

## **Mafia God 475**

Chapter 475: The DEA Has Tony

"But I at least need to talk to someone." Voss sighed again. "The DEA has Tony. Marco is dead."

"No," Harrington said. "He was undergoing surgery when Luca got him out."

Voss stared at him. "I'm sorry. When Luca did what?"

"The surgical team are not speaking."

"Of course they're not."

"All they said was Marco was checked out against medical advice."

Voss let out a slow breath. "I hate him."

Harrington rubbed his forehead.

Voss leaned forward. "Boss, I need to talk to Tony. Please. It's the only way I can get ahead of this."

Finally, Harrington sighed.

"Fine," he said. "I'll see what I can do."

\*\*\*\*\*

Veronica was on edge as she waited for more news. She had passed worried sometime around midnight and was now living in the territory of touch me and I will shoot you by accident.

So far, she had been informed that Luca had made it out of the hospital before the police arrived.

That was one mercy. Marco was receiving adequate care from the famiglia medical team. That was another.

He would be moved out of town at the safest opportunity. It had been six hours since the last news.

Six long, ugly hours. Early morning had crept in quietly, spilling dull grey light through the curtains of the living room, but Veronica hadn't slept a wink. Her body ached from sitting too long, her eyes burned, and her phone had become an extension of her hand. Every vibration made her stomach drop. Every silent minute made her want to throw the useless thing across the room.

Her gun sat within reach on the side table. Valentina was upstairs with Matteo, though Veronica doubted her sister was sleeping either. Val had gone too quiet. It meant her mind was chewing itself bloody with all the things she could not control.

And Matteo? Sweet, tiny Matteo had chosen this night of all nights to be an angel. Veronica rubbed a hand over her face and glanced again at her phone.

Nothing.

Just silence.

This was not supposed to be quiet. There was no way it would be. At least, so far, Luca hadn't killed anyone.

Veronica exhaled. Thank God for small mercies. A ridiculous thought, considering the love of her life was somewhere between probable fugitive, fiancé, and walking international incident. But still. Small mercies counted.

But she hated getting scraps of information. She needed to know what was going on. Did she need to move? Did she need to stay in one place? Was the house secure?

She had no idea. But one thing was certain. Val had to leave for Italy. Her sister was not in the right frame of mind to handle pressure or whatever madness came next. Val needed distance.

Veronica had already made the decision. She had already booked her a flight out for that afternoon. She was on her seventh cup of coffee when Val came downstairs.

At this point, Veronica was no longer drinking coffee. Coffee was drinking her. Her heartbeat had become a small, aggressive drumline behind her ribs, and her hands had a faint tremor.

Valentina appeared at the bottom of the stairs with Matteo tucked into a car carrier. She looked pale and hollow.

"Val...Are you alright?"

Stupid question.

Val adjusted the blanket around the baby. "I'm leaving...I'm going to my husband's house to wait for news there."

"Val, you have to stay where I can keep an eye on both of you. It's not safe right now."

Val's mouth tightened. "We have guards too."

"That's not the point."

"I'm sure I will be safe." Val lifted the carrier slightly and began moving toward the door.

Vee stepped in front of her. "Valentina... We need to stick together," Vee said. "I booked you a flight to go to Italy in the meantime. Just stay away from all of this."

"You booked me a flight?" Val let out a short laugh. "Wow. I don't want to be all dramatic and shit, but tell me, Vee... If it was Luca on death's door, would you take a flight out?" Her eyes glistened, but the tears did not fall. "Would you run?"

Vee's chest tightened. The answer was immediate.

No.

Not a chance.

If Luca was anywhere between life and death, they would have to drag her away screaming.

"Val, this circumstance is different," Vee said.

"How?" Val snapped. "Because it is Marco? He is not invincible like the devil?" she continued. "I am a mother now, Vee...Marco's wife. And I assure you, I can take care of myself!"

Matteo stirred at the raised voice, his little face scrunching with displeasure, as if even he was tired of the family drama and would prefer everyone lower their tone.

Vee dragged in a breath. "Val, why are you being so difficult?" she asked, exhausted. "I am trying to make things easier for you."

"For me?" Val asked. "Or for Luca?" She stepped closer, eyes bright, cheeks flushed with rage. "You just don't want me to talk to the wrong people. Say the wrong thing. Everything has always been to please Luca."

"That is not fair."

"Everyone bends over backwards for him. Marco lives his life for him, bleeds for him, nearly dies for him. And you..." Her mouth trembled. "You know nothing but him."

The words hit hard. Yes, she loved Luca. Loved him with the devotion that had changed her bones, her DNA, everything she knew. But Val didn't know the parts of herself she had buried because protecting Val had always come before protecting herself.

"You know that's not true, Val," Vee said, voice breaking. "I... I protect you."

"No. No, all you ever did was hand yourself to him from the very beginning. It was never about me," Val said, the words tumbling out now, poisoned and hurtful. "You were just being his slut!"

Then the hurt Vee felt in that moment made her palm move with the speed of light, connecting with Val's face.

"How dare you!" Vee's voice cracked through the living room like glass breaking.