

Chapter 81 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

Ashley's pov

My teary eyes were glued to him as doctor Gomez and two nurses started to remove the breathing tube. He mentioned that Blake was now able to breathe on his own.

"Sorry." I said softly and stepped aside to let the cleaning lady mop the coffee I spilt.

She grumbles something underneath her breath and mops the floor rather harshly. She was probably cursing me out for giving her more work to do.

I draw my eyes back to Blake and I'm a bit startled to see his blue eyes already set on me. I try to read the emotions that are hidden but he doesn't let it show.

He swiftly moved his eyes away from me when I sent him a soft smile. My heart drops, smile turning into a frown.

It felt strange, different. He was different.

Doctor Gomez finally removes the tube and passes it to one of the nurses. The other nurse with fiery red hair hands him the clipboard and pen.

Ryn wraps her hand around my shoulder and squeezes it in reassurance. Ace on the other hand was beside Blake, his hand resting reassuringly on top of his son's hand.

"Can you speak?" Doctor Gomez questions, lining the tip of the pen on the paper that was joined to the clipboard.

Blake looks at him, narrows his eyes, clears his throat and opens his mouth to speak. "Yes." His voice is cracky, rough like sandpaper. Likely from not having enough fluids going down his throat for a while.

Doctor Gomez nods jotting down on the paper. "Do you know where you are?" He lifts his head to stare at Blake.

clears his throat." In

and hummed. "Do you know your name?" His brown eyes pierces Blake's eyes,

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Reed." He answers smoothly then

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out a breath of relief. Good at least he knows his

the plastic cup that was filled with water. She places a straw in the cup and brings it to his

a bit jealous even though the nurse did not mean no harm and was probably in her late forties. Still a little

goes back serious. "Do you know

the straw from his mouth and presses his head on the pillow only to

dreading giving the worst news possible. "You were shot at the back of

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bullet that thankfully had not hit any vital parts. But in order to reduce the swell of your brain we had to induce you

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doesn't let any emotion portray on his face. He looks at Gomez blankly. He

doctor Gomez continues. "You've been in a coma for almost an entire week. We are very thankful to see that you've woken up, not many

then Blake's blue eyes snap towards me. It's piercing and quite frankly I was stunned

words leave his lips and the

his words not wanting to register in my head. Yet even though my mind was fighting to pretend that he was not referring to me, pain was slicing through my heart knowing

hazed up my vision as Ryn's clutch on my shoulder tightened. Ace who had been staring down at his son looks at me in confusion. Confusion that his son had asked such

Gomez clears his throat and studies Blake." You don't know this young woman?" He asked carefully as if talking to a mental patient.

Blake's face morphs into confusion, eyes holding the most painful foreign look. Puzzlement. He really did not recognize me. I felt hurt, my heart sinking into my stomach.

"Is she a cousin that I didn't know about?" He asked in uncertainty.

Gomez's head turns to face me, his eyes deep with pity as Ryn squeezes my shoulder more firmly. He turns back to face Blake, awkwardly clearing his throat. "She is not your cousin. Mr. Reed she is your wife."

The room is silent again. Not a single sound. Until Blake's eyes widen in shock, lips parting as he quickly lifts his hand to stare at the wedding band around his finger.

"What the fuck!" He murmurs. I flinch feeling like he had just plunged a sharp knife into my heart.

He drops his hand, head turning swiftly to face me, rather my hand that had the wedding ring. He shakes his head in disbelief. "Is this some kind of joke?"

"Mr. Reed it's normal that you don't recognize her. With the kind of trauma you suffered, amnesia is the lesser complications. Don't worry your memories will come back but I suggest you take some rest." Doctor Gomez suggested.

"Mother, Father he's joking right? I am not a married man?" Every word that leaves his mouth only digs the knife deeper.

"Blake Ashley is your wife, you've known her for years, you both are inseparable. You Ryan and her have been bestfriends from when you guys five." Ryn says beside me. It's a wonder I had not fainted yet. I felt numb to the core. 2

“Who’s Ryan?” He asked.

“Ryan is your cousin, Rebecca and Nate’s son.” Ace informs his son. 1

Blake’s brows furrow. “Wasn’t his name Austin?”

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Ashley’s POV

“Don’t worry his memories will come back, it’s normal that he doesn’t remember everything ” Doctor Gomez informs us as he closes the door behind him. “Also I suspect that he might have confabulation, create fabricated memories, so be aware of that.”

We were all outside of Blake’s room since he had fallen asleep. He had not once lifted his gaze to mine. It hurt. Never had Blake treated me with such indifference.

I wrap my arms underneath my breast as if it will protect me. Who was I kidding, I was already hurt.

“How long will it take for him to regain his memories? Is there a specific time frame?” I couldn’t help let my hopefulness leak into my voice.

Gomez’s eyes stray away from me as he clears his throat. “With this kind of condition no one can predict a specific date or time he will regain his memories but there is more than a ninety percent chance that he will.”

My stomach sinks. I could feel tears at the back of my lids, ready to fall out.

“When will he be able to come home?” Ace asks leaning against the door.

