

Mafia God 391

Chapter 391: You're Allowed To

"Now when you say things like that..." she whispered, pulling him closer. Her mouth brushed near his, her tongue grazing his lower lip in a slow, teasing touch that made his breath catch. The smile in her voice softened. "I just want to love you even more."

"You're allowed to."

"I know."

"I want you to," he whispered against her lips.

"I know that's why I am obsessed with you too," she said.

A bit later, Luca headed back down. By then, Commissioned looked less like an elite nightclub and more like it had hosted a very angry hurricane in police boots.

Luca took one look around and sighed. "Animals," he muttered. He found Voss in the garage with his team.

The garage sat beneath the club, lit by harsh white lights. Vehicles were lined up—black, silver, midnight blue.

Voss had men checking tool cabinets, storage lockers, boxes of supplies, and the undercarriage of one of Luca's cars.

Luca rolled his eyes. "Do you guys get paid by the hour or something?" he asked. "So you pretend to be hard at work."

A few officers looked up.

Voss straightened from beside a metal workbench, his coat slightly dusty now, his patience clearly worse. "Why? Are we getting warmer?"

Luca smiled and walked straight toward him. He moved slowly, casually, but the men around Voss shifted all the same. It was funny, really. They had badges, guns, the blessing of the court—and still, they made room when he approached. "I have indulged you enough, Detective Voss," Luca said, stopping a few feet from him. "And right now, honestly, you should be thanking me."

Voss gave him a flat look. "Thanking you?"

"Yes. I have given you purpose." Luca glanced around the garage.

"You think I have nothing better to do than dig through your trash?"

"I don't know, Detective Voss." Luca tilted his head, studying him with infuriating calm. "Tell me, how many cases have you solved in the past year?"

Voss said nothing.

Luca's smile sharpened. "None."

Voss took a slow step closer. "You have been checking in on me."

"I keep my enemies closer."

"Is that all you do?"

"Does this tactic work on the criminals you arrest, Detective Voss?" Luca asked, his voice calm enough to be insulting. "Or do you think me stupid?"

"I will get you."

"I'm sure you will," Luca said kindly. "You seem very devoted to the idea. Unfortunately, your devotion is beginning to grate on my nerves. So, get yourself away from my place of business. Night time is when I make money. Some of us have to work for a living. We don't all get paid by the government to harass innocent entrepreneurs."

"I have a warrant, and I will be done when I will be done."

The humour faded from Luca's face. "This is when you should know I am not an ordinary man," he said softly.

Voss held his ground, but his jaw tightened.

"Whatever you have," Luca continued, "whatever you do, it is because I allow it. I have indulged you," Luca said, "so you realise I have nothing to do with your quest. So you can set your sights elsewhere and actually get the job done."

"A man is missing."

"And instead of finding him, you are fondling my cock."

A faint snort came from somewhere behind Voss. It died immediately.

"My fiancée is deeply distressed by this."

"You think you scare me?"

Luca lowered his voice further. "Your warrant came because I allowed it. One phone call and you guys will be packed out of here in one minute. I advise you do not make this difficult, Detective Voss."

"If you really want to help," Voss said, "tell me why Cassidy was here, truly."

"Do you have an exact date of when he was here?" Luca asked. "Since I am apparently in a generous mood, I may as well indulge you further."

"About three weeks ago."

"About?"

Voss pulled out his phone, tapped the screen, then gave him the specific date. Luca stilled.

That date. The same date Ricardo disappeared. Luca's mind moved quickly, rearranging information, connecting points he had not wanted to connect.

Cassidy had been here. Ricardo had vanished. Same day.

"I wasn't even in the country," Luca said at last. "I was in Italy."

Voss's eyes narrowed. "Convenient."

"For me? Yes. For you? Tragically inconvenient."

"You expect me to believe that?"

"I expect you to check airport records, immigration stamps, hotel bookings, flight logs, and whatever else makes you feel useful. Go ahead. I'll wait."

"But Marco was here," Voss said, pressing on. "Is it possible Cassidy came to see either one of you?"

Luca considered him. The detective's tone had changed. Less accusation now. More curiosity. "See, I like this. Great minds thinking together."

Voss looked unimpressed. "Don't flatter yourself."

"I was flattering both of us, actually. But fine, I will keep all the praise. So," Luca continued, "I will give you a bit of information. I will even give you more. I will send you the footage of Cassidy arriving and leaving Commissioned."

"How generous of you."

"I know. I'm evolving as a person."

"What information?" Voss asked.

"One of my workers, Ricardo, also disappeared that same day," he said. "He was Valentina Scalese's fiancée. We thought he got cold feet from the wedding plans."

"Are you telling me," Voss said slowly, "swearing by God—not that you believe in Him—that you had absolutely nothing to do with Cassidy's disappearance?"

Luca's usual smirk was gone. The lazy arrogance. The charming little cruelty he wore so easily. For once, he looked exactly like what he was—a dangerous man with too many enemies. "I swear by my unborn child, Detective Andrew Voss." "I want this fixed. I want to know which of my enemies are operating from the shadows. I want to know if this witch-hunt is merely you being an annoyance, or if someone is setting me up."

Voss held his stare.

"I want to know everything," Luca finished.