

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 132 – The End

Amelia Forbes

The day had gone by so fast and it was already about time for our dinner date. Dani came over to help me get dressed. She and Adrian were open about their relationship status now and they looked so good together I thought I would cry.

She did my makeup too. I didn't look perfect because I still had a little bit of my tummy showing after the delivery, but Jason didn't care.

Dani enveloped me in a tight hug as she saw me off to the limo.

"You look amazing, Ammie," She whispered. "Off you go. Be a good girl now."

I whipped around, eyes widening in embarrassment. But she only winked at me and stalked off.

God, I loved to hate her.

I didn't know where we were going, and no matter how many times I'd asked, Jason wouldn't tell.

Finally we arrived. He had set something up at one of the spots on the hill. There were lights and food, and even someone to play the violin.

Again, how would he know I loved the violin?

Benson.

After about an hour of his weird jokes and a few stares both ways across the table, he asked me to walk with him.

We approached the side of the hill, and whilst I was busy staring at the breathtaking sight, he held my hand and got down on both knees.

My eyes widened in surprise.

What was happening?

I tried to control my breathing.

Steady, Mel. Steady.

“Amelia,” He whispered, his eyes glazing over. “I don’t deserve you, I really don’t. And I’m still not sure if you believe me, but I love you, with every fiber of my being. And it’d be a dream come true to spend the rest of my life raising her. With you.”

“So please, if you would have me, marry me Amelia.”

I stood speechless. I didn’t know what to say. I was scared, worried, surprised. I didn’t know how to react.

But as I looked at Jason, bent on one knee and eyes glazed over, I realized that we had more in common than I thought. We had both been through a great deal of pain. And we’d come out stronger, braver than we’d ever thought possible.

“Yes,” I whimpered.

Jason stared at me in disbelief, the tears in his eyes encouraging mine. “Yes?” He asked, still in disbelief.

I gave a watery laugh. “Yes. Yes I’ll be your wife. Yes I’ll have you, by my side, for the rest of my life. With our daughter.”

Jason stared at me and buried his head in his hands. And for the first time, I saw him cry openly. Heart wrenching sobs emanated from his chest as he placed both hands above his head in disbelief.

He quickly scrambled to his feet. “You said yes?”

I let out a loud laugh and watched him dance around me in circles. His happiness was contagious.

Finally he put the ring on my finger and kissed it.

Now it was my turn to cry.

Slowly, he tucked me in a bear hug and moved his hands to the back of my head, gently drawing me in and pressing his warm lips against my forehead in a kiss.

And for the first time in a long time, I actually felt something. Like I was whole again, like a part of something now. Suddenly, I had a family again, a child, and the future didn't seem so bleak anymore.

"I love you, Jason," I whispered into his chest, not sure if he could hear me.

The sharp intake of breath from his lips told me he'd heard me, and I pretended not to notice as his chest heaved up and down in quiet sobs.

I melted into his embrace and for a while, we stood there in companionable silence.

Daring myself to, I leaned in for a kiss. Jason looked up wide eyed in surprise but he didn't pull away.

His lips melded against mine in the first heated kiss we'd ever shared. He swallowed and withdrew himself.

"Mel," He whispered. "Are you sure?"

I nodded.

I was ready.

Hungrily, he recaptured my lips between his, making me moan in pleasure when he ran his tongue over my bottom lip.

When my left hand finally located the fly of his jeans, I squeezed his throbbing arousal, enjoying the wild, throaty sound that escaped his lips.

In one swift motion, he laid me down on the soft grass and began to caress me with his lips, his feathery touch sending tingles down my spine.

My breath quickened as he trailed soft kisses from my cheeks down to the side of my neck.

With his free hand, he slowly began to unzip my dress.

My breath caught in my throat but I urged him on when he stopped, looking to me with concern filled eyes.

I promised myself I wouldn't let any bad memories ruin this perfect day.

Seeing the doubt in his eyes, I intertwined my fingers in his hair and pulled him to me, guiding his hand down my zip and into the dress.

My body spasmed in pleasure when his big hands cupped my breasts. Gently, he squeezed, molding, teasing me.

I arched my back when he began to withdraw his hand. "Please," I begged. "Please don't stop."

"Shhh," He cooed, peeling the rest of my dress off. "I'm never hurting you again. I promise."

I could only nod.

When he had taken every piece of clothing off me, he stared at me, his face worshipful.

"God, you're so beautiful," He whimpered, leaning over and proceeding to kiss every inch of me.

My center was soaked by the time he was through and this time I begged, my voice coming out in small sobs.

I helped peel off his clothes as he spread my legs wide with lust filled eyes.

I felt myself explode as he slowly entered me, thrusting gently, until I was wide enough to accommodate him.

The initial pain and fear faded as he took thrust after thrust, till he began to form a rhythm.

I moaned deliciously in pleasure as I had my first orgasm, my body racking with tiny shocks as Jason simultaneously released, holding onto me for support.

When it was over we lay in the grass, hands intertwined and stared up at the moonlight. I told Jason about my dreams of going to space when I was a little girl, and he told me about the telescope his mother had gifted him once.

We sat in sweet silence for sometime, playing with our fingers, and then Jason nudged me.

"Hey," He smiled. "I think Kamila would be a beautiful name for our daughter."

Kamila.

I liked the sound of that.

And so I nodded. "I think Kamila is perfect."

As we relinked our fingers, staring at the stars and wondering aloud what they could possibly mean, I realized that our forever had only just begun.

THE END!