

His Promise: The Mafia's Babies

Chapter 9

It was a few days further and I was still three months pregnant. Nope, absolutely nothing had changed and I still felt like shit. After finishing up my week behind the bar it was the weekend and somehow I managed to call in sick. Christian was out of the picture and so was Lucio who was at first surprised to see me in the kitchen but didn't pay lots of attention to it.

I knew that if I had to work it tonight it would've been time to start dancing again, but I also knew that I couldn't do that, at least not with a baby in my belly. After looking up several job applications I had quickly found out that no one was waiting on a college drop out.

My hands grasped for the abortion clinic booklet and I held it tightly. Why did it have to be this difficult?

The most logical action would be to go with my original plan and to abort the baby as soon as possible. Yes, I wanted something of my own but I also wanted to give my child the life it deserved. Adoption was out of option because I knew myself very well, I got too attached way too quickly and would never be able to give up my child. Keeping the baby was something I did not have the heart for even if I wanted to.

I looked down at the contact number at the back of the booklet and typed it in on my phone but regretted it when someone had actually picked up. I had expected getting an abortion was an easy thing to do and that the rest of it to follow quickly after that, but it didn't. Unfortunately, I did not prepare myself for all the questions which followed, including the question of why I wanted the abortion, but what was I even thinking? Upon hearing my unsure answers the nurse made an appointment for the next day so I could talk things over and get more explanation.

The word 'discuss' scared me. I did not want to discuss anything because I knew that the longer I waited, the faster I'd regret my decision. It was not that I didn't want to become a parent, because I wanted to, but what was the point of being pregnant when you could not even enjoy your pregnancy?

To make matters worse, the internet was my best friend, so I looked up the abortion process and even watched some videos as if reading about it wasn't painful enough.

Just the thought of it made me run to the bathroom to throw up for what would be the fourth time today. Rather than it being morning sickness, it was more-so a combination of nerves and disgust. I just wanted this to vanish so I could move on with my life and never make the same decision again.

On the bright side, I wouldn't get that many questions from the girls because Faith and Luna were the only friends I had. See, being a loner did have its advantages.

That was all I sent into the group chat consisting out of Luna, Faith, and I. They had become my best friends and usually, you were supposed to confide in your friends, but telling them I got pregnant by our boss' just sounded wrong no matter how you looked at it.

When I heard a knock on my door I almost jumped up, thinking about who it could've been. "Who's there?" I called out, expecting nothing back because I definitely did not expect anyone. "It's me, Lucio!" A voice called back.

Shit, why would he come here now?

"Just a sec!" I yelled back and ran around the house to clean up. My first instinct was to hide the abortion booklet, turn on the tv, and to throw a blanket on the couch to make it seem like I was actually doing something.

After a speedy round, I walked to the door and opened it. "You called in sick." That was all he said and invited himself in while looking around. He had two bags in his hands, which made me worry because it seemed like he wasn't leaving anytime soon. "I actually heard you were sick the entire week and I got worried," Lucio spoke and threw the plastic bags on the kitchen counter.

Even though he was my boss, Lucio coming over was not a surprise because he had done it before and in the six months I had known him he became a father figure to me. The only thing was that the timing was bad, considering the reason for me being sick would've been due to his grandchild I was carrying.

"You look terrible, I told my sons to take care of you and they have you out here looking like some grim reaper, but no worries, I have the best soup recipe for fevers!" He spoke and pointed towards the bags.

Lucio had always tried to be nice, but having the wrong choice of words was unfortunately something that ran in the Lamberti family, a curse that hadn't pass Lucio or his sons.

I laid back onto the couch and covered myself under the blankets. Lucio was a man of orders, so telling him it was okay for him to leave would not only be extremely disrespectful but also a waste of my breath. "Fine, do what you gotta do," I spoke. Shortly after, Lucio was already busy with cutting up the ingredients and asked me question after question. How did I get sick, when did I get sick, if I had already been to the doctor.

