

Mafia God 394

Chapter 394: I've Got You

"Oh, Vee," Val whispered, wrapping both arms around her sister and dragging her close. "I've got you. I've got you."

Vee collapsed into her, shaking so hard Val had to hold her tighter just to keep her upright. Her hands went to Vee's hair, her back, her shoulders—anywhere she could touch, anywhere she could remind her sister that she was not alone.

Luca's arms fell empty. He looked down at them. Then his eyes lifted to Marco. The tears were there. Clear and bright but refusing to fall.

Marco saw what came next. He could see it playing right there in Luca's eyes before Luca even moved.

He was going for Renato. Marco's stomach sank. Luca began to walk out.

Marco closed his eyes briefly. "Oh fuck."

Then he hurried after him. Luca needed stopping. And apparently, the universe had decided Marco was the unlucky bastard assigned to stand in his way.

He caught up with Luca near the hospital entrance. The automatic doors slid open, spilling them into the evening air. The sky was darkening, the car park glowing beneath harsh lights. Ambulances sat near the curb, engines humming, paramedics moving in and out.

Luca walked straight toward his car.

Marco quickened his pace. "You cannot do it, Luca."

"Watch me."

Marco stepped in front of him. "Listen to me...Luca—You are not thinking."

Luca finally turned his head, and the look he gave Marco could have frozen blood. "I am thinking very clearly."

"I cannot let you."

Luca would have laughed if his heart was not currently breaking. Instead, he reached into his pocket and pulled out his keys.

Marco moved faster. He stepped past him and planted himself directly in front of the driver's side door, barricading it with his body.

"Get out of my way," Luca said.

"Let Don decide this," Marco said.

"Marco, get the fuck out of my way."

"Boss, I understand—" He didn't get to finish.

Luca's fist came fast. Marco saw the movement a second too late. The punch cracked across his face, knocking him sideways against the car.

"Fuck," Marco spat.

Luca shoved him away from the door and reached for the handle. Marco recovered quickly.

He grabbed Luca by the back of his jacket and yanked him away from the car before he could get in, shoving him hard enough to put space between them. "Luciano, I'm sorry."

Luca turned. The look in his eyes made Marco's stomach sink. There was nothing human in it. No friend. No brother. Just a man whose grief had found the nearest body and decided to put a hole through it. Luca came at him in pure flying rage.

Marco braced, but Luca was already on him, throwing another punch. Marco blocked it with his forearm and answered with one of his own, catching Luca in the ribs.

Luca swung again. Marco ducked. Luca answered with an uppercut that landed. Marco staggered back, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Right. We're doing this like animals. Fantastic. Luca lunged again.

They collided near the side of the car, shoes scraping against the concrete, shoulders slamming hard. Marco tried to grab him, tried to restrain him, but Luca twisted out of his grip.

What Luca lacked in body build, he made up for in speed and agility. He moved fast. Marco was broader, stronger. But Luca fought like a man with nothing to lose, slipping past heavier hits, striking where he could, using elbows, shoulders, momentum, rage.

Marco blocked one blow. Another caught his jaw. He shoved Luca back, but Luca came forward again, breathing hard, eyes wild.

Hospital security tried to get in the middle. Two men in blue uniforms rushed toward them, shouting for them to stop, waving their hands.

Neither Luca nor Marco even looked at them.

"Sir! Sir, stop!"

Marco kept blocking his punches and when the opportunity presented itself, he caught him around the upper body, and drove him back against the side of the car. For a moment, he had him locked. One arm pinned, Luca's chest trapped, Marco's weight bearing down just enough to hold him.

"Enough," Marco hissed into his ear. "Enough, Luca."

Luca was too far gone to hear him. His breath came hard and ragged, his body fighting the hold with pure animal rage. He twisted, shoved, kicked back, then hooked his leg behind Marco's and destabilised him. Marco's grip loosened.

That was all Luca needed. He slipped out, turned, and drove forward again. Five minutes later, both men were bloodied, breathing hard, and still too stubborn to stop.

By the time the patrol car arrived, even hospital security seemed relieved. Two cops rushed in. It took shouting and force but they finally separated them.

"Hands behind your back!"

Luca struggled against the cops.

Marco, breathing hard, spat blood onto the concrete and said, "For fuck's sake, Luca. Let them."

The cuffs clicked around both their wrists. For Marco, it was honestly the best outcome. If the police had not shown up, Luca would not have given in until they both had concussions or broken bones and even that wouldn't have stopped Luca.

They were hauled into separate sides of the patrol car. When they reached the precinct, they were relieved of their possessions at the desk. Luca gave up his belongings with dead-eyed silence.

Then they were thrown into a holding cell to calm down. A metal bench ran along one wall.

Marco stood to the side, arms folded, watching Luca closely. Luca lay on the bench, staring at the ceiling.

Luca needed to calm down. Marco was not against revenge. God knew he wasn't. If anyone deserved punishment, it was Renato. But Renato was a dicey situation. They could not march in hot-headed. There were ways to get revenge that did not lead to a war they weren't ready for.

"I'm sorry," Marco started.

"Fuck you," Luca spat.

Marco nodded slowly, accepting that. "Fair." His cheek throbbed, in fact his ribs and entire face hurt. The bastard was fast and mean.