

## Chapter 252

Ashley's pov

My breathing is coming in short pants as I stared at Blake through half closed eyes. He seems to be satisfied with the smile on his glistening lips that was coated with my juices. He licks it and moans softly. He gets up and fixes my panty back into place.

"Did you see her today? I mean kissing a guy who's taken is such a low move." A girl says in disgust.

"Yes she's such a slut." Another responds.

I feel myself come back down to earth and felt horrified. They were talking about me. Shame and humiliation stream through my body. I couldn't believe that I had let Blake do something so intimate to me. I couldn't that I let my bestfriend eat me out.

I did my dress quickly all the while Blake watches my actions. The bathroom door opens. "What are you guys doing here? Aren't you guys supposed to be in practice?" A voice I was so familiar with hisses.

"Shut up Rosalie, you're not the captain." One of the girl's argue in a nasily voice.

"You can thank God I'm not, or else you both would be off the team." Rosalie snaps. Her voice was getting really close and both Blake and I stiffen.

Luckily she opens the stall beside ours. I breathed a sigh of relief, brushing my palm over my chiffon dress.

"Bitch." One mumbles before I hear their departing footsteps. When I hear the soft thud of the door closing shut I hurriedly get out of the stall. I didn't care if Blake followed me.

I hated that I loved it, I hated that I didn't feel disgusting. My fingers wrap around the metal doorknob only to have Blake's much larger hand stop me. "Move your hand." I hissed lowly as do not have Rosalie hear us.

His head dips in the crook of my neck as he whispers in a hushed voice. "Why are you running away, didn't you enjoy it?" He questions. It comes out so soft and vulnerable that I knew I must've hurt him somehow.

Then I remember that I was the one who should be hurt. He was the one who's playing with my emotions knowing he was taken. I turn around and glared at him. "We can't do this Blake." My eyes soften as I see the pained look in his eyes. "Please." I whispered.

My heart hurts painfully. I knew things wouldn't be the same between us. Everything has changed and there was no going back.

His eyes scan my face, narrowing in anger. "Is it the guy that you're in love with? Is he the reason?"

My eyes widen and I almost laughed at the irony. Stupid boy didn't know he was the boy I was in love with. His face darkens with jealousy when I don't answer him. "Who's the guy Ley?" He hisses.

My eyes widen. "Lower your voice." I scowl. The flush of the toilet has us both swiftly getting out of the bathroom. We were lucky that the halls were empty. It seemed that in our little heated moment the bell had rung without us knowing.

I hastily walked to my locker, hearing Blake close by. "Answer my question Ley!" He hisses turning me around. His hand wraps around my upper arm, tingles staying in it's wake.

I ripped my arms out of the the grip, hating that I was about to let my guard down yet again. God only knows what I'd agree to do with him if I did.

"You want to know who's the cause so bad? You are! You're the cause. You're playing with my emotions while you're with Stacy." I flung at him bitterly. "What we did back there." I pointed at the way to the bathroom. "Wasn't right, you're my bestfriend Blake and you're taken."

"I'm not with her anymore!" He roars. He breathes out in irritation and sighs. "I couldn't be with her after kissing you. I broke up with her last night when I got home. I couldn't stop thinking about you, you've been invading my thoughts every damn second Ley." He says softly.

The bathroom door opens and Rosalie comes out. Thankfully she doesn't spot us as she heads the opposite side. Probably on her way to practice. A relieved sigh leaves my lips when she disappears around a corner, her blonde hair no longer in sight.

Blake words should have me celebrating but I couldn't help but feel like a homewrecker. I was the cause of their breakup, I came in between the perfect couple. Maybe everyone was right, I was a slut, I proved it by letting him do sinful things to my body.

"Blake maybe we should remain friends and forget about what we had just done. It'll be for the best." I mumble and regretted it instantly. Who was I kidding I didn't only want to be Blake's friend, I wanted so much more. I wanted him so bad.

His blue eyes darken with anger as he clenches his fist at his sides. "I can't be your friend Ley when I know how you taste." He mutters, turns on his heels and walks away from me.

My throat feels impossibly tight as I watch him walk away from me. I want you Blake. The words are on the tip of my tongue but refuses to come out. And it's already too late as he disappears from my sight leaving me standing alone in the hallway.