

Mafia God 213

Chapter 213: I Promise You

Luca nodded slowly, his mind already shifting gears. "Ricardo's?" he asked.

"Yeah."

Luca looked away briefly, his expression tightening just a fraction as the implications lined up neatly in his head.

Well... that complicates things. This would wreck Marco royally. Luca exhaled slowly, pushing the thought aside just as quickly.

It wasn't his place. If Marco was in love—really in love—then it wasn't Luca's job to name it for him.

Or interfere with it. Some things a man had to face on his own. Vee, meanwhile, had started pacing, her movements restless, her mind clearly running ahead.

"Who would want Rosa dead?" she asked, more to herself than to him.

"I promise you, Valentina is safe," Luca said. "Marco will let us know if it's a random attack."

Vee stood still for a moment, her arms wrapped around herself, holding everything in place. "Do you think it is?" she asked.

"Have you noticed anything suspicious?" he asked. "Around the shop... or around you?"

Vee shook her head slowly, her brows knitting together as she tried to think back. "No," she admitted. "But I've barely been up and about since the shooting."

Luca nodded once, absorbing that. "Calm yourself, okay?" he said. He stepped a little closer. "Do you want to go sightseeing?" he added. "I could take you into town... get your mind off everything."

It was an attempt—however small—to pull her out of the spiral.

"No..." she said slowly, shaking her head. "Uh... maybe later." She exhaled, her shoulders dropping slightly as her thoughts shifted again—this time inward. "But I should apologise to you, Luca," she added. "I... shouldn't have made you leave everything to run to me last night," she continued, her eyes flicking up to meet his. "I know you had... responsibilities," she added, the word coming out with a faint edge of reluctance.

Luca's brow lifted slowly, a hint of disbelief creeping into his expression. "First, you chop my head off..." he said, "and then you apologise?"

"Be glad I didn't come anywhere near your balls," Vee said, folding her arms with a faint, defiant lift of her chin.

"Small mercies..." he murmured. "Come here." Vee hesitated for just a second—out of habit more than resistance—before stepping forward.

She moved into him, closing the space between them, and almost immediately his arms came around her.

For a moment, neither of them spoke. Vee rested lightly against him, her hands settling against his chest, feeling the steady rise and fall beneath her palms.

Luca's chin dipped slightly, his breath brushing against her hair as he held her closer. "I love you," he whispered.

Vee's arms tightened around him. "I love you too," she replied softly.

"I have to get that out there first," he said, "before getting into this next part."

Vee stilled slightly in his arms. Her head tilted back just enough to look up at him, her brows drawing together. "What did you do?" she asked, suspicion creeping in immediately.

"What do you consider cheating?" he asked.

Vee pulled back slightly, just enough to create space so she could properly look at him. "What did you do?" she repeated, her voice sharper now. Her heart had already started to pick up.

Because people didn't ask that kind of question for no reason.

"Nothing—nothing, alright," Luca said quickly. "I just want to know," he added, his eyes searching hers. "What you would consider cheating."

Her arms slowly dropped from around him. "Luca..." she said. "People don't ask that question unless they've already done something."

"Just answer the question..." Luca said, clearly running out of patience.

Vee studied him for a second longer, her eyes narrowing slightly as she tried to read past his words and into whatever he was holding back. "I guess..." she began slowly, choosing her words carefully, "it's doing stuff with another woman that you have to hide from me."

Luca absorbed that, his jaw tightening faintly as he processed it. "So if I tell you," he said after a moment, his tone cautious, "it's not cheating?"

That did it. Vee's restraint snapped.

"Just fucking say what you did!" she demanded.

"Alright," he said. "Alright..." He hesitated—just briefly—before continuing. "I got to the resort last night..." His voice slowed, like he was choosing each word deliberately now. "And I felt... some sort of guilt," he admitted. "You know... for embarrassing Bianca."

Vee's lips pressed together. "I guess I should too, uhn," she muttered.

"Well," he said, "since we're sharing the guilt... the next part is also your fault."

Vee's head snapped up, her eyes locking onto his immediately. A glare followed. "Excuse me?"

"Just—hear me out," Luca said quickly, lifting a hand slightly as if to keep her from interrupting again. "She was having a crappy night," he continued. "Worse than crappy. And I tried to be a decent human being for once. I..." he paused, clearing his throat lightly before continuing, "helped her out of her dress." Luca kept going, knowing stopping now would only make it worse. "She couldn't get the zipper," he added, like he was trying to stay ahead of her reaction. "She was struggling with it." His hands moved slightly as he spoke. "I unzipped it, helped her out of it, and put her to bed." He looked back at Vee fully now, holding her gaze, waiting for the explosion he knew was coming.

Vee's eyes searched his face, as if she was trying to decide what to believe—and what not to. "And that's it?" she asked finally, her voice quiet.

Luca nodded once. "That's it."

"You needed a whole interrogation about cheating... for that?" she asked, one brow lifting slightly.

"Well," Luca began, "I am what I will call... a pussy."

"Did you peek?" she asked, narrowing her eyes, half-expecting him to lie.

"I wouldn't exactly call it peeking," he said, shrugging lightly, though his tone betrayed a faint, guilty humor.

"Oh my God! You looked!" Vee exclaimed, her hands hovering near her hips, about to punish him for the confession.