

Chapter 21 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

My breathing is coming in short pants as I stared at Blake through half closed eyes. He seems to be satisfied with the smile on his glistening lips that was coated with my juices. He licks it and moans softly. He gets up and fixes my panty back into place.

"Did you see her today? I mean kissing a guy who's taken is such a low move." A girl says in disgust.

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"Yes she's such a slut." Another responds.

I feel myself come back down to earth and felt horrified. They were talking about me. Shame and humiliation stream through my body. I couldn't believe that I had let Blake do something so intimate to me. I couldn't believe that I let my best friend eat me out.

I fix my dress quickly all the while Blake watches my actions. The bathroom door opens. "What are you guys doing here? Aren't you guys supposed to be in practice?" A voice I was so familiar with hisses.

"Shut up Rosalie, you're not the captain." One of the girl's argues in a nasally voice.

thank God I'm not, or else you both would be off the team." Rosalie snaps. Her voice was getting really close

a sigh of relief,

of the door closing shut I hurriedly get out of the stall. I didn't

disgusting. My fingers wrap around the metal doorknob only to have Blake's

in the crook of my neck as he whispers in a hushed voice. "Why are you running away, didn't you enjoy it?" He questions. It comes out

that I was the one who should be hurt. He was the one who's playing with my emotions knowing he was taken. I turn around and glared at him. "We can't do this Blake." My eyes soften as I see the pained look in his eyes.

I knew things wouldn't be the same between us. Everything has changed and there was no going

it the guy that you're

was in love with. His face darkens with jealousy when I

both swiftly getting out of the bathroom. We were lucky that the

Blake close by. "Answer my question Ley!" He hisses turning me around. His hand

grip, hating that I was about to let my guard down yet again. God only knows what I'd agree to do with him if

the cause. You're playing with my emotions while you're with Stacy." I

did back there." I pointed at the way to the bathroom.

"I'm not with her anymore!" He roars. He breathes out in irritation and sighs .

"I couldn't be with her after kissing you. I broke up with her last night when I got home. I couldn't stop thinking about you, you've been invading my thoughts every damn second Ley." He says softly.

The bathroom door opens and Rosalie comes out.

Thankfully she doesn't spot us as she heads the opposite side. Probably on her way to practice. A relieved sigh leaves my lips when she disappears around the corner, her blonde hair no longer in sight.

Blake words should have me celebrating but I couldn't help but feel like a homewrecker. I was the cause of their breakup, I came in between the perfect couple. Maybe everyone was right, I was a slut, I proved it by letting him do sinful things to my body.

"Blake, maybe we should remain friends and forget about what we had just done. It'll be for the best." I mumble and regretted it instantly. Who was I

kidding? I didn't only want to be Blake's friend, I wanted so much more. I wanted him so bad.

His blue eyes darken with anger as he clenches his fist at his sides. "How can I be your friend Ley when I know how you taste?" He mutters, turns on his heels and walks away from me.

My throat feels impossibly tight as I watch him walk away from me. I want you Blake. The words are on the tip of my tongue but refuses to come out. And it's already too late as he disappears from my sight leaving me standing alone in the hallway.

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It feels like the tables had turned, Blake was now the one avoiding me like the plague for the rest of the day. I couldn't blame him, I had done the same thing. But it didn't lessen on how painful it was to see him brush past me in the hallway.

He walked with so much confidence and so much pride but didn't once glance my way. It hurt so bad as I watched him walk away, hoping he would turn and look at me. But he never did.

It felt like we had now become strangers and I hated it. I didn't want to lose Blake, but I didn't know how to fix this. It was my fault that our friendship now had an invisible barrier between us, I should've never gone to that party.

I walked out of the school building, relieved that I'm finally going home. All the whispers and stares had taken a toll on me. They got into my head until I too began to believe those words. I was a slut.

A heavy arm slings over my shoulders. Turning my head to see who dared, I groaned seeing my brother's smirking face smiling down at me. "Home time sister." He chuckles as he walks together with my fast pace.

"Arden get your arm off my shoulder." I hissed even though I didn't try to remove it. He laughs it off as we walked over to Ryan's car. Not spotting Ryan anywhere close by, we waited for him beside the expensive car.

Arden moves a couple of feet away from me. I lean back on the metal of the car door, avoiding Arden's stare. I knew he was itching to ask me what I really didn't want to answer. But there was no going around this, I had to face this sooner or later.

I sighed crossing my arms and looked at him. "Go on ask away."

