

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 101 - Tips

Jason Davenport

I didn't reply when I heard the knock on my bedroom door. I didn't feel like seeing anyone. And from the heavy sound, I knew it was dad knocking.

After knocking twice without a response, he walked in. Surprisingly, he didn't get mad when he saw that I was awake and on my phone. Instead he only took a seat next to me.

I sat up and put my phone down. "If you're here to talk about the thing with Ashley, I really don't feel like it."

Dad's forehead creased. "What thing with Ashley?"

I searched his face for any sign that he was denying it. But he really was baffled.

She didn't tell him?

Usually she'd jump at any chance to report me to my dad.

"Anyway, I'm not here to talk about Ashley."

I folded my arms.

"Lately, we've been disagreeing a lot. Fighting over things we shouldn't be. And it's putting a strain on our relationship. We're supposed to be there for each other, especially since mom isn't here anymore."

I still didn't say anything. I just stared at him. And for the first time, I noticed how he was beginning to age. And it was scary.

A few minutes passed by without a word between us and then I just kind of lost it.

"You caused everything, Dad."

He swallowed.

“Why did you have to bring all those women into everything? We were doing so well our own. Yeah I missed mom, but I was glad that I still had you. But no, you began to bring different women into the equation. That’s when we began to fall apart. If you really cared you’d have known.”

I stopped to catch my breath. I was really angry now.

“So it’s not just about Ashley, Dad. It’s about you. It’s always been you. You put a strain on our relationship.”

I felt my throat tighten and I knew I’d rather die than cry in front of him so I got up and left.

Jason Davenport

I took one last look in the mirror before my limo would arrive. The boys had arranged for us to arrive in style—with no dates. That way, all the girls would have their eyes on us. It would be up to them to compete for our attention.

I laughed. The ideas those guys came up with sometimes.

I felt good. And I sure as hell looked it too. Instead of the traditional black suit and tie, I’d opted for white on white, paired with a crisply ironed button-down shirt—a few buttons open—and a pair of white ankle sneakers.

Jason Davenport

I didn’t reply when I heard the knock on my bedroom door. I didn’t feel like seeing anyone. And from the heavy sound, I knew it was dad knocking.

Why?

Because they matched my eyes. Duh.

A maid had done my hair. And this time I’d allowed her to pack as much gel as she deemed necessary. She’d also let a few tendrils come undone in the front and so they fell across my eye in a lazy but sexy fashion.

Breathing out, I straightened the front of my jacket, although I didn’t need to. Ashley had put out a rose for me to pin on the pocket. But I wasn’t going to. I didn’t need anything from her.

Just then, Dad walked in with a gift box in his hand. I pretended not to notice as I sat on my bed and began to scroll through my phone.

This time Dad didn't sit beside me. He just stood there, head bent over.

"I'm sorry," He whispered, after some moments of silence.

As I whipped my head up to stop the discussion, he shook his head. "Just hear me out. Please."

I fiddled with the tiny cross pendant I wore around my neck and nodded a little.

"You were right. I'm so selfish. I should've understood that you needed more time to heal from the loss of your mother. I should've used the time to build on our relationship instead of seeking some kind of . . . solace."

His voice was shaky.

"I only thought about myself, my pain, instead of yours. I should've been more alert, more attentive. But instead I forced these women on you and expected you to be cool with having a new mom. I was bitter, authoritative, and I never gave you a listening ear."

He buried his head in his hands. "I'm so sorry, Jason. I let you down."

My throat tightened. I didn't know what to say.

"I guess. . . I felt kinda. . . abandoned." Saying it out loud made me realize how true it was.

He lowered himself onto my bed and held my left hand in his. "I—I miss her so much. . ." He broke down.

For the first time in my entire life I saw my dad's eyes well up with tears. I always thought he was tough and strong and that he never cried. But here he was. My eyes filled up with tears.

"I was so desperate to heal myself that I went after women who I didn't even care for," He wiped his face with one palm.

“A-and with you, I don’t know what happened. Being a parent is so—so difficult. I never know what to do. And I’m always scared I’m gonna mess it up.”

He sniffled again, his eyes red rimmed and muttered apologies for crying in front of me.

The first tear dropped from my eye and I wiped it away hurriedly. “It’s fine.”

He looked up at me once more. “With Ashley. . . I really do love her. And I wanted you to as well. But forcing it on you was wrong. I should never have done that. You don’t have to call her mom, or tolerate her anymore. But. . . it would mean a lot to me if you could give her a chance. Try to really see her.”

I could admit that much that Ashley honestly liked him as much. And it hurt. But today, I’d seen just how much he was struggling and how hard it must’ve been to admit he was wrong in front of me. And it was the bravest thing ever. So I’d try. Not for Ashley, but for him.

“I’m sorry, Jason. I’m sorry for failing you. But I promise, if you give me another chance, I’ll be better.”

I nodded vigorously, prompting the welled up tears to fall.

Dad gave a watery laugh. “Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“Cool beans,” Dad said, giving me a thumbs up.

I facepalmed, my shoulders shaking with laughter. “Please, never ever say that again.”

Dad had the guts to look confused. “Isn’t that what you teenagers say?”

