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Ashley's pov

I sauntered downstairs, already knowing what to expect from hearing the loud shouting from the boys. I groan rolling my eyes when I reach the bottom. "You guys are loud." I whine walking over to the three boys on the couch. They were busy watching football.

"Fucking Christ, did you see that?!" Arden yelled, tossing some popcorn at the TV. "Boo!" He grunt before taking a handful of popcorn and stuffed his mouth.

"What a fucking loser!" Ryan agreed, his face had turned a shade of red. Either he was mad or he was currently suffering from the heat in this house.

("This guy sucks ass!")

"Questo ragazzo succhia il culo!" Blake chuckles. The rest join him and I'm left utterly confused. Does Arden even know what Blake just said?

Am I seriously being ignored here? Letting out a breath of irritation, I plod over to the kitchen area, leaving the boys screaming at the television. So much for 'hurry up and get ready.'

I take off the scrunchie that was wrapped around the bone of my wrist and weaved my silky black hair through it until the strands were off my back.

Some tendrils still fluttered on my forehead but it wasn't enough to irk me.

"Morning mom." I greeted her. She was busy cooking lunch, her back facing me as she circled a spoon in the pan before her.

She turned around just enough so I could see her face to send me a warm smile. "Morning baby, you woke up late. You're lucky I saved you some breakfast, your dad and brother almost finished it all." She laughed.

I sat down on one of the stools, resting my forearm on the cold marble counter. "Well technically I woke up early, I was just busy reading that's all." I admitted sheepishly.

She puts off the stove, spoon in hand as she twirls around to face me. A red sauce coated the spoon, its scent making my belly grumble. She walks over to me.

"How many times must I say that your stomach comes before books Ashley? Books can wait, I do not want you to starve." She scolds nearing me.

I chew on my plump bottom lip and looked down in shame, feeling like a little kid. "I know mommy. This one was just-" I looked for a word to describe the book I had yet to finish.

"Interesting." I finished off with a blush. I prayed mom wouldn't notice my now reddened face. I should've left my hair down.

She holds out the spoon and gestures for me to taste. I run a finger on the spoon, the sauce covers it. I draw it to my mouth and suck in the delicious sauce. "Hmmm." I moaned, sucking my finger.

Mom's eyes widen in satisfaction, a beaming smile plastering on her lips. Her hair falls loosely over her shoulder, the tips softly touching the end of her blue t-shirt. Her eyes crinkle at the corner as she continues to smile. She hadn't aged a bit. She was exactly the same, beautiful. Explains why dad can't leave her alone.

"It's good?" She questions though she already knew the answer for this question.

"When have you ever cooked anything disgusting? Well apart from that turkey last year that you burnt." I jabbed before giggling. She narrows her eyes that were identical to mine. The glasses slide down my nose a tad bit. I pushed it back into place and smiled at mom. "Now can I have my breakfast mom?" I ask.

"Mrs Collins can I have some breakfast too?" Blake comes strolling in. He stops behind me, his body emanating a roll of heat. His shirt brushed my back and I involuntarily suck in a sharp breath. Stop it Ashley, he's your best friend.

"Ley what's the point of eating when we're about to head to Belle's?" He laughs and tugs my ponytail. I twist my head to look at him. Green eyes meet blue and we stare. "What's the point of asking for breakfast when we're about to go?" I countered back. I turn around and shrugged. "Besides I skipped breakfast earlier and I'm famished."

"Now who's fault is that?" I could hear the evident amusement in his tone. The way his voice took a husky edge when he usually tries to rattle me up. "You should really blame Raven for your hunger. If you weren't busy-"

I turn around swiftly, my face said it all. I was embarrassed and annoyed that he would joke around now that my mom was present. For God's sake she didn't even know I owned these books. I sneaked off to buy them in the local library a couple of minutes away.

Whenever dad gave me money to spend, I would save it to buy them. Now my secret was not so much of a secret anymore and all thanks to the blue eyed boy staring back at me in mirth. He found this amusing, what a so-called friend he is.

But you haven't been thinking about him in a friendly way lately, now have you ash? My conscience mocked me. I got off the stool and clutch his hand, tugging him along with me.

"Leave the breakfast mom, I'm going at Belle's!" I shout over my shoulder.

She answers with a giggle. Great now even my mom found me amusing. Blake's chuckle pisses me off and leads me to drop his hand. I turn around to glare at him but I'm not so sure I looked the least intimidating.

His finger came to massage the crease between my eyebrows. "Don't frown Ley, you'll get wrinkles on that pretty little face of yours."

I step away feeling a slight tingle where his finger touched my skin. I turn around and walk over to Ryan and Arden. Their eyes were fixated on the television, both transfixed to realise that I reached for the remote.

Their eyes gleam with anxiety as they focus their gaze to the screen. My finger hover over the off button before I finally pressed it. The screen goes blank and the boys mouth slacken.

"What the-" Arden started but I swiftly sent him a glare.

"If you finish that sentence I'll tell dad when he comes home from work." I warned.

He grumbles something under his breath before crossing his arms. He was two years younger than I yet he acted like he was the older one. He was the younger version of dad. At just the age of fifteen he was almost the same height as Blake and had girls falling at his feet.

I turn to Ryan, seeing that he still stared at the black screen in obvious confusion. "Let's go Ryan, I'm hungry." I say and turned around to saunter to the front door.

"Where are y'all going?" I could hear Arden question them.

"Belle's." Blake responded.

I open the front door not caring if they followed after. I spot Ryan's red Lamborghini and stroll over to it. My converse hit the pavement with a thud. I could distinctly hear their loud footsteps following after me.

"Someone's impatient to head to Belle's. Though I think you're impatient to get back to your reading," Blake teases when he caught up to me.

I ignored him opening the car door and plopped inside. The short ripped jumpsuit I wore showed off the smooth creamy skin of my thighs. I shift myself to get more comfortably on the seat. Blake's eyes flicker to my thighs before he swiftly averted his eyes, closing the door harder than necessary.

Both he and Ryan opened their door simultaneously and closed it. Blake turns in his seat and sends me a wink. "Don't worry Ley, we'll get you back to your reading. Then we can practice what you've been taught."

A red blush crawls up my face and coats my cheek. Ryan laughs and mumble something incoherent. "Shut up." I mumble and stare out of the window.

Ryan starts up the car and a second later we are on our way to Belle's. Anxiety creeps up my spine as we near. I hate Belle's, it was too crowded. Reeked of teenagers, though I was one I didn't want to associate myself with them. They were rude and snobby. I only went there because of Blake and Ryan.

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