I'm surprised to not see judgement in his eyes. I had been seeing this the entire day and it was honestly draining. I knew deep down that the judgement of everyone was the main reason I couldn't seem to let go and enjoy what Blake and I shared.

in a protective brother mode. Even though I was older Arden seemed to think that he was the first child. It was honestly annoying to have

the school. Mind telling me what the F*ck is

sucked in my bottom lip, my fingers pressing into the flesh of my arm. "What exactly

slept with Blake at the party last night. Oh and how Stacy broke up with Blake after catching you two in an empty room, in their

fact my stomach began to cramp with unease until I felt nauseous. Arden sees my unease, the horror written on my face and lets his

you don't have to answer."

away from Arden. "It was a dare, he was dared to kiss me, that's all. I swear that's all

done, in fact I feared that if those girls' words hadn't

a slut man!" A boy Arden's age laughs as he passes us with a group of his friends. They all laugh at his lame excuse of humor. His hair was the

heart increases its pace as I saw the murder in orbs that were similar to dad's. Arden turns around to face the boy who smirks. Clearly proud of himself as he halts and

a business going on, how much do you ask for a night? I should have a dog home that hasn't F*cked a bitch in months, you should do perfectly." He directed at me, his eyes flashing

gasped pressing my back more into the car door. Where's Ryan? I want to go home. A small scream leaves my lips when Arden rushes to the boy, punching him squarely on the jaw. He doesn't give him time to retaliate as he throws punch

doesn't, instead his punches

face. A groan only

to break the fight, but even to them Arden's was too strong to be held down. My

cried walking towards the fight. The boy's eyes are half closed and I knew he was

I gulped reaching for the hand he intended to inflict pain but he wrenches out of my grasp and continues to show no mercy. I stumble away not wanting to be the end of his rage. Fear crawls in my body suffocating me to no end.

Footsteps are rushing here and I knew a crowd was forming. I lift my head and stared at the students that were staring at the fight. I scan the crowd looking for a particular blue eyed boy who could help me in this situation.

"Please stop them!" I shout at the crowd. But no one seemed to want to get in between the two boys.

Arden was too strong for me to stop on my own. But I'm disappointed when I don't spot Blake. But then the crowd parts and I hold my breath then let it go when it was Ryan who was pushing students away to get to me.

"What the F*ck is going on?" He hisses as he spots Arden still pummeling the boy. He cringes when the sound of a broken bone makes everyone gasp. I looked at Arden horrified.

"Please make him stop, please." I pleaded. He nods and rushes towards Arden and with a bit of struggle manages to get him off the unconscious

boy. I gasp looking at the boy's face that was hardly recognizable.

"Let go of me." Arden growls.

"Calm down man." Ryan hisses.

I strutted towards them and got in front of Arden's face. Lifting both my hands, I place them on his cheeks. My vision is blurry from tears but I could still see the rage in his eyes. "Please brother, please calm down." I begged. His eyes soften when he sees my desperation and stops struggling in Ryan's hold.

The sound of sirens nearing has fear swirling in my stomach. Someone must've called. "Let's get the F*ck out of here now." Ryan rushes.

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"Thank you Ryan." I mumble, closing the door of the car with a soft thud. Ryan smiles, it comes out awkward and cautious as he turns to stare at a still enraged Arden.

"Let's just hope he didn't kill the guy." Ryan winced when Arden slammed the door of the car unnecessarily harsh. I forced out a smile as we

watch him stride towards the house. He was still so furious. This was all my fault.

"I did this." I mumble but didn't know I said it loud enough that Ryan heard.

"What do you mean? How is it your fault?" Curiosity dotted his features. I looked back at Arden, watching him slam the front door closed with brutal force.

I sighed, turning my attention back to my auburn head best friend. "The boy Arden beat up was calling me unforgivable words." I gulped, my eyes tearing up.

"If-" My voice cracks and I gulped, breathing in some much needed air. "If I hadn't kissed Blake none of this would happen. This is all my fault I'm a slut."

Ryan's eyes widen in shock at my use of words. Regaining his speech, his eyes softened considerably, but his tone was anything but soft.

"This isn't your Fcking fault Ashley. I made that Fcking dare, I did this! You're not a F*cking slut and you'll never be. In fact if I had known the reason why Arden was pummeling the kid I'd join him, serves him right." He says angrily.

but it didn't stop me from flinching away from his harsh tone. He sees this and sighs. "Look

going to do anything reckless that will get you into trouble." I cut him off. I knew

someone does something

reluctant to part. "And it's fine I'm not expecting them to. I can handle this, just a few more months until

Ashley, I promise that whatever I'll do won't cause any

leave it be or else I'll give Miranda

was usually partnered up with me for chemistry. Everyone seemed to stay clear of her. She was a bit clingy and talked

Ryan a lot and it was

what she thought, not holding anything back. She didn't care

I had her self confidence, I would've told Blake a long time ago that I liked him, way more than a friend should. But

white, full of horror. It wasn't a secret that Ryan

the morning to bring cupcakes and doughnuts. But then again it was kind of sweet

reluctantly. "Fine." He grumbled. He was mad and I could tell as he drove away without saying goodbye. I sighed.

was happening downstairs. I groaned shifting around until I fully woke up. I was still groggy but forced myself to

had changed out of my [clothes](#) and put on fresher

events from today had exhausted me to a great extent. But with now sore muscles and a migraine lurking in the corner, I needed more

"Dad it was his F*cking fault, I didn't do anything that he wasn't asking for!" Arden's voice is so loud that my ears ring. I winced opening my eyes fully from the tired slit I had them.

