

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 81 - Tips

Jason Davenport

Ashley was all smiles as she burst through the doors, clutching a huge pink shopping bag in one hand, and an oversize purse in the other.

Dad walked in behind her, looking flushed. He shouted orders to the servants about the luggage in the limo.

I examined Dad carefully to see if he showed any strange signs. Satisfied, I tore my gaze away and concentrated on my phone.

“Hey, Jason,” Dad said loudly, grinning from ear to ear. “How’ve you been?” He asked.

Despite myself, I felt a warmth spreading through my chest. As much as I hated to admit it, I kinda missed him.

“Fine, dad. How was your trip?”

He grinned a second time, handing me a huge box. From the weight I could tell it was video games. Tearing the box open, I procured video games and the latest PlayStation.

My eyes widened in shock.

My head shot up. “Dad!”

He chuckled. “I knew you’d like it.”

“Thank you so much.” I engulfed him in a hug.

“Awww,” Ashley cooed from behind Dad, bringing me back to reality.

I cleared my throat, moving away from dad. Yes, it was a great gift. But I wasn’t about to get carried away. It doesn’t mean I forgive him.

It was best to let him have that in mind.

Dad sighed loudly. “I’m famished.” He turned to Ashley. “Honey, you said you were hungry too right?”

I turned to Ashley, observing her. She was too busy replying a text to hear dad calling out to her. I craned my neck, trying to catch a glimpse of what was on her phone.

“Honey?” Dad repeated.

She looked up in surprise, stashing her phone safely in her purse. “Yes, yes, of course.”

“Well then, let’s eat.” Dad said, washing his hands in the tap and settling down on a chair.

Her smile faltered. “You go ahead. I have to go somewhere.”

My ears prickled. But I pretended not to be interested. This was a great opportunity to find out what she was up to.

Dad’s eyebrows scrunched up together. “We just got here. Where are you going?”

Ashley dropped the shopping bag on a sofa and adjusted her dress. “I got Marisa something from Paris. But she’s leaving for the weekend and I really wanna give it to her before she leaves,” She pouted, for effect.

Marisa. I’ve never heard of her before, but she was probably one of Ashley’s friends.

Dad nodded, obviously wh!pped. “Just be quick, okay?”

Ashley let out a yelp and blew him a k!ss, racing out the door.

My mind ran fast. I should follow her. This is the first chance I’ve had and I should make good use of it. Luckily, I was dressed to go out so I had a reasonable excuse.

“Gotta go, Dad. I’m hanging out with Adrian.”

He only nodded, concentrating more on the food in front of him.

Quickly, I jumped into my car, driving at a reasonable distance from Ashley. I wondered where she could be headed. Was she really going to meet this Marisa person?

I doubted it. Something fishy was going on. I looked down to make sure my phone was there. Seeing it lying there, I picked it up, clicking it open and setting my camera at the ready. In case I needed to take pictures for proof.

Ashley drove, cutting through the Wayne County Park and finally arriving at Sally's.

My eyebrows scrunched in confusion. What was she doing at Sally's? Literally no one goes to Sally's. It was the worst pastry shop in the whole of Wayne County.

My eyes narrowed. For Ashley to be here, in this almost rundown shop, it was obvious she was here for funny business.

She finally killed the engine of her car—parking a few blocks away from Sally's—and got out, walking into the shop.

I made a detour, searching for a good place to park my car. I finally found parking space across the road and proceeded to the shop, my phone clutched in my hand.

Getting to the entrance, I pulled on the cap and sunglasses I'd brought along and walked inside as casually as I could.

I sighted Ashley engaged in animated conversation with two people—a woman her age and an older looking guy.

They looked familiar enough with each other and they were deep in conversation, laughing aloud at intervals.

I suddenly felt foolish. Was this just a friendly meet with her friends? And I stood here like an idiot searching for nonexistent proof to incriminate her.

I felt my jaw tic and I suddenly had the urge to break something. I shook my head. I wouldn't leave here empty handed.

I refused to believe that Ashley was innocent after all. She couldn't be. She was a homewrecker, and I was going to prove it.

I discreetly took a snapshot of the three of them sitting at the table. In case I needed to recall their faces.

In anger, I moved to the counter and ordered a cup of ice cream. I needed to buy something so I wouldn't look suspicious.

The face of the attendant at the counter lit up as I approached. I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. Obviously they wouldn't have any customers. Their pastries were terrible. And don't even get me started on the yogurt.

I could almost throw up thinking about it.

Trying to keep my face blank, I ordered chocolate peanut b.utter ice cream.

He chuckled a little as he scratched the back of his neck. "Um, we don't have that flavor, sir. Maybe banana instead?" He asked hopefully.

Chocolate peanut b.utter and banana weren't even close. The only thing that helped me control my temper was the thought of smashing his head into a wall.

I forced a smile. "I'll take the banana then."

His face brightened as he packaged it to go. I slipped a twenty dollar bill across the counter.

"Keep the change."

Not waiting to hear his words of thanks, I walked away, giving Ashley and her friends one last look.

As I got outside, disappointment washed over me as I dumped the ice cream in the trash.

Ashley just got lucky this time, I thought. I wasn't giving up. Never.

One of these days she'd slip. And I'd be right there to catch her.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 82 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

I sat outside the principal's office waiting for my turn to go in. I'd only ever been here once in my entire life. And that was when I'd been summoned to inform me of a scholarship I was eligible for.

And now I was here again. Summoned by Mr Redmey—my English teacher. I didn't know what to expect so I waited.

I just wanted everything to move by quickly so I could go. I let out a breath, slumping deeper into the very uncomfortable lobby chair.

After a while of waiting, the office assistant walked out the door, her eyes roaming. There were about six students here—including me.

She paused to put on her glasses. "Amelia Forbes?" She asked, twirling a pen in her hand.

Slowly, I got to my feet. "That's me," I said, desperate for everything to be all over. This was not where I wanted to spend the rest of my day.

A curious look came over my face as I walked into the office. The principal, Mr Redmey, Mrs Sandra, and basically all my teachers sat in a circle discussing.

What have I done now?

"Oh Amelia, come in and have a seat," Mr Redmey said as he sighted me. Wanting to be as far away from them as possible, I picked the last chair and lowered myself into it, waiting.

The principal shut the files he was buried in and spoke up.

