

Chapter 240

Ashley's POV

"Whatever." I shrugged nonchalantly then turned around to look at the mass of teenagers. They looked utterly out of their minds, drunk, high and hopefully not on drugs. There were some I recognized from school but never spoke too.

But there were some who looked too old to be in the same age group as me. I feel a heavy arm draped around my shoulder, the weight a bit uncomfortable. I turn sideways to see the culprit. "Let's go." Ryan says dragging me along to what looked like the kitchen.

Well I hoped it was the kitchen, I wasn't so sure if I was intoxicated with whatever was floating in the air. The kitchen didn't seem to be as crowded as the living room area. But the stench of alcohol was more prominent in the air.

I looked around, spotting the big cooler that was filled with different beverages. Ryan moves his hands off my shoulder, thankfully. And darts over to the fridge. My eyes almost bulge out of it's sockets for the amount of beers that were over packed inside of the fridge.

"There's more?" I stupidly ask as I scan over the drinks. Some of the teenagers that still lingered in the kitchen looked at me strangely. I shrugged not in the moment to care for their judging.

"Want anything Ash?" Ryan yells over his shoulder and rummages through the fridge in for whatever he was desperately was looking for.

"A bottle of water would be much appreciated." I grumble wanting to get out of there. Why did I come here? This isn't my scene.

"Ofcourse you would take a bottle of water." A voice dripping of sarcasm reaches my ears. I turn to see who and wasn't surprised to see Stacy heading my way. Blake's arm wrapped securely around her waist. I feel the burning of jealousy swim in my body at the sight.

I turn away not liking the cocky expression on her ugly face. Okay she wasn't ugly but could you really blame me? The girl got what I always wanted, Blake.

I rolled my eyes trying to act like I didn't care. I did. I hated that she always wanted to make me look like a kid in front of Blake. "What's wrong with water? I'm the designated driver anyway so I can't drink." I shrugged.

"Uh little Ash I don't think there's water." Ryan responds then grabs a bottle of liquor behind the beers. I narrow my eyes and walk over to him.

"You're lying." I scoff and bend over to rummage through the endless beer. Not seeing any bottle of water in sight I breathed out irritation.

Closing the door of the fridge with a slight bang I turn around. I'm confused to see Stacy glaring at me, her eyes gleaming with hatred.

I let my gaze shift to Blake noticing an odd and unreadable glint in his blue eyes. His gaze was focus on me or more specifically my legs. My brows furrowed and I shoot a questioning look to Ryan who just smirked. Useless.

"Then I'll just take the water in the pipe." I uttered. Grabbed a plastic cup and head over to the sink. After filling the cup with the water I desperately needed at the moment I drank it in one gulp.

"You know what will be fun." Ryan smirks and struts over to the kitchen table. "Beer pong." He says whilst shaking the beer in his hand.

I shake my head."Yeah no."

A exaggerated groan leaves Stacy's lips. "Why did you even bother coming here if you don't want to party? Just go home you're a bore." She snaps.

"Stacy-" Blake starts,his voice has an underlying warning to it.

"You know what fine, let's play that Peer pong." I hissed and walk over to Ryan.

"Beer pong Ley." Blake corrects smiling.

"Whatever." I grumble.

"Stop calling her Ley, use her name." I could distinctively hear Stacy's whine. I zoned out their conversation not wanting to further feel saddened.

I focus my attention on Ryan watching as he starts to lay cups and form them into a pyramid. I'm confused not knowing how this game works.

"We need a ping pong ball. Think Miller has one around?" Ryan asked Blake who came to help him set up the cups.

Blake shrugs. "I don't know man."

"Well go ask him, he's terrified of you, he'll give it if you ask." Ryan urges fixing the last of the cups.

Stacy has her arms wrapped around him not at all helping him setting up the cups. But I wasn't exactly much help either.

Blake looks lost in thought for a moment then nods. "Fine, but you need to come with me. I can't handle when he cries. That shit just creeps me out."

Ryan laughs and walk over to Blake."Stay here little Ash, we'll be back." He warns shooting me a stern look.

"Okay dad." I rolled my eyes.

"Don't worry Ley I'll be your daddy in bed!" Blake laughs, winking for extra effect. I gasps my eyes snapping to Stacy's. Why would he say that when his girlfriend is right there?

I could see her contempt and I couldn't blame her. Her boyfriend did just sexually joke with another girl that wasn't her. I tear my eyes away feeling shame crawl up my face. I turn to glare at Blake but he and Ryan wasn't in sight anymore.

I feel like a caged bird, wanting to crawl in a tiny hole and never come back out. I feel Stacy's hostility, feel the rage pouring out of her. "You know I don't get it."

I knew she was talking,g to me. It was obvious. We were the only two people left in the kitchen.

"Don't get what?" I question softly not daring to stare at her.

"I don't get what he sees in you." She grits out.