

## **Mafia God 301**

### Chapter 301: I'm Going To Kill You

Valentina slipped her hand into his, squeezing lightly. "As I'll ever be," she replied, glancing once at her bag that was with Ricardo. She probably wouldn't need the gun in there, but she had promised Marco she would have it handy.

Ricardo gave her hand a reassuring squeeze as they approached the entrance. The door opened.

Bianca stood poised at the threshold, every inch the picture of a perfect hostess. She had clearly invested significant effort into her appearance. Her gown, a striking one-shoulder silhouette with a sequin-covered bodice on one side and a draped, pleated body on the other had a midi-length hemline with a high thigh slit, while her makeup was flawlessly applied. A dazzling smile spread across her face.

"Welcome, welcome..." she beamed. Her gaze settled on Valentina with keen interest. "You must be Valentina."

Valentina returned the smile, equally composed. "And you must be Bianca."

A subtle shift crossed Bianca's expression. "Please, call me Mrs. Genovese," she corrected, her tone still sweet.

"Of course," Valentina replied graciously. Ricardo, sensing the delicate undercurrent between the two women, gently guided Valentina forward as they stepped inside.

Soft classical music played in the background, creating an atmosphere of refined sophistication.

They walked further into the living area, where Luca stood by the bar. He held a glass of whiskey. His posture was relaxed, but his watchful gaze revealed that he was acutely aware of every movement in the room.

"Luciano..." Ricardo greeted.

Luca inclined his head slightly in return. "Ricardo," he responded evenly.

"Starting without us, Luca?" Valentina said, her voice light with teasing.

Luca lifted his glass slightly in acknowledgment. "It's not like you're missing out on anything," he replied dryly. "Besides, I need the alcohol to be able to handle you."

Valentina placed a hand over her heart in mock offense. "Awww... still bitter about the Batman suit thing."

Luca nearly choked on his drink. His eyes widened for a fraction of a second before narrowing into a warning glare. "What Batman suit thing?" Bianca chimed in, curiosity instantly piqued as she turned toward them, her perfectly arched brow lifting with interest.

"Do you want to die?" Luca asked Valentina, raising a brow in a silent plea for mercy.

Valentina simply waved him off with a dismissive flick of her hand, clearly enjoying herself. Turning to Bianca with an innocent smile, she said, "So, Luca needed my help with something..."

"Oh..." Bianca's lips curved into a tight smile. "I didn't realise you two were that close."

"Practically besties," Valentina beamed, her eyes sparkling with mischief. Ricardo chuckled beside her, never tired of hearing the story.

Luca exhaled sharply and downed the rest of his whiskey in one swift motion. He immediately poured himself another, bracing for impact. "Valentina," he warned but she ignored him completely.

Luca closed his eyes briefly, praying for patience, before chugging down his second glass of whiskey. He poured yet another, muttering under his breath, "I'm going to kill you."

Valentina continued undeterred. Ricardo was now doubled over, tears forming in his eyes.

Bianca, however, looked utterly mortified. The image of her intimidating husband squeezed into a superhero costume clearly clashed with the persona she so carefully upheld. Her lips parted slightly as she struggled to process the revelation.

Luca drained his glass once more. As Valentina continued embellishing the tale with animated gestures and playful exaggerations, Ricardo's laughter echoed through the room, while Bianca remained frozen in stunned disbelief.

"Luciano?" Bianca repeated, her voice laced with disbelief as she turned to her husband, searching his face for any sign that the story had been exaggerated.

"I'm telling you," Valentina said, lifting her hands in animated emphasis. "The man was there, in the suit, chest out and booming to the kids like some kind of Gotham savior. It was hilarious. They adored him."

Ricardo let out another burst of laughter, shaking his head. "I would have paid good money to see that."

Luca closed his eyes briefly, exhaling through his nose as if summoning every ounce of patience he possessed. "The children were happy. That should be the point."

Bianca managed a tight smile. She wondered what kind of influence Valentina held over him that he would go to such lengths.

"Ohkay...", Luca finally said before Val could start again, straightening his jacket. "Now that everyone is here, can we have dinner now?"

"Of course," Bianca replied smoothly. She gestured gracefully toward the adjoining dining room. "This way, please."

Valentina paused at the entrance, taking in the surroundings with genuine admiration. "You have a beautiful house," she said, turning her gaze toward Luca.

Luca leaned slightly toward Valentina, lowering his voice so only she could hear. "I'll buy you one like it if you never tell that story again," he murmured.

Valentina's lips curved into a playful smile. "Deal," she whispered back.

"Thank you," Luca said, releasing a quiet breath as he settled into his seat.

Across the table, Bianca observed the interaction. She hadn't anticipated this level of familiarity between Luca and Valentina. It complicated everything. Her original plan had been simple: destabilise Ricardo and Valentina's relationship, sow doubt, create fractures she could later exploit. But seeing Luca so openly cordial with Valentina forced her to reconsider. Pushing too hard now might raise suspicion or even alienate Luca further. Abort mission, she decided silently. For now. Still, Bianca was not one to abandon an opportunity entirely. If nothing else, she could observe, gather information, and strike when the moment was right.

The soft creak of the dining room doors interrupted her thoughts. Nonnina entered with a small procession of maids, each carrying elegantly plated dishes that filled the room with the comforting aroma of traditional Italian cuisine.

"Nonni!" Valentina beamed, her face lighting up with genuine affection. She pushed back her chair and quickly jumped to her feet, moving toward the elderly woman with open arms.

"Valentina!" Luca began, afraid at the way she shot up.

Valentina wrapped her arms around Nonnina in a heartfelt embrace, her laughter bubbling with joy.

"Mio Dio, take it easy," Nonnina chastised gently. "You are with child."