"Forbes, to go straight to the point, we're worried about you." He gestured to the other teachers. "All of us."

I had nothing to say so I kept quiet.

Mr Redmey picked up from there. "You're an exceptional student, Amelia. But lately, your grades have been falling. So fast, it's very worrying."

Mrs Sandra nodded in agreement. "You're a great student, Amelia. This isn't like you." She paused to let it sink in.

“So we wanted to know, if there’s anything wrong.”

My ears burned as I stared at a spot on the table. I’d begun to underperform. My grades were dropping.

My grades.

The reason why I was still in school.

I tried to remember the last topic I’d learned in Mr Redmey’s class. I couldn’t.

“Your report from your project was badly written and you didn’t even submit the last three homework assignments you were given.” The principal said, peering at me through his tiny glasses.

Homework? We had homework? I had no idea.

I tried to recall being in class for the past two weeks, but everything was a blur. All I remember was seeing blood stained sheets and panicking when a group of guys walked past me.

I was failing.

It suddenly felt like weights were resting on my chest and I found it difficult to breathe.

I wanted to say something useful but I concentrated instead on controlling my breathing.

“Do you think extra classes would help?” Mr Redmey asked.

I shot him a glare. I’m not a freaking dummy.

But you’re becoming one, my mind said, poking me.

You’re becoming a dummy, Mel.

No. All of this. . . it’ll pass. I’m not dumb. . .

Seeing the expression on my face, Miss Sarah, the guidance counselor, said, “Or. . . if it’s an emotional issue, something you’re dealing with, you could always drop by my office and we could talk about it.”

I shook my head vigorously. The last thing I needed now was for someone to try and psycho evaluate me.

“There’s nothing wrong with me,” I muttered, not even believing myself.

“If you say so, Forbes. But you gotta sit up because if this goes on for much longer, we’re gonna have to involve your grandmother.”

Tears bubbled in my throat. It’s not like she wasn’t disappointed in me already.

I only nodded. “Can I go now?”

The principal nodded.

Slowly I got up, walking away from the tense atmosphere and the look of worry on their faces. Although it was obvious that the only thing they were worried about was losing the recognition they would gain if a straight A student from their school won the scholarship.

I didn’t know where else to go as I walked out the office, so I retook my seat in the lobby slumping deeper this time.

I shut my eyes, waiting for time to pass by. Right now, I was too drained to go to class. I wasn’t sure if I could handle it.

“Bad grades, huh?” Someone said from beside me.

I gripped the sides of my chair in alarm—relaxing when I realized it was a girl—and looked up to see Dani Ryanne observing me curiously.

Wasn’t she in Kimberly’s gang? Yeah she was the famous school tomboy. I remembered seeing her at that party.

My eyebrows furrowed together. Please. The last thing I needed right now was Kimberly trying to play a prank on me.

I didn’t respond and instead slumped deeper into the chair.

“Didn’t you use to be like really smart or something?” She asked again, obviously not getting the sign I was throwing.

“How’s that any of your business?” I shot back. What was her problem?

She grimaced, raising her hands in surrender, showing the tattoos on her wrist. “Hey, hey, I’m not trying to poke into your business or anything. I’ve got bad grades too.”

I refrained from slapping my forehead and instead breathed deeply.

After I relaxed a little, I faced her. “Look. I know how this works. You overhear something bad about me, then pretend to be interested, feel sorry for me, make me believe that you truly care or that I’m making a new friend. Then you invite me to a party, or invite me to sit with you at lunch, where obviously it’s going to blow up in my face. You and your friends already have a great prank planned out for me. So when I get there you all pretend to be nice to me. . . then boom.”

I stared at her.

“So thanks, but I’m good. I’ve had enough pranks played on me to know this. I’m not in the mood.”

Feeling even more drained than when I first got here, I pulled myself to my feet and stalked off.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 83 - Tips

Jason Davenport

I was still pissed as I scrolled through Ashley’s instagram, as it reminded me of the failure I’d come to the last time I’d followed her.

Sighing, I clicked my phone off and shoved it on the sofa. I let out a sharp breath, wondering where Rory was.

I was at his house. His parents were on vacation so the house was free. Which was why we always chose Rory’s house whenever we wanted to hang out, or throw a party. His parents were almost always gone.

Rory had stepped out to get the pot and alcohol while we waited for the guys to arrive. I’d texted Adrian an hour ago and he’d said he was on his way.

I gr0aned in agony. I hated waiting. And I really needed a cigarette right now. After a while, the sound of approaching guys talking and laughing let me know that they were here already.



Finally.

Adrian walked in first, deep in conversation with Greg about something I honestly didn't care about.

"Where are the cigarettes?" I groaned.

Rory tossed me a box which I gratefully caught, moaning in joy when I smelled the weed. Quickly, I lit one and began to smoke.

"Yo, man," Adrian greeted me, settling down in the chair beside me. "I'm a little late because I had stuff to take care of at home."

I nodded. "It's cool man."

Greg groaned loudly, shaking his head like he always did when he wanted us to ask him what was wrong. As usual we indulged him.

He took a drag of the cigarette, blowing out smoke dramatically.

"I fvcked someone."

The confused silence that followed was broken by sudden roaring laughter from everyone.

"Like you always do. Is that supposed to be some kind of revelation?" Adrian said, still chuckling.

"Bro why you making it sound like you just lost your virginity?" I asked, baffled like the rest of them.

"No, no, no," Greg stated dramatically, blowing out smoke. "It's different this time because of who I fvcked."

Rory eyes widened. "The girl from Matty's?" He asked, eyes twinkling.

The boys 'ooh'ed'.

Greg laughed. "Nahh. Someone we know."

My ears shot up. "You finally hit Aneeka?"

Greg had always had a thing for Aneeka since fifth grade. So I wouldn't be surprised if they finally hit it off.

He grimaced. "Nah, man. Mikayla."

Rory gasped. "No. Freaking. Way."

Greg made the peace sign, biting on his lower lip. "Better believe it, boy. I told you I'm the man," He laughed, obviously loving the look of disbelief on our faces.

I had to admit, I was kinda jealous. I'd been trying to score Mikayla at one point too.

This girl was fiery hot. Tall, cute smile, and curves in the right places. Yeah, she was on the list of girls I'd like to fvck.

Raising my hands in surrender, I reached out to give him a handshake. "You hit the jackpot bro. The real jackpot."

