

Mafia God 292

Chapter 292: That's All I Need

"What are you talking about?" she asked.

"I have no problems with you being here," he said. "But I am begging you—give me one reason to divorce you. Give me one reason to go to war with your family. Just one. That's all I need, and I will take it like my life depends on it because, believe it or not, it does." He was a man trapped within the suffocating confines of duty, loyalty, and a marriage forged from political necessity.

Bianca's composure faltered for a fleeting moment before she gathered herself. "Luca, I'm... really, I have no idea whatsoever what you are talking about," she said softly. "Yes, I admit the last time I was here, I lost control." Her eyes flickered with regret as she continued. "And just like I told Don, I am a new wife. I am allowed some mistakes, am I not?"

Luca's jaw tightened, his patience fraying. "One," he snapped. "Not some. And you have used up your quota."

Bianca inhaled slowly, absorbing the sting without retaliating. Instead, she chose vulnerability over confrontation. "Luca, believe me," she said. "I did not come here for trouble. I have accepted what you want, how you want this marriage to go, but it doesn't mean I will not stop trying to fix my marriage."

"Is that what you were trying to do when you blackmailed Ricardo? You were trying to fix our marriage?" Luca asked, his voice low and dangerously calm.

Bianca met his gaze without hesitation. "Yes."

"And tell me," he continued, "where has that gotten you?"

Bianca's lips parted slightly, but she did not immediately respond. "I do have a question," she said at last. "If you already know that Ricardo gave me information you didn't sanction, why is he not dead?"

Luca's jaw tightened, a muscle ticking visibly as he held her gaze. "None of your business." His dismissal seemed to embolden her.

"Oh, it is my business," she replied. "She has made you soft, surrounding you with betrayers and enemies."

Luca's eyes darkened, but he remained silent, allowing her to continue.

"First, it was Marco, now Ricardo. How many more people will she turn against you before you realize what's happening?" Bianca's tone sharpened slightly, though it never rose above a refined calm. "How many more will you spare because of her?"

It was a calculated attempt to challenge his authority and judgment.

"You are a Don, it doesn't matter if the title hasn't been bestowed on you yet Luca," she added softly. "Your strength lies in your ability to act without hesitation. Yet with her, you hesitate. You forgive. You protect. These are not the decisions of the man I married."

He stepped forward, closing the distance between them, his presence imposing and unmistakably dominant. "Bianca," he said, "none of your business."

The finality in his tone left no room for further argument. His gaze locked onto hers, unwavering and resolute, making it clear that the subject was closed.

"You may not love me," Bianca said, her voice steady despite the storm raging beneath the surface, "but I am your wife." She stood tall, shoulders squared, clinging to the one truth that could not be denied—her legitimacy.

Luca's eyes flashed with a dangerous intensity. "And she is my Donna!" he thundered. "Tell me, which one carries more weight?"

Time seemed to freeze. Bianca stared at him. To say she was stunned was beyond an understatement. Her lips parted slightly as she struggled to process what he had just said.

"I did not hear of any initiations," she replied, her tone controlled but trembling at the edges.

Luca's gaze remained unwavering. "My point is, you better behave..."

The warning was unmistakable. Bianca inhaled slowly, gathering the remnants of her dignity. A faint, bittersweet smile touched her lips as she straightened her posture.

"Don't worry," she said softly. "That's exactly what I will be doing. Behaving." Her eyes held his for a lingering second before she added, "Since you have transformed me into nothing more than a piece of furniture in your house."

Without waiting for a response, Bianca turned gracefully and walked away. Each step a testament to her wounded pride.

With a frustrated exhale, he turned and headed toward the staircase, taking the steps two at a time as if driven by urgency.

By the time he reached his bedroom, the door was slightly ajar. He pushed it open to find Nonnina already inside, calmly zipping up a travel bag placed neatly on the bed. Shirts, trousers, and personal essentials were packed with meticulous care. She had anticipated his decision long before he had consciously made it.

Luca paused at the doorway. "Nonni," he said, a faint smile tugging at his lips, "what will I do without you?"

Nonnina turned toward him, her eyes warm with understanding. Luca crossed the room and pulled her into a tight embrace. "I have your suits in there, sleepwear, shoes... they should last you a week," Nonnina said.

Luca glanced at the bag, then back at her. "My guns?"

Nonnina paused, her brows lifting slightly. "Ah, forgot about that," she admitted. She moved swiftly to the bed, reaching beneath the pillow and retrieving his handgun. She then crossed the room to the wall safe, expertly unlocking it and removing another. Her familiarity with the process spoke volumes about

the life she had helped sustain. Carefully, she placed both weapons into the bag before handing it over to him.

"There," she said. "Want me to come by daily and make you dinner?" she asked.

"I'll never say no to that," he replied warmly. "But Nonni, if you don't want to stay here, just say the word. You could go on vacation. Somewhere peaceful. You deserve it."

Nonnina smiled, her eyes crinkling with tenderness. "And be away from my Diavolino? Impossible," she said. She reached up to adjust his collar. "I'll take care of Mrs. Genovese. You go."

Luca nodded, gratitude evident in his gaze. He leaned down to kiss her cheek before turning toward the door.

The following morning, Ricardo sat behind his desk. Papers were neatly arranged before him.

When Bianca entered, Ricardo looked up, offering a polite nod. He already knew she was going to be paying him a visit. At least now, he understood that she wasn't coming to blackmail him. There was nothing more she had on him that everyone didn't already know.