I fixed him a blank stare. “Yeah, if you’re in 1996.”

“Ohhh.” He looked thoughtful. “That’s woke.”

My eyes widened. “Okay, leave my room now. Thanks for coming.”

“I heard this teenage girl say that in a store last week.”

“Okay good to know,” I gently prodded him towards the door.

“Wait one more thing.”

I paused.

“You look great.”

“Thanks Dad.”

I smiled as I faced the mirror once more.

Opening the box Dad had handed me, I gasped as I procured a diamond studded Rolex.

Without wasting time I clapped it on my wrist, marvelling at how good it looked.

A notification from my phone alerted me that the limo was here. I smoothed out my jacket and my shoes one last time and hurried to the door.

On second thought I picked up the rose and pinned it on my jacket.

For some reason, I had a good feeling about today.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 102 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

I s.ucked in my breath as Benson finally took off the piece of cloth he had used to cover Nana’s full length mirror.

If I wasn’t consciously present, I wouldn’t have believed that the girl I was staring at right now was me.

As I slowly twirled, my mouth fell open. I knew the dress Adrian’s mom had picked out for me was nice but I didn’t think it was THIS hot.

“Well fvck,” Dani whistled, as she walked in. “I just had an org\*asm from staring at you.”

I wh!pped around, my eyes wide. “Dani! Stop being so nasty.” I covered my eyes with my hands.

She replied with a loud laugh and did a once-over in the mirror. She wore a baggy, all black suit that fell around at the ankles.

Duh.

Dani was the only person I’d ever met that could rock a baggy suit and make it look hot.

“Oh shush. You look good, girl,” She winked at me.

Turning to Benson she said, “You did a great job on her hair and makeup y’know. It’s awesome.”

I held my breath hoping it would end well.

Ben smiled widely. “Thanks! You know my mom—”

“Please no. I don’t need the details,” Dani winked at him and walked off.

“Oh, I hate her,” He muttered under his breath.

“No you don’t,” I said in a singsong voice.

He rolled his eyes as a reply and cleared his throat. “Let’s finish up quickly. Adrian just texted, he’ll be here soon. I’m gonna go change.”

He ran off, leaving me alone with my thoughts.

I stared at my reflection, running my fingers over the fabric. Adrian’s mom had picked out a midnight blue dress with a halter neck, which billowed out from my midsection and curved at the back in a kind of fishtail so it flowed behind me. The prettiest thing about the dress were the tiny crystals that peeked through the folds at the bottom of the dress every time light hit it.

The back of the dress was exposed in a crisscross fashion and the only piece of jewelry I wore was a silver bracelet Nana had gifted me. Ben had styled my hair in a high topknot, but let a few tendrils fall in ringlets at the front of my ears. He had also done a light natural makeup, swiping some wine colored

lipstick over my lips. And I had on the silver heels Adrian's mom had gifted me for prom, and a small silver purse that was just sufficient to fit my phone.

"Adrian's here!" I heard Ben yell as he walked back into the room.

I whistled as I looked him over. "Damn!"

He grinned. "How do I look?" He asked doing a 360.

"Like a piece of heaven," I responded, taking out my phone to take some shots of him. He looked amazing in a dark green suit paired with a tan colored turtle neck shirt and similar colored ankle shoes.

I smiled and whistled repeatedly as I took shots of him. Ben sure knew how to rock his blue eyes and sandy hair.

As I positioned myself to take one last shot, he grabbed my arm and pulled me toward the door. "Adrian's hereee."

We walked out to Nana, Adrian and Dani in an animated conversation. Adrian froze, mouth agape, as he sighted me. "Mel. . ."

Suddenly I became too shy to look him in the eyes. The admiration in them were pretty obvious.

Nana hurried to me, embracing me in a tight hug. As she held me by the shoulders and looked me through, a tear dropped from her eyes and she wiped it quickly.

You look amazing, baby, she signed as she gave me another hug.

Quickly, she had us pose for a group picture. And of course, Dani and Benson wouldn't stop making me laugh so hard, I was sure I looked like a hyena in all the pictures.

Adrian and I posed for a picture together too. And we kinda looked like a couple. As Nana took our picture, she wiggled her eyebrows at me in a mischievous fashion. I only laughed and waved it off.

As we all hurried down to the limo Adrian had hired for today, he kept staring at me as if in a trance.

And I wasn't sure I'd ever felt this shy before. He straightened out his jacket and opened the car door for me to get in. He looked amazing as well dressed in a light blue suit that did wonders for his eyes. And his tousled hair stood in soft, messy black curls. I could already imagine just how many girls' lives would be destroyed when they saw him today.

The thought made me laugh out loud. Adrian laughed along although he didn't know why I was laughing.

We all got in the limo, talking, laughing and talking about what we envisioned prom to be like.

And it felt nice.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 103 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

The first group of people we saw when we stepped out of our limo was Kimberly and her minions. I swallowed nervously, trying to keep my head high.

During the last few weeks of exams, the principal had made a public announcement concerning the rumors about me being pregnant. His last verdict was that anyone caught talking about it would be expelled.

That helped in keeping them all quiet for a while. So I hadn't really crossed paths with her since.

