

Under Mafia Protection - Chapter 4 Chapter 4 Reading Online for Free

Chapter 4

Mena

Ever since that strange phone-call, nothing had been the same.

How could I feel at ease without knowing whether my crazy ex had finally found me?

Strangely enough, cleaning at the Fanucci mansion actually put my mind at ease. It was the one place I knew where he couldn't get to me.

True, the Fanuccis were hardly saints themselves, but within these grand walls, I felt safer than in that tiny apartment. Natalie was my main concern, but it offered me some relief knowing she was either safely at school or with Mrs. Rodriguez.

"Hey, you!" A rude voice snapped me from my thoughts.

Quickly, I turned around and found myself locking eyes with Alessio Fanucci. Shocked, I drifted my eyes to the floor.

I hadn't forgotten his intense gaze from the day before, when he himself had managed to spill his champagne on the table, and I had to apologize for it.

"You," he continued, "They didn't clean my room. I need you to do it."

Me?

"Yes, Sir," I murmured, keeping my volume at a low. I wasn't trying to test him.

It felt like a devil's curse, knowing that from all the maids walking the mansion, he just had to come and pick me for the unfortunate task.

"Well, don't just stand there. Let's go," he commanded.

Hastily, I gathered my cleaning supplies, then I followed him to his room in complete silence. Once we reached his room, he stepped aside to let me enter.

I had hoped for him to leave, but he followed right after me.

I didn't know what to think, staring at the room bigger than my apartment. My eyes were immediately blinded by the expensive furniture and the golden afternoon light.

Unlike my expectations, the room seemed clean, spotless even, making me wonder what exactly I was supposed to be cleaning.

Regardless, I did what was asked and began to sweep the marble floors.

My encounters with the Fanuccis were already more than I had wished for. Even though I was working at the mansion, I had imagined a role where I'd remain mostly invisible, barely seen or even acknowledged.

Yet, here I was, under the intimidating surveillance of Alessio Fanucci, his eyes following my every move as he leaned against his desk with folded arms as if I wasn't nervous enough already.

"So, where are you from?" he suddenly asked, breaking the tense silence.

"Dallas, Texas," I replied, instantly regretting revealing any personal detail. There was no reason why I should be talking to him, the heir of the Fanucci family. There was also no reason why he should be talking to me, a simple maid.

Alessio pushed for more answers. "Why are you here?"

"Work." This time I kept my answer short.

"Work," he repeated, chuckling. "And how did you end up working for our family."

My anxiety grew with each question as I did not know what he was getting at. "I was looking for a job around the city," I responded, "Someone recommended this place."

"Hmm," he hummed in response, then the room fell into silence once again.

Soon after, I could hear his footsteps drawing closer until they came to a stop right in front of me. My heart hammered against my chest as I was trying to hide my nerves.

What did he want from me?

Why was he so close to me?

"Look at me," he demanded.

Seeing no way out, I slowly lifted my gaze to meet his. Alessio was tall, so tall that he towered over me. His handsome features were a sharp contrast to the ruthless persona he portrayed. It was saddening, seeing such a face wasted on a monster.

How many lives would that family have ruined? How many people would they have killed?

How many people would he have killed?

"Are you married, children?" Alessio asked, flustering me with his random question.

"No!" For the first time my voice was loud and clear. The denial came instantly, but it was more so shock than anything else.

I had no idea why he would ask that question, but one thing was sure, and that was that Natalie was not a topic to discuss. Not with anyone.

When a low chuckle released from his lips, I figured teasing the maids must've been his thing, and there was most likely nothing behind it.

Using their power over the maids and asking them ridiculous questions seemed about right for the Fanucci brothers.

"How old are you?"

"I'm twenty-four years old, Sir."

Alessio rolled back his shoulders. "I know enough. You can go now."

Enough? Enough for what? The uncertainty made me lose my mind, but I dared not question him.

"Are you sure, Sir—"

"Go," Alessio cut me off, waving his hand dismissively with a nonchalant look spreading across his face.

I nodded, gathering my belongings. Then I exited the room and closed the door before leaning against the wall.

Trying to control my breathing, I closed my eyes. I had survived my first major encounter with Alessio Fanucci and he hadn't killed me yet.

So far so great.

In fear of him opening the door again, I sped down the stairs, back to the assigned room I was supposed to be cleaning.

"Are you okay?" Liza walked in. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

Over the past days we had become closer, and she told me all the ins and outs about the family and their expectations.

She was nosy, but kind and helpful.

"I'm good." I stood up straight, putting on a wide smile. "Never been better,"

"Good." Liza said, not entirely convinced. "Because this is going to be a long few days."

I raised my brow. "How come."

"Haven't you received the e-mail?"

"No?"

"Domenico Fanucci has organized an engagement party for his son Alessio, and Maxine Baldini."

"Really? Nice of him!" I pretended to care. Truth to be told, I had seen his fiancée and the apple didn't fall far from the tree. The two were made for one another.

"Yes," Liza confirmed. "We have a lot of cleaning to do today, and two days from now we'll be blessed enough to serve the guests at the party."

"Ah, what a blessing indeed." I replied, struggling to keep my emotions in check.

"Don't be like that," Liza rolled her eyes, slamming her arm around my shoulder. "The Fanuccus always triple the pay for special occasions."

"That's great!" I beamed, my smile replacing the earlier, forced one.

That meant I could finally afford to buy Naty that new drawing set she had been wanting for so long.

But just as quickly, I realized I would actually be serving the Domenico Fanucci once again, that smile had vanished.

I already had a hard time being around his sons. What if I'd make another mistake this time, and he would have my head for it?

"Come on, let's get it done quickly so we can go home." Liza encouraged me.

At last, our long day of work had finally come to an end, and I was back in front of the familiar, somewhat run-down, apartment complex.

As I approached the entrance, something near the steps caught my eyes.

It was a small pile of cigarette butts spread over the ground, and next to it was a small lighter. The second I bent down to take a closer look, my heartbeat quickened to an uncontrollable pace.

My mouth went dry, and my mind went numb, staring at the distinctive red lighter which could only belong to one person.

Anson.

The red lighter, his favorite brand of cigarettes, the strange phone call.

Could he have found me?

"No!" I clutched my heart, glancing around the empty streets. I had expected someone to snatch me from the building or to see a familiar figure lurking in the shadows—but there was nothing.

Just the hum of the city and the distant sound of laughter from a nearby pub.

"Calm down, Mena." I spoke to myself, taking deep breaths.

Anson was not the only person smoking that brand, and he was not the only person with a red lighter.

With that thought, I hurried inside the building, wanting to do nothing more than pick up Naty.

It wasn't him.

It couldn't be him.