

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 91 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

I tried to concentrate as I sat in the practical lab at school. We were required to take off our protective masks to be able to answer questions about the different chemicals we were learning about.

Earlier, I had sat at the front. But when Kimberly and her minions took a position right beside me, looking like they she was going to throw acid all over me, I'd moved to the back.

Better safe than sorry, right? Although Kimberly kept throwing me nasty glances at intervals.

I couldn't shake the feeling that she was planning something. Feeling safe that a teacher was present, I shook it off and concentrated on the lecture Mr Paulo was giving.

"Okay now everyone exchange partners and discuss what you just learned," Mr Paulo said, waving his hand in a shuffling motion.

The girl who I'd been paired with moaned in joy, snatching her materials off the table and walking away as if I was the plague. I didn't mind anyway so I sat just sat there watching.

My head was aching and I'd been feeling sick all morning. I reached down and made sure my corset was in place. I know I didn't need it yet as the bump hadn't even begun to show, but I wanted to get used to the feeling first.

I looked up as someone made their way towards me and took a seat beside me. I froze when I saw that it was Kimberly.

Observing her, I saw that she held something in her right hand which she hid behind her, a smirk visible on her face.

My eyebrows furrowed. "What do you want now Kim—"

Before I could finish, she procured a bottle filled with some kind of gas and placed it right under my nose. As I tried to move away, Malia and Aneeka held me firmly in place from behind to stop my struggling.

The last thing I remembered was falling to the floor right before I blacked out.

Amelia Forbes

My head spun as I struggled to open my eyes. The bright light from the fluorescent hurt my eyes and I peeked out, seeing nothing but white everywhere.

As I finally opened them, realizing I was in a hospital bed, the first thing I saw was Adrian. He was bent over in a chair, fingers entwined in his hair, tapping his leg repeatedly in a nervous fashion.

The bed creaked as I leaned up, attracting his attention. He immediately rushed to my side.

“Are you okay?” He asked, his voice coated in worry. “You fainted. No one knew what was wrong with you. I had to bring you here. . .” He trailed off.

I placed a hand behind my head. I think I had hit my head during the fall.

Kimberly. That b!tch. What kind of a monster was she?

For the first time, I looked around. And it dawned on me that out of everyone that probably saw me collapse, including the teacher, Adrian was the only one who even bothered to help me. Even after what had happened between us the last time.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered, feeling like a terrible person.

He just smiled. “Hey, hey, it’s fine.”

He rubbed the back of his neck. “I admit I was kind of hurt when you rejected me. But after a while I realized there was more to our friendship than wanting to date you. I honestly like being around you. Plus, you’re better conversation than half the people I know,” He laughed.

“So. . . I’d like to be your friend. If that’s okay with you.”

I felt something warm in my chest. So someone could actually like me with no strings attached. Someone liked me for me. It was strange and new to me and I was still trying to get used to it. Like with Dani.

I smiled in reply and nodded, accepting the side hug he got up to give me.

“Now get well soon. We have a lot of catching up to do.”

I let out a watery laugh and offered him a grateful smile. I was about to say something when the doctor walked in.

“Ahh, you’re awake,” He said, observing me. Coming to a stop at my bed side, he asked, “How are you feeling now?”

I swallowed. I didn’t like the look on his face. My heart pounded in my chest. What if he. . .

“Well, Miss Forbes, I wasn’t sure why you fainted. So we had to run a series of tests to determine why. And we found out that you’re 3 weeks and 4 days pregnant.”

My chest exploded. I couldn’t hear anything but an extremely loud buzzing sound in my ears.

No. Please, no.

I looked over in fear to see Adrian staring at me, his eyes wide in disbelief.

The first tear spilled down my cheeks as I shook my head without knowing why exactly. Everyone was going to find out.

Adrian would think I was a slut. My hands shook vigorously and my head spun. I felt dizzy and nauseous all at once.

“Seeing as you aren’t a minor, we’ll leave it up to you if you want to inform your parents or guardian. But you’re okay and healthy so you’re free to go.”

With that the doctor took his leave, leaving Adrian and I once again. I couldn’t bear to look at him. I felt ashamed and disgusted with myself. I knew there was nothing I could say that would change anything. So I, sat there, ignoring the lump in my throat.

“How?” Adrian asked after a while. I looked up in surprise. He was talking to me? I was surprised he was still here. Wasn’t he disgusted enough already?

I tried and failed to muffle the sob that escaped my lips.

Adrian took a seat next to me on the bed.

“Mel, look at me.”

I obeyed.

“I know you’re not dating anyone, nor are you that kind of girl.”

He hesitated.

“Did someone do this to you?”

My entire body shook as I struggled to force of words. Anything at all. My lips quivered but nothing came out.

He looked at me in concern, anger beginning to manifest on his face. “Mel, you’re quiet. Did someone do this to you?” He asked again. I could hear the tremor in his voice.

“You told me you don’t have any friends as well. And I’ve never seen you cozy with any guy. . .”

He inhaled sharply. “Except. . . except during the project,” His mouth fell open. “With Jason.”

I shivered even harder. This can’t be happening right now.

No, no.

“Did Jason. . .”

I couldn’t control the broken cry that escaped me as I placed my hands over my ears.

“No,” He whispered, raising his hands and placing them on his head. “Jason, Jason couldn’t have. Oh my God.”

I sobbed into my pillow, feeling sorrier than ever for myself.

Adrian relaxed back into his chair and put his head into his hands as if he was thinking.

After a few minutes of silence he stood, hatred visible on his face. For a moment I was afraid of what he would do.

He approached me, giving me a tight hug. My eyes widened in surprise when I felt something wet land on my shoulder.

He was crying?

I pulled away to look at him.

“Adrian—”

“You don’t deserve any of this, Mel.”

He wiped his eyes swiftly, and I couldn’t even tell he’d been crying a while ago.

His face contorted in rage. “I’ll find someone to come stay with you,” He said as he began to walk away towards the door.

My heart beat loudly in my chest. “Adrian, where are you going?” My voice rose an octave.

He shut the door behind him, leaving me worried and confused as I collapsed in another round of tears.

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Amelia Forbes

Thirty minutes after Adrian had stormed off, Benson peeked through the door of my ward, worry visible on his face.

He walked in when he saw that I was awake. “Mel, are you okay?” He asked, rushing to my side and placing a hand on my forehead and looking into my eyes for any signs.

For a moment I was scared. What if Adrian had told him everything?

I looked up at him again and I saw that he didn’t know. I relaxed once more.

“What happened?” He asked, squeezing my arm.

I shrugged, trying to look as normal as possible. “Nothing serious. The doctor said I’m stressing myself out. I need to rest and eat healthier, that’s all.”

I finished, hoping the lie was believable.

