

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 71 - Tips

I hid my surprise as Amelia walked away after handing me my homework. I'd almost forgotten that it was due today.

I wondered what was up. Amelia handing me my homework before I'd asked for it? It was strange, yes.

But what I'd found even more interesting was the fact that Adrian hadn't said a word to her. He was usually always all smiles to see her. And he never forgot to say hi or ask how she was doing every time he saw her.

Trouble in paradise? I almost laughed, observing him carefully.

I could see that Amelia was doing just as I'd told her to; staying far away from Adrian and avoiding any form of conversation with him.

Good. At least the bitch was learning how to obey orders.

But Adrian? He was always on Amelia's side every single time something related to her came up. So I found it weird that he suddenly decided to ignore her existence; hadn't even said one word to her.

Trying to phrase it as casually as possible, I asked, "What's up?"

He cocked an eyebrow, confused. "With what?"

"You and Amelia," I said, scrolling through my phone to avoid looking so interested.

"Nothing. Why?" He answered in the same tone.

Why was he lying to me? It was obvious something was going on. And I wanted to know what it was.

"Well she was just here, and you didn't even say a word to her. It's weird that's all," I shrugged, peeking at him from the corner of my eye to see his reaction.

He only laughed.

“Nothing’s wrong, man. Why are you so interested anyway? I thought my friendship with her bothered you.”

I hid a grin. I saw what he was doing. Posing a question to avoid answering mine.

I could guess that Amelia had followed my orders, staying away from him as I’d asked her to. And he probably felt slighted by it.

I shrugged to avoid his question. “If you say so, no issues,” I laughed, patting his back.

He’d get over it, I thought. And he’d see that Amelia wasn’t worth it. As a matter of fact, she wasn’t worth anyone’s time.

And when Adrian realized that, he’d be okay.

I smiled at him and resumed our conversation saying, “We should go look for the gang.”

Adrian shrugged, not looking so keen.

“Come on,” I insisted, placing one arm on his shoulder and jogging down the stairs.

Amelia Forbes

The day had gone tolerably well. Well except for when Kimberly had dipped the ends of my hair in black paint during art class. By mistake, she claimed.

Well now, I had temporary highlights thanks to her. I should’ve known that I couldn’t escape Kimberly. She’d always find a way to ruin my day.

And I knew that the only reason why I’d escaped Jason today was because he had spent nearly the entire day with Adrian by his side.

Thank goodness for that. So I guess I could say that this was the most tolerable day I’d had in a very long time.

We’d been given homework today. And as soon as I had free time, I’d raced to the library and done Jason’s, handing it to him as soon as I saw him and liking the confused expression on his face.

He couldn't hurt me or do anything because I hadn't done anything wrong.

If I could carry on like this for the remaining 165 days, I could come out okay.

I grabbed the books I would need for the project today.

This might be the last day of the project because I'd rounded up already.

If I could get it all done today, I, wouldn't have to go to Jason's house anymore.

And that sweet relief would be worth all the stress I was going through right now.

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I lay on a sofa in the living room. It'd been a while since I've had this much freedom. And it was nice.

I'd left school an hour ago, getting home a full hour later because I'd decided to take my car for a spin.

God, I missed this. Car, video games, leaving school late. . .

And to top it all off, I didn't have to see Ashley's face for two whole weeks. What more could a guy ask for?

All I needed now was alcohol and a good hard fvck.

I started to plan the party I was going to throw tomorrow, making a mental list of all the girls that'd grovel if I asked them to my room.

Girls that'd be up for a good fvck without batting an eyelid.

I felt my c0ck begin to harden in anticipation, and I wondered if it was too late to throw the party tonight instead.

Reaching for my phone, I slid into Rory's DM, asking if it'd be possible to throw a party tonight and still have lots of girls attend.

As I was about to put my phone down, the doorbell rang.

I was taken by surprise as I opened the door to a timid-looking Amelia and well, I found myself staring.

And as much as I tried to do it as subtly as I could, it'd been a while since I had se.x. My hormones were raging, and inasmuch as I'd tried not to picture Amelia in that way, all I could picture as I stared at her was peeling off the thick fabric of the sleeveless dress she wore.

