

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 127 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

I sat fidgeting in the waiting room. It'd been three hours since we arrived at the hospital and everyone was seated, quietly.

The truck driver had given a clear description of what had transpired. No one said a word.

Tears flowed down my cheeks.

He has attempted suicide.

The thought broke me down more than I thought it could. I felt sad, guilty. I blamed myself for pushing him out in the rain and saying such hard words to him.

I guessed those few weeks had put him into some deep state of depression. He was in such a state that he had seen suicide as the only option. It was then that I realized that he'd been honest the whole time.

He'd been sincere. All the effort he'd been putting.

I stifled a sob.

What if something happened to him?

My heart pounded in my chest.

What would I do? I couldn't take care of a child alone. I couldn't...

And he was so good with her. He'd be such a good dad. I couldn't... I couldn't lose him.

I buried my head in my hands.

Just wake up. Please. Please be okay.

I'll forgive you. Just wake up.

I let out a small whimper and let Ashley still me as my body racked with sobs.

Amelia Forbes

Three days.

That's how long Jason had been in a coma.

A lot had happened since then. Nana had fallen so sick and the only resort was to take her to a special needs elderly home. It wasn't the easiest thing to do. But it was best for her.

Before she'd gone, I'd explained the situation with Jason and we'd had a long talk about everything. Finally, Nana had decided to go with any decision I chose to make. And that was the only reassurance I'd need.

With Nana gone, the house felt cold and lonely. Benson and Dani had gotten into college so they'd already left for their registrations.

I'd updated them both on the situation at home and they'd chosen not to say anything until they got back.

Ashley had offered to come stay with me for the mean time and I was grateful for the company. We talked to pass time but we were both very worried about Jason.

I lived in fear and I couldn't concentrate on anything.

Some hours later, Adrian had driven me to the hospital for my daily check up on Jason. He didn't approve of it at first but when he found out that it was an attempted suicide, the sadness on his face was visible and he stopped saying anything altogether.

I took a seat beside Mr Davenport as we awaited the doctor. Finally, the doctor appeared, a file in his hand.

"Here for Jason Davenport?"

We both nodded.

He flipped through a file and then looked up with a smile. "He's awake."

Before I could stop myself, I was racing to the door of Jason's ward. I pushed the door open and swarmed an unsuspecting and very surprised looking Jason into a tight hug.

I let myself sob openly on his shoulder for a few moments and then I looked up at him in rage.

“What are you planning to do?” My voice shook. “Leave me?”

Realizing what I’d just said, I added, “And our daughter?”

The corner of his eyes crinkled in sadness. “I’m sorry, Mel,” He croaked, still regarding me with shock.

I wiped my eyes quickly and nodded. “Just get better soon.”

Without giving him a chance to reply, I flew out the door.

What did I just do?