

Chapter 6 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

Ashley's pov

The sun had dipped a long time ago, moonlight flooding through the opened window. It was late, really late. I prayed silently in my head that mom and dad were sleeping soundly, if I got caught I'd be in trouble.

That I didn't want. Dad was very overprotective. I was surprised he allowed me to be friends with Ryan and Blake. He didn't trust any other guy that wasn't Blake and Ryan come near me. It was annoying and not needed since embarrassingly I've only wanted one guy's attention.

I sighed. I was curled up on the bed. My clothes were hidden by the thick blanket that enveloped me in its warmth. I didn't want mom or dad bursting through my door to find out what I'm wearing. They would've surely known something was up.

A gentle cold breeze brushes against my cheek softly. I stared outside the opened window, counting the little white dots we called stars. I was a nervous wreck. I should never have agreed to go tonight. I should've stayed home and read. Raven would've surely kept me company.

A pebble falls on the wooden floor. My heart pummels knowing it was one of the boys coming to take me away. I contemplated for a few seconds, hearing the clicking of my old clock on the nightstand. My hands itch to grab it and hurl it outside the window. Maybe it'll hit them on the head and I'll have an excuse to not go.

"Ley!" A hushed voice hissed outside. I silently groan hearing Blake's voice. Really Ryan, you sent him? I hated that I always felt uncomfortable with him after he had been with other girls. Girls that weren't me. Seeing him and Stacy make out showed me that I'll never compare to her or the other girls.

"Ley!" Another hiss, this time impatient.

I nibble on my lip then with a groan throw the covers off my body, revealing the clothes I had chosen to wear. Standing up from the bed, I walked over to the opened window and looked down at Blake. I could barely see what he wore but the moon casted a soft glow on his face that made me suck in my breath.

“Shut up, do you want my parents to hear you?” I hiss lowly, pushing my head out of the window and bracing my hands on the windowsill.

He shrugged and smirked. “It wouldn’t be a bad thing if you got into a little trouble Ley. Raven would be proud.”

always tease me about this? I move my eyes away from him to stare at Ryan’s car. Furrowing my brows I turn to face him again. “Are you alone, where’s

he told me to come pick you up.” He answers, seeming to not know that being alone with him for just a few seconds rattles my brain

already feeling the nerves bubble

sense his confusion, see how he doesn’t understand what he does to me. “Yeah.” He mumbles, uncertainty clinging to his voice. I sighed and

chosen to match it with a white tank top and

discarded near the opened closet. Nodding to myself I walked over and picked it up. I felt the

hurry up!” Blake

comfortable. Who

steps as I walked on the roof. I looked down at Blake. It wasn’t that high but I felt nauseous just thinking about missing a fall. What

for the ladder dad left there but didn’t spot it. I looked at Blake alarmed. “There’s no ladder!” I almost screech

in position to catch me. I scan over his body. Yes he had

head furiously, backing away. “Yeah no, maybe this isn’t meant to be.

down on me

admitted, looking at the lawn. It looked so far down to me. I was too high

the light of the moon showing how blue his eyes really were. From even up here, it was hard to miss. His eyes soften. I took a good look at what he was

wearing in the moment, noticing that he loved dressing all in black. Black jacket, black jeans, black shirt, black converse. To some the color

never let you fall, I'll always catch you. Trust me." He said softly, his eyes you'll not

lights were off but the moon casted light enough to spot him. I squint. Was to be asleep?" I question going into

a brow before biting into the banana. "The same could be said for you big I breathed a sigh of relief only to stiffen when he continued.

" Only if-" He drags out, his eyes that were identical to dad's flash with mischief. "You give me fifty bucks."

I frown. "I was saving that to buy my books."

He shrugged, taking another bite of the banana." It's fifty bucks or no deal."

I dwell on it. Give him my fifty bucks and no books for me? Yeah no. It's a good excuse to not go-

"Fine, I'll give you the fifty bucks tomorrow." Blake agreed, getting me out of my almost rejoicing moment.

"Deal." Arden smirked." Now jump Ashley, don't be a pussy."

