

Mafia God 257

Chapter 257: You Don't Still Trust Me

"Where are we?" she asked.

"In my bunker."

Her brows pulled together. "Why?" she asked. "What's going on?"

He turned away from her and walked toward the large table again.

"Luca?" she called again.

She watched him, her heart beginning to beat faster as unease crept in. Then she saw what he picked up.

Two guns. Her breath caught. Luca carried them back without a word and placed them carefully on the table between them.

Her stomach dropped. "Luca..." she whispered.

He took his time, sitting down across from her with a calmness that felt completely out of place against the tension building in the room.

Only then did his eyes meet hers. "Do you remember the promise you made me," he asked, "when you finally agreed to be with me, Vee?"

"Yeah?" she answered. Her mind raced, trying to connect what he was asking to what was happening now.

Why bring that up? Why now?

"And what was that?" he asked.

"The only way out is death."

"We've come to the end of the road, Vee," he said quietly. "And I am a man of my word."

"Luca...Is this because of Cassidy?" she asked quickly, her mind scrambling to make sense of it. "You don't still trust me. You think I would... you think I would want to be with someone else?"

"I think," he said slowly, "that you are with me because I gave you no choice."

The tears came immediately, stinging her eyes before slipping down her cheeks. Veronica shook her head instinctively.

"No," she whispered. "No, that's not true."

But the look on his face was cold. Distant in a way she had never seen before. All the arguments, all the tension between them—it had never felt like this. This was final.

Her mind raced, searching for anything—to hold onto, to shift the direction of what was happening. But instead, her thoughts went somewhere else entirely.

Someone else.

"My sister?" she asked suddenly.

If this was it—if this was really happening—then there was only one thing that mattered.

She was willing to accept whatever came next. But not at the cost of Valentina. Luca followed her line of thought instantly.

"On that table over there," he said, nodding slightly toward the far side of the room, "there is a cheque with her name on it."

Veronica's eyes flicked briefly in that direction.

"She gets every single dime in all accounts in my name," he added.

"What... what..." Veronica's voice faltered completely now, confusion cutting through the fear. Her brows pulled together as she tried to process what he was saying, how it connected to everything else.

"I don't understand."

"Valentina is the only one dependent on you, correct?" Luca said. "I have no one dependent on me."

Veronica stared at him, her vision slightly blurred by tears, her mind struggling to catch up with the direction this was taking. "I still don't understand..." she repeated.

"There are only two ways out of this bunker," he continued calmly. "Only one of us leaves... or both of us leave in body bags."

"Luca..." she cried, her voice breaking completely now. Her hands trembled in her lap, fingers curling helplessly into themselves. "Don't do this."

"It's already done, love."

That word—love—felt cruel now. Veronica shook her head quickly, tears spilling faster, her breathing uneven as panic began to settle deep into her bones. "I never told you I wanted out," she said. "I didn't."

Her mind raced, replaying everything—every conversation, every argument, every moment she thought they had understood each other. Where had she lost him? Where had he decided she wasn't enough to trust anymore?

"Your actions say otherwise," Luca replied. "And like I said, I cannot live my life questioning where your allegiance lies."

Veronica let out a broken sound, her body trembling. "Ah..." she cried softly, her nose sniffing as she tried to catch her breath. Her eyes lifted slowly to meet his again. "You're going to kill me?" she asked.

"I'd never hurt you, Vee," he said quietly. "Never." He gestured slightly toward the table between them.

"You have a choice here," he continued. "You either pick up that gun and kill me..."

Her gaze followed his hand automatically. The guns sat there.

"...or as soon as I hit that button over there—" he pointed behind him without looking, "—we get fifteen minutes before the air in this room is sucked out."

Her breath caught sharply.

"And we both die."

Veronica's head shook faintly. This couldn't be real. This couldn't be the man she loved sitting in front of her, calmly explaining the ways they could die together.

"The decision is entirely up to you, Bambola."

Kill him? Die with him? Neither felt possible. And yet— Those were the only options he had given her.

She loved him. She loved him. And he was asking her to prove it— In the most impossible way imaginable. "I didn't do anything with Cassidy."

"I don't believe you," he said. "It's not merely about you cheating," Luca continued. "You know things that I cannot afford to fall into enemy hands. And as it stands, Cassidy is the enemy."

Veronica shook her head rapidly, her entire body trembling. "I don't even know anything," she insisted. "I don't—I don't know anything, Luca!"

"Sure, you do," he said. "You only pretend not to. I am not going to be here to watch you—the woman that I love—be the reason for my downfall," he went on. "I'd rather die."

"Why won't you believe me?" she cried.

"Would you believe you?" he asked.

Her sobs didn't stop. "Please..." she whispered weakly.

Luca got to his feet.

"No..." she whispered. "Luca, please!" she cried.

He moved to push the button.

"No!" Veronica's body moved. The moment she saw his hand lift, something primal took over—fear, desperation, love—all colliding into one instinct: stop him. "No! Luca, please!!!" She rushed toward him and grabbed onto his arm. Her fingers dug into him, not caring if it hurt, not caring about anything except pulling him away from that button.