

## **Mafia God 375**

### Chapter 375: Do Not Miss

"You and I are going to have so much fun," Voss whispered to Luca.

Luca turned his head just enough to look at him, and whatever amusement had lingered in his face vanished entirely. "You better not miss this time, Voss," he said. "Do not miss. Because I will strip you of everything that makes you YOU."

Voss's mouth twisted. "Ooooh, I'm shaking in my boots." He shoved Luca toward the squad car.

The movement was rough enough to make Veronica flinch forward instinctively, but Marco's arm tightened across her path before she could break again. Normally, she knew he could handle it but he was still healing inside. He might look great on the outside but she knew that his body was still weak.

Veronica twisted around toward Marco. "Go," she said. "I'll get us home."

Marco's head snapped toward her. "I have to—"

"Marco! Go!"

Veronica was right. Luca needed things happening immediately and they didn't have any information. He had activated the usual protocol. But if Voss had the nerve to pick up Luca publicly like this, it meant he had something huge. So they needed lawyers, needed noise in the right places. They needed to cash in on debt owed.

Marco nodded once and moved fast. Within seconds he was already at the curb, one arm raised, voice sharp enough to cut through traffic noise as he hailed a cab.

Veronica turned immediately to Valentina and Nonnina. "Val, are you coming with me or going to the house?"

Val glanced once in the direction Voss had taken Luca, then back at Veronica. Her face was pale. "I'll come with you," she said. "And wait for Marco."

"Great." Veronica nodded, then turned to Nonnina. "Nonni?"

The old woman stood with her handbag clutched tightly in both hands, smaller than everyone else and somehow still the steadiest person there. Her eyes had not lost that hard, dark glint that said panic would be allowed later, in private, after useful things had been done.

"I will get home," she said. "See what the staff has been up to." Her mouth tightened faintly. "But let me know when you have updates on Luca."

"Of course," Veronica said at once.

Nonnina gave a brisk little nod.

"Come on," Veronica said.

They pulled their bags toward the curb, wheels rattling over the uneven concrete. Two taxis were flagged down in quick succession. Veronica made sure Nonnina was settled into one first, leaning in long enough to repeat the address to the driver twice.

Nonnina caught her wrist before she stepped back. "Don't stress the baby. Stay calm. You hear me? Keep your heart steady." she said quietly.

Veronica swallowed. "I will."

The cab pulled away, merging into the blur of airport traffic. Veronica and Valentina climbed into the second taxi with their luggage.

For a moment, neither sister spoke. Outside the windows, New York rolled past. Valentina was the first to break the silence.

"Do you have any idea what's going on?" she asked.

Veronica turned to look out the window before answering. "No." She schooled her face into neutrality, forcing her features still the way Luca had taught her without ever meaning to teach her.

"Would you tell me if you did?" Val asked quietly.

Veronica didn't even look at her when she answered. "No."

Val nodded once, that was exactly the answer she had expected. The taxi rolled on through the city in a blur. New York looked the same as ever but to Veronica it felt altered now. She couldn't shake the image of Luca being shoved toward a police car while Voss looked like a man finally tasting revenge.

She sat rigidly in her seat, willing herself not to panic. Panic was useless. Panic would not get Luca out, it would not make Voss less smug.

Voss had always been a thorn in Luca's side. Veronica knew that much. She understood why the man hated him. Luca had killed Voss's father.

But the look on Voss's face at the airport had said satisfaction. The ugly joy that came from finally believing you had enough to ruin someone properly.

That was what frightened her. He really thought he had something.

Veronica inhaled slowly and fixed her gaze on the passing city beyond the window. One hand drifted absentmindedly to her stomach, fingers splaying there. She had to be strong.

When the taxi reached the house, the sisters stepped out onto the drive and the guards moved quickly to open the gate and collect the luggage, greeting them with respectful nods.

Veronica headed straight inside. She found her car keys where she had left them and turned immediately back toward the door.

"Vee!" Val called after her.

"I have to go, sis," Vee said quickly. "I'll call you, okay?" She hurried back out of the house, keys clenched in her hand, every thought narrowed now to one thing only: get to Luca.

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Voss was not the only one who had been waiting for Luca's return. Renato had been waiting too.

Unlike Voss, he had not stood outside the airport himself with a badge and a car. He had stationed men at the airport instead.

By the time Luca's plane touched down, Renato was already receiving updates in real time.

Cassidy may have been an outsider, yes. A useful man, not a beloved one. But he had done good work for Renato when it counted. He had helped save Renato's family in Italy from the Genovese ambush. The appearance of rewarding and avenging useful loyalty mattered even more.

So if Cassidy was in trouble—or dead—it fell to Renato to make sure his own famiglia saw that he would act.

That was the real point. Men followed a Don because they believed, above all, that he would not let them disappear into the machinery of war without consequence. They needed to trust that if one of them was taken, used, or buried, it would not simply be written off as unfortunate timing.

Which was why Renato gave the order. Take the old woman.