

Chapter 11 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

Somehow through my half drunken state I managed to ask. "Wait we?"

Was this how it felt to be drunk?

Ryan nodded eagerly and draped his arm around my shoulder. I groaned trying to balance myself from his weight. "Yes we, you're coming along." He states dragging me along with him.

I look at Blake, the protest on the tip of my tongue but it doesn't come out. Blake follows with Stacy beside him. I

turn to face the front. Even with my half drunken state I still felt the burning jealousy when I see them together like this. Alcohol doesn't seem to numb the feelings I have for Blake.

I bite my tongue. Somehow I wanted to tell her to get her nasty claws away from him. I blamed my alcohol consumption. We weave our way around sweaty bodies and find ourselves entering a dimly lit room.

The scent of marijuana was powerful, like a strong blow to the face. Usually I would gag or cringe at the scent and probably turn around and say no way I'm out. But I found myself wanting to enter in further.

There were a couple of teens in the middle of the room. Half of them looked out of their minds, like me. They sat in a circle, some smirking while others looked ready to crawl in a hole and die.

Ryan drags me to the circle and sits down with me plopping down beside him. I look at the faces, trying to recognize some of them. Was it that bad that I didn't know half of the kids that went to my school?

Blake and Stacy sat down opposite to us. I grit my teeth seeing how close she was to him. She's his girlfriend Ashley, this is how couples normally act. At least my conscience didn't seem to be intoxicated by the alcohol.

I turn to Ryan. "This is a kids game." I whispered but it seemed to be louder than I thought. I was now the center of attention.

I turn to face everyone, the alcohol currently in my system didn't allow me to care. I shrugged staring at the faces that would ignore me by tomorrow. "What it's the truth."

The guy who came to call Blake and Ryan smirks." Not the way we play it."

what they all say. There's nothing you can say or do that'll make me think

A creepy wider, that had me cringing internally. "How we play is different. We make our own rules, it's

it different? Please elaborate." I taunt. Since when do I have a snarky mouth? Alcohol and I

can't choose truth more than five times. And as for the dare, if you so happen to chicken out, you'll be getting shaved. Oh and before

I voiced

looking at the others.

thought of staying there after all. I looked at Ryan. Seeing that he was busy making goo goo eyes at a girl I turn to face Blake. He notices my distress." If you don't want

who'll be

find myself agreeing to the terms of the

let's start!" I

and calls for another guy to bring a beer bottle. As soon as the bottle is in his hands he doesn't hesitate to push it to his lips and gulp down its contents. When it's empty he places it in

can do this right? It's not like they'll say some ridiculous dares, right? If I get shaved bald dad would surely

begin." He laughs then spins the bottle. It was

thumps with every spin the bottle does. It slowly comes to a stop. I lift my head to the girl it had chosen to be first. She looked familiar but I couldn't pinpoint where or what class I had seen her. She didn't

needed to stop calling him a guy but it wasn't my fault, I didn't know his name. I don't think I ever bothered to know anyone's name,

truth." She says and licks her

lip." His lips are curled into a smirk, one which lets someone

sighs like the question bored her. "About ten or more, counting

of this stupid game. Didn't I learn from my last lesson to not let Stacy provoke me into doing things I

girl spins the bottle and a few seconds later it lands on Stacy.

She answers not seeming that all bothered that the attention was on her now. I

with Blake?" Sandy asks, seeming to

zone her out. But somehow I couldn't, my body refused. Blake's eyes flicker to me before he quickly moves them away.

directly

I feel the sting, the jealousy and the hatred.

"But I guess the craziest place would be in a theme park." She finishes off.

My hands are clenched into fists on my thighs as I sit with my legs crossed. I remember the day I was supposed to be tutoring him for an upcoming test. But he had other plans to bring Stacy to the theme park and ended up failing the test. That was a week ago.

Stacy spins the bottle and I watch as it slowly stops on me. I feel my breath get stuck in my throat, praying that I somehow could gain magical powers to not make it stop on me. But my prayers aren't answered and I'm left staring at the bottle that taunted me.

My eye slowly drags up to face the cruel smirk on her red-stained lips. I straighten my posture. I couldn't let her win, I wouldn't.

"Ashley." She drags out. "Truth or dare?"

“Truth.” I answered with a slight shake to my voice. The alcohol must be wearing off.

Her eyes are mocking and her lips split impossibly wider. “Who’s your crush?” She questions. From the look in her eyes she knew exactly who. She knew. And that realization set me on edge. She was trying to trap me in her own game.

I gulped in some air and let my gaze settle on her. Not wanting to show her that she has the upper hand. I could feel Blake’s eyes on me, almost feel the burning sensation through my skin from his gaze.

“Raven.” It wasn’t a lie exactly. I did have a crush on Raven because I pictured him as Blake so it wasn’t a complete lie. It helped that Raven somehow had the same features Blake had, which made it easier.

She doesn’t look pleased at my answer but doesn’t voice it out. Instead she snarls and turns away from me. With a sigh of relief I reach over to spin the bottle.

The game continues for another ten minute. After a few dares and truths the bottle had finally stopped on Ryan. After getting dared to do a body shot on one of the girls,

he spun the bottle. It lands on Blake and he raises his brow. I look over at Ryan seeing that mischief was printed in his eyes. My heart thuds. This isn’t good.