Benson’s face dissolved into a look of relief.

He sighed. “You scared me.” He ran a hand through his blonde hair. “I wanted to. . . come with Adrian to the hospital but I wasn’t sure if you’d want to see me,” He said, looking down at his feet.

I felt bad about everything that happened between us, but I still wanted to be careful. I didn’t want to put myself out there anymore. I didn’t want to get hurt anymore.

“I miss you,” He whispered, looking up at me with sadness in his eyes.

My chest constricted. “I miss you too.” I was being honest now. “But you really made me feel. . . like a loser. And I hope you understand why it’s hard for me to risk going through that again.”

“Let’s start over.”

I looked up. “What?”

“Let’s start over. Let me. . . be a new Benson. A Benson you’d be proud to call your friend.”

The tears that stood in his eyes triggered mine and I let them fall, nodding in assent.

Try. Let’s try.

He laughed, wiping his eyes and extending his arm for a handshake.

“Hey, I’m Benson. But you can call me Ben,” He smiled. “Your friend Adrian asked me to come stay with you till you feel better. How are you feeling?”

I let out a watery chuckle, taking his hand.

“Hey, I’m Amelia. But you can call me Mel. I’m doing great thanks for asking.”

We shook hands firmly and began to make light, friendly small talk. Like strangers do when they meet for the first time.

And it felt nice.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 93 - Tips

Jason Davenport

I leaned on my locker, deep in conversation with the gang. We'd gone from talk about exams to the small fiasco that had happened in Chem practical early this morning.

Apparently Amelia had fainted during practicals for no apparent reason. I had a hunch she was just being dramatic as usual. For someone who acted like she hated attention, she sure loved a good show.

Pretentious b!tch.

I shook my head and faced the gang, listening to Kimberly fawn over some guy she'd met at a show she'd attended last weekend.

All of a sudden she was cut off by someone grabbing her by the collar and shoving her hard into the locker.

Kim let out a loud cry and I look up to see Dani, a murderous look on her face.

"You b!tch!" Kimberly screeched. "What the fvck is your problem." She struggled to get out of Dani's tight grip.

I leaned in deeper into the locker. This should be good.

"How does it feel now, being shoved around," Dani spat, keeping her tight grip on Kimberly.

"What the fvck are you talking about!" Kimberly was breathing hard now. Students began to gather round.

I suppressed a snicker. It wasn't everyday you saw the queen bee of Wayne County High being shoved around.

“I saw you. I saw what you did to Amelia.” Dani said flatly, her expression daring Kimberly to deny it.

“You’re a fvcking monster. How do you live with yourself you a.ssh0le. You could’ve kllled her!”

With each sentence, Dani shoved her harder into the locker.

“Get a life, you empty headed b!tch,” She spat, letting Kimberly loose from her grip.

She turned to the rest of us. “All of you! You see bullying Amelia as some kind of game. Quit being so fvcking insecure about yourselves that the only way you can feel better is by picking on people because they can’t stand up for themselves.”

She raised a finger, pointing at each of us one by one.

“If I ever, ever see any of you try to hurt Amelia ever again, I’ll make you regret the day you came into existence.”

With that, she stormed off, leaving us staring after her in shock.

What the hell just happened?

Jason Davenport

I watched Ashley share “juicy gossip” with Dad from across the table. She had returned two days ago and since then had proceeded to bore us out of our minds with unwanted info.

I still wasn’t talking to dad. I was still bitter about the last time. It’d be an embarrassment if I had to tell the boys I couldn’t afford to pay for drinks this weekend. They’d probably make fun of me and wouldn’t let me forget it for the rest of my life.

I frowned, downing my cup of hot chocolate. I resisted the urge to scream as the very hot liquid burned my tongue. In order to not look stupid, I held it in and gulped down a cup of milk instead to help with the pain.

Fvcking hell.

I was so frustrated with everything. And Ashley's babbling was really not helping.

"Babe, what do you think?" Ashley asked, her head tilted to the side.

What had she asked him?

"Sure," Dad replied. "Am outing sounds good. It's 8pm and I'm bored, so why not?"

Ashley cheered, clapping her hands together and bopping up and down in glee.

I swear this b!tch is high on something.

It wasn't surprising anyway. She'd jump at any chance to spend an unnecessary amount of dad's money.

I rolled my eyes feeling irritated.

Ashley jumped up. "I'll go get ready," She squealed, giving dad a k!ss on the cheek and literally bouncing up the stairs.

"I just lost my appet!te," I murmured, getting up and going up to my room.

A good long sleep should do the trick. For a second the thought of calling Kimberly over when they were gone crossed my mind.

But I waved it off. Kimberly and I were over. Plus I really didn't feel like getting into any more trouble with Dad.

As I got to the entrance of my room, I heard someone talking on the phone in very low tones. I ducked into a corner as I saw that it was Ashley.

My heart started to race and I moved closer, fl!pping out my phone and turning on the recorder.

"Yes," She whispered, sounding irritated. "I convinced him already. How many times do you want me to confirm that?"

As she waited for the person on the other line to respond, she placed one hand over her forehead quietly.

“Yes. We’ll park at the entrance but I’ll go in first. . .”

Silence. Then,

“Obviously he’d come in to look for me. . . Yes. You can strike from there.”

Some silent moments passed and then she let out a quiet laugh. “Relax, we’ll be there soon.”

She hung up, looking around carefully before walking into her bedroom to get changed.

My hands shook in anticipation and I tried to calm my beating heart. So she really was planning something. I knew it.

My chest ached. Her plan was to get him kidnapped and then demand a huge amount of money.

I leaned on the wall, thoughts and escape plans running through my mind.

For a moment I felt bad for Dad. In his quest to replace Mom and heal his broken heart he was always meeting the wrong people.

With the amount of love he showered on this bitch she still wanted to do something like this to him.

In anger I barged into my room and started to get changed. I would follow them. I froze in the process of taking off my shirt. I didn’t have a weapon. What would I do if the need for defence came up?

I thought of calling the guys to come over and help. But I didn’t want to put their safety at stake. For the first time in a while, I was afraid.

But I shook it off. Ashley needed to be taken care of. And I would take responsibility for that. Throwing on a pair of joggers and a hoodie, I waited. Watching from my window for them to get into the car so I would follow them.

As I sighted them I tiptoed down the stairs, stopping at the kitchen to grab a knife. Also, I had a baseball bat somewhere in my car. I hoped it would be sufficient.

As they drove away I quickly got into my car and followed slowly a good distance behind them.

I tapped my fingers on the steering wheel like I always did when I was nervous. In a last minute decision, I dropped a voice message explaining what was going on in the guys' group chat. At least they'd know if something happened.

Putting my phone down, I followed Dad and Ashley out of town until they came to a stop in front of a gloomy looking building. There were no lights in the building. The only light source was the dim street light in the corner.

