

Mafia God 374

Chapter 374: You Have Done Nothing Wrong

Val snorted.

"No," Veronica said, pointing at her now. "You just gave me details of your amazing night with Marco. I think we crossed the line of what we can and cannot say to each other about..." She waved a hand vaguely. "Everything. Like, two Nonnina teacups ago."

Valentina's face turned red instantly, really red. It started at her cheeks and moved downward. Val covered part of her face with one hand as the memory of the previous night came rushing back.

"So you really are getting married, uhn," Vee said. "To Marco this time."

"Yeah..." Val sighed, her lightness dimming just a little. She looked down into her tea. "I still feel some kind of way. Every moment, I dread Ricardo just strolling back in like nothing happened."

"You have done nothing wrong, Val," Vee said. "You followed your heart. That's all."

It was messy, yes. Painful, absolutely. Inconvenient even. But wrong? No. Love had arrived at the worst possible time, but it had arrived honestly.

"Maybe we can have our weddings the same day!"

Veronica laughed. "I don't think so."

Val's mouth fell open. "Why not?"

"Because," Veronica said, lifting a brow, "whatever you have to do has to be done before the baby comes. Luca still has about three months to go before the divorce is final," Vee continued. "You can't wait for me."

Val's face fell.

"Oh, don't do that face."

Val huffed and slumped back in her chair. "Would you at least be my bridesmaid then?"

"I was always going to be your bridesmaid. Did that change and I didn't know it? You do have to hurry up before I begin to get fat and bloated."

"You mean like me?"

"Exactly," Vee said instantly.

That set them off again. The sisters laughed, the sound bright and easy in the morning air, rolling out across the courtyard like nothing dark had ever touched their lives. They joked after that—about New York, about weddings, about babies, about dresses.

Detective Andrew Voss waited just outside the arrivals entrance at New York airport with the patience of a man who had finally smelled blood.

A squad car sat behind his own vehicle, conspicuous enough to make the point. He planned on enjoying this. Travelers poured in and out through the sliding doors—families, businessmen, tourists, couples dragging luggage behind them.

Voss stood apart from them all. Arms folded. Jaw set. Eyes fixed on the doors. The moment Cassidy had been declared missing, Voss had gone hunting for the mafia devil of New York with all the joy of a man convinced fate had finally handed him the break he deserved. Only to discover Luca Genovese wasn't even in the country.

That had nearly driven him insane. So he had done the next best thing. He flagged him.

The second Luca set foot on American soil, Voss had been notified. And now here he was, waiting with the satisfaction of a man who believed the web had finally closed around Luca.

He stood there proudly, smugly, rehearsing the moment in his head. The doors opened again.

There they were. Nonnina came first. Luca followed, looking too happy for someone Voss had spent months wanting in handcuffs.

Marco was close by, then the sisters, both of them out of place beside men like Luca and Marco.

Luca noticed him at the same moment Marco did. Marco moved and within seconds he had shifted slightly ahead of Luca, creating a shield so natural most strangers would never have clocked it as protection.

Voss did and smiled. A victor's smile. A man's smile who thought he had finally forced the game into the open.

He pulled the cuffs from his belt and strode toward them, letting the metal glint just enough to be seen.

People nearby began to notice. Luca didn't stop walking right away. He only adjusted his pace, one hand still on the handle of his carry-on. Veronica, just behind him, felt the shift in the men immediately.

Voss stopped directly in front of them. "Have a nice vacation?" he asked.

Marco frowned.

"Detective Voss..." Luca drawled, stepping neatly beside Marco. "Quite the welcome party." His mouth curved. "Here to ride my dick once more?"

Voss's jaw tightened instantly. "Don't worry," he said. "Plenty of dick riding in prison." He lifted the cuffs slightly. "Turn around. Put your hands behind your back."

That made the sisters react at once.

"What the hell?!" Veronica snapped, stepping up beside Luca.

Luca looked amused. Then he glanced sideways at Marco. Marco understood immediately. He gave the briefest nod, turning toward the women. His hand found Veronica first, then Nonnina, while his other hand slipped into his pocket and pulled out his phone. One click.

That was all it took to activate the Commissioned alarm.

Veronica fought him immediately. "Let go of me, Marco!" She twisted out of his grip, outrage flashing across her face.

Luca finally spoke. "What is this about, detective?"

Voss smiled like a man enjoying himself far too much. "Oh, didn't I say? You are under arrest."

Luca turned toward Veronica. He faced her fully, his eyes locking onto hers as the noise of the terminal seemed to dull around them. Veronica's breathing was uneven, furious and confused and refusing to stand still.

"Luca—"

He gave her the smallest look. Trust me.

Voss, already stepping in with the cuffs, focused on Luca's turned body and the apparent compliance of his hands moving behind him.

"Go with Marco, Bambola," Luca said calmly to Veronica.

"No." Veronica shook her head immediately. "I'm coming with you." Her eyes were bright with fury. Luca knew that look. It meant she was one heartbeat away from making this hard for Voss.

"Love..." he said. "I need you to listen to me. I'll be with you before bedtime, okay?" he continued. "Go. Quickly."

Veronica hated that she still believed him even when every instinct in her was screaming not to.

Slowly, stiffly, she nodded. Then she moved to Marco's side. Marco's hand came to her back at once, his eyes still fixed on Luca and Voss.