

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 121 - Tips

Jason Davenport

As soon as I heard that Amelia would be discharged that afternoon, I rushed to the closest convenience store I could find.

I needed to buy the cot today so I could gift it to Amelia. I smiled as I remembered the feeling of holding the baby in my arms. She was the most precious thing I'd ever seen. And this time I was determined to do things right.

Grateful for the money Bill had given me, I hopped into a convenience store and bought an even more beautiful cot, some diapers, and a few toys. In total, everything cost about four hundred dollars.

Satisfied, I began to make my way back to Amelia's house, knowing she'd be home by now.

Taking a deep breath, I hailed a taxi and said a silent prayer.

Amelia Forbes

I hated the stench of hospitals. It made me feel sicker than I already did. Which explains why I was grateful to leave when the doctor discharged me today.

I couldn't wait to get home, sleep on my own bed, eat real food. A strange kind of sadness came over me as I thought about my room.

It was too small now. Too small for two. Sighing, I waved the thought away and tried to think of something else.

Beside me, Ben intertwined both our hands and let me lean on him as we all walked to Mr Davenport's car.

"So... how do you feel?" He asked quietly.

I didn't know how to answer that so I only shrugged.

Sensing that I didn't feel like talking, he squeezed my arm reassuringly and let me sit undisturbed in my seat.

I watched Nana hold the baby with admiration and joy in her eyes. This was the happiest I'd seen her since she'd found out about the pregnancy so it was relieving to watch.

Soon I let myself drift away and the voices of everyone around me blurred.

Amelia Forbes

The knock on the door didn't go unnoticed by any one. All conversation ceased and it was as if we all sensed the drama that was about to ensue.

It could be none other than Jason because everyone else was already here.

Adrian stood to open the door and I immediately wished everything could end before it even started.

Benson quietly carried the baby and withdrew to my room upstairs.

I braced myself for the worst as the door swung open.

"What are you doing here?" Adrian asked coldly without giving him a chance to talk.

Jason came into view, two boxes in his hands I guessed were gifts.

"I don't want any trouble. I just want to give these to Amelia, that's all."

Adrian clenched his fingers. "What for? I remember you clearly telling Amelia to 'better abort the baby', so why do you care all of a sudden?"

I rubbed my temple.

This was the last thing I needed.

Jason stared at the floor. He looked so small, so vulnerable. And somehow it was satisfying to watch. "I'm truly sorry about everything. I just want to—"

"You're not welcome here, Davenport. So it's best you leave," Adrian growled dangerously.

I could sense the worst about to happen. I didn't need all this drama.

Not now.

Slowly I began to count from one to ten to calm myself down.

Jason stood firm. “Can you at least let me see the baby and drop these off her her?”

In one swift motion, Adrian shoved Jason backward, making both Jason and the box of gifts crash to the floor.

I could see Me Davenport flinch at the impact, but if he was concerned, he didn’t show it. He just stood, watching.

“What is your problem?” Jason yelled. “She’s my daughter! And I have every right to-“

He was cut off by Adrian’s fist connecting to his jaw just as Ashley let out a small scream. She moved toward them but was stopped by her husband gripping her arm and giving her a small shake of his head.

With fear still in her eyes, she held back, tightening her hold on his arm and kept watching.

Jason who had sprawled to the floor from the impact carefully arranged the gifts on the floor and stood, rage filled in his eyes.

With anger, he swung his arm, catching Adrian on the jaw.

I couldn’t take it anymore.

“Stop it!” I screamed.

Almost immediately both guys let their raised hands drop to the side. I walked up to Jason, shoving him out the door.

“So you think you can waltz in here whenever you want because for some reason you feel guilty about everything? It doesn’t work like that! You come in here with all the audacity, you even dare to fight my friend. Who the hell do you even think you are?!”

Picking up the gifts I shoved them in his face. “Get out! Now. And I don’t ever want to see you again.”

I banged the door in his face and waited to catch my breath.

When I heard his retreating footsteps, I turned to Adrian. "How dare you?!"

He stared at me in surprise and I ignored the look Dani threw my way.

"Yes, you're my friend and I know you're only looking out for me but please, stop trying to control my life. Stop trying to make decisions for me."

"No!" I stated firmly as I saw him part his lips to retort.

"Yes he did something terrible and he shouldn't even be here in the first place, but why fight him? Why would you even hit him? I am exhausted from the delivery and Nana's not feeling too well either. Why would you start this? You could've taken the gift from him and then asked him to leave. Why cause so much drama?"

I was completely fed up.

I threw the door open. "Go."

A hurt look flashed through his eyes.

"Go," I repeated. "Think about what you've done Adrian. Yes I took your side in front of him, but that was because I didn't want him getting the wrong ideas. So leave."

As he shut the door behind him, I slumped into a sofa and tried not to think about anything.