I was jolted from my thoughts by Amelia saying my name repeatedly and waving a hand in my face, a confused expression on her face.

"Can I come in?" She asked, unsure.

My eyes traveled to her bare arms and I swallowed involuntarily.

In reply, I opened the door wider to let her in.

It wasn't the first time we were walking up the stairs, but it was the first time I noticed just how smooth and se.xy her bare legs were.

As we got to the living room, she stopped abruptly, almost bumping into the fly of my jeans.

Almost. . .

She stared wide-eyed from me to the chair, as if waiting for permission to sit. I only nodded as I was too busy trying to conceal the fact that I was staring.

As she took her seat, I couldn't help but notice things. Her full th!ghs, small wa!stline, voluptuous h!ps. The perfect posture for a bouncing cowgirl position.

I took the seat next to her, her strawberry scent attacking my senses and my ar0usal pushing against my jeans in protest.

I watched her work, eyes glued to her books, contemplating on whether it was a good idea to take her upstairs.

Surely she's smart enough to figure out why I'm taking her upstairs.

Making my decision, I said, “The gardener’s lawn mowing is making a hell lot of noise. Let’s go to my room.”

She paused in the middle of her writing, looking up at me with a distrustful look in her eyes. But I only found the way her eyebrows puckered in curiosity sexy as hell.

I swallowed deeply as she got up, books in hand, and began to walk up the stairs.

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Jason had been acting weird. I noticed it as soon as he opened the door for me earlier, but I couldn’t quite put my finger on what it was exactly.

Like in the living room just now, he’d suddenly decided that the sound of the lawn mower was distracting, and asked that we move to his room instead.

As we walked up the stairs to the room, Jason giving me directions, I noticed in the shadow that he cast behind me that he’d stopped walking and I could feel him staring.

What was he planning now? Another prank?

That was honestly the last thing I needed right now.

As we got to his semi messy bedroom, my eyes roamed for a good place to sit.

Jason motioned to the bed. “Just sit there.”

My suspicion grew and I began to feel very uncomfortable.

My dress rode up my thigh a little as I lowered myself onto the bed, and the strange look in Jason’s eyes made me wish I’d worn jeans today.

As he lowered himself next to me on the bed, I hurriedly began to fill out his manual. Thankfully I’d gone halfway before I’d gotten here.

He moved closer. Too close for comfort.

I remembered the night of the party. Is that what he was trying to repeat? Play another prank?

Soon, I got to the last page of the manual, filled it out and thrust it into his hand.

As I picked up my books and made to leave, he grabbed my hand stopping me.

“Calm down for a second, Mel,” He laughed. “All work and no play makes Jason a dull boy.”

I sharply withdrew my hand from his hold, irritation beginning to rise within me.

“What kind of prank do you wanna play now? I’m not in the mood for your expensive jokes, Jason and I’m not falling for it.”

Jason only let out a low laugh, walking to the door and shutting it.

“No one’s around, Mel. Let’s have fun.”

As I heard the door click shut and saw Jason drop the key into his pocket, I felt bile begin to rise in the back of my throat.

He picked up a small remote and pressed a button, blasting loud music from the home theater speakers.

No, no. God, please no. This can’t be happening.

He moved towards me, spanning my waist and leaned in to kiss me. Cold panic ran through me and I blocked his lips from mine with my open palm, my fingers clawing at his face.

Catching him off guard, I rushed to the window, feeling like I was about to throw up. I knocked heavily, desperately, willing someone to look up and see me.

As Jason recovered, coming up behind me and clapping a hand over my mouth to stop my screaming, I felt my eyes well up with tears of horror.

This couldn’t be happening to me. It couldn’t be. Please no.

He tore my fingers from the window sill and grabbed my neck, squeezing tightly and then shoving me on the bed.

The sound of his belt popping open brought with it a terrible revelation. Jason was about to have his way with me. He was about to r.ape me.

Screaming in horror as loud as I could, I raced for the door again.

“Help me!” I yelled at the top of my voice, beating my fists against the door with all the strength I could muster.

But the only thing I could hear was the bl00d rushing through my ears as the music overshadowed my cries for help.

