

Mafia God 260

Chapter 260: You Are A Crazy Woman

Her chest burned, her head spinning as her body tried to stabilize. Across from her, Luca did the same.

He tilted his head back slightly, taking in a deep, steady breath—then another—his chest rising fully this time, his lungs finally expanding without resistance.

Veronica slowly lifted her head, her eyes still wide, still unfocused as she tried to understand what had just happened. "What..." her voice came out hoarse, barely there. "What is this?"

"You are a crazy woman," he said. "You're crazy."

Veronica just stared at him, still trying to piece everything together.

"Not exactly the end I looked forward to," he added, running a hand through his hair as he drew in another deep breath, his body finally settling now that the air had returned.

Relief flickered across his face—but so did something heavier. That moment— That split second where she chose to pull the trigger on herself instead of him—

Had told him everything he needed to know.

"I don't understand," Veronica said again, her voice shaking now that the air was fully back in her lungs. Her chest still rose and fell too quickly, her body trying to recover from the panic, from the fear, from the way her mind had just been pushed to the edge of something irreversible.

"It's a test," he said simply. "You passed."

The words landed wrong. For a split second, Veronica didn't even react. It was like her brain refused to accept what she was hearing, like it was still stuck somewhere between suffocation and survival.

Then, her face changed. Slowly. Horror turning into comprehension. Anger following right behind it.

"The gun..." she said, her voice rising as she looked down at it in her hands like it had betrayed her. "The gun has been empty all this time?"

"Yes."

"You son of a bitch!!!" she screamed, her entire body shaking as she hurled the gun at him with all the strength she had left.

It flew across the space between them. Luca reacted instantly, swiping it aside with a sharp flick of his hand. It hit the wall with a dull metallic clatter and fell uselessly to the floor.

But Veronica was already moving. "You fucking son of a bitch!!!" she screamed again. She launched herself at him before he could fully brace for it.

"I'm gonna kill you!!!" Her fists came down on his chest with force—wild, uncontrolled, fueled by everything she couldn't say, couldn't process, couldn't contain. Each hit was followed by another, faster now, like a storm breaking loose after being held back for too long.

Luca didn't stop her. He sat there and took it. Her breaths turned into sobs mid-attack, rage bleeding into exhaustion without warning. Her strength faltered gradually, her hits becoming weaker, less coordinated, until her arms finally gave out completely.

Her knees buckled. She collapsed backward onto the floor, her hands falling limp at her sides as the sobs took over fully now—deep, shaking, uncontrollable.

Veronica curled slightly in on herself, her shoulders trembling as she cried. He lowered himself beside her and reached for her.

And tried to wrap his arms around her.

"Get the fuck away from me." She scrambled backward on her hands, her breathing uneven, her face still streaked with tears. The fear, the humiliation, the betrayal—it all layered together until she didn't know which emotion was strongest anymore.

Luca stayed where he was. What could he say? What would he say? The test had been necessary.

Now he had what he needed—concrete proof, undeniable confirmation. No matter what happened.

No matter what evidence could be twisted, planted, or manipulated— She was his. And she would remain his.

She had no idea, he thought, how much that truth mattered to him. How tightly it had been knotted into every decision he made in the last few days. How much worse it would have been if she had failed.

He would take her anger a million times over.

"Get me out of here!" she screamed again. "I want out of here!!" Her hands pressed into the floor as she pushed herself unsteadily to her feet, her legs shaking beneath her. She turned sharply toward the steel door. "Marco!!!" she shouted.

The steel door clicked. Then it opened. Cold light from the corridor spilled into the room.

Veronica moved immediately, stumbling forward on unsteady legs. Marco stepped in. In his hand, he held a black hood.

The sight of it made Veronica stop mid-step.

"Miss Scalese..." he began carefully, adjusting his grip on the hood. "I have to..." He didn't finish the sentence.

"It's okay," Luca said quietly. "Let her be."

Marco slowly lowered it. His eyes flicked between them. "I'll take you up," Marco said. "Come on."

Luca got up and sat on the edge of the bed. A faint, distant smile touched his lips. He had genuinely thought she would hold out to the end.

That she would refuse. That they would sit there together, breathing the same dying air until there was nothing left.

He hadn't expected her to turn the gun on herself. That part... He exhaled slowly, leaning back and staring at the ceiling.

That part had surprised him. It meant her love was absolute enough that she would rather die than kill him.

Now he just had to find the ones responsible for this madness. The manipulation that had forced his hand into something he never would have chosen under normal circumstances.

But first— He needed to think. As it stood... He had hell to pay. And Veronica? Veronica was going to take his ass and mop the entire New York City with it.

Later that night, Luca found her at her family house. Inside the kitchen, Veronica stood at the counter, mechanically making a sandwich she wasn't really focused on.

When she finally looked up, everything in her face changed instantly. Her eyes locked onto him.

"Get out!" she shouted.

"Come on, Vee. Let's talk, please."

She barely even processed his words. "Get out!" she screamed again.