

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 41 - Tips

I c0cked an eyebrow as I read Amelia's message.

'Why would I want to stay in school for two hours extra except for practice,' I typed.

I could tell she was struggling to text back, trying to beat the fear.

I can't have that now. She was supposed to fear me.

Fear me to the extent that she wouldn't speak unless I told her to.

But here she was, literally having a conversation with me.

I cracked my knuckles.

I guess I'll have to beat this new-found boldness out of her then.

'Well, it's for the project. We can't do my house so I think meeting at a common sp0t is better, hence the lib.rary suggestion.'

As I read her reply, I felt rage bubbling through me.

Was she being sassy?

Hell no.

I decided yet again to let it slide.

I typed, 'And I said no. My house.'

She left my message on read for a few minutes so I added, 'And why the fvck do you think I'd want to go to a house that's probably cramped and stuffy that smells of dead parents, a klutz and a deaf granny?'

I could see that she had read the message.

After a few minutes, the green dot disappeared, and I knew she had gone offline. Probably to cry. That's all she knew how to do.

Smirking, I exited the app and put my phone down.

“Poor Mel,” I laughed aloud. “Where did all the guts go now?”

Fvcking midget.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 42 - Tips

I couldn't help but feel really jumpy at school today. I ducked at the sight of every six feet male figure, feeling incredibly foolish when I realized it wasn't Jason.

Okay. It wasn't my fault. He had literally threatened me last night so. . .

I checked my timetable. We only had once class together today.

Not that it would prevent the threats from happening. But it'd be nice to not have to see him till later.

A tall, sandy haired figure came into view and I let out a small yelp and attempted to hide my head in my locker.

After a few uneventful moments, I carefully inched my head out just in time to see the sandy haired guy—who was definitely shorter than Jason and had a pair of glasses on—give me a strange wondering look as he walked past.

I restrained from slapping my forehead as that would only make me look worse, and confirm the fact that I had gone nuts.

Instead, I grabbed my books and fled to find an empty space to hide.

Yes, I'm scared of Jason.

It was hard not to be.

I had gotten to the base of the staircase leading to the back of the school when someone grabbed my arm from behind.

I let out a small scream and struggled to break free.

“Hey, hey, hey. Relax, Mel,” I heard someone say from behind me. I looked up to see Benson. “It's just me.”

I have never felt such relief as I did in that moment.

I almost wanted to hug him for not being Jason. But well, that didn't. . . make any sense.

Slowly, I began to relax and willed my heart rate to return back to normal.

Benson features contorted in to a frown as he watched me carefully, eyes narrowed.

I tried to fix my expression so he wouldn't suspect it had anything to do with Jason.

"What is up with you, Mel?" He asked, still studying me.

I tried to come up with some reasonable explanation that wouldn't give me away.

"Well, I, um, I feel a little, um, sick. . .?"

He glared at me suspiciously. "Sick? Since when?"

"Well, it was, um, yester—last night, I mean."

I intertwined my fingers behind me cursing internally.

I'd never been a good liar. But the last thing I wanted was for Benson to worry about me. Surely, he had more important things to do than worry about a lost cause.

Benson folded his arms across his chest. "So, being sick makes you jump outta your skin when someone touches you?"

I tried to laugh.

"Well, you know me," I said, hoping the giggle sounded believable.

"Cut the crap, Mel." He rolled his eyes. "And don't lie to me this time. Everyone knows you're terrible at that."

My shoulders slumped as I gave up. Ben was my best friend. It was no use lying.

As I recounted the events of the past few days, Benson listened with rapt attention.

When I told him I was partnered with Jason for the project, his mouth fell open.

“Oh. My. God. Jason as in Jason Davenport?” He asked, his mouth forming an ‘o’ in surprise.

“Yep.” I confirmed.

“Woah,” He said, looking just as mortified as I felt.

Suddenly frowning he said, “I’m starting to think this school is out to get you.”

Despite myself I laughed out loud.

