

Undressed By The Mafia God #Chapter 158: I Feel Really Crappy - Read Undressed By The Mafia God Chapter 158: I Feel Really Crappy

Chapter 158: I Feel Really Crappy

"It's fine. I'll just change into something else in the store," she said, finally, brushing a stray lock of hair behind her ear.

Cassidy gave a small, almost theatrical sigh. "I will get you a cup of coffee to pay for the dry cleaning. Unless you collect cash." He let a grin tug at the corners of his mouth.

"It's okay, thank you. I'm sure it was an honest mistake," she said.

He leaned just a fraction closer. "Are you sure? I feel really crappy." He tilted his head slightly, using every tool in the charm arsenal he'd perfected over the years.

Bianca considered him. "Okay, how about this?" she said finally. "I change first and we can walk together to get the coffee."

Cassidy felt a flicker of triumph. "That's a reasonable bargain." He said.

Bianca handed the shopping bags to the driver. Only one bag remained in her hand, which she carried back into the shop. Cassidy watched her go.

When she emerged again, she wore a short dress beneath a flowing kimono, the combination of colors and fabric highlighting the perfect balance of grace and subtle seduction. Even from a distance, she exuded confidence — a woman completely at ease in her own skin, moving with a rhythm that seemed natural, unstoppable, magnetic.

Take away the fact that she was Luca's wife, Cassidy thought, and she would still command attention. The woman was breathtaking. It made him wonder, not for the first time, why Luca would chase after Veronica when he already had all of this — all of Bianca, standing there.

Veronica was pretty, yes, but her charm was understated, small-town subtle. Bianca, on the other hand, was a vision. Tall, statuesque, the perfect figure. She was made for high society — someone who fit into Luca's world.

And yet, Cassidy's mind stumbled over the other thought, the one he didn't want to dwell on but couldn't shake: was Luca planning to use Veronica and dump her? Vee may have broken his heart — hell, he was still nursing the edges of that wound — but she didn't deserve to be treated as a convenient distraction.

Bianca turned slightly, catching his gaze with a casual, flirty lift of her brow.

"Do you always look magnificent?"

She laughed softly.

Cassidy watched, fascinated, as the kimono swayed with her movement.

"I have been asked that a number of times and my answer has always been yes. Coffee?" Bianca asked.

He nodded quickly. "Of course. Of course," he said.

They walked side by side.

At the coffee shop just around the corner, they waited at the counter, the hum of conversation and clatter of cups filling the air. Cassidy's mind spun.

"So, what is your name?" he asked, trying to sound casual.

"Bianca... Bianca Genovese," she replied, a soft smile tugging at the corners of her lips.

Cassidy made a show of stiffening, exaggerating surprise, pretending not to know who she was.

"Fuck! I have to go," he blurted suddenly.

"What? Why?" Bianca asked, her eyes narrowing, a spark of irritation and curiosity dancing in her gaze.

"You are a Genovese," he said finally.

"Yes. Why do you look like I've got the plague?" she countered.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry about today. Sorry about everything." He rifled through his wallet, hastily placing cash on the counter.

Bianca's hand shot out, grabbing his arm before he could slip away. "What is going on?" she demanded.

Cassidy exhaled slowly, letting the tension drain from his shoulders, then pulled down the collar of his jacket, exposing the tattoo etched starkly on his neck. "Bastione," he said.

Her eyes widened instantly. "You work for them?" she asked.

"Yes. I'm sorry, Miss Genovese. It won't happen again."

"Mrs...actually. Luciano Genovese is my husband." Bianca said. Her eyes held his calmly as if she was curious to see how he would react.

"That's even more terrible." Cassidy said.

"Look, its just coffee, okay. And do me a favour, keep that tattoo hidden while I am around you."

"You are not going to shriek and have me flogged?"

"God no! I love to play with guns instead. I did shoot my husband's mistress a few days ago." Bianca smiled.

Colour drained from his face.

Veronica.

He forced himself to breathe, to keep his expression from shattering completely. Stay calm.

"Is that so? Your husband had an affair."