“Truth or dare Blake?” Ryan asks. Blake had already used up all his five truths so it wasn’t a surprise to hear him pick dare.

Ryan smirks and turns to face me. “I dare you to makeout with Ashley for two minutes.”

Chapter 12 - Bestfriends Shouldn’t Know How You Taste

My heart is beating impossibly fast in my chest. The anxiety I was fighting off a few seconds ago is swirling in

my stomach. I look away from Ryan and find myself staring at Blake.

He's already staring. His piercing blue eyes burned through mine as we sat in silence. I fight the urge to look at Stacy, already knowing she was murdering me with her eyes. This will not end well.

I could see him weigh his options, the internal struggle he was currently having. With a shaky breath I force out. "Maybe I should go."

I could feel their eyes on me. I made a mental note to kill Ryan for putting me in this position when we're alone. Yes I wanted to kiss Blake so bad, but not like this. I wanted him to do it willingly, I want him to want me just as bad as I want him.

I get up to leave only to be stopped by the guy from earlier. "You can't leave until the game ends. We've discussed this before, if you leave you get shaved bald."

from my face. I sit down quickly. "You didn't mention going bald if I decided to leave." I

He then turns to Blake. "It's either he

hair, I'll look like aunty Roro's pet Bruno if I go bald. I'm having a battle in my head, weighing the consequences of what could happen if I decide to

the

"What!!!" Stacy roars.

eyes don't show what he was really thinking. I was lost. Maybe he just says over his shoulder. I feel myself press my bum harder on the

for a second and he brings his head

pushes a tendril of my inky black hair behind my ears. His fingers graze the soft flesh of my neck sending

"I don't think bald will look good on you Ley." He teases and trails his

stopped breathing, stopped hearing as he swiftly drew my face towards his. I could only let out a shocked breath before feeling his

close as he pulls me impossibly closer, as if having my lips wasn't enough. He sucked in my bottom lip earning a gasp from me. This wasn't like the books

I tried to mimic his movements, loving the way he nipped the flesh of my lips. I find my hands moving from my pockets to thread my fingers through his soft hair.

My mind is cloudy, unable to think of anything but him at the moment. The way he took my lips with his, it was like he couldn't get enough, branding me, marking me until he was in my veins.

I couldn't hear anyone around me anymore, I couldn't think anymore. Everything was Blake and I loved it. His tongue snakes out and licks the seam of my lips. A tingle starts in its wake and I find myself parting my lips further so he could sneak his tongue in.

A sigh of pleasure leaves my lips when his tongue rasp against the smooth surface of my teeth to dip into my mouth. I could feel how wet I became, how damp my panties were by the way his tongue tangled with mine in a slow dance.

He tasted divine and by the groan that escaped his lips I could only hope that he was enjoying this just as much as I was. He pulls my head closer if it were possible and angled his head to allow his tongue to go in deeper.

It feels like an eternity until I feel him being yanked away from me. I open my eyes quickly to see Stacy dragging him away from me. "It has been two minutes." She hisses glaring at him then me.

But he doesn't acknowledge her, instead his eyes are focused on me. His darkened eyes dip to stare at my lips and a tiny smirk crawls on his face.

My eyes trail down from his heated eyes to his lips, loving the way it looked red and raw from my kisses. I did that. And I loved every single second of it.

Chapter 13 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

I look around, noticing the astonishment on everyone's face. Their mouths were almost dropped to the floor in shock. I nibble on my lip and turn to stare at Ryan, whose eyes were wider than usual.

“Holy shit! That was hot!” He shouts breaking the uncomfortable silence. There were murmurs of agreements from the others which made me feel even more uncomfortable with the attention.

My eyes snapped to stare at Stacy. I gulp seeing her face scream murder. I should feel happy right now, ecstatic that I finally had my first kiss with Blake. But I couldn't help but feel guilty. Why you may ask. Well it's the blonde girl currently beyond furious.

“In fact it was more than two minutes.” She spits.

Blake seemed to come back down to reality. His eyes move away from me to stare at his girlfriend. He gets up and faces her, his stance stiff as a board. “It was just a dare Stacy get over it.”

My heart squeezes in my chest. Ouch it was just a dare. It actually was a dare. So why do I feel that it was so much more? I felt it in the way he kissed me.

“Then why were you making out with her for more than two damn minutes? I tried to get your attention but you were too busy sucking her face to realise that the two minutes were up.” Her words are lethal, meant to hurt.

Her eyes then narrow. “Do you have feelings for her?” Her face has a nasty scowl as she points at me.

Blake drags a hand down his face in frustration. “I can't do this right now.”

She looks ready to argue but the guy from earlier cuts her off. “Well this has been fun.” He says standing up and clapping his hands. “But now that things are heating up I think we should end the game here.”

Couldn't he end the game before Ryan made that stupid dare? That would've saved us all that drama we are now facing.

