

Mafia God 373

Chapter 373: You Haven't Won

Vitale pride would not let her go. Bianca stopped and pivoted. She walked straight toward the ladies on the terrace.

"Hey, Bianca... or would you still like me to call you Mrs. Genovese?" Valentina asked with a smile so sweet it should have been illegal. She lifted her teacup with elegant calm. "Going somewhere?"

Bianca did not answer her. Instead, her gaze slid past Valentina and fixed on Veronica. Veronica, seated in the soft morning light with one hand wrapped around her cup, looked back. "You haven't won," Bianca said simply. It was vicious, the way she said it. "You haven't," she repeated. "You are not made for the kind of man Luca is." Her chin lifted slightly. "You will cave. You will fail. You do not have it in you to amatch him."

Valentina rolled her eyes, Veronica surprised her by indulging it.

"What makes you so sure?" Vee asked. Her tone was calm. It could even be considered curious even.

That seemed to irritate Bianca more than if Veronica had snapped back immediately.

"Because you are an outsider," Bianca said. "You have no idea what it means to carry power." Her mouth tightened, her eyes flicking over Veronica with contempt. "You have already turned him into a weakling... you both..." She glanced briefly toward Valentina. "In your hands, the Genovese will fall."

It was funny, Veronica thought, how ruin still managed elegance. She set down her cup.

"And tell me," Veronica said, "what happened in your hands, Bianca?"

Valentina slowly turned to look at her sister, already smiling.

"Julian is dead," Vee said.

Bianca's face tightened.

"Half of Don's men are dead. Don was almost killed. The Bastiones have their hands on Genovese territory." Veronica's eyes did not leave Bianca's. "Even Luca almost died."

Each sentence hit harder than the one before.

"A man," Veronica added, "you claim to love. So help me understand," Veronica said, and now there was edge in her voice. "You, who were raised as the insider, with all that breeding, all that preparation, all those beautiful hands..." She lifted one brow. "What more," she asked, "could have happened?"

Bianca went very still.

Valentina, no longer able to help herself, set her cup down and murmured, "Oh, she ate that."

"Val," Veronica chastised without looking at her.

Bianca's nostrils flared. Her fingers tightened at her sides. "You think love is enough," Bianca said.

"No," Veronica replied. "I think honesty is. Loyalty is. Not feeding enemies information because your pride got hurt."

Valentina gave a low whistle. "Damn."

Bianca looked like she wanted to slap both of them. She stood there in silence, breathing too carefully, strained thin over humiliation, rage, and the ugly knowledge that Veronica had not raised her voice once—and still had managed to strip her down. "You gloat now," Bianca spat. "We will see who will be laughing later."

Veronica's expression changed at once. Whatever softness had been left disappeared. Her face hardened with a speed that made Valentina straighten slightly in her chair. It was almost the same way

Luca's face would shift. "Leave now, Bianca," Vee said, "before I decide I don't even want you to live at all."

Bianca's mouth tightened. She gave them both one last scalding look, then turned sharply and walked away, every line of her body rigid with offended pride.

Valentina watched her go until the sound of her heels faded off the terrace. Only then did she glance sideways at Veronica. "You've changed."

Vee turned to look at her. "What?"

Val raised a brow. "All of this," Val said, gesturing vaguely toward the mansion. "This life. It's changing you."

Vee huffed out the smallest laugh. "What can I say? Luca is rubbing off on me."

"Hmmm."

Vee narrowed her eyes immediately. "What?"

Val looked down at her cup, then back up, smiling just faintly. "No, it's nothing. I just..." She chuckled under her breath. "I know you as protective, yes. I just...I didn't think threatening someone's life would come easy to you now."

"I didn't threaten her life," Veronica argued.

Valentina stared at her over the rim of her cup. "Yes, you did. You just said you wouldn't let her live at all."

Veronica paused with the cup halfway to her lips. Then slowly lowered it. "I said that?" she asked.

The disbelief on her face lasted all of one second before she started laughing. Val laughed too, shoulders shaking, the tension from Bianca's little exit finally breaking apart.

Veronica pressed a hand to her chest in mock horror. "Ugh. That woman brings out the worst in me."

Valentina snorted. "Can't say I blame you, though. They always did say the pretty ones are devilish," Val added.

Veronica shot her a look. "Now where did you hear that?"

Val lifted one shoulder, pretending innocence. "You know. It's what people say."

Veronica shook her head, but her attention drifted toward the waiting car. Even from across the courtyard, there was no mistaking her—elegant, rigid, furious down to the bone. She moved like a woman who would rather break in half than let anyone see her bend.

"She really is pretty, isn't she?" Vee said at last.

Val glanced over too. "Yeah..."

It was true. Bianca was beautiful. She had all the things women were taught would be enough.

Still, it had not been enough. Bianca got into the car. A second later the vehicle started rolling toward the gate.

"Makes me wonder what Luca sees in me," Veronica said.

Valentina looked back instantly. "Okay, stop that. Stop. He loves you. End of story. Do not drag your mind down that rabbit hole."

Veronica gave a small, doubtful huff. "I'm serious," she said. "The first time I met him, he was having his dick sucked by this ridiculously sexy woman. I practically shrank under her glare," she said. "You know the type of woman I mean. The kind that makes you feel small just by existing."

Valentina lifted one brow. "You do realise you are talking to your little sister."

"Oh, screw you."