

## **Mafia God 444**

### Chapter 444: I Didn't Handle It Well

"I didn't handle it well," Vee said.

Luca looked at her, but she kept her eyes on the phone lying dead and silent on the little table.

"Now she hates me," Vee continued. "I should have let the thought sink in first. I should have let her grieve before just diving into legal nonsense like Voss was standing in the room with a warrant." She let out a shaky breath and rubbed her forehead. "I just... I wanted to..." She stopped, searching for the words.

"I know," Luca said. "I know what you were trying to do," he said. "Ricardo is important to her. He is tied to a part of her life."

Vee swallowed.

"And honestly," Luca continued, "she is going through a lot of emotions right now. Number one is guilt that she moved on with Marco without giving Ricardo a second thought."

"Look at you being emotionally mature."

Luca gave a small shrug. "I have my moments."

"I have never seen her anger directed at me," Vee whispered.

That was the part that kept replaying in her head. Val curling into Marco instead of her. Val's eyes turning sharp.

For years, it had been the two of them against everything. And now, for the first time, Vee had felt like someone standing outside a locked door.

Luca placed his wine glass down and leaned forward, elbows on his knees. "Bambola, her anger wasn't directed at you."

Vee's eyes glistened. "It felt like it."

"I know." His voice lowered. "But it was directed at me." He reached for her hand. "She needs someone to blame right now. Her life just turned into a nightmare, and every road keeps leading back to me."

Vee looked away, tears slipping despite her effort to stop them.

"And honestly, I would rather be the scapegoat than you."

"I don't want her blaming you either."

"I can take it." Luca pulled her gently from her chair and into his lap. She curled into him as his arms wrapped around her. "She'll call," Luca murmured into Vee's hair. "Because she loves you."

"I'm glad she has Marco," Vee said.

"I'm glad they have each other."

Vee nodded. For all the pain Val was carrying, at least she was not carrying it alone. Marco had always been good with her. It was the reason Val didn't even know she was in love with him at first. He showed up and helped her without asking for anything in return.

Luca kissed the top of Vee's head. "Let's get some sleep." He rubbed his hand up and down her arm. "We have to start making preparations to get Ricardo back to Italy."

Vee lifted her head. "Can it wait until she gets back? I'm sure she would want to say her goodbyes."

"Of course."

Vee exhaled. "Thank you."

"You do not have to thank me for that." He stood, taking her with him carefully before setting her on her feet. "Come on." He took her hand and led her into the room. He slid the glass doors shut behind them.

Vee removed her earrings slowly, set them on the vanity, then climbed into bed. Luca changed quickly and joined her soon after, pulling her close so her head rested on his arm. She curled into him, her body fitting into his.

His hand settled at her waist. "Good night, love," he murmured, kissing her forehead.

"Goodnight."

A second passed then her eyes opened.

"How is it going with the Tony dig?"

"On it right this minute."

Her smile grew. "You're such a good mafia fiancé."

"Anything to keep my Donna safe and happy," Luca teased.

"Awww." Vee snuggled closer into him, her arm draped over his chest.

Luca's fingers moved gently through her hair. Eventually, Vee's breathing evened out. Luca stayed awake a little longer, staring at the ceiling, one hand still in her hair, the other resting at her waist.

Enemies were winning. His mind churned as his eyes finally closed.

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Bianca landed in New York planning to spend only the night before heading to Paris. Her father had said it like he was gifting her a holiday and not quietly removing her from the mess she had become. Spend some time there, he had said. Let the whispers die down, he had said. A failed marriage to Luciano Genovese had become a stain that had to be washed off with distance.

The airport was busy, bright, and irritating. She wore oversized sunglasses, a cream coat, and a scarf wrapped neatly around her hair.

She stepped out into the cold New York air and scanned the line of waiting cars. A dark sedan pulled up.

The driver wore a cap low over his face, shoulders hunched. He got out, opened the back door, and gave her the polite smile an Uber driver might give.

But Bianca knew that smile. She slid into the back seat, and the door closed behind her. For a few seconds, neither of them spoke.

The driver got in, pulled away from the curb, and merged smoothly into traffic. Only when the airport lights began to blur behind them did he adjust the rearview mirror.

Their eyes met. Bianca's lips parted into the first real smile she had allowed herself in days.

"Fratello..." she breathed. "It's so good to see you."

David's smile softened beneath the shadow of his cap. "Principessa..."

Bianca leaned forward slightly. "How are you doing?"

"Tired of this undercover operation you have me running," David sighed.

Bianca crossed one leg over the other. "Any signs of the bitch breaking?"

"Nope."

"Are you sure?"

David glanced at her through the rearview mirror. That was all. Bianca's nails dug lightly into her palm. "Why is it so important to you that she breaks?"

Bianca turned back to him slowly. "Because I want Luca to realise that she is not meant for our world. The things we see. The things we experience every day. She does not have the stomach for it."

David said nothing.