Home. Will he even want to come home with me, to me?

The thought has my head pounding, heart racing but not in the good kind.

“We need to leave him here for at least one night to check on him, see if there are any other complications we have not noticed yet. So if everything works out he’ll be able to go home by tomorrow afternoon.” Gomez states and writes down something on the clipboard.

He then lifts his eyes to mine and smiles reassuringly. "Don't worry too much about it Mrs. Reed, I am certain he'll regain his memories. I will advise you to try to jolt back his memory when you reach home. There is a possibility that he can remember certain things you did when you two were together. But also do take things slow with him. Patients who suffer amnesia tend to be a bit aggressive and depressed." 1

Next day

face from the sink to stare at my reflection in the mirror. My eyes were red

myself out of his room, not being able to bear the blank confused stares he occasionally sent

belongings that his comrades had kindly dropped off yesterday afternoon. It was saddening to see that he remembered them but could not remember me, his

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hente il bunkt an alive with her i don't know

iness, Istore ballet him

realized that the life I had before

change our lives had changed, I

you belong is with her lou'll go home with her and hopefully regain

someone I don't know?!" Blake's voice

pierce the flesh and draw out dolibliked back the tears,

with you guys and I'll try to recollect my memories there." Blake states in an

of tens rolled down my cheeks.

you will go home

days, she has not left your side. She's been with you. She never gave up on you and you will not give up on her, you owe her this much," Ace's voice was makes me believe that Blake had surrendered

Ashley" Ryn knocks on the bathroom

I cleared my throat." Yeah, yeah I'll be out in a minute!" I shouted and opened the faucet. "Good because our flight leaves in an hour and we need to be at the airport soon. The drive is a bit long" She says.

I hear her retreating footsteps and let out a sigh. I'm pathetic, hiding inside the bathroom to avoid my husband that doesn't even remember me

I dip my head down to wash my face, hoping that it'll lessen the redness in my eyes. After I was done, I used a small towel the hospital staff had kindly placed on the counter to wipe my face I stared at my reflection one last time before heading out of the bathroom.

I paced on a fake smile when everyone's heads snapped to me. I avoid staring at Blake, not wanting to drop the facade of being okay when I see the blank look on his face.

"Well we must be on our way." I grin slightly but it comes out forced.

"Is this the last of the bags?" Blake asked as he placed the bags he held on the floor. Ryn and Ace had just dropped us off and promised to come soon after we settled in. It was clear that they just wanted to leave us two alone for a while.

I nodded, smiled then stopped when he gave me a blank look. I close the door behind us and watch him look around our home. "So this is where we live?" He questions.

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When he turns around and has his back to me, I could clearly see the white bandage covering where the bullet had pierced. I nodded even though he couldn't see me since he faced front.

“Yeah, welcome to our home.” I laughed awkwardly. He turns around when he hears my laughter and stares. Something flickers in his eyes but I didn’t have time to see it. He clears his throat and moves his eyes away from me.

“So where is my room? I’m kind of tired.” He says.

I giggled wanting to ease the tension as I joked. “Well being jetlagged will do that to you.”

He doesn’t laugh or smile. He just stares blankly.

My heart squeezes painfully. Not because he didn’t laugh no, because he did not say our room.

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Cold. That’s how the water felt as it poured over my naked body. The tiles were cold as I slumped into a sitting position at the bottom. Everything was so cold.

Goosebumps rose on my skin as what felt like tiny pellets of ice spill all over my skin with my knees up to my chest and my forearm resting on top, I bend my head to sink my teeth into the skin of my arm.

A sob racked over me I was numb to the core, I could feel nothing. I bite into my skin harder than before. Still nothing. I wanted to scream, wanted to ask god why he would do this to us

Why do we always have to be tortured?

It was not fair.

My black hair curtained around me, sticking to my wet skin. It was night time. After showing Blake to the guest room he had not bothered to come out yet.

I knew I had to expect that. Doctor Gomez did warn me beforehand. But was it stupid to have wished that he wouldn’t have suffered these kind of complications?

Life was not fair.

I retracted my teeth from my skin, I had tortured myself enough. I needed to be strong For the both of us. It was normal for him to treat me this way, he doesn't know me, he doesn't remember me

shaky breath, rising slowly to my feet. My legs felt numb, cold, useless. But my fingers, they were a different story, they wanted to

tightly. I imagine wringing their necks for

hands away from the faucet. I really hope

enough when I was in the hospital. He kept calling even though I had explained my situation to him.

opened the glass shower door and slipped out. My fingers work quick to grasp my towel and wrap it swiftly around my body. My feet treaded fast against the marble floors as I made my

Our room.

blares again, it's bright light flashing where I left it on the bed. I rolled my eyes groaning slightly. "I'm coming, I'm

caller and relief washed over me seeing Ryan's name pop up. Hastily I reach over and curl

my eyes shut and felt the

not strong. I never was. Blake was the one who was strong and he tried to teach me. How can I do this alone? Without

the phone when I had not answered the first time

you think I feel knowing that my bestfriend slash cousin thinks my

used to joke about your parents naming you Austin instead when we were younger. Funny how his brain made him think that your name

"But he doesn't remember me Ryan. He doesn't remember me at all. How is

can't just go away. Even if his brain can't remember you, the feelings that made his heart race will still be there.

