

# Undressed By The Mafia God

## Chapter 153: You Called Him

He was already out of the car. Marco slammed the door behind him and ran toward the house, his face tight with urgency.

Nonnina hurried forward to meet him.

"Where is she?" Marco demanded immediately.

"In the annex!"

"Fuck!" he snapped, already moving past her. "How did this happen?!" he demanded over his shoulder.

His long strides carried him across the courtyard, heading straight toward the small building where Veronica had been left.

Nonnina remained where she was for a moment, clasping her hands together as she prayed quietly, the rosary beads sliding between her fingers.

The front door opened behind her.

Nonnina turned slowly.

Bianca stepped out onto the porch. "Who came in?" Bianca asked.

"Marco," Nonnina answered.

Bianca's eyes narrowed slightly. "Where is he?"

"He went to help the girl."

"You called him!"

Now there was fire in her eyes.

Real fury.

"Mrs Genovese," Nonnina said slowly. "You may think you are scary... but Luca is scarier."

Bianca's lips pressed together tightly.

Nonnina continued calmly. "It doesn't matter how much he loves me. He will shut his eyes and kill me if anything happened to Zuccherino."

"So," Nonnina finished, "as the lady of the house, I have obeyed your instructions, followed your orders...And I have also done what my Diavolino expects of me." She met Bianca's burning gaze. "Win win."

Bianca stood glaring at her.

The witch. The girl had taken even the respect of everyone that mattered to Luca. The staff adored her. The guards listened to her.

Marco came rushing back from the direction of the annex.

Veronica was in his arms. Her body hung limply against his chest, her head tilted slightly back, strands of hair falling across her pale face. Under the bright outdoor lights she looked frighteningly white. She was unconscious.

Marco moved quickly, his jaw tight, his steps urgent as he crossed the courtyard toward the car.

Nonnina felt her stomach twist.

Marco's focus was entirely on the woman bleeding in his arms. He carefully lowered Veronica into the back seat of the car, positioning her so her injured leg was stretched out as much as possible.

The sight of the blood staining the leather made his stomach turn.

He shut the door halfway, then straightened and turned toward Bianca. His face was grim. "The gun you used," he said bluntly, "is it yours, or Luca's."

Bianca crossed her arms lightly. "I found it under his pillow."

"Fuck!!!" He dragged a hand over his bald head, pacing once beside the car.  
"Fuck!!!"

"Marco, what is it?" Nonnina asked anxiously.

His eyes flicked toward the back seat where Veronica lay motionless. "I have to dig the bullet out," he said.

Nonnina's breath caught slightly.

"The gun isn't a registered one," Marco continued. "I don't know what Luciano has used it for in the past. I don't want to risk it," Marco finished.

Bianca made a soft hissing sound of irritation. She had heard enough. She turned and walked back toward the house.

The more the girl suffered, the better it would be for her marriage.

Nonnina watched the door close behind her before turning back to Marco. "What would Luca do?" she asked quietly.

"Luca would not be thinking."

If Luciano Genovese walked into this scene right now, reason would not be part of the conversation.

"True," Nonnina said softly. She looked at Veronica again, lying pale and still in the back of the car. "Dig it out."

Marco nodded once.

Nonnina clasped her hands together again, the rosary sliding through her fingers as she whispered another prayer.

"Zuccherino," she murmured gently toward the unconscious girl. "She is strong."

Marco nodded and went back into the car.

Inside the vehicle, the faint scent of blood had already begun to mix with the leather interior.

Veronica lay slumped across the back seat, her breathing shallow, her skin pale enough to frighten even someone who had seen as much blood as Marco had.

He stood there for a moment, hands braced against the open door.

This was going to be ugly.

And Luca was going to lose his mind when he found out.

Across the courtyard, Nonnina slowly walked back into the house. Her steps were calm despite the storm brewing around her.

Inside the foyer, Bianca was waiting. She stood with her arms folded neatly across her chest.

When Nonnina entered, Bianca gave her a smile. "How long have you worked for the Genovese?" she asked.

"About thirty years now."

Thirty years of watching Luca become a man. Thirty years of cleaning blood from floors. Thirty years of helping raise a devil the world had learned to fear.

"I think it's time for you to retire, don't you think?"

The sweetness in her tone didn't hide the threat behind it.

"You either leave this house in a body bag or take a flight back to Vienna." Her eyes hardened. "Your choice."

It was high time she thought about replacing those surrounding Luca with people loyal to her instead.

But Nonnina only smiled.

A small, knowing smile that came from the confidence of someone who had survived far worse than an angry young wife.

"Whatever Diavolino decides," she said gently. "If he wants me gone, I will go."

"It's not for him to decide, Nonni. It's for you to decide."

Nonnina's smile softened. "I always knew I would die by Diavolino's side," she said calmly. "I have dedicated my entire life to him." Her hand slid along the banister as she turned toward the stairs. "I might as well give him my death."

With that, she began climbing the staircase slowly, leaving Bianca standing alone in the foyer.

Outside, Marco had already gotten to work.

He slid into the back seat beside Veronica, pulling the medical kit open on the seat next to him. The small overhead light cast a pale glow across the interior, illuminating the wound on her thigh.

Blood had soaked through the fabric.

He grimaced.

Yeah.

This was going to hurt like hell.

But first things first.

He leaned closer and tapped her cheek lightly.

