

## **Mafia God 453**

### Chapter 453: The Devil 2.0

Her hand shot up, knocking the gun out of the man's grip before he could turn it back on her. It clattered somewhere near the floor mat. She drove her fist into his face, hard enough to send his head snapping sideways.

The man on her other side grabbed for her, and she slammed her elbow into him with everything she had. He grunted, folding just enough for her to twist away.

The driver shouted. "Hold her!"

The car behind them screeched past, a blur of black metal and fury, cutting across the road as if hell itself had taken the wheel.

Inside her car, everything turned to chaos. The men scrambled to get a bearing of themselves as they defended themselves against Veronica.

The car sped past them. Then it made a vicious one-eighty turn in the middle of the deserted street, tires screaming. The men in her car barely had time to curse before it came charging back at them.

"Oh, fuck," one of them breathed.

The impact hit like thunder. Metal screamed. Glass cracked. Veronica's body jerked hard against the seat, pain bursting through her shoulder and ribs as everyone tumbled into everyone else. Someone's elbow caught her side. The driver shouted.

There was nothing but ringing in Veronica's ears and smoke fogging everywhere. It seeped through the broken edges of the car, thick and bitter, mixing with the sharp smell of leaking fluids. Her head throbbed.

The driver was still trying to move when his door was yanked open. The driver was dragged out with a strangled shout. Veronica heard a brutal crack, then screaming.

The men beside her scrambled at once, all the courage in them leaking away faster than the smoke. They fumbled for their weapons. One looked under the seat in blind panic. The other shoved the door open.

They shoved their way out of the backseat, desperate now, trying to escape into the trees. Veronica did not need to see them to know it was a lost cause.

All she heard were screams, shouting, heavy impacts.

Luca.

She pressed one hand to her aching head. She needed to stop him before he did any more damage. They already had enough to deal with at the shop. Adding more bodies to the pile was not going to help anyone, and she was really getting tired of being associated with suspiciously high death rates.

"Luca!" she snapped as she stepped out. "Enough!" Her heels touched the uneven road. She squinted through the smoke, through the headache pulsing behind her eyes, through the blur of bent metal.

Then she froze. It wasn't Luca standing there, saving her. It was her neighbour, David.

"What the fuck!" Vee cursed.

David stood in the middle of the deserted street as if he belonged there. Smoke drifted around him in lazy grey ribbons. The two cars sat ruined, metal bent and groaning, headlights flickering. The trees lining the road swayed softly in the evening breeze, completely indifferent to the chaos below them. Birds chirped somewhere overhead.

At David's feet were the men who had taken her. Broken, groaning and bleeding. Veronica stared at them.

Then at him.

"You're welcome."

Suspicion came rushing in. She took one careful step back, her body aching, eyes narrowing as she studied him properly.

"What..." Vee swallowed. "How...who are you?"

David tilted his head. "I don't follow." He had asked himself 'what the fuck' too the moment he grabbed his keys. He had told himself it was for the thrill. The itch under his skin. The taste of danger, the rush of blood, the adrenaline flooding his veins after too many months of pretending he was satisfied with silence and clean floors. That was what he had told himself as he followed the kidnappers. That was the lie he preferred.

The truth was far less convenient. The woman in front of him intrigued him. And besides, if anyone was going to kill her, it had to be him.

Veronica looked down at the groaning, broken, bleeding men at her feet, then at the destruction of the cars, then back at him. "How did you do this?"

"I believe you did most of the work. Impressive," David said.

Veronica stared at him. The smoke had thinned enough now for her to see him clearly. There was not a drop of panic on him.

He looked like he had interrupted his evening for mild exercise.

"Do you answer questions?" she asked.

David considered that, his eyes moving briefly over her bruised cheek, the wild state of her hair, the fury in her expression. "That I can answer... No." He turned and started heading back toward his car. "You can find your own way home, no?"

"What?" She let out a disbelieving laugh. "Who the hell are you?"

David reached his car and opened the door.

She made a frustrated sound. "I...what the fuck?!"

David paused with one hand on his car door. "I do not plan on giving you a ride. Luca might thank me for saving you, but I am sure he will shoot me on sight if he finds you in my car."

Just then, she heard the engines approaching. The sound rolled down the empty road, growing louder with every second. Headlights appeared in the distance.

David smiled faintly and shut his car door without getting in. "That would be the devil himself."

Relief hit first. Then irritation followed quickly behind it, because Luca was going to lose his mind, and she did not currently have the energy to manage a murderous husband, and a headache from hell.

David waited. He really wanted to see what would come next. But Luca's response time at the scene told him something. He had a way of having her tracked and he had to find it.

Vee turned toward the road just as Luca's car pulled up. It did not stop so much as it attacked the earth beneath it. Tires screamed, dust lifted, and the black vehicle slid into place. Two more cars pulled in behind him, doors opening before the engines had even fully settled.