

## **Mafia God 390**

Chapter 390: He Has A Court Order

Luca sighed and pushed himself upright. He started to button his shirt. "He has a court order," Luca said. "There is nothing I can do."

Vee sat up too, smoothing herself. "So you're just going to let him destroy the place?"

"Whatever he destroys, I'll make sure the city reimburses me."

"That should cause a bit of problem for him," she said.

"Oh, it will."

"How do we make him go away?"

Luca's hands slowed on the last button. "I'm working on it." He looked toward the empty stage below, where the lights were still moving over the abandoned floor. "First, I have to find your ex boyfriend, alive or dead."

"Do you really think he is dead?" Vee asked.

"I think so," Luca said carefully. "Right now," Luca continued, "Marco is searching for two people. And trust me, if Marco can't find them, then..."

Vee's head lifted sharply. "What are you saying?" Her brows drew together. "Ricardo?"

"I'm afraid so, Vee."

"Oh my God," she whispered.

Luca reached for her hand, but she pulled back, not from him exactly, but from the weight of what he was saying.

"This is going to wreck Val," she said. "No... no, Luca. He said he needed time to figure things out."

"I know."

"So maybe that is what he is doing. Maybe he is hiding somewhere."

"Figuring things out doesn't mean he went into hiding so perfectly, we can't find him. Unless he is in witness protection," Luca added, "I'm afraid something happened to Ricardo and Marco is just refusing to see it."

Vee pressed a hand to her mouth. Val's face flashed through her mind. "I have to tell Val," Vee said suddenly.

"No." Luca objected. "Don't."

Her eyes snapped to him. "Why?"

"Because we don't know enough."

"She needs to know."

"Yes, she does," Luca said softly. "But let Marco be the one to decide this, please."

"I don't understand," she said.

Luca looked tired then. A heaviness around his eyes, in the set of his mouth. "I'd be lying if I said I understood it too," he admitted. "But Marco has been in love with your sister for a long time. Even

before Ricardo came to New York. Now that he has her," Luca continued carefully, "hearing that her fiancé is dead may trigger a feeling of guilt, and she might stay away from Marco."

Vee looked away. Val would feel guilty. Val had a talent for blaming herself. If Ricardo was dead, if there was even a chance he had suffered while she was finding comfort in Marco's arms, it would destroy her. She would pull away. "She is going to find out some day," Vee argued.

"But not now," Luca said. "Not when they are still figuring things out."

"She deserves the truth."

Luca dragged a hand through his hair. "It's... look..." He exhaled, frustrated with himself now. "Marco has always had my back since we were children, and I never appreciated it. Not as much as I appreciate him keeping you safe when I was not there. I wasn't joking when I said I'd carve out my own heart and hand it to him. Let him have this. Let him be happy. Let them be happy."

"So Marco hasn't come to the conclusion that Ricardo may be dead?" Vee asked.

"No," Luca said at last. "But I'm sure his gut is telling him the same. He just refuses to accept it."

Vee crossed her arms tighter over her chest. "Marco isn't like that."

"No, he isn't. But this involves Val." His mouth twisted faintly. "He is still searching relentlessly," Luca continued. "He has a few of the men searching hotels and motels across the city. He has Ricardo's phone tapped. If it turns on, even for a second, Marco will know."

"And nothing?"

"Nothing."

Vee's stomach tightened.

Luca's gaze remained fixed on the club below then he lowered his voice completely. "He has facial recognition running constantly for anyone that remotely resembles Ricardo. Airports. Bus terminals. Train stations. Street cameras."

"Is that even legal?"

He looked at her. "Why do you think I am whispering?"

Vee huffed. "But who would hurt Ricardo?" she asked.

Luca's answer came quick. "Bianca."

Vee's eyes widened. "Luca! You cannot be serious."

"I am."

"She wouldn't go that far."

"She is a mafia heiress, love. If she wants someone dead, she can arrange it."

Vee shook her head. "No. Bianca is cruel, yes. Petty, absolutely. Possessive? God, yes. But killing Ricardo?"

"You are trying to measure her with your normal life rules. Sweetie, you are in my world now. Think like me."

"But there is no reason to. Ricardo wasn't a threat to her anymore."

Luca gave a small shrug. "I will find out. As soon as Voss is done with his search, I'm going to keep digging."

Vee leaned against him, letting her forehead rest briefly against his shoulder.

"We have quite the life, uhn?" she murmured.

Luca looked down at her. "That is one way to describe it."

"What would you call it?"

"A disaster."

Vee snorted. He slipped an arm around her waist and drew her closer. His fingers settled gently at her side, protective without pressing too hard, he understood she needed comfort more than possession right now.

"It is all bearable because I have you," he said then leaned in and kissed her. When he pulled back, his eyes held hers, blue and serious in the warm gold light. "I really love you, Veronica Genovese."

Her expression collapsed into immediate protest. "Will you stop fast forwarding our lives? I am not your wife yet!"

Luca's mouth curved. "Not legally."

"Luca."

"Emotionally? Spiritually? Intimately? Veronica Genovese...Has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?"

"Do you need to brag about everything?" Vee whined, though her hand had already found the front of his shirt.

"About you?" he said. "Yes."

She rolled her eyes.

"Let the whole world envy what I have got."

Vee's fingers tightened in his shirt.