

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 2 - Tips

A hushed silence fell over the cafeteria the moment I crashed to the floor on my hands and knees. Only then did it dawn on me what had just happened. I wasn't having any pudding. I wasn't going to have lunch at all. Not with my food scattered everywhere, the apple not too far from me and the glob of unidentifiable food lying a little to the right of the apple.

Just as I was starting to wonder where the pudding went, a shriek pierced the air, hurting my eardrums, seeing as it came from beside me.

At once, I whipped my head to my left to meet the shock of my life. The right half of Kimberly's face and neck was covered in chocolate pudding.

Oh, no. No, no, no, no.

At once, I scrambled to my feet, ignoring the snickers that came from Jason's table, the loudest from him.

"I'm so sorry," I began, holding my hands out, making sure to keep my distance too. "I-I didn't mean—"

I'd barely gotten out the last word, 'to', when in a flash, Kimberly shot up from her seat, grabbed the nearest plate of pudding and hauled it at me. I saw it a second too late to duck.

A foreign pain exploded on my lower lip and jaw where the plate of pudding had impacted, as I toppled backward, lost my footing and fell onto the floor.

I clasped a hand to my hurting jaw, tears pricking my eyes at the outburst of laughter that broke the silence from Jason's table. My jaw, neck and red flannel top were covered in chocolate pudding.

"Sorry won't fix my hair, b!tch!" Kimberly spat.

The first tear pooled in my right eye.

Don't fall. Don't fall.

When it could gather no more, it rolled down my cheek.

Crap.

“Look what you did to my face!” Kimberly yelled. “I should throw another at you for this.”

My eyes cast to the floor, hand still on my throbbing jaw, I hurried to my feet.

“It was obviously a mistake, Kim,” someone from Jason’s table said, as I turned away from the pairs of staring eyes, all hungry for more drama.

“Oh, shut up, Adrian,” Kimberly retorted. “Of course, you’d take her side.”

“No, you shut up.” Adrian shot back. “I mean, you act like you have no fvcking sense of reasoning. You could’ve hurt her badly . . .”

Speeding out the cafeteria, my head still down, the tears now falling in torrents, his words faded.

On getting to the bathroom, I pushed the door open and walked in, shutting it behind me. I turned on the tap, put my hands under the cold water, scooped up some and splashed it on the pudding on my face. I repeated the action severally until all the pudding on my face and neck was g

one.

After that, I took a tissue and wiped down my top before removing some of the stain with water. Only after I was done did I then look up at my reflection.

The tears had stopped as soon as I started cleaning off, but the sniffles hadn’t. My grey eyes were red rimmed, nose pink and the lower side of my jaw bearing a similar pink hue, a bruise on the right side of my lower lip. The edge of my shoulder length blonde was damp and matted to my collarbone. I flinged it out.

Normally, I wouldn’t cry, but hauling a freaking plate at me? And the others laughing right after? That was more embarrassment than I could bear. And it’d never been physical, Kimberly’s aggression towards me, so why then did she, all of a sudden, throw a freaking plate at me?

Blinking away the tears that’d pooled in my eyes once again, I blew out a breath through my lips.

“You’re fine,” I said to myself, my daily mantra whenever I got bullied. “Only two hundred days left, Mel. You’re doing great.”

Nodding at my words, I exhaled once more and left the cafeteria at the moment the warning bell for lunch period to be over went off.

Outside, on a bench not too far from the bathroom, I saw a denim jacket I hadn't noticed earlier, lying there with a note on top of it.

At first, I wanted to leave it, just walk on, like I'd never seen it, but the note drew me in.

Walking over to the jacket, I picked up the note.

Sorry about your lunch, it read. I'm leaving my jacket. Maybe you could use it to cover up the pudding stain?

Adrian.

Folding the note, I picked up the jacket.

It was a wonder how two close friends could be so different, with contrasting personalities.

Jason and Adrian had been friends since middle school, their friendship extending into high-school. They weren't just opposite in character, Adrian being the nicer, sweeter one and Jason the rude, arrogant 'bad boy', but also in their looks. Adrian, a lot hotter than Jason, for me though, was towering to about six feet, had the body of an athlete and jet black hair.

His keen, observant, blue eyes and million dollar smile pretty much pulled every girl in school, not that he was a player though.

Jason, on the other hand, had the same height and body as Adrian, only that he had light brown eyes and sandy hair.

Sometimes, I wondered how Adrian still managed to remain friends with Jason, despite being so different. Despite Jason being such a douchebag.

Slipping on the jacket and buttoning it up, I said a silent 'thank you' to Adrian in my head.