

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 61 - Tips

I lay on my bed still seething. What I needed right now was alcohol. Lots and lots of alcohol.

I was fed up with dad. This was the height of it all. Well, fvck dad and fvck Ashley. Fvck this sh!thole and all these fvcking servants.

I checked the time. It was 8pm. I needed to get out of here. I couldn't stand being in the same house with those two.

Frankly speaking, I hated being around here ever since mom died. Everything in this house was irritating to me. Dad had only made it worse when he started to bring in all these women.

I thought of where to go. There was a party at Greg's tonight. I could go for that. There'd be pot, alcohol and lots of girls. Just what I needed.

Making up my mind, I flung out a t-shirt, a leather jacket and a pair of jeans to wear out of my closet. Grabbing a pair of combat boots out off my shoe rack, I placed them on the floor, close to my bed.

My mind wandered as finally landed on Amelia Forbes. It'd been almost a week since I'd seen her in school.

Maybe she had finally taken my advice and decided to jump off a cliff. I smiled at that thought.

The only annoying thing about it was that it put the project on hold. And I couldn't afford to fail that. It carried a lot of marks.

I frowned. She better reappear from wherever she ran off to. My grades were at stake here. The b!tch just had to add to all the problems I already had.

Hissing, I got up to jump into the shower when my bedroom door opened.

Dad walked in, stopping at the door and observing me.

I felt my blood begin to boil, and I decided that the best thing to do was ignore him. I slipped my phone out of my pocket, and began to scroll through Instagram.

Dad approached me, taking a seat on the free side of my bed.

“Jason,” He called out gently.

I stuck to what I had resolved to do. Ignore him.

“Look, I know you’re mad at me. And you have every right to be. I’m sorry for hitting you. I should never have done that. It was very low of me. I’m sorry.”

I pretended not to hear him, still scrolling through my phone.

“I’m sorry,” He repeated. “I know you miss your mom. I do—”

“Don’t!” I yelled. “Don’t you dare talk about mom. You have no right to do that.”

“Jason—”

“No! You’ve already desecrated her memory in this house by bringing all these women in here. So don’t act like you give a sh!t about mom or me!”

His eyes widened in surprise. “Jason, why would you say that.”

There was so much hurt in his voice. But I didn’t care. He deserved it. Besides, everything I said was true. He had his new woman now. So fvck me. Right?

Getting up forcefully I said, “You know what, dad? I gotta go. And you have work tomorrow. You should go to bed.”

I started to walk away when he grabbed my arm.

“Jason. I know everything is confusing right now. I understand that. Just. . . please give me a chance to explain. A chance to prove you wrong. I do care about you, Jason.”

He squeezed my arm. “I know you miss your mother. But please—”

I snatched my arm away. "You know nothing about me! Nothing. Now please leave."

I was breathing hard, staring daggers at him.

Dad sighed, watching me. Then slowly, he spun round and walked out of my room, shutting the door with a click.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 62 - Tips

I was feeling better today. My chest still felt heavy, but the headache was gone and my eyes didn't hurt anymore.

Nana sat on a reclining sofa close to my bed, signing to me and relating to me how the week had been going.

I laughed at intervals, simultaneously eating the chicken soup she had prepared for me.

She had emailed the school, so my homework was brought over to the house by one of the teachers.

A pile of my homework, all solved, was arranged atop my study table. Suddenly I thought of Jason. We had a lot of homework. I'm pretty sure he'd be mad when he realized I hadn't been in school.

Not like he cared about that. Even if I was dying, he wouldn't care. The only important thing were his grades.

Come to think of it, it was kind of impressive how much he cared about his grades. But sometimes I wondered if he really cared about his grades, or if he just enjoyed putting me through the torture.

Unlike me, his life didn't depend on his good grades, or a scholarship. His father could pay or buy his way into school. So, it was obviously the second reason. He probably just enjoyed torturing me.

Now, that I'd gotten it straight that I could have my assignments delivered to me, and also take my own tests as long as a teacher was present here, I was really glad that I wasn't going to school.

Yes it was weird missing school. But it was nice too. I didn't have to deal with Jason and Kimberly, and pretty much the entire population of Wayne County High.

It felt nice. No shoving, no hitting, no bullying, no insults. I felt like I could finally breathe.

Secretly, I wished it could be like this till my final exams.

But every good thing had to come to end sometime right?

Even though I was miles ahead in the curriculum, I still had to attend classes. That thought was depressing so I tried not to think about it.

The sound of the doorbell jolted me from my thoughts.

Still surprised, I quickly recovered and signed to Nana, telling her that someone was at the door.

She quickly stood up to go answer.

A few moments later, she walked in. Adrian stood behind her, all smiles, a bouquet of flowers in one hand, and a box of chocolates in the other.

Amelia Forbes

My jaw fell open as I sighted Adrian. The smile on his face was the most heartwarming thing I'd seen in a while.

How could someone like Adrian be so happy to see. . . me.

Amelia Forbes.

Who was bullied daily by his best friend. Me. A nobody.

"Hey. You feeling better?" He asked cheerily, still smiling.

"Well, I, um. . ." I blurted out like an idiot.

Nana wiggled her eyebrows at me, smiling mischievously. I gasped when she signed, So this is the boy you've been crushing on.

Adrian looked at me confused. "Are you okay?"

“Um, yes,” I said, still flustered. To make the lie believable, I tried to disguise the gasp as a cough.

