

Undressed By The Mafia God #Chapter 151: We'll Fix This - Read Undressed By The Mafia God Chapter 151: We'll Fix This

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But Bianca wasn't finished.

The gun barked again.

And again. And again.

She turned, firing wildly into the room—the door, the wall, the decorative shelf near the television. Bullets ripped through wood and plaster, splintering furniture and sending fragments scattering across the floor.

The noise was deafening in the enclosed space.

Smoke filled the air, the sharp scent of gunpowder burning in Veronica's lungs.

Bianca kept pulling the trigger like she was emptying every ounce of fury she had carried for months.

By the time the chamber finally clicked empty, the room looked like a war zone.

Her breathing came in angry bursts, chest rising and falling as she stared at the destruction around her.

Somewhere behind her, Veronica's scream had dissolved into shocked silence.

Then footsteps thundered toward the annex.

The door flew open.

Luca's guards flooded into the apartment, weapons drawn, eyes scanning the chaos in front of them.

Bianca stood in the center of it all, perfectly still.

Slowly, she dropped the gun on the ground.

Then she walked out.

Head held high.

As if none of this concerned her anymore.

The guards didn't stop her.

None of them were stupid enough to lay a hand on the legal wife of Luciano Genovese.

So they stepped aside, their expressions tight as she passed through them.

Only after she was gone did they fully turn their attention to the room.

And the woman standing in it.

They knew immediately they were done for.

Luciano had made it particularly clear: if anything happened to her while she was inside his property, their lives were forfeit.

Every man in that doorway understood the weight of that promise.

One of them stepped forward cautiously. "Miss Scalese, are you okay?"

Veronica's breathing felt strange. Her ears still rang from the gunfire. "I... I don't think so." she stammered. She looked down at her hands. Blood was dripping from them.

"Oh God!" one of the guards blurted, panic instantly spreading through the room.

Everything moved faster after that.

Men rushing forward.

Voices overlapping.

Someone swearing under his breath.

Veronica followed their gaze downward.

And that was when she saw the dark stain spreading across her thigh.

For a moment, her brain struggled to understand what she was looking at.

Then it clicked.

One of the bullets had ricocheted.

It must have struck the floor or wall and bounced back.

And now it was lodged in her leg.

The adrenaline that had been carrying her through the confrontation suddenly began to fade.

Pain crashed into her all at once.

Her knees buckled as the realization hit. She had been shot.

"Fuck!" another guard said.

This wasn't good.

This was catastrophic.

The head guard could already feel Luca's wrath. "Call Nonnina!" the head guard shouted.

The other guard spun on his heel and bolted out of the annex.

Behind him, the head guard crouched beside Veronica, gripping the back of the chair as he tried to steady her.

"It's alright, Miss Scalese," he muttered. "We'll fix this."

Veronica barely heard him.

The adrenaline was fading too quickly now. The pain had arrived fully.

Meanwhile, the guard who had run was already bursting through the doors of the main building.

As soon as he entered, the scene inside looked absurdly normal compared to the chaos he had just left.

The long dining table was being set.

Maids moved around quietly, placing silverware and adjusting plates.

At the head of it all stood Nonnina, directing them as she always did.

And nearby—Bianca stood beside the table, calmly inspecting the food the cooks had prepared, lifting the lid of a dish and studying its contents.

"Nonnina!" he called.

Both women turned.

"What is it?" Nonnina asked.

"Miss Scalese has been shot!"

Blood drained from Nonnina's face instantly.

"By who?" she demanded.

The guard hesitated.

Then his eyes flickered toward Bianca.

It was subtle.

But it was enough.

Nonnina followed the line of his gaze slowly. Her eyes landed on Bianca. "Mrs Genovese..." Nonnina said quietly, dread settling into her bones. "What have you done?" She didn't wait for an answer. Nonnina immediately turned, her small but determined steps already moving toward the door.

But Bianca moved faster.

Her hand shot out and caught Nonnina's arm.

The older woman stopped.

"Anyone who attends to her will be shot instantly. You want to fuck with me?" she added.

Nonnina slowly turned back toward Bianca. "She is Luca's guest," she argued.

But Bianca only laughed. "I know exactly what he has been doing with his guest," she said, her eyes glittering dangerously. "And how you encouraged it along." Bianca stepped closer. "You are on in years," she continued smoothly. "You could fall off the stairs, Nonni... and no one would question it."

Nonnina didn't fear Bianca.

But she knew exactly what kind of storm would follow this moment.

And Luciano Genovese was not here to stop it.

"Mrs Genovese, I beg of you." Nonnina said.

"Enough! Everyone get back to their posts and no one leaves this compound. She can as well bleed out for all I care."

The guard who had delivered the news shifted uncomfortably.

Bianca smoothed a hand over the tablecloth, inspecting the arrangement of plates. "Now, Nonni," she continued smoothly, "would you please be so generous as to continue with setting the table. I am famished and Don will soon be here anyway."

"Of course." Nonnina turned and walked calmly toward the kitchen.

To anyone watching, it looked like obedience.

Like the old woman had accepted her place and returned to the duties she had been given.

But the moment she stepped inside the kitchen, away from Bianca's direct line of sight, her movements changed.

She ignored the maids and moved straight toward the small phone mounted on the wall in the corner.

Her hands trembled slightly as she reached for it.

Because if Luciano Genovese walked into this house and discovered that his Bambola had bled to death under his own roof...

No one here would survive the night.

Nonnina dialed quickly.

