

Chapter 31 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

There's a loud roar from the two men beside me. I wince and elbow my way until I reached the front. "Hey watch it spongebob!" A girl snapped as I accidentally stepped on her foot.

"Sorry!" I shout over the loud roar of the crowd. She rolls her eyes and sets her attention on the fighters.

I look at the ring and gasp at seeing Blake fight for the first time. Red gloves wrapped around his hand, the color of blood. Ironically that was exactly what he was drawing out from his opponent, blood.

Sweat glistened down his body and I found myself licking my lip involuntarily. I knew he worked out a lot and that explained his sculpted muscles. But what I didn't know was the dragon tattoo that was carved on his shoulder.

It made him more attractive than he already was. He threw a punch at the guy's face, hitting

him square on the jaw. Blood splatters out on the mat and he stumbles back at the blow.

My skin is prickling with anxiety as I watch Blake send another jab that hits his opponent on the side of his head. The way Blake moved with so much elegance, confidence it was mesmerizing.

The way he expertly avoided his opponents jabs looked like he was born to do this, like he had rehearsed this for hours. He looked beautiful. I couldn't look away, watching him with awe as he continues to push the guy to his limits until he knocks out from one of Blake's blows.

The referee calls out the match and raises Blake's hand. Blake smirks as everyone cheers from his victory. But I just stood there, staring at him, wanting to give him my own congratulations that wouldn't be appropriate in this crowded area.

As if sensing my stare his head quickly snaps to where I am standing. I see his blue eyes widen in surprise before it quickly turns to anger as he scans my body. Oh crap he's mad.

he drops his hand and gets out of the ring. His long angry strides reach beside me in

his gloves to wrap his fingers around the

glares as Blake pulled me inside an empty room. It looked like where

The noise from the crowd is now faint. I turn around to face him. Seeing the heated

you doing here and what the F*ck are you wearing!?" He blasted removing to see you, I couldn't sleep." I stuttered out feeling stupid

could've simply called me Ley, I would've

tonight that wouldn't think twice in doing something bad to you. Didn't you think before

I realize he was right. Didn't I learn from earlier with Peter? He must've noticed the moisture in my eyes because his eyes soften considerably.

to punch the men around you tonight? They looked at you like you were a F*cking snack. Ready to be devoured. It took every bit of my control to not go ballistic on them. And you know what angered me the most?" He questioned through

whispered looking up at

you hadn't even noticed." He finishes displeased. He was right. I hadn't even noticed the staring, I was too busy gawking at Blake and the way he moved elegantly. He always had

feel ashamed that I hadn't thought to wear

figure like a glove, enhancing my firm round butt. I was at least thankful that I had chosen to

walk over to the bench. I turn around to look at him. He was angry with

and it leaves me to openly stare at his tattoo. I stride over to him and reach over to brush a finger across the tattooed flesh. He

get this?" I whispered as I continued to trace

between my

He then turns around which resulted in my hand to drop from his skin. He looks up and before I could think pulls me forward until I straddle his lap. He smirks and gives me the towel. "The least you could do is wipe off the sweat for me bambina."

I smile. How did we get from him arguing to now flirting? "You know, you stink." I teased wiggling my nose for emphasis as I wiped off the sweat on his neck. I watch the sweat roll down his neck, down his chest until disappearing in his shorts.

I gulp, feeling the urge to lick his body. I wanted to taste him. It was like Blake had heard my inner thoughts because his fingers dug into my butt as he pulled me directly on top of his harden cock.

I freeze as I instantly get a flashback of earlier when Peter pinned me. He senses my unease and is quick to remove me off his hardened cock."Shit sorry Ley, I wasn't thinking shit." He apologizes as he sets me on his thigh, away from his cock.

I shake my head to get rid of the image. I needed to remove the feeling of Peter's hand on my body. I needed Blake to remove Peter's lingering presence on my body. I wanted him to make me forget.

I throw the towel on the bench and push myself back on his still hardened cock, all the while staring into his piercing blue eyes.

This time I do not get the flashback, instead I'm making a pool in between my legs at the feeling of

him pressed into my core. The only thing separating us is the thin material of our clothes.

"Ley?" He asks in confusion. But he doesn't make an effort to remove me instead he grips my butt until I was sure he left a mark.

His eyes scan my face, looking for any signs that I was uncomfortable. But I wasn't and judging by the way my body was reacting to him, I knew he would be the only one to make me forget.

I reach for one of his hands. He looks at me curiously as I bring the hand forward. Then he widens his eyes when I press his hand in between my legs, right where I wanted him.

“I want you to make me forget.” His eyes darken when those words slip out of my mouth.

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“F*ck.” He groans and palms me through my pajama pants. I was sure that the wetness had now soaked through my shorts. My body reacts to his heated palm pressing into me and I start to roll my hips, wanting more.

One of his fingers pushed more into me until I could feel it on my [core.](#) I gasp and grip his arm. The only thing preventing him from entering me was the material of the shorts and my panty. His eyes are dark, hungry as he eats up at the sight of me turned on by him.

“You’re already soaked bambina.” He grunts pressing his finger more into me. I wiggle around wanting more as I suck my bottom lip between my teeth. His eyes follow the action in undeniable hunger.

“I want to taste you so F*cking bad.” He hisses then reaches up to take off my jacket in one go.