I stride towards the door opening it softly so as to not alert them that I was coming to eavesdrop. My feet is clad with socks and it makes it easier to walk without making a sound.

"I told you to stay out of trouble! Cops came to look for you Arden, this isn't staying out of trouble. Why did you have to beat up the poor boy so much?!"

Dad roared. I flinched away, terrified of what will happen next. Dad wasn't easily angered but tonight he definitely was.

I softly place my bum on the top stair, away from being noticed. I could hear mom's soft voice, trying to calm everyone down. My hands shake uncontrollably as I grasp onto the wooden railing. My forehead press on the wooden surface as I listened to the argument.

"The A*shole deserved it dad!" Arden hisses in rage.

"No one deserves to be knocked out unconscious Arden! If I hadn't come home early tonight, you'd be in a prison cell right now. You nearly got the kid in a coma!" Dad raged on.

I gasped covering my mouth with my palm. Arden was in this whole mess because of me. Tears blurred my vision. I should've been the one protecting him but I've failed.

"What I don't understand is why you did it? What did the kid do to provoke you so much that you almost killed him?" Dad's voice had lowered into one of curiosity.

I stood up and walked down the stairs. My hands shook but I was determined to not let Arden suffer the consequences alone. This was also my problem. So there I stood in front of my family who hadn't noticed me as yet.

Dad's back faced me as Arden eyes were strictly on him, not once moving away. Mom was beside them looking helpless to stop the argument. I clenched my fist at my sides, pressing them to my thighs. "It's because of me dad. It was my fault he got into a fight." I let out.

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Dad's back stiffen before he swiftly turns around to face me. His brows almost to his hairline as he regards me in shock. I couldn't blame him, I never got into trouble, never caused it either.

But now hearing that his well mannered daughter was the cause of a fight that involved her brother was definitely not something he heard everyday. Mom leaves the boys and walks over to me. Her eyes portray worry as she brings me to her side.

The tears I blinked away a second ago now flowed freely, coating my cheeks with moisture. I sniffled as mom pulled me more into her embrace. "I'm so sorry daddy, I'm so sorry." I cried as mom

shushed me, brushing her hand down my lengthy tresses.

"It's all my fault, I did something stupid at the party and I'm now paying for it. It's not Arden's fault, it's mine, he was just protecting me like he usually does." I said hoarsely. Dad's eyes soften drastically before walking over to me.

"Mind telling us what you did Ashley?" Dad asked gauging for a reaction from his question.

Arden groans loudly, gaining everyone's attention. "Dad leave her be, it's not like she murdered anyone." He rolled his eyes, crossing his arms and leaned back on the wall.

"Yeah like you almost had done?!" Dad retorts, not at all pleased. He then brings his attention back to me. "What did you do to cause a fight between Arden and his cla*smate?"

Arden snorts, yet again disturbing the conversation with his blunt indifference. "Dad you really need to relax the guy's not dead." He says boredly blowing out a fake yawn.

"Arden enough of your nonsense, you need to understand that what you did was wrong, stop

acting like you did a good thing!" Dad hissed turning to glare at him.

eyes glared into Dad's. "So I think

of fear, fear from hearing what Arden was

what he meant. He thought someone tried to sexually a*sault me. I could already see

swear!" I rushed out to

the while mom is silent beside me, rubbing my back soothingly. I sighed and got ready to tell him exactly why I was the reason for the

kiss me and went through

their faces made me know that they

Mom gasped pulling away to stare

from them and stared at the wall. Too afraid to see the judgement in their eyes. "Everyone got to know about it and there are now rumors circulating the entire school that I'm a whore for kissing my best friend that is taken. The boy was saying nasty things to me and Arden went to fight him to

all knew this would happen sooner or later. Though I never bargained for it to be this soon. I would've really liked it if you were at least thirty." Dad says in

thirty when we had Ashley, I say she should've

for kissing a boy, even though it was Blake? And shouldn't mom be on his

did was wrong? Why are they so calm

out my thoughts. Dad brows furrowed and mom looks utterly confused, like my question didn't make sense

says softly and turns to

an exception." Dad smirks. Arden's smile falters, he rolls

this bickering tomorrow, right now I'm going to sleep. I'm tired ." Arden says

their

patato." Arden waves off disappearing

said baby, he takes after you." Mom giggles as she

we try for another that

I cringe knowing where the conversation would lead up to. And that would be with me in mortification at their flirting while they took it up a notch and start to make use of dad's words.

"So you guys aren't mad?" I mumble softly.

“Why would we be mad? Ryn and I have been planning y’all wedding for years. Your dad’s paying by the way.” Mom says in honesty.

