

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 31 - Tips

Scared out of my mind and unable to see in the dark room, I groped around for a couple of seconds, my lips trembling, until I found the light switch. Without hesitation, I flipped it on.

Right before me, standing with his hands tucked into the pockets of his jeans, his face in a hard frown, was Jason.

My heart skipped not one but two beats, palms suddenly going sweaty.

Yes, I was scared of Jason. I mean, it was one thing to stand up to him, and be ready to do it again, but to be in a confined space with him alone? With no one else around? It went without saying that I was frightened. His presence, especially when angry, which was almost always, was intimidating. It freaked the sh!t out of me.

I quickly covered up my fear, locking eyes with him and holding my head up high. It'll only fuel his ego if he notices any sign of fear.

“What did you think?” He cocked an eyebrow, the shadow cast on his face by the single, overhead bulb giving his face a sinister look. “That you could punch me, humiliate me in front of not just my coach and mentor but my team too and get away with it?”

“You started it when you lied to me, got me drunk, made that video and posted it, thereby humiliating me too. So, I guess we’re even now,” I said in a steady, calm voice.

The next sound that came from him was a low rumble in his throat. Laughter. “We’re even? Oh, yes we are, actually. But I’m about to change that, Amelia. Just a few adjustments here and there.”

In a flash, he crossed over to me at the end of the room, grabbed the collar of my shirt and shoved me backward into the wall. My back hit the wall hard, sending a pounding sensation up my head. I winced at the sudden throb in my head.

As if pushing me was not enough, Jason reached out and held my jaw, so tight his fingernails dug into the skin of my face. I grabbed his hand, trying to push it off but his grip was strong.

“Let me go,” I said, my voice coming out muffled.

“You think you’re so bada.ss now, huh?” He stared at me. “You think now you can stand up to me?”

Pushing my face to the side, he dropped his hand.

“Psyche! You’re not. You’re just a worthless piece of ugly trash,” he spat. “No one wants you, midget. No one ever would. Hell, even your own parents couldn’t stand you so they fvcking died on you. Your grandma got so bored of your senseless babble she got deaf on you. And Adrian who you think is being nice to you actually just pities you.

“You’re pathetic, Amelia. Useless and unworthy of love. You don’t deserve any of it and that’s why all you ever get is hate, hate and more hate. Why do you think no one talks to you? Why do you think you have no friends? Fvck, don’t you get it? No one fvcking cares to associate with someone as unlucky as you, so go jump off a bridge or something. Just put yourself out of your goddamn misery already. Save some of us the stress of having to see you every day.”

With every hateful word Jason spoke, every spiteful sentence he made, my resolve deflated, getting smaller and smaller until it was nothing but a speck. I recoiled into the wall, my hands to my ears, trying to ward off the voices telling me he was right. Adrian did only pity me. Who was I to think he felt any other thing but pity for me. And he was right about my parents. I’m pretty sure mom got tired of the fights we always had.

“So, next time you go feeling important, do well to remember all I just told you,” Jason continued. “Just to recap them. You’re worthless, useless, pathetic and unwanted, Amelia. Always remember that. No one cares for you and no one ever will, especially now they’ve seen your true colors. You’re nothing but a slut. A hypocritical one at that.”

“Please, stop,” I whispered, tears already streaming down my cheeks.
“Please.”

“Why, midget?” Jason sneered. “Can’t accept the fact that I’m right? That your daddy and mommy left you because they couldn’t stand you? That your parents are murderers who snatched my mom from me?”

Shutting my eyes tight, I tried to block out his words.

“Go away. Go away. Go away,” I muttered over and over, my hands pressing hard against my ears.

“That’ll teach you,” I heard Jason say, as he stepped back from me.

“Lower your hands,” he ordered.

For a minute, I did nothing of that sort, still shaken by his words, until he yelled, “I said, lower your fvcking hands!”

A yelp escaping my lips, I did as he said.

“Now wipe your tears,” he said.

Slowly, I wiped away the tears on my face.

“Look at me.”

I did as he said.

“Good. Now that stupid move you pulled yesterday should never ever repeat itself again. Is that clear?”

I nodded, his words still echoing in my head.

I was worthless. Useless and dumb. And it was true. I really was all that and more. Or else I wouldn’t have fallen so easily for Jason’s prank.

