

Mafia God 295

Chapter 295: You Were Exceptional That Night

"You were exceptional that night," Bianca continued, her tone rich with insinuation. "You took me like the stud that you are. You don't have to pretend—I know you liked it just as much as I did. We could have that again." Her hand traveled slowly down his torso, until it reached his thighs. With boldness, she slid her fingers between his legs, cupping his cock possessively.

Luca's lips curved into a faint smile. He lifted his gaze to meet hers, his blue eyes locking onto Bianca's with an intensity that momentarily fueled her confidence. Leaning slightly toward her, his eyes dropped to her lips as if considering the possibility she was offering.

Bianca leaned in further, encouraged by his apparent receptiveness. Men will always be men, she thought. They simply needed the right push. "It was bliss," she whispered against his lips. "You were formidable, fucking me with so much power, I was breathless."

"I remember..."

Hope flickered across Bianca's features.

"I remember that while I was buried deep inside you and practically begging for release, you couldn't give it to me. Veronica helped me cum."

Bianca's expression faltered, the satisfaction draining from her face as if someone had extinguished a flame. Luca held her gaze, unrelenting, ensuring she understood every syllable.

"I had her underwear clutched in my fist," he continued coldly, "and when the moment hit, all I could think about was her. I fucked you, but came in her underwear."

The cruelty of his honesty left no room for misinterpretation. Bianca's hand loosened, her confidence unraveling.

"Now drop this madness and focus on what you came here for," Luca snapped.

With a firm motion, he shoved her to the side with enough force to reestablish the boundaries she had attempted to cross. Bianca stumbled a step, catching herself.

Luca turned away without another glance, reopening the file and directing his attention back to the business plan.

Bianca stood there for a moment, breathing unevenly, struggling to regain her composure. The poised, calculating woman who had entered the room now faced the sting of rejection and the undeniable truth of Luca's devotion to another. She finally stepped back, the confidence she had walked in with crumbling. She pressed her lips together, swallowing the sting of humiliation. The quiet was deafening—broken only by the faint rustle of paper as Luca finally dropped the file onto the table with indifference.

"According to this," Luca began, tapping the file with a finger, "you will be buying stock from France, the UK, and Japan. Do you intend going to these places yourself?"

"Uh... yes. I..." She cleared her throat, straightening her posture, trying to reclaim some dignity. "I... uhm... have to do it in person."

"Good." Luca nodded slowly. "Maybe that will keep you busy and focused on something worthwhile rather than setting up Veronica."

"Luca... I... I didn't have anything to do with whatever setup you are talking about." The words tumbled out quickly, laced with desperation.

"Yeah, right," Luca replied flatly. He stood, adjusting the cuffs of his shirt, the conversation required no further emotional investment. "I'll send you the estimated amount you put there. And Bianca?" He paused, meeting her eyes. "Start as soon as possible, okay?"

The implication was clear—he wanted her gone. Bianca's heart pounded. She took a tentative step forward, unwilling to let the moment end like this. "I won't let you get rid of me," she said, her voice trembling yet resolute. "I have rights as your wife, Luca."

He walked past her, his shoulder brushing against hers just enough to send a shiver down her spine. The familiar scent of his cologne lingered, stirring memories she didn't want to forget.

She turned to face him, her mind racing. How did everything fall apart so quickly? she thought. Once, his presence had made her feel powerful, desired—even safe. Now, it only reminded her of how far she had fallen in his eyes.

"Sure you do." Luca smiled. He moved toward his seat, picking up his jacket. "Since you plan on making a fuss about having dinner," he continued, shrugging into the fabric, "I have to go now so I can get ready."

"You're coming home?" she said.

He closed the distance between them, placed a firm palm on the small of her back and decisively guided her toward the door, he picked up her bag, handing it to her then steering her out of the office as he walked alongside her.

"For dinner? Yes," Luca replied smoothly. "Someone has to make sure you do not shoot a pregnant woman."

And Valentina has a mouth that could provoke a saint into committing murder. He thought.

As they stepped into the corridor, Luca's expression sobered. Valentina was the one thing Veronica treasured above all else and perhaps even more than him. Luca understood.

He wasn't going to let the egg crack, much less break. If anything happened to her, Veronica's wrath would be swift and merciless.

It would be his funeral.

David sat quietly in his car, the muted hum of New York City filtering through the closed windows. In his hand, he held his phone, the screen illuminated by a photograph of Marco. He had never been to New York before. But sitting here now, surrounded by its restless energy, he realized he should have visited or even moved here.

It was truly the land of the free. Back home, loyalty and family dictated every move. Here, anonymity reigned, and for someone like him, that anonymity was a weapon.

Per Bianca's instructions, he needed to know what everyone was up to. Surveillance and manipulation were her preferred methods. David, however, had never been one for elaborate schemes. He believed in direct action, in swift and decisive outcomes. Yet, Bianca was his sister, and keeping her happy had always been his only goal.

David possessed a natural talent for making himself invisible, even when he was clearly within someone's line of sight. It was an acute understanding of human behavior—people saw what they expected to see. A man sitting in a parked car, scrolling through his phone, sipping takeout coffee, or adjusting the radio was hardly suspicious. He blended seamlessly into the rhythm of the city.