

Mafia God 446

Chapter 446: He's Playing A Game

Voss did not believe for one second that Luciano Genovese had done anything out of kindness toward him. "He's playing a game."

"You have lots of cases on your desk, Detective," Harrington said. "Focus on those and give Luciano a break."

Voss stepped closer to the desk. "It doesn't bother you that Luca doesn't want me fired? It doesn't raise alarms? Not even one?" Voss pressed.

"Andrew—"

"So you're just fine with this? A known mafia heir puts in a word with the commissioner, and nobody thinks that's a problem?"

Harrington's eyes hardened. "I think plenty of things are problems. I think Luca Genovese is a problem. I think the bodies behind Scalese Pizza are a problem. I think Dorian Heathcliffe turning this department into his personal punching bag is a problem."

Voss waited.

"But right now," Harrington continued, "you are the problem in my office. So no. I don't care why Luca wanted you here. I care that if you keep going the way you're going, he won't have to destroy you. You'll do it yourself."

"He is saving me for a reason," Voss said. "He wants me to owe him a debt."

"He is the devil after all," Harrington said dryly.

"I've got to go."

Harrington stood sharply. "Do not go anywhere near Luciano, Voss!"

But Voss was already headed away. The captain's warning followed him into the hallway, swallowed by ringing phones, officers moving around. His coat snapped behind him as he walked, jaw tight, head full of Luca's invisible fingerprints all over his life.

He would be damned before he let Luciano Genovese put a collar around his neck.

Luca was getting accustomed to being ambushed by Voss nowadays. At this point, the detective showing up uninvited was becoming less of a threat and more of an irritating habit.

So when Luca was informed that Voss was once more in Commissioned—but this time actually requesting to see him—he wasn't really bothered.

Curious, yes. Bothered, no.

Commissioned was quiet that afternoon, closed to the public until evening. His jacket was off. Sleeves rolled up.

The detective stepped in. Voss looked angry, wounded. Luca's mouth curved.

"Seems to me I must have done something to piss you off, Detective." He tilted his head. "Why is that somewhat satisfying?"

"Good job on your new hire," Voss drawled, stepping farther into the office. "Finally got the Heathcliffes in your pocket."

"They are my wife's lawyers," he said. "Not mine. Sit, Detective," Luca added, gesturing to the chair across from him. "You look like you would like a shot of something strong."

"No, thank you."

"Nonsense." Luca got to his feet and walked to the bar set into the side wall. He selected a bottle of Macallan 25 Year Old Sherry Oak. He poured two glasses, carried one glass back and placed it on the desk right in front of Voss. Then Luca downed his own in one smooth swallow, the burn settling nicely in his chest.

He turned and headed back to pour himself another.

"What is it you think you can get out of me, Luciano?" Voss asked.

Luca paused with the bottle in hand. "I don't follow."

"Bullshit. I have been informed the only reason I have not been fired is because of you."

Luca turned slowly, glass in hand. "The only reason?" he asked, brows lifting. "Damn. I must have been wrong about you then."

Voss's eyes narrowed.

Luca moved back to his seat and lowered himself into it. "I thought you were a damn fine cop."

"Quit playing, Luca," Voss demanded. "Why do you want me in your debt?"

"You have the wrong theory, Voss. If you ever do anything to find yourself in my debt," Luca said, "then I don't need you anymore."

Voss's eyes narrowed.

"You become useless to me."

"What the hell does that mean?"

"It means I do not want you compromised." Luca's voice stayed smooth, but the laziness had gone out of it now. "I do not want you bought. I do not want you grateful. I do not want you owing me favours or looking over your shoulder wondering when I'll come to collect."

Voss stepped closer to the desk. "What do you want from me?"

Luca's eyes lifted fully to his then. "I want you to do your fucking job."

Voss blinked. "Excuse me?"

"I am the devil, alright?" Luca said. "I earned the name. I know what I am. I know what you see when you look at me. I bring the darkness," Luca continued. "I carry it. I use it. But I have one singular light in my life, and that is Veronica Scalese. I want you on the damned force, because I know someday, I will need you. And no matter how much you hate me, no matter how much you want to put me in a cell and throw away the key, you will do the right thing."

Voss laughed. "You are a goddamned puppeteer." He shook his head. "Fuck! You're good."

"Don't look so smug," Luca said. "There is only a twenty percent chance I may need you," he continued. "And I do not need to cash in on a favour. I have learned enough about you to know that you are a man of integrity. You will always do what's right."

Voss's mouth tightened. "You don't know me."

"I know enough. My life infects my wife's," Luca said. "It is like a cancer, Detective. So someday," Luca continued, "I may need someone on the right side of the law to handle things the right way. You owe me nothing. I just see no reason to have a very fine detective fired for doing his job, albeit blindly."

"I am not going to do you any favours. If the law comes hard on your girl, then so be it. I will watch her rot with my eyes open because she chose you with hers open."

"No, you will not."

Voss's eyes hardened. "Try me."

Luca downed the rest of his drink, set the glass down with a soft click, and leaned back in his chair.