

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 51 - Tips

I was slowly starting to get bored. Instagram lost its charm at some point, and I wasn't in the mood to text anyone or engage in any form of chatting.

I would've been playing video games right now if Dad hadn't insisted on seizing everything.

Now, my life had officially become ten times boring.

Maybe I can sneak out and hang with the gang, I thought.

I quickly brushed the idea off. That would never work.

I had barely gotten away with using practice as an excuse the last time. Dad had come back from work five minutes after I snuck in through my bedroom window.

I scowled.

All this was because of Ashley. She was changing him.

Dad would have never seized my gadgets leaving me bored and with nothing to do.

She was trying to take him away from me so she'd have him all to herself.

And dad was falling for it.

Like he always did.

Every single time.

I shook my head, trying not to think too much about it.

Soon.

Soon she'd leave. After attempting to steal a huge amount of money from dad's bank account. Just like the other two before her.

And dad would see that I'd been right all along.

And then. . . he'd apologize for all the things he said to me.

I looked around the living room, wondering what to do with my time.

Maybe I should take a nap up in my room.

No. What if dad got home early? I'd have to answer a ton of questions. I shook my head.

Slowly, my gaze drifted to Amelia.

It was obvious to see that she was struggling to be comfortable on the 'too small' chair I had purposely ordered her to sit in.

She used her left leg as leverage to hold up the pile of books she was using, while she sat at the very edge of the chair because it was the only way to prevent the books from falling.

I could see her left leg shaking as she struggled to not let it fall. I had told her I didn't want her filthy books staining the floors of my house, so she couldn't place them on the floor.

Nevertheless, she worked on. Eyebrows puckered in concentration, eyes rapidly scanning her materials.

I could see that she was in her zone. Fingers rapidly sweeping through pages of books upon books. At intervals, she would jot down something on the piece of paper that was clutched in her left hand.

Her face was calm but searching, her fingers sometimes reaching up to tuck stubborn hair strands behind her ears.

In this state, I realized that she looked. . . pretty.

What? I caught myself, realizing what I'd just been thinking.

What the fvck is up with me?

Was I actually sitting right here and thinking about how pretty Amelia fvcking Forbes was?

I shook my head.

I'm frustrated and tired. A lot has been going on. That's why I'm having crazy thoughts, I said to myself.

It was Amelia after all.

And Amelia Forbes was nothing but a clumsy waste of space.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 52 - Tips

I could feel my legs about to give way any second as I tried to balance four Harry Potter sized books on my leg.

Jason had made it clear that everything I touched automatically became filthy. So he didn't want filth in his house.

I wasn't even allowed to touch the armrest of the chair.

Trying to take my mind off my leg, I focused on the project. So far, I'd gone considerably far in my work.

The fact that I'd started beforehand really helped. At this rate I might even finish before the week runs out.

I'd calculated that I'd be done in a week but at the rate I was going it'd probably be done in 4 to 5 days.

I screamed in joy.

In my head, of course.

Lest Jason find another reason to torment me.

A few minutes later, I was at the last page of the first chapter I'd been studying—which brought day one of my work to a close. I rounded up quickly and began to fill the pages of Jason's project manual.

I'd do mine when I got home. I didn't need him complaining about anything now.

My leg still hurt like a bitch so I paused, transferring the books to my other leg.

At this point I wasn't even sure I could feel my legs. Plus every time I bent forward to write, the books hit my abdomen. This happened so many times I started to feel nauseous.

Damn Jason. Treating me like a slave.

I mean, there were about six very comfortable chairs in the living room. And a table I could've used.

This is just another one of his ways of punishing me, I guess.

Closing the manual after I was done filling the first section, I wiped sweat off my eyebrows.

My throat was parched and I realized how hungry I was.

He hadn't even offered me water.

Asshole.

As if on cue, I noticed him looking at me. Staring actually.

I suddenly started to feel comfortable.

Why was he staring like that?

Did I do something I wasn't supposed to?

He suddenly scowled and looked away.

I raised an eyebrow.

He's probably thinking up another prank to play on me. Would he slump if he just decided to leave me alone?

