## 3

## Ashley's pov

Ryan is the first to enter, opening those glass doors that looked really intimidating. I gulped some much needed air, staring at the many faces inside the too small restaurant. I could already feel claustrophobic just by looking at it.

I could hear the shouts, the praises as Ryan made his presence known. I rolled my eyes, knowing that we would be surrounded by their many admirers. I reach for my ponytail, separated my black tresses in two and pulled them away from each other until the scrunchie got tight enough to my liking.

I breathed out when the presence of Blake comes beside me. I could smell his scent, a tinge of mint and aftershave. He sees me staring at the crowd of rowdy teenagers circling around Ryan, bombarding him with questions. He knew his turn was coming next.

"You know you should try to loosen up, it's not like they could do you anything, Ryan and I are here." He professed.

But that's the thing, when I wasn't around Blake and Ryan they treat me like I was dirt under their expensive shoes. Given I didn't talk much, not that I wanted to talk to snobby rich kids anyway.

But it still bugged me that when I was around the boys they'd somehow magically got nicer towards me. They would lose their scowls and judgemental eyes but it wasn't the same for when I was alone.

I guess this is what I get for being friends with the most popular guys in the school. And to top it off, they were the optimum of drop dead gorgeous. Yeah I was doomed from the start to get those hateful glares from the girls.

I feel a weight on my shoulders and I'm brought back to reality. I turn and look up to face Blake, squinting when the ray of sun almost blinds me. "Come on." He urges pulling me along with him, his arm securely tugging me closer to his way too tall body.

His scent is stronger now, almost suffocating. My heart leaps before it starts pounding uncontrollably. My palms itch to wrap around his torso to hold him but I fought against it. There wasn't a reason for me to make the girls think we were together or give them more reason to treat me like poop.

He shoulder opens the door and like a magnet everyone is drawn to him. I feel myself shrink in his arms and the familiar feeling of nervousness clawing at my body. Sensing this, he squeezes my shoulder reassuringly.

"Blake man are you coming to that party tonight?" A boy with sandy brown hair asked him. I could swear that I had seen him before in one of my classes. He was probably one of those kids who sat at the back and put their feet up on the desk to act 'cool'.

"Blake you still owe me that drink." A girl giggles flirtatiously. Blonde hair with blue ends flowed down her back. The crop top she wore, showed off the navel piercing that almost had me cringing. The ripped shorts were too tight for her and I wondered how she was able to walk.

Questions upon questions were flying towards Blake and I was seriously getting annoyed. It wasn't like they wouldn't see him tomorrow. At least let me get my food first before I have to suffer from hearing ridiculous flirting.

I pulled Blake's arm off my shoulder and sneaked away from the crowd. It was a small crowd compared to when we were at school. I spotted Ryan at one of the tables and when he saw me he called me over.

"Are you guys celebrities and y'all failed to mention it to me?" I groaned plopping down on the seat.

I reach over for the menu and used it as a desperate way for a fan. With all those teenagers crowding me, I really thought I would suffocate. Ryan throws his head back and gives off a laugh. "Maybe we are." He chuckles then shrugs. "Or maybe we're just that handsome and cool, I mean who could resist us?"

I snorted, fixing my glasses. "I do."

Ryan raised his brow. "Doesn't seem to me." As soon as those words slip pass his lips he looks over to Blake. My heart drums in my chest. Does he know that I have a crush on Blake? Did I just admit that I like Blake? Oh god what's wrong with me?

But he doesn't add on to it, thankfully. "Did you order already?" I question even though I knew the answer. It was just a feeble way to divert the sudden unwanted attention away from me.

He shakes his and picks up the menu and studies it. "What's the point of us even looking through the menu, we already know what's on there." He chuckles and throws it down on the table. I shrugged and threw mine down also. "True." I smiled looking over at Blake.

He looked uncomfortable and a slight bit annoyed. I couldn't help but let a silent chuckle slip pass my lips. "What's so funny?" Ryan questions pulling out his phone.

"Blake's face, he looks constipated." I giggle, looking away from him.

"I'm telling him you said that." Ryan sings, mischief gleaming in his eyes.

I narrow my eyes at him. "Tattletale."

He pokes out his tongue childishly and goes back to tapping away on his phone. "Why are you calling him a Tattletale?"

Blake's voice questions behind me.

It startles me enough to knock down the salt on the table, the contents spilling. "Still clumsy." Blake clicks his tongue and seats down. His chair was opposite to mine which made me get a great view of him.

"She called me a Tattletale because I threatened to spill that she said you looked constipated." Ryan says still typing away to god knows who. It was probably one of those poor girls who thought they had a chance to stop his player ways. Ryan and settling for one girl, yeah that was a joke.

I kicked his shin beneath the table, taking pleasure when I heard his hiss of pain. "So finally got rid of those admirers of yours?" I question trying and failing to divert the question.

"So I looked constipated huh? Want to know how I look when I'm cumming?" He smirks, making Ryan burst into loud laughter. It draws attention towards us and I feel myself shrinking into the seat.

My brows furrowed before my eyes widen in understanding. I stumble over my words not knowing how to respond to that. But I knew for sure I was bright as a tomato right now.

"Blake baby." A feminine voice calls out before a sickening sweet perfume envelopes us. Ryan lets out a grunt of displeasure but doesn't say anything. I look at her, watching as her blonde curly hair spills over her shoulders.

The leather skirt she wore enhanced her curves and the crop top was so tight that her boobs were screaming to be free. Didn't her parents see how she dressed before she left their house?

If my dad saw me dressed like that I'd get an ass whipping for days.

She turns to face me, her baby blue eyes clashing into my own. Resentment swims in those blue eyes as they regarded me before she schools it. "Ashley."

"Stacy." I retort back.

## **Comments (25)**