

## Chapter 12

Christian dropped the pen from his hands and froze for a second before he looked up from his desk. I tried to read his face, but it showed no expression. Not a single frown, nothing.

“Yes, I’ve been pregnant for three months now and I thought you should at least know the truth. I don’t need your help or your money, I don’t even need you to be there for the baby. But I just want you to know that I’m pregnant and that I’m keeping the bab-“

The moment a sigh left his mouth I stopped with my sentence and look at his clenched fist. I couldn’t help but gulp out of fear and waited to see his reaction. “Three months?”

“For how long have you known?” He asked in a calm but irritated tone. I knew he had a temper and I didn’t want to provoke him so, I was planning on giving him the truth he deserved. “Just a week.”

“As I told you, I’m perfectly fine on my own and I don’t need—no I don’t want you in my life and I’m not asking for any of that, but now you know,” I lied to his face. Yes, I didn’t need him in my life, but if he would be there to support the baby it would’ve made things so much easier. I had not even expected to get out a word without a single stutter, but somehow I had managed to do it.

“Are you nuts?” He asked as he stepped from behind the desk. The expression on his face was as cold as it could be. I took a step back which each one he stepped forward and prepared myself for his outburst. I stepped back until I hit the wall and had nowhere to go. My first instinct was to cover my stomach with my hands so he couldn’t hurt me.

I closed my eyes and prepared myself for whatever was about to come. “You’re carrying our baby, my baby, and you’re telling me you don’t want me to have anything to do with it. Are you insane, what the fuck is wrong with you!” He yelled out, while I flinched and looked down at my stomach.

“I-I didn’t think you were exactly waiting for a baby and...I’m sorry.” I apologized. Maybe Marc was right, maybe I had misjudged him. Yes, his reaction scared me but so far it seemed like he was okay with this pregnancy.

“I’m going to be a dad?” He asked once again while I quickly nodded my head. I covered my stomach with my hands and was afraid of his next move, but all he took was a deep breath.

“How are you, how is the baby, have you seen a doctor?” He asked as he showed a hint of worry on his face. I couldn’t help but smile at his sudden change of behavior which was completely unexpected. I had prepared myself for the worse, but here he was, asking me about how I was doing.

“I’m fine, the baby is fine, and yes,” I spoke as I tried to read the expression on his face, but it was difficult to see through him. He seemed worried, happy, confused, and afraid all at once.

“I’m going to be a dad?” Christian whispered. From what it appeared to be he had a smile on his face even if it was just for a second but as quick as it came it had vanished. “Wait Serena, you can absolutely not work here anymore, I won’t allow you, you’re fired.”

“I know, I wasn’t planning on continuing anyway.” I smiled but just as quickly I realized I had been fired and was jobless with a baby along the way.

“So when are we getting your stuff, today?” Christian asked while I stared at him with frowned eyebrows. “Getting my stuff?”

“Yes, so you can move in.” He spoke as if it was the most casual thing on earth. “M-move in?”

“Yes, you weren’t thinking about doing this on your own were you? Move in with me and I will take care of you and the baby.” Christian spoke as he gently grabbed my hands to remove them from my stomach. His words had surprised me and his reaction wasn’t as bad as expected, but I was still cautious about the kind of business he was in and didn’t want myself or my child in that situation. All he had to do was be there for the baby.

“We’re not even together,” I told him as I smoothly hid the fact that I had no desire to become a mob wife, but the look on Christian’s face showed me that he was obviously not that impressed with my words.

“I’m not saying we have to be. Let’s be realistic, we are so different, we will never be, but that doesn’t mean that I can’t take care of you and the baby.” He spoke and looked down at my still flat stomach. “At least let me take care of both of you until I know for sure that you are capable of living on your own.”

Ouch,

“You don’t believe I can? Because I really don’t need any favors from you.” I told him as politely as I could as I tried to process his words. “Serena...” He spoke and squeezed my hands.

“That’s not what I meant but let’s be realistic here. You live in an apartment smaller than this office and came to work while you weren’t in any state to be working. I have no doubt you will be a great mom because you seem like a good and hardworking person, but I am doubting myself, so please let me be a good dad...let me take care of you and the baby. Me taking care of my child is not a favor, it’s what I’m supposed to be doing.”

Christian was not a man of many words, but just in these few minutes, he had said more than I had ever heard him speak. I knew he meant well, and his offer sounded extremely tempting. I was willing to co-parent and would let him see the baby whenever he wanted to, but his family name scared me and I did not know how to tell him the truth. He would probably bury me and the baby if I used the word ‘mafia’...

“Christian, are you a hundred percent sure that you’re ready to be a dad because I’m not even ready to be a mom.” I truthfully told him.

“We don’t have that much of a choice, I think we have all the time to prepare ourselves, don’t you think?” He asked, but the look on his face worried me.

It was a look of doubt, and I don’t know whether he was doubting me, himself, or the baby, but I had seen that look before and it didn’t promise anything good.

“I don’t want you to give me any false hope, I don’t want you to bail on us,” I told him while he immediately shook his head. “I won’t. I promise I won’t, I swear on my life, I won’t, so please just accept my offer.”

“What about Lucio?” I wondered. Lucio had been nothing but kind to me but I lied in his face several times. Would he be okay with this?

“Serena this is not about others, this is about you, me, and our baby!” Christian raised his voice. His eyes softened when he noticed the startled look on my face.

“I’m sorry, I will talk to him. Just please consider my offer.” He apologized. I knew he meant well, but this was out of character for him and definitely not the reaction I expected. All of this was going too fast and it looked as if he was just saying stuff without thinking it through.

“Christian-“ I approached him, but he didn’t want to hear any of it.

“You should get some rest and think about it.” He ended our conversation before he opened the door for me. The message was clear, he wanted me to get out.

“Christian, I’ll think about it but if we’re doing this together you have to promise that you won’t bail on me,” I asked him and watched as he nodded his head, but that was not enough for me.

“You have to promise me,” I demanded an answer out of him. I needed reassurance and I wouldn’t be leaving without it.

If I were to even consider bringing my baby into his lifestyle I had to be assured that he wouldn’t be leaving us or throw us onto the streets whenever he felt like it.

“Serena, I promise.”