

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 131 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

It had been a while since I'd had the baby now. Two months precisely.

I had so many dreams I had wanted to realize after high school, so much I wanted to do. But all that was gone now. At least for a while. In the beginning it had saddened me deeply. But now, all I wanted was to make sure my baby got everything she deserved, and then some more.

Being a mother changes a lot. Everything, in fact. And I really love my baby, but in she's always crying, and it's even worse at night now. We finally went to the doctor a week ago and realized it was colic. Thank God.

I said a silent prayer. If I'm being honest, I don't think I could've handled it alone. Especially with Nana gone.

The thought of her brought tears to my eyes. She had passed away peacefully at the elderly home. And I missed her a lot. Every day I would imagine all the beautiful words she would've used if she could talk.

I thought of those times when she really was the only thing that kept me going most days. She was always so supportive of me, reminding me of strong woman I didn't realize I was, letting me know daily that whatever I was going through wasn't my fault, and that the child I carried in my womb was going to be a blessing.

I laughed out loud as I remembered that we still hadn't given her a name yet. Everyone just referred to her as 'The Baby'.

I guess I still haven't quite found the perfect one. After all, I didn't exactly plan for this. Besides Jason doesn't want to suggest one, no matter how many times I asked him to. It was probably because he feels he might be intruding. But I think I would consider his suggestion. After all, he is the father.

Living with the Davenports had turned out to be a lot nicer than I'd anticipated. And with Nana gone, I truly had nowhere to go.

But none of them ever complained. Mr Davenport had been nothing but kind to me and the baby. And Ashley was literally her second mother. I'd grown to

like Ashley quite a lot. And I'd realized that there was more to her than just pink outfits and expensive stuff.

Also, it was quite different living in a mansion. Unending lists of things to eat, so many rooms to tour, servants at your beck and call. Sometimes it got pretty tiring.

Everything wasn't exactly perfect yet but Jason had been putting in so much effort into making sure I'm comfortable.

He always said goodbye to me and the baby before he left for work in the morning. Sometimes he came back earlier than planned to make dinner for me.

And he always made out time to spend with the baby whenever he could.

Jason was usually gone most of the day these days. He had finally accepted his dad's offer to work at the firm, on the condition that he got paid just like everyone else and without any special treatment.

He had really stepped up his game, earning a salary and all, and I couldn't help but be proud of him.

Some days, the thought of what happened comes into my head and then I can't help but be a little bitter and harsh toward him. He never takes it personally. I guess he understands that it'll take a lot of time for things to be completely normal.

I hoped we'd eventually get there. For the baby's sake at least.

Our therapist gives us a few exercises to try, and usually, it helps a little. But Jason and I both know it's going to take a lot more than talking to get things back to normal.

After the kiss we shared in the kitchen, he'd asked me out on a date, and casting my caution to the wind, I'd said yes.

We were actually going on the date this evening, and to be honest I was nervous. The thought of that first fake date he had taken me on flashed through my head, but I tossed it, determined to enjoy bit of tonight.

Admittedly, I was kind of nervous. Jason had only increased my anxiety when he sent a dress and a note to my room earlier today.

It was an exquisite red dress. I grimaced. I'm sure I'd never worn anything this expensive before.

And how did he know red was my favorite color?

I suspected Benson though.

The note, which was the most tension building part about everything, was torn open as soon as I got my hands on it.

It read, "you and the baby are everything to me".

I didn't hide the smile that creeped up my face this time.