

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 111 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

I watched Dani and Ben slice vegetables in the kitchen silently. For once they weren't bickering. But they weren't talking to each other, or to me.

I gave a silent sigh. Ben had found out about everything from Dani when he came over. It took both Dani and Adrian to stop him from storming off to the Davenports. Afterwards he had screamed his lungs off at me, asking why I could keep something like that from him.

Then he'd cried a little. We'd all cried together. Nana included.

But there was still a sad kind of tension in the air. No one was talking to each other. They'd even agreed on what to make for dinner for once without arguing.

Adrian, Ben and Dani were a part of my small family now. They were constantly around-coming over early in the morning and leaving pretty late at night, although they slept over most nights.

And me? I was exhausted. I was still a bit scared from Nana's dizzy spell from earlier. But I felt relieved too. The people I truly cared about and who cared about me knew everything now. They knew the truth, knew I was pregnant.

But they didn't judge me or doubt me. They believed every single word I'd said. They didn't think I was a slut. They cried with me, supported me. Always. And it was the best feeling. I didn't have to hide anything from them again. Ever. And I knew that as long as I had them, everything would be okay. I'd be okay.

Absentmindedly, I smiled.

Getting up, I cleared my throat loudly. "I have an announcement!"

They paused and looked my way. "Well, hurry up. These veggies won't chop themselves," Dani snapped.

I felt like she was more hurt than the others. So I walked to to her and wrapped my arms in her torso.

“I. Love. You. Guys.” I enunciated each word, meaning it from the bottom of my heart.

Dani ignored me and kept on chopping.

“I’m so sorry,” I wailed, walking up to them one after the other and embracing them.

Dani turned around, knife in hand and faced me. “If you keep anything from me ever again, I’ll slice your b00bs off.”

Adrian choked on his soda, giving a loud belly laugh.

The laughter continued as Dani gave into my embrace, dragging Ben with her.

And we were okay.

Jason Davenport

After I’d slept outside in the rain last night, I knew dad had really kicked me out.

I was on my own.

He meant everything he’d said.

My body racked with sobs as I realized I had no one to call, no where to go. I was completely alone.

I breathed in sharply as a tear dropped into the cut on my cheek. I sobbed loudly as I remembered how I’d gotten it. The only possessions I carried was my phone and a wallet. And they’d been taken from me forcefully from me last night.

I was completely helpless.

And it was all my fault.

After a few minutes of crying in my damp clothes, I stumbled to my feet and began to think of my next move.

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Jason Davenport

I was exhausted as I walked through the doors of the fourth convenience store I'd been to today. I was trying to find a job. I didn't know what that entailed, nor had I ever had one before, but I was determined to make an effort. And getting a job was a first step.

I timidly walked to the counter, conscious of my damp clothes that had begun to give off a weird kind of smell.

The salesclerk ignored me until I cleared my throat loudly. He paused in his typing and glared at me, scrunching his face as the stench hit his nose. Holding a napkin briefly to his nose he snapped, "What can I do for you?"

My fists clenched at his snarky tone. How dare he disrespect me? People like him were my servants!

My anger slowly began to dissipate as I realized it was past tense. I was a nobody now.

Trying my best to ignore the attitude I said, "I'm looking for a job?"

Loud guffaws from the other salesclerks ran through the air and I felt the back of my neck begin to heat up.

"I'm sorry, but we don't employ homeless people?" A clerk that annoyingly reminded me of Kimberly giggled loudly.

"When's the last time you showered?" She continued, sighing and picking up a can of air freshener. Deliberately, she sprayed it in the area where I stood.

"Not enough but it has to do," She humph'ed and returned to her position.

A round of laughter rented the air.

I felt my jaw tic. How dare these middle class people disrespect me?

"Do you even know who I am?" I roared, anger coursing through my veins.

I ignored the "yeah, a homeless person" I heard from someone.

“I’m a Davenport. Jason Davenport. I could ruin your life, you pieces of nothing!”

I was pissed. Never had I been disrespected so much.

The Kimberly replica put a pen to her temple in mock thought. “How do they say that again? Oh, right. From grace to grass?”

Her co-workers giggled, obviously enjoying this.

“I know y’all,” A new character put in. “Cocky pieces of sh!t. Thinking you own the world,” He laughed. “Well if you’re so influential, what are you doing here looking like some hobo. He throw you out?”

The smirk on his face was the last straw. I turned swiftly on my feet in shame and embarrassment and walked out, trying to block the familiar snarky laughter.

The same kind of laughter my friends and I gave when we bullied people, laughed at their status, their posture, their faces, their hair.

That was me in that store. It was all me.

And all at once I felt even more disgusted with myself than I ever had.

Amelia Forbes

I sat in my room, cramming potato chips in my mouth. For some reason I’d started craving salty potato chips more often. Dani was sprawled lazily on the other side of the bed, a book in her hand. Adrian wasn’t here today and Ben was on his phone, probably scrolling through Instagram or something.

Speaking of social media, I hadn’t been on there for months. And surprisingly, I was unaffected. Maybe social media was toxic for me at this stage. It felt good.