My brows furrow as I clutch the phone tighter to my ears. "What are you saying?" I asked in confusion.

"I'm saying that you should do what you guys did back in high school when y'all started seeing each other. Bring him to Belle's, bring him to the boxing ring, bring him to where y'all had y'all first date. Make him remember, show him how you guys were. And if he doesn't remember make him fall in love with you all over again."

"Promise me that you will not give up on him. Don't forget the promises you two made to each other. Forever remember?" Ryan questions.

I nodded even though he could not see me. "I promise. I promise him forever." I smiled. Who was I kidding, I can do this. I got this. This will be easy.

"Now I gotta go, I have a husband to make fall in love with me again." I breathed out with a little relief.

"That's my girl!" Ryan cheered. 5

After we said goodbye, I sighed and threw the phone back onto my bed. I turn around and stare at the door. The guest room was just there, opposite to mine. A few feet away.

I moan in distress, fall back and land ungracefully on the bed. To make my husband fall in love with me plan will have to wait until tomorrow.

I did not have the guts to speak to him tonight. My eyes trail down to my towel and a groan slips past my lips. I needed to put on some [clothes](#).

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Ashley's pov

It was not easy. No it definitely wasn't.

I stared nervously at Blake who sat across the counter. He wore a grey hoodie and grey sweats as he sat on a stool. He had his elbows on the counter while pressing his hands to his face,

He had just woken up, told me morning and had sat there for more than a minute exactly like this. Maybe he was waiting for me to make breakfast. I cleared my throat. It was time to put my plans into action.

“You’re hungry right?” I asked and cleared my throat again when I thought I sounded a bit too high pitched. I was terrified of being rejected.

He moves his hands away from his face and stared at me like I was an alien. “Well judging by how it’s morning and I haven’t eaten since yesterday afternoon then yes I am hungry.” He states.

I cringe inwardly. I had not made dinner for him lastnight, or myself. Crap this was not how I win over his heart again. He must be angry at me for leaving him hungry. 1

“Sorry I didn’t make dinner lastnight, I was—”

“Crying?” He cuts me off with a raised brow.

His blue eyes travel from my eyes down to my lips then back to my eyes again. Something flickers again behind the blank look in his eyes but yet again I am too slow to read it. 1

My cheeks heated up with an embarrassing blush. “How did you?” I drew out. I lift to tuck my messy hair behind my ear.

heard you.” He

not very quiet when

to stare at the counter. Hmmm didn’t realize that there was

judging that I married you.” He was trying to ease the awkward tension. Loved. I try not to read too much

slightly. It made him crack a tiny smile also, “Well you didn’t love when I cried, said it hurt you. But you did

pain reflected in his eyes before he turns away. “Sorry I didn’t mean to say that. It’s a

I make you happy?” He clears his throat and I spot a tinge of red crawl up to his cheeks and settle there. “Like were you happy to be with

him and just kiss the living shit out of him. Slow Ashley,

changed.” I stated,

the counter top, “I’m sorry that I can’t remember you or that I have been giving you a bad time from the moment I woke up from the

I made you cry.” He apologizes then cracks a sinile ” You were right about me not liking when you cry. I can’t explain it but I

then sighs.” I can’t remember you Ashley but I promise to try and regain my memories. I owe

Blake what happened to you wasn’t your fault. Neither was me crying your fault. I’ve been emotional for a few weeks now and

a small smile, one that didn’t reach his eyes. I cleared my throat. “So how about breakfast? I know a great diner we loved to go to when we were teenagers. They make the

as he stares at me in confusion. “Burgers for breakfast? Which diner is that?” He seemed a bit interested.

to eat there in the morning. You don’t remember it?” I asked a bit

“No, I remember always eating breakfast with my parents. I don’t remember a diner at all. Austin would always come

remember? And you hated video games.” I sucked my lips between my teeth. It was like his brain created an entire different life

He presses his lips. “I did?”

I nodded. “Yeah you loved boxing instead.”

His eyes widen, brows raising. “Boxing! Was I good?”

I cracked another smile. “Yes you were in fact you were the champion. Everyone who got in the ring with you feared you. You were that good.” I giggled.

He throws his head back a bit and laughs. It's loud and sends pleasurable jolts through my stomach. I love his laugh. I clench my thighs together. I needed to take things slow. We were still strangers.

When he stops laughing he focuses his attention back unto me. His blue eyes twinkle with laughter. "I was that good huh?".

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I laughed. "Okay cocky Reed. Come on, let's go to that diner. I am famished and could eat a whole cow right now." I joked, turned around and start to the door.

"A whole cow! I would love to see that." He laughs and heard his footsteps behind me.

I reach over to the table beside me and grasp my car keys and purse. I tried to act cool and collected at hearing how easy going he sounds right now but inside I was a mush.