I felt Jason walking towards me. His undone belt had loosened his jeans around the wa!st and now he stood in nothing but his boxers, fully aroused.

“It’s no use. No one can hear you.”

As I opened my mouth to scream again, he clapped one hand over my mouth and drew me closer to him. And I could feel his e.rection poking against my b.utt.

Roughly, he shoved me onto the bed, making me lie on my face. Still cupping his palm over my mouth, he knelt in between my legs, splitting them wider.

I could feel myself hyperventilating, struggling, tears and sweat running down my forehead and into my mouth as I begged.

“P-please Jason!” I sobbed. “Whatever I did to you, I’m rea—really sorry. Please don’t do—”

I screamed out in pain as he pulled up my dress to my stomach, ripping my panties brutally.

I couldn’t breathe.

He intertwined our fingers forcefully on the bed and began to thrust into me.

I let out a sharp cry in pain struggling as hard as I could. But I was no match for him.

He cursed loudly, muttering something about virgins being so tight. Then bracing himself, he took a second thrust.

I opened my mouth to scream, but I wasn't sure if any sounds were coming out.

Pain like liquid fire rushed through me. Every part of me was hurting.

He moved my head to the side, deeper into the sheets, as he increased his pace, panting, moaning.

My tears soon stained the sheets and I sought for some kind of distraction. Anything that would take my mind from the assault of my body.

Ignoring the huge drops of tears in my eyes, I realized how warm the sheets felt against my cheek. And how the white appearance of everything in the room—white sheets, white curtains, white furniture—made me feel nauseous.

And slowly I began to block it all out until it faded away. Completely.

After a while, he let out a loud moan like a wounded animal and finally rolled off me.

The only pain I was aware of was the burning soreness in between my thighs. So I lay there, unmoving. Confused.

After Jason zipped up his jeans, he thumped me on the back. "Time to go. Get up," He barked.

Seeing that I wasn't cooperating he grabbed my arm and forced me upright.

I let out a cry, realizing how hard it was to stand upright. I was sore all over.

Jason rolled his eyes. "Stop being so fucking dramatic. You knew this was going to happen so stop pretending like you didn't."

He busied himself with changing his outfit and then continued, "Don't you dare tell anyone about this. Don't even think about it," He threatened. "After all it's your fault for being such a slut."

Fresh tears formed in my eyes as I realized I couldn't speak because I'd lost my voice.

As I stared at him, looking but not seeing, my eyes traveled to the sheets. I let out a gasp as I saw that blood had stained nearly half the bed.

Blood on the sheets. Blood on Jason's t-shirt.

Dried blood in between my legs.

Jason had stolen my virginity. Taken it like it was nothing.

My hands shook uncontrollably as I slumped to the floor. He had already taken my life. The insults, the bullying.

But the one thing that was mine to give. He had stolen it from me. And he blamed me for it.

Tears of confusion and helplessness ran down my cheeks.

Jason let out a hiss, tapping my shoulder. "Get yourself cleaned up and get out. I've got a party to plan."

With those words, he walked out the door, banging it loudly behind him and leaving me in the dark to battle my newfound demons.

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As I banged the door behind me, I rested my back against it. My palms were very sweaty and I was breathing real hard.

Shit, sh!t, sh!t.

What the fvck did I just do?

There was a sh!tload of blood on the sheets. A whole fvcking sh!tload.

I swallowed.

What if something had happened to her? What if she lost consciousness? What if I'd killed her?

I'd be in a lot of trouble if anyone found out. . .

Guilt poked me hard in my chest. But I hurriedly brushed it aside, shaking my head vigorously. No one was going to find out, besides this was Amelia Forbes here. Whatever happens to her, she deserves it. After all it's her fault that my mother wasn't here today.

So who the fuck cares if she dies anyway? Definitely not me.

I'd be in a lot of trouble if anyone found out. . .

Brushing my fingers through my hair, I smoothed it out. I was only overthinking all of this.

I just needed a smoke to calm myself down. Then relax and enjoy the party. Amelia would take care of herself. After all this was her mess.