Dad’s eyes widen. “When did I agree to that? I don’t think Ace would even let me have the chance to anyway. The brute is too proud to let me do it alone. I think he’ll either agree to split it in half. He’ll definitely want to contribute-“

“Are you guys seriously planning my wedding right now? Blake and I aren’t even together! Like I said it was just a dare and I don’t think it’ll lead up to anything serious.” My voice grew soft at the end of my sentence.

“Wait what, y’all aren’t together yet?” Mom whispers sadly. I shake my head and stared at the floor. I couldn’t believe how this conversation

turned from bickering about the fight to my relationship with Blake.
Relationship?

“No we aren’t.” I breathed out on a shaky voice. “I told him we should not pursue anything-” My voice cracked at the end, not being able to finish from the emotion logged up in my throat, preventing me to.

“But isn’t this what you wanted baby? You’ve loved him for years. And I’ve seen the way that boy looks at you Ashley and he definitely loves you.” Mom says softly, running her fingers through my loose inky black tresses.

Love me? Yeah right. If that were true he would’ve been with me a long time ago, instead he slept around with different girls until Stacy. The only reason he’s now interested was because we kissed. What would’ve happened if we hadn’t?

“It’s just that I’m scared.” I told her. It was partly true. I was scared but not what they think. I was scared that I’d lose him. What if we failed to make it work? What if it ruins our friendship? I rather have Blake as a friend and not have him at all.

“If it’s about those rumors, I’ve already planned to come to your school tomorrow to put an end to it. I’ll talk to the principal-” Dad says.

My eyes widen as I cut him off. “Please no dad, leave it be. They are just words, I can handle it.” I rushed out.

“There’s no going around this Ashley, I’m speaking to that principal one way or the other.” He stated.

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“I want everyone to read the yellow wallpaper by Charlotte Perkins. Then in a brief passage explain what you’ve learnt. I want this by tomorrow.”

Miss Fernandez states in a stern voice then dismisses the class right after the bell rings.

I made a mental note to head to the school’s library before going home. Sighing, I place the books inside my bag, zipping it up while looking at the clock.

“What a loser.” A girl whispered to her friend while they giggled at me. I lowered my head and slung the bag straps over my shoulder.

Even though dad had come early to speak to the principal today, some of the students still thought it was funny to call me names. Though the principal warned them about getting suspended some thought it was a pointless threat.

I move towards the door, not caring that I brushed past others to get out first. I hear their protest and nasty remarks but I was determined to not let them get to me anymore.

I got out of the classroom and headed over to my locker. I spot my brother waiting beside it, hands in his pockets as he leaned his head on the cold blue metal with eyes closed.

I rolled my eyes and purposely knocked the locker loud enough to have him jolt. “What’s wrong sleeping beauty?” I teased. This was the first joke I managed to make today.

I was not exactly in the best mood, not when Blake was still avoiding me like the plague. That surely didn’t go unnoticed by everyone. This made the rumors worse especially when everyone saw Stacy cozying up with Blake at lunch.

The sight had revolted me so much that I went to have lunch outside. It made me realize that Blake had probably lied to me yesterday about breaking up with her.

Sure they weren't kissing but they didn't look like they weren't a couple either. I felt a hot boiling rage of jealousy just by thinking about them together.

I should've hated him for that, I should never want him to touch me again. But all I can think about is his lips, the way he kissed me like I was his drug. The way he looked like he was in ecstasy as he ate me up like a starved man.

I shake my head and snap back to reality. Seeing my brother's annoyed blue eyes has me mentally smirking

you

to see your face everyday."

very funny."

meet you home." I said putting the last book in my bag. I had a

home?" Arden asks in confusion. I look up to see

bag. "No I'm not, tell Ryan to not wait up for me. I'll take the bus. I won't be long I promise. And tell dad I'll be home

not be pleased Ashley and I don't want to leave you here alone." He

By

he was contemplating before nodding. "Okay fine but

scent of fresh roses wafted through my nose until the presence of someone

have room for two more? Dad can't pick us up today and mom is in a teacher's

think Ryan likes witches

groans then smirks when he

"A*shole." Rosalie mumbles lowly.

to face Liam and sent him a smile. "I'm surprised that uncle Luke didn't make you trim on your hair yet." I teased ruffling his

He

spoken kid, makes you wonder why he was bestfriends with Arden who's known for his troublesome and reckless ways. I believed that Arden forces him to, but then again the quiet

I uttered and

safely!" I shout

"Don't think I forgot about getting the details out of you missy!" I hear Rosalie shout followed by a bicker from Arden. I rolled my eyes, pulling the straps of the bags higher on my shoulder. Those two always bicker.

I entered the library and smiled at the librarian on my way. "I won't take long." I informed her.

Unsurprisingly I'm the only one here and that's exactly how I loved it. I walked to the table to the far corner. It was isolated and could hardly be noticeable.