Ben glared at me for a few seconds and then joined in.

And then we spent the next few minutes snickering like idiots.

I felt a little weight lift off my chest and I realized I missed this.

I missed the laughing, happy me. I missed moments like this with Ben. It felt good to not feel like a burden for once.

For the first time in a long time tears pooled at the corner of my eye, but this time, they weren’t tears of sadness.

Benson pulled me into a hug, still laughing.

“Please be careful, okay?” He said. “Just. . . try to stay out of his way as best as you can.”

I nodded vigorously.

“Thanks, Ben,” I muttered, feeling eternally grateful.

For the first time since he started dating Katie Henshaw, I finally felt like we were on the road to becoming best friends again, and that thought made me feel warm and happy inside.

“Tell you what?” Benson said suddenly.

“What?” I asked, laughing. His excitement was contagious.

“How about I come over this weekend? Like old times?”

“Sure,” I said. “You can get the snacks. I’ll get the drinks.”

“And. . . maybe I’ll let you beat me in cards,” I smirked.

“Let me beat you?” Benson cocked an eyebrow and laughed. “In your dreams, Mel,” He said in a singsong voice.

Giving me a pat on the back, he said, “Gotta go, Mel. I have a class soon.”

I’d almost forgotten I had classes too.

“Sure okay. See you later.”

I watched as he walked off, the smile never leaving my face.

For the first time in months, we’d had a conversation and he didn’t bring up Katie.

I smiled and walked back up the stairs to class, completely forgetting about Jason Davenport.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 43 - Tips

My eyes narrowed as I saw Amelia emerge from the stairs leading to the back of the school.

What the fvck?

She looked. . . happy.

I hadn’t seen her all day and I was starting to think that she was avoiding me because she was scared—which was good, of course.

But here she was.

The bitch was smiling like she just won the fucking lottery.

Seeing her look so calm and relaxed pierced at something in my chest, rage beginning to bubble through me.

What right did this bitch have to happy?

It's her fault that mom isn't with me today. So what right did she have to look so happy.

She was destined to be lonely and miserable for the rest of her fucking pathetic life. And I was going to make sure of that.

My hands formed a fist in pocket as I leaned against a desk in the library. I checked my watch.

I'd been here for 15 minutes?

This bitch was making me wait for her. Again. Didn't she learn her lesson from the last time? I wondered.

Irritated, I planted my feet—which were initially resting on a desk but quickly brought down whenever the librarian came into view—back on the floor, checking the time again.

As I looked up from my watch, my gaze fell on Amelia. She looked breathless, as if she had run all the way here, but she still had the relaxed air from before.

Not for long now.

She stared at me without a word, probably waiting for me to say something.

After a few moments she spoke up, "The music teacher requested me to help with placing the instruments back into place."

I regarded her coolly, my jaw beginning to tic.

She didn't sound rude. But she didn't sound scared either.

What the fuck was going on?

Fuming, I stood up in a flash, gripping her left arm and dragging her out of the library.

I saw her flinch in pain at the force I was applying on her arm.

Good.

I dragged her down the stairs, heading for the back of the school—the most secluded part of the school.

Getting there, I slammed her hard against the brick wall, smiling with satisfaction when she shut her eyes tight from the impact, a stream of tears falling from her eyes.

Not giving her time to recover from that, I grabbed her by the collar, grappling her neck in my fist.

“What the fvck was that sh!t you pulled yesterday?” I demanded.

Her fingers rose to her neck tapping weakly against mine.

Smiling I squeezed tighter.

“Answer me, damn it!” I shouted.

“Not so b.rave now, are we?” I sneered, keeping my grip on her neck firm.

“Ple—please. . .” She managed to choke out, squirming in my grip.

I leaned towards her. “Now, listen to me carefully. Don’t you ever, ever, think you’ll ever be anything more than a pathetic, dumb b!tch.”

“Remember that next time you start feeling important, like you’re worth something. Because you’re not. And you’ll never be. No matter how hard you try, you’ll always be the girl that everyone pities.”

