

Mafia God 437

Chapter 437: They Found Something

"Val..." Tony stopped, seeing her face. "Sorry, excuse me." His eyes moved to Luca. "Where is Vee?" Tony asked.

"What's going on?" Luca demanded.

Tony glanced at Val standing in her wedding gown with panic blooming across her face. "Can I speak with you privately?" Tony requested.

"If anyone moves an inch away from me, I swear to God, I will go batshit crazy right now."

Tony looked miserable.

Val pointed between them, her veil trembling slightly in the breeze. "What the fuck is happening?"

Marco nodded at Tony. "What's up?"

Tony looked between all of them—the bride in her wedding dress, the groom still holding her hand, Luca standing like violence on a string. His throat worked. "I just got a call from the workers," Tony said. "They found something."

Val frowned. "What workers?"

"The expansion team," Tony answered. "At the pizza parlour."

Luca's eyes sharpened. "What did they find?"

"Dead bodies," Tony said.

"Bodies?" Val's eyes widened. "What? Who? How? My God..." Her hand flew to her stomach, and Marco immediately turned toward her, one arm going around her waist. Her veil trembled in the breeze. The glow she had carried out of the church began to drain from her face, replaced by horror, confusion, and the sudden understanding that her wedding day had been ruined.

Luca and Marco exchanged glances. One look. That was all it took. They knew it was Ricardo and Cassidy.

Tony swallowed. "The workers were opening up the back space. For the expansion. They said there was a section of the ground that looked recently disturbed. They thought it was bad plumbing at first, then they dug deeper and..." He stopped, looking sick. "They called me."

Luca's eyes went cold. "Val, I have to go."

"I'm coming too."

"I don't have time for this, Val." He snapped.

She recoiled as if he had slapped her.

"Your sister made me promise that you would have a peaceful day," Luca said. "That's why she left with Voss. Because she wanted today to go right."

Val's eyes filled instantly. Marco held her tighter.

Luca continued, his voice roughening. "I have to get her out. Peaceful is apparently shot to hell, but you should still have your wedding. Don't let her effort here today go to waste."

Val shook her head, tears slipping down her cheeks. "How am I supposed to go to a reception?"

"Please... please... stay calm."

Val glared at Luca as he talked her down, her entire body shaking. Her wedding dress suddenly felt too tight. Everything felt obscene now. How could the world still look beautiful?

Marco held her by the waist, but she could barely feel him. Panic had filled her ears with a dull roar. She wanted Vee. She wanted her sister's hand. She wanted to wake up and pretend none of this was happening.

That was when Carol walked up, noticing that something was wrong.

Her eyes moved from Val's trembling body to Marco's pale face, then to Luca's barely contained rage.

"Mum," Luca said. "Handle this, please."

Then he sprinted away. Carol turned to Marco with one raised eyebrow.

"Crazy day..." Marco simply said.

Carol gave a small, resigned nod. "I get it." She did. Carol stepped forward and scooped Val into her arms as much as Val's stomach and wedding dress allowed. "Hey, love..." she murmured. "Look at me."

Val shook her head, tears spilling freely now. "I can't. I can't do this. I want Vee."

Carol cupped her face gently, forcing her to focus. "Look at me."

Val lifted her eyes.

"Remember how I said you were the stronger one?" Carol asked.

Val's lips trembled.

"I need that strength now," Carol said. "I need you to finish this. You may not enjoy it," Carol admitted. "You may hate every second of it. But finish it. And I will make sure everything is done in a short period, okay?" Carol promised. "No long speeches. No endless photographs. We will give the guests enough to say the wedding happened, and then we will get you out."

"I want my sister," Val whispered again.

Carol stroked her cheek. "Luca is bringing her. Go, sweetie," Carol soothed as Marco held on to Val once more. "I'll handle the rest." Carol turned to Tony. Her expression changed with frightening speed, shifting from gentle mother to woman-in-command so smoothly that Tony straightened without understanding why.

"Who are you?"

"I work with the ladies. I'm Tony."

Carol looked him over once deciding where exactly he fit into the battlefield that used to be a wedding day. "Yeah, yeah..." she said, already dismissing the unnecessary parts of his answer. "I need you to be my legs. You will do the running around for me."

Tony opened his mouth, probably to ask for clarification, then thought better of it. "Yes, ma'am," he said.

"Good. First, find whoever is handling the cars and tell them the reception will begin as planned, but the speeches will be shortened. Second, tell the caterers to serve immediately once guests arrive. Third, if anyone asks about Miss Scalese, you say she is handling a private matter and will join when she can."

Tony nodded quickly. "Private matter. Food. Cars. Short speeches."

"Go."

Tony went. Carol turned back to look at Val who was being led toward the waiting car by Marco.

Voss knew neither Veronica nor Valentina had anything to do with the men's deaths. She didn't have the eyes for it.

Not that innocent eyes meant anything. Plenty of murderers cried beautifully. But Veronica Scalese looked furious and worried about her sister's wedding more than her own legal situation.

If Voss was honest with himself, painfully honest, he also knew Luca had nothing to do with it. He had spent the past year studying Luciano Genovese. The man was violent, arrogant, smug, infuriating, and probably guilty of a hundred things Voss could not yet prove. But careful didn't even come close to describing him.

Luca was a perfectionist. A paranoid son of a bitch. He noticed how Luca would check exits before even sitting down, he watched rooms like there was a shadow behind every door.