I didn't want any snide comments to ruin my day.

You can do this, Mel. That phase of your life is over. The bullying, everything. She's got nothing on you.

With the small pep talk and the comfort of having the three people who really cared about me by my side, I knew I could do it.

Malia saw us first.

She did a double take. Then looked away and reverted her gaze back to us. As recognition hit her, her jaw fell open and she tapped Kimberly urgently.



Kimberly looked annoyed at being interrupted but she froze once she saw me.

“Is that Amelia Forbes?!” The guy Kimberly was talking to exclaimed in shock. “No. Fvcking. Way.”

He gently pushed Kimberly out of the way, his jaw still wide open, and approached me.

Adrian put a hand out to block him and looked at me for approval. I gently nodded and he slowly let the guy through.

“Can—can I take a picture with, umm, you?” He stammered, his eyes filled with awe.

I nodded, still confused as Ben took a shot of us with the guy’s phone.

“Thanks,” He gushed as he stared at the picture. “You look AMAZING.”

Okay. What just happened? It’d been a while since I had that much attention showered on me. And honestly, it felt kind of weird.

Adrian hooked my arm with his as we walked past a still shocked Kimberly and through the entrance of the school.

The best thing about all of this was the look on Kimberly’s face.

As if on cue, we all burst out laughing.

Jason Davenport

I felt a wave of nostalgia as I saw Adrian walk into the hall with a girl by his side. He looked great like always. All the girls were already throwing googly eyes his way and practically drooling at his feet.

He looked happy enough talking and laughing with his partner. For a second I felt jealous. That should’ve been me right there. We should’ve arrived at prom together, just like we always talked about when we were younger.

I breathed in deeply. I was supposed to enjoy today. I would clear my head and enjoy the party. So I resumed my conversation with the guys.

But I couldn't stop myself from glaring at Adrian and his girl. And looking around, I could see I wasn't the only one staring. They were the centre of attention.

I could see Kim from across the hall shooting daggers at the girl. My brows furrowed. Since when did Kimberly have a thing for Adrian? Or was it the girl.

Taking a closer look at the girl, I tried to see if I knew her. Come to think of it, Adrian had no time for girls. So who was this date?

Just then she looked in my direction, a wide smile still on her face, and it felt like I had the wind knocked out of me.

My eyes widened in shock.

Amelia?

No way.

When the smile on her face died as she saw me, I knew it was her. She held my gaze for a few seconds, anger flashing briefly in her eyes, and then she looked away and continued her conversation with Adrian.

Fvck.

She was a vision. Literally.

Greg nearly choked on his punch. "Is that Amelia? The girl you hate so much?" He asked, eyes wide as saucers.

I could only nod.

"Fvck me! She's so fvcking hot. How come I never noticed her before."

Yeah. How come.

He slapped my back determinedly. "I'm gonna go talk to her."

That stopped me. I looked from him to Amelia to Adrian and then Rory, and then Rory and I burst out laughing.

"Save yourself the embarrassment, dude," Rory said still cackling.

“I could try at least. I mean, look at her face, her shoulders, her fvcking l!ps.” He swallowed. “How am I supposed to let that pass me by?”

“The same way you let it pass you by for six years?” Rory laughed. “Plus, it’s obvious she and Adrian are pretty cozy,” He added in a singsong voice.

I swallowed. Were they?

At that moment the announcement for prom king and queen came up. As per tradition, the votes were cast on the day of prom after the nominees—which were kept a secret till the big reveal—were set.

Students would go through the curtain one at a time and vote for whoever they liked in the list of nominees. And then the results were announced.

We walked toward the curtain to cast out votes.

“Who are you voting for as prom queen?” I asked, already knowing it’d be Kimberly.

“Uhh, Amelia. Duh,” Rory said like it was obvious.

“Huh? I assumed it’d be Kimberly.”

They both stared at me as if I’d said something silly.

“A little birdie told me Amelia’s name was added on the list of nominees today. Plus, she looks to die for today, trashing the whole nerd look and revealing THAT,” He motioned to her. “So obviously we’re voting for her.”

I didn’t know what to say so I didn’t say anything.

I looked back again to see her and Adrian deep in conversation, their arms still intertwined.

Something bubbled through my chest and I felt the sudden urge to take her away from him.

I wanted to talk to her. I wanted to talk to him as well.

But I didn’t like seeing them together.

Was the fvck is wrong with me?

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 104 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

I was beyond confused when my name was called out as this year's Prom Queen. At first I thought it was an expensive joke, courtesy of Kimberly and Jason. But it was called out again. And the spotlight was turned on me.

Everyone was clapping and cheering me on. And all of a sudden, everyone wanted to take selfies with me, talk to me. Some dude even tried to hug me.

Since Adrian was Prom King, we walked up the stage together. Secretly, I was glad Jason hadn't won. Because I sure as hell wouldn't have stood on the same stage with that bastard. He'd been stealing glances at me all day when he thought I wasn't looking. Seeing his face today, brought on a lot of unwanted memories. But I was trying hard to stay on track.

When Adrian and I were crowned, the middle of the stage was cleared for us to have our dance.

