

# His Promise: The Mafia's Babies

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I took a turn and stared at the little clothing I was wearing. How did it even get this far and why was I even doing this?

I could've taken a job at the convenience store or as a choreographer which was actually supposed to be my goal in the first place. I didn't mind stripping, or the outfits—I never did. Everyone had a different way of paying their bills and this was one of them, so no, I wasn't embarrassed and it was an easy way to make money, but still, it wasn't what I had planned.

"Are you coming squirrel or are you just going to keep staring at your ass all day?" Faith laughed and walked past me. Squirrel..., the nickname which had recovered itself ever since I had been here. It was the nickname that haunted me throughout kindergarten until now, the nickname they gave me because of my 'fluffy' cheeks.

I had known Faith for years, but only after working here, we became best friends. After going from foster home to foster home I ended up back at the group home I had been ever since I was a baby. Unfortunately, I had not known my parents or had any opportunities in life, so during my teens, I made a promise to myself to succeed. My goal was to finish high school, college and get a good job as a choreographer but it obviously didn't really work out like that. Not even I could have predicted I would've been working at a strip club at the young age of twenty-one.

"I heard the Lamberti brothers will be at the private VIP lounge today, even Christian will be here." Faith sang while applied her lip-gloss to her perfectly plump lips. I looked over at the girl with a suspicious look on my face and tried to sense if she knew of something which I had been trying to hide. Her beautiful long braids fell perfectly over her shoulders. Faith was gorgeous and everyone knew it, including the Lamberti brothers.

By the mentioning of Christian, I felt my face heat up and quickly looked the other way. Christian, the same man who had me screaming out his name just two months ago. I was never the one for one-night stands, but that night we both got drunk and he led me to his office where we had eventually slept together.

If only the girls knew.

If only his dad knew.

Our boss Lucio Lamberti had many businesses and the strip club was one of them. Time from time he and his three sons would have business meetings with some of their business partners and today would be one of those days. We were absolutely not stupid and knew exactly what kind of business they were in but no one had the guts to say it out loud and just let it be. Lucio Lamberti was a kind and warm man who had given me the job the second he saw me. He was like a father figure to all the girls and a respected businessman to many.

His sons were surprisingly the complete opposite. Gio was the oldest and a complete cold stone. He never made eye contact with any of us and made his opinion very clear— we all knew what he thought about us. The second oldest, Enzo, was someone everyone knew. Enzo was nice and cheerful but, in a way, still extremely childish. He was a ladies' man and knew his way around women. He saw everything and everyone as a challenge and he did not like to lose.

The youngest son Christian was even colder than Gio, which I did not know was even possible before I met him. After he was done with me, he led me out of his office without even giving me as much as a glare. Even though Christian was the youngest he was the heir to all the Lamberti businesses and it was no doubt it was probably due to his straightforward and serious personality. The difference between Gio and Christian was that Gio tended to keep to himself while Christian was just scary to be around, and the fact that he was barely here despite being the heir made him even more intimidating. While all the girls embarrassed themselves to even get a second of his attention, I tried my best to avoid him and felt a bit ashamed after he tossed me to the side like a piece of meat like I was nothing, but that was who he was and I knew it beforehand.

"We are waiting for you guys!" Luna yelled and stuck her head out the door. Besides Faith, Luna was the only person in here who I actually got along with. All of the other girls were either rude or were not in the mood to interact with me. They were here for themselves and saw everyone on their path as competition. Luckily Lucio wasn't as strict so we barely got scolded, even when we showed up a bit late which would happen quite often.

"We're coming!" I yelled back and pulled Faith's arm. With all my strength I tried my hardest to pull her out the door as she applied her lip-gloss until the very last second.

After Faith and I left the dressing room we joined the other girls who were perfectly lined up in Lucio's office, only it wasn't Lucio standing there. It was one of the guys who I had always tried to avoid at all costs and the son of Lucio Lamberti, Enzo. He walked past Faith and took a few steps towards me until he was right in front of me— but too scared to even meet his eyes I immediately looked down at my feet and heard him chuckle.

"Do you always show up late?" I heard him ask me and felt chills throughout my body. Today must've really been my unlucky day. Faith and I were both late but he only decided to call out one of us.

"I'm s-sorry, w-we a-a-and, uhm we- " I tried to explain myself but no words were able to leave my mouth.

"Look at me when you talk to me." He demanded, and within a second I looked up and met his eyes. For some reason, I had expected him to yell at me, but he didn't. Enzo had a bright smile on his face and tilted his head while he observed every detail of my face. He brought his hand towards my cheek and gave it a squeeze before a chuckle left his mouth. It wasn't exactly cheerful but more so a chuckle of disbelief. All the girls started laughing while I gave him a confused look.

"I was just kidding squirrel, but I think I might make it my new hobby to bully you." He commented and let go of my cheek to take a few steps back.

"You're so lucky." Faith whispered as I held my cheek in disbelief. Lucky? I didn't really know why. To many of the girls, this might've been an achievement but I liked to stay in the background so I considered myself anything but lucky, and him saying he would make it his new hobby to bully me made it even worse.

"As you all know we have a very important business meeting today with one of our potential business partners. The main goal for today is to make sure he and his entourage have a good night and that we get his signature by the end of the evening. The meeting will be held in the private lounge and I'll be needing a few of you. If I don't call your name please make your way downstairs and continue work as usual with our other guests." Enzo explained while pacing back and forth.

As always, I remained calm. Meetings like this happened often and I wouldn't get picked anyway. Unlike the other girls, I also didn't want to get picked, all I wanted was to make my money downstairs and leave. I had no desire to serve anyone at one of those private meetings and Lucio knew it, that was the reason why he never picked me.

Dancing and serving drinks to strangers was not an issue but whenever I got put into uncomfortable or awkward situations, I got confronted with the lack of social skills I actually had and Lucio was aware of it. We had a close bond and he could read through me, so I had no reason to be worried.

"The girls I want to join me are, Luna, Aubrey, Dawn, Faith- " Enzo spoke and took a small pause. As expected, he would probably mention Lorena as last and go to the meeting with the usual group of girls who were usually selected.

"Ah, and squirrel!"

Surprised I looked up and saw all the girls including Enzo staring at me. What did I even do to deserve this?

"M-me?" I stuttered. Enzo nodded his head and excused all the other girls who had left the office. I was still in disbelief and stood frozen in the exact same spot....me? He could've chosen anyone but he decided to ruin my day like that. I was not interested in playing waitress and especially not for men who were most likely in the mafia but I would never dare to speak against Enzo. As easy-going as he was, he was still my boss.

"The men who will be here tonight are tough and hard to handle but I trust each and every single one of you to not mess this up," Enzo instructed us with his million-dollar smile. Even when he was serious, he still had the same smile on his face.

"Are you nervous Squirrel?" Enzo asked me. I looked at him with big eyes and gave him a questioning look. Was I? Luna and Faith leaned their heads against mine to calm me down.

"Will you be there?" I immediately asked him. Out of all the people I felt uncomfortable with he was surprisingly enough at the bottom and I already had an issue forming a sentence with him, so just imagine. Enzo laughed and playfully pushed my shoulder.

"No, but don't worry, Christian will be there."

The moment those words left his mouth there was only one thought going through my head.

Why me?