

## Mafia God 323

### Chapter 323: She Will Still Die

Julian straightened. "You will surrender her to me," he said coldly, "or I will have you killed. The fun part? The outcome is still the same. She will still die."

"Does Bianca know this part of your plan, Julian? Did she recruit you just so you could have me killed?" Luca asked. "Or is that the general idea? Have me killed so both of you can have your happy ending? I doubt it. Bianca has an obsessive hots for me."

Julian's expression darkened, irritation flashing across his features. "You are not hearing me!" he snapped. "That's not surprising, because you have always been so high up on your horse that everyone else can be trampled beneath you."

Luca's lips curled into a faint, humorless smile. He had expected nothing less than resentment from his brother. "Where is our father, Julian?" he asked. "What have you done to him?"

Julian's eyes glinted with cold amusement. "It is a question I will work hard at asking Veronica when I eventually get her here," he replied smoothly, sidestepping the accusation while reinforcing his intent.

"It's been a long time since famiglia brothers went against each other," Luca said. "It was why the highest code was written. We do not hurt family." He paused. "But you... how did you fall this far?"

Julian rose from his father's chair and approached Luca, the distance between them shrinking until they stood face to face. "You are the reason for father's disappearance," Julian said, his voice low and seething with accusation. "You are the reason the Genovese have fallen from grace. You have always been the reason."

The words carried years of festering jealousy and bitterness. Julian's fists clenched at his sides as he continued, unable to contain the emotions he had suppressed for so long. "From the moment we were children, it was always Luciano this, Luciano that. The perfect son. The natural heir. The one destined to lead. And what was I?" He let out a bitter laugh. "An afterthought. A spare."

"This was never a competition," Luca replied. "Father gave you the same opportunities he gave me. You just were running around under your mummy's skirt, you became too dependent."

"You took everything—his respect, his trust, and even the woman I love. You deserve none of it. And now I will take everything back and leave you with nothing. Your bitch will be dead as soon as she is brought to me."

"Right. It has always been my fault," Luca said, his voice dripping with sarcasm, his eyes burned with a dangerous intensity. "I am going to prove that you and Bianca were in on this plot, and in the meantime, if anyone goes near her, I will have you killed without a single ounce of guilt."

"I command you to give the order for her to be brought here," Julian thundered.

"Over my dead body," Luca swore. "You touch her, you die."

Luca then turned, intent on leaving the cabin, his decision clear—he would not entertain Julian's delusions any longer.

"You forget one thing, Luca." Julian's voice sliced through the air, stopping him mid-step. Luca paused but did not immediately turn around. "I am Don now. My word is law," Julian continued, his tone laced with authority and arrogance. He turned his gaze toward the men stationed around the room. "Take him and have him locked up."

The men shifted uneasily, exchanging brief glances. Loyalty to the famiglia was paramount, but confronting Luciano Genovese was no small task. Still, Julian's command left little room for hesitation.

Luca slowly turned back to face them, a calm, amused smile spreading across his lips. His eyes moved from one man to another, silently assessing their strength, their stance, their resolve.

Six of them in total.

"This should be fun," Luca murmured under his breath. He rolled his shoulders slightly, loosening the tension in his muscles. Though he carried no weapons, Luca had never relied on them to command respect or to defend himself. Years of experience, discipline, and sheer determination had forged him into a formidable opponent.

"Gentlemen," Luca said, "I'd advise you to reconsider. This won't end well for you."

The men hesitated, their loyalty torn between the newly appointed Don and the man many still regarded as the true leader of the Genovese famiglia. Julian, sensing their uncertainty, snapped, tired of being ignored.

"Do it!" he barked, his patience wearing thin.

The men began to close in, forming a cautious semicircle around Luca. Luca adjusted his stance, planting his feet firmly, his hands curling into fists.

The first man lunged. Luca sidestepped effortlessly, grabbing the attacker's wrist and twisting it sharply. A sickening crack echoed through the cabin as the man cried out in pain. Using the momentum, Luca drove his elbow into the man's jaw, sending him sprawling unconscious to the floor.

The second man charged immediately after. Luca pivoted, delivering a swift kick to the man's knee, buckling it inward. Before he could recover, Luca followed with a brutal right hook that snapped his head to the side. The man collapsed, motionless.

The remaining four men hesitated, exchanging uncertain glances. That moment of doubt was all Luca needed.

He surged forward, slamming his shoulder into his chest and sending both of them crashing into a nearby table. As they hit the ground, Luca's hand slipped expertly into the man's jacket pocket, retrieving a pistol. He rolled away and came up on one knee, the gun already aimed.

Three sharp shots rang out in quick succession. The first bullet struck one, sending him backward against the wall. The second caught another as he attempted to draw his weapon, and the third dropped the last man before he could even react.

Luca rose slowly, scanning the room. Just as he was about to turn toward Julian, the pistol still raised.

A deafening gunshot shattered the silence. Luca's body jerked as the impact struck him squarely in the side. The pistol slipped from his fingers, clattering to the floor as he staggered backward, shock flashing across his face. He looked down slowly, watching as crimson spread across his shirt.