“And you continue to do my homework everyday after school in the library, starting from when I resume practice. Speaking of practice, that apology letter, you’re gonna write yourself.”

On hearing his last statement, I looked at him.

“Yeah, you heard me. You’re going to write my apology letter and hand it to me by Thursday for proofreading. You got that?”

I didn’t know what to say. My mind was cold and numb.

“I’m sure you did. Oh, that’s right, you do know there’s a test coming up tomorrow. Physics, isn’t it?”

“Chemistry,” I muttered.

“Yeah, Chemistry. And what are you supposed to do?”

“Read for both of us.”

He smiled. “I’m glad you remember all these. It’d have cost you extra if I had to start listing them off once again. But there is one more added to the list. Stay the fvck away from Adrian. Give him negative vibes so he lays off. Did you get that, Amelia?”

I nodded, my eyes cast to my old shoes.

“Do I have to list them off for you again?”

“No,” I murmured.

“Good.” He tossed something at me. It hit my chest and fell at my feet.

Stooping, I picked it up. It was his homework.

“Bring that in first thing tomorrow morning. If I have to remind you, it won’t be an easy reminder.”

He stepped to the side then, leaning the path to the door open. “Believing you’ve heard all I said, you can get out. Leave.”

Holding his homework in my hand, my self esteem sitting alone in a dark corner, I trudged past him over to the door, grabbed its handle, twisted and pulled. Then I stepped out, back into the outside world full of people that didn’t give a damn if I lived or died.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 32 - Tips

“Dear Amelia. An apology letter written on behalf of my offenses. Please accept my sincere apologies for the scandal created in your name, solely caused by me. I accept complete responsibility for my actions and shortcomings and the inconveniences it has caused you by far. I am truly sorry for them and completely understand your disappointment in me.

“I cannot defend my actions, and if I could reverse them, I would, but I cannot. However, I can personally assure you that no such mistake would be

made in my name again. Once again, please accept my sincerest apologies. Sincerely, Jason Davenport.”

At the last word, I heaved a “remorseful” sigh and looked up with hope in my eyes, folding the letter in my hands. The crowd of students was in a mild disarray from the letter I’d just read, clearly the ones doing the forgiving for Amelia, who on the other hand, sat at a corner of the bleachers, somewhat isolated from the others, her head hung low and her hands folded on her lap.

My words from Tuesday still had an effect on her. Seeing that alone brought a queer satisfaction to me. At least now I was assured that next time, she wouldn’t go messing around.

The moment I made to look away from her, she raised her head, slowly, and her gaze fell on me. There were tears in her eyes, a few having gone down her cheeks already.

“You did an excellent job on the letter,” I mouthed with a smile before looking away from her and descending the podium.

I walked over to Coach Hens sitting at a corner with principal Jenkins and handed him the letter. Then I handed its duplicate to principal Jenkins.

“I hope what you did never repeats itself again,” Coach Hens said sternly as he took the letter from me.

“If it does, you will lose your football scholarship, so be very careful Jason,” principal Jenkins added.

“I understand,” I nodded somberly.

I didn’t need a scholarship. My dad could pay for it. But I had one already anyway and losing it was the least thing on my mind, especially if I was losing it because of Amelia.

Speaking of which, I was really impressed by the apology letter she’d given to me after school yesterday. So heartfelt. Touchy. Just the right amount of pity-inducing words. Apparently, she’d done her homework well. Yeah, there were a few places she needed to adjust, but in general, the letter was great.

I looked over at her once more. Her friend, I guess, the one that'd also stood up to me in the field, was beside her, his arm around her while she wiped her face.

Rolling my eyes, I looked away. She was such a crybaby. Crybabies pissed me off real bad. But then again, what else could she do but cry. After all, that was the only thing weaklings were good at.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 33 - Tips

"Today feels like a great day, don't you think so, people?" Mrs Sandra, our Biology teacher remarked, her brown eyes roving around the class, with a smile on her lips. "I mean, Friday always feels like a great day, doesn't it?"

The reply from the members of the class didn't exactly reflect her odd enthusiasm. Matter of fact, everyone seemed bored, some slouched over their desks, others reclining into the chairs, arms crossed. I fell into the latter category while Amelia, who I had Biology with every Friday, fell into none.

She sat at the front, just beside the window, which I found a great distraction seeing as almost every minute she was looking out through it, like she was doing now. But then, what did I care? As long as she aced her grades and mine, she might as well learn from the outside of the classroom for all I cared.