Surprisingly, Adrian turned out to be quite a good dancer. "Is there anything you aren't good at?" I stage whispered, shaking my head in mock disbelief.

He laughed, tightening his hold on my waist, and whispered, "At all."

I let out a loud laugh, slapping his arm playfully. "Talk about cocky."

He only shrugged.

As other couples began to join us on the dancefloor, Jason Davenport abandoned the girl he was dancing with and approached us. Adrian pulled me closer to him, using himself as a shield between me and Jason.

"What are you doing here?" His voice was dangerously low.

"I just. . . wanted to say hi, man," Jason muttered, scratching the back of his neck.

"Hi," Adrian spat. "Now get the fuck out."

Jason nodded, fixing me with a soft stare. "Umm, Amelia, I was also wondering if. . . maybe, we could talk?"

I could feel my chest heaving. This fucking asshole. My hands rolled into fists. How dare he even walk up to me?

I was breathing hard now. In anger, I tore myself from Adrian's protective hold and stalked off to the girls' bathroom.

As I relaxed against a faucet in the bathroom, I couldn't help feeling like today was a mistake. I was tired, traumatized and pregnant. Why the fuck did I even think coming here would be helpful? The only reason everyone was being nice to me was because I looked pretty today. I looked hot. Relevant enough to be noticed by them. But instead of making me glad, it only made me sick.

A tear slid down my cheek and I carefully wiped it away to avoid ruining my makeup.

Just then Kimberly and her minions walked in. They stopped talking as soon as they saw me and silently began to touch up their makeup in the mirror. Determined not to break down in front of them, I grabbed my lipstick from my purse and retouched my lips.

As I was about to leave, they waylaid me. I tried my best to look unbothered and irritated as I motioned for them to move away so I could pass.

Kimberly moved closer to me. And after some moments, she extended her arm. "Congratulations on winning my title."

I hid my surprise. Of course it wasn't shocking that she believed the title was hers, but congratulating me? Now THAT was shocking.

When I didn't respond she continued. "And, you don't look so bad. Too bad. If I'd known you were this pretty I might have taken you in and brushed you up to be part of the elite." She finished, folding her arms and sweeping my dress with admiration filled eyes.

Ahh.

So all it took to be in Kimberly's good graces was a pretty dress and a makeover. The part of me that still hungered for validation melted in joy. Finally they had accepted me, just like I always wanted. Now I could be one of the cool kids. . .

But I looked her in the eyes. And I knew I was a much better person than bullying, taunting and picking on other people to feed my esteem. The right people had seen me, accepted me, and I'd realized that there was more to me than wanting to be part of the cool crowd.

So I smiled at her.

"No thanks I'm good. And as for the title?" I motioned to myself. "I earned it."

The shock on their faces was worth it as I pushed past them and walked to the door.

Pausing, I added, "And oh? Grow up, Kimberly."

With one last smile, I shut the door behind me and walked out to fresh air.

Getting to the exit, I sighted Adrian, Benson and Dani cluttered at the door with worried looks on their faces. They groaned in relief as they saw me.

Ben enveloped me in a tight hug while Dani kept asking who she had to beat up. Laughing, I reassured them that I was fine.

"Ready to go?" Adrian asked.

"Go?" I checked the time. "It's only been two hours."

"Yeah we know. Prom is boring. We're going to Adrian's place," Ben spoke rapidly. Well, he sure was excited.

"No parents," Dani said dramatically.

"Movies," Ben put in, wiggling his eyebrows.

"Lots and lots of junk. Which include pizza, ice-cream, and a lot more," Adrian whispered, walking around me in a circle.

I laughed so hard my stomach hurt. "Fine, fine. But what about our clothes?"

I couldn't imagine we'd be comfortable in the clothes we had on.

"Well Adrian, unlike some people," She innocently looked in Ben's direction, "had the sense to provide more casual clothes for everyone in case something like this happened. We went shopping together."

I smiled widely.

I had the best friends ever.

With all the bad things that had happened this school year, they were the only thing, besides from having Nana around, that kept me going.

They had shown me that I was worth more than I thought. And I actually began to see that I deserved way better in life. And for that, I was eternally grateful.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 105 - Tips

Jason Davenport

“I have an announcement,” Greg stated, a few minutes into the small party we were having.

It was a small thing we’d decided to have, just the three of us. Kind of like an after graduation party.

Graduation had taken place a week after prom. Dad and Ashley had been there. It’d been nice. I’d seen Amelia as well, Adrian standing loyally beside her the entire day, except when she had to give her valedictorian speech.

As I watched her afterwards taking pictures with her friends and grandma, I knew I owed her an apology. And I really wanted to. But my legs wouldn’t budge.

I knew I had been unfair, a monster in fact, but I didn’t know how to make it right. My heart broke as I thought of how disappointed Mom would be if she were here.

And I couldn’t even tell the guys about it because they’d be disappointed. Just like Adrian had been. And I wasn’t sure I could handle losing anyone else close to me. So I kept it to myself.

I knew that the biggest thing holding me back was the pregnancy. I didn’t want a baby. I mean, that’s a huge responsibility.

Thinking about it made a shiver run through my spine. I couldn't be a dad at eighteen. I could barely take care of myself, how was I supposed to take care of a baby?