“You think you have friends?” I laughed heartily. “Your dumb friend Benjamin what’s his name? Adrian?” I laughed again.

“You’re nothing but a charity case, Mel.” I said with contempt. “Nobody really cares about you. They just feel sorry for you.”

She had stopped struggling now. The glint in her eyes slowly disappeared until it was completely gone. Her shoulders slumped and her head drooped, teardrops falling in torrents on my hand.

Good.

We were back on the same page.

Slowly, I released her neck, watching her double over to cough painfully and move her hands up to caress her neck.

I grabbed her roughly and planted her upright on her feet.

“Do we understand each other?” I asked threateningly.

She covered at the sound of my voice and mumbled a “yes” in reply.

“Wipe your face,” I ordered.

She slowly ran the edge of her sleeve over her tear stained face, avoiding my gaze the whole time.

I smirked, satisfied that she’d remembered her place.

After a few moments of watching her struggle to stop her tears, a broken expression on her face, I asked, “The project is due to start today right?”

She nodded weakly, avoiding my gaze.

“Good. You start ours tomorrow.”

“My house,” I added.

She looked up like she was about to protest but lowered her gaze at my cold expression.

“Okay,” She muttered.

“I can’t hear you.”

She looked up again with a tired fed up expression. “I said, okay.”

“Good. Now get out of my sight.”



She quickly scrambled away from me—desperate to escape—bumping into an approaching Adrian in the process.

The expression on his face melted into one of concern as he sighted her.

“Hey Amelia, you okay?” He asked, placing a hand on her shoulder to steady her.

Luckily she wasn't crying anymore, although her eyes were red rimmed. I immediately shot her a death glare. A sign to keep her mouth shut.

Sniffing a little, she cleared her throat, “Yeah I'm fine. How—how are you?” She said faking a smile.

I rolled my eyes.

Could this bltch be any more dramatic?

Adrian narrowed his eyes, a bit confused. “Um, I'm fine too, Mel.”

Annoyed I cut in. “Yo, Adrian, buddy, I've been waiting for you. Can we go now?”

Adrian looked from me to the bltch. “Are you sure everything is okay?” He looked at her.

“She said she's fine Adrian,” I told him.

“I met her like this too and I asked her. She said she's okay.” I added, coating my voice with fake concern.

Her head shot up immediately. She stared at me, her eyes full of hate.

I smirked at her, crossing my arms in front of my chest.

Bitterly, she turned to Adrian. “I have to go now. My grandma will be home soon.”

Adrian looked like he wanted to say more, but instead he just placed a hand on her shoulder. “Take care of yourself, Mel.”

Why did he care so much about this bltch? What was it about her?

He was always so concerned about the bltch and it pissed me off.

She nodded and scurried away and out of sight.

Adrian looked on after she was gone, concern still written clearly on his face.

Annoyed, I thumped him on the back. “Come on, man. Let’s go.”

“Yeah sure,” He said, snapping out of it. “Video games at my house?”

“Hell yeah,” I smiled.

I hadn’t played video games in two days and it was klling me.

I scowled as the thought of being grounded resurfaced.

Fvck that sh!t, anyway. I’d enjoy the moment as much as I could then.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 44 - Tips

Assorted bottles of alcohol lined up in the center of Adrian’s huge living room as the gang sat in an uneven circle, exchanging the latest juicy gossip and snickering heartily.

We had all agreed to hang out at Adrian’s today as I’d told them I wouldn’t be available to do so for a while as I was helping my dad on an important project he was working on.

No way was I telling them I was grounded.

That was embarrassing.

The only person who knew was Adrian of course, although I didn’t tell him why.

As Greg plunged into a story of the best bl0wj0b he’d ever received—everyone laughing and chipping in at intervals—I noticed that the only odd ones out were Kimberly and Adrian.

Kimberly sat in the center of a large sofa—Malia and Aneeka on either side of her—joining in the conversation once in a while, but mostly staring daggers at me everytime our eyes met.

