

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 13 - Tips

I was soon to attend my first ever high school party, only for the sole reason of Jason inviting me himself. Handing me a flyer yesterday. And for him apologizing too, I guess.

It was Friday night, the time set for the party, and I was starting to regret taking Jason's flyer. Agreeing to attend his party. I was getting cold feet, and I had my reasons.

For one, although I'd accepted Jason's apology and had forgiven him, even when I didn't want to, even when I knew an apology couldn't just erase everything he'd done to me, I still had this gut feeling that it wasn't genuine, his repentance. For some reason, I still felt it was all an act. Now, I wasn't one to act on my gut feelings, trust them, because, sometimes, they'd let me down, so, as much as I didn't want to, I ignored them.

Secondly, I was getting cold feet because I wasn't used to parties, and I had absolutely no idea what to wear. I had a lot of dresses. So many. Short, long, extra short, tight, loose, flay, I had them all, with very few pants and jeans. And I didn't really think wearing a dress to a high-school party was advisable. It was okay, actually. Many people wear dresses to parties, I just didn't want to, so I settled for my jean jumpsuit from middle school. It was still presentable, in the least, faded a bit, but just the right size to make me look cute—for some reason, I was also interested in looking good. And blending in.

Now that I thought about it, I realized the reason why. Jason was the one taking me to his party. Believe it or not, he said he'd be picking me up and taking me to his house, where the party was set to hold, since I didn't know the way around, or his place. To this arrangement, I'd agreed, despite my last encounter in his car.

On remembering the encounter, I clutched the jumpsuit tightly in my hands and plopped back on the bed behind me.

"Ugh," I gr0aned into the jumpsuit. "What was I thinking? This is bad. This is really, really bad. I shouldn't have agreed to this."

I guess it was the way he'd told me. Not forcefully. Not authoritatively. Just a simple question. "Do you want me to pick you up since, um, you've never been to my place before?"

And just like that, I said yes. No hesitations. No second thoughts. I guess I was still not used to Jason being polite. To anyone, me most of all.

Maybe I should call him, I thought. Tell him I feel sick or something. Just make up something, a reason to not go to his party. Yeah, that's what I should do.

I reached for my phone lying a few inches from me on the bed. Going to my call log, I browsed through until I found his name.

Jason.

He'd given me his number yesterday at school, so that was pretty much how I had it in my phone. It felt surreal, seeing his name on my phone. Having his number. . . I still couldn't grasp the idea.

Just as I made to tap the call symbol, the phone buzzed in my palm. Speak of the devil. It was Jason.