

Chapter 51 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

The week flew by pretty quickly. And every single day it got more difficult to keep Blake and I's relationship a secret at school.

It was annoying to not kiss him in the halls how I wanted to and I knew it bugged him that he couldn't hold me the way he wanted. I was this close to saying F*ck it and let everyone know exactly what was going on between us.

I groan, dropping on the mat beyond exhausted. My arms and legs sprawled out like a starfish. The muscles in my stomach burned and I seriously thought I was dying.

I had just finished some cardio exercises and let's just say I wanted nothing more than a fresh cold shower and my bed. Will I even be able to get up after this?

Blake's face comes above me and I blow a strand of hair away from my eyes. He stares for a couple of minutes, drinking in my features before smirking. "I really love when you're at the bottom of me, sweating and exhausted-

"From working out." I cut him off knowing he would say something inappropriate. His smirk widens.

"Yeah working out." He drawled out amused.

"You know when I said I wanted you to show me how to box. I didn't mean to kill me." I humphd.

A dark brow arches and his arms come to rest either side of my face as his body settles between my legs. I gasp feeling the length of him swell in between my thighs. The only barrier was our [clothes](#).

"This is highly inappropriate for a trainer to do, don't you think?" I asked in a calm and collected voice even though I was itching to get rid of the [clothes](#) blocking me from feeling his naked flesh on my own.

He grins dipping his head in the crook of my neck. "It is, isn't it? But how could I resist when you're so F*cking alluring looking like that?" He grunts and bites the tender flesh between my shoulder and neck.

I sucked in a sharp breath and found my hands come to tangle through his soft hair as he circles his hips. The friction has a tiny moan escaping my lips.

“What if someone walks in on us like this?” I breathe out, now too turned on to tell him to stop.

around this time remember?” He groans, nipping the tender

I’d want things to

unease. He sighs and moves away from my neck to look at me. “Do you honestly think someone will walk in on us

his use of words but feel myself pool between my legs at the

now, they’d definitely be walking in on a show. I turn back to stare at him and see the gears

won’t give into my desires here.” He

eyes and gasp when he pushes his harden member more on my pussy. I

“Where?” I asked impatiently.

put the gym shower to some use.” The corner

cold tile of the bathroom wall. My legs are

the water flow out of the

his sweatpants. Honestly we were too far gone to care that we were soaking

to the top of

and fire lit me up everywhere he

so damn long. ” He grunts and pulls my sports

already hard. “Blake.” I moaned pulling him forward to kiss him. I love his taste, minty, masculine and all mine. He groans in

shudders waiting for what I’d do next. But I don’t give him what he wants now, instead I pull away

pressing his lower half to my own. I lick his flesh, loving the salty taste as water poured over us.

make love to you

not finding my voice. I feel his hand bring my ass to his front so I could feel his bulging member pressing on

to F*ck the shit out of you until you know who this pussy belongs to." He hisses

bum. I squeal, feeling the sting."You naughty

anything underneath. It's like you're begging to be F*cked." He grunts.

that was the only thing I could let

"Keep your hands on the wall at all times." He warns.

I gasp when I feel the head of his cock gently pushing against my opening. I spread my legs further, arching up my bum so he could easily slide in.

"Of F*ck!" He hisses pushing into me as he holds my hips in place. I feel myself stretch around his throbbing member as it slowly sinks into me.

"Ahh." I scream when he plunges all the way in, filling me until I could only feel him.

"That's right baby, take every single inch of me." He grunts slapping my ass.

I moan, pushing back on to him then slowly pull away. I feel my pussy grip his cock tightly not wanting to let go as I push back again, pulling him further into my core.

I'm soaking wet everywhere especially in between my thighs. I nearly scream aloud when he pulls his cock out only to ram all the way in. The force tears out a moan as he continuously thrust into me.

"Good girl, take all of my cock in that tight pussy of yours." He grunts squeezing my hips as he relentlessly pounds into me over and over.

“Blake.” I breathed out feeling my thighs quiver as he continues to fill me over and over. His cock pushing into me and stretching me out deliciously. I reach back and grip his hand. I get a firm slap on my a*s.

“What did I say about removing your hand off the wall?” He hisses and places my hand back on the wall. I couldn’t help but feel more turned on by his actions.

“Ooh Yes!” I shout when he pounds into me more ruthlessly. I could only feel him everywhere.

I moan knowing I was close to cumming. One of his hands came between my legs to rub my sensitive nub. I feel myself clench around him as I throw my head back. My legs shake as I cum, milking his cock.

“That’s it baby, cum all over my cock.” He grunts jerking into me now sloppily as my pussy refuses to let him move.

” Oh Fck.” He grunts shuddering behind me, quickly pulling his cock out of me. I feel his warm sticky cum spread on my as and I moan at the feeling.

He slumps on my back, holding his weight. “F*ck I swear you’re going to be the death of me.” He breathes out. I couldn’t help but giggle.

Chapter 52 - Bestfriends Shouldn’t Know How You Taste

I knock on the wooden door and waited patiently for someone to open up. I sighed looking around the patio. Flowers of different species littered everywhere accompanied by wooden chairs.

The door opens and I turn back around. I smile as aunty Roro greets me.”Oh Ashley you’re here.” She chirps, pulling me into a hug.

I breathed in her floral scent as I hugged her. It’s been such a long time, okay it was probably two weeks.

