

Mafia God 198

Chapter 198: We Should Get A Divorce

Bianca walked in first, before she turned to face him. "Everything okay?" she asked.

Luca closed the door behind him. His hand lingered on the handle for a fraction longer than necessary before he turned. "Yeah," he said. "We should get a divorce."

"Excuse me?" she asked.

"Bianca, we are both miserable," he said, stepping further into the room. "I am miserable because I am in love with another woman and that fact is also making you miserable."

Bianca stared at him as someone trying to understand how a person could stand there so calmly while dismantling an entire life. "So divorce, uhn?" she repeated slowly, the faintest hint of disbelief creeping into her voice now. "And then what? What happens after that, Luca? Luca," she continued,

"I was betrothed to you before I even knew what that word meant." She gestured lightly between them. "Before I understood what boys were. Before I had a say in anything that had to do with my life. My entire life..." she added, her gaze locking onto his, "...has been crafted for you."

"Which is why you should get out now," he said.

"Get out?" she repeated, her brows lifting slightly. "Just like that? And our families?" she asked. "Or did you forget those exist too? I am a Genovese now," she continued. "Even if I agreed to this divorce," she said, emphasizing the word just enough to make it clear how unlikely that was,

"you think your father will just let me walk away? You don't jump from one familia to another," she went on. "You don't walk out and start over like this is some normal life with normal rules." She shook her head once, her gaze narrowing as she studied him. "Has this woman messed with you so much," she asked, ,

"that you've forgotten one of the first rules that binds the familia? You don't quit the familia."

"So we... we are trapped like this?"

"I'm afraid so." She stepped back, her fingers brushing lightly against the edge of her father's desk. "When your little obsession with your toy is over," she continued, "I will still be here. And I will still be a Genovese." Her gaze flickered over him, measuring how much of that truth he could actually stomach.

"Not just because I don't have a choice," she added, "but because I fucking love you. I always have." Bianca pushed off the desk then, straightening as she smoothed an invisible crease from her dress. "Take Julian's mother, for example," she said lightly. "She won in the end, didn't she?" Her eyes flicked back to his, glinting.

"Your father eventually came back to her. Who knows?" she added. "Maybe this girl will leave too."

Bianca had said what she came to say. She walked past him without another glance, leaving the room just as quiet as before.

Luca stood there. He dragged a hand down his face, his jaw tightening as frustration coiled low in his chest. He wanted more. He had never wanted anything before—not like this. He wanted Veronica. He wanted her completely. He wanted to be her husband. He wanted children with her.

In another life, in another world, it would have been simple. Here, it was impossible.

"Fuck," he muttered under his breath. Luca Genovese had no idea what to do.

Twelve hours later, Veronica was in Vienna. Sleep had been optional. Sanity, negotiable. But action was non-negotiable.

The moment the plane landed, the cold air hit her, entirely different from the chaos she had left behind.

She had to do this. There wasn't a version of this situation where she sat back and waited for things to resolve themselves. That wasn't who she was. And more importantly, that wasn't who she could afford to be.

Luca would probably strangle her if he found out. He really would.

She could already picture the way his fingers would curl just slightly like he was holding himself back from doing something regrettable. She smiled. Her fingers brushed lightly against the necklace resting against her collarbone. Then her gaze dropped briefly to her wrist, where the bracelet sat snugly in place.

Luca Genovese branded and she had finally accepted it. He had made a claim on her. And for the longest time, Veronica had treated that claim with the constant awareness that she was stepping into a space that technically belonged to someone else.

It had made her cautious. Now she was done being polite. If Luca had marked her, then she would wear it.

Let the world adjust. The café she chose sat right along the Zattere docks, one of those elegant outdoor spots with wide umbrella-shaped tents casting soft shadows over small round tables. The sea stretched out just beyond, its surface catching the pale afternoon light.

Veronica sat with one leg crossed over the other, her posture relaxed. A pair of dark sunglasses rested lightly on her face, because they added a layer of distance she found useful.

In front of her sat a half-finished cup of coffee. Her third, maybe fourth. She had stopped counting somewhere between exhaustion and stubbornness.

At this point, caffeine was structural support. Her fingers tapped lightly against the side of the cup, her nails making a soft, rhythmic sound that blended with the distant chatter of other patrons and the occasional clink of cutlery. To anyone watching, she looked composed. Maybe even bored.

She wasn't. Her mind was sharp, alert, moving faster than her body could keep up with. The lack of sleep sat behind her eyes, but it didn't dull her.

Marco had handled everything. A few calls. A couple of arrangements made without questions asked. A flight booked so quickly it almost felt like she had imagined it. He hadn't even tried to stop her. She said she was surprising Luca, that was all he needed to hear.

She hadn't even packed. The clothes she wore now were thrown together in an airport boutique.

Luca had invited her to Italy. An offer she had turned down.