

Mafia's Innocent Witness

Chapter 3

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For a few minutes, I felt as if he was speaking the truth. His eyes were burning into my own, his face so close to mine. At this moment I completely forgot where we were. His beauty and words had taken me away from reality to a place where anything seems possible.

All I had to do was close my eyes and there he was, standing over a dead body while putting his gun in his pocket. That's what brought me back to reality.

I pull away from him and focus on the small chip in the circular wood table that resembles the ones from sponge bob only with yellow colour.

I had little choice here, I had to listen to what he has to say, "Carry on."

He lean back in the booth as he looks at me, "What if I told you I can get rid of all your problems?"

"I'm afraid that even if you could do that, then there would be new ones; ones that I can not bear."

Unless what he was really trying to say was that he is going to kill me and that way all my problems would end.

He nods in consideration, "I'm giving you two options Bonita, ride with me or die by my hands."

I know it shouldn't be hard to choose; it was a life or death situation.

"Micah we're leaving." He stood from his seat and place a stock of hundred-dollar bills on the table. "Have the change, love"

Micah stuff a bacon in his mouth, before standing next to his brother who winks at me, "I'll be seeing you soon."

With that said, I watch him exit the diner and abandoning the food. Staring at the food on the plate, my eyes caught sight of the money sitting on the table. What should I do with it? It would help me a lot, but the right thing to do is to return it.

While gazing at the money contemplating what to do, I heard someone, "Honey, he might be trouble, but he's a hot one. I see how they treat you in here you should consider his offer. If I was thirty years younger, I would have snatched him away from you faster than you can blink."

My mouth was agape as I look at the old woman in shock. She was a daily customer here and looked like she could be my great grandmother, however this is the first time she's speaking to me without telling her order I mean. I nod at her because it seems like the polite thing to do before taking up the plates and putting the money in my apron pocket.

"Who exactly is he?" I decide to ask. She said he was trouble, which means she must have known him.

She gives me a perplex look. "You don't know? Honey, he is-"

"Joeniya!" My boss Dorine Patrick's sharp voice call, interrupting the woman.

"You better go on, child," she says, before returning her attention to her breakfast.

Dorine stops in front of me. She wore a pink shirt and white pencil skirt. Her blonde hair was in a bun, dark eyes glare at me as the demon cross her arms over her chest, "What was that about?"

"He-just wanted to talk to me," I say, sounding a lot like a child who is just learning words.

She looks at me from head to toe as if I was something that should be taken out with the trash we kept around the back, "Why would Ace Ambrose want to talk to you, did you open up your legs for him?"

Tears welled up in my eyes as she continues, "I already told my husband that I do not want any trouble marker in here, so tell your boyfriend to stay out. If I see him in here again, then I will not hesitate to forget about your good work ethic and fire you. Now get out of my face, you're on kitchen duty."

Before I had the chance to run off to the back, she grips my arm and removes the money from my pocket before pushing me away.

I run to the kitchen, but quickly wipe away a stray tear when I came face to face with another she devil. Taking an angry bite from the sandwich, I ignore her.

"It is not even your lunch break and already you're stuffing your face," Amber Patrick spoke.

She is sixteen years old with an attitude problem; she works in the kitchen part time baking cupcakes and muffins before she leave for school.

Her big blue eyes watch me as she corner me like a predator.

"You're not supposed to eat that even though the customer didn't touch it. Who do you think you are?"

I ignore her and took another bite. "Do you think that because the notorious bad boy took an interest in you, you can do whatever you want."

I swallow the food and look at the bitter little girl. "Are you jealous Amber, is that it? For once I'm getting the attention and you have to just sit back and watch."

She look shock for a minute then the next she was smirking, "You know, Joeniya? I always knew you were a bitch."

I shrug, "I learn from the best."

She gives me a fake smile before grabbing the plate from my hand and tossing the food into the trash bag.

Even though she tosses the food, I was pleased with myself. This is the first time I'm standing up for myself and even though it was just to a sixteen-year-old, it felt amazing.

Forgotten were her mother's gruesome words.

After my shift was over, I walk all the way to Cari-med Community College. Thanks to Amber, I was five minutes late, since she stopped by again after school just to annoy me some more. I almost fall face first while running up the stairs to get to class. As soon as I enter all eyes are on me.

"Miss Allison, you are late," my obstetrician lecturer speaks the obvious.

"I'm sorry Ms Hemming, it won't happen again."

She fix her specs, "Proceed to your seat. The topic is the stages of pregnancy."

I nod and walk to the very back of the class. This way, no one could bother me.

"The second trimester is thirteen to twenty-eight weeks, at this stage a pregnant woman may experience backache as she copes with the growing weight of the foetus."

I grab my obstetrics notebook and a pen. Turning over a new page; I chew involuntarily on my pen as I think of earlier events.

I wanted to know who Ace Ambrose was. His surname did sound familiar, but I just could not remember where I heard it before. I also wanted to know why he thought I was special, the only person who ever thought that was my papa.

"Third trimester. Twenty-nine to forty weeks, the mother rapidly gains weight as the foetus undergoes growth spurt," Ms Hemming said bringing me back to present.

I jot down some notes, even though I did not hear all of what she said about the second trimester. I always try to listen when a dictation is given because I don't have anyone to give me the notes after class.

For me the only way out of poverty is education-although they are other options like dropping out of school and getting a sugar daddy. If I can't find one I could become a stripper or a prostitute; I'm sure they pay more for virgins.

As if, I thought while grinning. I'm sure the guy who sat four seats across from me thought I was going crazy.

Class ended around 10 pm, just like every other weekday. I grab my things and hurry out of the class to get to the bus stop two minutes away in order to catch the ten o'clock bus. After getting on, I manage to find a seat and lean my head against the window.

I did not know where I would rest my head tonight. Going back to the public restroom did not seem like the best option, considering the circumstances.

I watch as we pass by a little Mexican restaurant. My mind drifted to my papa. When we moved here from Mexico, he always picked up arroz con huevo {rice with eggs}, tacos and my favourite dessert cocadas.

One day he introduced me to a new type of food saying, "Es bueno probar cosas nuevas Princessa." {It is good to try new things princess}.

It was oatmeal, and I hated it. I was so used to eating the other food that I didn't want to try the oatmeal.

After his passing, it became my favourite. I ate it hot, cold, with raisins, in cookies and anything else I could think of.

Reminiscing on my pass, my cheeks became wet from tears. I miss my papa, and being alone in this world just makes it seem even larger and scarier.