I look over at Ryan pleading with my

suffocating to stay. I avoid shifting my eyes to Blake, too afraid to see how he regretted kissing

guys. Wait for me outside.” Blake says. My heart leaps but I refuse to turn around and kept on walking. I hear Stacy's whine of

now I reach over and pinch the skin of Ryan's arm. He hisses, turning around to glare at me. "Did you really

Especially not with the way you guys were

if anyone was listening to our conversation. We push past his sweaty bodies until we were finally out of the house.

my head. Was he right? Did I really want this? I chew on my bottom lip as I contemplated his words. Yes I did want this but not in this way. Not when

only with a little light from the street lights. I feel tears brim in the corner of

Ryan rushes

before wiping under my eyes. I couldn't afford to

as if treading on water. He didn't want to upset

I like him?" I mumble, feeling heat

eyes are soft. "It

embarrassment. "Does he know?" I asked softly, afraid to

"I don't know." He shrugs and moves his eyes away

from me. I didn't want to pry him more

don't tell him." I pleaded. "And please don't try to

eyes to mine. "It's not my secret to tell but Ash, you don't just like him you're in love with him. I can see it in the way you look

know." I whispered breaking eye

who?" Blake questions behind me. His voice startles me

I backed away and turn to glare at Ryan. It was obvious he knew Blake was near with the smug look plastered on his face. "No one." I answered Blake and walked to the car door.

I open the car door but a hand stops me. Blake closes the door and turns me around. I avoid his stare. "You're not driving." He states.

I snap my eyes to his and glare. "Then what was the point of coming to this stupid party? I was supposed to be the designated driver remember?"

His eyes narrow before he dips his head. He was a breath away and I couldn't help but let my eyes flicker down to his lips that were still red from my kisses. He notices the line of my vision and a grin tugs at the corner of his lip. "You can't drive because you-" He pokes my forehead. "Have been drinking."

It felt like the kiss didn't happen. He acted so normal, like we had done this many times before. I didn't know if I liked that or not.

I tear my eyes away from his tempting lips and look into those piercing eyes of his. "You've been drinking too."

He smirks before backing away. "But not as much as you. Don't forget I won that drinking game." He says opening the car door and sliding in.

"By just two cups!" I whine walking to the back.

"A win is a win bambina." He laughs before closing the door.

"You guys argue like a married couple." Ryan laughs sliding in the passenger's seat.

I rolled my eyes before entering the back, closing the door with more force than necessary.

"Hey watch the door." Ryan whines.

Blake starts the car, laughing at Ryan's words. My brows furrowed realizing that he wasn't waiting for his girlfriend. "Where's Stacy?" I question almost afraid.

"She said she'll get a ride home." His voice is now cold and distant, so I didn't bother answering. Instead I looked out the window and press my head to the pane of the glass.

Chapter 14 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

“Wake up!” Arden’s voice yells behind the closed door. He bangs the door three times before I hear his loud footsteps become a distant sound.

I sigh, turning over on my back and throwing the blanket off my body. After sneaking back in last night, I went straight to bed after changing into my pajamas. The events from last night kept replaying in my head.

It all felt like a dream. A silly dream. There was no way that Blake kissed me like I was his. Or did we even kiss to begin with? I was starting to think that it was all a hallucination.

A tired groan left my parted lips as I got off my bed. My body felt tired, I felt tired. But of course today was school and if I don’t go, dad would be suspicious.

My bare feet tread over the cold floor as I make my way across my room. My fingers wrap around the door knob and turn. It opens simultaneously with Arden’s. He smirks, already dressed for school.

“Had a fun night?” Arden mocks before closing his door. His bag straps slung over his shoulder as he walked ahead without waiting for my answer. “Blake owes me fifty bucks by the way.”

With narrowed eyes I watch him disappear from my line of vision down the stairs. What time is it? I turn around and look over at the clock on my nightstand.

The time reads 7:15. A shocked gasp escapes my mouth and I’m left running into the bathroom to get ready. I’m never going to a party again. I scold myself. Never in my life was I ever late for school.

Slipping on my converse I make my way down the stairs. It’s oddly quiet, which is unusual for my family. By now Arden would be making some silly joke that I wouldn’t get and mom would be cackling with laughter while dad shoots her love sick eyes. Now that was our usual but not this sudden quietness.

with the strap of my bag slung over my shoulder. I’m entirely confused as I enter the kitchen. Mom has already placed breakfast

his bacon while Dad’s eyes are set on me as I walk in. His sternness makes it all more

up a slice of bacon and throw it into my

I couldn't join you but it would've seemed weird for a

His face is stony and I knew he wouldn't keep it up for long. He never has, even

up to keep

to you!" He

His eyes were already on me as he

up in surrender with a piece of

out of it, though I'm disappointed he didn't come to me when he saw you sneaking out." Dad cut me off when I was about to argue.

not very good at sneaking out babygirl." A smirk makes its way to his lips at the end of his statement. I groaned

And I meant it. Sneaking out was just not for me. Last

admit it but last night shifted something between us. I just didn't know if it was good or bad. I really hope

right about it not happening again because you're grounded for an entire month." He says calmly. My eyes widen at his words. Grounded

the kitchen. She shoots me an apologetic look and turns to

broad frame before burying her head in the crook of his neck. Even with his age dad didn't seem to age

The only thing that would give someone a hint of his age were the tiny specks of white hairs that peppered around his hairlines.