My heart pounded faster and I clutched the steering tighter. Having parked a reasonable distance from them, I watched as Ashley got out of the car and walked into the building.

It took about 15 minutes and then I saw the car door open.

Please. Please don't get out.

Dad got out, looking towards the building and then his phone. He was probably trying to call her. After a while of waiting he shut the car door and walked into the building.

Heart racing, I tucked the knife I'd taken safely into my hoodie and followed behind Dad. On closer inspection I saw that the building was actually a house.

I waited until Dad walked in through the doors. Quickly, I jumped in after him just as a group of people screamed.

"Surprise!"

For a few seconds I was still dazed by the bright lights. Then I looked around.

Lots of people stood in an extremely large room, Ashley in front.

There were waiters serving, food, drinks. And in the middle of the room, a gigantic cake stood. Glitter decorations high up in the ceiling spelled out, 'Happy Birthday Baby'.

What the fvck is going on?

Apparently no one noticed me yet. Ashley reached out for Dad and enveloped him in a tight hug after pecking his cheek.

“I knew you’d forget your birthday but I wanted it to be special. So I spent weeks planning everything out.” She smiled as dad held her tightly around the waist. “And it’s perfect,” She whispered, as he raised her off her feet and placed hungry kisses on her lips.

The crowd cheered, whooped, and whistled, and broke into a birthday song led by Ashley.

I staggered backwards. His birthday. It was dad’s birthday. And in my journey to hunt down Ashley I’d completely forgotten. We always celebrated his birthday together. But this time I’d let him down.

I felt. . . stupid.

Maybe Ashley really did like him. I was so desperate to find something on her that I’d forgotten my priorities. I’d been chasing after something that was nonexistent.

Bummed and feeling like an idiot, I slowly retraced my steps, dumping the knife into the bushes.

Getting into my car, I drove slowly back to town, ignoring the wetness on my cheeks from the tears that stood in my eyes.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 94 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

As I walked through the doors at school, I immediately knew something was wrong. Everyone I passed gave me weird looks and kept pointing at me.

When I looked away they would begin to talk in murmurs about something I couldn’t hear.

My mind raced as I increased my pace. What could’ve happened now?

No. Please. It can’t be.

Adrian couldn’t have. . .

I clutched my books tightly to steady myself as I shook rapidly from head to toe. Why must everything bad happen to me? I refused to let the tears beginning to form in my eyes fall as I shoved my backpack into my locker and proceeded to look for somewhere to hide.

As I hurried away I came across Jason, Kimberly and the rest of their gang leaning against the lockers.

Kimberly eyed me as she sighted me.

“Slut.” Someone coughed.

I pretended not to hear, turning away.

“Went to get yourself pregnant didn’t you?”

That stopped me in my tracks. No, no. I felt my anxiety begin to skyrocket. How did they know?

“I thought she was different.”

“Girls like her who pretend are the worst of them all.”

“I still can’t believe it.”

“Who do you think the father is?”

Like that I kept hearing the murmurs, the laughter, the sneering, the accusing looks. Tears pooled in my eyes. But I knew letting them fall would mean confirming their accusations. So I kept my chin up and walked away.

I searched for an empty classroom where could I sit and catch my breath. Finding one I rushed in and shut the door behind me.

Silently, I cried. Why would Adrian do this to me? I trusted him. Something still didn’t sit right with me. It didn’t seem like he would betray my trust.

But he was the only one who knew about this.

The sound of someone opening the door and walking in jolted me from my thoughts.

Jason hissed when he saw that I sat there. On a second glance he smirked, walking up to me.

“Pregnant huh?” He laughed. “I always knew you were a slut.”

I stood to my feet in anger and faced him. “Let’s see if you’d still find it funny when everyone finds out you’re the father.”

His face froze and he grabbed me, shoving me hard into the wall. “I know what this is. You wanna be popular huh?” He laughed again. “Unpopular nerd, pregnant for popular jock. Quick rise to popularity. You’re so pathetic, Amelia.”

Something exploded in my chest. He thought this was about popularity? A tear dropped from my eye. Jason was the cause of everything that was happening right now, my mess of a life, and this was all he thought of me?

I was numb all over again. Laughing without knowing why exactly, I released myself from his grip and slowly walked away.

Amelia Forbes

I felt light as I walked down the empty hall two hours after school had closed for the day, not knowing where I was going.

Someone held me by the shoulders and I looked up to see Adrian, alarm written all over his face.

Silently, I cried. Why would Adrian do this to me? I trusted him. Something still didn’t sit right with me. It didn’t seem like he would betray my trust.

“Oh my God, Mel, I’ve been looking all over for you. I thought you’d gone home.”

I was silent. A strange look came over his face as he sighed. “You’ve heard haven’t you?”

The blank look I gave him told him that I had and he placed a hand on my shoulder. “Apparently the doctor that attended to you is a friend of Malia’s dad who also works in the hospital. I think she overheard.”

Oh. So it was her. The only thing I was grateful for was that it wasn’t Adrian.

I nodded, beginning to walk away. He stopped me by placing a hand on my shoulder.

Swallowing with difficulty he whispered, “D-d—did Jason. . . do this to you?”

Confused and disoriented, I nodded blankly, not caring if he believed me or not.

He inhaled sharply letting out a string of curses. Not wanting him to see me cry, I fled, knowing exactly where I was going.

I stared down at the 6 feet pool, wondering how deep it was. Wondering how the water would feel against my skin.

I couldn’t breathe as the tears choked me. “I-I’m so sorry, Nana. I love you so, so much. I—I tried to stay strong but I’m so tired.”

I let myself sob openly. I was tired of the drama. The bullying. The self hate. The fear. I was tired of not being good enough.

“I can’t keep living like this.” My now hoarse voice came out in a whisper.

Zippering up my hoodie, I blew my nose and wiped my eyes.

I walked to the edge of the pool, staring into space.

And I jumped.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 95 - Tips

Jason Davenport

I sat on one of the old chairs at the pool after practice. I’d wanted to take a swim as I was very sweaty, but I decided to sit and relax for a while.

After all, there was no rush to head on home. After the incident regarding Dad and Ashley, I wasn’t sure how I felt. I knew I felt a great deal of stupid. But mostly it was. . . pain.

I’d wanted to be right. I’d needed to be right. Being right meant that Ashley would disappear from our lives and that Dad and I would have a chance to work on our relationship. Being right meant that I’d never have to regard

anyone else as my mother. Being right meant that I wouldn't have to call anyone else 'mom' and have to experience the pain and anger that came with it.

But I'd been wrong.

Ashley was weird and annoying and way too girly for my liking. Plus I hated the fact that she was a younger woman. It irritated the sh!t out of me. I wasn't sure I would ever accept her completely. I still hated her for tearing dad and I apart.