I wasn’t seeing any nasty comments about me, or wailing at my appalling constant number of followers. I wasn’t worried about how I wasn’t as pretty as those Instagram models or why no one was following me. I felt comfortable and more like myself.

“Holy sh!t!” Benson squealed, sitting upright on the bed.

“What is it now?” Dani gr0aned. She hated being interrupted while she was in her ‘zone.’

“You guys need to see this!” He raced to the bed and squeezed himself between Dani and I.

Displaying his phone in front of us, he urged us to watch a video. I squinted a few times and steadied his hand so I could watch without getting dizzy.

My eyes widened as I recognized the two figures in the video. Kimberly and...

“Mr Perez???!” I screamed, a hand flying to my mouth in shock.

“Holy fvck!” Dani laughed wickedly, snatching the phone from my hand to watch more closely. “Fvck! They’re fvcking? They’re actually fvcking?!”

“Oh my God,” I managed to croak.

“What a slut!” Dani spat, scrolling down to read the comments.

“Shit, 902 shares?” Her eyes widened.

“Yep.” Benson sighed, shaking his head. “The video has gone viral. Literally.”

“I’m so disappointed in Mr Perez,” I frowned. “He’s a teacher for crying out loud. Jeez!”

Benson scrolled through his phone, reading more comments and after a while he put it off and sighed.

“Looks like Kimberly has singlehandedly ruined her own future. The video went viral, all her college applications were rejected, and her dad got fired because it made his company look bad.”

“Well, sh!t. I feel sorry for her dad, having to bear the brunt of her stupidity. But for all she’s done, I don’t feel sorry for her.” Dani finished, grabbing her book and resuming her position on the bed.

I sighed, not knowing what to say. Kimberly was one of the worst things that happened to me in high school. I don’t think I’d ever forgive her for those things. But I still kinda felt sorry for her.

Oh well, I sighed a second time, relaxing into my bed.

Maybe this was the universe giving her a taste of her own medicine.

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Jason Davenport

I sat on a bench outside a small supermarket. It was my second night sleeping in the streets. To me it still felt like a dream. I'd gotten angry, cried, begged my mother for forgiveness, but still nothing.

The tiny hope I'd harbored that Dad would come looking for me has dissipated. And now I was completely hopeless, helpless. I had nowhere to go, no one to talk to.

No one in town wanted to employ me because "my family acted like we owned the world".

I'd never felt so tired in my entire life. And deep down I knew it was all my fault. Who do I talk to now?

Maybe if mom was alive...

No, I stopped myself. This was all on me.

I sighed, wiping the tears that stood on my cheeks.

Maybe if I made an effort, maybe if I proved myself, showed everyone that I was truly remorseful. Maybe dad would take me back. Maybe mom would stop being disappointed in me. Maybe Amelia would forgive me. Maybe Adrian would be friends with me again.

I let myself sob quietly for a while and then I stood. As I looked to the road ahead, the road out of town, I decided. If no one in this town was going to employ me, I'd look for work outside of town.

I'd get a job.

I'd work hard.

As I stood, trying to gain enough courage to leave town, a woman with a baby cot and groceries in her other hand walked out of the store.

My eyes were glued to the cot. It was beautiful.

I tried to calculate when Amelia would be due for delivery in my head but nothing came up.

Walking up to the woman while maintaining a safe distance, I asked, "How much did you get the cot for?"

"Ma'am," I added, swallowing. I'd never had to address anyone with respect. But it was a start.

The lady smiled. "It's only 300."

I gulped. I had no money on me.

Feeling rejuvenated, I smiled and thanked her.

I'd get a job. Make enough money to afford a beautiful cot, then I'd gift it to Amelia. Maybe she'd see then that I was truly sorry.

Amelia Forbes

"Someone here to see you, Mel," Dani muttered, sour-faced and took a seat next to Nana.

I sat up, wondering who it could be.

Had the neighbors found out about me?

My heart skipped a beat.

What if word went out and everyone thought I was a slut? Would I have to deal with the same fate as Kimberly? Eternal shame and stigma.

Trying to calm myself, I wiped my hands on the sofa just as Jason's dad and stepmom walked through the doors.

I relaxed a bit but I was still suspicious. What did they want now? I guess their big fat ego couldn't take the slap to their reputation.

For a while they both stood there awkwardly not uttering a word. Then Nana stood.

What do you want? She signed.

She looked angry and I was scared she'd have one of her spells again. As I was about to inform them that my Nana was hard of hearing, Mr Davenport began to sign a response.

Dani and I shared a look while Benson cocked an eyebrow. Well that was a surprise...

After getting Nana's permission to talk to me, Mr Davenport moved closer to me. Adrian placed himself protectively in front of me and I offered him a grateful smile.

"I'm terribly sorry about what happened with Jason." Mr Davenport started. "I had no idea."

I stiffened as the mention of Jason's name. Why couldn't everything about him just be as far away from me as possible?

"There is no excuse for what he did to you..." He gestured to my stomach. "None at all. Pausing all your life plans at this age, ruining everything, hurting you."

"I-I don't even..." He trailed off, running a finger through his hair in exasperation.

I sat quietly. I just wanted them to leave.

