

## Chapter 13

“Pregnant?” Faith repeated as she scrunched up her nose. I didn’t know whether she was surprised, disgusted, or perhaps even happy but also her reaction was better than expected.

“You secured the bag just like that?” Faith laughed as she attacked me into a hug. Luna seemed a bit less impressed and was still trying to process the sudden news. “I had no idea you guys were even close like that.”

Close? Even though I had started to get used to the idea of co-parenting we had a long way to go until we would be near close. “They obviously aren’t, the baby is a mistake.” Luna spat out and created an awkward vibe in the living room.

Yes, it was unplanned, but going as far as calling it a mistake? She was different from Faith and I was extremely confused because it wasn’t even her child, to begin with. “Don’t listen to her, I think you’ll make a great mommy and I know I’ll make a great aunt.”

Faith words calmed me down and gave me a bit more confidence. I also knew that I could do this, with or without Christian or my friend’s support.

“Don’t get me wrong because I really don’t want to ruin your day, but I’m being honest here. We all know what kind of guy Christian is and you saying he agreed to take responsibility doesn’t really sound like him.” Luna spoke. “After realization really hits him he will throw you and the baby out like a piece of garbage, because if you really think that the Lambert’s are waiting for a stripper’s grandb-“

“Luna, I think you’ve said enough!” Faith yelled at her. I was grateful for Faith because I couldn’t have done it myself. I didn’t have any friends in the first place so I was always afraid of crossing the line with ones I did have.

“Serena, I’m just looking out for you because I don’t want to end up saying, I told you so. “Do you even realize what kind of family he’s in? Working at the club is one thing, but actually living with him and putting yourself—and your baby in danger for some cash...”

You can do this on your own and we will help you.” Luna said, and I did not know whether it was an apology or not because she had only made it worse.

“It’s not your job to help, it’s Christian, he’s the father so I can accept his help and only his help.” I explained to her.

It bothered me to know she was talking to me like I was some little kid who hadn’t thought this through. Christian’s occupation and the baby’s safety was the first thing that had crossed my mind, but he was still alive, his brothers were still alive and even his grandparents were still alive, meaning there was no reason for me to worry. What was the worst thing that could happen?

“Just please, use your brains for once. This is not about you anymore.”

“So you’re basically telling me that I’m irresponsible?” I concluded as the little bit of happiness I felt had completely vanished. What if I was wrong?

“I’m telling you that you should do whatever you want, but you should run while you still can. You should run before you give birth and he suddenly decides to raise the baby with some clapped bitch while he kicks you onto the streets!” Luna snapped before she earned herself a slap on her cheek from Faith. “It’s the truth though!” Luna managed to make her point clear.

I had never seen that scenario as an option but it did sound pretty accurate. Christian had no legit reason to help me. If he eventually wanted to have full custody I would never stand a single chance against him.

“Faith, what do you think?”

I didn’t know whether Luna was being petty, because something told me that her reaction would’ve been like this regardless of who the father was.

“Well, on second thought you should live your life far away in another town, find a stable job, and demand a fat check from him. It is indeed a bit sketchy.” Faith suddenly agreed.

But what about Lucio? He had always been very supportive of me and did not seem like the type of person to let his son steal a baby away from its mother. Lucio was almost like the father I never had and wouldn’t allow that, right?

“So I shouldn’t move in with him?” I asked one last time, while I was secretly hoping someone would slip up and tell me I should because that would’ve made my life a whole lot easier. Faith and Luna gave each other a look before they turned their heads back towards me.

“Don’t you think it’s a bit sketchy? Just be careful okay.” Luna warned me and placed her hand on top of mine.

“Now enough about that man, Luna what are your bets, nephew or niece?” Faith desperately tried to change the subject. I was grateful for her actions but it was already too late. All of my doubts had returned, including the one about my parenting skills. Moving in with Christian without even trying to handle the situation on my own? Was that something a good parent would do? How would I know when I never had any in the first place.

“It’s a girl, stop cracking your brains and by the way, we are in charge of your gender reveal and baby shower, godmother is completely up to you so no pressure,” Luna ranted.

“Yes, I won’t choke you if you choose Luna!” Faith warned me as she moved her face closer to mine. Even if it was just for a second, I forgot about the worries and laughed at their enthusiasm. I wasn’t even that far ahead but they were already looking into the future.

“Okay, deal.” I forced a smile onto my face. This was supposed to be a happy moment, but all I could think about was Christian and the family I never had. After Christian’s promise, I was so confident he would be helping out and that everything would go according to plan, but now I was unsure.

At times like these, everyone had a family to turn to, and I had no one. I was extremely grateful for Faith and even Luna but I was not waiting for an I told you so. I wanted someone to wipe away my tears, someone to tell me that everything would be alright, someone who would stick by me and not disappear.

Luna’s words were the harsh truth. It was what I had concluded myself when I found out about my pregnancy, but Marc had eventually managed to change my mind. He did know Christian way longer than I did but even Marc did not know how things would turn out.

Yes, Christian had promised to help me out, but promises were meant to be broken and I learned it the harsh way. I was build to not depend on anyone other than myself.

I looked down at my stomach and suddenly thought about the future consequences of my actions. It could go both ways. If I were to reject his offer I would struggle to raise the baby on my own and he could steal my baby away from me but if I accepted the offer, I would probably live like a puppet in fear of us being in danger which would end up with the same outcome as the first option.

No matter what I did, I was still screwed...

While Faith was gushing about the idea of being an auntie and spoiling the child to rotten, I was worried about what would be the best for my baby. All of these worries had originally vanished until Luna opened my eyes again.

I grew up without both of my parents and I did not want my baby to grow up without a parent, but I would do whatever was necessary. No one would steal the baby from me.

I would visit Christian tomorrow and tell him my terms. I would tell him that whatever sick plan he had if he even had one, was not going to work. If I were to live with him and raise the baby we would do it under my terms.

Tomorrow would be the true test of Marc’s words. If Christian was so ‘misjudged’ as he claimed to be then that would mean he would agree to all my terms, right?

Because he made a promise not to bail on me...