"How was the se.x?" Rory wiggled his eyebrows, attracting more laughter from the rest of us.

Greg placed two fingers on his tongue then whipped them out, making slapping motions in the air.

Boisterous laughter filled the air and Adrian nearly choked on his drink. "You're an idiot," He laughed, wiping the stain off his denim jacket.

Before we knew it, an hour had passed. We'd gone from trading anecdotes to playing video games to some kind of drinking game that was similar to truth or dare—just without the dares.

As we listened to Greg vividly describe how he'd gotten high once and nearly gotten into a fight with his dad, a beep sounded from my phone.

I picked it up and swiped to open when I saw it was from Instagram.

'therealashleyy started a live video' flashed through my phone and an irritated hiss escaped me, garnering the attention of the group.

"Yo," Adrian was the first to speak up. "What's up?"

“Did your dog die?” Greg asked, cackling.

“It’s just my annoying stepmom,” I said still irritated.

“Ahh the evil stepmother,” Rory said in an overly dramatic voice, attracting laughter from the guys.

“What’d she do now?” Adrian asked, watching me carefully.

I took a drag from my cigarette. “She’s obviously out to render my dad bankrupt. But he’s too blind to see it, so I’m keeping track of her movements to catch her red-handed.”

Greg gave me a confused look. “How are you so sure she’s out plotting something? You just hate her that’s all. Don’t let it get to you, bro.” He gave me a pat on the shoulder.

I felt my chest bubbling. “No I’m certain she is. I heard her talking on the phone the other day. . . something about my dad.

Adrian frowned. “You sure?”

“Certain.”

The group was silent for a few moments.

“Okay then. If there’s any way we can help. Anything you want us to do, we’re here.”

Adrian and Rory nodded in agreement.

I smiled. “Okay so the last time, she was at Sally’s—”

“Who the fvck goes to Sally’s?” Rory burst out laughing. “Okay now I’m starting to believe she’s planning something.”

I nodded vigorously. “You see? So. . . if any of you pass through the area, maybe see her involved in something fishy, just let me know.”

They all nodded. “Let’s see a pic of her. So we can recognize her if we see her,” Rory suggested.

I nodded, clicking on Instagram and going to her profile. Getting there, I handed my phone over to them.

“Holy fvck!” Greg exclaimed.

“This is your stepmother?!” Rory screamed. “She’s fvcking hot! Is she a model or something?” He asked, nearly drooling.

I rolled my eyes. Of course. Was there anyone who didn’t think Ashley was the hottest woman alive?

“Dude,” Adrian whispered in awe. “She looks like a blonde Megan Fox.”

I wh!pped around in surprise. “You too?”

He shrugged. “I mean. . . look at her.”

I did. And I still didn’t see anything worth looking at.

Greg tapped my shoulder. “Boy why aren’t you hitting that a.ss?” He asked, a pained look on his face.

“What the fvck?” I blurted in disbelief.

“I know right?” Rory shook his head sadly. “She looks like that p0rnstar from Little Kittens. Imagine how good she’d be in bed.” He looked like he would cry any minute now.

Handing my phone back to me, he clicked on a pic of her in a bikini. “Look at her a.ss. Glorious, man.”

I sighed, snatching my phone away from him while they burst out laughing at my expression.

“Don’t worry. I’ll recognize that a.ss anywhere,” Rory promised, earning a laugh from everyone including me.

Shaking my head, I turned my phone off and took another drag from my cigarette.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 84 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

I'd resorted to going out more often, as it was the only way to clear my head. I could feel myself give up more and more as the days went by, although I didn't want to.

The school had emailed Nana about my grades and Nana and I had had a long talk about it. Her trying to find out if anything was wrong with me, me trying to concentrate on her words and not the pain from the hole in my chest.

So here I was this evening, walking round the town for the fifth time this week and finally coming to a stop in front of a liquor store.

There was a free bench directly opposite the store so I sat there, watching people move in and out of store, while trying not to think about how messed up my life was.

As I watched the store, a familiar looking girl walked through the doors—dressed in an oversized hoodie, similar joggers and a beanie—clutching a bottle of alcohol wrapped in brown paper in her left hand.

A sigh escaped me as I saw that it was Dani.

Please just keep walking, I begged.

Unluckily for me, she saw me and walked directly to where I sat, lowering herself onto the bench right next to me.

"Hey." She said, popping the bottle open and taking a sip.

I shook my head. "Please, I thought I told you already. I'm not in the mood. We're not even in school but you guys still want to pick on me. Can't you just let me be?" I said, more tired than angry.

"Hey." I could hear the surprise in her voice. "I tried to explain it to you the last time. Yeah I hang out with them sometimes, but it doesn't mean we're friends. And if bullying you is their idea of fun then they're a bunch of idiots." She said, taking another huge gulp of beer.

I still didn't trust her but that was enough for me, so I kept quiet.

She passed the bottle to me, "Want some?"

My eyes widened. "No thanks."

After the last time at that stupid party, alcohol was a no for me. I'm never doing that again.

Dani let out a boisterous laugh, gulping down the last of the alcohol and tossing the bottle into the trash can.

Standing swiftly she asked. "You ever ridden a motorbike before?"

As I raised an eyebrow in confusion, still trying to figure out the best way to answer the strange question, she tugged on my arm, bringing me to my feet and leading me to a black, shiny motorbike parked close by.

I shook my head. "No I haven't."

I hoped she wasn't about to make me. . .

"Well then get on," She said, climbing on top and starting the engine.

I hesitated. Was getting on a motorbike with a strange girl who might or might not be cohorts with your bullies a good idea?

No.

But I asked, "What about helmets?"

Dani laughed loudly. "The point of this, yeah? Is the thrill when the cool breeze hits you sharp in the face. Better than a fvcking org\*asm, trust me."

She held out her hand.

I didn't trust her one bit, and the roaring of the engine was terrifying. But I grasped onto her hand and allowed her help me get on.

I'd gone through hell already, so what more could scare me?

I held tightly onto her as she zoomed off.

“We’re flying, Ammy!” She screamed as she swerved into a bend, making a circle as we got to a roundabout.

I pretended not to hear the nickname, concentrating on the feeling on wind on my cheeks, wind in my hair.

It was exhilarating. It was as though the thoughts in my head were flying away with the wind. If I shouted or cried right now, no one would know. Not even Dani.

