

Mafia God 435

Chapter 435: Take Care Of Her

There he stood. Tall, broad, handsome...uncomfortable. Wearing the suit like he would welcome any discomfort whatsoever if it made her happy.

When she reached him, Vee squeezed her hand once before placing it carefully in Marco's.

"Take care of her," Vee whispered.

"With my life."

She released Val and moved to stand beside Luca. Luca's gaze found her immediately.

"Hey..." Luca whispered.

"Hey..." she whispered back.

"You look gorgeous."

Her lips curved. "Thank you."

His eyes swept over her again, shameless and appreciative.

Vee's brow lifted. "You don't look so bad yourself."

The priest cleared his throat. "You may be seated," he began.

The guests settled into the pews. Luca's phone vibrated. He quickly pulled it out, glanced at the screen, and frowned.

He turned to Vee and held her gaze. "Stay here."

"What..." Vee started to say.

Before she could finish, Luca had already turned away from the altar. His jaw had locked, his shoulders sharpening beneath the perfect cut of his suit as he walked down the side aisle and out of the church.

Vee watched him go, fingers curling against the edge of her dress. Marco looked back at her quickly.

His eyes asked the question he could not speak. Vee forced herself to remain calm. The church was full. The priest had begun, his voice steady and solemn, rolling through scripture and blessings.

"He just needs to give someone a message," she whispered.

He knew she was lying. He turned back to Val, because for once, the world could wait. At least for him.

Meanwhile, Luca stepped out of the church, one of the guards approached quickly.

"Boss."

"What?"

The guard's expression was grim. "We have a situation."

Luca's eyes narrowed. "What kind?"

"A Voss situation."

"Of course."

Of course Voss would choose today. The man had waited until Marco was standing before God.

Luca strolled angrily toward the gate. The church grounds were beautiful. White flowers lined the path. Cars gleamed beyond the iron fence.

At the gate, his men had already formed a barrier. Beyond them stood Detective Voss. Luca's blood heated.

"Today?" Luca thundered as he approached. "Today of all days? Do you have no human decency?"

Voss looked pleased to see him angry. "Just following orders, Luca. I need to make an arrest."

Luca's eyes went colder. He stepped through the wall of bodies, lifting one hand to keep them from reacting. The last thing he needed was a scene in front of the church. Val would murder him. Vee would help hide the body. "If that will get you out of here faster, then fine."

He stepped forward and placed his wrists out. Voss smiled.

"Believe it or not," Voss said, his smile stretching with the kind of satisfaction Luca wanted to knock off his face, "I am not here to arrest you."

Luca went still. Behind him, his men remained in formation. Luca thought perhaps Voss had come for one of his men.

Someone disposable enough that the day could still be saved. Then Voss spoke again.

"I'm here to arrest the Scalese sisters."

Luca's stomach sank to the floor. The first sign of danger was the way he became too calm, the way his expression emptied out until nothing remained but fury. He moved close to Voss, stepping into his space with the promise of violence. "Do you want to die?"

Voss's jaw tightened, but he did not step back.

Luca's voice dropped lower. "Are you willing to die on this cause, Detective Voss?"

"Actually," Voss said, "yes."

A muscle jumped in Luca's jaw. Behind him, one of his men took a step forward, but Luca lifted two fingers slightly.

Stay.

"Careful, Luca. A lot of witnesses here."

"Then death it is," Luca said. "I dare you. I double dare you to take one step past my men, and you will not live a second past it."

"You really will kill me in public," Voss said slowly. "A police detective."

Voss had chosen the day wrong.

"Test me," Luca simply said.

"You haven't even asked me the charges," Voss said.

"I don't give a fuck what the charges are. Probably something you cooked up between your morning coffee and your obsession with my life," Luca continued. "You are becoming predictable, Detective. It's sad."

"Luciano, this wedding cannot hold."

Luca's eyes darkened. "Why's that?"

"Because I will not allow spousal privilege to be invoked during trial."

Luca admired the audacity. "Then let's see you die on duty."

Voss's face tightened, but he stepped back. "I'll just call for backup." He moved toward his car, reaching for the radio.

Luca turned sharply to one of his men. "Head into the church now. Get the goddamned priest to finish the vows. Now. Motivate him if you have to."

The guard disappeared inside. Luca turned back to Voss. At the patrol car, Voss had the radio in hand, speaking quickly, eyes never leaving Luca.

Luca stepped forward. "Let's do this." He was sure about one thing and one thing only.

Marco would be married today. Nothing would stop it. Not the entire army of New York marching up the church steps.

As long as Luca was still standing and breathing, those fucking vows would be said. Marco would walk out of that church a married man.

Even if it meant the world outside became a bloodbath. He watched as Voss screamed into the radio, calling for backup that would not come.

Luciano Genovese was not a name people rushed toward without careful consideration, signed approval. Somewhere on the other end of the radio, someone with more sense than Voss had clearly decided that storming a church filled with members of the Genovese famiglia was a poor career choice.

Voss argued anyway. He argued until his face reddened, until the vein in his neck stood out. He spoke in clipped, furious bursts, pacing near his car, one hand gripping the radio, the other slicing through the air.

Only one patrol car was dispatched. Luca was visibly angry. He stood there in his black suit, jaw locked, eyes cold, fury rolling off him.