So I'd begun to avoid her and dad. It'd be less painful if I acted like they didn't exist. That way, the pain would be easier to manage. It was worse now that I realized that I didn't have a reason to hate her. I didn't know what reaction to give to that.

But she liked him. Loved him, even.

And I didn't know how to feel about that.

I sighed. I needed to talk to Adrian. Speaking of, I hadn't seen him in two days now.

Sprawling on the chair, my eyebrows furrowed as I saw a figure standing in front of the pool saying something I couldn't make out because I sat far away.

Still watching, I tried to make out who it was. The blonde hair and thick hoodie kinda resembled Amelia's. But I wasn't too sure. When she started to sob audibly, bending over and placing her hands on her knees in a tired fashion, I realized that it was her.

What the fvck is she doing here after school?

I rolled my eyes. No one's around. There wasn't any need for her to start the crybaby nonsense.

After some moments of sobbing, she walked to the edge of the pool and zipped up her hoodie.

Before I could process what was happening, she had jumped. My breath caught in my throat and I stood. Waiting for her to resurface.

After a few seconds of waiting without any sign of her, my chest exploded.

Oh my God. She can't swim.

Seconds later I was racing down the steps, jumping three at a time till I got to the pool. As I got to the edge of the pool, I took a deep breath and dived in. Moments later I sighted her. She looked lifeless and unmoving. Quickly I grabbed her and carried her up to the surface, stopping to breathe when I'd placed her on the floor.

My hands shook in panic. Why would she do this?

She wasn't moving.

I slapped her lightly with two of my fingers. "Hey, wake up."

She didn't show any response. Blood rushed to my ears and all I could hear was the beating of my heart.

I unzipped the heavy hoodie she had on, hoping it would relieve some of the weight. Still no reaction.

I shook her harder now. "Please Amelia, wake up." My voice shook now.

"Oh my God. What do I do now?"

Her lips had started to change color. And I didn't remember where my phone was. Dragging her away from the pool, I placed my knees on either side of her and proceeded to give her chest compressions the way I remembered, not sure if I was doing it right.

My breaths came out loud and heavy as I persisted after the 12 times had passed and she still lay lifeless.

Why would she try to kill herself? I didn't think she'd be so sad that she'd want to stop living.

Still giving the compressions I watched her, eyes shut and mouth hanging open.

I'd hurt her.

I'd consistently hurt her.

That means that all those times. . . she was being truthful.

What have I done?

Tears threatened to spill out my eyes as I continued giving the compressions.

“P-please just wake up. Don’t die on me!”

In the middle of giving the final one, her chest heaved and she let out a gurgle, releasing water from her lungs.

I breathed out in relief, watching as she doubled over, coughing continuously and trying to survey her surroundings afterwards.

She froze as she saw me. Looking from my face to my wet clothes, her face wrinkled in anger.

“What did you do?” She yelled, rising to her feet.

“You jumped. On purpose,” I said, still staring at her in disbelief. “Why would you try to kill—”

Before I could finish she let out a piercing scream and rushed towards me, grabbing me by the neck and shaking me with a strength I didn’t think she possessed.

“You fvcking asshole! Why must you try and control every aspect of my life. You practically controlled my life, now you want to control my death too? It’s my life! And I decide when I want to stop living!”

Her eyes shone with anger and her breath was heavy.

And I realized something. She’d really wanted to die.

I felt confused and guilty. My emotions were on a rollercoaster.

My hands shook in panic. Why would she do this?

She wasn’t moving.

“I’m sorry, Amelia,” I whispered.

Her eyes widened. Before I could say something else she had violently pushed me to the floor.

“You’re sorry?!” She let out a disbelieving laugh.

“Let’s see. I lost both my parents on the same day, at the same time. No one, and I mean no one showed any sympathy for me. I was broken, tired, lonely. Instead, as school resumed, I was greeted with bullying out of nowhere from you. Everyday I wondered what I’d possibly done to deserve it.”

She laughed again.

“After all I’d just lost my parents. You picked on me, pushed me around, hit me. You made me feel like a loser. Like I was a nobody. And I believed you. I started to feel like I deserved to be alone, like I deserved to die. Like I was a worthless piece of trash. The only thing that kept me going was my grandma.”

“When I thought I’d seen the worst, you r.aped me!” She stifled the sob that escaped her lips with her hand.

“You r.aped me. You blamed it on me. You got me pregnant.”

My eyes widened in shock. She was actually pregnant? She hadn’t been lying for the attention? My mouth fell open.

“And now, I decide to end it all. End this life because I’d rather die than live like this, than have your child. And you decide it’s your right to control that too? You’re sorry? Fvck you, Jason Davenport.”

She burst into tears, raising both her hands with a confused look on her face. “I don’t know what I’m doing here!” She screamed, looking up to the sky and turning in circles. The pain on her face stirred something in my chest.

I’d been so busy thinking about my pain and my loss that I hadn’t realized how much she was hurting.

I’d lost my mom; my best friend and my favorite person. But she’d lost her mom and dad.

I still had Dad. And it was obvious that he’d give anything for me.

She really was all alone. For the first time I tried to place myself in her shoes. And I knew I wouldn’t have been able to bear it if I’d lost Dad as well.

I'd been so selfish. I'd blamed her for mom's death, deciding to be oblivious to the fact that she'd lost the most significant people in her life.

And I'd brutally r.aped her. She was pregnant.

For me.

I staggered backwards, tears filling my eyes.

What would mom say?

"Amelia, I—I'm s-so sorry. I didn't know—"

She raised a hand. "Just stay the fvck away from me!" She spat, wiping her face and walking towards the exit.

I stood her, watching her walk away, not knowing what to do.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 96 - Tips

Jason Davenport

It took a while to process everything that had just happened.

Amelia had attempted suicide.

Amelia was carrying my child.

Still dazed, I sat on the still cold floor in my wet clothes, my back resting against a raised platform, and I forced myself to think.

Think of the times when I still had mom. Think of the times when Amelia and I had been. . . friendly.

Friendly.

Something cold pumped through me. It felt wrong saying that. Thinking like that. A part of me just couldn't bring myself to accept that fact. To me it felt like betrayal.

And betrayal meant that I was making peace with the cause of mom's death. That I was accepting it, embracing it. And that was something I couldn't do.

I felt helpless and confused.

The reason why I hated Amelia so much was because she was the cause of mom's death. Maybe she wasn't the direct cause, but she was the last remnant of it. Her parents had killed my mom.

My hands were shaking now.

Why the fuck should I care if she decided to kill herself. Why should I be scared? Why should I feel guilty?

Why would I. . .

