Chapter 22

"Serena, move in with me," Christian demanded. I was surprised by his choice of words and wondered how someone could switch up like that so easily.

"Are you drunk?" I asked him as I felt my anger take over. I wasn't going to fall for any of his stupid games or promises.

"No, you don't want to accept the check, and I don't want my baby to suffer, so move in with me."

How could he say all of this when he was the one who told me to abort the baby?

"Christian, do you remember what happened the last time you said you were going to take care of us?"

I had hoped to refresh his memories, but he had different plans and acted as if those words had never been spoken.

"Things have changed. If necessary, I'm ready to fight for you and the baby," Christian confused me even more. "Fight, seriously? What the hell are you even on about!"

"Christian listen, I don't trust you. I think it's a bit shady that you've suddenly had a change of mind, and I know that you don't care about me, so who says this is not just some kind of sick scheme of you to kill me?" I asked. I looked forward to his explanation and wondered how he would talk himself out of this one.

"Serena, you're carrying my baby, so I have no choice but to care for you until the baby gets here-"

"So you'll kill me right after?" I chuckled in disbelief. He had no shame in telling me his true intentions and did not even try to defend himself.

"Listen, I'm not going to live like some prisoner and wait for you to kill me or take away what's mine after the baby is born. So I'm begging you, please just leave me alone!"

"Serena...I wouldn't let you live like a prisoner." He spoke.

"Christian, do you hear yourself? You're not even sure about what you want, and you've already broken your promise once, so my answer is no." I rejected his offer in the calmest way possible.

"I don't trust you, and I don't want to end up in a ditch."

"Then marry me!" He suddenly called out. I was shocked, and it took me everything I had not to drop my phone. "M-marry?"

"Yes, I'll introduce you to everyone as my fiancée, so you know that both you and the baby are safe, and after the baby is born, we'll cut off the engagement...I just want the baby to be safe."

His words came as a shock and were completely unexpected. It felt as if he never thought things through and just went with the flow, which I was extremely against. "I don't know if you're aware, but killing fiancées is also a thing."

"It's not in my family. If I'll lay one finger on you or take away the baby, everyone will disown me, so you'll have my guarantee that nothing will happen to you after the baby is born." Christian spoke. "All I want to do is make it easier for you. Think about our child."

It was funny of him to pretend as if I was the bad guy.

"All I've been thinking about is the baby, but I can't say the same about you. I told you not to contact me anymore." I ended the conversation. I was not about to let him get in one more word and hung up the phone.

Him coming back on this offer was extremely tempting. I was having a hard time at work, and only having to worry about the pregnancy instead of money sounded like a good thing, but I couldn't. Not after the disrespectful names, he had called me, and not after he had already broken his promise.

Disown?

Would his family really disown him for killing a knocked-up stripper? If anything, they would praise him for that.

Due to the phone call and Vincenzo dragging me to his office, some time had gone by, and I was pretty sure that I was close to missing the subway.

I was eager to get home as soon as possible, so I could hide under my blankets and get away from the cold, so I ran as fast as I could. There were only about five minutes left, and the one after that would've been in thirty minutes.

After a few minutes, which had felt like hours, I finally made it and took a deep breath while I closed my eyes. One more minute.

I was exhausted from all the running and couldn't take it anymore. I leaned my head against the wall and closed my eyes as I tried to push away the sudden dizziness.

My heartbeat was rising, and I tried my hardest to calm myself down, but the sound of the train pierced through my ears, causing me to lose my balance. Before I could even realize what was going on, I felt my eyes close, and out of instinct had immediately covered my hands around my stomach before I was met with sudden darkness.

I heard several footsteps rushing over and tried to focus on the voices, while all I could think of was the baby.

'Give her some space.'

'Miss, are you okay?'

'Someone call 911!'

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Blurriness was all I could see when I tried to open my eyes and heard a beeping sound. That's right. I fainted.

I gathered all the power left in my body and turned around so I could look at the girl who held my phone in her hands.

"My baby?" I whispered as I watched how she had turned around to face me.

"Oh my god, you're awake. Your baby is fine. Please wait here. I'll get someone to check up on you!" She spoke in a hurry and ran out.

Hearing the news about the baby made me feel happy and guilty because I knew I was at fault. None of this would have happened if I had used my brains for once.

I knew all I had to do was listen to my body which was telling me that I was overworking, but I ignored it and only thought about myself while thinking it was in the baby's best interest.

"You are awake!" The doctor smiled as he entered the room with the unfamiliar girl. I frowned at the phone in her hands and gave her a questioning look.

"Oh, there was no one in the system, so I contacted your two last contacts. I texted a guy named Vincenzo and called some other guy who I assume is probably the baby daddy because he asked about the baby, but I don't want to assume anything...anyway, they're both on their way, and here you go." The girl ranted and gave me back my phone, while all I could see was my life flashing by right in front of my eyes.

Forget about Vincenzo. No one cares.

She called Christian...

He would not let me live for taking it this far...

While the doctor did a few more tests and checked up on the baby, I prepared myself for what was about to come and was ready to accept anything Christian would throw on me because I deserved it.

If I had accepted his check, taken advantage of his money, or moved in with him—and sat down on the couch the entire day, none of this would've happened.

The only thing which made me nervous was that he was not aware that I had been working my butt off. I was grateful that he asked Marc to check up on me, but if he had done so himself, he wouldn't have to find out like this. I had even expected Vincenzo to tell him because they were friends, but for some reason, he didn't.

I barely got a chance to thank the girl for sticking with me as she had already left me alone with the doctor.

"Serena!" I heard a voice call out as the door opened, and my eyes met Vincenzo's. He walked over to me and ignored the doctor's existence. "How are you doing?" He asked as he leaned in closer.

"She is fine, and your baby is fine, so no worries." The doctor told him before he walked out of the room to give us privacy. The clueless doctor probably thought he was the baby daddy.

"B-baby? I-I thought you..." Vincenzo questioned and quickly realized what was really going on. "Serena...if I knew you were pregnant, I wouldn't have let you come to work at all."

"It's alright, it's my fault and not yours," I reassured him. He might've been pushy, but he had to know had that this was not his fault. It was mine for being so reckless.

"It's not. I should've known, and I'm so sorry." He apologized once again. "Are you really okay?" He asked as he brushed my hair to the side with a sympathetic look on his face.

Even though I initially didn't want to see him at all, I could not deny the fact that he had probably dropped everything he could so that he could make his way over here.

"I'm fine, I promise." I smiled as I stared into his eyes, but the only thing I could find behind them was regret. I had never thought about how my actions could also hurt others. "Serena, I'm sorry for everything up until now...please forgive me."

I felt terrible about the way I had been treating him and decided to forgive him. I was the one who lied to him because he did ask me about the test. "Don't worry. It's o-"

I was just about to accept his apology, but before I could, we got interrupted, and the door got slammed open by no one other than Christian.