

Mafia God 405

Chapter 405: Loud And Clear

"Trust me, you possess more self-control than I do....But this cannot be allowed to slide," Massimo continued, his voice hardening. "When the time comes, you put a bullet in Renato's head. You hear me?!"

"Loud and clear," Luca answered.

"Good." Massimo moved toward the drinks table and poured himself something dark. "So," he said, turning back to them, glass in hand, "who is this person you believe took out Ricardo?"

Luca exhaled slowly. "We don't know. We are currently searching through everyone we know," Luca continued, "to find who owns that same car model and colour."

Massimo's brows lifted slightly. "Nice. Plate number?"

"Not visible," Marco answered this time.

Massimo took a sip from his glass. "What is your theory?" His attention turned to Luca.

"I still think Bianca had something to do with Cassidy and Ricardo," Luca said.

"Motive?"

Luca's jaw tightened. That was the problem. He had suspicion. He had instinct. He had a shadow moving behind them. But motive? Motive still slipped through his fingers. "I don't know," he admitted. "To keep Cassidy quiet? He was looking for me, probably to tell me what was going on."

Massimo's eyes narrowed. "And Ricardo?"

"Maybe Ricardo saw him. Maybe he followed Cassidy because he recognised him. Bianca had reason to keep Cassidy away from me. If he knew something, if he was coming to me with proof, she would have wanted him stopped."

"And you think Ricardo got caught in the middle?"

"I think Ricardo saw something he was not supposed to see," Luca said.

"You said you had Bianca on watch while she was in New York," Massimo reminded him.

"Yeah."

"And?"

"She only visited boutiques and a coffee shop," Luca said. "Sometimes jewellery stores. Nothing to it. In fairness, Bianca shopping too much is very on brand."

"So how could she have arranged anything?"

Bianca had been watched. Her movements tracked, calls monitored. Yet if she had moved against Cassidy and Ricardo, she had done it cleanly enough to leave nothing behind.

"Maybe a burner?" Marco asked.

"Yeah. Maybe," Massimo chipped in absentmindedly.

"There is an easy way to end this," Luca said.

Marco looked at him warily. "What's that?"

Luca's answer came flat. "Blow her brains out."

"Yes," Massimo said. "I know you hold restraint because of my relationship with her father. And I appreciate it...But when push comes to shove," he continued, his voice calm and final, "you have my blessings...Now you all get some rest."

"You got relaxation for us too?" Luca asked.

Massimo looked at him with disappointment. "Don't be a pussy."

Marco, from the side, muttered, "A massage would not kill us."

Massimo glanced at him. "You were arrested two days ago. Consider that your spa treatment."

"Do you tell him everything?!" Luca turned to Marco in exasperation.

Massimo sighed.

"Oh and thank you, Dad." Luca said.

Massimo's gaze moved to him.

"For not being all over Vee," Luca said.

Massimo understood immediately. Veronica had walked into the estate braced for pity. Massimo had chosen not to give her pity.

He had given her respect.

"Uh..." Massimo took a sip from his glass. "I know her type....Keep an eye on all that bottled-up emotion. It will explode."

"Yeah," Luca said. "That's what I am afraid of."

Three days passed in a blur. Preparations swallowed the estate whole. Flowers arrived by the truckload.

Nonnina's funeral became exactly what Luca intended it to be. Grand, beautiful, painful.

A farewell worthy of a woman who had ruled him with a wooden spoon, a sharp tongue, and a heart too large for the body that had finally failed her.

Bianca Vitale thought it was mighty courteous of her to show up along with the rest of the Vitale family, of course.

Don Genovese had extended an invitation to his old friend and his wife, so naturally, Bianca tagged along. It was the respectful thing to do. The proper thing. The politically intelligent thing.

And also, if she was being honest, the entertaining thing. She wanted to see Veronica. More specifically, she wanted to see distress on Veronica's face.

The loss of the celebrated child had reached her quickly enough. Bianca had been keeping tabs, thanks to her fratello, who remained her eyes and ears in New York.

Fratello had been doing a great job, actually. A surprisingly excellent job. She had to give him credit for his restraint so far. Oh, his anger when he heard what Luca did to her. Whew! She felt like a little girl again protected by her big brother.

The updates came quickly and with just enough detail to keep her entertained. It was almost like watching a dreadful, tragic version of Keeping Up with the Kardashians.

When she first heard about Nonnina's passing, Bianca had merely lifted a brow. Then, when the news of the lost Genovese heir followed, she had smiled.

For one glorious moment, she thought perhaps the Lord was finally on her side. Maybe all these years of making polite appearances at Mass, and pretending not to be bored during sermons had finally paid off. Perhaps God, in His mysterious wisdom, had decided to fight her battles.

But then Bianca remembered the Lord was slow. So when she arrived at the Genovese estate, she arrived exactly as she should: elegant, composed, and beautifully dressed for mourning. Her black dress hugged her figure tastefully. Her makeup was flawless, her veil delicate.

A work of art, really. She looked around the mansion she had once called home and smiled faintly.

The estate still looked magnificent. Once, she had imagined herself ruling this place as Luca's wife.

The woman at his side. That dream had been taken from her. Fine. She might not be able to come back. She might not be able to reclaim her Genovese title. But she sure as hell was going to make sure no Genovese bride enjoyed it either.

Her gaze moved across the courtyard. A red carpet stretched from the entrance into the back courtyard, where rows of chairs had been arranged beneath black and white floral arches. Men in black suits stood in clusters, speaking quietly.