So I let the weight on my chest fall, flying from the corner of my shoulders and into the wind. I let out a watery chuckle. I’ve never felt so free.

I let out an ecstatic yell, letting go of Dani’s waist and letting my arms fly free.

Dani turned around to look at me, whooping and smiling when she saw me laughing.

As she made another turn, we both screamed. It was like riding a rollercoaster.

Like that, we made detours; the park, Matty’s—where we got yogurt and had an impromptu picnic behind an abandoned tow truck, where I learned that Dani was a bookworm too, but only when it came to novels—then the rest of the town, before heading back to the liquor store.

We retook our position on the old bench we had sat in before.

For a while we didn’t speak. Then Dani broke the silence by letting out a light chuckle.

Something poked me in the chest and I braced myself for her little speech where she’d laugh at me for being so stupid to think that she actually liked having me around.

“You’re kinda fun, you know?” She said, still chuckling. “And you’re really smart too. It felt good to have a reasonable conversation for once.”

She turned to me. “Remind me why you don’t have any friends again?”

I only stared at her, not knowing what to say. I really wanted to trust someone for once. But more often than not, people were never nice to me without an ulterior motive.

“What do you really want, Dani?” I questioned her. I still didn’t trust her.

She faced me, taking off her beanie and letting her short, jet-black hair fly free. “I just find you really interesting,” She stated simply.

When I didn’t respond, she continued, “I still don’t get why they bully you. You’re good company. Today proves it.”

I swallowed.

“You know why I admire you even more? Right from the start?” She asked.

The question didn’t require an answer so I didn’t give one.

“They’ve been bullying you for more than a year now, but you know what’s shocking? You’re still here.” She smiled brightly.

“A lot of people would have given up, transferred to a different school, or even taken their own life. . .” She trailed off, gazing into space.

“But you,” She laughed. “You never miss school. Yeah, you cry in public sometimes. But you’re still here, taking it all. If that’s not courage, I don’t know what is.” She finished, giving me a sad smile.

I didn’t know what to say. I’d never thought of it like that. And now she mentioned it, I realized that no matter how scared I felt, I really never missed school as an excuse.

Dani jumped up, stretching. ” I have to go now. See you at school?” She asked hopefully.

Before I could answer she said, “Let me rephrase that. I’ll see you at school tomorrow, Amelia.”

I let out a laugh without meaning to. Dani gave a short dramatic bow before getting on her bike.

“Want me to drop you off?” She asked, starting the engine.

I managed to shake my head in dissent still unsure about everything. Still reflecting, I sunk into the bench and watched her speed off.



## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 85 - Tips

Jason Davenport

“Can you stop that?” I snapped at the servant who kept adding more gel to my hair to make it fall backwards.

Her fingers froze mid-air as she cupped another handful of gel in her hand. She stared at me wide-eyed, waiting for my next order. Unsurprisingly, it only annoyed me further.

I tore the ridiculous bowtie off my neck and popped the first three buttons of the crisp white button-down I'd been forced to wear.

“Well, get the fvck out!” I spat, glaring at her.

“Oh!” She managed to yelp before dumping the blob of hair gel into the trash and practically running out of the room.

I let out a groan as the door shut behind her. Dad had decided to throw a small party with relatives and friends to introduce his “wife” to everyone. And now I had to dress up and smile and act like the child who's so glad his dad had remarried.

Furious, I barged into the bathroom and washed the thick, slimy product off, only stopping when I was sure it was all gone.

I stared at myself in the mirror as I re-entered my room and watched the water drip off my hair. Sighing, I wiped it dry with a towel and grudgingly tugged the bowtie back on.

Getting into the brand new loafers dad had ordered specifically for this occasion, I willed my anger to stay in check and walked down the stairs into the lively living room.

Soft music filled every corner of the house as people stood in groups, talking, laughing and gossiping.

I tugged on my tie, feeling the irritation starting to creep in. A few feet ahead of me, Dad stood—Ashley’s arm linked with his—making introductions with an uncle I remembered from the Christmas party last year.

I rolled my eyes, looking away and heading for the back of the house. Hopefully no one would notice I wasn’t around, and maybe I’d even find some nice alcohol to nick.

As I got to the back of the house, I resisted the urge to smoke. It wouldn’t go down well if someone saw me and reported it to Dad. So I left the cigarette and lighter safely tucked in my pants and instead buried my hands deep in my pocket.

As I watched the middle-aged couple who stood a few feet away from me, I overheard one say, “Did you see her?”

My ears shot up and I moved back, deeper into the trees.

“Who didn’t?” His wife replied. “She’s so young!”

Her face wrinkled in disgust.

“My, my, Richard obviously isn’t in the right state of mind.”

The woman shook her head. “Isn’t she around the same age with the boy? Jared or something like that is his name.”

I resisted the temptation to scream “Jason” and concentrated on staying hidden.

“Lord have mercy on them all,” The man said sadly, shaking his head.

At this point I walked out, deliberately giving them a long, hard look so they’d know I’d been listening.

The woman yelped in surprise and her mouth hung wide open as she stared at me dumbfounded. Rolling my eyes, I stormed off and headed for my room to have a highly needed smoke.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 86 - Tips

I curled up under the covers in my usual position, my head pounding and my eyes hurting. I'd been lying here for hours, just staring into space and trying not to think.

After the episode with Nana when the school had emailed her about my grades, she had been a little cold. I knew it was my fault and I desperately wanted to fix it. But. . . I didn't know how, nor did I have the energy to.

Forcing myself up, I decided to at least make an effort. I dragged myself from my bedroom and down the stairs. Nana had already let me know she was making lasagna—my favorite—and I decided I was going to help.

Getting into the kitchen, I sighted her and signed as soon as she faced me, Hey can I help?

Her stare softened and she nodded lightly, gesturing to the table.

I tried to smile but my lips wouldn't cooperate.

Please, Mel. Keep going. You can't stop now.

My head spun as I plopped down in the nearest chair, trying to catch my breath.

I let out a yelp as I realized I'd sat on something, judging by the squishy sound I heard. Quickly I jumped up, only to see that I'd sat on a tray of lasagna sauce.

Nana stared at me—her eyes cold—and deep in them I could see just how disappointed she was.

I was still unfocused and absentminded and this just proved it. Swallowing back tears, I mumbled an apology and ran up to my room to clean up.

