

## **Mafia God 454**

### Chapter 454: He Saved Me

Men poured out with weapons drawn, sharp-eyed and silent, spreading across the deserted road. But Luca moved first.

He stepped out of the car with his gun already raised. Not at the men on the ground but at David.

Veronica's stomach dropped. David did not flinch. He stood beside his own car, shirt stained with blood, expression bored. The gun pointed at his chest might as well have been an umbrella. He merely stared Luca down with one brow raised.

"Luca!" Vee shouted. "No! No! He saved me."

Luca's head jerked toward her. Everything violent in him paused. His eyes dragged over her face, her bruised cheek.

"He saved me," she said again, pointing at David, still not believing it herself.

Luca's gaze shifted slowly back to David. His eyes narrowed. Then, finally, he took in the rest of the scene.

The ruined cars, the smoke, the broken men groaning on the ground. The driver curled near the front tire, clutching himself.

Luca lowered the gun from David. Veronica exhaled. Then Luca aimed it at the men on the floor.

"Ah fuck! Luca!" she barked immediately. "We cannot afford that. Not now."

David watched them, studying every shift, every breath. The way Luca seemed to only hear her. See her. The way the fury in him did not disappear, but bent around her voice like even his rage knew who owned it.

Veronica stepped closer to Luca. "Look at me. Not now," she said softly. "We do not need another mess."

Luca's hand tightened around the gun. His eyes darkened. "I'm not fucking letting them go," Luca snapped.

"He already did the heavy lifting," Vee said.

Luca's eyes stayed on the men sprawled across the road. The gun remained in his hand, angled low now, but not harmless.

"Actually," David said mildly from beside his car, "she did the heavy lifting."

Both Luca and Vee turned to him. David stood there with that maddening calm of his.

"No one is talking to you," Luca snapped at David.

"I guess that's my cue to leave."

"That was your cue five minutes ago," Luca said.

David opened his car door. It gave a sad metallic complaint, because the front of half of it was badly damaged. He slid into the driver's seat, paused, then gave Luca a small salute through the open window.

Luca looked as if he was considering shooting the salute off his hand. David's smile widened by half an inch before he drove the battered car off, its engine protesting loudly into the empty road.

Vee turned to Luca. "You didn't have to be mean to him."

Luca stepped closer, the fury in him shifting now that David was gone. It was still there, still burning, but it was wrapped tightly around fear. His eyes moved over her again. Every little mark seemed to carve something out of him. "How the hell did he know where to find you?" he asked.

"I don't know." She folded her arms, then immediately regretted it when her ribs protested. "He must have followed the car from the shop. It happened right in front of the pizza shop."

Luca's gaze flicked down the road where David had disappeared. "I don't like this."

Vee stepped closer, ignoring the ache in her body, and tilted her head up at him. "You don't like that you weren't my knight today."

"I don't like that he has his eyes on you. I don't trust him," Luca corrected.

Vee exhaled slowly. "I have learned not to question you. I admit your instincts are annoyingly correct most of the time." She rubbed at her temple and winced. "You may not like the man, but we still owe him a thank you, at the very least."

Luca's mouth tightened as if she had asked him to eat glass. "Fine. I will swallow my pride and bow at his feet."

Vee gave him a tired look. "A thank you. That is all."

He sighed, then stepped closer. His hand came up. He touched the edge of her bruised cheek without pressing. "You okay?"

Vee swallowed. "They hit me pretty bad," she admitted. "And I think I banged my head."

Luca's eyes darkened again. "I'll have the doctor meet us at home." He signalled to one of his men. The man immediately moved toward Vee's damaged car. Luca guided Vee toward his car with one hand at her back. He opened the passenger door and helped her in, his hand lingering at her waist. His eyes swept over her once more, counting injuries, memorising them, making promises to each one.

Then he shut the door. Vee leaned back against the leather seat and closed her eyes briefly. Peace lasted three seconds.

Because he was Luca, and because he could never resist being exactly who he was, he walked back to the men on the ground whose bones were already broken.

Vee's eyes opened. "Luca," she called through the glass.

He ignored her, stood over them, said something she could not hear, then raised his gun and shot each one of them in the leg.

The muffled cracks echoed through the deserted street. Vee rolled her eyes. He was never going to change.

Voss would surely come sniffing by morning.

\*\*\*\*\*

A couple of days later, Vee was at the airport to welcome Marco and Val back from Santorini. The arrivals hall was its usual beautiful disaster.

Vee stood near the railing with dark sunglasses perched on her head, one hand resting on her handbag.

He had wanted to come with her. The situation with Inperi had come with a headache. Luca had wanted to increase her security. Apparently, one man wasn't enough.

Left to Luca alone, six men would be watching her at all times but they eventually settled on one driving her and a back up car following.

The automatic doors slid open again, releasing another wave of passengers. Vee straightened, scanning faces, and then she saw Val.

Rounder, glowing, beautiful, and walking with one hand pressed to the curve of her belly.