

Chapter 17

I got on the subway train and tried to look for any empty seats but unfortunately failed. Saving fuel and money was a priority, so I made the decision to not go by car or uber.

I was headed to my first day of work and I felt exhausted. The lack of energy was very noticeable but I tried to play it off. What would happen if they would fire me because of my pregnancy? That could not happen.

My belly did not look big, if anything I just seemed bloated. There were a few more weeks left before I would probably start showing so I would make use of those to save up as much money as I could and taking the subway was a great beginning.

The last time I had been in one was when I still attended college which was already more than half a year ago. "Do you want to sit down?" A man asked.

I was shocked by his question and stared at my belly to see if I was perhaps showing more than I expected, but that was not the case.

"You look exhausted." The man smiled but I thanked him and shook my head to kindly reject his offer. "It's only one more stop, don't worry."

It might've been one, but it was absolutely terrible. The smell of sweat and pee found it's way to my nose while I quickly brought my scarf up to my face. I couldn't throw up, not now.

The final minutes felt like hours but I had finally arrived and got out as soon as possible. A day prior I had already looked up the location and for once in my life, I felt as if I was prepared. The job which was six days a week, from 7 to 6 PM was definitely not easy, but it paid well and I could use every little bit to save up for the baby.

I stared at the building in front of me read the familiar Garcia name. What was I even thinking? I couldn't do this, I never even worked at a factory before.

I took a deep breath as I came back to my senses. I had no choice and had no right to complain about what I could and couldn't do. I was going to do this for my baby, one way or another.

I made my way inside and searched for a front desk, while a man stepped towards me. "Miss Reyes?"

"Y-yes?" I stuttered surprised at the fact that he had already been waiting for me. I was grateful and it brought me back to my first night at the club. If it wasn't for Faith and Luna back then I would've been a mess.

"I'm Mr. Santana. Come on, I'll show you around and work you in." He told me. He walked ahead while I tried my hardest to keep up with him. Mr. Santana showed me the way to the locker room and handed me a uniform so I could change. The pressure got to me and unlike the time I took to change at the club, I had finished up rather quickly and took one final look at my stomach. I could still hide it, so far so good.

"You look perfect, it's as if it's made for you." Mr. Santana smiled at me as I stepped out. That smile had quickly vanished as he gave me further instructions about my tasks and information about my lunch breaks. Working as a hole puncher and stapling papers could not be that difficult. If I couldn't do this then what could I do?

"You said I had the perfect skills over the phone, but I don't know what kind of skills I need for stapling papers." I accidentally spoke. Those words weren't supposed to leave my mouth and I didn't intend to sound ungrateful, but keeping my mouth shut and not making a fool out of myself was a difficult thing for me to do.

"If you think too much, it'll make your head spin." Mr. Santana spoke before he opened the big door to the factory room. The idea of a factory made me nervous but I had looked it up beforehand and was reassured that it wouldn't cause any harm to the baby. As long as I didn't overwork everything would be just fine.

"Olivia!" Mr. Santana called out. "Here!" A girl called out and made her way over to us. She looked from Mr. Santana to me with her intimidating dark brown eyes and all I wanted to do was run. After dealing with a bunch of jealous bitches at the club I was most definitely not in the mood to experience it again.

"This is Serena Reyes and she will be working with you. Please take it easy on her." Mr. Santana spoke before he had disappeared out of nowhere and left me all alone.

"Don't be shy, I don't bite." Olivia chuckled as she linked her arm with mine. She gave me the same instructions like Mr. Santana and ordered me to follow her around for the day. Had I known that I could've done this instead of dancing, I would've done it a long time ago.

"So how long are you planning on staying here?" Olivia suddenly asked. I was confused by her question because I never mentioned my plans to anyone. "Oh, no offense, but it's just that many people run away after a week. I've seen many come and go."