Bianca gave a casual shrug. "Men of the familia are barely satisfied with one woman. All the danger and violence they experience. Women throwing themselves at them at every turn. We get used to these things. The insult is when the mistress thinks too much of herself."

There was something unsettling about the way she spoke about it — not angry, not bitter, just... practical.

And suddenly he understood that this woman had grown up in this world.

This wasn't new to her.

"Don't think me forward but why make the mistress suffer," Cassidy said slowly. "Why not your husband? Or why not just have your own affair or better yet, leave?"

Bianca's eyes flicked to his face.

Then a faint smile curved her lips.

"That's treason. You haven't been working in the familia for long have you?"

Cassidy huffed quietly. "You got me. Still learning the ropes."

Their coffee came then, the barista sliding the cups across the counter. They stepped out of the shop together, the glass door chiming softly behind them.

Cassidy walked beside her for a few steps, sipping his coffee mostly to give himself something to do with his hands. His mind was already calculating, replaying the entire encounter piece by piece. Timing, tone, body language. Every word mattered in a situation like this. "It was nice to meet you Mrs Genovese." Cassidy said.

"You too. Have a good day." Her driver had stepped out and was opening the rear door, watching Cassidy with suspicion.

Cassidy nodded once, as if that was the end of it. He took a few steps away.

Then paused.

"one more thing. You are an extremely beautiful woman. I mean, you are...there are no words. You shouldn't be treated anything short of amazing. You should be worshipped, bowed to." He finished and began to walk away.

(Brought to you by Jennifer Willard)

Chapter 159: We Can Talk Extensively

He didn't wait for her reaction. That was the trick. Say it like a truth, not a line.

Behind him there was a small pause.

"Can I see your phone?" Bianca's voice stopped him.

Cassidy turned slowly, eyebrows lifting. "ookay." He pulled his phone from his pocket and unlocked it, handing it over without hesitation. Bianca took it casually. Her fingers moved quickly across the screen.

Bianca handed it back. "Call me one of these days. We can talk extensively. Lord knows I need it."

Cassidy glanced down at the new contact saved in his phone.

Bianca.

He nodded and smiled as he turned away.

Easy peasy.

Bastione would be thrilled.

Luciano Genovese's wife had just handed herself over as a potential weakness.

When Luca found Vee lying on that hospital bed, skin so pale from the blood loss, he almost did something he had never done before.

He almost cried.

Veronica looked impossibly small against the stark white sheets, the hospital gown swallowing her frame. Her hair spilled messily across the pillow.

"Luca." Valentina said.

Luca hadn't even noticed she was standing near the window until she spoke. Her arms were folded tightly across her chest, exhaustion etched into every line of her face.

Veronica heard what her sister said and her eyes flew open, catching Luca right at the door. "Luca." She whispered.

For a second he just stood there, staring at her.

His throat tightened.

Anger. Relief. Guilt.

All of it crashed through him at once.

He stepped into the room completely, his eyes never leaving her face.

Vee always knew that look.

It was the calm before the storm. It was the look he wore when his emotions had sunk so deep beneath the surface that they had turned dangerous.

"You're back." She gave him a small smile, trying to make light of her condition.

He didn't say a word.

Just walked closer to her.

When he reached the bed, he took her fingers in his.

His eyes stayed glued to her face, studying every detail — the pale tone of her skin, the faint shadows beneath her eyes, the way her lips curved even when she was clearly exhausted. He couldn't look anywhere else. He couldn't look at her bandaged thigh.

Because if he did, he knew exactly what would happen.

If he looked at the evidence of what Bianca had done to her... he would crumble. He would break.

Marco quietly signalled to Valentina to give them some privacy.

Valentina hesitated. She had spent the last two days demanding answers from Veronica and receiving nothing but half truths and tired smiles.

As she passed Marco in the doorway, she gave him a look that promised interrogation in the very near future.

Marco sighed internally. He already knew he was next.

Luca still hadn't spoken.

"Luca, I'm fine. I'm okay."

He went down on his knees beside the bed. He lifted her hand and pressed it against his forehead.

His head bowed as if the simple act of touching her hand was the only thing keeping him steady.