“Yeah I came to check up on Liam.” I say when she pulls away.

“And I thought you came here to check up on me.” She pouts playfully before giggling then steps aside to let me in.

I laugh and step inside. The house smells like vanilla scented candles.

“Luke is in the living room watching a show. Your brother is here also.” She notifies shutting the door behind her.

Doesn't surprise me that Arden's here.

“What show is uncle Luke watching this time?” I laughed knowing that aunty Roro had a habit of forcing him to watch one of her animated movies.

She smiles sheepishly walking ahead of me. “Well it's not a show per say, I'm making him watch the amazing world of gumball.” She laughed entering the living room.

I cringe. Poor uncle Luke never knew how to tell his wife no. At the age aunty Rose was, she sure didn't give up watching anime. She even tried to make me watch it but I prefer books.

Erotica books that Blake has taken a liking to try out the different positions and scenes it has. Thinking about it has a blush crawl up my neck. He really meant it when he told me he'd need the books for future purposes.

I giggle silently when uncle Luke lets out a yawn only to look really interested in the cartoon when aunty Roro enters.

“You didn't fall asleep this time, I guess this one is good?” Roro asks, sitting down beside him and placing her legs upon his thighs.

to stay awake. He nods quickly.”Yeah it's good

further. “Uncle Luke, lying won't get

sees me. “Ashley what a pleasant surprise.” He laughs getting up to pull me into

longer the last time I saw you kiddo.” He chuckles pulling away to stare at my inky black strands that I let loose

weeks ago, my

“Probably. I am an old man, my eyes aren't the

shut up, you're not that old.” Rose snorted, switching the channel to something more to uncle

sure can still perform in

leave. They sure acted like newlyweds.

Liam to go. I'm not staying long, I have homework

sure to tell us when you're leaving, I need to give you

as I treaded upstairs. Liam's room isn't hard to find since I've been here half of

to be there. He's laying on the bed, feet kicked up on some pillows as he

presence entering

like crap." I teased coming over to

drag my eyes to look at his foot noticing a

it hurt?" I ask in

nods, wincing when he tries to lift it up.

to-" I drawled out getting

was just trying to skate, it's no big deal."

the show."Not a big

that a presence was missing. Didn't aunty Rose say he was here

Arden?" I

if just realizing Arden was missing from his room." He said he needed to pee but that was like ten

Rosalie here or is she at practice?" I question. I can't check up on her brother and not her. If she found out I

He nods. "Yeah she skipped practice today. "

I nodded." Well I'll just go check on her." I say striding over to the door.

“Okay.” He responds.

What I didn't expect to see when I entered Rosalie's room was a half naked Arden on top of her, kissing her like he was a starved animal. Her legs wrapped around his torso as she threaded her fingers through his hair.

“What the hell!” I gasped utterly shocked at finding them in this position. Was I hallucinating?

At hearing my voice she pushes Arden off who falls on the floor with a thud. Rosalie is fast to sit up and to fix her hair. She looks up and sees me sighs in relief. “Oh I thought it was mom or dad.”

Arden grumbles standing up. Finally noticing my presence he turns to stare at me and instantly his face lifts up in mortification. Yeah I guess he's embarrassed that his older sister just caught him making out with who supposedly his enemy.

I cross my arms over my chest and raise my brow. “When did you two start dating?” I was honestly intrigued. They hid it well.

“The same day you went on a date with Blake.” Rosalie responds with a tiny smirk.

I flinch in surprise, heat crawling up my neck to settle on my cheeks. “I did not go on a date-“

“You know I saw you that day, you and Blake coming out of the bathroom. I knew you two were inside, I heard y'all voices after I told the two bitches off.” She laughs.

She was referring to the first time Blake ate me out in the bathroom. I feel the color drain from my face. If she saw us then probably

Seeing my anxious face she eases me. “Don't worry Ash, I was the only one who saw you two. Y'all secret is safe with me.” She smiles.

“So you knew already?” I question blushing like a damn tomato. She knew all along and here I thought Blake and I were slick. She nods winking.

“Wow who thought my nerdy sister would grow some balls and have a boyfriend?” Arden laughs pulling his shirt over his head.

I narrow my eyes. "I didn't see you growing some balls to tell Rosalie how you felt."

Rosalie burst into giggles as Arden glares at me. Guess secrets were coming out today.

Chapter 53 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

Two months. Two months since Blake and I have been dating. I can surely say that I loved him more every single day that passes. Could I ever grow tired of his kisses, his heated touches? Probably not.

With each kiss or touch, it felt like the first time all over again. The only thing that was sucking the joy out of the relationship was that we still had not let anyone know about what was going on between us two. Except for Arden, Rosalie and Ryan.

"You're getting good!" Blake praised as I jabbed my fist at the punching bag.

I pant throwing punch after punch.

I suddenly feel Blake's presence behind me. His hands hold either side of my waist and halt my actions. I breathed out feeling tingles race up my spine.

"Always keep your spine straight." He breathes out beside my ears.

I listen to his instructions and almost whine when he lets me go. "Legs apart baby." He says now beside me.

I nod and do as told. I start to hit the bag again after he gives me the go. Blake had been training me every single day after school.

My muscles had grown used to the torturous training and now I barely felt a sting when I do push ups.

I also had been in the ring with him a couple of times and learnt different techniques. He was an excellent teacher. It was know wonder he was the best fighter down here.

