

Mafia God 407

Chapter 407: I Am Walking

Bianca placed a hand lightly over her chest. "Oh, I'm sorry. I thought we were past the awkward stage."

Vee almost laughed. Awkward stage?

"I'm just trying to be nice, that's all, Veronica," Bianca added, her tone thick with too much sugar.

Vee inhaled slowly. Oooh, she was good. She stepped closer, ready to exercise the full legal rights of her tongue, mouth, and lungs. If Bianca wanted a scene in a cemetery, Vee could provide one with excellent diction and emotional range.

But before she could speak, Marco appeared between them like a large, inconvenient wall.

"Miss Scalese!" he said.

There was a suspicious lilt in his tone, he had seen the smoke from way inside the car and was there to prevent fire.

Vee turned her head slowly, lips pressed together.

"Miss Vitale," Marco said, turning to Bianca with a polite nod.

Bianca smiled at him.

Marco quickly took Vee's hand. "I have to make sure you and Valentina are driven back," he said. "Luca and Don seem to have been held hostage by the lieutenants."

Vee glanced across the cemetery. "I'll wait for him."

Marco's grip on her hand tightened slightly.

"You and Val can head back," she said. "Tell her to make sure the staff are prepared for the guests."

"Miss Scalese?" Marco held her gaze.

She looked at Marco's pleading eyes.

"Please?" he said quietly.

Vee inhaled, held it for a second, then released it slowly. There would be a better day to lose her shit. There would be a better place too. Preferably one without a freshly covered grave, half the famiglia watching, and Nonnina's spirit possibly hovering nearby with a wooden spoon, ready to beat sense into all of them.

Clearly, not today. So Vee turned back to Bianca with her own sugary smile. It was sweet enough to rot teeth.

"I'll see you back at the house."

Bianca's smile widened, but her eyes glittered with satisfaction. "Of course. Oh, and once again, this was amazing."

Marco immediately began leading her away. "Walk," he muttered.

"I am walking."

"Walk faster."

"I am wearing heels, Marco. Unless you want me to meet God today too, relax."

He guided her quickly toward his car, where Valentina was already waiting. Vee slid into the car, simmering.

What did Bianca mean by someone who really belonged? She belonged. She belonged just as well as anyone else.

She had stood beside Luca through blood and more emotional damage than most women would tolerate in ten lifetimes. She had earned her place. Luca had chosen her. Nonnina had loved her.

The bitch knew exactly how low to go. Bianca attacked with a smile, with sugar in her voice, so if you reacted, everyone would look at you like you were the mad one.

Vee pressed her lips together, trying to breathe. It didn't work. "Who the hell invited her?" she snapped as soon as Marco opened the driver's door.

"Don invited the Vitales," he answered. "She is a Vitale."

Valentina, seated in the front passenger seat, glanced back at Vee. "It's just for today," she said gently. "We only have to play nice for today."

Vee stared out of the window, jaw tight. The cemetery slipped past. "I know... I know..."

Of course, her little sister had somehow become the more sensible one in the family. Vee pressed her fingers to her temple. Bianca's voice still crawled beneath her skin. Someone who really belongs.

Vee turned her head slightly. "She better stay the fuck away from me at the house."

Valentina looked out the window again, already making a mental note. She would make sure Bianca and Vee stayed at opposite ends of the ballroom throughout.

Tomorrow, the gloves could come off. Tomorrow, if Bianca wanted to be stupid, Val would personally hold Vee's earrings.

But today, they all had to pretend to be better women. They were still at Nonnina's funeral.

They owed her that much.

As Marco pulled the car away from the cemetery, Val caught sight of Bianca standing near the path, watching them.

Val smiled sweetly through the window then raised her middle finger. Bianca glared at the retreating car, her expression souring.

Those girls had no class whatsoever. None. They had been pulled out of the gutter, dressed up, and somehow still carried the gutter with them. Luca had decided to apply lipstick on them and parade them through high society, but that did not make them fit for it.

Classless and crass bitches.

Luca hadn't been able to free himself from the lieutenants. Every time he thought the conversation had ended, another man appeared, wanting to discuss the Bastiones, retaliation, territory, timing.

Luca listened with the calm face expected of him, nodding at the right places, speaking only when necessary.

But even while he spoke, his eyes kept drifting across the hall to Veronica. She seemed to be doing well, considering Bianca was breathing the same air.

Well, Luca was keeping an eye on that one too.

The grand hall didn't need arrangement for it to be divided. It happened naturally. The women gathered on one side. The men collected on the other.

Meals and drinks were served. Veronica managed to oversee it all. She moved through the guests with grace, making sure every guest had a drink. She smiled when spoken to. Bowed her head at condolences. Gave instructions to staff.

She belonged, no matter what Bianca thought. No matter what poison anyone tried to drip into her ear.

Everyone had something to eat and drink. Everyone except Luca. He stood with the men, empty-handed.

A server passed him with a tray. Luca ignored it. Another offered him wine. He refused with a small shake of his head.

He was used to Nonnina serving him. Nonnina would have appeared at his side already. She would have shoved a plate into his hands.

But Nonnina was not there and the Genovese house chef had not gotten the memo that Luca would not eat or drink anything if he didn't trust it.