

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 21 - Tips

I woke up, with a start, to the light filtering into my room through the half open curtain, a throbbing head and a parched throat.

Squinting against the mild glare of the sun, I propped myself up on the bed and pushed my hair out of my face, my sore eyes taking in the contents of the room.

“What happened?” I murmured to myself, little bits of the party from last night coming back to me. “How did I get back?”

I tried to recall how I returned home but nothing came to mind. The last I remembered was drinking to the dare they’d given me, which I declined doing.

Figuring I must’ve gotten really drunk and Jason brought me back to my house, I sighed and swung my legs down from the bed.

I needed an aspirin. Two aspirin. Fast. But first, some water, and then checking in on grandma. Knowing her, she would be up by now.

Speaking of the time, what was the time actually? I twisted my body to look at the alarm clock sitting on the nightstand at the other side of the bed.

It read 9:30am. My alarm clock was thirty minutes, so the time was actually ten o’clock.

“What?!” I exclaimed, shooting up from the bed, which was a bad, very bad move.

The room spun, my wobbly feet gave way and I crumpled to the ground in a heap, suddenly feeling very nauseous. The onslaught of vomit was not too far behind.

Clasping a hand to my mouth I struggled to my feet with the last strength in me, ignoring the headache and the dizziness. The last thing I wanted was to throw up in my room. That’d make a huge mess because the floor was rugged.

I yanked open the door and ran down the stairs, two at a time, straight to the bathroom, passing Nana—in the kitchen—on the way. Getting to the bathroom, I kicked the door open and stumbled to the sink. Then I threw up, retching, coughing and gagging until my stomach felt empty.

Feeling very drained, tired and hungry, I washed my mouth and leaned back from the sink to look at my reflection. My face bore a ghostly look.

“Note to self,” I muttered. “Do not ever, ever drink again.”

Since I was already in the bathroom, I brushed my teeth right away, rinsed my face and dried it before heading out to meet Nana in the kitchen.

“Hey, Nana,” I said, walking up to her and hugging her from behind.

We exchanged greetings in sign language before I went over and took my usual spot at the far end of the table.

Just a little more time, she gestured with her hands. I know you must be very hungry.

It’s fine. I shrugged with a smile.

Five minutes later, grandma and I were seated for a breakfast of pancakes and maple syrup, bacon and eggs, cornbread and glasses of orange juice. For once, I was actually grateful for grandma’s overcooking.

I was halfway through the pancakes when grandma stopped eating to talk with me.

A boy brought you back yesterday. She told me. By 12 in the morning.

12? My eyes bulged.

Yeah, 12. You were passed out.

I’m really sorry, grandma. That wasn’t supposed to happen.

It’s fine, she shrugged. It was a different boy though. I saw the one who picked you up. It wasn’t him. The one that brought you back had dark hair, blue eyes.

What? I frowned. But . . .

It was in that moment that all the memories from the party came flooding back to me in torrential flashes, like the repeated clicking of a camera. The flame haired guy that was trying to woo me. Jason inviting me to the games, the dares and the drinking.

Everything up until then was clear before slowly things began to get hazy. Thin. I'd felt weird after taking my last shot, so I went to the bathroom and . . . Jason came in shortly after.

"We k!ssed," I gasped, a hand flying up to touch my !!ps. "Jason and I . . . k!ssed."

But we didn't do just that. Jason touched me. My neck. My b.reasts.

Remembering the feel of his hands as they caressed my b.reasts, I dropped the pancake in my hand, my eyes going wide in horror.

And then I remembered the last bit, a memory almost completely buried away but somehow rearing its disappointing head.

Jason had fingered me.

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In shock and horror, I stood up from my seat, my heart racing.

"What have I done?" I whispered.

Mel? What's wrong? Grandma stared at me.

For her sake, I tried to compose myself. Act like nothing had happened.

With a small smile, I sat down once again.

I just remembered who brought me back, that's all. I lied.

Ok. Who?

His name is Adrian.

After breakfast, I took two aspirin and then stepped into the bathroom. Wondering how I'll face Jason in school now, I sank to my b.utt under the hot shower.

How could I have been so loose? To let Jason k!ss me. Touch me. I was better than that. Influence of alcohol or no influence, I could have done better, because I wasn't that way. I was always cautious about these things. And I was very picky.

For almost twenty minutes, I remained in the bathroom, under the hot shower until my skin became too tender and pink, then, still unable to believe I'd let myself be used for a brief, short lived moment of pleasure, I dried my body and stepped out of the bathroom.

Times like these were when I needed someone I could actually talk with the most. Someone who understood the type of person I was and could relate with me on personal levels. Of course, Nana was there, but she couldn't hear a thing. And, I love her, but I was just not in the mood for sign language.

