

Mafia God 233

Chapter 233: He Said He Would Call

All of Luca's attention was on Veronica. She sat on the edge of the couch, leaning forward slightly, her phone gripped tightly in her hand, her eyes locked onto the screen.

Her hair fell over one shoulder, partially hiding her face, but Luca could still see the intensity there—the focus, the anticipation, the impatience she was trying (and failing) to contain.

Luca, on the other hand, was stretched out more casually on the opposite end of the couch, one arm draped lazily along the backrest.

"I don't get how calls work," he said dryly. "Is it the harder you stare at the phone, the faster the call comes through?"

"Shh... shh... shh..." Veronica waved him off without even looking at him, her eyes still glued to the screen.

Luca raised a brow, leaning his head back slightly as he let out a quiet, incredulous huff. "Unbelievable."

She shifted slightly, adjusting her grip on the phone, her thumb hovering just above the screen.

"Great. Just great," Luca muttered, sitting up a little straighter now, his patience thinning. "Why don't you just call him?"

Veronica turned her head sharply to look at him, her eyes narrowing. "Because," she said, "he said he would call. Besides, I don't want to interrupt the moment. Now shush!" Veronica said.

"Will you stop shushing me?" Luca snapped.

"Then keep quiet if you don't want to be shushed," she shot back immediately, not even sparing him a glance.

Luca pushed himself to his feet. "Do you have any alcohol in this house?" he asked, his tone just loud enough to be annoying.

Veronica, still glued to her screen, lifted her hand and pointed vaguely toward the kitchen without looking up. "There," she muttered.

He turned and strode into the kitchen. He opened one cabinet. Nothing. Another. Glassware.

Finally, a third—bottles lined neatly, untouched, like they were there for display more than use.

Grabbing the first bottle that looked strong enough to do the job, he didn't bother with a glass.

The truth was—he wasn't just irritated. He was angry. And beneath that— Jealous. He leaned back against the counter, unscrewing the bottle cap with a twist. He took a slow sip, letting the burn settle, hoping it would dull something.

It didn't. If Valentina said yes... then that was it. She and Ricardo would get their perfect ending— wrapped up neatly. A marriage. A child on the way. A future that made sense.

A future that worked. And him? He and Veronica were still here. Stuck. Caught somewhere between what they were and what they could be.

A cursed limbo. He took another drink. Yeah—he was angry. Yeah—he was jealous. And yeah—

He was tired. From the living room, he heard a sharp vibration. Then— A squeal, full of pure, unfiltered joy.

Luca closed his eyes for half a second, his jaw tightening as the sound confirmed what he already knew.

She said yes. Of course she did. He exhaled slowly, pushing himself off the counter and setting the bottle down with a soft clink.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone. Marco would be somewhere in the air by now, halfway to Italy, probably trying to get some rest before everything waiting for him on the other side.

Luca's fingers moved quickly over the screen.

She said yes.

He stared at the message for a second before hitting send. He slipped the phone back into his pocket just as Veronica's laughter carried into the kitchen, filled with excitement as she spoke into the phone.

Luca glanced toward the doorway. "Congrafuckingtulations," he muttered under his breath and reached for the bottle again. He walked back into the living room just as Veronica was ending the call, her voice still bright with excitement, her laughter spilling into the space like it belonged there.

"She said yes!" Vee squealed, spinning around to face him, her entire face lit up, eyes shining, energy practically radiating off her.

"Yeah... perfect," he said, the words falling flat, accompanied by a tired sigh as he moved past her and dropped heavily into the sofa.

His indifference didn't sit right with her.

"What's wrong?" Vee asked, her excitement dimming just slightly, her brows knitting together.

"It's nothing," Luca replied quickly, leaning back, one arm draped over the back of the couch. "I'm happy for them."

"No, you are not," she shot back. "Your face looks like shit."

"I am," he insisted, his jaw tightening. "Are you going to tell me how I am feeling now?"

"Luca!" she snapped. "What are you not telling me? Why aren't you happy?"

She wasn't expecting him to match her excitement—that wasn't him. But this? This cold, detached response? She didn't like it.

"The question is—why are you?" he shot back. "Why aren't you feeling as crappy as I am feeling right now?"

"What?" she blinked, genuinely confused now. "Why would I feel crappy?" she asked. "My sister is getting married. She's going to have a baby. Why wouldn't I be happy?"

"Exactly!!!"

The bottle left his hand and slammed into the far wall. Glass shattered on impact, splintering across the floor in a violent burst.

Vee flinched instinctively, her shoulders jerking as her heart jumped into her throat. "Luciano!" she snapped, the full use of his name slipping out.

Luca dragged a hand down his face, breathing hard, as he tried to rein himself back in. "Look..." he muttered. He shook his head, already turning slightly away from her. "I'll just go. I don't want to ruin your mood." He got up and took a step, but she moved faster.

"Luca, talk to me," Vee said, closing the distance between them, refusing to let him walk away from this. "What... what is this?" she asked, searching his face. "Do you have reservations?"

"No," he said immediately, shaking his head. "It has nothing to do with them. Everyone else gets to be happy," he said. "And we can't be?"

"Luca..." she started, but he cut her off before she could finish.