

## **Mafia God 324**

### Chapter 324: You Always Underestimated Me

Julian stood a few feet away, a smoking gun held steadily in his hand. "Did you really think," Julian said, "that I wouldn't have the guts to kill you?"

Luca struggled to remain upright, his hand instinctively pressing against the wound. Pain radiated through his body, but his eyes never left his brother's.

"You always underestimated me," Julian continued, lowering the gun slightly but keeping it trained on Luca. "That was your greatest mistake."

"Son of a bitch!" Luca cursed, the words torn from his throat as the pain finally registered. His legs buckled beneath him, and he dropped to his knees, one hand instinctively pressing against the warm, spreading blood soaking through his shirt.

Julian stepped forward and kicked the fallen gun farther away, ensuring it was well beyond Luca's reach. The weapon skidded across the floor just as a fresh wave of men stormed into the cabin. "Tell me," Julian said, his voice eerily calm as he approached his brother, "how you will save her now."

Despite the pain coursing through him, Luca lifted his head, his gaze blazing with defiance. "You better hope I die," he rasped. "Pray to the high heavens that I die, because I will put a bullet to your head if you touch even one hair on her head."

Julian crouched slightly, studying the wound. "It's not a fatal wound," he remarked. "Consider it tit for tat. Remember when you shot me too? But I cannot kill you yet."

A bitter laugh escaped Luca. "That will be your biggest mistake, Julian," he said, his voice weakening but still resolute.

The strength finally drained from him, and he collapsed onto the floor, his body surrendering to the darkness threatening to consume him. Even then, his hand remained clenched as if still ready to fight.

Julian straightened. "Take him away," he ordered the men. "Get him treated and locked up."

Two guards stepped forward immediately, carefully lifting Luca's unconscious form while others began clearing the bodies from the room.

Julian walked back to the chair. The path ahead was becoming clearer with every passing moment.

"Call Alessandro," Julian instructed one of his men. "Tell him to retrieve the girl. Put her in the safe house. I'll go to New York instead."

"Isn't it safer to bring her here? Less heat," one of the men suggested cautiously.

Julian turned slowly, fixing the man with a cool, assessing stare. "And how exactly do you plan on carrying a hostage through half the world without attracting attention?" he asked.

The guard shifted uncomfortably. "I just thought—"

"That's the problem," Julian interrupted smoothly. "You thought. Moving her to a neutral safe house in New York keeps her close enough to control while minimizing unnecessary exposure."

Another man stepped forward. "Boss, you know Marco will be a problem. He is loyal to Luca."

A faint smile tugged at Julian's lips. "I am counting on his loyalty," he replied. "Marco's devotion makes him predictable. He will act exactly as I expect, and when he does, we will be ready. Has there been anything on my father's whereabouts?" he asked.

"Yes, Don," another guard answered respectfully. "His secretary said she found something. I was on my way to tell you when we heard the shots."

Julian's eyes narrowed with interest. "Bring her to me," he ordered.

The men nodded and quickly moved to carry out his command, leaving Julian alone for a moment in the cabin.

"Everything is falling into place," he murmured to himself.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bianca paced restlessly across the bedroom in Luca's house. Her phone call with her mother had ended only moments ago, yet the words still echoed in her mind.

Julian shot Luca and has him in custody.

"Idiot," she muttered under her breath. "Big, big idiot." She had always known Julian lacked the finesse required to navigate the intricate politics of the famiglia. While his ambition made him useful, his impulsiveness threatened to unravel everything she had so carefully orchestrated.

Driven by desperation, Bianca had begged her mother to intervene, to beg her father on her behalf. He had to help Luca.

But the response had been as cold as it was final. Her father remained unwilling to speak to her, his disappointment and distrust in her forming an impenetrable wall between them. To him, Bianca's involvement in the unfolding chaos was an unforgivable betrayal of both family and tradition. And if Luca indeed had proof of her disloyalty, she would become the Vitale family reject, just like her brother.

She wrapped her arms around herself, her mind racing as she considered her next move.

Julian was an idiot. A dangerous one. And if she didn't act quickly, his stupidity might very well cost her everything.

He keeps constantly sabotaging himself, sabotaging his chances. Did the fool have a brain whatsoever?

"He is going to get me in trouble," she muttered.

First of all, hurting Luca was in no way part of their deal. Luca was her husband, no matter what, and despite everything, she loved him. Perhaps not in the innocent way she once had, but in the complicated, consuming way that only someone like Luca Genovese could inspire. The entire point of her alliance with Julian had been to ensure she kept her husband while eliminating the threats surrounding them.

Second, how the hell had he managed to lose Don Genovese? That alone was a catastrophic miscalculation. If Don was truly dead, then Luca would become the rightful Don of the Genovese famiglia, instantly legitimizing his authority.

And if Don wasn't dead? Had Julian even considered the consequences of Massimo's return? The old man was ruthless and unforgiving. If he discovered Julian's betrayal—his attempt to seize power and orchestrate the downfall of his own brother—the retribution would be swift and merciless.

That was when a chilling realization struck her. If Don was truly dead, Julian would not let Luca live either.

Her heart clenched at the thought. Luca was not just an obstacle to Julian's ambition; he was the greatest threat to it. As long as Luca lived, Julian's position would never be secure. Eliminating him would be the most logical step.

(Brought to you by Mar King)