

## Chapter 286

Ashley's pov

I stumble backwards my face cringing at the pure hatred in her red rimmed eyes. Then it diminishes and her eyes down casted as she snuffles.

"Just go away." She mumbles brushing pass me and walking over to the faucet.

My eyes soften and I sighed. I find myself following her, watching as she opened the pipe and began to wash her face. I don't think it would magically move the redness in her eyes.

"Do you want to talk about it?" I ask softly. It was but just a murmur. I highly doubted she heard. But she did because her head snaps to face me, her eyes narrowing.

"Why are you still here?" She hisses. Why am I still here? Honestly I do not know. Maybe I pitied her.

I forced out a smile. "I'm not a bitch Stacy. I know I'm not your favorite person right now-"

She snorts cutting me off. I sighed.

"But I do not want us to hold on to that resentment anymore. We are both old enough to sort out our problems. Things don't have to be nasty between us. We can resolve this issue." I finished softly.

She glares. "What, so you think because you're now Blake's girlfriend you're now the top shit and everything you say goes? Don't act all innocent Ashley, you're nothing but a snake." She grits out.

I blanch at her accusation. My brows furrowed. Snake? What did I do to be called such an animal? "But I'm not-"

Her lips curl into a sneer. "Save it! Everyone know you and Blake are together. It doesn't take a genius to see those stealing glances and disgusting touches. Both of you disgust me. I knew you were after him all along."

I shook my head. "I never meant to come between you two Stacy. I'm very sorry that things ended bad between you two. I'm-"

Once again I am cut off.

"Oh boo hoo. Stop with all those insincere apologies. It wouldn't matter anyway." She glares.

And it is then that I get a glimpse of white almost hidden in the pocket of her sweater. It is so unlike her to wear something that doesn't show off ich of her skin.

She notices my vision and her eyes grow cold. She reaches inside the pocket, grasp the small white object and roughly pushes it to my chest. It falls on the tiled floor with a clank.

"Here. Tell Blake for me that he's going to be a dad." She spits and sidesteps me to get out of the bathroom. The door closes with a bang on her way out.

I'm standing there, frozen and it felt like I was not getting enough oxygen in my lungs. Dad. Blake's going to be a dad. My mouth patted but nothing comes out as I stare at the pregnancy test on the floor.

I could clearly see the red plus sign. My throat completely dries. She's pregnant. My heart starts thumping in my chest. My throat tighten as tears welled up in my eyes.

A traitorous tear falls on the floor, right on top of the test. My hands are shaky as I kneeled down beside it. Staring at it like it was just an hallucination, a fragment of the mind. It was not real.

But in it so was. The red lines taunted me and the image of Blake holding a pregnant Stacy wretches out a sob from throat. He'd be happy as he rubs her stomach, waiting for their baby to come into the world. Whilst I would.....not be a part of it.

Blake's going to be a dad and I would not be the mother.

A cry forces out of my lips as tears blurred my vision. "This couldn't be happening to me." I whispered to no one in particular.

The bathroom door opens and heels approach me. I didn't care how I looked right now, crying at a pregnancy test on the floor.

"Ashley?" It's Rosalie's voice. She's worried.

"What are you-" She stops when she is beside me and sees the test. "Oh."

She down beside me and pulls me into her arms. "Have you told Blake?" She questions.

I shake my head. "This isn't my test. It's Stacy's and she's expecting his child." A laugh comes out of my parted lips but it's dry and humourless. I was heart broken.

Rosalie sucks in a sharp breath and pulls me tighter into her embrace. "Fuck." Was the only thing she could manage to say.

Yes fuck indeed. This is what got us here in the first place.

"Maybe this is all a misunderstanding. Maybe the test is wrong." Rosalie rushes out with hope in her voice. I snorted. "Blake's going to be a dad and I would not be the mother." My bottom lip tremble.

"Oh Ashley." Rosalie whispers.

I snuffle feeling my throat parched. They would become parents whilst I would be..... nothing.

"It's okay. I deserve this anyway. I couldn't possibly think that Blake and I would be happy forever. The guy would eventually find someone better and move on with his life.....without me." I choked on a sob rubbing underneath my eyes.

My glasses are now foggy so I remove it. "Don't you say that Ashley! Blake loves you so much that he would walk through fire for you. Stupid girl, don't you see that the guy is literally obsessed with you. If Stacy is pregnant and it is his, I am a hundred percent sure he'd not leave you for her. Child and all you would still be his." She mumbles.

I shake my head. "You don't understand Rosalie. Blake wants what his parents have which is a family, love. While I may have given him love another girl has given him family. I cannot compete with that." I mumble sadly.

She sighs. " I can't say that I know what the future holds and I do not know how Blake will take the news. But I suggest you tell him, if Stacy hasn't already. Talk to him Ashley, don't just jump to conclusions. It is you two who are in the relationship and not Stacy." She stated.

I contemplate her words and I knew she was right. I nod. "Okay I will speak to him." I grumble. How on earth would I approach Blake with this? Is it even my right to give him that kind of news? Stacy did tell me to tell him.

I looked at the pregnancy test and sighed. I guess I'll have to pick it up. "Can you take a piece of tissue for me please?" I ask Rosalie.

She nods. "What for though?" She asks getting up.

"I guess I'll have to show Blake the test. But there is no way I'd pick that up. She did just speed on it. " I cringed.