

Mafia God 251

Chapter 251: I Gave You Information

Julian, who had been leaning over the table studying a set of documents, straightened slowly. He looked tired. "Calm down, will you?" he muttered.

"For someone who wants to run the most powerful famiglia in Italy, you sure seem determined to prove you're an idiot."

Julian's jaw tightened, but he said nothing.

"I gave you information," she continued, stabbing a finger toward his chest as she closed the distance between them. "and what did you do? You went straight to Luca." Her eyes burned into his. "Straight. To. Luca."

"I thought—" Julian began, but she cut him off with a sharp, dismissive gesture.

"Did you think he's as foolish as you are?" she demanded. "Did you honestly believe you could walk up to him with that and not raise suspicion?"

"Don't talk to me like that!" Julian snapped. His hands curled into fists at his sides.

"Isn't that exactly what you acted like? A fool?" she shot back. "Now he's onto you. And worse—he knows the information came from me. Do you have any idea what that means? Every move I've made, every risk I've taken over the past months—gone. Finished. You just threw all my work straight down the fucking drain. You stupid fuck."

Without thinking—without pausing to consider the consequences—he pulled his hand back and struck her.

Bianca yelped as her head snapped to the side, the force of the blow sending her stumbling half a step back.

A strand of her hair fell across her face, partially hiding her expression. Slowly, she lifted a hand to her cheek, her fingers brushing the spot where his palm had connected. The skin there was already flushing, a stark contrast against her complexion.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm really sorry, Bianca." He repeated it again, stepping toward her with a hand half-raised, unsure whether to comfort or steady her.

Bianca recoiled instantly. "Stay the fuck away from me."

"Look, I messed up this time, okay?" Julian said, forcing the words out, trying to regain some control over a situation that had already slipped through his fingers. "I didn't think it would—"

"No!" Bianca snapped, spinning to face him fully now. Her eyes were blazing again. "You don't get to reduce this to one time. You have consistently messed up. And if you cannot keep your cool, then I don't think we should be working together." She turned away from him, walking toward a smaller table pushed against the far wall of the warehouse—a makeshift station cluttered with scattered papers, and a laptop still glowing faintly.

"Bianca, I'm sorry. Okay? Just—listen to me. Comparing me to Luca has always been a sore topic for me."

"Then use your fucking head," she shot back without turning around. "Use it. If you know it gets under your skin, then learn how to control yourself instead of reacting like a damn child. And now that we're on the topic of comparing," she continued, finally turning her head just enough to glance at him over her shoulder, "have you ever stopped to wonder why Don chose Luca over you?"

"Because his mother is American?" he said, his tone defensive, mocking. "Because he loved his mother more than mine?"

"How are you such a child?" she demanded, incredulity lacing every syllable. "Do you even hear yourself right now?"

"Don chose Luca because he is proud of him," she said. "Luca didn't just inherit respect—he earned it. He excelled at everything handed to him. Every mission, every responsibility, every opportunity—he

delivered. Look at what he's done with the famiglia in New York," she went on. "He turned it into something stronger, more efficient, more feared. People trust his leadership because he gives them results."

"And you?" she pressed. "What did you achieve, Julian? You both trained with renowned assassins," she continued. "You trained with masters people would kill to even meet. You had every advantage handed to you on a silver platter." Her eyes searched his face, not for an answer—but for understanding. "So tell me... who came back with achievements?"

"You keep blaming everyone else," she said, more evenly now. "Luca. Don. Circumstances. But the truth is—" she paused, letting the weight of her words settle before finishing, "—you're your own biggest problem."

"This is difficult... hearing it from you."

"Deal with it," she said bluntly. "Truth doesn't become less true just because it hurts."

Julian swallowed, his gaze dropping briefly to the floor before returning to her. "You didn't have to say it like that."

"Yes, I did," she shot back immediately. "Because clearly, nothing else has gotten through to you."

Bianca exhaled slowly. "We both know why we're in this," she continued as she reached for her bag on the table. "But I will not work with a man who has programmed himself to fail," she added, glancing at him one last time. "And that's exactly what you're doing, Julian. Every choice you make—it's like you're sabotaging yourself before anyone else gets the chance."

Julian took a step forward, as if to stop her, but whatever words he had died in his throat.

Bianca adjusted the strap of her bag over her shoulder. "It is why I love him and not you," she said finally. She turned and walked out of the war room without looking back, the heavy door creaking open before slamming shut behind her.

Veronica was nearly out of breath by the time she reached their family home. The door swung open under the force of her push, slamming lightly against the wall as she stepped inside, leaving it ajar behind her. "Val! Val!" she called out.

"Sis?" The voice was faint. Shaky.

She followed the sound. "Val?" she called again. She found her in the dining area.

Val was curled up on the floor behind the dining table, her arms wrapped tightly around herself. Her hair was slightly disheveled, her face pale, and her eyes... wide, unfocused.

"Hey—hey, what's wrong?" Veronica rushed forward, dropping her bag onto the table. She crouched beside her sister, her hands immediately moving to Val's shoulders. "What's going on?"