We hadn't talked since the sh!t that went down at my house. I pretended not to notice her scowling at me, and instead just joined in the animated conversation.

"Y'all remember the girl in my geometry class? The one I told y'all about?" Rory was saying.

Greg's eyes widened in mischief and he patted Rory's back, beginning to laugh.

Rory's lips curled into a wicked grin as he said, "Well, we finally fvcked."

There were 'whoops' and 'ahhs' as everyone cheered him on.

Greg, who was even more excited for some weird reason, laughed long and hard.

"And that's not all," Rory continued.

"There's more?" Malia put in, sarcasm evident in her voice. "Yeah, that's what we like to do on a hot Monday afternoon—listen to you gloat about your se.xual escapades."

The girls 'ooh'ed' while Rory only rolled his eyes saying, "Shut up, Malia. The only reason you're mad is 'cause you never get any action."

This time it was the guys' turn to 'ooh'.

"Please Rory," Dani said, rolling her eyes. "We all know Geometry girl was the first you've gotten in six months."

She smirked as everyone started to laugh, while Rory pulled his tongue out at her, causing even more laughter.

At that moment Kimberly made eye contact with me.

Warding it off, I said, "Ok, ok, break it up guys. We're here to hang out and have fun."

Scowling, Malia poured herself a shot, and the conversation carried on as usual—everyone laughing at Rory's stupid antics.

Everyone except Adrian.

I c0cked an eyebrow as I looked over.

He was on his phone?

And sure enough he was. Scrolling through something and looking bored.

He wasn't looking in my direction but I glared at him.

He'd been acting weird since he bumped into Amelia at school today.

He was that worried?

Was he seriously still feeling sorry for that silly excuse of a girl?

I didn't want to bring it up because I knew it'd only end up in an argument, but it still ticked me off.

Holding back a frown, I resolved to give Amelia a second warning when I saw her. To stay the fvck away from my best friend.

Looking up, I saw Kimberly glaring at me for the one millionth time today.

Wouldn't she give it up already? I wondered, getting annoyed.

Making up my mind, I motioned to her and asked, "Can I talk to you for a minute, Kim?"

She rolled her eyes, but still got up to follow me outside.

The gang was too deep in conversation to notice us leave.

Getting outside, Kimberly planted her hands on her h!ps and rolled her eyes, waiting for me to say something.

"What the fvck is your problem?" I demanded. "Why do you keep staring at me like that?"

She took her hands off her h!ps and placed them underneath her b00bs, pushing them higher up; a motion that made it difficult to keep my gaze on her face and not her very exposed cleavage.

“Oh, no problem at all,” She spat. “Just how big of a pvssy you actually are.””

I felt my jaw tic. “What the fvck did you just say?”

How dare she talk to me that way?

She moved closer, no trace of fear in her eyes. “You heard me.”

“And don’t try to scare me, Jason,” She added. “I’m not your silly Miss Klutz that you can push around like a fvcking puppet. Remember that.”

Annoyed, I rolled my eyes.

“What was I supposed to do then?” I asked feeling embarrassed about the whole thing.

“I don’t know,” She retorted. “You’re the one who invited me over.”

I didn’t know what to say to that so I glared at her instead.

“So I take it that’s the end of our little. . . rendezvous?” She laughed.

She’s obviously enjoying this.

“Well, well, no problem for me, anyways,” She stated. “I know how and where to get d!ck whenever, wherever I want.”

Then she moved closer, our lips a breath apart, and placed one small hand on the fly of my jeans, stopping when she located my c0ck. Then squeezed. Stroking. Teasing.

I squirmed in shock and pleasure this action taking me by surprise but not unwelcomed.

She smirked, taking her hand off as soon as she felt my c0ck began to throb, fully aroused.

Satisfied, she whispered, “Well it’s your loss.”

Laughing, she winked and fixed me with a look that made me want to take her there and then.

As if she'd heard my thoughts, she inserted a finger underneath her top and teased her nipple.

