

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 128 - Tips

Jason Davenport

I still wasn't sure what miracle had occurred while I was unconscious.

At first when I woke up, my first feeling was that of disappointment. I was disappointed that I had survived. Once again I'd proved that I'd always be a failure.

But when Amelia had barged into my ward, a crying mess, and enveloped me in a h.ug, I thought I was dreaming.

I still couldn't wrap it around my head but I was glad for it. Whatever had happened, I prayed that it would stay that way.

As I relaxed my pounding head onto the pillow, my door swung open and I swallowed as I saw Adrian walk in.

He stumbled awkwardly and took a seat beside me on the bed.

"Hey."

"Hey."

For a while we sat there, not uttering a word to each other.

"Why'd you do it?" Adrian finally whispered.

I didn't need to ask to know what he was talking about.

I took my time to gather myself. "I guess... I guess I was just tired of being such a failure..." I trailed off.

Saying it brought fresh tears to my eyes but I was determined to not let them fall.

"You know," Adrian started, s.ucking in a deep breath. "Up until three days ago, I thought I hated you. I wanted you to go away, stop ruining the lives of everyone around you. At one point, I thought I wouldn't even care if you died."

A few moments of silence passed between us.

“And I’m sorry.”

I looked up at him in surprise. “What?” I breathed in disbelief.

I really began to suspect I was actually dreaming. All of this couldn’t possibly be happening, could it?

“I-I just... we used to be best friends once. I knew you were struggling with PTSD because of your mom and all. I knew you were struggling, man...” He trailed off.

“Yeah, you did a terrible thing. I was shocked, angry, disappointed, and even a bit terrified of you. I never expected you to do such a terrible thing, Jason.”

“But then...” His voice broke. “I watched you. I watched you struggle to become the person you are now. I watched you learn to accept all your mistakes, all your flaws. That day when your dad took us out to that farm and I saw you...”

Dad had done that?

“...I felt so much respect for you. I’d never seen you work for anything in your entire life. And there you were, working, sweating, earning to survive. And that was enough reason to show that you were changing.”

“That day when you came to Amelia’s with those gifts. Those gifts you’d bought with your hard earned money. I was... I was startled. I was jealous.”

I whipped my head up.

Jealous?

“Yeah,” He nodded. “I was envious of the man you were becoming. I’d never had to work for anything in my life. And you... you didn’t care that you were shabbily dressed, or that you smelled. You just want to right all your wrongs.”

“I didn’t get into a fight with you just because I was sticking up for Amelia, it was also because you were everything I’d dreamed of being; independent, strong, resilient. And I’d gotten used to be the good boy. The better man, the gentleman, the sweet, mature one between us. And I was jealous.”

“I should have stuck up for you. I should’ve acknowledged the fact that you were struggling. But I didn’t. I looked on like an outsider. And Jason, I’m so sorry-“

Without letting him finish, I wrapped him in a hug. “I was jealous of you, man. You were always so calm and easygoing. I wanted to be you.”

“What?” Adrian let out a guffaw in between sobs.

I nodded, laughing. “I was jealous of you and Amelia. Of everything. And I’m so sorry.”

After we had sobbed quietly together, Adrian straightened up. “I have to go now.”

I could only nod.

He wiped his tears with the back of his hoodie and gestured between our teary faces. “This never happened.”

“What are you talking about?” I played along.

He shared a smile as he staggered up from the bed and out of the ward.

Today was really the best day I’d had in a truly long time.