Tired, I looked away, standing up and balancing the books in my hand.

I walked towards him, extending my arm to hand over his project manual.

"Your manual," I muttered, arm still extended.

He faced me, looking me up and down and sneering.

“What the hell am I supposed to do with it? Chew it?”

“No—no. . . it’s one of the—the things we have to submit after the project.” I stammered.

His scowl deepened.

“Well keep it till you’re done.” He said flatly. “Stop being moronic.”

I exhaled as he hissed and plugged his eyes back to his phone.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 53 - Tips

Story;

I watched Amelia’s face turn a bright shade of red as she held my manual in her hand.

After a few moments, she walked back to the chair she had been sitting in and packed all the books in her school bag.

Suddenly she stopped, looking unsure. Slowly she made her way back to me.

“Do I leave the books here or just go back with them?” She asked meekly, looking down the whole time.

As I stared at her without a word, she chewed on her bottom lip, running her tongue over to moisten it.

I swallowed with difficulty.

My eyes, trailed her face, down to her lips.

Her lips looked smooth and nice. Probably soft too. I couldn’t help but imagine how good they would fit right on the tip of my. . .

Fvck.

My groin stirred.

Fvck. Fvck. Fvck. This is Amelia we're talking about here. Get yourself together Jason, I reprimanded myself.

Immediately, I jumped up, grabbing her by the arm and shoving her school bag in her chest.

"Get out," I ordered. "Now."

Her eyes widened. "Oh, um, ok. But. . . how do I get home?"

I frowned. "What? You developed amnesia in the last two hours?"

"No," She countered. "My house is pretty far from here. . .and. . . it's getting pretty late. . ."

She paused, glancing at me.

I chuckled. "And how the fvck is that my problem? Look, midget. I don't give a fvck how you get home. You can even walk if you feel like it. It's none of my business. Now get out." I stretched one hand toward the staircase.

Her expression started to lean towards a glare and she looked like she was about to say something. Instead she grabbed her school bag, shot me a look and practically ran down the stairs.

I headed to my room with Kimberly on dial. Kimberly was what I needed right now.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 54 - Tips

He's not worth it. Jason Davenport is not worth it. He's not worth it. I refuse to react. I refuse to give him another reason to pick on me.

I repeated this in my head as I walked through the gates and out of his mansion.

Two hours.

Two hours working on OUR project. All on my own. And he didn't even offer me a single drop of water.

I knew he was an asshole. But this. . . it was inhumane.

I didn't expect him to be nice to me or anything. But this was something else.

And I was famished, I felt like I would drop anytime soon.

Just 4 days and it'll all be over, I reminded myself. I just need to finish on time.

I checked my phone. 4pm. Nana would be worried.

With that thought spurring me on, I walked faster.

As I got to a street sign—from there a 15 minute walk to my house—I heard someone call out my name.

Huh? That's weird. I don't really know anyone around here.

I'm probably just hearing things, I concluded, slapping a hand to my forehead.

I doubled my pace. Desperate to get home, I ignored the sharp pain in my knee every time I took a step.

"Mel!"

This time it was loud and clear.

I paused in my tracks, turning to catch a glimpse of whoever it was.

My eyes landed on the tall approaching figure of Adrian.

His smile faltered as he approached me.

"Mel. What's the matter? And why are you walking alone?"

Oh no.

Jason had warned me before to stay away from his best friend.

But somehow, Adrian was the one who kept finding me.

“Mel, I asked a question,” He repeated. “Why are you walking alone? What about Jason?”

I swallowed. I had to come up with a reasonable explanation.

“Well, uh, we finished early. But I—I felt like walking home. To clear my head, you know?”

His face relaxed and it looked like he believed me.

Slowly I let out a breath of relief.

“Oh, uh, ok. I’m walking home too. You know, because Jason has my car?”

He smiled.

How could one person be so adorable?

“So, uhh, do you need company?” He asked, touching the back of his head.

Was he asking to walk with me?

Without hesitation, I nodded vigorously. I hated walking alone, anyways. Plus it was getting late. I really could use some company.

