

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 123 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

“Ammie!” I heard Dani yell from outside my door. My first thought was that something bad had happened to the baby.

I raced to the door and from the look on her face I realized she’d been calling me for a while.

“Were your headphones in?” She asked.

I shook my head.

It was raining heavily. I couldn’t hear her over the pattering sound on my roof. “What happened?” I asked. My initial fear coming to memory.

She only grabbed my arm gently and led me to the window.

I peered down, trying to see through the swishing rain, and gasped when I saw Jason, still standing at the door step.

My eyes roamed to the wall clock. It was 9pm. And it had been raining since 6.

What was wrong with him? I wondered, infuriated.

Dani nodded as if she could hear my thoughts. “I don’t know. He’s been standing there since morning.”

It was silent for some time and then she said. “I don’t think we should let him in. It’s his choice to stay there so let him.”

I nodded, wondering why he was being so darn stubborn. Why couldn’t he just leave and end the drama. In anger, I pulled the blinds and proceeded to Nana’s room to check up on the baby.

A few hours later, I’d fed the baby, put her to sleep, and given Nana her medicine.

Dani and I sat in the living room, sipping hot chocolate and watching a movie.

Suddenly we heard someone sneeze.

Dani froze, grabbing a glass vase as protection.

I frowned. "That didn't come from inside the house."

"Wait, what if.."

We exchanged looks.

I gasped. "It can't be," I checked the time. "It's 2am in the morning."

At once we raced to the window and my eyes widened when we saw a drenched Jason still standing determinedly at the doorstep.

Jason Davenport

My throat felt like the desert as I slowly opened my eyes. I shivered as the cold air hit my skin and I remembered that I'd come down with a cold.

The last thing I remember from last night was Amelia and Dani helping me into the house and wrapping some hot towels around me to warm me up.

Afterwards Amelia had offered me a mug of hot cocoa while her friend stood to the side, clearly disapproving of the whole thing.

Needless to say, I had felt better thanks to Amelia. I didn't want to get ahead of myself as I knew that she had helped me out of pure empathy. But all the same, I was grateful.

I stumbled to my feet, grabbing the tumbler of water I sighted on the dining table. My throat was grateful for the moisture and so I downed some more.

I didn't know the time but I could tell that it was early. And I knew I had to leave before everyone else woke up. But I was still determined to see the baby. I'd come back later today, I decided. And I was ready to spend the entire day at the doorstep until she let me see the baby.

Grabbing my things, I began to make my way toward the front door when I heard the soft cry of a baby.

It stopped me in my tracks. I shut my eyes tightly.

I wasn't supposed to see the baby without Amelia's permission. But the crying grew louder and I couldn't stop myself. Slowly, I walked to the direction of the cry.

I couldn't help but smile when I peeked through a half opened door and saw the baby awake in her cot.

Unable to resist, I picked her up and began to hum a lullaby.