"Well, if it doesn't feel like one to you, it does so to me," Mrs Sandra smiled. "Which is why, today, I'll be pairing each and everyone of you with someone for the upcoming Biology project, which, of course, you'll be told about at the end of the class."

At this particular statement, the class let out a loud groan of disagreement.

"But we've already had like two projects now," someone from the class said.

"Which is why you're seniors, Aliyah. More projects will keep rolling in in order to prepare you for the bigger picture ahead. College. So quit whining and prep yourselves to receive your partners."

I cast a glance toward Amelia, just to see her reaction. She seemed unfazed. Inattentive even, still staring out the window. If that girl fails one darned test because of her lack of attention, I swear she's gonna leave that seat.

Just so I don't get upset, I looked away from her.

"Now, here's how we'll do this pairing," Mrs Sandra continued, walking back to her table. She picked up a sheet before turning back to the class and leaning against her desk.

"I call your name and you come up here and pick out a female name from the, well, ballot papers on the table, as you can see. This sheet I'm holding now bears only male names, as I'm trying to make this a mixed pairing. Luckily, you all happen to have partners of the opposite gender. No one is left out, so do not fret."

Still, the class fretted. No one was interested in doing any project—me most of all—,or in being put in any such pairs.

"Mind you, no amount of wailing can reverse your being paired," Mrs Sandra waved and then looked back at the sheet in her hands. "Here we go. The first one of you is, in no special order, Aaron McDonald."

A ginger haired guy at the middle row stood up and trudged over to Mrs Sandra's desk.

"Pick a paper." Mrs Sandra told him.

He picked up a folded paper amongst the rest and turned to the class.

Unfolding it, he looked up from his hand and said, "Yvonne Mayweather."

The class let out a whoop and a cheer, as if the two of them were becoming a couple or something.

"Great!" Mrs Sandra smiled, writing down Yvonne's name beside his.

"Next, Grant Edwards," she called.

Grant was dark haired and a member of the lacrosse team. That much I knew about him. He stood up from his seat in the second row and walked over to the front of the class.

Picking up a paper, he unfolded it, hesitated for a moment before looking up. "Uh, Tracy Anton?"

I almost laughed at his expression. He clearly didn't know who he was being paired with. Tracy might as well be a ghost for all he knew.

"That's me!" A girl with dark hair like his raised her hand at the back of the class.

"Oh," he said, then raised his hand in a thumbs up, dropping the paper back onto the desk.

"Going forward," Mrs Sandra continued. "Jason Davenport."

I blinked, having been taken by surprise. Too soon?

Slowly, I stood up and walked to the front of the class.

"Pick a paper." Mrs Sandra smiled at me.

Looking away from her, I scanned the group of folded papers for a second then reached forward and picked up one from the middle.

I turned back to the class and began unfolding it until I'd completely done so.

At the name on the paper, a smile stretched across my lips. Well, what did we have here?

"Well?" Mrs Sandra asked.

I looked up from the letter then, my eyes on the class.

With a smile, a rather satisfied one, I said, "Amelia Forbes."

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 34 - Tips

The class erupted in an outburst of cheers, whoops and occasional 'aw's'.

Only when I called her name did Amelia look away from the window, her eyes wide, mouth hung open.

Ah, the desired reaction.

Turning back, I dropped the paper on Mrs Sandra's desk and walked back to my seat. Then I looked at Amelia. She was still staring at the now empty space in which I once stood, apparently still in shock.

I chuckled. I guess we were just meant to be together. There was no avoiding me, and vice versa. Either way, I was glad. Now I didn't have to do anything at all. All that was left to do was wait for the project and then watch Amelia do all the work.

Perfect.

oooo

"Don't you find it such a coincidence that you got paired with Amelia today for the Biology project?" Noah, who I also had Biology with, commented, picking out a fry from Kelly's full tray beside his.

"Wait, what?" Kimberly, who happened to be eating with us today, started from Noah to me and back to Noah. "You got paired with Amelia?"

"Yep," I muttered, taking up my apple and leaning back into my seat before having a bite.

"I mean it's weird," I shrugged, swallowing the bite in my mouth. "There was no cheating, all the papers were neatly folded. And Mrs Sandra hadn't assigned partners. We had to choose our partners, and I picked up a paper from the rest and it turned out to be her."

