

## Mafia God 329

### Chapter 329: Love Means Letting Go

"Me? What's there to love about me, hmm? I look at myself and I have no idea. But you?" His eyes returned to Julian. "Who do you have, Julian? Who loves you? Even your own mother didn't love you."

"Which one of our mothers left her son behind?" he shot back.

Luca considered the question, a shadow of sadness crossing his features. "Sometimes, love means letting go," he replied quietly. "You'd never understand that." He allowed himself to sink back into the bed, the tension slowly draining from his body. His thoughts drifted to Veronica. A pang of regret tightened his chest.

What have I gotten you into, Bambola?

For the first time, a fragile doubt crept into his mind. Perhaps loving him had condemned her to a life of danger and fear. Maybe... just maybe... it was time to let her go. Not because he loved her any less, but because he loved her enough to want a life for her that was free from bloodshed and betrayal.

He closed his eyes briefly, imagining her safe, far away from the chaos that defined his existence. Marco would do right by him—of that, he had no doubt. His brother would protect her with unwavering loyalty.

"Get lost, Julian," Luca said at last. "You're beginning to bore me." He no longer had the strength—or the desire—to engage with him. He couldn't speak anymore. His mind was consumed by a single hope: that Marco would keep Veronica safe, no matter the cost.

As the door closed behind Julian, Luca remained motionless. Even in captivity, his love for her was the one thing Julian could never take away. If he made it out of this, he would hand her a way out.

Only when Luca was certain he was alone did he allow himself to move, his eyes scanning the room for anything—anything at all—that could help him escape.

The restraints on his wrists appeared manageable, but the cuff around his ankle, secured firmly to the bed frame, was a different story entirely. Still, Luca Genovese had never been a man to surrender to circumstances. Pain was familiar to him, an old companion, and desperation had a way of sharpening his resolve.

His gaze landed on a tray positioned on a nearby desk. It held several syringes and a small assortment of medical instruments—scalpels, forceps, scissors. Salvation, if he could only reach it. Unfortunately, the desk was just out of arm's length, taunting him with its inaccessibility.

Luca exhaled slowly, steadying himself. There was only one way out. He shut his eyes and braced himself, positioning his hand against the edge of the bed. With a swift, brutal motion, he forced his thumb backward until it dislocated. A sickening pop resonated in the quiet room. His jaw clenched, swallowing the scream that threatened to escape. Sweat instantly beaded on his forehead as waves of agony rippled through him.

"Fuck..." he whispered hoarsely.

Ignoring the searing pain, he began to wiggle his wrist, maneuvering the now-narrowed joint through the metal cuff. It was a slow and torturous process, but eventually, with one final twist, his hand slipped free. He drew it back toward his chest, breathing heavily as he used his other hand to force the dislocated thumb back into place. Another muted pop followed, and he squeezed his eyes shut until the dizziness passed.

There was no time to rest. Repeating the process, Luca dislocated a finger on his other hand, enduring the same excruciating pain to free himself from the second restraint. Once again, he reset the joint with determination, his hands trembling but functional.

Now free from the wrist cuffs, he turned his attention to the tray on the desk. He shifted carefully, mindful of the injury in his side. As he stretched forward, a sharp tearing sensation erupted from his abdomen. The stitches from his bullet wound split open, warm blood beginning to seep through the bandages.

Luca froze for a moment, gritting his teeth as the pain threatened to overwhelm him. But surrender was not an option. "I'm coming, Bambola," he murmured under his breath, drawing strength from the thought of Veronica.

With a suppressed grunt, he extended his arm further, fingertips brushing the edge of the tray. Gathering the last of his strength, he hooked his fingers around it and slowly pulled it toward him. The metal rattled softly, and he paused, listening for any sign that the noise had been heard. Silence answered him.

Finally, the tray rested within reach. Luca lifted it carefully, his thumbs still shaking from the trauma they had endured. Blood stained the sheets beneath him, and his breathing remained labored, but determination burned fiercely in his eyes.

He had taken the first step toward freedom. Luca's hands trembled as he steadied the metal tray on his lap, the sterile instruments clinking softly against one another. His breathing was shallow, each inhale sending a sharp lance of pain through his side where the stitches had already given way. Blood soaked into the sheets beneath him, but he forced himself to focus. Pain was temporary. Failure was not an option.

His gaze settled on a scalpel. He picked it up. With his other hand, he pulled the pillowcase free from the pillow, twisting the fabric into a tight bundle. He squeezed it between his fingers for a moment, bracing himself for what he was about to do. He shoved the cloth into his mouth, biting down hard to muffle any sound. He raised the blade to his shoulder—an old hiding place, one he had prepared years ago for emergencies exactly like this.

The first cut was shallow, testing his nerve. Then, with a surge of determination, he pressed deeper. A muffled groan escaped him as the blade sliced through skin and scar tissue. Pain exploded through his body, blinding and all-consuming, but he refused to stop. His jaw clenched around the cloth as he worked quickly, fingers probing the wound until they found what he was searching for.