

Chapter 244

Ashley pov

I look around, noticing the gapping of everyone. Their mouths were almost dropped to the floor in shock. I nibble on my lips and turn to stare at Ryan, whose eyes were wider than usual.

"Holy shit! That was hot!" He shouts breaking the uncomfortable silence. There were murmurs of agreements from the others which made me feel even more uncomfortable with the attention.

My eyes snapped to stare at Stacy. I gulp seeing her face scream murder. I should feel happy right now, ecstatic that I finally had my first kiss with Blake. But I couldn't help but feel guilty. Why you may ask. Well it's the blonde girl currently beyond furious.

"In fact it was more than two minutes. " She spits.

Blake seemed to come back down to reality. His eyes move away from me to stare at his girlfriend. He gets up and faces her, his stance stiff as a board. "It was just a dare Stacy get over it."

My heart squeezes in my chest. Ouch it was just a dare. It actually was a dare. So why do I feel that it was so much more? I felt it in the way he kissed me.

"Then why were you making out with her for more than two damn minutes? I tried to get your attention but you were too busy sucking her face to realise that the two minutes were up." Her words are lethal, meant to hurt.

Her eyes then narrow. "Do you have feelings for her?" Her face has a nasty scowl as she points at me.

Blake drags a hand down his face in frustration. "I can't do this right now."

She looks ready to argue but the guy from earlier cuts her off. "Well this has been fun." He says standing up and clapped his hands. "But now that things are heating up I think we should end the game here."

Couldn't he end the game before Ryan made that stupid dare? That would've save us all that drama we are now facing.

My head is hang low in shame as I stand up. I look over at Ryan pleading with my eyes. "Can we go home now?"

I really needed to leave. The air was almost too suffocating to stay. I avoid drawing my eyes to Blake, too afraid to see how he regretted kissing me. Ryan sees how desperate I am and nods. He gets up and starts walking with me following behind him.

"I'm coming with you guys." Blake says. My heart leaps but I refuse to turn around and kept walking. I hear Stacy's whine of protest. I couldn't blame her for being upset.

Out of Blake's earshot now I reach over and pinch the skin of Ryan's arm. He hisses glaring turning around to glare at me. "Did you really have to come up with that dare?" I grumble, crossing my arms.

Why does it all of a sudden feel small in here? I could feel the tingle on my lips from his kisses, still taste him. I wanted more and I felt guilty for wanting more. He has a girlfriend and I should stop thinking about him in this way. It wasn't right.

Ryan snorts before continuing to walk ahead. "Oh little Ash, stop acting like you hated it. Especially not with the way you guys were making out. I think I should've done it sooner even. You wanted this." He says over the music.

My eyes dart around, trying to see if anyone was listening on our conversation. We push against sweaty bodies until we were finally out of the house. A sigh of relief escapes my lips as I drag in a much needed cool breath.

This air was fresher than the one inside. Ryan words ring in my head. Was he right? Did I really want this? I chew on my bottom lip as I contemplated his words. Yes I did want this but not in this way. Not when he wasn't mine.

We reach beside his car and Ryan sits down on the hood. It's dark only with a little light from the lamp post. I feel tears brim in the corner of my eyes and turn away from him. Thinking he couldn't see I let them fall as we wait for Blake.

"What's wrong?" Ryan rushes out.

"How did you know?" I ask. I sniffle before wiping under my eyes. I couldn't afford to let Blake see me cry. I turn to Ryan.

"Know what?" He asks softly as if treading on water. He didn't want to upset me further and I love that about him.

"How did you know I like him?" I mumble, feeling heat crawl up my face and settle on my cheeks.

His eyes are soft. "It was always obvious Ash."

I nodded biting my lip in embarrassment. "Does he know?" I asked softly afraid to hear the answer.

He looks to be thinking for a few seconds before schooling his features. "I don't know. " He shrugs and moves his eyes away from me.

Something told me he was hiding something from me. I didn't want to pry him more for answers that I probably didn't want to hear. So I settled for brushing it off.

"Please don't tell him." I pleaded. "And please don't try to play cupid like tonight."

He snaps his eyes to mine. "It's not my secret to tell but Ash, you don't just like him you're in love with him. I can see it in the way you look at him."

"I know." I whispered breaking eye contact.

"Who's in love with who?" Blake questions behind me. His voice startles me and I turn around swiftly. He was closer than I thought.

I backed away and turn to glare at Ryan. It was obvious he knew Blake was near with the smug look plastered on his face. "No one." I answered Blake and walked to the car door.

I open the car door but a hand stops me. Blake closes the door and turns me around. I avoid his stare. "You're not driving." He states.

I snap my eyes to his and glare. "Then what was the point of coming to this stupid party? I was supposed to be the designated driver remember?"

His eyes narrow before he dips his head. He was a breath away and I could help let my eyes flicker down to his lips that were still red from my kisses. He notices the line of my vision and a grin tugs at the corner of his lip. "You can't drive because you-" He pokes my forehead." Have been drinking."

I tear my eyes away from his tempting lips and look into those piercing eyes of his. "You've been drinking too."

He smirks before backing away. "But not as much as you. Don't forget I won that drinking game." He says opening the car door and sliding in.

"By just two cups!" I whine walking to the back.

"A win is a win bambina." He laughs before closing the door.

"You guys argue like a married couple." Ryan laughs sliding in the passenger's seat.

I rolled my eyes before entering the back, closing the door with more force than necessary. "Hey watch the door." Ryan whines.

Blake starts the car, laughing at Ryan's words. My brows furrowed realizing that he wasn't waiting for his girlfriend. "Where's Stacy?" I question.

"She said that she'll get a ride home." His voice had grown cold and distant, so I didn't bother answering. Instead I looked out the window and press my head to the pane of the glass.