

Mafia God 466

Chapter 466: That Must Be It

The street outside was quiet, sunlight bouncing off parked cars and closed storefronts. It took about an hour before a car finally pulled up to the curb.

Tony straightened immediately. "That must be it."

His girlfriend tucked her phone away. "Finally."

Marco stepped out of the car and walked into the pizza parlour carrying a huge dehydrator in his hand.

"Hey, Marco!" Tony said, brightening immediately. "How is Matteo doing?"

Marco adjusted his grip on the huge dehydrator in his hand and stepped farther into the pizza parlour. "He's good, Tony."

Tony grinned. "That's good. That's really good. Babies are blessings."

Tony's girlfriend, seated in one of the chairs near the wall, smiled faintly at that without looking up from her phone.

Marco set the dehydrator down carefully on the counter. "Would you get some of the other machines from the trunk of my car, please, while I set this up?"

"Of course, of course." Tony wiped his hands on his jeans, already moving. He hurried out, the bell over the door giving a tired little jingle behind him.

Marco turned back to the machine, checking the packaging, the cords, the attachments. Vee had bought half of the equipment herself.

As Marco moved around the counter, he took in Tony's girlfriend. She sat casually, one leg crossed over the other, phone in hand, dressed simply in jeans and a fitted T-shirt. There was a name printed across the front of it in bold letters.

Marco's eyes caught on it. The name sat in his mind. It had registered in his mind before for a reason. A report. A guest list. A family record. Something. His headache pulsed.

Fantastic.

He had slept like shit, and now his brain wanted to play mystery games.

Tony came in with another machine, cheerful and oblivious. "Where do you want this?"

"Place everything on the counter for now," Marco said.

Tony nodded and went back out again. Marco's gaze drifted back to the woman's T-shirt. As Tony came in and out of the store, carrying equipment, talking too much, the name continued to bug Marco.

He walked over to her. She glanced up before he reached her. "Hey..."

"Hi..." she responded.

"You were at my wedding, no?"

"Yes. It was a lovely occasion," she said.

Marco nodded slowly, still studying her. "Yeah...I knew I had seen you somewhere before."

Tony came in again, carrying a box. He glanced between Marco and his girlfriend, then immediately looked uncomfortable. Tony's instincts were not always sharp, but when it came to dangerous men, apparently they worked just fine.

Marco's gaze dropped again to the shirt. "So... nice shirt."

The woman looked down at herself, then chuckled, rolling her eyes. "Yeah, I know you are being nice and all, but no, it's not."

The shirt was faded at the seams, the logo slightly cracked from too many washes. A coffee cup was printed in the centre.

He pointed at the logo. "That's a coffee shop, right?"

"Yes," she replied. "I work there."

Marco felt the itch in his mind sharpen. The faint feeling that something had walked past him earlier and he had been too unfocused to recognise it. He glanced toward the front window where Tony was making another trip to the car, then back at her. "Been working there long?"

She tilted her head. "A while."

Tony stepped back in, saw Marco still standing over her, and his entire face tightened. "Babe..." Tony called.

She looked past Marco. "Yes, love?"

Tony set the box down. "Why don't you head on out? Looks like this will take a while."

"Okay, babe," she said finally. She got to her feet, before picking up her handbag. She crossed to Tony and gave him a quick kiss.

Marco watched with interest. Tony held her waist, murmuring in her ear about how much he loved her.

She pulled away and headed for the door. Marco let her take two steps.

"Is it a popular place?" Marco asked. "The coffee shop."

"Not really," she answered. "Just a little shop on Fifth Street."

And then she walked out. The bell above the door jingled softly behind her, a harmless little sound that somehow cut through Marco sharper than a gunshot.

Fifth Street.

A little coffee shop on Fifth Street.

The words slid into place with such clean brutality that Marco almost hated himself for not seeing it sooner.

The coffee shop on Fifth Street was the same shop Bianca visited frequently. They had monitored her for weeks. Every movement. Every phone call. Every dress fitting.

And the coffee shop had always been there. A small detail. Too small, apparently. A woman getting coffee. Nothing suspicious. Nothing worth tearing apart. Everyone drank coffee. Half the city ran on it. Marco himself was running just on coffee.

But Marco had wondered back then. Why that shop? Bianca was used to beautiful things, expensive places. She did not sit in small, forgettable places unless there was a reason.

And now there it was. Marco's mind moved quickly, exhaustion burning away beneath the cold rush of discovery.

They had been looking at Bianca as the hand moving the pieces. The one placing people, nudging events, pulling favours, making things happen.

But that had been the mistake. Bianca was not always moving. Someone else was moving for her. Someone ordinary enough to disappear. Someone no one would suspect.

Tony.

Marco glanced at him briefly. Tony stood near the counter, one hand resting on a box. His face looked normal enough. Marco schooled his face into its usual stony expression, smoothing away every thought, every click. "I'm going to head out."

Tony blinked. "Oh. Already?"

"Yeah." Marco picked up his keys from the counter. "Tell Vee the machines are here."

"Right." Tony swallowed. "Yeah. Of course. I'll tell her."

Marco turned toward the door. Tony had been watching Marco from behind all through. He knew the moment it all clicked for Marco. And if Marco stepped out of that shop, he was done for.