I’m stunned at the swift action but moan when it sends a shock through my stomach until it settles in my pussy. That was hot. I want more.

“Blake.” I whined. My body was hot, overheated. I needed him so bad.

He smirks. “You’re a needy girl aren’t you Ley?” He chuckles. I glare at him, not caring that I was indeed acting like a needy girl.

“Don’t worry, I’ll take care of that.” He comes forward, his lips brushing against my ear. “I’ll make sure you know exactly who that sweet pussy of yours belong to.” He groans and bites my earlobe.

My heart pounds and my pussy throbs at his words. It does belong to you Blake, always had. “Then what are you waiting for?” I moan, pushing my chest forward until my breast press against his heated flesh.

and it felt oddly nice. Was it disgusting that I wanted it on my bare

in the curve of my neck and licks. I shiver and moan
circles them on my bundle of nerves. I sucked in a sharp breath and tangle
my
then nips. I tug
more than he was already. My legs tremble slightly when
couldn't help but let out a moan. His fingers quickly go to
has my pussy clenching and creating more
my folds but doesn't go all the way in. He pulls it out and circles that same
finger at the entrance of my core. I
part and I let out a loud moan when he pushes the
hit my neck in a delicious way and I couldn't help but
then licks away the sting. His head draws back from my neck and he
it starts to tingle so
hand he held my waist comes into my hair and tangles into
he wanted because in a swift move he molds our lips. I groan as
sweet taste of him distracted me until I felt a slight pain in between my thighs.
It was Blake's long finger that drove
his lap feeling stretched from just his one finger. He pulls out a tad bit then
pushes
slick with my juices pulls out. I stare at the long finger that was
legs tremble when he pushes it back in my core. Just his one finger was
stretching me out and it felt like
It was a tad bit uncomfortable so I wiggled around to see if it would help. And
it does because now all I could feel was pleasure as his finger pushes
deep inside of me.

“That’s right baby, ride my finger.” Blake gasp out as he pumps his finger into my core.

I hadn’t even realized that I was indeed riding his finger. My moans were uncontrollable as they came one after the other as Blake pleasures me.

His eyes are directly staring into my own. I could tell he was enjoying the sight of me.

His breathing was harsh as he continues to torture my pussy. I feel my legs tremble when he suddenly curls his finger hitting a sensitive spot.

I was about to cum, I could feel it as my stomach tightens and my pussy tightens around his finger until it was almost difficult for him to pull out.

“F*ck.” He groans and with one final thrust of his finger I was screaming in pleasure as I rode my orgasm.

I could feel my pussy suck in his finger, not wanting to let him go as I tremble into his arms. After I was done I slumped on his chest, resting my head on his shoulder, tired and spent. He slips out his finger and fixes my [clothes](#) back into place.

I pull back and watch as he pulls the finger that was glistening with my juices into his mouth. He closes his eyes in pleasure and groans.

“So Fcking good.” He grunts and opens his heated eyes. “And all Fcking mine.” He finishes. I feel myself begin to throb again.

Suddenly there is a knock on the door, startling us both. My eyes widen as I realize that I had just let Blake finger me in a crowded gym. And I loved every single second of it.

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I stumble off of him, feeling my cheeks heat up with an embarra*sed blush. My heart still beat uncontrollably in my chest, the pace so fast that you’d not be able to count.

I brush my palm over my pants, looking down as I make sure to fix it properly. I lift up my head when Blake lets out an amused chuckle. His hair is

messy from my fingers tugging and pulling at it. His lips red from my kisses and I was sure mine looked the same.

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I humph dropping my hand. "What's so funny?" My voice is whiny. His blue eyes twinkle with mirth and let his eyes rake over me. His piercing blue eyes lingers on my legs and he pulls his bottom lip between his teeth and bites. My pussy throb at the action.

"You're just cute." He shrugged. My cheeks heats up impossibly more until I was sure he'd notice it. "You're blushing." He states with a smirk and stands up. I take a step back and arch my head up to look at him.

He takes another step until our bodies are basically kissing each other. My breathing comes in short pants and I feel heat settle in my lower stomach. He smirks at the way he affected me.

He dips his head and his hot breath fans against my lips. My lips part as I suck in a sharp breath. Teasing me until I could already taste him on my tongue. I could feel every hard form of his body,

the way he was so close to me had me wanting more.

How could he simply turn me on with just one look?

as the tiny hairs on my arm

by his actions only to gasp when he guides it to his throbbing member. His cock twitches under my heated palm and

have." His lips brush against my own as he speaks. His forehead rests on my own as he stares at me. I look into his blue eyes beneath my lashes and

was hard, really hard that I was sure it pained him. He felt huge and that both excited and

voice of an older man comes through the closed door. He seemed to be

that has my belly cramping with excitement. He pulled away after laying a chaste kiss on my

and opens it with a look of irritation on his face. A very fit man who doesn't look a day

otherwise. He

Blake then his eyes fall on me. He raised his brow then moves his attention back to Blake. "Were you two F*cking in my gym?" He says so calmly that I didn't know if

turn around to pick up my tossed jacket. "We weren't F*cking." Blake's tone is sharp and leaves no room for

had just been fingered in this man's gym and he

His voice now holds a tinge of humor as the

doesn't look the least bit concerned or ashamed.

you that I'm leaving. So if you need a ride home I'd be happy to

on clothes." Blake answers back briefly. The man nods and exits out of the room. It was

Blake turns to face me and smirks while picking up his shirt

disgust his way. He laughs."Don't worry I'll

I could even blink pulls down his

I'm left gaping at his d*ck that springs out freely. I knew he was huge by the way he felt beneath my palm and core but seeing him now. Well let's just say my imagination didn't do justice.

