

## **Mafia God 439**

Chapter 439: Ineri Was A Parasite

"Ineri was a parasite." Vee said.

"And dead parasites still get avenged in this city."

Vee's eyes flashed. "You don't even care whether I did it. You care about Luca."

Voss held her gaze.

"You see every door and hope it leads to him."

Voss's face tightened, but he did not deny it. "Someone is going down for these murders," he said. "And it is going to be either you or your sister."

The table jolted as Vee's hands slammed against it.

"Leave Valentina out of this!"

"I have to do my job." He leaned closer, voice low. "And you have the opportunity to put Luca where he belongs."

Vee went very still.

"In prison. For life."

"You think I'd betray him to save myself?" she asked quietly.

"It's him or you or your sister."

Her eyes turned deadly.

"Think about it."

"Once," Voss said, "you had a simple life. Think back," he continued. "Think back to when everything changed. It started with Luca, didn't it?"

She lifted her eyes then. "You should consider therapy. Your obsession with him is beginning to look romantic."

Voss ignored the jab. "He might give you the world, Miss Scalese. Money. Power. Protection. But you will never have peace. This will be your life," Voss said, leaning forward. "You will take falls. You will go to prison. You will always be afraid. You will always be looking over your shoulder, wondering which enemy is coming next. And one day soon, you will die."

"And Luca?" Voss gave a cold little shrug. "He will move on. Then he will find the next thing in a skirt to fuck. Just like that, you will be forgotten. Is that truly what you want?" Voss asked.

Vee sat back slowly. "You are not meant to be asking me questions, Detective."

A muscle flickered in his jaw. "Well," he said, straightening, "your boyfriend is taking too long."

"Fiancé," she corrected again.

"Would you like anything while we wait? Water? Soda?"

Vee turned her face away and ignored him. Five more minutes passed. Five minutes of the clock ticking, and Voss pretending he was not desperate to break her before Luca arrived.

Then the interrogation-room door opened. A tall, well-dressed man stepped in. Dark tailored suit, polished shoes, expensive watch, nice hair.

Vee looked up.

"Hello, Detective," he said smoothly. "My name is Dorian Heathcliffe of Heathcliffe and Associates. I am here to represent Miss Veronica Scalese, and I do not appreciate you being alone with my client. What evidence do you have to hold her here, Detective?"

"Wow," Voss drawled. "You're on fire. What? Is this your first case?"

"I will ask for your professionalism, Detective," Dorian said. "I will not stand for anything else." Dorian's voice was smooth, expensive. A voice that had probably told prosecutors to go to hell without ever raising its volume. He looked young enough that Voss could mock him, but not inexperienced enough for the mockery to land.

"Fine," Voss said. "We have held suspects for lesser evidence."

Dorian's brow lifted faintly. "Lesser suspects, I believe. Miss Scalese has constantly been badgered by you over the past year," Dorian continued. "Repeated contact. Repeated questioning. Repeated attempts to tie her to matters for which you have failed to produce sufficient evidence."

"I am investigating crimes."

"You are harassing my client. I am this close to obtaining a restraining order against you."

Voss laughed shortly. "Against a detective?"

"Against a man abusing his position to pursue a personal obsession. Badges are not shields against misconduct."

Vee's lips twitched slightly.

"Just doing my job," Voss said.

"Then do it properly. What are the charges against my client?"

"Dead bodies were found on a property that belongs to your client."

Dorian looked up. "Again, Detective, what are the charges?"

"Murder?"

"Are you asking me or telling me?" Dorian asked. He sounded bored. "Do you have a murder weapon?" Dorian continued. "Do you have motive beyond some lazy connection? Do you have opportunity? Do you have a witness placing her there? Surveillance? Forensics? Anything that survives thirty seconds of judicial attention?"

Voss's face hardened.

"No, you do not," Dorian said. "I request my client be released into my custody."

Vee sat very still. She had not realised how tense her shoulders were until Dorian spoke that last sentence. Released.

"Not happening," Voss said. "I am scheduling her for arraignment."

"On the ridiculous charge of murder?"

Voss leaned forward. "Two bodies were found on her property."

Dorian smiled faintly. "Detective, if a corpse appears in Central Park, do we arrest the mayor? What do you have linking her to these murders?" Dorian asked. "Give me one minute and I will have any judge who even thinks about sitting in on this laughing in your face and I will not even break a sweat."

Voss's jaw ticked. "How about on the charge of concealment of human corpses?"

Dorian's smile vanished. He was done playing. "Your desperation to pin something on my client is bleeding through. Again, I ask you: do you have any physical evidence supporting these charges? Any proof Miss Scalese knew those bodies were there? Any proof she participated in placing them there? Any soil transfer from her shoes? Fibres? CCTV? Phone pings? Witness statements? Receipts? Anything?"

Vee watched Voss's silence grow heavier. Dorian nodded once, as if the silence had answered exactly as expected.

"You are accusing my client of dumping bodies in her own establishment," he said, "a public ground where workers have been traipsing in and out for months. Contractors, suppliers, staff and you rush to arrest her before basic forensic work is even completed."

Voss's face went red.

"You got nothing," Dorian said quietly. "And the next time you come around my client without doing your proper legwork, I will sue you and this entire department for all you are worth."

"Damn," Voss drawled. "Your father must be proud."

Dorian looked at Veronica as if Voss had become part of the furniture. "Miss Scalese, let's go. You have a wedding to finish."

Vee rose from the chair.