onto the bed and grabbing the nearest clothes she could find.

"He was found at the shop," she said quickly, voice trembling as she forced herself to repeat what she had heard.

"Who called?"

"Hospital. You're his emergency contact."

Luca cursed again, vicious and low.

"I'll get Valentina and Matteo," she said.

Luca grabbed his watch and phone. "Meet me at the hospital." He crossed to her, kissed her hard on the lips, then pulled away.

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Valentina kept staring into space. She sat in the hospital waiting area with her hands folded too neatly in her lap, her body deathly still, her face empty in a way that frightened Veronica more than tears would have.

Luca stood near the far wall, still as stone. Veronica had Matteo in her arms. Even when the baby fussed, Valentina did not move.

Matteo gave a small, unhappy sound in Veronica's arms, his tiny face scrunching up. Veronica rocked him gently, whispering under her breath, but her eyes never left Val.

Every single one of Val's fears was coming to pass. She had known this would happen. She had known.

Loving a man like Marco came with a shadow. It stood behind every kiss. One day, someone would call.

One day, the world would ask her to pay for loving him and that one day had come. Marco was a pillar.

An unshakeable strength.

He had the ability to consume a room and yet somehow let everyone in it breathe. Men noticed the size of him first. The body. The muscle.

Val knew better. She knew the man beneath all that terrifying bulk.

Sweet.

Adorable.

Ridiculously caring.

A man who had never made her feel like too much.

From the moment they met, Marco had been steady. Understanding without judging. He supported her at every turn.

She could not move because if she moved, she might fall apart, and if she fell apart before someone told her Marco was actually dead, she feared she would never find all the pieces of herself again.

He was the capo to the mafia devil. His job came with the knowledge that tomorrow wasn't assured.

Luca wasn't any different. His own muscles were locked in place. He stood apart from everyone, murder already gathering behind his eyes.