You could barely see them unless you get near him enough to spot those 'ugly losers' dad seemed to call them. Mom rubs his shoulder before whispering something into his ear. He visibly relaxes before kissing her temples.

He turn to me before sighing. "Fine, you'll only be grounded for a week."

“Hey that’s not fair, if it were me you’d give me an a*s whooping!” Arden argues.

“Language!” Dad says sternly. “Now hurry up and finish eating so I could drop you guys off.” He finishes then reaches over and picks up his mug that I was sure was filled with hot coffee.

With mom still by his side he drags it to his mouth before taking a sip. Later regretting it when it had seemed to burn the tender flesh of his lip. “Shit!” He hiss and swiftly places the mug down.

“Language.” Arden mocks before plopping a bacon into his mouth. I laugh at the look dad shoots him and reach over for another piece of bacon.

Mom quickly goes to work, cooing at her husband as she dabs his mouth with a cool rag. “Oh baby, be careful next time.” She whispers. He didn’t want to admit it but I could see how he enjoyed being babied around by mom.

“Okay let’s go kids, y’all are late already as it is.” He says and grabs his car keys. “See you later baby.” He whispers to mom before giving her a chaste kiss that later turns into a full blown out makeout session.

“Oh god dad, you’ll have enough time to makeout with mom, let’s go before we witness y’all having sex.” Arden groans. I gasps at Arden’s crude words, feeling embarra*sed even though I wasn’t the one who said it. But before dad could scowl him, he’s already out of the house.

“He takes after you Asher, there’s no denying it.” Mom laughs before looking over at me. “Have fun today at school baby. But not too much fun.” She winks then giggles when I roll my eyes. Turning around I headed out of the kitchen and made my way outside. Another day in a hell hole.

Chapter 15 - Bestfriends Shouldn’t Know How You Taste

“Don’t worry daddy we’ll get a ride on Ryan after school.” I said then closed the door of the car. The window rolls down.

“Don’t forget you’re grounded young lady, so no coming home late.” He warns.

I rolled my eyes before adjusting my bag. “I know dad.” I huffed.

Arden comes out of the car, banging the door louder than needed. "Such a baby." He mocks and sticks out his tongue when I shoot him with a glare.

Dad's head snaps to face him and smiles. "Bye to you too son, don't get into trouble." He teases. With a silent groan Arden nods. He hated when dad teased him in public, not that anyone was paying attention. Or were they?

"Take care of your brother Ashley." He says before telling us he loves us then drives off. I stare at his disappearing car and sighed, turning around.

"I don't get why dad thinks I'm causing trouble, I'm totally innocent." He grunts winking at a very older blonde girl who was passing by. I arch a brow before walking up to the school building with him following beside me.

"Yeah innocent alright." I snorted clutching the straps of the bag tighter than necessary. Somehow I felt there were too many eyes on me. It was normal for Arden but for me it was unusual.

"What I am!" He argues, his long legs seemed to make him walk at a much faster pace than me.

"Considering the many phone calls mom and dad has gotten because of you and Liam's stupid pranks aren't exactly innocent." I uttered, and looked around.

many people huddled around on the school grounds. Some were whispering amongst themselves as they stared at me. Squirming in uneasiness I gripped

around. He must've seen the attention the students around were giving me because

in question. "What did you

startled with his question and turn away from him. Pushing some hair behind my ear I look forward and opened the school's huge wooden

walk towards my locker. The bell would ring any minute now and

filled with hormonal teenagers as we walk past. Some were on their own business while the majority

sudden determination to get out of their sights I walked faster to my locker. With a breath of relief I had finally

turn the dial to the right numbers

beside mine. "You did do something to have them look at you this way

glare at him, I started throwing in some of my books, not caring that I used unnecessary aggression." I didn't do anything okay!"

in my head and I instantly feel my throat become dry. I could feel the blood move from my once flushed cheeks. It couldn't be that could it? Weren't everyone too drunk

"You did do something!" He

Noticing the new presence Arden groans in

angel yourself Arden!" Rosalie spat before redirecting her attention to me. I groan hitting my head

Arden announces before walking around us to head in

moron!" Rosalie shouts after him and earns the middle finger from Arden. I rolled my eyes. Those

and Arden argue so much, we're cousins." I tell her closing the locker. I turn

had worn the school's cheerleading [outfit](#). Her blonde hair was curled to perfection. Mascara coated her long lashes, circling around honey colored orbs. She

She shrugs. "I [guess](#) your brother and I just don't click. It's a mutual hate anyway."

She then wraps her arm around my own and starts dragging me to the way to my cla*s. "Now stop trying to change the subject. Tell me, how was it?"

"How was what?" I asked in a cool and composed facade. She huffs. "How was the kiss with the hottest guy in school? Did he push his tongue-"

"Okay stop!" I came to a complete halt and turned towards her. She looked ready to pop balloons and celebrate. What the hell was going on?

"What exactly did you hear?" I asked in a hushed whisper as my eyes darted around. I felt smaller than usual. I wasn't invisible anymore. And I hated it.

“Oh nothing just that you finally kissed Blake last night!” She squeals and does a slight jump. My heart lurches in my throat and suddenly I felt visible to everyone’s accusing eyes.

“How did you get to know about this?” I whispered. Was this the reason for the hushed whispers earlier?

