

Mafia God 473

Chapter 473: I Cannot Leave My Husband

Marco was in trouble now and there was no time for old wounds.

"I don't have time for this bullshit!"

With Matteo firm in one arm, Vee grabbed Valentina's wrist and yanked her up. Val stumbled, weak from shock and grief but Vee did not let go. She dragged her by the hand, moving fast across the waiting area.

"Vee, stop— I cannot leave my husband—"

"You need to realise I am doing this for your husband."

The automatic doors ahead slid open, letting in a rush of outside air. Bright daylight spilled across the hospital entrance.

Val had no strength to fight her. She followed. Vee had always told her what to do all her life anyway why should this time be different.

They got to her car. Valentina moved like a woman walking through water, slow and hollow-eyed, her hand still clutched in Veronica's grip. She had stopped arguing.

Vee opened the back door and bundled Val into the seat and handed Matteo to Val. The moment Matteo settled against her chest, it was like a little thin thread connecting her back to the world. Vee shut the door and turned sharply, scanning the hospital parking lot. Her guards were there.

Vee lifted her hand. With a click of her fingers, they hurried over at her signal. "Luca needs you right now...Find him."

The taller guard stiffened. "We cannot leave you."

"I can take care of myself," she said, voice hard. "I have my gun handy if I need to use it. Go help him. That's an order."

"Yes, Donna."

They nodded and hurried off toward the back of the hospital. She looked around once more. Vee had no idea what the hell Luca planned to do to get Marco out in the middle of surgery, but she knew Luca well enough to understand one thing.

If he said Marco was leaving, Marco was leaving. Whether the hospital, the police, or common medical sense agreed was apparently a separate matter.

She climbed into the driver's seat and started the car. In the rear-view mirror, Val sat silent, Matteo held tight against her chest, her eyes fixed on nothing again. "Seat belt," Vee said automatically.

Val did not move. Vee cursed, leaned back, reached awkwardly, and clicked it into place herself. She pulled the car into drive and moved out of the parking lot of the hospital, reaching for her bag and pulling out her Donna gun, the one she had been gifted during her initiation as Donna.

Valentina glanced at the gun in Veronica's hand, watched the way Veronica's head was darting left and right watching for signs of danger and shook her head. "You really have changed."

Vee's fingers tightened around the steering wheel. "Val," Vee said, forcing her voice to stay steady, "now is not the time for you to hate me."

Val gave a bitter laugh. "Is there a scheduled time? Should I check with your mafia boyfriend?"

Vee shot her a look through the rear-view mirror. "I am trying to get us out of the way so Luca can help your husband."

"My husband is in surgery."

"And Luca is trying to keep him alive and free. He wants him neither dead nor in jail. How hard is that to understand?" Vee's voice rose despite herself. "Marco is his brother! He would do anything for him!"

"Yes..." Val said. "And tell me, what happened to his other brother? His actual blood brother. Oh, I remember," Val continued, eyes bright with fury. "He just went poof. Off the face of the earth." Val was not entirely wrong to ask.

But there were things Veronica could not say. Because there was a line now, a line she had crossed the day she became Donna. Omertà was a vow.

Vee sighed, hard and tired. Val wouldn't understand and Vee couldn't explain it to her. "Since you want to know so badly, Val," Vee said, eyes fixed on the road, "your husband is about to be arrested as soon as he gets out of surgery for murder of two people. Ricardo and Cassidy. And trust me, if they are coming with evidence then it means they have enough to nail him to the wall!"

"Marco wouldn't do that," Val said at once. "He is not like Luca."

"No," Vee said. "He is not. That's why you love him maybe," Vee continued, her voice low but shaking with everything she was trying not to scream. "Because Marco makes you feel safe." Vee glanced at her through the rear-view mirror. "But you do not question who I choose to love. You hating on Luca so much isn't going to make things any better!" Vee snapped. "You think I don't know who he is? You think I woke up one morning, saw a man with a gun and thought, yes, that's who I want to spend the rest of my life with? I fell in love with the man, dammit!"

"And you're one to talk, you married his capo, for God's sake," Vee went on, fury climbing now. "Marco is second to the mafia devil. What did you think was going to happen? Rainbows and sunshine for the rest of your life? You don't get to sit there and pretend you married outside this life. You chose Marco. You chose him knowing exactly where he stood. And yes, you love him. Yes, he loves you. But he and Luca both have the same kind of jobs."

"If you didn't want this, then you shouldn't have made the choice to marry him. Marry someone off the streets then!" Veronica had had enough. She loved Val. She had protected her, fought for her. But she could not carry Val's blame too. Not now. Not while she had to be Donna, a woman worthy enough to run things while Luca was probably doing something illegal enough to make the actual devil sit up in hell and applaud.

She was trying to explain things to her sister while thinking ten moves ahead.