

Chapter 239

Ashley POV

I couldn't be any more happy when the house that held the party comes into view. The awkwardness that hang in the air was almost suffocating.

The party seemed to be in full swing with music blasting through the entire house. I guess it was alright to have it to this unbearable volume with a scarce amount of neighbors.

Blake slowly parks the car, being careful to not knock over the teens running up and down the road recklessly.

Were they high? They certainly looked like it.

Stacy bangs the car door on the way out. I flinch away from the loud noise and look to see walking up to the house. I cringed when I spotted an unfamiliar girl throwing up in the bushes, her friend patting her back.

Stacy had long gone inside the house, leaving Blake and I behind. She was furious and I felt somewhat guilty. "I'm sorry." I mumbled opening the car door and getting out.

Blake does the same and looks over to face me. His brows are knitted in confusion. Like he didn't have a clue as to why I was sorry. "Sorry for what exactly Ley?" He voiced out his confusion.

I sighed, my breath coming out in a foggy cloud from the cold. "For having Stacy mad at you. I'm sorry that I caused this." My tone had turned soft, almost unheard. I was surprised he had even heard it, or he probably must've read my lips. His eyes did stay glued to them.

For a second he just stares. Then his piercing blue eyes lifts away from my lips to stare into my own. Blue meets green. Then as if triggered, he starts laughing, loud enough to have the teenagers running around to peer over.

My hands come instinctively in the pockets of my jacket as I looked around. I was glad that I had chosen to wear leggings because I would've surely been frozen by now. I watch as Blake almost doubled over in his laughter. Was it tears in his eyes?

What was so funny?

"What's so funny Blake?" I voiced out my thoughts.

He had finally toned down a bit. "What's funny is that you thinking you caused Stacy to be mad at me." He responds with a slight chuckle.

I walk around the car and stop a few feet away from him." But I was the cause. If I hadn't been in front she wouldn't have gotten agitated." I mumble.

He rolled his blue eyes and walked over, removing the distance that separated us. I arch my neck so I could look at him. He was close, too close. "Stop overthinking things Ley. You're not the cause and you always come first." He mumbles and pokes my head.

My heart leaps at his words. I know he only meant it in a friendly way but I couldn't help but feel, content. Was it that bad to think that, knowing he had a girlfriend?

He steps away. "By the way, Stacy can't stay mad at this face." He jokes and points at his face. I forced out a laugh. Who can ever be mad at you Blake? I couldn't even if I tried.

He grins then nudges his head to the house. "Now I think we made Ryan wait too long in there, let's go and party."

I raise a brow and start walking towards the house with him followingclose beside me. "You mean you guys party? I'm only here to drive you guys back home when y'all get too drunk to spell the number two."

He snorts opening the door. I'm instantly knocked with the smell of liquor and cigarettes. It was illegal to drink at their age yet they did it? Who was I to judge when I wasn't exactly the saint everyone thought me as.

I mean daydreaming about my best friend who clearly has a girlfriend isn't exactly being a saint. Not when those daydreams are extremely sexual. It's embarrassing to admit in my head, I wouldn't fear say it out loud.

I walk inside, cringing when couples were grinding on eachother. The smell of perspiration is unbearable in the air, so is the smell of weed and whatever else that was probably illegal. But I wouldn't comment not if I wanted to be a party pooper.

"Look out for Ryan." Blake shouts close to my ear, his palm coming to rest on the middle of my back. My breath hitches but I don't think he notices. I don't think he ever did.

I nodded hoping he saw me with how foggy the air was. Yes it was hot in here, a drastic change from outdoor but I'd rather stay out. Whatever was in the air wasn't the pleasant of smells.

I spotted Ryan a few seconds later. But I also spotted Stacy and she was coming over to us. Her face was pinched in displeasure, her eyes dropping to stare at the Blake had placed on my back.

I shift away from Blake, not wanting to cause anymore unnecessary drama. I couldn't blame her for being mad, he was her boyfriend and not, mine. I turn to face him and pointed over to Ryan. "I'll go meet Ryan." I shout over the music.

"What?" Blake shouts getting his face a bit too close to mine. I back away, knowing Stacy had seen this interaction. It was innocent but I knew she wouldn't think that way.

"I'll go meet Ryan." I shout again, this time his eyes are on my lips. He looks over to where I had pointed. Spotting Ryan he nods. Stacy takes this moment to snake her way through us. Unnecessary pushing me away so she could wrap herself around Blake.

"Blake baby, I'm sorry for being mad earlier. I forgive you." She says and pulls his head down to hers. She possessively wraps her hands around his neck. Moaning unnecessarily loud when Blake pulls her flush to his front.

My heart squeezes at the action and I take that as my cue to leave. I turn around and head over to Ryan who was busy chatting with a guy on the football team. When he spots me he grins, mischief gleaming in his eyes. Oh no what is he up to?

As soon as I was beside him he pulls me forward and hosted me up. I gasps looking down at him. "You came little Ash!" He cheers chuckling. Everyone was to drunk to notice but I was still embarrassed.

"Ryan put me down!" I hissed.

The guy beside him laughs before walking away. After a few seconds of me arguing to be let down he finally concedes. As soon as my feet were safely down on the floor, I fisted my hand and punch his shoulder.

His eyes narrow before he throws his head back laughing at my lame attempt to hurt him. "You need to pack more muscle there little Ash. It tickled though, I'll give you that."