Just leave.

"I know you're angry, and you gave every right to be. And maybe you'd think of pressing charges...But, I, just please, we don't want it to get to that. He did a stupid, unforgivable thing and I-"

"Just stop!"

I was mad now.

“Of course!” I laughed bitterly. “Why did I think you were here because you were truly sorry. All you care about is your stupid reputation,” I spat.

“You don’t care that I have to deliver, raise and take care of a baby on my own. At 18!”

I gave a hollow laugh. “Don’t worry, we’re not pressing charges. What difference would it make anyway, right? You could always pay off the judge.”

I ignored the hurt look that flashed in his eyes. He was just like his son, I thought. Selfish.

“Just get out!” I screamed.

Ashley moved toward me. “Amelia, please-“

I backed away from her. “I said get out. Both of you.”

Her eyes glazed over as she scurried back to her husband’s side.

Mr Davenport looked at me, a sad unfamiliar expression in his eyes and outstretched his hand. “Here’s my card. If you ever need anything-“

I slapped his hand away.

“Money can’t solve everything. Now I know where Jason gets his attitude from.”

With those words, I walked upstairs as quickly as my bulging tummy would let me, leaving everyone staring sadly after me.

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Jason Davenport

The only time I’d ever left Wayne’s county was during the holidays, on trips with Dad and mom. Now I was all alone in a strange town. I’d been spending nights cooped up in dark alleys and abandoned cars, still unsuccessful at finding a job.

Close to death, I’d scavenged through a trash can behind a small restaurant to pick out leftovers for myself.

Today I couldn't find any abandoned cars to sleep in so I was squeezed in an alley, hands deep in the pockets of my hoodie.

I shivered, the cold chilling my bones. Trying to think happy thoughts I finally managed to doze off.

I woke up to someone shaking me roughly. Instinctively, I backed pushed the figure away, getting prepared to run for my life. These leftovers were my last. I didn't need anyone trying to steal it from me.

"Hey, hey, calm down boy. I'm not here to hurt you," The figure spoke reassuringly, raising both hands as if in surrender. "I was just passing through."

I squinted, seeing that it was daylight already. The figure was a shabby looking old man. He looked harmless so I relaxed a little. But I was still suspicious.

"Holy smokes," He exclaimed, peering more closely at me. "You're just a kid. What on earth are you doing sleeping on the streets?" He frowned.

I backed away, lowering my head. The last thing I needed was someone getting me into trouble.

I looked up at the old man. For the most part he looked concerned. Maybe he could help me. I contemplated on whether to tell him about my situation.

Taking a deep breath, I muttered, "I was kicked out. I did something terrible and I was kicked out. I've got nowhere to go now and I've been trying to get a job," I finished, my eyes glued to the floor.

I didn't want to see the judgement in his eyes.

After a few moments the old man cleared his throat. "I'm not gonna ask you what you did. You woulda told me if you wanted to. So I won't ask."

I offered him a grateful look.

"It's unlikely you'll get yourself a job 'round here though, looking like that," He gestured to my clothes.

He scratched his head, thinking.

“Well, I got a small farm a few blocks away and I’ve been searching for someone to help around with some work. I’m getting old ya see?”

I gulped. A farmhand?

“So if you’re interested, you come right on with me. If not, then goodluck in your search. But let me warn you though, the pay isn’t worth sh!t. But it’s all I can afford.”

I thought fast and hard.

I’d never worked on a farm before. I wasn’t sure I was cut out for that. But I had no choice now. Taking a chance, I asked. “How much is the pay?”

“Two dollars.” He replied simply.

I frowned deeply. Two dollars per hour was almost no pay at all.

“A week,” He added.

“What?!” I nearly staggered to the floor. “Two dollars per week?!”

“Yep.”

I glared at him, hoping he was pulling my legs. But he looked pretty set on. My hope began to deflate. I wouldn’t be able to save up enough to get the cot before Amelia was due.

“Hurry up and make your decision, boy. I haven’t got all day.”

I tried again. “Five dollars. Sir.”

The farmer gave loud guffaw. “If I could afford to pay you that much I wouldn’t be here. Still on two dollars, son. And right now, you need me more than I need you so...”

Nodding and quickly bending to grab my leftovers, I wiped a stray tear and followed quickly behind him.

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Amelia Forbes

"I despise colleges and their stupid interviews," Dani gr0aned as she slumped onto my bed.

I gave a small laugh. "How'd it go?"

"Pretty stupid."

"Dani?" I warned, laughingly.

"What? Why would they ask why I applied for their college? Uhh, 'cause I want a degree?"

I giggled. "You're silly."

She only shrugged.

"How did your day go?" She asked, throwing a chip into her mouth.

I shrugged. I was tired as hell like always. I just wanted to take this thing out of me. Groaning, I grabbed my chips from her and began to chomp.

"Oh that reminds me," Dani started, moving closer to me on the bed.

She wh!pped out her phone and shoved it toward me when she opened a picture.

I stared at it and shook my head. "What am I looking at exactly?"

Dani nearly choked on her potato chips. "That's exactly what I said too!"

After she had gulped down a cup of juice she continued. "That's the one and only Jason Davenport."

