

Chapter 20

“W-what are you doing here?” I stammered as I slowly walked past him to unlock my door, but Christian being Christian had no issue inviting himself in.

I had gone through this scenario in my head several times and imagined he apologized, I had dreamed we would move on with the first plan, but by the look on his face, I could see that those weren't his intentions.

“Why aren't you accepting my checks?” He demanded an answer out of me. Of course, it was about those damn checks again.

He followed me to the living room and grabbed my shoulder. “Hey, I'm talking to you!”

I felt disgusted and glared at his hand which was on top of my shoulder. “I don't want you to touch me.”

He looked offended but listened to me and removed his hand. “Just give me an answer and I'll go, just tell me why you don't want my money. Aren't you suppose to be doing what's the best for you and the baby?”

Me?

“You don't even want the baby so we don't want your money, and the best for us would probably be to get the hell away from you!”

“What game are you playing? I know you're sending me hush money to keep quiet, and I know you're going to steal my baby away from me and that's not going to happen!” I raised my voice at him. No matter how many times I tried to find an answer, there was no solid reason as to why he still offered me his money while he supposedly didn't want anything to do with the baby.

“Serena, I may be a lot of things but I would never take away a child from its innocent mother...”

Christian looked at me with a disappointed look on his face, it almost seemed as if he expected me to take the check and call it a day. “I came all the way over here to this neighborhood, so accepting the check is the least you could do.”

I felt my blood boil at his choice of words and tried to remain as calm as possible as a too high blood pressure would not do any good to me or the baby. “I was not the one who dragged you out of your big mansion in your pretty, perfect neighborhood so if you'll excuse me!”

“Serena, that's not what I meant.” Christian defended his words, but it was already too late. He said what he said.

“Ah, so you're apologizing for this but not for calling me a stripping whore or for forcing me to take your money or for abandoning your own baby for whatever reason—and I can keep on going but I'll just shut up and show you the door before the truth comes out and you get me executed!” I snapped as I opened the door for him to leave, but all I got in return was a painful expression.

“Serena, I'm sorry, I want to be there for the baby but I can't,” Christian spoke. “You might not be aware, but I have lots of enemies and I am only doing this to keep the baby safe. If I could turn everything around and keep my promise I would but I can't—“

“Yes, you can and don't give me that bullshit. You're a grown man and you should be able to handle yourself so stop making up excuses!” I yelled at him. He went quiet and probably tried to come up with another excuse.

“And perhaps you're right because I completely understand your point, but if you really cared about keeping the baby safe you would give up whatever twisted family business you're in but you won't because you only care about yourself.” I was surprised by my own words and had never expected to stand up for myself, but I would not let anyone hurt me or the baby.

“It's not that easy. I'm trying everything I can to keep our baby safe, so please just accept the check.” Christian nearly lost his patience. I could see he wanted to yell at me, but he didn't.

“Keeping the baby safe means more than throwing some checks in front of our faces, keeping the baby safe means giving it the love and care it deserves, are you hearing yourself?” I asked him.

You never asked me about an appointment, ultrasound, my due date. Other than throwing money to my face, you haven't done a thing and it hurts because if I wanted someone to do that I would've never left the club!” I tried my hardest to get through to him, but it clearly wasn't working.

“Because you're doing a good job?” Christian mocked me. “You live in an apartment smaller than my patience, you live in a horrible neighborhood by the way, and are obviously struggling to make a living for yourself—and jobless too I assume. So how are you any better than I am?”

His words hit me like a knife through my heart and I didn't know how to take it. He dropped his ‘nice boy act’ and showed me his true nature. A selfish, arrogant prick.

The old me would have been crying, but his words only motivated me to work harder so I could prove him wrong. No one would bring me down and especially not Christian

“Serena...” He whispered my name as he began to realize his mistake, but I shook my head and pointed to the opened door. “Out!”

“The kitchen is not far from here so I suggest you leave before I do something I'll regret because you're not the only one here who's crazy!”

“Serena, I didn't mean it like that.” He spoke with a regretful look on his face, but I was not a stupid person and knew exactly what he meant. It was too late to take it back now, the damage had already been done.

“Please leave, stop sending me checks, stay out of my life—and please know that also I don't keep children away from their parents, so when you learn how to be a real parent and want to be there for our baby I'm willing to give you a second chance,” I spoke in the hopes that he would get the message and leave, but Christian had other plans. He didn't move a muscle and was probably making up another excuse.

“I said leave!” I yelled out. Christian blinked his eyes before he walked out without saying another word. The tone of my voice probably surprised him and even I didn't know I had it in me, but he was getting on my nerves. I shut the door behind him and was waiting for tears to fall from my eyes, but they didn't. His words hit deep but the side effects were nonexistent.

I let out a proud giggle and was just about to make my way to my room, but I got interrupted by a knock on the door. Why did he not get the message?

With stomping feet, I walked towards the door again and threw it open. “Leave and don't come back here!” I yelled out as my eyes met with a confused delivery guy.

“Uh, you don't want the pizza anymore?” The guy frowned. I closed my eyes for a second and took in the smell of fresh pizza. “I never ordered a pizza?” I suddenly remembered.

“It's a pizza for Johnny? Listen it has already been paid for so all you have to do is accept it.” He spoke while he read the card which was attached to it. Johnny? I grew a smile on my face and took the box from his hands.

“It's already paid for, so I guess I should take it. Thank you, bye.” I greeted him before I closed the door in his face. I skipped to my bedroom with the pizza and a happy smile on my face.

‘I ordered a pizza! Please don't decline, it's not up to you, because I bought it for the baby!’ I read the message on the card and chuckled.

Managing to be corny but cute all at once was something which no one other than Johnny could do, but it worked for him. He was the only Lamberti who had stuck by my side.

Lucio told me I was like a daughter to him, but he abandoned me.

Enzo claimed he heard our conversation and I know we weren't exactly close, but still, I had never heard from him again.

And Christian...

Christian was not far from being satan's vessel and the only thing missing was his devil horns. He played me, made me look like a fool, belittled me, and did it all in literal minutes. I told him everything he had to hear, but a part of me still wanted him to come back.

Not for me, but for the baby.