Casting the unnecessary guilt aside, I got into my car, heading to Rory's to discuss the party.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 75 - Tips

My head was spinning as I sat in the cab I had hailed. I remembered blubbering out the address to the driver. But I wasn't sure whether he'd heard me or not.

My tears had dried on my cheeks but now I was even more aware of the hole forming in my chest.

My mind wandered to different things all at once until I began to feel dizzy. Only then did I realize that the taxi had stopped, and the driver was reaching into the open backseat, shaking me back to reality.

I let out a scream, withdrawing sharply from his touch.

I began to feel suffocated, banging on the left window for help.

"Hey, hey, hey, calm down," He said, a look of alarm on his face. "You asked me to drop you off here, remember? Home?"

"Move away from the door please," I blurted, feeling suffocated and uncomfortable. After making sure he'd moved a good distance away from the door, I looked around to survey the environment.

And Nana's small home stood right there, like it always had. The taxi was parked right next to it.

I had blanked out.

Tears stung my eyes as I glanced at the horrified looking taxi driver.

"I'm—I'm really sorry," I whimpered as I handed him money and jumped out of the taxi.

My hands shook as I struggled with the lock. Finally getting it open, I rushed it and secured the lock behind me.

I didn't know what I was doing, what I was feeling. But I knew I needed to take off this dress.

I walked to the bathroom and shut the door. Taking my dress off, I was suddenly aware that I didn't have any panties on. Anguish enveloped me as I remembered that Jason had. . .

Breathing in sharply, I stared at my reflection in the mirror, ashamed of myself for what I saw.

Tear stains, puffy eyes and a red nose. I splashed my face with cold water from the tap.

I felt filthy, violated. Like trash; useless and forgotten.

I shook my head as I stared at myself. This couldn't have happened to me. Maybe if I shut my eyes tightly enough, I'd wake up. And realize it had all been a dream.

I clutched the sides of the sink, willing myself to wake up from this nightmare.

Wake up, Mel. Wake up. Please. It's just a dream.

It's not real. It's not real. It's not—it can't be. . .

"Please," I whispered, my voice coming out as a croak. My throat was sore. Sore because I'd been screaming.

I'd been screaming less than an hour ago. It had all been real. All of it.

Shaking, I blasted the shower open, letting out lukewarm water. I grabbed my sponge, lathering until it was soapy enough.

And I scrubbed. My face, my arms, my thighs. Desperate to erase the marks, the memories, the feeling of Jason's hands on me.

The thought of having to live with this for the rest of my life flooded my head.

No. No. No.

I scrubbed harder. I needed to remove every trace. Wash them away.

A burning pain in my thigh prompted me to look down, and I saw that I'd scrubbed so vigorously I'd started bleeding.

Good. Yes, I'll scrub all of it away. Till I feel clean. Till it's all gone.

I clutched my sponge tighter, squeezing more soap into it. I scrubbed my arms, meticulously washing away the memory of him grabbing my arms. Pushing me onto the bed.

Breathing in sharply, I stared at my reflection in the mirror, ashamed of myself for what I saw.

A feeling of helplessness attacked me once more and I slumped to the floor, still scrubbing.

Tears blurred my vision as I reached out to lather on more soap. Pain bubbled in my chest as I let out a cry.

I raised my head sharply, renewed energy bursting through me. "Go away!" I screamed as I scrubbed harder. From my head down to my toes.

By the time I walked out of the shower, I was red and bruised all over. But I didn't feel any pain. I was just. . . numb.

I slowly changed into a long sleeved hoodie and joggers.

Sleeves. I should've worn long sleeves today. Maybe this wouldn't have happened. Maybe.

I collapsed onto my bed, burying myself deep into the duvet. I shut my eyes, willing sleep to come as an escape. But all I could see was white sheets stained with blood.

I shut them tighter, clasping my hands over my ears to block out the screaming that wouldn't stop ringing in my head.

Then the tears came. Wetting my face and the sheets. I lay in a foetal position, hands on my ankles, rocking back and forth to a rhythm that contrasted to the beating of my heart. Hoping the irregular motion would distract me.

I forced my eyes open, trying to remember what date it was. What day, what month, but nothing came. I shook my head, trying again.

