

Mafia God 327

Chapter 327: Keep The Last One Alive

The house fell into an oppressive silence. Massimo carefully parted the curtain just enough to peer outside. Shadows shifted beyond the glass, confirming his suspicions. He glanced over his shoulder and silently raised four fingers, signaling to Carol that there were at least four intruders.

Carol nodded once, tightening her grip on the revolver. They exchanged a brief look. Then, with a deafening crash, the front door was kicked down.

Carol fired first. The thunderous report of her revolver echoed through the house as she squeezed off two precise shots, the first one dropped to the ground instantly. Her gunfire provided Massimo with the opening he needed. Rising from his crouch, he fired through the window, shattering the glass as he took aim at the men advancing from outside.

One attacker dropped instantly, another scrambling for cover behind a vehicle. Massimo ducked back down, reloading swiftly as Carol swiped a speedloader through the floor at him. He glanced toward Carol and raised a single finger.

Carol shifted her position, crouching lower beside the kitchen cabinet as spent casings clinked softly against the floor. She listened intently, trying to distinguish movement from the ringing in her ears.

Massimo, meanwhile, scanned the room. He rotated in a slow three-hundred-and-sixty-degree sweep, his muscles taut and ready, ensuring no threat had slipped past their defenses. Satisfied that the immediate danger from the front had lessened, he moved to stand slightly in front of Carol, shielding her with his body.

Carol leaned closer and whispered. "Keep the last one alive."

Massimo frowned. "Why?"

"Someone has to tell you it isn't my son doing this. You think my son will do this?! You stupid fool!" Carol hissed.

"How about a bet?" he began. "If it's your son, I fuck you. If it's not, you fuck me."

Carol shot him a withering glare. "Asshole."

Before he could respond, she surged to her feet with surprising agility. She reached for the kitchen counter, snatched the knife she had been using to slice carrots, and let out a fierce war cry. She hurled the blade toward the staircase.

A sharp cry of pain followed as the knife embedded itself in the thigh of the last intruder, who stumbled forward and collapsed onto the steps. His weapon clattered uselessly beside him.

Massimo let out a low whistle of admiration, revolver trained on the wounded man. "Remind me never to piss you off," he muttered.

Carol moved beside him. "What the hell have you been doing for the past twenty years?"

They stopped a few feet away from the last man, their weapons unwavering. Massimo glanced sideways at Carol, a hint of pride in his eyes. "Excellent," he said softly. "You've forgotten nothing."

Carol snorted. "Finish this and get the fuck out of my house," she replied. "What the hell am I supposed to tell my neighbours? That my ex-lover attracts chaos?"

Massimo chuckled under his breath. "You wish I was your ex." Then he crouched beside the intruder. He grabbed the man by the collar. "Who sent you?" he demanded, pressing the cold barrel of his revolver against the man's temple.

Across the city, David sat in a parked car, his gaze fixed on the entrance of the Commissioned building. He drummed his fingers lightly against the steering wheel, his expression thoughtful as he observed the steady flow of patrons entering and exiting the establishment.

David watched as Cassidy approached the entrance. A faint smile tugged at David's lips. Cassidy had done exactly as Bianca predicted he would. Her ability to anticipate people's actions never ceased to impress him.

Yet, as he considered the broader situation, the smile faded. Bianca's intelligence was undeniable, but so was the trail of destruction left in the wake of her schemes. Every calculated move seemed to create new complications.

The situation was evolving rapidly. He'd given her a final warning last night. If one more of her plans needed his clean up once more, he would take the situation in his own hands and get everything done once and for all.

David pulled out Veronica's picture once more. He studied her face with a thoughtful frown, tilting the image slightly as if a different angle might reveal the mystery he couldn't quite grasp.

"What is it about you?" he murmured to himself.

She was undeniably pretty. But she wasn't the kind of beauty that stopped traffic. Not the jaw-dropping, once-in-a-hundred kind of woman men usually lost their minds over. And yet, men were sacrificing everything for her. Luca had risked his empire. This Cassidy man, dropped his entire life seeking to get her back.

David exhaled slowly, sliding the photograph back into the folder on the passenger seat. "You must be something else entirely," he muttered, acknowledging that whatever power Veronica held went far beyond physical beauty.

He lifted his gaze to the entrance of the Commissioned building once more. Luciano wasn't in town, and Marco was tied up with protection detail, which meant that whichever one of them Cassidy was hoping to find, he wouldn't succeed.

A few minutes later, Cassidy emerged. His posture was tense, his eyes scanning the street with the cautious awareness of a man who knew he was walking a dangerous line.

He waited until Cassidy's car pulled away before starting his own engine, easing into traffic. Maintaining a safe distance, he followed, careful not to draw attention.

Meanwhile, Ricardo was just pulling into the parking lot of the Commissioned building.

As he slowed his car, a familiar figure caught his attention. Ricardo's grip tightened on the steering wheel as he watched Cassidy exit the building and head toward his vehicle. A wave of suspicion washed over him. What was he doing there? What did he want? The presence of a Bastione famiglia member at a well-known Genovese establishment was far from coincidental.

"And why now?" Ricardo muttered under his breath.

Cassidy was the very man at the center of the web of madness that had ensnared them all.

Instead of pulling into a parking space, Ricardo made a swift decision. He turned the steering wheel sharply and executed a smooth U-turn, merging back onto the street just in time to see Cassidy's car disappear into traffic.