“I heard it from one of the girls from the team, in fact the entire school is talking about it. Don’t worry I slapped one of those bitches that had something to say-“

“The entire school?” I gasp cutting her off.

The bell rings and Rosalie groans in irritation. “I Fcking hate that bell.” She then smiles and winks. “Well we’ll talk later cousin and I want every single detail.” She says and turns around to walk towards her clas. She was the same age as Arden, yet she acted like I was the younger one.

I stand there looking at her retreating form disappear inside the cla*sroom. I feel frozen in place, feeling the accusing and disgusted looks everyone sent me as they brushed past me not too gently. Everyone knew.

Chapter 16 - Bestfriends Shouldn’t Know How You Taste

“You’re late.” Mr. Simon says in a blunt scowl. I halt in the doorway, bracing my palm on the wooden door frame. Heat started in my neck and radiated upward into my cheeks.

I shifted on my feet in discomfort. My green eyes dart to the circular clock on the far wall. He was right, I was exactly five minutes late.

I move my eyes away from the clock to scan around the cla*s. Everyone’s eyes were on me, studying me, waiting for whatever excuse I would give.

But I didn’t have any, somehow my brain seemed to not function properly this early. Or it was probably the alcohol that still lingered in my body.

“Sorry, it won’t happen again sir.” I said softly, closing the wooden door behind me.

“Just get to your partner and start working.” He huffs, leaning back on the leather seat.

I gulped and with a quick nod strutted to the back. My head was lowered as I move around desks. I could hear their whispering, their giggles of humor.

It made me feel like a tiny ant under a microscope. I hated it.

come late to class Ley?" Blake's voice has a teasing tone to it. A delicious fluttering started in my abdomen

in beside him. I place my bag on the table before us. "Well there's a first for everything." My attempt at humor seemed

happened. I should've never gone to the party in the first place. Everything now just felt awkward

as I look at the contents on the table, well more specifically the two animals layed on the table. A dead frog was neatly placed inside a decent size glass tray before

stare at the poor animal. "What exactly are we supposed to be doing?" I asked nervously,

my throat as his piercing blue eyes lock into my own. I'm left panting for air

I can't

My eyes widen in horror as I snap my eyes to Mr Simon. He

before I could stop it. It comes out loud and accusing. Mr. Simon dark brows furrowed in confusion before

Grey. Do your work and I'll do mine. If you want to be graded I'd suggest you start dissecting." He hisses and crosses

last night." Blake jokes in a hushed tone then pokes my sides. Squirming at the ticklish

didn't affect him the way that it had done to me. Maybe Blake had

Blake kindly placed before me. I slip them on slower than necessary. I felt the delicate latex wrap around my finger

wasn't exactly the question I wanted to ask.

far from the truth. But I refrain, it will only make things more awkward than it already was. He tried to hide it but I could sense the tension between

“No. But when does Ryan ever be early for school?” He chuckles. He had a point. Ryan was

never early and he was supposed to be in this class. At Least he was missing dissecting a frog.

I looked at the small creature that was once alive and full of life. With a sigh I reach over for the tiny knife for dissecting. My hands shook as I clutched the cold metal and draw it to the small frog.

I swallow twice before backing away. “I can’t do it.” I shook my head. Blake clutches on to my hand and brings me closer to him. I stilled and later relaxed when he brushed his thumb on my skin to calm me down.

“It’s fine bambina, I’ll help you.” He promises then guides me back to the table. He settles himself at the back of me and my breath hitches when his front presses into my back.

I quickly look around to see if anyone was looking at our new position. We were at the back thankfully and since Ryan hasn’t shown up it was only Kiana that sat on the opposite side of us.

But she hardly spared us a glance, to focus on enjoying dissecting a frog to care about her surroundings. Mr. Simon was too busy snoring to notice either.

Blake’s palm burns through the latex that covered my hand as he holds it. His other hand slides on my waist and stays there firmly. My heart leaps as he draws me more into him. Until I could feel every inch of his muscular physique.

Tingles are creating havoc in my body at his actions and I’m almost panting for air. His hand guides me to the frog and starts dissecting. His head dips until his lips brush against the flesh of my ear.

“I can’t stop thinking about last night.” He whispers while helping me cut open a dead frog.

Chapter 17 - Bestfriends Shouldn’t Know How You Taste

I sucked in a sharp breath, my heart began to hammer behind my breast. Uncontrollable. Blake presses his fingers more into the flesh of my waist.

Heat emanates from the pads of his fingers into the material of the dress I had chosen to wear until it reaches my flesh.

My lower region responds quickly and I feel my vagina clench in anticipation. I desperately fought to prevent myself from rubbing my thighs together to relieve the sudden pleasurable ache.

“I can’t stop thinking about the way you taste.” He continues to whisper. The hand that was on my waist travels down until it was close, almost touching my inner thigh.

He was so close, so close to where I really wanted him to touch. I could feel a sudden bump pressing into my back. I knew it was his cock and just the thought of him turned on by me pleases me so much that a low moan slips out.

“I can’t stop thinking about the way you responded. The way you felt. I want more.” He groans and pushes his front more into me until I could feel his length. He felt hard, big and long against my back. My hands itch to touch him through his jeans.

