

## **Mafia God 276**

### Chapter 276: That's Unlike You

Luca entered into the house and found Veronica coming down the stairs.

"Hey. I was just about to call you." She said. Veronica looked... normal.

Okay...he was expecting laughter, ridicule. Maybe Val didn't say anything. Lord, small mercies. Please, small mercies.

He latched onto that hope. "The guards told me you had arrived." Luca said. He kept his hands in his pockets to avoid fidgeting, because if Veronica looked too closely, she would see it.

"Keeping tabs on me uhn?"

"Always. So...you're here."

She descended the last few steps. Every movement felt slower. Time was stretching out just to make him suffer. His brain was still trying to calculate what Valentina had told her—if anything at all—and what version of him was currently living in Veronica's head.

"Yeah, Val told me what you did. You think sucking up to my sis will get you in my good graces?" Vee asked finally standing in front of him.

His eyes flicked over Veronica's face, searching for mockery. There was some amusement there, yes.

Still, he had to respond.

"Uh...Is that all I did? Sucking up to your sis?"

"Is there anything else I need to know? And how come you are agreeing to sucking up to someone. That's unlike you." Vee said suspiciously. Her eyes narrowed just slightly as she studied him, head tilting in that way that always made Luca feel like he was being dissected.

This was going good, going great. Luca thought. He kept his expression neutral, forcing his shoulders to stay relaxed.

"It worked though. You're here." He went with the simplest defense—redirect, deflect, don't elaborate.

"Still doesn't necessarily mean I forgive you."

Luca nodded slightly, he respected it. If she knew what he had done, she would break up with him on the spot. His jaw tightened as flashes of the day replayed in his head.

Jesus Christ. He could still see what he did or rather what her sister had made him do. He hadn't had an embarrassing moment before in his entire life.

Today's experience? Nothing could beat it anymore in his life.

"But you are here." Luca said.

"I'm here."

"Wanna watch some TV?" she asked.

"Uh...sure...sure." He answered awkwardly. Luca cleared his throat under his breath, subtly adjusting his posture. He felt off balance.

"I'll get some popcorn. Are you sure you are alright, Luca?" She turned toward the kitchen.

"Yeah..." he couldn't bring himself to tell her. He just couldn't.

"Val can be a handful. I'm guessing you will not be doing this again?" she said as he followed her through the house into the kitchen. She had grown up with that chaos and learned to survive it.

You have no fucking idea, Luca thought.

"She's manageable." He answered instead.

The understatement of the century. If manageable meant being dragged across half the city, mentally dismantled, and turned into a walking joke for her personal entertainment—then yes. Completely manageable.

Vee grabbed a bowl and opened a bag of popcorn.

"Where are your house staff?" Luca asked.

"They are done for the day."

"that's early, isn't it?"

"I didn't need anything else. Besides, I can manage on my own. Come on." Vee explained as they headed back into the living room. She walked ahead of him.

"What are we watching?" He dropped into the sofa trying to act casual, one arm stretching along the backrest.

"Just something random. Whatever sticks." Vee sat beside him and then, curled up against him, her body fitting into his side.

Luca went still for a bit, every muscle in his body hyper-aware of her closeness. The warmth of her pressed against him. The scent of her hair.

Fuck. He swallowed, forcing himself to relax. His body had already reacted—tightening, adjusting, remembering her.

She picked up the remote and switched on the TV. The screen flickered to life. And in that exact moment—

Everything went to hell. Luca's eyes locked onto the image. Recognition hit him. Followed immediately by horror.

When Luca saw the scene on the screen, his relief that Valentina hadn't spoken to her sister evaporated.

Val did one better.

"She made a recording?!!!" he yelled.

The sheer betrayal in his voice echoed through the room as he shot forward, completely forgetting composure, dignity, everything. His face burned instantly, heat crawling up his neck.

Of course she recorded it. Of course she fucking did. Veronica broke. The laughter bubbled out of her so hard that she tumbled to the floor, completely losing it. She had been trying to hold it in since he walked into the house, and now it exploded out of her in uncontrollable waves.

She clutched her stomach, gasping between laughs, tears already forming at the corners of her eyes.

Luca stared at her in disbelief. "Are you serious right now—?"

On the screen, the video played. He was dressed in a batman suit entertaining the kids in an orphanage right after Val made him donate an arm and a leg.

He did the ridiculous 'I am batman' pose, as he was about to begin reading to the kids in a ridiculous voice. "Now, I can stop thinking this in my head; I am going to kill your sister." Luca said.

Veronica, however, was no help. She was still on the floor, laughter shaking through her body in waves she couldn't control. Every time she tried to calm down, one glance at the screen sent her spiraling all over again. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. It's not funny. It's a cute thing to do. But..." she tried, wiping at her eyes, breath uneven.

She didn't finish the sentence. She couldn't. Another laugh burst out of her, louder this time, completely unrestrained.

Luca stared at her feeling betrayed. "I look ridiculous!!!"

She wasn't even trying to hide how funny she found it. "The kids love you, Luca."

"I hate kids!" he whined. "not our kids..." he quickly corrected.

The correction came fast, panicked. He needed to fix it before she even had the chance to react. His brows furrowed immediately after. He was annoyed at himself for saying it out loud in the first place.