

Mafia God 387

Chapter 387: Look At You Now

"Yes?" Vee answered.

Voss smiled. He stood near Luca's desk, one hand resting on a pile of scattered papers his men had already searched twice. One of the men was still going through the trash, expecting Luca to hide criminal evidence between lemon peels and used napkins. "The engagement," Voss said, nodding toward her hand. "And the baby."

Vee glanced down at the diamond on her finger before looking back at him. "Thank you."

It came out flat. Polite enough to avoid drama. Cold enough to freeze water. She turned again.

"Sad you had to sacrifice a good man to get the life you dreamed of, uhn?"

That stopped her properly.

Vee faced him fully. Her eyes narrowed. "What is that supposed to mean?"

"You were just a pizza girl," Voss continued, voice smooth and cruel. "Look at you now. Diamond ring, designer clothes, nice car..."

"You noticed the clothes too? I'm touched. I didn't dress for you, but still, how sweet." She drawled sarcastically.

"You are beginning to embody the mafia wife," he said. "Elegant. Expensive. Protected."

Vee stepped back into the office. Voss looked pleased that he had gotten under her skin.

"And all you had to do," he said, "was sacrifice a man who had faith in you, loved you, wanted nothing more than for you to be safe."

"I carry no regrets, Detective," Vee said. "None whatsoever. So if this is your weak attempt at making me feel guilt, you can go fuck yourself in hell."

Voss's face hardened, but Vee didn't give him the pleasure of stopping. "Cassidy made his own decisions, same way I made mine," she continued. "I chose to love. But someone like you couldn't possibly understand that." She stepped closer. "Look at you," she said, her gaze moving over him. The rumpled coat. The tired eyes. The bitterness sitting on his shoulders. "You don't even love your job anymore. You are merely consumed with the obsession of getting 'your guy' that it has sucked all the excitement out of it."

"You used to think you were chasing justice, didn't you?" Vee asked softly. "Now you just want to win. You are miserable. Keep it close to your own air. I want nothing to do with it."

"He is going to get you killed, Miss Scalese," Voss said at last. "I don't know what he has done with Cassidy," Voss continued, "but I do know one thing; Cassidy tried to protect you, to get him away from you."

"Keep the fantasy up, Detective Voss," she said. "Your fishing is going to come up with an empty hook." She looked around Luca's office again: the opened drawers, scattered papers, violated shelves, the men trying to look useful in a room that had already defeated them. Her lips curved faintly.

"Have fun with..." Vee glanced once more at the mess. "Whatever this is."

Then she turned and walked away with insulting calm. Voss sighed. They never listen. Women...they never know what's good for them. They allow men use them...

Voss stopped as the understanding of his thoughts settled on him. Men use them. Mafia men used their wives and mistresses all the time.

Oh fuck! Voss suddenly straightened, his eyes sharpening as if someone had slapped him awake. He pulled out his phone quickly and dialed his captain. "Cap," he said the moment the line connected. "I need warrants for the Scalese residence and pizza parlour."

There was a pause.

Voss shut his eyes, hearing the resistance. "No, we haven't found anything yet, but we are still looking...Cap...listen to me. The smug bastard isn't worried because he is a step ahead of us."

Captain Harrington kept talking about procedure, probable cause, judge, political pressure. He had been hearing the same lines for months.

"Cap!" Voss snapped. "Come on, Cap...at least try." He ended the call.

Harrington had put his neck on the line for him more times than Voss could count. One more wouldn't hurt, right?

Why the hell hadn't he thought about this before? Luciano Genovese was a man of many sluts. Men like him collected women the way other men collected watches.

But Veronica was different. He had stayed with this one. There was a reason. She fit into his chaotic life. She accepted his chaotic life.

And that meant she was an accessory. She was tied to Luca. If he could get Veronica, he could get Luca.

Luca, in the meantime, was lounging in one of the platinum booths as Voss tore his place of business apart. He didn't understand if the man thought he had Cassidy hidden in a drawer or a champagne bottle. Police men, always thinking inside the box.