My head is clouded with him, I couldn’t think properly. The hand I was cutting the frog shakes uncomfortably.

My eyes dip to stare at his hand that was dangerously close to my feminine regions. My breathing comes in rough pants at the sight. Seeing his big hand close to where I wanted him to touch suddenly made me feel hot all over. His fingers were inches away from where I desperately want him. Just a little more.

Never would I have thought that Blake and I would ever be in this position. Yes he always teased me and made sexual jokes but Blake was always hard to read. Like now, I didn’t know if he was being serious or was playing around. But this wasn’t the same, it was different, too intimate.

hard bulge pressing on to my back makes me think otherwise. Maybe he was serious, maybe Blake

a sudden screech from a blonde girl on one of the tables before us. She seemed to be terrified

Someone who wouldn't be pleased if she saw us in this position. Guilt crawls in my stomach until it envelops my entire body. Everyone was right, I was a slut for making Blake touch me this way knowing he has a girlfriend.

out. Upon hearing her name

not like this. Not when he had a girlfriend. And just by his swift actions of pulling away from me, I knew he was still with her. Did you think he'd leave her for you? Just because you guys kissed?

"Ley-"

my eyes shut. "Just let's forget it ever happened." I breathed out then opened my eyes back. I could feel his eyes on me, feel his burning

is now heavy

dog died!" Ryan shouts as he enters the cla*sroom. He bangs the door hard enough to have the hinges shake

don't even have

glaring at Ryan who interrupted his sleep. "There's no excuse for tardiness Ryan." He grumbles in a harsh voice. "You've

he missed half the

when he spots me.

sends me a questioning look. With an awkward smile I turn away from him. I was embarrassed that I would've

Blake sigh beside me but doesn't try to speak to me again. Instead he reaches for the knife and starts cutting up his frog. I didn't know if to be disappointed by his

It was too late to go back to how it was between us.

hushed tone to Kiana. I bite my lip to suppress my laughter. I knew

“We have to dissect-” Kiana doesn’t get to finish because Ryan starts hurling directly on the dead frog. I winced and drop the knife on the table.

“Shit.” Blake says beside me.

Another retch from Ryan and I became worried. Everyone’s attention is on him, including Mr. Simon who doesn’t look at all pleased. The smell of vomit is smothering. I strut over to Ryan but before I could reach beside him Mr. Simon stops me.

“No one go near him!” He hisses walking over to Ryan with a metal trash can.

My teeth grit together in anger.” He’s sick, I want to check if he’s alright.” I say through clenched teeth. Pushing the metal trash can into Ryan’s hands roughly, Mr. Simon turns to me.

“He’s fine.” He says then turns to Ryan. “Go to the nurse.” He urges pushing Ryan slightly.

Ryan looks up from the trashcan and smiles. “I’m fine guys jus-” He throws up and starts for the door. I breathed out an angry breath and head back over to my table.

After the door closes behind Ryan, everyone goes back to their task. I’m left worried about Ryan while Blake is still beside me. Too close than necessary.

I could feel the heat emanating from his body. The little hairs on his arms brush against my smooth skin, leaving tingles in its wake. He didn’t have to really do much to make me weak.

“We need to talk after cla*s Ley.” Blake says beside me. He was right, we do need to talk eventually. But it was time for me to admit that I was afraid where this conversation would lead to.

I was afraid I’d succumb to his advances like I knew I would. So I settled to not answer him and continue my work. I wasn’t ready and I don’t think I’ll ever be.

Chapter 18 - Bestfriends Shouldn’t Know How You Taste

In a swift move, I was out of the door before anyone else. My breathing was rough as I strutted to my next class. The bell had just rang and I needed to get out of Blake's sight.

I wasn't ready to talk to him.

"Ley!" Blake shouts a couple distance away from me. The air gets stuck in my lungs as my footsteps have now turned into an almost sprint.

I brush past students that were very attentive to what was going on. Their gazes were focused on Blake and I. Ready for whatever show they were expecting.

Seeing the wooden door to the calculus classroom has me breathing out a sigh of relief. It was just a tiny bit of footsteps away.

"Ashley Grey!" Blake yells. Oh crap, he's mad. Blake only uses my full name when he's mad at me.

Deep down I knew I was a coward for running away from him but I couldn't help it. I was scared of getting hurt. It was only inevitable.

My fingers wrap around the cold metal knob and twist it open. Giving a forced awkward smile to Mr. Gustavo, I walked in the class. I was the first one there fortunately as I sat my bum on the wooden chair.