“Sure,” I said, giving out my first real smile in days.

As we walked side by side, chatting about everything from school to food to hobbies to football.

Yep. Football.

Remember that time I lied and told him my favorite team was Barca?

Yeah I may or may not have cleared him on that.

As he spoke—cracking his knuckles every few minutes—I watched him, marvelling again at how someone as good as him could be best friends with an a.ssh0le like Jason Davenport.

It was beyond me.

The more I thought about it, the more confused I got.



Shaking my head, I concentrated on my conversation with Adrian instead.

After walking for a while, Nan [Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 55 - Tips](#)

Desire ran through me as I dialed Kimberly's number. I hadn't been able to leave the house in days, and I desperately needed her. Right now.

Finally she picked up.

"Hey Kim," I said, my voice raspy and heavy.

I could almost see her rolling her eyes through the phone. BITCH.

"Well, well, well. Look who called." She said, laughing a little, her se.xy voice not helping in the least.

I went straight to the point.

"Can you come over?"

"Are you fvcking kidding me?" She exclaimed.

"Wait. Wait." I stated, trying to explain. "Dad isn't home. And we'll be quick. . . okay?"

She was silent for a while, then, "You've lost your damn mind, Jason. You lost your chance, now your paying for it. That's none of my business."

I cursed silently.

"Go take care of your boner sweetheart. Lots of p0rn and lots of lotion should do the trick," She laughed and I could picture a sadistic expression on her face.

And then the line went dead. Fvck.

"Shit!" I shouted, throwing my phone on my bed and kicking my shoes off.

Fvck Kimberly.

Who needs her anyway?

Taking her advice, I stormed to the bathroom and proceeded to wank the desire away.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 56 - Tips

As I got to school today, I unconsciously did two things as I walked through the hallway—trying to avoid Jason and searching for Adrian.

As I realized that they'd probably be together, I slapped my forehead.

Gosh, I could be so stupid sometimes.

As if on cue, they both burst through the front doors, with nearly the entire soccer team trailing them.

Jason had one arm on Adrian's shoulder, saying something to him as they both laughed.

There had never been such clear opposites in the history of man, I was sure. And they were friends.

As they sighted me, I immediately wished I could crawl into my locker and disappear.

Jason scowled, a look of irritation on his face, as if I'd just ruined his perfect morning.

Adrian's face broke into a smile and he raised his right hand to give me a small wave.

Oh no. No, no, no.

Jason c0cked an eyebrow, looking from Adrian to me. His face clouded and he threw me a look that clearly said he'd deal with me later.

Half the girls who stood in the hallway, stared at me, mouth agape.

Oh no.

Literally every girl at Wayne County High had a huge crush on Adrian. But of course, he never gave them the time of day.

Now here he was, waving at a nobody in the middle of the very public hallway.

I honestly hated all the attention.

Quickly I spun around and headed for my first class.

As I sat, I realized that I didn't wave back at Adrian.

What if he felt bad? Or felt like I ignored him?

I didn't want him to think that I was stuck up. Or proud.

But no. Jason was there. Jason wouldn't have taken it lightly.

Me, a worthless nobody, exchanging pleasantries with his best friend.

I shuddered at the thought of what he would do.

Deciding that I would just apologize to Adrian later, I concentrated on class instead.

Halfway through class, I noticed Kimberly and her minions glaring at me from the back.

Huh? When did they get in?

I tried to pretend that I didn't see them. They probably saw what happened in the hallway with Adrian.

I shut my eyes tightly. Why couldn't these people just leave me the heck alone.

I breathed deeply. Ok, Mel. Pull yourself together. Just try to avoid them as much as possible today and go home quickly. You'll be okay.

Some hours later after I had attended my first three classes, I jumped up, escaping to the bathroom.

At intervals I'd look behind, checking to make sure no one was following me.

As I got to the bathroom, I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding. Looking in the mirror, I wiped the beads of sweat that had started to form on my forehead.

Just two more classes for today and I'd be free.

I stalled in the bathroom for a while to make sure it was safe to leave.