The picture of me close to tears some minutes ago when I thought Amelia was dying flashed through my mind. Why had I reacted like that?

"I—I hate her. . ." I stuttered, not really comprehending everything that was going through my head.

Hating Amelia gave me something to hold on to. And I realized that if I stopped hating Amelia, stopped bullying her. . . it felt like my life would be purposeless.

Subconsciously, I'd resolved to avenge mom's death in any way I could. And it hurt to even look at things from Amelia's point of view, to place myself in her shoes.

I knew I had hurt her.

The pain in her eyes. The bitterness in her voice when she laughed.

I was sorry.

But I didn't want to be.

Running my fingers through my hair, I let out a sigh. I was exhausted. And for the first time in my life, I didn't know what to do.

Resisting the urge to lay down by the pool all day, I got up slowly, surveying the environment and trying to summon enough energy to drive back home.

As I looked to the entrance, Adrian barged through the doors and walked briskly in my direction when he saw me.

Finally. I really needed someone to talk to right now.

I walked half the distance to meet him. "Hey, man, I was about to call—"

I was cut off by Adrian's fist connecting to my face as he landed a sharp punch to my jaw.

Letting out a muffled groan in pain, I whipped my head up after I'd recovered. "What the fvck, man!"

He responded by punching me a second time, this time to my nose. I staggered to the floor from the impact.

Shaking with rage now, I hurried to my feet and shoved him backwards roughly making him flinch in pain.

He followed up with a second punch to my nose. I gurgled and fell to the floor as dark red blood gushed from my nose.

"What the fvck is up with you!"

I pressed my left hand to my nose in an attempt to stop the blood but to no avail. I looked up to see Adrian breathing hard and fast, his fists curled up.

"You're a fvcking monster!" He yelled. "I knew you could be a dick sometimes, but this. . . this is inhumane. Why the fvck would you do something like that?"

My mind and heart raced as I tried to figure out what he meant.

I froze.

Had he found out about Amelia?

He threw me a look of disgust. As if something ran through his head again he let out a groan and grabbed me off the floor, throwing punches all over my face.

When he had had enough he let me slump to the floor.

"You raped someone, Jason," He whispered in disbelief. "I would've bet my life on it being a lie if someone told me you'd do something like that."

“I’m so fvcking disappointed. I never understood why you hate her so much. Yes, I get it. You lost your mom and went through the trauma that comes with that. But that’s no excuse to treat someone like a fvcking animal!”

My c.hest was heaving now and I felt dizzy. I could feel the bl00d dripping from my nose. I wanted to say something. Something to justify what I felt.

Maybe if he understood that she was the cause of mom’s death. . . maybe he’d understand. I was only trying to avenge my mother. . .

“Adrian, listen to me please. . .” I managed to choke out.

He threw me a disgusted look. But he didn’t make any other move so I took it as a sign to continue.

I tried to control my wheezing, using my shirt to press my nostrils together.

“I—I’m sorry she’s hurting. But she. . . her parents k!lled my mother. Don’t you understand? How am I supposed to live knowing that—”

“They’re dead too, you fvcking idiot! Her parents are dead. That’s why it’s called an accident!”

“Adrian—”

He shook his head. “Just shut the fvck up.”

Giving me one last look he said, “Stay the fvck away from Amelia, and away from me.”

I saw his jaw tic.

“I could never be friends with a fvcking rapist.”

With those words, he walked away, shutting the doors furiously behind him.

What have I done?

Shaking, I lay in the same position till the bl00d dried on my face. Suddenly, I was filled with a surge of anger.

“Everything I’ve ever done was for you, mom!”

It was for mom. If Adrian couldn't see that then probably he was a bad friend. Maybe I didn't need Adrian after all. A good friend would see.

I didn't do anything wrong.

I didn't do anything. . .

He followed up with a second punch to my nose. I gurgled and fell to the floor as dark red blood gushed from my nose.

I carried on the chant in my head till I felt the first drops of tears begin to land on my cheek.

Jason Davenport

I staggered out of my car as I killed the engine, trying to steady myself to walk up the stairs. I still wasn't sure how I had managed to drive all the way home. My head had been pounding furiously and I could feel the nausea, the dizziness coming up.

Using the car door to steady myself, I bent over and threw up all over the grass. I clutched my jeans with sweaty palms, my vision beginning to blur.

With all the strength I could muster, I brought myself to my feet and stumbled up the stairs to my room. I'd never been so tired in my entire life.

I heard someone gasp as I pushed my bedroom door open. Slowly, I turned to see Ashley, a horrified look on her face. I shut my eyes tight and walked into my room. I really didn't want to see her. We hadn't had any contact since the birthday surprise thing with Dad.

The fact that I didn't catch her doing anything to harm Dad and the possibility that she could actually love him only made me resent her more.

Dumping my backpack on the floor, I peeled off my jacket and collapsed in the bed willing sleep to come.

I heard Ashley race noisily into my room. As she neared my bed, she tapped my shoulder lightly and turned me over. I groaned in pain as my broken nose rubbed against the sheets. Angrily, I slapped her hand away.

"What the fvck is your problem?"

She didn't flinch. Placing her hand on my shoulder and taking out a cotton ball and antiseptic from the first aid kit she held in her hand, she gently wiped the dried blood around my nose.

Was she deaf now?

"Don't fucking touch me," I spat, fighting the fatigue that enveloped me from head to toe.

"Oh my God, Jace. Relax for one second and let me help," She said, still gripping onto my shoulder in a surprisingly firm hold.

I watched her wipe my face, astonished. Was she acting deaf on purpose? I didn't know what I needed right now, but it definitely wasn't this shit. Enraged now and struggled to my feet, slapping her arm away forcefully.

"If you think that this shit you're trying to pull off qualifies you as a mother then you have another thing coming. Trying to suck up to me isn't going to change anything."

"I'm not trying to replace any—"

"Stop fucking playing dumb. I see what you're doing here."

I moved closer to her.

"No matter how hard you try you'll never, ever come close to being a mom. So it'd be better for everyone if you pick your things and go back to the ghetto. Fucking gold digger."

Her glazed eyes giving me the reply I needed, I pulled her out my bedroom and shut the door behind me, making sure the lock was secure.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 97 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

The first thing Adrian did when he saw me at school today was to envelope me in a tight bear hug. I didn't know how to react at first but as seconds passed and I realized how much I actually needed the hug, I melted into his embrace.

As he reached up to pat my head he whispered, "I'm sorry. I'm so so sorry, Mel."

I gave him a small smile and nodded. I knew he was apologizing for everything that had happened with Jason. And I was. . . fine with it. He'd proved to be a good person and a good friend. And that was enough for me.

We both avoided the conversation that was lurking in the air and instead talked about our upcoming exams and study sessions we needed to have.

