

Mafia God 242

Chapter 242: I Cannot Reach My Sister

When Nonnina came downstairs and found Ricardo and Valentina standing in the living room in the middle of the night, she stopped so abruptly it was as if the house itself had startled her.

"Ricardo!" she barked immediately. "Why would you have her moving around by this time?!"

Ricardo straightened instantly, raising both hands slightly in defence. "I told her we could wait till morning," he said quickly, glancing at Valentina. "But she wouldn't listen."

Valentina's hands were clasped tightly together, her foot tapping faintly against the floor. "I couldn't wait," she said immediately. "Nonnina, I need— I need to talk to Luca."

Nonnina's gaze softened as she shifted focus to Valentina, taking in her face properly—the worry, the tension, the unmistakable fear. "Child..." Nonnina said more gently now, stepping forward and reaching for her arm. "Come. Come sit."

But Valentina pulled back just slightly, shaking her head. "No! No, I... I need to talk to Luca. Please."

Nonnina frowned. "Is everything alright?"

Valentina swallowed hard, glancing at Ricardo briefly as if hoping he could somehow say it for her. When he didn't, she spoke anyway. "I cannot reach my sister," she said, the words tumbling out faster now. "She is not answering. She said she would call me, and she didn't. It's been hours."

"Did you check her house?" Nonnina asked.

"Yes," Ricardo answered this time. "We stopped there on our way here. She isn't home."

Nonnina nodded slowly. She placed a gentle hand on Valentina's shoulder. "Sit, child," she said softly, guiding her toward the couch. "Don't you worry. Luca will handle it. You hear me? Calm yourself."

Valentina hesitated, still trembling slightly, but eventually allowed herself to be guided down.

Nonnina gave Valentina one last reassuring pat before turning sharply toward the stairs. "Stay here," she ordered over her shoulder. "I will wake him."

Ricardo watched her disappear up the staircase. A moment later, she reached Luciano's door.

She knocked once and opened it without waiting, stepping inside. "Luciano!" she called out firmly.

A soft shuffle came from the bed.

"Nonnina..." came a groggy murmur as he sat up in bed, completely naked.

She clicked her tongue immediately, unimpressed. "Diavolino!" she said sharply, her hands going to her hips.

Luciano groaned slightly, turning his head toward her voice, clearly still half-asleep. "Nonni? What's wrong? It's the middle of the night," Luca said, his voice rough with sleep.

Nonnina stood at the edge of his bed. "Zuccherino's sister is here," she said simply. "She needs to talk to you."

Luca frowned immediately, sitting up fully now, the shift in his energy instant. The name alone was enough to pull him out of sleep completely.

Nonnina walked over to the chair by the bed. She picked up his robe and pyjama pants and held them out to him. "Get up," she added.

Luca swung his legs off the bed. Whatever patience sleep had left him with was already gone. He stood, taking the clothes from her without argument and began dressing quickly. "Tell me what happened," he muttered.

"You will hear it downstairs," Nonnina replied calmly. "Hurry."

Within seconds, Luca was half dressed, fastening his robe as he moved past her. He didn't bother slowing down. Something was wrong—that much was obvious—and Valentina would not be standing in his house at this hour unless it was serious.

He descended the stairs quickly. The moment he reached the bottom, his eyes locked onto Ricardo and Valentina. "What's going on?" he demanded immediately.

"Luca..." Valentina began, breathless.

He didn't give her time. "What is it?" he pressed, already impatient, already expecting the worst.

Valentina swallowed hard, her hands trembling slightly as she looked up at him. "You have to go get Vee," she said.

"What?" Luca asked, voice lowering dangerously. "She isn't home?"

"She went to see Cassidy."

"Son of a bitch!" Luca snapped immediately. "Son of a fucking—Goddamnit! Your sister never listens!" he thundered. "I told her—" He cut himself off, jaw tightening as he dragged a hand down his face.

Then he turned on his heel back up the stairs. When Luca pushed open his bedroom door again, he found his clothes neatly laid out on the bed—proper shoes, jacket, everything he would need.

What would he do without Nonnina? He didn't know. And he didn't have time to think about it either.

He pulled on the T-shirt and jeans with the speed of light. He reached beneath his pillow and pulled out his gun. Then he crossed the room to the wall safe, punching in the code with one hand and retrieving another handgun from inside. He didn't stop to think.

Not even for a second. Within moments, both weapons were secured on him, hidden but accessible, his jacket thrown on just as he was already moving toward the door.

Downstairs, Valentina was still seated, hands clasped tightly together, while Ricardo stood nearby.

Luciano appeared at the top of the stairs again, fully dressed now, the energy around him completely different from before—colder, dangerous.

"Luciano," Ricardo called immediately, stepping forward. "Let me come with you. Marco isn't around."

"No," Luca said flatly, already descending the stairs. "This is not for you." He reached the bottom step, eyes flicking briefly to Valentina. "Take care of Val," he added, leaving no room for argument. He was already out the door. He moved fast, crossing to his car in long strides.

Within seconds, the engine roared to life. And just like that, he was gone.

Cassidy stood in the kitchen, rubbing a hand over his face as he waited for the kettle to finish. He hadn't slept—not even for a minute. His mind had been too restless.

When the kettle finally clicked off, he poured the hot water carefully into a mug, stirring in the coffee with slow, automatic motions.

Veronica had started to stir about ten minutes ago. He carried the mug down the short hallway, the faint scent of coffee filling the space as he walked. The bedroom door was slightly ajar, and inside, the room was dim except for the glow of a bedside lamp he had left on low.