

Mafia God 265

Chapter 265: I'll Be Back Tomorrow

He gestured vaguely toward the explosion of wedding catalogues, fabrics, and notes scattered around the room.

Veronica's hands stilled on the pages. She began closing the magazines. One by one. Luca's brows pulled together slightly as he watched her.

"I'll be back tomorrow, Nonni," she said as she stacked the catalogues together. "We can pick up from where we stopped."

Nonnina looked between them, as she picked up on the tension. "Alright, Zuccherino," she replied gently.

But Luca stepped forward immediately.

"No," he said, a little too quickly. "Don't tell me I broke up the party."

The sight of her here had made him settle...And the thought of her walking out again— That didn't sit right at all.

"It's late. I should go," Veronica said.

He wasn't ready to let her walk out again, at least not until they fixed things. Luca's gaze flickered toward Nonnina, a silent plea with a subtle wink.

Help me.

Nonnina caught it immediately. "Although..." she began, her voice lifting just slightly as she turned back, pretending that the thought had only just occurred to her. "If we have to get an estimated timeline of the cake from the vendor, we need to make a decision." She paused, glancing between them innocently.

"Maybe we can do that tonight."

"Uh... uh..." Vee stammered, clearly thrown off balance. "Okay..." she relented finally, exhaling softly. "I'll wait."

"I'll set a plate on the dinner table for you," Nonnina added warmly, already moving away with Luca's jacket draped over her arm. "It's been a while I catered to both of you."

Luca turned back to Veronica slowly, studying her for a moment. She had already sat back down, though her attention to the catalogues felt forced now—her movements slightly too precise, her eyes lingering too long on pages she probably wasn't even reading.

"I'm guessing you are still mad at me," he said.

"I'm not in the mood to talk, Luca," she replied. "I'm just going to sit here and wait for Nonnina. Is that okay?"

"Yeah," he said quietly, nodding once even though she wasn't looking at him. "Fine. Fine. Of course." He shifted his weight slightly, glancing around the room unsure what to do with himself.

Standing in the same room with her and not knowing how to reach her, was the hardest thing yet.

Vee tapped her foot continuously as Luca left the room, the soft, repetitive sound filling the silence he had just created. It was the only thing keeping her grounded, the only thing stopping her thoughts from spiraling too far out of control.

This wasn't how she had planned it. She had thought—hoped—that she and Nonnina would be done before he got home. That she would slip out quietly, avoid him entirely, and spare herself the emotional exhaustion that came with just being in the same space as him.

But Nonnina had gotten carried away. Fabric choices turned into color themes. Color themes turned into guest lists. Guest lists turned into full-blown debates about cake layers and floral arrangements.

Time had slipped through their fingers. And now here she was. Trapped. The moment Luca had walked in, everything she had been trying so hard to hold together started to crack again.

She was mad at him. Furious, even. And deep down, she knew—she might never fully forgive him for what he had done. Her foot tapped faster.

Anger was easier than the truth. And the truth was— He still affected her. In ways she hated.

In ways she couldn't control. That man did things to her. To her heart. To her mind. To her entire existence.

It was consuming, dangerous. Their relationship wasn't normal. It wasn't healthy. It wasn't even stable.

It was volatile and explosive. It burned too bright and beautiful... right before it destroyed everything in its path.

Vee let out a shaky breath, her fingers tightening slightly against the edge of the magazine she wasn't really reading.

She could see their future. It didn't end peacefully. At some point— One of them would die for the other.

Or because of the other. She had Valentina to think about. Her little sister. Her responsibility. Her family.

She couldn't afford to live recklessly. Couldn't afford to gamble her life on love—no matter how intense, no matter how real it felt. She couldn't just go around pulling a gun on herself like it meant nothing.

To Luca, it had been a test. But to her— It had been real. Terrifyingly real. And the fact that it had all been a game to him? Unforgivable.

Moments later, Nonnina's voice echoed softly from the dining area.

"Zuccherino! Come, dinner is ready!"

Of course. Dinner. Another opportunity to sit across from the man she was trying so hard not to fall apart over.

She pushed herself to her feet slowly, smoothing down her clothes to steady herself.

"Do you have any ideas for the engagement party yet?" Nonnina asked.

Vee picked at the edge of her napkin absentmindedly, her appetite nowhere near where it should have been. Her mind was too loud, too crowded. "Ugh... no," she admitted, letting out a small breath. "Honestly, I am more focused on the wedding. Val says they want to get married immediately. It just puts a rush on things."

Her tone carried mild frustration, but beneath it was concern about the emotions driving those decisions.

Nonnina clicked her tongue softly, shaking her head with gentle disapproval. "You cannot rush weddings," she said firmly. "Besides, Ricardo's family will be coming from Italy. It cannot be a small wedding."

Vee gave a small, tired smile. "Oh boy," she muttered. "I'll talk to Val, see what kind of engagement party she wants." She paused briefly, then added with a hint of dry humor— "But if she wants a fast wedding, she better not want a big engagement party."

Nonnina laughed softly. "You are a good sister," she said, her eyes softening as she looked at Vee. "You should be proud of yourself."