

Mafia God 201

Chapter 201: You Need To Be Patient

"Ugh," Nonnina muttered, rolling her eyes with exaggerated exasperation. "Right now, she is going to feel like you are only coming back because of the baby. You need to be patient." She turned toward the kitchen.

He followed. "She hates me," he muttered under his breath, not fully expecting a response.

"For now," Nonnina said without turning. "Give it time," she continued, her back to him, hands sliding along the countertop. "I need to talk to you about something too. I don't want to tell Luca, but I think someone needs to know."

"What is it?" he asked cautiously.

"Oh, don't look at me like that. Paranoia comes with old age." Nonnina said it lightly, playfully.

Ricardo didn't smile. His gaze fixed on her, he wasn't buying the joke. "While Bianca was here..." Nonnina began.

"Oh God," Ricardo muttered under his breath, dragging a hand down his face. "Not her..."

The name alone seemed to sour the air. "Yeah," Nonnina continued. "I knew she would be terrible, but I didn't think she would be even worse than Julian's mother."

"Oh, you have no idea." The version of Bianca Nonnina had seen? That was the polite one.

The restrained one. The one still pretending. "Wait..." Nonnina paused mid-motion, her brows knitting together. "Why the sudden change?"

Her eyes narrowed slightly. "When you got here, you didn't seem to have a problem with her."

"She's..." he started, then stopped, choosing his words more carefully the second time around. "She's gone a bit... bat shit crazy since she found out about Luca's mistress."

It wasn't a lie. Just not the full truth. And the way he said it, made it obvious he was leaving things out.

Instead of pressing immediately, she let the silence stretch just enough to make him uncomfortable before she continued.

"Well," she said, "she threatened me while she was here." That made Ricardo straighten.

"What?" he asked.

Nonnina waved a hand dismissively. "And for a while... I felt like I was being watched. I don't feel it anymore," she added, shrugging lightly. "So either Luca handled it..." Her lips curved faintly. "...or whoever it was got bored. He also got me this," Nonnina said suddenly.

She reached into the folds of her shawl and pulled out a delicate necklace, holding it up between her fingers so it caught the light. "He says I should have it on all the time."

Ricardo stepped closer, his eyes narrowing slightly as he examined it. "Must be some kind of tracker chip," he said.

Nonnina nodded easily. "I've been working with the Genovese for over thirty years now," she continued. "My life has never been threatened." She let that sit. "It seems odd that it coincides with Bianca's threats, doesn't it?"

"Yes," he said. "You should tell Luca."

"I'm telling you," she replied instead. "If anything happens, the first place to look should be at Bianca."

Ricardo frowned slightly, pushing off the counter, unease settling into his bones. "Nothing is going to happen," he said. It came out more like reassurance than certainty. "I don't think she would dare. Luca would rain hell on anyone who dares touch you."

That part was true. Nonnina nodded slowly. "That's what I'm afraid of," she thought. Luca's hell might be manipulated to miss its intended target.

But she only smiled faintly instead, as if satisfied. And let it go.

Bianca was unravelling spectacularly. "She's here!" she snapped. "She's fucking here! In my city!" Her robe swirled around her legs. Her hair, usually immaculate, had started to loosen slightly, a few strands slipping free. Even they couldn't keep up with her mood. "Julian!" she shouted, spinning toward him, her eyes blazing. "She is in my city!"

Julian didn't move from where he stood near the window, one shoulder resting lazily against the frame.

"The nerve," Bianca continued. "The fucking nerve." She dragged a hand through her hair, exhaling harshly before stopping mid-pace, her entire body going still. "I'm just going to get this over with," she said suddenly. "Kill her in her sleep." She turned her head slightly. "Neatly done."

Julian pushed himself off the window immediately. "And then what?!" he snapped.

She blinked at him, irritation flashing across her face.

"And then what?" he repeated, stepping closer now. "You follow immediately after."

She had thought of it. And she didn't care. "Julian," she said. "You have no idea how much it will be worth it." Her eyes drifted slightly, unfocused. "It will be so worth it," she whispered. "I'd give anything," she added, "to watch the life drain out of her eyes." She inhaled slowly, the thought itself was intoxicating. "Anything."

Julian stared at her.

"She thinks she can replace me," she hissed. "She thinks she can walk into my life and just—what? Take it? Over my dead body," Bianca added.

"Exactly," he said. "Dead body. Yours, if you do something stupid. And you won't get the satisfaction you're imagining. You'll be dead before you can enjoy it." Julian closed the distance between them before Bianca could spiral any further, his hands coming up to grip her shoulders firmly. "Be calm," he said quietly.

"You promised me you wouldn't let anger control you."

Bianca's chest rose and fell against the silk of her robe, her pulse almost visible at the base of her throat. Up close, Julian could see the fine cracks beneath her composure—the faint smudge of mascara she hadn't noticed, the way her lips trembled just slightly before she pressed them together again.

"Now think," he continued, his thumbs pressing lightly into her shoulders. "She came here to do what?"

Bianca swallowed, her eyes darting for a moment before settling back on him. The fury was still there, but it was shifting now—cooling, condensing. "Ricardo blabbed," she said. "I always knew he is a spineless prick! She came here to assert herself," she went on, lifting her chin slightly.

"To remind me of my place. To tell me that she can give Luca his heir. And she can take him away from me whenever she wants," Bianca added, her eyes narrowing. "Especially tonight."