

Chapter 5

His Promise: The Mafia's Babies

"You are early today, sir," Emmanuella told Christian when he had entered the mansion. Christian gave the woman a look of pity and felt awful. He knew that being a housekeeper was her job and that Emmanuella had been with the family before he was even born, but he couldn't imagine cleaning and didn't even know where to start.

"Yes, I had something to take care of." Christian smiled and thought about Serena. The girl he couldn't help but find strange, but since his dad told him to look after her he obeyed his wishes. He remembered his father, Lucio scolding him the day he had caught her walking out of his office.

Lucio was livid and told Christian that he had expected him to look out for her from a distance and not by sleeping around with her. Truth to be told, Christian did not know why he did it but strangely enough, he couldn't deny the fact that he was drawn to her. He was self-aware that it was a combination of her dual personality and that she was not as innocent as everyone made her out to be, but that was what made her distinct from the others.

"I made your favorite, spaghetti carbonara!" Emmanuella told Christian and didn't hesitate to grab his arm while she pulled him to the kitchen. Christian gave Emmanuella a warm smile and felt better knowing that someone genuinely cared for his well-being.

At the age of sixty, Emmanuella never had any children of her own, but working for the Lamberti's was the job she loved and she had seen all of the children grow up into adults. After Christian left the family mansion a few years back she had made it her goal to take care of him as much as she could. Emmanuella knew that as the heir despite being the youngest Christian had many burdens to carry. He had built a wall around himself and came across as a cold and heartless person, but Emmanuella knew better than that.

"You're keeping me company right?" Christian asked as Emmanuella pushed him onto the dining chair. Living alone in his huge mansion made him feel lonely at times, and even the company of different women couldn't fill that emptiness, neither could his family and friends who were either side eyeing him out of jealousy or kissing up his arse, knowing he would have his father's power one day. Even though Emmanuella was a live-in housekeeper, she knew how to keep her distance and usually ate her dinner before he came home.

"Of course I'm keeping you company!" Emmanuella told him and hummed a tune while she was setting up the plates. For Christian, it was difficult to get a sincere smile on his face, but Emmanuella never failed to make him happy. "Good."

"I suppose Johnny, Marc, and your remaining entourage are working but isn't your friend coming tonight?" Emmanuella asked while putting the plates down at the table. "Vincenzo?"

"Yes, Vincenzo." Emmanuella who knew him all too well confirmed and grabbed a bottle of pinot grigio with two wine glasses. Christian thought of his best friend who would often come with different excuses as to why he couldn't come over, but somehow made time to meet up with different women. Even though the two had known each other since they were in diapers, the only time they met up nowadays was to talk about business. "I don't think his father likes me or any of us for that matter."

Fabio Garcia was a jealous man who knew the Lamberti's were a powerful family and made it very clear that he was not interested in being close with the family, but the families worked together and business remained business so he worked along from a distance. His eldest son Vincenzo on the other hand was like a brother to Christian. To this day not a single Lamberti could understand how Vincenzo and Fabio's youngest son turned out to be angels while their very own father was the devil in disguise.

"Hmm, how about Isobel?" Emmanuella continued asking. Isobel came from the Sala family and also grew up with Christian. The two had always remained best friends even though Isobel always had a thing for Christian.

For Christian she was neither like a sibling or a lover, he could never see her that way. Instead, she was his best friend who he frequently slept with but even though Isobel was aware that she was getting used she did not care one bit. Even though it was non-exclusive she still had the guy she had always wanted and could not complain.

Christian dug into his spaghetti while Emmanuella looked at him with a proud smile on her face. Christian enjoying his food was all that truly mattered to her. "Is it good?" She asked and leaned over the table to clean his mouth with a napkin. Christian got an embarrassed look on his face and nodded his head like a little kid before he continued eating. The two ate their dinner together while exchanging stories and not soon after they had both emptied their plates.

"Thank you so much for keeping me company Emmanuella, I appreciate it." Christian gratefully thanked the elder woman. "Always, but don't you think it's time for you to settle down, to find a partner who is there for you and not just for the night? A soulmate."

Emmanuella quickly grabbed the empty plates to wash them on the hand in the hopes of Christian not giving a smart-ass comment, but after technically raising him more than his mother did for twenty-three years she knew that she could only wish for that.

"I don't believe in soulmates," Christian spoke. His parents might have been married for over a decade and he knew that his father would take a bullet for his mother, but he was not so sure about the other way around. The only reason why Francesca Lamberti had no complaints about Lucio's occupation was because she was able to live the luxurious and comfortable life she desired and she was not afraid to admit it.

Had she not met Lucio it would've still been the same because Francesca came from a powerful family and was well educated, but another thing she loved was status and Lucio Lamberti had that.

"How about children, you don't want any?" Emmanuella asked, but all she heard was a scoff. "I'm not ready to be a father and I refuse to force a child into this life."

Emmanuella decided to let it drop and felt sorry because she knew what he meant. Throughout the years she had experienced many Lamberti's growing up without a father and for Christian that was the one thing he did not want. He had always told his dad that he was fine with taking over the family business because he had natural leading skills but would not give him an heir, ever.

Lucio even laughed at his son when he said that because he claimed to be the same when he was younger, but Christian did not see himself change any time soon.

"I think I'm heading to bed, I came home early so I will spend this time wisely." Christian yawned. Emmanuella was already happy to know that he was at least getting sleep for once and nodded her head. "You go and rest, I'll finish up here!"

Christian stood up from his chair and thanked Emmanuella one more time before making his way upstairs. "Thanks, Emmanuella, besides my family you are the only woman I need in my life."