

Mafia God 418

Chapter 418: You Had One Job

Veronica Scalese belonged beside him, publicly and completely and she was late. Luca dragged a hand through his hair and walked toward the window, trying to keep himself distracted. He had already watched the TV without absorbing a single word, and reorganised the flowers again and again.

He wanted to call her guard. He wanted to know exactly where she was, who she was with, what road they were taking that would get her home faster.

But she didn't like that. Vee hated being managed. She tolerated being protected only because life had given her too much proof that protection was no longer optional. The fact that she had agreed to move around with a guard without Luca having to get on his knees and beg for it was already a miracle worthy of church bells.

He knew she had finally accepted that protection was a necessity in their world. Accepted it, yes.

Enjoyed it? Absolutely not.

"She is fine," Luca muttered to himself. He sighed.

She had been coming home late these days. Between Val's wedding planning and the pizza parlour, he understood. Mostly.

But today, he had clearly made plans so she would be home early. He had Marco distract Val, ordering him to keep her home and resting from wedding plans. That part had been easy. Marco would rather face bullets than another conversation about napkin shades.

So where could she be? She hadn't picked his calls. By the fourth time, Luca was standing in the middle of the dining room with his phone in his hand, staring at the screen.

His fingers itched. He had promised her he would only track her in case of an emergency. This wasn't an emergency.

Was it? Just Veronica being Veronica—busy, stubborn, impossible, and apparently allergic to answering the damn phone.

Still, his jaw tightened. All he had done was try to give her one magical evening and maybe he could get himself a little fuck time. She had been too tired lately.

In the absence of Nonnina, if he planned to stay alive, he had to supervise dinner himself. So he had spent the last three hours standing in the kitchen while the staff cooked, arms folded, eyes narrowed, watching every pot and pan.

His presence unnerved them. He could tell. The cook looked like she wanted to ask him to leave and also like she valued having a heartbeat.

Half the time, Luca had no idea what they were doing. But he supervised anyway. Dinner had been arranged on the dining table. Candles lit. Wine opened. Plates set. The room looked intimate. Everything was ready.

Everything except Vee. He checked the time again. They would come for her at midnight. If Veronica was not home soon, his temper was going to bring the roof down.

Finally, when he realised he was running out of time, Luca placed a call to her guard. The man picked up on the second ring.

"Where is she?"

A pause. Luca's blood chilled. A few minutes later, he was speeding down the street. The city lights blurred past the windshield. His hands gripped the wheel too tightly, knuckles pale. What was the point of having a guard if the idiot just stood outside? A guard was supposed to have eyes on her at all times.

Especially now. Especially with everything circling them. People were still missing. Enemies were still breathing.

"Unbelievable," Luca muttered. His phone sat on the passenger seat, silent and useless.

Why did she keep doing this to him? Why did she keep getting his blood pressure through the roof this way?

Was this how he was going to die? Not by a bullet. A heart attack caused by Veronica Scalese. Within minutes, Luca was parked in front of a Chinese hangout club.

The place glowed beneath red lanterns and neon signs, tucked between a closed pharmacy and a late-night convenience store. Music thumped faintly from inside, spilling out every time the front door opened. A few people stood outside smoking, laughing, talking in clusters beneath the coloured lights.

He got out. The guard, who had been standing near the opposite wall immediately straightened when he saw him approach. Luca slammed the car door shut.

"What the fuck?!" he boomed, crossing the pavement. "You had one job!"

The guard kept his face professional, though his shoulders had gone rigid. "Sir—"

"One job," Luca repeated, pointing at him. "Watch her."

"Sir, she was quite clear I wasn't to follow her in there."

Luca stopped in front of him. "That does not mean you obey every dangerous thing that comes out of her mouth."

The guard hesitated. "It's the only place she draws the line."

Luca's eyes narrowed. The words did not arrange themselves properly in his head. "It's not the first time?"

"No, sir."

Luca's eyes nearly fell out of their sockets.

"She comes here every evening."

"You have got to be kidding me." Luca dragged a hand through his hair, turning away for a second before turning back just as sharply. "And you are just telling me this?"

The guard looked genuinely uncomfortable now. "Sir, you both did say I couldn't give you feedback on her unless it was an emergency."

Luca stared at him then he looked up at the sky, as if God might explain why He kept allowing Veronica Scalese to test his will to live. "Fuck!"

Why had he agreed to that again? Yeah. Because he was stupid. That was why. He had been trying to respect her independence. Trying to prove he was not controlling. Trying to be the modern, emotionally evolved partner.

A terrible decision. A catastrophic decision. A decision made by a man clearly unfit to manage his own goddamned wife!

Luca looked at the entrance again. The red light washed over his face, making his expression look even more murderous. "Where is she?"

The guard swallowed. "She is in there."

Luca stormed past him. He pushed the door open angrily and stepped inside. The club was smaller than it looked from outside, but warmer, louder, and far more alive. Red lanterns hung from the ceiling, casting soft circles of colour over dark wooden tables. A television mounted in one corner played some old martial arts film with the volume low, while actual music thumped from hidden speakers—something with drums, strings, and enough bass to irritate his temper further.