Nana hid a smile behind her hand. I narrowed my eyes at her. She was clearly enjoying this.

She winked at me and then signed so that Adrian would see, I’ll go get you both something to drink.

Adrian rubbed the back of his neck. “I’m really sorry, I don’t have any experience with sign language so. . .” He trailed off.

“Oh that’s fine, really.” I assured him.

I translated to Nana what he had said. She smiled at him and shook her head, showing that it was fine.

He smiled back at her, his eyes tinkling.

Damn he was fine.

My eyes widened as I realized what I’d just been thinking.

Seriously Mel? That’s what you’re thinking about right now?

I resisted the urge to slap my forehead, lest Nana and Adrian think I’d finally lost my mind.

I looked up just as Adrian handed Nana the bouquet, rubbing the back of his neck with his free hand.

He opened his mouth to address Nana, then as if he suddenly remembered, he clapped a hand over his mouth and turned to me.

“I, um, these are for your grandma,” He said, looking embarrassed.

Oh boy. This was going to be awkward if Adrian kept feeling like he was offending Nana by not knowing sign language.

“Hey,” I said to him. “It’s completely fine. You don’t have to feel bad or weird. You’re not used to being around someone who’s hearing-impaired. It’ll take some getting used to.”

I smiled at Nana who understood all I was saying, as I was signing and talking simultaneously.

“You know, in the first few months of living with my Nana, I’d always forget that she couldn’t hear me,” I laughed a little.

“And I’d come home bawling ‘Nana I’m home!’” I laughed again at the memory, Adrian joining in this time. “So. It’s fine. You get used to it. Anything you need to say to Nana, say it. I’ll just interpret.”

I finished with a smile. My chest felt kinda strained from talking for too long. But apart from that I was fine.

Adrian gave me a grateful look. “Thanks, Mel. I feel so much better now. And I guess you’re right too.”

Did I mention I liked the way he said my name?

Fine. I’ll stop now.

I tried to concentrate on the words he was saying instead of the way they sounded.

Adrian turned to Nana. “Would you like me to put these in water?” He asked, gesturing to the flowers.

I translated to Nana as he spoke. Nana smiled back at him signing, Don’t worry, kiddo. I got this.

Adrian laughed out loud as I translated to him. “Yes ma’am.” He said raising both hands up as an act of surrender.

Nana smiled widely. She could lip read a little, so she understood him without me having to translate.

I smiled at them getting along, and from what I could tell, Nana liked him.

I mean who wouldn’t. . .

Oh my goodness.

What the hell was wrong with me today.

Adrian saved me from berating myself by handing me the box of chocolates he'd been holding on to.

"Um, I wasn't sure what you'd like so I got you chocolates," He grinned, holding them out to me.

"I love chocolate," I responded. "Thanks."

He nodded, taking a seat next to my bed. "So. . . are you gonna tell me what happened?" He gestured at me on the sick bed.

Oh. He wanted to know how I fell sick.

I swallowed. "Well, I was feeling adventurous. So I thought it'd be a good idea to walk in the rain." I tried to make it believable by laughing.

"Ohh," Adrian stated in an exaggerated manner which made me laugh because I've never seen him act so goofy. "So miss, do you get these bouts of adventurous moments often?"

"Why, yes," I laughed, playing along.

He nodded, pretending to write down something on an invisible piece of paper.

I laughed so much my chest started to hurt.

"Do you wanna talk about it?" He asked softly, suddenly back to his usual self.

I considered it for a moment. But I decided I didn't want to. Maybe someday. But not. . . right now.

So I shook my head in reply.

He gave me a small nod to show that he understood.

And we carried on the conversation. Knowing that we had an understanding.

And it was nice.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 63 - Tips

I didn't have to sneak out because dad already knew I was going out. Not like he could stop me anyway.

But the way downstairs was so long. I didn't feel like it right now.

So I just climbed out my bedroom window, using the spaces in the walls as support.

As I was almost at ground level, I heard someone moving below, close to the trees.

Shit.

I wasn't sneaking out, yes. But I didn't want dad to find out that I had been using my bedroom as an escape route. He'd probably switch rooms for me. And that'd be sh!t.

I descended slowly, trying to be quiet. Thank God it was dark. Else it wouldn't have ended well.

I just needed to get the fvck out this house.

I stopped my descent when I heard Ashley's voice.

Was she arguing with someone?

I looked down to check, and sure enough she was alone. But I could see the dim light from her iPhone, so I figured she was on a call.

Why did she have to come outside for the call though?

Straining, I leaned in to listen in.

"Look, we have to be careful. These things can go wrong. . ." She was saying to the person on the other line.

"Um. . . yeah okay, that might work. I'm going on vacation with him soon—"

I caught these little bits of the conversation, although I couldn't hear the person on the other side.

But they didn't make sense.

Suddenly she stated in a hurry, "Ok, ok I gotta go now. He'll be wondering where I've been."

A pause. Then,

"Okay I send you the details. . . Yeah. . . Okay. Bye."

She hung up the phone.

For a moment, she stood making sure no one was around. Then she walked out from behind the bushes and made her way back upstairs.

I frowned.

What was this bltch planning, I wondered.

All I could tell right now was that it had something to do with Dad.

Well, whatever it was, I was going to find out.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 64 - Tips

As I walked through the hallway and to my locker, I desperately hoped that Jason and Kimberly had forgotten about me in the past few days that I had been absent.

I knew that wouldn't happen though.

But still, fingers crossed. Right?