I set my bag on the wooden table and strided over to one of the shelves. After searching for the book for a good ten minutes I had finally spotted it. I walked back over to the desk with the book in hand and sat down on the wooden bench.

It felt like an eternity as I flip through pages. The library is so quiet that I wouldn't be surprised if the librarian had gone home. I was sure that I was the only one in the school right now and the security.

I looked down at my watch, widening my eyes when I read three fifty five. Dad must be really mad now. I had taken longer than expected and I now regretted staying back. I sighed and pushed the book I had written notes on inside the bag.

I got up, grabbed the book and placed it back on the shelf. Thankfully I had written all the main notes so I wouldn't have to bring it along with me. Sighing I walked out the library, noting that I was indeed correct that the librarian had gone home.

The halls were empty, far from how it was an hour ago with hormonal teenagers roaming about. It felt oddly nice. I hadn't spotted the security yet and wondered where he was.

Usually he guarded the front door. He's probably late. I wouldn't be surprised, that wouldn't be the first time he was late. I nibble on my lip as I continue to walk.

A prickling feeling has the little hairs on my arm to stand up to attention. My heart starts to thud uncontrollably as the feeling of being watched creeps up my spine. My slow steps have now turned to a jog as I prayed that I was just hallucinating.

My mouth opens to scream but gets muffled by a huge hand that covers half of my face. My hands reach up to scratch at the hand but to no avail. Tears blurred my vision when my bag falls and the body of a male pulls me into an empty classroom.

My finger nails dig into his flesh wishing to cause him pain as I thrash around to get free. He hisses pressing his palm harshly on my mouth until it feels numb.

"You're a hard girl to get alone." An unfamiliar boy whispers beside my ear, biting my earlobe.

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skin of my neck. Nausea rolls in my stomach when one of his slimy fingers crawl to touch between my legs. The closed wooden door is staring at me, mocking me.

I could taste my salty tears as I choke on a sob. Why is this happening to me? The man pinches the flesh of my vagina and groans beside my ear. My crying got louder as I thrashed more intensely in his arms.

"Please stop!" I cried but it's incoherent as he continues to add pressure on my mouth. My heart is pounding as fear locks me into its embrace.

"I heard you let Reed F*ck you whenever he wants." He breathes beside my ear roughly. His voice sends shivers of disgust down my spine.

I fight against him, pushing my heels on his boot clad feet. He hisses removing his hand from in between my thighs. "I just want a little taste too." He laughs cockily.

I force my mouth to open under the pressure of his hand and fortunately bite into the flesh of his palm

harshly until I could taste the coppery tang of blood. "F*cking bitch!" He roars and removes his hand away from my mouth.

"Help!" I screamed as loud as I could, hoping and praying that someone would hear me. "Help!" I shout again thrashing around trying to break free from the arm he had wrapped around my torso.

then he pulls cruelly at my black tresses. I yelped, feeling my scalp burn
act like a pussy when you're around." He groans tugging at my hair harder.

back in shock and it is enough

knob when the man pulls me back and pushes me into the desk.

a boy

rage and face pinched in anger. I remember seeing

Whilst Blake loved boxing Ryan had taken a liking to football. But I never studied him

it

pencil. Feeling to see if it was sharpened, I mentally sighed when it was.
"The only thing you'll be tasting is a pencil pierced through your d*ck if you come near me." I spat clutching the pencil

already in front of me, holding me down with his weight. I was pressed on the
the pressure of his weight

nearly throw up when his harden cock presses on my thigh. Now on
high alert, I didn't think

he uses his other hand to smack me against my face. My head snaps to the
side and the force has my glasses flying off. It hits the floor with a clatter. The
burning pain on my cheek

desk, until my entire upper body is fully on the desk. My nails dig into

My throat hurts but I don't care

the F*ck up!" He hisses and uses his body to keep me still as one of his hands comes

I'm sobbing and shaking my head but unable to move him off. He was much stronger than me, I

was weak to him. He forces my legs apart until I could feel his d*ck on my inner thigh. I feel hopeless and disgusted as he smirks down at me in triumph.

I didn't know what time he came or why he was here but suddenly the boy was wrenched away from me. I gasp in air and move off the desk quickly. I ended up falling on the floor.

Through my blurry vision I watch as Blake pummels the boy's face in rage. Blood coated his hand, red.

The boy grunts as he begs for mercy but doesn't receive it. Instead he's brutally kicked in the stomach hard until he coughs up blood. "I'll F*cking kill you!" Blake roars as he bends down and wraps his hand around the boy's neck and squeezes.

The boy wheezes, his eyes barely open and face now unrecognizable. "You F*cking bastard, how dare you touch her!" Blake shouts as the boy continues to struggle to breath. Seeing that he was indeed trying to kill him, I force myself to stand up and on shaky legs run towards him.

Falling down beside Blake, I wrapped my arms around him. "Blake please stop, please stop." I pleaded, crying when he didn't stop.

