

## **Mafia God 219**

### Chapter 219: I Don't Understand

The front had been damaged. Glass littered the ground, the windows completely shattered, jagged edges still clinging to the frames. The door hung slightly off its hinge.

And then there was the word Killer painted across the wall in harsh, uneven strokes, the letters screamed accusation.

Her breath caught in her throat. Across the street, a small group of people had gathered. They weren't trying to hide their curiosity.

Vee felt their eyes on her even before she stepped out of the car. Quickly, she pulled out her phone, her fingers moving faster than her thoughts as she sent a message to Valentina. Her first instinct was always to protect Val. It was better she stayed away and not come to the shop.

She slipped the phone back into her bag and stepped out of the car, her shoes crunching against broken glass as she approached the entrance.

She pushed the damaged door open carefully and stepped inside. "I don't understand..." she whispered to herself.

Her eyes moved slowly across the space, trying to make sense of it. What had she done to deserve any of this madness?

Who did they think she killed? The questions circled in her mind, each one louder than the last, but none of them came with answers.

The sound of the door shifting behind her made her turn sharply. The chef stepped in, his expression mirroring her own shock. He looked around, his eyes widening as he took in the damage, muttering something under his breath in Italian.

They stood there, sharing the same disbelief. But he barely spoke any English, and Vee didn't have the energy to try to bridge the gap right now.

She shook her head slightly, forcing herself to take control of the situation, even if she didn't fully understand it.

"Take the day off," she told him. He hesitated, glancing around once more, then nodded slowly before backing out of the shop.

Just then— A sharp crash echoed from outside. Vee spun toward the door just in time to see someone walking past, their arm dropping after throwing a stone straight at the already broken front.

Another piece of glass shattered, scattering across the floor.

"Hey!" Vee shouted. "What do you think you are doing?!"

"What are you going to do about it? Kill me like you killed Paul Marino?!" the man shouted from across the street, his voice loud enough to turn heads and draw even more attention.

Vee froze, her mind struggling to catch up with what she had just heard. "What?!" she snapped, stepping forward, her confusion quickly giving way to anger. "This is about Mr. Marino? The man had been dead for a year now. What does that even have to do with me?"

People walking past slowed down, some stopping entirely. Heads turned. Fingers pointed. Words—half-formed, speculative, cruel—floated through the air.

"She's the one..." "I heard it too..." "You heard about Ineri too, now the girl..." Another object flew past, hitting the side of the building with a dull thud.

Vee flinched instinctively, her heart beginning to pound harder in her chest. This was spiraling. She turned in a slow circle, her eyes scanning the growing crowd, trying to find some sense in the madness—but there was none. Just suspicion. Just judgment.

The sound of a car pulling up caught her attention, and she turned just in time to see Tony rushing toward her.

"Tony, what the hell is going on?!!! What is all these?!" Vee yelled, throwing her hands in the air, her voice cracking slightly under the weight of everything crashing down around her.

Tony slowed as he reached her, glancing briefly at the crowd before focusing on her. "I don't know, Vee," he said, shaking his head. "People have so many theories, it's confusing."

"What? Many?!" she repeated, disbelief written all over her face. How had it gotten this far?

How had it turned into this? Tony sighed, rubbing the back of his neck, clearly uncomfortable.

"Rosa's death raised a lot of brows," he said carefully.

Vee stared at him like he had just spoken a different language. "What does that have to do with me?" she demanded.

"People like a conspiracy," Tony said.

"A conspiracy?" she echoed. "So now I'm what? Some kind of serial killer running a pizza shop on the side?"

Another shout came from the crowd. "Stay away from her!" "Someone call the cops!" "She should already be locked up!"

Vee's jaw tightened as she turned back toward them, her eyes blazing now. Her reputation—her livelihood was being torn apart in front of her, piece by piece, by people who didn't know a thing about her.

Tony stepped slightly closer to her, lowering his voice. "This is getting out of hand," he muttered. "You shouldn't be here right now."

Vee shook her head immediately. "This is my shop," she said firmly. She looked back at the broken glass, the painted accusation, the crowd that refused to disperse. "I didn't do anything," she said.

"I know but well, ugh..." Tony hesitated, his words catching in his throat as he glanced nervously toward the crowd outside. His discomfort was obvious, written all over his face as he struggled to piece together everything swirling around them. "Just too many things and it's kind of... is bringing all these stories..."

"Will you stop stuttering, Tony and talk to me. What stories?" Vee snapped, her patience finally snapping under the weight of confusion and rising panic. Her eyes locked onto him, demanding clarity, demanding anything that made sense.

"First, Paul Marino was killed," he said. "People think it's because he was taking business away from us. And then Ineri disappeared the same day he caused trouble here... and now Rosa is dead."

Vee stared at him, stunned, her mouth parting slightly as she tried to process the absurdity of it all. "How are those three even related, Tony?" she demanded.

Before he could respond, she turned sharply and stormed toward the door, her frustration boiling over.

The crowd hadn't moved.