

Chapter 19

“Goodmorning!” Olivia sang while I got into the car. We had become close in just one day and texted the entire night.

I felt a bit threatened in the beginning and thought she was cold, but she was just a cute person who was trying to be my friend. I couldn't shake off the feeling of me eventually having to tell her about my pregnancy and that it was never my plan to stay at the factory for too long. “You're in good spirits.” I smiled and appreciated her bright smile.

“Of course I am, we have a day off tomorrow!” Olivia cheered. Only now had it occurred to me that I started my first day of work on a Thursday, instead of the usual Monday, but I had no right to complain. Extra days meant extra money.

“And are you used to getting up early?”

I looked over at Olivia and let out a sigh. “No, I never had to get up this early at my previous job.”

“Oh, what did you do?”

My mind went numb as I mentally smacked myself for getting into this situation. “I- uhm, a club,” I told her.

As someone who was terrible at lying it was always for the best to tell the truth with a slight twist. “Right that must mean you could sleep in back then, I'm jealous.”

“Right.” I played along. After a while, we had arrived at work, but unfortunately, I was on my own today. I had to staple papers and was ready to take back everything I said yesterday. It was definitely not an easy thing to do and running around while punching holes through papers was a bit harder than I had expected it to be.

What kind of papers were they even?

I couldn't help but scroll through some pages of the papers I was working on and quickly analyzed the words. “That's not a smart thing to do, crazy!” Olivia suddenly whispered as she lowered the papers with her hand.

“There are eyes here everywhere, and I like you, so just do your job and make sure you don't end like the girl before you.” Olivia chuckled, but it didn't exactly seem as if she was joking.

“The girl before me?” I questioned while Olivia shrugged it off. “Yes, she got fired, calm down you're shaking.” Olivia threw her arm around my shoulder and pulled me away from my position. “We have a break, let's go.”

We sat at the same table as yesterday, and one of the best things was that my food was already paid for. Even though it was weird I didn't question it because that meant I had to spend even less money which I was totally fine with.

“So you did dance in college, me too I did ballet, you must be good right?” Olivia interrogated me. From the beginning, I had already sensed that she was a girl who loved to get to the bottom of everything.

“I sucked, I'm actually more of a hip-hop dancer and I used to be a cheerleader,” I admitted and lowered my head. I used to have all these plans and thought I was the best, but when I stepped into the real world I couldn't keep up with the costs and the other students who were all well-rounded. That was the very first time I thought about what my life would've been like if my birth parents were able to give me the same opportunities. If there was something I hated, it would've probably been talking about school.

My baby's life wouldn't be like this, because I would be working until my legs would give out to give the baby the life it deserves, the life I never had. I always liked to think that my parents had the same mindset and in the end decided to do what was best for me, and if that wasn't the case, I would make sure to go that extra mile.

“That's okay, outside of the club I'm a bit stiff so maybe you can teach me someday.” She shrugged her shoulders before she continued to eat her fries.

Time had past and we were already in the hallway, to make our way back to work. “It's really peaceful out here without a boss breathing in your neck each second,” I commented.

“I told you, they see and hear everything around here, so don't let it fool you.” Olivia repeated the same words as before.

“Speaking of the devil,” Olivia whispered. I looked up ahead and saw two men heading in our direction. “That's the boss, but you know him.”

“I do?” I whispered to myself as I thought about her words from the other day. She said I was someone precious to the boss, someone precious to someone I had never met before.

My memories had finally returned as the two men stepped closer and I finally was finally able to recognize the two faces. It was the man whose suit I had ruined at the club, the same man who I met at the convenience store when I bought the pregnancy test, but what was his deal with me?

Of course, I knew a Vince, Vincenzo.

The other guy who I had also met at the grocery store, followed the same routine as back then and stayed behind. Vincenzo gave me a wink and showed off his perfect smile. “Are you treating her well?” He asked Olivia, and for the first time since we'd met, she seemed a bit frightened. Was he really that scary?

“Of course.” She told him before she locked her hands with mine in an overprotective matter. Vincenzo looked down at our hands and let out a chuckle. “You can get back to work now, Serena I would like to talk to you.”

Olivia froze up for a second before she released my hand and stormed off in anger. What was her problem?

“Serena, it's so good to see you here.” Vince smiled as he reached for my hand. I was pissed and the only thing I could think about was how I had robbed someone from their rightful spot, because of favoritism and pity. Everything which was said about me having the right qualities, despite me screwing up the interview finally made sense. I didn't do this on my own, I had a push.

Did Christian have something to do with this after all? No, of course, he didn't. Christian did not want me to work at all. All he cared for was that check of his.

“Yes, thanks for...this,” I spoke unsure and noticed a slight frown on his face. I was grateful for the job but if he thought I was going to go on my knees to bow down and thank him for saving my life he was wrong. Now that I knew that I unrightfully got here, everything had changed. How could I teach my baby to work hard when I got in here because of favoritism?

“So how were the test results?” Vince eagerly awaited my answer. What was me being pregnant to him anyway?

In a few weeks I would be gone from here, and who knows perhaps leave the city too because there were nothing but bad memories left in this place.

“Well, I'm here so...” I told him as I once again twisted the truth. Vince appeared to me as someone who liked playing hero, and I didn't need another guy to hand me checks. He grew a smile on his face and nodded. “That's good...for you.”

Good for me or for him?

Knowing he was friends with Christian made me uncomfortable because I had no idea if he believed my words or was just playing around with me. Did Christian even tell someone about the pregnancy?

“When I saw your name and your picture I pulled every single string I could to get you this job.” He smiled proudly as if he expected me to bow down and thank him. It really bothered me whenever people thought they were helping someone but did not realize that the only person they were truly helping was no one other than themselves.

Giving me this job.

Paying for my lunch.

Forcing Olivia to take care of me.

Did Olivia even like me or was she just simply following instructions out of fear for her boss?

Whatever he had been doing for me, I was sure that I would've been able to do that too if I tried a bit harder. I was perfectly fine on my own.

He looked like a high school boy staring at his crush and his intentions were clear. He probably had a thing for strippers and must've thought I was some easy catch.

“I should get back to work,” I spoke politely and tried to remain professional throughout the entire conversation. The smile on Vince's face had vanished and he seemed confused. He couldn't even see that his actions were strange. I gave him one last nod and walked away until I had reached the corner and could finally release the breath I had been holding back.

“Beau, did I do something wrong?” I heard him ask the other guy and waited to hear his answer.

“I'm pretty sure she isn't stupid and knows her interview sucked, sometimes you have to let people do things on their own,” Beau told him. Those words were enough for me to finally walk away. At least one of them had brains.

After a long day of work, Olivia brought me back home again and I made my way upstairs. I stared into the elevator mirror and placed my hand on my stomach. It seemed like I was getting used to the feeling of being pregnant. I was exhausted, but that was most likely because of work.

I made my way out of the elevator and walked to my apartment door with my head lowered while I anticipated the moment I could finally lay down on my bed, but that plan got ruined when I noticed a figure standing at the door. My eyes traveled up to meet the person I did not want to see.

Christian.