I dressed up in one of dad's old tees—we still had some of my parents belongings down in the bas.ement. After their death when I was fourteen, I just couldn't accept they were . . . gone. So I took some of their stuff and placed them in my room, just so I could feel their presence whenever I needed it the most. Like now.

Clutching mom's stress ball tighter, I called Benson. Twice. Only on the third ring did he pick. Good for him. I was just about to call till night fell.

"Hey, Mel, sorry I wasn't able to pick up on time," he said as soon as he answered the call. "I was out playing basketball with my neighbors and Jackie, who was sitting right beside the phone, couldn't be bothered about your call until the third time."

Jackie was his younger sister who was a freshman at Wayne's County High.

"It's fine," I muttered.

"So, what's up?"

"Are you busy right now?"

“Uh,” he drawled. “We’re on a break here so technically no.”

“Can you come over?” I asked.

“Right now?”

“Yeah,” I said.

“Okay, sure. They have more players anyway, and besides, it’s been a while since I came by, or you came by.”

“School work, I guess,” I shrugged.

“Nope. Katie. She’s so clingy,” he sighed. “But I love her anyway. I’m on my way!”

Ten minutes later, Benson was in my room, sitting at the edge of the bed opposite me, his legs crossed on top of mine and mine on top of his, like old times.

“So, are we just gonna sit doing a staring competition or you got something fun we can do?” He crossed his arms, hazel eyes trained on me. “Or something fun you’d like to tell me.” He wiggled his eyebrows then, smiling.

“I’ve seen you with Adrian lately,” he added. “Anything going on between you and the jock?”

“He’s a nice guy you know,” I said.

“Oh, so you like him then?” Benson’s eyebrows shot up. “Just like every other girl in school. You know, Katie told me she once had a crush on him. Back in sophomore year.”

“I don’t,” I rolled my eyes. “I don’t like Adrian, Ben. I only do as a friend. But there’s something I’d like to tell you.”

“Ouu, is it a secret?” Benson straightened up.

“Yeah,” I nodded. “Kinda.”

“Okay,” he said, assuming a more interested position. “What is it?”

“First of all, you have to promise not to judge me.” I fixed my gaze on him.

“Have I ever really?” He shrugged.

I sighed. “No, but, you might after I’m done—”

“Amelia.” He called my name in full. “I won’t.”

Looking down at my hands, I sighed again. “You know I went to Jason’s party last night?”

“No,” Benson said. “I wasn’t aware. How come you didn’t tell me?”

“Well, I guess it’s because all you think about is Katie.” I looked up at him.

The cool expression on his face changed immediately.

“Sorry,” I muttered. “I’m kind of in a foul mood.”

“No, it’s fine,” he said, “you’re right. Lately, I’ve been neglecting you, and I’m sorry.”

I offered him a small smile. “We can always call a truce.”

“Truce?” He stretched out his hand to me.

“Truce.” I took his hand and shook it.

“So, you went to Jason’s party, and?” He asked, dropping my hand.

Remembering what had happened, my mood became sore once again.

“You promise not to tell anyone?” I asked, lowering my gaze to the throw pillow cradled on my laps.

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“Amelia,” he groaned. “Don’t you trust me anymore? I promise.”

“Okay, okay,” I began with a sigh, looking up at him. “So, Jason apologized, that you know. Then he invited me to his party which I agreed to, for some reason. I guess because he was being so nice and polite, and I wanted him to remain that way towards me.”

“What if it’s an act though?” Benson broke in. “You do know there’s an eighty percent chance that it’s just an act. That he might have an ulterior motive.”

“I know. And I thought about it. Benson, I tested him. I don’t think it’s an act. I think he’s for real.”

He shrugged. “If you say so. But I think once a bully, always a bully. If you ask me, I’d say the change was too sudden and personally I’d be skeptical, but then again, what do I know?”

Silently, I admitted he was right. I was too quick to believe Jason. Too quick to agree to attend his party. To let him touch me. As if that was all I ever craved for.

“So, I went to his party,” I continued, pushing my thoughts behind me. “Yesterday. He was the one who picked me up. Took me to his house. And there was this game. He wanted me to join. Play with his friends.”

“Don’t tell me you agreed.” Benson stared at me.

“I did,” I muttered.

“Oh.” He slapped a hand to his forehead. “You have to be sh!tting me, Mel. Okay, even if you did, don’t tell me Kimberly was there.”

“She was,” I told him.

“You have queened yourself a royal screw-up,” he stated. “A big, messy one.”

“What does that even mean?” I frowned. “And besides, it was a truth or game—”

“Oh, boy. Even worse.”

“—which I took no part in.”

“But, lemme guess, you drank, since you didn’t want to do your dares.”