He was warming up to me. And that gave me

Itsety but there were some lingering teenagers around Seems this place is still a hot spot

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You know I'm surprised you don't remember it. We came here mostly everyday Scratch that you and Ryan drased me here mostly everyday." I laughed solilly and slid into one of the

Blake lips part into a small smile" Really? who held the feet and who held the shoulders?" He jokes sliding into the seat opposite to me. His elbows come to rest on the counter and his chin settles on top of his opened palm. His brow raised as he awaited my answer. He smirked when I rolled my eyes,

"You both dragged me by my feet. My poor body had been dragged like a dead body, no scratch that, like a sack of potatoes. You guys were merciless." I joked and wiped a fake tear underneath my eyes,

Blake laughs his eyes flashing everything stops around me.

My green eyes zone in on his lips that parted as he laughed. I trail my eyes up and almost sucked in a breath at the way he looked at me

Was I imagining it? Was I imagining him staring at me in adoration? "Earth to Ashley." His voice has me jolting back to reality,

This is what he does to me. When he's beside me I always think we are the only two people in the room. Even when he doesn't remember me my feelings have not changed.

I shake my head and send him an embarrassed smile. "Sorry I might have zoned out for a little" I confessed and tore my eyes away from him to stare at the salt on the red table.

"That's fine." He says lowly as if knowing what had been on my mind. My cheeks heated up as I tucked my messy hair behind my ear.

"So uh." I started still keeping my eyes trained on the table. I felt awkward. How can I start a conversation with my husband that doesn't remember me? Should I tell him that he forgot to put the toilet lid down before he had left for deployment? Probably not. He wouldn't have remembered anyway.

"So." Blake drawls out.

"Here you guys go." A sweet feminine voice murmurs. A menu is placed before me on the table and one is placed before Blake. "Let me know when you guys are ready to order."

red, yellow and blue. It suited her.

have a large banana chocolate millohalolle questioned the waitress while

The pretty waitress responds as she writes down on her

at the sight Does

you make up your mind yet? Or do you need time?" The waitress asked politely! shook my head, my eyes still

same as him please." I whispered. I was surprised she heard

of you want it glass of water?" She asked. I shook my head no while

Blake's eyes snap to mine. His brows furrowed in confusion.

his land and then his eyes widen as

accelerates to

I didn't mean to blurt that out." He narrows his eyes. "Still I would love to know what

when we came here. You hated banana

lanc

brows raised in astonishment." Really. Interesting. What did I normally order?" He

too busy sucking girls faces back then." I shrugged and placed my elbows

like I had grown a second head before laughing. I joined him and smiled seeing that I made him laugh. I sighed. His laughter tones down to low chuckles." So you're saying I had

a player back then

remembered I was a studious guy getting good grades.

my lips together and dropped my gaze to the table. He remembered some girls he dated but not me. I forced

he had said something that made me stay silent because he clears his throat in awkwardness. "Sorry if I said

gaze and forced out a smile I was sure didn't reach

Here you guys go!" The waitress from earlier chirps as she places the hotdog and fries before us "I'll be back with the milkshakes," she says leaving us again.

"Don't loow why I would choose to starve back then. I mean look at these fries." He lifts a small fry and raises his brow. "Could definitely fill a grown man's stomach." He jokes and

I cracked a smile before giggling, "Well I kind of exaggerated there a bit, you did order. But never ate much since you were always busy with other stuff." I drawled, picking up a fry and brought it to my parted mouth.

The waitress places the milkshake in front of us. "Well here you guys go, enjoy." She smiles and leaves after we tell her thank you.

"Were you included in that other stuff back then?" He asked cheekily and pushes more than two fries into his mouth.

"Maybe." I teased and removed the lid off the milkshake.

"What are you doing?" Blake questions as he stares at me.

I sent him a smile as I dipped a fry in the thick creamy milkshake. I pulled the now coated fry out of the cup and drew it to my mouth. I smile when Blake cringes at the sight of me eating the coated milkshake fry.

"Well I was not expecting that." He admitted. I rolled my eyes. "It tastes really good." I laughed and pushed another one inside the creamy liquid.

When I pulled it out, this time I pushed it towards Blake.

"Come on Blake, live a little. Taste it." I urged.

He looked at me then the fry as if contemplating. He then sighs in defeat and opens his mouth. I gasp and feel myself clench in between my thighs when his lips brush the tips of my fingers as his warm mouth wraps around the fry. All the while his blue eyes are glued to mine, studying me intently.

He pulls away chewing and smiles. "You were right, it taste really good."

It takes everything in me to not moan at the way he stared into my eyes. Maybe Ryan was right, Blake's heart still remembers me.

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one on Astley, you drive like a grandma With the page you're driving we'll reach our deseton in a couple of years." Make whined beside me. I turn to look at him then swiftly

smile and wouldn't let us get into an accident. Or get pulled over? You can't get away with anything Blake

He turns to me and in my peripheral vision I see him smirk." The way you say my name reminds me of when my mother used to scold me Hopefully that memory isn't fabricated."

