

Mafia God 255

Chapter 255: I'm Processing Stuff

"Luca!" Veronica called out.

He stopped and turned. "Yeah," he said simply, as if he already knew this conversation was coming.

Veronica crossed her arms, lifting her chin slightly as she met his gaze fully. "You cannot still be mad at me."

"I'm processing stuff," Luca said.

Veronica frowned slightly. "What stuff?" she asked, searching his face. "Us?"

"I am having problems trusting you, Vee," he said. "And I cannot be around you."

Veronica just stood there, staring at him, as if she had misheard him completely. "I thought..." she began slowly. "I thought we talked this through."

Luca's jaw tightened slightly. "You talked it through," he corrected.

"What does that even mean?" she asked. "You—"

"I listened," he interrupted. "That doesn't mean I agreed. Or that I trusted your explanation."

"Are you breaking up with me?" Veronica asked suddenly.

Luca's eyes flicked to hers. "Do you want me to?" he asked.

"Why are you doing this?" she asked, her voice breaking just slightly despite her effort to keep it steady.

Luca held her gaze this time. "I do what I have to do," he said simply.

"That's not an answer."

"It is," he replied. "You just don't like it."

"You have to explain it to me, Luca. Because right now, it just sounds like you're pushing me away for no reason."

"There is a reason," he said. "You just don't see it from where you're standing. I cannot question the loyalties of those close to me. Not in what I do. Not in how I live."

Veronica stilled. "What exactly are you saying?" Her brows drew together. "What exactly do you think I am going to do to you?"

"I don't know," Luca said. "Your ex-boyfriend works for the Bastiones. That's big enough for me to take a step back. I have to go. Marco's punishment awaits."

And just like that, the conversation ended. Veronica watched him walk away, her chest tightening as he moved toward his car like nothing had just fractured between them. He didn't look back. He simply got in, started the engine, and drove off.

Leaving her standing there. She stayed there, staring at the empty space where his car had been, her thoughts spiraling. Everything felt like it was slipping out of place—Valentina, Ricardo, Marco... she and Luca.

"What is happening to us?" she whispered to herself.

Sleep didn't come easily that night. Veronica lay on her bed, staring up at the ceiling. She turned onto her side, pulling the blanket slightly closer around herself, but it did nothing to settle the restlessness sitting heavy in her chest.

Earlier that evening, she had spent hours on the phone with Valentina. Val was supposed to be relaxing in the Hamptons—away from the chaos, away from the fallout—but her mind hadn't left the city for a second. Every conversation circled back to the same thing.

Marco.

"Do you think he's okay?" Val had asked, her voice small but insistent through the phone.

She had seen him that morning. Marco was alright but there was no hiding what had been done. The punishment had left its mark.

He had refused any painkillers, claiming he had a job to do later. She sighed softly, turning onto her back again.

Veronica had tried to steer their conversation back to what mattered—to the reality Valentina needed to face. Her child.

"You need to think about your child," she had said gently but firmly. "This isn't just about you anymore."

But Valentina hadn't wavered.

"I've already made my decision," she said.

Their conversation had gone on until Valentina's voice softened, her words slowing as exhaustion took over.

Veronica had assumed exhaustion would claim her too but it didn't. Her body was tired but her mind refused to quiet. The moment she closed her eyes, everything came rushing back.

The way Luca had looked at her yesterday—distant, guarded, like she was someone he needed to keep at arm's length. It replayed over and over in her mind, each time hitting just as hard as the first.

Was he really going to break up with her? She shifted slightly in bed, turning onto her side, but it didn't help. Nothing did.

Had she finally ruined everything? Her brows furrowed as she stared into the darkness of her room. Their relationship had never been simple. It had always been intense, complicated, filled with clashes neither of them seemed willing—or able—to avoid. But this... this felt different.

This felt like permanent distance. Her throat tightened. What would he do to her now that he couldn't stand her anymore? The thought made her stomach twist. Luca wasn't a man you walked away from. He made decisions and followed through, no matter how difficult they were.

And then there was what he said—I am having problems trusting you. That part wouldn't leave her alone.

What did he mean by questioning her loyalties? Veronica pressed her lips together, her mind running through every conversation they'd had, every moment where she might have said or done something that could be twisted into doubt.

She shut her eyes tightly, trying to push the thoughts away, but instead—he appeared. She could see his face like he was right there in front of her—the sharp lines of it, the intensity in his eyes when he looked at her. The way his gaze alone could make her feel exposed and wanted at the same time.

Her breath caught. Memories followed. The way his hands used to feel on her. The way he would pull her close. The way his lips would trace along her skin.

A soft, involuntary inhale escaped her as heat curled low in her chest, spreading outward. It frustrated her—how easily he could affect her, even when he wasn't there. Even when things between them felt like they were falling apart.

She shifted again, her fingers tightening slightly in the sheets. Her eyes flew open suddenly, her breath uneven as she stared up at the ceiling again.

Her body and her mind were at war. One telling her to hold on. The other preparing for the possibility that she might have already lost him.