

Mafia God 452

Chapter 452: They Have Vee

David turned away from the window and headed into his office, already sure that Bianca had not accounted for one very inconvenient truth.

Veronica Scalese was not the sort of woman to play with. He had said it countless times to just kill her. No drama needed.

Luca was just heading to his car when his phone rang. The garage beneath Commissioned was quiet. Black cars sat in neat rows beneath harsh white lights. He glanced at the screen.

Scalese pizza parlour.

His brows furrowed immediately. He wondered why she wasn't calling him with her personal phone. Maybe hers was switched off and she called to inform him she would be running late.

Luca answered.

"Luca!" Tony's voice exploded through the phone, breathless, terrified. "Inferi's men! They have Vee! They have Vee!"

The entire world went soundless. Everything vanished beneath the cold dread that settled in the pit of Luca's stomach and spread outward like poison. His hand tightened around the phone.

He turned instantly, eyes cutting across the garage. His expression changed so violently that one of his men straightened before a word was even spoken. "Where?!" Luca barked.

At the same time, he pointed to a couple of his men. No explanation needed. They knew the signal.

Suit up.

The lazy calm of the garage shattered. Men reached for guns, jackets, radios. Car doors opened. Engines coughed awake.

"I don't know," Tony rushed out. "They picked her up in front of the shop. Her guard...I don't know if he is alive but they knocked him out."

"Check on him. Secure the shop. Do not call the cops. I have it handled," Luca instructed Tony. His voice was terrifyingly calm. "Lock the doors. If anyone comes back, you call me, not the police. Do you understand?"

A shaky breath. "Yes. Yes, I understand."

Luca ended the call. He stood beside the car with the phone still in his hand, his reflection caught in the black window. He did not look angry. His men were already moving.

The entire garage shifted from quiet luxury to war preparation in less than thirty seconds. Luca pulled up the tracking app on his phone.

The screen loaded. A small blinking dot appeared. It was moving fast. His chest tightened, then released just enough for him to breathe.

Good.

It meant they had not stopped yet. It meant they had not had enough time to get comfortable. It meant they had not had enough time to hurt her.

Not in any way that would require him to burn the whole fucking city down. He got into the driver's seat himself.

Luca placed the phone on the dashboard, the tracking route glowing pale against the dark interior. The chip in her necklace was still active. His jaw flexed.

The blinking dot was the only thing keeping his heart from tearing itself apart. He yanked open the console drawer, checked for his gun, then slammed it shut. His hand gripped the steering wheel.

The car shot forward. Tires screamed against concrete as Luca floored it out of Commissioned, his men following behind him in a convoy of black vehicles. The garage lights flashed over his windshield, one after another.

Veronica sat in the centre of two men in the back seat of her own car, looking straight ahead while they held guns to her face. Her cheek still hurt. Her neck ached where the first idiot had pressed the barrel too hard. Her hair was a mess.

The man on her left kept breathing through his mouth.

Veronica slowly turned her eyes toward him. "Do you have a medical condition, or are you just committed to being disgusting?"

"Shut up," he snapped.

She looked forward again. Outside the windows, the city blurred past. They were driving fast, taking turns sharply, nervous even though they were armed. That told her enough. These were not professionals.

Inferi.

The name sat bitterly in her mind. The fool was dead and somehow he was still finding ways to irritate her.

She didn't bother saying another word. What was the point of talking to people who were going to die whichever way this went? The moment they chose to kidnap her, they were dead men walking. She had even forgotten a man called Ineri ever existed.

That fool had been gone from her mind so completely that if someone had asked her about him over dinner, she would have needed a full minute, a glass of wine, and perhaps a diagram.

Still, she understood. With all the bodies that surrounded Scalese Pizza, theories were always going to fly. People loved theories. They were easier than truth and usually more dramatic. It had happened once before.

She was not surprised it was happening again. She was, however, deeply annoyed to be kidnapped over it.

The car took a sharp corner, throwing her shoulder into the man on her right. He cursed and shoved her back with the gun.

They drove into a deserted street she was sure she had never seen before. The city seemed to fall away behind them, replaced by narrow asphalt, leaning trees.

Veronica looked out the window, her face calm, though her heart beat harder than she wanted to admit.

How far did the tracker go?

Her necklace rested against her chest, warm from her skin, absurdly pretty for something that had once made her accuse Luca of being controlling.

Then she remembered he had tracked her with it when she planned to surprise him in Italy. The worry ended there.

Luca would find her. The question was whether there would be enough left of these men to identify after he did.

A sudden screech of tires tore through the quiet from behind. The men turned at once. All of them.

Fools.

Veronica did not wait to check. She did not need to see Luca's face to know he had finally come for her. She felt it in the shift of the air, in the way the men panicked, in the sudden violence of hope blooming sharp and hot in her chest.