

## **Mafia God 331**

### Chapter 331: Just Give Me The Girl

Marco's gaze flickered briefly, acknowledging the truth in Alessandro's words, but his resolve remained intact.

"Just give me the girl, Marco. I will take care of her—keep her safe—at least until Luca gets back. This doesn't have to end in tragedy."

"If Luca gets back and Miss Scalese isn't in my custody, I am a dead man, Alessandro," Marco said bluntly. "You know him. You know what she means to him. Look, I understand your fear," Marco added. "Believe me, I do. But I'm not betraying Luca. Not now. Not ever. What do you know about Don?"

"Don's secretary found his escape plan," he finally said. "Detailed and to the T. Massimo had prepared it over the years, anticipating a situation like this."

"And?"

"Don's capo died while getting him to the pickup point," Alessandro continued.

Marco absorbed the information, his mind racing as he tried to piece together the implications. If Massimo was indeed alive and following his escape plan, Julian's position as Don was far more precarious than he realized.

"Where is he?" Marco asked.

"Singapore."

Marco exhaled slowly, running a hand over his face as the pieces fell into place. Of course. It made perfect sense. "I should have thought about that," he muttered under his breath. He straightened, his expression hardening once more as he returned his attention to Alessandro. "Well, uh... it's not happening, Alessandro. I cannot hand Miss Scalese over to you."

"You would let Julian kill Luca? Because you and I both know he will," Alessandro pressed, his voice rising slightly with disbelief.

Marco didn't hesitate. "Yes."

Alessandro blinked, clearly taken aback. "What are you saying?" he asked, raising a brow in shock. "You're willing to sacrifice Luca?"

Marco's eyes remained steady, unwavering. "I'm just following orders," he replied calmly. "Luca entrusted her safety to me. That was his command. If I betray that, then everything we stand for means nothing."

"Marco, think about what you're saying. She's just a girl. A mistress, not even the wife. There has to be another way."

"There is always another way," he said. "But handing over Miss Scalese is not one of them."

"Then you should know," Alessandro continued, his tone shifting from persuasion to warning, "that I also have instructions to have her retrieved by whatsoever means necessary by tonight. Whatever you have to do, do it," Alessandro finished, the resignation in his voice betraying his reluctance. "I don't want bloodshed, but Julian is determined to see this through."

Marco nodded slowly, acknowledging the reality of the situation. "Then we understand each other. But know this, Alessandro: anyone who steps foot onto this property with the intention of taking Miss Scalese will be treated as an enemy."

Alessandro sighed, glancing back toward his men waiting beyond the gate. "I was hoping it wouldn't come to this," he admitted.

"Thank you, Alessandro," Marco said, extending a hand toward him. There was a solemn acknowledgment of the fragile understanding that had just passed between them. "I will not forget this."

Alessandro clasped his hand firmly. "Let's hope both of us don't die first," he replied with a faint, weary smile.

With that, he turned and walked back toward the gate. He issued a brief command to his men, instructing them to stand down. Engines started one by one, and the vehicles slowly pulled away, leaving the estate in an uneasy silence. Marco watched until the last car disappeared from view before turning and heading back into the house, his mind already racing through the next steps.

He climbed the stairs two at a time and made his way to Veronica's bedroom. He found Veronica seated on the edge of the bed while Nonnina stood beside her, clutching her rosary. Her lips moved silently in prayer, beads slipping steadily through her fingers.

Both women looked up as Marco entered.

"Pack a getaway bag," Marco said. "I need to get you to a safe house."

Veronica rose immediately, alarm flashing across her face. "Marco... any news about Luca?" she asked.

He forced himself to remain composed. "Miss Scalese, I need to get you out of here now," he repeated, avoiding her question.

Tears welled in Veronica's eyes. She took a step toward him, her hands trembling. "Marco, please," she whispered. "Tell me. You are keeping something from me. I know it." Her voice broke as the tears finally spilled down her cheeks. "I'm begging you, please, tell me. Please."

Marco's jaw tightened. The pain in her eyes made him pause. "Vee, you have to trust me. Right now, the most important thing is your safety."

She shook her head, desperation etched across her features. "That's not an answer," she insisted. "If something has happened to him, I deserve to know."

Marco swallowed hard, the conflict evident in his eyes. "I can't," he said.

"Is he dead?" Vee asked.

Marco's heart clenched at the sound of it. "No... no," he said quickly, stepping closer. "He's not dead."

"Is he coming back to me?"

Marco opened his mouth, but no words came. Her face crumpled. She shook where she stood, her hands trembling, her body could no longer hold the weight of everything crashing down on her. Slowly, she turned to Nonnina, her eyes wide with panic. "I can't... I can't..." she whispered, her voice breaking apart as her breathing began to quicken.

Nonnina reacted instantly, dropping her rosary onto the bed as she rushed forward. "Zuccherino... deep breaths... deep breaths..." she urged, her hands gently gripping Veronica's arms. "You can do it. Inhale... slowly... exhale..."

But Vee wasn't hearing her. Her chest rose and fell rapidly, each breath more frantic than the last. "I... I..." she stammered, her vision blurring as tears streamed down her face. "I cannot lose him."

Her body gave out. Marco moved on instinct, stepping forward just in time to catch her as she collapsed. "Damn it!" he cursed under his breath, his grip tightening as he lifted her into his arms. She felt weightless.

He carried her quickly to the bed, laying her down carefully as Nonnina hovered anxiously beside them. "Help her," Marco said. "I need to get her out of here."