

## Mafia God 195

### Chapter 195: It Is Our Suite

"It is our suite," she said. "Where else will you stay?"

"I'll crash in my father's suite."

"Answer me this, Luca," she said after a beat. "What should hurt me most? The fact that you don't want to touch me..." she continued, her eyes never leaving his, "...or the fact that you want to stay faithful to a mistress?"

Luca's gaze shifted then, finally settling on her fully. "I honestly don't give a damn."

"Don't worry anyway," she said. "I will be staying at my parents' tonight. I have to help them with the planning for the weekend events."

Luca nodded once, already disengaging, already moving past the conversation. He dropped his bag.

"But make no mistake, Luca. If I want you to fuck me," she continued, "you can not resist me. This is me respecting your wishes," she added, "because I believe someday you will snap out of this madness."

Luca's lips twitched into a half smile. If this was madness—Then he had no intention of being cured.

"And when you do," she finished, turning toward the door, her hand resting lightly against the handle, "we will continue exactly where we left off. I'll have the maids attend to you in the meantime." And then, she was gone.

Luca shrugged out of his jacket, his fingers working through each button. The fabric slipped from his shoulders and landed carelessly on the arm of a chair. He rolled his neck slightly. He had meant what he said earlier. There was no hidden guilt waiting to surface, no lingering hesitation clawing at his conscience. He didn't care. He had tried, in his own way to shield her. Offered distance. Offered clarity.

She had refused all of it. And then she had pulled the trigger.

A clean line had been drawn right then. Whatever fragile balance had existed before—it was gone now. Whatever responsibility he might have entertained toward her, whatever obligation had lingered in the background of his decisions, it had dissolved the moment Veronica's blood had been spilled.

There were lines. Bianca had crossed one. What remained now was simpler.

He was here because he had to be. Because appearances mattered. Because family expectations were not things one ignored. But emotionally? He was never there. He started to move toward the bathroom when the door opened.

"Hello, brother." Julian's voice carried that familiar edge—light on the surface, but sharpened underneath.

Luca exhaled slowly before glancing over his shoulder. "Julian..." he said dryly. "I thought of all the manners you lacked, knocking shouldn't be one of them."

Julian leaned casually against the doorframe. His posture was relaxed, lazy, but there was nothing careless about his eyes. "I think we are past such manners, aren't we?" Julian replied, a faint smirk tugging at his lips. "We should be closer now... considering you successfully shot me in the leg without consequence."

Luca turned fully then, his gaze settling on his brother. "Without?" he echoed. "Julian, in what world do you live in?"

"Listen," he continued, "I just got off a long flight. I need a break before all the madness begins tomorrow."

"It's your wedding anniversary," Julian said lightly. "Not a death sentence. But you're right. I just came here to know something. Are you sorry?"

"You came all the way here, with your bad leg," he said slowly, "to ask me that?"

"Answer the question."

"Should I be?" he asked quietly.

"You shot me," Julian said.

"Yes."

"And you feel nothing about that?"

"Before I answer that..." Luca stepped closer. "Let me ask you this," he continued, his gaze steady, cutting through whatever remnants of casualness Julian had tried to hold onto. "Did you ever apologise... for what you and your mother did to me? All the times you would do something wrong," he went on, "and blame it on me....all the punishments I received from father," Luca continued, his eyes never leaving Julian's, "because your mother said it was my doing when it was actually yours."

Julian swallowed.

"Have you ever apologised?"

"Okay," Luca said softly, conversationally. "How about the times your mother would have you flog me? Or dunk my head in a tub of water,...suffocate me, strangle me. Or did you forget?" Luca asked. "No..." he added, his lips curving just slightly. "You enjoyed it. Everyone thinks I shot you because of Veronica," Luca said, straightening slightly now, creating just enough space between them to make the words land without obstruction. "I shot you for me."

"Fine," Julian said finally. "I only came here to know if there was even a little hope for us. Turns out there is not."

"Bye bye."

Julian stepped back into the hallway. He paused there for a moment, his hand resting lightly against the doorframe.

Bianca had told him to think before deciding what came next. But the truth was—he hadn't needed time.

He had just needed this. An answer. And now—he had it.

Luca wasn't going to bend.

Julian straightened slightly.

The uncertainty was gone.

He stepped away from the door without looking back.

Don Genovese had to go. The thought settled into Julian's mind with certainty. And Luca...Luca would have to go too.

Luca had made his position clear.

Julian had been given nothing. So, he would take everything instead including Bianca.

By the time Julian turned the corner, his expression had already settled, his thoughts neatly compartmentalized, filed away behind a mask of ease.

Bianca stood at the landing of the stairs. She looked exactly as she always did.

Julian slowed his steps. "Fine," he said. "You win. I'll help you. But I want to know every single step. Every plan. Every decision." He wouldn't be used blindly. Not even by her.

Bianca uncrossed her arms slowly. "Good," she said simply. "Then I need some of your men to handle a situation for me in New York. Right now."

"I can't use my men," he replied.

"Find a way." And then she kept walking, leaving him there with the echo of her steps and the weight of what he had just agreed to.