

Mafia God 414

Chapter 414: A Couple Of Stitches

At their wedding, he and Massimo had gotten so drunk they had both been carried back to their rooms.

What fools they had been. How the hell was he supposed to know that day was going to spell their doom?

He had stood beside Massimo through everything, even when Carol left him. They had buried secrets together. Protected each other's weaknesses. Raised their children under the shadow of an alliance that was supposed to become stronger with marriage.

Enzo rubbed a hand over his face. He had to gather the courage to speak with Massimo. This madness couldn't continue.

Don Genovese was at his office by the wharf when he was informed Enzo was there to see him. Ships moved slowly in the distance. Men worked below among crates, forklifts and ropes. Massimo sat behind his desk, jacket off, sleeves rolled to his forearms, reading through a file.

Massimo sighed. Maybe Marco was right. Maybe Enzo didn't really buy the apology. "Send him in."

A moment later, Enzo entered.

Massimo gave a small smile. "Enzo..."

"You couldn't even call to check on my daughter, Massimo."

So. No pleasantries, then. Massimo leaned back slowly in his chair.

Enzo stepped farther into the room, voice sharp with sarcasm. "She is fine, by the way. A couple of stitches. That's all she needs."

"Enzo—"

"No, please. Don't strain yourself."

"Calling to check up on her sends the wrong message. I am not going to pretend that she is not at fault here."

"My daughter was attacked in your house. My men were shot."

"Your men were escalating a women's quarrel into a public execution."

"They would not have fired."

Massimo's eyes hardened. "Luciano did not have the luxury of guessing."

Enzo's jaw worked. "I thought we were friends. What message would matter more to me than to know my friend actually cares?"

"Look," Massimo said. "The situation is tricky. I admit it. Our kids have made a mess of everything," Massimo continued.

"You mean your kids."

"Enzo," Massimo said, leaning forward, "we made a mistake. We shouldn't have decided the kids' futures for them. We thought marriage would bind what blood and business already built. Now we are here."

Enzo laughed bitterly. "Beautiful explanation. Very poetic. My daughter is still disgraced."

"Luciano would have stayed married to Bianca even if it killed him," Massimo said. "He is an honourable man."

"So why aren't they still married? Why does it seem like Bianca paid a price she wasn't supposed to?"

Massimo stood slowly. "I told you what happened. Luca explained what happened. He gave you proof like you asked. Julian confessed that they were both the traitors," Massimo said, each word clipped now.

"But I wasn't there for this confession," Enzo shot back. "A confession that could have been cooked up."

Massimo's face changed. "You think I would kill my own son just for the fun of it?" Massimo thundered.

"You always considered Julian your disgrace," Enzo said with a shrug. "Maybe you could afford to lose one to please the other."

"What the..." Massimo's voice dropped first, dangerously low, before it rose. "Get out of my office."

Enzo's expression remained cold. "Not before I tell you this."

Massimo's eyes narrowed.

"The marriage between our families came with a merging," Enzo said. "I want my territories back, including this wharf, and I would gladly give yours back."

Massimo laughed. "You cannot have it."

"It was Vitales before the marriage agreement."

"And it became Genovese after the agreement."

"An agreement built on a marriage that your son destroyed."

"A marriage your daughter poisoned," Massimo snapped. "Your Bianca is alive only because the territories remain ours. That was the deal you made with Luca! Despite every foolish thing that girl has done, I have respected our history enough to keep my son on a leash." Massimo moved around the desk now, no longer playing at civility.

"You push this?" he said. "And I will have no reason to hold Luciano back. Your daughter will be dead in one heartbeat, I assure you."

Enzo looked at him with disbelief. "You would do this?"

"I do not like to be threatened," Massimo said. "We have been friends for too long for you not to know that about me." He pointed toward the door. "But you want to go to war with me? Be my guest, Enzo." His voice turned brutal. "I will not hold back. I have sacrificed too much for the famiglia for you to think you can have one over me."

"Get the fuck out of my office!"

"Your arrogance has always been your undoing," Enzo said.

Massimo's eyes narrowed, but Enzo was past caring. Whatever remained of caution had burned away.

"You seem to think everyone else is beneath you," Enzo continued. "Like the rest of us exist only because you allow it. Like friendship with you is a gift we should kneel and thank God for. You will not see your downfall coming. No, you won't."

Then he turned and walked out of the office. The door slammed behind him. For a long moment, Massimo stood still.

Then he sighed deeply.

"Fuck." He dropped back into his chair, rubbing a hand over his face.

Add one more enemy to the pile. And not just any enemy. Enzo Vitale was not some ambitious idiot.

Enzo knew where the bodies were buried. He was angry as a father, wounded as a friend. That combination would make him dangerous.

Veronica was helping Valentina pack her bags in preparation for their trip back to New York. Dresses lay folded on the bed. Shoes sat near the wardrobe. Toiletries were scattered across the vanity. A half-eaten pastry rested on a saucer beside a glass of water.

Val was moving slowly, folding the same scarf twice and staring into the suitcase. She had been quiet all morning.

"Val," Vee said gently, "are you okay? You are really quiet."

Val forced a smile. "Really? Nothing. I am just tired of being pregnant."

"I feel like a house with ankles."