

# Chapter 19

Chapter 19 reveals the intense emotions and struggles I faced during my pregnancies, highlighting both the joys and difficulties that come with carrying a child. While I found immense pleasure in certain aspects, like enjoying sex and food, the rest of the experience was overshadowed by intense mood swings and feelings of isolation. I was irritable, distant, and extremely protective, particularly when it came to my family. I didn't want anyone near me, not even my mom, and became known for being a "mama bear," fiercely defensive of those I loved. This phase of my life was marked by frustration and a heightened sense of protectiveness, which sometimes led to irrational and impulsive actions. For instance, when Jamie Lynn complained about an actress on her TV show, I showed up on set, visibly pregnant, and confronted the young woman in a way that, looking back, I deeply regret. The fierceness I felt was undoubtedly overwhelming for those around me.

Pregnancy itself was an experience I never could have fully prepared for, despite hearing countless stories. While the miracle of creating life was awe-inspiring, it came with a series of challenges and fears. The idea of childbirth was especially daunting, as my mother often reminded me of the painful hours she spent in labor with me. The thought of going through that process naturally terrified me, and I was immensely relieved when my doctor offered the option of a C-section. Sean Preston's birth was a moment of overwhelming joy and love, as he was a sweet and kind baby from the very beginning. Just three months later, I found out I was pregnant again, and though I was thrilled to have two children so close in age, it took a toll on my body, leaving me with feelings of sadness and loneliness. The pressure of navigating life with two young children, while the world seemed to be against me, made everything feel even more difficult.

The paparazzi's constant presence was one of the most challenging aspects of my life during that time. I tried to retreat from the public eye, hoping that the photographers would eventually leave me alone. However, whether I was at home or simply trying to go to a store, they were always there, lurking and waiting for the perfect shot. The media never seemed to understand the toll this took on me. I was already struggling with my own internal battles and, at my core, was a people-pleaser. Growing up in the South, manners were deeply ingrained in me, and it was excruciating to be treated with such disregard and even disgust. My every move with my children was documented, and even simple moments, like driving with Sean Preston on my lap or holding him as I cried at the Malibu Country Mart, were captured as evidence of my supposed unfit parenting. These photos were misleading, and they painted an unfair picture of the challenges I was facing behind the scenes.

One of the most intense moments I recall was in New York, pregnant with Jayden James and carrying Sean Preston, when I was swarmed by photographers as I tried to leave a building. They instructed me to get into the car from a different side, and as I made my way through the crowd, I almost fell, but I managed to catch myself without dropping either my baby or my cup of water. The chaos of that moment was incredibly overwhelming, and in a moment of frustration, I blurted out, "This is why I need a gun." It was a statement made in the heat of the moment, and I know it didn't come across well, but I was at my breaking point. The constant attention, the intrusive questions, and the public scrutiny wore me down, and I just wanted some peace. What the media didn't understand was that the constant flashes, the cameras, and the public attention were suffocating, and I was doing my best to handle it all while trying to be a good mother and a person.