What?

I stared at the picture again, searching for some sign of recognition.

His eyes.

My eyes widened. "What's happening?" I asked Dani.

"Turns out his dad kicked him out."

I considered that for a moment. "Really? How long ago?"

"Two weeks. The day he found out about everything. Rumor has it he's been going around looking for a job. Meaning, he's homeless and smells like a skunk. That's how these pictures were taken."

"Wow." I breathed out.

He looked helpless, scared, tired. He looked like he was going through a lot.

But I really didn't care. All I felt when I looked at the picture was surprise. But I didn't feel sorry for him.

"He deserves all he's got coming at him," Dani hissed.

I nodded.

He did.

He really did.

Maybe now he'll know how it feels.

As Dani resumed her account of how her day went, my mind wandered to Mr Davenport. I was surprised, to say the least. I didn't know what to think of him now. Especially now that I'd found out he'd kicked Jason out days before he had come here to see me.

Maybe he was as disgusted of Jason as I was too. Kicking him out showed that. A fleeting feeling of warmth flowed through me. Jason didn't get his attitude from his dad. His dad has something he didn't; empathy, honesty, remorse.

I imagined it must've been difficult for him as well, kicking his only son out. Left to wonder and hope he was okay, hope he wasn't sick of worse still, dead.

I remembered the sadness in his eyes when I'd lashed out at him and I felt guilty. Maybe he didn't mean bad after all.

Suddenly the thought of raising a child began to scare me again. Accepting your flesh and blood no matter what crime they committed. I never wanted to be in that position.

And it scared me.

Jason Davenport

I screamed out in pain as termites attacked my hand. Racing to the tap, I slapped them off with the blasting cold water. Exhausted, I slumped to the dirt, resisting the urge to scream out in frustration.

I'd been working on the farm for two weeks. So far I'd only accumulated six dollars. Bill-my employer-had increased my salary to three dollars per week when he saw how hard I was working. The small tips I'd gotten from selling vegetables at Bill's store on the weekends totalled to four dollars. So in total I had ten dollars.

I sighed. It wasn't even half the price of the cot yet. I wiped the beads of sweat that stood on my forehead. The sun was terrible and my skin was overly tanned.

After a few moments of feeling sorry for myself, I stood and resumed my work. This week, Bill wanted me to renovate the animal shed, change the termite infested wood and clean the chicken coop.

He'd spent four days teaching me how to use a hammer, and now I'd gotten the hang of it he'd let me do it myself.

As I carried the second batch of wood outside, I sighted a sleek looking car beginning to drive away from the farm.

I paused. I didn't remember the last time I'd seen something that expensive. Stopping myself, I headed back into the shed and resumed my work.

Amelia Forbes

I watched Ashley unpack the shopping bags she'd come with. They'd been visiting more often for weeks now and I'd slowly began to warm up to them.

Ashley was even more excited for the baby. It was as if she was the mom herself. She had been going on shopping sprees for the baby.

I'd asked my gynaecologist to keep the sex of the baby a secret for now. I wasn't ready for that information at the moment.

So Ashley shopped for both genders. Various colours, and various sizes for each month as the baby grew. Watching her was the most adorable thing. Plus, she made really nice conversation.

As she began to gush over a chew toy, the doorbell rang. Adrian opened the door to reveal Mr Davenport. He quietly walked in looking downcast.

Ashley rushed to his side. "Babe, look what I got for the baby."

He forced a smile and showered compliments on it.

Ashley frowned. "What's the problem?"

In response he faced me. "Amelia please come with me. I want to show you something."

Almost immediately, Dani and Adrian formed a protective wall around me.

"It's not safe for Mel to take any trips in this condition. She'll be due soon and she needs to rest," Adrian said.

Dani nodded in agreement.

I gulped.

What could he want to show me? I wondered.

Ashley touched her husband's arm. "Honey, what is it?"

"I'll explain. Just please come with me. It's important."

I licked my lips. "Only if they come with," I gestured to my friends.

He nodded in assent. "Of course."

Together, we trooped to the car. I was curious now. Dani and I exchanged looks and we both shrugged.

I guess we'd find out.

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Amelia

Mr Davenport had driven us out of town. I felt a bit sleepy but curiosity kept me awake.

Finally we came to a stop at a small farm. It was located in a partly lonely area. There weren't a lot of houses or people around.

The car was quiet, waiting for what he wanted to show us.

Surveying the farmland carefully, we finally did.

A tanned, tired looking, young man dressed in torn denim shorts and a grey vest stood chopping wood with an obviously blunt axe. As he chopped wood, he simultaneously tried to keep an eye on the grazing cows a few feet away from him.

I sucked in a deep breath when I realized that the young man was Jason.

Ashley let out a small cry and tightened her fingers around her husband's arm.

Dani only raised an eyebrow. I caught the surprise flashing in her eyes before she quickly covered it up.

Adrian betrayed no emotion.

I didn't say a word. I just watched him.

The beads of sweat running down his face and neck, the obvious discomfort he felt from the flies swarming to the cow dung.

He wiped his brows with a sweaty arm and slumped to the floor, using the axe as support. He looked malnourished.

