

## Mafia God 336

### Chapter 336: I Didn't Do Anything

So where—where had he gone wrong? What had he missed? His hands tightened slightly on Julian's shoulders in grief.

Where had he lost his son? What had twisted him into this? Where did he go wrong with Julian?

"Father..." Julian's voice dropped to a whisper, the bravado draining out of him in an instant. He already knew. Somewhere deep inside, beneath the arrogance and the desperation, he knew exactly what was coming. "Father, no... please..." His words stumbled over themselves now, frantic, grasping. "I didn't do anything. Luca's—Luca's mistress, she was having an affair with a Bastione. She gave him information. I only wanted justice for you, Dad. Nothing else. But Luca wouldn't let me."

The excuses poured out of him, thin and brittle, cracking under the weight of the moment.

Massimo said nothing. He simply inhaled, gathering what little strength remained in him.

Then he stepped closer. Julian froze as his father's hands came up, cupping his face.

"Dad..." he whispered again.

Massimo leaned in and kissed him softly on the lips. The world seemed to stop. The men behind them lowered their gazes. Luca's chest tightened as he watched, knowing exactly what that gesture meant. There was no mistaking it. No undoing it.

Il bacio della morte. The kiss of death. Julian's breath caught, his eyes widening as realization finally sank in. The last thread of hope snapped.

Massimo pulled back, his expression unchanged. He turned and walked away.

"Dad!" Julian's voice broke as he stumbled forward a step. "Dad!!!"

Slowly, like a man waking from a nightmare, he turned. His eyes landed on Luca.

"Luciano!" he called, panic creeping into his voice now. "Luciano!" He rushed toward him, the desperation clear in every step. "Luca... I was—I was just doing what I thought was right," Julian said, his voice trembling as he reached him. "Luca, talk to Dad. Luca..."

"You seriously cannot choose a woman over your own brother."

Luca had responses lined up—sharp ones, cutting ones, but when the moment came, his body betrayed him. His throat tightened, his tongue felt like lead, and the words died somewhere between his chest and his mouth. All that remained was a hollow silence that rang louder than anything he could have said.

So he didn't speak. He simply walked past Julian. Every step felt like he was dragging chains.

Behind him, the guards closed in to Julian.

"Luca! Luciano! Luca, wait—listen to me, I can explain—"

It might have been pathetic if Luca had the energy to feel anything. Right now, everything inside him was focused on one thing—one person.

Luca halted abruptly, his hand shooting out to grab the arm of one of the guards. "Hand me your phone," he said.

The man fumbled slightly, clearly startled, then quickly dug the phone out of his pocket, unlocking it before placing it in Luca's bloody hand.

He dialled. Marco picked up on the first ring. Luca exhaled. "Marco, it's me. How is she?"

There was a pause. A single, terrifying pause. In that space, Luca's mind ran wild—too many possibilities, none of them good. He imagined being too late.

When Marco confirmed, she was doing okay. The phone slipped from his grasp, clattering against the floor.

And then his legs gave out. Strong hands caught him before he hit the ground fully. Voices blurred around him.

"Get him up—"

"Careful!"

"Call the infirmary—now!"

Luca barely registered any of it. The last thing he held onto was that single, fragile truth.

She was fine. That was enough.

\*\*\*\*\*

Carol arrived at the hospital Marco had directed her to. The moment Marco spotted her, he shot to his feet. His face broke into a wide, unguarded smile.

"Ma..."

Her gaze swept over his face, his shoulders, his posture—checking for damage. Then, gently, Marco took her hand.

He lifted her fingers to his lips and kissed them.

"My beautiful boy," Carol said before she pulled him into a tight embrace.

Marco wrapped his arms around her.

"My beautiful boy," she repeated, softer this time, pressing her cheek against his chest.

Across the waiting area, Valentina leaned subtly toward Nonnina, her brows knitting together in curiosity.

"Who is that?" she whispered, eyes flicking between the woman and Marco.

Nonnina's lips trembled into a faint smile, her gaze fixed on Carol. "She's Luca's mother," she said quietly. Then, after a small pause, "And Marco's. She adopted him."

"He's adopted?" she asked, one brow lifting in surprise.

Nonnina nodded slowly, her eyes shimmering as old memories surfaced—memories she hadn't touched in twenty years. "Long story," she murmured. Her eyes were locked on Carol, drinking in the sight of her. Twenty years. Twenty years since she had last seen that face, that strength, that unshakable presence.

Meanwhile, Marco still hadn't let go.

Carol chuckled softly. "Marco," she said gently, "if you squeeze me any tighter, I might turn into dust."

"I'm just glad you are here."

"You did good, my boy," Carol said, patting his back with pride. "You did good."

Marco finally pulled away. Carol smoothed down the front of his jacket absentmindedly—motherly instinct, automatic—and that was when her gaze landed on Nonnina.

Everything else seemed to fall away. Nonnina stood a few feet away, hands clasped tightly in front of her, looking at Carol.

"Nonni..." Carol breathed, her lips curving into a disbelieving smile. Then, with a soft shake of her head, she added, "I can't believe you are still alive."

Nonnina let out a breath that turned into a laugh, even as tears finally spilled down her cheeks. "You thought I would die in my second year with Luca," she shot back. "You always think that."

Carol stepped forward, pulling her into a tight embrace. "I told you the boy would be the death of you," Carol muttered into her shoulder.

"He still will be," Nonnina replied instantly, sniffing as she laughed, gripping Carol just as tightly.

When they finally pulled apart, Carol kept her hands on Nonnina's arms.