

Mafia God 469

Chapter 469: You Finally Fucked Up

A plan that meant David would not be killing the stupid idiot. Bianca had vision, yes. She had patience. She had the kind of intelligence men underestimated.

But sometimes, she dragged things for too long.

David stepped into the pizza parlour. The bell above the door gave a cheerful little jingle, absurdly bright in the silence. Tools lay scattered near the counter. Machines sat in awkward places.

The smell of blood hit him. David paused just inside the door and inhaled lightly.

Hmmm.

Delicious.

He had missed this.

Not the mess, necessarily. Mess offended him but the scent, the reminder that bodies were fragile things no matter how much muscle men packed onto them.

Tony hurried over to him, pale and shaking. "David! Thank God you are here..."

David looked at him. Tony's shirt was damp with sweat. His eyes were wide. His hands would not stop moving, opening and closing. David had no time for his hysterics. "Well...you finally fucked up. I told Bianca you would."

"I didn't know what to do. He knows."

David walked past him without answering.

Tony kept talking. "I panicked. I didn't mean to—he was leaving, and if he left, Luca would know—"

"Tony."

Tony stopped. David calmly walked over to the counter and stared at Marco's body on the floor.

Interesting.

The man was large. Built like someone had carved him from gym equipment. Broad shoulders. Heavy arms. The sort of man people looked at and immediately assumed danger. And yet there he was, dropped by Tony.

Big did not mean formidable, did it? All that muscle and nothing. He sighed softly.

"What a waste," he murmured. David's eyes flicked toward Tony. "There is only one thing to do."

Tony stared at him, breath coming too fast, too shallow. His eyes kept flicking from David's face to Marco's body on the floor, then to the front windows. "What?" Tony asked quickly. "Tell me. I'll do anything."

Desperate men. They said anything too easily.

"Take the blame," David said.

"I don't understand. I did hit him."

"Yes...Congratulations. I mean take all the blame."

"What all?"

David sighed softly. The man's stupidity was exhausting. Bianca could keep pretending her little pieces were clever, but David knew better. Most people were just frightened. "Cassidy... Ricardo... Marco... Rosa. All of it."

Tony's face went slack. The names struck him one after another, each one dragging the blood from his cheeks. He shook his head slowly. "No. No, I can't—why would I do that?"

David's eyes hardened. There was that stupid need for explanation. He stepped closer. Tony backed up until the edge of the counter pressed into him. David stopped in front of him. "You will do it," he said softly, "or I will find every single person close to you and I will kill them." He tilted his head.

"Which includes your cute little girlfriend."

Tony's eyes filled instantly with panic. "Please," Tony whispered.

David smiled faintly. "And I am going to enjoy it, Tony. I promise you."

Tony looked like he might collapse. His hands shook at his sides, fingers twitching helplessly.

David leaned in slightly, voice dropping. "What will it be?"

Tony shook his head slowly. "Don't do this, please."

David reached into his pocket calmly and pulled out a glove. Tony watched him, eyes wide. David slipped the glove on finger by finger.

Tony swallowed. "David..."

"Shh." David pulled out two guns.

Tony's face went pale. One had a silencer attached. He handed the silenced one to Tony and pressed the other against Tony's head. He stopped breathing. His hands trembled as he accepted the weapon.
"What do you want me to do with this?" Tony asked.

"Just aim anywhere and shoot."

"Why?"

Questions.

Always questions.

Why this? Why that?

"You continue with these questions," David said softly, "and I will have to just do what I gotta do."

Tony's eyes filled with fresh terror. There was no way out. Slowly, Tony raised the gun. His arm shook so badly the barrel wavered. He aimed at one of the chairs.

David pressed the gun harder against his head. Tony fired. The muted shot punched through the room. A chair jerked from the impact, wood splintering as the sound died beneath the walls.

Tony flinched violently, almost dropping the gun. David smiled.

"Good boy." He took the gun back from Tony's shaking hand, then replaced the other in his back pocket.

Tony looked ruined already.

"Now go turn yourself in. Tell them you killed Marco with a gun."

"But I didn't," Tony said, his voice thin. "It was a hammer."

David's mouth barely moved. "Don't worry about that."

Tony did worry about that. His chest felt too tight. His hands would not stop shaking. His ears were still ringing. The whole pizza parlour looked different now. Scalese Pizza had once felt like a second home.

Now it looked like a coffin.

"You know I am a dead man, right?" Tony said. He swallowed hard, eyes burning as he looked toward Marco's body. "Luca will kill me. Marco is...Marco means a lot to him."

"Then make your death matter," David said. "Go."

That was it? Go? Walk into the street? Turn himself in? Confess to crimes he had not committed. He wanted to go back further, to the first envelope of money, the first whispered request, the first time he told himself it was harmless.

Just a small favour. Just a couple thousand dollars. God, what a joke.

Tony turned toward the door. Each step took effort. He could see the daylight beyond the glass, waiting for him.

"Oh, one more thing."

Tony turned slowly. David stood near the counter, calm as ever.

"If anyone asks," David said, "tell them you were working for Marco. You got in a misunderstanding and had to defend yourself."

"No one will believe this."

David smiled faintly. "I'm very good at what I do, Tony."

Tony turned back to the door and pushed it open.