

## **Mafia God 220**

### Chapter 220: It's Going To Be Fine

If anything, it had grown. Vee threw her hands up. "How are they even related?!!! How?!" she shouted at them.

Tony hurried after her, grabbing her arm firmly. "Calm down, Vee. Come on," he said, pulling her away from the entrance before things escalated further.

She resisted for a second, her body tense, but eventually allowed him to guide her back inside.

He led her to a chair, pushing it out for her before she sank into it, her energy suddenly draining all at once.

The adrenaline that had been holding her up was fading, leaving behind a heavy, suffocating exhaustion.

"What am I going to do, Tony?" she asked. Her hands rested limply in her lap, her fingers trembling slightly. "Who is doing this? Why would anyone do this?"

The questions came one after the other, but there were no answers waiting for them. Tony crouched slightly in front of her, trying to meet her gaze.

"It's going to be fine," he said. "It will all blow over after a few days. I assure you." But even as he said it, another shout echoed faintly from outside.

Vee shook her head slowly, her eyes drifting back toward the door, toward the chaos just beyond it. "This doesn't feel like something that just blows over," she murmured.

"Do you want me to call someone for you?" he asked. "Luca perhaps?" Tony added.

That made her look at him. "No. He is just going to go berserk over this," Vee said quickly, shaking her head.

Tony nodded slightly, accepting her answer. "Come on, go home. Give it a few days, okay?"

Slowly, she nodded and picked up her bag from the counter.

"I'll stay and call the cops," Tony said, already pulling out his phone.

Vee paused mid-step, turning back toward him. "Maybe I should stay," she said, uncertainty creeping back into her voice.

Tony shook his head immediately. "You being around will not help issues. It will just aggravate them," he said firmly. "Go. I have this handled."

Vee let out a frustrated breath. "Ugh... Once you call, Detective Voss will be on his way here again. I hate that guy," she spat.

Tony chuckled lightly. "Come on, go. If you are needed, I will call you," he said.

Vee nodded once more. She turned and made her way toward the door. The moment she pushed it open and stepped outside, the noise hit her all over again.

"Murderer!"

Vee stopped dead in her tracks. "Oh my God!" she snapped. "What is wrong with you people?!" Vee turned quickly and headed toward her car, ignoring the stares, the murmurs that followed her every step. Her hands trembled slightly as she reached for the door handle, fumbling before pulling it open. She got in and slammed the door shut.

For a moment, she just sat there. Breathing. Trying to steady herself.

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Marco got the information from Valentina just minutes after everything started spiraling out of control.

She already knew Vee would want to handle it by herself. That was just who Veronica was—stubborn, independent, unwilling to lean on anyone even when things were clearly too big for her to manage alone.

So Valentina did the only thing she could. She called Marco. And once Marco had the information, it didn't take long for it to travel further up the chain.

Soon, it landed exactly where it was bound to—on Luca's desk. Luca sat back slightly in his chair.

For a moment, he said nothing. Instead, he reached for his phone, unlocking it quickly and checking his notifications. No missed calls from Veronica.

"Is she at the shop?" Luca asked.

Marco stood across from him, hands loosely at his sides. "No," he replied. "Valentina says she left when things were getting even more heated. Tony is still there, waiting for the cops to take a statement."

Luca nodded slowly, processing that. She left. Good. That's a good move. At least she had enough sense to remove herself before things escalated further.

But the fact that she hadn't called him...

"I'll just drop by," Luca said, already pushing his chair back slightly as he stood.

"I advise against it, boss," he said. "The cops will be there if they aren't already there."

Luca paused mid-movement, then looked at him, one brow lifting slightly. "Why do I have to hide from them?" he asked, a faint smirk forming on his lips. "I am an upstanding citizen."

The sarcasm was subtle—but unmistakable.

"It's not about hiding," Marco said carefully. "It's about timing. The situation is already messy. Your presence there right now..."

He slipped his phone into his pocket, decision already made. "Come on," Luca said. "Let's go."

"Boss, that detective obsessed with you will be there," Marco pushed, his tone more insistent now as he followed Luca toward the door.

"Maybe it's time I met him," Luca said casually, shrugging into his coat. "He has been hassling Veronica. I'd like to put an end to it. Besides, its nice to have a nemesis. This man intrigues me. He is just as stubborn as I am just on the right side of the law or should I say wrong. I don't know which is which anymore."

Marco frowned slightly, quickening his pace to keep up. "Luciano, let me handle this, please," he said, his voice dropping just enough to show this wasn't just routine caution anymore. This was concern.

But Luca waved it off without even looking at him. "Nonsense," he said simply. He paused briefly near the exit, patting down his pockets. Wallet. Phone. Keys. Nothing extra. Nothing that could raise unnecessary questions. "I think my licensed firearm is in my car, right?" Luca asked, glancing over his shoulder.

"Yeah," Marco confirmed.

"Alright," Luca said, satisfied. "Let's go."

Marco exhaled quietly, already knowing the conversation was over. Once Luca made up his mind, there was no redirecting him—only adapting.

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"Father!" Julian's voice rang out before he even fully stepped into the office at the wharf. Julian stepped in fully now, his energy electric with excitement.