"Spill it," Rory said, downing his second bottle of beer. He'd obviously begun to get a little tipsy.

"I got accepted," He announced with a wide grin, spreading both arms wide in a pose of victory.

Rory and I glanced at each other, and then back to him, still blank.

He facepalmed. "Bluestone University? I applied there weeks ago."

Oh. So he was leaving? For some reason I started to feel gloomy. Everything seemed so real now. High school was over and done, my friends would soon leave for college. Fear of what came after high school began to dawn on me. And I realized just how lost and afraid I felt.

"Well sh!t," Rory said, after a few minutes of silence. "That's. . . great."

Greg's face fell. "You guys are supposed to be happy for me. . ." He trailed off.

"We are. Of course we're happy for you, man," I laughed patting his back.

Rory nodded, forcing a smile. "We just feel kinda sad y'know. Soon, we're all gonna go our separate ways."

"I feel the same way y'know. But we can still talk, catch up—"

"It'll never be the same," I said, knowing how true that really was.

There was silence for a while then Rory raised his third bottle of beer in the air. "Well, to our last days together, then."

We all shared a sad smile and drank to that.

"Okay enough of this sad sh!t," I laughed downing my bottle and dumping it in the trash. "Let's get high."

Greg burst into his signature hyena laughter and began to pass the weed round.



## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 106 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

The days that followed after graduation were miserable for me. There was no school to attend, no classes to keep me busy, and no studying to distract me.

I had nothing to keep myself busy with. So all I did was think. So much that I began to overthink, which meant I started to worry a whole lot more, about every little thing. My anxiety level shot up. And soon, I refused to leave my room.

I was three and a half months pregnant, and inevitably I had begun to show. The corset was too tight to be comfortable and I had to stop wearing it.

I didn't know what to do. Every time I saw Nana coming in my direction, I would duck into my bedroom and attempt to conceal my stomach with my duvet or blanket.

Soon, she would notice. If she hadn't already. What would I say to her? How would I explain this. . .

I couldn't talk to Dani or Benson about it. They wouldn't understand. And I hadn't seen Adrian since graduation. I wanted to text him, but I felt like a bother, a burden.

I looked down at the small bulge.

I also noticed I was adding some weight. It was scary. What would the townspeople say? My high school classmates? My teachers? Everyone would know that the rumors were true. Would it affect my records from school?

How would I explain? Would I say I was r.aped? Nobody would believe me.

A single tear dropped from my eye as I clutched the sheets.

I can't do this. I can't deal with this.

I was shaking all over now.

“Please go away,” I whispered, anxiously rocking back and forth as tears streamed down my face.

As I heard Nana’s footsteps approach my door, I quickly wiped my tears, making sure to bunch my duvet up to my stomach.

I forced the widest smile as Nana peeked in through the door, signing to ask if she could come in.

I nodded in affirmation, patting the space next to me. Smiling, she slowly approached my bed and took a seat beside me.

The first thing she did was envelope me in a tight h.u.g.

I’m so proud of you, baby, she signed touching my cheeks and kissing them in turn.

Really? I asked, faking a laugh.

Yes you made me so proud. I can’t wait for you to get into college. Your parents would be so proud.

She wiped her eyes, giving me another h.u.g.

I can’t wait too, I signed, struggling to contain myself.

I’m making chicken porridge. You’ll have some right? She asked, getting up probably to check the food.

I nodded.

As she left, I let myself break down.

Soon I’d have to tell her that there was no college for me. Because I was carrying a child. And I dreaded having to look her in the face, as I revealed just how much of a failure I really was.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 107 - Tips

Jason Davenport

I shut my eyes tight as Ashley knocked at my bedroom door. It stood wide open so obviously, she could see that I was awake.

I turned over in my bed, hoping she would take a hint and go away. But instead she knocked a second time.

“Do you have a minute?” She asked in her tinkly voice.

I wanted to yell out a huge ‘no’ but I wasn’t in the mood to quarrel with her. So I sat up and motioned for her to come in.

She didn’t sit, instead she folded her hands behind her and cleared her throat.

“Look, I know you don’t want to see me or talk to me, but I have something to say.”

I have her a blank stare.

“I’m trying. I’m trying so hard. And I know you don’t see it, or refuse to see it. But it’s fine, I understand why.”

I c0cked an eyebrow at her, folding my arms in front of me.

“I’m the one who. . .” She trailed off, tucking a strand of her blondish pink hair behind her ears and fiddling with the hem of her sweater. “I—I pressured your dad.”

My eyebrows furrowed in a frown. I knew it. Dad would never act the way he did if she didn’t. So she really was a fraud.

As if she heard my thoughts, she raised a hand, “Let me finish. Please.”

I shrugged, leaning back into the bed.

“I asked him to bring me here, introduce us. I wanted you to, I dunno. . .” She gave a hollow laugh. “. . . learn to like me, accept me.”

She hung her head, rubbing her arm in an up and down motion.

“I always knew there was something shady about you,” I spat.

She didn't respond so I continued.

"If you feel this bad then leave."

Her head shot up in surprise.

"Yeah," I continued. "Go away. Leave us in peace. Everything will sort itself out when you're gone."

