

13: Give Up

CLARISSE'S POV

"Stevan...hey...Stevan!" I couldn't hold myself anymore as I watch Stevan's reaction that is full of confusion.

"What the hell?!" I shout as I put my hands on my hips waiting for him to speak up about things that was bothering him since I got back from my family reunion vacation.

"What's wrong?" He asks standing in front of me gazing me up and down as if checking o what's something wrong with me. My eyebrows narrowed at him.

"You!" I shouted at him while pointing my finger at him.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" I ask a little calm this time. He just sighs and wipes his face, that confuses me. He only does that kind of action when he's worried about something.

"Is there any problem love?" I ask him hugging him in an attempt to give him comfort instead of nuisance towards me.

"Nothing" He spoke before living me in the living room. My mouth was wide open as I watched him ascending the stairs.

"You change" I mutter to myself and look outside the house where I can also see the gates.

"You should be" I said to myself again as I watch a black car parked outside the gate and a man in black steps outside. I heave a deep breath before scratching my forehead.

"That moron"

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STEVAN'S POV

I stare at the white ceiling while laying in the bed, my hands at the top of my stomach, clutching some papers.

What is she thinking about? Did she think that when she carry my child I would learn to like nor love her?

"You brought this upon yourself Joy" I said to myself as I curl the papers into a ball and nonchalantly throw it into the bin.

You got yourself pregnant because you wanted to...not because we want...I want to.

Did she also think that if I know this news I will follow her? Hell! I will choose Clarisse over and over if that means being away from her. How could she didn't understand that...

"I don't like her"

I utter those words feeling enraged. Soon she will make the child the alas card against me.

It might be my blood and flesh...but it's you who carries...that makes the child useless and worthless to me.

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JOY'S POV

"How are you feeling?" I turn to my back and watch my BFF as she approaches me and sits by my side.

"I'm feeling good and free" I honestly answer and caress my stomach.

"He loathed you to the core Joy do you think that he will give a shit about your pregnancy?" My BFF speaks, I just smile. ā

"Yes, he loathed to the core. But soon that secret will be known. I'm not doing this for my own or my child's sake, Besty. I'm doing this for his sake" If he could only remember, he'll not do this things to me.

"I hope you'll succeed" She mutters a hint of sadness in her voice, I look at her and smile.

"Like what other people say: 'Love conquers all'" I say to her and move to make her lap my pillow. ā

You've been trough a lot because of him, Joy. Aren't you tired for all this years? Aren't you tired for him" She asked ad I immediately shake my head.

"If this is all for the man I love the most, I'm willing to su erf for eternity for him" I said, she tsked.

"That will soon change dear" She say and I just nod.

Yeah, I know.

Because I'm not tired of him but I give up on him. Being tired and giving up are two di erent things.

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