

Mafia God 238

Chapter 238: I Don't Like Being Followed

Marco closed the door behind him and started walking toward the other vehicle, gun hidden in his jacket.

When he reached the driver's side, he tapped lightly on the window. The driver slowly rolled it down.

Marco leaned slightly. He offered a small smile. "I don't like being followed," he said calmly.

The driver swallowed, his hands tightening slightly on the wheel.

"Out of respect for Mrs. Genovese," he continued, "I will not shoot you in the head. Anyone I see tailing me once again," Marco added, "I'm going to put a bullet straight through them. Is that understood?" he finished.

The driver nodded quickly. "Yes... yes, sir."

Marco held his gaze for one second longer—just enough to make sure the message had truly landed—before straightening and stepping back from the car. He turned without another word, and made his way back to his own vehicle.

Once inside, he shut the door quietly and placed the gun back into the glove compartment.

He leaned back slightly in his seat, his fingers resting loosely on the steering wheel as he stared ahead for a moment before starting the engine.

What had Bianca suspicious? She hadn't hesitated to put eyes on him. Which meant— She already believed something was off.

But what? His arrival? Or was something already in motion before he even stepped foot in Italy?

Marco exhaled slowly, pulling the car back onto the road. He didn't like unknowns. And right now, there were too many of them. He adjusted his route slightly, his gaze flicking once to the rearview mirror. He drove in silence, the road stretching ahead. He headed to the hotel, the one Cassidy had stayed in.

The Commission building loomed behind Luca as he stepped out. His driver moved around the car, ready to open the door.

"Luciano!" The voice cracked through the parking lot.

Luca didn't even flinch. He sighed instead. He turned just as Julian stormed toward him, his face twisted with anger, his movements erratic, barely controlled.

"You son of a bitch!" Julian thundered.

"Can we go through one meeting," Luca said calmly, lazily, "without your tantrums, Julian?"

"You sent Marco?!" Julian shouted, closing the distance between them. "You sent Marco?! What am I to you, huh?!"

"A glorified messenger," Luca replied coolly, "that doesn't even know his job description."

Julian swung. But Luca had seen it coming before Julian's shoulder even moved. He shifted effortlessly, weaving out of the path of the punch. His hand shot out, catching Julian's wrist mid-motion, gripping hard enough to stop him cold.

Then— With a sharp twist and a controlled burst of force— He slammed Julian face-first against the trunk of the car.

Metal rattled. Julian grunted, the breath knocked out of him as Luca pinned his arm behind his back, holding him there with ease.

"When will you learn," Luca said, right by his ear, "that you cannot beat me anymore?"

Julian struggled, but it was useless. Luca didn't even strain.

"Angry over not being a courier," Luca continued. "Pathetic."

Julian's jaw clenched, his body tense with humiliation.

"And let the record show," Luca added, "that this is self-defense... before you go running to father, asshole."

Then he released him. Julian stumbled slightly, catching himself against the car, his chest heaving, his pride wounded.

Luca straightened his jacket as if nothing had happened, completely unbothered.

"I know your plan," Julian snarled, straightening from the car. "I know you want to completely sideline me. You?" Julian let out a bitter laugh, shaking his head as he took a step closer. "An ordinary son of a mistress."

"Is that supposed to hurt me?" Luca asked. "It doesn't. Get the hell out of here."

That should have ended it. It didn't. Julian's jaw tightened, his fists clenching at his sides. "I'm going to watch you fall, Luciano," he said. "I will get drunk on your failure."

"You are an idiot, Julian," he said quietly. "Always showing your hand prematurely. How did you know Marco is in Italy?" Luca asked. "Father couldn't have told you," Luca continued. "He would never give you that kind of information over the phone."

Julian said nothing. He couldn't.

"All of father's men?" Luca went on, pacing slowly around him now. "They wouldn't even know why Marco is in Italy. So nobody snitched either."

Julian swallowed. Still silent.

"That leaves only one person," Luca finished. He stopped directly in front of him again. "My wife. She told you, didn't she? Are you fucking my wife, Julian?" Luca's eyes searched his face for a reaction. "It would track, wouldn't it?" Luca continued. "You always wanted everything I have."

Julian's lips parted slightly, but no words came out. Because anything he said now would only dig him deeper.

"Do me a favour," Luca added. "Make the fucking public." He leaned in just slightly. "So I can divorce her," he said. "And she marries you. That will work out so well in my favour." He straightened then, stepping back.

"You are nothing but a bastard," Julian snarled, the insult spilling out of him like it was the only thing he had left to cling to. "I don't know what she sees in you."

"I'm better looking," Luca said dryly. "And I've got brains for days." He glanced at Julian, unimpressed. "You are a complete and absolute idiot."

Luca signaled to his driver with a small flick of his fingers and moved toward the car. The door was already open by the time he reached it, and he slid inside without another glance back.

Julian stood there, breathing hard, fists clenched at his sides—left behind, once again. Inside, Luca leaned back into the leather seat. The irritation faded.

He pulled out his phone, his thumb moving quickly across the screen before sending a single message.

Full circle.

He didn't need to explain further. Marco would understand.

Veronica's car rolled to a stop just outside the gates of Cassidy's new house—a secluded property tucked away from the main road, surrounded by tall hedges and iron fencing that gave just enough privacy.