He was thicker than an average d*ck and longer too. I knew this by the many porn books my brother hides underneath his bed. I lick my lip, imagining tasting him.

"Don't worry baby, it won't bite." There's a teasing tone to his voice yet I detect the undeniable rough tone of desire. "Unless you want it to." His teasing snaps me out of my staring and I screech before

quickly turning around, shielding my eyes.

Blake's chuckle fills the room and the sound of his jeans being pulled up his thigh let's me know he was covering up. "You know you need to get used to seeing my cock Ley, because you'd definitely be seeing more of it."

His words have me panting but I refrain from giving into my desires. He chuckles when I don't respond.

I climb at the back of the four wheel truck. Blake follows after placing my bike in the back of the truck. The man is already seated in the driver's seat and rolls down the window. He turns around and smiles at me." I don't think we've properly met, I'm Austin."

I'm about to answer but Blake slams the door harder than necessary. Austin laughs and turns to face the front. Starting up the truck, he pulls out of the parking lot. "So you guys are a couple?" He questions.

There's a hint of curiosity and amusement in his voice.

"No." I uttered even though the word felt heavy on my tongue.

"Yes." Blake states simultaneously.

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I could feel the anger radiating off of Blake at my response. He's tense beside me, stiff as a board. Austin looks in the rearview mirror and raises his

brow in confusion. "So it's complicated?" He questions in a tone full of amusement.

"Yes it's complicated." I agreed, because truly it was. We hadn't put a label on whatever was going on and honestly I didn't know what exactly we were doing.

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All I knew was that I love the way he makes me feel and those intimate moments had brought us physically closer. Emotionally, we were drifting apart.

I turn to face him but he's facing out of the window. I feel guilty for dampening his mood. I sighed and reach over to lace my hand with his. He stiffens then slowly moves his hand out of mine and places it on his gym bag.

My heart hurts and I blink back tears. I breathed out a shaky breath and left him alone.

"Directions?" Austin asks, staring at me through the rearview mirror. After giving him directions to my house the rest of the ride is in awkward silence.

Austin stops the [truck](#) beside the pavement and turns around to face me. "Well it was nice meeting you, Blake's complicated girlfriend." He laughs.

"Thank you for the ride." I said politely and opened the door. I walked to the back and was surprised to see Blake already removing the [bike](#). When did he get out? He places it on the ground and starts pushing it towards my house.

"You didn't have to do that." I mumble softly as I trail behind him. He continues to push the [bike](#) and rest it on the wall where it usually is. I cross my arms as he turns around. He opens his mouth then closes it, like he wanted to say something.

"Goodnight Ley." He sighs and sidesteps me, walking past me. I bite my bottom lip roughly and swiftly turn around to stare at his departing back.

out, heart beating fast in my chest. He turns around his face lit up with longing. I was sure mine screamed the same.

say or do. I wanted to kiss him, love him the way I wanted to. Blake's eyes dim into disappointment. He nods and enters

and I'm left staring

· School *

Ryan groans as he drags his feet on the floor. I

class of the day and I haven't seen or heard from Blake since last night. It worried me

exactly did you do lastnight?" I ask in a tone of amusement. My converse smack against the tiled floor as I make my way to my next cla*s. The teacher was running a

my mom came back from work. And guess F*cking what?" He questions in an annoyed tone. I cringe already knowing what had

papers so you could just sign and be married to her? Oh wait, did she come to tell you that she's two months pregnant

baby daddy?" I joked and waved at Rosalie

shouts as

sluggishly strides beside me. "My mom invited her to have dinner and I had to sit through an

you're walking

she'd find me unattractive. I

amused me to no end that Miranda was that obsessed with him. Hopefully

eventually be the one." I shrugged, biting my lip to stop the smile that was forcing it's

alarming shade of white.

turns around so I could get a better look at

you seen Blake for

in sick." Ryan utters then turns to face me with furrowed brows. "Wait didn't he tell

at the floor. I shake my head. "No

unusual for y'all to not speak. Like

"It's...it's

"Do you think he's really sick?" I asked in worry, chewing on my bottom lip. Ryan snorts like the question amused him.

“Blake did not sound the least bit sick. That was just his excuse for not showing up today.” He shrugs.

“Uh Ryan I’ll see you later, I’m going-” I started.

“You’re going to see him and fix whatever issues that are between y’all. Go ahead, it’s about damn time you skip school.” Ryan laughs. “I’m so proud.” He wipes off invisible tears under the skin of his eyes.

I giggled and turned around. If Blake wasn’t really sick then I was sure he wouldn’t be at home. He’s mom would never allow him to skip school if he weren’t actually sick. I knew one place he’d go.

“Thank you.” I said to the bus driver after slipping him a ten dollar note.” It’s just three dollars-” He started but I cut him off.

“Keep the change.” I said politely and got down the bus.