"Bummer," Kimberly said.

"Nah, not really. At least I don't get to do any of the work."

"Speak of the devil," Frank, another one of my friends muttered, looking straight ahead. "Isn't that Amelia? Coming up to us?"

I looked up from the apple in my hand, my gaze following Frank's line of sight to fall on Amelia walking up to us, like he said, her head up but eyes red rimmed.

Had she been crying? I scoffed. So what if she'd been? It wasn't like I gave a damn.

Finally, she got to our table, lowering her eyes on approaching us.

"Well, look who's here," Kimberly piped up. "Just in time. Care to join us in our conversation, Amelia?"

Ignoring Kimberly's comment, she looked up then, grey eyes falling on me.

"Can you come with me?" She asked in a low voice.

I cocked an eyebrow. "What for?"

"Isn't it obvious?" Frank chuckled. "Another makeout sesh."

"Please, Jason. Come with me. Mrs Sandra wants to see you," Amelia said.

"And what if I decline?" I crossed my arms.

"She said to bring you now."

"Just go, man," Noah nudged me. "It's a teacher."

Sighing, I dropped my apple on the table and stood up.

I was going to go anyway. I was just pulling Amelia's legs.

Turning away from the table, she began walking away, her steps somewhere in the middle of quick and slow.

"Walk faster or get out of my way," I told her. "Quit acting like your grandma died or something."

At my words, her steps quickened until we walked out of the cafeteria. It might be good to mention here the awkward stares we'd received as we walked past the rows of tables cramped with hungry students.

The moment we stepped out of the cafeteria, Amelia stopped abruptly, so I almost bumped into her, and turned to face me.

"I have a favor to ask," she said, staring up at me.

My eyebrows shot up. "You have to be kidding me," I scoffed.

"Please, Jason." She reached out and placed her hand on my right bicep.

At that, my eyebrows bunched together, eyes lowering to her hand on my arm.

"Please," she repeated.

"Can you not touch me?" I stared at her.

As if realizing what she'd just done, she took her hand off my arm at once as though my arm was burning coal.

"I'm sorry." She looked away from me.

Crossing my arms, I fixed my gaze on her. "What do you want?"

She looked back at me then. "When Mrs Sandra asks if you want to be my partner, please say no."

"What?" I raised my eyebrows, a smile spreading across. "Is that what this is about? You complained about me being your partner."

"I had to," she said. "Just, please, do what I asked. Please."

"Not like I want to be your partner either," I said. "Whatever."

"For real?" She stared at me, a new light in her eyes.

"Let's just get this over with," I muttered, turning away from her just in time to hide the smirk that spread across my lips.

No way in hell was I agreeing to that. Amelia would be stupid to think I'd agree to that.

Eventually, we got to Mrs Sandra's class and met her sitting at her table, her reading glasses on.

"Ah, Jason," she beamed, taking off her glasses.

"Mrs Sandra," I nodded.

“Amelia brought a complaint to me that she doesn’t want to be partners with you. That, matter of fact, you both don’t want to be partners. Is that the same way you feel, Jason?”

I frowned. “No. No, Mrs Sandra. Actually I really like Amelia as a partner and want to be partners with her.”

Amelia gasped. “Jason, no, stop it, please.”

“Are you sure, Jason?” Mrs Sandra stared at me. “Because that’s not the way Amelia made it seem.”

“A hundred percent, Mrs Sandra.” I told her.

Mrs Sandra then looked at Amelia, who had a broken, hurtful expression on her face.

“Then why did you tell me all that, Amelia?”

Without a word, Amelia turned away from Mrs Sandra and fled from the classroom, hitting my shoulder as she went.

Mrs Sandra’s eyebrows furrowed. “What in the world is wrong with her?”

“I dunno,” I shrugged with a smile. “Bad day, I guess.”

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 35 - Tips

182 days left, I reminded myself, simultaneously trying to calm my breathing. Realizing I was griping at my newly changed bedsheets, I slowly released my fingers.

I wiped the furious tears that had started to form in my eyes, watching a single tear fall and sink gracefully on the fresh sheets.

“Why do I keep falling for Jason’s pranks?” I queried myself aloud.

By now I should be used to this. To everything. Used to him pulling my legs and making fun of me, used to hearing how worthless I truly was.

Then why?

