

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 17 - Tips

Unlike earlier, when Jason came to my house to pick me up, I didn't hesitate to take his hand. Reaching out, I wrapped my hand around his at once, welcoming the feel of it, slightly rough, yes, but warm anyway.

He led me past the crowd and down the stairs to a room I had crossed earlier on my way into his house. It was wide, like other rooms at the floor base, but unlike other rooms, it was a free space with nothing but bare walls, white drapes and a few bean bags scattered about.

Every bean bag was occupied except for two at the end of the circular gathering. Jason walked me over to them and took a seat on the first before gesturing the second to me.

"Wait a minute, what the hell is she doing here?"

I knew that voice all too well to not recognize it instantly. My gaze flew to the middle of the gathering only for it to fall on Kimberly, her phone in her hand, staring daggers at me.

"She's with me," Jason spoke up, staring at Kimberly. "And she's staying?"

Kimberly's mouth fell open. "What?"

"Yeah, what?!" Her friend, Malia, on the bean bag beside her, exclaimed.

"You heard me," Jason said. "She. Stays. And if you don't like that you can get the fvck out."

The rude side of Jason had surfaced, but for the first time ever, it wasn't toward me, but toward Kimberly.

"Is there anyone else who has a problem with Amelia being here?" Jason asked, in a much calm voice now.

I passed a gaze around the small bunch. I could recognize all of them, from Kimberly and her friend Malia to Greg, the team's goalkeeper, Rory, the basketball team's captain, Aneeka, a member of the cheerleading squad, Dani, the school's tomboy and a sub at the lacrosse team.

These were all top notch people. High school celebrities. Realizing this, I began to feel rather awkward among them. What was I even doing here? How could I have let Jason Davenport cajole me to his party and then to a game with the popular click?

Oh boy.

“Good, no one else,” Jason said. “So, are we starting the game or . . .”

“Let’s start with a game of Would You Rather . . .” Dani piped up, dropping her phone beside her on the bean bag.

“Oh, I’ll go first!” Malia sat up straight.

“I brought up the idea, so I’ll go first,” Dani countered.

“But—”

“Just let her be, Malia,” Kimberly interrupted.

“Whatever,” Malia mumbled, relaxing back into the bag.

“I’ll start with . . .” Dani began, looking around the group. “Rory,” she completed.