

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 125 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

“I got in.”

Dani walked into my room beaming, a white envelope in hand.

And although I knew what she held—a college acceptance letter, I asked, “Into what?”

She rolled her eyes at me and laughed. “Bloustone College?”

“Oh,” I finally managed to mutter after a while.

Dani stared at me in disbelief. “Really? That’s all you’re gonna say? I’ve been working my a.ss off for this and that’s all you’re gonna say?”

She was right. I did sound kind of selfish.

“I’m sorry, Dani. I didn’t mean it like that,” I pleaded. “Of course I’m happy for you. It just.. it took me by surprise, that’s all. You know how hard I’ve been rooting for you.”

She gave me a small smile and wrapped her arms on my shoulder. “It’s okay, Ammie. I’ll miss you too.”

My throat tightened.

I was going to miss her. Even more than she thought. She was one of my best friends. She’d been there for me when no one else had. She’d practically forced her way into my life.

I giggled as I remembered that night at the liquor store.

“Remember when we-” I started.

“Liquor store?” Dani laughed.

In between unexplainable giggles I nodded. We laughed without knowing exactly why and before I knew it I had started to tear up.

“Don’t forget me,” I sobbed as I cried into her denim jacket.

“I won’t,” She promised, as she enveloped me into a tight hug.

It was all scary for me.

Adrian already had a football scholarship and would leave soon, Dani had gotten accepted, Benson was awaiting his. All my friends were leaving one after the other. And I was scared.

I couldn’t have been able to handle all that life had thrown at me if didn’t have then by my side.

I suppressed a sob, not wanting Dani to see me cry anymore.

As she helped me wipe my tears away, I remembered something I’d been meaning to ask her.

“Hey, Dani,” I stopped her moving hands. “Is there something going on-“

The sound of the doorbell interrupted me and as quick as lightning, Dani had raced to open up.

I contained my curiosity. Was she hiding something?

Shaking my head, I headed downstairs to Dani already leaving and Adrian cradling the baby in his arms.

Jason Davenport

I watched from the dining table as Amelia and Adrian made up and struck up a conversation.

I watched them talking and laughing while cooing and cradling the baby and all of a sudden I felt raw jealousy beginning to build up within me.

That should be me.

That’s my child. My daughter.

Why did they look more like a happy family than Amelia and I would ever be?

I felt sad and cheated and without thinking, I walked up to them.

“I’d like to hold my baby now, Adrian.”

They both exchanged looks and thus infuriated me further.

He had what I never would; Amelia’s love.

With growing sadness, I quieted the voice in my head that said I didn’t deserve it nor would I ever receive it.

My own behaviour was surprising to me.

Why do I care so much about Amelia now?

At first I’d only wanted to be part of my daughter’s life. But the more time I spent with Amelia, the more I saw just how good and kindhearted she was.

A good mother, a good friend, a good granddaughter.

A good person.

I cursed myself countless times for letting my misplaced hatred shut my eyes to all of this.

And I knew it was my fault.

And that I had no right to fall in love with her...

I’m in love with her.

I’m in love with Amelia.

Admitting this only makes me realize how true it is.

After everything that had happened between us, there was still a huge piece of empathy in her towards me. She shouldn’t even want to hear my voice, see my face, be around me. But she tolerated me.

She brought me out of the cold. She warmed me up, she gave me a place to sleep. She gave me food when I was hungry. She let me hold my daughter although I had no right whatsoever to do so.

After everything I had done. The pain, the bullying, the torture, the insults.

She had remained human.

She's a better person than I'd ever dream to be, even in my dreams.

And I didn't deserve the mercy, the empathy, the sympathy.

That's why I fell in love with her.

I've never met anyone with such a big heart. Someone so full of love amidst all the pain she carries in her soul. Why did I break her?

No.

I tried to break her.

And I almost succeeded.

But she fought me with everything in her. And now, here we are.

I love you, Amelia.

It took me a few seconds to realise that I'd been crying. Amelia and Adrian stared at me in shock, and in one terrifying moment, I realized I'd been talking out loud. I'd been facing Adrian, and I'd been talking.

I opened mouth to explain but nothing came out. I couldn't move.

After a few moments of silence, Adrian placed the baby back in the cot and quietly made his way upstairs.

Amelia and I stared each other down until she finally reacted by swinging a palm to my cheek. It stung where she had hit me but I stood firmly.

She let out a strangled cry and landed a second slap to my cheek.

A single tear dropped from my eyes but I still stood.

"I'm sorry," I whimpered without looking up. "I'm so sorry."

"Shut up!" She yelled. "Just shut up!"

She began to sob rapidly as she landed slaps upon slaps on my cheeks. But I didn't budge.

“I’m so sorry...”

Wiping tears with the back of her hand she grabbed my sleeve and shoved me toward the door.

“Get out!! I never want to see your face ever again. Just leave.”

“Amelia, please,” I begged.

“You can go to hell for all I care,” She screamed as she shut the door in my face, still sobbing.

And just like that, it was all over.