“Yeah, I did,” I affirmed. “I know I shouldn’t have, but I didn’t want to seem . . . chicken. I’m almost eighteen, Benson. Sooner or later I’ll have to do these things. I’ll have to drink anyway.”

“I understand,” he nodded. “Trust me, I do. Do you know I’ve never gone down on Katie? I mean, she wants me to, and sooner or later I’ll have to, but for now, I don’t think I’m ready yet. I don’t think I’ll get it right.”

“Okay,” I said slowly, with a confused look, “not that I asked about you and Katie’s se.xual life, but thanks for understanding.”

“So, I drank,” I went on. “And I got drunk, because they dared me so much. I tried to use up all my truths, but Kimberly kept insisting I had to use up my dares first.”

“So, what happened?” He asked, after I paused and said nothing.

“I got fingered by Jason,” I rapped out, eager to get straight to the point.

“I’m sorry, what?” Benson blinked. “What did you just say?”

“It wasn’t supposed to happen. I was drunk, he came into the bathroom and . . . we k!ssed and one thing led to another and—”

“You mean to tell me, right now, that you k!ssed Jason Davenport, that you both exchanged saliva, and then afterwards, he fingerfvcked you?”

“I was drunk,” I defended. “You know normally I would never do that. Hell, I couldn’t even let Henry peck me in junior prom last year, and now I let Jason fvck me? Do you think I’ll do that in my right senses?”

For minutes, Benson sat silently, his hazel eyes holding me in surprise before, with a small sigh, he looked away.

“So, what do you wanna do now?” He asked, looking back at me.

He’d kept his promise. He didn’t judge me. Or blame me. And that was why he’ll always be a good confidant.

“I don’t know,” I whispered, feeling embarrassed already.

“Are you both like a thing now?” He asked.

“No,” I shook my head. “We aren’t.”

“Was he drunk too?”



“I guess?”

“Well, you just have to hope he doesn’t go blabbing it to his friends, because if Leila gets news on this, oh man, I don’t even wanna think about it.”

Biting my lower lip, I looked away. That was my biggest problem. That Jason would tell.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 24 - Tips

It started during the first period after lunch, in math class. The weird looks and knowing stares. At first, I shrugged it off, ignoring them and taking my regular seat, just beside the window that overlooked the football field. But as the classes rolled by, the stares kept getting worse and worse and I even heard someone make an odd remark, one I couldn’t quite grasp.

The blonde had said from behind me, just before our Physics teacher came in, “And here I was thinking she was different.”

I didn’t understand. Was she talking about me? Figuring it was probably just a conversation between her and her friend, I shrugged and focused on the lesson at hand, the only thought on my mind being how to face Jason. And beg him, if I had to, not to tell anyone about what had happened with us.

He hadn’t been at the cafeteria today—pretty much the only period I had with him today being Monday—which I found odd and weird. And upsetting too. Jason had never missed lunch. It wasn’t like he ate outside the school. Today, of all days, when I needed him to be around, to be in the cafeteria, he wasn’t.

It was, at the moment, in the last period of the day, and was already counting down the minutes to the end of class. All I wanted to do, all that’d been on mind, was bolting right out of the class, searching for Jason and putting things right with him.

The moment the bell went, I grabbed my stuff, shoved it into my backpack and shot up from my seat as though it had gone metal hot. I dashed out of the class, headed for Jason’s class—History—which, for some reason, I knew he was in.

I was on the steps, heading down to the last floor where his class was located when, all of a sudden, a voice called me, stopping me in my tracks.

“Amelia!” The voice yelled, some feet behind me.

Turning around, my eyes fell on Benson, walking up to me, a weird look on his face, his hair unusually tousled. Not to mention, he’d called me by my full name.

“What’s wrong?” I asked, climbing back onto the landing and moving to the side to give room for other people passing by.

Grabbing me by the wrist, Benson pulled me further aside, to a corner far from the staircase where less students were.

“I told you you shouldn’t have trusted Jason,” he started off, a worried look on his face.

“I don’t understand, Ben. What’s going on? What happened?” I asked, confused.

“Wait,” he frowned. “You . . . you haven’t heard? Seen?”

“Heard what? Seen what, Benson?” My voice rose, mind on a not-so-slow journey to panic.

For a moment, Benson hesitated.

“What the hell is going on?!” I yelled then.

“You really haven’t seen,” he muttered, lowering his gaze from me. Then he looked up again. “The video, Amelia. You haven’t seen the video? Or heard of it?”

“What video?” I stared at him.

“On Leila’s vlog. She posted it today during lunch, and it has almost five hundred views already. I can’t believe you really haven’t seen the video.”

My eyebrows knitted. “What has a video got to do with me?”

“It has everything to do with you!” He burst out immediately. “Heck, the video is about you.”