"You know I can't do that," She stated gently. "I love your dad."

I gave a loud snort. "You love him, or you love his money."

I saw disbelief flash in her eyes as she stared at me. "Why would you say that? Of course I love him. His wealth has nothing to do with that."

I rolled my eyes, getting up and pulling her gently toward the door. "When you're ready to talk, like honestly talk? Then you can come in."

Without waiting for a reply, I shut the door behind me.

Amelia Forbes

I was five months gone. My stomach wasn't as big as the women's I'd seen at five months. The internet said it was because I was a first-time mom.

Nana had begun to be even more suspicious. Especially with me staying in bed all day and feeling sick. I'd also begun to crave weird kinds of food, but I'd had to control myself in order not to arouse her suspicion.

After the fourth month, I'd had to come up with an excuse for staying indoors all day so I told Nana that I'd gotten an online job that needed me to work twenty hours a day. Of course, she didn't look like she believed me, so I had to convince her.

After a while she started to believe me. But once in a while she brought up college. And then I had to lie about sending out applications so she'd be at rest.

Keeping up with the lies was a lot of stress, but in between crying myself to sleep, pretending to be okay and suicidal thoughts, I'd managed to stay on track.

Adrian visited once in a while as he was busy applying to colleges and hoping to bag a scholarship. I sensed that he was having trouble at home, maybe a family issues. But he denied it and refused to say anything else. He came over twice a week—first texting me to ask what I was craving, then bringing it with him. We'd talk for hours, maybe play a few games. And as usual he'd make me laugh so hard I thought the baby would pop out.

Once he had asked me how I would explain the pregnancy to Nana. The more I thought about it the more I decided I didn't know.

Would she believe me if I told her the truth?

I wasn't sure.

So for now I'd keep up with the lies then when I was ready, I'd tell her everything.

I swallowed, not wanting to know how that would go down. I wasn't sure I could even express myself and explain the situation in sign language. I'd be too nervous. All of a sudden, I wished Nana could hear. Because if she could, surely she'd be able to talk as well. Seeing as she'd be able to hear the sound of her own voice. Then, talking about this would be easier. It would make for better communication.

I shook my head vigorously.

Shush, Mel. Why are you even thinking like this?

Rubbing my forehead, I relaxed back into my bed and began to cram potato chips into my mouth.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 108 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

I had begun to feel sicker and sicker. I was throwing up more, stressing out more, and I felt tired all the time. In summary, I felt like crap. Nothing was comfortable anymore and I kept having recurring mood swings-laughing one minute and crying the next. Thankfully, Nana had resumed her volunteer work, so she was seldom home. Looking toward my table clock, the time showed that she would've left the house by now.

Good.

I needed to eat something. But I couldn't do that if she was home. As gently as possible, I got down from my bed and bumped into the kitchen.

After opening and closing a few drawers-not finding anything appetising to eat-I finally decided to go with cereal. Grabbing the biggest bowl we had, I emptied nearly half the box. It was as though I just realized how hungry I was. Popping the fridge open, I decided to go with yogurt instead of milk as I'd been craving it.

I paused as I was about to empty the yogurt into the bowl. I felt like drinking from the carton instead. So I tucked it under one arm, grabbed my bowl of cereal, and began to make my way to my room.

The sound of the front door opening stopped me dead in my tracks, and in shock I let the yogurt drop from underneath my arm, spilling it everywhere on the floor.

My breathing was ragged now. What do I do? Where do I hide?

I looked toward my bedroom, but I knew I wouldn't make it in time. So I stood there, shocked confused, not knowing what to do.

As I raced to duck back into the kitchen, Nana came into view, a sack of groceries in her hand. Confused, she looked from my sweaty face to the big bowl of cereal in my hand. As her eyes got to my stomach-which was very visible in the tank top I was putting on-the grocery sack dropped to the floor as her hands flew to her mouth in shock.

What is this? She signed, moving closer and motioning to my stomach.

Nausea ran through me and I felt bile rise in my throat. In fear, I moved backwards, shaking my head.

"I can explain, Nana. Please just let me. . ." I trailed off, feeling tears rush down my face.

She stared at me, and I could see the disappointment clearly written on her face. My chest was pounding. I felt tired, weak, and I wasn't sure I could take any of it anymore.

Slowly, I slumped to the floor, crying so hard I thought my heart would explode. I just wanted to be happy, to be okay. I didn't ask for any of it. I don't deserve it.

I felt Nana move closer to me. In anger she grabbed me up and made me stand upright.

Who did this to you? Her hands shook as she signed.

I wanted to respond but no sound came out.

She shook me hard as if to bring me to my senses. As I looked her in the eyes I realized I'd never seen her so angry before.

"I'm sorry," I wailed, not knowing what else to say. I wanted to sign, but my hands wouldn't cooperate.

Slowly, Nana let me drop to the floor.

I'm so disappointed in you. Your parents would be too. I thought I was bringing you up to be a responsible young woman, but apparently I'd been wrong.

As she signed, I saw teardrops fall to her cheeks.

But I was mad now. This was unfair.