Watching as her nipples went from relaxed to taut and pointy, enhanced by the thin material of her shirt, I swallowed, a moan threatening to escape my lips.

Seeing she'd gotten the desired effect, she took out her finger and straightened her top.

"But don't worry though," She continued. "We're cool."

Giving me one last wink, she stalked off—deliberately swaying her hips from side to side in a sensual motion—leaving me with a not-so-subtle hard-on.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 45 - Tips

My hands shook as I struggled with the lock.

Nana wasn't home yet so I had to let myself in with my key.

Tears brimmed in my eyes, blurring my vision.

Trying to wipe them away only made me cry even harder.

Honestly speaking, I felt stupid for crying.

How could I be so dumb? Why did for one second believe that today was going so well. That nothing would wreck the tiny confidence and happiness I had felt after talking with Ben.

Jason was right. There really was something wrong with me.

Finally managing to get the door open, I fled up the stairs and into my room.

As I plopped down, the small, rickety bed groaned in disapproval. I gave a bitter laugh, "Of course, everything in my life is against me." I said aloud, covering my head with a pillow.

Realizing now that I was completely exhausted, I felt my eyes begin to droop.

Just a few minutes of rest, I decided.

A few minutes, I reminded myself, already feeling my eyes droop a second time as I drifted off to sleep.

A few hours later, I was awakened by the sound of Nana working in the kitchen.

I got up and stared at myself in the mirror, trying to put on a smile as best as I could. The last thing I wanted now was to get Nana worried over nothing.

But as much as I tried, my lips refused to cooperate. Refused to curl into a smile. Giving up, I trudged slowly down the stairs, stopping as I got to the kitchen.

I watched Nana for some time before I walked in—the beautiful smile on her face as she worked, checking on the pie in the oven, her shoulder length white hair wrapped in a low bun—trying to mentally prepare myself before seeing her.

Just a few minutes of rest, I decided.

As if she could sense my presence, she turned, her face breaking into a smile as she saw me.

Smiling back as best as I could, I signed, When did you get back?

She paused to throw a cup of diced carrots into the simmering pot. Looking back up, she communicated, Maybe an hour ago. I was going to wake you but you looked really tired.

I tried to keep a straight face while signing a reply. Yeah just school, I shrugged.

Okay then, you can go shower then come down for dinner, she signed, offering me another smile.

As I walked up the stairs back to my room, I couldn't help but wonder if she really did like having me around, or if she just felt obligated to do so.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 46 - Tips

An hour later after I had showered and come down for dinner, I twisted my fork in Nana's special spaghetti delicacy, although I really didn't feel like eating today.

Nana bit into a meatball, watching me carefully.

When it looked like she couldn't take it anymore, she dropped her fork loudly on her plate, getting my attention.

What's the problem, she signed.

The worry on her face should have convinced me, but Jason's words still rang loud and clear in my head.

Was she just patronising me? I wondered.

As the thought came in, I quickly waved it off, mentally scolding myself for thinking like that.

But still. . .

I decided to play dumb—ha, like I needed to act for that—so I asked, Yes, why?

Her eyebrows bunched together in confusion as she signed, You're acting strange. Did something happen?

Yes something happened, I thought. Something always happens doesn't it?

Instead, I signed, No, I'm fine.

It was clear to see that she didn't believe me. But in order not to push it, she busied herself with trying to finish her plate of spaghetti, looking up to glance at me every few minutes.

Slowly, I forced myself to eat my spaghetti, pushing the meatballs aside as I wasn't in the mood to chew meat.

Every swallow felt like punishment. But this was important to wave Nana's suspicion away.



As I scraped the last bits of spaghetti sauce off my plate, Nana motioned me to follow her to the kitchen.

I obliged, clearing the table and carrying the plates with me.

Help me with the dishes, baby, She communicated, motioning to the sink.

I nodded, rolling up my sleeves and adding a few drops of washing liquid into the clear water.

