

## **Mafia God 211**

### Chapter 211: I'll Order Breakfast

"I'll go through your business plan," he continued. "And send you what you need."

This time, Bianca turned fully to face him.

"Thank you," she said softly.

Luca gave a small nod in return before shifting his attention away. He reached for the buttons of his shirt, beginning to undo them one by one.

Bianca turned away, moving toward the other side of the room as if she hadn't noticed at all. "I'll order breakfast," she said. "Then I'll put some clothes out for you." She busied herself with small tasks—straightening things that didn't need straightening, adjusting items already in place.

Anything to keep her back turned. Anything to avoid looking.

"Thank you, but you should know... I don't eat out," Luca said. "I thought you knew that."

"Oh..." she said softly. "I... I'm sorry."

It wasn't just about the food. They both knew that. It was another small reminder of how out of sync they were—how much she didn't know, or perhaps how much he had never allowed her to know.

Luca shook his head faintly, as if brushing it off. "You can order something for yourself," he added.

Bianca turned slightly, her brows drawing together as she studied him. "So what will you do?" she asked. "You'll go back home to eat?"

"Yeah."

A quiet pause followed, stretching between them.

"Alright..." Bianca said slowly, nodding once. "I guess the resort wasn't such a good idea after all." Her lips curved into a faint smile, an attempt at lightness that didn't quite reach her eyes. "You can't live somewhere you can't eat," she added, trying to joke.

Luca gave a small nod. "It's fine, really," he said. "Your parents did do something nice." There was sincerity there, even if it was restrained. "Will you tell them I said thank you?"

"I will."

She turned away, moving toward the door. He finished unbuttoning his shirt and shrugged it off, tossing it aside without much care.

The rest of his clothes followed, discarded in a quiet trail that marked his path toward the bathroom.

He grabbed a towel, running it briefly through his hands as he walked. The sound of running water followed soon after, steady and constant—

A temporary escape from everything waiting outside. Bianca, in the meantime, allowed herself the quiet satisfaction of small victories.

She stood by the window for a moment after leaving the room, the morning light spilling across her face as she stared out at the manicured grounds of the resort. Everything looked perfect.

Just the way she liked it. A slow smile curved her lips as she reached for her phone and dialed the front desk.

"Good morning," she said smoothly when the line connected. "I'd like to order breakfast."

As she listed what she wanted, there was a quiet sense of satisfaction settling in her chest.

Don Genovese had been right. Getting her husband's heart wasn't about force.

It wasn't about confrontation or desperation.

It was about patience. About knowing when to push... and when to step back. Luca wasn't a man who could be cornered.

He was a man who had to be drawn in slowly. Like thawing something that had been frozen solid for far too long.

She ended the call and let out a small breath, her smile lingering. Yes. She would take her time.

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By the time morning settled fully over the city, Veronica already felt like shit. There was no other way to describe it.

She sat in the hotel dining room, staring down at the breakfast she had barely touched.

The place was quiet, filled with the low murmur of other guests and the soft clink of cutlery against porcelain.

It should have been peaceful. It wasn't. Her coffee had gone lukewarm. Her food sat untouched, growing colder by the minute.

She pushed a piece of fruit around her plate absently, her thoughts running in circles. Maybe she had bitten off more than she could chew. She should have known better.

If Luca could have gotten out of being with Bianca—he would have. And she had forced his hand.

She grimaced slightly, taking a sip of her coffee just to have something to do. She shouldn't have done it.

But in her defense... She had been trying to make a point to Bianca. Luca had just happened to be caught in the crossfire.

Collateral damage. The thought didn't sit well with her now. She exhaled slowly, setting the cup down.

It was too late to undo it anyway. What was done was done. The question now was what came next.

The soft scrape of a chair being pulled out beside her broke through her thoughts. She looked up and there he was.

Her face went still like she hadn't spent the entire morning questioning herself. Luca reached for her, his hand firm as he pulled her slightly toward him.

Before she could react— He kissed her.

"Morning," he said simply.

"I hope you woke up all nice and fucked," Veronica said.

"Stop it."

Veronica tilted her head slightly, a faint, mocking smile touching her lips. "Why?" she asked. "Did I hit a nerve?" She knew she had. That was the point.

He tried to steady himself before he spoke again. "How long will it take you before you can trust me?" he asked, his voice quieter now, but heavier. "What do I have to do?"

"You left me," she shot back immediately, her voice rising.

"I had commitments," Luca replied.

"And I don't?" Veronica snapped, her frustration spilling over. "I'm the clingy girlfriend who followed her boyfriend halfway around the world, right?"

Luca reached out and yanked her chair closer to him. The movement was sudden, but forceful enough to steal her breath for a second. "Listen to me," he said, his voice dropping, more intense now.

But Veronica didn't look intimidated. If anything, her eyes flashed with defiance.

"I had commitments," he repeated. "I asked you to come with me first, didn't I?"

She didn't respond.

"I would have made plans," he continued. "Preparations to be with you. Properly. But you don't get to expect me to just blow away my family," he added.