

## **Mafia God 221**

### Chapter 221: I Just Heard

"Don Bastione is back in Italy!" Julian announced.

Don Genovese remained seated behind his desk, fingers lightly steepled, his gaze thoughtful as he absorbed the information. "Is he now?" he said finally.

Slowly, a smile spread across his face.

"Yeah. I just heard. You want to go ahead with the plan?" Julian asked. He stood across from his father's desk.

"Yes," Don said. "But first confirm with Luciano if the information Bastardi gave is still good. I don't want to be caught unawares."

"I have to go to New York?" Julian asked, though he already knew the answer.

"How else do you plan on carrying such sensitive information?" he replied smoothly. "Oh—and make sure to give him the message this time," Don Genovese added. "I haven't forgotten that you deliberately left some information out the last time I sent you to New York."

Julian's lips curved into the faintest hint of a smirk. "It gave you a pretty much needed insight into Luciano's distraction in New York, didn't it?" he countered.

"It wasn't what I asked you to do," Don said.

Julian looked away with a small shrug. "Fine," he said. "I don't want to argue about Luca anyway."

"That would be a first," Don Genovese said dryly. "And Julian?" his father added.

"Yes?"

"After the Bastione business is done," Don said, "we need to start looking into getting you married."

Julian was caught slightly off guard—not by the concept itself, but by the timing. "Why so abrupt?" he asked.

"Because I am afraid you may start fucking your brother's wife," he said plainly. "Now that their relationship is strained."

Julian's jaw tightened ever so slightly, his expression shifting into irritation. "When I find someone, I will let you know," Julian replied.

Don Genovese tilted his head faintly, as if considering that answer and finding it insufficient. "You have a limited time," he said. "Find one, or I find for you."

"Yes, father," Julian answered.

Don Genovese nodded once, satisfied enough for now. "Get ready to leave," he continued. "And as soon as Luciano gives the go ahead, come back here immediately. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir."

Then Julian turned, opening the door and stepping out into the corridor beyond.

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"So, you are leaving for New York uhn?" Bianca asked, as she stood in the center of her war room.

Julian stood beside her, his hands tucked loosely into his pockets as he studied the map. "Yeah," he answered simply. "What's the next step?"

Bianca's gaze remained fixed on the map as her fingers lightly traced one of the red lines connecting two key points. "We have to make sure Don is killed during the ambush," she said. "The Bastiones will be blamed," she continued, finally turning to look at him. "And then with all we have, we can blame Veronica of leaking information to Cassidy. Everything seems to be aligning."

"Not yet, Bianca," he said. "Things cannot move that fast."

"First of all," Julian went on, stepping closer to the map, "our guy in New York hasn't been able to plant the travel info. And if Don dies now, the control of the famiglia still goes to Luca. We need more instability before a move like that pays off the way we want," he added.

Bianca's eyes darkened slightly. "if you hadn't deemed it fit to have the Rosa girl killed, we would have had two people to do the job," she said sharply, turning fully to face him now.

"She wasn't willing to bend," he replied. "She couldn't be convinced."

"Your people didn't try hard enough!" she snapped. "We cannot afford to be killing people who can help us do our ground work."

Resources mattered. Leverage mattered. And to Bianca, Rosa had been an opportunity.

Julian's gaze hardened slightly. "Keeping someone who won't cooperate is a liability," he countered. "You don't build a clean operation on weak links. What would you have me do? Let her go so she can tip off Luca?" Julian snapped.

Bianca stood her ground, arms loosely folded. "Everybody wants something," she said evenly. "And if they don't, everyone has something to lose. Or both. You just have to find the right leverage."

Julian let out a short, frustrated breath, pacing once across the room before turning back to her. "There was no time," he argued.

"Then investigate before moving in," she replied without hesitation.

"I got the other guy, didn't I?" he shot back, gesturing slightly toward the map as if the result justified the method.

Bianca tilted her head, considering that for a brief moment before shaking it faintly. "Men break easier than women," she said. "You guys are fickle."

Julian's lips pressed into a thin line. "I take offense to that," he said.

"You never want to hear the truth," she replied coolly. Bianca turned slightly, her gaze drifting back to the map, but her voice didn't lose its intensity. "Take Ricardo for example," she continued. "Fucking pussy!"

The insult came out with clear disdain, her lip curling faintly as if the thought of him alone irritated her.

"You really don't like him," Julian muttered.

"He's weak," Bianca said simply. She stepped closer to the map again, her fingers brushing lightly over one of the pinned photographs before pressing it more firmly into place. "I need the travel documents planted before you even arrive in New York," she said. "I don't want you anywhere near suspicion."

"Awww...are you worried about me?" Julian teased, a slow grin spreading across his face.

Bianca turned to him sharply. "How can you even ask that?" she shot back. "Of course, I am worried about you. Why would you say that?"

For a split second, Julian looked genuinely taken aback. He straightened slightly, the teasing ease slipping.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry," he said quickly, raising his hands. "It was just a tease. Didn't know I would hit a nerve."

"I..." she hesitated, then shook her head slightly before continuing, quieter now. "I can't lose you. You are the only one on my side."