

5 I'm Pregnant

6 weeks later...

"Honey, are you sure you don't want to go to the hospital?" My grandma asked as I came out of the bathroom for the 3rd time since I was sent home early from work. After lunch, my boss came back to work reeking of tuna sh and it caused me to be violently ill in the lobby. It was horrible. It splashed all over his shoes and pants. He told me to go home and stay home the rest of the week.

"I'm feeling better now," I tell her, wiping my mouth after rinsing it with some water in the kitchen sink.

"You've been feeling a little under the weather for a while now. I think it's time to see a doctor."

We don't have extra money for a doctor right now, I think to myself. Grandma's health insurance doesn't cover all her medications any longer, and instead of telling her and having her worry about it, I've just been covering the cost myself. She is diabetic, so she can't go without them.

"I'll do Teledoc later, grandma. I'm just going to lie down for now."

She pats my cheek lovingly, "Okay sweetie. I'll make you some chicken soup for when you wake up."

I cuddle up in my bed with the sweatshirt I wore the night I spent on vacation 6 weeks ago. There is something about the scent still lingering on the fabric that I nd comforting and soothing. It's getting more faint by the day, but if I sniff in just the right spot I can still catch a whiff of the intoxicating scent.

It smells like Axel. It smells like his hotel room and the smell of his sheets. I know I should, but I can't bring myself to wash it just yet. I was having trouble sleeping for days after getting back home, the image of Axel's beautiful face lingering in my head every time I closed my eyes. Cuddling this sweatshirt with his scent was the only thing that seemed to help.

I'm almost asleep when my phone starts to go off on the nightstand. I groan, checking to see who it is, even though in my gut I already know.

Levi.

I broke things off ocially, and have tried to keep my distance, but he's not making it easy. I blocked his number, blocked his work number and blocked him on f*****k, but he still nds ways to reach out. He changed his number about 2 weeks ago, claiming he broke his phone and didn't change it to get a hold of me, and I didn't even bother trying to block the new one. He just found ways around being blocked anyway. Did you know you could call people's phones without using your actual phone number? I didn't know that before, but I do now.

I wait until the phone stops ringing, count to three, then the familiar ping notifying me of a new message comes through.

I read the text, then rolled my eyes.

L: Why are you not at work?

Seriously? Did he seriously just randomly show up at my work again? I ignored the message and rolled over to go back to sleep. Only, I can't. The pinging doesn't stop.

L: They said you got sick

L: are you okay?

L: did you go to the doctor?

L: can I take you?

L: Bailey, quit ignoring me and answer!

There are several long seconds between messages, and right when I think he's given up, another message comes in.

L: Are you pregnant?

Am I pregnant? Wait... When was my last period? Could I be? It didn't even cross my mind. Levi and I always used protection, but I didn't that night with Axel. What if I am pregnant? s**t. It would explain so much. Why I get sick randomly, react to weird smells, I'm always tired, and the timing would line up.

Could I be?

I am throwing myself out of bed, on a mission now. I won't be able to sleep until I nd out. I slipped on my shoes and grabbed my bag. "I'll be back, grandma," I yelled out as I ran through the kitchen, taking her by surprise but not stopping to explain where I was heading. If I tell her, she will want to come too, and I don't want to wait for her to get ready. I need to nd out now.

The drive to the pharmacy is lled with anxiety and nerves. Could that really be what is wrong with me? My phone is still pinging in my bag, but I just ignore it. Levi can go screw himself. I don't have any desire to talk to him.

After we got back from our trip, and I told him I really was done this time, he went around to all our friends and told them I had left him alone in our hotel after he paid and went out by myself. He totally gaslit me. Most of our friends actually believed him and I've basically been shunned. He told just enough of the truth that when I was rst asked about leaving him on his own, I responded with 'Hell yeah' without missing a beat, not knowing all the other s**t that he fed them. He left out the entire ght leading up to me leaving.

They only see Levi's side of things. He's manipulated the situation enough to make me look like a cold, heartless girlfriend, and him the poor, doting boyfriend that I was just using. I'm tired of his toxic behavior. If I am pregnant, I hope it is Axel's and not Levi's. I would rather have a cheater's child than Levi's.