Something stabbed me in the chest and as I watched him, I realized that I felt sorry for him.

Was this his way of paying for his sins?

“He’s been working here for two weeks,” Mr Davenport’s voice broke into my thoughts. “I secretly met with his employer; some guy called Bill. He receives three dollars a week.”

What? I shivered.

“What?”

“What?”

Dani and Ashley blurted out at the same time.

I hid my surprise at Dani showing any interest at all.

Finally I decided it was time to speak up. I masked any pity I felt and turned to Mr Davenport.

“Is that why you brought me here? So I could feel sorry for him? Is that it?”

He shook his head.

“I’m a father you know? No matter how hard I try, I’d never completely stop caring about my boy. So I began to search for him.”

He paused.

“And I found him here. I didn’t bring you here so you could start to feel sorry for him or even forgive him.”

“Then why?” Adrian spoke up.

I turned to him. This were the first words he’d spoken since we got here. I tried to read him. He didn’t sound angry. But he didn’t sound happy either.

Mr Davenport gave a sad smile. “I’m only hoping that you see how much he’s struggling, and how he’s changing. Learning to fend for himself, take responsibility for his actions. And I hope that you consider that.”

There was silence for a while.

“I’m going to ask him to come home next week,” Mr Davenport finally said. “Not because I forgive him or because I feel sorry for him. It’s because I think he’s earned it.”

Beside him, Ashely squeezed his hand.

I took one last look at Jason and then I leaned back into my seat.

“Just take me home. Please.”

Amelia Forbes

Nana reacted the same way as Adrian when I told her about today; she betrayed no emotion.

I slumped into my bed, tired. I just wanted to stop thinking for one freaking second.

Adrian and Dani peeked through the door. “Can we come in?” Dani asked.

I nodded, too tired to explain that I felt like being alone. We sat in silence for a while and then Adrian asked, “You okay?”

I nodded weakly.

“We’re just hoping you weren’t swayed from what you saw today,” Dani added quietly.

I wh!pped around and faced her. “What do you mean?”

“Jason?”

I rolled my eyes. “Relax guys, I’m not.”

“He hurt you, Mel. Whatever he’s getting now, he merited. We need you to remember that. We’re not trying to-“

I put my hands to my ears. “Okay!” I screamed. “I hear you. Can you just stop talking about it now?”

Adrian raised an eyebrow in alarm. “It’s okay, Mel. I didn’t mean to upset you. I’m sorry.”

I nodded. "Just stop."

Silence rented the air.

Adrian stood up awkwardly. "Um, I have to go now. I have to do something at home."

"I'll come with," Dani added, rushing to his side.

I only nodded, watching till they left. Breathing out in exasperation, I wished Benson were here. He would get it.

What the hell, Mel? I chided myself.

Adrian and Dani were nothing but supportive. I wasn't supposed to compare my friends. Shaking the thought out of my head, I relaxed onto the bed.

Ben had been going to the college's he'd applied to, taking exams and interviews. So he was pretty busy.

College.

My heart wrenched in pain. That was a long lost dream for me, I thought smiling bitterly. Trying not to fall into my pit of self pity, I drained the glass of now cold milk by my drawer.

As I put the glass down, a knock sounded on my door and I heard Mr Davenport asking if he could come in. I gave a hoarse "yes" in response and smoothed out my bed.

"Can I sit?" He asked.

I nodded and scooted to the side so he could make himself more comfortable.

"I'm sorry," He muttered.

I looked at him in surprise but didn't utter a word.

"I'm sorry about everything. I'm sorry for offering help, money, the first time. I'm sorry for taking you to that farm today. I know now how it must've looked to you; like I was trying to gain your favor in my son's interest. It honestly wasn't my intention."

I didn't know what to say so I stared at my hands instead.

"I guess, I guess I just feel guilty about everything."

My throat felt dry but I managed to ask. "Why?"

He sucked in a deep breath. "Ever since Jason's mother died, I became distant. I travelled a lot more, employed a bunch of servants to take care of him. Once in a while I'd pop in and bribe him with the latest video game."

He paused, placing a finger to his temple.

He looked so sad, so small.

In that moment, his wealth didn't matter. He was showing me who he truly was. And he was just a scared, tired parent.

I swallowed.

"Jason used to be so happy, so full of life."

My mind travelled back to middle school. Jason and I had even been friends once.

But I didn't say anything. I just listened.

"The nightmares started when his mom died. He'd wake up crying, asking for her. And I-I was never there. I was too busy drowning my sadness in alcohol. I didn't realize how sad and withdrawn he was becoming."

His voice broke.

"Then he turns 18, and I realize, that I..."

"I realize that he's got all this pent up anger inside him, this fury. I realize he's a completely different person. I'd been living under the same roof with him and I'd never really seen him."

"I should've been there. I should've... talked to him, asked how he was doing, spent time with him. And now, when I say I'm ashamed of the man he's become, I'm also ashamed of the kind of parent I was. The kind of parent I still am."

“You’re young, and innocent and you have a long way to go in life. But now this..” He gestured to my belly. “I-I’m so sorry, Amelia.”

