

Chapter 31

A week had passed since the horror dinner and the past days had been quiet. Christian and I went back to ignoring each other, and everyone including Emmanuella acted differently towards me as if I was the monster. Since moving out was not an option I definitely agreed that there was no reason for us to talk unless it concerned the baby.

Even though it wasn't like I did much anyway, I still felt extremely lonely and it was mainly due to living in a big empty mansion. Faith and Luna texted me now and then, but that was it. They obviously did not agree to me being here and made up excuses whenever I asked them to come over.

The only person I could depend on was Olivia who had been shopping for baby clothes with me very often.

It was crazy how things had changed in just one single night, just when Christian and I were starting to get along.

“Breakfast is ready!” Emmanuella knocked on the door. She was still as cheerful as one could be, but even I knew what the look on her face meant. No one heard my side or my struggles, and all they got through was that I called Francesca Lamberti a whore and threw a drink in her face. “I’m coming!”

I made my way downstairs and sat at the dining table while thinking about how many more days I had to repeat this exact same routine. When I heard my phone buzz I quickly unlocked it, hoping for it to be Olivia but it wasn’t. Vincenzo.

‘I heard a lot about you these days, let’s catch up!’ I read. I had forgotten all about him and never got the chance to thank him for rushing to the hospital to come see me while he shouldn’t have. Before I even got the chance to do so Christian had haunted him away. Thinking about it all of my issues did appear to start with Christian.

“Sure, are you free tomorrow?” I replied. I would do anything to get out of this house, even if it was to be with the man who had an obvious crush on me. Not even a minute after he told me that he would be picking me up tomorrow, and I couldn’t be any happier.

In the back of my mind, I thought about Christian and his unnecessary outbursts and told Vincenzo I would come to a meeting point instead. It had appeared to be many were suffering because of me and I did not want it to be Vincenzo once again.

“Just five or six more months, we can do this,” I spoke to my belly and started eating. “Still the appetite of a horse I see!” I heard someone speak, followed by a giggle, and looked up to meet Marc's eyes staring right into mine.

“Hi!” I greeted him full of excitement. Also, he had avoided me, and so did Johnny who I had originally trusted to look out for me. “So you don’t hate me!” I joked, but his face had dropped.

“Of course I don’t hate you.” He smiled and sat down. “Serena, are you happy here?” He asked me as I felt my eyes get watery. No, I wasn’t happy and I felt unwanted.

“I feel like I’m to blame, I’m sorry.” He sighed. Of course, he felt guilty, he was the one who told me to tell Christian about my pregnancy— but in the end, he saved me. “Don’t say that, if it wasn’t for you...” I told him, thinking about the worse case scenarios which might have occurred if I had not told Christian about the pregnancy.

“I came to talk to you about what you said to Francesca.” Marc threw the situation on to the table. No one had dared to discuss it with me, but he did. I knew that I had obviously hurt people, but everyone ignoring me would not fix it. “Please do.”

“You see.” Marc sighed. “Francesca has a big mouth but she is also a respected woman. Christian trusted you and told you he would protect you if necessary, but you put him in a very awkward position.”

Him?

He was in an awkward position, how about me?

She was the one who threw a drink on me first?

“I see.” I nodded my head to get him off my back. “No you don’t, you called Cesca a...whore, threw a drink in her face and Christian defended you, not his mother but you. Do you know what everyone has been saying about him? That he chooses you who has just been here for a week, over his own family?” Marc raised his voice at me, and once again I felt misunderstood. So Francesca could just say everything and bring me down because she was a ‘respected’ woman? Where was that respect when she threw a drink in my face? And why did it take that long for Christian to defend me?

“Hmm think about it this way. When the baby is born and you leave to live your life you’ll never have to deal with Francesca again— and perhaps even Christian is you suddenly decide to not let him see his child, but Christian does have to deal with the consequences. You jeopardized his position because he’s the one getting side-eyed by all the families.” Marc tried to explain, and even though I wanted to understand I couldn’t do so fully. This did still not excuse Francesca from bullying me. Maybe if he told me about his real job and about these ‘families’ I could understand him a bit more but until then no grown woman would ever throw a drink in my face and get away with it.

“I thought he did not care for his position,” I told him and earned a glare from Marc. “You’re right, he didn’t until he took you in. Everything he’s telling you to do is for the sake of the baby, don’t you want your baby to have a healthy bond with its family?”

A family bond. That is all I ever wished for and all I wanted. They could hate me all they wanted, but all I wanted was for them to accept my baby. “Yes, of course, I do but not like this. I don’t need them whispering bad things into my child’s ears!”

“Francesca disrespecting you is not something you should accept, but the real issue is that Christian told you he would handle it and you didn’t listen— and because of your mistake the entire family has a bad name.” Marc attempted to explain one more time.

“And what about me and my feelings? I’m just sitting here, assuming he cares about the baby because he always asks me how we’re doing but not once I’ve heard him mention he can’t wait until the baby gets here, and it took him quite some time to defend us, so does he really care?” I snapped, thinking about the bare minimum he had shown me. Yes, he cared more for the baby than he did for me which should definitely be the case but it didn't seemed like he cared that much.

“Serena...he might not tell you but he tells me how excited he is every single day. He tells me how he wants the baby to have a good life every single day, so all you have to do is listen to him. I need you to trust me that everything he’s doing is to protect you.” Marc said. If he was trying to make me feel guilty it was definitely working.

“How do you know?” I asked, hoping he was wrong but also hoping he was right. “I...I can’t exactly say but all you have to do is trust me.”

“Regardless of what has happened, he is pissed and I don’t think I can fix it, he has been ignoring me for a week and told me to not talk to him unless it's about the baby,” I told Marc. I never ignored him, he was the one who had an issue with me and there was not much I could do about that.

“He’s not a monster Serena, tell him how you feel and he’ll understand.” Marc patted my shoulder and walked off.

It was clear that all of this was one big misunderstanding— and yes, I was at fault, but not much more than he was. We were both at fault but probably too immature to apologize.

Even though I hated to admit it, one of us had to be the bigger person and considering the fact that Christian probably hated me, that person was going to be me.

Tonight I would finally stop being a pussy and address the situation.