Giving up, I continued my back and forth motion, unaware of the time, till I finally cried myself to sleep.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 76 - Tips

My mind wandered as I leaned on a wall in the hallway.

Rory and I had finally decided to throw the party at his place instead, and it had been exactly what I needed. Yes, I'd felt uneasy in the beginning, but after I'd gone home and disposed of the bloodied sheets, I felt better.

Better and ready to party. And so far, apart from a terrible hangover, everything was going great.

The project was due today, and we were each supposed to submit a written report about our experience working together.

Of course Amelia would be writing for the both of us. But I hadn't seen the bitch today.

I frowned, hoping she wasn't still sulking about the other day. God, that girl had to be the most dramatic one I'd ever met in my entire life.

And she better not have told anyone shit. What would she say anyway? I wondered, smiling. No one would believe her.

As if she had been hiding in the corners waiting for me to think of her, she emerged from the hallway. She hadn't seen me yet, I could tell.

Trudging to her locker, she took out two notes from her school bag before dumping it in the locker.

She looked. . . tired, stressed, and so pale you'd think she was dying. I resisted the urge to hiss. Must she seriously take it to heart? This bad?

This was why I found girls annoying. Acting like they didn't enjoy the sex when obviously you know they did. It's not like she wouldn't fuck other guys anyway.

Plus it was her first time. Everyone enjoys their first time. But of course, Amelia had to make it a big deal.

Dramatic bltch.

Heading towards class, she finally sighted me. To my dismay and surprise, she didn't falter. As a matter of fact, she kept walking towards me, like I was invisible.

Standing two steps away from me, she took out a leaflet from one of the notes she held in her right hand and handed it to me without a word.

Trudging to her locker, she took out two notes from her school bag before dumping it in the locker.

I snatched it from her, observing her curiously, a frown beginning to manifest on my face. I moved closer to her menacingly.

"Bitch, what did I tell you about making me wait?" I asked cracking my knuckles.

She didn't cower in fear or glare at me in defiance or anger. She just stood there. Looking in my direction but not at me. Like I wasn't even there.

I c0cked an eyebrow in disbelief. "Answer me when I'm talking to you. What the fuck is wrong with you?" I muttered under my breath, not wanting to cause a scene in the hallway.

She didn't say a word, just kept staring into space. Her eyes were droopy and tired but expressionless. Without a word she walked away, leaving me staring after her in shock and simmering anger.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 77 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

I couldn't explain how I was feeling because I wasn't really sure.

Yes, I felt tired. But I also felt like someone had punched my heart out. It was like I was in this emotional phase where I was just. . . blank. Not happy, not sad, just existing. Letting life take me wherever it deemed fit.

I could count the amount of words that had come out of my mouth since that day. I was simply too tired to talk, too tired to be scared, too tired to care.

When I'd met Jason this morning, I thought I'd be even more scared of him than I was before. But I guess I underestimated just how numb I felt. It didn't really matter if he bullied me or called me names or beat me up.

What was there to be scared of when the worst had already happened?

I didn't expect him to feel any remorse. I mean this was the same person that had blamed me for him raping me. But he acted like nothing had happened, and I could clearly see that the same event that traumatized me daily, was to him just another normal day.

And as he'd already forgotten about it, I'd carry it with me for the rest of my life.

So what did I have to be scared of?

Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

That terrible reality dawning on me for the second time in three days, I shook my head and opened my locker, shoving the books I didn't need inside and grabbing the ones I needed for my next class.

As I was about to shut my locker, a figure approached me from the left. For sometime now, whenever someone approached me all of a sudden, a strange fear rumbles in my stomach, and I always feel like they're about to harm me.

But I bit back a gasp—not wanting to cause a scene in school—and turned around, recognizing the figure as Benson.

I slowly released the breath I'd been holding. Okay, it's just Benson.

Breathe, Mel. Breathe.

“Um, hey,” Benson said, glancing at me and then at his scruffy shoes.

I honestly didn't have the energy to socialize. All I wanted was for everyone to just. . . leave me alone. I didn't feel like talking to anyone. I didn't feel like doing anything. I just wanted to sleep. . .