We worked in silence for a while, Nana rinsing and drying as I washed.

Suddenly filled with a burst of something I didn't understand, I waved to get her attention, and signed, Do you really care about me?

For some reason I was starting to feel annoyed and defensive.

Ignoring the look on her face as the plate she was drying fell back into the sink, I signed, You just feel sorry for me, right? Well don't. I'm not your charity case.

I could feel fresh tears beginning to form in my eyes.

Furiously, I wiped them away with my right elbow, focusing instead on scraping away the last bits of sauce in the pot I was currently washing.

After a while, I felt Nana place a cold hand on mine, forcing me to look at her.

I did. Only to see her eyes shining with tears too.

Why was she crying?

Shit. What have I done?

I cursed myself. Why was I always saying the wrong things. Doing the wrong things.

As I turned to apologize, she started to sign, Darling, I love having you around. The best part of my day is coming back home to meet you.

A single tear dropped from my eye and into the sink.

Nana continued, I know you've been having a hard time ever since your parents died. But I want you to know that it's okay to feel lost and afraid and unloved. But just remember that I'll always be here, taking care of you, no matter how many times you try to push me away, because I love you and I always will. You are not a charity case. You're my baby girl, and the best thing that's ever happened to me.

Unable to hold the tears back, I leaned toward the sink for support, my body racking with sobs.

She did love me.

Nana cared about me.

It wasn't an act.

Jason was wrong this time.

So wrong.

As Nana engulfed me in a hug, parting my back at intervals, while I let out all the pain in my tears, I knew in that moment that no matter who despised me, deserted me, gave up on me, Nana never would.

And that was the most calming feeling in the world right now.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 47 - Tips

I shaded my eyes with my hands as the sunlight peeked through the huge, open window right across my bed.

Squinting, I tried to adjust my eyes to the bright light.

The wall clock opposite my bed showed that it was 6:50am.

I scowled.

I had come in late last night and I hadn't even gotten enough rest. Now I have to go to school.

Fvck school.

After stalling for a few minutes, I stalked to the bathroom where a servant had already prepared my bath, as per usual.

Still feeling sleepy, I relaxed and let the hot water soothe and relax my muscles.

As a thought crossed my mind I said out loud, “I hope that midget remembers that the Chemistry homework is due today.”

She better not. Or she’d get it.

It took me approximately forty five minutes to get ready. With one final look in the mirror, I grabbed my backpack and headed for the living room, propelled by the delicious scent of bacon and fried eggs.

I frowned as I caught a glimpse of Ashley. She was bent over the dining table—giving her personal photographer instructions on how to angle the camera—as he took pictures of the neatly arranged set of plates filled with bacon and eggs.

Probably for her Instagram page.

I rolled my eyes.

Jobless b!tch.

Suddenly she clapped her hands looking satisfied.

“Great!” She squealed. Then motioned the photographer to leave.

Spotting me, she smiled. “Oh hey, Jace. How are you doing?”

I frowned, taking a seat and digging into my food without a word. If I stood talking with her for much longer, I would lose my appet!te.

Undeterred, she took the seat across from me asking, “Aren’t you going to wait for your dad?”

I rolled my eyes, determined to ignore her.

She sighed. “Why are you always in a bad mood, Jace?”

I looked up. "Why are you such a wh0re, Ash?" I retorted, in a salty tone.

Her face reddened and she rubbed her temple, looking like she was going to be sick.

Dramatic b!tch.

Dad walked in then, increasing his pace as he saw her.

He placed a hand on her back as he got to the table. "Baby, you okay?"

I rolled my eyes in disgust.

"I'm trying to have breakfast here," I said, scowling.

Ashley threw me a dirty look. I replied with a shrug and a smirk.

Dad fixed me with a look full of disappointment. "Look Jason, I know you're still trying to adjust to having a stepmom," He stated.

I decided not to point out the fact this was my third time having a stepmom.

"But," He continued. "You should treat your mother with respect and care about her wellbeing.

