

Mafia God 393

Chapter 393: Move The Car Now

The guard lifted Nonnina with surprising gentleness and hurried out of the room. Vee followed at once, hot on their heels.

The hallway blurred around her. One of the guards barked orders into his phone.

"Move the car now!"

"Open the gates!"

"Call ahead!"

Vee barely heard any of it. She ran after them, one hand pressed to her now tight stomach, breath slicing painfully through her chest. Her feet carried her down the staircase too quickly, one hand dragging along the banister to keep herself from falling.

And as she ran, one heartbreaking truth settled over her. If anything happened to Nonnina, yes, everyone would feel it to their bone marrow. The whole house would mourn her. The maids who feared and adored her. The guards she scolded like misbehaving boys. The family that relied on her voice, her sharp tongue, her recipes, her prayers, her authority.

But one person would stand out. One person would be destroyed differently. Luciano Genovese.

He did not know how to live without her. He could command men, frighten enemies. But Nonnina was not part of his empire.

She was home. She was the woman who loved him before he became anything frightening. The woman who held him together in ways no one else could see. The grandmother he had chosen with his whole heart.

This would break him into unsalvageable pieces. Vee's throat tightened until breathing felt impossible.

She was not looking forward to that call. They burst through the front doors into the courtyard. A car was already waiting, engine running, doors open. The guard carrying Nonnina climbed in carefully with her, another guard sliding in beside them.

"Hospital!" someone shouted. "Now!"

The car shot forward, tyres crunching over gravel as it sped toward the open gates. Vee ran to her own car, hands shaking so badly she nearly dropped her keys. Her vision blurred with tears as she yanked the door open and fell into the driver's seat.

She followed behind the guard as they sped out of the courtyard with Nonnina's body, Vee speed dialled Luca.

Everything else happened in a blur. The drive. The hospital doors. The guards shouting for help. The bright white lights swallowing them whole. Nurses rushing forward with a stretcher. Vee stumbling behind them, trying to keep up, trying to answer questions she could barely hear.

Name?

Age?

What happened?

How long had she been like this?

Vee didn't know. God help her, she didn't know. Her ears rang. Her hands shook. Her hair dishevelled, her heart punching against her ribs.

A doctor came back too soon. That was when she knew. He pronounced her dead on arrival.

No.

The doctor continued speaking, gibberish about subdural hematoma but the words stretched and warped until they became nothing. A low hum. A meaningless noise behind the sudden collapse inside Vee's chest.

Then her knees gave out. She hit the hospital floor hard, pain shooting through her legs, but even that felt distant.

This was all her fault. She should have kept Nonnina close. She should never have put her in that taxi.

Renato got her because she was careless. That was the truth her mind grabbed and refused to let go.

She should have insisted Nonnina get checked out at the hospital. Yes, Nonnina would have fought them. She would have cursed at them.

But she would have been alive to do it. If they had just forced her.

"Bambola?"

Vee froze. The sound of Luca's voice came from behind her. Oh God, no. God, no. She could not turn. She could not look at him and watch the moment his world ended.

He approached quickly, dropped beside her, and picked her up from the ground. His arms came around her, firm and shaking at the same time.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Luca." She held him close. "I'm so sorry."

"She's going to be fine," Luca said immediately, holding Vee tighter. "Nonnina is strong."

Vee shook her head against his chest. "Luca...She's gone, Luca." Vee felt the moment the collapse happened.

One second, he was warm around her, breathing hard. The next, he went terribly still. His arms remained around her. She pressed her face harder into his chest and listened to his heart hammering wildly against her ear, too fast, too violent.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, grabbing onto him. "I'm so sorry." She held him tighter, willing whatever strength she had left to somehow seep into him. God knew there wasn't much. She felt hollowed out, scraped raw, but if there was even one small piece of herself still standing, she wanted him to have it.

Luca said nothing. Footsteps thundered down the corridor. Marco and Val raced in at that exact moment.

They both stopped. No one needed to be told anymore what had happened. The grief was already there, heavy and choking in the hallway.

Marco looked at Luca first. He saw the cold in Luca's eyes, the way his irises seemed almost drained of colour, blue going pale, almost white. It was the look of a man not feeling pain yet because the pain had gone too deep to reach the surface. Marco's jaw tightened.

"Luca..." he said quietly.

Val's gaze moved past him and landed on Vee. Her sister was folded against Luca, face wet with tears, lips trembling. "Vee," Val breathed. She had only been informed of everything that had happened since they left the airport. She had been kept in the dark about Nonnina's kidnapping. The simple explanation was that there were things about the famiglia she could not know.

That was a conversation she had assured Marco they would have later. A serious conversation.

A furious conversation. But right now, none of that mattered. Right now, her sister seemed to be on the verge of cracking into pieces and Luca did not look like he could handle it in his condition.

Val moved first. She stepped forward quickly, and pulled Vee from Luca's arms. Vee resisted for half a second, clinging to him like letting go would make everything worse. But then she saw Val's face and broke all over again.