So what did I have to be scared of?

Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

“You okay?” Benson asked, after I hadn't replied for a while.

I only nodded, shutting my locker and hoping he'd see that as a sign to leave.

“Are you sure? You look so pale. . .” He placed a hand on my shoulder.

“Don't touch me!” I didn't mean to yell. But it just came out that way.

Luckily the hallway was nearly empty and no one was paying attention to us.

“Jeez, I'm sorry Mel,” Benson whispered, a pained look on his face. “I just wanted to know how you were doing. You look so pale and tired, I just—”

“Stop, please.” I didn't want to hear anymore. No one cared about me.

“Just stop, Ben. It's no use pretending like you care now. I told you it's too late for that now. Stop lying to me just to soothe your guilty heart. It's not fair.”

This was the longest I'd spoken in a while, and it was tiring me out.

I glanced up as Benson just as his eyes glazed over. His lower lip shook as he muttered, “I really am sorry.”

I didn't want to hear anymore, so I grabbed my books and walked away.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 78 - Tips

Jason Davenport

I sat in my room staring at the ceiling. I was bored. And there was nowhere to go.

I'd played every video game I had over and over again, I didn't have soccer practice today, and I'd been to Rory's and Greg's twice in the last few days.

On top of all that, Dad wasn't back yet. Not that it'd be any comfort if he was because he'd probably be at work by now.

Contrary to my better judgement, I texted Dad everyday to make sure he was still alive. To make sure he was okay. And so far, it looked like they were having fun.

I frowned.

Of course they were having fun. It was obvious from Ashley's Instagram page—she literally uploaded every minute, from their bedroom view to every meal they were having to PDA.

It was actually starting to get annoying. I was out here worrying about dad getting hurt, and he was somewhere in Paris having fun.

Was he even worth it? I wondered. It was a pretty selfish thing he did—abandoning me like this. But I wasn't so worried. When I exposed Ashley he'd begin to see me, really see me.

Sighing, I turned off my phone. Maybe I should visit Adrian. We could play basketball or something. Maybe just go out and have fun.

I opened my phone, leaving him a text, then scrolled through my unread messages. My eyebrow shot up as I saw that I had one from Kimberly.

“What a surprise,” I laughed. Is this her crawling back? I wondered. Not that it’d be such a surprise though. Had she finally realized that no one could fvck her as good as I could? Probably.

I’d make sure to ignore her at Rory’s party the last time. She’d showed up in a strappy, slutty dress, making her the center of attention, of course. But I’d pretended not to notice her, wanting to walk all over her ego.

It was obvious she was bothered by it as she’d made subtle passes at me all night. But I’d centered all my attention on Mikayla instead, even choosing to French k!ss her instead of Kim when we played truth or dare.

So it was obvious she felt slighted. But I hadn’t expected her to text me, though. Full of curiosity, I clicked on the message.

‘U home?’ The message said.

I let out a loud laugh in disbelief. Finally bringing Queen Kim to her knees, were we?

I smirked. Well now, it’s my time to play hard to get.

‘Nahh why?’ I laughed as I pressed send. That’ll teach her.

I saw that she was online as she’d already started to type out a reply.

‘Seriously?’

‘What do you mean’ I asked, adding the sad face for emphasis. I knew it would only irritate her.

‘Ur such a d!ck Jason.’

‘At your service.’ I typed, loving that I was in control now.

‘We both know you’ll come running back,’ She replied, before sending me a smirking emoji and going offline.

I chuckled, exiting Instagram after seeing a notification that showed me that Adrian had agreed to hang out.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 79 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

I was snuggled under the covers in bed. I was almost always in bed all the time now. My phone sat lifeless on the dresser right beside my bed. I hadn't used it for a while.

Frankly, I was too tired to engage in any form of socialization. So I lay in bed, day in day out, waiting for everything to finally be over.

The sound of my door pushing open increased my heart rate by a notch and I clung to my sheets, programming my brain to remember that the only people in this house were me and Nana, and that no one was going to burst through the doors and hurt me.

The reality of my life right now was so sad I could've cried. But I was way too tired for that. . .

