

Chapter 254

Ashley's pov

"Thank you Ryan." I mumble, closing the door of the car with a soft thud. Ryan smiles, it comes out awkward and cautious as he turns to stare at a still enraged Arden.

"Let's just hope he didn't kill the guy." Ryan winced when Arden slams the door of the car unnecessarily harsh.I forced out a smile as we watch Arden stride towards the house. He was still so furious. This was all my fault.

"I did this." I mumble but didn't know I said it loud enough that Ryan heard.

"What do you mean? How is it your fault?" Curiosity dotted his features.

I sighed turning my attention back to my auburn head best friend. "The boy Arden beat up was calling me unforgivable words." I gulped, my eyes tearing up.

"If-" My voice cracks and I gulped, breathing in some much needed air. "If I hadn't kissed Blake none of this would happen. This is all my fault I'm a slut."

Ryan eyes widen in shock at my use of words. Regaining his speech, his eyes soften considerably, but his tone was anything but soft.

"This isn't your fucking fault Ashley. I made that fucking dare, I did this! You're not a fucking slut and you'll never be. In fact if I had known the reason why Arden was pummeling the kid I'djoin him, serves him right." He says angrily.

I knew he wasn't directly speaking to me harshly but it didn't stop me from flinching away from his harsh tone. He sees this and sighs. "Look Ashley, I'll fix this-"

"Ryan just leave it be. Promise me you're not going to do anything reckless that will get you into trouble." I cut him off. I knew Ryan like the back of my hand, whatever meant fixing for him wasn't what everyone normally thought it was. It always insinuated something illegal.

"They're not going to stop unless someone does Ashley." He hisses.

I forced out a smile, my lips felt so stiff, so reluctant to part. "And it's fine I'm not expecting them to. I can handle this, just a few more months until graduation and I'll never have to see their faces again."

"A few months is a long time Ashley, I promise that whatever I'll do won't cause any harm to anyone, much." He grunts.

My eyes turn to slits as I cross my arms under my breast. "No, leave it be or else I'll give Miranda your number." It was a low blow but I didn't need anything going bad right now, not at my expense.

Miranda was a small brunette that was usually partnered up with me for Chemistry. Everyone seemed to stay clear of her. She was a bit clingy and talked way to much.

I seemed to like her personality, it was probably because she troubled Ryan a lot and it was an amusing sight. In her words 'Ryan was the love of her life, her future husband'.

I always admired her confidence, telling everyone what she thought, not holding back. She didn't care if the world judged her and that was something I was jealous of.

If I had her self confidence, I would've told Blake a long time ago that I liked him, way more than a friend should. But I never had that much confidence, I lacked it so bad that I was now losing the boy I loved.

At hearing her name his face had turned an ashen white, full of horror. It wasn't a secret that Ryan loathed Miranda to a great extent, I would even say that he was petrified of her.

I would be too if someone shows up at my house at five to bring cupcakes and doughnuts. But then again it was kinda sweet in a creepy stalkerish way.

We stared each other down before he sighs reluctantly. " Fine." He grumbled. He was mad and I could tell as he drives away without saying goodbye. I sighed. He'll get over it.

I woke up to the loud shouting that was happening downstairs. I groaned shifting around until I fully woke up. I was still groggy but forced myself to get out of my comfy bed.

After greeting mom, I had gone straight to my room.And in a couple of minutes I had changed out of my clothes and put on fresher ones then went straight to bed for a nap.

All the events from today had exhausted me to a great extent. But with now sore muscles and a migraine lurking in the corner, I needed more than an hour rest.

"Dad it was his fucking fault, I didn't do anything that he wasn't asking for!" Arden voice is so loud that my ears ring. I winced opening my eyes fully from the tired slit I had them.

I stride towards the door opening it softly as to not alert them that I was coming to eavesdrop. My feet is cladde with socks and it makes it easier to walk without making a sound.

"I told you to stay out of trouble! Cops came to look for you Arden, this isn't staying out of trouble. Why did you have to beat up the poor boy so much?!" Dad roared.I flinched away, terrified of what will happen next. Dad wasn't easily angered but tonight he definitely was.

I softly place my bum on the top stair, away from being noticed. I could hear mom's soft voice, trying to calm everyone down. My hands shake uncontrollably as I grasp unto the wooden railing. My forehead press on the wooden surface as I listened to the argument.

"The asshole deserved it dad!"Arden hisses in rage.

"No one deserves to be knocked out unconscious Arden! If I hadn't come home early tonight, you'd be in a prison cell right now. You nearly got the kid in a coma!" Dad Raged on.

I gasped covering my mouth with my palm. Arden was in this whole mess because of me. Tears blurred my vision. I should've been the one protecting him but I've failed.

"What I don't understand is why you did it? What did the kid do to provoke you so much that you almost killed him?" Dad's voice had lowered into one of curiosity.

I stood up and walked down the stairs. My hands shook but I was determined to not let Arden surfer the consequences alone. This was also my problem. So there I stood in front of my family who hadn't noticed me as yet.

Dad's back faced me as Arden eyes were strictly on him, not once moving away. Mom was beside them looking hopeless to stop the fight. I clenched my fist at my sides, pressing them to my thighs. "It's because of me dad. It was my fault he got into a fight." I let out.