The first thing I noticed was Blake’s [motorcycle](#) parked beside the building. I smiled knowing I made the right choice in coming here. I clutched on to my bag, sighed and strode over to the building.

An open sign is hung on the door so I enter in. I first hear grunts and the sound of pounding. I round the corner and spot him, with loose sweatpants, black gloves around his hand and

without a shirt. Sweat glistened down his body as he continued to send jabs at the punching bag.

The gym is empty except for him. I wince as he punches the bag like he would do to an enemy. Rough and without mercy.

I pinch my lips together and walk over to him. When I was a couple of feet away from him I halted afraid he’d pass the aggression he had on me.

“Blake.” I whispered. I didn’t know how he heard me through the loud pounding and his harsh grunts of anger. But he did and he stiffened, stopping his actions.

“What are you doing here?” He grumbles.

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“You skipped school.” I say softly.

“You skipped cla*s.” He deadpanned, still not turning around to face me. I could see the rising and falling of his back as he tried to catch his breath.

A little smile makes its way to my lips.

“Technically I skipped the rest of the day.” It was supposed to lighten the tension but it does the opposite. He quickly turns around to face me, his face unreadable.

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“Why exactly are you here Ashley?” He questions again, removes the gloves and throws them on the floor. I flinch slightly but regain my composure. He sounded so distant and cold like he wasn’t really here.

“I come to see if you’re alright, I-“

A very cold chuckle cuts me off. Blake crossed his arms over his chest, the muscles bulging. It takes everything in me to stop my eyes from trailing down south.

“Yeah you suddenly care now.” He says bluntly and rolls his eyes in annoyance. “You wasted your time in coming here, I’m fine.”

we didn’t exactly end on a very good note last night but I was hoping he’d be more happy

exactly do you mean? I always care for you Blake!” I hissed and walked closer to him until we were a foot apart. “I care a little

me. “Ofcourse I’m F*cking mad at you! You’re a very infuriating woman and I’m sick and tired of not being able to think properly

and back away as he

was trapped.

blue eyes of his that always made my heart pound.

invading my thoughts when I'm awake and in my dreams. You won't let me rest, I can always taste the sweet nectar of your kiss. The sweet taste of your juices between your legs." He clenches his eyes shut like it pained him to

about you. F*cking makes me insane. I just wanted one. F*cking

just continued."You always F*cking push

asking myself those questions for days. "I'm scared." I whispered and turned my eyes away from him. There I

way they burned through my skin. Being this close to him

was tired of holding in my emotions. "I'm scared that you'll finally come to your senses one day and not want me anymore. I don't want to see disgust etched on your face one day. I don't want to lose you Blake. I rather have you as a

we kissed at that party. It's just infatuation, you'll soon get over it and what then? What

enough and cut me off. "Bullshit!" He roars. I flinch at his loud

F*cking infatuated with you Ashley. What I feel for you isn't just lust or admiration." He speaks then grabs my hand and

and fall of his chest along with the feeling of his pounding heart. It was just as fast as mine. "I F*cking love you Ashley. I always have. To be

helped clean you off of rotten eggs in the seventh grade."

"You were F*cking crying and yapping about how stinky and ugly you were. I admit I always thought you were the prettiest girl I knew, but that day, when I looked into your eyes I felt something different. Suddenly you weren't just a pretty girl, you were now my girl. And that realization scared me to death. I wanted you more than a friend should. I wanted you more than I ever wanted anyone." He says hoarsely, voice full of honesty as he looks into my eyes.

My heart is pounding until I'm afraid that I'll get a heart attack. His matches the same rhythm with my own, fast and uncontrollable. "Then why didn't you-" I start.

“Pursue you? Make you mine?” He finishes for me. He sighs and his forehead comes to rest on my own. “I always knew what I wanted to become at an early age. I saw my mom protecting a guy of color when I was around five and saw my dad help someone who needed assistance. I wanted to be like that, I wanted to help others, I wanted to serve our country. I plan to join the army when I leave high school.” He mumbles.

My heart squeezes. Blake was going to leave. We never really spoke about our life after high school or what we wanted to do. “I knew then that I couldn’t pursue a relationship only to leave you. I didn’t want you to wait for me Ley, you deserve so much better than a guy you’d hardly see, you deserve to be happy. So I swallowed my feelings for years. But then the feelings got stronger instead of diminishing and I knew that someday I’d break my promise and make you mine. The kiss at that party honestly gave me the key to the door, it was just a matter of time.”

One of his hands sneaks around my waist and pulls me closer to him. Our breathing is ragged as we stare into each other’s eyes. “Call me selfish but I’m done wasting time. I regret not doing it earlier, I hate that I waited years. I know you’d not want to wait for me when I join the army and honestly it hurts like F*ck but if it makes you happy then-“

I thread my fingers through his hair and pull him down to my lips. After kissing him like I was starved I pull back slightly to speak. “You’re an idiot, who says I wouldn’t wait for you?” I give him a small peck on his lips earning a groan from him.” By the way.” I smile against his lips.” I love you too.”

I could feel his heart pounding against my own chest. I was sure he could feel mine too. “Does that mean you’re now mine?” His tone holds happiness. I nod and smile.