Unashamedly, he wiped the tears that dropped to his cheeks.

“You might think I’m making up this sob story just to get to you. But I mean it, all of it.”

“So if you’re going to hate Jason, like he deserves, hate me too. I played a major part in all this. Just please...”

“I don’t-I don’t know what to do.”

Slowly I placed a hand on his shoulder. “I’m sorry. About everything. I truly am. I won’t say anything about Jason but I see and I believe how guilty you really feel about everything. And I need you to know that it’s okay. It’s fine to feel like a failure.”

I thought of all those times when I’d felt like a complete failure. “I do too, sometimes. But it’s okay. The most important thing is that you realize your mistake, and even if things never go back to the way they were, you tried your hardest. And that’s the bravest thing of all.”

I gave him a reassuring smile and wiped my wet face with my shirt.

“Wow,” He gave a teary laugh. “You sound more like an adult than I do.”

Smiling a little, I handed him a box of tissues and watched him wipe his face.

He looked just as vulnerable as I felt and I knew that he meant every word. There and then I knew that I’d let go of any grudges I held against him.

So I cleared my throat and asked, “Would you, Mr Davenport, be a grandfather to my child?”

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Jason Davenport

I let out a victorious yelp as I fixed that last nail in the shed. It’d taken nearly a week to round everything up. I couldn’t count how I’d dismantled everything and started all over. And finally I was through. I stood to the side not believing

I'd done it all on my own. Bill stood by my side, congratulating me, patting my back and cheering me on.

"Good job, Jason," He smiled. "She's beautiful."

I beamed, looking down at my callused palms. I'd done this all alone. For the first time in my life I'd achieved something without help from anyone.

I quickly swiped the tears that were beginning to form away and dug my hand into my back pocket. I'd managed to scrap up a hundred dollars in total. It still wasn't enough to get a cot but I was proud of myself. I would keep working. I'd work until I could afford to get the baby a good present.

I carefully cleaned up the chicken coop and reintroduced the animals into the new shed. Quickly, so I could run up to the store. The tips I got from there were almost three times my salary.

And I scrambled up the hill and toward the fence, I saw the sleek, black car I had seen the other day.

I frowned.

Was I being watched?

Wanting to avoid any trouble, I pulled my sun hat even lower and walked quickly in the direction of the store.

"Jason." Dad's voice stopped me dead in my tracks.

I turned, dazed. "Dad?!"

Squinting to make sure it was him, I watched as he gave me a sad smile. When I saw Ashley move to stand at his side, my eyes widened in surprise.

"Dad!" I yelled, running toward him and enveloping him in a bear h.ug.

He held me fast, not minding that I smelled terrible.

I sobbed openly, realising how much I truly missed him. I thought he never wanted to see my face again. I thought he hated me. But he was here. And he was smiling. Everything was okay.

Jason Davenport

Dad had driven to a small restaurant nearby, and as I sat eating, I realized how hungry I was. I'd been living on fruits and potatoes and it wasn't much.

Dad watched me eat without a word. Occasionally he would say something to Ashley I couldn't quite make out and they would share a sad smile.

After I was done eating, I told dad everything that had happened right from the first day, right up to today. As I recounted my experience, his face betrayed no emotion.

To my surprise, he smiled.

"I'm proud of you, Jason. I don't know how to explain or say everything I want to, but I'm proud of you."

"We both are," Ashley added timidly. She hadn't said a lot since they got here and I guessed she was still walking on eggshells around me. Guilt poked me in the chest but I ignored it.

"Thanks Dad," I whispered, placing my hand on his.

We all sat in silence for a while.

"I want you to come back home, Jason," Dad said.

I paused, staring at him to see if he was serious.

He smiled at me and continued. "I've been watching you for two weeks. I've seen you struggle, cry, work hard and still stand your ground. And I am how hard you're trying to make up for everything and become a better person. And that, is the kind of son I'd be honoured to have."

"Wow," I breathed. I wasn't sure what to say.

"I'm glad you see me that way, dad. And that's what I've been striving for. For you, and everyone else to see that I mean every word when I say I'm sorry. And I'm glad that you do now."

He beamed, his eyes glazing over.

I took a deep breath.

“So I’m sorry, but I can’t. I can’t come back home. Not yet.”

“What?” His face fell. “Jason-“

“No, dad. I mean it.”

And I did.

“I wanna work. Hard. Make enough money so that Amelia could see that I care enough. That I care enough to work to provide for my child. Even if it hurts, even if I’m tired.”

Dad’s features relaxed. “You don’t have to prove anything to me, Jason.”

I gave a small smile. “I know. But I want to. You deserve that son who you can be proud of. The son who’s not a criminal. I wanna be a better person. I wanna work for what I have and get what I need. I want to grow, dad.”

“And yeah it’s extremely hard, and sometimes I want to give up and run back home. But that’s not how you and mom trained me; to be a coward. I want to prove it to you and to myself. Let me. Please,” I begged.

Dad let out the first real laugh I’d heard from him in years. Turning to Ashley he said, “That’s my boy, Ash. That’s my boy.”