I stood to my feet carefully and faced her. "Why would you say that about me? Why would you think less of me? You know I'm not the kind of girl that sleeps around so why?"

As I spoke, I signed. Yelling would help me express all the pent-up emotion.

Motioning to my stomach, I screamed, "I didn't ask for this! I don't want it, I never did." I felt a breakdown coming up but I willed myself to continue.

"I was r.aped, okay!"

Nana froze, her eyes widening as she shook her head repeatedly.

“Yes!” My voice broke. “I was r.aped by Jason, during our project. I was violated, Nana. I felt useless, filthy, I felt like trash.” My voice came out as a cry.

“Some weeks after, I found out I was pregnant. I was helpless and I had no one to talk to! I didn’t tell you because I wasn’t sure you would believe me. You’d think I was a disgusting slut, just like everyone else. And now. . .”

I let out a strangled cry as I paused to wipe the torrents of tears flowing on my cheeks.

I touched my stomach. “I wanted to remove it, have an abortion. But I couldn’t bring myself to do it. So I kept it a secret.”

I looked up at her. “So don’t think less of me, or blame me for anything. I’m the one who has to carry this burden. And I already blame myself. So don’t-“

I couldn’t speak anymore so I let myself slump to the floor as I broke down. I let myself cry openly. This year had been the worst in my entire life. And it was all because of one person. He ruined my life completely. I didn’t deserve to live like this.

The day of the assault flashed through my head and all I could see were bloody sheets and bruised thighs. I shook feverishly as I remembered the day I’d found out I was pregnant. My breath came out in sharp gasps as I clutched the material of my joggers, willing myself to forget.

Breathe, Mel. Please.

I lay in a foetal position, my hands placed firmly on my ears, trying to block out my screams from that day.

After a while, I felt Nana’s warm hands wrap around me in a tight embrace.

I’m so sorry, She signed, as she pulled away from me to look me in the eyes.

Her shoulders racked with sobs as she gently wiped my face with a napkin she had procured from her bag. I pried the napkin from her fingers and began to wipe her face.

Sobbing, she embraced me once more.



After a few moments, I felt her grow limp in my arms. Quickly I withdrew from the embrace and searched her face for any strange signs. My heart began to pound. Nana had had heart issues in the past. I desperately hoped the news hadn't triggered her.

As I gently helped her to her feet with the intention of helping her get on the sofa, I looked up to see Dani and Adrian standing a few feet away from us.

I felt my heart stop.

Dani's face was blank and expressionless and I couldn't tell what she was feeling. I didn't know how long they'd been standing there.

But from the alarmed look on Adrian's face, I suspected it was long enough.

Wordlessly, Adrian moved to help me place Nana on the sofa, while Dani stood in the same position, staring at my bulging stomach.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 109 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

I could feel the rapid pounding of my heart as I watched Dani stare me down. I couldn't read her expression, couldn't tell what she was feeling. My tongue hung on the roof of my mouth, dry.

My lips parted but I didn't know what to say. Beside me, Adrian gently helped Nana onto a sofa and handed her a glass of water.

"How long did you plan on keeping this a secret?"

I looked up at Dani. I'd been praying for her to say something all this while but now that she did I didn't know what to say. Her eyes were glassy and cold. I shivered a little, the thought of her hating me now freezing up my insides.

"Dani, I..." I managed to blurt out. "I didn't know how.."

My voice shook with each word. Adrian gave me a reassuring nod and placed a hand on Dani's shoulder.

"Amelia is going through a really tough time right now-"

“You knew?”

The accusation in her voice chilled me to my bones and I could feel the tears forming in my eyes.

Dani stood there, chest heaving, looking from my stomach to my tearstained face.

The last thing I heard was the anger in her voice as she screamed, “That asshole!”

In less than 5 seconds she had stormed out of the door. My eyes widened in realization. She was going to confront him.

The now familiar taste of bile rose in my throat as I screamed after her. “Dani it’s no use!”

She ignored me, the sound of her motorbike informing me she was already on her way to the Davenports. I staggered to my feet, helpless.

I have to go after her. Confronting Jason wouldn’t solve anything. Family wealth and status could get him out of anything. There was no point.

Tears streaming down my face, I began to limp to the door. Adrian’s firm hand stopped me in my tracks.

“No!” I screamed, snatching my hand away. “She’ll do something crazy.”

“Breathe, Mel. Breathe,” He cooed, rubbing my shoulders in small circles. When I was calm he led me to a chair. “Stay here. Take care of Nana. I’ll go after Dani.”

I nodded feverishly, trying to steady my breathing.

Nana’s soft touch amidst the tears on both our faces calmed me down as I watched Adrian race out the door and into his car.

Jason Davenport

A loud banging on the front gate brought me out of my reverie. Looking at the time, I frowned. It was 8 in the morning. Who would be knocking like that?

Irritated, I rang one of the servants. “Go take care of whatever that irritating noise is. Right now.”

I relaxed back onto my bed as he bowed and left.

I sighed. Lately I’ve been so tired. All the time. Sighing again, I looked toward my TV to see what video game would take off all the stress right now.

As I bent to pick one up, I heard Dad scream my name. It sounded more like a roar. I frowned deeply. He never called me out this loud. What the hell was happening?