Shutting my bathroom door slowly, I stared at myself in the mirror and combed my fingers through my hair.

What is wrong with you, Mel? Can you be anything more than a walking disappointment?

Clutching the sink, I reached for a small towel and dipped it into water to clean myself.

As my flipped my skirt to the back and began to wipe it down, my hands froze as I realized it looked like a . . . period stain.

A period stain.

I haven't seen my period in—I counted on my fingers, ignoring the tremor as my fingers shook—three weeks. . .

My eyes widened in horror as a terrible explanation came into view.

No. Please, God. No.

“It can't be—its not. . . possible,” I whimpered, feeling the tears beginning to roll down my cheeks.

I heard someone let out a piercing scream and I clapped a hand over my mouth as I realized it was me.

No. I can't be pregnant. I'm not.

The fatigue. The nausea. I'd been peeing a lot lately. . .

The tears in my eyes flew as I shook my head furiously. Slowly, I slumped to the bathroom floor—for the second time in one month, sobbing for the pain I didn't deserve.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 87 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

I shook my head vigorously over and over again as I stared at my reflection. I'd been standing in the bathroom for more than thirty minutes—the pregnancy tester I'd gotten from a store across the street clutched in my right hand.

I remembered the nasty look the lady at the counter had given me as she tossed the tester into a plastic bag, murmuring something about 16 year old sluts.

I shook my head once more. I was just really tense. I can't be pregnant.

Relax, Mel. It's just a false alarm. The changes in your body are as a result of stress. Breathe.

Already having previous information about what single and double lines meant, I settled down and peed on it.

In the few minutes it took to show the result, I wiped my hands on my jeans. Maybe it's just a coincidence. A hormone thing.

After a few minutes of waiting, I let out a shaky breath and looked down at the plastic I held in my hand.

"No!" I screamed, feeling my throat constrict.

"This has to be wrong. It has to. . ." I shook my head. More furious now I took out the second one and peed again. A few minutes later, the result was still the same.

I let out a confused gasp accompanied by hyperventilation and a stream of tears.

"What did I do to deserve all this?!" I screamed to the empty bathroom.

"It's bad enough that I got brutally raped by a bully who hates me for no reason. . ." I trailed off, the pain choking me. "Now I'm pregnant for him as well? Life is playing one hell of a prank on me!"

I felt my shoulders fall as I slumped to the floor. It was getting harder to breathe.

"I wish I'd died with Mom and Dad in the car that day."

I looked up at the ceiling, anger beginning to surge through me. "Why didn't you let me die too!" The tears leaked from my eyes and down to the front of my shirt.

With all the sh!t going on right now, I'd be better off dead. I was going to have to live with this pain. . . this shame, for the rest of my life.

The rest of my life.

No.

I was panicking now.

I'd rather die than let this burden Jason had forcefully placed on me grow. Carrying a baby fathered by Jason Davenport inside me.

That heartless a.ssh0le.

And I thought he'd ruined my life already. I guess when it comes to me bad things have a way of becoming ten times worse.

What would Nana say? Everyone who knew me? How would I explain this?

Fresh tears began to fill my eyes.

I can't do this. I can't. . .

Exams were coming up really soon. If the school found out about this, I'd be disgraced, shamed. They wouldn't even let me write my final exams.

And Nana. I could already see the disappointment in her eyes. I took in a sharp breath and I began to cough heavily, tears soaking my cheeks.

God, please. I need to wake up from this nightmare. I need to wake up.

Splashing cold water on my face, my mind began to race. What I had to do right now, for my career, my future, for clean records, was to keep the baby a secret.

Yes. No one should find out. It would ruin a lot of things for good.

I wiped my eyes with my sleeves, beginning to run up a plan in my head.

"I could get a job, save up, just enough to take me to a different state. Somewhere I could remove the baby. . ."

Remove. Abort.

Something heavy kicked in my chest.

No, Mel. Pregnancy out of wedlock is the worst thing. And it's a rape. Removing the baby is probably the best thing to do.

I nodded, desperate to convince myself. But with the way my hands were shaking I knew deep in my heart that I couldn't do it. I couldn't take an innocent life.

I buried my head in my hands. I was scared, confused, but most of all, I was tired.

For a second, I thought of telling Jason. It was his baby as well and he was supposed to take responsibility for it as well.

But I knew it was no use. He didn't give two fcks about me so why would he care about a baby who for all he cared wasn't his.

I used to be terrified of Jason, baffled about why he hated me so much. But now, all I felt was hate.

Hate fueling on and on like a volcano.

Someone like him who was supposed to be irrelevant to me was making such life-changing impacts on my life. He'd completely ruined my life. And I hated him for that.

I straightened up and found my way back into my room, swinging my wardrobe open and rummaging through it for a clothing item.

Finding it, I straightened out the corset-like tummy belt I'd gotten a year ago because I'd been insecure about my stomach but I'd never gotten round to wearing.

If I was going to keep this pregnancy a secret, I was going to have to do it right. I wasn't sure what I wanted to do with the baby later on. But for now, I needed to study and pass my exams, be free of high school with excellent grades and a clean record.

And everything would be okay. Everything would be fine.

Just 3 months and 5 days to go. And everything would be okay.

I ran my hand through my abdomen as I fastened on the belt and observed myself in the mirror.

A sudden surge of self hate flowing through me, I adjusted it even tighter.

It has to be flat enough. No one could know.

Tighter.

I let out a sharp gasp from the pain. Breathing deeply, I mentally reminded myself of why I needed to do the things I was doing right now. Take the pain.

“You’ll be okay,” I whimpered, knowing fully well that I was lying to myself.

I clutched the sides of my stomach right before I collapsed into another pool of tears.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 88 - Tips

Jason Davenport

I sat talking with the guys over a couple of beers at Greg’s. Rory’s parents, surprisingly, had decided to show up unannounced this weekend. So we had moved to Greg’s instead. Which wasn’t a problem for me anyway. I just needed to get out of that house and chill.

After the other day when Dad had thrown that stupid party, I couldn’t stand being in the same room with him or his beloved wife.

Bullsh!t.

Introducing her to our relatives showed that he was really serious with her. It also meant that he was replacing my mother.

Officially.

Fvck Ashley.

But I knew I had to keep up my pretence so she wouldn’t think I was onto her. That’s why I had to leave. So I wouldn’t do or say anything out of line.