Thoughts of Voss evaporated the moment Vee stepped into the private space overlooking the dance stage below.

From behind the tinted glass, the club looked distant. The dance floor below had been emptied by the raid, the music silenced, the lights still moving lazily over vacant tables and abandoned glasses. Every now and then, she could hear a police officer dragging something across the floor downstairs, probably convinced the next chair leg would reveal a national conspiracy.

"Luca?" she called.

"Hey, babe...didn't think you'd come this early." He was stretched out in the sofa. One arm rested along the back of the seat, his shirt sleeves rolled up, his dark hair slightly messy. A glass of untouched whiskey sat on the table beside him.

"Well, there was nothing to do at home. The shop is still closed, Val is settling in at Marco's place...so..." She spread her hands. "You're it."

Luca's smile warmed. "I don't mind being it." He extended his hand and Vee took it. Luca pulled her gently toward him, guiding her into the space beside him. She sank into the booth, and he tucked her close. His palm settled over her hip.

"Voss will not give up, uhn?" she said, snuggling into him.

Luca looked through the glass toward the stage below. "Well, he does have a noble motivation."

Vee lifted her head.

"He thinks he is saving the world from me."

"You don't seem worried," she said.

"There is nothing for me to worry about." Luca's face became solemn. "I run a legitimate business in Commissioned."

Vee slowly raised a brow. Luca held her stare for three whole seconds before laughing.

"I'm not an idiot, bambola," he said, brushing his thumb lightly over her hand. "When your initiation is complete, you will understand how it all works."

"Excuse me?" Vee pulled back from his chest and stared at him. "Initiation?"

Luca's expression remained perfectly innocent, which was the first sign he was enjoying himself far too much. "Yes," he said. "To be Donna."

"There's an initiation?" Vee asked, raising another brow.

"There is."

"Like...torture me and stuff like that?"

Luca laughed, his head tipping back against the booth.

Vee jabbed a finger into his chest. "Luca."

"Yes, there is an initiation," he said, catching her hand and holding it against him. "But I cannot tell you anything about it."

Her mouth fell open. "You cannot tell your fiancée?"

"No."

"The mother of your child?"

"No."

"What if I say please?"

"Even if you say please."

Vee leaned closer. "What if I do this?" She moved near his ear, her lips brushing close enough to make him go still, then she ran her tongue lightly around his ear and tugged gently on his earlobe.

Luca's hand tightened at her waist. "That gets...a totally different response, my love."

Vee pulled back with a victorious smile. "You're no fun."

"You didn't even give it your best shot!" Luca argued, pointing at her. "One minute and you give up? What the hell kinda Donna are you?"

"You like it when I torture you, don't you?" Vee raised a brow.

Luca let out a long, exaggerated sigh, dropping his head back against the booth. "God, please."

Vee shifted closer, until her breasts were pressed against him and she felt the subtle change in his breathing immediately.

There it is.

"You think you want me to torture you," she said softly, her lips hovering near his. "But you do not."

"Trust me," Luca replied, "I do."

"You wouldn't last ten minutes, Luca," she whispered.

Her breath fanned across his face. "Your body has always been a slave to me," she continued. "It answers to me."

Luca huffed a quiet laugh. "You do have bragging rights," he said. "Carry on."

"Oh, I am not bragging," Vee replied, her gaze dropping briefly to his mouth sensually before returning to his eyes. "I'm stating facts." She lifted her hand slowly, giving him time to anticipate it—time for the tension to build—and then placed her palm flat against his chest.

She felt the subtle tightening beneath her hand. The way his muscles locked just a little too quickly. Her lips curved faintly. "Your control is shot the moment I touch you," she murmured.

Luca swallowed, his fingers tightening slightly at her waist. She began to move her hand downward. Her fingers traced the line of his chest, dragging lightly over the fabric of his shirt, feeling the heat beneath it. She took her time, letting each inch count. Letting him feel every second of it.