

Mafia God 199

Chapter 199: Nice City You Have Here

She hadn't wanted to overstep. She huffed softly under her breath, a faint smirk tugging at her lips.

Now she didn't give a shit. Bianca could eat dirt.

The last time they had faced each other, Bianca had held the upper hand. She had a gun, she had the illusion of power.

Now, they stood on equal ground. They were both under the protection of the familia now.

Her gaze lifted toward the entrance of the café, scanning without appearing to. Bianca would come.

She wouldn't be able to resist.

Veronica had just placed herself in a position that demanded attention. A few minutes passed and then she entered.

Of course she looked flawless. Her presence drew attention without asking for it. Veronica didn't acknowledge her immediately. She simply took another slow sip of her coffee, her gaze drifting lazily toward the water. "Nice city you have here." Vee finally looked up, removing her sunglasses, folding them neatly and placing them beside her cup. Her eyes met Bianca's fully now—clear, alert, entirely unafraid.

"I'm sure you know my father is from here," she added, tilting her head slightly, a faint smile touching her lips. "The surname and all." "Please," she gestured lightly to the empty seat across from her, her fingers elegant, relaxed. "Have a seat. It's my first time here, but it's so beautiful." Her gaze drifted briefly toward the water, the sunlight dancing across it.

"I should visit more often."

Bianca stood there for a moment, taking Veronica in fully—the posture, the ease, the calm of someone who had stepped into enemy territory and believed she ran it.

Then, slowly, she pulled out the chair and sat. "You are a brave bitch," Bianca said. "I'll give you that."

Veronica's smile widened just a fraction. "Yes," she said lightly, lifting her cup again. "I've been called that a couple of times." She took a slow sip before setting it down, her gaze never leaving Bianca's. "Luca calls me that too, you know..." she added. "In our special moments behind closed doors."

"You want to get shot again," Bianca said calmly.

Veronica leaned back slightly, crossing her legs, her bracelet catching the light as her wrist moved. "You want to dare again," she replied just as calmly.

"Would be worth it," Bianca said, her lips curving faintly as she lifted a hand to signal a passing waitress. "A coffee," she said.

Then her attention returned fully to Veronica. "I heard about all your little investigations," Veronica continued, tapping her finger lightly against the side of her cup. "So I decided to save you the trouble. Pay you a visit. Give you the opportunity to ask whatever you want. Saves time."

"Ah," Bianca said. "I always knew Ricardo was a pussy."

"You will leave him alone, Bianca," she said.

The waitress arrived then, placing Bianca's coffee down carefully. "And if you do not want to make your position even shakier than it already is," Veronica continued, "you will stand down."

Bianca's fingers finally moved, lifting her cup slowly and took a sip. She set it back down just as carefully. "You flew all the way to Vienna," she said, "to give me orders. You come here, to my city... to threaten me. Who do you think you are? Oh," she added, exhaling softly as she lifted her coffee again,

"the levels Luca has reduced me to."

"Yes," Vee said pleasantly. "Let's talk about him for a minute. I love him," she said simply. "And he is obsessed with me. Trust me," she added, a soft breath escaping her, her gaze drifting briefly toward the water before returning to Bianca, "I tried to get away from it. And since you've done your homework," she continued

"you must have learned that he got me at an auction. I belong to him. Unless he changes his mind," she added, "which I really think that part is up to you...there is nothing I can do about it. But these little petty tricks to bore into my life," she finished, "are beginning to piss me off."

"He will tire of you."

"Be that as it may," Vee said lightly, shrugging one shoulder. "Stand down, Bianca. Or I will make sure that he and I are tied for the rest of our lives."

That wasn't a bluff. "How would you achieve that?" Bianca asked.

"It's simple." Vee rose smoothly from her seat as she said them, she had already decided the conversation was over and was merely offering Bianca the courtesy of a conclusion. "I will give him a child." She adjusted the fall of her coat slightly, her fingers brushing against the bracelet at her wrist to remind both of them exactly whose name she carried so effortlessly now.

"My child," she continued, "will be the future Luca. And you..." she added, tilting her head just slightly, "...you will be exactly what you are right now. A woman with nothing but a Mrs title." Veronica gave her one last resolved look. "Oh, and tonight," she added lightly, "at your spectacular wedding anniversary...Your husband will be with me. I'm done pitying you."

And just like that, she turned and walked away. She disappeared into the elegance of the docks, leaving behind a table, a cup of coffee, and a very still Bianca.

"Oh, one day..." she murmured under her breath. "One day... I'll wash my underwear with your blood, you little skank."

Valentina rolled her eyes. "Him again," she muttered under her breath, not even bothering to lower her voice as she flipped through the delivery sheet in front of her. She felt like she was balancing too many things at once—orders, accounts, Rosa's unexplained absence, and now... this.

She leaned slightly over the counter, pointing at a section of the route map spread out before Tony. "No, if you send the driver this way, he's going to hit traffic by noon," she said. "Switch it around. Let him clear this side first—"

"Val..."

She closed her eyes briefly. "Ricardo," she said, straightening slowly, turning to face him. "For the love of God..." Her gaze dropped to the bouquet in his hand. "You have to stop this," she continued. "This is a place of business." She gestured around them. "I have seen more of you in the past twenty-four hours," she added, folding her arms loosely across her chest, "than when we were actually dating."