

Mafia God 410

Chapter 410: That's Just Cheating

"They brought guns to a bottle fight," he said without hesitation. "That's just cheating."

She laughed. He took a shaky breath.

"God, I missed your laugh."

Vee's smile trembled. Luca set his glass on the banister and pulled her into his arms, holding her close. He lowered his head and kissed her forehead. "I'm still angry, Luca," Vee sighed. She stayed close to him, her head turned slightly toward the courtyard.

Luca's arm tightened around her waist. "Me too, love," he said quietly. "Me too."

Then he looked down at her and added, "I will do you one favour."

Vee raised a brow. "Should I be worried?"

"I'll let you shoot Renato in the head."

She laughed again. Not because it was funny in any normal sense. Nothing about their lives was normal anymore. But it was so terribly Luca—offering murder like a romantic gesture, other men brought flowers and he brought assassination rights. "You always have to be morbid," she said, shaking her head.

"It's why you find me charming."

"Is that what it is?"

"Yes." He looked very sure of himself. "You just pretend not to like it."

"I like you, I guess that's enough."

Luca looked down at her, instantly offended. "Like?"

She shrugged, the corner of her mouth lifting. "Take what you get. Don't get greedy."

His brows shot up. "What the fuck?!"

Vee stepped away from him, laughter spilling out as she moved away. "How about I really like you? Good enough?" she offered.

Luca pointed at her. "You take that back!"

"No."

"Veronica."

She kept backing away, still laughing. "Make me," she dared him.

Luca slowly placed his glass again on the banister. The way he did it, eyes never leaving hers—made Vee's stomach flutter. "Take it back, Vee."

Vee gave him a smug little smirk and lifted one brow. Luca moved before she could even blink. Vee's eyes widened. "Oh shit." She turned to run, but she barely made it two steps before he caught her around the waist. A startled laugh burst out of her as he lifted her clean off the floor like she weighed nothing.

"Luca!"

"You were warned." He spun her around to face him, holding her easily against him. Her hands landed on his shoulders.

"Okay, okay," she yelled through laughter. "I love you!"

Luca stopped, looking offended. "Why do you cave so easily? I didn't even do anything yet."

"Because I find you incredibly sexy when you are playful."

"Is someone flirting with me?"

"Maybe."

"Be careful," he said, lowering his voice as his hands tightened gently at her waist. "You might get what you wish for."

The world behind them blurred. Luca's forehead touched hers lightly, and she breathed him in. She made to say something but he kissed the sound from her lips.

Back in the hall, everyone had started to disperse. Massimo moved among the guests, offering apologies.

The women, however, had done something unexpected. They explained that Veronica had reacted appropriately. Bianca had provoked her. No one deserves to be mocked like that, not with the loss of a child. Several of them repeated the insult about the baby, and each retelling made Enzo's position weaker.

That gave Massimo a leg to stand on. A strong one.

Valentina stood to the side, staring through the tall window at Luca and Vee on the balcony still laughing.

Luca had one arm around her waist, his head bent toward her, his face softer than Valentina had seen it in days. Vee was smiling up at him, eyes bright, shoulders loose, looking almost like herself again. From behind the glass, they looked beautiful.

Val didn't really know how to feel. Her sister was changing. That was the truth of it. Vee had caused chaos tonight. Totally justified chaos, yes. Absolutely deserved chaos, if Val was being honest. Bianca had gone for a wound so fresh it was practically still bleeding. If anything, Vee had shown restraint by not dragging her across the marble by her perfect black veil.

Still, chaos was chaos. Val could still see the blood on the floor. She could still hear the screams, the crash of the bottle, the sudden crack of gunshots that had frozen the entire room. She could still remember the fear that had seized her when those men pulled their guns on Veronica. It had been instant and brutal, her heart dropping straight into her stomach and taking a room beside the baby.

For one horrible second, she had thought she was about to watch her sister die.

Outside, Luca was saying something that made Vee swat his chest. He caught her hand and kissed her knuckles dramatically. Vee rolled her eyes, but she was smiling.

Val wiped at the tears trying to make their way out of her eyes. For the first time, she finally understood what Vee had to be—what she had to go through—to love a man like Luca. It wasn't just fancy houses, guards, black cars, and being called Regina by Massimo. It wasn't just passion.

It was danger. It was learning where the guns were kept. It was losing pieces of yourself.

Luca made Vee happy in ways Valentina couldn't fully understand. She saw it. She was not blind. There was something in her sister that lit up around him. Luca loved her loudly, dangerously, completely.

And yet it was a dangerous kind of love. The price of being that happy was too heavy.

Val looked around at the dispersing funeral guests, at the staff cleaning what no one wanted to talk about.

Then she looked back at the happy couple outside. He did make her happy. And maybe that was all that should matter.

Veronica's happiness was well deserved. God knew her sister had earned it. After everything they had survived, after every cruel turn life had handed them, Vee deserved someone who looked at her like she was the only fixed point in a collapsing world.

Valentina tried to hold on to that thought. She managed a smile.