He cheers before I feel his hands grip my ass to hoist me up. I wrap my legs around his waist and succumb to his embrace. “I Fcking love you Ley.” He whispered in the crook of my neck. “I F*cking love you too.” I said honestly.

His head snaps up and he stares into my eyes, shocked beyond belief. “Did you just curse?” He asks in shock.

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I fling open the locker and a small folded white piece of paper falls down at my feet. I furrow my brows in confusion and bend down to pick it up.

I stood up to scan my eyes inside the locker, looking to see if there was another piece of paper. But there is none. Sucking in my bottom lip I unfold the paper and smile.

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You look beautiful today.

This was surely Blake's doing. My heart flutters as I remember yesterday. We were now officially a couple. What I always wanted. It still felt unreal like it was just a dream.

Though we agreed to keep it between us for a while. It was my idea, I didn't want to be another victim of vulgar rumors. It was bad as it is already. I wanted to let things calm down before announcing it to the world that Blake was now my boyfriend.

Boyfriend. That has a nice ring to it. I place the note back in my locker and start to unpack my bag.

"What are you smiling at bambina?" Blake's breath is hot against my ears as he playfully pinches the skin of my waist. I giggle moving away from his torturous fingers.

"Just remembering how you basically whined for me to kiss you yesterday." I teased and turned around to face him.

The blue shirt he wore hugged his form perfectly, showing off every muscle. I wanted to run my

feel

lit with mirth and longing. "And I want to kiss you now too." He smirks and lets his eyes flit down to ogle

they let their eyes stray away from

hand over his chest. "I seriously don't think I can last that long to not kiss you." He grumbles

punches him on the shoulder. I rolled my eyes, this was their routine. Stupid but it seemed to work

y'all are talking back. I was beginning to think that we'd never go back to the way we were." Ryan

and realized that he could never stay mad at me." I joked and closed

grows at the corner of his lips. I send him a cheeky smile before I humph at the weight of his arm on my shoulder. He pulls me closer

ruffled hair." He teases and leans down a bit. "Like you just got banged, hard." His tone is now husky and has a shiver

to normal. The sexual tension is unbearable." Ryan groans and starts walking towards his next cla*s. "I'll

He apologizes as he knocks into a dark haired girl. She tumbles

as she turns to see Ryan's

help but giggle. She didn't look familiar. She was pretty, with dark hair that reached below her

ask Blake as she storms pa*s us. She looked enraged and as I got a

know, she's

she definitely was. "Ryan's definitely not on her friendly list." I laughed as we

my heart drops. It was Stacy. Her blue eyes lift from the floor and widens when she sees Blake and I.

but don't turn to face him. It was normal to see Blake this close to me, even when

But I don't think Stacy enjoyed that. Yes she was a total bitch who needed to get the stick out of her a*s. But she still was a girl who's in love with a guy that's in love with his bestfriend. Me. So I knew it hurt her to see Blake and I this close.

"What's wrong?" Blake questions beside me, his hands in the front pocket of his jeans. It's like he was unsure if to even hold me like he usually did.

I sighed. "Stacy's watching." I mumble lowly as to not let her hear. We were almost near her. "Oh, I didn't see her." He mumble in realization. Had he really not seen her?

I kept my head down as we pa*s her. "Blake." She calls out softly, longing in her voice. But he doesn't answer and as we round the corner away from everyone he stops me. Pulling me into the janitor's closet, he doesn't waste time and hoist me up.

I wrapped my legs around his waist, my bag falling down on the mops and brooms. I thread my fingers through his hair as he brings his lips to

mold with mine. Both of us let out a sigh of content at finally being able to kiss.

He pushes me on the wall and presses his body on my own. I could feel him swell as he pressed it closer to my core. I moan and nibble his lower lip until I could taste a bit of the coppery tang of blood. He grunts and kisses me harder whilst squeezing my a*s until I felt the sting of it.

Pulling away he rests his forehead on mine and pecks my nose. "I've been dying to do that." He breathes out. I nodded agreeing with him that I too was desperate to feel and kiss him. The bell

rings signaling the start of cla*s. He sighs and places me down gently.

"Guess we'll have to continue this later." He smirks and picks up my bag. Handing it to me he kisses me one last time before leaving. I wait for at least two minutes before coming out as well. I'm surprised to see the new lunch lady standing there.

She smiles. "Don't mind me darling, just need one of those mops." She points at one of the fallen mops that Blake and I had somehow knocked over.

I smile awkwardly and got out of her way. "Have a nice day." I rushed out as I speed walk through the now empty hallway.

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I walk out of the cla*s, one of the bag straps securely on my shoulders as I bring it forward to search through it. I mumble something incoherent as my fingers fumble through endless papers.

“Crap.” I groan as I stumble into a hard chest. I lost my footing and ended up tumbling on the floor. My knees hit the hard tiled floor and I grunt.

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“Shit sorry.”

I freeze, hearing the voice that currently haunts me at night. The voice of my attempted rapist. My heart thumps painfully as I clutch on to my bag for dear life. Peter’s here.

Finding the courage, I finally stood up and lift my head to stare into his eyes. I’m not surprised to feel the crippling fear as the images of him pinning me down resurfaces in my head.

“Look Ashley-” He looks at me with regret etched on his face. Purple dotted underneath his right eye and is a bit swollen. I see his lips moving but

somehow my brain doesn’t process a word he says.