Ashley timidly outstretched her arm to touch mine. “I know you don’t particularly like me and that I’m not your mom, nor will I ever be, and I may not have any right to say this, but I’m proud of you, Jace. I’m so proud of you,” She smiled and gave my arm a small squeeze.

It was after a few moments that I realized that her calling me ‘Jace’ didn’t tick me off this time.

How could I change so much in weeks? I didn’t know the answer to that. But I liked this new Jason and I knew I wanted him to stay.

I just needed to work extra hard so I could prove myself and really earn the forgiveness of those I’d wronged so much.

[Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 118 - Tips](#)

Amelia Forbes

I literally could not fit into any of my clothes anymore. Dani and Adrian had to go on a shopping spree for maternal clothes while Benson kept me company.

Benson was back, finally. He was exhausted and awaiting the results from the colleges he had applied to. At the moment, he was helping massage my neck and shoulders. Thank gracious.

I felt ugly and bloated and by now I'd decided that pregnancies were the worst things to exist. I felt like an elephant, too big to stand on my own. And it was really annoying.

As the day of my delivery drew closer, I felt lazier, more and more exhausted, irritated about everything. And the muscle aches were the worst part, hence the massage.

I was due in two weeks according to my doctor, and I was nervous. I've read bad things about childbirth; complications like breech births. There was even one where the umbilical cord would wrap around the baby's neck and strangle it to death.

I shuddered as I thought about it.

"Are you cold?" Benson paused, giving me a worried look.

"Yeah," I lied. I knew he'd scold me if he knew what I was thinking.

He grabbed a duvet from the sofa and wrapped it around me. "Better?"

I nodded weakly.

"Good," He muttered, resuming the neck massage. "So... he started," I could hear the mischief in his voice.

"A lot happened while I was away, huh?"

I shrugged.

He slapped me lightly on my shoulder.

"Ben?!" I gr0aned. "What?"

He turned my chair so I could face him. "Don't pretend like you don't know the exact thing I'm talking about," He wiggled his eyebrows.

I frowned.

Now I was really confused. What was he talking about?

"Ugh, Mel. Don't tell me you didn't notice. So this is what happens when you're pregnant huh?"

I gave him a hard kick in the shin.

"Ow!" He jumped up and down like a yo-yo.

I smirked. "You were saying?"

He rolled his eyes again. "Adrian and Dani?" He whispered, wiggling his eyebrows.

My frown deepened. "What?"

"Oh my god, Mel! The chemistry. Don't you see?"

Oh.

It dawned on me what he meant now.

Dani and Adrian? It seemed unlikely. I shook my head. Nope. Ben was misreading it.

"They're not a thing, Ben. Chillax." I laughed.

"If you say so," He continued in an annoying singsong voice. "They literally always together now."

As my eyes widened in realization, Benson caught on. "Mm hmm. Think about it. They even go home together," He laughed. "Gosh, they're so adorbs."

Something poked me in the chest. I wasn't completely sure what it was. Jealousy?

I scoffed.

Jealous of what?

I stopped Ben's diligent hands, sighing. "I'm gonna go get some rest. I feel tired."

"Oh," Ben muttered. "Okay then."

As I stood to my feet, I felt warm liquid run down my legs and to the floor.

Ben and I exchanged horrified looks.

"I think my water just broke."

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 119 - Tips

Jason Davenport

I'd heard from dad that Amelia was due in two weeks. I was a little worried because I still hadn't saved up enough to get that cot. But I believed that I would have before two weeks.

Bill had hired a second farmhand and assigned me to train him. So I was at the store more now. Meaning more tips. And more tips meant more money.

I smiled, knowing that I could finally afford the cot soon.

As my shift drew to an end, my phone began to ring. It was a cheap one I had paid Bill a few bucks for. At least it works.

My brows puckered as I saw that it was dad that was calling. He usually only called in the evenings when he knew I'd be off work. Quickly I picked up.

"Hello?" I put the phone to my ear.

"Jason." Dad's voice was frantic.

My heart skipped a beat. "Is something wrong?"

"No, no," He reassured me. "Amelia just went into labour."

I nearly fell off my seat. "What, when?"

"I just drove her to the hospital."

When I didn't respond, he continued.

"Hey, buddy. Don't panic. Just breathe. I'll text you the address. Come whenever you want to."

I nodded although I know he couldn't see him.

And then the line went dead.

I took a few deep breaths and raced all the way to the farm to inform Bill that I'd be leaving.

Although I promised him that I'd be back, he insisted on paying me off. "Just take it. I have a feeling," He said and smiled.

"I don't know about your past, Jason. But you're a good kid. Go on," He placed something in my hand and winked.

With that he waved me off and I stood, staring at the one grand in my hand.

Jason Davenport

"What is he doing here?" Dani Daniels asked dangerously when she saw me walk into the waiting room.

I swallowed.

After the last time, I might be a little scared of her.

"I'm not here to cause any trouble, Dani-"

"Take my name out your filthy mouth," She spat, moving closer to me and sizing me up.

"If you do anything stupid, you won't make it out of this room alive," She whispered in my ear and walked back to her seat.

Adrian watched me from across the room, a sour expression on his face, but didn't utter a word.

