

Chapter 26

I could not deny that I felt like a princess while I walked through the driveway and made my way to the doorsteps. From the side of my eye I saw the moving van and the boxes I had packed being unloaded and brought inside.

An elder woman waved her hand in excitement and had opened her arms. I did not have a single clue who she was but she seemed friendly so I gave her a smile and returned the hug.

“You must be Serena, I’m Emmanuella and It’s so great to finally meet you.” She smiled and look down at my stomach. “Let’s get you settled in!”

The very second we had entered the house and I stood in a hallway bigger than my previous apartment my jaw dropped open. In a way living small tented to be a bit more cozy. For some reason living huge made me feel watched. “Sorry, who are you?” I asked the woman and tried to sound as nice as possible.

Luckily she smiled at me instead and had no issue answering my question. “I work here.” She said and connected her hand with mine. “Come on, I’ll show you around.”

The house tour felt never ending and the only thing going through my mind was how I was definitely not cut out to be an housewife, so perhaps having others clean it instead worked for the best.

For some reason I had expected to see a lot of people inside, as I did in some cliché movies I had watched but it was the complete opposite. Instead it seemed quiet and peaceful despite the presence of Emmanuella and a few other maids.

“Just a second!” I told her in the middle of the kitchen tour when I heard my phone buzz and read Olivia’s text.

‘Wish you were still here, shopping spree tomorrow?’ I read on the screen and locked my phone again.

Poor Olivia had no idea what had happened yesterday and was in utter shock when I told her about my new plans. I felt guilty for leaving her alone, but at least I had warned her beforehand so she knew it was coming.

“Are there any rooms I’m not allowed to go?” I asked her after we stepped out of what would’ve probably been the thousandth room. “Hmm lets see, Christian’s office maybe?” Emmanuella pointed to the door at the end of the hallway. Christian’s office, I repeated in my head but was already sure that I would not make that mistake. After the baby was born I would take my check and leave as soon as possible, just as we had agreed on.

“I’m really excited to have you here, and although I was quite shocked and this is all so sudden—it seems like Christian is happy to become a dad.” Emmanuella spoke.

Excited to be a dad.

For some reason those words sounded like a complete lie. If he was really excited then why wasn’t he here? I couldn’t deny that he did care for the baby, but he wasn’t exactly excited. Instead it seemed as if he was trying to do the bare minimum so I could not use anything against him.

“You seem like a really kind girl, come on lets finish off with your room!” Emmanuella told me and pulled me along. She opened the door to my new room and I couldn’t help but gasp. Also the room appeared to be bigger than my apartment and I didn’t know whether to be excited or cry. What would I even do with a big room like this? I couldn’t even keep my room clean.

When I saw my boxes on the floor I thought about the service and the pros of having people do things for you. Normally I would’ve done everything myself, but in a way I could get used to this.

“It’s getting late, I should probably start dinner.” Emmanuella looked down at her watch. It seemed a bit crazy to have someone cook for me, but I couldn’t even make a sandwich so I was definitely not complaining. “Anything I should know, allergies, likes, dislikes?” She asked as I followed her back in to the hallway.

I shook my head and had finally found the courage to ask what I had wanted to ask in the first place. “What about Christian?” I asked and noticed the pitiful look on Emmanuella’s face.

“He’s usually not home that early bu-“

“Are you settled in?” Someone suddenly asked. We had both turned around and I locked eyes with Christian. “Yes...you have a nice house.” I awkwardly spoke, unsure of what to do but got not reaction back.

“The baby?” He asked and looked down at my belly. As expected he was more interested in the baby than in me but I was fine with that. As long as he tried to be there for the baby. “The baby is fine.” I told him and for a split-second a smile had appeared on his face.

“You’re home early today!” Emmanuella commented. I was waiting for him to give the woman the exact same irritated expression he had given me, but surprisingly he gave her a kind smile and nodded his head. “Yes, I felt like I should be here and not let you do everything but it seems like everything’s fine.”

I knew what he meant by that, and knew that he had probably ran back home from wherever he had been to make sure I wasn’t doing anything stupid to danger the baby. He said I got on his nerves.

He must’ve felt special when he said that, but I felt the exact same. He got on my nerves, but I had to do this for the baby. “Then I’ll get to it then.” Emmanuella walked away, probably feeling as awkward as I did.

“How are you?” He asked for the first time. I was surprised and had not expected him to ask the question, but I was not stupid and knew that his question had a purpose.

“I’m also doing fine.” I told him and waited for him to tell me whatever was bothering him.

“Tomorrow I will introduce you to my family, my mom wants to meet you.” He told me and reached for his pocket.

His mom?

Judging by the tone in his voice I could tell that his mom would be an horror case and I did not felt like seeing Lucio, but if I had to do it for the baby, so be it. “Here.” Christian pushed a ring into my hands. I didn’t know how to keep my mouth shut when I saw the huge diamond ring on the palm of my hands. I knew we had to fake it, but this was going a little too far.

“I can’t take this.” I told Christian and saw him roll his eyes. “You will, and you will also take this.” He spoke and handed me a credit card. “I can’t.” I said once again, but grabbed the card from his hands either way. If I had to be honest, the credit card I could take because after working my butt off at a factory I definitely deserved it—but the ring was another case. It was not meant for me.

“Do you want me to go on one knee and propose to you? Because I will.” He spoke sarcastically and I immediately shook my head—not in the mood for a discussion, so instead I obeyed him and placed the ring around my finger. I held up my hand and looked at the diamond with a smile on my face which I hadn’t even noticed until I heard a chuckle leave Christian’s mouth. “You can use the credit card to buy something to wear for tomorrow.”

There he was, the same old Christian. Here I was, thinking he was doing something nice for me but at the end of the day he did it for himself and didn’t want me to leave a bad impression with his family. “Is the way I dress not enough for you?” I asked him feeling offended by his comment.

“You can wear a garbage bag and you’ll still look beautiful. I was just trying to be nice.” He spoke and cleared his throat after realizing the compliment he had given me. Just as him I was startled and felt my cheeks heat up.

“Anyway, I will be out for the rest of the night. If you want anything you can ask Emmanuella, if there’s something with the baby you can contact me but other than that I’m not available. I have a driver ready for you who will take you anywhere. Dinner tomorrow will be at seven so make sure you’re finished by six.” He told me his schedule and walked off.

Of course everything had to go his way, what else did I expect? It was not shocking and I had already prepared myself for this beforehand, so the impact was definitely not as big. It made me feel comfortable knowing he wouldn’t be around that much, but I was also bothered by the fact that he claimed to be taking care of me and the baby but at the end wouldn’t even be here.

To top it off all I could think of was the horror dinner which I had to attend tomorrow. I had never met his entire family before and was aware that probably not everyone was like Enzo and probably more like Gio which meant Christian might’ve made a few points when he told me to wear something nice.

‘I agree, let’s go shopping tomorrow!’ I texted back Olivia who replied not even a second later.

Whatever was going to happen tomorrow, my guts were telling me that it wasn’t going to be nice.