Sighing in relief, I settle my bag on the graffiti wooden desk. A few seconds later the door opens

Blake enters the room. My heart leaps

my own, burning me with a sudden heat. I

clas. I suggest you go to your assigned class."

a way for us to speak,

sort of ease that he no longer was in the same room with me. But it only made me feel a rapid wave of anxiety. I knew Blake and I very much know that he'll do anything to get his way. And that

opens again, this time Lucy and her friend enter. They were giggling at something they were conversing about. They were both dressed in their cheer outfits, the

to mine as if sensing someone looking at her. Quickly tearing my eyes away, I reach for my bag, playing with the zipper as a means to distract

as they stride towards me. My back straightens as I awaited whatever nonsense and insult they would

have some nerve coming to school today knowing what you did." Lucy starts. I ignore her, running a

you're a slut now. I mean going after a guy who's taken? Not so much of an a whore, sleeping with your so-called best

mean look at her, there's really nothing to look at. Just a sad slut looking for lifting my head to stare at them. I let my hair curtain around my

tremble slightly as I halt my actions. No matter what I do, I'd never get distracted enough to not let their words hurt. I bite into the soft flesh of my bottom lip harshly until I could

I'd never show my face again." Lucy snickered. The cla*s was filling up already and I could

sure as hell act

my fingers over the fallen tear. I hear their loud cackle

up to." Mr. Gustavo announces. The rest of the cla*s is silent as I ponder over Lucy and her friend's words. Was

I've avoided Blake like the plague for the rest of my cla*s'es. But now it was lunch and my stomach rolls with unease. I wouldn't be able to escape him this time.

I push my bag in my locker and then closed it shut. I squirm as I felt the accusing eyes of everyone. I fortunately hadn't seen Stacy today, it was like she hadn't bothered to come to school. It made me all the more guilty.

I sighed, turned around and strutted to the cafeteria. I was hungry and even though everyone sent me sneers, it wouldn't stop me from filling my stomach with well needed food. All this hiding from Blake made me hungry.

My belly grumbles as I enter the cafeteria. It's already crowded and I hoped there were enough students around to not have Blake recognize me straight away. The longer the wait the more time I have to calm my nerves.

I strut over to the line, crossing my arms under my breast. There were about five people before me, not so much but enough to have me impatient to get my food.

I did a happy dance in my head when it was finally my turn. Reaching over to take a lunch tray, I lift it

My eyes fall into a set of blue orbs. My brows furrowed when she didn't look away.

She was petite with jet black hair that was securely wrapped inside a hair net. She wasn't old but she definitely wasn't in her twenties.

She was definitely new here, I have not seen her around. Her eyes studies me, stopping on the gold chain Blake had gotten me for my birthday last year.

"I'd like the burger please." I said bringing her out of her gawking. As if snapping back to reality she shakes her head slightly. With a toothy smile she nods. "Sure darling." Her voice comes out soft.

My eyes drop to the burgers on the tray, my belly growls. Drawing my eyes up to hers, I smile sheepishly. "Make that two please, oh and a box juice."

Chapter 19 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

I set the tray down on one of the vacant lunch tables and sat down on the wooden bench. It was in the far corner, different from sitting in the center with Blake and Ryan.

I fix the gla*ses on the bridge of my nose then outstretch my hands to grab one of the burgers. My fingers push into the soft buns as I bring it to my mouth.

“Jeez Ashley I’ve been looking for you everywhere.”

I freeze with my mouth parted on the burger. Then relaxed when I realized that it was Ryan. His auburn hair looks wild, like he had run his hands through his hair many times.

He plants himself on the chair opposite to mine. Setting his tray down he cringes while poking a fork into what I presume was macaroni and cheese.

“Why didn’t you sit where we normally sat?” Ryan asks as he pushes a forkful of macaroni in his mouth.

I bite into the burger, relishing in the taste. I shrugged. Ryan rolls his eyes before dropping the fork on the tray. He crosses his arms over his chest and raises a thick brow in question. “Mind telling me what’s wrong with you today?”

I swallowed and place the burger down. I sighed when he waited for my answer. “Do you still feel nauseous-“

Ashley,

his eyes soften drastically. “It’s him isn’t it?” He

my lip and tear my eyes away from the

everyone.” I mumble not feeling hungry anymore. “Don’t act like you haven’t heard

gives a F*ck about those stupid rumors? We all know

the rage had almost overpowered it. “Look, I’m the cause of all this. If I hadn’t made

Ashley, this is my

her best friend that is taken. I feel bad that I enjoyed kissing him knowing he was with Stacy. I’m the laughing stock of the entire school.” I say softly not having

you kissed him Ashley. Look, I didn't make that dare only to benefit you, I did it for Blake too. And as for Stacy,

it benefiting Blake? He probably hates me

him a headache. "I don't see what's so difficult to see here. You

sentence and pushes a forkful of macaroni in his mouth to not answer Blake's pending question. I stiffen feeling his looming presence

at the sudden tingling in between my legs. The tiny hairs on his arm brushes against my smooth skin, leaving

sets his tray down on the table. I could feel his burning eyes on me, feel the way it heated up my body. I

voice sends pleasurable shocks through my body. "I wasn't avoiding you."

then why were you running away from me?" He

When I don't answer he breathes out a sigh. "Ley we need to talk eventually." He mumbles. "We need to talk about what's going on between us."

Between us. I always wanted to hear those words, I prayed to hear them one day. But hearing them now didn't feel right, not when he was still taken. It all just made me feel more of a slut.

"There's nothing going on between us Blake, it was just a dare remember? "

Finally getting the courage to look at him, I stared into those blue eyes that always seemed to make my heart skip a beat. "Please don't feed those rumors more Blake." I pleaded.

He needed to see that I'd only cause problems for him, a handsome guy like him could have any girl he wanted. So who was I to satisfy him? I know Blake like the back of my hand and he wouldn't settle down for a book nerd like me.

