

Mafia God 248

Chapter 248: Stop Being A Child

He walked over to the dresser, picked up his coffee mug, and calmly finished the rest of it.

"Are you serious right now?!" she demanded.

Still nothing. Veronica scrambled off the bed, her bare feet hitting the floor as she rushed toward him. Before he could move again, she planted herself firmly in his path—again.

"Stop being a child," Luca said.

"Don't do this," she said.

Luca let out a slow breath, shaking his head slightly. "I can do whatever the hell I want, Vee," he replied. "I can." His eyes locked onto hers. "Do you realize," he continued, "that despite everything I have seen and heard in the past couple of days, I am still standing here choosing to believe you? And you," he added, "you aren't making it any easier."

"You have me in a chokehold," he said bluntly. "I prefer to see past all of it even when everything around me is screaming otherwise. But you have no idea what your actions last night could have cost," he went on. "What they still could cost me." He gestured vaguely, as if the consequences were too large to point at.

"I run a famiglia, Vee," he said. "I have to think. I have to be precise. I have to analyze. I have to be suspicious. I have to be brutal. I cannot afford blind spots," he finished sharply. "So when I say you cannot fuck around with the enemy, you should listen to me!"

"I didn't ask for this, Luca," she whispered. "I didn't ask for my life to be so complicated."

"So what?" he said. "You want to leave?" he asked. "You want to walk away? You want an easy life?" He took a step past her, brushing by her shoulder. "You want to go back to Cassidy?" he added sharply, turning his head slightly as he spoke. "Go ahead. It sure looked like that's what you wanted last night."

Something in her snapped. She grabbed the tray without thinking and slammed it down against the floor with violent force.

Glass shattered instantly. Porcelain cracked. Food scattered across the tiles in a messy, irreversible explosion.

"I don't want Cassidy!!!" she shouted. "I don't love Cassidy!!!"

"Then why are you seeming to seize every opportunity to be around him?!" he shot back.

"I needed to know what was going on!" she yelled.

"In his fucking bedroom?!" Luca snapped immediately, cutting her off. "You couldn't meet—I don't know—in a public place? A restaurant? Hell, even the pizza parlour?!" His eyes burned now, fixed on hers. "How long does it take to ask questions? You were there until the middle of the night, Vee. You were in his bed."

"I don't know how I got there, Luca... I don't know," she repeated. "One minute I was standing outside his house, and the next I was waking up on his bed."

Luciano's expression changed in real time. "Did he hurt you?" he asked suddenly. "Did the bastard fucking hurt you?" he repeated, stepping forward again, his entire body tense now. "Because I swear to God, I don't care what happens—I'm going to kill him."

A small, breathless smile broke through. "You love me," she said quietly.

Luciano stared at her like an idiot. "Are you just realising that?"

"No..." she said quickly. "I mean... I can't. I'm sorry, okay?" Her hands lifted slightly as if she didn't know what to do with them. "I'll listen to you more. I'm sorry." Her words started tumbling out faster now, emotional overload taking over. Everything she had been holding in—the fear, the confusion, the exhaustion from the night before came rushing forward at once.

"I just..." her voice cracked slightly. "I just want to—" She didn't finish because all she wanted in that moment was simple. She wanted to hug him, to feel him. She moved forward instinctively, arms beginning to lift.

Luciano reacted instantly. "Stop! No!" he snapped, alarm flashing across his face. He moved at the same time she did.

Without thinking. He stepped forward and grabbed her, lifting her off the floor before she could take another step.

But in doing so—he stepped on the shattered pieces of glass still scattered across the floor.

His bare feet came down hard. A sting shot through him. "Fuck—!" he hissed under his breath, the pain making his grip tighten reflexively as he stumbled backward.

The momentum carried them both down onto the bed. Luciano landed first. Veronica fell onto him, caught between shock and confusion, her hands bracing instinctively against his chest.

"What?" she said immediately, pulling back slightly as her eyes scanned his face. "What did you do that for?"

"It's nothing," he muttered.

She pushed herself up quickly, sliding off him and onto the bed beside him. She grabbed his foot gently, lifting it carefully.

He tried to pull back, but she held firm.

"Stop," she said firmly. "Let me see."

A shard of glass embedded near the skin, blood beginning to form around it. She reached for it and pulled it out.

"You walked into broken glass because you thought I was about to hurt myself." She looked at him strangely for a moment. "I'll get Nonnina."

"No! She has been up all night," Luca said immediately. "Let her be."

"Fine," she muttered under her breath, already scanning the room for what she needed instead.

Without wasting time, she grabbed a clean towel from the bathroom cabinet, moved to the sink, and ran it under warm water.

When she returned, she knelt beside the bed again. Luciano was sitting partially upright, one hand braced behind him, the other resting loosely near his injured foot. His jaw was tight, but he didn't stop her when she reached for him again.

Veronica wrapped the warm, damp towel gently around his foot first, cleaning away the small traces of blood.

Luciano watched her the entire time. And in that stillness, he got clarity. It didn't matter how mad he was at her.

It didn't matter what she did. It didn't matter if she lied, or hid things, or walked straight into danger without thinking.

He would still run straight through fire to reach her.