

## Chapter 16

“Okay, thank you for the effort, and have a nice day!” I repeated the same sentence and hung up the phone.

I left the club and had enough for a few more months to pay my bills, but I had to find a new job and had to do it as soon as possible. The other money I had was savings which would go towards the baby and possibly daycare.

Finding a proper job as a college dropout was definitely as hard as I expected it to be and it wasn't exactly going anywhere. I was sick of hearing the same words over and over again.

‘You are not qualified enough.’

‘You are not educated enough.’

There were times when giving the baby up for adoption did sound tempting, but I knew that I wouldn't be able to handle the pain.

I had blocked Lucio's number and didn't answer any of his calls. Each check which was left on my doorstep was politely returned to the same man who dropped them off. I could still not understand why Christian continued to send checks, despite making it pretty clear that he didn't want anything to do with the baby.

I needed money, but I didn't want their money.

What I truly wanted was for my child to be loved, and if I were to accept the cash I knew that I would've never been able to look my baby in the face again. I wanted to tell my child that I worked hard and did my best to give it the life it deserves, and not that it grew up from the check his or her dad bribed me with, so we would stay the hell away from him.

Luna's, I told you so, hurt as much as I knew it would but luckily Faith was there to comfort me. I had also rejected the money they had offered me, because they worked for it and needed it just as much as I did. If I was going to do this, I had to depend on myself.

“You're giving mommy a hard time and you're not even here yet.” I smiled through my tears as I looked down at my stomach.

I might've had a change of mind and I might've been excited for the baby, but I could not deny that it was starting to get more difficult day by day. The reality was starting to kick in and I slowly began to understand why my birth parents couldn't handle it.

I had thought a lot about them these past days and wondered if they thought about me too. Sometimes I couldn't help but feel sorry for my unborn child. The baby did not only had to grow up without a father but also without a family. I would make up for it, no matter what. The baby and I would only have each other and at the end of the day, love is all it truly needed.

I heard three loud knocks, right before the same piece of paper got shoved under the door, but this time I lost my patience. I rushed to the check and threw open the door, prepared to throw a fit. “I told you, you don't have to bring this anym- oh, hi guys?” I spoke surprised as my eyes went big.

It was Marc and Christian's cousin, Johnny. Marc saw me in an even worse state than this so I didn't really care, but Johnny didn't and had a sad frown on his face. “Still not accepting the check?” Marc chuckled.

“So rumor has it you're carrying my niece, it's a girl I can feel it, don't ask me how,” Johnny spoke as he invited himself in. Even if I wanted to tell him to leave, all due to the fact of him being a Lamberti, I couldn't because he had to be one of the kindest people I had ever come across.

“Trust me, you're better of taking that check because Christian's an asshole!” He told me as if I didn't already know.

“I don't want anything to do with him or his check, so please take the check and tell him and your uncle that they can both shove it right up their ass!” I yelled out and shred the check to pieces.

“These pregnancy hormones are not treating you very well, I see.” Johnny sighed as he sat himself down on the sofa.

“Whatever Christian told you, he didn't mean it,” Marc spoke for the first time. He seemed guilty and it was understandable. He was the one who had encouraged me to tell Christian the truth, but this was not on him.

“Marc don't feel guilty. This is no ones fault other than mine for sleeping with the devil and Christian for being a selfish—”

“Hey! Calm down, it's still my cousin.” Johnny interrupted me with the same bright smile on his face. “So? You talk that way about him too?”

“You got me there,” Johnny said. Marc took a deep breath and grabbed both of my hands. “Just accept the check. It won't hurt you.” He spoke while I lowered my gaze to the paper shreds on the floor.

“I'm pretty sure nothing can hurt me anymore, but is there any other reason than watching me rip more than my life savings why you guys are here?” I asked annoyed. Their intentions were nice, but I didn't want anything to do with a Lamberti or someone close to the Lamberti's and I had a job search to continue.

“I'm here to tell you that I won't abandon my family and that includes baby Lamberti and I know you don't want our money, which is completely fine, but when the baby gets here I will also be here, just giving you a heads up,” Johnny spoke. He got up from the sofa and fixed his tie, while I took in his words. Johnny always seemed so fancy and cleaned up. Rumor had it this guy even ate his hamburger with knife and fork. I was never meant to fit in with them.

“I also came to check up on you, but you look like you're holding up.” He shrugged his shoulders. Johnny was a nice person but definitely shit in reading others because I felt awful.

“Thanks, I appreciate it.” I thanked Johnny and opened the door. “Eager to get us out, I see.” Johnny chuckled while he pushed a confused Marc out the door. “If you're finished playing stupid and still want that check, here's my number.”

I looked at the small business card he gave me and planned on throwing it away the second he walked out. I did not want anything to do with the Lamberti's but I would also not take away Johnny's right to see the baby, not when I grew up without any family.

“Don't look so sad because trust me, Christian is doing you a huge favor by not bringing you into this family.” Johnny comforted me. “Although I do have to admit, I have no idea what the baby's done,”

“Yes, well.” I rolled my eyes as I closed the door in his face. I wasted no time and immediately made my way back to the kitchen, so I could continue my job search, but it was not going anywhere.

Besides stripping I only had experience as a waitress, but running around while being pregnant would end up hurting me even more than the minimum wage I would make. It was barely enough for me, so how was it going to be enough for the baby.

The sound of my phone woke me up from my sad thoughts. I had already expected for it to be a complaint about the check, so I picked up the phone and was ready to attack whoever was on the other side. “I told you to not call me ever again!”

“Miss Reyes, this is Mr. Santana from Garcia Factory?” A man spoke. “O-oh.” I froze up, embarrassed. It was a factory I had called sometime this week, and they told me they would get back to me. My expectations were already as low as they could be, but perhaps...

“Yes sir, my apologies...I thought you were someone else.” I spoke, confused. “I'm calling you to tell you that we would like to offer you the job-”

“Really?” I almost yelled out in disbelief. I was close to giving up but it had appeared to be that for once in a very long time luck was at my side.

“Yes. We believe you have the right qualities and the perfect spirit we're looking for...extremely motivated as well and we can't wait to have you here, so what do you think?” Mr. Santana spoke as if he was reading from a script.

What qualities?

I had absolutely no idea what he was talking about because I messed up my job interview, but a job was a job and I would take it, no matter what.

For the first time in a while, things were finally starting to work out again.