

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 11 - Tips

Every day that I had to see Jason got me more and more upset than I could take. Pushed me further toward the wall. I didn't know if I could wait for the remainder of the hundred and ninety days before I saw him no more. I wasn't sure if I could contain myself any longer. Eventually, sooner or later, I was going to snap and probably do something, most likely, not beneficial to me. But after the incident in his car last week, I think I wouldn't mind.

Yes, I feared Jason, but there was a limit to everything. Even to my fear. After what he'd done on Thursday last week, after he'd spoken and acted with so much hate and scorn, I couldn't help but wonder if there was something more to his bullying. If maybe, all along, it wasn't really bullying out of boredom or habit, but bullying borne out of pure hatred. And I couldn't help but fear for my life. My safety.

So, I decided to steer clear of him, by all means. And even if I had to interact with him, it'd be one sided or monotonous. All he asked me to do, I would without question, just so our conversation didn't carry on for too long. So far, it'd been better that way; the bullying felt less than it normally did.

Today was Friday, the last day of the second week in the third term of senior year and I was exhausted already. I'd done a pretty good job at avoiding Jason, which was one of the reasons for my pent up stress. School was over and I could've been home, having a proper sleep, but no, I was in the library, as Jason had instructed me to be after Coach Hens banned me from being in the field during practice, doing a project of his from last week.

Stressed, tired, drained by the week's truckload of school work, I felt like falling asleep right there in the library. Giving into the soft, lullabic caress of sleep, I crossed my arms on the desk and dropped my head into them. I was at the far end of the library so, hopefully, Mrs McConnell wouldn't spot me any time soon—she hated sleeping in the library, so much so that she even printed a warning note about it and pasted it on the billboard outside the library.

I was almost at the bar between reality and dreamland when I felt a hand tap me gently. At first, I ignored it, so drowsy I almost barely felt it. Moments after, the hand shook me, this time with a little more effort. Then I reacted.

“I’m not sleeping!” I exclaimed, jerking my head up at once. “Mrs McConnell, I can explain—” I began, but stopped on realizing it wasn’t Mrs McConnell who’d shaken me, but . . . Jason. Sitting right across from me, his brown eyes like pools of melted caramel, holding mine.

On instinct, and almost reflexively, my heart skipped a beat in fear, but I was quick to cover it up with a look of indifference.

I kept silent, lowering my eyes from his to his project before me. Luckily, there was no drool on it, although there was a wet patch on the leg of my jeans.

Moments passed and Jason did or said nothing. I began to feel uncomfortable and squeamish under his gaze. What was he doing here anyway? Wasn’t he meant to be in the field practicing or something?

Just when I couldn’t bear the silence any longer, he exhaled, a possible sign that he was about to start speaking.

And I was right. Seconds later, he began talking.

“Can we, um, talk? Outside?”

At his words, I moved my gaze up to him, not sure I heard right. Did Jason just . . . ask to talk with me politely?

I blinked. Something was wrong. Something was definitely wrong here. Growing wary, I inched back in my seat.

“Please, I need to talk with you. But not here, or else Mrs McConnell will be on her necks,” he went on.

This time around, he’d added “please”. Jason Davenport, my mortal enemy, had just talked to me in the most polite of manners, with the meekest of voices, and he’d added “please”.

What was happening. Let me rephrase that. WHAT WAS HAPPENING?? Had I fallen asleep and thought I was awake? Perhaps I was dreaming.