Despite myself, I still have positive feelings towards Axel. A lot more than I have for Levi. I still feel drawn to Axel in some way. I know that sounds crazy, but I still crave him. My body still remembers the electric feeling of his touch, and the intense, hungry stare in his beautiful eyes. Thinking about that gaze is what keeps me up some nights. I loved the feeling that came over me when he stared at me, like I was his most desired and treasured person.

...But I know I'm not. The girl that called him, Courtney, who told him to come home probably is. The only thing I was to him was a one-night stand.

When I get to the pharmacy, I nd the feminine hygiene aisle, then the pregnancy tests section. Holy cow. They're expensive. Crap. Going to the public health clinic might actually be cheaper than getting one of these. I looked all over the section for a few minutes, deciding to just get the cheapest one. It's been 6 weeks since I last had s*x. If I'm pregnant, even the cheapest test should show it. Right?

I'm so freaking stupid. I thought my period was just super late, since I've been so stressed with work and everything else. Grandma, my ex-friends, Levi, and the confusing way I feel about the man I shared one night with. Everything has led me to extreme anxiety and it's not uncommon for me to miss a period or two when I get worked up like this.

"Bailey?" I hear the last voice I want to hear right now while looking in this aisle in the store.

I looked over and glared in the direction of Levi, who was watching me curiously at the end of the aisle. Did he just randomly decide to shop here at the same time as me? He was asking about me being sick. Maybe he was stopping in to get me medicine as an excuse to just show up at my house and see me. He wouldn't stoop to stalking me now, would he?

"What are you doing here, Levi?" I asked coldly.

He narrows his eyes slightly at my tone, but quickly puts back on the mask of concern.

"I was going to get you some soup and nausea medicine then drop it off at your house for you," He held up a can of soup and a bottle of pepto bismol, "I stopped by your work to bring you the toffee candy you like but have trouble nding. I found some of them last time I went shopping and thought of you. When your co-workers said you had gone home sick, I thought I'd stop and get you stuff to help you feel better before coming by. What are you looking at?"

He comes down the aisle, looking at the display in front of me, his eyes going big in surprise. "You're pregnant?"

I sighed loudly, "Tell the whole store, why don't you? Geez. No....Well, I don't know. I came to see, just in case. I wanted to rule it out before going to the doctor."

"So you think you are?" A smile spread across his face.

"No. If I was, it would be none of your business, Levi. Go away."

His eyes do that thing again. Tightening slightly, a tick pulsing in his temple. He recovers back to the mask of sincere concern though.

"Don't be like that. It's obvious it will be mine. I know you haven't been with anyone since me, Bailey. If you're pregnant, I deserve to know."

I thought about telling him about Axel, but decided it was best not to right now. I don't know what he would do if he found out about that night. He has no right to get mad about it, but he won't see it that way.

"I'm coming home with you while you take the test."

"No you're not," I glared at him.

"I am," he huffs. "I know you will need help getting to the doctor if it comes back positive. Please, Bailey. Let me do this for you? You don't have to be with me, but if it's my child, and we both know it is, I deserve to be in that child's life."

You might not be the father, though, I think to myself. I don't argue with him, though. He is right. If I am pregnant, and on the off chance it is his child, I will need the help. I can't support myself, my grandma, and a child. I can barely handle myself and grandma right now.

Levi follows me back to my house in his own car, then sucks up to my grandma in the kitchen while I take the test. Grandma doesn't like him much, and Levi knows it, so he has always tried extra hard to get on her good side.

I breathe deeply, anxiety gripping me while I pee on the stick. I laugh without any humor at the situation I've found myself in. I can't believe I ran into Levi of all people at the pharmacy.

It takes 3 seconds, just 3 seconds for the test to show two blue lines.

I'm pregnant.

For a split second, I thought about getting rid of it, but then Axel's beautiful sleeping face came to mind, and I knew without a doubt I could never bring myself to do it. Looks like I'm going to have a baby.