

Chapter 27

The next morning I woke up it took me a second to remember where I was staying.

The huge king-sized bed and spacious room were definitely not what I was used to— but I had to admit, I slept like a rose and had nothing to complain about.

In case I would end up seeing Christian, I took a long shower and put on some makeup which was something I hadn't done in a while. I definitely did not want to look pretty for him, but I was also not in the mood to look like some corpse.

Besides that, I was going shopping with Olivia. The credit card Christian had given me was enough reason for me to play the part and make good use of it. In the beginning, I was heavily against the idea of using his money, but after yesterday I had realized he had more than enough so it wouldn't matter.

When I heard three knocks on the door I freaked out for a second and thought it would've been Christian, but Emmanuella opened the door instead.

“Good morning sweetie, I've prepared breakfast for you so you can come down whenever you're ready.” She said and closed the door again. So this is what it felt like to have a mother.

A bright smile appeared on my face at the thought of me not having to eat any burned eggs or any other poison like the food I had ever made. I wasted no time and made my way downstairs while I took in the smell of Emmanuella's fresh breakfast.

“Good morning, you look energetic!” Johnny spoke and was seated at the large dining table. My eyes met with a girl who was sitting next to him and I not only wondered what both of them were doing here but also where Christian was.

For some reason, I was extremely interested in someone who I was trying to stay away from.

“That ring is...it definitely yells Christian.” Johnny chuckled, looking at the big diamond around my finger.

“Going somewhere?” Emmanuella asked and put a full plate for me on the table. “Yes, shopping,” I told her and began to dig in my food.

“That's right, for the dinner I suppose? Good choice, aunt Cesca is-“ He warned and chuckled, not finishing his sentence.

“Oh my god, this is so good!” I squealed with a mouth full and continued eating, trying not to think about his words. Emmanuella laughed and patted me on my head.

“The food ain't going nowhere.” Johnny joked at my behavior. “Yes, it is, to my stomach,” I replied. The girl next to him giggled.

“I'm sorry, but who are you?” I asked, trying my hardest to not sound rude. Once again a giggle left her mouth and she stuck out her hand.

“Isobel, Christian's friend nice to meet you!” She introduced herself. “Christian has more friends?” I asked which was suppose to be a serious question but was received with laughter instead.

“What's so funny?” I heard a voice ask and looked to the side as Christian walked in. “Joke is already over.” Isobel smiled.

Johnny laughed and nodded his head. “When the cat has returned the mice won't play.”

Isobel chuckled and gave him a slap against his shoulder. “I don't think it works like that Johnny, it doesn't even rhyme!” She told him. It was so strange to see how cheerful and welcoming they were that it had almost seemed like a scam.

Christian joined us at the table and sat down on the opposite side of me, doing whatever he was trying to accomplish. His eyes immediately went to my finger to look at whether I was wearing the ring or not. “Did you sleep well?” He asked while the other two continued their discussion and I nodded my head. “Yes, I did.”

“I like you better without that circus act on your face...but you still look great.” He gave me a backhanded compliment, referring to my makeup and I didn't know whether to smile or cry. What was he even that rude for?

“Isobel, I didn't know you were coming,” Christian said the very next second, ignoring my existence. The way Isobel looked at him was not the way one looked at a friend and I did not know what was going on between them—but what I did know was that her being that nice to me while I was carrying his baby and she obviously seemed interested in him, was extremely sketchy.

“I wouldn't but I figured I'd come and look at the big talk of town myself before you leave for work.” She spoke and smirked at me.

“I have a meeting with your dad, we can leave together.” Christian offered, but surprisingly enough Isobel shook her head. “I wanna do whatever she is doing.” She said referring to me.

Johnny had a suspicious look on his face and chuckled before he took a sip of his coffee while Christian probably felt as if his ego got hurt at being rejected. “So what were we doing, shopping?” She smiled at me.

“Oh yeah, with a friend, feel more than welcome to join me.” I forced back a smile. I had no idea what her deal was, or this fake mask she was wearing, but I only had to deal with her for a few more months.

“Johnny, let's go,” Christian spoke and glared at Isobel. It seemed like he obviously had an issue with it but kept his calm. Perhaps an ex-girlfriend?

“Don't forget, be ready at six.” He mumbled and walked out with Johnny trailing behind him.

“So when are we leaving?” Isobel asked and also stood up from her chair. “Now.”

