

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 7 - Tips

The next day, I arrived at school a lot earlier than I normally did, my new tactic at avoiding Jason, who was a chronic late comer. As soon as I got to school, I geared right into the homeroom, making sure to keep my head down, so Kimberly didn't spot me, signed my name and took my seat at the far end beside the window.

I was the only one present in the room—pretty much everyone had lives more exciting than I did—giving me the comfort to do whatever I wanted. Like eating the sandwich Nana had made me this morning just before I left for school.

Leaning back into my seat, I took a bite of the sandwich, my attention on the content of the phone in my hand. A text message from Benson popped up at the top as I scrolled through it. At once, I tapped the message.

I'm on my way to school, and I'm not picking Katie up today, for once, phew. Want me to pick you up? It read.

Tapping the keys on my keyboard, I replied, I'm already at school :).

What?? He sent, some minutes later. But it's still like 7:15.

I'm trying to avoid Jason, I told him.

Oh, he replied. Alright then.

We talked some more before I left the chat for Instagram. By then, the sandwich was already long gone and more people had begun trooping into the homeroom. Amongst them was Kimberly and a minion of hers, Malia.

At first, and much to my favor, they didn't notice me, chatting about some boy, from what I could get out of their not so subtle conversation. That was until Malia cast a fleeting gaze in my direction. Then, more carefully, she looked back and her neatly plucked eyebrows bunched together. All this, I made out from the corner of my eye.

"Hey, Kim, isn't that Miss Klutz?" She said, tapping Kimberly lightly to gain her attention.

Kimberly looked up from her phone she had just begun pressing at me then, and, like it or not, my heart skipped a freaking beat. I guess after the cafeteria incident yesterday, I'd unconsciously grown scared of her.

"How come she's so early?" Malia tattled. "Isn't she, like, always the last to arrive at class?"

It's none of your damn business! I screamed in my head, my attention still seemingly on my phone.

All of a sudden, Kimberly straightened up from the desk she was seated on and began weaving her way around surrounding desks, up to me. Stopping directly beside me, she leaned her weight onto her right foot so her right hip protruded, and then she crossed her arms, Malia doing the same not too far behind her.

"Whose jacket were you wearing yesterday?" She rapped.

Ignoring her, I scrolled on through my phone silently. I was ready to do that throughout the period she stood there, until, in a flash, she reached down and snatched my phone from my hands.

"Hey!" I yelled, jumping up from my seat, an unfamiliar burst of courage coursing through me. "Give it back!"

"I asked you a question, mongrel," Kimberly said in a cool voice, a smirk across her lips. "You either answer it or you lose your phone. Your choice."

My angry gaze darted from her to Malia and then to the few members of the class present. Seeing it was two against one, because clearly no-one present was going to be man enough to stand up to Kimberly for me, I tried to think rationally. Calmed myself into backing down.

"It was Adrian's," I breathed, stepping back from Kimberly and crossing my arms like she'd done. "Adrian gave me the jacket. Do you have a problem with that?"

"I knew it," Kimberly said, more to herself than me. "That . . . ugh, that boy can never listen to me. For once!"

Then she looked up at me once more. “Don’t let that get into your head. Adrian is just being nice because it’s in his nature to be. It’s natural. If you think, for a second, that it’s something else, then you’d be very foolish.”

“You don’t have to tell me the difference, Kimberly,” I stared. “Knowing you already made it obvious.”

“Being snarky, aren’t you?” She raised an eyebrow. “Let’s see for how long.”

Slapping my phone into my chest, she turned around and walked back to her desk, just as Mrs Hopper, our homeroom teacher, walked in, all sweaty and uncoordinated, like she hadn’t gotten up on time to prepare the kids for school and had to alternate making breakfast with dressing up for work.

I retook my seat, upset that, yet again, I’d been humiliated and treated like trash.

199 days now. Only a hundred and ninety nine to go, I chanted in my head, in a bid to calm myself down and take my mind off all that had just happened.

It worked. It always did. Reminding myself that I didn’t have too long to stay here. By the next minute, my mood was as airy and light as a bird.