It was like he hadn't heard me. The boy's face is now a threatening shade of purple as his hold on Blake's hand loosen.

"Please Blake, stop." I cried wrapping my fingers around the hand he was currently choking the guy with.

He stiffens and grunts in displeasure before moving his hand away from the boy's neck. The guy gasped in air until his entire body stills.

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“Is he dead?” I choked out, staring at the unconscious boy. I couldn’t look at Blake as yet, too afraid to see the murderous look in his eyes.

“I F*cking hope so.” He answers without an ounce of remorse. I involuntarily shiver at his voice, so cold, so void of emotion. It felt like I was talking to ice.

“You don’t mean that Blake.” I said shakily and reach out to touch the guy’s neck in search of his pulse.

“With what he was about to do to you, yes I F*cking hope he’s dying.” He hisses beside me.

Feeling a slight pulse under my finger has me breathing out a sigh of relief. Thank God he isn’t dead. “We need to call an ambula-“

“F*ck no, let him rot here.” Blake snaps, stands up and backs away a bit.

My eyes widen at the heated anger detected in his voice. I stand up and turn to him, glaring into his blue orbs. “We can’t leave him here Blake! He probably has a concussion or something worse.” I hissed.

He grinds his teeth in fury. “I don’t F*cking care-“

“You should care because you could end up in jail!” I cut him off trying to make him see my point of view.

want to play F*cking hero to him. You stupidly let yourself fall victim

words hurt more than it should. It reminded me of what transpired a couple of minutes

I shouldn’t even feel an ounce of remorse for the

tone of his voice and the way he blamed me for the encounter

with Stacy somewhere other than here? I didn’t ask you to come to my rescue Blake, I could’ve

out a humorless laugh. “Yeah you looked like you were

Ley! In between your thighs where I’m the only Fcking one who can. Yeah so you did look like you had the situation

anger. "Don't act like you care now, you avoided me like the plague the entire day." I hissed and brushed

he pleased with me. I shivered in fear

yesterday but you didn't seem the bit interested in conversing. Even after I was this close to fucking you in that bathroom you made it clear you didn't want anything more. I thought you needed

to arch my neck to look at him clearly. "We didn't almost had sex in the bathroom Blake, you're exaggerating." I mumbled, feeling my face

flush there and then. You're lucky that we were or else you would've lost your confidence. I don't want that for our

confidence has my heart beating uncontrollably in my chest. I decided to change the subject,

aren't you usually at

work? When I entered the school I heard your piercing scream and knew something was wrong so I ran

away from the bitch manhandling you."

tense between us he still waited for me. I knew he missed practice for this and I grew extremely

frustrated. "Are you serious right now?" He cuts me off in disbelief. "Don't you get it by now Ashley? I'd do anything for you, you always come first."

The boy on the floor grunts and shifts around. Blake sees this and his eyes turn murderous. He tries to move around me to get to the guy but my fingers curl around his bicep, halting him. I shake my head. "Leave him Blake."

The door suddenly opens and bangs on the wall. I turn around swiftly and my eyes widen in fear when the pudgy school's security makes his presence known.

His white bushy brows furrowed into a frown as he stared at us in confusion. "What are you guys doing back here? It is past four now, no one is supposed to be inside the school at this hour.."

My hands grow cold and Blake stiffen. I know we were both scared that at any moment now the security's eyes would spot the boy on the floor.

My hands turn into fist when at that second the boy grunts again. The security's eyes fall down to the half conscious boy and his eyes widen in alarm.

"What the hell happened here?" He rushes out and walks over to my almost rapist. "Christ why hadn't any of you called 911!?" He asks as he bends down to check the guy's pulse.

It felt like my body froze in fear as it gripped my entire being. My lips felt frozen and I was sure that Blake was too shocked to answer too.

Not hearing our response the man looks up and sends an accusing glare at Blake. "Did you do this?!"

Blake doesn't answer and it's enough to let the man know that Blake was indeed the one or was a part of it.

"Stay here both of you, I'm calling the cops." He hisses and takes out his walkie talkie and starts giving whoever on the other end details and directions to where we were.

Chapter 28 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

We've been sitting on top of a desk for approximately five minutes. My eyes stayed glued on the clock as every second ticked by. It was nerve-racking having to wait for the cops to arrive.

My hands were folded under my breast, acting as a protective barrier for what was about to happen. I knew I had to eventually explain what transpired here. But it didn't make it easier. In fact I felt revolted just thinking about speaking about it.

The security had been wiping a wet rag over the boy's face. He had finally regained his

consciousness and had started to curse softly when the man pressed the rag on his cheek.

Blake had been silent but I could sense the anger that still radiated off of him in waves. I knew he was upset and by the way he glared at my attempted rapist I knew he was still thinking of ways to murder him.

The sound of the sirens has my skin prickling with anxiety and I start to sweat profusely. They were here. "Blake I'm scared." I whispered for his ears only. He moves off the desk and comes towards me, pulling my head to his chest. "It's okay bambina. Nothing bad will happen."

