

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 124 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

I woke up to the soft cry of my baby girl. We'd moved her from Nana's room to the room that used to belong to my parents.

Careful not to wake anyone up, I tiptoed to the room and received a startle when I saw Jason cradling her in his arms.

My first thought was to go in and snatch her away from him.

If he hurt her, I swear.

But I waited. And I watched.

I watched her stop crying as soon as he picked her up. I watched him soothe her, kiss her cheek and began to hum a tune.

Was he singing? I wondered, my mouth agape.

What had happened to the Jason Davenport from high school? And who was this softie? Was this all an act? To gain my forgiveness?

But he knew everyone was asleep. So why would he act when there wasn't an audience.

I don't know how long I stood there for. But I watched them, a wide smile permanently plastered on my face. He knew just how to hold her. How to rock her back and forth so she would fall asleep.

How?

What changed?

Why did he become caring all of a sudden?

And why had I started to feel so sorry for him?

Deciding I'd watched long enough, I gave a loud cough to grab his attention.

On sighting me, he dropped the now sleeping baby girl into her cot carefully and quietly made his way to the door.

As he closed the door behind him, careful not to make a sound, he faced me. "I am so sorry. I know I shouldn't have touched her or gone in there without your permission but I heard her crying and I wanted to leave but I just couldn't leave her there all alone," He rambled.

Probably realising he was rambling, he stared at the floor. "I'm sorry. I'll just leave."

"Stay," I blurted out.

Jason stopped in his tracks, staring at me wide-eyed. "What?" His voice was hoarse and disbelieving.

"Stay," I repeated, hoping my tremor I felt stayed out of my voice. "You still have a cold. You should have something to eat and get some rest."

He opened his mouth twice in an attempt to say something but shut it. I guess he was speechless.

As soon as he muttered a small "thank you", I immediately regretted my decision.

What had come over me? I wondered, resisting the urge to facepalm.

Why had I asked him to stay?

"I'm sorry," He sighed, after a few minutes of awkward silence.

I didn't respond but I knew exactly what he was sorry for. And I refused to acknowledge it.

Jason Davenport

I breathed a sigh of relief and approached Dad for a badly needed hug as he and Ashley came over to see the baby.

Dad swiftly hid his surprise on seeing me and struck up a conversation with Amelia.

Dani walked in with a tray of lemonade and 'mistakenly' spilled mine all over me.

"Oh no," She gasped. "Didn't see you there."

I quietly began to wipe my shirt with a napkin as Ashley scooted over to sit beside me.

I stiffened, hoping she didn't notice.

We hadn't had a real conversation since the last time I lashed out at her in my room. These days, whenever I saw her I felt incredibly guilty for some reason.

I was trying to adjust and really see the good in her but I knew it'd take a while.

"How you holding up?" She asked, bringing her glass to get l!ps.

"Great," I muttered, gesturing to my lemonade stained shirt.

Ashley gave a tinkly laugh as she stopped halfway through taking a second gulp. "Good to know you haven't lost your sense of humor," She winked.

We shared a smile, which didn't go unnoticed by Dad. He smiled briefly in our direction and carried on his conversation with Amelia.

Determined to make an effort, I asked Ashley about her life for once. And surprisingly she had a lot of stories to tell.

For the two hours she and dad spent there, I wasn't bored at all.

And it felt nice.

It felt like progress.