

Chapter 15

Luna's words had been eating me up and I was not able to rest. The only positive thing was that my morning sickness had finally disappeared, and I looked a whole less sick.

The one downside was that I was back again, knocking on the door of Christian's office. After a long thought, I had decided to take up his offer and do whatever was best for the baby. This situation wasn't about me or my fears, but about giving the baby the life it deserved.

"The door is open," Christian called out in his intimidating tone. I opened the door and walked in. He leaned his head out the window and had a cigarette between his lips. "I'll come back later," I excused myself, and tried my best not to inhale anything for the baby's sake.

Christian threw away the cigarette and turned around to face me. Don't bother, this will be quick." He spoke as he made his way over to his chair.

The look on his face made it obvious this clearly wasn't the right time, so I was willing to come back later—but nothing could've prepared for the words which left his mouth. "The baby...I need you to get rid of it," Christian spoke while his gaze moved anywhere but my eyes.

I felt upset, confused, and hopeless. He did not mean that he could not mean that. This had to be some kind of joke. "Huh?" I asked, confused. Christian took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

"Get rid of the baby." He repeated. The message was extremely clear and I did not miss a single word. These were the words I had expected to hear from his mouth the first time, but he decided to give me false hope instead.

Even if I wanted to cry, I couldn't and it was all because I was in too much of a shock to do so. Christian opened his eyes and was probably wondering why I hadn't said anything. "You don't mean that," I told him as I stared into his eyes. I could see that he didn't mean that.

For the first time, I could read him well and could tell that this was not what he wanted. Whatever it was which had made him change his mind must've been something big.

"Get rid of the baby or disappear, I don't care, I don't want anything to do with it." He tried his hardest to sound sincere, but he was clearly failing.

"Christian, whatever happened to taking care of the baby?"

Christian took a deep breath and aggressively shove his papers from the table. My first instincts were to cover my stomach with my hands which I did as I quickly stepped back. "Do you want a check? I'll give you a check but don't bother me. This is a mistake!" Christian spoke. "This baby...is a mistake."

A mistake?

He could've said anything about me and I would've cried and taken it, but I would not let him speak this way about my child, over my dead body. "The only mistake here is you, the only mistake is me trusting you." I spat out.

Christian's eyes had softened and he quickly turned the other way. "I don't need your money, I don't need anything, the only thing I'm asking from you is to please not turn your back on this baby." I almost begged him. "Are you sick of me? Because if you are that's completely fine and we don't even have to talk again, but please, I need you to be there for the baby!"

I felt pathetic, and I knew I was being a hypocrite after not only wanting to abort this baby but also trying to keep Christian away, but things had changed.

Christian remained silent and was unable to speak.

"Do you really want me to get an abortion? Because I will go and get one now. We'll get it together, let's go!" I dared him, but before I could do anything else Christian jumped up from the chair and wrapped his hand around my wrist.

See, he wasn't serious.

"You can't!" He spoke as he looked down at his hand which was wrapped around my wrist. I shrugged him off me and let out a scoff.

"Give me one good reason why you don't want to be a parent and I will leave you alone because I don't know if you realize, but I'm the one who's in real danger!" I told him. "Despite this whole...thing you guys got going on, I was willing to move in with you, I was willing to take that risk!"

"Christian, you might've pushed away a lot of people but you won't get rid of me this easily, not when I can see that you don't mean any this."

"It's because...I'm not ready to be a dad." He spoke. His words made my blood boil. Not ready?

"Do you think I'm ready to be a mom? Because I'm not but you have six more months to learn and so do I so that's no a rea--"

"I don't want anything to with you or the baby, I don't even know if the baby is mine and I never asked for a baby from some stripping whore, now get out!" Christian yelled out.

My body was frozen and my tears were close to falling as every bit of hope I had left had completely shattered. He said he would take care of me and the baby, but he broke his promise.

The look on his face told me he didn't mean it, but his words were something which I could never forgive or forget.

I had enough of it and made my way to the door, so I could leave—but not before I gave him a small reminder of his original words. "You said you wouldn't bail on me, you promised," I spoke defeated. "Serena..." He whispered.

"What??"

"...Don't forget to close the door on your way out."

I smacked the door shut and broke down crying. I did not care about anything or anyone, because I wouldn't be coming back here. I was allowed to cry and everyone was allowed to see it.

"Did he really knock you up?" I recognized Enzo's voice and quickly turned around. Okay, maybe not everyone.

I attempted to wipe away my tears, but they just wouldn't stop falling down.

"Are you okay, should I go and talk to him?" Enzo offered his help while he placed his hands on my shoulder. I shook my head and pushed him away. I was absolutely not in the mood to deal with any of the Lamberti brothers, not now.

I let out a sigh and ignored Enzo's existence as I walked past him and made my way through the hallway. "Squirrel!" Enzo called out.

I kept on walking and the only thing I could think about was the fastest way to clear my locker, so I could get the hell out of this building.

"I'm sorry." I managed to get out when I accidentally bumped into someone. I raised my head and made eye contact with Lucio. Just when I thought it couldn't get any worse. He had a pitiful look on his face, and that was enough for me to know that he knew exactly what the issue was.

"You know, don't you?"

Lucio gave me a nod and pulled me into his office. I broke down crying and flew in his arms while he tried to calm me down, but it wasn't working. All I could do was rant about Christian's sudden change in behavior.

"And then he told me to get an abortion and then he told me not to—and then he called me a stripping whore!" I ended my rant while my eyes were full of tears.

"Serena sweetheart, even I can't do anything to change his mind." Lucio sighed.

I was surprised by his choice of words and quickly pulled away. "So you agree with him?"

Lucio scratched the back of his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"I definitely do not consider you to be a stripping whore, that one was unprovoked, but think about it." Lucio began. "You don't want to give up your baby, he doesn't want to raise the baby—so just accept the check and raise that child on your own."

Lucio didn't even let out a stutter and I was pissed. There was no way he could've been serious. This must've been a joke.

"That child is your grandchild," I reminded him, but Lucio wouldn't budge. He seemed unbothered by my statement. Even Christian showed me more sympathy than that. Was this really the same man I was supposed to trust the most?

"You're a smart girl so I think you might have an idea about what kind of business we are in. Just accept the check and take care of the baby, you will not have to work again, not a single da--"

"Do you think that's my issue, money? Because I don't need any of it or a man by my side, everything I'm doing is in the best interest of the baby!" I cut him off. His words pained my heart and I felt offended. Yes, money would've been nice but this was not about money.

"I don't give a shit about that because I know you would do anything to protect your family," I told him.

"What I do care about is that you're acting as if it's a crime for me to want the baby to be loved by both parents. Isn't the baby your family too?"

I waited for a reaction, but Lucio was still unbothered and was clearly cracking his brains about whatever his next sentence would be.

"If this is the way how things are going to be like, then I don't need your help and I sure as hell don't need your checks. I will provide for my baby." I spoke.

"And whatever bond the two of us had, it's over so don't try to contact me ever again."

I was going to raise my baby, with or without a dad.