

## Mafia God 328

### Chapter 328: You Can Barely Move

If Cassidy was moving, it meant something was unfolding. Perhaps this was his chance—his opportunity to uncover the truth and, in some small way, atone for the damage his past actions had caused.

Ricardo pressed lightly on the accelerator, maintaining a careful distance as he tailed Cassidy's vehicle.

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Luciano fought to keep his eyes open, clawing his way back from the suffocating darkness that threatened to swallow him whole. Pain pulsed through his body in slow, relentless waves, each heartbeat reminding him that he was still alive. And strangely, that thought alone gave him comfort. If he was alive, then there was still a chance—however slim—that he would return to Veronica. To his Vee. If nothing else, he would see her one last time, hold her, and tell her how deeply, how irrationally obsessed he was with her.

His breathing steadied as his vision began to clear. He blinked slowly, attempting to orient himself, and that was when he realized something was wrong. He couldn't move.

A surge of adrenaline cut through the lingering haze of sedation. Luca shifted his wrists instinctively, only to feel the cold bite of metal against his skin. His ankles were similarly restrained. He glanced down, confirming his suspicion—he was cuffed to the bed.

The Genovese home hospital. A bitter smile tugged at his lips. Of all the places Julian could have imprisoned him, it had to be here—within the very walls that symbolized their family's legacy.

Luca's gaze swept across the room. And then he saw him. Julian sat comfortably on the sofa opposite the bed, one leg crossed over the other. Luca let out a dry chuckle, the sound rough against his throat. "Worried about me, brother?" he asked, his voice hoarse but laced with unmistakable sarcasm.

"Did you know he was alive?" Julian asked, ignoring the jab.

Luca raised an eyebrow. "If you are talking about Father," he replied, "then I am guessing you are screwed, aren't you?"

"Not necessarily," Julian said. "It just puts a delay in my plans to deliver your mistress's final verdict."

"Touch her and I will make sure your reign as Don is the shortest in Genovese history."

Julian's smile widened slightly. "You're in no position to make threats," he replied, gesturing casually toward the restraints. "You can barely move, let alone protect anyone."

"You'd be surprised what a man can do when he has something worth fighting for."

"I actually came here to give you some grim news, not to banter with you," Julian continued.

"What hole did you dig yourself further into now?" he asked, his voice hoarse but steady.

"Father is with your mother."

For the briefest moment, Luca's composure faltered. Oh shit! Of all the places for Massimo to seek refuge, he had chosen the one location that placed his mother directly in danger. The one thing she didn't want. Luca's jaw tightened, his fingers curling against the restraints as a surge of helpless fury coursed through him, this time at his father.

Julian observed the reaction with satisfaction. "Never got over her," he added casually. "That was the advantage you always had over me—your mother. And now, it all comes to an end."

"Father's men will not let you do this," he countered, his voice firm despite the dread tightening in his chest.

Julian chuckled softly, clearly pleased with himself. "Oh no," he said. "I ordered some men to Singapore to bring Father back. But by the time they get there, it will be too late."

Luca's eyes narrowed, suspicion sharpening his gaze. "What have you done, Julian?"

"See, I put a bounty on both their heads," he revealed. "A very generous one. Enough to attract the attention of every mercenary and opportunist within reach. By the time the famiglia arrives to bring the Don back, the job will already be done. And the minute I get confirmation of his death," Julian continued, his expression hardening with finality, "you will die too."

Luca's breathing grew heavier, but his gaze remained locked on his brother's. "You've lost your mind. There's no coming back from this."

"But don't worry, Veronica will be joining you soon."

"How in the world do you think you will get away with this?" Luca asked.

"I have already," he replied calmly.

"You would have your own father killed. Your father."

"I was never anything to him anyway!" he snapped, his voice rising. "He set you up in New York, gave you the empire, the respect, the legacy. What did I get? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. He already has the future laid out. The famiglia is to be handed to your precious offspring. Generations planned without even a thought of me. And what do I get?" He turned sharply to face Luca, his eyes blazing. "Nothing!"

"We could have been the best of brothers, Julian," he said softly. "I wanted to blame your mother. I tried to blame your mother for years, to give you an excuse—some reason for the bitterness, for the hatred. But you have always been a son of a bitch. It doesn't matter if you had an angel for a mother," Luca continued, his voice gaining strength despite his condition. "You would have turned out the same way. Entitled. And a horny prick."

"Fine," Julian said, his voice dropping to a chilling whisper. "Mouth off. Enjoy your last moments of defiance." He straightened, smoothing the front of his jacket, preparing to leave. "I am going to leave you alive long enough to know that every single one of my men will be fucking Veronica, taking turns. Your precious mistress will be nothing but a common whore."

Luca forced himself to remain still, despite the storm of emotions raging within him. He slowed his breathing, drawing in measured breaths as he stared up at the ceiling. "Why are you telling me this?" Luca asked finally.

"Because I want you to suffer," he replied simply, his tone devoid of emotion.

"I'll always love her. In life, in death, I will always love her. And news flash—she loves me."