"She's not my mother," I said, folding my arms and my fork fell to my plate.

"Jason." Dad said sternly.

"But she's not!" My voice rose an octave. I was sick and tired of him trying to force me to pretend that we were one big, happy family.

Dad rose from his seat, a reddish hue to his face. "Let this be the last time you disrespect your mother. Ever again?"

I looked on, breathing hard.

"Is that clear?!" Dad repeated.

"Yes." I murmured.

"I can't hear you! And I'm pretty sure your mother can't either."

I was breathing hard in rage.

“I’m sorry, mother,” I managed to blurt out.

At that, Dad retook his seat.

“Good. Now finish your breakfast quickly. The school bus arrives at 8:30.”

My eyebrows bunched together in confusion.

School bus?

Dad looked pointedly at me. “Yes. The school bus. It’s part of your punishment.”

No. Hell no.

I jumped up in protest. “There’s no fvcking way I’m riding the school bus.”

“Language, boy.” Dad said, giving me a death stare. “Now. The school bus will be your ride to school for the remainder of the school year. Whether you like it, or not. So next time you think of doing something silly you’d think of the consequences.”

I stared on, knowing that arguing would be useless.

Getting up from my chair I murmured “I lost my appet!te” and stormed off.

Getting downstairs, I dialed Adrian’s phone number. Asked him to drive over and pick me up.

I was so pissed with Dad.

There was no fvcking way I would ever ride the school bus.

With Amelia fvcking Forbes. So she’d start to think we were equals?

No fvcking way.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 48 - Tips

Today was going, well. . . horribly to say the least.

Early this morning I'd been greeted with a spray of gum coated glitter— which you would imagine, took almost an hour to wipe off every trace of—as I opened my locker. Courtesy of the queen bltch Kimberly, of course.

Then, I'd realized that our Chemistry a.ssignment was due today and I'd completely forgotten.

So I had to run all the way to the lib.rary and solve both mine and his. I really didn't feel like dealing with him today.

I managed to finish the a.ssignment within a few minutes.

Hurrying out of the lib.rary, I bumped into a tall figure, my eyes widening in horror as I realized it was Jason.

He glared at me, grabbing me roughly by the collar and shoving me aside.

“Out of my fvcking way, midget.”

In annoyance and without thinking, I shouted. “Hey!”

He stopped mid-stride and retraced his steps.

“What the fvck did you just say?” He asked, cracking his knuckles.

I swallowed, trying to come up with a reasonable explanation.

I wanted to scream and tear at my hair. The whole plan for today was to completely avoid Jason, talking to him only when necessary.

But no. I just had to open my big mouth.

Thinking quickly, I held out his homework in an outstretched, shaky hand.

“You—you're homework,” I said, trying to keep an innocent face.

He shot me another one of his signature death glares and snatched the paper out of my hand.

He gave me one last push before stalking off.

God. We were starting the project today. And I already knew it was going to be hell.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 49 - Tips

I glanced sideways at Amelia as I drove back home.

I would've preferred it if she had to find her own way there, preferably on foot, but Adrian had suggested I take his car instead to make it easier for us.

His partner lived 3 minutes away from school so he had no issues getting there.

Apparently he was still very concerned about this b!tch.

I shot her another icy glare.

She lowered her eyes at my gaze, fumbling with the hem of her shirt, shaky fingers intertwined in her lap.

So she was scared.

Good.

I k!lled the engine as I got to the house, hoping I wouldn't bump into Miss Gold-digger. She was the last person I wanted to see right now.

Pa.ssing through the entrance, I noticed that Amelia wasn't behind me.

Where the hell was she?

I looked back to see her still cowering in the passenger seat.

Rolling my eyes, I shouted, "Bitch you need an invitation?! Get the fvck out of the car."

Irritation ran through me as I wondered how one person could be so many versions of stupid.

She slowly inched her way out of the car, gripping a pile of books in front of her like a shield.

Running out of patience, I thumped towards her and grabbed her roughly, pushing her in front of me.

