

## **Mafia God 440**

Chapter 440: Think About It

Vee took one step toward the door.

"Miss Scalese?" Voss called.

She paused, but did not turn.

"Think about it..."

Dorian turned around first. "Whatever you need to say to my client," he said, "direct it to me." He stepped closer. "You will not speak to her, look at her, imply things to her, threaten her or attempt to pressure her into a statement without me having a say about it. Am I understood?"

Vee walked past both men. Dorian followed behind her, opening the interrogation-room door. The hallway outside was busy, but conversations dipped as she passed.

Wonderful.

She had gone from wedding guest to murder suspect in under an hour. Truly, her life had range.

Dorian fell into step beside her. "Mr. Genovese is outside waiting for you. I didn't want him to come in. He looked one second away from mass murder."

Vee smiled.

"I thought it best not to test his self-control inside a police station."

"Very wise."

"Also, for the record, Detective Voss is reckless, but not stupid. He knows this case is weak. He was fishing."

"I know."

"Good. Then you also know not to speak to him again without me present."

"Thank you," Vee said quietly.

They reached the front exit. Before stepping outside, Vee caught her reflection in the glass door. Her hair was still pinned. Her makeup had held better than expected. The dress was wrinkled slightly from the interrogation chair, but still elegant enough.

Good.

She could still go back to a wedding. She pushed the door open and stepped outside. Luca spotted her immediately.

He had been standing near the car, but the moment she appeared, everyone else ceased to exist. He walked toward her fast, grabbed her into his arms.

Vee's breath left her as his arms closed around her. His heart was thumping hard against her cheek, wild beneath the suit.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"I'm fine, Luca," Vee assured him.

The words did not seem to reach him immediately. Luca held her. His hand was at the back of her head, fingers buried in her pinned hair, the other arm locked around her waist. She could feel the hard thud of his heart against her, fast and furious.

Then his mouth found hers. He kissed her like he needed to breathe her in, like the sight of her walking out of that precinct had not been enough proof that she was truly there.

Vee softened into him for a moment, letting him take what he needed. Then she pulled away gently, cupping his face.

His eyes were wild.

"Calm down, love," she whispered. "I'm fine."

His body was still shaking beneath her hands, all that controlled violence trying to find somewhere to go.

"Luca," she said again, firmer this time. "Look at me. I'm here."

"Mr. Genovese..." Dorian called.

Luca's hand stayed at Vee's waist as he turned, still not letting her go. "Mr. Heathcliffe."

"I will be taking my leave," Dorian said. "But I will advise that you both, and anyone attached to you, do not speak with the police without me present. Pass this across clearly. No statements. No emotional outbursts."

Vee's eyes flicked to Luca.

Luca looked mildly offended. "Why are you looking at me?"

"Emotional outburst sounds like your department."

"Of course, Mr. Heathcliffe," Luca turned back to Dorian. "Thank you. My regards to your father, and would you thank Mr. Kane for me."

"Of course."

Dorian gave Vee a slight nod. "Miss Scalese."

"Thank you," she said.

He walked away, his expensive shoes clicking against the pavement.

Vee turned back to Luca. "Mr. Kane?"

"Yeah," Luca said, opening the car door for her but not moving until she was safely between him and the vehicle. "I only know lawyers in the famiglia and those who owe me a debt. I wanted someone outside my scope but still deadly. I went to Mr. Kane for help again."

"I admit, he was brutal," Vee said.

Luca's mouth curved with satisfaction. "He comes from a long line of lawyers. It's in his DNA."

Vee gathered her dress carefully so it did not catch in the door. Her wrists still carried faint red marks from the cuffs, and Luca's eyes dropped to them.

His face hardened again.

"Don't," she said softly.

His jaw worked, but he nodded once and closed the door. Then he rounded the car and got in on his side. "I gotta get you to Val," he said, starting the engine. "Before your sister decides to burn the reception hall down with everyone inside it."

