

## Mafia God 252

### Chapter 252: Marco Kissed Me

"Are you hurt?" Veronica's voice grew more frantic as her eyes scanned her sister's body, searching for any sign of injury. "Is it the baby?" Her hands moved instinctively to Val's stomach, fear tightening her chest.

"No," Val said quickly, shaking her head. "No, I'm fine."

"Then what is it?"

"Marco kissed me."

Everything Veronica had been bracing herself for—the imagined danger, the fear of someone breaking in, the worst-case scenarios racing through her mind—collapsed.

"Oh." She blinked, her body slowly relaxing as she let out a breath she hadn't realized she'd been holding. "Okay... okay." She ran a hand through her hair, trying to recalibrate. "First things first—the world isn't ending. That's... good. Wow," Veronica added, still processing. "Uh... I thought—well—I thought you said you both didn't have that kind of relationship."

"We didn't," Val said quickly, defensively. She finally looked up, her eyes glassy with emotion. "I mean, not like that. Not... not the way you're thinking." She shook her head, struggling to find the right words. "I thought he was just being nice, you know? We talked about things—real things. The kind I talk about with you. He takes care of me like you do. Checks on me, makes sure I eat, makes sure I rest. I just assumed..." She trailed off, her lips pressing together.

Veronica rubbed her arms absently, thinking. "Uh... I don't know what to say," she admitted honestly. "That's... a lot."

"I can't face Ricardo," Val said suddenly. "I can't..." She shook her head again. "What do I even tell him? I haven't been to see him since it happened. I can't."

Veronica's brows drew together. "Hey..." she murmured softly, reaching out to steady her. "Look at me."

Val slowly lifted her gaze.

"You love Ricardo, right?" Veronica asked.

"Of course I do," Val said immediately, the answer instinctive. "Vee, I swear I do. But I also care about Marco. I—" She stopped, swallowing hard as if the next part scared her even more. "Have I lost him?"

"In what way?" Vee asked gently.

Val hesitated, her fingers fidgeting restlessly. "I don't know," she admitted. "Before... everything was simple. He was just... there. Someone I could lean on without it meaning anything else. Now it's not simple anymore. I don't know what he expects. I don't know what I'm supposed to feel." She let out a frustrated breath. "What if I hurt him? Or worse... what if I already did? Have I lost him as a friend... as a... brother?" Her fingers twisted together in her lap, restless, unsure, mirroring the chaos in her mind.

"The moment he kissed you, Val..." she said carefully, "...all of those titles you just assigned to him evaporated. That doesn't mean he's gone," Veronica added quickly, seeing the panic rise in her sister's face. "It just means things aren't what they used to be anymore. You can't go back to pretending it's purely innocent, purely platonic. That line—he crossed it."

Val swallowed hard, her throat tight.

"Now it's up to you to decide how to move forward from this," Veronica continued. "What did he say after it happened?"

"I ran away," Val admitted, shame creeping in. "I ran away, Vee." She covered her face briefly with her hands before dragging them down slowly. "Who does that? He's done so much for me—been there for me when I didn't even deserve it—and I couldn't even afford him the courtesy of staying. Of talking it through." Her breathing hitched. "All I could think was... what we have is broken. And I—I couldn't accept that."

"It's just a kiss, Val," Veronica said. "Maybe he was drunk. Maybe it was a moment of confusion. It doesn't automatically mean everything has to fall apart. It doesn't mean he has feelings for you."

Val's brows pulled together, frustration flashing through her expression. "Then why would he do that?" she demanded. "Why the hell would he kiss me? That's not something you just accidentally do."

"Marco kissed you?!" The voice came from behind them.

Both sisters froze. Slowly, they looked up. Ricardo stood there. Neither of them had heard him come in.

His posture was rigid, his shoulders squared, and his eyes—locked directly on Val.

"Ricardo..." Val whispered.

"He kissed you..." Ricardo repeated. "The son of a bitch!"

"Ricardo! Calm down!" Veronica got up and stepped forward quickly.

But Ricardo wasn't listening anymore.

"I'm going to kill the bastard!" he snapped. Before either of them could react, he turned sharply and stormed out of the room.

"Ricardo!" both sisters called after him.

The front door slammed seconds later.

"What have I done?!" Val cried, her voice breaking as tears spilled freely down her cheeks. Her hands flew to her head, fingers tangling in her hair as panic set in. "Vee, Marco's going to hurt him—he's actually going to hurt him!"

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Marco stood at the center of the admin floor, a handful of men gathered around him as he walked them through the plan. "The entire underground will be on lockdown," Marco said. "No one goes in or out until Luca gives the signal." He didn't like the plan. It was aggressive but he understood why Luca had pushed for it.

"Marco." Ricardo's voice came from behind him.

Marco had barely begun to turn when the punch came. There was no time to react, no chance to dodge. The blow landed square against his cheek with brutal force, snapping his head to the side.

Before Marco could regain his footing, chaos erupted.

"Get him!" someone shouted.

Two of the men rushed forward, grabbing Ricardo before he could swing again. It didn't stop him. He fought like a man possessed, his rage spilling over as he struggled against their grip, muscles straining, boots scraping against the floor as he tried to break free.

"You son of a bitch!" Ricardo roared. "You fucking asshole!"

Marco straightened slowly, one hand coming up to his cheek as he felt the dull throb of the hit settling in.