

Mafia God 445

Chapter 445: Just Kill Her

"She is supposed to be long gone," Bianca continued. "Just like Luca's mother did."

David changed lanes smoothly. "Just kill her."

Bianca's head snapped back. "No. That way I don't get Luca back."

"So this is still about that."

"It has always been about that. He was mine. He married me."

"What makes you think Luca will come back to you if she leaves?"

"History, fratello," Bianca said, settling back against the leather seat. "History."

David sighed. Beautiful things usually had teeth. His sister was one of them but one thing she didn't know was Veronica was also one of them. He had been studying her, following her, watching her every move and the woman seemed ready for a battle. David's mouth tightened. There was no point arguing with Bianca anyway. She did not hear reason when Luca's name was involved. She only heard the echo of a marriage she had lost, a title she had been stripped of, a throne another woman now sat near.

"If she doesn't break?" he asked.

Bianca's fingers curled around her purse. "She will break. I just need to find the next place to press on. I'll come up with something."

David looked at her and smiled. His little principessa. "Make sure you leave New York first thing in the morning. I don't want Luca finding out you're here."

"Yes," Bianca responded.

"How is Papa?" he asked.

"He is quite mad at the Genovese," she said. "He is looking for ways to get his territory back. There is going to be a war, fratello. And I do not know if Papa will come out of it. Don Genovese is a cat with nine lives," she continued. "Every time people think he is finished, he lands on his feet."

David's jaw worked. Enzo Vitale had banished him but he was still his father. Blood was blood. "If Papa dies by their hands, I will wipe out every single person with the Genovese name."

"Fratello...Stop."

The road stretched ahead of them. David smiled faintly. When the time came... He would save the best for last.

It was not a good day for Voss. To stay ahead of him, Dorian Heathcliffe had issued a formal complaint to both the district attorney's office and Internal Affairs. Dorian had carved him open in legal grammar.

He accused Voss of harassment, abuse of authority, personal vendetta, unlawful pressure tactics, and an unhealthy obsession with the Genovese and Scalese families.

Then, because apparently destroying a man's morning wasn't enough, Dorian went further. He suggested there was no reason not to investigate whether Voss himself had planted the bodies behind Scalese Pizza just to justify further harassment of his clients.

That one had made half the precinct look at Voss differently. Fucking lawyers. Of all the lawyers in New York, Luca had gone to Maurice Heathcliffe's cutthroat son.

Dorian Heathcliffe. The man was violence. He played dirty and brutally. It was always a battle with him.

Still, Voss hadn't thought Dorian would want to represent people tied to the mafia. Maurice Heathcliffe was known for keeping his firm clean.

Voss stood in Captain Harrington's office. The captain looked tired. Everyone was tired. Everyone was suddenly cautious. Everyone was acting like he had done something wrong.

"You are off the case of Luciano Genovese, Andrew," Captain Harrington finally said.

Voss stared at him. "What?"

"You heard me."

"No. No, I didn't hear you correctly. Because if I did, you just told me you're removing me from a case I've spent over a year building because some expensive prick threw a tantrum."

"I'm keeping this department from being dragged through court. You are done handling Genovese directly. You are to hand over every file and information you have on him to the DEA."

"You know as well as I do, Luca will always stay one step ahead of the DEA," Voss said. "He has men everywhere," Voss continued. "Cops who look the other way because the Genovese name means something in this city."

"You have muddied the waters, Andrew," Harrington said.

Voss scoffed. "I did my job."

"No. You keep going at Luca half-cocked. You push before the evidence is ready. You presented a case so thin a decent lawyer could breathe on it and make it disappear. And guess what happened?" Harrington continued. "He got a decent lawyer. More than decent. He got Dorian fucking Heathcliffe."

"If Luca has the Heathcliffes breathing down our necks, then it means he is damned sure there is no evidence linking him or those women to these murders."

"I don't think the Heathcliffes are representing Luciano himself," Voss said quickly. "I think he got them for the Scalese sisters specifically. I just need a witness. That's all. I just need one person inside that circle to blow the whistle on him, and everything comes crashing down."

Harrington sighed and rubbed a hand over his face. "Go ahead and find a witness if you can. Build a real case. One that does not collapse the second a lawyer opens his mouth. For now, stay away from Luciano Genovese and whoever has anything to do with him."

Voss stiffened. "Captain—"

"You go near him or anyone connected to them without clearance, and I will personally throw you under the bus. I cannot save your ass any longer," Harrington said. "Do you know why you have not been fired yet?"

"You put in a good word?" Voss tried, aiming for jovial.

Harrington did not smile. That alone made Voss's attempt die an early, ugly death.

"My good word stopped counting ages ago," the captain said.

Voss frowned. "What does that mean?"

"You have not been fired yet because Luciano himself requested that you remain on the force."

Voss' brows rose slowly. "Are you kidding me? That's bullshit."

"That's what the commissioner told me."

"Why the hell would he do that?"

Harrington's mouth tightened. "Apparently, he thinks you are a good cop who is focusing his energy on the wrong enemy."