Laugh Oh it's not, Ryn used to scold you everyday when you were younger. Even as a teenager I couldn't really blame her, you were looking to be scolded."

He laughs loudly and in the confines of the car it fills the silence. My heart pumps and suddenly the car is too hot. I rolled down the window.

Honestly, you just wanted your mom's attention. With her having to work so much and your dad also working, you felt lonely. So doing crazy stuff made them set their attention on you. You were such an attention seeker back then." I joked giggling

"Hey that's not fair, I was a kid back then. Just wanted someone to notice me." He joked.

did. I did notice you." I whispered, clenching the steering wheel in a tight grip. I pressed my lips together when the car went deathly silent. My entire body tightens with anxiety.

He clears his throat and shifts a bit in the seat. "Speed it up grandma." He joked, trying to relieve the tension and break the silence.

My grip on the steering wheel loosens as I find myself giggling. I pressed on the gas and laughed when Blake hoots. "That's my girl." He shouts as we drive extremely fast. My girl. 1

I turn to stare at him a little and smile as the wind tosses my hair back. He doesn't know it but his words tug at my heart strings. He turns to face me and sends me the charming grin of his that always sets my entire body on fire.

I turn back around and sigh. I wish this was easy. Taking things slow definitely wasn't.

I looked at the side view mirror and grumbled a curse underneath my breath when the cop car pulled

your fault,” I blamed Blake turning to him and glared at his guilty one who listened to a man who has amnesia.” He protested eyes, glaring at him more fiercely. “What you just said brow in amusement. “Donkey sense?” His eyes flashing in mirth. “I love your humor.” He chuckles. A blush crawls up my there Ashley?” He questions in amusement I swat away his finger and glared and jolt in startlement when there voice has ine visibly sighing with relief. I turn scalp and scratch it nervously. “Must’ve not checked the speed I and just gotten out of the hospital you still manage my teeth and bite down on it lightly. “Why do you think it’s my is mixed up in something rebellious it’s anyway?” He asked changing the shift has always been this early, remember?” Her brows early? Especially with your nightwear?” She down at my soft cotton light pink shorts and tank top that I usually wore to go to bed. I trail my eyes and she forced me to go to Belle’s where she compelled me to eat fries coated with and glared. “That’s not His plump lips curled into a soft smile. “Come on Ashley, live a little.” He mocked my words from earlier. I narrow my eyes. “You’re such a child.”

His blue eyes narrow too but with mock anger." I'm not." He protested.

"Well looks like you two are getting along." Ryn murmurs happily.

I turn to face her and smile. "Turns out, she's not that bad." Blake laughs. I shake my head biting my lower lip to stop the giggle from bursting out.

Ryn nods eyes gleaming in happiness." Good then hopefully your memories will start to come back soon." She sighs then taps the door of the car.

"Now I should let you two go enjoy the rest of y'all day. Blake I will be bringing your siblings later today, they've been wanting to see you."

"Seems like a plan" He says.

Ryn shifts her attention to me." It won't be a problem with you Ashley?" She asked politely.

I shook my head and grinned." Dinner it is. I'll make Reagan's favorite chocolate cake." Ryn laughed and waved us goodbye. When she drove away I sank into the seat and let out a long sigh. "Thank God it was Ryn, if it were any other cop I'd be toast. I'm never listening to you again."

*Don't worry I wouldn't have let anything happen to you." Blake promises and places his palm on my bare thigh.

I gasp at feeling the jolt of electricity that shoots from where his palm lay to between my thighs. He quickly retracts his hand and mumbles sorry. If only he knew how much I wanted him to keep his hand there.

Slow Ashley, take things slow. I reminded myself as I started the car and drove off.

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"Did you add salt in the pasta." I asked Blake as I grated the cheese

He turn around, cyes wide.

"Was I supposed to?" He winces,

Thalted iny actions and pointed the half grated cheese at him.” This is why I never let you in the kitchen.” Thuffed and went back to grating the cheese.

“So should I still add it?” He asked uncertainly.

I lift my gaze from the grated cheese to him. I raise a brow. “Yes Blake you need to add salt.” I giggled at his perplexed face.

He snorted and turned around to focus on his task which was to mix the tomato sauce in the pasta. “I knew that.”

“Sure you did.” I said dryly and rolled my eyes.

A soft smile stretched on my lips. He wasn’t the same Blake yet he still acted the same. It didn’t make sense but I would rather have it this way than not having it at all.

I moved the grater off the freshly grated cheese and placed it on the counter. I strutted over to Blake who was busy stirring the pasta in the pan. I clutched the glass plate that was piled with the shredded cheese.