"Watch your tongue Arden, I'm still older and I can tell dad!" I hissed and cross my arms. "And I'm not a cat." I pouted.

I sighed then looked at Blake. I did trust him and that led me to walk over to the edge. Gulping in some air, I said a silent prayer. "Ready?" I asked him nervously, watching as he opened his arms to catch me. With a determined look he nodded.

Closing my eyes tightly, I waited a few seconds, letting the wind blow through my long tresses then jumped. My breath caught in my throat as I felt myself falling. Was this how it felt to die?

I feel arms wrap around my body, drawing me to a firm chest. “Oomph” I breathed out. “You can open your eyes now Ley.” Blake’s amused voice breaks me from my thoughts.

I cracked one eye open before opening the other. His piercing blue eyes instantly trapped me in a trance and I felt myself take in a sharp breath for the second time. “I told you I’d catch you.” He smiles.

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It felt like an eternity. Just being in this position and staring into his alluring eyes. His gaze flickered down to my lips, his own parting slightly.

I puffed out some air. “I think I’m able to stand now Blake.” I joked and forcefully let out a laugh. It comes out strained and awkward.

His blue eyes widen slightly, as if just realizing he was still holding me. Within a second I was standing on the ground, brushing my palms over my skirt awkwardly.

I looked at Blake catching him already staring at me. He reaches over and twirls some curly strands of my hair, tugging it playfully. “I love your hair.” He compliments. I had left it down and slightly curled it. He smirks when his eyes drop down to stare at my leggings.

“You look sexy.” His tone had taken on a husky one, one that has my heart pounding in my chest, it’s rhythm uncontrollable. His eyes travel back up my body slowly, the intensity leaving a tingling sensation in my lower regions.

His blue eyes glaze over as they fall into my own. “Though I would’ve preferred if you didn’t wear the leggings.” He grunts biting his lower lip.

My breathing accelerated, coming in short puffs. I should be used to Blake’s constant playful flirting but I wasn’t.

meant it. If only you knew what your flirting did to

stand here all night and gaze into each other’s eyes?” Arden question. Hearing his voice felt like

away a little, scratching the nape of his neck.” Well we

to walk over to Ryan's car. It felt awkward but that was just probably me. When we were both inside the car, it

on the

you tell me this

stare at

under all those heavy pounds of makeup. It wouldn't take a genius to know that she'll be furious when she sees me in

huge. A few seconds later the door opens and a tall blonde walks out. Her long legs are on display as she walks with those high stiletto heels of

and wring my hands together. She looks perfect while I look like something out of the gutter. It's no wonder Blake only

and turn to face a seething Stacy. She definitely isn't pleased. Her eyes have turned to steel,

down my window and I do just that. Cringing when her angry eyes land on Blake then flicker

I nodded and reach for the handle but a hand on my thigh stops me. I stilled, the contact of his palm leaves a tingling feeling where it rest. "Stay."

Stacy's eyes blared with fury when her eyes zoned in on Blake's hand on my thigh. He notices her line of vision but doesn't retract his hand. He looks at her and nods to the back. "Stacy go sit in the back."

I squirmed when her heated eyes fall back to me. I suddenly had the urge to just call it quits and go back home. "I'm sitting in front Blake." She hisses. "Get out

Ashley." She snaps. My hand reach back over to the handle but a firm squeeze from Blake has me drawing back.

"Stop acting like a spoilt brat Stacy, just get in the back." Blake groaned.

Her eyes narrow. "I'm acting like a spoilt brat?" She asked in disbelief. After a few minutes of them glaring at each other she finally sighs in defeat. "Fine." She spits then walks to the back and enters, banging the door shut.

What's wrong with Blake? The question floats through my mind as I turn to face him. He only smiles, not revealing exactly what's on his mind. Was Blake always this hard to read?

He retracts his hand away from my thigh. I hated to admit it but even with these layers of clothes I had on, I suddenly felt cold.

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I couldn't be any more happy when the house that held the party comes into view. The awkwardness that hung in the air was almost suffocating.

The party seemed to be in full swing with music blasting through the entire house. I guess it was alright to have it to this overpowering volume with a scarce amount of neighbors.

