

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 126 - Tips

Jason Davenport

As Amelia pushed me out into the blasting rain, I realized something.

I was exhausted.

I was tired.

I was tired of the crying, tired of the begging.

I knew I deserved everything that was happening right now and then some more, but I was tired.

This was what I'd also be. The rapist. The criminal. No matter how hard I tried. No one would ever see the good in me.

And it was all my fault.

I showed the good in me too late. Way too late. So late that everyone would stand waiting for me to draw the curtains and prove to them that it was all an act.

I'd always be the a.ssh0le. The monster. The beast.

I looked up at the sky and sobbed. "Are you disappointed in me too, mom? This is what your boy turned out to be. A useless piece of sh!t."

I slumped to the floor, my c.hest feeling like it was about to explode. "I'm a criminal, mom. I lost every-every thing. My friends, my family, my dignity. This is what I've become."

"Nobody wants me m-mom," I let out a sad laugh. "No one will ever want me. No one wants a friend, a coparent, a son, who's a rapist. I ruined myself, mom. I ruined everything."

"This is what I turned out to be."

I suddenly had a thought.

Was this how Amelia had felt when she jumped into that pool?

The memory resurfaced and I broke down in sobs. She felt rejected, useless, worthless. And I caused it.

Now I understood what could push anyone to want to end their own life.

Slowly, I stood to my feet, the tears in my eyes blinding me.

What was the point? No one would ever believe that I had changed. No one would ever look at me without fear or anger in their hearts. I wouldn't be able to see my daughter.

What was the point of living?

And Dad.

I loved him. But I was only a hindrance to a happy life with Ashley. All I did was ruin things, ruin people.

My sobs were lost in the sounds of the rain as I made my decision.

Straightening up, I blindly walked toward the busy road and planted myself firmly in the way of an incoming truck.

The pain from the impact threw me off balance.

And the last thing I remember was floating through the air.

Amelia Forbes

I wiped the tears that were strewn on my face as I shoved Jason out the door. It took a while to control my sobbing.

I was scared.

Back there he'd been talking, to himself. And he hadn't even realized.

Those things he'd said..

I swallowed, not wanting to think about it anymore.

Love.

The tears on his face.

I looked out the window. It was raining heavily. And I thrown him out without a second thought.

Without thinking, I grabbed two umbrellas and raced out the door to find him.

He couldn't have gone far, I reasoned. I was barely five minutes away. I didn't know where to look but I made my way towards the main road. As I approached, I sighted a group of people huddled together.

Without knowing why, I ran faster to the scene.

No.

No. Please.

I pushed past a few people to see Jason lying lifeless on the floor, blood coating nearly half of his face.

I let out a small scream but it was lost in the rain. I started to dial 911 but stopped when I heard sirens of an ambulance.

Someone had called an ambulance already. Still shaking, I dialed Mr Davenport and gave him the details of everything.

Wordlessly, I followed in the ambulance as they drove at breakneck speed to the hospital.