Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

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And he thrust into her core, pumping his length until she could only feel him. A breathless moan escaped her lips. The tantalizing sound sending pleasurable shock waves through his body. Her hips rocked bringing him further into her until-

"Hey little Ash, we've come to steal you from your books for a while." Ryan burst through the door. Blake following closely behind him.

A gasp escapes her lips and she quickly place the book on the bed. Her cheeks heats up quickly with a blush as she fixes her glasses. Oh god this is embarrassing. She thought as she pressed her back further on the headboard.

Ryan plops down on the bed, spreading his arms and legs on the soft mattress. "I'm jealous of your bed." He groans stretching further until his hands hit her thigh.

She could feel Blake's eyes on her, studying her until she couldn't take it anymore and snapped her eyes to his. Those blue eyes had her sucking in a breath and she quickly looks away. "What were you reading there Lay?" His tone holds a tinge of amusement.

Before she could answer him, he reaches over and quickly grasp the book. "Hey!" A silent protest leaves her parted lips. She gets up quickly, her feet hitting the wood with a plod.

Her black loose curly hair falls wildly over her shoulder. It reached on her bum, but she had no intentions of cutting it. Blake chuckles, outstretching his hands away from her so she couldn't reach.

His blue eyes scan the words and her heart thuds. Oh god please don't read it out loud. She silently begged in her head as she tiptoed to grasp the book in his hand. She let out a frustrated breath when it was futile. He was taller than her that was for sure.

She could hear Ryan's amused chuckles as he watch her struggle to get a hold of the book. What best friends I have. She thought sarcastically.

"And he thrust into her core." Blake begins, his eyes quickly snaps to hers. Her breath hitches when those swirls of blue turns a shade darker. His brow raises in amusement as he studies her.

"Now Lay, aren't you a bit too innocent for these books?" He taked in a mocking tone.

His black hair curls on his forehead, his lashes so long that she was embarrassed to admit she was jealous of their length. Straight nose leading to a set of soft lips that were now curled into a smirk. He was handsome.

The current blush on her face grows a shade darker. She was sure she looked like a red brick. Ryan's laughter floats through the room. His voice so loud that she feared her parents would come and see what was the cause.

She didn't want to be embarrassed in front of them, knowing Blake, he wouldn't miss the chance too. No one knew of her secret stash of erotica novels she has hidden under the bed. But now her secret was now in the open.

She groaned aloud, curling her fingers into a fist before punching Blake in his torso. He lets out a stunned breath, and she uses it to jump slightly to pry the book out of his hands.

"Why did mom let you guys in?" She whined feeling utterly mortified that Blake had read those words louder than necessary. She quickly places the book in the waistband of her sweepants. Hoping Blake wouldn't try to have a hold of it again.

His blue eyes flicker to the book in her sweepants and a twinkle of mischief passes through his striking blue eyes. She shakes her head softly, jumps on the bed and ends up tumbling on Ryan. "Shit Ash, I think you broke my damn hand." He grunts, pushing her off.

"Stop being dramatic you big baby." She laughed and lay down on her stomach. The book pressed against her front in the most uncomfortable way but she refuse to turn upright in case Blake makes another way to pry it away from her.

Blake smirked, flashing his white pearly teeth. "Are you trying to keep Raven close to your pussy?" He was referring to the male character that was pumeeting the female character in the book. She gasped at his crude remarks feeling her face heat up more than it had. She didn't know it was possible.

"I got to say that I'm jealous."

"Dress dire che sono gelosa." He chuckles.

("Oh god, another day third wheeling")

"Oh Dio, un altro giorno di terza ruota." Ryan answers. Ashley couldn't understand their language and they always used it against her.

"Oh come on guys, you know I can't understand when y'all speak Italian." She groaned in pouted. Ryan sits up to reach over and ruffle her hair. "Then what can we have against you?" He laughs. She seats at his hand and blows away the strands that got on her face.

"Why are you guys so early anyway, it's just nine a.m?" She found herself asking, shifting in a way to be more comfortable with the book pressed to her front. Blake notices and sends a flash of mischief but she glares, stopping whatever he would've said next.

He comes to sit on the bed, a little bit too close to her. She could take a whiff of his cologne and almost moaned aloud. He's your best friend Ashley, stop thinking of him in this way. She warned herself. She blamed the erotica novels she read.

"It's actually not early next, you've just read we interrupted your book session. Though I'm mad you've never told me about your little fantasies." Blake chuckles. Ashley gasp and slaps his muscular thigh.

"These aren't my fantasies." She argues, though her voice comes out doubtful even to her own ears.

"Our little Ash is not so innocent anymore Blake." Ryan laughs, high fining Blake over her head. She lets out a puff of annoyance.

"Would you guys stop?" She whines feeling utterly mortified.

"We'll stop if you come to Bella's with us." Ryan insisted. Bella was a small restaurant a couple of minutes away from her house.

This is where many teens would come to eat and talk with their friends instead of doing their homework. As much as she hates socializing, Blake and Ryan made sure she came along with them everywhere.

"Fine but let me have a shower and get dressed first." Ashley grunts and gets up.

(baby)

"Careful there bambina, don't want your book falling out. I'd love to know more of your fantasies for future purposes." Blake jokes but somehow she could hear the tinge of seriousness in his voice.

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