"I don't understand," I muttered, trying to piece two and two together, and getting nothing.

"You need to see it." Benson told me. "You need to see the video, so you can understand what I'm talking about."

"Well, then show me," I snapped, sick of the suspense. "Show me the goddamn video already."

Hesitantly, he sighed and reached into his pocket.

"I saved it," he said. "Just in case you haven't seen it."

Unlocking his phone, he tapped the video icon and the last video he watched popped up immediately, starting from the middle.

"Here." He held out his phone to me, looking away as he did so.

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I took the phone from him, anticipation eating at my mind. I dragged the motion line to move the video back to the beginning and then I began watching.

At first, I couldn't make out anything from the video because the room was sort of dark, then, as if the person behind the camera had moved a little, more light filtered into the room, and I quickly realized the room was actually a bathroom. With two people in it, who appeared to be making out.

"Okay, so it's a bathroom with kissing couples, so?" I frowned, still watching the video.

"Just," Benson exhaled. "Just keep watching the video, Mel."

I refocused my attention on the video and only then did things begin to make sense, starting from the moment I recognized the guy to be Jason. And the girl to be . . . me.

On realizing this, I gasped, a hand flying to cover my mouth. My face, expressions, in the video was clear for everyone to see, while Jason had his back to the camera. Every sound, every moan I made, every pleased look on my face was recorded. And the video didn't just stop there. It carried on to

the moment Jason took off my shirt, kissed my breast—although the scene was blurred so you couldn't really see much there, but you knew that it was me. The video ended with a final gasp from me as Jason's hand slid down my jumpsuit.

With the end of the video came a dawning. A new understanding of the looks I'd gotten all the while today after lunch and the reason for Jason's absence.

"I told you not to trust Jason, Mel. I told you." Benson's voice came to me as though from underwater. "People like Jason, they never change. And even if they do, it takes more than just one night."

"Why would he do this to me?" Was the first thing that fell through my lips, my mind racing, hands trembling. I had a sex tape now on the internet. Everyone in school had seen me, heard me, and it was all because of Jason. All because I was too trusting. Too foolish to believe that he could ever change.

"Why would he do this to me?" I repeated, tears welling up in my eyes.

Slowly, Benson took his phone from my hand.

"Everyone has seen this," I whispered, looking up at him. "And their . . . perception of me . . ."

All of a sudden, he stepped forward and took me in a hug. "I'm sorry, Mel. Honestly, it's not your fault, so don't blame yourself."

"No." I ripped away from his hug, suddenly infuriated. "It is my fault, Benson. To think that Jason could ever change. To think I could be friends with the popular chick. And now I have a sex tape out there for everyone to see. How could I be so stupid?! What was I thinking?!"

"Amelia, calm down," Benson said, reaching out to hold me.

"Calm down?" I stared at him, teary-eyed. "I've been bullied, deceived, used, shamed, and now I should calm down?"

I was yelling now. "Look at the video, Ben. Jason's face was in no part. No fucking part! He used me, all for what? A good laugh?! Another means to torture me?"

“What we need to do now is report to Mrs Jenkins, so she can tell Leila to take it down and then do something to Jason,” Benson suggested.

“And then what?” I stared at him, my jaw quivering. “Jason gets off with community service? But the stigma still remains with me? How could I be so stupid.”

My hands flying to my hair, I pulled. Pulled really hard. “How could I be so fvcking stupid?”

“Amelia, stop it!” Benson shouted, grabbing my hands. “You’re panicking. You have to try and calm down.”

“No!” I screamed, yanking my hands out of his grip. I knew he was only trying to help, but right now, nothing was getting past my stunned mind.

“What I need to do,” I said through gritted teeth, “is give Jason a fvcking piece of my mind.”

With that, I turned away from him and started down the steps, headed for the field.

“Jeez, Amelia,” Benson called. “Wait a minute, just think about things first!”

Getting to the last of the stairs, chest heaving, face wet with tears, I marched to the field where I knew Jason would be.

I spotted him as soon as I got to the field, standing beside Coach Hens and talking coolly, like he’d done nothing. Like he wasn’t aware of the video.

“Jason!” I shouted, stomping over to him.

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He whipped his gaze in my direction as soon as he heard his name. On spotting me, his lips curled into a smirk, knowing brown eyes going cold.

If there was any thought left behind in my mind that he had no part in the recording of the video, it was quickly wiped from my mind by his smirk.

“How could you?” I spat, eyes, although blurry from tears, fixed on him.

“I take it you’ve seen the video,” he smiled, placing his hands on his hips. “You put up quite a show, you know that right?”

