

## **Mafia God 304**

### Chapter 304: I Barely Know Anything

"I... nothing. Nothing, truly," she stammered, shaking her head. "Luca, all he said was he wanted to make sure Don wasn't making any rash decisions that could hurt him. He wanted to know whatever was going on when he is in New York."

Luca's gaze remained fixed on her. Every twitch of her expression, every hesitation in her voice, was being meticulously analyzed. "And what information did you give him?" he demanded, his voice rising slightly, the edge of his anger now unmistakable.

Bianca swallowed hard. "Luca, I barely know anything," she insisted. "Don has his office where he handles his meetings when he is home. Other than that, everything else is done at the wharf or on the yacht. I'm not involved in those affairs. The only thing I did so far was to inform him when Marco was in Italy. That's all!"

Attack from an enemy was expected; betrayal from within his own family was far more difficult to reconcile.

"Luca," she whispered, "I would never put the famiglia in danger. You have to believe me."

Reaching out, he gripped her chin firmly, forcing her to meet his gaze.

"If you are lying to me..." he began.

"Tell me what's going on!" Bianca cried, her voice trembling as she searched Luca's face for answers.

"Don is missing." he snatched his fingers away from her jaw.

Bianca's eyes widened, and the color drained from her face. She staggered back a step, pressing a hand to her chest, to steady her racing heart. "Oh God! Oh God! Holy Mary, Mother of God!" she cried, her voice breaking as panic overtook her.

"Dinner is over," he said with finality.

Without another word, Luca strode out of the mansion. He stepped onto the front driveway. At the gate, several armed men stood on duty, their posture straightening at his approach.

"Double the security," Luca ordered. "No one enters without my explicit permission. I want additional men stationed around the perimeter and at Veronica's house. Increase surveillance and check all communication lines. We may be facing retaliation."

"Yes, boss," one of the men responded, immediately moving to relay the instructions.

Luca pulled out his phone, already dialing contacts to mobilize reinforcements. Inside the mansion, Bianca reentered the dining room.

"My apologies," she announced, addressing the guests. "But we will have to cut our evening short."

"What's going on?" Ricardo asked.

Bianca's lips curved into a thin, enigmatic smile. "Wouldn't you like to know?" she replied coolly. "Seems like there are traitors around, and you have the track record of being too loose with information."

Valentina's chair scraped loudly against the floor as she made to rise, fury flashing across her face. "Excuse me?" she began.

But before she could lunge at Bianca, Ricardo reached out and gently held her back, his hand tightening around her arm.

Valentina glanced at him, her chest heaving with suppressed anger. Nonnina rose slowly from her seat.

"I'll walk you to your car," she said gently, placing a comforting hand on Valentina's arm. "You really should be careful with jumping around, mon figlio."

"Nonni, the food was amazing. Thank you," she said sincerely as she got to her feet. Ricardo instinctively reached for her hand. He could feel the tension still coursing through her. Valentina was unpredictable when provoked, and tonight, her claws were already unsheathed.

Ricardo offered Nonnina a respectful nod. "Everything was perfect. Thank you for having us."

"And you are such a gracious hostess," Valentina added, turning toward Bianca with a sugary sweetness that contrasted with the steel in her eyes.

"Thank you, dear," Bianca replied smoothly.

Valentina stepped closer, invading Bianca's personal space. Her voice dropped to a near whisper, meant only for Bianca's ears. "He's got my sister," she said softly. "He will never love you. We Scaleses? We know how to keep our men."

The two women held each other's gaze, a battle of wills passing between them. Then Valentina's lips curved into a satisfied smile before she allowed Ricardo to guide her toward the exit.

Bianca remained still, her expression unchanged as she watched them leave. But behind her composed façade, a spark of dark amusement ignited. This is going to be interesting, she thought. She was going to have so much fun watching them burn.

Outside, Luca stood near the entrance, issuing final instructions to his men. As Nonnina, Ricardo, and Valentina approached, Luca turned toward them.

"I'm going to have one of my guards escort you in a backup car," Luca said, addressing Ricardo. "He will be stationed outside your house."

Ricardo nodded appreciatively. "Thank you, Luca."

"Whats going on?" Valentina asked Luca.

Luca offered her a reassuring smile. "Nothing, love. Just family business," he replied.

"Is there anything I can do?" Ricardo asked, stepping slightly forward. His hand remained firmly clasped around Valentina's.

Luca turned his attention to him, offering a nod of appreciation. "You just focus on your wedding plans. Everything is okay," he responded.

Valentina shifted uneasily. "You will be with Vee, right?" she asked, needing the reassurance that her sister would not be left alone amidst whatever turmoil was brewing.

"Of course," Luca assured her without hesitation. "Go." He waited patiently as Ricardo guided Valentina toward the car. Just as they reached the door, Valentina paused and turned back, her expression thoughtful.

"Is Marco going to be alright?" she asked, her concern evident.

"He's got a hard head. He'll be fine," he said simply.

Valentina nodded, seemingly comforted by his words. She offered a small wave before slipping into the car beside Ricardo. The vehicle's headlights cut through the darkness as it began to move, followed closely by the escort. Luca stood beside Nonnina, watching until the gates closed behind them and the taillights disappeared into the night.

"Whats going on, Luca?" Nonnina asked.

"We've been betrayed," he answered.

She reached out and placed a comforting hand on his arm, offering silent support.

"Come," Luca said softly, shifting his focus back to her. "Let's get you inside. It's chilly tonight."

He guided her gently toward the entrance of the mansion.