Satisfied, I threw the door open, looking left and right before walking out.

As I congratulated myself on my success, a strong arm grabbed me from behind and shoved me into an empty classroom.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 57 - Tips

I sighted the b!tch as she walked out of the girls' bathroom.

So she thought she could escape me today. Not even in her dreams.

I quickly covered the distance between us, grabbing her arm and pushing her into an empty class.

As she started to let out a squeal, I clapped a hand over her mouth and shook my head.

She nodded, fear visible in her eyes.

I slowly released my hand, glaring at her. As she opened her mouth to say something, I gave her a heavy whack on the forehead.

She whimpered, holding her hand to her head.

"What did I tell you about Adrian?" I growled.

She recoiled at the sound of my voice, tears beginning to form in her eyes.

"What the fvck did I tell you about Adrian!" I shouted. Louder this time.

"To—to stay away from him," She murmured almost inaudibly.

“Good. So what the hell was that sh!t in the hallway,” I asked, feeling my temple throb.

As a response, she hung her head, tears spilling on her cheeks.

Could she do any better than this? She was always crying like some moron. And it was more irritating than anything else.

I tightened my hold on her neck.

“This is the last time I’m gonna say this. Stay the fvck away from Adrian. Next time, if I catch you having any form of contact with my best friend, I promise you’ll regret your existence.”

As I let go, I heard her murmur something like “It’s not like I don’t regret it already”.

“What was that?” I growled, regaining my hold on her neck.

She coughed violently, her face reddening. “No—nothing,” She managed to squeak out.

“Yeah, I thought so,” I said.

Letting go, I scowled and walked out to the sound of her whimpering.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 58 - Tips

It seemed like my bad luck was on a roll today because, I soon as I walked out of the classroom door—wiping the remaining tears on my face and still massaging my neck—Kimberly and three of her minions waylaid me.

They backed me into a corner and forcefully led me into the girls’ bathroom.

As we got in, Aneeka secured the door and took her position directly behind Kimberly.

Kimberly looked at me, one hand on her waist and her right hip protruding in her favorite pose.

“What the fvck is going on between you and Adrian?” She spat, shooting me a glare.

I swallowed.

“What do you mean?” I asked, trying to buy time.

Malia rolled her eyes saying, “Bitch, don’t act dumb.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I repeated, crossing my hands in front of my chest.

Kimberly walked up to me. Out of nowhere she grabbed a fistful of my hair and dragged on it. I let out a sharp yelp, shoving her backwards with all the strength I could muster.

Malia and Aneeka stared at me in shock, mouth agape.

“You little b!tch!” Malia exclaimed, just about the same time Kimberly recovered, walking up to me and slapping me hard on my left cheek.

“Don’t you ever put your hands on me, b!tch!” She screamed. “You fvcking ruined my top!”

My cheek stung. And I could tell that the rings Kimberly always wore would definitely leave a mark.

Clearly not done, Kimberly grabbed me by the jaw, her artificial nails digging into my skin. Forcing me to look at her she said, “You’re a nobody, Amelia. Stop forgetting that. Adrian doesn’t give a sh!t about you. Stay the fvck away from him.”

I struggled to release myself from her grip but Aneeka and Malia held me down, holding my arms on either sides.

“I see what you’re trying to do, Amelia. Playing the good girl so Adrian would fall for you? You’re trying to be part of the cool crowd now, huh? You pathetic piece of sh!t.”

“That’s NOT what I’m doing,” I screamed out in protest.

I would never do that. What the heck did I need popularity for anyway?

Kimberly shushed me saying, "There's no need to deny it Amelia. I see you. I see what a pretentious b!tch you are. All you want is to be on top right?"

She laughed. "Go home, Mel. Go throw some roses on mommy and daddy's grave, will you?"

Kimberly saw that she had hit home. She smiled, placing a hand on my shoulder. "That's right, loser. Go on. I mean, they obviously can't stand you either. But. . . they're dead so it wouldn't matter of course."

A tear began to pool in my eyes.

Malia noticed. She cackled as if seeing me cry was the funniest thing in the world.

