

Mafia God 332

Chapter 332: She Merely Fainted

"I cannot, Marco. This is not something I can handle," Nonnina said.

Marco turned back sharply. "She merely fainted. Exhaustion or stress. Nonni—"

"No," Nonnina cut him off. "Zuccherino is pregnant."

The words landed like a bomb. Marco just stared at her, as if his brain refused to process what she had said. His eyes slowly shifted to Veronica lying unconscious on the bed, her face pale, her body still.

"...She's what?" he asked, blinking.

"She is pregnant. She doesn't know it yet." Nonnina repeated. "She needs a hospital."

Marco dragged a hand down his face and let out a long, exhausted breath. "Someone kill me now," he muttered. He looked back at Veronica again. "Great news... shitty timing." He turned away, pacing once before snapping. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

"Marco!" Nonnina snapped.

"Sorry! Sorry!" he shot back, he clearly wasn't sorry at all. He moved back to the bed, sliding his arms under Veronica and lifting her carefully. "Fine," he said, already heading for the door. "Nonnina, come on!"

"Marco, we need a doctor—"

"I know," he cut in, already moving down the stairs. "And she'll get one. Just not in a hospital." He needed a place where he could have men on guard even if it couldn't be at a safe house.

He stepped outside. "Get the car ready!" he barked to the guards. "Now!"

Cassidy's eyes fluttered open slowly, the brightness of the room stabbing into his skull. He groaned under his breath, his vision swimming as he tried to focus.

Then the pain hit. A dull, pounding ache throbbed at the back of his head, each pulse sending waves of discomfort through his body.

His surroundings gradually came into focus. He was home, strapped to a chair, wrists bound tightly behind him, ankles secured to the legs.

A quiet voice came from behind him. "You're awake."

Cassidy stiffened instantly, every muscle in his body going rigid. The voice was unfamiliar. "Who are you?" Cassidy demanded, his throat dry, his head still throbbing from whatever hit had knocked him out.

"Who else have you told about your time with Bianca?"

"What? Bianca sent you?" His lips curled in anger. "That bitch!"

Of course she had. He should have known. He had signed his own death warrant.

"You're cleaning up her mess, huh?" Cassidy continued. "I underestimated her. That's on me." He had thought he was playing the game. But Bianca had been ten steps ahead the entire time. She had used him. His jaw tightened as guilt punched through him again. He had realized it too late. By the time the pieces came together, Vee was already in danger because of him. That was why he had gone looking for Luca... or Marco... anyone who could fix what he had broken.

Too late. Footsteps moved into his line of sight. Cassidy's eyes narrowed as he took in the man standing before him. He didn't recognize him.

David lifted the gun in his hand. He began attaching a silencer. "I asked a question."

"Go to hell!" Cassidy snapped.

The shot came without warning. A muffled pop echoed through the room as the bullet tore through his foot. Pain exploded up his leg, ripping a scream from his throat—but it never fully made it out. David was already there, his hand clamped hard over Cassidy's mouth, smothering the sound before it could carry.

Cassidy's body jerked violently against the chair, his breath coming in ragged bursts through his nose, eyes wide with agony. Tears sprang unbidden as the pain pulsed.

David leaned closer. "I'm going to ask one more time," he said, tightening his grip slightly. "And the next one goes in your brain." He slowly removed his hand.

Cassidy gasped, sucking in air, his body trembling uncontrollably. The pain in his foot throbbed with every heartbeat, making it hard to think, hard to focus, hard to hold on to anything.

"Tell me."

"Renato Bastione!" Cassidy choked out. "That's all! That's all! He was the only one who knew the plan!"

David's head snapped toward the window as he heard a slight crunch of footsteps, his eyes narrowing as he stared out onto the driveway.

The driveway was empty except for Cassidy's car. David moved toward the side of the house.

Nothing. No movement. No sound. Just the quiet hum of the neighborhood. David lingered for a moment, his eyes sweeping the perimeter one last time before he exhaled softly.

He slid the gun into his back pocket, and turned, walking out of the house without another glance behind him.

"Hey!" Cassidy shouted after him. "Hey, son of a bitch!" He struggled against the ropes, wincing as the movement sent fresh waves of pain shooting through his injured foot. "You can't just leave me like this!" he yelled, panic creeping into his tone.

But David was already outside. He paused, scanning the surroundings once more. The street remained quiet, peaceful.

Still nothing. David reached into his pocket, pulling out his keys. He turned and walked away from the house.

A few blocks down, his car sat waiting. He unlocked it, slid into the driver's seat, and started the engine.

Then he pulled off, disappearing into the street. Ricardo stayed hidden and only when he was sure David had left, did he move. He had seen everything, David knocking Cassidy out and dragging him inside.

He reached the front door, tested it, and found it slightly ajar. Ricardo pushed it open slowly.

Cassidy still sat strapped to the chair in the middle of the living room, his head slumped forward, his breathing uneven. Blood pooled beneath his foot, soaking into the carpet. Cassidy's head snapped up at the sound of movement, his eyes wild with pain. "Who the hell are you now?" he rasped. "Bianca needs two people to take me out?"

Ricardo stepped fully into view, raising his hands slightly in a non-threatening gesture. "I'm Ricardo," he said calmly. "Valentina's fiancé. You're Cassidy, right?"

"Are you here to kill me?" he asked bluntly.

"No," Ricardo replied, stepping closer. His gaze dropped briefly to the wound. "I think I need you alive."