As we walked through the hallway together, I could hear the sneering and muttering of "slut" every now and then. Gripping my backpack tighter, I tried to ignore all of it and instead focused on my conversation with Adrian.

"Why, someone's preggio," A sandy haired boy in corduroy pants and a strange haircut muttered as we walked past him.

Adrian stopped in his tracks, whipping around and grabbing him by the collar.

"What was that?"

For someone who looked like he was about to spit fireballs, his voice was weirdly calm. Almost like they were having a conversation about the weather.

It made me see Adrian from a different perspective. He sure can be intimidating when he wants to be.

Sandy hair squeaked in fear and began to mutter a series of apologies. Adrian held him in the same position for a while and gestured to me. Getting the message Adrian was trying to pass, Sandy hair turned to me, his lips quivering.

"I'm sorry. Please, it won't happen again."

He looked back to Adrian who looked him over for a few seconds and then released his grip. Striding back to my side, he continued our conversation as though nothing had happened.

I couldn't control the small smile that crept up on my face. Adrian didn't notice me staring because he was too busy trying to explain how textbooks should really be written.

My life was falling apart. Literally. But here I was, smiling at the smallest of things. Like how Adrian stood up for me and tried to protect. Like the fact that it was at the lowest point of my life that I'd begun to meet and make friends. Real friends. That cared about me with no ulterior motives.

And it was. . . nice.

I let myself smile openly now. If I deserved anything, it was to enjoy this moment.

And so I did.

Amelia Forbes

As my final exams drew nearer, my phobia was getting worse. I began to be more and more aware of my stomach. It had not begun to show but I still felt insecure. Everywhere I went, I felt like everyone was watching me, seeing my secret. Like they all knew I was pregnant.

Sandy hair squeaked in fear and began to mutter a series of apologies. Adrian held him in the same position for a while and gestured to me. Getting the message Adrian was trying to pass, Sandy hair turned to me, his lips quivering.

With Nana it was worse. The only reason why I wasn't so worked up about her was because she couldn't hear me retching every morning. She would've figured it out by now.

Whenever I was changing, I checked the lock nearly a million times before I undressed. I'd gotten a better corset. This one was stronger, more adjustable. And it made me feel safe.

I ran a hand over my stomach as I secured the corset and adjusted it to the tightest.

I let out a gasp in pain.

For a second I wondered if it was hurting the baby.

That's good, maybe it'd die off then, a part of me thought.

Shut up, Mel, I chided myself. Stop having thoughts like that.

Trying to calm down and get it together and took a deep breath and stared at my reflection.

“You’re doing great, you freaking queen.”

Saying it aloud made me feel more composed, relaxed. So I said it again. And again. Willing it to stick in my brain.

I let out a yelp as my gaze fell on my wall clock. Quickly, I pulled down my t-shirt and grabbed my backpack. The bus was here already. I greeted Nana at the kitchen and raced to the door, hoping I hadn’t missed it already.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 98 - Tips

Amelia Forbes

I had gotten to the bus on time. And now I was in second period trying not to fall asleep as Mr Redmey droned on and on about something.

An hour later the class was over. I nearly cried out loud in joy, grabbing my books. For some reason I felt very sleepy, but I’d been fighting to control myself. Was it the baby? Or was the class just really boring?

I placed a finger on my temple, willing my thoughts to go away. As I got up and trudged to the door, Mr Redmey called out, “Amelia?”

I turned around in surprise and walked to his table. I secretly prayed it wasn’t another debate he wanted me to participate in. I honestly had no energy for that.

“You have a meeting with Principal Harris in. . .” He looked at his watch. “Thirty minutes.”

I concealed my frown. What was this about now? My grades? They’d gotten better since then, so what was it.

Knowing he wouldn’t be able to answer me, I nodded and proceeded to the principal’s office. To pass time, I solved the homework assignments that were due tomorrow.

When it was time, I got up and knocked on the office door. I walked in as soon as he asked me to come in. I wanted to get over this as quickly as possible.

As soon as he saw me, he hurriedly dropped the files he was looking through.

“Oh, erm, Miss Forbes. Have a seat,” He gestured to the chair opposite his.

My eyes narrowed. He was acting very strange. Principal Harris was always strict and straight to the point. Why was he stuttering all of a sudden? Still observing, I settled down and made myself as comfortable as was possible.

He spent the first few minutes trying to get around his words and scratching the back of his neck. When it became unbearable I cut in.

“What’s this really about, sir? It’s been five minutes now,” I said as gently as I could without it coming off as rude.

He cleared his throat.

“Well, you know sometimes things happen. . . there have been talks going round, all over the school,” He scratched his head again. “So I, err, thought it was best to talk to you directly.”

Oh.

This was about the rumors? It had gotten to the principal too? My palms were sweaty now and I wiped them on the hem of my skirt. Did he believe the rumors? Was I going to be kicked out of school? My head pounded with questions and I began to feel dizzy.

Relax, Mel. Breathe. Think.

I took a deep breath. Okay he thinks they’re just rumors, which is why he wanted to see me. He’s not sure. Plus he’s literally blushing and can’t look me in the face.

I could use that.

Wiping my palms one last time, I placed them on the desk in front of me.

“Oh, the ones about me being pregnant?” I asked, hoping my voice was as steady as I needed it to be.

Principal Harris wiped his face with a handkerchief.

“I’ve been at this school for nearly six years. I was bullied for four. You never heard anything about that did you?”

He opened his mouth to say something but I beat him to it.

“They beat me up, played pranks on me, spread rumors about me. The teachers saw, of course. But no one ever did anything about it. But it’s all good. You know what I find sad though? That you would believe those rumors spread about me, but you’ve never asked me how I felt. And that’s because you don’t give a sh!t about the mental health of your students.”

I paused.

“Excuse my language, sir.”
Amelia Forbes

I had gotten to the bus on time. And now I was in second period trying not to fall asleep as Mr Redmey droned on and on about something.

He looked on, clearly not knowing what to say.

“You even had to call me here, to query me. You see me just like everyone else here does; a waste of space.”

Principal Harris whipped up his head.

“No, no, of course not. The rumors have been spreading quite a lot. And I thought the only way to erm, straighten things out was to, erm, speak to you.”

He placed a hand on his forehead. “You’re right, Amelia. And I’m very embarrassed, and very sorry for the inconvenience,” He breathed out loudly.

He never called anyone by their first names. That was new. And he actually looked sorry.

My hands were shaking. Making him feel guilty had certainly worked. I felt bad for doing it but it was the only way I would be allowed to write my final exams and leave high school with clean records.

He let out a string of apologies and promised to do something about the rumors, assigned a personal counselor to me which I politely declined because that definitely wasn't what I needed.

As I walked out the door and shut the door, I released the breath I didn't know I'd been holding.