"It's just a fever, it'll be over soon," I reassured him, but he wouldn't take no for an answer. At times I found it quite funny how my brains worked. One of the reasons why I didn't want to bring the baby into this world was because I was scared of Christian and the business he was in, but yet I had the actual boss, a mafia boss, cooking in my kitchen— but to me, Lucio wasn't all that scary. I wasn't completely stupid and knew of his reputation but I had no reason to fear him, if anything I admired him, so why was I so afraid of Christian?

"Come join me at the table, we have to talk," Lucio spoke. I was afraid for this 'talk' but after he had cooked a whole meal for me, obeying him was the least I could do so I wrapped the blanket around my body and walked towards the kitchen to sit at the opposite side of him. "Here you go, eat it all." He told me and placed a bowl of soup in front of me.

I didn't know whether it was my pregnancy or the fact that I couldn't cook for shit so only ordered food, but I wasted no time and ate the soup as my life depended on it. Lucio had a proud father-like smile on his face and quietly observed me while I was eating, and I couldn't help but wonder. "Do you treat all the girls like this?"

Lucio let out an offended chuckle and shook his head. "I don't even treat my own daughters like this, so I would appreciate it if you told me what's going on."

"Serena, I know you won't accept a million-dollar check even if I gave you one, but I'm begging you to stop what you're doing because look at you child. I'll find you another job, I'll take care of you as one of my own."

I had almost dropped my spoon and stopped eating for a second. Bad would've been an understatement for how I felt about my actions. Lucio was aware that I had no parents, so that was most likely the reason why he paid the most attention to me, which was not crazy. He must've thought I was exhausted while that wasn't

the only case. I did not need anyone to take care of me, I had always been on my own and even though I sometimes got jealous whenever I saw others with their family, I was completely fine on my own.

“I appreciate you, I respect you a lot...but I don’t need your help,” I told him, on the verge of tears. At times it sounded so tempting to just accept his offer and let him write me a check but I couldn’t. I wasn’t that type of person and I didn’t want to be. The business the Lamberti’s ran had always remained in the back of my head and one way or another I did not want to get involved even if it was as much as accepting a check.

“Serena...” Lucio almost begged and had a guilty look on his face. “Serena, I’m so sorry for everything you have to go through.” You don’t even know half of it.

I felt my eyes get watery and knew I was about to break down crying any second. Crying was not something foreign to me and I was not ashamed to say that I cried at least four times a week, whether it was over a movie, or bruising my finger, but this pregnancy only made it worse.

“Serena, is there any other reason why you’re so exhausted? Please tell me, you can tell me anything.” Lucio tried again, but this time I couldn’t hold back my tears anymore and broke down crying. Lucio had been the only one noticing how emotionally exhausted I was and it did something to me. I wanted to tell him the truth because he deserved it, but there was no point in telling him the truth if the issue at hand would’ve been dealt with anytime now.

When Lucio saw tears falling down my face, he immediately got up from the chair and walked over to wrap his arms around me. I felt warm and safe in his arms as if nothing bad could happen, but it already did. At times like these, I would randomly think about my parents and about how much easier life would be if they never gave me up if it wouldn’t have been Lucio comforting me but my father.

“It’s okay, cry all you want, it seems like you’ve been wanting to do that for a long time.” Lucio comforted me, and that was all it took for me to let it all out. I cried because I was upset, I cried because I felt guilty and I cried because I did not know what to do.

It felt like I was stuck no matter what I did and I didn’t know how to deal with it. If I kept the baby I would’ve been jobless because there was no way I could continue dancing, and if I were to have an abortion I would’ve probably still be jobless

because besides it taking a toll on my body, someone like me would probably also have to deal with the recovery time and lots of regrets.

All of this because of one thing which could've easily been prevented. Many had always said their child was a blessing, but to me, it didn't feel like one. I wanted it to be a blessing and I wanted to be a mom and take care of my baby, I wanted to have the perfect little family I had always dreamed of when I was younger and I wanted to tell Christian.

If I had the opportunity to make this work I would've.