Gently, she ran her fingers through his hair as he bowed there beside her bed.

"I'm doing good," she murmured softly. "The food here is crappy but I promise its like I am on vacation."

Still no word from him, he just knelt there, Vee running her fingers through his hair.

She could feel the tension in him even without looking.

His shoulders were stiff, his breathing controlled.

He's furious, she thought.

Then he moved.

He lifted her hand slightly and kissed her knuckles. His lips lingered there.

Then he stood.

He leaned down and kissed her forehead.

Then her lips.

And just like that, he turned and walked out of the room.

Vee stared at the empty doorway for a moment before letting out a tired sigh.

"He never listens." She already knew exactly what was about to happen.

Marco had been leaning against the wall outside the room, arms crossed, ignoring Valentina like one would choose to ignore a very annoying mosquito when Luca stepped out.

One look at his boss's face and Marco straightened.

Yep.

The volcano was definitely active.

Without a word Marco fell into step beside Luca as they walked down the hospital corridor.

"Ricardo is waiting downstairs," Marco said carefully. "He brought your guns."

"Splendid."

That was the only word that escaped him.

Across the city, Nonnina sat quietly in her room that had become her sanctuary.

Age had slowed her body but not her mind. Her sharp eyes still noticed things most people missed.

Like the way Julian looked at Bianca.

She had done her best to stay out of Bianca's way. The young woman brought enough chaos into the house than Nonnina had experienced in years. But even from a distance, certain things became impossible to ignore.

Julian was in love with his brother's wife.

The realization had come slowly at first.

A glance that lingered too long.

A silence when Bianca entered the room.

Now that she had seen it, she couldn't unsee it.

She wondered if anyone else saw it.

Noticed it. Questioned it.

Probably not.

Nonnina sat in her chair, the soft clicking of her rosary beads filling the quiet room. She prayed softly.

For Zuccherino. For Diavolino.

She always knew their love was doomed. She just hadn't thought it would collapse so soon.

Luciano Genovese was stubborn enough to burn the world down for her.

The match had already been lit.

So when she heard the groan of the gates, she leaned closer to the glass.

Luciano stepped out of the car with the confidence of a man who owned every inch of ground beneath his feet. He reached behind his jacket and pulled out two guns with the casual ease of someone who had done it thousands of times.

He knows...

Nonnina panicked. Her heart began to pound so hard she could hear it in her ears. The rosary beads slipped from her fingers as she turned from the window, moving faster than her old body liked to move. She hurried out of the room quickly. Her breathing was already uneven.

(Brought to you by Janelle Fox)

Whew!!! Will be uploading for 100 golden tickets in a bit. Love ya guys

PS: If you haven't, please drop a review. The book is getting a promotion in about five hours, and reviews do help a lot. Thank you.)

Chapter 160: He Is Here

Nonnina pushed open the doors to the suite the Genovese family were using.

"Don Genovese!" Nonnina cried.

Don Genovese lifted his eyes slowly from the glass of whiskey he had been holding.

It had been a long time he had seen that frightened look on her face.

"What is it?"

"Luciano, he is here. He is angry."

Nonnina watched as Julian jumped to his feet.

He stood, moving in front of Bianca.

Shielding her.

She had been sitting comfortably on the sofa, flipping lazily through a fashion magazine.

Don Genovese observed the scene quietly.

Soon Luca's footsteps came through the steps, approaching steadily.

Each one echoed through the hallway like a countdown.

"Father, you have to do something." Julian yelled.

The desperation in his voice was impossible to hide now. His body remained planted firmly in front of Bianca, like he actually believed he could physically stop what was coming.

Don Genovese gave him a long, unimpressed look. "Like what? Stand in the line of fire like you are being foolish to do right now. He isn't going to shoot her but he might shoot you."

The footsteps were closer now.

Right outside the door.

Nonnina clasped her hands together tightly, whispering prayers under her breath as her eyes darted toward the entrance.

Then the door handle moved.

And everyone in the room knew exactly who was standing on the other side.

As soon as Luca entered, he pulled both guns in both hands.

The door had barely finished swinging open before the first shot rang out.

