

His Promise: The Mafia's Babies

Chapter 10

When I walked into the clinic with my hoodie pulled over my head I had hoped for it to be a quick visit, just like I had expected for them to remove the baby as soon as possible, but they didn't.

In the morning I woke up feeling anxious and perhaps even excited to get rid of the baby but each time reality kicked in I'd feel guilty and thought about how much I wanted to have something of my own. If I had this child I would never be alone, but if I had this child it would be yet another mouth to feed and babies were expensive. The costs of \$13,000 a year shocked me and definitely helped me with my decision.

That amount of money on top of what I had to pay for myself was ridiculously much and unrealistic. For me to make that much extra I would have to work as hard as a horse.

As if speaking over the phone wasn't enough, I had yet again another assessment appointment before the date for the abortion would even be arranged. As each day passed I got more and more attached to the baby growing inside of me and at times would even touch my flat tummy which barely showed any signs of pregnancy.

I understood both the counselor and doctor were doing their job, but questions as to why I wanted to have an abortion, and where the father was made me doubt myself and wonder if it was more so fear over money. Fear of having to do it alone and fear of not being able to tell Christian in case he calls me names or rejects the baby. The last thing I'd expected for someone like Christian was to accept the baby with open arms. Would he even like children? Did he even want children?

Every now and then the counselor asked me if I was still sure about my decision, and that would probably be due to the fact of me pulling strange faces after hearing about the process, associated risks and complications, and most of all, my face when I heard the price and learned that it's not covered by my insurance.

I had not prepared myself for another ultrasound and had promised myself to not look at the screen, but I couldn't help myself when I heard a heartbeat. Something inside of me, something which wouldn't betray me or walk out my life like almost everyone did, and it had a heartbeat.

I had not noticed I was crying until I felt a tear roll down my cheek, but surprisingly enough I wasn't sad. I was crying because of happiness, I was crying because I couldn't remember the last time that I had focused on listening to a heartbeat, including my own but yet here I was, listening to my baby's heartbeat. My baby...

Whenever those words went through my head I would have a change of mind and thought about what life could be like. Yes, a thirteen-week old baby which I did not plan on having turned out to be the first thing in a very long time to cause me happy tears.

I suddenly felt grateful for the assessment and the fact that I didn't sign anything. When the doctor removed the transducer from my stomach I had almost yelled at him to put it back but wasted no time to sit back up straight and covered my stomach in a protective matter.

"This was a mistake." That was all I told him as he gave me a look of pity. "Don't be so hard on yourself, a better word to put it is unp--"

"No, you don't get it, coming here was a mistake!" I said back irritated and pulled my hoodie over my head. "Oh...so no follow up appointment?" The doctor who was surprised by my sudden switch asked.

"Absolutely not, just forget I was here, matter of fact let's just ignore these past two hours because that way you don't have to charge me. I could really use that money towards diapers!" I told him a bit too enthusiastic and jumped up to grab my bag. "Uhm?" The doctor tried speaking but couldn't find any words.

"Yes I know, you must be worrying about me even more now, but I'm fine. Thank you for everything, including the free ultrasound but I really have to go now, bye!" That was all I said and walked out while the doctor called out my name.

I was going to do this.

I was going to be a mommy and take care of my child.

Many people gave me a weird look and probably got a weird idea while I almost skipped through the hallway with a happy smile on my face but for the first time since I had found out about my pregnancy I could finally smile and it was all because of a heartbeat. This ultrasound had a different impact from my first one.

Free at last, was the first thing that went through my head when I walked out of the clinic. I walked to the garage while thinking of ways to get a stable job for my unborn baby but just as I was about to unlock my car a hand on my shoulder had stopped me and I quickly turned around. “M-marc?” I asked in shock.

Unlike the first time I met him, he didn’t look that friendly and had a suspicious look on his face. “Squirrel tell me, did you go through with the abortion?” He asked me while grabbing both of my shoulders. I shrugged him off me and took a step back so I was glued against the car. “N-no I’m not having a- , but wait what are you doing here?” I asked confused.

I had become aware that Marc was Christian’s personal bodyguard and was afraid of the reason why he might’ve been here. Did Christian know I was pregnant and send him to spy on me?

“Did Christian send you, does he knows-“ I spoke but stopped mid-sentence when Marc's eyes got big and realized I was the one who had exposed myself.

“Wait, are you carrying Christian’s baby?” Marc desperately asked, and that was all it took for me to froze up as I ran out of answers. “You were planning on getting an abortion and you didn’t tell him?” Marc asked for confirmation. I was afraid that he might report back to Christian so I kept my mouth shut.

“Squirrel, I’m asking you a question. You weren’t going to tell him you’re pregnant?” He asked again, but this time he sounded disappointed and I felt embarrassed. “What are you doing here?” I asked him.

“What am I doing here? Christian asked me to keep an eye on you until you felt better but damn, I did not expect this.”

My head started doing turns. Christian asked him to keep an eye on me? Would he know about the pregnancy? Would he have sneaked in my house late at night and seen the pregnancy test? No, of course not. He was in the mafia, he was not a wizard.

“Lucio told him to take care of you,” Marc explained as if he was reading my mind and I immediately felt relieved. “How did you know it was Christian’s?”

“I didn’t, you told me the moment you asked if he had sent me,” Marc mumbled. Why did I have to be this stupid?

“So are you going to tell him?” I asked, realizing the situation but all Marc gave me was a confused look. “Do I look pregnant to you, why should I tell him?”

“So I suppose you were planning on leaving your job so you can handle this all on your own...”

“Listen, squirrel. I usually agree with the term that men should stay out of women’s business but you have to tell him.” Marc suggested but I immediately shook my head. “I won’t, and I definitely agree, men should stay out of women’s business so let’s pretend like the clinic was a donut shop instead, you can report that back to him,” I told him and was about to get in the car but Marc grabbed my arm to stop me. “If it’s because of fear you can drop this act because I know Christian would do everything in his power to help you a-“

“You don’t know that!” I immediately snapped back. Taking care of me and making sure I was alright because I technically worked for him was one thing, but him stepping up to be a father was another and I wasn’t seeking rejection so it was good like this.

“I do know that. I’ve known Christian for much longer than you have and I know that he would do everything in his power to help you because that’s the kind of person he is. I don’t know what you’ve heard about him but whatever it’s not true. He’s not this heartless human eating ghouel you are making him out to be!” Marc told me, but only one word stuck by me.

“Wait, you also watch anime?” I asked him and saw his eyes lit up before he blinked and shook his head. “That’s not the point right now, we were talking about you owing Christian the truth!”

“Oh right...do you think I should?”. Even though I hated to admit it, Marc had a point. Whether I told him or not I had nothing not lose but more so, something to gain. I wasn’t expecting any help from him because I still believed someone like Christian wasn’t exactly waiting for a child from me, but Marc was right about knowing him longer so perhaps he was right about me misjudging him. No matter what his reaction was going to be, I did owe him the truth.

“I’ll tell him tomorrow,” I told Marc and saw how he grew a smile on his face until he noticed the unimpressed look I gave him.

“But if he tells me to get an abortion, I promise you, you won’t see the pearly gates!”