The car pulled out of the precinct premises. Vee watched the building disappear through the side mirror.

She turned to Luca. "It's Tony..."

Luca's eyes shifted to her, then back to the road. "What?"

"Tony has something to do with this."

Luca's hands tightened slightly on the wheel. "How are you sure?"

"I'm not. I am just following my line of thought here. He suggested the expansion. Yes, he gave logical reasons," she continued. "It all made sense."

"But now?"

"Right now, I am rethinking it."

"Why would he do this?"

"That's the part I don't know." Vee rubbed her temple, suddenly exhausted. "Maybe he didn't kill anyone. But what if someone used him? What if he was pushed to suggest the expansion? What if he was paid to bury the bodies? Threatened?"

Luca's eyes darkened.

Vee swallowed. "The bodies were found because we opened up that back space. And we opened up that back space because Tony suggested it."

"Fine," Luca said simply. "I'll deal with it."

There was no question in his voice. Just that clean, terrifying certainty that meant Tony had already moved from possible friend to possible threat in Luca's head.

"No," Vee said quickly, turning fully toward him. "No, don't rush head-on."

His eyes flicked to her, sharp and dark. "If Tony had anything to do with this—"

"I know." She squeezed his hand. "Believe me, I know. But I don't want to spook him."

Luca's jaw tightened.

"I want him watched," she continued. "If he is involved, I want him to lead us to whoever he is doing this for and why. Then you can take over."

"What do you need?" he asked.

Vee smiled as she looked at him. He didn't dismiss her theory. He simply bought into it and she appreciated it. "I want everything about him looked into," she said. "I want to know his friends. I want to know his call history. I want to know his neighbours. I want to know if he suddenly started paying debts he should still be drowning in. I want his bank accounts, messages, routes, habits, favourite damn coffee order. Everything."

Luca's mouth curved. "Yes, Donna."

"Don't make it sound sexy. This is serious."

"It can be both."

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Carol had a handle on everything by the time Veronica and Luca came back. The reception hall looked beautiful. Music played softly. Guests ate, drank, smiled, connected. The cake stood tall and elegant beneath soft lights, decorated with ivory flowers and gold detailing. The staff moved briskly under Carol's command.

Val and Marco were in the process of cutting the cake when Vee stepped inside. Val looked up. Her face crumpled with relief.

Vee gave her a small wave. A relieved smile broke out on Val's face at the sight of her sister. It was her first real smile since they had arrived at the reception hall.

Val's lips trembled, but she forced the smile wider because she would not cry. Vee pressed a hand to her chest as if to say, I'm okay. Val nodded, swallowing hard.

Marco noticed the exchange and tightened his hand lightly over hers where they held the knife together.

Carol, on the other hand, did not bother with questions. She saw Veronica come in with Luca behind her, saw the set of Luca's jaw and understood enough. The famiglia had its rhythms. Its secrets.

But she was glad Veronica seemed fine. So Carol simply smiled, bright and gracious, and continued moving among the guests.

Vee also put on a bright smile and moved through the room, thanking guests, accepting kisses on both cheeks.

Soon, it was time for the couple's dance. The lights softened. The music changed into something slow and romantic, and the guests formed a loose circle around the dance floor.

Marco took Val into his arms. His large hand settled at her back, the other holding hers. Val fit against him as much as her belly allowed.

Val looked up at him, tired but glowing.

Marco moved with her gently, slower than the music demanded, making sure she was comfortable. "Are you okay?" he asked.

"I am now." She smiled.

"I'm sorry about the drama."

"Ssshhh..." She pressed her fingers lightly against his chest. "It's my wedding day. I'd like to enjoy the rest."

Marco nodded with a small smile. "I love you."

"I love you more." Val smiled and let Marco guide her gently across the dance floor.

They danced quietly at first, wrapped in that fragile bubble newly married couples always seemed to carry.