

Mafia God 209

Chapter 209: I Don't Need Your Help

Then, against his better judgment, he got to his feet. His steps were slow as he crossed the distance.

He stopped just behind her, close enough to feel the warmth of her body. Bianca stilled instantly, aware of his presence without turning.

Then Luca reached out, his fingers moving toward the stubborn zipper. But before he could touch it— She jerked away.

"I just want to help you," Luca said.

"I don't need your help," she said.

"Bianca, come on," Luca said, his voice strained as he watched her continue to struggle with the zipper.

She didn't respond. Her movements grew more frantic, more desperate, as if the simple task had become something much bigger than it was.

Luca stepped closer again, reaching out carefully this time, trying not to startle her. But the moment his fingers brushed near her back—

She swatted his hands away. He tried again. And again she pushed him off, more aggressively this time, her hands trembling with a mix of frustration and something deeper.

"Bianca—"

She didn't let him finish. Her hands kept coming, batting his away over and over, until patience finally snapped.

Luca caught both her wrists in one swift motion, holding them firmly to stop her. "Calm yourself!" he snapped.

And just like that— She broke. The fight drained out of her all at once. Tears spilled freely down her cheeks as she began hitting him, her fists landing against his chest in uneven, desperate blows.

There was no strength behind them. No real intent to hurt. Just pain. Luca let her hit him, standing there as she poured everything out—every ounce of anger, humiliation, and hurt she had been holding back.

Her sobs came hard and uneven, shaking her entire body. He said nothing. Did nothing.

Just took it. Gradually, the blows slowed. Her fists weakened, falling against him instead of striking, until finally they stilled altogether.

Her hands rested against his chest, her breathing uneven, broken by quiet sobs. Luca waited a moment longer, making sure the storm had passed.

Then, more gently this time, he reached for the zipper again. She didn't resist. He eased the dress off her shoulders, as if she might shatter if he moved too quickly.

Bianca's gaze stayed fixed somewhere distant, her tears slowing into soft sniffles. Luca helped her out of the dress completely, setting it aside without thought.

Then he bent, lifting her into his arms. She let him. He carried her the short distance to the bed and laid her down gently, pulling the covers over her as if that could somehow shield her from everything else.

Her face was turned slightly away, her breathing still uneven, her body curled in on itself beneath the sheets. Her sobs had quieted now, reduced to soft, occasional sniffles. Luca straightened slowly.

There was nothing else to say. Nothing that would fix this. He turned and walked toward the door.

This time, he closed it properly behind him. Then he let out a long, heavy sigh. Never in his life had he imagined himself here—caught between two lives that couldn't exist quietly beside each other.

Detective Voss spotted Marco almost immediately, even though the man was doing his best to disappear into the crowd.

It was something about him—he was just like Luca. The stillness, the way he observed. Voss turned his attention back to the body.

Rosa lay sprawled in the alley. CSI moved around her, snapping photos, collecting evidence, murmuring observations that blurred into background noise.

Voss stepped closer, crouching slightly as he studied the scene. There were no signs of a struggle. No defensive wounds. No overturned bins or scattered debris to suggest panic or resistance.

"This wasn't messy," he muttered under his breath. According to what he had gathered so far, Rosa hadn't even seen it coming.

It was an execution. Voss straightened, slipping his hands into his pockets as he exhaled slowly.

He already knew the basics about Rosa— where she worked, who she interacted with, the small, ordinary details that made up her life.

A worker at the Scalese pizza parlour. Nothing remarkable on the surface. But this case hadn't landed on his desk because of Rosa.

It had landed there because of a name. Luciano Genovese. The moment that name surfaced in connection to the victim, the file had been quietly redirected.

As he looked down at Rosa's body, one thing was clear to him. This didn't feel like Luciano's work.

From everything he knew—everything he had managed to piece together over time—Luciano Genovese did not leave bodies behind like this.

His kills were... cleaner. They disappeared. There had been whispers, of course. There was always someone who claimed to know something—someone who had heard about a "cleaner," a person or system that made problems vanish without a trace.

But there was never proof. Never anything solid enough to hold up. Just speculation. Voss glanced briefly toward where Marco stood again, watching him more carefully this time.

If Marco was here, it meant this mattered to Luca. Cassidy had once told him about a place where Luca tortures people.

They had chased that lead hard—dug into every property tied to Luca, every holding, every shell company, every hidden asset they could uncover.

Not one location stood out. The man was careful. Voss shifted his gaze back to Rosa, his jaw tightening slightly.

One thing refused to be ignored. Bodies were starting to drop. There was a pattern forming.

And at the center of it—Was Luca's girlfriend. He didn't believe in coincidences. Not in this line of work.

"You carry on, I'll be right back," Voss said to the team. One of the officers nodded, barely looking up from the evidence markers scattered around the alley.

Voss weaved through the scene, his eyes fixed on Marco. The man hadn't moved much since Voss first noticed him, but the moment their eyes nearly met— that was enough.

Marco turned and began to walk away. Voss's lips pressed into a thin line.