I know he was trying to ease my worries but even he didn't believe his own words. There was no assurance that the cops would believe us or listen to what happened. For all we knew, the guy could come up with the most ridiculous thing and get away with it.

"I'm afraid they'll arrest you-" I choked up pressing my nose on his black shirt. "They won't." He assured brushing a hand down my hair in comfort.

"You two better not be plotting a way out of this. The cops are here and will get to the bottom of whatever happened here." The security mumbles.

I tear myself away from Blake and look over at the security. Not once did he think that I was the victim and not the boy he was cleaning up. I couldn't blame him, I haven't exactly explained to him what happened.

"Cops?!" The attempted rapist screeched out. It was like he now understood what was happening around him and he didn't look a bit happy to hear the news.

My anxiety and fear diminishes as officer Ryn and officer Nate enters. Blake visibly sighs in relief when he spots his mom

annoyance and anger. Behind her, a

do you always think I'm at fault mom?" Blake says

every way." She says in a matter of factly voice and walks over to us. But stops when she spots the teen boy

do?" She whispered in

the one at

in private officer Ryn?" I asks, cutting off Blake. I knew

as if just realizing I was there. Gaining back her composure she nods quickly. She nudges to the corner of the room and

there with you?" He questions in a worried tone. I turn to him and send this." I answered and strut over to

to tell anyone what happened. I felt gross and wanted

to have Ryn's face turned into the shade of a ghost. "Please tell me that's not what happened here." It comes out like a plea and

God." Ryn

avoided her stare. It now felt so real. I was now one of those girls who had gotten sexually assaulted and I hated it." Blake isn't at fault." I started

just leaving when he." I said shakily pointing at the guy who now looked scared. "Pulled me into an

now flowed freely. I finally got the courage to look at Ryn and see the anger in her eyes. "Blake came just in time before the

to comfort me as I sobbed on her uniform. "Oh darling, I'm so

worry. "Want me to call

to tell them when I'm ready. Please just don't involve

know how I would face them knowing that

it happened to me. And in a way I was scared that mom and dad wouldn't

I didn't want that and I definitely didn't want to worry them either. If dad has his way I'd never get out of the house and be homeschooled for the rest of the semester.

Ryn's brows furrowed in confusion. "They're going to get involved Ashley when you file a report-

I shake my head feeling fear creep up my spine. "No, no I don't want that." I rushed out. Ryn blanches back in shock.

Was I stupid for not making the boy pay for what he has done? ” Just make him stay away from me please, that’s all I want.” I whispered.

She breathes out and looks at the boy who looks like he had seen a ghost. Nate had now walked up to him and was busy questioning him.

“Look Ashley, your head isn’t clear right now to make a decision. I’ll give you time but I would

advise you to file that report. I do not like that you don’t want me to inform your parents about this, but promise me that’ll you’ll tell them when you’re ready.” She says in a stern voice.

“Well that A*shole doesn’t look like he needs a hospital but he does look like he needs a prison cell.” She grits out and starts walking over to the injured boy.

My eyes widen as I’m quick to follow her. “But I didn’t file-“

“He still sexually assaulted you Ashley, he deserves to be inside a cell. Look I said I’ll keep this away from your parents but I never agreed to keep this attempted rapist a free pas. Now go home and I’ll take care of it.” She says and roughly forces the boy to stand up.

Turning him around she turns to face her son. “You did a number on him son. I taught you well.” She smirks then goes serious.”Get Ashley home and start cooking dinner before your dad burns the kitchen again. Oh and if your sister needs help with homework you help her.”

She turns the boy around roughly and earns a groan of pain from him. “Doesn’t feel too good being the one helpless now does it little boy?”

“Ryn you’ll break the guy’s arm.” Nate says in an amused chuckle.

“Oops.”

Chapter 29 - Bestfriends Shouldn’t Know How You Taste

Blake has been giving me the silent treatment the entire ride home. He wasn’t exactly my number one fan right now. Not after hearing that I didn’t want to press charges against the boy I now know as Peter William.

I sighed and rest my head that was protected by the helmet on his back. I feel him visibly stiffen before he relaxes. My hands were securely around his waist, loving the prominent shape of abs through his thin shirt.

The sight of my house is now visible and I sigh. I didn't want to be alone right now in fact I wanted to stay like this forever. Though it's impossible I wish for it. Blake parks the [motorcycle](#) beside the walkway.

others considered a death trap. He holds it dear to his heart. In his

wouldn't matter it still was as ruffled as before. Blake removes his helmet and then helps me

down while adjusting the straps of the

That was the

then after hearing what I told her, he stayed mute after voicing out his anger towards my decision. So it was

I finally got the courage to look up and instantly our eyes are locked. I missed this, I missed how close we were before everything changed between us. Was it bad that I wanted to tell him how much I loved him right there and then?

