

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 122 - Tips

Jason Davenport

I ran my fingers through my dry hair as I sat in the abandoned car I had found a few blocks from Amelia's house.

For the hundredth time, I blamed myself for what had happened.

Why did I react? Why did I fight back? Everything Adrian had said was true. I deserved the treatment he was giving me.

So who was I to think I had the right to throw punches? I should've stood there. I should've taken all the punches. Why did I raise my hand.

I felt deflated. It felt like all my efforts from the last few weeks had gone down the drain. Feeling more disappointed in myself, I decided to go back.

Yes.

I'd go back tomorrow.

I'd beg and apologize, take whatever they threw at me. I do everything. Till Amelia lets me see the baby.

Making my decision, I fell into a fitful sleep.

At 9am the next morning, I was at her front door. I'd taken the gifts back to the store and paid for them to be repackaged.

After I pressed the doorbell twice with no response, I decided to wait until someone came to the door.

Amelia Forbes

I was digging into a bowl of chicken soup Nana had prepared when Dani walked in.

"Guess who's at the door?"

To be honest, I was even more surprised that she'd spoken to me. Since the spat with Adrian she'd been kind of cold toward me.

Now I had started to believe what Benson had said about them both being an item. But that was a question for another day.

“Who?” I asked, getting up to go look out the window.

I let out a tired sigh as I saw Jason, boxes in hand, standing at the doorstep.

“Ignore him,” I said weakly and went back into my room.

Why couldn't he just go away? I wondered. Was this some kind of curse? I just needed one day, just one day, to relax and not have anyone ruin my day. Sighing, I dug into my chicken soup and plugged my earphones in.

An hour later, a light tap from Dani interrupted my reading. I put down the magazine and turned to face her.

“Ammie,” She sighed. “He keeps pressing the doorbell and won't leave. I've threatened his entire generation but he won't even budge,” She sighed and slumped into a chair.

I resisted the urge to laugh. I'd never seen Dani look so defeated. And I couldn't blame her. Her threats usually worked.

Sighing, I walked downstairs and swung the front door open.

Jason looked up in surprise but he quickly recovered. Carefully, he outstretched his arm, handing the gifts to me. “I'm here to see the baby,” He said, clearing his throat.”

I shot him a sharp glare.

“If you'd let me, of course,” He added quickly.

I looked suspiciously at the packaged and finally outstretched my hand to receive it.

“Thanks,” I muttered, and began to shut the door.

“Amelia, wait.”

“Yes?”

I was getting tired.

“May I see the baby?”

I stared at him. “No,” I replied simply.

“Please I-“

“I said no, Jason. Just, go home.”

As I turned to leave, I heard him mutter quietly. “No.”

I wh!pped round in surprise. “What?”

I saw him swallow with difficulty. “I’m not leaving until you let me see her. No matter what you do to me.”

I was tempted to get angry but he didn’t look defiant, he just looked determined.

“Suit yourself then,” I replied and banged the door in his face.

I put down the gifts in the living room and made my way back to my room. He’d get tired of being strong headed and he’d leave.

I shook my head, wondering what he was trying to prove.