

The next few days seemed to run into each other as if it was one long day.

But on Friday, "Lisa, your doctor is on the line," Carol said.

"Thanks. Lisa Jenson."

"Hey, Lisa. Sorry about taking so long getting back to you, but we got backed up in the lab."

"That's okay. I figured I was fine. I am fine, right?"

"Actually you're better than that. You're pregnant."

Lisa was speechless.

"Lisa, are you there?"

"Um, yeah. Yeah, I'm here. Are you sure?"

"Positive." Dr. Sydnor laughed. "I've already set you up an appointment on Tuesday at eleven o'clock. The doctor's name is Dr. Avery. Can you make it? I know your wedding is that Saturday, so I tried to make it before the big event."

"Yeah, yeah I can make it. Thank you, doctor."

"Congratulations, Lisa."

"Thank you. Goodbye."

The rest of Lisa's day was spent in a fog. Carol asked if she was okay, but Lisa couldn't find the words to form a suitable answer. She needed time to let the news settle in. After work, Lisa drove home in a daze. At least she was going to have the house to herself. Marc was playing ball and his parents were having dinner with her mom and Lesley.

When she made it home, Lisa walked to the front door and out of nowhere, she was shoved into the house. As she fought back, she was slapped across the face. Lisa fell to the floor, looked up and saw James standing over her.

"I told you I would be back," he said.

Lisa's first instinct was to fight, but she couldn't risk it. She wouldn't risk him hurting her child. Marc's child.

"This is a nice house. It took me a little while to find where you moved to, but I did."

"What do you want? What are you doing here?" Lisa said, as she pulled herself up onto the couch.

"I'm here for you."

"I don't want you here!"

James ignored her. "So, where is ol' boy?"

"My husband will be home soon."

"Don't call him that!" James shouted.

Lisa didn't flinch at the sudden rage in his voice.

"What do you want?" she asked again.

"I want you."

"No."

"No?"

"I will never come back to you. Now get out before I call the police."

"Then if you want comeback to me, you will have to suffer for your choices."

Lisa couldn't stop herself, she started to laugh.

"What's so fucking funny?"

"You are. You want me to suffer? What the hell you think I been doing?" she asked, turning serious.

"You haven't suffered like I have."

“I cannot believe you. You think I didn’t suffer? I’m the one who spent two weeks in a coma. I was the one with six broken ribs, my eyes swollen shut. And worst of all, I’m the one who lost a child. I was depressed for a year, a year over that and your sorry ass! So, don’t tell me about suffering! Now get the fuck out of my house!”

“I know I hurt you,” he said, kneeling in front of her. “But I love you and I will do anything to make it up to you.”

Lisa reached for the phone by the couch, but James yanked the cordless phone from her and slammed it against the wall. It broke into a thousand pieces.

“You are not going to get away that easy. You...”

Before he could finish the phone rang.

“It’s Marc.”

“Let it ring.”

The phone stopped ringing before the answering machine could pick up. A moment later Lisa’s cell phone rang.

“Damn it, answer it! But you better not...”

“Try anything? Yeah, right,” Lisa said, finishing his sentence.

Lisa reached into her purse and felt her gun. She took out her phone and pushing the green button.

“Hello...Hey...Yeah, I’m fine...No, I’m on my way home now...I plan on it... No, go ahead and play ball, Marcello...You don’t have to come home, I’ll be fine...No, Marcello...I love you, too. Bye.”

“You don’t love him! You love me! Say it!” he said, when Lisa ended the call.

Lisa stared at him.

“Say it!”

Again, Lisa didn’t speak.

“Do you want me to hurt you?”

“Too late.”

“I told you I was sorry for everything I did to you. When are you going to forgive me?”

“I’ll never forgive you. And what about now? Are you sorry for this too?”

This time it was James who didn’t have answer.

“That’s what I thought. I can’t believe I’m going through this again with you. I mean, what are you going to do hold me hostage?”

“No, I’ve decided on one better. If you don’t want to be with me...”

“I don’t.”

“If we can’t be together in this life, then I guess we’ll have to meet on the other side,” he said, as he pulled out a gun.

The words hit Lisa like a ton of bricks.

“That’s right, sweetheart. What’s that old saying...If I can’t have you, no one can?”



“Marc, are you sure?” Nic asked, as she and couple of cops ran out of the precinct.

“Nic, I spoke to her. We decided that we should have a safety word after he showed up at work. He’s in the house, Nic!”

“Where are you now?”

“On my way home.”

“Do not go in that house. Do you hear me?”

“But he...”

“Don’t go in that house! I will meet you there.”

Nic closed her phone and dropped it into her partner’s lap.

“Nic, we’re not going to be any help to Lisa if we’re wrapped around a pole. Slow down,” her partner said.

“He’s going to kill her, John.”

Nic got to Marc’s house in record time. She found Marc a couple houses away waiting for her.

“Have they left house?” Nic asked when she walked up.

“No.”

Nic dialed the house number while Marc told her partner everything. Unfortunately, the answering machine picked.

“Lisa, pick up...pick up. Marc said you were on your way home and that you should be there by now. I don’t want to have to come over there. I...”

“Hey, I’m here,” Lisa answered.

“I know he’s there.”

“Yeah, girl.”

“What is he doing?”

“Nothing, right now.”

“Does he want you to leave?”

“No.”

“I got a few people here who are going to get you out. Marc’s here too.”

“I know. I’m just tired. But, I have to go.”

The line went dead.

“She’s okay. Is there another way into the house?” Nic asked Marc.

“The back door on the patio that leads into the kitchen.”

“Key. Is she carrying her gun?”

“Yeah, ever since you told her to.”

After three more cars of police pulled up, Nic told them to follow her.