I nodded to his question and found myself smiling a little. "I promise that I'm fine Blake."

Was I really fine? I could still feel Peter's slimy hands all over my body. Touching me where I only wanted one person to touch. The image floats back

Chapter 30 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

Ashley's pov

This was honestly the last thing I thought Rosalie would say. I was utterly shocked and felt the weight of not knowing what to do or how to comfort her.

"Are you sure?" Kimberly whispers, her eyes on Rosalie's stomach.

Rosalie opens her eyes, sighs and plops down on the mat crossed leg. “I don’t know, I’ve been feeling nauseous recently and I feel like I put on weight instead of losing. Also Arden didn’t pull out on the wedding night nor did he the day after.”

She brings her legs up, circles her arms around them and drops her head on her knees. “This is what I get for not taking precautions. I should never have slept with him. Fuck him and how he makes me feel.” She murmurs but it’s barely coherent as her mouth is pressed to her legs. Finally finding my voice, I spoke up. “Did you at least take a test to know?” I asked. She lifts her head and I feel sadden as I witness her red rimmed eyes and snotty nose. “I haven’t yet. I bought them an hour ago but I’m scared to take it.” She confessed. “Wait them? How many did you buy?” I asked. She rises to her feet and shrugs. “Around ten.” She admits. She then points at the black bag on the coffee table before us. “They’re all in here, taunting me.” She grumbles.

I nodded. “Okay, did you tell this to Arden?” “God no, unless I am sure that I am in fact pregnant then I’ll keep this scare away from him. It’s not like he’d care.” She grumbles lowly.

“Of course he cares about you Rosa. Arden loves you and I know he did some stupid shit in the past but he’s trying to make it up to you. If you are in fact pregnant, I think it would be considered fate. It was meant to happen, you two were meant to happen.” I defended my brother.

Arden was stupid yes, but he loved Rosalie and she loved him equally. It was now irritating to see her pushing him away when she wanted him just as much as he wanted her back.

I hoped. “Why don’t you take

lip and flicks her eyes between Kimberly and

stomach drops. The way Rosalie’s eyes glistened with wickedness made me realize that

with me so I’ll not be the only one?” She asked, pursing

no way I’d pee on a stick. “I’m already pregnant, no need for confirmation again.” Kimberly snorts and points

are a match made in heaven, they are exactly the same. Know how to

Ashley on the other hand can do it with you.” Kimberly suggested. I turn to Kimberly and send her a sharp

unless you have something to confess?” Kimberly questions in a teasing tone. “Yeah Ashley, nothing to be afraid of.” Rosalie utters. I turn my sharp glare towards her. “I’m not afraid of the results because I know I’m not pregnant. I just don’t feel like peeing on a stick” I grin out

She sent one at me and I barely caught it. After letting out an ooph when it hit my boobs then fell on my lap, I picked it up

shook a little on the toilet seat so I could make sure that I had gotten all of that pee out. “Please Ashley take the test with me, I’m scared.” I grumble as I continued to shake a bit, making sure to not get pee on my fingers. “Little she devil knew how to play her cards right.” I sighed and moved the test away from between my legs when I felt like I did not have any urine left. “How could this small little stick thing tell when a woman is pregnant?” I asked no one in particular as I

I asked my reflection. “Are you done Ashley?” Rosalie yelled. Sighing, I

I wouldn’t have gone through this.” I murmur and picked up the test, careful to not touch where I had peed on. I walked out of the bathroom and made my way back to the living room where Rosalie and Kimberly were. I looked down at the pregnancy box on the coffee table and noticed the test on top of it. Rosalie sits down beside Kimberly and hugs a throw pillow while looking down at the test nervously. “I seriously can’t believe

nodded. “Now

one of you is pregnant. I wouldn’t have to go

doubted that I was pregnant, I never showed symptoms. And I don’t think Blake

Two minutes later.

“Is it time yet?” Rosalie asked for the fifth time since we placed the test down.

“Not yet Rosalie, you must wait for at least five minutes. ” Kimberly stated. 1

Rosalie groans, throwing her head back. "This is torture. I feel so anxious and scared."

Five minutes later. "I'm scared to look, someone please look for me." Rosalie begs. "I'm too lazy to get up." Kimberly groans. "Ashley you look." I glared at her and rolled my eyes. "Fine." I hissed and rise to my feet. I peered at Rosalie's test, while holding my breath. I don't know why I watched her test first and not mine. I couldn't be scared of my results could I? One barely there line. I lift my eyes to her scared one's. "Well if you weren't ready for a baby then it's your luck, you're not pregnant."

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Her eyes dropped. "Oh." She mumbles sadly. My heart pounds as I begin to sweat. Drawing my eyes slowly towards my test. I bit into my bottom lip as I peered at the test on the box. I squint to get a better look.

Wait.

My heart drops then starts to pound uncontrollably. This is not happening right now.

Two dark red lines. 19