

## **Mafia God 333**

### Chapter 333: Get These Off Me

Cassidy let out a shaky breath. "Then please, for the love of God, get these off me," he pleaded. "I need a hospital. I'm bleeding out here."

Ricardo moved behind the chair, already working at the bindings. The ropes were tight, dug deep into Cassidy's wrists. "Hold still," Ricardo muttered, pulling at the knots. "Who is that guy?" He asked as he worked.

Cassidy winced as the rope loosened, blood rushing back into his hands. "Some guy Luca's wife sent to kill me," he said bitterly, his head falling back against the chair. "Bianca's cleaning house."

"You're going to tell me everything," Ricardo said. "Every single thing you know."

"Buddy, at this point, I'll tell you my childhood trauma if it gets me out of here alive."

The final knot gave way, and Ricardo pulled the ropes free, stepping back as Cassidy's body slumped forward, finally released.

Cassidy groaned, clutching at his leg, his breath coming in sharp bursts as the pain surged again. "Jesus Christ..." he muttered.

Ricardo crouched in front of him. "Can you stand?" he asked.

Cassidy looked at him like he'd lost his mind. "Does it look like I can fucking stand?"

Ricardo exhaled, already reaching under Cassidy's arm to haul him up anyway. "You're going to have to try," he said.

Cassidy grit his teeth, letting out a strangled groan as he was pulled to his feet, his injured foot barely touching the ground.

"Let's get you to a hospital. You got us in a lot of trouble, man," Ricardo said.

Cassidy groaned, his weight sagging heavily against Ricardo as he tried to put pressure on his injured foot. "I was trying to fix it," he muttered through clenched teeth. "But when you need Luca to show up like a ghost, he is never there."

Blood smeared across the floor as they moved, Cassidy's limp dragging slightly. The front door loomed just a few feet away.

"Almost there," Ricardo said.

They turned toward the door. And froze. David stood there. He had doubled back silently. This time, there was no calm questioning. The gun was already in his hand, raised, steady—final.

The silencer stared at them like a dark eye. Ricardo's grip tightened instinctively around Cassidy, his mind racing for one single, piercing thought.

Val... Her face flashed in his mind—her smile, the softness in her voice, the child she carried.

David pulled the trigger. The bullet struck Ricardo square in the forehead. Everything gave way. His grip loosened, his knees buckled, and he collapsed to the ground—taking Cassidy down with him in a tangled, lifeless fall.

Cassidy lay beside him, stunned, breath knocked from his lungs, his mind scrambling to catch up. "No... no..." he gasped weakly, trying to push himself free, his hands slipping against Ricardo's blood.

David stepped forward. Cassidy looked up, terror finally breaking through the pain. "Wait—wait, listen—" he started.

David raised the gun again. Another soft, suppressed shot. The bullet tore through Cassidy's forehead, ending the plea before it could fully form. His body went still instantly, the last flicker of life snuffed out in a heartbeat.

David lowered the gun, turned, and walked out of the house.

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Luca staggered through the dimly lit hallways, each step a battle between willpower and the pain tearing through his body. The thin hospital robe clung loosely to him, stained dark with blood, his bare feet silent against the floors as he weaved in and out of rooms, slipping past unsuspecting maids who barely had time to register his presence.

He pushed forward, forcing his body to obey. The mansion blurred around him. He didn't stop until he reached the children's wing, a place he hadn't stepped into in years. Luca turned into his old room. It looked smaller than he remembered. But he bet he could still fit through the window.

He moved straight to it. His hands shook as he lifted it open. For a moment, he just stood there, gripping the frame.

He looked down and saw blood. His shoulder wound was bleeding heavily from the crude cut he had made earlier. The gunshot wound in his side was worse—his robe soaked through. He swayed slightly, his vision dimming at the edges. "Fuck it," he muttered.

There was no time to think. He climbed out the window. The drop wasn't far, but it felt like a mile as he landed unevenly, his knees buckling slightly on impact. Pain shot up his body, but he gritted his teeth and kept moving.

The estate gardens stretched out before him. Luca moved through the flowers, his body low. He just needed a gun. One weapon. That was all.

He could deal with Julian later. He had to get to Veronica. He had to make sure she was safe. "I should never have left," he whispered to himself. "Should've stayed in New York... should've stayed with you..." His steps slowed as he spotted movement ahead.

The man sat at the back of the house, leaning against the wall, clearly on a break. Luca's pulse quickened.

This was it. He moved closer, silent despite the pain, every ounce of strength focused on this one moment. His body screamed at him to stop, to collapse, to give in—but he ignored it.

Just one move. Just one strike. He raised his hand, preparing to knock the guard out. But before he could act—

The guard turned, recognised him and raised his hand in the air. "Luciano!" the man called out. "I'm not doing anything," the guard added quickly. Slowly, he pulled his gun out of his back pocket and dropped it to the ground, kicking it away.

Luca narrowed his eyes. "What's going on?" he demanded.

The guard swallowed, lowering his hands slightly but keeping them visible. "We heard from Don secretly."

Luca's heart skipped. "What?" he rasped. "He is still alive?"

"Yes," the man confirmed, nodding quickly.

Don Genovese was not dead.

"How... how did you hear from him?" Luca pressed.

"The men that went to pick him up called," the guard explained. "They got word through."