

Mafia God 204

Chapter 204: The Car Is Waiting

The man nodded once and immediately stepped away, already reaching for his phone. Luca turned back.

Fifteen minutes? He could be there in ten. Less, if he pushed. His fingers brushed against his phone again, the urge to call her clawing at him, but he stopped himself.

If she was truly in trouble, a call could make things worse. "Luca!" Bianca's voice followed him.

"The car is waiting," she said, slightly breathless, still trying to hold onto the evening's script. "We have to leave."

"Head on over there," he said flatly. "I'll meet you there." Bianca stopped in front of him, her brows drawing together, irritation flashing across her face.

"Luca," she said, more firmly now, "you cannot just leave me behind." His head turned sharply toward her, eyes dark.

"Fucking do as I say." He was already turning away again, already moving, already done with this conversation, this night, this entire charade.

Don Genovese approached. "Everything alright here?" Luca turned to him.

"Dad, your car keys. I need your car keys. Are they with you?"

"No."

Luca's gaze snapped away immediately, scanning the area. And then he saw Julian. He was standing just a few feet away, confusion already beginning to form on his face as he watched the scene unfold.

Luca crossed the distance in a few quick strides. Julian barely had time to register what was happening before Luca was right in front of him.

"What—" He didn't even finish the sentence. Luca's hand dipped straight into his pocket, fingers closing around the keys without anything resembling courtesy.

"What the hell are you doing?" Julian snapped as he stumbled back slightly, more out of surprise than resistance.

The keys were already in Luca's hand, his focus already somewhere else entirely. Behind them, the crowd had begun to gather, drawn in by the disruption. Eyes followed Luca, whispers spreading quickly, confusion layering over curiosity.

Bianca stood in the center of it all, completely exposed. Her hands hung at her sides now. She watched him as he walked away.

The humiliation didn't hit all at once. It crept in. Through the silence, the stares, the unspoken questions hanging thick in the air.

He was leaving her on their anniversary, her night as ruined. And she knew exactly who had done it.

A slow, burning heat crawled up her spine, settling into her chest, her throat, her face. By the time Luca reached the car and the engine roared to life, Bianca looked like she might combust where she stood.

The tires screeched slightly as he pulled away, the car disappearing into the night. Julian watched him go, still processing the audacity of what had just happened.

Bianca turned to him. If looks could kill, Julian would have dropped dead on the spot. He raised his hands slightly in surrender, asking himself what he had done wrong.

"Come on," Don Genovese said, stepping in, placing a firm but reassuring hand on her back. "Head to the resort."

He opened the car door for her himself. "Come on." When the time came, and it would, she would deal with Veronica personally.

Not through schemes or intermediaries. With her own hands. And by familia standards?

It would be completely justified. She slid into the car without another word, smoothing her dress.

As the car pulled away, the murmurs grew louder, curiosity bubbling over as Bianca's family turned toward Don Genovese, their expressions a mixture of confusion, concern, and barely concealed intrigue.

"What in the hell was that?" someone demanded. Don didn't miss a beat.

"Emergency," he said calmly. He adjusted his cuff slightly, and turned back toward the party. He stepped inside, the music swallowing him once more. He exhaled slowly. "Jesus," he muttered under his breath as he reached for a drink.

Luca was going to kill him before his time.

Veronica stretched languidly against the sheets like she had all the time in the world and none of the consequences to match it. The dim bedside lamp turned the sheer lace into sin itself, just enough to suggest and never fully reveal. Her wrist rested above her head, the cuff attached to her wrist sitting snugly.

The door burst open and Luca stormed in. His gun was hanging loose in his hand. Jacket half open. Hair disheveled from what looked like a war, not a drive.

"Hey," she purred. That was the moment his brain short-circuited. The fact that she was lying there, completely unbothered stunned him. He would have shot himself in the brains if he didn't need to scream at her first.

"Are you crazy?"

"What?"

"What?" he repeated, incredulous. "Have you gone mad? Do you have any idea how many traffic laws I broke on my way here?" He stepped closer, pointing at her like she was the problem—because she was. Entirely. "Do you have any idea how fast my blood was pumping? How many times I thought my heart was going to give out. What....what is wrong with you?"

She watched him unravel like it was the most fascinating thing in the world. "I missed you," she said simply, a small shrug lifting one bare shoulder. The lace slipped slightly, and Luca's eyes betrayed him for half a second before snapping back to her face. "And I wanted you to come save me."

"Alright," he muttered. "Let's start with the fact that your message was very misleading." He gestured vaguely to the room, the bed, her. "I thought you were in trouble."

"I am," she replied, far too quickly. His eyes dropped—to the cuff, the delicate chain.

"You locked yourself up," he said flatly.

"Yes."

"On purpose."

"Are you going to punish me?" she asked.

His grip tightened on the gun, and before he could stop himself, he actually lifted it—pressed it lightly to his forehead as if that might reset whatever she had broken inside him. "Vee..."

She watched him like this was a show she had paid good money for. "I've been a very bad girl," she added, softer this time, dragging each word.