Why do I keep believing every darn word that comes out of his mouth? Was I really that stupid to think that he would tell Mrs Sandra he didn't want to be partnered with me?

Of course he wouldn't.

It was a great opportunity for him to keep making my life a living hell—not that he wasn't doing that already—so why not?

Right?

I guess I really was stupid like he always said.

Swallowing with difficulty, I trudged down the stairs and into the kitchen to meet Nana sitting at her usual knitting spot.

She looked up as I walked in, her white eyebrows puckered in a frown. She dropped the cardigan she was knitting and observed me.

Gesturing in sign language she asked, what's wrong?

I cocked an eyebrow in surprise.

How could she tell?

Yes I can tell, silly, she said smiling. _You're my baby girl._

Smiling again, she asked. _Now what's wrong?_

Defeatedly, I slumped into one of the kitchen chairs and buried my head in my hands.

I was paired with Jason for a Biology project, I signed.

Thinking about it brought a fresh wave of subdued pain.

My plan from the very beginning was to focus on my studies and pass good enough to get a scholarship. How would that work when I was partnered with Jason Shitface Asshat Davenport.

Nana frowned. Him again? Can't you request for a different partner, maybe put in a complaint?

My head shot up in alarm. That was literally begging for it. It would be a disaster.

I signed quickly, No Nana, I can't do that. I tried, desperately trying to wave her attention away from the idea.

The last thing I needed right now was another episode with Jason.

Seeing she wasn't convinced I tried again. It's no big deal, just a tad annoying. I'll deal with it don't worry.

Smiling for effect, I walked up to her squeezing her in a tight h.ug. Relax, Nana, it's fine.

Promise me you'll be okay, she signed, doubt still lurking in her eyes.

I nodded.

Succumbing, she returned my h.ug, patting my back lightly.

Forcing a smile I asked, So. . . what's for dinner?

Her features relaxed as she smiled. It's a surprise._

I laughed lightly. I'm prepared to be wowed, I signed as I walked up the stairs back to my room.

I ignored the lump in my throat and repeated my mantra in my head. You're okay. You're. . . just fine. You're doing great.

All I had to do was get through the project and count down the days. Seeing as I would be doing all the work—obviously, the great Jason Davenport would never lift a finger to help—I would make sure to round up as soon as possible and get it over with.

Just 182 days left.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 36 - Tips

I took a long hard drag at my cigarette as I sat in the large beanbag chair right beside the window in my room—to ward off the smoke in case dad got home from work early—watching dad’s gold digging third wife strike pose after pose as her personal photographer took shots of her bathed in the sun.

I hissed in contempt as she shouted orders from the reclining chair she lay in, pausing occasionally to apply some more oil to her skin.

Fake b!tch.

If dad wasn’t so fvcking blind he’d see that his beloved Ashley was nothing but a wh0re out to get his money.

I was starting to get pissed now. If only mom was alive. . .

Taking a sharp drag of my cigarette I raked my fingers through my hair. Everything always boiled down to Amanda fvcking Forbes. Everything was her fault.

My frown deepened, hate coursing through me.

Hissing, I flung the remaining of the stubbed cigarette out the window and plunked down heavily on my bed.

As I wh!pped out my phone—planning to call Adrian over for a video game—I noticed two notifications; one from Kimberly and another from. . . Amelia?

What the fvck was she texting me for? So she’s bold enough to text me now?

I hissed. Guess I’ll have to correct that impression. Can’t have her feeling bold enough to do that now can we?

Not bothering to go through it, I tapped on Kim’s message instead.

A sharp breath escaped my !!ps.

“Fvck.”

A short video of Kimberly in nothing but a se.xy red G-string, twerking her thick well-oiled a.ss, cheeks clapping against each other, increasing the tempo from fast to slow.

My l!ps fell open, stimulated by the clapping that sounded like two people fvcking. Occasionally she would slide a finger in her cl!t, m0aning deliciously everytime she touched the right sp0t.

Unintentionally I let out a m0an, feeling my already hard c0ck struggling to break free from my pants.

Scrolling, I paused as the next video came into view.

Her round n!pple stood hard, firm and red and she slapped her b00bs repeatedly, teasing, squeezing, j.erking.

My c0ck throbbed, pushing harder against the thick fabric.

“Fvck.”

I dialed her number. She picked on the first ring.

“Did you like my little. . . gift?” She breathed from the phone.

