

Mafia God 267

Chapter 267: That's A You Problem

"That's a you problem." She refused to even let the words touch her.

But Luca noticed she was responding. That was progress.

"Apologizing isn't really doing the trick," he said. "So I'll just help you understand why I did what I did."

"Help me?" Vee scoffed, finally turning her head fully toward him, her eyes flashing with disbelief.

"Dude, I don't care."

Luca pressed on anyway. "I know what I did to you was extreme," he admitted. "But I didn't actually predict you were going to pull the gun on yourself. Why would you even think of leaving me behind?" he asked.

That was the wrong thing to say. She turned toward him, her eyes widening slightly in disbelief that he had actually just said that.

"Ooooooh..." she dragged out, shaking her head slightly. "I'm the bad guy now." Her voice rose just enough to carry the weight of her anger. "Oh, I'm the suicidal bitch," she continued, her tone dripping with sarcasm. "It's all my fault. It's my fault that you have trust issues," she finished.

"I never doubted you," Luca said simply.

"Excuse me?" she said, tilting her head slightly. "So what were you testing for, Luciano? The width of my vagina?"

That stupid, infuriating smile tugged at his mouth.

"I know the width of your vagina," he replied. "I don't need a test for that."

Vee stared at him, already regretting the words the moment they left her mouth.

"But I can always reconfirm," he added lazily, eyes glinting faintly with amusement, "if I can still fit inside you."

"You're an asshole," she muttered, picking her fork back up, stabbing her food with more force than necessary.

Luca let out a quiet chuckle, satisfied. "Well established," he said easily. "I had to be absolutely sure you were completely with this," he said after a moment.

"With what?" she asked flatly.

"With me," Luca clarified. "With us." His fingers tapped lightly against the table once, then stopped. "I need that clarity," he continued. "Because it influences everything I do moving forward. I don't like questioning you, Vee," he admitted. "I hate it. When things about you are brought to me," he added, "I want to stand solidly on my ground that I know who you are. That I know just how much you love me."

"If you didn't know," she said, "then you are an idiot. Because I don't know how else to love you," she continued, "and still prove it to you at the same time."

"I'm sorry," he said.

The words had been sitting at the edge of his tongue the entire time, waiting for permission to fall out.

"Means absolutely nothing to me," she replied flatly.

He grabbed her chair and pulled it closer. Then he spun it, positioning her so she was facing him directly.

"Hey—" Vee started, but he didn't let her finish.

His hands stayed on the chair as he leaned in slightly, eyes locked on hers. "I'll take whatever punishment you want to give me," he said. "I can't take this cold shoulder. I can't. I really do miss you, Vee." He exhaled sharply, then added, almost recklessly— "You want to actually shoot me, I'll hand you a loaded gun."

Vee's eyes narrowed instantly. "You think I will not?"

"Right now?" he said. "I know you will. I am absolutely sure if I hand you a gun right now," he continued, "you will shoot me." His hand tightened slightly on the back of her chair. "I hurt you."

Vee scoffed. "You didn't hurt me," she snapped. "You scared me. You traumatised me." Her voice rose at the end.

"I'm sorry," he said again. His hand moved, drifting to her neck—gentle, checking whether she would pull away. When she didn't immediately react, his fingers settled there lightly, thumb barely brushing her skin. "I'm sorry," he repeated. "What can I do? Tell me what to do."

"Find who is setting me up."

"I'm working on that," Luca said. "Is that all?"

Vee's eyes narrowed slightly. "You would like it to be that easy, wouldn't you?" she asked, lifting a brow at him.

"Yes?" Luca replied immediately. It was the simplest answer in the world.

That earned him a sharp look.

"Keep dreaming," Vee said flatly. "I still need my space."

"Bambola..." he sighed. He leaned in again despite her words. Space wasn't something he fully understood when it came to her. His arms wrapped around her once more, pulling her closer. "I'm sorry," he murmured against her temple.

Then he pressed a kiss there.

"I'll hand you my life in exchange."

It was always like this with him. Everything always felt too much. Too deep. Too final. His hand shifted to her cheek, guiding her face gently upward.

And then— He kissed her.

"I'll love you till my dying breath," he said quietly against her lips when he pulled back just enough to speak. "I'm sorry."

Even Vee's resistance faltered slightly, her expression loosening as the tension in her shoulders eased just a fraction.

And just when Luca thought he had her—

"I told you already—" Nonnina was saying to one of the staff as she stepped into the room. "Diavolino, leave the girl to eat! And you finish your food!" She stood there, hands on her hips, eyes immediately locking onto the scene.

Luca groaned under his breath, still half holding Vee, his forehead briefly dipping. He couldn't believe the timing of this woman. "Nonni," he said, not even bothering to hide his exasperation, "you have the worst timing."

Vee took that exact moment to shift slightly in his arms. Pulling away completely, creating space.

Just enough to remind both of them that whatever this was...still wasn't fixed. Nonnina placed a small ceramic pot of tea on the table.

"This is for you..." she announced warmly.

Vee looked at the pot, then at her. "I didn't ask for tea," she said slowly.

"Oh, it's herbal tea," Nonnina replied, already pouring it into a delicate cup. "It's for fertility."

Vee leaned back slightly in her chair, turning her head toward Nonnina with visible confusion.