

Mafia God 270

Chapter 270: Marco Has Got Luca's Training

"Sorry, little man," he muttered under his breath, glancing down briefly. "Looks like nothing for you tonight." He walked over to the closet, pulling it open and scanning through the neatly arranged clothes. His hand paused over a few options before settling on a simple T-shirt.

He placed it carefully on her side of the bed, before turning his attention to the pillows. One by one, he arranged them down the center of the bed, creating a clear boundary. He slipped under the covers afterward, settling onto his side of the bed and turning his back toward the bathroom door.

He was just glad she stayed. That she hadn't walked out. That she had chosen—even if reluctantly—to remain.

The soft click of the bathroom door opening pulled his attention. He heard her footsteps, the faint rustle of fabric as she picked up the shirt he had left out.

The mattress dipped moments later as she climbed into bed, keeping her distance. So close.

And yet— Miles away. Luca finally let his body give in then, the tension slowly draining from his muscles as sleep began to creep in.

She was there. It wasn't a lot. But to him— It was everything.

The early morning air in Italy carried peace. Soft sunlight spilled across the sprawling patio of the Genovese mansion. Birds chirped somewhere in the distance, and the faint rustle of leaves in the breeze created a calm that felt unreal.

Bianca sat elegantly in one of the wrought-iron chairs, a porcelain teacup poised delicately between her fingers. Her posture was flawless, her expression serene, every inch of her radiating the image of a composed, obedient wife.

The perfect bride.

"Good morning, Julian," Bianca said pleasantly as Julian stepped through.

His gaze lingered on her briefly before he moved to sit opposite her. "Morning," he replied.

A maid approached immediately, placing a cup of espresso in front of him with a slight bow before retreating silently.

Julian didn't speak again until she was gone. Until they were alone. "So," he began, picking up the cup but not drinking yet. "I just heard that your plan didn't work."

Bianca didn't react outwardly. She simply lifted her cup to her lips and took a slow sip. "Hmmm..." she hummed thoughtfully.

Inside— She was seething. Her plan had been flawless. Every detail calculated. Luca should have cracked.

At the very least—he should have doubted. There should have been division. Something.

"Things seem to be progressing fine with our friends in New York," he added, his tone carrying just enough implication to make it clear—this was a failure.

Bianca placed her cup down gently. That didn't make sense. It didn't add up. Unless— Her mind shifted quickly, retracing every step, every variable, every person involved. Unless someone had interfered. Someone who had come to Italy to snoop. Her gaze lifted slowly to meet Julian's.

"How is Marco?" she asked.

Julian's brow furrowed slightly. "You didn't ask me to keep an eye on Marco."

The pieces were beginning to rearrange. If Luca hadn't broken... Then someone had reinforced him.

And Marco had always been the unpredictable variable. The one she hadn't accounted for properly.

If Marco had interfered— Then he was a problem.

"Yeah," she said calmly, her fingers tracing the rim of her teacup. "Marco has got Luca's training. We had to be careful. And now," she continued, her gaze drifting briefly toward the gardens before returning to Julian, "I want to know about him. I need to look at him a bit more closely."

"That would be hard," he replied. "No one in the New York famiglia would be willing to go against Luca. If it were that easy, Bastione would have infiltrated already." He paused, picking up his espresso and taking a slow sip before adding— "He picks his men wisely."

Bianca's lips curved into the faintest smile. "Or..." she said proudly, "they fear him." Bianca let the silence stretch just enough before shifting the conversation. "I hear Ricardo is getting married to the younger Scalese," she said.

Julian's brow furrowed slightly. "Yes... and?"

Bianca's smile widened just a fraction. "I should probably have some fun."

"Why do I not like where this is going?" he muttered, setting his cup down.

Bianca crossed one leg over the other, her posture still graceful, still composed—but her eyes now locked onto his with unmistakable intent. "You know how you are always setting off whenever you are around Luca?" she asked lightly.

Julian scoffed. "I don't 'set off."

"I need you to do exactly that," she continued. "Lose your temper. Push him."

Julian narrowed his eyes. "And then?"

"Then you mention," she said slowly, "the fact that I was with Ricardo."

"You—" he started, his voice tightening, disbelief flashing across his face. "You were with Ricardo?"

She simply held his gaze, calm as ever. "Keep your voice down and focus."

"Were you with everyone but me?" he muttered.

"Focus, Julian," she repeated, her patience thinning just enough to be noticeable.

"What will Luca knowing about you and Ricardo do?" he asked.

"It will help motivate Ricardo to give me what I want the next time I threaten him."

Julian's brows pulled together. The breeze picked up slightly, brushing against the edges of her hair. "I don't think I can go to New York," he admitted after a moment. "Father is being sketchy about the Bastione date. He is getting more paranoid as he grows older. He doesn't trust anyone."

Bianca hummed softly, rising to her feet. She picked up her teacup, finishing the last sip before placing it back down. "Pick up a phone, Julian," she said, glancing down at him. "It works well too."

His limitation was not her concern. Her plans would move forward. With or without him.

She turned slightly, already preparing to leave.

"Bianca..." Julian called after her.

She paused.

"What do you have in store for Marco?" he asked. "You can't find anything on him," he continued. "He has been loyal since he was a child. There is nothing to use against him."