

## **Mafia God 210**

### Chapter 210: I See You Hanging Around

"Marco!" he called out. A few heads turned. Marco slowed. Then he stopped.

"Detective Voss," Marco said. "How can I help you?" Voss closed the remaining distance between them.

"I see you hanging around," he said. "I get curious."

"Why?" Marco asked lightly. "You looking to accuse Luca of this too?" Straight to the point.

Voss allowed himself a faint smile. "Your boss may not have done this," he said, "but it doesn't make him a saint."

Marco's eyes hardened slightly at that, but he didn't interrupt.

"Do you have any information you can give me?" Voss continued, watching for the smallest reaction.

"You want me to do your job for you," he said.

"Consider it your civic duty."

"You already know how this works, Detective," he said. "If I had something worth saying, I wouldn't be saying it to you."

"Funny thing is," Voss said slowly, "you don't strike me as someone who just stands around for no reason."

"I take an interest," Marco said finally.

"In what?" Voss asked.

Marco's gaze flicked past him, toward the alley where Rosa's body still lay. "Well, I know Rosa," Marco said. Good woman." His gaze drifted briefly toward the alley. "Miss Scalese will be gutted."

"First Ineri disappears," Voss said, folding his arms slowly. "Now Rosa is murdered. All connected to Miss Scalese."

Marco's eyes flicked back to him, sharper now. "Now she's your suspect?" he asked, a faint edge creeping into his tone. "Let me clear your doubts then," Marco continued, before Voss could respond. "Miss Scalese is not in town. She went on a trip."

Voss raised a brow slightly. "And where exactly did she go?" he asked.

"Out of town," Marco repeated, offering nothing more.

"I'd like to talk to her when she gets back," Voss said.

Marco gave a small shrug. "Suit yourself. Am I done with my civic duty?" he added, a faint trace of sarcasm slipping back into his voice.

"You may go..."

"Thank you," Marco said, already turning away. He had taken no more than a few steps when—

"Marco?" The call stopped him again. This time, the irritation was obvious. He exhaled sharply, shoulders tightening before he turned back.

"What?" he asked, not bothering to hide the edge in his voice now.

Voss didn't move from where he stood. "You say she's a good woman," he said. "If you know anything," Voss continued, holding his gaze, "help me find who did this."

"You're asking the wrong man," Marco said finally.

"Maybe," Voss replied. "But sometimes the wrong man knows exactly where to look."

Marco stepped closer to Voss. "If I do find who did this," Marco said quietly, "you don't have to worry, Detective Voss... I will do my civic duty."

Voss held his gaze, catching it instantly. A faint crease formed between his brows as he studied Marco more carefully now.

"Why do I feel like we're talking about two different types of civic duty?" he asked.

Marco's lips curved into a small, knowing smirk. He didn't answer. He didn't need to. The silence said enough. He straightened, slipping his hands casually into his pockets.

Then he turned and walked away. Voss watched him go, exhaling sharply.

"Damn mafia guys," he muttered under his breath, shaking his head slightly. Voss turned back toward the alley.

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The next morning, Luca woke to the vibration of his phone against the glass table beside the couch.

The sound cut through the haze of restless, broken sleep, dragging him back into consciousness.

He groaned under his breath, shifting slightly as the stiffness in his neck and shoulders immediately made itself known.

The couch had been a terrible place to sleep. His gaze flicked briefly toward the bedroom door.

Luca reached for the phone with a quiet sigh, dragging himself upright as he checked the screen. He answered on the second ring, bringing the phone to his ear as he ran a hand over his face. "Marco..." he said, his voice rough with sleep.

"Boss... can you talk?"

Luca leaned forward slightly, his gaze drifting once more toward the bedroom door.

"Yeah," he said. "Go on."

"I need you to keep Miss Scalese with you for a bit," Marco said.

Luca's posture shifted immediately, the last traces of sleep gone. "What's happening?"

"Rosa was found dead this morning," Marco said. "In the alley behind the pizza parlour. I'm still looking into it," Marco continued. "Valentina is also being watched."

"Watched by who?"

"Ricardo for now until I have more information," Marco replied.

"Let me know if it isn't random," Luca said.

"Of course."

The line went dead immediately after. Luca lowered the phone slowly, before dropping his hand to his side.

He exhaled quietly, then pushed himself to his feet. He crossed the short distance to the door and knocked gently

"Come in." Bianca's voice floated through the door.

Luca turned the handle and stepped inside. The room was brighter now, sunlight filtering through the curtains.

Bianca stood at the dresser, her back partially turned, one hand moving steadily through her hair with a brush. She was already dressed. Her makeup was done—every detail in place.

There was no trace of last night's breakdown. She caught his reflection in the mirror before turning slightly to face him.

"Morning," she said.

Luca stopped just inside the room. "Morning," he replied. "Uh... I just need to take a shower and I'll be on my way," Luca said.

"Leaving for New York?" she asked.

"Not yet," Luca replied. "I have business here for a bit."

"Hmmm..." Bianca hummed softly, finally turning her head just enough to catch his reflection in the mirror. "I'll be staying for the rest of the week before going back home."

Luca nodded once. "That thing you said about starting a clothing line," he began, shifting slightly as if easing into safer ground, "do you need any money or something?"

Bianca's lips curved into a small smile. "I'll never say no to money," she said, her tone smooth, almost teasing.

Luca let out a faint breath, nodding again. "Right."