

Mafia God 315

Chapter 315: I Did Something Terrible

Valentina pushed herself up, wincing slightly as she adjusted the loose nightgown around her growing belly. She hadn't heard him come in. Some nights, his job at the Commissioned club kept him out until dawn.

"Babe?" she called softly, sitting up straighter. "When did you get back?"

Ricardo blinked, as though her voice had pulled him from a faraway place. He turned his head slowly to face her, his expression heavy with fear. "I did something terrible," he said hoarsely. "Something unforgivable."

She swung her legs over the side of the bed and carefully made her way toward him. She perched on the arm of the chair next to the sofa. "What?" she asked softly, studying his face. "Ricardo, you have a habit of punishing yourself before anyone even does it. Whatever it is you did, I'm sure you have punished yourself enough for it."

"If only that were true," he murmured, staring down at his hands. "Remember when I told you that your sister was fixing my mess in Italy?" Ricardo asked, testing the waters before diving into deeper confession.

At the mention of Veronica, Valentina's posture changed instantly. Sleep vanished from her eyes.

"Yeah?" she replied, bracing herself for whatever truth was about to unfold.

"I didn't tell you what she was fixing," Ricardo began, his voice strained, each word dragged from a place of deep regret. He kept his gaze fixed on his hands, unable to meet Valentina's eyes just yet. "Bianca, Luca's wife, blackmailed me into giving her some information. Information that had to do with your sister."

He had imagined this moment countless times, but living it was far worse than any scenario his guilt-ridden mind had conjured. "Turns out," he continued, swallowing hard, "because of my actions, your sister is being called a famiglia traitor."

"And what happens to famiglia traitors?" she asked.

"Il bacio della morte."

Valentina frowned, shaking her head slightly, recalling the little Italian she knew. "The kiss of death? What does that even mean?" she demanded, pushing herself to her feet.

Ricardo rose as well, reaching out to steady her, but he stopped short, uncertain whether he had the right to touch her. "The Don marks her for execution," he said quietly.

The blood drained from Valentina's face. Her hand moved to her stomach.

"Val, this was way in the beginning of our relationship," Ricardo rushed to explain, desperation creeping into his tone. "I never imagined it would escalate into something like this. I thought it was just... information. I didn't know what Bianca intended to do with it."

But Valentina barely seemed to hear him. Her thoughts were connecting the dots with terrifying clarity.

"That was why Bianca said what she said... at the dinner," she murmured. "That was... Oh my God!" She turned to Ricardo, panic now fully evident in her expression. "Where is she? Where is Vee? Luca will not let this happen, will he?"

"He is working on proving she didn't do anything wrong," Ricardo said.

"Oh my God!" Val snapped, the words bursting out of her. She pressed her hands to her temples, pacing the room as panic began to take hold. "Oh... oh..." Her eyes darted around frantically, scanning the apartment. She moved toward the small console table by the door, rummaging through it with trembling hands. She needed her phone. Her keys. She needed to get out—needed to do something.

"Val, please talk to me," Ricardo pleaded.

She spun around, her eyes blazing. "Talk to you?! Talk to you?!" she repeated incredulously. "Jesus! I can't... I can't..." She pressed a hand against her chest, trying to steady her breathing. "Wait... that's not really going to happen, is it? I mean, no, right? It's just something you guys say... like a threat, a scare tactic. They're not actually going to kill her... right?"

"It's complicated," he said carefully. "I cannot give you any more information, but let's just say the Don right now is not a big fan of Luca."

"Ah!" she yelped suddenly. She spotted her phone and keys on the dresser and snatched them up with shaking hands.

"Val, what are you doing?" Ricardo asked, alarmed.

"I have to go to her," she said breathlessly, already heading toward the door. "She's my sister, Ricardo. I can't just sit here and hope everything works out. What if I never see her again?"

Ricardo stepped in front of her, trying to block her path without appearing forceful. "Val, you are still in your night dress," he pointed out, gesturing helplessly at her thin, sleep-rumpled attire. "Val, come on, let's talk about this. Rushing out like this won't help anyone."

"I don't care what I'm wearing!" she shot back, her desperation overriding any concern for propriety.

"Val...Please, just breathe. We'll figure this out together."

But Valentina was already reaching for the door, her mind set with unwavering determination. The fear for her sister overshadowed everything else—her anger at Ricardo, her own safety, even the life growing inside her.

"I need to be away from you for a bit, okay? Just... I need to find my sister. I need to be with her," Valentina said.

"Val... you don't know how sorry I am," Ricardo pleaded.

"I know you are. I know you are, Ricardo," she said gently. "But I have to process this, and I have to make sure my sister is okay. I cannot just stand here with you talking."

"I'd burn your whole mafia nonsense to the ground before I let anyone hurt her."

Ricardo swallowed hard, understanding that there was nothing he could say to stop her. He watched helplessly as she opened the door.

"Val—" he began, but she was already gone.

This wasn't even the time to warn her to be careful or to throw on something over her nightdress. The woman was flying out of the place.

Valentina moved with single-minded determination. She hurried to her car, her heart pounding violently in her chest. Her hands trembled as she started the engine. She drove to her sister's place like a bat out of hell.