As I got to my locker and started taking out the notes and textbooks I would need, my mind wandered to Adrian.

Unintentionally, a smile crossed my face.

Having him over was the nicest thing that'd happened in a while.

We had talked about stuff while eating the chocolate he'd gifted me. After a while we'd walked to the kitchen still talking, where he had offered to make dinner.

Yes, Adrian was an excellent cook. Which surprised me, to be honest. He didn't seem like the type that'd know how to even turn on the cooker.

But yeah, at the the end, the spicy spaghetti and chicken had come out surprisingly well.

He even made a small portion of chicken soup—to help my cold.

Apparently, Nana had liked his company so much she invited him over for dinner this weekend.

But what if. . . she was just trying to set us up.

I wouldn't put it past her.

But as for me. . . I wasn't sure I felt THAT way for Adrian.

I mean, he was nice and sweet and cute. Not to mention his very nice b.utt. . .

That's not the point, Mel, I chided myself, putting a hand to my forehead.

What the hell was I doing? I caught myself, realizing the reality of the situation.

I was supposed to be staying away from Adrian. Completely avoiding him, even.

But no. Here I was.

In less than a day, he had come over to my house, gotten me a gift, and cooked for me.

I tugged at the ends of my hair. Jason wouldn't take it lightly if he found it.

I needed to be careful, I decided. It was probably best to not see Adrian anymore.

Yes. That's the best thing to do.

Sighing inaudibly, I trudged a the way to my first class. Which, of course I had with both Kimberly and Jason.

As I walked in, I noticed Kimberly and her minions sitting at a corner in the back of the class.

I quickly tried to find my way to my seat, hoping they wouldn't notice me.

But we all know that's never gonna happen.

Aneeka noticed me trying to stay out of sight, and tapped Kimberly. Almost immediately, she whipped around and fixed me with a dirty glare.

"Argh, no." She said, rolling a lollipop in her mouth. "When we all thought she was dead."

Malia and Aneeka burst into a round of cackling.

I tried to keep my face calm, hoping they would just leave me alone.

Kimberly's outburst made almost everyone in the class notice me. I hated the stares, the glares, the sneering. I tried to actively block them out as I found a seat and put my things down.

"Girl in the rain!" Someone shouted from the back, egged on by the cheers and laughter from my classmates.

I knew it was Aneeka. Her stupid tinkly voice. . .

"Aquawoman." Someone sitting right beside me said, sniggering.

I did a double take. I didn't even know this girl. Now people I didn't even know had joined in the bullying.

Tears of pain and shame threatened to fall. But I knew that was what they wanted.

Out of nowhere, someone threw a crumpled piece of paper at me, attracting more laughs from my classmates.

Soon everyone started to join in.

The tears hung on the edge of my eyes.

Please don't fall. Please don't fall.

A single tear rolled from my eyes and down to the front of my shirt.

I tried again to block out the taunts. The laughing.

I looked around, the tears partially blurring my vision.

Everyone here was laughing at me.

Everyone.

I was that much of a joke. Just a piece of trash in the wrong place.

I grabbed my books, tears still flowing, and fled to the bathroom.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 65 - Tips

I watched Amelia leave class crying.

Finally the b!tch was back. We had limited time to finish up the project. Plus I had homework that was due today.

I knew she was going to the bathroom to cry. So I followed her and waited at the nearby class.

After what seemed like hours, she trudged out, looking like the world had come to an end.

Irritated, I grabbed her by the shoulders, turning her to face me.

“Where the fvck have you been?” I spat.

Her eye widened in fear as she looked down at her feet murmuring, “I’ve been sick.”

I rolled my eyes.

“Who the fvck cares about that?”

Hissing I threw the four homework assignments I had at her feet.

“That’s my homework. Take care of it,” I ordered.

She slowly bent down to pick them up, nodding.

“And as for the project, we continue today.”

She looked up, her eyes widening. “I can’t do today. I still don’t feel well.”

I moved forward and grabbed her arm, squeezing.

“Whether you feel good or bad, it’s none of my fvcking business. You’re not the first person in the world to fall sick.”

She stared at me, something that resembled anger beginning to spark.

I smirked. “You wanna hit me, Mel?” I asked, gripping her arm tighter.

She squirmed in my grip, tears of anger visible in her eyes. In defiance she didn’t let them fall.

“Huh? What you gonna do, Mel? Hit me?” I taunted her, enjoying the look helplessness in her eyes.

“Well?” I asked again, my grip tighter than ever.

She let out a broken cry in pain.

Good.

Motivated, I squeezed harder. She let out another cry.

Finally she let the tears fall.

“I’m sorry,” She sobbed. “I’m sorry for falling sick, I’m sorry for being such a waste of space.” She slumped to the floor, letting the books fall.

“I’m. . . sorry. I’ll do the homework right now. Please. . . stop.”

Her eyes were red and swollen from all the crying as she sat on the floor begging.

Why was this b!tch always so dramatic?

The things she does just for a little sympathy from others.

Sighing, I realized I needed a smoke. So I walked away from her still sobbing on the floor.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 66 - Tips

I sat in the library all day solving Jason's homework assignments. It was easy because I had done mine already, so I remembered most of the answers.

My chest was heavy and my eyes hurt. I was simply exhausted. I wondered again why I couldn't just stay home and take all my tests and exams there.

School was the most exhausting place to be, for me. Topped up with the constant bullying.

I needed to get out of here.

Just 170 days left, Mel. You're doing great. You're doing great. Just. . . hold on.

