

Mafia God 207

Chapter 207: Like Hell It Isn't

The fruit alone was arranged meticulously, apples and oranges nestled beside soft bread and freshly baked pastries.

The groceries were an assertion that she would not be neglected. He placed the bags down at the foot of the door.

"Marco..." Ricardo's voice came from behind him. Marco stilled for a fraction of a second before turning, already knowing this was not going to end well.

His jaw tightened the moment his eyes landed on him. "Did I not tell you I didn't want to see you around her anymore?" Marco said, his voice edged with warning.

"That's not for you to decide, Marco," he replied evenly, folding his arms.

"Like hell it isn't," Marco shot back, taking a step closer. "What the hell do you want this time?" he added.

"I know she's pregnant, Marco," he said, tilting his head slightly. "Thanks for telling me, by the way. Great effort."

The sarcasm landed hard, but Marco didn't bite. Instead, his fists clenched at his sides, knuckles whitening.

"It gives you no right to her life or her space," Marco said. "Leave. Now. Or I swear I will pound your face into the fucking ground."

"Bellow all you want," he said calmly, taking a step forward instead of back. "I'm not leaving." His eyes darkened as he held Marco's gaze. "I came to see Valentina."

A pause stretched between them.

"And I don't understand why you act like a bulldog around her all the time," Ricardo added.

"Because of scumbags like you," Marco thundered.

Ricardo smirked, unfazed, almost entertained by the reaction. "Is it?" he tilted his head slightly. "Or is it because you like her... and you know she will never feel the same way?"

Marco's eyes darkened, but he didn't interrupt.

"Because, oh...I don't know," Ricardo continued, "you're too old... and wrinkled." The insult barely settled before Marco moved.

In one swift motion, he drew his weapon from its holster. The gun came up steady, aimed directly at Ricardo without the slightest hesitation.

"Disrespect me one more time," Marco said, his voice now dangerously quiet, "I dare you."

A beat passed, thick with violence waiting to happen. "You fucking piece of slimy shit." The tension coiled tighter, ready to snap.

Then the door opened. Valentina stood there, frozen in the doorway. Both men turned instantly.

The panic in her eyes drained the heat from the confrontation. Marco lowered the gun at once, shoving it back into place as he rushed toward her.

"Val?" he said, his voice losing its edge.

"Rosa is dead," she whispered. Everything seemed to stop.

"What?" Marco asked, disbelief crashing in. "How?"

"I... just got the call," she said. "They found her in an alley, a few minutes away from the pizza parlour." Her breath hitched, eyes glassy with shock. "Gunshot."

That was all Marco needed to hear. The moment the word gunshot settled, he turned sharply to Ricardo, his expression hard as stone.

"Stay with her," he ordered, leaving no room for argument.

"Where are you going?" Valentina called after him, her voice tight with panic. Marco was already moving.

"To get information," he threw over his shoulder. "I need to be sure this has nothing to do with you guys."

Before anyone could respond, he was already heading back to his car. The engine roared to life moments later, cutting through the quiet street.

Valentina bent down slowly, gathering the groceries left at the door, her hands trembling slightly.

Fruits rolled lightly in the bag as she picked them up, the mundane action clashing with the chaos in her chest.

She lifted her head, ready to call out a quick thank you—but Marco was already gone, his car nothing more than colour in the distance.

"Let me help you with that," Ricardo said, stepping closer. Valentina stiffened instantly.

"Oh, get lost!" she snapped, clutching the bags tighter as she straightened. She refused to look at him, choosing instead to struggle with the weight on her own.

"Val, come on," Ricardo pressed, frustration creeping into his voice. "I'm trying here."

"No one asked you to," she shot back coldly.

"Well, you're stuck with me until Marco gets back anyway," Ricardo said, trying to sound casual.

"You can keep watch from outside," she replied coldly. Before he could respond, the door slammed shut in his face.

"Val!" he called, immediately reaching for the knob. He twisted it, but it wouldn't budge. "Fuck!" he muttered under his breath, stepping back in frustration. He ran a hand through his hair, exhaling sharply. He loved stubborn women—always had.

But Valentina? She was in a league of her own. There was nothing soft about her resistance, nothing easy to break through.

Ricardo stared at the door for a long moment, as if willing it to open. How many days would he have to spend begging before she even considered letting him back into her life?

How long would it take for her anger to cool—if it ever did? With a quiet sigh, he lowered himself onto the doorstep, elbows resting on his knees.

He had no clever words, no easy way in.

Back at the Genovese mansion, the atmosphere was no less tense. Julian stood with his father when Luca finally arrived.

They had already heard what happened. Don's men had wasted no time delivering a brief, efficient report.

"Hey, pussy... pussy... pussy..." Julian's voice rang out mockingly, dragging the word out with deliberate provocation.

Luca didn't even spare him a glance. He walked past him like he wasn't there, his expression carved from stone, shoulders tight with restrained agitation.

The living area felt colder the moment he stepped into it, as if he had carried the storm in with him.

Julian scoffed under his breath but didn't push further, watching him with narrowed eyes.

"Why aren't you with your wife?" Don's voice cut through the room. "Her family are asking questions."

"I need a break. Okay?" he said. "I need a break. It's been a long weekend."

"You need to put your mistress on a leash," Don said flatly. "Or I will do it for you."