

## Mafia God 243

### Chapter 243: You're In My House

Veronica was now sitting on the edge of the bed. One hand pressed lightly against her temple, the other bracing herself against the mattress as she tried to steady her breathing. Her hair was disheveled.

"Hi," Cassidy said softly.

"Cassidy?" Veronica's voice came out thin, strained, laced with confusion as her eyes darted around the room like she was trying to piece together a reality that refused to settle. Her breathing quickened. "What... what am I doing here?" she demanded, panic rising fast as she pushed herself up from the edge of the bed, her legs unsteady beneath her. "Where am I?"

Cassidy stayed where he was, near the door, watching her carefully. "You're in my house," he said, keeping his tone calm.

Her eyes snapped to his. "In your bedroom?" she pressed, suspicion cutting through the confusion. "What did you do to me?"

"Really?" he said, a dry edge creeping into his voice. "Do you already think so low of me?"

"I'm... I'm sorry," she said quickly, shaking her head as she pressed her fingers harder against her temple. "I can't— I can't remember anything."

Cassidy exhaled slowly, pushing himself off the wall and stepping further into the room. "You must have had quite a lot to drink."

"What?" she snapped, looking at him again, this time with genuine confusion. "I didn't drink."

"I could smell the alcohol on you, Veronica," he said, his tone firm now. "You don't have to lie to me."

"I'm not lying," she shot back immediately. "I didn't drink anything. What are you talking about?" she added. "Cassidy, I swear to you, I didn't drink."

"Look," he began. "I know the kind of man you're with, okay? And I know the situation you're in might push you to... start doing things you normally wouldn't."

Veronica's eyes narrowed slightly. "That's what you think this is?" she asked quietly.

"I'm saying..." he continued, choosing his words more carefully, "that people change under pressure. And you've been under a lot of it."

"Are you crazy?" Veronica asked, her brows pulling together as she tried to make sense of what he was saying.

"I know what he has been doing to you," he shot back. "I saw the mark on your face the last time I saw you—hidden under terribly applied makeup."

Veronica blinked, caught off guard.

"I know his wife shot you," he continued, stepping closer now, his voice rising with each word. "I know he has you caught up in this mess of a life, Veronica!"

Her head shook slowly, confusion etched deep into her expression as she tried to follow his train of thought. "Luca didn't hit me," she said. "He would—What are you even saying?"

Cassidy let out a frustrated breath, dragging a hand through his hair. "Then why did you text me to meet?" he demanded. "After all this time—why now?"

"I..." she started.

And before she could force the words out—Everything shattered. A deafening gunshot exploded through the house, the sound tearing through the quiet. The front door splintered under the impact, followed immediately by the heavy crash of it being kicked open.

Veronica gasped, her body jolting instinctively. The mug slipped from Cassidy's hand, hitting the floor with a sharp crack as hot coffee splashed across the tiles, forgotten instantly.

In one swift motion, he turned and rushed to the dresser, yanking it open and pulling out a handgun. He cocked it with ease, his entire demeanor shifting in an instant.

He moved to position himself directly in front of the bedroom entrance, gun raised, aimed with precision at the doorway. "Get behind me," he said sharply.

Veronica's heart was pounding now, her body still shaky as she pushed herself off the bed. She barely had time to take a step— standing right in front of Cassidy.

A figure filled the doorway. Cassidy's finger tightened on the trigger. Luca stood there like something dragged straight out of hell.

His eyes were dark, locked onto the scene in front of him with a dangerous kind of clarity.

Taking it all in. Veronica in Cassidy's bedroom.

"Move," Luca said.

Veronica's breath caught in her throat, her eyes darting between the two men as the weight of what was about to happen crashed down on her all at once. "Luca..." she whispered.

Reality hit her. This looked bad. Very bad. She was standing in her ex's bedroom—in the middle of the night.

There was no explaining this in a single breath. No undoing the picture that had already formed in Luca's mind.

Luca stood at the doorway. His gun hung loosely at his side. Cassidy, on the other hand, his stance was firm, his arm steady, the gun trained directly at Luca but with Vee in the way.

"Don't you knock?" Cassidy asked.

"Cas... put your gun down," Veronica said quickly.

"Go get in my car." Luca said. His voice was brutally calm.

It sent a chill down her spine.

"Luca..." she started, shaking her head, her hands lifting slightly. "This is not what it seems."

His gaze snapped to her. Cold and unforgiving. "Did you hear me?" he asked.

Veronica swallowed, but she didn't move. "Luca, I am not moving from this spot unless you both put your guns away," she said, forcing steadiness into her voice even though her heart was racing uncontrollably. Her eyes flickered to Cassidy for a brief second. "Luca, please."

Then she turned back, stepping closer to Cassidy. "Cas... please..."

She could feel the tension radiating off him, the way his body was still locked and ready, unwilling to back down.

Then she turned again. Back to Luca. The most dangerous man in the room. The one whose silence was far more terrifying than any shouting could ever be.

"Luca," she said, her voice trembling now despite her efforts. "Look at me. Please... I need you to look at me," she continued, stepping even closer, putting herself fully in his line of sight, forcing him to see her and not just the situation.