As the three of them surrounded me, laughing and sneering at my misery. I felt like nothing more than a mere c0ckroach for everyone to step on.

And, not for the first time, I wished I was in the backseat of that car the day of my parents' death.

Amelia Forbes

I sped from the bathroom, tears still dripping my eyes.

This was the second time I was crying in less than 30 minutes.

I grabbed Nana's house keys from my locker and headed for the exit. I needed to go home. I needed to sleep. I needed all this pain to stop.

It was raining heavily and the sky was dark. Just like state of my life right now. Dark and gloomy.

Nevertheless, I walked into the rain. I had already decided I was going home right now, and not even the rain could stop me. Besides it was perfect for hiding the tears streaming down my face.

Nana wasn't home when I got back. I unlocked the door and walked in, my clothes and shoes leaving pools of water on the floor.

I put a hand to my forehead, sliding slowly to the floor.

A sob escaped me as I recalled the events of today. When would the day come where I would go to school and not have any one insult me, throw something at me, or hit me.

Was it too much to ask to just live a normal life. Why couldn't they just leave me alone.

I don't want to be here. I don't want to be here. I repeated this over and over as if repeating it would make it come true.

"All I want to do is feel normal!" I yelled to the empty house. "I want to be left alone. Just leave me alone."

Tears spilled down my cheeks. I wanted to throw something. Hit something. Blame someone. But I knew.

I knew it was my fault. Everything. I realized that the only crime I had committed was. . . existing.

Living. Breathing.

Slowly, I walked up to my room and collapsed on my bed.

I woke up to Nana shaking me awake, alarm visible in her eyes.

I realized that I was still in my wet clothes.

Seeing me awake, Nana signed, Are you okay, dear?

My lips parted to reply but no sound came out. My throat was sore from crying and I found it hard to breathe.

I could see that Nana was panicking. I wanted to reassure her. Tell her I was okay. Tell her nothing was wrong with me. But all I could hear was the pounding of my chest in my ears.

My lungs felt like there were weights resting on them. It was getting harder to stay awake by the second. Nana slapped my cheek lightly, probably in a bid to keep me awake.

She placed the back of her palm on her forehead. The speed at which she snatched her hand off was enough to show me that I was running a temperature.



Stay awake, baby, Nana signed. She rushed out, returning with a bowl of water and a cloth.

The last thing I remembered was collapsing in her arms.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 59 - Tips

“We’re going on a vacation.” Dad announced as we sat at the dining table for breakfast.

We rarely had breakfast together. Dad was either on a business trip or rushing to work. So this was kinda rare.

I considered his statement, raising an eyebrow. “But school is still in session, Dad. And will be for like two more months,” I said, confused.

Dad’s face faltered. “Oh, um, I meant your mother and I. Your mother and I are going on a vacation.”

I felt my face begin to heat up.

“You’re taking this—her? You’re taking her on a vacation?”

He didn’t have time to talk to me or take me anywhere because he was always so damn busy, but he wasn’t too busy to go on vacation?

That was rich. I shook my head, anger surfacing.

Was it compulsory for dad and his gold digging wife to infuriate me every fvcking day?

Ashley let out a squeal, obviously not hearing what I had just said. “Oh my gosh, babe!” She raced to dad’s side of the table and enveloped him in a h.ug, k!ssing both his cheeks in turn.

Dad smiled, obviously pleased with himself.

“But dad!” I attempted one last time. ” We’re supposed to go on vacation. As a family. We haven’t done that since mom. . .” I trailed off.

Ashley glanced at me with a pitiful look on her face.

“Don’t worry, baby. We’ll go after your final exams. As a family, so don’t—”

“Don’t you ever call me that. Ever again in your fvcking life!” I bellowed.

Was this b!tch crazy or something, I wondered.

“Jason!” Dad countered.

I ignored him and faced Ashley. “Stop fvcking trying to be my mother and concentrate instead on being his wh0re. After all that’s why you’re here—”

I hadn’t finished my statement when all of a sudden Dad swung a hand across his side of the table, giving me a resounding slap.

I placed a hand to my cheek in shock.