All I had to do was stay out of their way. Jason and Kimberly. And avoid Adrian. I'd be okay.

I felt a second round of tears coming up but I shook it off and continued my work.

Almost as if Adrian had heard me mentioning him in my head, he walked into the library.

I said a silent prayer, hoping he wouldn't notice me.

But he did, obviously. When had my prayers ever been answered.

He waved at me from the door and proceeded to where I was sitting.

My brain turned in circles as I contemplated on what to do. I wasn't supposed to be talking to him. And I didn't want to get into more trouble with Jason.

He got to where I was sitting and placed a hand on the free chair across me, asking, "May I sit here?"

I shrugged, trying to look busy.

“Um, okay.” He sounded unsure but still he took a seat.

After a moment of silence, he asked. “How are you doing today, Mel? And how’s your Nana.”

“We’re both good, thanks,” I replied quietly.

“Okay cool,” He said. Still sounding unsure. “Wanna hitch a ride home?” He offered, giving me his signature smile.

“No I’m good, thanks.” I replied.

He studied me from across the desk. “Did I do something wrong?”

I looked up from the books, fixing him with a blank stare.

“Yeah,” He continued. “You’re acting weird.”

“Nothing’s wrong, Adrian,” I said. “I’m just really tired.”

I gestured at the books. “And busy.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. Okay then.”

He stood with a small smile and gave me a small nod.

Tears threatened to wash down my face as I watched him leave.

I’d finally made a friend who cared about my wellbeing. And all I could do was push him away. Because I was too scared to stand up to an asshole who hated me for no reason.

I caught the tears in my palm before they would stain Jason’s books.

Wiping them with my free hand, I concentrated on the work in front of me.

Amelia Forbes

I was sitting on a chair at the back of the school.

I should've been on my way to Jason's house for the project but I was completely exhausted. My chest hurt and I knew I needed to rest.

But I couldn't tell Jason that, of course. I'll just sit here and rest awhile, I decided.

I placed a hand on my forehead feeling weak just as a very flushed looking Benson came into view.

He was making out with Katie as they inched their way to the back of the school.

A strange anger pumped through me as I saw Ben.

Did he even remember I existed?

After a few minutes of making out and roaming hands around body parts not worth mentioning, they finally noticed me.

With a yelp they tore apart, blushing furiously.

Katie Henshaw smoothed out her hair and offered me a wave. After a few awkward moments she kissed Benson on the cheek and whispered something into his ear before walking away.

Benson stood unsure for a while before walking up to me.

"Um, h-hey Mel. What's up?" He asked awkwardly.

I had a lot to say but I decided it was best to keep quiet. So I just nodded.

He rubbed the back of his neck.

I don't know what it was. Maybe it was the gesture that reminded me of Adrian. Or the frustration at everything that had happened to me. But I exploded.

"What's up?" I gave a hollow laugh. "What's up is that the person who's supposed to be my best friend didn't even notice I was gone for days with a terrible cold that could've killed me. What's up is that you gave me hope. You acted like you actually cared. You knew everything that was happening, with Jason, with Adrian, with everything. And you left me, Ben."

I felt like I was choking. And I could feel the tears streaming down.

“What’s up is that you made me believe that I had someone, even if it was just one person, that someone could really care about me. Really love me.”

He shook his head repeatedly.

“No, no, Ben. We were supposed to have our bestie time last weekend. You didn’t even remember, right?”

I laughed again as a look of realization materialized on his face.

“Mel, I’m so sorry.” His voice shook. “Katie and I—”

“Katie,” I repeated. “Everything is about Katie now. I understand that since you’re dating her you won’t have as much time for me anymore. But it was just one day. One day, Ben. You knew I was having a hard time.”

I sniffled, wiping my running nose with my sleeves.

“You didn’t even call to cancel. You just left me there. Waiting like an idiot. It hurt, Ben. It really hurt.”

His eyes were watering now. “I’m so sorry. I’m so sorry,” He kept on repeating.

I wiped my burning eyes with both hands, nodding.

“It’s a little too late for that now.” I smiled bitterly.

“I can see now that I’m nothing but a joke to you. I’m not that important. And it’s okay. It—it’s okay,” I whimpered.

Wiping my tears away for the fifth time today, I stood.

“I have somewhere to be.”

He held onto my sleeve. “Mel, please. I can fix this.”

I gently extricated myself from his hold.

“Take care, Ben.”

With that, I walked away to find a taxi to Jason's house.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 67 - Tips

I sat out on the porch smoking. I wasn't worried about getting caught because Dad wasn't home.

It'd been nearly an hour since I left school. Amelia hadn't arrived yet.

Adrian had dropped me off. Surprisingly, he didn't offer to take her with us.

Good. He was probably learning that she wasn't worth it. And that's exactly how it should be.

She had to find her way here. But I didn't care. She was wasting my fucking time.

It was almost baffling how someone could be so dumb. You'd think by now she'd learned her lesson and consequences of keeping me waiting.

Feeling my temple throb and trying to get rid of the irritation, I scrolled through my phone.

My eyes narrowed as I sighted a message from Kimberly. I tapped on it and a pic of her in a revealing dress popped up. I swallowed and put my phone on sleep.

Bitch. She was doing this on purpose. Teasing me. Because she knew I couldn't have her.

Placing my phone down I checked the time. 3.15pm.

As I was about to say something, a small figure emerged from the gates.

Took her long enough.

