

Mafia God 234

Chapter 234: It Kills Me Everyday

"I can't give you a marriage, Vee," he said. "I cannot give you a wedding. I cannot get you excited like this. It kills me every day," he continued. "I thought I could handle this... Believe me, I thought I could."

Vee's grip on his arm tightened slightly, her heart sinking as she listened.

"I can't," he said finally. "I'm sorry. At this point," he added, "I'd offer my soul to the devil to marry you."

"I thought you were the devil..." she said softly, attempting to lighten the moment, her lips curving into the faintest hint of a smile.

He shot her a dark look in return.

"I'm sorry," she said quickly, lifting her hands in surrender, a small, apologetic smile tugging at her lips. "I couldn't help it." She tilted her head. "Remember when I used to say I would never love you?"

"Yeah..." he said, a small, reluctant chuckle escaping him despite everything. "You were very convincing."

"I meant it," she admitted. "At the time, I really did. Look at me now," she continued, stepping closer. "All I dream of is marrying you. I look forward to what marriage with you is like," she added. "Will I have the urge to wake up in the morning and smother you with a pillow, as I already do?"

Luca let out a real laugh at that.

"Or," she went on, her eyes softening, "will you wake me up with a cup of coffee, like you already do?"

His gaze dropped briefly to her lips.

"Will we love each other every minute of every day..." she continued, "as we already do?" She reached for his hand then, her fingers slipping into his. "We already have what matters, Luca," she said, holding his gaze. "The rest?" She gave a small shrug, a gentle smile forming. "It's formality."

He stood there, staring at her, like he was trying to reconcile what she was saying with everything he believed he couldn't give her. "I tried to ask Bianca for a divorce," he said.

"I'm sure that didn't go over so well," she said carefully.

"No," Luca said, shaking his head slowly. "But she made a few strong points. She can't quit the familia. That's the number one thing."

Vee's brows pulled together slightly. "Number two?" she asked gently.

"The marriage," he said slowly, "wasn't just about us. It was a merging of families. Of corporations. Of power." He swallowed, his jaw tightening. "My father and her father have too much to lose. I don't know what to do, Vee," he admitted. "I can't get out of it."

She wrapped her arms around him. His body gave in, his arms coming around her, holding onto her.

"And now with Val and Ricardo..." he continued. "It's just..." He trailed off, searching for the right words, his grip tightening just slightly. "I feel like a loser."

Vee's hold on him tightened in response.

"I feel cheated..." he added. "It's a horrible feeling."

She pulled back just enough to look up at him. "Let's be happy for them," she said gently. "And pretend it's us."

Slowly, his lips curved into a small smile—the first genuine one since the conversation had taken this turn. "The only pretend I like is role play," he said, a familiar edge of teasing slipping back in.

Vee groaned immediately, rolling her eyes as she gave his chest a light shove. "Ugh... get your mind out of the gutter," she muttered. "They want to hold an engagement party," she continued, stepping back. "I suggested having it at the shop."

Luca raised a brow slightly, considering that.

"Hopefully the renovations will be done soon," she added, glancing away for a second as she mentally ran through timelines, details already beginning to form.

"About that..." Luca started.

"About what?" she asked, her brows pulling together, wary now.

"Is there any reason why Cassidy's flight information and travel details were on your desk?" he asked finally.

She withdrew from him completely. "I do not have such documents," she said.

"Cassidy was in Italy the same time as you were," he continued. "And I contacted the hotel he stayed at to find out if he had any guests. I was told," Luca went on, his eyes never leaving hers, "only a Veronica Scalese."

"Are you kidding me?!" Vee burst out, disbelief flashing across her face. Her hands came up in exasperation, her body language shifting completely now—from open, to guarded, to offended.

"Do you have to tell me anything, Vee?" he asked.

"What?!" she snapped, anger sparking in her eyes. "I haven't seen or spoken to Cassidy in months! The last time I saw him was at church," she continued. "And he almost gave me the finger right then and there."

"I just needed confirmation from you," he said. "Marco will look into it."

"Good," she said after a moment, her tone clipped. "Because I'd love to know how my name ended up in a place I wasn't. This is insane," she muttered under her breath. "Is that why you sent Marco to Italy?" Vee asked.

"No... other stuff too," he said.

Vee nodded slowly, more out of acknowledgment than understanding. Her mind was already racing, trying to connect pieces that refused to fit together. Nothing about this made sense—not the documents, not the hotel, not Cassidy being anywhere near her name.

And yet—She couldn't say everything. Her gaze dropped briefly, her thoughts tightening around the one thing she was carefully avoiding. Why she had actually gone to Italy.

Luca was already on edge. And the last thing she needed right now was him redirecting all of that onto Ricardo—especially tonight, of all nights. Valentina was happy. That mattered. That came first.

So she stayed quiet. For now.

"Cassidy was in Italy," she said, lifting her gaze back to Luca, her tone shifting to confusion again.

"Marco thinks he was there on Bastione business," Luca replied, crossing his arms over his chest.

Vee frowned, shaking her head slowly. "That doesn't explain anything," she said. "It doesn't explain why his travel documents were in my shop. Or why someone says I visited him. I don't like this, Luca," she added. "I don't."