Nana peeked in, her head sticking out. Seeing that she'd gotten my attention, she signed, Can I come in?

I nodded, too tired to sign.

She walked in with a plate of food balanced carefully on a tray. She paused and stared in dismay when she saw that the chicken soup she'd brought in for me this morning sat on the table, untouched.

Worry clouding her eyes, she put down the tray and moved to my side, sitting and holding my shoulders gently.

Are you okay, baby? She asked, her eyes roaming my face for any signs of illness.

Her hold on my shoulders was gentle, but I couldn't help but flinch. She let go of my shoulders, her frown deepening.

What's wrong? She asked again.

I wanted to raise my hands, sign and tell her I was okay. But my hands wouldn't cooperate. They felt heavy. Way too heavy to carry.

So I sat there. Either nodding or shaking my head in dissent. Burying myself deeper into the sheets when the image of bloodied sheets flashed through my mind.

Nana smoothed out my hair.

Are you sure you're okay? She asked again, placing a hand on my forehead to determine my temperature.

I nodded. Then managing to raise my hands I signed, I'm just really tired and I need to sleep.

As I put my hands down, I reflected on how exhausting that motion was. Everything was exhausting. . .

Nana examined my face for a few moments, her white eyebrows drooping.

Let me know if you need anything, okay? She signed, getting up and kissing my forehead.

I didn't have the energy to nod so I didn't. She lurked for a few more minutes before moving to the table and taking away the cold chicken soup.

I sat up, looking down at the tray she'd brought in. Potato wedges, eggs and bacon that'd usually have made my mouth water as I looked at them only made me feel nauseous.

I took a sip of hot chocolate, liking the pain I felt when it burned the tip of my tongue.

The potato and bacon were tasteless in my mouth so I carefully moved the tray away and retreated under the covers once more, shutting my eyes as tightly as I could.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 80 - Tips

Jason Davenport

A knock interrupted me as I was about to start breakfast. Since Dad wasn't home I'd started the habit of taking my food upstairs to my room. And I was really starting to like it.

I could lie down lazily on a chair, or even on my bed, my food in a tray, eating at my own pace and leisure.

Dad would never have allowed me to do that. We always ate proper. Always on a dining table.

But as I was alone, I'd started to indulge in little things I'd never done before.

"Come in!" I ordered, throwing a potato fry in my mouth.

A servant walked in swiftly. "Mr and Mrs Davenport are on their way from the airport. Mr Davenport said to inform you."

Oh. They were back. Finally.

I breathed out slowly. Dad was okay. Nothing went wrong.

"Okay," I responded, waving her away.

She gave a short nod and walked out, clicking the door shut.

I quickly downed the rest of my breakfast and jumped into the shower. I'd also resorted to showering and eating whenever I felt like.

As I turned on the shower, my mind raced. I needed to start planning as quickly as possible. Ashley might strike any time now. And I needed to prepare.

First things first, find out what she's planning, follow her when she leaves the house at odd hours, or answers weird calls.

I would get to the bottom of this if it's the last thing I do.

Amelia Forbes

I settled down on the cold, hard pavement a few metres from the bleachers.

It was 5pm. I'd come back to school after classes were over. By then, sports teams and study groups were done with their sessions for today. And I could

sit here all alone, letting my mind wander, and feeling the cool evening breeze on my face.

This was exactly what I needed. Peace.

I'd sat enjoying the scenery for a while when I heard the footsteps of someone approaching. I was suddenly on guard, wondering who would be in school by this time. Well except security and the janitor.

I narrowed my eyes, watching as Adrian came into view. He was too busy wiping sweat off his forehead to notice me.

What was he doing in school, I wondered. There was no practice today.

A few feet to where I sat, he sighted me.

A look of surprise came over his face as he strolled towards me. I couldn't help but feel uncomfortable as I recited to myself.

Relax, Mel. Breathe. He's not Jason. You're doing just fine.

My fingers dug into concrete as he finally approached.

"Hey," He murmured as he stood watching me. "Can I sit here?"

My heart pounded. Relax, Mel. Breathe.

"Yeah sure," I whispered, scooting to the side.

"Thanks."

