

# Mafia's Innocent Witness

## Chapter 2

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I woke up with heavy breathing and sweat drenching my body. My dream of a handsome guy coming to steal my heart and treat me as if I was the only girl in the world was altered into a nightmare when Ace appeared and put a bullet through his head.

I was sleeping on the floor of a public lavatory; I had nowhere else to go. The shelter a few blocks away did not have any room left. I didn't want to stay there anyway, especially when a perilous man was most likely searching for me.

I check my watch to see that it was two minutes to four; it was time for me to wake up, anyway.

I had to wake up every morning except Saturdays and Sundays in order to catch the bus in time to reach the diner for my six am shift, which ends at three. After that I have to make my way ten minutes away from where I work, by foot, to arrive at the community college in time for class.

I remember when I was growing up I constantly told my papa that I could not wait to be grownup like him. He always reply by saying 'You should enjoy your childhood while it last Princessa', I never understood why he always said that until a couple of years ago.

Now I'm aware of the struggles one has to go through, especially when they are without family and friends.

I got up from the floor and rub my side from the pain I was feeling from having to sleep on the cold concert. I spread my sweater down there and use my bag to cushion my head, but that did little.

I glance in the mirror to see how horrible I looked; I looked like a homeless person indeed. My shoulder length hair was a dirty tangled mess and my clothes needed to change.

Thankfully, there was a shower in this public lavatory. It was very convenient and I would hug the person who made it right now.

I got a few items from the store last night such as; underwear, a t-shirt dress, a small bottle of shampoo and conditioner. I would just have to use the shampoo to bathe as well, considering I did not have adequate amount of money to purchase a bar of soap. I also purchase a toothbrush and toothpaste, along with water, fruits, and a few snacks. I could not tell the last time I had cooked food, but this would have to do for now.

It was unfortunate that I had a few things back at the warehouse, but couldn't go back for it.

I strip out of my dirty clothes and step into the shower. The water was chilly, but also relaxing. I spend about twenty minutes in there washing my hair and scrubbing my body since I do not know when I could do so again, since I was on the move.

I got out and got dressed in my underwear before pulling the uniform I had to wear over my head and putting on my old black converse that I had been wearing.

I stare in the mirror at myself; it was a miracle what a shower could do. The conditioner even made my hair softer, and it was in curls considering it was still wet. I didn't trust that it would remain as cute as it is now throughout the day and I needed to look decent at work, so instead of leaving it like that, I squeeze some more conditioner in my hands and rub it through my hair. I comb my fingers through it and tied it on the top of my head in a cute curly ponytail.

I did not even step foot properly in the diner when Alissa storms over to me. She was one server here and just like everyone else; she despises me.

"Joeniya, table five wants to order." She throws an apron in my face before hurrying off. I slowly make my way over to the table praying for my shift to be over although it had just began.

"Hello. What will you have this morning?" Instead of paying attention to the customer, I search the pockets of my apron for a notepad before tying the red plaid strings around my waist.

It matches the red and white uniform that I had to wear, which would be cute if I liked dresses. It even had the logo on the front.

"You," the voice of the man who I'm now very familiar with says which caused me to choke.

It took a minute to recover from choking on my saliva, and the customers were all staring at me. I ignore them and stare at the Italian man before me. The Captain must have told him where I work. He asked me yesterday if I didn't have more work to do for his wife, so this man here must have picked up on it. I was so stupid to not realize it from the start, although this is a public place, he wouldn't kill me here. He had a thing for abandon warehouse where homeless girls live.

"Please don't hurt me." My words came out stumbling into one another as if the first one had stopped because it forgot where to go and the others came bumping right into it without paying attention.

Let's blame it on the fear burning within me like a wildfire and not the fact that I lack communication skills.

The man in front of me found my embarrassment amusing. "Why don't you have a seat with me, Bonita?"

"No," I blurted.

"Pardon me," He smirk before continuing, "You should know, I will not bite - at least not yet."

I try my best not to have a panic attack and pass out. "I'm on my shift. Now can you please just order?"

"Who's going to stop you from sitting with me?" I watch as he glares at a man who was looking at us, just like everyone else. "Don't you know I'm everyone's nightmare?" His voice drips with confidence, as if he enjoys being the reason for nightmares.

I did not understand why he said that, though. Did people know that he is the one who killed the Mafia or was there more to it?

It was hard to choose what to do. Someone would punish me immensely if I should sit next to him willingly and if I don't, he'll just shoot me in my head.

"Okay Angel, since you seem to worry too much, I'll make it easy for you and order. Who knows what I'd do if any of these incompetent imbeciles give you a hard time." After saying the last sentence, he shares a look with another guy I had failed to notice.

He is also good looking. He had green eyes and black hair which resembles the hair of the man next to him, but his is longer.

Although the colour of their eyes was different, there was not one doubt in my mind. These two were brothers; just wonderful.

After the killer orders both their meals I hurry off as if my ass was on fire; wondering what I ever done for the universe to be punishing me like this.

"That was fast," He says as I place both breakfast orders on the table.

"If you want nothing else, then I'll be going."

"No, wait," he says grabbing onto my wrist and pulling me right into the booth next to him.

The lack of space decrease my oxygen intake and my heartbeat speed up like a wild horse. Abruptly I became unaware of how to form words. Despite of this there was something about his touch that gives me a warm tingling sensation on the inside, which was just bizarre considering he's nothing but a cold-blooded murderer.

Regaining my senses, I try to get away from him.

"Stay." He enjoin and I did exactly that, like a good little doggy. Girl, like a good girl.

His brother chuckle. I dare to glare at him, but his attention was on his breakfast.

"I have a proposition for you, there's something special about you. If there wasn't you would be dead by now." He places his arm around my shoulder, pulling me closer.

"I'm no one special." I spoke the truth, but immediately regretted it. This man was probably reconsidering killing me, and I was trying to convince him otherwise.

He caresses my cheek, allowing me to stare into his grey eyes. "Sweetheart, you are special. Let no one tell you differently, now are you going to listen to me?"