

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 129 - Tips

Jason Davenport

It'd been five days since I was discharged from the hospital. My head still hurt, but I'd never felt better.

Dad had convinced me to come back home and I'd agreed, on the condition that I'd keep working until I could afford to pay for college. And it'd been going great.

My friendship with Adrian was still a bit shaky but we were working things out. We'd resumed our weekly hangout at my house to play either basketball or video games and it felt nice. Sometimes Amelia popped in to check on me but she never stayed for too long.

"Hey?" I shook Adrian as we both sat on my bed.

He quickly tried to put his phone away and I eyed him suspiciously. "Who are you texting?" I asked.

He blushed. "Um, no one?"

I patted his back. "Tell me everything, my friend."

An hour later, Adrian had narrated the love story that had sprung between himself and Dani Daniels and I stared at him in shock.

"Dani?!" I stage whispered, putting a hand to my mouth. "Holy sh!t."

"Wait, is she straight?" I whispered.

Adrian shot me a death glare. "No! She's bise.xual."

"Ohh," I nodded in understanding. "Well it's great news. Why are you being so shady about it then?"

He gr0aned and fell to the bed. "We haven't told Mel about it yet. Although I have a feeling Benson might've told her already."

I frowned.

“And Mel knowing is a problem?”

He shook his head. “You don’t understand.”

“Explain then.”

Adrian rolled his eyes and shut them in thought. “You know when two of your really good friends start dating? And then you start to feel weird and like a third wheel?”

I nodded.

“Well we don’t want Mel to feel like that.”

“Hmm,” I thought it through for a moment. “So what if you’re right, and Benson has actually told her already. What if she feels hurt? Thinking you guys are keeping it all a secret?”

“Oh sh!t,” He facepalmed. “I never thought of it like that.”

I patted his back. “Just don’t take too long to tell her, okay?”

He nodded weakly as I shoved the controller into his hand and resumed our game.

It was starting to get more and more lonely at home than I cared to admit. With Jason back, Ashley had to go back home and I was left alone with the baby.

I dropped by once in a while check yo on Jason, but I never stayed long. I was still embarrassed about what I had said to Jason at the hospital the other day.

I also noted that Jason and Adrian were back on track. It was nice to see. And surprisingly, it didn’t hurt. Jason really needed a friend at this time and I guessed they finally talked it all out.

As if on cue, Jason and Adrian walked down the stairs snickering about something.

Jason offered me a small smile as our eyes met and without thinking, I returned it.

What was wrong with me? I scolded myself. Maybe I needed to stop coming here altogether.

As if he could read my thoughts, Jason, took a seat beside me.

“Hey,” He smiled.

“Hey,” I croaked, trying my best to avoid eye contact.

“Adrian told me about your Nana. I’m really sorry.”

I only nodded. Talking about it was upsetting for me.

After a few minutes, he faced me again.

“So I was thinking, what so you think about coming here. To live with us?”

What?

I stared at him.

Everyone else had heard because they all stopped talking.

For some reason I felt defensive. “Why would I do that?” I asked.

“Well, for the baby. It’s not safe to be all alone.” He added.

“I don’t want your charity,” I lashed out, still not exactly sure why I was angry.

“Amelia,” Ashley cooed. “He’s right. Plus you still haven’t recovered from the stress of everything. It’d be helpful to have some help around.”

Adrian nodded, giving me a reassuring smile.

“And if you’re not comfortable after you get better, then... then you can leave.”

I looked at Jason. “And you won’t try to stop me?”

I watched him struggle to swallow and then say, “I won’t.”

I wasn’t sure why I felt a pang of disappointment when he said that but I only nodded.

“I’ll move in then.”

Ashley squealed, rocking back and forth.

She quickly grabbed my arm. “We’ll have so much fun together.”

I couldn’t resist her contagious smile as I laughed along with her.

I faded into the background as I watched Ashley run up the stairs to prepare my room, and Mr Davenport begin to plan a feast for tonight.

And for the first time in a while, I felt at peace.

Involuntarily, I smiled.

Maybe this wouldn’t be so bad after all.

As I relaxed deep into the comfortable furniture, I saw Adrian hesitate, contemplating on whether to walk up to me or not. When he finally made up his mind, he walked up to me and took a seat beside me.

“How are you feeling?” He asked.

I knew he was only stalling but I played along.

Shrugging, I sighed. “I’m not sure yet. I guess I’ll just watch and see where it takes me.”

He nodded, squeezing my hand reassuringly.

We sat in silence for a while and then he asked, “How’s Nana?”

I resisted the urge to glare at him.

He knew exactly how she was. We’d both visited her yesterday afternoon. But still I played along. “She’s doing great.”

He nodded.

I shot him a sideways glance. “And how are you?” I asked, watching him carefully.

He gave an unsteady laugh. “Me? Um, yeah of course.”

I nodded. "That's great."

Silently, I watched him struggle and fidget for about thirty minutes. And then I knew what I had to do.

Rising to my feet, I smiled. "I have to go now, I'm really tired."

He regarded me silently, running his tongue over his bottom lip.

"Bye."

I counted to three in my head as I began to walk away.

One.

"Mel!"

I turned around innocently. "Yes?"

"There's something I have to tell you."