I bite my lip. The white shirt he wore showed off his toned back. It always reminded me of the day he fucked me inside the dressing room at one of the lingerie stores.

his back while he thrustted into me like his life had depended

My eyes widen and I felt the familiar feeling of heat in my cheeks. He smirks as though he knew what I was

to be added.” He says. I tear my eyes away from him and clear my throat awkwardly as

Blake is quick to start stirring. I hum. It smells delicious. “I love how wet and creamy it looks. I’m certain it taste fucking

I knew he was not referring to the pasta. He removes the spoon from the pan and turns to face me. I do the same, my heart pounding as he stares

creamy sauce. His eyes twinkle as he peers down at me with a soft smile tugging at the

if you're the one who tastes it first. You're the chef afterall, I'm just your helper."

when he pushes the finger coated with the

with me Was le playing with my mot101157

my hands to clutch his hand and drew his finger into my mouth I lewe my eyes on his now darkened gaze ani swirl my tongue around his

let his mouth. Seeing that I leased him enough i pull away and drop my hands. I smiled at him.

lips were parted and I could clearly serwis pulse racing on his neck. He gulps and my eyes follow

both moving out of the tradice. My yes widen as I quickly turned around, Smoke was

rushing over. I quickly turned it off then

art to face him

taste really good Ashley!" Reagan complimented

raised a brow. She sat across from me, her blue eyes twinkling with mirth."Now don't lie to me Reagan.We both know the cake

counts. But it does taste good if you can get

small pout. "Now you're just being mean," My eyes drop down to stare at my

fits of laughter. "Oh come on guys take it

Ryn's eyes snap towards her son, her eyes portraying what she felt. Intrigue. "Really? You both are getting along just great." The way she worded it out made it seem as if she was teasing us. She probably was.

I shifted in my seat and lift the fork with the burnt cake to my parted mouth. "I give it a few more days and your memories will come back in no time Tyler. With the pace you guys are going y'all will give Ace and I grand kids soon." She said in a sly voice. A

My eyes darted to Blake who was beside me. And from my peripheral vision I could see how nervous he was. He lifted a hand behind his head and itched the back of his head. Hopefully away from the stitched up bullet wound.

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He was nervous and uncomfortable but I was beyond embarrassed. Hearing your mother in

INE

law talk about your love life with her son was humiliating.

“Well she’s been kind to me from the moment I’ve been here.” He turns to face me and I quickly move my eyes away from him. “I did promise her to try, so that’s what I’m doing. But it’s too soon to think that my memories will come back right away.” Ryn waves a hand in dismissal and pushes a forkful of cake in her mouth. “You just need something to jolt that memory. I say you two make out, you know act like a married couple. The way you guys were before all this happened.”

I could already sense Blake’s nervousness, smell it even. He was not ready to talk about this. He was beyond uncomfortable and I think everyone noticed this except for Ryn. So I decided to move the attention off Blake.

“So Reagan, any new boy we should know about? You’re in your last year afterall.” I asked her. She chokes on the cake while I sensed the shift of the air. Someone was furious.

“No boy will lay their dirty hands on my daughter. Not when I am still alive.” Ace hissed. He and Ryn soon began to argue while Reagan tried to ease his mind. I smiled. That’s my family.

I could feel Blake’s eyes on me and I turned to stare at him. He sends me a grateful smile which I returned with a grin of my own then turned away from him. I saved him from more awkwardness but deep down my heart was aching. Did he not have any feelings for me? Was Ryan wrong?

Chapter 88 - Bestfriends Shouldn’t Know How You Taste

Ashley’s pov

I groaned, dropping my head on the cold marble counter with my hands plastered onto it. I was halfway on the hard thing yet in my mind it was the softest pillow. I had been up all night editing a manuscript and I was not even halfway done.

Not only was I tired but my mind just couldn't focus on my task. I was distracted. My eyes would drift towards my closed door every minute. He was just there and all I had to do was walk over to my door, open it and knock on his.

But me being me, I just threw the covers over my body and snuggled more into my soft comfortable bed as my tired and slightly burning eyes stared at the tiny words on the computer.

However I found myself reading the same line over and over until my eyes dropped down at the bottom right corner of my computer and read the time. It had been three a.m and yet I had not done half of my work

Muttering a silent curse I had decided to put my entire focus on Blake, I mean my work. So with that newfound attitude I did just that only to fall asleep not even five minutes later.

I had woken up with sunlight filtering through my opened window and the sound of birds chirping. The sound was annoying especially since I woke up rather cranky. Not only that but somehow during my sleep my hands had accidentally deleted an entire file I hopefully had saved. I had cursed myself again, moaning about why I couldn't just have called

it a night and closed my computer. No I had stupidly left it on and open.

So with tired legs I walked out of my room and made my way to the kitchen. I had every intention of cooking breakfast but the marble countertop really looked like a pillow.

"Looks like someone had a bad night." A voice behind me startled me and I swiftly turned around, squinting. My eyes felt heavy, irritated and honestly I felt like I had stared at the sun for hours.

