

Mafia God 197

Chapter 197: I Will Not Tell Him

"First," she said. "we need to talk about what to tell Luca. He isn't going to like what you've done," she added.

"Yeah," he muttered, running a hand over his face again. "That's... putting it lightly."

"Listen," Veronica said. "I will not tell him."

Ricardo stared at her. "Bianca will," he said.

"No," Veronica replied, just as quickly.

The certainty in her voice was unsettling.

Ricardo frowned slightly, his brows pulling together as he searched her face, trying to understand where that confidence was coming from. "How can you be so sure?"

"I won't be playing defense anymore," she said. "I've never been one to play defense," she continued. "I just... I guess I felt some guilt. At being with another woman's husband."

Ricardo didn't interrupt.

"But..." Veronica added. "The same way Luca will bring down the heavens for me...is the same way I will bring down the heavens for my sister. You try," Veronica went on, "as much as you can to fix your relationship with Valentina. I will be on the next flight to Vienna."

"Vienna?"

"Is Marco in?" she asked, glancing back at him briefly.

"Yes," Ricardo replied automatically, still catching up.

"I'll just stop by to see him."

"Miss Scalese..."

Veronica paused at the door, her hand resting lightly against the handle as she glanced back over her shoulder.

"Please... be careful."

It felt inadequate the moment he said it but it was all he had.

She smiled. "Didn't you get the memo?" she said lightly. "I'm familia now. No one can hurt me."

"I'll walk you to Marco's office," Ricardo said.

The Vitale home was just as huge as the Genovese mansion.

Gold accents caught the light from chandeliers, polished surfaces reflected faces and movements, and the air carried the faint blend of expensive wine and rich food.

Dinner had ended, but no one had left.

Don Genovese and Don Vitale occupied the center of the room. Conversations flowed easily, glasses of wine passed between hands, laughter rose and fell in controlled waves.

And then, there was Luca and Bianca.

Bianca sat close enough to him to suggest intimacy, her posture relaxed, her expression composed as she engaged in conversation with one of the Vitale women. Her laughter came at the right moments, her gestures subtle, her presence undeniable.

Luca, beside her, played his part just as well. His arm rested along the back of her chair—not quite touching, but close enough to imply familiarity. His responses were measured, his attention distributed just enough to avoid suspicion.

To anyone watching, they were flawless.

A power couple.

Luca's gaze drifted briefly, scanning the room out of habit, his mind already detached from the conversation happening around him.

Bianca leaned slightly toward him then, her shoulder brushing his arm just enough to be noticed.

He didn't react. He simply... allowed it. Because that was the role.

And tonight—they were both very good at playing it.

Mrs. Vitale clapped her hands lightly, drawing just enough attention to herself without interrupting the rhythm of the room. A staff member dimmed the lights slightly, and the soft glow of the television flickered to life at the far end of the grand living room. "Oh, this is my favorite part," she announced with warm enthusiasm, already settling deeper into her seat as the opening frame of the wedding video appeared.

People leaned in, glasses of wine in hand, voices lowering only slightly as the past began to replay itself.

The screen lit up with an image of himself—immaculate in a tailored tuxedo. That man on the screen...

He remembered him. But not the day. Not really.

What he remembered was fragmented.

He remembered getting dressed. He remembered standing at the altar. He remembered waiting. And, more vividly than anything else, he remembered the girl he had fucked that morning—faceless now, blurred by time and lack of importance. Just another distraction sent his way, just another body he had used to pass time before stepping into a life he had never intended to live.

Two hours later, he had walked into a church. Two hours later, he had become a husband.

He exhaled slowly, his thumb brushing absentmindedly against the rim of his glass.

On the screen, Bianca appeared.

The room reacted immediately—soft murmurs, appreciative smiles, a few nostalgic sighs. Because she had been radiant.

Even now, it was undeniable. Her dress flowed around her, every detail precise.

She had always been perfect.

Luca's gaze lingered on her face.

She was smiling, happy. And that didn't sit right with him. Because he knew something she clearly hadn't known then. That none of it had meant anything to him.

He hadn't noticed the dress, hadn't cared about the ceremony, hadn't even really seen her.

The moment he had leaned in to kiss her at the altar. It had been mechanical. No different from the countless others Dante would send his way.

On the screen, Bianca looked like that moment had mattered.

Luca's jaw tightened slightly.

They had been married for one year and he had only fucked her once or twice, depending if you could count the same day sex as twice.

Luca leaned closer. "Can we talk outside?" he murmured.

Her gaze lingered on the screen. Then she turned. "Of course," she said.

They stood together, excusing themselves.

A few of the older women exchanged knowing looks. Someone chuckled under their breath. And then, as if on cue, a small wave of teasing applause followed them toward the exit.

"Ah, young love," one of the uncles muttered with a grin, raising his glass.

"Let them go," another added. "Anniversary night, eh?"

The laughter that followed was warm, indulgent, filled with assumptions that couldn't have been further from the truth.

Bianca smiled just enough to play along, dipping her head slightly in acknowledgment as they moved past the crowd.

Down a quieter corridor where the laughter from the living room dulled into a distant hum, she pushed open the door to her father's study, stepping inside.

Shelves lined the walls, heavy with books no one really read but everyone respected. A single lamp cast a warm, contained light over the desk, leaving the corners of the room in shadow.