"You know if you keep looking at me like that while I'm punching the bag, it'll distract me." I say between punches. Jab Jab.

“What? So I can’t look at my sexy girlfriend punching the living shit out of the punching bag?” Blake’s voice is playful and holds a tinge of desire.

My lower stomach clenches.

when he sends me a longing look. He was aroused, I could

calling out my name while I fill you with my cock over and over.” He

brow when he sends me an impatient stare. I obviously was turned on too but I love to tease him. I hated to admit

bite my bottom lip. It draws out a groan

around my hands and let them fall to the mat. “Yeah you.” He hisses, dips his fingers in the opening of my sports bra and uses it

every single inch of me

his palms come to mold my ass before hoisting me up. I swiftly wrap my legs around him and moan loud when he slaps my ass.” You have a sexy ass.” He grunts on my parted

told.” I giggled. Ofcourse it was only Blake who had ever said that to me but knowing him, he’d think it was other guys. I was right because

roars. I couldn’t help but roll my eyes and dip my head to the crook of his neck. “Only by

us move. I was too focus on kissing and licking at his neck to care where he was taking

boxing ring where no one would see

also don’t want anyone walking on your sexy naked

breast and bites. I moan arching my back. His fingers skim over my body before settling in between my thighs to

nape and forcefully pull him towards my lips. “You like it rough don’t you?” He chuckles on my parted lips before dipping his tongue

with me now on top. He gasps not expecting my actions. I

dark because of lust

baby.” I smirk watching his

squeezes. “So my little Ley is going to ride my cock.” He smirks and glides his

Down to the top of his sweatpants.

mischievous smirk, I pull his pants and briefs down

springs out staring at me. God that thing

get time to finish when my lips wrap around

and curses beneath his breath. He looks at me as I suck his

He pants thrusting his hips up as I swirl my tongue over his

breathing is rough as I suck his cock like I was starving. You couldn't blame me, he tasted so good. His fingers came to knot

I gag moving away in case it chokes me. This was my second time giving him a blow job and I was still afraid for his cock to hit the back of my throat.

“F*ck.” Blake grunts pulling me up so he could kiss me.

“I need to get inside you now.” He pants and before I knew it, he rips my yoga pants to expose my a*s and pussy. I gasp staring at him wide eyed.

“Blake this is the second time you tear my yoga pants!” I hiss then moan when the head of his cock touches my pussy lips.

I was lucky that I brought extra [clothes](#) with me. I learnt my lesson the first time. I really didn't want to have to call Ryan to pick up [clothes](#) for me again. It was embarra*sing enough.

“I'll buy you new ones.” He pants and guides his cock into me. I moan but resist. I wanted to be the one in charge this time. So slapping his hand away, I gripped his cock and sank down on him. We both moan at the feeling of him filling me.

My saliva on his cock added extra lubricant so it was much easier to take all of his cock to the hilt. "Ohhh." I moan feeling stretched deliciously.

He swiftly grips my hips and looks between us where we are joined.

I lift off of him only to sink back down, this time harder than the first. "Oh F*ck." He pants watching as his cock slowly disappears inside of me.

The way he stares at me makes me feel incredible and confident enough to know that I was pleasing him.

Soon I was riding his cock so fast and hard he was unable to form words. His eyes were nearly at the back of his head as I took all of him inside me.

Sucking him as he stretched me out. His grip on my waist was deathly as he thrust up to meet my movements. It feels like an eternity with us F*cking each other.

I was so wet that my juices began to leak out of me and shower around his length. I feel myself clench around him and I knew I was close to cumming. I feel him twitch inside of me and I knew he was also close.

He swiftly turn us around so I'd be below and brutally starts to pound into me. "Oh shit." I gasp out feeling my legs tremble as I cum around him. He moans and quickly pulls out, pumping his seed onto my belly.

He slumps on top of me, holding his weight as his forehead rest on my own. "I love you." He whispers staring into my eyes intimately.

My heart warms. "I love you too." Kissing his nose.

Chapter 54 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

I settle my bag on the desk and place my elbows on the wooden surface. My palms supported my chin as I looked at the front. The teacher wasn't here yet and neither was Ryan. As usual he was late.

The door opens and a dark haired girl enters. Her bag is securely in her grasp, her head held high as she swiftly walks my

way. I had never gotten the courage to speak to her since we never sat close or crossed paths after this cla*s.

She was the same girl that Ryan knocked into on her first day here. I am surprised when she sits on the vacant chair beside me. She huffs, throwing her bag on the desk not so gently.

“Woah easy there tiger.” I teased. Her head snaps to the source of the voice, which was me. Widening my eyes and blushing in embarrassment, I quickly mumble an apology.

” Sorry, this isn’t how I wanted to introduce myself.” I mumble embarrassed, straightening my spine. I push my hand towards her. “I’m Ashley.” I smile tilting my head to the side to examine her.

Up this close I could see her face dotted with tiny freckles. Her cheeks puffy and lashes long enough to have me envy them. Her brown colored eyes look at me with uncertainty, like how a deer would react. With caution.

Finally seeing that I wasn’t a threat she takes my hand in her slightly larger hand. But then again many people had bigger hands than I. “I’m Kimberly.” Her voice is surprisingly childlike unlike her hard exterior.

