

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 9 - Tips

Practice time. The only period I ever looked forward to at school, other than picking on Amelia, that is.

Cla.sses were over now and the team was in the field doing basic warm ups before the main practice began.

Amelia, as I'd told her to, was seated on the bleachers, watching blankly, my stuff beside her. Just to make sure she was actually watching and not doing something else, like pressing her darned phone, I kept one eye on the field and the other on her. It wasn't as hard as it sounded.

Shortly after the warm up, the main practice kicked off at the sound of Coach Hens's whistle.

Okay, yes, I looked forward to practice, pretty much everyday at school, but on some days, some occasions, like today, when it was devilishly hot, I might as well pass it up.

We played for over thirty minutes before Coach Hens decided to give us a break, which I was very much thankful for. At the sound of the whistle, I doubled over, hands on my knees, panting hard, lines of sweat dribbling down my face and jaw.

Straightening up, I wiped sweat away from my eyes and forehead, squinting against the glare of the sun. Then I remembered I had something I could use to mop up the sweat in my face—the bandanna inside my backpack Amelia was holding. I jogged up to the bleachers to get it.

“Short break?” She asked, squinting up at me, as soon as I got to the bleachers.

Reaching down, I snatched my bag up from beside her.

“None of your business,” I muttered, unzipping the bag and getting out the bandanna. Tossing the bag at her, I used the towel to dry up the residual sweat on my brows and face and at the base of my hair.

“I'm asking because I really have to go. The sun's too much and it's working my head up in an ache,” she frowned.

“Oh, so now you understand how I feel,” I said.

“Hey, I wasn’t the one that told you to join the football team. If you weren’t ready for the work then you could’ve backed—” she was ranting when I passed her a deep scowl.

“Don’t talk to me like you know anything about me,” I glared at her.

I saw her jaw tic, her face set in an equal frown, grey eyes cold. Seconds later, she moved her gaze from me.

Grabbing my backpack from her arms, I dropped the bandanna back in, zipped it up and threw it back at her before heading back to the field to join others. They were doing basic passes now, Coach Hens at a corner talking to the twins of the team, Jake and Gabe.

Not too long after I rejoined, someone kicked the ball toward me. Catching it at the sole of my foot, I stopped it from rolling. About to pass the ball back, I saw I was standing not too far from Amelia and directly opposite her.

A smile curling my lips up, I stepped back two inches, moved forward and kicked the ball as hard as my right foot could. It whizzed in the air, headed straight for Amelia. A second later, it collided with her cheek—she was looking in the other direction.

Her head snapped sideways at the impact. A hand to the spot the ball had hit her, she fell forward and off the bleachers.