

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 18 - Tips

Rory, a dark skinned guy with a mass of curly dark hair, dark, deep set eyes, sensual pink lips and a fine jawline with a budding goatee, looked up from the phone in his hand.

“Yay,” he intoned, waving his hand, obviously not interested in the game.

“Would you rather,” Dani went on, “jerk off to me or to Kimberly.”

At her words, I almost choked on my breath. I knew it. I just knew this would be the type of stuff discussed, but I was already neck deep in it to back out.

“Kimberly, of course,” Rory answered quickly. “Can’t be jerking off to my fellow man now, can I?”

“Ouuu,” went Greg and Jason, holding a fist to their mouth, snickering.

Dani held up her middle fingers to Rory who just shrugged with a smile.

“Greg,” he began, “would you rather bang Malia or eat pretty little Miss Amelia here.”

Greg, unlike Rory, was Asian, with jet black hair, ear piercings and a cute face. He moved his dark eyes to me at Rory’s question. A smile creeping up his face, he moved his piercing gaze—thank goodness—from me to Malia.

“Malia’s old meat,” he said with a shrug. “So, Amelia.”

Embarrassed, I flushed, looking down at my hands.

“Fvck you, Greg,” Malia frowned. “You’re old meat too, you know.”

Ignoring her statement, Greg went on to ask Aneeka if she’d rather French kiss Dani or Jason—Aneeka was a bisexual.

To his question, Aneeka asked, “Where exactly?”

“Anywhere,” Greg replied.

“Dani.” She told us, passing a coy glance at Dani, who I think was bisexual too. “Girls sometimes taste better.”

The game went on with more bizarre questions until Jason called an end to it, saying it was getting boring and we'd already used up the interesting questions.

"So, what do you want us to do?" Aneeka asked.

"Something else," he shrugged.

"Truth or dare!" Greg exclaimed. "Always save the best for last."

"Truth or dare it is," Jason concurred immediately.

"So, who goes first?" Kimberly asked, already piped up for the game, unlike during the Would You Rather . . .

When no one came forth, she started. "For this, because I know y'all sneaky bastards, everyone has a minimum of five truths and five dares. And you have to complete all of them."

"Get on with it already," Rory said in his usual bored tone.

"I'll start with you." Mikayla looked at him. "Truth or dare."

Rory moved his gaze to her. "Truth."

"What's the first dirty thing you'd do if you woke up as a girl?" Kimberly c0cked an eyebrow.

"Why, fvck my own pvssy," Rory chuckled. "I always been wondering what it's like for you girls to do that sh!t."

Kimberly rolled her eyes. "Your turn, ask someone."

"Aneeka, truth or dare," Rory stated.

"Dare," she replied.

Rory's lips pulled up in a smirk. "I dare you to come over here and stroke my d!ck."

"Ohhh, hard-core," Greg whooped.

What? I gulped. Stroke his . . . what?

"I'd rather drink," Aneeka said, and reached for the bottle of beer I was only just noticing on the floor before us.

She took a somewhat long swig before dropping it back on the floor.

"Your loss," Rory chortled.

"Greg, truth or dare," Aneeka said.

"Dare," he told her.

"I dare you to take off ten things on your body, right now," she smiled, crossing her arms.

By the time Greg was done with his dare, he was left with just his drawers, which was pink by the way.

"All my other ones are in the laundry," was his defense.

"Kimberly," he called after he was done dressing back. "Truth or dare."

"Truth," she said.

"You ever been in a threesome?"

"You know the answer to that," she stared at him.

"Do I, though?" He cocked his eyebrows, smirking.

"Yeah, I have," she said uninterestedly, "with your sorry a.ss and Thierry."

Thierry was on the lacrosse team.

Things were getting more and more intense. My palms began to sweat. What if Kimberly called me next?

As if hearing my thoughts, Kimberly's gaze flew to me. Slowly, her plump lips stretched wider to form a creepy smile. At that moment, I knew I was done for.

"Jason," she spoke up, still looking at me. My heart jolted. "Truth or dare."

"Dare," Jason said, all too quickly.

Leaning forward, Kimberly said. "I dare you to grab Amelia, French k!ss her and s.uuck her t!tties afterwards."