Isobel was not joking when she said that she was going to do whatever I was doing, and even took it as far as having a full-blown conversation with Vernon, my driver. Once again I got confronted with my lack of social skills and could not wait until the baby got here so I could get my check and get out of here.

I had texted Olivia to warn her beforehand, so she wouldn't see any unwanted surprises. “I'll pick you up at three!” Vernon spoke and drove off.

“Serena!” I heard a voice call out and was pulled into a tight hug by Olivia. “You look so much better and look at that ring!”

She looked from Isobel to me and was probably waiting for her to introduce herself, but Isobel took matters into her own hands and stepped forward. “Nice to meet you, I'm Isobel and did you guys work together at the strip club?” She asked while knowing damn well that was not the case.

“Uhm no at the factory, we've already seen each other before,” Olivia called her out, causing her to shrug her shoulders. “Hmm, my bad.”

While we went shopping I made great use of Christian's credit card and bought much more than I had probably done within a half year. It only took me one day to figure out that expensive clothing is indeed my taste and that it worked a lot better when you did not have to look at the price tag.

Although Isobel was with us she luckily did her own thing and kept her comments to herself. After we were done I still had some time left before Vernon was here to pick me up so went to a nearby cafe. It wasn't long until Olivia had ran off to the bathroom and Isobel took the opportunity to interrogate me.

“Must be hard, getting pregnant like this.” She sulked, showing me her fake pity—but I wasn't going to let her win and had dealt with girls like this too many times before. “Nothing hard about not having to get up to go to work, you should know,” I told her, implying we lived the same life at the moment. She did seem like the typical spoiled rich girl. “Right.”

“Listen, let's not beat around the bush, do you have a crush on Christian?” She sighed as if she had wanted to ask me that all along. “I'm aware of your fake engagement because he told me, so...”

So he told her?

For him to have told her about his plans must've meant that they were indeed very close, but I did not know that spoiled rich girls were his type.

“I don't have a crush on him, and since you know of our plans you must also know that after the baby gets here I'm out, so do what you gotta do,” I told her to make things clear. Her face had finally relaxed and her expression looked more natural.

“Good, because I like you and I wouldn't want to ruin anything.” She smiled while I was wondering why she was desperately trying for a man who she would most likely never get. After Olivia had returned and we were done eating, Vernon had picked me up and drove me home. Home, it sounded so foreign to me.

The first thing I did was try on the new clothes I bought and felt like a princess. Who would've imagined that I— me, would be living like this because I definitely didn't?

I took a quick nap but got startled when I looked down at the time and saw that it was already five, meaning I did not have that much time left. My eyes went to the drool mixed with the foundation which got smeared over my white pillow and in disgust I turned it around.

All it took were fifteen minutes to wear the dress and the shoes I bought, while the remaining forty-five minutes went to my hair and makeup. I couldn't cook, I couldn't clean, but at least I could make myself look better than I already did and to me, that was one of my charms.

Satisfied I looked in the mirror and appreciated my new outfit. The red cocktail dress hugged my body perfectly and showed the small baby bump I already had and the red diamond heels were also a perfect match. I had even bought a matching clutch and a hair bow more expensive than my rent, but this was what Christian wanted so I would not complain.

I should've accepted a check from the first time, if I had done that a long time ago I would've lived like this without actually having to live here.

When I saw the time on my phone I made my way down the stairs and just before I could reach the floor I bumped against Christian. “My body is not a magnet, you need to stop doing this.” He told me in a serious tone before he looked up and his eyes widened. “W-what, do I look terrible, did I overdo it?” I asked him but he quickly shook his head.

“No, but I see you've made good use of the credit card.” He told me without as much as cracking a smile and almost seemed embarrassed by his backhanded compliment.

Only now I took the time to observe him but unlike me, he always looked handsome so there was not much difference. He always looked like a snack while I was an occasional snack whenever I felt like it.

“Did Isobel give you a hard time?” He asked as if he had already known what she would be like, but I shook my head while he eyed me suspiciously. Of course he knew his special lady friend better than I did.

“So, are you ready?” He asked me and stuck out his hand. I looked at it for a second but eventually accepted it. “No, but it doesn't look like I have a choice.”

“Serena, can you promise me something?” Christian asked. I looked into his eyes, wondering what his request was going to be.

“Can you promise me that you won't give up on this situation, whatever happens, tonight— because I promise you that I will protect and defend not only the baby but also you.” He spoke.

And for him to warn me like that could only mean one thing.

That it was indeed time for me to shake.