

Mafia God 222

Chapter 222: What I Want Is You

"Maybe that's cause I have been trying to get in your pants," Julian said with a shrug, deliberately lightening the moment.

Bianca gave him a withering look this time. "Men..." she muttered, turning away slightly as she crossed her arms.

"Hey!" he protested lightly. "We can think with both brains at the same time, you know."

Bianca let out a soft chuckle. "No... no you can't," she said, shaking her head. "Only one brain functions at a time." "And the longer one wins every damn time."

"Ouch! That's mean," Julian said, placing a hand dramatically over his chest as if wounded.

"That's true," Bianca replied without missing a beat.

Both of them broke into laughter. It was rare, these moments. Julian shook his head lightly, still smiling.

"You know, Dad is thinking about getting me a wife," he said, his eyes flickered toward her, watching closely for her reaction.

Bianca's brows lifted slightly, her expression shifting into one of mild curiosity. "Oh? Is that what you want?" she asked.

"What I want is you."

She gestured lazily to his cock, then back to his face. "See? case in point," she said.

Julian smiled, unfazed. "I'm guessing Cassidy is doing a good job keeping you satisfied," he added.

Bianca's eyes narrowed slightly. "Do you really want to go there?" she asked.

"No, actually," he said. "Just want to be sure you are not falling for this guy."

"I don't fall for idiots," she said. "The guy seems stupid to me," she continued, a faint edge of disdain creeping into her tone. "I mean, I get that he wants to use me to get information on Luca," she said. "But did he really think I wouldn't have found out everything I need to know about my husband's mistress? Did he really think I didn't know who he was from the get go?"

"You let him think he had the upper hand," Julian said after a moment, more a statement than a question.

Bianca's lips curved slightly. "Of course," she replied. "It's easier to control people when they think they're the ones in control."

"Well, love makes people do stupid things," Julian said. "Like me, right here with you. And all I can do is think about kissing you."

"I told you to stop saying things like that," she said.

Julian took a slow step closer, closing the distance just slightly, testing a boundary he knew he shouldn't be touching. "I cannot help it," he replied quietly.

Bianca's jaw tightened, and she turned away from him, moving toward the map. "When you remember I am your brother's wife, it should help," she shot back.

Julian let out a faint breath behind her, running a hand through his hair as he watched her. "Doesn't cross my mind half the time," he admitted.

"Try harder," she said.

"Give me one night, Bianca," he said. "Just one."

"And how will I look at you across the dinner table after that?" she asked. "With my husband next to me."

"You do what you do best," he said. "Pretend."

The answer came too easily. Too confidently. Bianca let out a soft, disbelieving breath, turning away again, this time walking a few steps just to put space between them.

"You need to focus on New York," she said, forcing the conversation back to safer ground. "On the plan."

"Yeah," he said. "The plan."

"Make sure Tony gets the job done," Bianca instructed.

Julian nodded once. "Yes."

"Alright then," she said, her lips curving into a small, satisfied smile. "This is so fun!" She clapped her hands together lightly, her eyes scanning the map again, tracing lines only she could fully see.

To her, it was all falling into place. Not perfectly—yet. But close enough to feel it. The pieces were moving.

The pressure was building. And soon— Veronica would break.

Detective Voss's entire body went rigid the moment he saw Luca step out of the vehicle.

The noise outside seemed to dull in comparison to that single moment. Luca stepped out with the kind of composure that didn't belong in chaos.

Voss straightened slightly where he stood, his pen pausing mid-note as his eyes locked onto the man he had spent far too long chasing shadows around.

So that's him, he thought. The devil himself. He watched carefully as Luca adjusted his jacket, his gaze sweeping once over the crowd gathered outside the shop.

There was no visible reaction—no anger, no concern. But that, in itself, was a reaction. Luca never seemed to give anything away.

And that made him dangerous. Voss shifted his stance slightly, angling himself to get a clearer view through the broken front. He followed Luca's movements—every step, every pause, every glance he shot at the mob outside the shop.

What goes on in your head? Voss wondered. Marco stepped in first.

"Detective Voss," Marco began. "Didn't know you dealt with noise complaints too."

Voss let out a short breath through his nose, slipping his pen into his pocket as he turned fully to face him. "Not when it has something to do with your boss here," he replied dryly. "I live in his shadow."

Marco's lips twitched faintly. Behind him, Luca stepped into the shop. Voss's attention snapped back to him immediately, his eyes narrowing ever so slightly as he took him in up close this time.

Luca looked like order. And that was what made him elusive. Luca caught the tail end of the statement as he stepped into the shop, the faint crunch of broken glass beneath his shoes announcing his presence before his voice did. "You must be detective Andrew Voss."

"You must be Luciano Genovese," Voss replied.

"The one and only." Luca's response came with effortless confidence, like a man entirely comfortable with his own reputation—no matter how dark it might be.

Behind him, Marco moved further into the shop. His eyes swept across the room in assessment.

Tony stood behind the counter, stiff but composed, giving Marco a small nod of acknowledgment.

Luca, meanwhile, took a few slow steps further inside, his gaze drifting briefly across the damage before settling back on Voss. "So what is the reason for this attack on Miss Scalese?" he asked.