

His Promise: The Mafia's Babies

Chapter 7

After feeling emotionally numb for several hours I decided to call my doctor and was scheduled for a meeting the same day. The most difficult thing would be me taking a pregnancy test yet once again to confirm it.

Hearing that the baby was the size of a blueberry was enough reason for me to ignore the doctor all through my first ultrasound. When I was younger I had dreamed of this moment and wished it would be a happy one but it felt like the complete opposite.

I did not know how to ask for a referral to an abortion clinic but I managed to do it. If I removed the baby now, I wouldn't get too attached to the idea of something living inside of my belly.

Yes, that was what I was going to do. I was going to live my life and move on as if nothing happened and after I had removed the baby everything would go back to normal, there was no reason for me to be stressed and that's why I went to work as usual.

But I didn't want an abortion. I wanted to raise my child and have something completely of my own which I could love and treasure.

Despite having done it before the idea of stripping while having something inside of me made me sick, and was definitely not something I wanted. "Enzo," I called out before he closed his office door. He turned around with frowned eyebrows and a big smile on his face, probably happy that I had approached him for the first time in the half-year that I had worked here and that it was not the usual other way around. "Do you think you can schedule me behind the bar for tonight?"

Enzo lead me into his office with his arms and closed the door. Just as he did yesterday, he held his hand against my forehead, trying to find something. "Are you sick again?"

"No, I mean yes, maybe a little but I'm still good to work...just not dance." I quickly made up. It wasn't exactly a lie but also far from the truth. Enzo took a map and quickly scrolled through it before closing it again and threw it onto his desk.

"You know what, I'll talk to my brother, you go ahead." He said, and I couldn't help but feel guilty. Gio was a difficult person to talk to and took everything extremely seriously which is why I went to Enzo in the first place, but he was still willing to go as far as asking his brother for me.

"Are you sure? Because if I can't then that's okay." I asked trying to play nice, hoping he would ignore my words which he luckily did. "Yes, go ahead it's fine."

I didn't have to hear it for the third time and had already turned around to leave but in the process, I bumped against a body as hard as stone and knew exactly who it belonged to. "Is this some kind of habit of yours?" I heard Christian's voice as he pushed me back.

"I-I'm so sorry." I stuttered and held my head down as usual. "Now that you're here anyway, Squirrel is going behind the bar tonight, she's still sick," Enzo told Christian. To him, it was probably a relief that he didn't have to ask Gio anymore, but to me, it felt terrible. "Look at me." He asked in the same demanding tone he always had, making me look up.

He looked at me in the eye and walked a circle around me as I tried to keep my calm. "You still look like shit," Christian concluded. Yes, I do, and it's because I'm carrying your baby.

"So it's okay?" Enzo double-checked. At times it surprised me how he respected Christian despite him being older than him, but Lucio had always made it clear that if he was not around Christian was in charge, then Gio and at last Enzo.

"You can let the girls dance around a campfire for all I care, do what you gotta do." He shrugged nonchalantly, and pushed a file into Enzo's hand. Was that what he was going to say when I would tell him I was pregnant? You and the baby can dance around a campfire.

"I only came to give you this." He said and gently placed his hand on my back. I froze up for a second and looked at him confused at what he was doing. "I'll take you to the bar, come on." He said.

I didn't refuse or push him away as he walked me through the hallway which led to the club. Many of the girls gave me dirty looks and couldn't stop staring at his hand on my back. What would they even do to me if they found out I was having his baby?

The club was still closed, meaning all of the girls had turned to give me a dirty look. Usually, I wouldn't mind because I knew Luna and Faith would protect me, but today was their day off.

"Franco!" Christian called out and opened the door to the large kitchen. I had only been there once and that was when I had just started working here. I remember it like yesterday when Lucio pulled me away and told me that he thought I'd be more comfortable bartending, but stripping paid better so at that time it was out of option for me.

The moment Christian walked in, all the staff stopped doing whatever they were doing and perfectly lined up like obeying dogs while Christian chuckled, probably thinking it was as uncomfortable as I thought. "Hey, what are you doing out here?" The guy who had appeared from behind a wall asked him before he looked me up and down.

"This is Serena, she will be helping out here temporarily, take good care of her, don't make her wash any dishes, don't give her any difficult tasks, and be nice. If I hear one complaint you're fired." He said, and everyone replied in unison before they went back to their jobs, except for Franco who stood in front of me.

Temporarily, I asked if I could work here for just this day because I was afraid of pushing it, but here he was doing it for me instead. The thing I liked the most would be that he was calling me by my name. Other than with Lucio that was something which did not happen very often.

“So we meet again.” Franco smiled and gave me a handshake. “Don’t worry, I’ll take good care of her.”

“You better.” Christian turned around and placed both hands on my shoulders to look at me. “You are not a good listener, are you? I told you to stay at home.” He spoke in an irritated tone and let go of me before turning around and taking his exit.

“So, let me show you what you can do.” Franco clasped his hands together and gave me instructions. The only thing I had to do for the night was cut up some lemons and some other fruits which was nothing special and extremely boring but at least I was getting paid. I might not be getting the tips I was used to, but I would at least be able to pay my rent.

Quite some time had already passed and my arms were starting to get tired, but the last thing I could do was complain. I wasn’t even supposed to be back here so I had no right to complain.

“Squirrel, you’re dismissed!” Franco called out and in shock, I dropped the knife and turned around. Dismissed? I at least had three more hours to go before my ending time.

“Boss’ orders.” He said when he saw the look on my face. All I could do was awkwardly nod my head and took all of my stuff while walking out of the back door. Leaving early did just not come to my advantage considering the uber I had scheduled.

“Serena?” A man standing next to a car asked me and I took a step back. Even though it was dark it was not difficult to recognize him, he was usually with the Lamberti brothers and their usual driver. “Yes?”

“Boss told me to make sure you get back home safe, let’s go.” He said and held the door open. Getting a free ride home and not having to pay for an uber was something which you didn’t have to tell me twice so I got in.

But why?

Why is he taking such good care of me?

I looked down at my flat stomach and thought about how life could be. Did I misjudge him, if I told him the truth would he take responsibility and help me raise our child?

No, of course, he wouldn’t.

He had already told me that Lucio had ordered him to look after me. He had already told me that he cares for all his employees well being and I was definitely not a special case. There was no way he was going to accept me or the baby. He came from a rich family with mafia ties and

someone like me would definitely not fit into that picture and besides that, I would not even feel safe bringing a child into that life. Whatever crazy idea I was thinking, it would be best to ignore it because this was not a fairy tale.

What if I had the baby and Christian would suddenly order me to give him the baby the same way he liked to order people around?

Would I even win a court case like that?

I felt slight dizziness in my head and immediately closed my eyes, hoping the feeling would go away. "Are you alright, miss?" The man behind the wheel asked and I nodded my head.

It were only a few hours but I felt like giving out. It wasn't just the work but also the music and the lights inside of the club which was too much for me. If I were to keep this baby I had to find another job as soon as possible.

If I'm going to have this baby, I will give it the life it deserves with or without a dad.

If I'm going to have this baby, I will do it on my own so no one can steal it away from me...