

Mafia God 379

Chapter 379: I Will Find Him

Still, they were afraid to go after him.

"I'm going to turn everything you own upside down," Voss said. "I am going to dig up your floors. Your concrete. If you have him buried somewhere, I will find him."

Luca's smile widened. "Let me help you out a bit."

That made Voss's jaw tighten again.

"I got the girl," Luca said. "I'm marrying the girl. The girl is having my baby, my child, my blood. Cassidy became inconsequential the moment I got the girl." Luca leaned back as much as the cuffs would allow and kept going. "Have you tried doing this with his new boss?" he asked. "Have you questioned him?" His eyes gleamed now. "Have you actually tried looking for him?"

Luca let out the smallest, most vicious breath of laughter. "This isn't about Cassidy at all," he said. "You don't give a crap about him. This is about me. But, if you really think this is the nail in my coffin, I suggest you keep looking for a few more nails." He held Voss's gaze with unnerving steadiness.

"This isn't going to get you what you want," he said.

Voss's hands clenched at his sides. Luca's smile thinned.

"I didn't think I was ever going to say this," he murmured, "but you got the wrong man."

Voss straightened slowly and reached into his pocket for the cuff keys. One wrist. Then the other.

The cuffs came off with reluctant clicks.

"One day," Voss said, "your friends in high places will not be able to help you."

Luca flexed his hands as the blood returned properly to his wrists, then rolled them once. "How will you know," he said, "if you don't make some yourself?"

Voss's mouth tightened. Luca still had the instinct to stab once more on principle. "Your girl is waiting for you outside," Voss said. "You know, the one you stole from Cassidy."

"And I am glad I did."

That smile returned then—that infuriating, easy, completely unearned smile Voss had months wanting to wipe off his face by lawful means and failing.

How could someone so evil be this confident? Luca Genovese was confident because he survived things that buried other men. Slipped cases. Buried evidence. Intimidated witnesses. Bought loyalty. Inspired fear. Kept winning.

Still, Voss had not exactly lost either. He had the warrants now. He would search every inch of every property Luca owned, leased, hid behind shell names, or breathed near too often. Commissioned would be first. Then the houses. Then the warehouses. Floors, walls, basements, concrete—everything.

And Voss would lead the team himself. If Luca had buried Cassidy somewhere, if there was even one crack left in that perfect image, Voss intended to pry it open with both hands.

Luca, meanwhile, had already stopped caring about the detective the second the door became available. He stepped out of the interrogation room and into the bullpen, where the station's fluorescent exhaustion stretched across desks, computers, paperwork, stale coffee, and officers trying to pretend they were not all watching him leave.

And there sat Veronica, fast asleep on one of the chairs, her body curled awkwardly but stubbornly in place, her hair fallen partly across her face. One arm was folded over herself, the other draped toward her bag, as if at some point she had tried to stay alert and simply lost the battle to exhaustion.

Luca stopped. What the hell was she doing there? They had taken a long flight. She was pregnant. She should have been home. Feet up. Fed. Resting. Luca crossed to her quietly. He reached out and gently brushed the hair away from her face. "Bambola," he whispered softly.

He sighed then bent and lifted Veronica into his arms carefully. She was too precious to be jostled. He cradled her against his chest with ease, one arm under her knees, the other around her back, and the moment she settled into him, some of the tension in his body seemed to shift.

Vee stirred almost immediately, her lashes fluttering before her eyes cracked open in confusion. She looked dazed, half still in sleep, half trying to remember where she was and why the chair beneath her had somehow become Luca's chest. "Luca?" she murmured.

His mouth softened at the sound of it. "Sleep, love," he said quietly. "I'm taking you home."

Veronica blinked up at him, her face still fogged with exhaustion. Strands of hair clung to her cheek. Her makeup had long since surrendered to the day.

And still, to Luca, she looked perfect.

"Is it over?" she asked.

Luca shifted her slightly higher in his arms as he walked. "No," he said. "But don't worry. I'll fix it. Come on," he murmured, glancing down at her again. "Sleep."

Veronica let herself sink back into him a little more. "The car keys are in my bag," she mumbled.

Luca gave a low hum of acknowledgment. "Hmmm..."

Behind them, Voss stood still and watched. He watched Luca walk Veronica out of the station. He watched the way Luca's face changed when he looked at her.

He was trying to reconcile the two images in his mind. The man he knew. And the man Luca became around her.

This version made no sense. This was not the same Luciano Genovese Voss. That man was cold, impossible to pin down. The devil of New York. A man who wrecked lives and smiled through it.

This man carried a sleeping woman like she was the last holy thing left in the world. No.

Voss's jaw tightened. There was no way this woman was the devil's weakness. No way.

As Luca exited the main building with Veronica in his arms, David was entering. The timing was elegant.

Luca passed through the precinct doors carrying the woman who mattered most to him, his focus narrowed completely to getting her into the car and out of sight. He didn't notice the man stepping in as he stepped out. He was completely ignorant of the fact that David Vitale was the stick of dynamite already lodged beneath the foundation of his world.