



**PROLOG**  
**The Covenant**

"Before you embark on a journey of revenge, dig two graves."  
—Confucius

Sicily, 1960

*Family is everything—do not betray them.*

Lena Quattrocchi stood over the body of her dead husband, vowing revenge. Her brother, his murderer, had wronged the family. She would get even with Bootsie Lupino if it took fifty years.

The Family never forgets.

Detroit, 2010

"Tonight's events are all set. Your reward is my silence, as always. *Ciao.*"

*La Mafiosa* dropped the phone, a pair of plastic gloves and a vial of Charlie perfume into her Armani bag. She ground her half-smoked *Gitanes* into the ashtray. Things were finally coming together.

Thanks to several "facilitators," she could put the plan she'd nurtured for so long into action. Actually the plan had two parts; one would be completed

tonight. The other would take a bit longer. She needed something that only Bella Kowalski could provide. She and Bella had shared many things in their separate but parallel lives. Now they would be joined at the hip, at least for a while.

She gathered car keys from the end table and dropped her dainty Derringer into her handbag. A glance at her Patek Philippe watch told her it was time to leave for the airport. With luck—and hadn't she always been lucky?—tonight would mark the beginning of the fulfillment of her dream. Aunt Lena, God love her, would be proud.

*Family is everything—except when they're not.*