

A Baby for The CEO Novel

Chapter 2

Chapter 2

Iris:

"Lilian, that is enough." I said, scolding my daughter who was trying to be stubborn. A habit that she seems to have developed since we came here.

She has been refusing to allow me to put on her shirt for the past half an hour and has been trying to escape me since. I hated admitting it, but she was as stubborn as her father was.

But I couldn't blame her, the change that she was forced to go through despite her not being familiar with the reason or understanding it was what was leading to this behavior, and though I didn't like it, I knew not to be too hard on her. If anything, I knew to somewhat support her to get out of the phase that she was in.

"But, mama, I don't like this shirt." She said, pouting her lips. I sighed and put the shirt down before taking her hands in mine, pulling her to my chest. It was something that I always did when she was having a fit. Trying to understand her often helped, though sometimes I even failed to do that. I still tried my best.

"You didn't like this shirt, nor did you like the other twenty shirts that I pulled out." I said, teasing her. She giggled and shook her head at me before putting her hand in her mouth. I was thankful for her being in my life, she was a blessing to

me that made all the struggles that I have been through with my ex worthwhile. At least I knew that my little princess wasn't in a toxic place where the two of us were constantly fighting, and I knew that she was somewhat happy in the life that she was living. "Is there anything that is bothering you, my little princess?"

"I don't want to go to school." She said, and I smiled. It was her first day at preschool, and she has been giving me a hard time since last night. At least now I understand why. The fact that she didn't want to go anywhere where kids were with both their parents was something that I was somewhat used to, and though it did sometimes hurt me to know that I didn't do enough to fulfill my role as the mother and father figures in her life, I couldn't blame her. I was in her place once, and despite having both my parents, they were rarely ever seen together with me, if anything, they were rarely seen with me at school or in any event at all.

"Can you tell me why you don't want to go to school? Are you afraid of not fitting in?" I asked, trying to be as gentle as I could be with her. But she had the same attitude on her third day at her daycare, and when I asked what happened, it was her teacher who explained to me that she felt different when she realized that most of the kids had both their parents with them, and that she only came with me. It killed me inside that I had to separate her from her father, but I knew since that day that things wouldn't have been the same.

"Why do other kids have a daddy and I don't?" She asked, making my chest ache. How could I explain to a four year old

that her father never bothered giving me a chance to begin with? I tried to shower her with the love that any daughter could get, but I wasn't her father, and I knew that no matter how hard I would try to be, I was never going to be. My parents, more specifically, my father, was supportive enough to stand by my side through everything that has happened, it pained me, but my mother wasn't as supportive toward the situation. If anything, my mother wanted me to be patient. She claimed that a home wasn't built to be wrecked as easily. The woman didn't understand that we never got to build a home to begin with. Dean had his lover, and though I loved him with everything that I had, I was never enough.

"You do have a daddy, sweetheart, and one day, very close, I will be sure that the two of you reunite again. For now, I just need you to be a little patient." I said, my voice softening as I ran my hand over her cheek. As much as I hated what happened between us, I never did try to make her hate her father. In her eyes, he was the hero that she wanted to meet. I just didn't know how that was going to be possible right now.

The two of us have been living in Orlando since she was born, and my parents would visit every once and a while, but now, considering that it has been almost five years since I left; therefore, I believed that it was time to go back. I had my businesses to tend to, and with my father growing ill by the day, I knew that I had to start taking care of them. It was one of the reasons why I was going back to begin with. The one issue that I had was knowing that Dean was a main partner. Just the idea of having to see him in a meeting or gathering was something that I feared, but I knew that it was about

time to face him. I couldn't keep running away from him for life, right?

Lilian kept her eyes on mine, studying my expression for a few seconds before she nodded. She often knew when she was giving me a hard time and when she wasn't, and she knew that she was. She looked at her shirts for a few seconds before pulling the pink one that I wanted to put on her. Thankfully, she had a white bateau on, otherwise, I would have worried about her growing sick. Especially considering the fact that it was November.

"Do you want to choose your coat? Or are you going to be giving mommy a hard time again?" I asked, teasing my daughter who giggled, clearly amused by what she did. She knew that she mostly didn't get in trouble. In truth, I rarely ever thought of punishing her. In my head, she was my little princess, and I was there to spoil her. The last thing that I wanted was for her to be scared of me or to want to be away from me.

If anything, I had taught her at a young age to come and tell me everything. I would be there by her side, backing her up, even if I had to scold her sometimes if I knew that she did something bad. But the last thing I wanted was for her and I to have the same relationship that I had with my mother.

It was one that was almost nonexistent, and I knew that it was one of the reasons why Dean and I never worked out.

The man didn't respect me as he saw that my family didn't. The man saw me as weak and unwanted, and though our

Chapter 2

marriage was initially arranged, the two of us could have managed to work a few things out, I believed it. But things somehow backfired on me when he heard a conversation between my mother and I, and somewhere deep inside me, I knew that we would never be able to be one.

The gap had been created that night, and it was all because of that argument. It was an argument that sent him off to finding his peace elsewhere, and that is something that I can never forget. It is something that I personally would have never wanted; however, he chose not to listen, and she chose to pressure me. Both sides ended up breaking me badly, but nevertheless, I knew that it might have happened for a reason, and I hoped that it was a good one.

"I want the white one, please. The one with the yellow smiley face." She said, and I smiled and nodded. I took her hand in mine and gently kissed her palm.

"Right away, my little princess..."



Send Gift



Comment