

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 130 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

I deliberately sipped my hot cocoa slowly, as I watched Dani say hi to Adrian briefly and walk into the kitchen toward me.

She pulled up a chair and lowered herself onto it, watching me with hawk eyes.

“What’s going on?” Her tone was crisp.

“What do you mean?” I cocked an eyebrow.

She rolled her eyes. “So pretty boy gets into an accident and all of a sudden you move in with him?”

The anger that flashed within me knew no bounds as I raised her eyes to meet hers.

“It was an attempted suicide,” I said quietly.

Her hand froze halfway to her lips. “What?” She managed to croak. “I...I had no idea that-“

“No you didn’t,” I snapped.

She hung her head but didn’t say anything more.

“And if Nana was still home, I probably wouldn’t be living here now. So please don’t play that card.”

“I’m sorry,” She managed.

I shrugged, eyeing her curiously.

“And what about you?” I asked innocently. “Is there anything you wanna tell me?”

She threw me her best poker face and shrugged, “College s.ucks, if that’s what you’re asking.”

“Mm hmm.”

She silently sipped the cup of hot cocoa I’d offered her.

“So you weren’t even planning on telling me, were you?”

Her poker face faltered this time. “W-what do you mean?”

“Drop the act, Dani,” I rolled my eyes. “Adrian told me everything already.”

Her defiant expression soon melted into a pitiable one. “Mel, I’m so sorry,” She whispered, bowing her head. “Everything happened so fast. And we didn’t want to make you feel weird...or anything.”

I purposely deepened my frown. “You’d have to do better than that, missy. Two of my best friends started dating and couldn’t even tell me about it. I’m pissed to the core.”

Dani stood from her chair and went down in a kneeling position on the floor while clutching my knees.

“I’m really sorry, Mel. We should’ve told you.”

Seeing that I wouldn’t budge, she tried again. “I’ll do whatever you want me to for a week.”

“A month,” I frowned, arms folded.

“Fine, Ammie. Deal.”

Giving in, I wh!pped her off the floor and into my lap.

“Now, tell me everything. All the juicy details included,” I wiggled my eyebrows at her.

She only gave one of her loud laughs and plunged into her story.

Jason Davenport

Today had been great. Just like everyday had been since Amelia moved in with us a month ago.

Her friends had visited, uncomfortable with the idea of her living under the same roof with me, but after a while they'd begin to warm up to me. And for the first time in their midst, I began to feel like I belonged. And it was nice.

I'd had quite the day. From spending a few hours with the baby, to spending two more with Ashley. And surprisingly, it turns out Ashley was quite the opponent at video games. I'd really begun to enjoy her company more and more, and I didn't miss any chance I got to apologize to her for everything that had happened between us.

Honestly, I knew apologizing wouldn't show anything, although she insisted it was fine whenever I did so. What I needed to do was show her I was truly sorry. And hopefully, she'd see the sincerity in me and finally forgive me and let go. I was hopeful and intent of building a good relationship with Ashley.

My stepmother.

"Stepmother," I rolled the word on my tongue. It felt weird but not unpleasant.

I smiled. Progress.

I made my way to the kitchen to find something to eat. Since I'd moved back in with dad, I'd been having an upset stomach whenever I ate. I guessed it was probably because my body had gotten used to having so little food to eat that now I had enough, I couldn't eat halfway without feeling full almost immediately.

Sighing, I swung a drawer open and grabbed a can of soda. Deciding it'd have to do, I pulled up a chair and made myself comfortable.

As I popped the soda can, I saw Amelia grab a tiny plate of cake and make her way toward the dining where I sat.

She froze as she saw me and began to move in the opposite direction.

"You can sit here too," I offered, secretly hoping she would say yes.

Silently, she pulled up a chair and lowered herself onto it, slowly shoving forkfuls of cake into her mouth.

After a few minutes of awkward silence, I offered, "Would you like to talk?"

Her lips curled up in a smirk as she stared at me, "People don't ask each other that. They just start talking."

"Ooh," I gasped in mock disbelief. "I had no idea. Discipline me, conversation guru."

I bowed my head and laid my palms flat in a sign of surrender, earning a giggle from her.

I tried to hide my shock and satisfaction.

I'd made Amelia laugh.

Smiling widely, I raised my soda can to my lips and took a small sip.

I racked my brain for what to say, and the one thing that kept popping into my head was an apology. But I didn't want to upset her any further so I steered the conversation elsewhere.

"You know my mom didn't like cake?"

Amelia cocked an eyebrow. "Really?"

"Hmm. That's weird. Weird but unique," She laughed.

And I realized I loved the way she laughed.

"My mom was a baker," She put in abruptly.

We exchanged looks and I felt a smile begin to form on my lips. As I saw Amelia try to hide hers too, I let my laughter rent the air. She joined me after a while, not knowing exactly why we were laughing.

"I'm sorry."

"You such a great dad."

We both spoke at once.

"You first."

"You first."

Our giggles melted into one as she gestured for me to go on.

“I just want to say I’m sorry.”

She only stared.

“For the one millionth time,” I added.

That earned a laugh from her.

“You go,” I offered.

She took a big chunk of cake. “Thank you. For being such a good dad to my daughter...”

“...to our daughter.”

A comforting warmth spread through my chest. She had acknowledged me as the father.

Our daughter.

I decided I liked the sound of that.

Breathing out in relief as the last remains of awkwardness dissipated, I relaxed in my seat. And we talked.

About life, our families, our hopes and dreams. Our likes and our dislikes. I enjoyed every moment of our first conversation that wasn’t forced, and from the smile on her face as she began to relax, I knew she was completely okay with it as well.

I could finally have a conversation with her, sarcasm and all. And not worrying about offending her. She had quite the sense of humor too so it wasn’t much of a problem.

“Woah, it’s 3 in the morning,” Amelia muttered in surprise as she looked up at the wall clock.

“The thing with having constant electricity,” She laughed. “You never know when it’s dark out.”

I joined in her laughter as she motioned to my now empty soda can. "I'll take that for you..."

She outstretched her arm just as I moved the soda can away not wanting her to clean up after me. As a result, our fingers brushed and she withdrew hers sharply.

"I'm sorry," I apologized, not wanting her to form a bad opinion of me.

She shook her head. "I know it was an accident. It's fine."

Touching the back of my neck, I muttered another apology and followed behind her at a safe distance to dump my soda can.

We stood dangerously close to each other as we took turns to wash our hands in the sink.

"Goodnight, Jason," She offered me a small smile as she wiped her hands on the kitchen towel.

Quickly, before I could change my mind, I gently placed my hand on hers. And without waiting to change my mind, I leaned in and kissed her lightly on the lips.

And she didn't pull away.