The only thing was that Greg—our supposed host—was nowhere to be found. He’d suggested we hang out at his place today on the group chat I’d created for the guys. He’d left Rory his key as they lived not too far from each other. We didn’t know where he’d disappeared to.



"You should try calling him," Adrian suggested, downing a few gulps of his beer.

"Done that," I replied, sinking deeper into my chair. I needed a cigarette.

"I'll call him one more time," Rory said, slipping his phone out of his jeans pocket.

As he put the number on dial, we heard the front door open. And from the whooping sound the newcomer was making, we all knew it was Greg.

"Hey a.ssh0le," Rory yelled from the living room.

Greg waltzed into the living room doing some kind of weird dance step. When he saw we didn't give any reaction, he burst out laughing.

"Looks like some certain people missed me," He cooed, bringing his lips to a pout.

I rolled my eyes. "No you idiot. We're just waiting for the weed," I gestured to the paper bag he held in his right hand.

The guys roared with laughter as a look of false hurt came over Greg's face.

Greg joined in, grabbing a chair and dragging it to the circle we had formed.

He lowered himself onto the chair and passed the already rolled blunts round. To everyone except Adrian who didn't smoke.

I suppressed a sigh. Adrian seriously needed to act his age. He was way too serious with nearly everything. But I didn't bring it up because he hated it whenever I did. And I wasn't ready for his smoking-doesn't-make-you-cool speech right now. So I settled down and focused on my cigarette.

I watched as Greg and Rory engaged in an argument about a video game, which I wasn't particularly interested in so I scrolled through my phone instead.

"Hey!" Greg exclaimed all of a sudden. He froze, his eyes shining brightly. He quickly turned to me. "I have to show you something, man."

I watched him curiously. Another hot girl, I suppose.

Yeah. Greg could be really passionate about hot girls.

“Wait till you see this,” He said, whipping out his phone and tapping on his gallery. Finding it he scrolled through for something.

After a while, he clicked on a picture and flipped his phone to show me.

My eyes widened and I grabbed the phone from his grasp.

Ashley.

A picture of Ashley in what looked like a restaurant with the same guy from Sally’s. I contained myself so I wouldn’t whoop out loud.

I was getting somewhere. This was another lead. Quickly, I transferred the photos from Greg’s phone to mine and faced Greg. “Tell me everything.”

He smiled, obviously loving the attention.

“So,” He began, leaning backward in his chair. “That’s the old Chinese restaurant down the park close to the mall.”

He gestured to the paper bag. “I get out stuff from that old guy who works there. So I come out of the inner room, and I see a very familiar looking a.ss.”

Rory let out a cackle and Adrian facepalmed.

I shot Greg a sharp glare and he waved his hand in an apology and continued.

“I think they were sampling the food or something like that. Because they were trying a bit of everything.”

I nodded. “How were they together?”

“What?” Greg asked looking confused.

“I mean, did they seem close?”

“Oh, well they seemed pretty cozy. They kept touching hands and she clung to his arm at some point.”

I felt my face redden.

That b!tch.

“You think she’s cheating?” Rory suggested, looking at me.

I have no fvcking idea.

“What do you think?” Greg asked Adrian, passing the picture to him.

I faced Adrian. Of course I wanted to know what he thought. I valued his opinion.

After a while of studying the picture he said, “From her body language, it’s obvious they’re pretty comfortable with each other.”

Frowning, he handed the phone back to Greg.

Turning to Greg I asked, “You manage to catch any bits of their convo?”

He shook his head. “Nope. The only thing I saw was that she kept on laughing like a hyena, as though she was on a date with Kevin Hart.”

This time I joined in the laughter too. It was kind of funny.

After looking at the picture one more time, I clicked my phone off and placed it into my pocket.

“Thanks, man.”

Greg nodded. “No problem. Keep an eye on your extremely hot stepmom. But be careful as well.”

I chuckled and nodded.

“We need to dig up info about the guy.” I turned to Adrian. “Can you take care of that?”

“Yeah sure,” He answered, cracking his knuckles. “I’ve been missing all the action anyways.”

Everyone laughed.

Rory let out a loud howl. "Just look at us. Young detectives."

He wiped an invisible tear from his cheek, following with more laughter from the guys.

This might be a bit of fun for them. But for me, it was about protecting my family.

Jason Davenport

Exams were fast approaching. As usual, Coach was overworking us and reminding us daily to kick up our grades and ace our exams so we would stand a chance to win a scholarship.

Not me though.

I didn't need a fvcking scholarship. Dad could buy my way into any Ivy League without batting an eyelid. So I didn't need to struggle for anything.

I gr0aned as I slipped deeper into my chair. The next period was Biology and we were all waiting for Mrs Sandra to come in.

Two seats away from me, Kimberly and her girls sat gossiping. She sighted me and shot me a glare. I pretended not to notice she was sitting there. She was obviously still bitter about the last time at the party.

Well, good for her. As for me, I was going to play dumb for as long as possible.

After a while of waiting, Mrs Sandra walked in. Groans from people who didn't expect her to come in today filled the air.

She smiled, placing her books on the desk in front of her.

"Buckle up, people. We have a quiz today."

A series of 'No's' filled the air.

Mrs Sandra acted deaf as she continued. "An oral quiz."

I slapped a hand over my forehead.

Fvck no.

“Yes,” She continued. “I’m gonna ask questions in a random order. And anyone who answers right gets marks for it. Are we ready?”

If there’s anything I hated, it was answering questions in class. I just hoped she wouldn’t notice me because I really wasn’t in the mood.

Slowly, she circled the class familiarizing herself with names, faces.

“Goldfield!” She said, coming to a stop. Everyone ‘ooh’ed’.

Adrian didn’t look scared or bothered. He just stood.

“Life is driven by chemical reactions summed up in. . .?”

“Anabolism and catabolism,” Adrian answered without missing a beat.

The class cheered, girls sighing and throwing googly eyes his way.

Mrs Sandra smiled in delight. “5 marks.”

More cheering.

She continued her tour round the class, peering at students through her glasses.

“Fawkes!”

Rory let out a groan, slowly getting to his feet.

“What acid is present in the stomach?”

Rory raised an eyebrow. “There’s acid in the stomach?”

Mrs Sandra slapped her forehead, giving him a blank look.

“Okay, um, stomach. . . acid?”

