

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 8 - Tips

The rest of the lessons went by in not so much a blur but pretty quickly, and before I was sure what classes I had left, the period for the last one, Music, before lunch had come.

Knowing I had this class with Kimberly, like I'd had History with her this morning, I was anything but enthused. Matter of fact, the thought of it alone brought down my mood by a notch, but I wasn't going to be fazed.

Due to some drawback by my Trig teacher who had to "quickly" tell me about a competition he'd like me to participate in, I arrived at my Music class a little behind schedule. By then, everyone was already seated and Mrs Griffin, our Scottish music teacher, was just about to stand up from her desk, a signal that the class had begun and all gadgets should be put away.

I slinked into the class and took my seat, just beside the classroom door.

"You're very lucky, Miss Forbes," Mrs Griffin eyed me before moving her attention back to the class in general.

Out of the corner of my eye, I thought I noticed Kimberly seating two seats beside me snickering. Looking up to affirm, I realized she was really laughing. At me, to be precise.

With a frown, I wondered why. Thinking it was probably Mrs Griffin's comment that set her off, I looked away from her. It was just Kimberly being Kimberly anyway.

During the course of the lesson, I did what I did best; I paid rapt attention, noting down key points where needed. Eventually, by 11:40, the lesson came to an end and Mrs Griffin, who didn't like to waste time, like some teachers so very much enjoyed—Mr Redmey, our English teacher, for example—rounded off with a homework assignment.

Packing my stuff into my backpack, I stood up and slung it over my shoulder. To this move, I heard a gasp from the guy seated directly behind me, a nerdy geek with brains smarter than Einstein but social skills worse than Shrek's. When I turned back toward him with a puzzled look, he quickly averted his gaze from me, his face a pink hue.

Looking away from him, I frowned. What the heck was wrong with him? Ignoring his expression, I headed on toward the door and blended into the crowd walking out too.

Just as I was about to slip out of the class, a brown skinned girl beside me chipped in, "Girl, you gotta get cleaned up, real fast," before walking on in the opposite direction.

So as to prevent blocking the way from other students, I moved to a corner outside the class before I could think properly about what she said.

What was she talking about? What did she mean by get cleaned up? I wondered with a frown. Did I smell?

Instinctively, I sniffed at my hair. It smelled like my shampoo. More subtly, I did the same to my pits. They had the scent of my deodorant. So, what exactly did she mean?

Maybe it was a mistake? I thought. Maybe she wasn't really talking to me.

Shrugging off my worries, I headed on toward the cafeteria, my stomach rumbling already.

Just as I took a turn down the stairs that led to the cafeteria, I spotted Adrian at his locker pulling out something, and, immediately, I remembered his jacket.

Turning away from the stairs, I headed over to him, noting quickly that he had on his varsity jacket over a black t-shirt and faded blue jeans with matching blue sneakers.

Adrian had a nice a.ss, I had to admit. Shamelessly, I couldn't keep my eyes off them as I walked up to him. At least, I knew he was distracted and wouldn't catch me staring.

"Hi," I said, as soon as I got to him. Right then, he stepped back from his locker, a blue notebook in his hand.

Was his favorite color blue?

"Hey, Amelia," he smiled at once. "What's up?"

“Uh.” I tucked a strand of hair behind my ear. “Can you, um, can you just call me Mel?”

“Oh,” he said, “it’s Mel? Not Amelia. My bad, sorry.”

“No.” I shook my head. “I mean, my name is Amelia, but pretty much everyone calls me Mel, so, I’m kinda, like, more used to it now.”

“Oh.” He raised his eyebrows. “Okay, I understand, Mel.”

A warm feeling crept up to my cheeks. “I just wanted to return your jacket,” I said, lowering my gaze from his piercing ones, a smile on my lips.

“Oh, yeah, the jacket,” he said. “Totally forgot about that.”

Slung off my backpack, I unzipped it and got out his jacket from where I’d neatly folded it into. Then I zipped it up once more and hung it onto my shoulders, holding the jacket out to him.

“Thank you.” I told him. “Again.”

“It’s no big deal,” he smiled, collecting it from my outstretched hands. “Again.”

After he’d taken it and was unzipping his bag to put it in, I decided there was nothing left to say.

“I’m gonna go now,” I said.

He looked up from his bag and nodded. “Okay.”

Nodding too, I turned away from him and began walking away. I was almost at the landing of the staircase when, all of a sudden, Adrian called my name, jerking me into a stop.

Turning back to look at him, I said, “Yeah?”

“I think, um,” he began, raising a hand to his eyebrows. He crossed the short distance between us. “There’s, um, something . . . on your skirt.”

I wore a cream colored skirt that stopped slightly above my knees. At once, I looked down at it. Not spotting anything out of place, I looked up, confused. “What?”

“Behind your skirt, actually,” he said. “Um, just . . . look at it. You’ll see what I’m talking about.”

Quickly, I held the edges of my skirt and turned it around to meet the worst sight of my life. On the lower area of my skirt was a huge, red stain, so wide it looked like I’d made a mess on myself.

“Oh, no,” I whispered, feeling very embarrassed. I looked up at Adrian. “It’s not my . . . it’s not what you think. This is . . . not real. Kimberly . . .”

Only then did I start to realize why she was snickering back in class and why the guy behind me had gasped and what the brown skinned girl had meant.

“It was Kimberly,” I said, more to myself than to Adrian. “Kimberly put . . . ketchup on my seat. And all along, I didn’t realize.”

“So . . . it’s fake?” Adrian asked slowly.

I nodded, my mind riding on a coaster of embarrassment.

“Here,” Adrian sighed, getting out his jacket once more. “You can, um, use it to cover up. Later on, I’ll talk to Kim about what she did.”

“No.” I shook my head. “Don’t tell her anything please.”

He frowned. “Why not?”

“Please, just don’t.”

“Okay.” He shrugged. “But have the jacket anyway.”

I obliged, seeing as it was my only option.

“Thank you,” I said, as I took it from him. “Thank you very much.”

“You can keep it this time,” he said.

“What? No—” I began to protest when he cut in.

“Please, Mel.” He stopped me. “I insist.”