

Mafia God 472

Chapter 472: I'm Having Him Moved

All Luca could think was how. All everyone needed now was for him to be okay. That was it. Luca just needed his brother alive.

Veronica held Matteo closer, rocking him gently against her chest. The baby had finally settled, his tiny mouth slightly open, his little fist curled.

Valentina still hadn't moved. Eyes fixed on nothing, face pale, hands folded. She looked like one wrong word would shatter her until the whole hospital understood what loving Marco cost.

So Veronica stayed close. That was all she could do.

Every few minutes, a nurse walked past.

Luca's phone rang. Veronica turned at once. Luca looked at the screen, and answered. He lifted the phone to his ear. "Yes." He listened.

For ten seconds, he did not speak. His expression became colder. Veronica's stomach dropped. She didn't need to be told things had just moved from worse to even worse.

Luca's eyes flicked toward the double doors leading to surgery, then to Valentina, then finally to Veronica. His jaw worked once. "Who signed it?" he asked quietly.

The person on the other end spoke.

"Of course." He said then hung up. He pushed away from the wall.

"Luca?"

"I'm having him moved."

"Luca," Vee said, lowering her voice, "he's in surgery."

"He'll pull through."

"Luca, think this through."

He looked at her then, and the fury in his eyes was calculating. "I need to have him moved now. I promise he will have the best care. Just away from here."

"What's going on?" Vee asked.

Luca's gaze hardened. "I got a tip the police are on their way for his arrest."

"What?" Veronica breathed. She stepped closer, clutching Matteo protectively. "How did you get that?"

"Since Voss was taken off my case, I get information easier," Luca said.

"Why do they need to arrest him?" Vee asked.

"They found evidence linking him to the deaths." His eyes flickered to Valentina, and that alone answered too much. "I don't have time," Luca said, voice low and urgent. "I need you to get Val out of here."

Vee looked over at Valentina. Val had not moved. Her eyes were open, fixed on the hallway, but she looked as if she had left her body behind in that plastic hospital chair. Her face was blank. She was standing at the very edge of breaking and refusing to fall because her baby still needed a mother.

"Luca," Vee said softly, "she won't go. Look at her."

Luca stood there helplessly staring at his sister-in-law, knowing there was no order he could give that would make her leave the man she loved. "Vee..." he said, stepping closer, "if the police get here before I am able to get him out, shit is going to hit the fan." He placed a hand gently against her arm, careful not to disturb Matteo. His voice dropped. "If she is not going to leave, then I need both of you calm. You hear me? Whatever happens, whatever I do..."

Vee nodded. "Do what you have to do...I love you."

"I love you too."

"Call the office," he said. "Tell them to shut down all operations. They know the protocol after that instruction."

She nodded. "Be careful, my love."

Luca gave a small nod and stepped back. He glanced once at Valentina then Luca turned toward the hallway. He needed someone.

Anyone.

His gun was in his car, he didn't have time to go get it. Luckily, a nurse was passing. She was young, maybe mid-thirties, walking briskly. Luca moved behind the nurse. His arm came around her, his pocket knife already open, the blade resting close enough to her neck to make her freeze mid-step.

The nurse's eyes widened, but to her credit, she did not scream. Maybe because the blade convinced her. Maybe because Luca's voice, when he spoke close to her ear, was terrifyingly calm.

"Quietly, do as I say and we will not have a problem."

The nurse swallowed hard. Vee tightened one arm around Matteo and used her free hand to call Commissioned.

"Shut everything down," she said. "All operations. Now." She ended the call and glanced at Valentina.

Val honestly didn't care. Vee wasn't even sure her sister was seeing what was happening. Luca was walking a nurse at knifepoint through the theatre doors, and Val sat there like the entire world had gone silent.

"Take me to Marco's operating room," Luca said.

The nurse gave a tiny nod and pushed the theatre doors open with trembling hands. They disappeared inside.

Vee looked down at Matteo. She crossed quickly to Valentina and crouched in front of her. "Val...Come on. We have to go now."

Val's eyes shifted slowly to her sister's face. "Are they done? Is he done?"

"No," Vee said, keeping her voice gentle. "But we have to leave now. Come on." She reached out and placed a hand on Val's shoulder.

Val yanked her arm away, her face twisting with sudden, raw fury. "My husband is in there."

"Not anymore, Val... Now is not the time for me to explain," Vee said quickly, her voice trembling despite how hard she tried to keep it firm. "Just do as I say!"

"No." Valentina's refusal came out flat, dead, absolute.

"Goddammit, Val." Vee snapped, trying to catch her sister's eyes. "I need you to be strong. Trust me, please. Marco is in trouble."

"What?"

"I will give you the details later, I promise," Vee said. "But right now, we have to go."

Val's face shifted. Fear turned into anger. Vee knew that anger. She had worn it herself too many times. It was easier to hate Luca than to admit the world had teeth. Easier to blame the man who carried violence than to face the fact that violence had always known where they lived.

"What trouble did Luca get him in this time?" Val snapped.

"Val—"

"How long are you going to let him keep ruining our lives?"

Vee saw the whole ugly history in Val's face right then. The wedding. Their father. The blood. The fear. The way Val had lost pieces of a normal life because Vee had fallen in love with the devil.