

Mafia God 223

Chapter 223: Let's Start Simple

"I don't know," Voss replied. "Why don't you tell me?"

A faint murmur from outside drifted through the broken entrance, but neither of them paid it any mind now.

The room had narrowed. Just the two of them.

"According to them," Voss continued, gesturing vaguely toward the street where the crowd lingered, "people seem to be dying and disappearing around her." He paused just long enough for the weight of that statement to settle. "And that was around the time you came into the picture."

Marco's posture stiffened ever so slightly at that, though he didn't interrupt. Luca didn't react at all.

"So maybe you can clarify a few things for me, Mr Genovese."

The challenge was clear now.

"Ask away," Luca said.

"Let's start simple," Voss said. "You walk into a woman's life, and suddenly bodies start dropping. You expect me to believe that's coincidence?"

"I expect you to believe what you can prove," Luca replied smoothly.

"That's the problem," Voss said. "You don't leave much behind, do you?"

Luca's gaze held his, unwavering. "No," he said simply.

"Let's start with Inferi..." Voss said.

"Who?"

"The street thug who wanted to have Miss Scalese move his drugs," Voss clarified, watching closely for even the smallest flicker of recognition.

"Oh, that one," Luca said. "I paid him off. Its amazing how one can clean up dirt with money," Luca added.

"Paid him off?" Voss repeated.

"Yeah," Luca said with a small shrug. "Two thousand dollars specifically."

"I'm sure he didn't get to spend the money," Voss said. "Let's talk about Paul Marino."

"I don't know who that is."

Voss wasn't buying it. "The owner of the pizza shop right in front of here," Voss pressed, gesturing vaguely toward the street outside.

"Never met him," Luca said.

Tony kept his head down, pretending to busy himself with something unseen.

"You have a very convenient memory, Mr Genovese," he said.

Luca's lips curved faintly. "I have a very busy life, Detective," he replied. "I don't keep track of every small business owner in the city."

"Did you know he was my father?" Voss said. "The father of a cop," he continued, his eyes locked onto Luca's, searching, demanding. "I bet you didn't. I'm sure that is the one mistake you have ever made in your entire mafia life."

Luca smiled. "I have never made a mistake, Detective Voss."

And the way he said it—It sounded like belief. Absolute, unwavering belief. What happened with Paul Marino had been unfortunate. Messy, even. But in Luca's mind, outcomes mattered more than moments—and that outcome had brought Veronica into his life.

And that—That could never be a mistake.

"I really think you should focus more on protecting this neighbourhood than hunting me," Luca continued. "For one, you are here. Why are the mob still outside there? Shouldn't you do something about it?"

"Want to help me out?" Voss asked. "I hear your way is faster."

Luca's eyes gleamed faintly. "Are you asking the devil for a favour?"

Voss opened his mouth to respond— But something in his peripheral vision shifted. His attention snapped sideways to Marco.

Standing near Veronica's desk, slipping something into his pocket. Voss's eyes narrowed instantly.

"What's that?" he demanded.

Marco turned to face him slowly. "Nothing," he said evenly. "Just some papers Miss Scalese might need."

"I'd like to take a look at them please."

The request came out polite. But it wasn't a request.

"Why?" he asked. "It's not going to help with your investigation, will it?"

Voss took a slow step forward, closing the distance just enough to make the tension palpable. "I'd like to be the one to determine that, please," he said. "Empty your pocket."

Marco reached into his pocket and pulled out the papers he had taken from the desk, unfolding them before handing them over.

Voss took them, his fingers tightening slightly around the edges as he lowered his gaze to scan through the contents.

For a few seconds, the only sound in the room was the faint rustle of paper and the distant noise from the street outside.

"Why would this be of importance to you, Marco?" Voss asked, lifting his head slowly. His gaze shifted past Marco—

Landing squarely on Luca.

"Or should I say... to you?"

Luca stepped forward slightly, just enough to insert himself more directly into the exchange. "Like he said," Luca replied smoothly, "Miss Scalese may need them."

"I don't think so," Voss said. He lifted the papers slightly, glancing at them again before continuing. "You are involved with Miss Scalese now, so why would she have travel receipts and flight information of Mr Grant in her possession? To Italy," Voss added. "Didn't Miss Scalese just return from a trip?"

There it was. The connection. The thread. Voss wasn't just asking anymore. He was building something.

Piece by piece. And for the first time since Luca walked into the shop— There was the slightest shift in him.

Because when it came to Veronica— Control was harder to maintain. He masked it quickly, his expression settling back into calm, into that familiar, untouchable composure.

"You are fishing, Detective Voss," Luca said.

Voss folded the papers slowly, his gaze never leaving Luca's face. "I just found the right pond. Cassidy is under my protection, Luciano. If anything happens to him, you have given me all the ammo I need to take you down. I may not be able to get you for my father's death," he continued, "but one of these days, you will make a mistake."

"Cassidy is under your protection," Luca repeated slowly. "I didn't know you were muscle for the mafia. Or didn't you know your little project boy works for the Bastione famiglia now?"

Voss's composure cracked. His eyes widened just a fraction, the information hitting harder than he expected. He handed the papers back to Marco, the motion more abrupt than before. "Tell your girlfriend to call her insurance company," he said curtly.

Without another glance, he turned and headed outside, pushing past the broken doorway to address the bystanders.