He gestured to himself. "Well, I'm really sweaty, I hope you don't mind."

I didn't, really. So I shook my head.

We sat like that for a while. No conversation. Just two people, each lost in their own thoughts. For a second, I wondered what demons Adrian had. Because as soon as he'd sat, it was like he'd been transported to another universe. He just sat there, gazing.

"What are you doing in school?" I asked, suddenly suspicious.

He turned to me. "Oh. I knew no one would be here, that's why I came. To play basketball and stuff. It helps me clear my head."

Oh. I suddenly felt a twinge of guilt. He was only here for the same reasons I was. And here I was, all up in his case.

I turned away from him.

"Oh okay," I replied, not knowing what else to say.

"Are you okay, Mel?" He asked, gently, carefully. As if he knew he might hit a nerve.

I felt my jaw tic. "What makes you think I'm not?" I said, carelessly.

Why couldn't everyone just leave me alone. . .

"I didn't say you weren't. I just want to make sure. You've been looking pretty tired lately. . ." He trailed off.

"I'm fine, Adrian," I said suddenly feeling angry. I don't know why I felt angry, as I knew there was no reason to. But the anger came notwithstanding. "I don't need you or anyone else to play babysitter."

"Mel," He called gently. I refused to look him in the eyes.

"Mel, look at me," He repeated.

The assurance in his voice prompted me to face him, and when I did I could see the sadness in his face.

"I'm not trying to play babysitter."

He reached for my hand. "I really care about you, Mel."

My breath caught in my throat. And from the initial fear of him holding my hand to the warmth of his hand against mine, my eyes widened as I realized what he meant.

Adrian Goldfield just admitted he liked me.

Seeing the confusion in my eyes, he continued. “Hey, I know it’s a lot to take in, and it’s kinda weird that I chose this moment to say this. But. . . I really do like you.”

He paused.

“You’re smart, funny, weird sometimes,” He laughed a little. “But it’s the most adorable thing about you. Your kindness. . . the way you are, it makes me strive to be a better person. And I know that we haven’t spent a lot of time together but, I feel more like myself with you. I feel like. . . I can discuss anything, be who I really am, and not be scared of you judging me. And it’s the most beautiful feeling.”

He smiled at me, his eyes shining brightly. I felt something wet on my cheeks and I realized I’d been crying.

“If you give me a chance, Mel, I’d—”

“Stop,” I whispered. “Please. . .”

I felt like I was choking.

Gently, I took my hand away from his. “I’m sorry, Adrian. I-I can’t do this.”

My hand shook and I tucked it away safely in my hoodie. I looked up to see the hurt in Adrian’s eyes.

“I just—I have a lot going on—” I took a moment to calm down.

“I respect you, Adrian. I really do. And I respect our friendship.” My voice shook. “But I—I’m not sure I feel the same way.”

I refused to let the broken look in his eyes stop me.

“Yes, I admire you. And I admit I kinda liked you, at least I thought I did. But now it’s out there. . . I just realize that I like having you around. We flow in conversation more than I ever did with anyone. You’re nice to me, and you don’t bully me like the rest of your friends. And it’s. . . great. But I don’t think about you. . . in that way.”

I swallowed, willing myself to continue.

“If I dated you now, it’d only be because I’m grateful to you, not because I like you. I mean, I do like you. But not. . . like that.” I added.

Yes, that was part of the reason. I also didn’t feel like I was ready to be in any relationship with anyone. Not after what happened. I wouldn’t be able to bear it.

I still flinched every time someone came twenty feet to me. I couldn’t handle a relationship.

“And it doesn’t seem like the right reason to date you. . .” I trailed off. I felt like I’d said enough.

The pain in his eyes said all that he wasn’t willing to. And so, I made up my mind.

“It’s probably best we stay away from each other,” I said, getting to my feet and planting my hands deeper into my hoodie.

“Mel.” He said, surprise coating the pain in his voice.

“No,” I stopped him. “It’s my decision. You don’t have a say in it—”

“Amelia you don’t have to—”

“No.” I stated, wiping the tears on my face furiously. “Stay away from me, Adrian,” I said finally, turning away from him and walking away as quickly as I could.