Blake? Should I go to

blue eyes glistened with amusement as they scan over

instantly I straighten. As if drawn to a flame my eyes drop down to stare at my half clothed body. I had removed my soft

to cover showed off my black

the counter, away from his gaze. It felt like he was undressing me and as much as it thrilled me, I knew that Blake's emotions were unpredictable and he could regret anything in an instant. I didn't want to get

"Well that's embarrassing, sorry you had to see me like this." I laughed

walking more into the kitchen until he was in front of me, only separated by some point." His bottom tip

expecting these words to come out of his mouth. I smiled uncomfortably. not

confusing. He shows that he's definitely attracted to me, I could tell by his dilated pupils but why did he feel so uncomfortable talking about

different personalities and I didn't know which one would fall back in

brows as he stares at me. "Did I upset you somehow? I'm sorry if I was a bit blunt. It's just, I don't know, somehow this feels normal. Like I've

with me feels normal for him. Without a second thought my lips curl into a soft smile. Not only did his words set my heart on fire but they seriously woke me up completely, like they were the caffeine I

with me for ages but the ringing of the doorbell has

just rush in my room quickly to put on something more." I looked down at my panty. "Decent." I murmur

run towards the stairs, taking two at a time. When I was halfway I stopped and turned to face Blake. My face

door." I hiss

His eyes widen as if coming out of a trance." Right." He nods swiftly and makes his way towards the door. I shook my head and continued my way to my room just as he was about to open the door.

When I closed the door softly behind me, I leaned back and heaved a sigh. My hands reach up and cup my cheeks. We were married, he had seen every inch of me yet I still blush when he looks at me.

And honestly it felt like the days when we had just started dating each other. I was shy and easily blushed at his teasing. I moan hitting the back of my head softly on the dark stained wooden door. I hated taking things slow.

“Man you look great and you look to be healing nicely.” It was Ryan’s voice I heard as I walked down the stairs, this time appropriately dressed.

“Thanks, I’ve been taking the meds the doctor prescribed.” Blake answers.

Their voices were murmurs, awkward as if they were just getting to know each other. “Good.” Comes Ryan’s soft answer.

They were in the living room so I headed there. Blake’s back faced me, his soft cotton shirt hugging his muscular back and the grey sweatpants fitted him lowly on his waist with his ass firm from working out regularly. Ryan on the other hand was facing me but his eyes were on Blake. He looked over his friend in worry and confusion. He had his police uniform on which meant he was probably on his way to work

When his eyes landed on me, he looked to be relieved. He cracks a wide grin, runs over to me and without as much of a warning lifts me into his arms and spins me around.

“Morning little ash, you look like someone ran you over.” He chuckled.

I peered down at him and giggled. Ryan never changed. “Put me down you big idiot.”

“You two seem to be friendly.” Blake spits out. From his tone you could tell he was beyond mad. Ryan puts me down on my feet and I turn to face a glaring Blake. Why was he so mad?

Chapter 89 - Bestfriends Shouldn’t Know How You Taste

Ashley’s pov

He crossed his arms over his chest and the way his legs stayed firm on the floor reminded me of when he was about to have a light. His lips set into a thin line of disapproval.

His eyes, the beautiful blue color was now a deep blue, like hot steel. He was furious. For what I didn't know. My brows furrowed in confusion.

"Yeah we're close." I nodded answering Blake's pending question.

I didn't lie but the look on Blake's face told me that I probably should have or at least worded it out better. Because the frown that marred his face told me he wasn't pleased with my answer.

Ryan threw his arm casually around my shoulders and pulled me towards him in a half hug.

"Yeah that's my girl," Ryan chuckles.

Blake's blue eyes darken considerably and drops to stare at the arm around my shoulders. He glares jaw clenching. And then it finally clicks. Blake was jealous. I didn't know if to be happy or alarmed. 2

us to act this way. We had no feelings for

he flinches away, glaring down at me. "Why did you do that?" He whines lowly, rubbing his stomach where I

confused at first but

turn to face Blake who was still glaring at the two of us. "Really? How long

I blinked back

is happening here Blake. Ryan and I have been best friends since forever. All three of us were inseparable. There

but just the thought of liking you

turn to face him and narrow my eyes. "Gee thanks." I rolled my eyes

shrugs.

was okay with the way you two acted? You two are awfully close

for me to

Ryan as my brother and he sees me as his sister. There is nothing going on between us." I wanted him

face as if looking for

my car, I'll go get

Now it was just us two. It was awkward and the air felt tense around us. I chewed my lip and looked at him.

He clears his throat." So who's Kimberly?" He questions. He was trying to ease the tension and it was working. I gave him a soft smile and his eyes softened from how hard it had been a few minutes ago." She's Ryan's girlfriend. She's also pregnant." My eyes danced with amusement when Blake looked embarrassed.

He scratches the back of his head." Oh."

I nodded. "They're in love. You know like those sappy couples that send goo goo eyes at each other even when they're in the same room and just a few feet apart. We were kind of like them before." Then my voice lowers as if I was about to give him a huge secret. "Don't tell anyone but we were way worse." I whispered my eyes twinkling with mirth. "We were inseparable, like two peas in a pod. We kind of never wanted to part even when you were on deployment. Those days were the worst." My voice cracks at the end and the air suddenly gets back tense. Blake's face saddens." But you were happy right? Even when I left for months you never regretted marrying me?" Why did it feel like he needed to know the answer badly?

