

Mafia God 322

Chapter 322: I Came At The Traitor

Everything had fallen into place with unsettling simplicity. Now, as the pieces aligned, a chilling truth emerged: he hadn't been the one orchestrating the game. He had been a pawn.

First, there was Bianca. Cassidy had assumed it would take far more effort to win her over, to exploit her resentment and draw her into his plans. Instead, she had succumbed effortlessly. At the time, he had attributed it to her own dissatisfaction and longing for validation.

Then came the invitation to Italy. She had sounded like she would combust out of need without seeing him.

He slowed his pace, a cold dread settling deep within his chest. "It was all a set up," he murmured to himself as he remembered Veronica dropped at his front door, with his assumption that she had taken to alcohol.

Every step he had taken, every piece of information he had provided, had contributed to a narrative designed to frame her as a traitor. Cassidy's desire for revenge had blinded him, making him the perfect instrument for someone else's agenda.

With trembling fingers, he pulled out his phone and scrolled to Bianca's contact—a number she had always insisted he should never call directly.

But right now, Cassidy didn't care about safety. He needed answers. He dialed the number she usually texted him from, pressing the phone tightly to his ear. The line rang once, then abruptly cut off. He frowned and tried again, but this time the call didn't even go through. The automated message confirming that the number was unreachable echoed mockingly in his ears.

A chill ran down his spine. Swallowing his unease, he quickly typed out a message: Need to talk. Call me.

"Damn it," he muttered under his breath, shoving the phone back into his pocket. Revenge had driven him into a game he never truly understood, and now he was left grappling with the consequences.

Julian Genovese sat on the chair that had once belonged to his father. He was expecting Luca.

Contrary to what Bianca believed, Luca would have never allowed his men to simply pick up Veronica. Everything had transpired almost exactly as Julian had predicted. Still, he had chosen to humour Bianca. After all, he had known his brother far longer than she had, and he understood Luca's instincts better than anyone.

Since the raid, however, communication with Bianca had become increasingly difficult. She had been calling him from an unfamiliar number.

Things hadn't turned out entirely as planned. Julian had never expected his father to be killed during the raid—at least, that was the prevailing theory. Yet with Don Massimo Genovese now missing and presumed dead, Julian had stepped seamlessly into the role of Don.

And he found that he liked it. The authority, the deference of the men, the intoxicating sense of control—it all felt natural. When Bianca had first suggested the possibility of ensuring that Massimo was killed during the raid, Julian had recoiled at the idea. It was treason of the highest order, a betrayal not just of his father but of the very principles that governed the famiglia.

But now, seated in his father's chair, ruling the famiglia, his perspective had shifted. The thought of relinquishing this power was no longer acceptable.

Julian Genovese understood one crucial truth: his time was limited. The illusion of his authority rested on fragile ground. If Don Massimo's body were ever found, the power Julian currently wielded would slip through his fingers. According to his will, Luciano or his son would assume control of the empire. That was a reality Julian could not, and would not, accept.

Which was why his plan had to work. If Luciano refused to surrender Veronica, a woman now accused of treason, then Luciano himself would be branded a traitor. Such defiance would justify his execution. It was a flawless strategy Bianca had believed she was orchestrating the downfall of Veronica, but this final piece of the puzzle remained hidden from her. Julian had no intention of sharing his ultimate ambition.

When Luciano was gone, everything Julian had ever desired would finally be his. The power. The legacy. And Bianca.

The thought of her stirred a dark satisfaction within him. Julian believed he could truly possess her, love her. In his mind, they were destined to rule together, once all obstacles had been removed.

As soon as Luciano's presence had been announced, Julian had instructed them to escort Luca from the house to the yacht.

This meeting would set the course for the famiglia's future. Luciano Genovese stepped inside, flanked by Julian's men.

Luca's gaze swept across the room, taking in the familiar surroundings and the unmistakable symbolism of Julian occupying their father's chair. "I'm guessing you were expecting me," Luca began. "Seeing how I was escorted here like a nobody."

"Brother," Julian said warmly, "it's so good to see you."

"Julian, what is this treachery? What are you doing?" Luca asked.

"Me? Me?" he echoed, feigning surprise. "I am not the one who brought a stranger into the family. I am not the one who gave said stranger sensitive information because she screws my cock good."

Luca's jaw tightened. "I would think not," he replied coolly, "seeing as the only cunt you dream to fuck is that of your brother's wife. You think temporarily taking over Father's role gives you the right to come at me?"

Julian's smile faltered. "But I didn't come at you," he said, spreading his hands. "I came at the traitor. You chose to stand in the way, which makes you a traitor too."

Luca scoffed, the sound filled with disdain. "Do you really think I will not be able to prove that this is all your doing?" he challenged. "You stabbed your own father in the back."

A flicker of irritation crossed Julian's face. "Look at the evidence, Luca," he said smoothly. "I did nothing. Your mistress did it all. Every piece of information, every move—it all traces back to her. The famiglia sees it."

Luca's eyes darkened. "This fabricated narrative will crumble under the right pressure. I just haven't found it yet."