

Chapter 19

You are being provided with a book chapter by chapter. I will request you to read the book for me after each chapter. After reading the chapter, 1. shorten the chapter to no less than 300 words and no more than 400 words. 2. Do not change the name, address, or any important nouns in the chapter. 3. Do not translate the original language. 4. Keep the same style as the original chapter, keep it consistent throughout the chapter. Your reply must comply with all four requirements, or it's invalid. I will provide the chapter now.

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Two things about being pregnant: I loved sex and I loved food. Both of those things were absolutely amazing throughout both of my pregnancies.

Other than that, I can't say there was much that brought me any pleasure. I was just so mean. You did not want to hear from me those whole two years. I did not want to be around almost anyone at all. I was hateful. I didn't want anyone, not even my mom, to come near me. I was a real mama bear. America's sweetheart and the meanest woman alive.

I was protective over Jamie Lynn, too. After she complained to me about a costar of hers on her TV show, I showed up on the set to have words with the actress. What I must have looked like, hugely pregnant, yelling at a teenage (and, I would later learn, innocent) girl, "Are you spreading rumors about my sister?" (To that young actress: I'm sorry.)

When I was pregnant, I wanted everyone to stay away: Stand back! There's a baby here!

It's true what they say—when you have a baby, no one can prepare you. It's a miracle. You're creating another body. You grow up saying: "That person's pregnant." "That person had a baby." But when you actually experience it yourself, it's overwhelming. It was such a spiritual experience—such an

incredibly powerful bond.

My mother had always talked about how painful childbirth was. She never let me forget that she'd been in many hours of agonizing labor with me. I mean, everybody's different. Some women have an easy time of it. I was terrified of giving birth naturally. When the doctor offered me a C-section, I was so relieved. Sean Preston was born on September 14, 2005. Right away you could tell he was just a sweet, kind little boy.

Then, three months later, I got pregnant again. I was thrilled that I'd have two kids so close in age. Still, it was hard on my body, and there was a lot of sadness and loneliness in that time. I felt like so much of the world was against me.

The main danger I had to watch out for was the aggression of the paparazzi. If I stayed out of the public eye, surely, eventually, I thought, the photographers would leave me alone. But whether I was sitting at home or trying to go to a store, photographers found me. Every day, and all night, they were there, waiting for me to come out.

What no one in the media seemed to realize was that I was hard on myself as it was. I could be wild, but at heart, I was always a people-pleaser. Even at my lowest, I cared what people thought. I grew up in the South, where manners are so important. I still, to this day, regardless of their age, call men "sir" and women "ma'am." Just on the level of civility, it was incredibly painful to be treated with such disregard—such disgust.

Everything I did with the babies was chronicled. When I drove off to escape the paparazzi with Sean Preston on my lap, that was taken as proof that I was untrusting. I got cornered by the paparazzi with him at the Malibu Country Mart, too—they kept on taking my picture as, trapped, I held him and cried.

As I was trying to get out of a building and into a car in New York, pregnant with Jayden James and carrying Sean Preston, I was swarmed by photographers. I was told I had to get into the car on the other side, so I said, "Oh," and made my way through another thousand camera shutters and shouts of "Britney!"

Britney!” to get in there.

If you watch the video and don’t just look at the still photos, you can see that while carrying a cup of water in one hand and my baby in the other arm, my heel turned and I almost went down—but I didn’t fall. And in catching myself, I didn’t drop either the water or the baby—who, by the way, was completely unfazed.

“This is why I need a gun,” I said to the camera, which probably didn’t go over that well. But I was at my wits’ end. The magazines seemed to love nothing