

Mafia God 275

Chapter 275: She Won In The End

Julian didn't want her apology. There was something else he needed her to understand first.

Bianca's brows pulled together. "She won in the end, didn't she?"

"Did she? She didn't, B. Yes, Luca's mother left the famiglia but she still never got my father, not in the way she wanted. He didn't love her the way he loved Carol. Don tried to hide his affection behind his usual steel of course, but we all knew, we knew that Carol was important to him. And when she left, my mother couldn't take her place."

"What are you trying to say? That even if I win this battle, I still won't have Luca?" Bianca asked.

"I'm saying, I am worried about you. I am afraid for you. Bianca, I love you and I do not like what this quest is doing to you."

"I love your brother, Julian. And I cannot sit here and watch. I need to fight for my husband." she said. Bianca's eyes were fierce, burning with determination, and even her voice carried an edge that made it clear she wasn't speaking from weakness. She was holding herself in check—but only barely.

"As much as this hurts me, I think you should stop being the pitiful, abandoned wife and be a mafia wife." Julian said.

She needed to hear it. "You're right. I am a mafia wife. I am Luciano Genovese's wife and I have rights. You are brilliant, Julian!"

There was a dangerous pride in her tone. She was reclaiming herself in the sharpest way possible. Her mind was spinning, heart racing. Her body hummed with anticipation, remembering Luca's touch, his heat, the night spent entwined and claimed. She had a right—no, a need—to take back everything she had held back.

"I'm not so sure we are headed in the same direction here." Julian said, a faint warning threading his words. He could feel her determination radiating.

"I have been limiting myself, Julian. I have been operating with fear of what Luca might do. He is my husband. I have rights he cannot take away. You said Don wanted to speak with me?" Bianca asked.

"Uh yes..." Julian admitted.

"Good." Her affirmation was brisk. She straightened, shoulders back, spine rigid with determination. She would step into her role fully, without apology, without restraint.

"So are we good?" Julian asked.

"Sure, of course. We merely had a fight. That's normal. I have to go. Will you lock up for me?" Bianca asked. She wasn't standing there anymore; mentally, she had already moved on to the next step, the next confrontation, the next claim she intended to make.

"Sure."

Bianca grabbed her bag and hurried out of the warehouse. She was a mafia wife and she had rights. Why the hell didn't she think of that?

The thought pulsed through her as she moved. A mafia wife. Not a woman waiting. Not a woman begging.

Not a woman second-guessing every move. Her fingers tightened around her bag strap as she headed for her car, heart pounding.

Luca was her husband.

Luca was still recovering from his ordeal with Valentina when he got a notification that Veronica had moved back into the house. It meant she must have heard from her sister. Luca wasn't sure any more if he really wanted to see Veronica.

He stared at the notification, his jaw tightening. Today had been... a lot. Valentina Scalese was a terror. Why the fuck was Marco crazy about her? His body still carried the fatigue of being dragged through half the city at her command.

She talked. She demanded. She challenged. And somehow, she always got what she wanted.

Of course, they had gone shopping. They'd done fittings at one of the exclusive wedding stores. Shoe and accessories shopping. He was pulled all over New York. It would have been easier to have just given her his card. Why the hell didn't he think of that in the first place?

But when it was time for Valentina to hold up her end of their deal, she had suggested the most ridiculous thing Luca had ever heard of in his life.

He had actually stared at her for a full five seconds, completely silent, trying to decide if she was joking. She wasn't. Valentina had stood there with that bright, innocent expression—eyes too wide, lips too curved. She was actively pushing him into what felt like humiliation.

It wasn't that there weren't people who do it. He just wasn't one of those people. Valentina had assured him it would soften her sister. At the end of the ordeal, he had merely been a source of entertainment for her.

A tool. A spectacle. Something to laugh about later over breakfast with Veronica, no doubt.

He wanted to strangle her, he wanted to wrap his hands around her delicate throat and just...snap. He saw it in detail he didn't ask for. He thought about it, he imagined it, he relished it in his head.

But then Veronica would kill him. He was so embarrassed, he was red in the face. He made a note to self never to get into a deal with Valentina Scalese.

Ever. Not again. Not in this life or the next. His skin was still itchy from the damned costume he had worn. Every time he thought about it, his pride took another hit.

He was going to get her back and he was going to have the fun of his life doing so. Valentina Scalese had drawn the battle line and he would very much oblige her.

If she wanted games, he would play them properly. Why the fuck again was Marco so taken by her? The girl was a monster.

He parked his car in the compound. The engine cut off, leaving a heavy silence behind it. Luca stayed seated. He didn't move. Didn't breathe properly. Just stared ahead at the house. He really didn't want to see Veronica. He really didn't. He exhaled, pushing the door open and stepping out anyway.