Someone had to be warned. Someone had to act.

(Brought to you by Jennifer Willard)

Chapter 152: Bianca Just Shot Veronica

Marco walked slightly ahead, guiding Don Genovese through the halls of Commissioned. The bar buzzed with the usual rhythm of evening service.

It had been a while since the older Genovese had stepped inside the place.

The staff had noticed immediately when he arrived.

Since Luca wasn't around, the responsibility of hosting him had fallen to Marco.

"So Luca didn't tell you where he was going and when he would be back?" Don asked.

"No sir." Marco answered respectfully.

Behind them, Julian followed a few steps back, his hands in his pockets as he listened to the conversation with mild interest.

Don Genovese stopped walking briefly, glancing around. "Did he go with his ring?" he asked.

Marco shook his head. "No. He told me he left it behind. He didn't want to be tracked."

Don Genovese's eyes narrowed slightly.

That detail clearly didn't sit well with him.

"He assured me he wasn't doing anything dangerous," Marco added quickly.

Luciano Genovese disappearing without his ring meant only one thing. He wanted privacy.

"Idiot went to see his mother." Don said flatly.

"How would you know that?" Julian asked.

Don Genovese didn't even look at him at first. Instead, he stood at the glass partition of the platinum section, his large hand resting against the railing as he stared down at the dance floor below.

The music pulsed through the club in deep, rhythmic waves. Colored lights slid over the bodies moving beneath them, laughter and drunken energy rising from the crowd. From up here, the chaos looked controlled—contained behind glass.

"He doesn't want me to find her," Don continued calmly. "But I know where she is."

Julian said nothing to that.

The private booths behind them were already filled with the type of clientele that kept Commissioned thriving.

"Any raids lately?" he asked.

Marco straightened slightly beside him. "No sir." He gestured toward the floor below with a faint smile. "The cops have done well to stay away from Commissioned. Our clientele can be frightening."

Don raised an eyebrow slightly.

"We have judges, politicians... even the richest man in New York is a platinum member and his wife," Marco continued proudly. "People who come here don't want headlines."

"Luca has kept this front quite steady," Don said after a moment. He turned toward them now, nodding slightly. "Amazing job guys."

Then the older man shifted his gaze toward Julian.

"Take me to his office."

Julian nodded. "Of course."

He turned toward the hallway that led deeper into the club.

But before they could take more than a few steps, Marco's phone vibrated in his pocket.

He slipped the device out quickly, glancing down at the screen. His brows furrowed immediately. "Nonnina?" he said as soon as he picked up.

Only one person would ever call him from the home phone.

Don Genovese's eyes flicked toward Marco slowly.

Julian stopped walking.

As Nonnina spoke, colour drained from Marco's face.

"I'll be right there." He didn't say anything else. He didn't even wait for a response before pulling the phone away from his ear.

"Whats wrong with Nonnina?" Don asked.

Marco looked at him, his face pale now. "Mrs Genovese just shot Luca's guest." Marco said. "I have to go!"

Then he turned and ran.

Julian stopped walking immediately.

A tight feeling gripped his chest.

Don Genovese, however, seemed far less concerned. He glanced at Julian and noticed the tension that had suddenly crept into his posture. "Whats got you all worked up?" he asked casually.

They continued walking slowly toward the more secluded wing of Commissioned where Luca's private office was located.

"She didn't shoot you," Don added dryly. "Although I think you might like it if she did."

Julian ignored the jab. His thoughts were moving too fast. "It's a wrong move," he said. "A move that could make Luca lose his shit!"

They turned a corner into a quieter hallway where the noise from the club was reduced to a distant vibration in the walls.

"You haven't seen the way he is around this woman." Julian added.

Don waved a dismissive hand. "The matter is between two women," he said. "They are just having a squabble. I'm sure Bianca wouldn't shoot her somewhere that is life threatening."

Julian stopped walking. His father took another step before noticing. "Father, you don't understand," Julian said, frustration creeping into his voice. "Luca—"

"Enough!" Don Genovese turned to face him fully now, his patience clearly thinning. "Focus on getting your own wife," he continued sharply, "and leave your brother to worry on his. Whatever triangle your brother generated himself," Don went on, his eyes hard now, "I am sure he can get himself out of it."

Julian clenched his jaw.

Because the problem wasn't the triangle.

The problem was Luca.

Julian had watched his brother carefully over the past months.

It wasn't the behavior of a man playing with a mistress.

It was the behavior of a man falling.

"It is none of your fucking business, Julian," Don finished firmly. He turned again and continued. "Now take me to Luciano's office!"

Julian followed behind him silently.

But the unease in his chest refused to fade.

Nonnina waited just outside the front door for Marco to arrive.

No one was allowed anywhere near the annex. The guards had been ordered back to their posts, the staff instructed to pretend the night was proceeding normally.

As if a woman wasn't bleeding out in the small building across the courtyard.

Poor Zuccherino.

Nonnina's fingers tightened around the rosary hanging between them. The beads clicked softly as she whispered silent prayers under her breath.

She had known Veronica long enough to see the softness behind the stubbornness. The girl had never asked for any of this. She had simply fallen into Luca's orbit, and once that happened there was no escaping the gravity of his world.

Headlights suddenly flared beyond the gate.

A car horn blared.

The guards at the gate moved quickly, swinging the heavy iron doors open.

Marco's car shot through.

The tires screeched as he swerved into the driveway, barely bothering to straighten the vehicle before the engine even finished dying.

(Brought to you by Jennifer Willard)