

Under Mafia Protection - Chapter 7 Chapter 7 Reading Online for Free Chapter 7

Mena

As the day turned into evening, the party was in full swing. The ballroom of the Fanucci mansion was filled with people of high status. Politicians, entrepreneurs, and I had overheard even the mayor was present.

All these 'important' people couldn't fool me though, because just like everyone else, I knew what this family stood for.

Among the attendees were also families from the underworld, who would just like the Fanuccis—hide behind their businesses, which were merely a shield to hide their criminal roots. A prime example was the Baldinis, the family of the future bride.

Despite the glamorous outfits, the true nature of these mafia families was clear to those who could see beyond the surface.

I knew all too well that men like Domenico Fanucci, who greeted the guests with a big smile, lacked the decency and empathy that made us human.

I was exhausted from serving the guests their drinks and snacks. There was no time to rest as everything was performed under the watchful eyes of Madam Catherina.

The only time I got to rest was when Liza handed me a tray with a single bottle of expensive champagne, which came straight out of the Fanucci winery.

"This way you get to stand still for a second," she whispered, giving me a hand.

"Thanks, Liza," I said, gratefully.

We both moved our gazes toward Maxine, whose dramatic laughter could be heard from across the room.

She stood beside Alessio, who looked out of place and was glued to his arm like a pot of honey. Around them were various people, who I presumed were her friends.

"Once she moves into this mansion, it's going to be a nightmare," Liza sang.

"Tell me about it," I replied, thinking back to the day I served her, her lunch. Maxine had an alarming level of arrogance, one no one could compete with. She treated the staff as if they were invisible, she had no respect, had shown no appreciation.

"Do you see those people over there?" Liza's words brought me back to reality. She pointed at a man and woman, looking down from the balcony. Both well-dressed.

I nodded, "Yes, I see them."

"They're Leonardo and Pamela Baldini." she shared the information. "Leonardo owns the West Coast. They call him the Leone, and some folks say he's even worse than Domenico."

I chuckled at Liza's words, not entirely whether she was joking or not. Was that even possible?

"When you think about it, the union of these two families is quite frightening."

I took in Liza's words, quickly deciding it would be wise to avoid them as well. It would be great if I could stay clear of both families tonight.

"Oh, by the way, I ran into little Melody today," I told Liza. "She's quite something for a six-year-old, isn't she?"

Liza huffed, "That child is a spoiled brat, but don't tell anyone I said that."

Although I felt guilty about badmouthing a child, I couldn't help but agree. Comparing was never great, but if I would compare her to Naty—my daughter was an angel. By now she was probably curled up against Mrs. Rodriquez, who had agreed to let her stay the night.

To my dismay, I locked eyes with Alessio, who was staring at me with a smug smirk displaying on his lips, and a glass in his hand.

Alessio was wearing a black tuxedo that seemed to match his attitude perfectly.

His dark hair was neatly styled, emphasizing the annoyingly handsome features of his face.

I nodded back, a sign of acknowledgment which made him eye me strangely.

His frown and the shake of his glass made it clear that he was simply requesting a refill. That was all.

My cheeks were red from embarrassment. "Duty calls," I excused myself from Liza, not daring to let someone like Alessio wait any longer.

Once I stood in front of him with the bottle of champagne, I refilled his glass without making any eye contact. By now I knew making any kind of contact with the Fanucci brothers would get me into trouble.

I turned to leave, but Maxine's voice stopped me. "Excuse me," her tone was anything but polite. "It's kind of rude of you to forget about me—don't you think?"

Aggravated, I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, then I turned around with a smile. "I'm sorry, Madam," I spoke, refilling her glass as soft laughter erupted from the group.

"The first thing I will fix once I live here are the maids," Maxine told her entourage. "Stuff like this doesn't happen at the Baldinis."

I tried ignoring the words that came after. Just as I was about to leave, Alessio's hand closed around my arm. Startled, I looked at Maxine, fearing the woman might kill me—but luckily, she was too busy with her own conversation. Flustered, I stared from Alessio's hand to his eyes, waiting for him to tell me off—but he never did.

"Wait," he simply mouthed.

Obedying his words, I remained frozen as a statue as he let go of me. I was already on the edge of Maxine's belittling words, and I was not in the mood for any games.

Alessio raised his hand to gather everyone's attention, and everything stopped what they were doing to look at him.

"Thank you all for being here tonight," he began his speech, strong and confident. "I appreciate each and every one of you."

"Family, friends, mom, dad, my brothers, my adorable sister... the Baldinis—and of course, Maxine," Alessio locked eyes with his future bride, whose mouth nearly twitched from smiling. "Maxine, there's something I have to confess."

Maxine covered her mouth with her hand, giggling. "Don't be shy. What is it?"

Alessio took a breath. "I didn't want to do it like this, but I can't stand here and pretend to marry you when my heart already belongs to someone else."

What?

The room fell into stunned silence. Despite her evil ways, even I felt sympathy for Maxine. No matter how mean she had been, this was a harsh and public humiliation. This was neither the place nor time for this.

"What are you talking about, Ales?" Maxine chuckled nervously, looking around for support. "What is the meaning of this?"

Alessio continued, unbothered by her reaction. "I can't stand here and pretend to be happy, while the woman I truly love is forced to watch all of this... serving us as a maid."

Gasps filled the room, and heads turned as everyone, myself included, tried to find the maid in question.

Alessio Fanucci with a maid?

Who would've thought?

Most of all, which maid would've been stupid enough to involve herself with a Fanucci?

"A-A-A maid!" Domenico made his way downstairs from the balcony. Leonardo Baldini, and his wife, did not move a muscle, but their faces said enough.

"Yes, a maid!" Alessio raised his voice. Before I got the time to process everything, he had turned towards me and grabbed my hand, tightly. My heart beat out of my chest as I slowly realized what was happening.

"And her name is Jimena."

Just like that, the world around me had stopped.

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