

Mafia God 244

Chapter 244: I Know You

"Please," she whispered again. "This is not what you think."

"Then I need you to listen to me and go down to my car. Now."

Veronica shook her head immediately. "I can't... Luca, I cannot. Please." Her voice trembled, her eyes already stinging with tears as she took a step toward him. "I know you."

Luca's jaw clenched so tightly it looked like it hurt. The muscle ticked at the side of his face, his teeth grinding together as his hand trembled faintly at his side. He had nowhere to put the anger—no outlet, no release—and it was building fast, pressing against his control.

His eyes searched her face again. "Are you hurt?" he asked.

Veronica shook her head quickly, almost frantically. "No... no, I'm not. I promise. I swear. I'm good, very good."

Then, without another word—he lowered his hand and slipped the gun back into his pocket.

He turned his back on both of them and walked out of the bedroom. Cassidy just stood there, still holding the gun, watching Luca leave with a guarded expression, like he didn't trust the silence any more than he would trust a threat.

Veronica immediately followed. Her heartbeat still racing as she trailed behind Luca down the hallway.

At the front door, he paused briefly, glancing down at the damage he had caused. The broken wood, the splintered frame—and there, on the floor, the slug he had fired through the keyhole.

He bent slightly, picking it up between his fingers. Then he straightened and pulled out his phone.

Veronica stood a few steps behind him, watching, unsure of what was coming next. He dialled and the call connected almost immediately.

"Tell Valentina to calm down," Luca said, his voice returning to that same cold, measured tone. "Her sister is fine. She will be at her house soon."

A brief pause.

"Nonnina should have her rest."

He ended the call and slipped the phone back into his pocket. He turned then. Finally looking at her. "Go home."

"Luca, please... let me explain," she tried.

"I told you not to come here."

"I know but—" Vee started, stepping closer, desperation creeping into her tone.

"Did he fuck you?"

"How—how can you even think that?" she asked. Her brows pulled together, her chest tightening as she stared at him.

"Its late," he said instead. "Go home."

"Luca..." she called again, like she already knew she was losing him in this moment.

But he was already walking away. Just turning his back and heading straight for his car like the conversation was over.

Veronica stood there, rooted to the spot. This was worse than anger. At least anger meant he still felt something loud enough to show.

This distance. It felt like a wall she couldn't climb. She swallowed hard, blinking back the tears that threatened to fall, her gaze following him as he got into his car. The door shut with a dull thud, sealing him off completely.

And then—He just sat there. Waiting for her to go. Veronica let out a slow, shaky breath.

Whoever was behind this—Whoever had set this whole thing up—Had just gotten exactly what they wanted.

From the outside? From Luca's perspective? There was no explaining this. She had walked straight into a perfect trap.

And now, she had handed them a story. A convincing one. Veronica closed her eyes briefly, then forced herself to move.

She walked to her car slowly. Her fingers trembled slightly as she reached into her pocket, pulling out her keys. She opened the door and slid into the driver's seat, shutting it behind her. Her jaw tightened slightly as she turned the key in the ignition.

Carol dipped her head gently through the half-open door, her fingers resting lightly against the frame as she peered into the room.

Marco lay stretched across the bed, still as stone, one arm resting over his chest, the other hanging slightly off the edge.

It had been a long journey, after all. New York to Italy, then Italy to Singapore—too much movement without rest. Even someone like Marco, who seemed built for endurance, would feel it.

She began to pull the door closed quietly, careful not to make a sound—

"I'm not asleep, Ma." His voice cut through the silence.

Carol paused mid-motion, then pushed the door open again and stepped fully into the room.

Marco hadn't moved much, but his eyes were open now, staring up at the ceiling.

"Are you alright?" she asked, concern threading through her voice as she walked toward him. "You seem off, Marco."

He let out a slow breath before pushing himself up into a seated position, his back resting against the headboard. He rubbed a hand over his face briefly. "I'm fine," he said. "Just worried."

Carol stopped beside the bed, folding her arms loosely. "Is Luciano alright, Marco?" she asked carefully, her eyes searching his face for answers he hadn't yet given. "You do not have to keep anything from me. What will I do with what you tell me? Sing to the Singapore mob?"

"Sorry," Marco said, shaking his head lightly. "It's habit."

Years of living the way he did—of protecting information, of measuring every word—didn't just disappear because he was in her house. Even here, even with her, there were things his mind automatically locked away.

"You are not in New York, or Italy." she said quietly. "You are here. With me."

"I know," he said.

She sat down beside him on the edge of the bed. "Why did you never talk Luca out of following in his father's footsteps?" Carol asked quietly.

"I have never been able to talk Luca out of anything," he said, a faint, almost tired smile touching his lips. "You know that. Besides..." Marco continued. "You were there. You saw him."

Her fingers curled slightly in her lap.

"You saw him pledge his life to Don... just to keep you alive."

Carol's gaze dropped for a moment, her throat tightening as the image replayed itself in her mind—the boy Luca had been back then, standing too tall for his age, too serious, making a decision no child should ever have to make.