Still frowning at the interruption, I made my way downstairs. I stopped dead in my tracks as I came face to face with a fuming Dani Daniels.

All of a sudden, my breathing quickened. Dani defended Amelia against Kimberly. Dani was friends with Amelia.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 110 - Tips

Looking towards dad, I wiped my sweaty palms on my hoodie.

“This girl who keeps disturbing our peace and knocking like a mad woman claims she’s here to see you. So?” He gestured to Dani. “Do you know her?”

“I d-don’t recognize-“

“You fvcking a.ssh0le!” Dani screamed so loud the servants had to hold her back. “You monster!” She continued, seemingly oblivious to the tight hold on her shoulders. “I’ll strangle you with my bare hands when I get my hands on you, you fvcking piece of sh!t!”

Dad’s face reddened. “You come into my house, disturb our peace, and threaten my son?!” He bellowed. Ashley gently placed her hand on his, tapping on it in a distracting motion.

Dani stood, unfazed. “Why don’t you ask ‘your son’ what he did to my friend!” She spat, anger visible on her features. She met my eyes, anger and pain dancing in them. “Why don’t you tell them? Tell them how you singlehandedly ruined Amelia’s life.”

Dad's eyebrows furrowed. He questioningly looked from Dani to me. "What is she talking about?"

His voice was calm. Collected. Maybe if I tread carefully I could... Maybe I could explain...

My hands shook in fear.

"Go on, Jason. Tell them." Dani continued. Everyone's eyes were on her now. "Tell them how you took advantage of a defenceless girl. How you r.aped her."

Ashley's sharp gasp was the only sound that could be heard in the room.

"Your accusations are absurd, young lady!" Dad lashed out. "One more warning and you'll end up in a cell," He growled.

Dani only gestured to me. "Ask him yourself then. Let's see him deny it."

For a few moments there wasn't a sound. Dad slowly turned to face me, unsure. "What is this about?"

This time his voice was cold, disbelieving. There was a tiny hint of distrustfulness in his eyes, almost like he was willing me to deny everything so we could move on.

But I couldn't.

In fear, I hung my head, waiting for time to pass.

As I raised to head to look back up, a sharp pain spread over my cheeks and it took me a few seconds to realise that Dad had slapped me.

"What is this about?!" He boomed. I kept my head low wishing for everything to pass.

A sound by the door distracted everyone as we all looked up to see Adrian. Dad's eyes widened as Adrian walked up to Dani and extricated her from the hold of the servants.

"Adrian, you-you know this girl?" Dad stammered, looking from Adrian to me in disbelief.

The first tear dropped from my eyes just as Adrian pulled Dani safely behind him.

Jason Davenport

“Deny it,” Dad said. His voice was low, cold.

My shoulders shook with fear. I stared at h wide-eyed, my breath coming out as shallow sounds.

“I said, deny it,” This time his voice was louder.

Adrian gave me a disappointed stare as he shook his head and pulled Dani to the door. “Let’s go.”

She shook her head vehemently. “He’s gonna pay, Adrian. He... he has to.” Her voice broke. “She was already going through a lot, Adrian. And now this?!”

Adrian pulled her toward him in a h.ug as a reply and together they began to walk away.

“Adrian!” I heard Dad call out. Beside him Ashley held onto him even tighter reassuringly.

Adrian paused but didn’t look back.

“Why did you stop coming over?” Dad managed to croak out. I could hear the desperation in his voice.

“I’d rather be dead than be friends with a rapist,” Adrian replied simply. And like that he was gone.

The servants were quiet. Ashley was quiet. Dad was quiet.

I wasn’t expecting a second slap, but it came.

Dad growled, grabbing me roughly by the shoulders. “Whose son are you?!” He screamed.

A tear fell from my eyes as a response. “D-dad, I... I’m sorry,” I managed to whimper. “I wasn’t thinking-“

The third slap came.

Tears filled my eyes. Dad never hit before.

“Babe!” Ashley screamed. “That’s enough!”

No one paid any attention to her.

I could see the disappointment in dad’s eyes as he let me fall to the floor. “Your mother would be so disappointed in you,” He whispered coldly. “I’d rather not have a child that have one like you!”

It hurt. The words hurt. Then I started to wish he was hitting me than saying these things.

Straightening up, he boomed. “Get out!”

I looked up at him and didn’t speak. Slowly I scrambled to my feet and began to make my way toward my room. Dad grabbed my arm and shoved me to the door.

“I said, get out! You’re a man now. You can disrespect everyone and manhandle people. So it’s obvious you’re trying to assert your authority, right?”

“So get out! You’re a bloody criminal. The only reason the cops aren’t is for your mother’s sake.”

I stared in disbelief. “What?” My voice came out as a croak. “Dad, please I-“

Without letting me finish, he shoved me to the door and out the gate. And he was gone.

My breath caught in my throat. Dad couldn’t possibly, he wouldn’t kick me out.

No. He can’t.

My fingers tore at my hair as I tried to keep myself from crying.

He’d let me in.

He’s just angry right now.

He wouldn't.

Those thoughts warming up my head, I slumped to the floor and let sadness, remorse, guilt, wash over me.