

Mafia God 293

Chapter 293: I Was Driven By Jealousy

"Mrs. Genovese. Welcome," Ricardo said, rising from behind his desk the moment Bianca stepped into his office. His tone was polite, measured, and unmistakably formal.

Bianca paused just inside the doorway, taking in the space. She turned her gaze back to him, a faint smile curving her lips. "Come on, Ricardo. Mrs? Why so formal?"

Ricardo's expression remained neutral as he gestured toward the chair opposite his desk. "How may I help you?" he asked, ignoring the invitation to familiarity.

Bianca took a few steps forward. Dressed impeccably in a white three piece pant suit that balanced elegance with authority, she radiated the composed confidence expected of a Genovese wife. "I am here to make amends, Ricardo," she said finally. "I'm sorry about everything. I was driven by jealousy. Sue me. Any wife would do the same."

"Of course," he said simply, his tone courteous but devoid of warmth. He resumed his seat, signaling that the conversation would remain firmly within professional boundaries. He had no intention of allowing it to stretch into the past.

Bianca's eyes narrowed slightly as she read his restraint. "You don't believe me."

Ricardo leaned back in his chair, folding his hands together on the desk. "I find it hard to," he admitted. "Besides, it really doesn't matter whether I forgive you or not. It's not like we have some kind of buddy system going on."

"Look," she began. "I have run out of friends. I don't have any, truth be told." She hesitated, as if choosing her next words with care. "And this is a time in my life where, if I cannot run to family, I need friends."

The woman before him was known for her calculated moves and finesse, yet in this moment, she appeared almost disarmingly sincere. Still, he knew better than to accept anything at face value. Bianca's sincerity was often just another strategy.

"You're doing a very good job at it," Ricardo said, his voice laced with sarcasm. His eyes never left Bianca's face, studying every flicker of emotion. "The one person you could manage to have on your side, you threatened to kill. Zia is almost seventy. What can you possibly get out of killing her?"

Bianca's expression softened, whether it was genuine remorse or carefully crafted performance was difficult to tell. "I made my peace with Nonnina already," she replied calmly. "She understands." A faint smile touched her lips. "As a matter of fact, she is making dinner for you and your fiancée tonight. I came over to invite you. All of us... and Luca."

Ricardo's brows drew together slightly, the invitation clearly unexpected. He straightened in his chair. "Luciano is going to be there?" he asked.

Bianca gave a small shrug. "Even if he isn't, I'm just trying to get along with everyone. To fix things. And Nonnina has my back."

"My Zia?" Ricardo repeated, skepticism evident in the single word.

Bianca exhaled softly, allowing a hint of vulnerability to seep into her demeanor. "Ricardo, come on. Please," she urged, her voice carrying a gentle plea. "I'm trying here."

Ricardo drummed his fingers lightly against the desk, weighing her words. The idea of his aunt extending an olive branch was not impossible but Bianca's sudden desire for harmony felt too convenient.

"Look," Ricardo began, choosing his words carefully, "Valentina is pregnant. I cannot stress her."

Bianca's eyes widened slightly. "Ooooooh... that's nice," she said, her lips parting into a warm smile. "I didn't know that."

"You know she is a Scalese, right? Veronica's sister?" Ricardo asked.

"How can I prove to you that there is no ulterior motive here?" she asked.

"You haven't had the greatest track record," he replied evenly. "I'll call Nonnina to confirm, then we will come over. And besides, what is the worst you can do? You have nothing to use against me anymore."

"We used to be best friends, Ricardo," she said quietly. "This... this..." Her voice faltered, and she looked away, struggling to regain her composure. "I'm gonna go."

Ricardo felt a subtle tug of nostalgia but remained guarded.

She inhaled deeply, steadying herself before lifting her gaze again. "I'll stop by Luca's office. Is he in?"

"Yeah, yeah..." Ricardo replied, offering a small nod.

Bianca forced a faint smile. "See ya tonight. 8 p.m."

"Sure," he said simply, watching as she turned and walked toward the door..

Bianca's vulnerability had seemed genuine, yet experience had taught him that sincerity and manipulation often wore the same face. With a quiet sigh, he reached for his phone and dialed Valentina's number.

As the call connected, his expression softened, the tension in his shoulders easing. "Hey, amore," he greeted warmly. "How are you feeling?" His tone carried a tenderness absent from his earlier conversation. He briefly explained Bianca's invitation, assuring her that he would confirm with Nonnina before making any decisions.

Meanwhile, Bianca moved through the corridors of Commissioned with renewed composure. The vulnerability she had displayed moments earlier was carefully tucked away, replaced by the poised elegance expected of a Genovese wife. Her heels clicked rhythmically against the floors as she descended toward the underground level where Luca's office was located.

The atmosphere grew cooler and quieter as she approached, the subtle presence of famiglia guards reinforcing the gravity of the space. The guards acknowledged her with respectful nods, allowing her to pass without question.

As she turned the corner leading to Luca's office, she slowed her steps. Marco was just exiting his own office.

"Marco!" Bianca called out, her voice bright with enthusiasm as she approached him.

Marco paused mid-step, turning to face her. His expression remained composed. He offered a respectful nod. "Mrs. Genovese."

Bianca smiled, closing the distance between them. "Long time," she said warmly. "I didn't even know when you left Italy."

Marco slipped his hands into the pockets of his dark suit. "Had to keep my movements to myself," he replied. "Turns out I was being tailed while I was there."

"Really?" Bianca lifted a brow, both of them standing there, pretending. "You know Italy is heated now, according to what Don told me. Every famiglia has eyes on one another."