Amelia Forbes

"Fuuuckkk," Ben groaned as he fell onto my bed. "Now I'm gone for sure."

Dani gave a loud cackle, placing a palm over her mouth when I shot her a death glare. Turning to Ben, I said, "Now you're just exaggerating, Ben."

"Yeah Benny," Dani chirped from across the room, innocently flipping through the pages of my calculus textbook.

I glared at her. I knew she was just teasing Ben. That was just how their friendship was and I was still trying hard to get used to it. Although sometimes it could be hilarious.

Well, I was thankful they were friends at least. The introduction was. . . well, quite awkward.

No.

Very, very, awkward.

Imagine introducing your once ex best friend to your newest friend who's almost like a best friend to you.

Now get this.

Your newest friend is mad at your ex best friend for "treating you like sh!t" and your ex best friend is mad that your newest friend used to roll with the group of people who bullied you.

Yeah. Pretty awkward.

I had to clear the air and correct these impressions. Then kinda let them just. . . be. I knew there were things you just couldn't force. And friendship was one of them.

So you can imagine just how glad I felt when they started getting along in this good but strange way. I can't complain can I?

"You guys are supposed to be supportive y'know," Ben exhaled heavily, placing a pillow over his face.

"Really?" Dani asked, a confused expression on her face. "I didn't see that in my. . ." She peered at a page in my textbook. . . "job description."

I tried too late to disguise the laughter that escaped me as a cough.

It was Ben's turn to shoot me glares.

I waved my hands in the air. "Okay, everybody relax, breathe. Ben, you're one of the smartest people I've ever met. Fine, maybe you didn't perform as well as you expected on the calculus exams, but I'm sure it's just the exam stress that's doing it. I'm pretty sure you did great," I smiled trying to reassure him.

"You think so?"

I nodded.

When he inhaled and exhaled deeply, I knew he was good so I faced Dani. "And as for you. Stop being a—"

"Bitch?" Ben offered.

"Ben?" I warned.

Dani shut her eyes and shook her head dramatically, "'Tis fine. I shalt turn thy other cheek."

Oh my goodness, I facepalmed. Apparently God didn't see it fit to bless me with serious friends.

The frown on my face must have roused Dani because she immediately stood.

"Okay, Benny. Your first exam was horrible, we get it. Sometimes—"

"It wasn't HORRIBLE. It was just—just. . . not good enough."

"Ahh. . .?" Dani questioned. "So it wasn't THAT bad then."

“It—I was—no. No it wasn’t.”

“Exactly,” Dani winked and fell back into her previous position.

“What the . . . you tricked me!”

“For the love of God, you guys.” My head was spinning.

“Okay Ben, why don’t you maybe call Katie and y’know maybe spend quality time with her. It might make you feel better?” I offered, giving him a big smile and ignoring the snorting sound from Dani.

He only shrugged.

I cocked an eyebrow, walking to him and plopping down next to him on the bed. “What does that mean?”

“We broke up,” He muttered with a straight face.

My eyes widened. No. Freaking. Way.

“How? Why? When? Where?”

“Where?” Dani put in. “How’s that even important?”

“Good to know that’s all you got from the conversation,” Ben fired back.

I was starting to worry about the fights. I hoped they were truly teasing each other and not actual enemies.

As I was about to prod Ben further, Nana walked in.

Ben rushed up from the bed to give her a hug which she welcomed with a strange look in her eyes. She narrowed her eyes at me and I knew she was asking when Ben and I had made up. I gave her a sign to keep the story till later.

Satisfied, she turned to Dani who had straightened up and shut my calculus textbook.

I swallowed.

I don't know why I was nervous. I desperately wanted Nana to approve of her. Dani had an aesthetic tomboy vibe to her which was usually not appreciated by elderly people. So I guess I was kind of worried Nana wouldn't like her.

I'd given Dani previous information about Nana. So she knew she was hearing impaired and my only family. And due to the fact that people usually acted weird around my Nana I'd already asked Dani to be comfortable.

Who's your friend, Nana signed, glancing at Dani and back to me.

As I began to sign a reply, Dani walked up to Nana, offered her hand for a handshake, and began to communicate with Nana in sign language.

Ben and I stared on, mouth agape. Well, I didn't know about this.

"Of course, she understands sign language," Ben grumbled to no one in particular, folding his hands and staring at them both.

I might have laughed if I wasn't so focused on how swiftly Dani's hands were moving.

Ben had tried to learn ASL lots of times but it just wouldn't stick, he said. So he'd given up.

So we sat in my bed and watched Dani and Nana discuss about the different ways to make pot pie.

Huh.

I didn't peg Dani as the type who'd like to cook. Nevertheless I watched them. And I could see that Nana really liked her.

And I was glad that I got to have one day to relax and hang out with my friends and not have to think about anything else.

Exams had started today and I still needed to fit studying and tutoring into my schedule without having a complete mental breakdown.

But not right now.

Not now.

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 99 - Tips

Jason Davenport

It had been a while since I'd hung out with the gang, especially with everything going on. Exams had started a few days ago and surprisingly, calculus had been pretty easy.

Good.

I didn't need Dad breathing down my neck and reminding me to study. Even though we both knew he could pay my way into any college. Speaking of college, the gang kept having conversations about their plans for college, Rory and Greg more interested in the hot girls they were going to meet.

Smiling, I wondered if they would ever change. What if they did? Would we still be friends? These thoughts had been running through my head over and over again and I couldn't bring myself to answer them. Maybe because I already knew the answer to them.

I resisted the urge to hiss. Suddenly everything was annoying to me. I needed to stop thinking and enjoy the last days I had with my friends. So I rejoined the conversation.

"Whatcha gonna wear for prom?" Rory was asking Kimberly wiggling his eyebrows mischievously.

Kimberly flipped her hair backwards. "You should know I never disappoint," She winked. "Plus, I've got to look the part as prom queen."

The guys 'ooh'ed', cheering her on. I rolled my eyes. We still weren't friends, but we were kinda cool. It was as if I'd just begun to see her arrogant she could be sometimes. Prom queen my a.ss.

And as for prom, I honestly didn't feel like attending. With the way I'd been feeling and with everything that was happening right now, I don't think I was in the mood to dress up in a fancy suit and go to a party.

"Hey, Jason, we should all shop for our suits together. What do you think? Might be fun," Greg suggested, looking to Rory for assent.

"Yeah, man. Don't know how much time we have left."

I looked at them both, trying to make up my mind. “Well, uhh, okay cool.”

Rory whooped, patting me painfully on the back. “We going tuxedo shopping, baby!”

Jason Davenport

It had been a while since I’d hung out with the gang, especially with everything going on. Exams had started a few days ago and surprisingly, calculus had been pretty easy.

