

Mafia God 202

Chapter 202: Now Let The Anger Go

Julian watched her carefully, reading every flicker of emotion across her face. "Good," he said, nodding once. "Now let the anger go."

"Let it go?" she repeated.

"Yes," he said simply. "Because anger will only earn you mistakes."

Bianca slowly exhaled, her shoulders loosening under his grip. Her eyes fluttered shut, lashes brushing softly against her skin as she drew in a deeper breath this time, then another.

The room seemed to settle with her. "I know what to do," she said finally. Julian's lips curved into a satisfied smile.

"There you are," he murmured, his hands still resting on her shoulders. His gaze lingered on her face before drifting downward, unconsciously, to her lips. "You look beautiful," he added.

Bianca's eyes opened. "I'm not even dressed yet, Julian," she said, glancing down at the robe loosely tied around her waist, one shoulder slipping just slightly as she shifted.

"I look beyond the clothes," he replied. "Beyond the jewelry. Beyond the makeup." His gaze lifted back to hers. "I look at you."

She wasn't naive. She knew exactly what that look meant. "Julian..." she whispered.

Julian stilled, his gaze locking onto hers. "I wonder..." he murmured, "if my brother knew how hard you are fighting for him, would it change anything?" His hand lifted unconsciously, brushing a loose strand of hair away from her face. "Would he finally see it for what it truly is?" he continued, watching her closely. "The purest kind of devotion."

Bianca let out a quiet breath, her lips parting slightly. "I guess not," she said. She turned her head slightly, to pull away, to end whatever this moment was trying to become. She didn't get the chance.

Julian moved faster than she expected. His hand slid to the back of her neck, firm enough to stop her retreat, and then his mouth was on hers—sudden, consuming. He took, he assumed, tested the limits just to see where they broke.

She didn't push him away. That was the part that surprised him. More than anything. Her fingers curled slightly against his shirt instead of shoving him back. Her body did not recoil. It leaned, just barely, just enough to turn resistance into participation.

If she was giving even an inch, he would take everything. His grip tightened slightly, angling her closer as his kiss deepened, reckless, intentional. There was a hunger there, one he had buried. And now that it had found an opening, it surged forward.

He wondered, distantly, if she had been drinking. Because this wasn't like her. She had drawn that line so clearly before, had asserted how untouchable she was when it came to him. And now? Now she was kissing him back. His hand dropped to her waist, fingers brushing against the silk of her robe before slipping beneath it, meeting the warmth of her bare skin.

His cock responded faster than the speed of light. He pulled her closer. And then she pulled away.

"Julian, you have got to stop doing that!" She pulled the robe tightly over her body again, fingers moving quickly, efficiently, reclaiming territory that had briefly been compromised.

Julian exhaled, he considered pushing again. But Bianca was already moving on.

"I have to call Cassidy," she said quickly, redirecting both of them before the moment could linger long enough to become inconvenient. She turned toward the dresser, her reflection catching her eye before she reached for her phone.

Julian frowned. "What?" he asked. "You want to call Cassidy now? Why?"

Bianca unlocked her phone. "If I want to sell the illusion that he is working with Veronica to kill Luca," she said, "Cassidy has to be on the next flight here." She finally glanced at him then, her eyes cool, assessing. "How about the other thing in New York?" she added. "Do you have it handled?"

Julian shifted his weight, slipping his hands into his pockets. "A little hiccup," he admitted, "but yes. It's under control." "So," Julian said, tilting his head slightly, his gaze lingering on her again, "are you going to fuck Cassidy while he's here?" He didn't even try to dress it up.

"Yes," she said simply.

Julian let out a quiet huff of disbelief, shaking his head slightly as he looked away.

"I have to dress up now," she said. "You have to leave. My mother may come in at any moment."

Julian nodded. "Of course," he replied. He paused at the door, glancing back at her one last time. "I'll see you at the party."

"Mm," she hummed absently, already flipping through hangers, her attention fully consumed.

Julian stepped out, pulling the door shut behind him.

she lifted her gaze to the mirror. Her reflection stared back at her, flawless. Her lips curved, just slightly, the faintest trace of a smile forming as she tilted her head, studying herself.

Men. She let out a quiet, amused breath. So predictable. So easy. Give them just enough—just a hint, just a taste—and they stayed exactly where you wanted them. Loyal in the most ridiculous way. Like well-trained puppies, eager for approval, blind to the leash.

Julian thought he had taken something. Cassidy would think the same.

Luca had been counting time in moments he could survive without snapping. Each laugh he forced, each handshake he endured, each glass of champagne pressed into his hand felt like another tick against his patience. Italy had never felt this suffocating before. It was all the same as it had always been.

The difference was him. And the fact that everything he actually wanted was somewhere else.

The music swelled around him as he guided Bianca across the dance floor, his hand firm at her waist, hers resting lightly on his shoulder.

Bianca leaned in just a little too close. Her fingers curled tighter than necessary against his shoulder, her body aligning with his. She smiled when expected, laughed when required, her face glowing under the soft golden lights strung across the grand hall.

He noticed the way her grip lingered. The way her nails pressed slightly into the fabric of his suit.