She took her time walking from the gates to the porch.

I stood as she got to the porch. "Traffic," She mumbled, wiping a drop of sweat from her face.

I c0cked an eyebrow, observing her. Deciding to let it go, I shoved her towards the stairs.

“You know the way to the living room don’t you?” I barked at her.

She nodded and proceeded up the stairs.

As we got past the second flight of stairs, Amelia nearly bumped into Ashley who was coming from the opposite direction.

I shut my eyes, starting to fume. The last thing I needed now was these two dumba.ss b!tches in one room.

I would fvcking lose it.

“Sorry!” They both said at the same time.

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. Grabbing Amelia, I prodded her toward the stairs.

“We have work to do, Mel,” I said, giving her a look she very well understood.

Ashley wouldn’t let us, of course. “Who’s your pretty friend, Jace?” Ashley asked sweetly.

My face reddened as she used the nickname she knew I despised. But right now, I was wasn’t in the mood for Ashley’s drama. So I swallowed the anger and answered straight. “She’s a girl from my class. We’re paired for the project.”

Ashley’s face froze in surprise. Th is was the first time I’d answered her clearly and with no trace of contempt. Most times I just ignored her.

She recovered quickly, offering me a large grin. “Well she’s so pretty,” Ashley squealed in glee.

Amelia looked on, giving a polite smile at intervals.

I tried to control myself. My patience was running out.

“Would you like anything to drink?” Ashley was asking Amelia. Amelia stood helpless, looking at me.

I sighed inaudibly. “Water,” I answered for her. “She’ll take water.”

Ashley smiled and clapped both hands together. “Would you like to stay over for dinner. . .” She trailed off.

“Amelia. Everyone calls me Mel,” Amelia answered for her.

“Oh my gosh. That is such a pretty name.”

Amelia gave another polite smile. “And. . . thanks for the offer but I’m having dinner with my grandma.”

“Oh.” Ashley’s face fell. “Okay maybe, next time?”

“Sure.” Amelia smiled.

Her smile didn’t look so forced this time. Actually it looked kinda warm.

Was this b!tch having fun? I frowned.

“Well I’ll leave you two to it,” Ashley said smiling even harder. If that was possible.

Finally.

Ashley gave Amelia a side hug as she walked past us, while Amelia looked on in horror.

If I wasn’t so angry I might have laughed.

I dragged Amelia up the remaining stairs. As we got to the living room, I backed her in a corner.

“What the hell was that?” I demanded.

She stared at me, looking confused. “I don’t understand—”

“Shut the fvck up.” I spat. “So now you think you can carry on conversations with anyone you meet here?”

She cowered murmuring. “You didn’t tell me not to talk to your cousin.”

My hand froze in the air.

My cousin.

The reality of it all was so annoying. Any one would even take her for my sister.

But no. She was my stepmother. That word always left a bitter taste in my mouth.

In anger, I grabbed Amelia. “You’re not here to make small talk. You’re here to work. Understood?”

She nodded weakly.

“Good. Now sit,” I ordered.

She walked to the tiny chair she’d sat in the last time.

“Not there,” I barked. “I gestured to the larger chair and table. “Sit there.”

Ashley had seen her already. It’d look odd if she happened to see her sitting there. And it would attract a lot of questions.

To keep up appearances, I abandoned the couch I lay in and took a seat three chairs from the one in which she was sitting.

Her eyes widened in surprise and she wasted no time to get comfortable on the chair, obviously grateful for it.

I watched her take her time to get comfortable on the chair.

She took off her school bag and placed it in front of her, pausing halfway to make sure I’d actually told her to sit.

As she did her skirt rode up a little exposing one clear, creamy thigh.

I swallowed involuntarily, forcing my eyes off her and gluing them on my phone screen.

After a while, my eyes wandered back of their own accord. I couldn't take my eyes off her thighs.

So she had nice legs. . .

Shit. I stopped myself. The only time I'd ever gotten close to Amelia was the night of the party when I played that prank on her.

And it was nothing exciting. It was merely to teach her a lesson.

Giving up, I tore my eyes off her legs and focused on her face instead.

She tucked her hair behind her ear, chewing on the end of the pencil she held. She flipped through one page of the textbook on the table, using her index finger to trace the words.

I sucked in a sharp breath. I've never found Amelia attractive.

So why?

In anger I banged the table and stood. "Finish up and get out. I have stuff to do."

She looked up questioningly but didn't complain.

I spun round and walked out fast enough to conceal my erection.

Jason Davenport

I lay on my bed exhausted. I'd just gotten home from school after a 3 hour long practice.

Coach was getting us ready for a game against St John's High; the current state champions. So we've been training hard for it.

I guess this was good in some way, as I usually got home late as a result of the training. And as soon as I had dinner, I went straight to bed.

This actually helped me forget that I was grounded. Well, except on the weekends when I had absolutely nothing to do.

Well, Dad was leaving soon. And obviously the guilt of leaving me behind would prompt him to lift the ban. And voilà, I'm not grounded anymore.

I just hoped he would let me have my car back as well.

I stopped running my fingers through my hair as I thought of Ashley. Ever since I'd seen her that night underneath the tree talking to someone on the phone, I'd been suspicious.

Was she planning to rob him?

Hurt him?

My heart skipped a beat at that thought. But. . . she needed him for his money so why would she do that?

One part of me wanted to let it go, let her do her thing. So that when she'd steal from Dad, he'd see that I'd been right about her all along. And then maybe he'd learn to listen to me. Trust me.