My bottom lip trembles as I quickly turn around and run away from him. I’m knocking people’s shoulder’s and having them curse at me but I don’t care as I want to move away from Peter’s presence.

“Ashley, wait!” He begged. I could hear his voice now distant as I round the corner. My breathing is shallow as I struggle to ease my internal struggle. My brain is pounding inside my skull.

Anxiety is crawling inside my body, clutching unto me until I could no longer know where I was going. All I know is that I needed to get away from him, from his presence.

to crash into yet another chest. I stumble but a huge hand circles around my in whoever’s arms. “Ashley!” The voice sounds familiar. I breath in the scent of mint

baby?” He whispers as he pulls me

I stuttered out and clutch on to the soft material of Blake’s shirt. His scent engulfs me

here?" I could tell by the strain in his voice that he was impatient to know who had scared

around me until I could feel his hand fist on my

He spits and makes a move to pull away. I knew what would happen if he went to look for Peter. I didn't want

"Please don't, I need you." I pleaded as I pressed

around us and I realized that everyone was looking. Blake must realize this it makes me slightly jump at the aggressive tone.

smaller hand as he guides me out of the school. It was supposed to be lunchtime but right now

us from the heat of the sun. The field

other, close enough to not seem like just a friendly embrace. His back leans on the tree as he slings his arm over my shoulder and

present in his tone but he tries very hard to mask it. I shake my head and me but I didn't give him the chance." I

anxious

he hadn't." I uttered and rest my head between his shoulder and neck. He visibly sighs with relief and kisses the

hate that you're battling this on your own and I can't help you. It F*cking hurts me.

I didn't want that. I believe in second chances and by the

Maybe I could fight this alone. This doesn't have to end up nasty with court cases and shit load of attention. This was the last thing I wanted right now.

"No Blake. I can get over this-"

"Are you shitting me right now? Get over it? How can you get over something like that Ashley? I'm not you and went through what you had been through

but I could only imagine what you struggle with everynight now. Wondering if he'll do it again.

Wondering if anyone would do it again. This isn't something anyone could get over easily." Blake hissed. I knew he was still furious with my decision.

"I hate that you're just letting this go. I want to help you baby, please let me." He pleads and clutches my small frame.

I remember feeling weak as Peter forced himself on me. I remember screaming and crying as I struggle to push him away. I don't want to feel weak anymore. I don't want anyone to fight my battles.

"Teach me." The words came out before I could stop them. I turn around to face him. He looks confused. "Teach you what baby?" He questions.

"Teach me how to defend myself. Teach me how to box." I said seriously. I was tired of being the weak girl, I needed to fight my own battles.

Blake's eyes widen in surprise and he just stares at me for a silent minute before shaking his head as if to get out of his thoughts. "You want me to train you?" He's unsure.

I nodded and looked at him beneath my lashes. This always got him to agree with anything I said,

hopefully this time it works. "I can't always depend on you, Arden or Ryan to fight my battles. Blake I need this." I practically beg.

He's silent for a minute. Probably thinking about the pros or cons. But then he nods and a smirk curls at the corner of his lips.

"That idea doesn't seem all that bad. One-on-One training with you sounds really good. Especially since we'll be alone." He winks.

Chapter 38 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

Blake clutching my hand in his. His warmth soothes me. "I'm sorry that I caused you to skip lunch." I apologized as we walked back towards the school.

We only had approximately two minutes left until the bell would ring to end lunch. There was no way we'd be able to eat. Blake snorts finding my apology amusing.

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"You always come first Ley." He says squeezing hand. My heart races. "And I wasn't hungry anyway." He shrugs and opens the door.

I'm instantly startled when a loud pitched familiar scream echoes through the entire hall. I'm stunned as everyone begins to run towards the screams and loud shouts.

Blake's clutched my hand more firmly as we followed the wave of students. The nearer we get to the loud shouts the more distinct I can hear fist hitting skin and bones. I wince and nudge my way forward.

I had a sudden inkling feeling that I wouldn't like what I'll witness. I readjusted the strap of my bag when someone brushed past me roughly.

"Don't ever F*cking touch her again!" Fear is sucking the life out of me as I hear the sound of Arden, my brother. His voice is loud and clear, bringing anyone to their knees if they were the focus of his fury.

"Arden stop you'll kill him!" A high pitch female voice screams in terror. It's Rosalie. I feel an urge to hurry up and see what was going on.

Whatever it was Arden and Rosalie was involved.

that were in front of us. They parted for him, mostly because they were afraid of him. Who

see Arden's fist pummel into a boy's face. His jabs are unforgiving as he jams it over and over on the boy's

off of him in waves, this prevents anyone from interfering. I'm internally panicking as I see the guy in his arm stop resisting

dart to the side where a blonde is standing in fright, screaming for Arden to stop. Rosalie. What the

off

soft cry of shock at seeing his

“Arden what-” I couldn’t even finish the question

hisses as he glares at the boy on the floor. There are murmurs as everyone looks at Arden. Rosalie runs over to us and hugs him before pulling

crazy idiot! You could’ve gotten hurt!” She cries as she scans her eyes over his body.

