

Mafia God 305

Chapter 305: Place It On The Desk

Tony knocked on the motel door tentatively, his knuckles rapping softly against the faded wood. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, resisting the urge to glance at his watch. Every second spent lingering here felt like an invitation for trouble.

Earlier that morning, he had received the message—passed discreetly through his girlfriend, who worked at a small restaurant. His job was simple: deliver the message and disappear.

He still had to report to the pizza parlour afterward. The renovations were finally complete, and the place was buzzing with activity. The ladies had taken charge of transforming the space into something elegant enough for the upcoming engagement party. It was a welcome distraction from the darker errands he often found himself running.

The sound of muffled movement behind the door snapped him back to the present. Instinctively, Tony glanced up and down the corridor, ensuring he hadn't been followed. Satisfied that the coast was clear, he adjusted the collar of his jacket just as the lock clicked.

The door opened slowly. David stood there, still half asleep, his hair tousled and eyes heavy with fatigue. He wore a plain T-shirt and jeans.

"Did you make the rounds?" David asked, his voice rough from sleep.

"Yes," Tony replied.

"Circle the street twice?"

Tony nodded. "Three times, actually. Took different routes each pass."

"Parked five buildings away?"

"Yes."

Satisfied, David stepped back and allowed Tony to enter before shutting the door. He crossed the room and, somewhat surprisingly, climbed back into bed, pulling the thin motel blanket over himself.

"What's the update?" David asked.

"Raid failed. Traitor suspected," he said succinctly.

David grunted from the bed, the reaction suggesting that the information merely confirmed what he already knew. "I know," he replied. "Anything else?"

Tony reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a small, unmarked box. "She asked me to buy you a burner phone."

David gestured lazily toward the desk. "Place it on the desk."

Tony did as instructed, setting the device down carefully among the other items.

"Any feedback?" Tony asked.

"Get out," David said, his voice edged with irritation, not even bothering to look at Tony.

Tony nodded quickly. "Yes, sir," he muttered before turning on his heel.

David shifted on the narrow bed, turning onto his side as he stared at the stained ceiling. He exhaled slowly, running a hand over his face. There was a slight wrench in their plans now—one he hadn't anticipated.

Marco had flown to Italy instead of Luca. But so far, all the intelligence he had gathered suggested only one thing: Marco seemed to be fucking Ricardo's pregnant fiancée. It was scandalous but it offered little evidence that Marco had uncovered Bianca's plan.

David frowned. Killing him would fix that problem, wouldn't it? That was the simplest and most efficient solution.

But his sister, preferred a more intricate approach, as it always was with women. She was careful, methodical, and endlessly patient. Where David saw a straight line, she envisioned a chessboard. Left to him, one minute Marco would be alive, and the next he would be gone, erased so cleanly that no one would even know how it had happened.

His thoughts shifted to the next phase of their plan. Seduction. This time, however, he intended to be more meticulous. Before making a move, he needed to understand his target completely. What drove her? What were her weaknesses? What did she fear... and what did she desire?

He reached over to the small bedside table and slid open the drawer. Inside lay a file. David picked it up and flipped it open, his gaze settled on the image of Veronica—the legendary mistress of Luciano Genovese. More importantly, she was the one person who refused to allow Bianca any semblance of peace.

The simplest solution would be for her to die too, wouldn't it? Remove Veronica, and the major obstacle in Bianca's path would vanish. Yet, once again, the necessity of the long game prevailed.

"Principessa... the things I do for you," he muttered.

Carol was in the middle of preparing dinner, moving around her quiet kitchen. The rhythmic chop of vegetables against the wooden board and the gentle simmer of tomato sauce on the stove filled the house. A glass of red wine waited on the counter, and soft music played in the background. Dinner for one, as usual.

She wiped her hands on a napkin, humming softly to herself, when a loud, insistent knock shattered the calm.

Carol froze, her brow furrowing in irritation. "What the hell?!" she muttered. The knocking came again, more urgent this time, echoing through the hallway. Dropping the napkin onto the counter, she marched toward the front door, annoyance simmering beneath her breath.

"Whoever you are, you'd better have a damn good reason," she grumbled as she yanked the door open, fully prepared to rip the head off the unfortunate soul disturbing her peace.

The words died in her throat. Standing—or rather, barely standing—before her was a face she hadn't seen in twenty-one years. Time seemed to fold in on itself as recognition struck. Her stomach dropped, a cold wave of shock and disbelief washing over her.

He found her. After all these years of distance, of pretending that part of her life had never existed—he had finally found her.

Before panic could fully set in, his eyes met hers for a fleeting second, filled with exhaustion and relief. Then, without warning, his body lurched forward and collapsed.

Carol gasped, instinctively stepping aside as he fell into the doorway. "Oh, shit!" she exclaimed, kneeling beside him. That was when she noticed the dark stain spreading across his shirt. With trembling fingers, she pulled back the fabric to reveal a blood-soaked bandage wrapped around his shoulder.

"Ah... fuck," she whispered. He had been right all those years ago. You don't quit the famiglia.

Adrenaline overrode her shock as she glanced nervously up and down the street. The quiet Singapore neighborhood remained undisturbed. "Just what I needed tonight."