The class roared with laughter.

Mrs Sandra rolled her eyes. “Does anyone else want to claim the 5 marks?”

Aneeka raised her hand and stood when Mrs Sandra nodded.

“Hydrochloric acid,” She answered, flipping her hair in a sexy motion. The guys howled and showered her with compliments.

“5 marks!”

Looking at her watch she said, “Okay, one more person before I leave.”

With the way she was looking at me, I suspected she was going to pick me. And I wasn’t ready for that.

“Forbes!”

I snickered. This was perfect. I turned to see Amelia sitting at the window. I frowned as I watched her stare outside the window. It was obvious she hadn’t heard Mrs Sandra call out her name.

The bitch had been acting the same way since the day she practically ignored me in the hallway. Nothing I said changed her mood now, and it irritated me to the core.

Her eyes looked unfocused and red rimmed, and I balanced in my chair to watch the drama unfold.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 89 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

“Forbes!” The shout from Mrs Sandra jolted me from my distracted stance. I looked up to see her watching me, hands planted on her hips.

Oh no. I knew there was a quiz going on, but I’d somehow lost focus in the middle of it.

Slowly, I stood to my feet.

“Is there something interesting going on outside?” Mrs Sandra asked, the annoyed look still visible on her face.

I shook my head rapidly, wanting to get through this embarrassment as soon as possible.

“I asked you a question. What’s the gap between two contiguous teeth called?”

My fingers rolled into a fist and I tried to think. But nothing was coming up.

Some seats away from me Kimberly whispered something into her friend’s ear and after a while I could hear murmurs.

“I heard her grades have been dropping.”

“The female Einstein has fallen.”

“Is she sick or something?”

“Dumb b!tch!”

I didn’t turn to the sound of the voice but I knew it was Jason. Instead I racked my brain for an answer, ignoring the sneering from my classmates. My hands, which were now sweaty, shook.

Someone sitting beside me tapped me urgently but lightly.

I turned to see Benson scribbling something in his book, then opening the page for me to see.

Facing Mrs Sandra, I said, “Diastema.”

She observed me curiously and then yelled, “5 marks!”

Picking up her books she said, “Your homework should be submitted first thing tomorrow morning.”

With that she exited and I could feel my chest relaxing. Giving Benson a grateful look, I grabbed my books and made my escape.

Getting to my locker, I grabbed my backpack. I needed to get home. I was really tired.

Absentmindedly, I placed a hand on my stomach. Anxiety and pain bubbling in my chest, I felt the urge to scream. But I held it back and proceeded to the doors.

“Hey, Mel!”

I turned to see Benson running up to me. Yes, I was grateful for his help earlier but I didn't think it signified anything more.

"Wanna walk home together?" He asked, a hopeful look in his eyes.

I breathed deeply. "Look Benson, thanks for. . . earlier. I'm really grateful. But that. . . it doesn't mean we're friends again. It takes more than that, okay?"

I gave him a sad smile and looked away, heading for the door.

"Wait!"

I paused.

"I-I know a lot has happened between us, and that I've been a terrible friend. But I really want a second chance. Please, give me a chance. . . give us a chance. Let's just talk, please?"

"Okay," I whispered.

"This weekend?"

"Sure." I nodded.

All I hoped for was that he wouldn't hurt me yet again.

Amelia Forbes

My eyes hurt as I stared down at my notes, trying to study. I needed to sit up. It was crucial that I do now as I really needed to ace my exams.

It was difficult as I'd started feeling tired all the time now, and it felt like something was eating me up inside out.

I shook my head and focused on my notes. I needed to finish my homework before noon so I could do something else.

The sound of my door pushing open took my attention to it and I looked up to see Nana making her way into my room.



As soon as I saw her, a certain shame filled me up and I couldn't bear to look at her.

I was scared. Scared that she'd look at me and see how much of a disappointment I really was. See that I'd let myself be r.aped. See that I'd somehow gotten pregnant at 18. The shame she'd feel when people stared at me in the street, my stomach bulging out. The shame I'd feel. . .

She made her way to my bed, sitting on my bed and gently rubbing my arm.

Are you okay? She signed, worry filling her eyes.

I could see the heaviness in her eyes. The stress. She looked weak and tired. I was stressing her out.

Guilt poked me sharply in the c.hest.

I nodded, trying to force a smile.

The look on her face showed that she clearly didn't believe me.

She tightened her hold on my arm saying, You can talk to me about anything, baby.

I lowered my eyes, not knowing what to say. I was exhausted.

I'm fine, I signed, gesturing to myself to prove my point.

You look so sick, sweetheart, Nana said. Maybe we should go the the hospital?

"No!" I yelled, feeling my heart pounding in my c.hest. The doctor might run tests. I can't. . .

I was struggling to breathe and I began to count numbers in my head to calm myself.

Breathe, Mel. Breathe.

See? You're not okay, Nana insisted, placing her hands on either sides of my face.

I gently moved her hand away.

I'm fine Nana, just tired, I assured her.

After a while of watching me write in my notes, she stood, leaving the cookies she had brought in on the table next to me.

I thanked her and bent over my books, pretending to write in it.

The first tear escaped my eyes as the door clicked shut. I watched it drop onto my book, soaking into the sheet.

I let myself sob loudly, comforted that at least Nana wouldn't be able to hear me. I cried for everything. My parents, my grades, my friendships, my life. . .

"I just—I just want to feel anything. . . other than worthless," I could feel my head pound as the tears streamed down.

I'm so freaking tired. So tired. . .

"I don't know what to do," I whimpered as the pen I held in my fingers dropped to the ground.

I was so tired of crying. It was the only thing I could do.

I didn't remember how to feel happy. What happiness felt like. I just wanted to stop feeling like. . . this.

Wiping my eyes with a tissue, I pulled my damp hair into a ponytail and continued with my homework, hoping that someday, somehow, I'd be okay.

Amelia Forbes

It was 5pm. 5 hours since Nana had left me alone to study. I had waited till Nana was asleep to leave the house quietly.

I'd made my way to the liquor store, taking my position on the bench across it. For some reason they were closed today. Not like I minded though.

I didn't even know what I was doing here. All I knew was that I needed to have some fresh air and breathe.

I slumped deeper into the bench, unbuttoning my cardigan and letting the cold air caress me. Sighing, I soaked it all in, liking the distraction and letting my worries fly away.