I didn’t know what it was, probably the fact that I felt so betrayed and stupid and dumb, and couldn’t control my anger toward myself, Jason and the world for taking my mom and dad away from me, but by the next moment, I’d balled my hand into a fist and punched Jason square in his teeth.

Following the outburst from his team members was Coach Hens’s own.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, what’s going on here?” He frowned, coming to stand between Jason and I.

“Did you just punch me?” Jason stared at me, a hand to mouth.

“You set me up!” I yelled. “Bullying me, treating me like I’m worth nothing wasn’t enough for you, so you set me up. What have I ever done to you, Jason, that you have to treat me this way?”

My voice broke at my last words, tears streaming down my face now.

“What is going on here?!” Coach Hens yelled this time.

By now everyone present in the field had gathered around to get the gist of what was happening.

“Can someone tell me what the heck is going on here?” Coach Hens repeated.

Unable to speak, my eyes remained on Jason, who had his eyes on me too, a deep, deep scowl on his face.

“He set her up, Coach,” Benson said all of a sudden from behind me.

All attention, including mine and Jason’s, flew to him.

“He invited her to his party,” Benson went on. “Told her to a game and took advantage of her drunken state, made a video of her and then uploaded it for everyone to see.”

I had never loved Benson more. When I needed him the most, he was there, standing up for me when I couldn't do it myself.

There was an outburst from the silent crowd at the end of Benson's words.

"What?"

It was from Adrian.

Coach Hens turned to look at Jason.

"Did you really do that?" He asked.

Jason remained silent, now staring daggers at Benson.

"Answer me before I fvck you up this moment!" Coach Hens exploded.

Finally, Jason dropped his hand from his mouth and moved his gaze to Coach. As he spoke, I noticed a small cut on the inside of his lower lip. I had gotten him pretty good.

"I did," he admitted.

"What the hell?" Adrian scowled, reaching out and shoving Jason's arm. "How the fvck could you do something like that?"

"That's enough, Goldfield." Coach Hens stepped in. Then he turned to face Jason squarely.

"I can't believe you could, would do such a thing," he said, glaring at him. "I thought you were mature, Jason. What kind of a 'man' would do that?"

"She de—" Jason began when Coach cut in.

"Get off my field," he growled.

"What?" Jason blinked. "You—you can't do that."

"Oh, yes, I very much can," Coach Hens nodded. "Get the hell out and don't come back until next week."

"But, Coach—"

“Now!” He burst out.

For moments, Jason hesitated before looking away from Coach Hens.

“And before you’re able to return, you’ll write an apology to her and read it out in the general assembly on Friday morning,” Coach added.

Jason stopped abruptly and turned around. “Nah. I’m not doing that.”

“Then consider yourself off the team!” Coach yelled.

I saw Jason’s face harden and his jaw tic before he turned around and stalked off.

“I’m sorry about that boy,” Coach Hens said to me. “My sincere apologies. I’ll make sure to have the video taken down.”

Nodding, I wiped my tears away. “Thank you.”

“Come on, Mel, let’s go home,” Benson said, taking my hand and pulling me away from the gossip-hungry group.

For the first time in a long while, I felt like someone had my back. And I cherished the feeling.

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I was upset. Scratch that. I was beyond upset. I was furious. Murderous. If I got my hands on Amelia, only two things could happen: I beat the sh!t out of her, or I punish her so bad she wished I beat her up instead.

She thought she’d won this one, didn’t she? In her mind, we were even, right?

I scoffed. Till tomorrow. The b!tch better not show up at school tomorrow, because by the time I’m done with her, she’ll be begging to write my apology letter herself. Which she will, by the way. I wasn’t going to pick any goddamn pen and say I was writing an apology letter for her. That apology letter was going to be written by she herself.

Who did she think was, punching me that way? Humiliating me in front of Coach Hens. And to think Coach took her side. And Adrian actually shoved me, for her.



“By the time I’m done with you, Amelia,” I said through clenched teeth, my hand gripping the elastic ball in it harder. So hard the veins in my arm bulged. “By the time I’m finished with you, you’ll wish you’d kept your fat mouth shut.”

Unable to hold in the pent up anger anymore, I channeled it to the ball, throwing it toward the window opposite me. It hit the window frame and bounced right back at me. Catching it, I threw the the ball again. It bounced against the window this time, but deflected on returning to me, hitting me square in the nose instead before falling onto the bed beside me.

Now enraged, as the action only reminded me of the punch Amelia had given me this afternoon, I grabbed the ball, picked up the pen lying on the nightstand beside my bed and stabbed the bloody thing until it deflated, then I tossed it aside, along with the pen.

Exasperated, I fell back onto the bed with a sigh, throwing a hand over my head.

“Why does Adrian always take her side, anyway?” I muttered, staring at the ceiling. “He’s never on my side. Not that I expect him to be on this one, but every other time he always has something to say when it comes to her. And we’re supposed to be buddies.”

