

Chapter 3

His Promise: The Mafia's Babies

"Are you sick again?" Faith nagged me. She came over to watch a movie, but there was only one issue. I felt like shit.

I ran to the bathroom for what would've been the fourth time today and reached the sink just in time before I threw up again.

I felt like this for about three months now, and my body was close to giving up on me. It was probably because I overworked myself, but I had no choice.

"Don't worry. It's nothing!" I yelled back and gargled some mouthwash while I attempted to remove the disgusting taste from my mouth. No matter what happened, even if I was on the verge of dying, I had to do whatever I could do to at least pay my rent this month, so calling in sick was not an option.

While everyone had a family to turn to, I didn't and was all on my own like I had always been. Of course, there was no harm in asking Faith or Luna for money because I knew they would gladly offer it, but I felt too embarrassed. I was already at the age where I should've been able to take care of myself, but I couldn't.

"I told you not to eat that bread with Cheetos. You always eat the most disgusting things." Faith complained and made her way over to the bathroom. I quickly put away the mouthwash and put on my best act. "It's not disgusting, I saw it on a Colombian cooking channel, it's safe!"

Faith scrunched up her nose and shook her head in disapproval. "Baby, I know you're desperate to learn Spanish and want to know more about your culture and all, but maybe we should leave the recipes for when you actually know what they're saying."

"Alright, I'll ask Luna next time." I pouted to get her off my back and went back to my bedroom, so we could continue the movie. A few hours later the movie ended and Faith finally left. I didn't know how fast to run to the toilet, but I did know one thing and that was that it was time to throw up again.

I was known to be google's best friend and looked up my symptoms, but it didn't do me any good. It ended with all sort of diseases, so I decided to stop.

The day after I felt even worse but went to work either way, because I was too determined to not miss a single day. I probably took in every type of medicine I could, but it didn't really do much and only made it worse.

Just the same as every single night, I took a look in the mirror and turned around to look at my body. The outfits I wore usually hugged my curves, but not today. It looked different and so did my body.

"Luna, do I look fat?" I asked and looked over at her while she was applying her lipstick. She stopped whatever she was doing and turned her head to my direction to take a good look at my stomach and shrugged her shoulders. "No, but you've gained a bit of weight, looks good on you though."

Luna, who was unaware of the impact her words had left, went back to whatever she was doing while my stomach was doing turns. I knew my body and knew there was no reason for me to look like that. I was on a strict diet to maintain my body and there was no reason as to why I gained weight.

"Squirrel, you've just gained weight, you're not pregnant stop overreacting." Luna laughed at me and walked out of the dressing room. My legs felt weak and I fell to the floor before I buried my head between my hands.

This could not be happening...

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But there was no other explanation for these symptoms. There was no other explanation for my sudden weight gain, other than me being pregnant.

No Serena, stop overreacting, you are not pregnant.

I got up from the floor and took another look in the mirror. I tried to convince myself that there was no way I could've been pregnant, but it was not possible.

All the signs I had shown were leading towards me being pregnant. I felt a tear roll down my cheek, and wiped it away in a hurry.

No matter what, I couldn't be pregnant. There was only one person who could be the father, and that person was the man who wouldn't even give me the time of his day, the man who wouldn't even give me as much as a glare every time he walked past me and acted as if nothing had happened between us, and that man was Christian.

What would he do if I told him I might've been pregnant? He probably force me to get an abortion. Yes, a hundred percent. What else would he say when he still had his entire life ahead of him, which could not be ruined by a baby of some low life.

I heard footsteps and wiped away my last tears before I forced a smile on my face. "Serena are you c-"

I turned around to look at Faith who had a confused expression on her face. Unfortunately, she could see right through me like she always had.

"Are you crying?" She asked, but I quickly shook my head and grabbed her hand. "I'm not, there was something stuck in my eye let's go."

We walked out of the dressing room with our arms locked and were so deep into some useless conversation, but that conversation came to an end when I bumped into someone as hard as stone. I immediately looked up, only to meet Christian's unimpressed expression, and immediately apologized. "I'm so sorry!"

My heart was almost beating out of my chest as I was secretly anticipating what his next move was going to be, but he took a step aside and ignored my existence while he kept on walking. He completely ignored me. Would he ignore me the same way if I told him I might've been pregnant?

"Damn, he's so fine and rude all at once." Faith admired him and looked back one more time while I pulled her by her arm. All I wanted was for this night to end as soon as possible and it already started as badly as it could. The last thing I expected to happen was to bump into Christian, the exact person I had been trying to avoid.

Normally I wouldn't even see him at the club, but of course, out of all the times I could've seen him it just had to be now.

As always the club was filled from people who were here to have a good time to businessmen who were looking for amusement. Instead of going to the rich businessmen in the VIP section as usual, I made a change and mingled with the normal guests.

Dancing and letting go of myself for money wasn't the worse job but the only downside was the prejudice. The looks I would get whenever people asked me what kind of job I had, because they did not expect my answer. A shy and quiet girl like me stripping in a club to earn money.

I stopped doing what I was doing and looked down at my stomach, while I completely blocked off every bit of music as only one thought when through my mind. I was obviously pregnant and there was no denying it, but yet here I was, being irresponsible while this was the last thing I should've been doing, but it wasn't like anyone was paying my bills and I definitely needed the money. How could someone like me get pregnant? Why did I even have a one-night stand? In what world would Serena Reyes do something like that?

"You look like shit and have been doing so for a few months now, go home and rest or see a doctor." The same guy who as always followed me around to collect my tips spoke. Frankie was overall a nice guy, but he was extremely bold and wasn't afraid to speak the truth which could not be denied this time. Leaving earlier would've probably come to both of our advantages because that would've meant he would also be finished for the night.

I looked at the big clock on the wall and saw that it was already past midnight. "Fine." I nodded my head at Frankie. It was enough for the night and I had probably already reached my target. I patted Frankie on his shoulder and thanked him before I quickly made my way over to the dressing room, in the hopes of not getting seen by anyone.

"Squirrel, leaving already?" I heard a voice call out and stopped in my steps as I closed my eyes. By the cheerful tone which the other two Lamberti brothers did not have, I assumed it was Enzo and had two options.

The first one would be to enter the dressing room and ignore my boss while the other one would be to turn around and face him in this state, but the first option was out of the question. Considering the money I needed, the last thing on my list was to avoid my boss.

"H-hey." I awkwardly greeted him and turned around to face him. Enzo's eyes got big for a second and he held his hand against my forehead to probably check my temperature.

"Squirrel...you look like several shits combined and mixed up together." He commented. Enzo always had an interesting way with words which were either way too under advanced or too advanced for my basic brains so I frowned my eyebrow and waited for his further explanation.

"You look funny, get some sleep." He translated his words. I failed to hide the sad expression on my face causing him to give me a pitiful look. Enzo sighed and stared at my body which was shaking from the cold, before he moved his eyes to the lack of clothing around my body.

"Chris, come and take a look at this, if you're taking over dad one day you'll have to treat your employees better!" Enzo yelled at the person behind me while I stood still in disbelief. If I knew that I would've been crossing paths with the person I tried to avoid for the second time today I would've forgotten about the money and not have shown up to work at all.