

## **Mafia God 247**

### Chapter 247: It's My Bedroom

A man who expected betrayal because it was all he had ever known. A man who would give everything for love...

...and yet would never deserve it. He slid into bed and shut his eyes, willing his body to surrender to sleep, even if his mind refused to follow.

For a while, he just lay there. But eventually, exhaustion won. Sleep came—but it brought no peace with it.

His dreams were anything but calm. They came in fragments. Faces he loved—turning away from him.

Veronica walking away without looking back. Marco standing still, watching him fall but not moving to help.

Even Nonnina was leaving. In the dream, she didn't say anything. She just looked at him with sadness in her eyes... and turned away.

Luciano's chest tightened painfully even in his sleep, his body reacting as if it were real. He tried to call out.

Tried to move. But like all nightmares, he was stuck. Left behind. He tossed and turned. The sheets twisted around his body.

The morning dragged on like that. By the time the sunlight filtered fully into the room, he had barely rested at all.

At about nine in the morning, the door creaked open softly. Nonnina stepped in carefully, balancing a tray with breakfast and a cup of coffee.

She paused just inside the doorway, her sharp eyes taking in the state of the bed, the way Luciano was tangled in the sheets, his face slightly drawn even in sleep. "Diavolino..." she called softly.

He stirred, his brows pulling together before his eyes slowly opened.

"Are you alright?" she asked.

Luciano blinked a few times, dragging himself fully awake. "I'm fine, Nonni," he said. He pushed himself up slightly, rubbing a hand over his face. "Could you pass me my pajama pants?"

Nonnina set the tray down on the dresser with a small clink. Then she turned, spotting the pants draped carelessly over the sofa. She picked them up and walked back toward him, handing them over with a disapproving look.

"I tell you countless times," she muttered, folding her arms as he pulled them on, "a grown man doesn't sleep naked."

"It's my bedroom, Nonni," he replied. "And you've seen me naked all my life."

Nonnina scoffed loudly, waving a hand dismissively. "Tcha..." she clicked her tongue, clearly unimpressed. "That does not mean I want to keep seeing it forever. There should be boundaries."

"Are Ricardo and Valentina still here?" Luca asked.

Nonnina shook her head as she adjusted the tray on the dresser. "No. The girl—too hyper," she said with a small chuckle. "She wanted to leave early this morning to go see her sister. It is nice," she added, glancing back at him, "to see sisters so close. Worrying about each other like that."

Her eyes softened slightly. "How is Zuccherino?"

"She's fine," he replied. He pushed himself out of bed and walked over to the dresser, picking up the coffee mug.

"Will you go to work?" she asked.

He took a sip before answering, letting the bitterness settle on his tongue. "Maybe later in the day," he said. "I'll have lunch here though."

She nodded slowly. "Diavolino?" she called again. "You hurt."

"You know me so well," he said lightly. "But I'll be fine."

She simply nodded, stepped closer, and gave him a small pat on the chest. "Eat," she murmured.

With that, she turned and made her way out of the room. He took another sip, set the mug back on the tray, and headed toward the adjoining bathroom.

He grabbed his toothbrush, going through the motions. After rinsing, he splashed cold water onto his face.

Then he turned and walked back into the bedroom. And stopped. Veronica was standing there.

Right in the middle of his room.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi," Luca replied. He reached for a towel, dragging it slowly over his face, buying himself a few seconds.

"We need to talk," she said, forcing the words out before she lost her nerve.

"We?" he repeated, dropping the towel. "Yeah right."

"Luca, listen—"

"Why don't YOU try listening?" he snapped suddenly. "Why don't you fucking try to listen to me?"

"I'm sorry!" she shot back, her own voice rising. "But I couldn't sit back and do nothing!"

"I can't do this right now," he said. He moved to walk past her.

But Veronica wasn't having it.

"Luca..." she stepped forward quickly, planting herself firmly in his path, forcing him to stop. "Please."

He looked down at her then.

"Tell me you know I did nothing wrong," she said. Her eyes searched his desperately, looking for anything—that told her she hadn't already lost him. "Tell me that you are not suspicious of me. Tell me..." She trailed off, her throat tightening as emotion crept in.

"I don't have to tell you anything," he said.

"Goddamnit!" she burst out. "Can't you see what is happening? Can't you? Someone is trying to build a narrative to split us—and you are letting them!"

"I?" he shot back, his eyes narrowing dangerously. "I am letting them? Seriously, I cannot have this conversation until you begin to fucking use your head!"

Before she could react, he moved. One arm hooked around her waist, lifting her clean off her feet.

"Luca—!" she yelped, but it was too late.

He tossed her onto the bed. By the time she pushed herself up on her elbows, glaring at him, he had already turned away, walking toward the sofa. He reached for his robe, shaking it out before sliding his arms into it, tying it around his waist.

Veronica's frustration boiled over. She yanked off one of her sandals and hurled it. It flew across the room with surprising accuracy, hitting him on the back.

He just let out a long, tired sigh. That only made her angrier. She pulled off the second sandal and threw that one too—this time hitting his shoulder with a soft thud. He barely reacted.

Just adjusted his robe and kept going.

"Talk to me, you son of a bitch!!!" she yelled.