

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 5 - Tips

Everyday, my hatred for Jason Davenport burned brighter. I had so many thoughts in my mind toward him. Thoughts, ideas, that were sure to inflict pain if gotten a chance to be carried out—slam his head into a wall severally, kick him in the nuts as often as I could, but to mention a few. After all, it was only deserving.

I mean, as if the humiliation I'd passed through this morning in the cafeteria, because of him, was not enough, he went on to treat me like an absolute piece of worthless junk when we met up behind the school after classes, grabbing me by the collar of Adrian's jacket, as if I was some sort of guy he had issues with, and thumping my forehead because he got a B in his history homework, very much forgetting that I was human too and could make mistakes once in a while.

Thereafter, he ordered me to sit at the bleachers, under the sun and guard his stuff. To make matters worse, I had a headache, stemming from the bowl Kimberly had thrown at me during lunch. I actually grew dizzy sitting under the sun with a pounding head. Luckily, the practice ended just before things could get out of hand.

Adrian offered me a ride back. It was one of those days, I guess, when he wasn't rushing off to somewhere, like he normally did, after practice.

I'd been walking down the paved road outside the school, hoping to hail a taxi with the little change I had on me when his blue Ford rolled up beside me.

"Hey," he said to me, as his window slid down.

"Hi," I blushed, slightly embarrassed that I still had his jacket on, a favor from my mortal enemy's friend.

"You're on your way home, right?" He hooked an eyebrow.

"Yeah," I nodded.

"Okay, I'll drop you off? If you want?" He shrugged.

"Um, okay, I guess," I said. It wasn't like it was the first time he was offering me a ride, or I was getting into his heavenly car.

Pressing a button so the door to the passenger seat unlocked—oddly enough, he preferred me sitting in the passenger seat—he gestured for me to climb in. That I did, without further hesitation, opening the door wider and slipping in. After I shut the door, my body already enveloped by the chilly atmosphere of the interior of his car, senses satiated with his familiar lavender scent, Adrian resumed driving.

He was a somewhat okay driver, that much I could say. He wasn't exactly bad, but neither was he great, in the sense that he could literally be texting with one hand and steering with the other, which I considered very unsafe. Besides from that, on occasions, he'd let go of the wheel to crack all ten knuckles, a habit of his I'd noticed on the third day he offered me a ride. But, although he was faulty in the concentration aspect, he never really went above the speed limit. Not the way I'd seen Jason do most times.

As usual, we sat in silence, him f

ocused on his driving—sometimes, he did pay attention throughout the drive—me thinking up things to say to him but never really saying it. I guess just because someone was nice didn't necessarily mean you guys became a dynamic duo all of a sudden.

We were approaching downtown, a ten minute distance from my street, B-street, when, all of a sudden, he spoke to me.

“I saw you in the field today, during practice,” he said, his eyes not leaving the road ahead. “I mean, I see you everytime, but today seemed kinda different. Like you were, um, not feeling too good or something.”

All the while he spoke, I did nothing but watch him, drowning in the sweetness of his voice when low. I'd never heard him speak, at least to me directly. I mean, of course, I'd heard his voice before, just not towards me, and even that was not very often as he wasn't much of a talker. But now, now he was speaking to me, I couldn't help but admire how soothing his voice was, not too deep, but not squeaky or high pitched because of puberty either. It was just the right blend.

“So?” He glanced at me.

I blinked. Had he asked a question?

“I . . . sorry I didn't really get you,” I said, feeling highly embarrassed.

“I was asking if you’re alright, because back in the field you looked kinda sick.” He told me.

He’d been watching me?

“Oh. Yeah, I’m good,” I said.

“You sure?”

I nodded.

“Why do you even come to the bleachers so often?” He asked. “Like every single practice day I see you there. You like football that much?”

So, he didn’t know? About every order Jason gave me? Apparently, he wasn’t aware.

“Yeah,” I lied. “I’m a fan of football. My dad initiated me . . . kinda.”

“Oh?” He looked at me with a smile. “That’s really dope. So, what’s your favorite club?”

Oh, crap. Crap, I’d put myself in a tight situation.

“Um, Barca?” I raised my eyebrows.

“You’re saying it like you aren’t so sure,” he chuckled. “Well, that’s understandable. There are more than one amazing clubs. My favorite is Manchester United.”

“That’s so cool,” I said with faux enthusiasm.

“Yeah,” he nodded and seconds later, we fell into silence once more.

From the corner of my eye, I observed him drive. Watched his body language. Liked how easygoing and laid back he was. I admired every little detail about him, from his looks to his personality to his aura, he was just perfect, nondiscriminatory and cordial.

Eventually, he pulled into my street, went past the first few houses before finally stopping at the driveway of grandma’s.

“Thank you,” I said, looking at him as he turned off the car, a hand on the door lock. “For driving me. And for your jacket.”

“My pleasure,” he smiled.

“I’ll return the jacket tomorrow unfailingly.”

“Yeah, sure.”

“Bye.” I unlocked the door and stepped out, shutting it behind me.