Blake slowly parks the car, being careful to not knock over the teens running up and down the road recklessly. Were they high? They certainly looked like it.

Stacy bangs the car door on the way out. I flinch away from the loud noise and look to see her walking up to the house. I cringed when I spotted an unfamiliar girl throwing up in the bushes, her friend patting her back.

Stacy had long gone inside the house, leaving Blake and I behind. She was furious and I felt somewhat guilty. "I'm sorry." I mumbled opening the car door and getting out.

Blake does the same and looks over to face me. His brows are knitted in confusion. Like he didn't have a clue as to why I was sorry. "Sorry for what exactly Ley?" He voiced his confusion.

I sighed, my breath coming out in a foggy cloud from the cold. "For having Stacy mad at you. I'm sorry that I caused this." My tone had turned soft, almost unheard. I was surprised he had even heard it, or he probably must've read my lips. His eyes did stay glued to them.

For a second he just stares. Then his piercing blue eyes lifts away from my lips to stare into my own. Blue meets green. Then as if triggered, he starts laughing, loud enough to have the teenagers running around to peer over.

My hands come instinctively in the pockets of my jacket as I looked around. I was glad that I had chosen to wear

watch as Blake

What was so funny?

so funny Blake?" I voiced out

a bit. "What's funny is that you think you caused Stacy to be mad at me." He responds with

But I was

over, removing the distance that separated us. I arch my neck so I could look at him. He was close, too

meant it in a friendly way but I couldn't help but feel content. Was it that bad to feel that,

way, Stacy can't stay mad at this face." He jokes and points at his face. I forced out a laugh. Who can ever be mad at you Blake? I

we made Ryan wait

close beside me. "You mean you guys party? I'm only

cigarettes. It was illegal to drink at their age yet they

my best friend who clearly has a girlfriend isn't exactly being a saint. Not when those daydreams are extremely sexual. It's embarrassing

unbearable in the air, so is the smell of weed and whatever else that was

palm coming to rest on the middle of my back. My breath hitches but I don't think he notices. I don't think he ever

how foggy the air was. Yes it was hot in here, a drastic change from outdoor but I'd rather

also spotted Stacy and she was coming over to us. Her face was

I shift away from him, not wanting to cause anymore unnecessary drama. I couldn't blame her for being mad, he was her boyfriend and not, mine. I turn to face him and pointed over to Ryan. "I'll go meet Ryan." I shout over the music.

"What?" Blake shouts, getting his face a bit too close to mine. I back away, knowing Stacy had seen this interaction. It was innocent but I knew she wouldn't think that way.

"I'll go meet Ryan." I shout again, this time his eyes are on my lips. He looks over to where I had pointed. Spotting Ryan he nods. Stacy takes this moment to snake her way between us. Unnecessarily pushing me away so she could wrap herself around Blake.

"Blake baby, I'm sorry for being mad earlier. I forgive you." She says and pulls his head down to hers. She possessively wraps her hands around his neck. Moaning unnecessarily loud when he pulls her flush to his front.

My heart squeezes at the action and I take that as my cue to leave. I turn around and head over to Ryan who was busy chatting with a guy on the football team. When he spots me he grins, mischief gleaming in his eyes. Oh no what is he up to?

As soon as I was beside him he pulled me forward and

hosted me up. I gasps looking down at him. "You actually came little Ash!" He cheers and chuckles. Everyone was too drunk to notice but I was still embarrassed.

"Ryan put me down!" I hissed.

The guy beside him laughs before walking away. After a few seconds of me arguing to be let down he finally concedes. As soon as my feet were safely down on the floor, I fisted my hand and punch his shoulder.

His eyes narrow before he throws his head back laughing at my lame attempt to hurt him. "You need to pack more muscle there little Ash. It tickled though, I'll give you that."

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“Whatever.” I shrugged nonchalantly then turned around to look at the mass of teenagers. They looked utterly out of their minds, drunk, high and hopefully not on drugs. There were some I recognized from school but never spoke to.

But there were some who looked too old to be in the same age group as me. I feel a heavy arm drape around my shoulder, the weight a bit uncomfortable. I turn sideways to see the culprit. “Let’s go.” Ryan says dragging me along to what looked like the kitchen.