“Walk!” I commanded.

All of a sudden, she broke free. Standing her ground, glared at me, hate flaring in her eyes.

I cocked one eyebrow observing her.

“What are you gonna do, Mel?” I asked tauntingly.

My lips curved into a smile. “You’re gonna hit me? Beat me up?” I let out a loud laugh.

“You’re such a joker, Mel.”

She swallowed, still breathing hard. “You don’t have to push me like that. I know how to walk.”

I didn’t let it show that I was shocked at her impudence.

How the fvck does she go from meek and scared to angry and fiery in a space of two minutes?

Instead I gripped her by the neck and squeezed.

“What was that you were saying, Mel?”

She choked, struggling to breathe. I squeezed harder. Harder. Till the defiance in her eyes began to dissipate. Till only fear remained.

She was sobbing now.

Fvcking crybaby.

“Stop that,” I commanded.

She did as I instructed.



Good.

Satisfied, I regained my hold on her arm and dragged her up the stairs.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 50 - Tips

I tried to stay quiet as Jason dragged me up the stairs.

I had to jump, sometimes two steps at a time, to avoid getting injured. He obviously wouldn't slow down to let me adjust.

I hadn't been here for over ten minutes and he'd already tried to choke me to death.

A tear escaped my eyes and I quickly wiped it off with my free hand. He'd ordered me to stop crying, and disobeying him would just attract more punishment.

Just 178 days left.

You're doing great, Mel. I reminded myself, repeating my mantra in my head.

Just don't try to be brave. Focus on the project and get it done. You'll be okay.

Succeeding in steadying my breathing, I decided to stick to my resolution.

Desperate to distract myself, my eyes scanned the mansion.

I had thought it was beautiful the night of the party. But this right here was . . . magnificent. It was even more exquisite in the day, even.

My eyes scanned the chandeliers, the marble floors, the Victorian-like staircase, the walls and floors so shiny I was scared of stepping on them or touching them.

This was the Dream Home. Straight out of a magazine.

A vicious tug on my left arm from Jason jolted me out of my admiration trance.

I winced in pain at the impact on my left shoulder which nearly brought tears to my eyes.

“You’re staring like an idiot.” He stated. “Not like you aren’t one or anything,” He continued, smirking.

I forced my mouth shut.

Let him have his fun.

“Don’t you dare try to steal anything,” He said, clearly not finished. “I know, I know, you’re not used to such luxury. But. . . try to control yourself. We don’t want to kill your grandma off finally by telling her you’re a thief as well, do we?”

I felt my temple throb as he mentioned Nana. Determined not to fall victim a second time today to his bait, I tried to block out his words.

“Not that she’d complain anyway, right? I mean anything to get away from you.” He let out a loud laugh.

I still kept quiet, concentrated instead on not letting the tears that had begun to pool in my eyes fall.

No matter how much I tried not to let things get to me, they always did.

Always.

Maybe it’s because everything he said was true.

I knew Nana truly loved me. But what about everybody else?

What about Mom and Dad? Did they get tired of me too?

Why do I feel like such a burden to everybody?

It’s because I am. No matter how much I tried to deny it.

Jason finally stopped as we came to a part of the house that looked like the living room.

He shoved me aside, rolling his eyes when he saw me wiping my face.

“Jeez. You’re such a fvcking crybaby. Can’t you do something else with your time?”

He dumped the pile of books he had taken from me when he’d been dragging me up the stairs on the table and plopped down on a sofa.

I wasn’t sure I was allowed to sit so I stood awkwardly, waiting.

He looked up from his phone he’d already begun to scroll through and gestured toward a chair in the middle of the living room.

“Well. . . the fvck are you waiting for?” He said. “Quit staring like a moron and do your work, midget.” He sneered, a look of disgust on his face.

I slowly made my way toward the chair, selecting the books I needed for research and reference.

Trying to make myself as comfortable as anyone could be around Jason Davenport, I bent my head over the books and started working.