

Mafia God 258

Chapter 258: My Sister Needs Me

She yanked at him with everything she had left. Kicking. Struggling. Fighting.

"Stop! Fucking stop!" Luca barked.

But Veronica didn't stop. She couldn't. Her hands clung to him, her body pressing against his as she tried to pull him back, her breath coming in ragged gasps.

"Luca, my sister needs me!" she cried. "She needs me. She's going to have a baby. Don't make me leave her—don't make me leave her!" Her grip tightened. "I'm begging you!"

"Like I said," he replied, "your choice. You can shoot me, Vee," he added. "And Marco will open that door, and you will walk out of here—and nothing will happen to you."

Veronica shook her head immediately, her grip loosening just enough for her to look at him fully, her tear-filled eyes wide with disbelief. "I can't... I can't..." she whispered. Her gaze dropped briefly to the gun on the table.

Then back to him.

"I love you," she said, the words breaking apart as they came out. "YOU." Her hands moved from pulling at him to clutching onto him instead. "I wouldn't hurt you either," she continued, shaking her head. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I promised—I promised I would listen to you from now on. I did, didn't I?"

"I'm sorry," he said quietly. "I cannot take your word for it."

"Luca—"

But she was too late. With one swift, decisive motion— Luca hit the red button on the wall.

A sharp click echoed through the bunker.

"Luca!" Veronica screamed.

The sound tore out of her, raw and full of terror as the sharp whoosh echoed through the bunker. Her eyes snapped toward the ventilator, watching in horror as the system reversed—no longer feeding air into the room, but pulling it out.

She could feel a shift in pressure. "What have you done?" she cried, her voice shaking as she turned back to him.

"The only thing I can, Vee."

The reality settled in slowly, crushingly. Her legs gave out. She sank back onto the sofa, her body suddenly heavy, her breaths coming faster than they should. Panic clawed at her chest, urging her to breathe more, to take in as much air as she could.

Her hands pressed into her thighs as she tried to steady herself.

"You have to take small breaths," Luca said, watching her closely. "We don't want to exhaust the oxygen quicker."

The clinical way he said it made it worse.

"Or," he added after a moment, gesturing slightly toward the table, "you could just pick up the gun and get this over with."

Veronica let out a broken, disbelieving laugh—a hollow sound that barely held together. "There is no way," she said, "you will tell me that if something happens to you, no one will miss you." Her eyes lifted to his again. She needed him to admit that.

To acknowledge that his life mattered. That he wasn't as alone as he was trying to make it seem.

"I didn't say no one would miss me," he replied. "I said no one is dependent on me. I have my affairs in order," he continued. "My life is a dangerous one. Tomorrow isn't assured. It's something we learn from a very young age," he finished.

Her heart pounded loudly in her ears. Her mind raced. And across from her— The man she loved sat calmly, already prepared for death. "This is unfair, Luca. Very unfair." Veronica's voice had lost its earlier sharpness. It came out tired now—drained, heavy with the kind of exhaustion that settled deep into the bones when fighting no longer felt like it would change anything.

She leaned back against the sofa, her head resting briefly as she tried to steady her breathing the way he had instructed. Small breaths. But every inhale felt wrong, like her body didn't trust the air anymore.

"Then maybe you shouldn't make promises you cannot keep," he said, sitting back down.

Veronica let out a slow breath, her lips parting slightly before she spoke again. "All this... because I went to see Cassidy?"

"After I told you not to," Luca replied without missing a beat. "Plus, you say it's a set-up, but from where I am sitting, from the evidence I have currently, Cassidy was in Italy... and you were there to see him." His gaze stayed fixed on her, unyielding.

To him, this was logic. Cause and effect. Proof and consequence. Veronica closed her eyes for a brief moment, her lashes damp against her cheeks. When she opened them again, something in her had shifted.

The fight was leaving her. Not because she had given up on him—but because she could see now that nothing she said would reach him. Not in this state. Not with his mind already made up.

She sighed softly. There was no point arguing anymore. Silence stretched between them, broken only by the faint hum of the bunker systems and the subtle, almost imperceptible change in the air.

"We have about ten minutes left," Luca reminded her.

"I love you," she said quietly. "I truly do. But now..." she continued, her chest tightening as the next words forced their way out, "I am beginning to think it was a mistake to fall in love with you."

It was said with grief. With the realization that loving him meant standing exactly where she was now—on the edge of losing everything, including him.

"I'm sorry you feel that way," he said. "But now," he added, gesturing faintly toward the door behind her, "I am giving you a chance to be free."

Veronica let out a soft, hollow breath at that.

"No one is stopping you from walking out that door," Luca finished.

Her gaze followed his gesture briefly. The door. The way out. The life beyond this room.

And then she looked back at him. Even now— Even with everything collapsing around them—

She knew the truth. The door wasn't what was holding her there. He was. "Is Marco listening right now?" Veronica asked.

"Yes," he said. "As a matter of fact, he is watching."