

## **Mafia God 249**

Chapter 249: Tell Me The Truth

After a moment, he spoke again.

"Tell me the truth," he said quietly. "Did Cassidy hurt you?"

"No," she said firmly. "He seemed to think I was drunk when I showed up at his door."

Luciano hummed low in response. Her shoulders sagged slightly.

"I should have listened to you," she said quietly.

"Yeah," he replied bluntly. "You should have. Right now, I'm not sure where your loyalties lie."

"With you," she said instantly. "It will always be with you, Luca. Always."

"Talk is cheap," Luca said with a quiet sigh. "Would you get a maid to come clean this up before you have another almost accident?"

She nodded once, silently, and stood to her feet. "I'll get it sorted," she said. She stepped carefully around the broken glass, her earlier urgency replaced with cautious movements.

Luca exhaled slowly, letting his head fall back as his eyes slid shut. He couldn't afford this. He couldn't afford to be blinded.

One minute it was bliss—her laughter, her stubbornness, the way she filled spaces in him he didn't even know were empty.

The next was chaos, explosive, unpredictable, threatening to tear everything apart. And also—it was exactly the reason he couldn't stay away from her. Her madness was intoxicating.

But if they were going to survive this, he had to stop being a man in love at least for a while.

He had to be who he was raised to be. Love didn't win wars.

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Marco returned from Singapore a day later. He didn't go home. Instead, he headed straight to Luciano and explained everything to him. "Don's plan is set," he continued. "The Bastione ambush will move forward. Positions have been mapped out using the blue print Bastardi gave us. Entry and exit routes accounted for."

Taking the Bastiones down would be more than just another victory—it would be a statement.

A decisive one. The Bastiones had built their name on chaos—pirates masquerading as businessmen, operating out of Italy with just enough structure to avoid collapse, but enough brutality to stay feared. They weren't refined like the Genovese. They didn't play the long game.

"Renato Bastione hasn't given me any problems yet here," Luca said aloud. "And I hope to God he doesn't dare. Or I'll wipe every single Bastione soldier," he added coldly. "Starting with Cassidy. Do you think I should go over there?" Luca asked after a moment, shifting his focus back to Marco. "Help him out?"

"I think he has it handled," he replied. "He has a good number of men already in position. And Don Vitale is backing him—sending some of his own men to reinforce the operation."

Luciano nodded slowly. "Good," he said quietly. "So what else did you find out?"

"I visited the hotel Cassidy stayed at," he began. "To confirm whether Miss Scalese actually visited him. Their security system—CCTV, entry logs—everything—had a glitch."

Luca's brows furrowed. "A glitch?" he repeated.

"Yes," Marco said. "For that specific day."

"Convenient," he muttered.

Marco nodded. "Too convenient," he agreed. "Everything before and after that day is intact. But that window?" He shook his head. "Gone."

Someone had gone out of their way to erase that specific timeframe.

"Whoever it is," Luca said slowly, "just showed their hand. It was Veronica's first time in Italy," he continued. "And even if it wasn't—how is she supposed to have that kind of pull?"

"My thoughts too," Marco said. "But there is another way to find out exactly who visited him."

"Marco," Luca said with a low chuckle, shaking his head, "you should be Don's capo, not mine."

Marco allowed the faintest hint of a smile. "There is a bank directly opposite the hotel," he explained. "They have an ATM positioned to face the hotel entrance. It covers a wider angle than the hotel cameras themselves. But the ATM only captures stills when it is being used."

"I requested the footage," Marco continued. "Specifically for the time window I was told Miss Scalese was there."

Luca nodded slowly, already seeing where this was going. "But?" he prompted.

Marco exhaled lightly. "It's a bank," he said simply. "They are already planning to drag their feet. Paperwork. Authorization. Delays. I was hoping you could call the manager... put in a word."

"Oh, I assure you," he said, "I will be."

That footage would be in his hands. Soon.

"And it's also confirmed?" he asked. "Julian and Bianca are working together?"

"It took all of two hours after I landed in Italy," Marco said calmly, "for you to send me a message that he already knew I was there. So yeah," Marco finished simply.

That was confirmation enough.

"Do you think they are having an affair?" Luca asked suddenly.

"I think Don would be the first to know in that regard," Marco said carefully.

Luciano's lips pressed into a thin line. Marco was right. Massimo Genovese didn't miss things like that.

Especially not under his own roof. Still— That didn't mean nothing was happening.

"Then what the hell are they playing at?" Luca muttered under his breath.

"They don't need to be sleeping together to work together," Marco added. "All they need is a common goal."

"Yeah, you're right," Luca said, the tension in his shoulders easing just a fraction as he leaned back in his chair. "It's good to have you back... and status update—I haven't killed anyone yet."

Marco gave a small nod, the corner of his lips twitching ever so slightly. "Good to know, boss."

"There's something I need your help with," he said. "You won't like it," Luca added, holding his gaze. "But it's something I have to do... to find peace."

"Alright," he said simply.

"But first," Luca said, waving a hand dismissively, "get some rest."

Marco inclined his head slightly. "Yes, boss."

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Later that night, Valentina stood at the gates of Marco's house, shifting slightly on her feet as she waited to be let in.

It was her first time there. And she hadn't expected this. The gates alone were intimidating—tall, wrought iron, with intricate designs that spoke of wealth. When they finally opened, she stepped inside slowly, her eyes taking in the long driveway, the manicured lawns.