"I don't give a F*ck about rumors Ley!" He roars. Of course he doesn't. He isn't on the receiving end of those malicious words.

My nostrils flared in anger. "You may not care about the rumors but I do! I do not want to be cla*sified as the school's slut just because I was dared to kiss you!" I hissed and got up.

All I saw was red as I walked away from the table, not caring that he was calling after me. He wouldn't understand how I felt when I heard the rumors, he never will. He was after all the school's heartthrob, he'd never look bad to anyone.

I trudge to the bathroom, the only place I could be alone for now. Everyone was busy eating lunch or doing god knows what, so luckily the bathroom was empty.

I slammed the door to the bathroom roughly and sighed, walking over to the stall. But the quietness doesn't last long. The door suddenly opens and the presence of someone comes behind me.

"You're not getting away from me this time. Not until we talk." Blake declares, the door closing behind him with a soft thud.

Chapter 20 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

My eyes widen as I stared at his enraged face. "This is the girls bathroom Blake, you're not allowed in here." I rush out in a panic. If someone caught him here with me, the rumors will get worse than they already are.

He raises a dark brow, his eyes flickering with mirth. "Yes I know it's the girls bathroom but you should know me by now bambina, I do anything to get what I want." He smirks sauntering towards me until he is a breath away.

His black hair is messy on top of his head. Eyes so blue that I wanted to drown myself in them. Straight nose that had gotten broken many times during his fights. My eyes fall down to his lips and I involuntarily lick mine.

He sees this and his eyes darken as he follows the sweep of my tongue with keen interest. "What are you doing to me Ley?" His voice cracks as if he was restraining himself from doing what I know deep down I wanted him to do.

Muffled voices are getting closer to the bathroom. My eyes widen in panic as I look at the bathroom door. Blake sees my unease and pushes me

inside one of the empty stalls. My heart skyrockets in my chest as he comes in after me, locking the door of the stall.

I'm pushed up against the cold metal with barely any space to shift, unless I want to enter inside the toilet. Blake was huge, taking up all the space in the tiny stall. Every part of his body is pressed against mine in a delicious way.

I feel the now familiar tingle in between my thighs. His huge hand comes to brace on the metal wall

beside my head. His muscles flex in the process that made in between my legs moisten. He had me trapped between him and the wall with no means of escape.

intensity takes my breath away as I feel my heart pound violently in my chest. His now darkened eyes cast down to

clenched teeth. I hear the soft creak of the bathroom door open and hear the voices get louder. But I didn't seem to care as Blake hungrily captures my lips. The voices drown out as he takes my lips like

travel down to my hips then to my bum and kneads the soft mounds. His breathing is rough and

that he shuddered from my touch. My

his lips from mine only to glide his nose from under my ear down to the hollow of my neck.

to his hair as a way to not

inner thigh. As if having a mind of it's own my body arches more onto him, encouraging him to move forward. To touch

clit then slips down to my core and adds pressure. I gasp at the sudden pleasure that courses through me as I roll my hips slightly, wanting more.

and my

comes forward until his lips brush against mine." I want to taste you so bad. Let me taste you please Ley." He whispers in desperation as he presses the finger more into my core. The only thing stopping him from entering all the way in was the material of

letting go of the little restraint I had left. I nodded even though I didn't

his mouth. My lower regions clench

go of my lip he kneel down in front of me. My brows furrowed at his actions then gasp when a wicked glint flickers in his eyes. My legs felt limp as he lifted one and draped it over his broad

is visible to his eyes. He used a finger to move my panties to a side until my bare pussy was in front

happen. My core tingles and I felt the silkiness of sensual need between my thighs. The chatter gets louder and I bite my bottom lip harshly to

Blake sends me one last look of hunger before bringing his face in between my legs. I feel the soft wet touch of his tongue slid along my drenched core to my clit. My thighs tremble as an electricity feeling courses through me.

I gasp bringing a hand to press against my lips in a desperate way to suppress the moans. My eyes cast down to stare at him, loving the way his eyes were closed like he was savoring the taste of me.

His tongue slides into the lips of my pussy and swirls. Creating a delicious feeling that has me reaching out to curl my fingers into his hair roughly. My body feels hot all over as he pushes his tongue into my core, F*cking me with his tongue.

I gasp, throwing my head back on the cold metal and bite into the flesh of my palm. Blake's hands grip my hips tightly and pull me more to him. The

action has his tongue entering more into my core. My heart leaps.

I moan softly, unable to keep it in any longer. I felt my hips buck as I rode his face, wanting more. He sucked my bundle of nerves, nipping it softly then blowing on the flesh.

My eyes fall to stare at him, watching as he sucked me like a starved man. His eyes shoot open and our eyes lock. Blue and green. And that's exactly what I needed to get off the edge. My thighs tremble as I came, moaning his name softly on my palm. The slick of his tongue felt so good that I didn't want it to stop.

He groans on my pussy, the vibration has me cumming again as my eyes roll back in my head at the intense pleasure. He continues to suck me dry as I ride the waves of pleasure. My body is still coursing with electricity.

“I’ve been wanting to do that for years now. Finally I got to taste you and you taste so F*cking good.” He whispers loud enough so I can hear but not the students that were literally a few feet away from us.