

## **Mafia God 383**

### Chapter 383: You Want Me

As Renato had expected, Luca arrived at the Bastione casino that same night. Renato had given very clear instructions.

Luca was to be searched thoroughly before he was let in. So when Luca entered, Renato was relaxed.

He sat in his office. Two armed men stood on either side of him. Luca stepped into the room.

His face was unreadable, his body still. Renato laughed.

"Luciano Genovese...Man. I didn't think it would be this easy."

"You want me," Luca said. "You have me."

"I haven't quite been able to understand it," Renato said. "A grown man with a nanny." His mouth twisted with mocking amusement. "Come on. Explain it to me."

"I'd think you'd offer me a seat first," Luca said.

Even standing weaponless in Bastione territory, he managed to sound bored.

Renato grinned, spreading one hand in exaggerated courtesy. "Oh, please, please. Pardon my manners."

The gesture was mocking, but Luca took the seat anyway, moving with that same calm that always made men underestimate how close he was to violence. The chair faced Renato across a table.

"So," Renato said, "tell me. A nanny."

Luca smiled. "She's more than my nanny," he said. "And I'd do anything for her." His gaze held steady on Renato's face. "That's what you wanted to hear, wasn't it?"

Renato's expression brightened with satisfaction. "I'm glad we are on the same page. I don't like having her," Renato said. "She is too fragile." He gave a theatrical sigh. "I told my men to handle her with care."

Luca's jaw tightened by only a fraction. "I don't have Cassidy."

Renato shrugged. "Bullshit."

"I don't have him."

"I know he came to see you, Luca. I knew he was going to cave the moment he heard the girl was in trouble. The idiot is still in love with that girl," Renato went on laughing. "Can you imagine that? I mean, the guy could hold a grudge. He threw away everything he knew for a girl."

"I'd like to know. How was the pussy?"

Luca only looked at Renato, and the look was so cold it seemed to strip the air entirely. Luca's face had gone beyond anger now. Beyond insult. He looked like a man taking careful inventory of how another man would die. "If Nonnina has so much as a bruise," Luca said, "I will take this casino apart piece by piece and make you choke on every thing you built."

"I was wondering when the dragon would show teeth."

"You wanted me here," Luca said. "Now I'm here. So stop playing host and tell me what you want."

"Commissioned," Renato said simply.

"Is that all?" Luca asked.

Renato smiled at that. "For now."

Then he spread his hands slightly. "You hand me Commissioned, I let your nanny go."

The demand didn't shock Luca. In truth, it was exactly the sort of thing he had expected from him. Commissioned was more than a club. Taking it would not just give Renato money. It would let him tell the city the devil had been forced to kneel.

"Fine."

Renato's grin sharpened immediately. He reached into the desk drawer and pulled out a file and slid it across the table.

Luca watched the movement carefully. The smooth glide of paper over lacquered wood.

The confidence in Renato's posture. The little lift in his face that said I knew you'd fold. His eyes narrowed.

He needed time. Not much. Just enough. Enough to let Marco move. Enough to let the men get into place.

Enough to get confirmation that Nonnina had been located.

He picked up the file and opened it. Inside was exactly what he expected—a change-of-ownership document, already drawn up, neat, legal enough. All it needed was his name on the line.

Renato really had imagined himself king. Luca read more slowly than necessary. He turned one page.

Then another.

He took his time. He could feel Renato's impatience beginning to wake. Good. The longer the man wanted the signature, the more likely he was to let irritation make him careless.

Finally Luca looked up from the document, one brow lifting just enough to be insulting.

"What am I supposed to sign this with?" he asked. "My spit?"

Renato picked up a pen and slid it toward him. And, Luca thought, the second stupidest mistake the man had made that day.

The first had been taking Nonnina. The second was handing Luca a weapon. Not much of one, perhaps. Not in the hands of ordinary men. But Luca had never needed much. A pen, a cuff key, a broken bottle, a loose tile—give him intention and half a chance and he could build disaster out of office supplies.

He picked the pen up between his fingers and flicked it once, lightly, testing the balance of it while considering the contract.

Come on, Marco. Come on.

Renato sat back, too pleased with himself to hide it well. Luca sighed.

"You know," he said, letting the pen rest loosely in his hand, "people wonder why I keep winning."

Renato's smile thinned slightly.

"They wonder why I keep getting out of situations unscathed." Luca tilted his head, all lazy contempt now. "I used to wonder too." He paused.

Then the corner of his mouth curved.

"But then I realised it's because I am constantly confronted by idiots."

One of Renato's men shifted at that. Renato himself lifted a brow.

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me. You think having your men shake me down can stop me from ripping your throat out?"

Renato's expression hardened. Not yet. He was still trying to decide whether Luca was bluffing. "I think," he said slowly, "I must have gotten the wrong information. You seem not to care very much about your nanny."

"I do, actually," Luca responded. "I do. She raised me. But," Luca continued, rolling the pen once more over his knuckles, "I have been places you could never dream of before I hit puberty. I have seen things, you would wish a thousand times you could experience."