I smirked, playing it out in my head and liking that I'd had enough sense to see through Ashley's facade. The satisfaction I would gain was worth it.

But another part of me just couldn't shake it off. If she was planning to do something stupid, which I knew she was, I wanted to be the one to catch her in the act.

Gold digging b!tch. Elation pumped through me as I thought about it.

Making up my mind to monitor her even more closely from now on, I jumped into the shower to freshen up.

Two hours later I sat at the dining table with Dad and Ashley gulping down generous portions of potato porridge while dad discussed something with Ashley.

At intervals, Ashley would look up from her food to offer me a warm smile.

It took all I had in me not to scoff. She'd been acting like this since the day she met Amelia. Did she really think we were buddies now because I answered her question politely.

Bitch. She was trying to warm up to me slowly. Because she knew that as soon as she trapped me in her web of deceit with her fake kindness, she would secure her place in the house as dad's wife, then use that opportunity to get anything she wanted.

I ignored her smiles and focused on my food. I wasn't falling for her crap.

But for now, I would keep calm, keep my cool. So she wouldn't think I suspected anything.

Then when she was least expecting it, I would expose her for who she truly was.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 68 - Tips

It was Saturday. And I was exhausted. Yeah sure, I'm always exhausted, but this was different.

I needed to go out. Get some fresh air. Breathe. The week had been hard on me, as though all forces were against me.

What I needed right now was a generous serving of frozen yogurt and I was going out to get some. The only problem was that Matty's—where you'd find the best frozen yogurt in the whole of Wayne County—was the most popular hangout for teenagers, especially on the weekends.

God forbid I should bump into Kimberly or Jason around there. They were already doing a good job of ruining my weekdays—and hence my life—but I was adamant about enjoying my weekends at least.

An hour later after I'd managed to get myself into a faded pair of joggers and a sleeveless top, I sat in a bench outside Sally's—where I'd finally decided to go and get not-so-great yogurt—shaded by a h.uge umbrella.

It wasn't much, but it was yogurt. Good enough for me.

As I dipped my spoon into the half eaten yogurt, I saw a very familiar looking girl walk out the shop, a h.uge cup of yogurt in one hand.

She looked some years older than me. Her luscious blonde curls with light pink highlights in them looked amazing in the sun and she looked like she'd just walked out of a Vogue magazine.

As I tried to recall where I'd seen her before while also trying not to gawk like an idiot, I noticed she'd seen me already.

A look of recognition surfaced on her face, and when she smiled I remembered. She was Jason's cousin.

"Hey," She said as she got to where I was sitting. "Can I sit here?" She asked sweetly.

I almost stuttered. "I, um, yes."

Don't blame me. I'm not used to having this much perfection around.

As she grinned in reply, pulling out a chair, I decided that her teeth definitely couldn't be real.

She's a freaking goddess.

I tried to compose myself although I was freaking out internally.

Please, for once in your life Mel, don't embarrass yourself.

"You're Mel. Jason's friend right?" She asked, eating a spoonful of yogurt.

"Shit. This stuff is terrible," She laughed after swallowing. Her expression was funny so I couldn't help but laugh too.

"Yeah I am," I answered. "And you're his cousin right?"

Realizing something, I said, "I'm sorry, I didn't get your name though."

She gave a hearty laugh. "Oh my gosh, so sorry. I'm Ashley." She extended her arm for a handshake. "And. . . I'm Jason's stepmom."

I nearly choked on my yogurt. His stepmom? No freaking way.

I knew Jason's mom had died in an accident years ago, but I didn't know his dad had remarried. I looked at Ashley again in disbelief.

She didn't look a year above twenty one. She looked so. . . young.

Was that why Jason was so angry?

I remembered the look on his face when I'd called her his cousin. The hesitation. The resentment.

Well, crap.

I guess any one would be embarrassed and angry too, especially since Ashley wasn't much older than him.

I swallowed, contemplating on how to react. I knew I was terrible at disguising my emotions.

She laughed at my expression. "Hey, it's cool. I get that look a lot. Yeah, it's difficult. But we're making it work."

"That's cool," I replied, not sure what to say.

"Anyways. . ." She said, reaching out to touch my hair. "You are one hell of a beauty. Ahhh, the things I could do to your hair. We just need to touch it up a little and you'd look even more glorious," She squealed.

I couldn't help but smile. Her excitement was contagious.

"Well what do you say?" She asked, still smiling. "We should do it sometime."

"Sure," I blurted out without thinking. "That'd be nice."

"Yay!" She clapped her hands together.

I laughed at her excitement.

After a while of talking about random stuff she threw her yogurt in the trash and stood.

"Gotta go, Mels. I have somewhere to be."

Mels. It was new. But I decided I liked it.

"Okay sure." I replied, getting up and wiping my hands with a napkin.

I realized I was enjoying her company. I don't remember the last time a female, aside from Nana, was nice to me.

She gave me one of her side hugs and fled to her car which was parked right outside Sally's.

All I thought of was how much better she'd made my day as I watched the car zoom off.

Amelia Forbes

It had been nearly two hours since I met Ashley at Sally's. And although the yogurt had been terrible and what I needed was to sleep it away, I didn't go home.

Nana had volunteer work on Saturdays so she wasn't home. And no way was I going home right now to sit there all alone. I would think to a very unhealthy point and probably end up crying and feeling sorry for myself.

So I just walked. I walked round Wayne County. Well, it was a small town so it wasn't so difficult.