Her words made sense. It was indeed an easy job but I could understand why someone would go crazy at the idea of dealing with paper the entire day. The job was boring but it wasn't like I was any fun, so I was okay with it.

"Boss told me that you've become someone precious to him. He told me to treat you well for the time being, so that's also why I was curious." Olivia smiled before she went back to her work. Precious?

"Mr. Santana said that?" I tried to get some information out of her. I couldn't understand how I could be so precious to someone who I barely even knew. Olivia frowned her eyebrows and shook her head.

"No, Mr. Santana is not our boss..." Olivia suspiciously looked at me as if she was as lost as I was.

Was it Christian? No, it couldn't be.

The only thing that useless douche bag was good for was sending checks and besides that, if the company was owned by the Lamberti's I would've probably known. "What is our boss' name?"

It seemed as if Olivia was about to reply but she closed her mouth again and went into deep thoughts. "Fabio Garcia, but his son is in charge. He's the one who hired you, Vince?"

Vince?

"You seem as confused as I am. Perhaps it's someone you helped out once like at your previous job or something?" Olivia asked while I felt chills throughout my body at the thought of this strange favor being from someone I had once danced for, but even if it was—I could not change it and had to live with it. At least I had a job.

It was very noticeable that all of the employees kept to themselves and did not really engage with each other which strangely made it comfortable to work. Going to work was so much better when people were not breathing in your neck out of jealousy every second and unlike my previous judgment even Olivia had turned out to be different than I had originally thought.

She was a kind, hardworking person who I had spent my lunch breaks with and I was grateful to know that we had the exact same work schedule. The first day of work passed by so quickly that I hadn't even noticed that we were finished until Olivia asked me how I was going home.

"I can give you a ride, we live near each other!" Olivia offered after interrogating me. I found it suspicious that it seemed as if she had no friends around here, but I also knew that if the roles were reversed and I had been here longer it would've probably been the same, besides that, I did not feel like taking the subway again.

"Sure!"

"I can also pick you up tomorrow!" Olivia offered after she had dropped me off. It sounded like heaven to my ears, because I hated the subway and I hated driving even more. It was so out of character for me to get close to strangers but I would've done anything to get away from that subway.

"I'm happy to work with someone my age for once so I'm sorry if I come off as pushy." Olivia apologized but I shook my head and grabbed her hand. "It's okay, I understand."

I was the youngest girl at the club, and because of it, many others saw me as a misplaced toddler. Meeting Faith and Luna who were not that much older than me felt like a blessing to me, so I could understand her feelings, but I couldn't help but wonder.

Would she feel the same way if I told her about my past job?

Would she feel the same if I told her I got knocked up and would leave again in two months or so?

"I'll pick you up tomorrow, at six?" Olivia smiled. "Yes, that's okay!"

We said our goodbyes and I finally made my way upstairs. It was already eight and my entire day flew by, just like that.

"When will he stop," I whispered to myself upon seeing yet another check on the floor and opened the door to my apartment.

It was late and I had to force myself to eat a meal so I could stay strong for the baby but all I really wanted was to go to sleep. Unfortunately, the peace got interrupted when I finally got a chance to look at the notifications I received and stared at the text messages.

'KEEP THE CHECK'

'Tell me, how many zeros do you want?'

'How many times are you going to send it back?'

'I'll beat up Christian for you!'

'Get enough rest and eat well'

'Giving you 1 hour to reply or I'm just going to assume you're dead!'

'It's Johnny btw!'

'Serena???'

I laughed at each message and send him an emoji in response. It felt great knowing at least one Lamberti supported me, but it still wasn't the one I was hoping for. The one I was hoping for had sent me checks after checks and although I was determined to do this on my own I had often hoped for him to knock at my door to apologize, just so I could make him shake and tell him to get the hell out, just so I could tell him what I should've told him that day. That I'm perfectly fine on my own.

Christian had made it clear that he didn't want to be a dad, so why was it so difficult to let go of him?