

## **Mafia God 334**

### Chapter 334: He Doesn't Know

"Julian?" he asked.

The guard shook his head immediately. "No. He doesn't know. Not yet."

Luca took another step forward, swaying slightly as his body threatened to give out.

"You need to sit down, Luciano," he said cautiously. "You're losing too much blood."

"Is Julian at the wharf?"

"He is inside," the man said. "Everyone is loyal to the Don, Luca. Julian said you were the traitor, so... we just went along with his orders."

"Great," he muttered. "That's just fucking great." His hand pressed instinctively against his side, coming away slick with blood. "I need to get out of here."

"Don said keep you safe and alive. That's what I have to do."

"Fuck!" Luca snapped. "I don't have time for this. Give me your gun."

The man started to move. A shot rang out. His body jerked violently before collapsing forward, landing at Luca's feet. Blood spread quickly beneath him, dark against the pale gravel.

Luca lifted his gaze to find Julian, his gun still raised.

"That's what happens to traitors, Luca," Julian said. "I should have known you would have someone on the inside."

Luca straightened slightly, ignoring the way his body screamed in protest. "Julian...This is madness."

"Is it?" Julian tilted his head, a mocking smile playing on his lips. "You always seem to be able to get yourself out of tricky situations. I don't understand it."

"If you don't," he said hoarsely, "then you are not supposed to sit on father's chair."

Julian's expression hardened, the amusement draining from his face. "I have played this game for long enough...I'm not waiting anymore." He raised the gun.

Luca closed his eyes. And in the darkness, there was only her. Veronica. Her laugh. The fire in her stubbornness. The way she had crawled into his life and made it worth living. "I'm sorry," he whispered.

Sorry for bringing you into this. Sorry for not being there. Sorry for leaving. The shot rang through the air.

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The knock on the door came hard and fast, urgent enough to make Valentina's heart jump into her throat.

The moment she opened the door— Everything fell apart. Marco stood there, Veronica in his arms, limp and pale, her head resting against his shoulder. Nonnina stood just behind him, her face drawn tight with worry.

"Val..." Marco started.

Valentina's breath caught. "What happened?!" she gasped, her eyes darting wildly over Veronica's body. "Vee? Vee!" She stepped back, making room as Marco pushed past her and into the house. Panic surged through her veins as she followed them, her hands trembling.

"Put her here—put her here," Val said quickly, rushing ahead to clear space on the couch.

Marco laid Veronica down carefully. Val dropped to her knees beside her sister, her hands framing Veronica's face. "Vee... come on, wake up..." she whispered.

"What... what happened to her?!" Val yelled.

"Where is Ricardo?" Marco shot back instead.

"He went to Commissioned," Val replied, her voice shaky, confused by the question. "Why—"

"Fuck! Damn it!" Marco swore, pacing once before dragging a hand over his face. Everything was collapsing too fast. Timing was never on their side.

Nonnina stepped in quickly, pulling Valentina into her arms, steadying her as panic threatened to take over completely. "Shhh... calma, calma," she murmured softly, pressing Val's head against her shoulder. "It is just exhaustion, hmm? Too much stress. She will be fine."

Marco pulled out his phone, dialing Ricardo's number one more time. He pressed the phone to his ear, his foot tapping against the floor as the call rang... and rang... and rang. No answer. "Come on... pick up..." he muttered under his breath.

The line went dead. Marco lowered the phone slowly, his expression darkening. "He's not answering."

Val pulled away from Nonnina instantly. "Then let's get her to a hospital," she said.

"I can't do hospitals," Marco snapped, shaking his head. "I cannot control the security."

"Marco, what... what is happening, for God's sake?!" Val demanded, her frustration finally boiling over.

"I need Ricardo to check on her," he said. "He has medical skills, doesn't he?"

"Yes... yes, he does," she answered slowly. "But he's not here, Marco! Try one of the staff at Commissioned. Ben, maybe. They should be able to reach Ricardo."

Marco dialed, pacing as the line connected. "Ben," he said when the call picked up, his tone clipped. "Where's Ricardo?"

There was a pause. Marco's jaw tightened as he listened, his expression darkening by the second. "Yeah... yeah, if he shows up, you call me immediately." He ended the call without another word.

"He is not at work," Marco said, turning back to them. "Not yet."

"He's been gone for hours already. He told me he was going to work."

Marco took a slow breath, forcing himself to calm down, to think clearly.

"Marco?" Val called again.

He looked at Veronica and made the decision. "I guess I have to risk it," he said finally. He pulled his car keys from his pocket and handed them to Valentina. "You drive us to a hospital."

"Okay," she said, nodding, determination replacing some of the fear in her eyes.

Marco bent slightly, adjusting Veronica in his arms before heading for the door. Nonnina followed closely behind.

Within minutes, they were out of the apartment. The guards who had accompanied Marco moved immediately, falling into position.

Marco carefully placed Veronica in the back seat, supporting her head as Val slid into the driver's seat. Nonnina climbed in the front seat.

Val pulled out onto the street. The convoy followed closely behind. Then, Marco's phone rang.

"Yeah," he said, lifting the phone to his ear. "Talk to me...Ma?" he said, his brows lifting in surprise.

Nonnina's head snapped toward him instantly. "Ma?" she echoed under her breath, eyes widening, trying to catch every word.

Marco listened, his gaze fixed ahead, but his focus was entirely on the voice on the other end. "Where are you?..." he asked. "Okay... okay... See you soon. Thank you." He ended the call slowly, exhaling a breath he didn't realize he had been holding.