A light tap on my shoulder jolted me awake and I looked up to see Dani staring at me, a confused look on her face.

“What’s up?” She asked, taking a seat beside me.

I shut my eyes tightly. “How did you find me?”

I just wanted to be alone right now.

“I didn’t. I come here to chill sometimes, remember?”

Oh.

We sat in silence for a while, doing nothing but enjoying the serenity when Dani broke the silence.

“Wanna talk about it?” She asked softly, rubbing her right arm up and down.

Was I that obvious? I wondered. And why did she even care. Were we friends now? I mean, I guess I liked her well enough. But could I let myself trust her?

I wasn’t sure.

So I shook my head. She nodded in understanding and the silence took over again.

“So. . . exams are coming up, yeah? And I realized I needed a study partner.” She turned to me. “And I was wondering if you’d be up for it.”

I shook my head. I wasn’t ready to start tutoring anyone.

“Please,” She begged. “I’m smart, I promise. I just need to study with the right person.”

“I’m sorry, Dani I can’t—”

“He hits us.” She said suddenly, quietly.

“What?” I asked, confused.

“My dad. He hits us. I’d look for any reason to not spend so much time at that house.”

Something squeezed in my chest as I watched her look away and stare into the distance.

"I-I'm so sorry," Was the only thing I managed to whisper.

Dani wiped her now wet eyes with the sleeve of her hoodie and let out a loud laugh. "Mehh, I'm good."

After a while of racking my brain, the only thing I could do was reaching out to grab her arm. Then I squeezed, hoping it would communicate to her all the things I couldn't say.

For the first time in my life, aside from Mom and Nana, I enveloped a female in a real, genuine hug and let her cry on my shoulder.

## Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 90 - Tips

Jason Davenport

I clicked my Instagram off as I heard Dad walk towards my room. I knew it was him because he was the only one who trudged through the house noisily. Well, it was his house anyway.

Ashley had gone to see her grandparents and stay over for the weekend.

Or so she said.

Of course I didn't believe her one bit. But I couldn't exactly follow her to Manhattan now, could I?

It still annoyed me how much Dad believed her. Trusted her. Wasn't it obvious enough that she was lying? Refusing to let my day be ruined by thoughts of Ashley, I pushed the thought aside and resumed my original stance of pretending to be asleep.

I could hear dad's heavy footsteps as he approached my bed and from where he stood at the foot of the bed, I could feel him staring at me.

"I heard you on your phone before I walked in, Jason. I know you're awake."

Grudgingly, I turned over on the bed and faced him. What was his problem now? I really wasn't in the mood to talk.

“Sit up, son.”

I obeyed, straightening myself up and leaning up against the wall.

“What dad?” I asked, wanting this conversation to be over as soon as possible.

He took a seat next to me on the bed. “Well, we haven’t talked in a while. You know, father and son time.”

It took all I had in me not to scoff. Father and son time? Try that when an unwanted stepmother gets in the way and tell me how that goes.

He’d been spending a lot of time with Ashley that sometimes I wondered if he even remembered I existed. Now all of a sudden he was craving father and son time? Obviously because Ashley wasn’t home. That’s rich.

I turned away from him and looked towards the wall. I refuse to get pissed over this same issue. After all, it’s nothing new.

“How’s school?”

Of course. He’s probably here to shame me about my grades, of course. Which, unfortunately for him, thanks to Amelia were spotless.

Nice try, Dad.

“Good. Exams are coming up soon,” I answered, looking unbothered.

“Yeah. Your school says you’re doing very well. That’s good.”

I shrugged, waving off the praise.

“Coach says you’re doing well too.”

Obviously. I aced when it came to sports.

Dad smiled, reaching out to pat my back. “Your mom would be proud.”

I froze and I could feel my face harden. Why the hell did he have to bring mom up? He never honored my memory but he deemed it fit to bring her up when he wanted to shame or guilt trip me?

I felt my jaw tic and I cleared my throat. “How come I haven’t gotten my monthly allowance?” I asked, suddenly remembering that it was my turn to get the drinks when the boys and I hung out tomorrow night.

Dad gave me a blank look and breathed out loudly. “I did that on purpose. I wanted to have this conversation with you.”

Great. Now deprivation too?

I leaned into my bed and balanced a pillow on my thigh, placing my arms under my jaw for support.

He cleared his throat. “You do know you’re 18, right Jason?”

I frowned. What does that have to do with anything?

“Yeah?” I asked, finding the question unnecessary.

“Basically what I’m saying is, you’re a man now. And sooner than you probably expect, you’ll have a ton of responsibilities to keep up with.”

“Where are you going with this, Dad?”

He observed me for a while and sighed again. “You can’t expect monthly allowance from me for the rest of your life, son.”

I felt a sudden surge of anger.

“So what you’re saying is you don’t wanna have to be responsible for me anymore right? I’m that much of a burden now?”

He shook his head. “It’s not something to get mad about, Jason. You can’t be dependent on others for the rest of your life, even if they’re your parents. You have to learn to be independent. To be able to take care of your needs without looking up for someone to give to you. Do you understand that?”

“No!” My face was contorted in anger and confusion. “So you’re throwing me away? I know it’s because of Ashley! Why do you—”

“Jason.”

The calmness in his voice forced me to quiet down. Why was he saying all of this?

“When I was your age, my father had it all. Enough money to last for the rest of my life and yours. But he made me find a job just so that I could learn to be independent. I hated him then for making me work while the rest of my friends fed off their parents’ wealth without having to struggle. But as time went on, I began to see the usefulness of it, and I’m eternally grateful to him for that lesson.”

I looked on as he finished. I knew deep down somewhere that he was probably right, but I refused to let myself think about it.

No.

I couldn’t see it. I couldn’t see myself working or waiting tables like some kind of hobo. My blood ran cold as I thought of it.

Never.

I stared at Dad. What if this was just a plan. A way to get me out of the house so that him and Ashley could have their privacy.

Suddenly, I had a feeling that Ashley put him up to this.

Of course, why didn’t I think of this before?

I had lost one parent already. Dad was supposed to take care of me and keep me safe. But no. Because of Ashley he was casting me aside instead.

Pushing me out into the world to fend for myself. And it was the most hurtful thing.

Irritated, I spoke up. “I have homework now, Dad.”

He nodded, standing up and patting my back before walking out the door.