

The Return of my First Love

Chapter 9

Jason and I had a peaceful and happy life after marriage. As a new mom, I didn't worry about taking care of our baby, since Jason had already learned how to care for a newborn and planned everything out.

By the time our daughter, Naty, turned four, she didn't need constant supervision **from** us anymore.

One day, Jason suddenly suggested, "Let's send Naty to preschool and travel the world

I smiled at his naivety and gently declined, "Not yet, Naty still needs us."

Jason was disappointed. "But she's taken up all of your time. I just want some **time** for us, alone."

Unable to argue, Jason decided to pursue his childhood dream of **becoming** a football player. After work, he started practicing with a coach.

His passion grew, and he even considered quitting his job.

When he told me, I had just finished reading Naty a bedtime story, and I was too tired to **fully** listen.

Two weeks later, I saw Jason running around with a football, and that's when I realized he had already

quit.

I couldn't believe it.

"Jason, you quit your job to try to become a football player, even though the chances are so slim?"

Jason, though guilty, said firmly, "Yes, it's my dream, and I want to chase it."

We had a huge argument. His dream was unrealistic, and we were struggling financially. What he did was irresponsible.

At that point, I started to wonder if people who dream too big are suited for family life.

As I expected, Jason's dream failed, and he couldn't return to his old job. To support the family

became a construction worker.

The blow to his dreams changed him completely.

At first, he complained about life's unfairness, but soon, he started drinking and became abusive.

He said hurtful things: "No wonder Lucas gave you birth control. A child is a burden. Without Naty, we'd be traveling the world!"

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"Emily, is Naty even my child? You couldn't have kids. Who's the real father?"

"Emily, if you hadn't focused so much on the kid, I wouldn't have quit and become a construction worker. My life's ruined! Why did you come back to me?"

I couldn't take it anymore. The man who once saved me had become someone I didn't recognize

After he raised his fist again, I took Naty and ran.

I tried to find a real job, but no one wanted a housewife who had been out of work for years.

So, I took a job at a restaurant, but the pay was too low. I couldn't afford nice clothes for Naty or

nutritious meals.

Then I saw an ad for a maid position with the Fanucci family. Despite warnings from our neighbor Mrs. Rodriguez about the dangers of working for the mafia, I applied, desperate for the higher pay.

On my first day, Madam Catherina gave me strict instructions.

"Don't talk to the Fanuccis, don't look at them, don't even breathe near them."

"Keep everything you hear to yourself, or you'll end up in a body bag."

"Perfection is the standard here!"

I quietly noted who I should avoid: the six-year-old princess, Dante, Gian, and the cold heir Alessio.

Suddenly, Liza grabbed my hand and whispered in a panic, "Clear the way!"

I grabbed the broom, and when I looked up, I accidentally made eye contact with the Fanucci brothers.

Dante, Gian, and Alessio.

In an instant, I saw Alessio. His handsome features and sharp brown eyes were striking.

"Lower your head, Emily," Liza whispered. "Don't let them remember you."

I quickly lowered my head, but once the footsteps passed, I stole a glance.

Unfortunately, Dante had turned around, and our eyes met.

My heart raced as he walked toward me.

Dante, followed by his brothers, stopped right in front of me.

"Are you new here?" Dante asked playfully.

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"Yes, sir," I stammered.

"What's your name?"

"E. Emily." I felt my palms sweating.

Dante looked me over before his gaze fell to my hands.

"Take a break. Come to my room for a drink. We can get to know each other better."

"No-no, thank you, sir. I should get back to work."

"You're rejecting me?" His tone was gentle, but there was a dangerous edge.

I nervously bit my lip, unsure of what to do, when Alessio patted Dante's back.

"Yes, she's rejecting you," Alessio said.

Dante shrugged and waved his hand. "Fine, no problem. Just a maid after all."

The three brothers walked away.