We pull away smiling at each other. I then cleared my throat. “I know it’s two months too late but I would like to sincerely apologize for my friend knocking into you on your first day.” I apologize.

“Ryan can be a bit.” I search my brain for the word to describe my crazy friend. “Much.”

“Oh he’s the guy who didn’t have manners to help a girl

smile sheepishly.”Right he’s the

He seems to be a self

right to judge him by that little accident. Ryan was a sweetheart, annoying, but always had good

he was just in a rush that particular morning. You

your friend Ryan. He’s a boy who sleeps around, thinks he’s the king of humor oh and is always late.” She says sarcastically. “So no thank you to

friend. It would hardly go

in a half tired Ryan. He struts over

sits beside

his tracks and blinks as if the image of Kimberly sitting beside me would suddenly

“You’re in my seat dory.” He states like it

call her dory? She looked nothing like it. I am about to scold him for referring to her as a fish when Kimberly decides to speak up. Not the slightest friendly I might

school’s property. If you have a problem I suggest you

the pigs seemed to be missing. I guess I found him.”

so does Ryan’s. We were both shocked at her words. Ryan narrows his eyes and

behind her, there’s an empty chair there.” I

spit out words he’d later regret. And I had no doubt Kimberly would answer him back

to hand it to her, the girl really didn’t care that she was arguing with one of the popular boy’s at

and walks to sit behind her. She looks forward, not

I realized that for the first time, Ryan was

The rest of the class goes somewhat smoothly with the occasional remarks from Ryan and the sarcastic retorts from Kimberly.

Ryan even went extreme by kicking the back of her chair in a childish manner because one of her retorts got to him. Honestly they both were acting like kids.

“So did you send in your application yet?” Ryan asked as we walked down the hallway. We were heading to lunch.

I shook my head, biting my lip. "I haven't made up my mind which college I want to apply to." I mumble truthfully.

"My dad wants me to go to Yale." He grumbles. You see even though Ryan was always the late bird in cla*s and a joker. He was very intelligent. I had no doubt that he would get in.

"Mine too. But I was thinking more of Harvard." I shrug. Suddenly I felt the urge to pee. "I'll meet you in the cafeteria, I need to pee." I rushed out turning around to head to the bathroom.

"Okay!" He shouts after me.

My feet are quick as I brush past students. I'm relieved when I see the bathroom's door. Entering inside I rush to one of the vacant stalls.

After relieving myself I'm alarmed when I hear a soft cry coming from one of the stalls. The crying gets more intense and I feel the sudden urge to ask if whoever was in there if they were okay.

I get out of the stall, opening the door softly. The bathroom is empty except for me and the girl who was busy crying her eyes out. I walk over to the stall that the girl was in.

I chewed on my lip and clutch the strap of my bag. Finally getting the courage enough to speak I ask. "Are you okay?" It comes out soft and I doubted she heard me.

But the crying ceased and the voice of the girl who loathed me spoke up. "What do you want?" Stacy hisses opening the door.

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I stumble backwards, my face cringing at the pure hatred in her red rimmed eyes. Then it diminishes and her eyes down casted as she sniffles.

"Just go away." She mumbles brushing pa*s me and walking over to the faucet.

My eyes softened and I sighed. I find myself following her, watching as she opened the pipe and began to wash her face. I don't think it would magically move the redness in her eyes.

“Do you want to talk about it?” I ask softly. It was but just a murmur. I highly doubted she heard. But she did because her head snapped to face me, her eyes narrowing.

“Why are you still here?” She hisses. Why am I still here? Honestly I do not know. Maybe I pitied her.

I forced out a smile. “I’m not a bitch Stacy. I know I’m not your favorite person right now-“

She snorts cutting me off. I sighed.

“But I do not want us to hold on to that resentment anymore. We are both old enough to sort out our problems.

Things don’t have to be nasty between us. We can resolve this issue.” I finished softly.

She glares. “What, so you think because you’re now Blake’s girlfriend you’re now the top shit and everything you say goes?

Don’t act all innocent Ashley, you’re nothing but a snake.” She grits out.

What did I do to be called such an animal?

lips curl into a sneer. “Save it! Everyone knows you and Blake are together. It doesn’t take a genius to see those stealing glances and disgusting touches. Both of you

meant to come between you two Stacy. I’m

I am cut

insincere apologies. It wouldn’t matter anyway.” She

of her sweater.

her eyes grow cold. She reaches inside the pocket, grasp the small white object and roughly pushes it to my chest.

sidesteps me to get out of the bathroom. The door closes with a bang on

lungs. Dad. Blake's going to be a dad. My mouth parted but nothing came out as I stare

throat completely dries. She's pregnant. My heart starts thumping in my chest. My throat tighten as tears welled up in

top of the test. My hands are shaky as I kneeled down beside it. Staring at it

lines taunted me and the image of Blake holding a pregnant Stacy wretches out a sob from throat. He'd be happy as he rubs her stomach, waiting for their baby to come into

be a dad and

blurred my vision. "This couldn't be happening to me." I whispered

how

Rosalie's

is beside me and sees the

me and pulls me into

expecting his child." A laugh comes out of my

sharp breath and pulls me tighter into her embrace. "F*ck." Was

Yes F*ck indeed. This is what got us here in the first place.

"Maybe this is all a misunderstanding. Maybe the test is wrong." Rosalie rushes out with hope in her voice. I snorted. "Blake's going to be a dad and I would not be the mother." My bottom lip trembles.

