

His Promise: The Mafia's Babies

Chapter 11

Today was the day. I had to tell Christian about my pregnancy. Even though I hate to admit it, Marc was absolutely right. It made no sense to hide it or to run away from the situation when he was going to figure it out either way, so it would be for the best if it came from me.

I looked at the leather jacket in my hand and straightened it with my hand. It was the same jacket he had given me the day he had brought me home and I had yet to return it, he didn't even ask for it.

I know that I was analyzing things as usual but if he was going to treat the baby like the jacket I did not have much expectations. To be honest, I didn't had any expectations at all so I was prepared for the worst. I did not want his support, I did not want his money, I just wanted him to know and that's all. The last thing I was planning on doing was forcing him to be a dad when I wasn't all that ready to be a mom.

I got out of the car and made my way to the front of the club. The back door was something I would not be using today, because even though the girls weren't here yet I didn't want any of the staff to be in my business or to put two and two together about why I was here, looking for Christian, while I was supposed to be sick. That sounded exactly like something someone who was knocked up and desperate would do.

I stood on my tippy toes to reach the small doorbell and hoped for it to get answered by someone decent who wouldn't be asking too many questions. "We're closed." A voice I had recognized as Gio growled. Shit, out of all people.

"It's me, Serena!" I called out, trying my hardest to hide my nerves, but he wasn't making it all that easy. "Serena who?"

Serena who? After a half-year of working there, I'd really thought he would at least know my name by now. "Serena Reyes...?" I spoke unsure. It was cold enough as it was and the fact that he was interrogating me really didn't make it all that better. "System says you're sick, what is your business here?"

“Well...I have something to tell Christian.” I answered. It was not too late to turn back around. Yes, I could still run away and use Gio treating me like some intruder as an excuse. “Gio stop bullying the poor girl, it’s cold outside, no one’s here for your stupid games.” I heard Enzo’s voice and was grateful for once that he was actually helping me out.

Gio opened the door and I entered the building. Just entering through here instead of the back felt different and it had looked the same how it did when I was here for the first time six months ago. In front of me was a front desk and on the ground floor, there were different entrances. One for the restaurant and one for the casino while the one for the club was upstairs, at the top of the escalator.

The woman at the front desk gave me an uncomfortable smile and probably thought of a reason why I would even be here in the morning while everything was still closed. The poor woman must’ve thought I was someone important. “G-good-morning!” She greeted me as I did the same.

Not in the mood for any more of this awkwardness I quickly made my way upstairs and pushed in another doorbell which lead to the infamous second floor. The floor I had been a few times too many these past months if you’d ask me. The first time was six months ago when Lucio had hired me while he clearly didn’t want to, the second time was when Christian had taken me to his office, the third time was when I got picked out to serve the men, the horrific moment I would never forget, even if I wanted to— the fourth time was when I asked Enzo to place me behind the bar for the night and this would hopefully be the last time, to tell Christian that I was pregnant. Quite some timeline.

I planned to tell him about the pregnancy and dip before he freaked out. Afterward, I would go home and call Lucio to tell him the truth and quit my job, a perfect plan.

I held the leather jacket to my stomach and took literal baby steps as I tried to stretch time before reaching his office. When I had arrived I had the urge to turn back and was close to panicking but realized I couldn’t. All I had to do was tell him and that was it, after that, I would be free.

“I can do it, I can do it,” I whispered to myself and took a deep breath.

“So how is that conversation with that door going?” I heard a voice call out from the inside and could almost drown in embarrassment. For a second I forgot there was a camera meaning he could see every little thing I did.

I slowly opened the office door and saw him sitting behind his desk with a stash of papers in front of him and couldn't help but think what a person in the mafia needed all those papers for. Well, I supposed it was a business after all but didn't they have people for that?

I shrugged off my thoughts and tried to focus on what was really important at the moment. He continued what he was doing and did not even look up to see me. He usually looked different from his brothers and wore casual but still fancy clothes. This time he wore a suit and somehow seemed even more threatening than he had always been. "Your business here?" He demanded, making me flinch.

"I have something important to tell you," I told him, cutting right to the chase. Christian chuckled and looked up to look at me. "What's that important that you came all the way out here while you're still looking like a donkey's backside."

Ouch...

It was weird to think that this was the same guy who had sent someone to look out for me, but then again he had already told me that he only did it because of Lucio.

He looked at me right in the eyes and waited for me to speak, but I chickened out and did not know what to say anymore so instead said the first thing which had crossed my mind. "Do you remember when I was here like three months ago?" I asked him and mentally smacked myself when I saw the look on his face.

"Of course, are you here for a round two?" He asked me and I immediately looked down blushing. "Because I can't give you that, so if that's all, do you mind?" He continued and raised his head to the door, ordering me to leave.

"I-I have your jacket!" I barely succeeded to get out and held it in the air. Christian shook his head in disbelief, probably thinking I was trying to sleep with him one way or another. "You came all the way here to give me back one of my many jackets? Keep it."

I took a deep breath and tried to prepare the words in my head but I couldn't. I came all the way over here to tell him just these two words, but it was two words too many.

"No I really can't, I actually looked it up online and it's more expensive than all of my clothes throughout the years put together. Not to say that I wear extremely cheap clothes because I don't, but even if I did that would be okay but I also don't

wear expensive clothes, I just wear... I don't know but five-thousandth for a jacket is a bit too much and-

“I'm not going to have this discussion with you, it's way too early for that. Keep it, leave it, do what you gotta do.” Christian ended my rant and continued what he was doing. I had a habit of embarrassing myself and had done it once again, but for once that was not what I worried about. The real issue was that Christian couldn't have been more unbothered and to be honest, that scared me.

I knew a baby was definitely different from a jacket, but the least he could've done was paying attention to me. “It's not about the jacket, it's something else,” I said, hoping he'd look up but he didn't. My heartbeat was raising, my palms were starting to get sweaty and my head was spinning. It was now or never. I took a deep breath and gathered all of my courage to let the words even escape from my mouth.

“I'm pregnant.”