From Sally's I walked past Matty's, carefully of course, to avoid being seen.

As I looked through the glass windows at Matty's, I could see people, guys and girls in groups, talking, laughing, having fun.

That was me once, I thought.

Feeling the sadness coming, I walked past as quickly as I could to shake it off. It wasn't the time for it.

After a tour round Wayne County, the only place I hadn't been to was the park. It'd been years since I'd been to the park.

The last time was with mom and dad. . .

I swallowed back tears. I was determined not to cry today. And I was planning to stick to that.

Finally I got to the park. There was a free bench so I sat, clutching the hotdog buns I had gotten in one hand.

I watched kids playing while their parents watched, couples holding hands and kissing, people getting on rides with their friends.

The whole scene made me feel sad and nostalgic. I always tried not to think about mom and dad so much.

But it was so hard. This scene just made it ten times worse. As I watched parents with their kids, I wished I could take back all the wrong things I ever said to mom and dad.

The first tear that dropped on my hotdog reminded me that I had to go.

I dumped the hotdog in the trash and stood. It was time to go.

As I wiped my eyes with sleeve, I bumped into someone.

I raised my head in alarm and embarrassment, “I—I’m so sorry. I didn’t see you—”

I paused as I saw that it was actually a couple. Benson and Katie.

Their arms were linked tightly together and they each held a stick of cotton candy. By the flushed look on their faces, I could tell that they’d just ridden the roller coaster.

Some kind of pain tugged in my heart. They were having fun. It was great actually for Benson. For them both, I guess.

Benson’s eyes widened as he saw me, and I could see the guilt and pain in them. As he opened his mouth to say something, I beat him to it.

“Sorry, I didn’t see you guys there,” I mustered a fake smile and walked off. Quickly, so they wouldn’t see that I was crying.

When I got home, I knew Nana was back already because the door wasn’t locked.

I walked to her room to find her, and engulfed her in a hug when I did.

She was a bit startled by the gesture. But she waited till I’d calmed down. After she’d let me sob like a baby for a few minutes she gently raised my head to face her.

Are you okay, baby? She signed.

I could see the worry in her eyes, and I immediately felt bad for being a burden to her.

Fresh tears filled my eyes as I signed, I just really miss them.

She gave me a tight hug and signed, Me too.

I let myself go. Sobbing until I felt better. It was sad realizing that the only person I had right now was Nana.

Amelia Forbes

I didn't remember falling asleep or getting into my bed last night. Everything was a blur.

I felt like I was having a hangover, although I didn't drink yesterday.

Sighing, I got up from my bed and jumped into the shower. After going through my morning routine—except getting ready for school, because it was Sunday—the smell of waffles prompted me to go downstairs for breakfast.

As I sat on a chair in the kitchen after signing good morning to Nana, she eyed me, nodded and continued her work.

What? I communicated.

She poured another batch of batter in the waffle maker and wiped the countertop, throwing the utensils in the sink.

Adrian emailed to cancel for today, She signed, watching me carefully.

Right. He'd gotten Nana's email address the last time he came—in case he needed to reach her, and to check up on her.

I felt a stab of guilt in my chest. I hadn't even given him an explanation for my behavior the last time. Maybe he'd decided to give me space. Or who knows, he might even hate me now. Like everyone else.

But it was for the best, I decided. Best to avoid clashing with Jason.

Oh, I signed to Nana, trying to look clueless.

She eyed me again, squeezing a large amount of liquid soap on the dishes.

What did you do? She signed.

I gasped in disbelief. Why do you think I did something, I asked.

Nana shook her head. Adrian is a sweet boy, She signed. He wouldn't just cancel, unless something happened.

I folded my arms across my chest and signed, Well maybe he cancelled because he didn't feel like coming over anymore.

Nana shot me a glare as she turned off the waffle maker. Shaking her head again, she took out two plates to dish out the waffles. She cut it into four portions, topping it off with three drops of butter and maple syrup. Just the way I liked it.

Passing mine to me, she signed, Adrian is a good boy, the one friend I know you've got apart from Ben. Don't lose him because you're scared he'll turn out just like everyone else.

With that, she smiled and patted my head.

Now eat, She signed again, going back to continue her washing and leaving me in a state of deep thought.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 69 - Tips

I pretended not to know that Dad walked into my room. It was 6am. I would soon have to get up and get ready for school.

But for now, I really didn't feel like seeing him or talking to him. So I pretended to be asleep.

He stood at the side of my bed watching me. Sighing when he saw that I was asleep, he gently sat on my bed and buried his head in his hands.

He looked tired and stressed out. Maybe he really was having a hard time. I wondered if maybe I was being too hard on him. . .

But I banished that thought as quickly as it came. He deserved it. He was the one trying to replace Mom and change everything. We were great on our own before Ashley showed up.

And still, he was too blind to see that the only thing she was doing was ruining our lives and our relationship with each other.

It'd come back to bite him in the a.ss. And for sure he'd regret ever trying to replace my mother. Like he always did.

The thought of letting Ashley rob him came to my mind, and for a moment I considered it. It'd be the best way to show him what kind of person she truly was. And he'd learn his lesson too.

But no.

I couldn't shake the feeling that she might harm him. And as much as I hated to admit it, that thought was frightening.

I'd already lost one parent. I wasn't about to lose the other.

Maybe I should stop him.

But I knew he wouldn't listen to me. He'd think I was only trying to ruin it because I hated Ashley.