My breathing was ragged. “Be here in 10 minutes.”

“On my way.”

Some minutes later she walked in. I scanned her slowly. She was dressed in a pink jumpsuit, so thin her taut n!pples looked like they would pierce through them.

“So?” She asked seductively.

I smirked. “You look alright.”

“Alright?” She raised an eyebrow, rolling her eyes.

I shrugged, not letting her see the effect that jumpsuit was having on me.

I grabbed her b.utt, squeezing it a little. “Clothes off, Kim,” I said huskily.

She rolled her eyes again, unzipping the jumpsuit from the front and letting her b00bs fall free.

She smirked, falling to the bed and propping her knees in her favourite position.

I grinned, slapping her b.utt and leaning in to k!ss her. “You just know how to satisfy me don’t you?”

Without waiting for a reply I savagely tore my shirt off while Kimberly fumbled with my zipper.

I m0aned in pleasure as she grabbed my pulsating c0ck and thrust it between her l!ps. As she made a fist round it and began to stroke, my bedroom door burst open.

Kimberly let out a yelp and tried to cover herself up as Dad walked in bristling mad.

“What the hell is going on here, boy!” His strong voice echoed through the room.

I quickly zipped up my jeans.

“Dad I can—”

“Shut your mouth and answer the question!”

Shooting Kimberly a death glare he fired, “Grab everything that belongs to you this instant and get the hell out of my house!”

Dad’s hand trembled in anger and he returned his attention to me. “I can see that you think that you’re some sort of big shot now. You think you can misbehave and do whatever the hell you feel like?” His nose flared in rage.

“Not in this house, boy!”

“Dad she’s here because we have homework together—”

“Homework?” Like the last time?!” He boomed. “Yes I saw you two the last time. Homework my foot!”

Turning to Kimberly he said, “What are you still doing here?”

Kimberly shot me a bitter look before grabbing her purse and speeding out the door.

“And if I ever, ever, see you here again, I’ll break both your legs!”

“And as for you,” He turned to me. “I’m cutting off your allowance for 6 months. No phone, no computer, no video games—”

My eyebrows shot up in disbelief.

“Dad—”

“—if you need to make a call you can use the landline. I’m seizing your car and all your gadgets and cutting off all your activities—”

Angry now, I screamed, “You can’t do that!”

“—except soccer. And that’s final!

With that he spun round and walked out, banging the door loudly.

I cursed loudly. What was I supposed to do grounded? I’d lose my fvcking mind.

Groaning in frustration, I knocked down the glass vase on my bedside table and buried my head in my pillow.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 37 - Tips

I woke up angry. Reaching for my phone to see what time I was, I remembered I didn’t have one anymore.

Just great.

Dad had finally found a way to take my life away from me. Maybe now he’d have the chance to enjoy life with his fvcking underage mistress.

I’m sure Ashley would love that.

A knock interrupted my thoughts, irritating me further.

“Who the fvck is that?” I barked.

One of the many servants who worked for us walked briskly inside, leaving the door half closed.

“Mr Davenport demands that you come down for dinner.” He said curtly.

“Tell him to go fvck himself,” I snarled.

He made no sign to show he heard me. Instead he only said, “Mr Davenport insists.”

I’ve never wanted so desperately to smash someone’s head against the wall—well, except Amelia—as I did at that moment.

I contemplated on punching him, maybe take out some teeth, as I clenched my fists. But I knew there would be consequences.

“Get out,” I barked.

After a moment I added gruffly, “I’ll be there in a moment.”

The servant gave a short stiff bow and walked out the door.

Going towards my closet, I grabbed the first shirt my fingers touched and pulled it on. I raked a finger through my messy hair.

Not like I give a fvck if I look presentable or not.

Trudging down the stairs and into the dining room, the scent of potatoes and fried chicken wafted in the air, making my stomach rumble.

I hadn’t realized I was hungry.

The sight of Dad and Ashley exchanging mouth fluids in a heated k!ss nearly made me lose my appet!te.

I coughed loudly and plopped down on the nearest chair.

Dad looked up, face flushed. “Ah, Jason, you’re here. We can start dinner now.”

Scoffing, I grabbed a drumstick and bit generously into it.

No way was I talking to him after that sh!t that happened. If he thought we were cool then he had another thing coming.