"Oh Ashley." Rosalie whispers.

I sniffle feeling my throat parched. They would become parents whilst I would be..... nothing.

"It's okay. I deserve this anyway. I couldn't possibly think that Blake and I would be happy forever. The guy would eventually find someone better and move on with his life.....without me." I choked on a sob rubbing underneath my eyes.

My gla*s'es are now foggy so I take it off. "Don't you say that Ashley! Blake loves you so much that he would walk through fire for you. Stupid girl, don't you see that the guy is literally obsessed with you. If Stacy is pregnant and it is his, I am a

hundred percent sure he'd not leave you for her. Child and all you would still be his." She mumbles.

I shake my head. "You don't understand Rosalie. Blake wants what his parents have which is a family, love. While I may have given him love another girl has given him family. I cannot compete with that." I mumble sadly.

She sighs. "I can't say that I know what the future holds and I do not know how Blake will take the news. But I suggest you tell him, if Stacy hasn't already. Talk to him Ashley, don't just jump to conclusions. It is you two who are in the relationship and not Stacy." She stated.

I contemplate her words and I knew she was right. I nod. "Okay I will speak to him." I grumble. How on earth would I approach Blake with this? Is it even my right to give him that kind of news? Stacy did tell me to tell him.

I looked at the pregnancy test and sighed. I guess I'll have to pick it up. "Can you take a piece of tissue for me please?" I ask Rosalie.

She nods. "What for though?" She asks getting up.

"I guess I'll have to show Blake the test. But there is no way I'd pick that up. She did just peed on it." I cringed.

Chapter 56 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

"Can I talk to you in private?" I ask Blake coming up behind him. He was already seated at the lunch table, Ryan on the opposite side of him eating and talking about God knows what.

I had placed the test in the front pocket of my bag. I wanted nothing more to throw it away and pretend nothing happened. But my conscience would not let me.

Blake noticed the tone of my voice because he turned to face me quickly, brows furrowed. I tear my eyes away from him, not having the courage to look at him. I could not see him the same anymore. It hurt to look at him now.

“Ooh Blake what did you do?” Ryan asked in a teasing voice and laughed. Seeing that I was not a bit amused he stops.

“What’s wrong Ley?” Blake asked in worry.

I sighed not once looking at him. “We need to talk in private Blake. There are too many eyes and ears here.”

My eyes skittish around the many faces. The cafeteria doors open and in walks in Stacy. Her eyes burn into my own before a smirk crawls on her face. She tears her eyes away from me and looks at Blake.

I stop breathing when she starts proceeding towards us. Her face hard with determination. My heart thuds and sweat begin to coat my skin.

“Are you okay Ley? You look sick.” Blake’s voice is worried as he reaches for me. His fingers wrap around the bone of my wrist to get my attention.

But I cannot seem to move my eyes away from the blonde marching towards us. Somehow I knew that whatever would happen next, Blake and I would not be the same anymore.

And that thought tore me completely.

were going on death's ears. I could barely hear anything other she had reached beside us, barely a foot away. Her arms in the front cruelly at

His grip on my wrist becomes more firm as he jerks me closer

as to not cause a scene. Oh Blake baby, this is why she came here in the first place. To

to him, her eyes widening in innocence. “Don’t go all hulk on me Blake, I simply came here

Stacy, be on your way.” He grumbles.

to me, to ease my worries. But it doesn’t help, even though he turns me around

me Ashley I'll deal with

much I tried I couldn't speak. It was like fear clutched me tightly and prevented me from speaking. I feared that if he got to know of this pregnancy then he'd leave me. My insecurities would not let

Ashley. What you did to me otherwise..." She drawls out shifting on her foot as she glares at

away from me to look at her. "What the F*ck do you mean? I never did anything to you." He grits out moving his hands off

her, his fist clenched at his sides, blue eyes dark with

beating around the bush and tell me what is going on!" He hisses out

quiet. Not even the sound of a pin dropping could be heard. No one dared to speak because they wanted to know what was going on too. Ex lovers arguing, well that was something to listen

she knows." She nudges her head to me, smirking. Blake snaps his head is she talking about

"I-I." I stuttered.

knew you couldn't do it. You're too

and shrugs. "You can't do me anything

entire cafeteria buzzing with noise. Ryan's chair falls as he stands up quickly, lips parted in shock. Even the mashed fries in

I feel myself back away slightly. I wanted to get out of there. Blake seems to regain his voice. "The F*ck you mean carrying my kid? Stacy you're not pregnant."

She rolls her eyes and again nudges her head to me. "Ashley has the test. Don't you Ley? Unless you were too much of a pussy to

pick it up and show him. Or were you trying to keep it away from him like the snake you are?"

Her words angered me. Only Blake could call me Ley and I would not have her disrespect me like this. “You know Stacy I really thought you’d grow up by now, seems to me that you’re getting more dense. If you must know I have the test in my bag.” I grit out taking the test out of my bag. “It’s wrapped in tissue because I didn’t want to risk catching a disease.”

I fling it to her, she did not have time to catch it. It drops on the floor and Blake is the one to pick it up. He unwraps it and turns white. “That’s not possible. Is this a F*cking joke Stacy?”

He rushes out getting more nervous.

She smiles sadly her features a huge contrast to how it was a mere second ago. “Sadly I am infact pregnant. I found out today. You’re going to be a dad Blake.”

