

## Chapter 291

Ashley's pov

I cross my arms under my breast and looked down embarrassed. "I don't know." I mumble. I was humiliated that someone saw us this way, especially since there are now pictures of us in this intimate position.

If my parents saw this. I sighed not even able to think about it.

"I need to bring this to my mom-"

I shook my head in mortification and looked at him wide eyed. "Blake are you insane she can't see-" I blushed embarrassed and pointed to the photograph clenched in his hand. "That." I mumble.

He raise a brow. "We need to find out who is the asshole who took this Ley. We cannot just stay quiet and not bring this to the police!"

I shift on my feet my embarrassment getting worse. "Blake we need to think before we get too hasty."

"Hasty? Ley whoever did this is a creep and I don't think it'll stop until we do something about it." He grits out, one hand clench at his sides while the other clenches the picture in anger.

I bite my bottom lip and turn away from him. "I'm not saying we won't do something about it, I'm just saying we should think things through."

I turn to stare at him, noting that his blue eyes had gone a shade darker because of anger. "What if we do go to the police now and they're not able catch who this is before they leak the photos? What then Blake? I'd be suffering mortification the rest of my life. This could be in my permanent record. What if no colleges accept me?What then Blake?"

He must understand how embarrassing this was for me. Someone out there saw us having sex, they saw our faces. You could clearly see my face in the picture, you could see Blake's.

If this were to circulate around the school then I'd be ridicule my entire life. No college who'd want a girl that was seen getting fucked in school.

He looks to be thinking for a few seconds, raking his eyes over my frame. He sighs. "Ley we can't stay quiet about this. We need to find it who this asshole is."

I nod. "And I know we can't sweep this under the rug, it is impossible. But let's just see what this person wants. They have been leaving notes inside my locker for about two months. They want something I could feel it."

He glares at me, jaw ticking in irritation." Why didn't you tell me about the notes Ley? Why did you keep this kind of thing from me?" He grits out.

A blush coats my cheeks. "I thought it was you who were doing it. I was stupid to not have noticed that it was not your handwriting."

He raises a brow his form tensed." What exactly were the notes about?"

I chew my lips. "Love notes." I finally said after contemplating if to tell him.

His eyes darken impossibly more as his jaw clench. "When I find that fucker I'll skin him alive."

My eyes widen at the look of murder on his face. He was serious. "We don't even know if it is a boy."

"Who else could it be? The person seems to be fascinated by you Ley. It has to be a boy and I think I know exactly who." He hisses putting the picture back into the envelope.

He instantly has my attention."Who?"

"Peter. And I'm going to pay him a little visit today." His voice is dark with a promise for blood. Peter had not been in school for a few days, something about having the flu.

My face turn ashen. I shake my head. "We don't know if it is him Blake, you can't just go at the guy's home and beat him up. Let's just take things slow-"

"Ley are you hearing yourself right now? Slow? What, so he could get another chance to touch you again? Over my dead body! I'll fuckinf take care of this." He hisses turns around and storks out of the classroom in anger.

I sighed and stared at the now closed door. He had gone with the envelope. I could only hope that he would not show his mother. That would be embarrassing.

The bell rings signaling the end of lunch. My belly grumbles in hunger. Great I missed lunch. With a silent curse beneath my breath I walked out of the classroom.

I suddenly had the need to pee. So instead of going to my next class my feet carries me to the bathroom. It's empty and smells of disinfectant. The janitor probably had come to clean up judging be the still wet tiles.

I grumble as I try my best to not slip on the floor. I was not in the mood to suffer a broken ass if that were possible. Safely getting in the stall, I locked it and lift up the seat. I push down my sweatpants and panty, being careful not to throw my bag on the wet floor.

I closed my eyes when the urine comes out. I hear the bathroom door open but don't take any heed to it. The footsteps were getting a bit louder which made me believe whoever it was, was close.

"I can't believe you actually did it." Some girl laughed. "How the hell did you even get the pregnancy test?"

"I made my pregnant cousin pee on it. Honestly Hollywood should really hire me." The voice sound too familiar. Stacy.

My pee instantly freezes as I pay attention to their conversation. "Seriously props to you girl! The entire scene in the cafeteria was hilarious. Ashley's face was priceless."

Anger coarses through my body but I remain still, listening on. "It was wasn't it. Poor little Ash was so heartbroken. Her one true love is expecting a kid with a more beautiful girl. I mean I'd be heartbroken too." Stacy snorts.

"How did you even pull off the crying part though? Like I heard it outside of the bathroom, that is how loud you were." The girl utters.

"Embarrassing to admit but I was not planning to show Ashley the test yet. I was waiting for the perfect time. So in fact I was actually crying. Don't ask why I don't want to talk about it. Anyway it just felt like the perfect time since little perfect Ashley came to see if I were okay. Stupid bitch." Stacy grumbles.

I heard enough, pulling up my panty and sweatpants, I flushed the toilet. I unlocked the door and stepped out. Anger written on my face. Both were facing the mirror, applying lip gloss to their already glossy lips.

Stacy sees me through the mirror and her eyes widen in shock. "You're not pregnant are you?" I hissed marching over to her.