

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 3 - Tips

Leaning back against one of the upholding pillars behind the school, I stuck a hand into my jacket pocket, the fingers of my other hand holding, loosely, onto the burning stick of cigarette between them.

Where the hell was she? I wondered, casting a brief gaze to the watch around my wrist. It was three o'clock already. She knew she was to meet up with me immediately after classes, but here she was wasting my time, like waiting on her was all I had to do the entire day.

She'll get it when she eventually shows up, that's for sure, I thought, with a frown, raising the cigarette to my lips.

Taking a short drag, I dropped my hand and blew the smoke out in two, oddly shaped rings.

I waited another minute, my mind blank, before taking another drag, this one longer than the previous. I held it in my mouth for a couple of seconds and then released it into the air. Right after, I really started to get pissed.

Looking at the time on my watch, I scowled. 3:10pm.

"How the heck am I the one waiting for her?" I thought aloud. "The bitch should be one fvcking waiting for me."

Getting off the pillar, I started forward, back to the front of the school when I heard footsteps approaching. Thinking it was a teacher, I stopped and quickly hid the cigarette behind my back, pulling out my phone, as well, and pretending to be going through it.

I looked up from my phone when the footsteps stopped a few feet from me, it's owner not saying a word or doing anything but standing there, silent.

My gaze fell on Amelia, staring at me, her face expressionless, although her grey eyes held an angry stare. At the stare, I smiled. Tripping her at lunch had had its desired effect, I could

see. The knowledge of that alone made me happy and, even better, satisfied.

"Get over here," I nodded towards me, my smile still present.

At first, she hesitated, her hands stuck into a jacket I hadn't noticed she'd been wearing when my eyes first fell on her.

When she hesitated some more, I began to get pissed once again.

"Get the fvck over here before I make you," I growled, staring daggers at her.

With a sigh, she rolled her eyes and plodded over to me, stopping a few inches before me.

"Who the hell gave you that jacket?" I raised an eyebrow, noticing it looked like the denim jacket Adrian normally wore.

She looked away. "Someone better than you."

"I'm sorry, was that supposed to be for me?" I scowled.

"No," she mumbled, her gaze still turned from me.

"I'm gonna let that slide," I said, after a while of intense glaring, "midget."

She wh!pped her gaze back to me then. "I'm 5'6"."

"Meaning you're a fvcking midget," I retorted.

She opened her mouth to speak when I stopped her.

"Enough of that," I ordered. "Now, whose jacket is that?"

"Adrian's," she answered, boldly making eye contact with me.

Getting some nerve, wasn't she? Not for long.

"Adrian, huh," I nodded, her words confirming my thoughts. "Alright. No problem."

"There never was any," she shrugged.

Having had enough of her newfound feisty att!tude, I reached out and grabbed her by the collar, yanking her forward. The look of fear in her eyes as I'd reached for her was priceless, although I made sure to hide my emotions towards it, a huge frown the only feeling present on my face.

“Enough of that, Amelia,” I sneered. “Any more and I’ll give you something to keep you shut.”