

Mafia God 474

Chapter 474: You Know Who It Is

She had to find out what the police knew, and she couldn't call Luca. She placed the gun carefully beside her, close enough to reach, then pulled out her phone with one hand. Her fingers moved fast, steady despite the thunder in her chest. Vee dialed the one person she knew could protect them legally.

Dorian Heathcliffe.

With him on ground, there would be no one badgering them for questions.

Of all the people who could be calling him right now, Detective Voss never expected it to be Luciano Genovese.

Since the day Voss had confronted him at Commissioned, he stayed away. Voss waited knowing eventually the devil would need something.

Maybe that day was here. The phone kept vibrating. Voss leaned back in his chair, eyes narrowing.

He answered. "Mr Genovese..."

"Good," Luca said. "You know who it is."

"This must be good," Voss said, turning slightly in his chair. He could hear movement behind Luca. Voices maybe. Footsteps. A door opening. Something metal clattering. Wherever Genovese was, he was not comfortable, and that alone made the conversation worth taking.

"That debt you need me to owe you?" Luca's voice came from the phone, low and controlled. "It's now."

Voss sat up. There it was. The thing he had been patient enough to wait for. He smiled faintly. "Really?" he said. "And what do you need me to do for you?"

"You do this," Luca said, "and I will give you everything you want."

"What do you need?" Voss asked. He kept his voice lazy, but his fingers had already moved toward the notepad on his desk.

"I hear there is a Tony Lombardi under arrest," Luca said. "And I hear he is currently being moved into protective custody."

Voss leaned back in his chair. If Luca already knew about it before even he did, then someone somewhere was very loyal. "News to me, Luciano." He smiled faintly. He could practically hear the irritation forming on the other end of the line.

"I need two things," Luca said. "Two things in exchange for me."

Voss picked up his pen. "Go on..."

"I need you to find out who is setting Marco up."

Voss gave a soft laugh. He could not help it. "Interesting. Your capo is being set up now." He tapped his pen against the notepad. "Why should I care? The deal was I get your girl out of shit and then you owe me."

"The deal has changed."

"Has it?"

"You want me? Find out who the fuck is behind this because I cannot right now, and I need Tony's location now."

Voss laughed. The arrogance was beautiful. He shook his head, still smiling. "Why don't I give you the throne of heaven while you are at it."

"Listen to me!" Luca snapped.

The force of his voice cut through the phone so sharply Voss actually pulled it an inch from his ear.

"You piece of shit," Luca continued. "Get it done. You have two hours."

"You had me thrown off your case, remember?" Voss said, leaning back in his chair.

"You have it back," Luca said. "Now get to work!"

The line went dead. Voss remained exactly where he was, phone still pressed to his ear, listening to nothing.

Then slowly, he lowered it and stared at the screen. Was he actually serious? Voss tossed the phone onto his desk and sat back, dragging both hands down his face.

Two hours.

Locate Tony Lombardi in protective custody. And in exchange, what? The promise of Luca in chains.

Captain Harrington appeared at his desk. "Voss!"

Voss looked up.

"You're up!"

"What's up, Cap?"

Harrington slapped the file against his chest. "You're back on Luciano's case!"

Voss slowly looked down at the file. "Okay! No!" Voss said, pointing toward the phone. "How far does this guy's reach go?"

Harrington frowned. "What are you talking about?"

"Never mind," Voss said, because explaining that Luciano Genovese had apparently spoken reality into existence over the phone would make him sound insane.

And Voss had no intention of giving the devil that satisfaction, even in private.

"What's going on?"

Captain Harrington exhaled heavily. "A Mr Lombardi walked into the DEA office confessing to a crime. Says he killed Luca's capo," Harrington continued, lowering his voice. "And Luca may be coming for him."

That part, at least, Tony had guessed correctly, Voss thought

"The DEA are moving him into protective custody as we speak," Harrington said. "Don't know much about what he told them. I requested access to the witness, but they won't budge."

"DEA won't share?" Voss asked dryly. "Shocking."

Harrington shot him a look. "Not now. They say he might give them information on Luca's trafficking ring."

Voss's brows climbed. Every agency loved those words. They made budgets open.

He opened the file. Name. Time. Intake officer. DEA hold request. Protective transfer pending. Conveniently thin.

"Tony works at Scalese Pizza," Voss said. "He knows nothing of Luca's business."

Harrington gave him a tired look. "And you know that because?"

"Because Luciano Genovese isn't stupid."

Voss continued, eyes on the file. "Tony Lombardi is not inner circle. He is not even in the circle. Fuck, he isn't in the neighbourhood of the circle. The guy knows nothing. He is a waste of time for the DEA."

"Well," Harrington said, "the DEA are still hanging on to him anyway."

Voss closed the file. "He just called me now," he sighed.

"Who?"

"Luca."

"What did he want?" Harrington asked.

"He wants me to find out who is setting his capo up and..."

Harrington's eyes narrowed. "And what?"

Voss looked down at the file in his hand.

"And what?" Harrington repeated. "Spit it out!"

"Tell him where Tony is," Voss answered.

"You cannot do that," he said sharply. "And for God's sake, do not mention that to anyone else."

"I wasn't planning to put it in the department newsletter."

Harrington stepped closer, lowering his voice. "You and I both know what he is going to do to Tony if he gets within ten feet of him."

Voss did know. Luciano Genovese did not want Tony Lombardi's location so he could send flowers. He wanted Tony because Tony had poked the devil.