

Mafia God 321

Chapter 321: You Are Completely Justified Now

"Val?" he called gently, hoping to draw her attention back to the present.

"Hmmm?" she answered distractedly, her gaze still fixed on the path her fingers traced, mesmerized by the sensation beneath her touch.

Marco took a slow breath, steadying himself. "You have to stop touching me," he said softly.

"Uhn?" she murmured, barely registering his words.

Marco grabbed both her wrists gently, halting the wandering path of her hands. "Are you really still that naïve?" he asked. What the hell has Ricardo been doing with her?

"What?" she asked, her brows knitting together in confusion.

"What do you think is going to happen with you touching me like that?" he continued. The proximity between them, the warmth of her skin beneath his fingers, and the vulnerability of his own state made the moment dangerously charged.

Realization dawned on Valentina instantly. Her eyes widened, and she quickly stepped back, pulling her wrists free. "Oh! I'm sorry," she said, letting out a nervous laugh as embarrassment flooded her features. She wrapped her arms around herself. "It's just..."

Her words trailed off as her gaze drifted downward once more, betraying her curiosity. This time, her eyes lingered briefly at the dip of the towel around his waist. Marco followed her line of sight and couldn't help the amused smile that tugged at his lips. "Great job... just great job," she muttered under her breath, shaking her head. The flush on her cheeks deepened as she turned toward the door.

Valentina slipped out of the room. Marco remained standing where she had left him. A small, conflicted smile spread across his face. He knew this situation was fraught with complications. The famiglia had its rules—rules designed to maintain order and loyalty—and what he felt for Valentina walked a dangerous line.

Yet, what could he do? He was trapped under the same roof as the woman he believed to be the love of his life, a woman bound to another man and carrying his child.

He knew one thing with absolute certainty: things were bound to get complicated.

When Cassidy stepped into Renato Bastione's office, his jaw was set with anger. He paused just inside the doorway, forcing his expression into one of respect. In this world, anger toward a man like Renato was suicidal. Still, beneath the surface, resentment simmered. He had joined the Bastione famiglia for one reason and one reason only: to take down Luciano Genovese. Now that the opportunity had finally presented itself, Renato seemed to be hesitating, dragging his feet when decisive action was needed.

"Cassidy!" Renato exclaimed warmly as soon as he entered. "You, my man, are the man of the year."

The praise did little to ease his frustration. "Thank you," he replied. "But I assumed that you would be going after Luciano already. You asked me to give you something—I gave you a war. That's enough reason to go after him. You are completely justified now."

"I'm not going after Luciano."

"We had an agreement," Cassidy said, his voice tightening despite his efforts to remain respectful.

"Remind me," Renato said casually, "the terms of that agreement."

"If you let me join, I help you get to Luciano," Cassidy recalled.

Renato nodded slowly, a satisfied smile playing on his lips. "Exactly," he said. "You didn't get me Luciano. Yes, you did save my family in Italy with the information you brought me, but that's all you did. That's not enough to go after him."

Cassidy's jaw clenched. The dismissal stung more than he cared to admit. He had risked everything—his safety, his identity, his job and any semblance of a normal life—for this. "I also told you about the nanny," he added quickly, grasping at the threads of his contribution.

Renato waved a dismissive hand. "It was too risky. He upped her security almost immediately. Luciano is not a fool, Cassidy. He protects what he values."

Cassidy inhaled sharply, struggling to keep his composure. "Then why recruit me at all if you had no intention of acting?" he asked, his voice betraying a hint of the desperation he tried so hard to conceal.

"I don't know why you are getting all up in your feelings," he said, swirling the liquid in his glass. "Luciano is still going to meet his end anyway. His father is dead, his brother is Don now, and he and his little mistress are accused of treason—thanks to you."

Cassidy froze. "What?"

"I don't know who is pulling the strings," he continued, taking a slow sip of his drink. "But they did a remarkable job. Instead of the wife taking the fall, the mistress did. Efficient, clean, and devastating. Add that to the fact that his brother hates his guts, Luciano is done."

Cassidy's mind raced, attempting to piece together the implications. "The mistress?" he repeated.

"Yes," Renato confirmed. "Veronica. The Genovese household is in chaos. Rumors are spreading like wildfire—about you visiting her in Italy to get information on the famiglia and about the two of you meeting secretly."

Cassidy's stomach dropped. The room seemed to close in around him. He had intended to manipulate events to bring down Luciano, but this twist suggested that someone else was playing a far more intricate game—one that now implicated Veronica directly.

"Whether the rumors are true is irrelevant," he said calmly. "You are finally going to get what you want. The end of Luciano and as an added bonus, the bitch who broke your heart dies."

"Oh, uh, okay. Yeah... sure," Cassidy finally managed. He turned and walked out of the office.

As the door closed behind him, Renato leaned back in his chair, a faint frown creasing his brow. Something about Cassidy's reaction unsettled him. The young man had always been driven by vengeance, but now there was a different energy. Renato reached for his phone and dialed.

"Keep an eye on the estraneo(outsider)," he instructed his capo as soon as he picked up.

Meanwhile, Cassidy moved in a daze. His mind raced, fragments of past events snapping together with terrifying clarity. The question that had haunted him since this deadly dance began finally found its answer.

Why had it all been so easy?