“Hi, Jace,” Ashley piped up. The sound of her obviously fake accent was enough to tick me off.

“For the last time, it’s Jason,” I said angrily.

“Jason, don’t start,” Dad commanded.

Biting down hard on my lips to keep myself from retorting, I concentrated on my pudding instead.

After a few moments of silence, with only the annoying sound of spoons hitting against plates, Dad spoke again.

“So. . . Jason, your mother came to speak to me on your behalf regarding the ruckus you caused this afternoon,” He said, biting into a piece of celery. Pausing, he looked at his wife. “Ashley?”

I tried not to scowl at him using the word ‘mother’.

Ashley wiped her lips with a napkin and put on one of her plastic smiles.

“Yes, Jace. I must say I’m truly disappointed in you—”

“Am I supposed to give a fvck about that?” I cut in.

I was starting to get pissed. Who the fvck did this b!tch think she was acting like my mother.

She frowned, glancing at Dad. “Babe I’m trying to be supportive here aren’t I?” She pouted.

Disgust ran through me.

“Can you drop the act, Ashley?” I said, pissed.

“Jason!” Dad warned.

“But dad, can’t you see—”

“Shut your mouth, boy!” He bristled.

“Now. You will sit quietly, finish your dinner and treat your mother with the respect she well deserves.”

“She’s. Not. My. Mom.” I spoke through gritted teeth.

“Is that clear?”

I exhaled furiously for a few moments. Seeing Ashley smile through the corner of my eye didn’t help either.

“Yes dad.” I said bitterly.

Dad smiled and reached for Ashley’s hand across the table. “Baby, you were saying?”

I almost gagged at the pet name.

“As I was saying,” Ashley continued, smiling brightly.

“I am disappointed in you Jace. I expected better.”

If she wasn’t dad’s wife I would’ve smacked her across the face. Instead I stuffed more chicken in my mouth.

“But. . .” She continued, “I think the punishment is a little bit severe. So. . . I convinced your dad to let you have your phone back at least.”

I huffed, acting like I wasn’t interested. Getting my phone back would be a huge relief.

I looked at Dad without saying a word.

“Yes,” he confirmed.

I managed to mutter a ‘thanks’ in reply.

“Good. Now finish your dinner,” Dad said and plunged into an animated convo with Ashley.

I held back a scowl and stabbed my fork into my potato salad.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 38 - Tips

My mind wandered as I scrolled through Instagram. It had been hours since I'd texted Jason, asking when he was free to start the project.

I was hellbent on plunging quickly into the project. I had even started the work already—not like that would be a problem, because I would be doing all the work already.

Did he really have to make everything hard for me? What's the big deal in replying a text?

Gulping, I tried to stop thinking of the very obvious fact that I was in trouble.

I wasn't supposed to contact him unless he contacted me. He'd probably think I was feeling spiteful all of a sudden.

But what was I supposed to do? It's not like he was going to reach out. I mean, God forbid the untouchable Jason sends me a text.

I sighed.

With Jason Shitface Asshat Davenport you could never win.

Sighing again, I continued scrolling through my phone. I stopped as I came across a photo of Kimberly in a matching red bikini, uploaded hours ago.

My eyes widened and I almost dropped my phone.

The bikini was. . . well, revealing, to say the least.

And as much as I wanted to slut shame her, I desisted from such.

But I couldn't deny the fact that she was gorgeous; from her tiny waist down to her bellybutton, which was adorned by a tiny piece of jewelry.

Ugh. Weren't those painful to get?

Taking my mind away from Kimberly's piercing I scrolled down to see the reactions to the post.

There were likes and worshipful comments from a bunch of our classmates.

I rolled my eyes.

A like from Jason.

Duh. No surprise there.

And one from. . . Adrian?

I felt something stab into my chest.

He didn't comment, he just liked the post.

But why did it hurt so much?

Adrian was sweet and kind and easygoing—the only person at school that seemed to really care. Perfect guys like that shouldn't like posts of girls like Kimberly.

Wait, what? Did I just call him perfect?

Where did that come from?

Groaning, I shook my head hard. As if that would take the image of Adrian's very nice ass out of my head.

"Oh God, Mel. Take a chill pill," I slapped my forehead.

Scrolling back up to Kimberly's photo—I almost felt like she could see right through me, laughing at me, planning a stupid new prank to play on me—her stare pierced through me, and I wished with all my heart that she would forget about my existence and stop trying to make my life hell, every single time.

