

Mafia God 403

Chapter 403: Guns, Safe, Check, Double Check

"Voss?" Vee asked.

Luca's brows lifted. "You heard?"

"Hmmm..."

He exhaled and moved closer. "You know the drill?"

Vee pushed herself up slowly. "Guns, safe, check, double check."

"That's my girl." He leaned down and kissed her forehead. He threw on a shirt, buttoning it quickly as he crossed the room. Then he stepped into the hallway.

By the time he reached the living room, Luciano Genovese had returned. Voss stood near the centre of the room, looking around.

"Detective Voss," Luca said as he entered. "Here to throw some more shade?"

Voss ignored that and glanced around again. "Wow. This place is..." He let out a low whistle. "Damn. Blood money sure looks good."

Luca smiled. "Nice to know you still think highly of me."

"I try to stay consistent."

"Where is your posse?"

"Don't worry. I am here by myself. No search of this place. You can relax."

"It would take much more than you to ruffle me, Detective Voss."

"I also heard about what happened with Miss Scalese..." Voss began.

Luca's face changed instantly. The faint humour in his eyes died. He stood near the edge of the rug, one hand tucked casually in his pocket. "Don't!...Marco isn't here to stop me. You say anything untoward, I'm going to kill you."

Voss gave a tired sigh. "Ignoring the fact that you just threatened an officer with bodily harm..."

"Not bodily harm," Luca corrected. "Death. I'm being precise."

"Charming. I merely want to say... I'm sorry."

The words did not belong in Voss's mouth. Voss would rather chew glass than offer sympathy to Luciano Genovese, and yet there it was, sitting awkwardly between them.

For once, Luca had no immediate insult.

Voss cleared his throat and looked away briefly, his attention drifting to one of the art on the wall. "I think you have suffered a great loss," he said. "The loss of a child should not be..." He stopped, jaw tightening.

There were some sentences no one ever finished properly because the language always failed halfway through.

"Well," Voss muttered. "You know what I mean."

Luca's eyes lowered. He did know.

"Anyway," Voss said, grateful to escape the tenderness of the moment, "I need your help."

Luca laughed. "Did I wake up in the wrong dimension?"

Voss's face flattened. "Enjoy it."

"Oh..." Luca placed a hand lightly over his chest. "I am. Believe me."

"I'm thrilled."

"No, really. Say it again. Slowly this time. I want to remember the exact tone you used when you came into my house and asked for my help."

"Are you done?"

"Not even close."

"Luciano."

Luca smiled, but the humour stayed edged. "Fine. So, what do you need?"

Voss pulled out his phone then, thumb moving across the screen. "I was going through the footage you sent me..."

"Oh, someone's doing their job for the first time," Luca drawled.

Voss ignored him. He held out his phone. "So, watch your boy, Ricardo."

Luca's amusement thinned immediately at the name. On the screen, the security footage played from an exterior camera at Commissioned. The image was grainy but clear enough. The club's side entrance glowed beneath a sign, cars lined along the curb. A few people moved past.

A black car pulled into view.

Voss tapped the screen. "He pulls into Commissioned right here."

Luca leaned closer, squinting slightly. "yeah that's him."

"Good. Now look over there."

Voss moved his thumb, pausing the footage for half a second. Near the opposite side of the frame, another man crossed the pavement toward a parked vehicle. His shoulders were slightly hunched, head angled downward, face turned away from the camera.

"Over there is Cassidy walking to his car," Voss said.

Luca frowned. "That's Cassidy?"

"Yes."

Voss restarted the clip. "Watch Ricardo closely."

Luca's voice lowered. "He's watching Cassidy..."

"Bingo," Voss said. "And then pulls out after him."

On the footage, Ricardo's headlights came on. His car eased into the street, following the same direction Cassidy had taken.

The video ended.

Luca looked up slowly. "Ricardo followed Cassidy?"

"And now both of them are missing." Voss's gaze remained fixed on him, sharp with suspicion.
"Interesting, isn't it?"

Luca saw the look and frowned. "Really?" he asked. "We are back to this?"

"How can one of your men be missing and you don't know about it?" Voss asked.

"He is my manager," Luca corrected.

Voss raised a brow.

"And my sister-in-law's fiancée," Luca added.

"Sister-in-law?"

"Keep up, Detective. Veronica's sister. Valentina." Luca's mouth tightened faintly.

Voss ignored the sarcasm. "Still doesn't answer my question."

"It does. You just don't like that it doesn't make me sound guilty enough."

"A man close to your business disappears the same day Cassidy does. That should have raised alarms."

"It would have eventually."

"Eventually?"

Luca's jaw worked once before he answered. "He sent a message to his co-worker saying he needed some time away to think. Everyone assumed it was cold feet."

"Is there any reason Ricardo would be interested in Cassidy?"

"None that I know of," Luca said.

"That's not a no."

"It is the most honest answer you are going to get."

Voss exhaled, tired of him already. "Well, I will be talking to the other Miss Scalese."

Luca stepped closer, his face back to threatening mode. "You do not corner her. You do not scare her. You do not accuse her of anything."

"Is she here?"

"No."

"Where can I find her?"

"I will have her schedule an appointment with you," Luca said.

"Sure," Voss said. "Make it soon."

"Can I have a look at that one more time?" Luca asked.

Voss paused with his phone halfway back to his coat pocket. His eyes narrowed immediately. "You see something?"

"Hmmm..."

Luca held out his hand. Voss hesitated, then passed him the phone. Luca replayed the footage from the beginning.

Ricardo's car pulled up outside Commissioned. Cassidy crossed the pavement with his head lowered, moving toward his own vehicle. Then Cassidy drove off. Ricardo followed soon after.