

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 15 - Tips

Standing not more than two inches from me was Jason, a casual smile across his lips, his sandy hair done in a different style from its infamous one—gelled up. This time, he'd gelled it slightly to the side, accentuating the new haircut he'd gotten. Jason looked hot. Breathtaking. Standing barely two inches from him, able to hear his breathing, feel it, looking straight into his brown eyes, all that did wonders on my emotions.

Quickly, to dissuade the unreasonable thoughts stirring up, I stepped back from Jason.

"Oh, sorry, my bad." He stepped back too. "Didn't mean to cause any . . . inconvenience."

"No." I shook my head at once. "No, you didn't."

At my words, he just shrugged.

"Shall we?" He said, holding out his hand.

I lowered my eyes to his hand before me, pale pink and two times bigger than mine. Did he mean for me to take it? Did Jason mean for me, Amelia, to put my hand in his?

Surprised and confused, I looked back up at Jason.

"Come on," he urged me. "Take my hand. We're already late."

Jason did want me to hold his hand. Whoa.

Reaching out slowly, I wrapped my hand around his, which quickly enveloped mine in both its warmth and size. Turning around, he started down the steps. In a trancelike state, I followed in his wake, his hand still holding tightly onto mine.

Getting to his Audi, he unlocked the door of the passenger seat first and held the door open for me. If I was surprised about him wanting to hold my hand, I was shocked that he held the door open for me. Slowly, still in a trance, I got in and he closed the door, jogging over to the driver's seat.

Moments later, we were driving down the paved, brightly lit street, headed for his party.

I sat still, as rigid as a rock. Not saying a word. Not doing a thing. In the silence of the car, all that could be heard was my breathing—very faintly—and the sound of him switching gears. That was how awkward the whole thing was.

“So,” Jason began all of a sudden, causing me to snap my gaze towards him. “You ever been to a high-school party before?”

While asking me, he cast a quick inquisitive glance my way. Despite how fleeting it was, I couldn’t help but feel like a neophyte under it.

“N-no,” I said, shaking my head.

“Okay.” He nodded before smiling. “Good thing you have me then, yeah?”

“I guess,” I muttered, tucking a stray strand of hair behind my ear.

“You look great, by the way,” he added as he took a turn. “I mean, for someone who’s never been to a party, you dressed just right. And I like what you did to your hair.”

What I did to my hair . . .

All I’d done was let it loose from it’s regular ponytail. But screw that. Did Jason just compliment me? I, Amelia Forbes, complimented by Jason Davenport. Oh boy. Oh boy.

“Thank you,” I said, still stunned.

“You’re welcome,” he nodded. “Trust me, you’re gonna love my party. There’s a pool if you wanna go skinny-dipping. There’s a game room, drinks and so much more. Aside from the game room, we’ll be playing common party games because what’s a party without them? So get ready!”

None of Jason’s words enthused me the way it did him. I wasn’t too keen on swimming, neither was I on gaming. And drinks? Hell, no. I’d never even had a taste of alcohol before. The games? I didn’t even know what to think about them, just that they’ll surely be freaky.

“You ever drank before?” Jason asked, casting me a sideways glance. “Or been in a truth or dare game before?”

Silently, I shook my head.

“Well, you’ll be doing so today!” He exclaimed. Seeing the expression on my face, he mellowed his voice. “If you want to, though. Totally your choice.”

I looked down at my hands, sitting on my laps. “Yeah, I guess.”

Some minutes later, Jason pulled into the curved driveway of a mansion that stood almost 30 feet tall and 10 feet wide. Not that I knew this for sure, I was no architect, but I could certainly say this house was huge. And magnificent with its numerous bright lights, that cast a glow on the pool and dolphin fountain before it, and gold plated pillars. It had this vintage look to it but with a slight touch of modernity.

And there were people. Lots of people whom I couldn’t realize, milling about on the outside, some already in the pool.

I began to get jittery hands and a thumping heart. There were so many people, I wasn’t used to this.

“You like what you see?” Jason asked, breaking into my thoughts.

Admittedly, his house was beautiful.

“Yeah,” I said, trying to cover up my nervousness. “Your house is amazing.”

He smiled. “Shall we then?”

I looked at him. “You mean the party?”

His smile growing wider, he said, “Of course. What else?”