

Mafia God 294

Chapter 294: That's Exactly What It Is

"Yeah, that's exactly what it is." Marco drawled.

"Did you come by to see Ricardo?" he asked casually, the subtle edge of sarcasm in his tone suggested he already knew the answer.

Bianca caught the nuance immediately. Her lips curved into a polite smile, acknowledging the unspoken challenge without confronting it directly. "Yes," she admitted. "I came to invite him and his fiancée over to dinner tonight."

Marco's gaze sharpened slightly, but he remained silent, allowing her to continue.

"I was just about to inform Luca," she added, glancing briefly down the corridor that led to her husband's office. "He doesn't sleep at the house, so I guess this is where I get to see my husband, uh?" She managed a weak laugh.

"He's been busy," he said diplomatically.

Bianca nodded. "Of course. The life we chose doesn't exactly allow for... conventional marriages." She straightened, reclaiming her poised demeanor. "I won't keep you any longer," she said. "I should go and see Luca."

"Yeah, he is in," Marco said, his tone neutral as he stepped aside to allow Bianca passage.

Bianca offered him a dazzling smile. "Thank you, Marco. You are such a dream."

Marco huffed softly in response, the faintest hint of irritation crossing his face. He watched her retreating figure as she walked down the corridor. When she finally disappeared around the corner, Marco's expression hardened.

Without hesitation, he turned back into his office and shut the door behind him. He moved toward his desk. Pulling open the bottom drawer, he revealed a brand-new handgun nestled inside.

"Damn it," he muttered under his breath.

There was no time for paperwork—no time to log the weapon officially or follow protocol. The situation was escalating too quickly, and Bianca's sudden appearance only heightened his unease plus this stupid dinner invitation. He picked up the gun, checking its weight and balance before sliding it into the waistband at the back of his trousers. His jaw tightened as he pushed the drawer shut.

Why didn't I think of it sooner? he wondered, frustration simmering beneath his calm exterior. Instinct told him that Bianca's visit was far from innocent.

Meanwhile, Bianca continued down the corridor toward Luca's office. She paused briefly outside Luca's door, smoothing the fabric of her outfit and composing her expression. With a gentle knock, she waited only a moment before pushing the door open.

Inside, Luca sat casually on the edge of his desk, he had been expecting her.

"Amore mio," Bianca beamed as she stepped inside.

Luca's expression remained unchanged, his gaze steady and unyielding. "Stop calling me that," he said flatly.

Bianca tilted her head slightly, the smile never leaving her lips. She closed the door behind her before taking a few graceful steps toward him. "I can call you whatever I want."

"What are you doing here? This is my place of business," Luca pointed out.

"Your wife cannot visit you at work?" she asked lightly, arching a brow.

"What do you want?"

Bianca exhaled slowly, bracing herself. She walked further into the office and placed her handbag gently on one of the chairs. "You didn't say anything about my business plan anymore," she said.

"How much do you need?" he asked bluntly.

"Luca, that's not the point," she replied, shaking her head. "Have you even read it?"

"No, I haven't," Luca said without hesitation, finally lifting his eyes to meet hers.

Bianca inhaled deeply, steadying herself before continuing. "Luca, I wouldn't have bothered if you didn't ask for it," she said. "I thought, you know, it might impress you."

"It's not just about the start-up money," she continued. "If I do need money, I have my own. Don is there, my parents are there." She paused. "I wouldn't drag my pride all over the place if you didn't ask. I wanted you to see me," she added quietly. "As someone capable of building something of her own."

Her gaze lingered on Luca, waiting for a response that might validate her efforts, or at the very least, her existence within his world.

"Fine. I printed it out. It's here somewhere," Luca said, his tone laced with mild impatience as he pushed himself off the desk. He began rummaging through the drawers with the casual disinterest of someone more concerned with ending the conversation than engaging in it.

Bianca watched him, her lips slowly curving into a triumphant smile. The simple acknowledgment of her effort. "I invited Ricardo and Valentina over for dinner tonight," she announced. "Would be nice if you are there."

Luca paused for a brief moment before resuming his search, a knowing smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. He finally pulled out a neatly bound folder and turned to face her. "Nice move," he said, holding the file up slightly before resting against the edge of the desk. "You knew I wouldn't be able to say no since this dinner involves Veronica's sister."

Bianca gave a graceful shrug, unbothered by the accusation. "If I am going to get my husband back, I might as well explore his weaknesses."

"You never had me in the first place," Luca replied coolly. He sat back on the desk and flipped open the file, his eyes scanning the contents with surprising speed, he intended to skim rather than truly read.

She took a few steps closer. "There is no way you could have forgotten our first time together, Luca," she said quietly. "I haven't. We were magic together."

Luca's fingers paused on the page for the briefest second. How could he forget? It had been a moment born not of love, but of obligation and confusion, a fleeting lapse that had carried consequences. Veronica had made him pay for that mishap for days. The tension, the arguments, the guilt—it was a mistake he had sworn never to repeat.

"Magic," he echoed. "That's one way to describe it. Your projections are ambitious," he remarked, flipping through the pages. "But ambition doesn't always translate into success." He said, knowingly talking about two things at the same time.

"But I can always try," Bianca whispered, her voice dropping to a seductive murmur as she stepped closer to Luca. The distance between them dissolved. Her fingers moved tentatively to his chest, tracing the firm lines beneath his shirt as Luca continued to browse through the file, seemingly unfazed.