

Chapter 241

Ashley pov

I hear the clacking of her heels nearing and I couldn't prevent myself from lifting my head. Her eyes are a stormy blue. Rage. Rage poured in the depths of her eyes, eyes Blake seemed to like.

"You're boring." Her red lips curl into a sneer, the white pearly teeth now visible. I feel the invisible blow and stagger back as she advances.

"You're not even pretty." She continues, her eyes racking over my form in displeasure. Her blue eyes settle on my leggings and she snorts. "And for fuck sake you can't even dress right." She laughs but it's void of humor.

By now we were inches apart with me having to crane my neck to look at her. It was no secret that I was short. I blamed my mom for this stupid height. I always seemed to look like a little kid compared to everyone else. It's no wonder Blake doesn't see me as anything more than a friend.

"I don't get why he can't seem to leave you for just a second. What do you have that I don't?" She grits out harshly and reaches over to wrap her finger around my inky black tresses.

I gulp having the urge to back away but not wanting to give her the satisfaction of seeing me uneasy. So I sucked in the slight panicky feeling and mustered up the courage to glower at her.

I could smell her sickening scent of flowers mixed with the smell of alcohol. I hold back the gag I dreadfully wanted to let out." Well I have intelligence and that's something you lack. You know the saying, brains over beauty."

What's wrong with me?Why was I provoking her? And why do I love it?

I could see the gears shifting in her head, see her contemplate if to knock me. I wasn't one for altercations and hated the thought of being in one. But I couldn't promise to stay still if she decided to punch me in the face.

Before I could think or have time to move out of her way, her hand is already gripping around the bone of my wrist. Her nails are pointy and scratches the surface of my skin with the pressure she added.

"Listen here bitch. Blake is my man not yours." She spits getting into my face. The strong scent of liquor reaches my nose and I flinch away. She lets go of my wrist and I take that opportunity to back away, holding my wrist. I rubbed the tender flesh, glaring meaningfully into her eyes.

Seeing this she cackles."Why am I even worried anyway? You've been friends for so long and he's clearly not interested to be with you. Think about it Ley, the guy had his chance to be with you but he isn't. That just means you're nothing. He doesn't see you in that way Ley why else would he be with me?" She smirks and flips her hair behind her shoulder.

Her words stung but I wouldn't dare give her the satisfaction of seeing how hurt I felt. She wouldn't win. I open my mouth ready to speak but the guys takes this moment to enter. They look confused staring at Stacy and I.

Blake is the first to speak. "What's going on?"

I drop my wrist and turn to face him, forcing a smile on my face. "Did you get the ping pong ball?" I question. I know they could feel the tension.

I knew he didn't believe me but he doesn't question me further. "Yeah I got it." He shows the ping pong ball and walks to the table. Stacy struts over to him and wraps her arms around his frame.

I look away and nodded. She was right anyway. I didn't have a chance with Blake, he will never see me in that way. The thought was saddening but I needed to realize that I needed to move on. But somehow I knew it would be impossible to.

"Poor Miller peed his pants! You should've seen it Ash, it was a whole bucket!" Ryan laughs walking over to me.

I cringe staring at Blake. It was so strange to know that many guys were afraid of him. Yes he was the top boxer in our state and could probably punch someone into a coma in a second but still he was Blake. My Blake. He wasn't yours.

"Did you really have to make the guy pee on himself?" I snorted.

He shrugs, not at all fazed that he just made a guy pee his pants. The guy who apparently hosted this party. Will we get kicked out? I mean a girl could only hope.

"Well I got a show and I loved it!" Ryan laughs pouring beer into the cups. "Catch!" He shouts throwing beer at Blake. Chuckling he easily catches them and starts filling up the cups.

When they were done I could feel the pressure of wanting to back out. "Uh how does this game work exactly?" I whispered to Ryan.

He turns to me. "It's easy, you just need to throw the ball in the opponent's cup. If the ball lands inside the cup they have to drink its contents."

My eyes widen and my head quickly snaps to the cups that were filled to the brim. Nerves instantly swims in my stomach. "So you're saying if so happens that Blake or Stacy lands the ball in the cup we have to drink?" I question though I knew the answer.

"Yeah pretty much." Ryan states and fixes our cups.

"What want to back out?" An annoying voice jabbed.

I look at her, matching her competitive glare. "Let's do this Ryan. " I gritted out and walk closer to the cups.

"Don't be so eager there Ley. I'm very good with my aim." Blake winks smirking.

I smile. "It's just sad that I'm better." I said cockily.

"Is that a challenge?" He smirks.

"Ooh things are heating up!" Ryan claps.

I nodded. "It's not a challenge if I know I'm going to win. "

Blake continues to smirk, his eyes flashing with mirth. He throws the ball and it lands perfectly in one of the cups before me. "Drink up." He teases.

I glare at him feeling anxious to taste the beer. It would be my first time and I dreaded it. Again why did I agree to come here? I reach over for the cup and Ryan reaches for another. I gulp and take out the ball. With one last glance to Blake I quickly gulp down the bitter liquid. It wasn't that bad.

I smirked putting the cup down and wiped my mouth with the back of my hand. Blake bites the bottom of his lip and I found it difficult to stay focused on the task. You can't get distracted now.

With a breath I throw the ball into one of his cups and jumped in excitement when it went straight into the liquid. Ryan and I high five each other. "Drink up." I said mocking his words from earlier.

With a mocking glare he gulps down the contents of his cup. A few more rounds later and I can honestly say that I was somewhat out of it. I could say the same for Ryan and Blake but I was pretty sure Stacy could hold her liquor. The girl didn't seem a bit of drunk or tipsy. Another thing to be jealous of. Who will be our designated driver now? Mom and dad will kill me.

"Aye Blake, Ryan, the guys are ready to play truth and dare. Hurry up!" A blonde boy walks into the kitchen and announces. Ryan looks up with his droopy eyes. "Hell yeah we're coming!" He answers.

What, we?