Exhaling, I ran a hand across my face, muttering, “What if he has something for her? It could be the reason.”

Then on a second thought, I changed my mind. “Nah. It’s not even possible. Amelia’s not his type. In no way.”

But the idea that he could actually be interested in Amelia kept nagging me. If that turned out to be the case . . . it better not be.

I diverted my thought to the way Coach Hens has reacted earlier, in the field. That too was odd. I mean, I expected him to be mad, but not to that extent. Now that I thought about it, it felt like he took it too personal. Kicking me out of the field for the whole week? Asking me to write an apology letter to Amelia and then read it out to the whole school on Friday? That was too much.

Maybe he’d had a similar experience before?

Speaking of reading an apology to Amelia before the school, how the hell was I going to do that? How was I going to read an “apology” letter when in reality I felt no way apologetic, and which I wasn’t going to write myself, by the way.

Knowing I was going through all these because of Amelia, and Kimberly who gave me the dumb idea to pull off, my anger began to seep back in.

I cracked my knuckles in a bid to direct the anger somewhere else. There was no point stressing over someone I’d already plotted my revenge on. All I had to do now was wait till tomorrow. Till I was able to see her at school. Then she’ll really get hers.

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Sighing, I sat up from the bed and, reaching out, picked up my phone from my dresser, where I’d left it earlier. I wanted to text Adrian. Ask him if he’d hang, because, to be exact, I was bored. I’d come home earlier since Coach Hens had told me off and since then I hadn’t done anything else but loathe and loathe some more.

Going onto Instagram, I went straight to his DM and sent him a “hey, you wanna hang? Play basketball or something?”

Seconds later, he replied. Is that seriously all you have to say right now?

Frowning, I typed. What do you mean?

Don’t act like you don’t know what I’m talking about. What the fvck was that back there at school?

I sighed. The issue has passed, Adrian. Why are you still dragging it?

Just because Coach reacted to it doesn’t mean it’s passed. Wtf is going on with you? And Amelia. I mean, how could you do something like that? Honestly, I still can’t believe you would do that.

I rolled my eyes. Not like you’re a saint, man, so chill.

I would never do that, he sent some seconds later.

Why the heck are you even so interested in that girl. Do you like her or something? I typed with a scowl.

It's not just about her. It's about how you act in general. To some people, like her. Which is very unfair.

The question is, do you like Amelia or not?

How's that important rn?

Do you? Just answer the goddamn question already.

A second later, his reply came in. And what if I did? Then what?

My eyebrows shot up at his statement. So you do?

I don't. She's not even my type, but that's not the freaking point, Jace. What the hell is going on with you that you now vent your annoyance on everyone. They're people too, you know? With their own problems.

I don't vent my anger on anyone. Just Amelia, because her case is different.

Whatchu mean?

You won't understand, so forget it.

And we're supposed to be friends ☹️

Not knowing what to say, I sent a ". . ." Alongside a shrugging emoji.

Look, man, Adrian sent, a couple of seconds later. I don't know what it is you're going thru but you gotta fix it up, before things get out of hand.

I got you, I replied.

Yeah, right.

I gotta go now, he sent.

Ok, cool.

Seconds later, I was left alone in the confines of my room, still bored out of my mind. I had virtually nothing to do. All my homework had already been done

by Amelia beforehand, not that I was going to do it myself anyway, and I'd played videogames so much already that as of now they seemed mundane to me. Besides, I had no one to play with. It wasn't like Ashley downstairs knew how to. And even if she could, I still wouldn't play with her.

Groaning, I tossed my phone aside on the bed and raked a hand through my hair, racking my brain on something to do. Go out to a friend's? Play basketball at Rory's?

Nah. I wasn't in the mood to hang out with any of those guys, especially after what happened in the field. And also knowing they were in on this too. It's just luck that their sorry asses and the part they played, Kimberly most of all, weren't in the video too, and I wasn't one to snitch, so, even if I was asked who made the video, I'd say nothing.

Speaking of Kimberly, I wondered what she was doing now. Maybe she could come keep me company. After all, it was her fault.

She was the one who'd come up with the darned idea while we were playing truth or dare at the party. We were already well into the game when she suggested I bring Amelia in the game, make sure she gets drunk and then video what happens next with her.

And now I was in this mess because of her. Kimberly, I mean. So, she had every reason to share the boredom with me. Ease it up in whatever way she could.

I called her. On the second ring, she picked up. I told her what I needed. Told her to drop by for us to have sex. And I just couldn't wait.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 29 - Tips

Ten minutes later, she was walking in through the door of my room—she'd never turned down a request to meet up with me, and she always arrived on time—dressed in a tight, sleeveless crop top that stopped just above her navel, a short skirt and sneakers.