The way he says it was so harsh that I flinched. But

to me and bites her lower lip. “Sam playfully squeezed my a*s. And mister temper

Arden and glares. “You fricking gorilla,

beating up your pussy as boyfriend?” Arden spits

gasp. “He’s not my boyfriend!” She spits every word like it disgusted her to even think of poor Sam

tone is accusing as he glares at Rosalie. Then it finally dawns on me that Arden wasn’t doing this as a protective brother, this was more than that. He

inwardly. That idiot really was trying to hide his

he never wanted to refer to her as a cousin? Because he knew he loved her? Rosalie and Liam weren’t blood related but they were still family

The principal takes this exact moment to appear and glares at the four of us. The rest of the students scattered away, none wanting to face Principal William’s rage. “Who’s the cause of this?” He hisses as he

“That would be me sir.” Arden answers without emotion in his voice. He moves out of Blake’s hold

and without the principal having to tell him to head to the office, he does it on his own. His head held high as he disappeared up the stairs.

“You.” Principal William hisses at Blake. “Take that boy to the nurses office.” He demands and follows after Arden. “The rest of you get to cla*s!” He roars

over his shoulder. His voice is loud enough to reverberate through the halls of the school.

Blake rolls his eyes before doing just as he was told. Slings Sam's arm over his shoulder for support he starts to the nurses office not before secretly sending me a wink. Rosalie and I on the other hand stayed rooted where we were.

"I don't get why he was so mad at seeing Sam squeeze my a*s. I mean he never showed that he cared about my existence before." Rosalie whispers beside me. It was like she was asking this question to herself.

"Arden care." I said softly. He cares a lot.

She turns to me and forces out a smile. "I just wish he'd not fight Sam. I'm afraid they'll suspend him and it'll be all my fault." She says sadly. I smile sadly knowing that Arden was surely in a lot of trouble. Dad's going to kill him.

"It's not your fault Rosalie, it's Sam's fault for squeezing your a*s without your permission. Or did you?" I trailed off.

Rosalie cringes in disgust. "Oh hell no, I'd never let a guy like that touch me. "

She's about to say more when a presence looms behind us.

"So what did I miss?" Ryan questions as he comes in our sight. A small plate of fries in his hand as he stuffs his face. "I heard there was a fight, guess I'm late. " He shrugs with chewed fries in his mouth. I cringe and roll my eyes.

Chapter 39 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

"Turn to page 52-" The teacher's voice is drowned out as I worry about Arden.

Was he okay? Did they call mom and dad? Questions upon questions keep floating in my mind making me all the more anxious.

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“Hey you okay?” Blake’s hot breath hits the side of my neck bringing me out of my thoughts. The double school desk and [chair](#) made it possible to be this close to him.

So close that I could feel the heat radiating off of him. It made me want to snuggle closer to him. We were seated at the far back away from prying eyes. No one paid attention to us since they were busy reading whatever Miss Livia requested.

“I’m just worried about Arden.” I mumble turning to face him. Our lips are so close that if I move a bit we’d basically be kissing. It’s tempting but surely not appropriate or a good idea since we were currently in cla*s.

His blue eyes flicker down to my parted lips. I was sure he was thinking the same thing. “Stop worrying before you get wrinkles on that beautiful face of yours.” He smiles and rubs his thumb over the skin of my forehead. “Besides, Arden can handle himself pretty well.”

I smile and nodded. He was right, Arden can handle himself, always have. Hopefully his punishment would not be extreme. Because surely he’d not get off the hook when he goes home.

Grey and Mr Reed, do y’all have anything to add to the cla*s?” Miss Livia asks loud enough to gain everyone’s attention. Blake and I pull

whilst others looked jealous. I shake my head. “No miss.” I answered her pending question. Her lips thin into a frown as she glares at the two

and

neck and settle on my cheeks.

work!” She roars

mention

not gain Miss Livia’s attention. “Page 52. We’re supposed to read

opened the book and flipped through the pages until I reached page 52. I had just finished reading the first

circles on the soft skin of my thigh. The dress I wore makes

dress. I sucked in a sharp breath and squeezed my legs together. A futile way to stop him from

crooked grin etched on his face. A pencil between his teeth as he pretends to be focus on the

hissed quietly. I really didn't want anyone to know what

relief to find her too focused on the task of grading the papers to notice what was going on in her cl*s. Blake's head turns to face me and

lip to stifle the moan that nearly

to do to me. I couldn't help it, he made me

through the thin material of my panties. I was already so wet for him and I knew it shocked

I look around us, thanking the heavens that everyone was too engrossed at their task to care about us right now. His fingers tease my slit through my panties before slipping into the material to touch my bare pussy.

I'm left gasping for air as my heart pace increases. I clench the end of the desk tightly as he starts rubbing his finger on my clit. I'm soaking his fingers with my juices and he loves it by the way he clenches his jaw.

I'm biting my lip so roughly that I'm drawing blood but I do not care. I wanted to feel him. He starts rubbing my clit furiously before plunging a finger into my tight opening before I could even blink.

I flinch away, not expecting the swift move but relax when I get used to the large digit inside of me. He's now staring at me in desire as he licks his bottom lip. I'm shaking as he finger Fcks me in clas and all I could do was bite my lip to stifle the moans of pleasure.

My hips roll as I ride his hand, wanting more. He curls his finger inside me and it's enough to throw me over the edge. I slump on the desk and bite the skin of my forearm to stop the scream of pleasure.