Not that I didn't. Because I did. I really did.

I watched him sit there for minutes with his head in his hands. After a while, I decided that I'd pretended for long enough.

So I acted like I was just waking up, surprised to see him sitting there.

"Hey, buddy," He said as he saw me getting up. "I've been waiting for you to get up."

"Morning Dad," I murmured, getting up and walking to the bathroom.

"Your mom and I are leaving today," He said after a while.

"Oh, okay." I wasn't really interested in what he had to say. I knew he was feeling guilty. And I was going to use it to my advantage.

"You gonna be okay?" He asked. I could hear the desperation in his voice.

I deliberately wasted a lot of time to respond. "No," I answered gravely.

“I’m grounded till graduation, I can’t play video games, see my friends, or even have my car. And now I’m going to spend two weeks alone in this huge house. Because this doesn’t feel like a home.”

For effect, I trudged into the shower and shut the door. I took my time showering, knowing that the more time I spent in the bathroom, the more time he had to feel bad. Ample time for the guilt to really seep in.

After showering, I walked back into the room and started to change into my already laid out outfit for the day.

Dad grabbed my arm as I proceeded to walk downstairs. “I’m sorry,” He stated. “I know it’s hard for you, being all alone here. I promise that after your exams, we’ll take a trip. Just the two of us.” He smiled, and I wondered if he really meant it. I hoped he did.

“You can have your car back,” He continued.

Yes! I let out a breath I didn’t know I was holding. Finally.

“And your video games too. But. . . you’re still grounded.”

I gave him a look.

He shook his head. “No, no. I mean it. I don’t think you’re spending time with the right people. I’m trying to protect you.”

“Fine,” I said giving up.

No point arguing.

It’s not like he’d be here to monitor my movements anyway.

He gave me a warm smile. “We better go downstairs. Your mom is waiting.”

As we got downstairs and sat down for breakfast, Dad tossed me the keys to my car.

I would’ve kissed the keys if I wasn’t so determined to not show any emotions.

So I only nodded—a gesture that showed I was grateful.

Ashley grinned at me as I ate a spoonful of baked beans.

“We’re gonna miss you, Jace,” She said, pouting.

I nodded, trying to hide my scowl. No point causing drama today. After all, I wouldn’t have to see her for two weeks. What more could I ask?

“But don’t worry we’ll be back before you know it!” She clung onto dad’s arm. “Right babe?”

Please, not the pet names. I was this close to gagging.

Dad nodded in affirmation, smiling and looking from me to Ashley.

What was that?

Did he think we were finally getting along? It was almost laughable.

I was only doing this because I needed Ashley to think I was warming up to her.

And then she’d make the mistake of letting her guard down. And I would catch her right where I should.

So she better enjoy the peace. For now.

“Do you want anything from Paris?” Dad asked.

I shrugged. I’d been to Paris with Mom and Dad some years back. So there wasn’t really anything special I could think of.

“Video games maybe?” I said, wanting the conversation to end.

“Sure,” Dad nodded.

Ashley giggled. “Look at us, having breakfast together peacefully for once,” She said.

Dad laughed and kissed her hand, reaching out for mine.

I pretended to cough so I could remove my hand from his hold.

After a while of eating in silence, Dad checked his watch.

“Shoot! Baby we have to go. We’re gonna miss our flight.”

Ashley let out a yelp, running round to grab her stuff as though the world were coming to an end.

As they raced through the door, Dad called out. “No parties, Jason!”

The last thing I heard was the echoing laughter of Ashley as they raced down the stairs.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 70 - Tips

I was determined to make everything go right today. Maybe not perfect. But just right.

Hopefully, good enough to not get into trouble with anyone; Kimberly or Jason.

I didn't think I could take any insults or bullying right now. I was weak; physically, mentally, emotionally. You name it. I needed a break from it all.

Which was why I'd rounded up the remainder of the project over the weekend. All that was left to do now was fill out Jason's project manual, as I had filled out mine already, and give him a summary of everything I'd done in case we were required to present it in class.

As I walked through the hallway with the homework from last week—we were asked to write an essay—I searched for Jason to hand his to him.

Easiest way to stay safe from trouble with Jason? Find him before he found you.

If he asked me for it first, it'd only be another opportunity to pick on me. And that's exactly what I was trying to prevent.

I checked all the places he could be; the bleachers, empty classrooms. Finally I found him in a stairwell, discussing with Adrian.

I took in a sharp breath as I sighted Adrian. I hadn't talked to him since that day in the library. A part of me felt like I should apologize, especially after what Nana had said to me.

But. . . it was best to stay this way as I didn't want any issues with Adrian.

Breathing deeply, I approached them. Jason rolled his eyes and let out a sharp hiss as he saw me.

Adrian, on the other hand, didn't betray any emotions he may have been feeling. His expression remained blank.

I tried to control my beating heart as I handed Jason his homework. He scowled and snatched it from me.

"Thanks," He muttered, forcing a smile.

I froze for a second. Did Jason Davenport just thank me? I wondered in amazement. My eyes widened as I stared at him not believing it. What was he playing at?

He glared at me and glanced at Adrian.

Oh. I understood.

He was trying to keep up appearances because Adrian was here.

Of course, I thought, feeling stupid. His best friend didn't know that he made me do all his homework. I restrained from slapping my forehead.

Why would Jason thank me?

Gosh Mel, you're so stupid.

I nodded, avoiding Adrian's eyes as I turned around and walked away.