He stumbles back into the table behind him, dropping the test. He shakes his head. “That can’t be. I can’t-” He sighs raking a hand through his hair.

“Stacy, we broke up the night of the party, the night I kissed Ley. We never F*cked without protection and the last time we did was a month before the party.” He states.

Her eyes widen in disbelief. “We had unprotected sex when you were drunk at the carnival. And we did have sex two weeks after that party, remember?”

It was my turn to turn ashen. Vomit rushes in my throat but I force it down. I needed to leave, I couldn’t bear it any longer. Two week after the party? Blake and I were already doing much more than what normal bestfriends would do.

Was he with her whilst he was with me? The thought sickens me.

I turn to leave and before I know it my feet had taken to a full sprint. “Ashley! Baby wait!” I hear Blake shout behind me, heavy footsteps running behind me. I needed to leave.

Chapter 57 - Bestfriends Shouldn’t Know How You Taste

My vision is blurry as I ran out of the school. I didn’t know where I was heading all I knew was that I needed to get out of here. My stomach churn in unease when I hear him, still behind me, close.

I feel his fingers wrap around my upper arm and turn me to face him. I stumble into his chest, my heart racing as I cried. I was losing him.

“Ley please.” His voice is pleading as he hugs me to him.

I only managed a sob. I shake my head, flatten my palms on his chest and push. He does not budge.

“What she said is not true Ley. I would never do this to you. I love you too much to ruin something so good, something I’ve been wanting my entire life.” Blake’s voice cracks.

” She’s pregnant for you Blake. She’s expecting your kid.” I mumble on his shirt. My tears had now soaked through the white material.

I feel him tensed up. “We do not know that for sure Ashley. For all we know she could be lying. F*cking hell I have never slept with her without using protection. Not the same when I’m with you. I have only gone bare with you Ley, no other girl.”

wouldn’t matter if you were protected, she still could’ve gotten pregnant if the condom broke. If you really were drunk the night

There was no way of the possibility of my cum entering her. I have never been drunk to the point that I forgot to put a condom on.” He states pulling away to look

don’t like to see you cry Ley. It F*cking

up to wipe my tears with the pad of his thumb. “You should

“What the F*ck?” He asked

look up at him. His beautiful eyes, his lips that always had me begging for more,

things through. And he needed to think about what he was going to do about the news. We needed space away from each other to sort

try to sort out y’all problems. I do not want to get in y’all way. I need you to think clearly about your next move, you can’t do that if you’re thinking about my best interest. You need to think about you right now, not me.” I feel my lower lip tremble as I resist a

tear up as if he were in pain. "What are you saying Ashley?" He asked in

breaks when I let those words slip past my lips. "We

stares at me like I had grown two heads overnight. He shakes his head.

we need space to think clearly." I cut him off with a

looks like he was just shot

will get in between us. We would fight every battle together? Huh Ley? So you're just going to give up on us like that?" He

I squirm under his glare and hugged myself more firmly. "I did not say I was giving up on us." I uttered honestly and clenched my fist. "I just need time to think." I sighed. I really did, my head was hurting to the point that I wanted to rip it off my body.

There was no way that I'd give up on Blake, I loved him too much. But he needed space to think about what he'd do and so did I. I cannot make his decision for him and I knew he'd go with anything to please me. This is why we needed the break to clear our thoughts.

He needs to see things for his own. Whatever he does next I'd support him. No matter if he leaves me for Stacy to marry her, so they'd be one happy family. It would hurt like a bitch but I just want him to be happy. That is all I want.

He scans my features and his eyes grow hard. "Is that what you want?"

I nod seeming to lose my voice. He gulps and nods. "Okay if that is what you want." He turns around and starts walking back

to the front doors of the school. He stops at the entrance, his hands on the handle.

He turns his head to stare at me, his features in pain. "I love you Ley, always, remember that." Was the last thing he said before disappearing inside the school.

"I love you too Blake. No matter what you choose to do, I will always love you." I whispered.

I had no intentions of going back inside. I felt sick to my stomach and I really wasn't in the mood for another class. So as the bell rang to signal the end of lunch, I walked home.

Chapter 58 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

I felt like I was a shell of myself. I had not slept well the entire night, I was certain that my eyes were red rimmed.

I breathed out a tired sigh and opened my locker.

I had chosen to wear sweatpants and an oversized cardigan. It was a huge contrast to how I normally dressed. I looked like I had just woken up from sleep.

A folded piece of paper falls at my feet. I had the urge to just throw it back into the locker, let it get swallowed by my endless books. But I didn't, instead I picked it up and unfold it slowly.

I saw you, you looked ravishing. xxx

My brows furrowed and I turned the paper around. I left a gift for you. It's in the envelope. Hope you will love it.

I crumble the paper and I find myself smiling for the first time today. I had not asked Blake if it were him the first time I got the note but I was certain it was his doing.

I fumble through my things in the locker until I grasp a white envelope. I felt it for a second, trying to see if I'd be able to know what was inside of it.

Not having the slightest idea as to what it was, I decided to open it. My fingers clutch what felt like photographic paper before I pulled it out.

I feel the blood leave my face as I stared at a picture of Blake and I having sex in Mr. Felix's room. Our faces were very much visible. I quickly turned the picture.

You like it rough I see.