Well I hoped it was the kitchen, I wasn’t so sure if I was intoxicated with whatever was floating in the air. The

kitchen didn’t seem to be as crowded as the living room area. But the stench of alcohol was more prominent in the air.

I looked around, spotting the big cooler that was filled with different beverages. Ryan moves his hands off my shoulder, thankfully. And darts over to the fridge. My eyes almost bulge out of it’s sockets for the amount of beers that were over packed inside.

“There’s more?” I stupidly ask as I scan over the drinks. Some of the teenagers that still lingered in the kitchen looked at me strangely. I shrugged not in the moment to care for their judging.

“Want anything Ash?” Ryan yells over his shoulder and rummages through the fridge for whatever he was desperately was looking for.

“A bottle of water would be much appreciated.” I grumble wanting to get out of there. Why did I come here? This isn’t exactly my scene.

“Of course you would take a bottle of water.” A voice dripping of sarcasm reaches my ears. I turn to see who and wasn’t surprised to see Stacy heading my way. Blake’s arm wrapped securely around her waist. I feel the burning of jealousy swim in my body at the sight.

wasn’t ugly but could you really blame me? The girl

I did. I hated that she always wanted to make me look like a kid in front of Blake. “What’s wrong with water? I’m the designated

think there’s water.” Ryan responds then grabs a bottle of liquor behind the beers then grabs one beer in

beer. Not seeing any bottle of water in sight I
of the fridge with a slight bang I turn around. I'm confused to see Stacy
blue eyes. His gaze was focused on me or more specifically my legs. My
water in the pipe." I uttered. Grabbed a plastic cup and head over to the sink.
After filling the cup with the water I greatly needed at the moment I drank
to the kitchen table. "Beer pong." He says whilst shaking the
shake my head."Yeah
if you don't want to party? Just
an
know what fine, let's play that peer pong." I hissed,
pong Ley." Blake
"Whatever." I grumble.
her name." I could distinctly hear Stacy's whine. I zoned out their
conversation
cups and form them into a pyramid. I'm confused not knowing
ping pong ball. Think Miller has one around?" Ryan asked Blake who came to
help him set up the cups. Blake shrugs. "I don't know
it if you ask." Ryan urges
Stacy has her arms wrapped around him not at all helping him set up the
cups. But I wasn't exactly much
help either.
Blake looks lost in thought for a moment then nods. "Fine, but you need to
come with me. I can't handle when he cries. That shit just creeps me out."
Ryan laughs and walks over to Blake."Stay here little Ash, we'll be back." He
warns, shooting me a stern look.

“Okay dad.” I rolled my eyes.

“Don’t worry Ley I’ll be your daddy in bed!” Blake laughs, winking for extra effect. I gasp my eyes snapping to Stacy’s. Why would he say that when his girlfriend is right there?

I could see her contempt and I couldn’t blame her. Her boyfriend did just sexually joke with another girl that wasn’t her. I tear my eyes away feeling shame crawl up my face. I turn to glare at Blake but he and Ryan weren’t in sight anymore.

I feel like a caged bird, wanting to crawl in a tiny hole and never come back out. I feel Stacy’s hostility, feel the rage pouring out of her. “You know I don’t get it.” She starts.

I knew she was talking to me. It was obvious. We were the only two people left in the kitchen.

“Don’t get what?” I question softly, not daring to stare at her.

“I don’t get what he sees in you.” She grits out.

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I hear the clacking of her heels nearing and I couldn’t prevent myself from lifting my head. Her eyes are a stormy blue. Rage. Rage poured in the depths of her eyes, eyes Blake seemed to like.

“You’re boring.” Her red lips curl into a sneer, the white pearly teeth now visible. I feel the invisible blow and stagger back as she advances.

“You’re not even pretty.” She continues, her eyes racking over my form in displeasure. Her blue eyes settle on my leggings and she snorts. “And for F*ck sake you can’t even dress right.” She laughs but it’s void of humor.