“Was that your stepmom I saw on my way here, in the living room?” She asked as soon as she walked in, shutting the door behind her.

“Yay tall, blonde hair, skinny legs?” I asked, dropping my phone on the nightstand and scooting over on the bed so Kimberly had room to sit.

“She is not skinny.” Kimberly rolled her eyes. “She looks like a fvcking model.”

“Whatever.” I waved it off. “Enough about her. Did you do what I asked you to?”

Taking off her shoes, she raised her feet onto the bed, her green eyes trained on me.

“Well?” She smiled, cheeks dimpling. “What does it look like?”

My eyes trailed down her face, stopping at the tips of her b.reast. I could make out her n!pples, pointy and round, pushing against the fabric of her top.

Looking back up at her, I gave a smirk. Just a tiny one. Nothing to show I was satisfied. Yet.

“And your panties?” I asked. “What color is it?”

“Nude,” she replied, her cat-like eyes never leaving mine.

Only then did my smile widen. “Good. What next?”

Straightening up, she propped herself on her knees, before pushing me back onto the bed and climbing on top of me.

“I’m sure you have a condom,” she said, slowly, but sensually, rocking her h!ps against my crotch.

“No, it’s finished, but my pull-out game is best,” I said, my hands reaching up to hold her wa!st.

She rolled her eyes. A habit of hers. “You’re just lucky I’m on birth control, so you can hit it raw.”

The smile that spread across my !!ps at her words reached my eyes this time. “You always seem to know what makes me happy.”

Tightening my grip on her small wa!st, I held her and fl!pped her over so I was on top now and she was under.

Without any further waste of time, I grabbed my shirt, yanked it off and tossed it aside, just as she did hers, her perky breasts bouncing as soon she took off her top.

Cupping the right one with one hand, I leaned in and kissed her, hard and long, just the way I liked it, the fingers of my hand all the while fondling her breast, tweaking its tight nipple, squeezing.

Her hands tugged at the fly of my jeans first before they grappled its way to the zipper.

I broke the kiss, stopping her hand from pulling my zip down.

“Not the regular.” I told her.

“Handjob then?” She breathed, sitting up.

With a nod from me, she pushed me so I fell back onto the bed, then she held the zipper of my jeans and unzipped the fly. Out sprung my cock, already fully aroused.

Wrapping a hand around it, the motion sending tingles up my belly, she began moving slowly. Up and down. Up and down. Stroking. She stroked rhythmically from the tip to the base and back to the tip. She varied her speed nicely, and then, by the next minute she was moving faster. Quicker.

In my belly was a built up tension, growing and growing as the minutes passed by until I couldn't hold it in any longer.

My eyes shut, breathing ragged, I rasped out, “I'm about to.”

The moment I spoke, she went faster, her hand moving up and down in swift motions until, unable to hold it in any longer, I climaxed. On a pillow she, out of nowhere, placed over me.

“You think I was gonna let you come on my hair?” She smiled devilishly as she moved away from me. “I have other places to be, you know.”

Ignoring her remark, I held her by the arm and pulled her closer, turning her around so she knelt before me.

“Your turn,” I growled, pulling her in.

Spreading her legs wider, I teased first, sliding the edge of my c0ck over her cl!t.

“You know how much—” stopping suddenly, she gasped the moment I slid it in fully.

That pretty much hushed her, enabling me to concentrate on the thrusting. My motions as I pounded in and out. Her a.ss slapped against the base of my belly, t!tties bounced to and fro. She m0aned. Gripped the sheets of the rocking bed.

Reaching for her b00bs, I squeezed, pounding harder, her m0ans getting louder, breathing faster, head thrown back and eyes rolled back into their sockets until finally, I held her wa!sts tighter and gave one last, deep thrust. With it came the ejaculation, right at the moment the door to my room swung open.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 30 - Tips

The video had been taken down. That I was certain of, because I'd personally gone on Leila's vlog in search of it, but couldn't find it. Coach Hens had kept his word, and for that I was grateful. And by the looks of it, it seemed like he was already enforcing the punishment he'd meted out to Jason. This morning, after I arrived at school, I sp0tted Jason leaving the coach's office, a deep frown etched onto his face. He'd probably gone to beg so he didn't have to write the letter but had been turned down.

Good for him. That'll teach him.

Aside from sp0tting him earlier, I'd also had two classes with him today, Geometry and English, and all the while, there'd been no spitballs or chewed gum. Throughout the classes, he'd done nothing but sit crossed armed, staring at the teacher, obviously not comprehending a word from the look on his face.

What did Jason really think? That he could just do anything he liked to me and go scot free? That I was some sort of dumb kid who couldn't stand up for herself once in a while? Well, jokes on him.

