

## **His Promise: The Mafia's Babies**

### **Chapter 8**

Christian looked at the beautiful woman in front of him and observed how she held a conversation with Marc and Johnny. To others Isobel seemed close to perfect, she was beautiful to look at, smart, educated, kind— and Christian could not disagree with that.

In the past, Francesca had always been outspoken over how perfect Isobel would be for Christian while the two at the time got embarrassed by her statements. It had not only been Francesca but a huge majority who had shared those same thoughts, but for Christian that was a no-go.

He did not like her in that way and ignored the crush she had developed, but he had no problem whatsoever with how she threw herself on him and took advantage of her. Despite throwing several hints that he was not looking for a relationship, she still came back to him, hoping he would eventually change his mind.

“Ian, what’s your take on this?” Marc had asked him. Christian who hadn’t paid any attention to the conversation blinked his eyes and shrugged his shoulders. “They’re talking about anime again.” Johnny yawned.

The reason why Marc hung around Christian was that he was his personal bodyguard, but for Johnny it was different. Johnny was Christian’s cousin, his favorite and most normal cousin to be exact, he didn't have to be his right-hand man but he wanted to be. The two were the same age and had been best friends since they were in diapers. “My take on this is the same as Johnny’s yawn, I don’t care,” Christian spoke, leaving Isobel with a disappointed pout on her face.

“While you think about your actions and how they keep on hurting me, I’ll look and see if I can help Emmanuella.” Isobel scoffed and got up from the couch before making her way over to the kitchen.

“Pretty sure that had a double meaning.” Marc laughed. Christian wasn’t stupid and felt it too, but there was nothing he could do about it, it was not his fault that his friends spoke about topics that did not interest him or that Isobel allowed herself to get used by him.

His thoughts were interrupted by the notification sound on his phone. Lucio would be returning and as always had to be on top of business, whether it was transport, restaurants, or the clubs.

At times even he didn't know why he let Christian in charge whenever he was out, but besides being a good leader Christian had something which his other sons did not have. Christian did not have the desire to take over the business and that's why it was given to him.

Lucio Lamberti himself had experienced how this business could break a family bond and did not want the same to happen to his sons, which was why he chose the person that cared the least.

Christian read and didn't know how to reply. He knew by saying all the girls his dad meant one in particular, which was Serena who was as sick as one could be.

He did not know or care why Lucio had taken an interest in the girl and figured it was due to her being so different from everyone else, but he had seen his dad angry before and everyone was aware Lucio was a man you did not want to cross. Was all he could type back.

"Marc, you know who Serena is right?" Christian asked his friend who immediately nodded his head. "Yeah, the girl that spilled champagne over Vincenzo and one of your one-night stands? She looks awful by the way, she reminds me of a walking corpse." Marc commented.

"Yes..., her," Christian confirmed, completely leaving out the last statement. After all, she was one of the many and nothing special.

"I need you to keep a close eye on her until she gets better, I need you to follow her around no matter where she goes and make sure she doesn't drop dead somewhere," Christian ordered him.

"Is there a reason why uncle is giving her this special treatment because whenever we have meetings he mentions her name quite often?" Johnny who had tried his best to follow the conversation asked. "I don't know and honestly don't care, just don't want to get him angry," Christian explained and looked at Marc again, waiting for an answer. "Got it."

Christian felt bad for knowing Serena felt the need to work in the state she was in, but he knew that some of the girls could not miss their tips especially since they

had bills to pay. If Christian could, he would've just given the girls in need a check but he thought with his head and knew it might hurt their pride especially if it came from him.

Whenever he walked through the hallways and people stopped what they were doing and froze up he felt awful. He did not want to be feared unless it was necessary but he knew he couldn't help it, he was aware of his difficult and misunderstood personality but his father had told him that in this business and especially as the heir it's for the best that the people you work with fear you.

Christian did not fear anyone other than his parents. He feared his father for being powerful and he feared his mother for her unwanted comments. Whether it was about which kind of cologne he was wearing or what kind of suit he was wearing, Francesca was always looking for points she could disapprove of. It was hardly that his mother would compliment him unless it was to brag to her friends about how handsome and successful all of her children were.

The eldest, Gio, was twenty-seven years old and feared by many. He was already married and had two daughters, he had a harsh personality but he was dependable and always took care of everyone. Enzo was twenty-five years old, a trouble maker and a ladies' man but could also be serious and was definitely not someone you could walk all over. And the twins, Stella and Mia. They were nineteen years old and just like Christian, very stubborn but also extremely wise, and were both in college.

After getting his business degree Christian had no time to rest and was immediately expected to take over his father's business. It was what all the other families had chosen and most of all, it was what his father had decided. When the time was right everything would be going to Christian.

Christian did not mind and was prepared for this. Ever since a young age, he had experienced how Lucio brought him and his brothers along to important meetings and showed them the downside of this business. Lucio had taught his sons everything his father had once taught him. He prepared them for what they should do to keep the business alive, how to let others fear them, how to hold a gun— and how to get rid of someone. Family comes first, regret and tears are for your pillows, were the words he spoke afterward while wiping their tears.

“I'm going to check up on Isobel, I think you really hurt her feelings. I'm not used to her being this quiet.” Marc announced and made his way to the kitchen, leaving Johnny and Christian alone.

“Are you going to be at the annual family reunion next month?” Johnny asked. As every year Francesca Lamberti organized a large family get-together. It was meant to be an event so the family could catch up but it truly was a way for Francesca to brag about her life and Lucio.

Francesca and Lucio had met each other in an old school way. Their parents had arranged a meeting and their marriage but luckily for both sides, they managed to get along.

“I don’t know, I’ll see if I can make it.” Christian shrugged, not in the mood for a family reunion. He did not see any point in going considering he had to hear the same questions every single year.

“Are you afraid grandpa and grandma are going to ask you for grandchildren again?” Johnny laughed, reading his cousin's mind while Christian’s cheeks turned red.

If there was anyone known to ask uncomfortable questions it would’ve been his grandparents. He loved them both, including his grandfather who throughout the years lost his cold reputation and turned into a kind family man, but that did not change the fact that Christian was not ready for their yearly interrogation.

“I just don’t feel like going,” Christian said to get his cousin off his back, but he knew better and so did Johnny who wasn’t buying it. He chuckled and placed his hand on Christian’s shoulder while he made fun of him. Even though Christian couldn’t appreciate people who disrespected him, it somehow calmed his heart because he knew others treated him differently because of his status. He had a close, small circle of true friends and cherished them for treating him as a human being.

“Just go to their reunion, with each year you decide to ignore their question, grandpa and grandma are nearing their death.” Johnny laughed. It wasn’t supposed to be funny, but to Johnny who laughed at his own jokes a little too often it was, but Christian was not impressed. Not even his parents could convince him to go, so who was Johnny?

“The day I’ll show my face at the reunion is the day I’ll become a dad-to-be so they have something to gush over, meaning, never.