Luca didn't pause. Didn't even blink. His arms extended smoothly, one gun in each hand, his aim precise even in the chaos he was creating. Bullets tore into the walls, shattered lamps, ripped through paintings that had hung untouched for years.

Glass shattered violently as one of the large windows cracked, shards raining down across the floor.

Furniture wasn't safe either.

A bullet splintered the arm of a chair beside Julian. Another tore through the wooden cabinet near the door, sending bottles and crystal tumbling to the ground in a sparkling cascade.

Everything went up in chaos.

The gunfire echoed off the high ceilings, turning the room into a violent storm of noise and destruction.

But Luca never aimed directly at them.

Every shot was a warning. Every shot was pressure.

All he wanted was for Julian to get out of the way.

"Luciano, have you gone mad!" Julian shrieked.

Julian had instinctively ducked when the first shots rang out, dragging Bianca slightly behind him, but the bullets kept coming, tearing apart the space around them.

Luca advanced steadily. His face was frighteningly calm, his eyes locked onto Bianca like she was the only thing in the room that existed. "get the fuck off my way!"

Julian held his ground.

Whether it was bravery, stupidity, Nonnina didn't know anymore.

By the time Luca reached him, the gunfire stopped.

He knocked Julian up the side of the head with the butt of the gun.

Julian staggered sideways instantly, crashing into the edge of a table as the weapon slipped from Luca's hand and clattered to the floor.

Before anyone could react, Luca's other hand shot forward.

He grabbed Bianca by the throat.

The grip was hard, unyielding, his fingers closing around her neck like iron.

Bianca gasped as he shoved her backwards.

Her heels scraped violently across the floor as he forced her step by step across the room.

Past the shattered glass.

Past the overturned furniture.

Until her back hit the balcony doors.

They burst open behind her.

Luca kept pushing.

Until Bianca was leaning precariously over the balcony edge.

"Luca!" Bianca screamed.

The ground below looked impossibly far away.

Wind whipped her hair across her face as she clutched at his wrist, her breath coming fast now.

"I warned you, didn't I?" Luca said quietly. "I told you if you come a hair's breath around her, I would kill you!"

Bianca's chest heaved as she struggled against his grip. "You wont kill me! I am a Vitale!"

Behind them Julian was already trying to pull himself up, blood trickling from his temple where the gun had struck him.

Don Genovese hadn't moved from his chair. He simply watched.

"Won't I?" Luca gave a wicked smile and pushed her slightly over the edge.

For one horrifying second Bianca's feet left the ground.

Her body tilted backwards into open air. Bianca screamed.

Luca held her there.

Balanced between life and death.

His grip the only thing keeping her from falling.

And the terrifying thing was the look in his eyes.

Cold calculation.

Like he was genuinely deciding whether to let go.

Julian moved immediately, recovering from the blow to his head.

Pain throbbed at his temple where the gun had struck him, warm blood sliding slowly down the side of his face, but he ignored it. The sight of his brother holding Bianca halfway over the balcony snapped him.

He lunged forward. He grabbed Luca.

The two men locked together, years of rivalry and buried resentment tightening the air between them.

Luca yanked Bianca back onto the balcony with a rough pull that sent her stumbling sideways, gasping for breath as her heels scraped violently against the floor.

Then Luca turned.

And punched his brother in the face.

He didn't stop.

The second punch landed just as brutally, his fist slamming into Julian's jaw with a force fueled by rage that had been building long before today.

Each hit came faster than the last.

Julian staggered. He blocked a couple of the blows, his forearms rising instinctively in defense as years of training kicked in. He absorbed the hits, shifting his weight, trying to create space.

Then he swung back.

His fist cut through the air toward Luca's ribs.

Luca weaved effortlessly.

Then he countered.

His fist smashed directly into Julian's nose.

The sickening crunch was unmistakable.

Blood exploded instantly, splattering across the already shattered floor as Julian stumbled backward with a sharp grunt.

Then Don knew his son had gone crazy.

"Luciano Genovese!" he thundered, getting to his feet.

(Brought to you by Martina Kralj)