I squeezed my thighs shut as my pussy clamped on his finger, milking him.

He groans lowly in hunger. I'm panting as I lift myself off the desk and unclench my legs to let him pull his finger out. I stare at him wide eyed

when he pulls it to his mouth and starts to suck my juices off his fingers.

“Always taste so F*cking good.” He whispers lowly and winks before going back to reading the book like he hadn’t just made me orgasm.

I’m left breathing harsh as I tried to understand what I had just done, what we had just done. I just let Blake finger me in cla*s.

Chapter 40 - Bestfriends Shouldn’t Know How You Taste

I opened the door slowly, anxiety crawling in my stomach. The house is oddly quiet which was weird.

There should be shouts of anger from dad towards Arden. Telling him that what he had done was wrong and uncalled for. But there isn’t. It’s just silent.

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I shut the door with a soft thud and readjusted the bag strap. Ryan had just dropped me off a few seconds ago.

But someone was missing and that was Arden. It led me to believe that he hadn’t gotten off the hook this time and he was probably at home.

I looked around the entire school for him with the help of Blake and a worried Rosalie. But we hadn’t seen him and could not get in touch since he wasn’t picking up his phone.

Liam hadn’t been at school today because of suffering a broken ankle last night so there was no way he’d know where Arden was.

In Rosalie words ‘the doofus tried to skate but ended up falling down on his ankle’. I promise to visit him when I got the chance.

After all he’s like a little brother and it would be nice to see Roro again and uncle Luke who forbade me to call him Lukey.

As I walk closer to the kitchen I could hear the faint sound of metal hitting metal. It’s a very unpleasant sound and as I near the doorway I could see mom frantically scraping a pan off of macaroni and cheese. Her hair is knotted as it falls over her shoulders.

She looked dazed and worried as she harshly scraped the pan. It was like she hadn't notice my presence.

I chew on my lower lip and walk into the kitchen until I was opposite to her, a few feet away, only separated by the kitchen counter.

"Mom." I say softly watching her tuck a tendril behind her ear and go back to scraping.

identical to mine are focused at her task which was from what I could tell make

me the first time. She stops and her head slowly comes

forces out a laugh but I could see the deep worry etched on her

I smiled. "Is Arden home?" I question. And that's when I understand why she was so worried because the next thing I know

her side. "What's wrong mom?" I ask as I pulled her into my chest and hugged her. It's ironic since

Arden got into another fight." She sniffles and breaks from our embrace. She sighs

that I

white as a ghost. I'm at a loss for words, not expecting that kind of news. Sure Arden got suspended multiple times

I

I should come pick him up, so I did." She sniffled again and stopped scraping the

a tight grip and sucked

I fail him somehow? I-" Her voice cracks

shocked beyond belief at her words. A bad mom? Fail him? I shook my head and rest my

to you and dad, he loves

my hand over hers and I could feel

you have any trouble at school right?

a point that I couldn't properly think. I feel extremely guilty and

and I never seek her or dad's guidance. Instead we gobble down our emotions

they are the best. It's us who chose to keep things away from them because in our own way it's how

had gobbled down, I settle for a lie. "I'll always tell you if something's wrong

Which makes me all the more swim with guilt.

about Arden?" I question,

sadly. "He's really worried and mad. Not at Arden

before we hear the door being burst open. It hits the wall with an

"Arden!" Dad's loud voice yells. "Get your a*s down here!" He shout.

His voice is followed by the slam of a door upstairs. Knowing it's Arden, both mom and I wince. We walked in the living room area to see dad removing his tie. A grumbling Arden is stomping down the stairs and doesn't look the least bit pleased at being yelled at.

"What do I owe this pleasure of being summoned?" He questions and plumps down on the sofa. He kicks his leg up on the coffee table like he doesn't have a care in this world.

Dad's face is pinched in irritation and mom looks confused as to what to do. I'm glad I'm not a parent. Dad strides over to him and pushes his leg off the table and sits down on the same spot. He folds his arms across his chest and glares at Arden.

"Mind telling me why my son is expelled from school?" His tone has now turned down a notch. I could see the concern on his face as he regarded his son that was the replica of him.

Arden shrugs nonchalantly and pushes himself further into the sofa. "Don't act like principle William didn't give you all the itsy bitsy details." He rolls his eyes.

"He did and I'm not pleased. Arden you've been expelled and you're acting like you're okay with it." Dad states.

"I am okay with it. Dad stop worrying about me I can take care of myself."

"This isn't your job!" Dad roars cutting off Arden. Mom and I jolt in shock not expecting his rage.

Even Arden seems surprised. Dad sighs. "It's not your job Arden to take care of yourself. This is mine and your mom's."

He looks at Arden for a second before nodding. "I'll go have a word with your principle first thing tomorrow morning to see if he could change his decision."

"But don't you have an important meeting tomorrow morning?" Arden questions confused.

"Nothings more important than you and Ashley Arden. Y'all always come first." He says honestly. "Let's just hope I'll be able to persuade him." He sighs. I hope so too.

Then a brief thought comes to my mind. How am I supposed to ask dad to let me train with Blake? I told Blake earlier that I would ask my dad permission, I was still grounded after all.

But hoped to at least make him agree. Though with the situation with Arden I doubted he would let me. Dad was too protective.