I put the picture back in the envelope and look around. There weren't many students as yet. It was seven fifteen, really

could. My heart thuds when I noticed something for the first time. This was not

I quickly throw the envelope in my

throw it in the bin. I would not want anyone to see

bathroom, clutching my bag tightly. As soon as I was in the stall, I locked the door and sat down

clutching the paper. Who could be

in my head and I sobbed louder. My hands were on the desk, a*s arched as Blake's hands clutched my waist from behind. My dress was hunched up so he could've

was thrown back in ecstasy as one side of my face was pressed to the desk. From what I could tell

unusual for anyone to be around that area. It was off limits for the

so I could wrench into the toilet bowl. My throat burned as I vomited into the

with me. We had only just left our third cla*s of today. It was now lunch time and I did not have the appetite

Ash? I know what you're going

going through!" I spat loudly

that I didn't sleep well lastnight and you

smiles softly.

in nervousness. I rolled my eyes.

cleared his throat." Blake had been looking for you." He rushes

to stare at the floor. "I know." I said sadly. Everytime he'd get close to seeing me

hurting right now because of the news and what that witch said about Blake and her sleeping together two weeks after the party. But you should know that he'd never do that

see that except for you. Don't give up on

I clutched the books impossibly tighter. "I have not given up on him Ryan, I will never. It's just that I need him to make a decision on his own, without thinking about my best interest. I do not want him regretting later on."

"Talk to him Ashley, the guy has been going nuts. He didn't make me sleep last night. I have been listening to him yapping and crying about you, which I found amusing by the way. And you didn't even pick up his calls. What else would he think if not that you had given up on him?" Ryan pointed out.

I let out a breath, feeling guilty. Ofcourse I didn't pick up his calls, I was afraid I'd cry more when I hear his voice. We reached beside my locker and Ryan lean on the one beside mine.

I opened my locker, making sure to quickly put the envelope in my bag before Ryan sees it. "Ooh what's in the envelope? A love letter?" He asked in a teasing tone.

"Blake wouldn't like that unless it's him." He chuckles. I tensed and hoped he had not noticed.

"Just some stupid cut up magazine pieces so I could create something with." I do not have the slightest clue as to why I even said that. I didn't have a single creative bone in my body.

"Whatever makes you sleep at night." He snorts folding his arms across his chest. He did not believe me.

I honestly don't know what I should do with it. I was afraid to go to the police. What if the person responsible leaks it or worse? I couldn't let anyone else see the photo, I would die of humiliation.

But there was one person who could help me and that was Blake. He has a right to know about it anyway.

"Well looks like your prince charming has finally caught you." Ryan chuckles looking behind me.

I stilled, hands on the book I placed in the locker. “Well that’s my cue to leave.” He teases and winks before turning to leave.

“Traitor.” I hissed watching him enter the doors to the cafeteria.

“Are you going to ignore me the entire day?” Blake’s rough voice speaks up behind me. The little hairs on my neck stand up as I feel his towering body come close to my own.

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I turn to face him and stumble back when I see that he is closer than I originally thought. “Blake.” I breathed out staring at his tired face.

Dark circles have now made underneath his eyes their home. His beautiful blue eyes that I love are dimmed from its usual light. He looked like he had not slept for days.

“Do you know how hard it was for me to be thinking about you so damn much and knowing that I couldn’t come to see you? Why? Because you refused to pick up my calls.” He croaked, hands in the front pocket of his jeans.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and looked around us. I noted that we had gained the attention of everyone around us. “Maybe we should talk about this more privately.”

He looks around us then nods. I close the locker and was startled to feel his warm fingers wrap around my wrist. Electricity hums through his touch and travels through my entire body.

I gasp as he leads us to an empty cla*sroom and locks the door. I cross my arms under my breast in nerves when he turns around to face me. “Is it private enough for you?” The way he says it makes me think that I did something bad.

I furrow my brows. ” Why did you say it like that?” I question in confusion.

He leans his back on the door and crosses his arms. “Why did you want to keep us a secret? Are you ashamed of being with me?”

His question has me stumbling back in shock. My eyes are wide as I stare at him. What had brought on this question?

never be ashamed of you Blake.” I

What is it Ashley, why do you keep running away from

Blake. I only kept us a secret because I do not think everyone was ready to know that we were a couple.” I

his jaw ticking in irritation. “You always do

did you really sleep with her two weeks after the party?” I hissed

my heart was aching. I felt like I was on the brink of a melt down. “Un-F*cking-believable.” I shake my head looking away

him. “Look at me.” He says firmly. I do not, instead I bite my lower lip

me

volume of his

fully gave me your heart because somewhere deep inside, you thought I would eventually betray you. You

him say those words shook me and made me realize that he was partly right.

you know that. ” I

my insecurities. I mean look at me.” I laughed without humor and swept my eyes over my form. “I could never compete with Stacy or your other girlfriends. So yes I did guard my heart for any incoming

you F*cking see that I don’t care about the other girls? The only girl I care

to answer your question, no I did not sleep with Stacy two weeks after the party. She came to the gym and I told her to leave. The girl and I never spoke again after that.”

sighs and move away from the door and walks to me. “I want you to trust me Ley.” He breathes out and tucks a tendril behind my ear. “I

Why was I worried? I could trust Blake with my life

Then I remembered the big elephant in the room. “Did you talk to Stacy?” Why was my heart beating so quick to know the answer? It was obvious. I was scared.

