

Mafia God 380

Chapter 380: You Have My Number

David, for his part, looked harmless. Nothing about him as he crossed the threshold into the station could be called suspicious. He moved at an ordinary pace, wore an ordinary expression, and carried himself with the loose, forgettable energy of a man there on some mildly inconvenient errand.

Just another face in a building full of tired faces.

Inside, the precinct had a weary look. David let his eyes move naturally through the room and spotted Voss slumped over his desk. David knew him already, of course. Knew enough, anyway.

He stopped near one of the uniformed officers and offered a polite smile. "Hello," he said. "I'd like to see Detective Andrew Voss."

The officer barely looked up before pointing toward the desk.

David followed the gesture and gave a small nod. "Thank you." He walked over until he reached Voss's desk and stopped just short of crowding him. "Detective Andrew Voss?" David called.

Voss lifted his head slowly, irritation still hanging around him. The detective looked exhausted, annoyed, and nowhere near ready for another interruption. "Yes?" he said. "Can I help you?"

"Hi. I'm David Valentino. I called you about the property you plan to sell."

"Oh, yes." Voss straightened slightly in his chair. "I'm not necessarily planning to sell, but since you brought it up...You do know it was a pizza shop."

David's expression remained pleasantly interested. And Voss, too drained and too pleased with his own ongoing war against Luca to notice what had just entered his orbit, looked back at him expecting nothing more complicated than a property conversation.

"Of course," David said.

Voss leaned back slightly in his chair, some of the earlier edge in him settling when he remembered he also had a life outside his obsession with Luca Genovese. "Are you sure about this?" he asked. "Can you handle the competition? There is another pizza shop right in front of it."

"I know," he said. "I checked the place. But I don't plan on being pizza competition."

That got a grunt from Voss.

"Alright then," Voss said. "I'll take you there, but I can't right now. I have a ton of paperwork." He gestured vaguely toward the pile on his desk. "Can we reschedule?"

"Sure. You have my number," he said. "Let me know." He gave a small smile then, just enough to remain polite. "Have a good day."

Voss nodded absently and was already looking back down at his desk before David fully turned away.

David walked out of the precinct the same way he had entered it—easy, perfectly ordinary.

Marco was waiting when Luca and Veronica arrived at her house. Luca had spent the entire trip home oscillating between fury and focus. Veronica, exhausted enough to drift in and out, had rested with her head against the window for most of it. Marco stood in the living room, hands loose at his sides.

"Boss, welcome back."

"Get rid of the inside staff," Luca said.

"All done," Marco replied.

"Who else is here?" Luca asked.

"Just Valentina," Marco answered. "And she's taking a nap upstairs."

Luca nodded once, taking that in, then turned immediately to Veronica. "Go get some rest."

Veronica stared at him like he had just suggested she take up knitting while the house burned down around them. "No," she said. "I want to know what is going on."

Luca stepped closer to her, enough to soften the order into intimacy. "Babe," he said quietly, "you need your rest."

"I need information."

"You'll get it."

"When?"

"When I have the whole picture."

"No!"

"I'll tell you everything," he said. "Besides, you'll be moving to my house tomorrow."

"What?"

"I need you where I can keep an eye on you. You are not thinking of just yourself anymore."

Veronica's jaw tightened. "Luca, something is wrong. I am going to stay here," she said, "and be on top of everything. Okay?"

Luca gave one short nod and turned back to Marco. "Cassidy is missing," he said. "I'm Voss's only suspect. What the hell was Cassidy doing in Commissioned?" Luca asked.

Cassidy had no business being there unless someone had sent him, lured him, or he had gone digging where he should not have.

Marco shook his head once. "I have no idea."

Luca's eyes narrowed.

"I didn't see him," Marco continued. "And I wasn't told anything."

"Find him," Luca ordered.

Marco gave a short nod.

"Hang on, guys..."

Both of them turned to her.

"Isn't it weird?" she asked. "Cassidy is missing. My ex." She looked toward the stairs instinctively, where Valentina slept unaware above them. "Ricardo is missing. Val's ex."

"What do you mean?" Marco asked.

Veronica folded her arms, pacing one slow step before stopping again. "I mean... coincidence?"

Luca made a low sound in his throat. "Maybe."

It wasn't much, but Marco knew that tone. It meant Luca's mind had already leapt ahead and was now rearranging facts into possible patterns.

"Send me the footage of Ricardo's last sighting at Commissioned," Luca said.

Marco nodded. "I will. I got a heads-up there will be a raid on all our properties in a bit."

"You have it handled already, don't you?" Luca asked.

Marco gave the faintest grim smile. "The second Voss showed up, I sent the red alert."

Luca was about to say something else when his phone vibrated in his pocket. He pulled it out with visible irritation.

The screen lit up with an unknown number again.

He let out a low, exhausted curse. "I don't have the fucking time for this shit."

The number had been calling him since the moment he walked out of the precinct with Veronica in his arms.

"Why don't you let me answer it?" Veronica suggested. "I'll just tell them you're not available at the moment."

Luca handed it over. Veronica took the phone and turned slightly away, giving the men a bit of space as she lifted it to her ear.

Meanwhile Luca continued with Marco.

"I have this uneasy feeling, Marco," he said. "I don't like it."