

## **Mafia God 253**

### Chapter 253: I'm Gonna Kill You

"Stay the fuck away from her! You hear me?" Ricardo continued. "If I see you around her, I'm gonna kill you! I'm gonna kill you!"

The men holding him tightened their grip as he thrashed, trying to lunge forward again. It took three of them now to keep him down, forcing him toward the ground as his anger burned hot and uncontrolled.

The sharp crack of a gunshot silenced the arena. Ricardo stopped struggling. The men holding him froze.

Every head turned. Luca stood a few feet away, his arm still raised, the gun in his hand pointed toward the sky.

"What is this fucking madness?!" Luca demanded. His gaze moved from Ricardo—still restrained on the ground—to Marco. "What?" he pressed. "What is this?"

No one answered immediately. Marco stepped forward slightly.

"It's nothing," Marco said.

Luca's eyes narrowed. "It better be something," he said slowly, lowering the gun but not relaxing his grip on it. "Or I am going to fuck both of you up." His gaze hardened as it moved between them again, already piecing together more than either of them had said.

"In the office," Luca ordered. "Right now."

Ricardo ripped himself free from the grip of the men restraining him, shrugging them off with raw force. He staggered forward a step, eyes still locked on Marco like he was barely resisting the urge to launch himself again.

Luca stepped into his office. "Are you boys crazy?" Luca asked slowly, his gaze moving between them. "What do you think this place is? A wrestling ring?" His eyes narrowed slightly. "Somebody start talking."

"I just learned that Marco kissed my girl."

Luca didn't react right away. He simply turned his head, slowly shifting his attention to Marco. "Is that true?" Luca asked. "You kissed his fiancée?"

"Yes."

Luca looked away briefly, rubbing his temple as if trying to keep his temper in check. "Do you have any idea what you have done?" Luca asked finally.

Marco met his gaze steadily. "Yes, boss."

"I am fed up of this childish love triangle," Luca said flatly.

Neither man responded.

"This is not some street drama," Luca continued. "This is not some emotional mess you get to act out because your feelings are hurt." He turned to Marco. "you should know better than anyone what lines cannot be crossed. Ricardo may not be working for the famiglia," he said firmly, "but he became part of the famiglia before he moved here. You do not touch your brothers' women!!!"

"I know," Marco said again.

"What the fuck?" Luca muttered. "What am I supposed to do? How am I supposed to discipline my own capo for this?"

"I'll accept my punishment."

"Fucking hell," Luca sighed finally. He turned to Ricardo. "I'll handle it. You may go."

Ricardo stepped out without another word, his jaw still tight, his eyes still burning. He didn't look at Marco as he passed, and Marco didn't look at him either.

Luca stayed still for a moment longer, staring at the closed door. "You are an idiot," he said flatly.

Marco gave a small nod. "I know."

"You kissed her?"

"It's worth it."

"You're an idiot," Luca said again. "What... do you realise how embarrassing this is for me? Do you even begin—" He stopped mid-sentence, pressing his fingers to his temple again as if physically holding himself back from exploding. "You have ignited a problem I now have to contain."

"I understand."

"No," he said slowly. "I don't think you do."

"I couldn't help it," Marco said. "It was a spur-of-the-moment thing."

"Why did you fucking have to complicate things so much, you stupid fool!" he snapped suddenly.

"I'll have the men carry out the punishment," Marco said simply.

"Someone else has to take your place for what's to happen tomorrow then."

"I can do my job. I will be there."

Luca turned slowly, narrowing his eyes. "You're unbelievable," he muttered.

"I will be there," Marco repeated, firmer this time. "Nothing changes that. I can't leave you both in the hands of anyone else."

Luca let out a tired, resigned sigh. "Fine," he said at last. "I'm not going to watch you get flogged though. Do you even realise that Valentina has to be there?"

That stopped everything. Marco's eyes narrowed slightly. "Luca..."

"Oh," he said, tilting his head slightly. "That gets a rise out of you, huh? That does?"

Marco held his gaze. "She cannot see me like that."

"Oh, she will."

Marco's eyes hardened instantly. "Luca."

"She will," Luca repeated, more firmly this time. "No exceptions. Next time you want to be stupid," Luca continued, "she will stop you." Luca straightened again, satisfied. "Maybe then you'll think before you act a fool."

"Luciano...I beg you."

"Fine," Luca said at last. "I'll have her on a vacation or something. That will excuse her absence."

"Thank you."

Luca lifted a hand, already turning away in dismissal. "Get the fuck out."

Then Luca's frustration finally snapped through the cracks.

"Fucking assholes," he muttered under his breath as Marco turned and walked out.

His hand moved to the desk, and he dropped his gun onto it with a dull thud. He dragged a hand down his face, exhaling heavily through his teeth. "Fucking idiots," he muttered again.

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Valentina stood near the center of the Scalese living room, her hands clasped tightly in front of her, fingers twisting nervously together.

Luca stood opposite her, not moving much. To her right, Ricardo stood with his arms crossed.

On the sofa, Veronica sat forward slightly, elbows resting on her knees, watching all three of them carefully.

"You lot have made a mess of things in my famiglia." Luca started.

"I have my men looking at me for consequences of Marco's actions," he said evenly. "This... stuff going on between you three, it's beginning to affect my work."

Valentina swallowed hard. "I didn't mean for any of this to happen."

Luca paused for a moment. "Marco will be disciplined," he said evenly. "According to the rules, Valentina is supposed to be there."

"What do you mean by disciplined?" she asked, her voice thin.