

Mafia God 218

Chapter 218: The Rest Of The Week

"I'm cumming...fuck!" He lifted slightly, pulling her closer, holding her against his chest as he grunted. Her breasts pressed flat against his chest. His fingers gripped her nipple hard as his climax racked through him. "God, you're good," he muttered.

Bianca let out a soft chuckle, as she moved against him one last time.

They both fell back onto the bed, the tension easing from their bodies.

Cassidy exhaled, his chest rising and falling as he wrapped an arm around her, pulling her closer. "Never knew being a boy toy would feel this good," he said, a faint grin touching his lips as he stared up at the ceiling.

Bianca hummed softly in response, her fingers tracing idle patterns against his chest. "Hmmm..." She turned her head slightly to look at him. "How long would you like to stay?" she asked.

"I've got to get back to work," he said.

"For the Bastiones?" Bianca asked, her eyes sharpening just a little as she said it.

"That's my full-time job now," Cassidy said, stretching slightly as he lay back, his arm resting behind his head. Life had shifted for him in ways he hadn't entirely planned, and now he was simply... in it.

Bianca turned her head toward him. "Will you stay a couple of days more?" she asked.

Cassidy glanced at her, a small smile forming. "Just how long are we talking about?"

"The rest of the week," Bianca said.

Cassidy let out a short breath, shifting slightly as he turned more fully toward her. "Alright," he said. "Anything for you."

Bianca smiled in response. It was a beautiful smile—warm on the surface, disarming. But it didn't quite reach her eyes.

Anything for me. Idiot. Cassidy had no idea. No idea how neatly he had placed himself exactly where she needed him. No idea how useful he was becoming without even trying.

Bianca shifted slightly, sitting up now, drawing the sheets loosely around herself as she leaned back against the headboard. She wondered, briefly, when it would click for him.

When he would realise that his movements, his name—was being threaded carefully into something much larger than himself.

Would he be angry? Would he thank her for it? The thought amused her. Who knew? Veronica Scalese, after all, had a way of wrapping men around her finger. Drawing them in, holding them close, making them believe they were choosing her.

For now, everything was falling into place exactly the way it should. Cassidy's presence in Italy was the perfect piece.

All Julian had to do now was ensure that Cassidy's travel information ended up exactly where it needed to be found.

On Veronica. The first seed of doubt didn't need to be loud. It just needed to exist. Bianca glanced back at Cassidy, who looked entirely at ease beside her, unaware of the role he was playing.

It would take more than a few documents to sway Luca, but they had to start somewhere. Bianca knew that better than anyone. Luca was not a man easily moved. No, with him, everything had to be layered, undeniable.

Still, every plan needed a beginning. And while the larger pieces were being set into motion, she saw no reason not to enjoy the smaller ones.

In the meantime, she could make good use of Cassidy's body. She reached for his hands, guiding them beneath her thighs. Then she drew him closer, pulling his head toward her chest with a subtle insistence that needed no words.

Cassidy didn't need to be told twice. He followed her lead easily, he had already learned the rhythm she preferred. His focus narrowed entirely to her, his hands firm where she had placed them, his attention fixed, eager to please.

"Damn..." he muttered under his breath, a note of admiration slipping through despite himself. "You've got a gorgeous body."

Luciano and Veronica returned to New York a few days later, the shift in scenery bringing with it a return to routine.

The city moved as it always did. Yellow cabs rushed through intersections, people filled the sidewalks, and life continued.

But beneath that normalcy, things were unsettled. Valentina still hadn't made a decision about the baby.

Every conversation seemed to circle back to it eventually, whether spoken or not. Marco didn't push her.

Ricardo, on the other hand, hovered in a different way. And Valentina remained caught in between, trying to figure out what "moving forward" even meant anymore.

Detective Voss had stopped by once or twice, his presence as persistent as ever. He asked questions, retraced steps, examined details that had already been combed through.

But Rosa's death was beginning to look frustratingly simple. A mugging gone wrong. That was the direction everything pointed to—no signs of prolonged struggle, no deeper connections surfacing, no immediate suspects that tied back to anything bigger.

And yet, there was something about it that didn't sit right. Voss, for one, didn't like it. It seemed he was quite disappointed he couldn't pin Rosa's death on Luca. Anything to get Luca but not for something he didn't do. Luca did do a lot of things in the city but he was very good at leaving no proof.

Vee arrived at the pizza shop that morning. Usually, Rosa was the one to arrive first. She had been dedicated like that for years—opening up, prepping ingredients, making sure everything was ready before anyone else even walked through the door. Even when the pay wasn't great, even when the hours were long, Rosa had shown up.

Every single time. The absence hit harder than she expected. It wasn't just that Rosa was gone.

It was that her presence had been so constant, so woven into the rhythm of the place, that without her...

Something fundamental felt missing. Vee saw the shop before she even stepped out of the car.

At first, her mind struggled to process what she was looking at. The familiar storefront—the place she had known for years, the place that had always felt steady, safe—looked... wrong.