

Mafia God 308

Chapter 308: I Dare Him

Without a flicker of hesitation, Luca moved his hand and fired. The bullet passed cleanly through the gate and struck one of the men standing behind Julian's envoy. He dropped instantly, lifeless before his body even hit the ground.

One bullet. Done. A collective gasp rippled through the gathered men as shock and fear replaced their earlier confidence. Luca's expression remained unchanged, his arm still extended as the faint wisp of smoke curled from the barrel of his gun.

"You interrupt me once more," Luca said coldly, shifting the weapon slightly to aim directly at Julian's right-hand man, "and the next one goes in your head."

The man swallowed hard, raising his hands in surrender. Luca stepped closer to the gate, his presence radiating controlled menace. "You come here to my house armed with the guts to believe you can take any actions in this house. You? You? Julian's dog? Julian must be a fucking delusional cunt."

Luca's eyes burned with fury as he delivered his final warning. "You go back to him and tell him," he continued, his tone dropping to a deadly whisper, "I dare him... oh, I dare him. If he tries this shit again, I will gut him by myself." He gestured casually toward the lifeless body on the ground. Then, without looking away from Julian's envoy, he issued a curt command to his own men.

"Clean that shit up!" Luca lowered his weapon but did not holster it. He finished issuing his orders and strode back into the mansion, the tension of the confrontation still coursing through his veins. Whatever storm was coming, he intended to meet it head-on.

Luca moved quickly up the stairs and stopped outside the bedroom door. He allowed himself to exhale, steadying his breathing before raising his hand to knock. "Vee, it's me. Open up."

There was a short pause, followed by the soft click of the lock. The door opened, and before Luca could say another word, Veronica threw herself into his arms. Her body pressed tightly against his, her arms wrapping around him with desperate relief.

He held her, one hand moving to cradle the back of her head while the other circled her waist. "Easy," he murmured, feeling the rapid beat of her heart against his chest.

"What is it? What happened?" Vee asked, her voice trembling as she pulled back. Her eyes scanned him for injuries, silently confirming that he had returned unharmed.

"The knot is beginning to untangle," Luca replied.

She frowned slightly, confusion flickering across her features. "I don't understand."

"I'll explain it all to you later," he assured her gently. "Right now, I have to get to work. But—and don't argue with me on this—a guard has to be with you. You do not go anywhere without a guard. Promise me."

"I promise."

"Good girl," Luca said, brushing a reassuring hand along her arm. "As soon as Marco is back, I will be leaving for Italy. Could you text him?" Luca continued. "Tell him I said to drop everything and get back here."

"Of course," she replied softly.

Luca stepped past her and moved toward the closet, carefully placing both of his handguns back. When he turned back toward Veronica, he noticed her fidgeting—her fingers twisting nervously around the edge of her robe. "Hey... hey... hey... You're alright. You're okay," he said gently, pulling her back into his arms.

Veronica melted into his embrace, resting her head against his chest as he held her tightly. The steady rhythm of his heartbeat seemed to calm her, offering reassurance that words alone could not provide. Luca pressed a soft kiss to her hair, his hand moving soothingly along her back.

"You're alright. You're okay," he repeated softly, holding her just a little tighter.

"I'm not afraid for me, you silly fool." she smacked him on the arm. "Come back to me, please..."
Veronica cried into his chest.

Luca tightened his arms around her, pressing a reassuring kiss to the top of her head. "I will always come back to you," he murmured.

She clung to him harder, her body shaking. Luca gently cupped the back of her head, his thumb brushing soothing circles against her skin. "Hey... hey... it's okay," he whispered.

"I will, I promise," he continued softly. "We still have to make that baby. I'm gonna get one even if it's the last thing I do." He kissed her hair again.

Veronica let out a shaky laugh, pulling back slightly as she wiped at her tear-streaked face. "I'll put out some clothes for you. Go take a shower. I'll send the text."

Luca nodded, brushing his knuckles along her cheek before stepping toward the bathroom.

Nonnina was not expecting Luca that night. She had retired to her room already. Wrapped in her nightgown, she was preparing to rest when the distant sound of a car rolling into the driveway caught her attention.

Curious, she moved toward the window and gently parted the curtains. The familiar silhouette of Luca stepping out of his car brought an immediate smile to her face.

She reached for her shawl, draping it carefully over her shoulders before slipping her feet into a pair of soft slippers and made her way out of the room.

Luca was waiting by the entrance, knowing she would always be there to greet him. She approached him, hands already reaching for his jacket.

"Not tonight, Nonni?" Luca murmured. Instead of surrendering the garment, he caught her gently by the arms and pulled her into a warm embrace. He pressed a tender kiss to her hair. "How are you? Everything quiet here?"

"So far so good," she replied, patting his cheek as she leaned back to inspect him. Her gaze traveled over his face, lingering on the faint shadows beneath his eyes. "You look tired."

He offered a crooked smile. "Where is Bianca?"

"Upstairs, in your room," Nonnina said.

Luca nodded, absorbing the information with a subtle shift in posture. The tension returned, but it was different now—anticipatory rather than burdensome. "Thank you."

As he turned toward the sweeping staircase, Nonnina's voice halted him. "Diavolino?"