

Mafia God 359

Chapter 359: Bianca's Bitterness

Carol knew now or at least she knew enough. She remembered their conversation in Singapore—remembered the grief in him then. She had wondered who exactly had broken his heart. Now she had her answer standing right in front of her with bright eyes and a pregnant stomach tied to another man.

She had finally found the source of her son's heartbreak. But still... He did not seem heartbroken. Not anymore. She studied him as he leaned into the open car door to say something to Valentina that made her smile.

No, heartbreak was not what sat on him now.

Bianca stood on the back balcony of her suite and watched the preparations below. The suite she once shared with her husband no longer felt like a room. It felt like a sentence.

The back courtyard had been transformed into a sprawling war zone of domestic celebration. Long tables. Crates of ingredients. Steam lifting into the air. Massive pots set over flame. The head chef moved through it all like a furious general, barking instructions, pointing with a wooden spoon, shifting from one cooker to the other as assistants scrambled in his wake.

Tears stung Bianca's eyes. It was wicked to keep her there for this. The back courtyard had been turned into a festival of abundance.

And all of it—for her. For Veronica Scalese. Bianca gripped the balcony rail harder. She had not had an engagement party.

She had not had flowers, anticipation, or a courtyard transformed into celebration. She had not even really spoken to her husband until the wedding day itself, when they stood before God and family and exchanged vows that had meant everything to her and apparently almost nothing to him.

That was all. A ceremony. A signature. A name. And almost immediately after, Luca had gone back to New York as if marriage were an obligation to be completed and then filed away. She had remained behind with all the weight of the title and none of the tenderness that was supposed to come with it.

Her whole life—her entire life—had been shaped around one future: Luciano Genovese. Bianca Vitale was raised with that certainty stitched into her bones. Taught to wait for it. Prepare for it. Wear it. And when it finally came, Luca had treated her like an inconvenience.

Now this woman had arrived and overthrown her. Just like that. Bianca's mouth tightened.

It was not as though Veronica Scalese was more beautiful than she was. That much Bianca knew with holy certainty. Her beauty had turned heads her whole life. Men had stared, obeyed, desired, competed. She knew for a fact that her face alone could make men reckless enough to ruin themselves. If she wanted adoration, she could summon it.

So what was it? What did Veronica have that she did not? What had made Luca choose so completely, so stupidly, so absolutely?

This house, this family, this same brutal machine that had fed on her life for years, had somehow made room for sweetness when it came to Veronica.

It did not matter. As long as she was still standing, Veronica would fall. She would fall from grace exactly as Bianca had.

She would be brought down from that glowing pedestal of devotion and family and chosen love.

And when Luca finally realised Veronica Scalese had not been worth all this destruction—

Bianca would deliver the final sentence. Death. A breeze lifted the edge of her hair, cooling the anger burning under her skin.

Movement below drew her eye. Nonnina stepped out into the courtyard first, followed by Carol. The two women moved among the cooks, pausing to inspect a dish, exchange a word with the chef, observe the preparations.

Even his mother was around. She had been his wife for a year and had never met the woman.

Not once. And now here Carol was—present, visible, woven effortlessly into the center of everything—as though Luca had finally found his true royalty and the great Carol Montgomery had decided the occasion was worthy enough to bring herself out of hibernation for the queen.

The thought burned. It was infuriating. This was the woman who had once walked away from the famiglia and still somehow remained the center of its emotional gravity. The woman whose absence had weight, whose presence had even more.

And now she was here. For Veronica. For the new girl. For the chosen one. For the woman who, had arrived and stepped into a place that had taken Bianca an entire lifetime to be prepared for.

As if drawn by the force of her thoughts, Carol turned. Her eyes lifted straight to the balcony.

Straight to Bianca. For one suspended moment, the two women simply stared at each other across the courtyard—one above in the suite that had become a cage, one below in the middle of preparation and family and noise.

Bianca felt the contact like a challenge. Carol's expression changed instantly. It hardened.

There was no mistaking it. It was as if the sight of Bianca standing there had offended something primal in her.

Bianca watched Carol turn toward Nonnina and say something. She could not hear the words from this distance, but she did not need to. The older woman's face changed too, and Carol's posture made it plain enough.

Anger. Visible anger. Like she had not expected Bianca to still be there. Bianca's brows knit in disbelief.

What the hell? The woman did not even know her. At least not really. Not as a person. Not enough, surely, to look at her with that kind of cold certainty.

Carol lifted one hand and gestured to one of the men standing nearby. He came closer at once. She pointed upward—toward the balcony, toward Bianca—then spoke briefly.

The man nodded. Within minutes, three more men joined him. They repositioned around the cooking area, a silent wall of precaution now standing between the food, the staff, and Bianca above.

Humiliation hit. She felt it crawl under her skin and sink its claws in.