

## **Mafia God 413**

### Chapter 413: It Was Your Daughter's Fault

But this? This public insult and disgrace? No. She refused to accept it. So as soon as they stepped through the foyer, Graziella Vitale turned venomous eyes on her husband.

"You were smiling with him?!" she yelled.

Enzo turned sharply. "What?!"

"With Massimo!" she snapped, stepping closer. "He gives you a stupid, insincere apology and you smiled with him?!"

His eyes narrowed.

"My daughter is in a hospital with stitches in her head, humiliated and you stood there exchanging polite words."

"It was your daughter's fault," Enzo said. "You heard the other women there. She cast the first stone."

Graziella's mouth pressed into a thin line. "And that gives that gutter girl the right to break a bottle over Bianca's head? My daughter?!"

"That gutter girl, as you call her, is Luciano's fiancée."

"Ah, yes. Luciano. Massimo. The Genovese gods. We must all kneel." She jabbed a finger toward his chest. "Be honest with me, Enzo. What does Massimo have on you? Uhn? Is there some dead body you both buried somewhere that makes you turn into a rambling fool in his presence?"

His eyes flashed. "He is my friend!"

"At the expense of your daughter!" she screamed.

Enzo had no reply.

Years of swallowed anger finally clawed its way out of her. "You gave her to that family. And when they were done with her, they threw her aside. And still you defend them."

"She shamed herself. It has nothing to do with me and Massimo."

"She is your daughter!"

"She is reckless, selfish, and spoiled because you made her believe beauty excuses everything."

Graziella's eyes filled, but the tears only made her angrier. "You are a terrible father!"

Enzo took one slow step toward her, his voice dropping dangerously. "Talk to me in that tone one more time, woman, and you will have hell to pay!"

"Enough! Enough, Enzo!" Graziella screamed. "I am not the enemy!" she snapped, pressing a hand to her chest. "Open your eyes! Can't you see how Massimo stands by his own son? No matter what Luca does, no matter what disaster follows him, Massimo supports his decision."

Enzo's face twisted with disbelief. "That's because you are standing on the outside looking in!"

Graziella laughed bitterly. "Am I?"

"Massimo disciplines his children. He punishes Luca every single time with various forms of physical torture. Look what happened to Julian!"

"Julian?" Graziella spat the name like it had offended her tongue. "You are such a fool."

Enzo's eyes flashed. "Careful."

"No, I am done being careful. Do you think for one minute Massimo gave a shit about Julian? Julian was not his heart. Julian was not his legacy. Luca is."

Enzo's mouth tightened.

"At least Massimo has the decency to have one favourite child," she continued, voice shaking with rage. "You? You just toss your children to the wolves and give a round of applause when the wolves gobble them up."

Enzo moved toward her, but she did not step back. Not tonight. Tonight, Graziella had watched her husband choose pride and friendship over family. "You raised them," Enzo said coldly. "If you had raised them to use their brains for something other than being stupid, we wouldn't be having this conversation. A bunch of failures you have handed to me."

Her face went very still. "Of course," she said quietly. "It is easy to blame me. Right. Go ahead. Blame me, Enzo. Blame me for David. Blame me for Bianca. Blame me for every failure in this house because God forbid Don Enzo Vitale looks in a mirror and sees the rot he planted himself."

"You can call our children failures. You can defend Massimo. You can pretend tonight was nothing but a misunderstanding. But if you think Massimo is your friend after what happened tonight, then you are a big fool!" She turned on her heels and stormed out of the room.

Enzo walked into the main living room and sat heavily on the sofa. He leaned back and stared at the ceiling.

Was he really being foolish? He was not a foolish man. Foolish men did not survive in their world. Foolish men did not become Don.

And yet... Luciano had not shown even an iota of respect for his presence. He had stood there with that cold Genovese arrogance, made jokes, shot his men, and walked away.

He could have at least scolded the girl. That was all Enzo kept coming back to. Veronica had attacked Bianca. In public. It did not matter what Bianca had said. Women said cruel things all the time. That was practically a sport among mafia wives. His men were not going to shoot her.

Enzo rubbed a hand over his face. They merely wanted to scare her into standing down. Their job was to protect the Vitale family.

There had been no point in shooting them. No point except to make a statement. And Luca had made it clearly.

No one aims at her. Enzo sighed. The words still rang in his ears, not because they were surprising, but because of the conviction behind them. Luciano had always been intense. Even as a boy.

Back then, Enzo had found it charming. Now, not so much. He and Massimo had been best friends since they were boys. They had grown through violence together. Enzo had taken charge of the Vitale famiglia earlier than Massimo took charge of Genovese, but that had never affected their friendship. If anything, it had strengthened it.

Two young dons. Two families. One alliance. Who would have thought their children would be the ones to break what they had spent decades building?

Luca was prized, yes. They had both known it since he was young. Vicious when pushed. Feared by everyone.

But Bianca was prized too. Enzo's jaw tightened. His daughter was not some disposable girl to be humiliated and thrown aside. She had been raised for greatness.

He had sent away too many suitors, eligible suitors, because she was betrothed to him.