By now we were inches apart with me having to crane my neck to look at her. It was no secret that I was short. I blamed my mom for this stupid height. I always seemed to look like a little kid compared to everyone else. It’s no wonder Blake doesn’t see me as anything more than a friend.

"I don't get why he can't seem to leave you for just a second. What do you have that I don't?" She grits out harshly and reaches over to wrap her finger around my inky black tresses.

I gulp having the urge to back away but not wanting to give her the satisfaction of seeing me uneasy. So I sucked in the slight panicky feeling and mustered up the courage to glower at her.

I could smell her sickening scent of flowers mixed with the smell of alcohol. I hold back the gag I dreadfully wanted to let out." Well I have intelligence and that's something you lack. You know the saying, brains over beauty."

What's wrong with me? Why was I provoking her? And why do I love it?

I could see the gears shifting in her head, see her contemplate if to knock me. I wasn't one for altercations and hated the thought of being in one. But I couldn't promise to stay still if she decided to punch me in the face.

Before I could think or have time to move out of her way, her hand was already gripping around the bone of my wrist. Her nails are pointy and scratches the surface of my skin with the sudden pressure she added.

The strong scent of liquor reaches my nose and I flinch away. She lets go of my wrist and I take that opportunity to back

in being with you. Think about it Ley, the guy had his chance to be with you but he isn't. That just means you're nothing. He

hair behind her shoulder. I hated that she mocked the nickname Blake called me. I didn't

I felt. She wouldn't win. I open my mouth ready

the first to speak.

and turn to face him, forcing a smile on my face. "Did you get the ping pong ball?" I question. I know

He shows the ping pong ball and walks to the table. Stacy struts over to him and wraps

way. The thought was saddening but I needed to realize that I needed to move on.

it was a whole bucket!” Ryan laughs

staring at Blake. It was so strange to know that many guys were afraid of him. Yes he

in a second but still he’s Blake. My Blake.

you really have to make the guy pee on

shrugs, not at all fazed that he just made a guy pee his pants. The guy who apparently hosted this party. Will we get kicked out? I mean

“Catch!” He shouts, throwing some beer at Blake. Chuckling he easily catches them and starts

the pressure of wanting to back out. “Uh how does this game work exactly?” I whispered to

to throw the ball in the opponent’s cup. If the ball lands inside the cup they

and my head quickly snaps to the cups that were filled to the brim. Nerves instantly swim in my stomach. “So you’re saying if so happens that Blake or Stacy lands the

cups. “What, want to back out?” An

glare. “Let’s do this Ryan.” I gritted out and walk closer

“Don’t be so eager there Ley. I’m very good with my aim.” Blake winks, smirking.

I smile. “It’s just sad that I’m better.” I said cockily. “Is that a challenge?” He smirks.

“Ooh things are heating up!” Ryan claps.

I nodded. “It’s not a challenge if I know I’m going to win. “

Blake continues to smirk, his eyes flashing with mirth. He throws the ball and it lands perfectly in one of the cups before me. “Drink up.” He teases.

I glare at him feeling anxious to taste the beer. It would be my first time and I dreaded it. Again why did I agree to come here? I reach over for the cup and

Ryan reaches for one also. I gulp and take out the ball. With one last glance at Blake I quickly gulp down the bitter liquid. It wasn't that bad.

I smirked putting the cup down and wiped my mouth with the back of my hand. Blake bites the bottom of his lip and I found it difficult to stay focused on the task. You can't get distracted now.

With a breath I throw the ball into one of his cups and jumped in excitement when it went straight into the

liquid. Ryan and I high five each other. "Drink up." I said mocking his words from earlier.

With a mocking glare he gulps down the contents of his cup. A few more rounds later and I can honestly say that I was somewhat out of it. I could say the same for Ryan and Blake but I was pretty sure Stacy could handle her liquor. The girl didn't seem a bit drunk or tipsy. Another thing to be jealous of. Who will be our designated driver now? Mom and dad will kill me.

"Aye Blake, Ryan, the guys are ready to play truth and dare. Hurry up!" A blonde boy walks into the kitchen and announces. Ryan looks up with his droopy eyes. "Hell yeah we're coming!" He answers.

Wait what, we?