My heart ached. I had a lot I wanted to say to him. But for now, we were here for Amelia.

I turned round as I felt someone staring at me, and I came face to face with Amelia's grandmother. I couldn't read her expression but it was enough to make guilt wash over me.

I remembered everything I had said to Amelia about her grandma and I felt like disappearing into the earth.

I held back the sob that threatened to escape my lips and said a small prayer for the presence of my father.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 120 - Tips

Jason Davenport

Everyone in the waiting room stood to their feet when the doctor walked in.

The only thing I could hear was the beating of my heart as I waited for the doctor to update us.

He glanced at each of us and then cleared his throat. "Who's the father?"

Before any one could protest, I moved forward. "I am."

The death stares from Adrian and Mel's friends pierced my back but I held my ground. No one uttered a word.

The doctor finally took off his mask and smiled. "It's a girl!"

Everyone gave a sigh of relief in unison, which quickly turned into a cheer. Amelia's grandmother slumped into her chair and began to sob. Adrian signed some words to her which probably made her feel better because she began to laugh.

"Would you like to see the baby?" The doctor asked me.

I wiped my sweaty palms. I was going to face Amelia again after so many months. I didn't know what I was going to say.

But I nodded.

The others were too busy talking to notice me leave. As I got to Amelia's ward, the doctor motioned towards the door and gave me privacy.

For a split second I wanted to call him back, tell him to come with me because I was scared. But I held myself. I took a few deep breaths. This was it.

Slowly, I turned the handle of the door and peeked in.

I sighted Amelia with the baby beside her. She didn't look happy. But she didn't look sad either. It was as though she was trying to decide what emotions she was feeling at the moment.

The expression on her face made me want to turn back, run away in shame. I had no right to be here after all that had happened. After all I did.

She looked so frail and tired. What if seeing me triggered her and caused some complications? Was she healthy? Did she even want to see me?

Shutting my eyes and taking one more deep breath, I braced myself and walked in.

Amelia Forbes

I was exhausted.

Childbirth was pure pain. And I thought my period cramps were painful. If I wasn't so tired I would've laughed.

I looked at the baby girl laid next to me. She had his sandy brown hair. And my eyes.

His hair.

My eyes.

I was unsure about how I felt. I didn't feel angry. I wanted to.

But every time I looked at the baby, I just couldn't. All I felt was the urge to protect her from everything that had hurt me, every thing I had been through.

I hadn't touched her yet. I was scared to. One part of me was looking at her as the reason why my life had stopped completely. The reason for my crushed dreams; my dreams for a scholarship and college.

And the other part looked at her as the brightest thing that had come out of my dark, gloomy life.

I still wasn't sure.

More exhausted than before, I breathed out and placed a hand on my forehead just as the door of my ward swung open.

I held my breath as I faced Jason.

At first I felt nothing. I just stared at him. I'd been right. He was malnourished. I hid my surprise at his much weight he'd lost over the few months. He looked older, and not in a good way.

He stood rooted to the floor without a word, as if he was waiting for my permission.

"May I come in?" He finally said, fidgeting at where he stood.

Jason Davenport was fidgeting?

Again, if I wasn't so tired I might've laughed.

I nodded once.

Yes I hated him. But this child was his too. I couldn't stop him from seeing the baby.

He walked slowly, deliberately to my bedside where the baby was placed. He outstretched his arms to pick her up and then quickly withdrew them.

"May I?"

I wanted to say no. I didn't want him laying a finger on her. What if he hurt her. Silently, I calmed myself down.

I nodded and turned away, pretending not to see how callused his palms were, or how dirty his nails were.

Carefully, he picked the baby up and gave a wide smile, pinching her cheeks lightly and looking her over.

“She’s so beautiful,” He whispered, almost inaudibly.

I couldn’t tell if he was talking to himself or to me.

After he had cooed her for a while, he turned to me. “Have you picked a name yet?”

I attempted to glare at him but my facial muscles were so weak. So I kept quiet.

“Mel-“

This time I glared at him.

“Amelia, I mean.”

I looked away.

“I’m really sorry about everything,” His voice broke.

“I was a stupid, hate filled child. I-I just... what I did was the most disgusting thing. And I’m willing to spend my entire life trying to make up for it in any way I can.”

I kept my poker face.

“And honestly, Amelia, guilt is not the only reason why I’m here. I just... I truly want to be a part of her life...” He looked at the baby.

“If you’d let me, of course. But I really want to try-“

“Cut it out, Jason,” I snapped. “She’s your daughter. You don’t need my permission to be in her life. So cut it out.”

Talking was painful. I needed to save up all my strength.

“Just leave, please.”

Nodding, he handed the baby back to me. “I’m sorry,” He whimpered. “I really am.”

As he said those words, the baby began to cry. Try as much as I could, she wouldn't stop crying.

Jason stretched his arms to take her and I reluctantly let him.

Almost immediately, she stopped crying.

I suddenly felt an unnecessary pang of jealousy. So she liked her dad better? Okay.

I sighed silently, knowing I was only sulking.

As I watched Jason coo the baby, I couldn't help the smile that crept up my face.