I scoffed. Like that would ever happen. It was probably the best part of her day.

Sighing, I exited the Instagram app just as a notification from Jason popped up.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 39 - Tips

I lay on my bed feeling full, and grateful that I had my phone back.

That b!tch Ashley had been useful for once. That doesn't mean we were buddies now.

I scoffed.

If this was her way of trying to get me to warm up to her, then she was in for a hell of a surprise.

Dad was obviously wh!pped. He was so wrong if he thought any of these sleazy women he kept tying the knot with were ever, ever going to be good enough to replace Mom.

And now he obviously believed Ashley was doing well as a sweet, considerate mother.

Bullsh!t.

He had decided that he was going to be blind to the wh0re's tactics.

Hissing, I swiped my hand over my hair.

It would eventually bite him in the a.ss, I decided.

Wh!pping out my phone from my jeans pocket, I tapped on the Instagram app and went straight to my dms.

Messages from a bunch of people asking if I was down to hang out.

I hissed. Well, I can't now can I?

Thanks Dad.

Angrily, I scrolled down quicker until a dm from Amelia came into view.

Of course. I'd forgotten that the b!tch had the guts to message me.

“I’ll teach her to message me,” I said aloud as I tapped on the chat.

‘When will you be available to start working on the project?’ That’s what the message said.

I frowned.

Stupid nerd. Of course she couldn’t wait to start working. That’s all she knew, after all.

‘I know you didn’t just message me, b!tch’, I typed and pressed send.

I frowned after a few minutes had passed and she still hadn’t responded.

I could see she was online, so why wasn’t she replying.

Oh, this b!tch was gonna get it tomorrow, I thought, shaking my head.

So she was b.rave enough now to message me and still reply late to my messages?

Angrily, I shook my head, about to exit the app, when I received a new message from her.

‘It was the only way to reach you,’ she replied.

I hissed.

‘I can see you’re feeling all important now, midget,’ I typed.

‘I’m sorry, Jason, but I didn’t know how else to reach you,’ she responded.

‘Shut your fvcking mouth, b!tch.’

I was getting pissed now.

‘Meet me in the lib.rary after school tomorrow,’ I said.

‘Ok,’ She replied simply.

Scowling, I exited her DM and searched for Adrian’s DM. Finding it, I texted, ‘Issues came up with dad. Wanna hang out after school tomorrow?’

After a few minutes he replied, 'But we don't have practice tomorrow.'

I rolled my eyes.

'Yes I'll tell dad we do so we can hang out,' I replied.

'Sure.'

As soon as he replied, the green dot that showed he was online disappeared.

I raked my fingers through my hair. The following months were going to be the worst in my entire life.

A notification popped up, showing that Amelia had sent a new message.

Wow, this b!tch was really on a roll today wasn't she? What the fvck did she want now, I wondered.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 40 - Tips

My palms were sweaty as I dared to send Jason another message.

It had caught me a little by surprise when he replied my first message. I hadn't expected him to.

In surprise, I had hesitated for some minutes before replying the message.

As usual, he had started the 'conversation' with an insult and ordered me to meet him in the lib.rary tomorrow.

I knew I was in trouble, and that texting him again would only put make my punishment worse. But he hadn't answered me properly yet.

I needed to know where we would be meeting for the project so I could fix my plans and schedule properly.

If he decided he didn't feel like it, and ordered me to complete the project on my own, that would even be better.

I would concentrate and finish the project before the week runs out, and everything would be just fine.

I silently prayed everything would work out.

Hands trembling, I typed, 'When and where do we start the project?'

I read it again, hoping it sounded polite, then pressed send.

My heart skipped a beat as it showed that he had read the message.

I knew it'd be hell at school tomorrow but I just wanted to get it over with.

'At my house, of course. You're being extra dumb today, bltch,' He replied.

The pain I felt from the insult was dulled by the sudden alarm I felt.

His house?

No way.

Jason already had a pure burning hatred for me. He could poison me for all I knew.

Not like anyone would notice I was gone though.

I mentally cursed, wondering why I had to be paired with Jason of all people?

Shaking my head, I replied, 'I was thinking school instead. . . maybe the lib.rary?'

Knowing he would see me giving a suggestion as a bold move, I tugged on the end of my shirt and awaited his reply.