"There is nothing I would trade that for. You were my life and even though you can't remember me and the times we shared, you still are. It was your dream to serve our country and even though you went with my heart every time you left I knew you'd bring it back when you came home. I will never regret marrying you Blake, I'll do it over and over again." I whispered truthfully. He breathes out a sigh of relief and then he smiles, pleased with my answer. "You know I never took myself for a sappy guy who would make goo goo eyes with his lover but somehow I believe your words. But let's keep this between us." He chuckles. I giggled, wiping underneath my eyes. Somehow some tears had leaked out without me knowing Maybe that's why he changed the conversation, he didn't want to upset me more than needed.

My insides warm at the thought. "Noted." I nodded and laughed when he sent me a wink "So Kimberly made me promise to give it to y'all when it is still warm, she says the chocolate tastes better that way. But It's kind of cold so yeah lets keep this between us. A pregnant woman is seriously not to be messed with." Ryan says coming back into the house with the box of cupcakes in his hand.

He sees us standing there and just smiling at each other happily.

He looks between us confused then smirks in amusement. "Okay who made the sexual joke? Was it you little Ash I didn't take you for the dominant kind."

Chapter 90 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

Ashley's pov

"Yes sir, I'll be done tonight I prom-" I am cut off by the sound of the television volume going up a few more notches until it begins to become unbearable The voice of Ian Somerhalder literally vibrates through the walls.

"Are you inside the cinema Mrs. Reed?" Mr. Smith questions sourly. I could already picture his pinched brows and thin lips pressed into a line of displeasure, I grit my teeth and glared at the computer screen screen, visualizing that it was Mr. Smith. "No sir, my husband is just being a bit childish today!" I shout loud, hoping Blake could hear. I'm

rewarded with him now humming loudly. Or was it singing? I couldn't tell.

He had been doing this for hours. He wanted my attention and I refused to give it to him, not when I was already behind my work. So being the big baby that he always was he started throwing a tantrum, literally.

"Mrs. Reed, next time you want to shout make sure I'm not on the phone with you. You nearly made me go deaf!" Mr. Smith roared in anger. I was sure he looked like a red truck by now, clicking his pen in frustration. I shrink as if he was in the room and scowling down at me. I nodded quickly. "Sorry sir won't happen again." I promised. My fingers curled into a fist and my knuckles turned white in frustration. Why? Because Blake was now creating havoc in the kitchen. I could hear the loud clanging of pans and spoons.

“Just make sure you’re done by tonight, I want that manuscript printed out and on my desk before ten am tomorrow.” He hangs up the phone before I could get another word in.

I pulled the phone away from my ear and glared at the screen. “Fucking asshole.” I murmured, placed it on the wooden desk and pushed the chair back using my legs. It scraps on the floor and I rise to my feet.

I turned around and walked out of the study. The chatter coming from the television grew even louder as I strutted down the stairs. I rake my brain for ways to scold Blake. He certainly wasn’t different than the Blake before, both acted childish for my attention.

to it. When I had lowered down the volume Blake walked into the living room. His eyes were focused on the remote

scratch the back of his head while I place my hands on my hips, ready to scold a child. A grown man yet he acted like a child. A cute child. “Have you had

sit down on

1/3

I had to resort to this.”

strands away from my face. I knew I looked like a hot mess right now, messy bun high atop my head with some

days did not do me any justice. He may have noticed his shirt

was actually on the phone with my boss until you rudely interrupted with your loud obnoxious behavior.” My scowl deepened. He looks away from me, his lips set into an adorable pout. Honestly the man can

“Besides, everyone deserves a break. You’ve been working since morning and I was getting

the shirt, his shirt.

He questions, his smile teasing as he raised a

under my breast and tried to act nonchalant. “You remember

that you had given it to me yesterday along with my other clothes, then yes I remember it being mine. Though I'm curious as to when you took it back" He answers a

guest room where he was sleeping. Only to go back today when he was busy watching game of thrones

that will not make me seem as

"Never mind." He scans my figure, eyes settling back on the shirt and he smirks. "It looks better on you than it would look on me anyway. Maybe you should walk around with my clothes more often." He flashes a teasing grin.

The awkwardness evaporates into thin air as we both laugh. "Really?" I joked and started modeling

I know I looked funny because Blake began to laugh louder than before. Honestly I was afraid that the neighbors would call the cops. We were that loud. "Didn't know that my wife was America's next top model." Blake jokes. Of course every time he referred to me as his wife made my heart stutter and this time was no different.

I winked and continued to model. "Of course I'm signing a modeling contract tomorrow. Fame

2/3

here come." jest

Wake huris a throw pillow that hits my face squarely. I let out an ooph and when it fell to the Moorlimply glared at Blake. "Oh you're mean." He smirks "oh yeah Then what are you going to do about it?".

I walked over to him slowly as he stared at me intently, eyeing my every move. When I'm Poeside him I narrow my eyes and quickly reach over to pinch his nose. "This." I giggled, pinching it handler.

"Shit!" Blake roars slapping my hand away and holds his nose. He glares at me while I smirk down at him in triumph..

Good that's for making noise the entire day and hitting me in the face with a pillow. "Now we're even." I blew him a kiss and walked away.

