

## **Mafia God 237**

### Chapter 237: Your Daughter Is Safe

"Given what happened at the anniversary party," he added, "I sensed some sort of friction."

"I assure you, all is well with both of them. Once all this business with the Bastione is concluded," he continued, his fingers resting lightly against the arm of the chair, "I'm sure they will spend more time together."

"I do not believe my daughter should be in town during the ambush," Vitale said finally. "I am confident in your planning skills, but..." He let the sentence trail off. He didn't need to finish it.

The implication was clear. No plan was perfect. And no father would willingly leave his daughter exposed in the middle of something like this.

Don Genovese nodded once, acknowledging the concern without offense. "I understand," he said. "I promise you—your daughter is safe."

"Besides," Genovese added, shifting slightly, "she is working on her clothing line. I'm sure travelling will do her some good."

"Thank you," Vitale said after a moment, rising slowly to his feet. "Well, I should get going. I need to make the arrangements for the men you requested."

Genovese stood as well. "I appreciate it, Enzo," he said. "Really. Very soon," Genovese continued, "we will be rid of the Bastiones."

"We have waited too long," Don Vitale said. "All the Dons in the city..." He let out a slow breath, shaking his head faintly. "I cannot believe you get to achieve this feat."

"We get to achieve it," Genovese corrected smoothly.

"His sons in New York... will they not give trouble?" Don Vitale asked, pausing just outside the office as the low hum of activity from the wharf filtered in around them.

"I do not think they would want to take on Luca in New York," he replied. "Not unless they have suddenly developed a death wish."

Vitale huffed a quiet breath. "Fine man, your boy," he said, glancing sideways at him. "Sorry to say, but he is a greater man than your first."

There was no offense taken. If anything, Don Genovese let out a low, knowing laugh. "Trust me," he said, "I agree."

Vitale's lips curved faintly. There was no need to pretend between men like them. Strength was recognized, not resented. "Luca and Bianca are just the perfect match," Vitale continued. "Imagine the great things their children will do. A formidable father and an exceptional mother..." He clicked his tongue lightly. "Just chef's kiss."

Don Genovese laughed again. "We have been daydreaming about that since Bianca was five," he said.

Vitale shook his head slowly, a small smile lingering. "Simpler times, uhn."

Don Genovese walked Vitale out personally. A few quiet words were exchanged at the exit—final acknowledgments, subtle reassurances—before Vitale stepped into his waiting car.

By the time Don Genovese turned back toward the office, his expression had hardened again.

Marco was already there. He followed at a respectful distance, silent, observant. He stepped into the office behind the Don.

Don Genovese moved behind his desk, placing both hands on its surface as he looked at Marco. "Why are you here?" he asked.

Straight to the point.

"I bring a message from Luca," he said.

"That much is obvious," Genovese replied dryly, lowering himself into his chair. "What I want to know is why Luca sent you... and not Julian."

"He isn't comfortable giving messages through Julian, sir," Marco answered.

"I don't blame him," Don said after a moment. "Julian has been... spiralling." "I should probably hand him a location to manage," he added, more to himself than to Marco.

"I believe that would be a splendid idea, sir," he said. "It will reduce his animosity toward his brother, I'm hoping."

"He has never managed anything in the past." He exhaled slowly, rubbing his jaw as he thought it through. "How am I supposed to risk it?"

Marco didn't rush to fill the silence. He knew better than to overstep where family dynamics were concerned.

Instead, he let the Don arrive at his own conclusions. Finally, Genovese waved a hand slightly, dismissing the thought for the moment. "So," he said, shifting his focus back to the matter at hand, "what's the message?"

"Bastardi says the information given is still good," he said. "Last he checked, nothing has changed."

Genovese's eyes narrowed slightly. "So far, Bastardi remains reliable?" he asked.

"Luciano believes so, sir," Marco replied. "He questioned him himself. And Bastardi knows from experience," Marco continued, "Luciano is not to be toyed with."

That earned the faintest hint of approval from Genovese. "Good," he said.

He leaned forward slightly now, resting his elbows on the desk, his attention fully locked onto Marco. "Then we proceed," he added. "Later today, we go through the plans together."

Marco nodded once. "Understood, sir."

"Meet me on the yacht by nine p.m.," Genovese continued. "We will finalize everything there. When are you leaving?" Genovese asked.

"Tomorrow," Marco answered. "But I will be making a brief stop before heading back to New York."

"Okay," he said finally, giving a small nod. "I'll see you tonight."

"Yes, sir," Marco replied, inclining his head respectfully before turning on his heel and stepping out of the office.

Marco walked through the wharf without slowing, his mind already elsewhere. When he reached the car Bianca had assigned to him, he slid into the driver's seat, adjusting the mirrors before pulling away.

The road stretched ahead. Then— he saw in the rearview mirror. A car, far enough to seem coincidental. But he was sure had noticed that same car on his way to the wharf.

His eyes flicked between the road and the mirror, tracking the vehicle behind him without making it obvious.

One turn. Two. The car stayed. He exhaled slowly. Marco eased his foot off the accelerator, letting the car slow gradually before pulling over to the side of the road.

The car behind him didn't stop. It rolled past. But not too far. It parked ahead—slightly angled, tucked just enough into a corner to maintain visibility without being obvious.

Marco reached forward, popping open the glove compartment. The gun sat exactly where he had left it, the one he had raided from the Genovese's arsenal.