

Under Mafia Protection - Chapter 5 Chapter 5 Reading Online for Free Chapter 5

Alessio

"Ales, what are you smiling about?" Mom questioned, referring to the small but evident smirk on my lips.

I was in the backyard, trying to enjoy the little spare time I had, but as always, it didn't last long.

Giulia Fanucci was a curious woman, always up to date with everything going on around 'her mansion' as she liked calling it.

Unlike Maxine, Mom actually did hit the jackpot when she met Dad—and she was well aware.

Not a day gone by she wouldn't tell at least one person the story about how she met him. Back then, her credit card declined, and Dad was there to save the day—but don't get it twisted. It was not her fault but the shops. According to Mom, the last part was a very crucial detail.

"It's nothing, Ma," I replied, trying to hide the clear satisfaction on my face. A smiling Alessio wasn't something that happened often, but I had my reasons.

My plan was falling into place perfectly, and if everything kept moving this way, I wouldn't have to marry Maxine. That alone was worth a smile.

Her father, Leonardo Baldini's outburst was something I had kept in mind, and that's why I decided to confess my false feelings for the maid by breaking off my engagement to Maxine at the party.

There would be many people.

The other families would be present, but also the Mayor, various associates, and well-known important figures.

They were all people standing behind the Fanuccis.

If Leonardo Baldini had a conscience, he would take his daughter and walk away.

Mom studied me for a moment, not believing a word I said. "Are you excited about the engagement party tomorrow?"

"Oh, yes. Very," I replied, putting as much false enthusiasm into my voice as I could. I bet it was the same for Mom.

I could tell she could see right through Maxine's imposter behavior, but as the wife of Domenico Fanucci, she was tempted to play her role.

Despite her resentment towards Maxine, I feared even Mom wouldn't want me to marry a maid. She would vouch for me, tell Dad to let me go my way—but only to get rid of Maxine.

"So beasts do get married after all," a young voice interrupted the moment. I looked down at my six-year-old sister, Melody, standing with her hands on her hips and a sassy smirk on her lips. Beside her was her friend, imitating her every move.

Melody was one of a kind. That kid had enough personality to fill a room and keep everyone on their toes, including me.

"Beast?" I growled like a monster, chasing after Melody and her friend just long enough for them to run away in complete horror.

Mom laughed, shaking her head. "At one point you'll need to stop bullying someone old enough to be your daughter, Ales." She took a sip from her glass, grinning at her own words.

"I'll stop bullying her when she stops bullying me."

I loved my mom. Our bond was something I cherished deeply. She had been my rock, my person, my everything. Her word was the law, and most of the time, I had no problem listening to her.

I reached into my pocket to pull out a pack of cigarettes. Before I could light it up, Mom extended her hand to stop me from doing so.

"Nuh uh, not with your sister present," Mom peeked through her sunglasses. "You can smoke that crap on the balcony," she snarled. "Be like your dad and ruin your lungs if you want to."

"Sure," I chuckled at her disapproval. "It's always good to know someone around here cares about my health," I responded with a pat on the shoulder.

Without further ado, I obeyed her words and headed toward the balcony.

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I leaned against the railing, drawing in a lungful of smoke as I observed my view. From this height, I could see Gian, walking around the garden like he owned the place, ordering around the gardeners.

Usually, it was our men he would order around, but ever since the announcement of the engagement party, everything even slightly illegal was put on hold. Domenico Fanucci had spoken and decided that making ourselves look presentable for all the families and the important people in the city would be our priority.

The small show was interrupted by the soft buzzing of my phone.

Maxine:

Make sure you wear a white suit tomorrow. We need to match.

"You don't want me to wear white tomorrow? Noted." I spoke sarcastically as I read the text from Maxine. Then I locked my phone instantly, but not without an eye roll. I stifled a laugh. She was already planning matching outfits for the party, without knowing what would be awaiting her.

Suddenly, I sensed a presence beside me, belonging to none other than Dante. "Can you stop breathing down my neck?"

"Can't." He responded, gesturing towards the garden where the maids were working. Dante brushed his shoulder. "From this view, I can get a better look at my maid."

His maid?

Curious, I followed his eyes and ended at mine target. Jimena.

She was hard at work, scrubbing the glass doors of the greenhouse. Her long dark ponytail swayed side to side as she stood on her tippy toes, striving for perfection.

"What about her?"

"From this view," Dante began, "I can get a better look at her, I mean you've got to admit—that uniform is looking damn good on her."

I chuckled at Dante's words, watching Jimena. No lies were told, but I still didn't get the hype.

"Aren't you a bit too invested in her?"

"Of course, I am." Dante nodded. "We're all investing, paying her to do her job, no?"

I hummed, not getting into it any further. "Here," I handed him my cigarette, watching him for a second as he took a drag.

He could deny it all he want, but I knew my brother, and he seemed genuinely interested in the maid. He played it off, knowing we would all tease him for his rare taste in women—but the denial was good. As long as he was in denial, he could get over the betrayal that would take place tomorrow.

I squeezed his shoulder, earning a puzzled look from him.

"Hey, just want to apologize in advance," I mentioned, while he looked utterly confused. "Whatever is going to happen, you need to be a man, accept it, move on, and don't cry about it."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Dante carried a curious look, trying to decode my cryptic words.

"Nothing."

My gaze fell back to Jimena who was still struggling, trying to clean the high windows. I almost felt bad for her. She was clearly having a hard time.

Maybe, if she wouldn't ruin everything tomorrow, I would even give her a small tip in return.

Jimena...

When I had spoken to her one-on-one, I got a glimpse of who she really was. She was a mouse, shy and quiet, a people-pleaser, and just a weak individual overall.

The easiest target I had ever come across. When I interrogated her, she never once questioned my motives and simply answered my questions without hesitation.

I wasn't interested in getting to know her, but I was always one step ahead. I had already considered the worst-case but least likely scenario, which would be my unpredictable father accepting the situation and forcing me to marry Jimena instead.

In that case, I would move on to plan two.

I would stick it out the engagement with her until the whole family got sick of her—which would be no longer than a week, at worst, a month.

"Let's go out tonight," Dante suggested. "Celebrate your last night of freedom, what do you say?"

I furrowed my brow at his suggestion. As fas I was concerned, there was nothing to celebrate.

"I'll handle the girls and bottles. All you need to do is show up," Dante proposed, trying to persuade me.

"I'm not going."

"Are you sure?" Dante clicked his tongue. "You should rethink that. After the engagement party, you won't be a free man anymore."

I took one more look at Jimena, who did not get one step further, cleaning the windows. "I can assure you, Dante," I let out a deep breath, turning away to make my exit.

"I will never stop being a free man."

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