

## **Mafia God 325**

### Chapter 325: You Didn't Come Home

She had already given David far too many tasks. Asking him to step in now for cleanup duty might be pushing him beyond his limits. Bianca groaned in frustration, lowering herself onto the edge of the bed. "Am I asking too much?" she wondered aloud. Every move from this point forward would carry significant risk, and yet inaction was not an option.

Julian's recklessness had forced her hand. If she wanted to preserve both her position and the man she still loved, she would have to act swiftly—and carefully.

She groaned in frustration. David had been watching Veronica for days now, yet every attempt to get close to her had ended in frustration. Luca had created a fortress around her—so impenetrable that even the air around her seemed difficult to breathe. At least that was the feedback she got.

Bianca herself felt equally trapped. Though she moved freely within the estate, she knew better than to mistake it for freedom. Luca had assigned security to her, but it was clear their purpose was not protection—it was surveillance. Every step she took, every conversation she had, was carefully monitored. Even her phone calls were intercepted by Luca's men, ensuring that nothing escaped his notice.

Thankfully, she still had her burners. Hidden within the false bottom of her jewelry box. She waited patiently until the house fell silent. Once she was certain no one was nearby, she retrieved one of the burner phones and slipped quietly into the bathroom, locking the door behind her.

She took a steadying breath before powering on the device. The first call on her list was Cassidy. She had no idea why he wanted to speak with her, but his message lingered in her mind.

After that, she would call David. Julian's reckless actions had created a mess that needed immediate attention. If Luca was truly in custody, Bianca had to act quickly to regain control of the situation. David was the only one she trusted to help her.

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Ricardo was surprised to find Valentina at home when he returned the next morning. He paused just inside the doorway, momentarily unsure if he was imagining the sight before him.

He had assumed it would take time for her to forgive him—if forgiveness was even possible. The guilt of his confession weighed heavily on him, driving him to spend the last two nights at the club. In truth, there had been little for him to do there; the staff were more than capable of managing operations without his presence. But the thought of returning to an empty house had kept him away.

Valentina was already in bed, lying on her side. He moved toward the bed and slipped in beside her. The mattress dipped slightly under his weight as he wrapped his arm around her, pulling her close. His palm came to rest on her stomach.

Val shifted in his arms and turned to face him.

"Hey..." Ricardo said softly.

"You didn't come home," Val replied.

"I didn't know you were here," he explained, his thumb gently brushing against her arm. "I didn't want to stay here without you. The house felt... wrong."

"Yeah, I guess I should have called you," she admitted. "But I was dealing with a lot of feelings."

"I understand," Ricardo said quickly. "If you need time—"

"No," she interrupted gently. "I just... I need you to listen."

He fell silent immediately, his gaze fixed on her face as he prepared himself for whatever she was about to say.

"My sister is my life," Val began. "And what you did..."

"God, please, don't leave me, Val," he begged, his voice breaking. "I swear I'll make it up to you. I'll do whatever it takes."

"No... no," Val reassured him, placing a hand against his cheek. "Vee seems to understand why you did what you did, and yeah, she tried to explain it as best she could." She took a deep breath. "My sister has been protecting me all her life. She's always been the strong one, the brave one. And all I have ever wanted was to be less of a burden to her. But all of this... it feels as if it is my fault," she whispered.

Ricardo shook his head immediately, tightening his hold on her. "No, Val. None of this is your fault," he insisted. "I made my own choices. I'm the one who gave Bianca that information. I'm the one who set these events in motion. You can't carry that guilt."

Val swallowed hard, struggling to reconcile her emotions. "If I hadn't been so dependent on her, if she didn't feel the need to protect me, maybe she wouldn't have been dragged into this world so deeply," she said softly. "Maybe none of this would have happened."

Ricardo gently tilted her chin upward so that she was forced to meet his eyes. "Listen to me," he said firmly. "Your sister made her own decisions, just like I did. Loving someone doesn't make you a burden. What I did... Val, I did this. I own it. You had nothing to do with it," Ricardo said.

"I'm engaged to you," she pointed out. "Your choices affect me, whether you want them to or not."

Ricardo nodded, acknowledging the truth in her words. "And yet, it was my decision to do what I did," he replied. "I thought breaking up with you would take this burden off you. I wanted to protect you, to keep you away from the consequences of my actions. But I guess fate had something else in store for us."

His hands moved gently to her stomach, resting there. "I love you," he continued softly. "I love our child. I love this little slice of happiness we've created together. Let me prove it to you."

Val sighed. "Fine," she said after a moment. "As long as something like this doesn't happen again."

"Never... never," Ricardo vowed immediately. He shifted closer, and pressed a soft kiss to her lips. "I missed you," he murmured against her lips.