“Okay, a little bit too enthusiastic Rory,” I wheezed, pushing him off me.

Everyone burst into a round of laughter. After a few moments, I joined in. I really was going to miss these guys.

“Too bad Adrian isn’t here,” Malia sighed.

I s.u.cked in a breath. Why did this b!tch have to ruin the moment? I turned to her. “If you miss him so much just fvck off and go look for him,” I spat.

Her face reddened.

“Jason!” Kimberly yelled angrily. “What the fvck is your problem.”

“What the fvck is wrong with her, bringing up my ex best friend when she obviously knows we’re not friends anymore.”

“You can’t expect the whole world to know you broke up with Adrian?!”

“Broke up?” Greg put in, his voice close to a snigger.

We both ignored him.

“Don’t act like you didn’t know, Kim. And if you did obviously she would too. So why the hell did she bring it up?”

Kimberly gasped. “You are acting like a child now!”

“Yeah I learned that from you.”

Everyone else 'ooh'ed' but stopped when Kimberly began to shoot eye daggers around.

"So you don't even care? Can't you see that Malia's upset?"

"Who the fvck cares?"

At this point Malia stormed out, looking like Hurricane Katrina. Fvck if I care.

"You are a such a d!ck, Jason."

I only shrugged.

"Of course you won't say anything now," She laughed. "That's exactly why Adrian stopped being friends with you. 'Cause you're the biggest d!ck that ever lived."

"You mean, I have the biggest d!ck that ever lived?" I sneered.

Greg and Rory burst out laughing like hyenas.

"You know what? You're all d!cks. I'm out of here." With that, she grabbed her extremely pink purse off the table and stormed off.

"Oh Kimmy, don't go," Greg called out after her. "It's just a little misunderstanding. Come back."

She stopped and turned momentarily at the door to give him the finger.

Silence followed for a few minutes and then Greg lit a smoke and passed it round. I rejected it, still trying to figure out why I had gotten so angry.

"Look J," Rory started. "We your boys, you know that. And we won't let you look stupid especially in front of b!tches right? But that right there? That wasn't cool."

Greg nodded in agreement. "And you never really did tell us what happened with Adrian."

I raked my fingers through my hair. My head was spinning. I still didn't know why I got so mad. Maybe it was the stress of everything.

“Thanks for having my back,” I swallowed. They both nodded, reaching out to pat my back, painfully of course. It almost felt like they were beating me up.

“I was having a bad day that’s all.”

Rory peered at me. “You sure?”

I nodded. “I’m stressed out y’know. The exams and college and my dad. Everything’s happening all at once.”

“Yeah I feel you man. I feel the exact same way. And I don’t even have anyone else to talk to. My parents are never home so. . .”

I looked up at Rory, smiling sadly. I never pegged him as someone who could get lonely. Which was actually stupid, come to think of it. I guess everyone had their own issues.

We all looked at each other, letting a few seconds pass. Then we burst into a round of laughter without knowing exactly why.

“Let’s never speak of this again. Can’t have anyone know about this sob story sh!t,” Rory laughed.

Another round of laughter.

Okay I’m beginning to think it’s the weed that’s doing it.

“I love you guys!” Greg yelled to the heavens.

Okay definitely the weed.

I blew out smoke, looking from Greg to Rory as they burst into a song I’d never heard in my life.

And I knew I was going to miss them.

[Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 100 - Tips](#)

Amelia Forbes

“You never told me you knew ASL,” I said to Dani as we sat side by side on my bed.

She only shrugged. "It never came up."

She laughed when I pushed her sideways onto the bed. "Easy, Ammy. Why so serious?"

When I didn't change my expression, she sighed. "Fine. I wanted to surprise you."

My face dissolved. "Really?"

She nodded, smiling.

Something warm filled my chest. Having people do nice things for me still felt very weird. Plus, I was really beginning to like Dani, which was scary because it meant that I was left in permanent fear of wondering if she was going to leave me, let me down, hurt me. And I didn't like that. I was meaning to talk to her about it but there was no time yet.

Inhaling deeply, I smiled at her and murmured a "thank you".

"So. . ." She began. "You think Nana likes me?"

I froze. She had called my grandma 'Nana'. Everyone else referred to her as 'your Nana' but Dani called her Nana. I figured and hoped it meant that she considered her family. Considered us family. I smiled so wide I thought my lips would break.

"Of course she likes you. She made chicken porridge. She only makes chicken porridge for special people ya know?"

Dani laughed loud. "Well, I'm honored then."

"As you should be."

Amelia Forbes

"You never told me you knew ASL," I said to Dani as we sat side by side on my bed.

As the laughter began to die off, Adrian and Ben walked in carrying a tray of Nana's chocolate chip cookies and another tray of milk.

God, my grandma was great.

As Adrian put down the trays on the table, he signed 'thank you' to Nana.

Benson gaped openly. "You know ASL too?"

Adrian laughed. "Yeah. I've been taking lessons."

Dani cackled at the expression on Ben's face.

Ben ignored her.

"So. . . are any of you attending prom?" As he spoke, he signed to enable Nana be part of the conversation.

Nana threw me a look. You didn't tell me about prom, she signed. Of course you're going to attend.

I shook my head. I really didn't feel like it. I just wanted to take my exams, graduate and never have to cross the walls of Wayne County High ever again. I don't know why they chose to have the prom before graduation this year.

Dani laughed out loud, looking to Nana. "She's just joking. Of course she's going."

Ben nodded. "Yeah, Mel. We don't have much time to spend together. We should make the most of it."

From Ben and Dani finally agreeing on something to the encouraging look in Adrian's eyes, I just couldn't say no.

They all cheered when I nodded.

"So, first things first. What are you wearing?" Ben giggled, opening my wardrobe and gasping at the "hideous outfits" inside.

"No, no, no. We have to go shopping."

Dani cringed when she ran her fingers through a red dress in my closet. "I'm this close to tears," She said, biting into a cookie.

It was probably the shock of them agreeing on something a second time that made me say yes.

“I’m going shopping with my mom this afternoon so maybe you can come along?” Ben offered.

I was about to say yes when I remembered something.

My stomach was a small bulge now. I couldn’t try out dresses in front of anyone. Even if Ben didn’t notice, his mother surely would.

I swallowed, beginning to panic. “Um, I. . .”

“She can go with my mom and I instead. My mom’s in fashion. So I think she’ll be able to pick out the right dress for Mel.”

I looked up at Adrian, grateful but surprised. How did he know?

“Wow. A fashion guru picking out Mel’s outfit,” Ben echoed, a hungry look in his eyes.

The rest of us burst into laughter and after a while Ben left with Dani— bickering as usual— as they were leaving in the same direction while Adrian and I left the house after saying goodbye to Nana.

Guess I’m going to prom then.

Yay me.