Dad had never laid a finger on me. Never.

“Because of her, right?” I screamed at Dad. “You never hit me. Can’t you see what she’s doing?! To you! To us!”

Dad glared at me. “What is wrong with you, Jason. Don’t you see how disrespectful you’re being. Ashley may not be your birth mother. But she’s older than you, and she’s trying. Give her that respect. She sure as hell deserves it!”

I looked from dad to Ashley—who sat quietly, one arm linked to dad’s—and I could see it clearly. He was choosing her over me.

He wasn’t thinking of mom, or me. The only thing he cared about was Ashley.

Swallowing, I stood as if stung by a bee. “Have fun wherever the fvck you two are headed.”

With those words I stormed off, heading out to get some fresh air.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 60 - Tips

My eyelids were extremely heavy as I struggled to open my eyes. My head ached and it seemed like the world was spinning.

I didn't know how long I'd been lying here. Everything was a blur. I only recalled a few things. Like Nana bathing me in a tub full of hot water, Nana feeding me some strange kind of soup.

I think I recalled a nurse giving me some injections and writing down a list of things in a scrap of paper which she later handed to Nana.

I saw mom and dad too. But they kept disappearing.

Parting my lips, I tried to say something but my voice was really low and scratchy.

So in conclusion, I felt like crap.

Right then, Nana walked in with a tray of soup. Seeing that I was awake, she hurriedly put the tray down and rushed to my side.

Finally you're awake; how are you feeling baby? She signed.

My hand felt heavy but I signed nonetheless, I feel really sick. How long has it been?

Nana first enveloped me in a hug and I could tell that she was struggling to hold back tears.

Afterwards she sat at my beside, feeding me while we talked.

I thought you were leaving me, Nana signed, tears in her eyes.

I suddenly felt guilty for being such a burden to her. I felt bad for falling sick. Why did I have to walk under the rain?

I remembered seeing mom and dad. And then it hit me. The reason why I kept on seeing them was because. . . I wanted to join them. I wanted to be with them.

As I looked at Nana, I saw the fear in her eyes. The fear of losing me. Just like I'd lost my parents.

And I remembered how unfair it all felt. And how broken I was.

And I realized that Nana would have felt the same way if anything happened to me.

I held Nana's hand, trying to communicate without signing. Telling her how sorry I was.

And I wept like a baby. Because the pain was too much to bear.

Amelia Forbes

From everything Nana had told me, I gathered that I had caught a really bad cold walking under the rain and I'd been unconscious for days.

Realizing what that meant, I panicked. That means I've missed school, homework, maybe even tests.

Nana noticed this and communicated to me that the school was aware, so any tests or homework would still be made available to me when I was feeling strong enough.

Relieved, I settled down and resumed my conversation with Nana.

I also found out that a guy had come to see me. And from Nana's description, it was no other than Adrian Goldfield.

I had mixed feelings about the whole thing.

Jason had already warned me about associating with his best friend. And he wouldn't take it lightly if he found out Adrian had been to my house. But on the other hand, Adrian was the only one who cared to check up on me when I missed school.

I couldn't just ignore that.

He'd gotten the drugs prescribed for me, and he got fruits for me as well.

I had to thank him, at least.

Okay, I decided. I'd thank him and that'd be it. Yes, he was nice to me. But associating with him would only make the bullying worse. And that's the last thing I needed right now.

time walking with him. Not like I would tell him that. . .

“Um, yeah.” He turned away.

“Wait!” I called out.

His beautiful blue eyes looked at me, waiting.

“Would you, um, like to come inside?” I asked.

Did I just invite Adrian Goldfield into my home?

I swallowed, waiting for his response.

He smiled. “I’d love to. But it’s getting pretty late. I should head home.”

Goodness. I wasn’t even considering that. Why am I so dumb?

“Right. Of course. I’m so sorry. You should go.”

“It’s fine,” He smiled. “I’ll see you later?”

I knew I wasn’t supposed to but I said, “Yes, sure.”

“Okay. Cool.”

Still standing at my door, I watched his nice b.utt as he retreated into the distance.