

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 14 - Tips

Ignoring the sudden dryness in my throat, I answered the call at once.

“Hey, Mel, what’s up? You good? Only fifteen minutes till I gotta come pick you up,” he rapped, as soon as I put the phone to my ear.

Jason using my nickname, Mel, still felt knew to me. But nice. New but nice. Sweet. I like the way it sounded when he said it. Mel.

I blinked. Where had that thought come from?

“Hey, you still there?” His voice came back to me, pulling me away from my odd thoughts.

“Yeah,” I blurted out. “Yeah, I still am.”

“So,” he drawled. “What you saying? You ready now? Or I wait the fifteen minutes before I pick you up?”

“Ah, no, I’m not yet ready,” I told him. “I still have some stuff to help my grandma out with.”

“In fifteen then?” He asked.

“Twenty?”

“Okay,” he exhaled. “Twenty it is.”

Shortly after, the line went dead.

Yes, I still had stuff to do for my grandma before I left, but I could do all that even under fifteen minutes. I only added an extra five minutes to the time to test Jason. See if he’d snap and blow his cover, if he was actually pretending, that is. But he didn’t even flinch. There had been nothing at all, just sheer accommodation. And if that didn’t convince me that Jason was being completely genuine, then I didn’t know what would.

Fifteen minutes later, I was all dressed up and had put grandma to bed, although I knew she wasn’t sleeping yet. She liked to stay up a little longer to sit by her window and knit, a habit of hers she’d had even when I was a little girl.

With the rest of my time, I did a little touch-up to my face, putting on some powder and glossy, clear lipstick. Very unlike me to care about my looks, at least to that extent, not that I didn't care at all, but I guess Jason was already taking a toll on me. In a good way. And growing on me too. I could get used to his newfound gentleman personality.

He was two minutes late though. Trust me to check that. Not that I was upset or anything, but, apparently, my brain wanted to take note of what to rate his punctuality. It gave him a 98%, two points off for coming two minutes later.

I knew he'd arrived when I saw the headlights of his car momentarily wash over the house before going off. Then I literally began to get cold feet. And hands.

This was Jason Oliver Davenport, in my house, here to pick me up, in his car, for his party. How true was that? Honestly, if anyone had told me, prior to this time, that such a thing would happen, I'd never have believed. I'd have thought the person a fool, but here I was, living the very same thing I'd have abused someone for insinuating.

The doorbell dinged suddenly, almost ripping my heart from its cage in anxiety. I swallowed, staring at the door. On the old, welcome mat stood Jason. I was very sure that was the spot in which he stood. Most visitors did. I could almost envision him, standing at the door, dressed in something simple but hot anyway, his handsome face and smothering lips . . .

Smothering lips? Amelia, what the hell has gotten into you for crying out loud?! Get it together or I'll do that for you! The reasonable side of me yelled. Since when did you develop an interest in Jason's lips?

Just as the other, more unreasonable side was about to retort, the doorbell rang again. This time, I made no hesitations, heading straight for the door. I wrapped my hand around the cold, metal knob of the door and slowly pulled it open, the door creaking all the way. I didn't bother about waking grandma up with the sound. She was deaf anyway.

As soon as there was room enough for me to step out, I did so, shutting the door behind me.