

Mafia God 310

Chapter 310: You Cannot Do This

"No! No! No!" she cried, scrambling out of the bed. She stumbled forward, dropping to her knees on the floor. Her hands reached out, grasping at the hem of Luca's trousers. "You didn't tell him all of this."

"I told him enough for him to question your loyalties," Luca replied evenly. "He wants you back in Italy as soon as the heat dies down. He will accept my divorce from you as long as the Genovese get to keep control of the port and you are returned as a Vitale unharmed."

Bianca's fingers tightened around his trousers. Tears streamed down her cheeks. "Luca, you cannot do this. You have no proof of anything."

"You're right," he admitted. "I do not. And your father also requests for proof of your disloyalty," Luca continued. "Trust me, Bianca. I will find it."

Bianca shook her head frantically. "There is nothing to find," she insisted. "You're punishing me for a crime I didn't commit. After everything I've sacrificed for you, this is what you think of me?"

"From this minute until you return to Italy," he said, "your calls will be monitored. You will be followed wherever you go. You so much as take a fart, I will know about it."

Bianca let out a broken sob, her shoulders shaking as the finality of his decision settled over her. Luca, refusing to let himself linger any longer, straightened his jacket and got to his feet. "You are making all these up because of that bitch. This is how you get rid of me? By accusing me of all these despicable things!" Bianca snapped. The tears now burned with indignation, streaking down her flushed cheeks as she glared at Luca.

Luca paused at the doorway, his hand resting on the handle. He turned slowly to face her. "Pitiful doesn't suit you," he said. "Cold and calculating—now that's more the perfect look for you."

Bianca recoiled, her lips trembling as she struggled to respond. But Luca gave her no such opportunity. With a final, resolute glance, he opened the door and stepped out, closing it behind him.

His message was unmistakable. The marriage was totally and absolutely over. She collapsed onto the floor, her sobs erupting into anguished wails that filled the room.

"Luciano!!!" she screamed, her voice breaking as it echoed through the empty corridor beyond.

Ricardo stood by the kitchen counter, a cup of untouched espresso growing cold in his hand. The events of that morning replayed relentlessly in his thoughts—Luca's interrogation, the piercing intensity of his gaze.

After Luca's grilling, he knew there was no keeping anything from Valentina anymore. Secrets had a way of festering, of clawing their way to the surface when least expected.

Veronica had been labelled a traitor because of him—because of the information he had supplied to Bianca. It started as a harmless exchange. Now, the consequences loomed large.

Guilt twisted in his chest as he thought of Valentina. She deserved honesty, not the half-truths and evasions he had fed her.

"I should have told you," he whispered into the quiet apartment, as if she were already standing before him. "From the very beginning."

He knew, he knew that it was too good to be true that he got away with it. He just wished he had told Valentina everything earlier. He had put off coming home for as long as humanly possible.

For hours, Ricardo sat at Commissioned bar, nursing glass after glass of whiskey in a futile attempt to summon the courage he so desperately lacked. The burn of alcohol down his throat did little to steady his nerves, but it dulled the sharp edges of his guilt just enough to keep him moving.

He abandoned the coffee and moved quietly through the apartment. When he reached the bedroom, he paused at the entrance, his hand resting on the doorframe. His breath caught at the sight of her. Valentina lay curled on the bed, her hair fanned gently across the pillow. One hand rested protectively

over the tiny swell of her abdomen. His beautiful angel, carrying his baby. The image was so pure, so achingly tender, that it felt undeserved.

He stood there, dejected, unsure of how to proceed. How would she react when she learned the truth? Valentina was unpredictable—capable of fierce love and equally fierce fury. He had seen both sides of her, and the thought of losing her terrified him more than any retribution Luca could devise.

"I can't lose you," he whispered hoarsely.

Emotion surged within him, overwhelming the fragile composure he had been clinging to all night. The sobs that rose from deep within his chest were soul-wrenching, threatening to break free. He slapped his palm over his mouth, stifling the sound, his shoulders trembling as silent tears streamed down his face.

He studied her features—the gentle curve of her lips, the soft flutter of her lashes—and was struck by a profound sense of unworthiness.

As much as he knew he should confess everything, fear held him captive. He feared the consequences of his actions, the devastation that the truth would bring crashing into their lives. Yet, an even greater fear gnawed at him: what would happen if she discovered the truth from someone else.

His mind searched desperately for a solution, any justification that would allow him to postpone the inevitable. And then, like a cowardly whisper, the idea took shape.

He could wait until after the wedding. Yes, that was a better idea. After the wedding, she would have no choice but to forgive him.

Don Massimo Genovese had always been a man of meticulous planning. Every move in his long and bloody reign had been calculated. Yet, among all his strategies and contingencies, there was one promise that stood above the rest—one that had nothing to do with power.

He had made it known to his capo, with a seriousness that allowed no room for misinterpretation, that if he were ever taking his final breath, they were to make sure he reached Carol's doorstep. Carol. Always Carol. He had promised her, many years ago, that he would die in her arms, whether she was dead or alive. It was a sentiment both romantic and morbid.