

## **Mafia God 447**

### Chapter 447: It Would Haunt You

"That's the thing about good men," he said. "I can watch an innocent person get killed on my doorstep and I wouldn't even blink." Luca's voice lowered. "You, on the other hand, Detective... it would haunt you. I like honourable opponents. They are predictable in the one way that matters."

Voss smiled. He finally realised the knife on the table could be held by either of them. "You know what..." he said slowly, eyes narrowing with a new interest. "Maybe I should take a page out of your own playbook."

"That would require taste, Detective."

"If the time ever comes that you need me to get your girl out of a fix," Voss said, "then you will owe me a debt."

Luca's eyes changed. Voss saw it and smiled wider.

"You know what I want, right?"

"Of course, Detective. I do know what you want."

Voss wanted him. He wanted Luciano Genovese in chains. A conviction, a fall. And Luca, sitting there understood with perfect clarity what he was offering. If the day ever came when Veronica's freedom depended on Detective Andrew Voss, the price would be absolute.

His life for hers. His freedom for hers. His empire, if that was what it took. Luca smiled faintly. "And I promise you, if she ever needs you, you will get what you want. You have my word."

Some of Voss's anger faded into respect. Reluctant, bitter, unwanted respect, but respect all the same.

"You'd really do that," he said.

"Yes."

Voss's smile widened. "Have a good day, Mr. Genovese." He turned toward the door, then paused with his hand on the handle. "And say hi to your Donna for me."

Luca raised a brow.

Voss glanced back, his smile sharpening. "I saw her name on the door right next to yours."

He opened the door and headed out. Luca remained seated long after the door closed. The man didn't disappoint. He followed through just as Luca had predicted he would. Push the right button, offer the right moral trap, and Voss would find his way to the bargain all by himself.

If it ever came down to it, Vee's life for his, Vee's freedom for his. Luca picked up his empty glass, turning it slowly between his fingers.

He prayed he would get to spend the rest of his life with her. He prayed for quiet mornings, for her laughter in his bed, for her stubborn voice, for the life they kept talking about like the world might one day allow them to have it.

But if that didn't happen, if the darkness finally came to collect its due, then there was nothing left to debate.

His life was hers both figuratively and literally. Right on cue, she walked in. He almost let the truth show on his face.

The fear, the decision, the silent agreement that if the day ever came, he would hand himself over before he let the world put her in a cage.

He quickly schooled his expression into his usual smug mask, because Veronica Scalese had terrifyingly sharp eyes and an even more terrifying habit of noticing the things he tried hardest to hide. "There's my Donna," he said, spreading his arms slightly. "Claimed and owned by yours truly."

Vee paused by the door and stared at him. "You're an idiot."

"But your idiot, right?"

She waved him off like she was swatting at a disturbing fly. "Unfortunately."

"I heard the affection in that."

She rolled her eyes and stepped farther into the office. Her gaze moved around the room, taking in the desk, his posture, the two glasses. "I saw Voss just leaving. What did he want?" she asked. "I thought we agreed we wouldn't be talking to him without the lawyer present."

Luca got to his feet, already thinking quickly. He needed a satisfactory answer. One close enough to the truth not to trip her instincts, but far enough from the real truth that she wouldn't start digging with those beautiful, dangerous eyes. "He is pissed he got thrown off my case."

Vee's brows rose. "He has?"

"Yup." Luca smiled and moved around the desk. "Apparently, harassing my wife is not considered professional policing. Shocking development."

"Again, not wife yet."

"Fine. Future wife."

Her eyes dropped to the desk. Luca saw the exact moment she noticed the full glass and the empty one. Her gaze lifted back to him slowly. "You poured him a drink for that?" she asked.

Luca followed her gaze as if he had only just remembered the evidence sitting there.

Damn it.

"He looked like he needed a drink or to get laid," Luca said. "I'm not exactly sure which."

Vee's brow lifted. "And he didn't take your offer on both?" she asked.

Luca turned to her slowly. "No, and I only offered him the former."

"Shame. Maybe the latter would have improved his attitude."

"I am not that generous." Luca headed toward the office door. He turned the lock with a soft click.

Her gaze fell back to the desk. The untouched glass still sat there. "He didn't spit in this, did he?"

Luca chuckled. "Voss may hate me, but I doubt he would commit that level of crime against Macallan twenty-five."

"Good." Vee picked up the shot glass, sniffed it once just to be dramatic, then emptied it in one swallow. She coughed once, eyes watering.

Luca's smile widened. "Careful, Donna."

"That is strong as hell." She placed the empty glass back on his desk and straightened, smoothing her dress with both hands. "I've got to get back to work. I have Mrs Bellandi coming in a bit." Vee turned to leave, but Luca caught her wrist and pulled her back.

"Come on," he said, voice dropping. "I already locked the door."

She gave him a look. "Why?"

Luca raised a brow.

"Oh for God's sakes. Working beside you is exhausting." She shoved at his chest — playful, exasperated, trying very hard to be responsible and finding him uncooperative.

"You mean exhilarating." Luca's hands found her thigh.