I was a hundred percent sure that I'd shocked him out of his wits yesterday with my reaction, and I'd do it again if I had to.

At the moment, classes had come to an end. The second the bell went off for the end of class, I grabbed my backpack, stuck my notebook under my arm and stood up, making my way out of the class even before Miss Danielle, our AP Biology teacher, could finish reading out homework.

I didn't want to be caught up in the rush as students tried to cram and force their way through one small space, knowing the stigma of yesterday's event still followed me around.

It hadn't been all chill since I arrived at school. I still got odd stares, although a little bit less than yesterday's, and I still occasionally heard people murmuring nasty things about me.

I tried to ignore them, after all, in due time my scandal will pass. Scandals always did. But deep down, I just couldn't. The humiliation from yesterday was still hovering in my mind, drifting from one corner to the other, so much so that it'd made me feel uncomfortable while I was having lunch today. I felt like everyone was watching. Watching me eat. Watching my every move. Judging me. I knew I was only being paranoid, but I just couldn't shrug off the feeling no matter how much I tried.

And I was going through all these solely because of Jason. The hate I had for him kept festering, burning brighter and brighter, and with every prank, every bully done to me, more fuel was added to fire.

I told myself one day I'd eventually snap, and yesterday, I did. But that was only a bit. If he kept up with the act, I didn't know what next I'd do, but one thing was for sure. It was going to be drastic.

Getting to my locker, I quickly entered the combination, swung the door open and buried my face in the open space, not exactly in the mood to entertain any more weird glances.

I placed the notebook under my arm in the locker and emptied my backpack of unneeded texts before taking out my earpieces, then I shut my locker and turned to go, only to slam right into a sturdy chest borne by a six footer.

Stepping back at once, I looked up, a peculiar jolt in my heart at the thought that it might be Jason.



“I’m sorry I was standing in your way unannounced,” Adrian said, holding a hand to his chest where I’d bumped into him.

Releasing a sigh of relief, I shook my head. “No, I’m the sorry one. I didn’t see you there.”

“How are you feeling today?” He asked suddenly, throwing me off guard.

Apart from Benson, no-one else had cared to know. Bothered to ask how I felt after being used and victimized, but here was Adrian, concerned, non judgemental and sensitive, wanting to know about my wellbeing even after seeing the video.

I couldn’t admire him any less for being friends with an arrogant bully but still having such a wonderful personality.

“I’m fine,” I smiled mildly, tucking a strand of hair behind my ear. “Thank you.”

“That’s good to know. Look,” he sighed, touching a hand to his neck. “I just wanted to apologize on behalf of Jason. What he did was wrong, so wrong, I admit. And I’m sorry that he did that. Hell, I can’t even believe he did it, but Jason can be too much. Sometimes. I mean, he’s angry and stuff, although that doesn’t make it right to bully others, but, deep down, he’s really a nice guy. He just has to overcome all that anger. And hate.”

Sometimes? Jason can be too much sometimes? Jason was always too much! And I understood Adrian trying to paint Jason in a new, better light, after all they were friends, but Jason was well aware of his actions while carrying them out. No way in hell was I ever going to pity him for his unstable family situation or fall for him again, for his lies and deceit. Hell would freeze over before that ever happened.

“So, all I’m saying is, don’t take it too personal. Don’t hate him. He’s going through a hard time,” Adrian concluded.

“And I’m not?” I looked up at him. “Jason’s going through a hard time, and I’m not? Three years ago I lost my parents. Watched through the window of the hospital door as they struggled for their lives but eventually gave up. Watched them die, right before me, but you don’t see me venting my anger on anyone. Why does Jason get to have a pass? And why does it have to be me?”

“I heard about your parents,” Adrian said, after a short while of silence. “I mean it’s a kinda small town, so I did, and I’m sorry about what happened, but that wasn’t what I meant.”

Then what exactly did you mean?

In order not to drag the conversation too far, seeing as it was already pissing me off, because clearly, Adrian had no idea about the other stuff Jason had been doing to me, I said, “OK, I get you now. Thanks for your concern, once again, but I gotta be at the lib.rary.”

Turning away from him, I took a step towards leaving when he held my arm.

“Hey, wait a minute,” he said. “I’m sorry if I upset you.”

I looked at him. “No. You didn’t.”

He dropped my arm then. “Sorry once again, about Jason.”

I offered him a brief smile. “It’s fine.”

And then I turned and left, heading down to the lib.rary to finish up my a.ssignment before going home.

Just as I got to the base of the staircase, someone grabbed me roughly by the arm and yanked me to the side before shoving me into the janitor’s closet at the corner of the stairs, shutting the door behind him with a subtle click.