

Mafia God 261

Chapter 261: Let Go Of Me

The pan came first. It flew through the air, clattering against the wall just inches from his shoulder. Veronica was already moving again before it even hit the ground.

"I don't want to talk to you!" she shouted, grabbing whatever she could reach. "I don't want to see you!"

A spatula followed. Then another pan. Then a heavier pot that scraped loudly against the counter before she hurled it with everything she had.

The kitchen turned into chaos in seconds—metal clanging, objects crashing, her breathing breaking between every throw. Some of them hit him. Most didn't. But Luca kept moving forward anyway, closing the distance step by step, like pain was not enough to stop him.

"Stop!" she screamed.

His arms came around her before she could grab anything else, pulling her in sharply against him. The sudden restriction made her gasp, her body instinctively fighting against his hold. "I'm sorry!" he said quickly.

"Let go of me!" she fought harder, twisting in his arms, pushing against his chest, trying to break free. Her nails scraped against his shirt, her breath uneven, her face flushed with anger and humiliation.

He didn't release her. Instead, he moved them. One forceful motion and suddenly she was pressed back against the kitchen island.

Flat and held in place. His hands trapped her wrist above her as he leaned over her.

"Hey!" he snapped. "I had no choice!"

The anger came back harder and stronger.

"It doesn't matter what you were trying to prove!" she shouted. "It doesn't! I'm out," she said suddenly. "I'm not doing this anymore," she continued. "I don't want to be with you anymore. I don't love you anymore."

"Sure you do!" Luca asserted. "You love me."

The certainty in his tone only made Veronica's anger flare hotter. Her body strained against his hold again, every muscle tensing as she pushed against him. Her anger didn't let her notice it but she was pushing her ass into Luca's erection. He grit hit teeth and stayed focused.

"You going to put that to the test again?" she shot back. "Because I assure you—I will shoot you this time. And there better be bullets in the fucking gun."

"I don't care if you don't love me anymore, Bambola," he said. "I'll love you enough for both of us," he continued. "And I'm never going to let you go."

The words should have sounded romantic. But now, they felt like chains.

"Get off me... please," she said, the fight in her voice cracking just slightly, enough to let exhaustion slip through.

"Will you stop fighting me?" he asked.

"Never."

"You see how we have a problem," he said.

Veronica let out a bitter breath. "You can't hold me forever," she said.

"You can't fight me forever," Luca returned.

"How can you be this cruel?" she asked, her voice breaking on the last word.

"That's not news, Bambola," he said. "You always knew I am cruel."

He wasn't wrong. She had known. She had seen it in the way he handled his enemies, in the cold decisions he made without hesitation, in the way power sat so naturally on his shoulders. She had known what kind of man he was—

She just hadn't believed that cruelty would ever turn on her. "Please...I can't do this anymore. I can't. It's too much. Let me go, Luca."

"And then what?" he asked. "I have ruined you, Bambola," he continued. "No other man will have you. No other man will come close to you. No other man will dare. What's the point?"

That broke her. The fight that had been holding her together snapped completely. The tension in her body collapsed inward, her shoulders trembling as the sobs finally took over again.

He pushed off slightly from the island and pulled her into him, his arms wrapping around her as she cried against his chest. His hand came up to cradle the back of her head, pressing her gently closer. "Be mad at me, Vee," he murmured, his voice low against her hair. "But you and I?"

He paused. "Our fate is bound in blood. You are not just the queen of my heart," he continued, his grip tightening slightly. "You are the queen of all that I am. All that I have. All that I want. All that I will be. My life is yours. And yours alone."

Veronica shook her head weakly against him, her hands pressing lightly against his chest. "I need a break, Luca," she whispered. "I just..." She pulled back enough to look at him, her eyes red, swollen, searching. "Please go," she said. "I need to be alone." She was asking him to let her breathe.

"Vee..." Luca whispered.

Pain sat openly in his eyes, no longer masked behind authority.

"Please... just go," she said.

Then she looked at him again. And the hurt came rushing back to the surface.

"I just chose to kill myself for you, Luca," she said. "I didn't even think. I didn't blink." Her throat tightened as she swallowed, her eyes glistening again. "And it was all a game to you."

Luca shook his head immediately. "It wasn't a game."

The words felt weak compared to what she had gone through. Compared to what he had made her believe.

"I don't give a shit what you were trying to prove," she shot back, cutting him off before he could say anything more. "This is not healthy. It's crazy. It's a love story of nightmares."

"At least..." he started, a faint, misplaced attempt at levity creeping into his tone, "it's a love story."

The look Veronica gave him shut that down instantly. It was cold and unamused. He nodded slightly, as if acknowledging his mistake.

Too soon. Way too soon.

"Look," he said, his tone shifting again—more serious now. "Punish me. Do whatever you need to do to me. I'll take it. Come back home," he added. "I will stay away. I promise. But that is your house," he continued. "Your name is on the deed. Just come back..."