He nods reluctantly. “I did and I talked to my parents. They’re going to make her do a paternity test to prove that I am the father. That is if she is even pregnant.” He grumbles. “I am a hundred percent sure that the bitch is faking it or lying about me being the father.”

I bite my lip to stifle a laugh at the way he said it. “Hey now don’t go bad mouthing your future baby mama.” I joked.

His eyes narrow. “The only future baby mama I’ll only have is you. Ofcourse when you’re ready, I’ll be happy to fill you with my sperm.” He smirks.

A blush heats up my cheeks and I turn away. He chuckles. I look at the window and notice a silhouette in the corner, hidden behind bushes. I could hardly figure out if it were male or female.

Whoever it was disappears upon noticing that I had infact spotted them. I stiffen, blood draining from my face as I remember the photo. Were they trying to get another one?

“What’s wrong?” Blake asks in worry.

I turn to him. “Stacy is the least of our problems Blake. We have more pressing matters.”

“What do you mean?” He asked in confusion.

I reach in my bag and pull out the envelope. Biting my bottom lip in anxiety I pa*s it over to him. “Open it.” I told him. His brows are furrowed but he does as told.

His jaw clenches as he takes a step back away from me. He examines it with anger and turns it around. “Who the F*ck took this?” He grits out looking at me. Blatant fury is written on his face.

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I crossed my arms under my breast and looked down embarrassed. "I don't know." I mumble. I was humiliated that someone saw us this way, especially since there are now pictures of us in this intimate position.

If my parents saw this. I sighed, not even able to think about it.

"I need to bring this to my mom-"

I shook my head in mortification and looked at him wide eyed. "Blake are you insane she can't see-" I blushed embarrassed and pointed to the photograph clenched in his hand.

"That." I mumble.

He raised a brow. "We need to find out who is the A*shole who took this Ley. We cannot just stay quiet and not bring this to the police!"

I shift on my feet, my embarrassment getting worse. "Blake we need to think before we get too hasty."

"Hasty? Ley whoever did this is a creep and I don't think it'll stop until we do something about it." He grits out, one hand clench at his sides while the other clenches the picture in anger.

I bite my bottom lip and turn away from him. "I'm not saying we won't do something about it, I'm just saying we should think things through."

I turn to stare at him, noting that his blue eyes had gone a shade darker because of anger. "What if we do go to the police and they're not able to catch who this is before they leak the photos? What then Blake? I'd be suffering mortification the rest of my life. This could be in my permanent record. What if no colleges accept me? What then Blake?"

He must understand how embarrassing this was for me. Someone out there saw us having sex, they saw our faces. You could clearly see my face in the picture, you could see Blake's.

ridiculed my entire life. No college

few seconds,

sighs. "Ley, we can't stay quiet about this. We need to find out who this A*shole

impossible. But let's just see what this person wants. They have been leaving notes inside my locker for about

in irritation." Why didn't you tell me about the notes Ley?

cheeks. "I thought it was you who were doing it. I was stupid to

his form tensed."

lips. "Love notes." I finally said after contemplating if

darken impossibly more as his jaw clenched. "When I find that F*cker I'll skin

at the look of murder on his face. He was serious. "We don't even know if it

be fascinated by you Ley. It has to be a boy

instantly has

going to pay him a little visit today." His voice is

in school for a few days,

"We don't know if it is him Blake, you

Over my dead body! I'll Fcking take care of this." He hisses, turns around

He had gone with the envelope. I could only hope that

hunger. Great, I missed lunch. With a silent curse beneath my breath I walked out of

bathroom. It's empty and smells of disinfectant. The janitor

I grumble as I try my best to not slip on the floor. I was not in the mood to suffer a broken a*s if that were possible.

Safely getting in the stall, I locked it and lift up the seat. I push down my sweatpants and panty, being careful not to throw my bag on the wet floor.

I closed my eyes when the urine came out. I hear the bathroom door open but don't take any attention to it. The footsteps were getting a bit louder which made me believe whoever it was, was close.

“I can’t believe you actually did it.” Some girl laughed. “How the hell did you even get the pregnancy test?”

“I made my pregnant cousin pee on it. Honestly Hollywood should really hire me.” The voice sounds too familiar. Stacy.

My pee instantly freezes as I pay attention to their conversation.

“Seriously props to you girl! The entire scene in the cafeteria was hilarious. Ashley’s face was priceless.”

Anger sear through my body but I remain still, listening on. “It was, wasn’t it. Poor little Ash was so heartbroken. Her one true love is expecting a kid with a more beautiful girl. I mean I’d be heartbroken too.” Stacy snorts.

“How did you even pull off the crying part though? Like I heard it outside of the bathroom, that is how loud you were.” The girl utters.

“Embarra*sing to admit but I was not planning to show Ashley the test yet. I was waiting for the perfect time. So in fact I was actually crying. Don’t ask why I don’t want to talk about it. Anyway it just felt like the perfect time since little perfect Ashley came to see if I were okay. Stupid bitch.” Stacy grumbles.

I heard enough, pulling up my panty and sweatpants, I flushed the toilet. I unlocked the door and stepped out.

Anger written on my face. Both were facing the mirror, applying lip gloss to their already glossy lips.

Stacy sees me through the mirror and her eyes widen in shock. “You lying bitch!” I hissed marching over to her.