

## Mafia God 256

### Chapter 256: I'm Such A Slut

Vee turned her head slightly toward her bedside table, where her phone lay just within reach. She reached for it and typed.

I miss you.

She hit send. It delivered immediately. The small confirmation on her screen felt louder than it should have, especially when it appeared beneath a string of other messages—messages Luca hadn't responded to. Each one sat there like a reminder of the distance he had placed between them.

She let out a soft, frustrated sigh and dropped the phone onto the bed beside her before sinking back into the mattress. "Yeah..." she muttered to herself, staring up at the ceiling again. "You've really done it this time. Okay... sleep," she whispered under her breath. "Just sleep."

Then she tried something simpler. Counting.

"One... two... three..." She focused on the rhythm, on the numbers, on anything that wasn't Luca. "...four... five..."

But it didn't last. Because just as quickly, her mind betrayed her again. His face surfaced again. The intensity in his eyes, the feel of his arms, his chest.

Her breath hitched. "...six..."

The feel of his tongue inside her. Her counting faltered.

"...seven..." She squeezed her eyes tighter, annoyed with herself. "Seriously?" she whispered, exasperated.

The memory of him kept replaying, blurring together in fragments that made it impossible to focus on anything else.

"Ugh..." She rolled onto her side, burying her face briefly into the pillow before pulling back again. "I'm such a slut."

With another sigh, she pushed the covers off and sat up. She swung her legs over the side of the bed and stood, grabbing her phone absentmindedly before setting it back down again. There was no point checking it. He wasn't going to reply.

The house was quiet as she stepped out into the hallway. She made her way toward the stairs to get a drink of water from the kitchen.

Halfway there— A hand clamped over her mouth. Her eyes widened instantly, panic flaring as her body jerked in surprise. The scent hit her a second later again.

No. The world around her blurred. Not again... The thought echoed weakly in her mind.

She felt herself being caught, strong arms holding her weight as her body gave in.

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Marco placed the bottle of water down on the small table. "You sure about this, boss?" he asked. He straightened slightly, rolling his shoulders back out of habit—but the movement sent a sharp reminder of pain across his back. His jaw tightened for a brief second as the sting settled in again, the aftermath of his punishment far from faded.

He ignored it. Flexing his fingers slightly, he glanced around the space again. They were in Luca's private bunker.

Two sofas faced each other across the room. A large table sat off to the side. A smaller coffee table stood between the seating, and further back—a bed.

"No," Luca answered quietly. He sat beside Veronica on the bed, his posture slightly leaned toward her, one hand resting gently against her head. His fingers moved slowly through her hair. "She'll pass," he added after a moment, more to himself than to Marco. "She has to."

Veronica lay still, completely unaware of where she was. Her face, relaxed in unconsciousness, looked peaceful.

"This is extreme," Marco said finally.

"I don't have a choice," he replied. "I need to know beyond reasonable doubt that she is not betraying me," he went on. "And so help me God," Luca added, his jaw tightening slightly, "when I find the person doing this..."

"And if it is your wife?" he asked.

"I'm praying it's my wife," Luca said finally.

"And if it is," Marco pressed carefully, "you sure you want to go to war with the Vitales?"

"It's worth it," Luciano said.

Then, he shifted slightly, glancing up at Marco. "You sure you were gentle with her?" he asked.

"I handled her myself," Marco said. "Like the queen she is." He turned then, beginning to walk toward the door. "I don't doubt Miss Scalese," he added as he reached it, pausing just slightly before opening it. "But if this fails..." He glanced back once. "...I'm coming in."

The door creaked open. Luciano gave a small nod as Marco turned and walked out. The steel door shut behind him, sealing the bunker.

Now it was just the two of them. Time passed. Then— her fingers twitched slightly, her breathing changing just enough to catch his attention. Luca straightened immediately, his focus snapping back to her.

A few seconds later, her eyes flew open. Veronica jolted upright in a panic. She scrambled off the bed too quickly, her balance unsteady, disorientation hitting her all at once.

She would have hit the ground if Luca hadn't moved. He was there instantly, catching her before she fell, his hands steady on her arms as he held her upright. "Careful," he said. Her breathing was uneven, her eyes darting around the unfamiliar space as she tried to piece together where she was—and how she had gotten there.

"Luca?" she said. "What... what happened?"

"You okay?" he asked instead.

"I think so," she replied. She pulled back slightly, her brows furrowing as she tried to steady herself. "Why does this keep happening?" she murmured. "How are you here?"

Luca adjusted his hold slightly, guiding her gently toward the sofa. "Come on," he said. "Sit."

Her legs still felt weak, her head slightly light as she allowed him to lead her over. She sat down slowly, one hand bracing against the cushion.

Luca stepped away then, to move toward the larger table. He reached for the bottle of water.

As he poured the water into a glass, his thoughts circled back to the same place again. This was necessary.

It had to be. He turned and walked back to her, extending it toward her.

"Drink up," he said.

Veronica swallowed the water greedily, her throat dry. The cool liquid helped steady her, if only slightly, but it didn't quiet the unease building in her chest. She lowered the glass slowly.