

## Chapter 61 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

Her hair is perfectly curled, not one strand out of place. Mascara thick on her lashes and the tiniest hint of a smirk curling at the corners of her lips as she turns to fully face me.

I'm breathing angrily staring at her. The feeling of anger and resentment has my fingers curling into a fist at my sides. "Lying bitch? Is that anyway to talk to Blake's future baby mama?" Her eyes glint with mockery.

I scoffed. "From what I just heard you're not pregnant Stacy. Faking a pregnancy to get Blake back? That's low even for you."

She was bound to be caught sooner or later. She needed to know that her stupidity would only have humiliated her when everyone would know the truth.

She narrows her eyes and sucked her teeth." I didn't do this to get Blake back, I mean that would be a bonus. But not everything is about Blake Ley. I simply wanted you to feel the hurt I felt when he broke up with me for you. Out of all people he chose you." She snarled.

I let my bag drop to the floor.

The girl beside her laughed like what Stacy had just uttered was the best joke on this planet. I felt fury envelop my form.

I hated that she made us believe her words, I hated that it had caused a strain between Blake and I's relationship. And I F\*cking hated that she kept calling me Ley.

So without thinking I lift my fist and jammed it straight onto her nose, just like how Blake taught me. Blood sputtered out followed by a loud nasily screech. A loud cry tore through the bathroom as Stacy stumbled back on to the bathroom counter.

The girl, who I'm not familiar with flinches back away from us in shock. Her lips parted and eyes wide from fear. Stacy quickly reaches up and tries to stop her nose from bleeding.

“You bitch!” She screeched, tears rolling down her face. Instead of feeling regret for breaking her nose I felt smug. I stalked up to her until we were eye level.

“Stay away from me and my man. If I see you anywhere near us, I promise that I will do far worse.” I whispered deathly.

She tensed in fear, her eyes widening in alarm when she noted that I was not joking. Seeing that she indeed feared me felt absolutely amazing, I did not care.

I asked, hostility dripping from my voice. She doesn't answer, perhaps fear had clutched her

roared, glaring at her. She flinches back her eyes widening, before she nods

I nod. “Good.”

clean up that blood, you're a

I left Stacy there bleeding. Relief that she was not infact pregnant. Did I regret punching her? Not one bit.

was one problem out of

the

of Principal William rings through the intercom. Everyone turns

time I had ever gotten called to the principal's office. But damn

up to leave. I shrugged and mouthed later. I picked

from sleeping

hallway I noticed that the girl who was

only opted to raise my middle finger and sauntered over to the office. Today I was annoyed and I quite frankly did not care that I

that all surprised that Stacy was seated before him. Head ducked and tissue held

you called me?" I asked innocently as I walked over to them and plopped down on the vacant [chair](#) beside

oddly smelt of fart and I wondered if it was principal William's doing or Stacy's. Either

leaned forward on his desk. "What is the meaning of this

we all would be cooked inside of there judging by the closed windows. Did he ever let fresh air

not know what you are talking about." I feigned confusion, looking at Stacy. It is at that moment

exhausted and turned to face Stacy. "Stacy care to say what you told me

It was a good couple of seconds when she decided to speak up. "Principal William, I was all but minding my business when Ashley came up to me

did?" I

the tissue shaking slightly. "Let her

narrow my eyes. "Sir this is all a ploy. You know me, I could never hurt anyone." I said in a

gotten into

"Didn't I say let her speak?" He demands.

"But sir-" I protested.

"Silence Ashley!" He roars slamming his palm atop the wooden oak table. I flinched back and pressed my lips together.

He pinches the bridge of his nose and sighed. He leans back in his [chair](#) a second later and looks at us.

He then nods as if getting the answer to the most difficult question. "Stacy go to the nurses office to check the injury to your nose and as for you Ashley, go home."

"What!" Stacy screeched. "You're just going to let her off the hook like that!?"

He breathes out an irritated breath. "I am not letting her off the hook. Didn't I just tell her to go home?"

His lips part in shock. "Sir this is barely a punishment!"

He narrows his eyes in annoyance. "Do you have a better suggestion?"

"Yeah! Like suspend her or expel her." She suggested in a very high pitched voice.

I rolled my eyes, not interested in the conversation. If he wanted me to go home then I'd do exactly that.

"I've already expelled and suspended too many students for the year Stacy. I'm not expelling or suspending Ashley, who's never been in trouble before. This accident will never happen again, is that right Ashley?" He turns to face me to gauge my answer.

I nodded half interested. "It will not happen again sir." I told him half of the truth. If she annoys me again I couldn't promise that I'd not punch her again.

He nods. "Good. Now you may leave."

I nod, get up and walked out of the office.

"This is bullshit!" Stacy's now distant voice screeched.

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I closed the door quietly behind me, not wanting to let mom know that I was home...early. I curse softly underneath my breath when it still happens to make a loud thud.

I hold my breath when a petite woman rounds the corner with a basket full of laundry. Her brown hair set into a messy bun atop of her head. Some tendrils framed her face as she forced to hold the basket.

She turns to face the door and her eyes widen in confusion. She places the basket down on the floor and saunters over to me.

"How are you so early today baby? Are you sick?" She asked using the back of her hand to press on my forehead and neck.

“Uhh...” I drew out not knowing what to say exactly.

Should I tell her the truth? No I probably should not. I open my mouth to speak but the home phone rings in the living room.

“I’ll be back.” Mom says and turns around to walk quickly to the phone. I sighed and start to head upstairs when she comes around the corner frantically. Her eyes glaring at me. I gulped.

“Ashley Grey, why did you break a girl’s nose!?” Mom hissed coming towards me with the phone still pressed to her ear.

I bite my bottom lip shrinking back at the intensity of her glare. “It was an accident.”

She scowled. “Your fist doesn’t magically end up on someone’s nose Ashley.”

I shrugged. “She was asking for it.”

Her eyes narrow. “Baby I’ll call you back, I need to talk to our daughter without you asking me questions through the phone. It’s distracting. “

In fact he was the one who called. But how did he.....Principal William. Ofcourse he

she shifts her attention to me. “Ashley what were you thinking? I did not raise you to be violent!”

it was just a punch nothing more. Her nose will heal unfortunately.”

gaspd, placing her hands on her hips. “Unfortunately? Ashley what has gotten into you? What did this girl do to have gotten you so

has gotten into me mom. Let’s just say I was tired. I was tired of being a target. I was tired that I had to keep Blake and I’s relationship a secret because I feared what people would say. I was tired

flinches away. “You and

this all she got from my little

girlfriend who thought

eyes widen even more, almost comically. “She faked a pregnancy?”

that she’s not actually pregnant. I

caused serious damage. I’m glad that you stood up for yourself but that was not the

the fight leave me. She was right, Stacy didn’t deserve the punch. She deserved two. I would not voice this out though. “I know mom and I’m sorry. Don’t be

mad at you darling, let’s hope your dad doesn’t

of being grounded. “Mom you have to talk to

only if you tell me about you and Blake.” She

my lips. “I will just not now. I need to change out of this [clothes](#)

Grey get your a\*s down here now!” It was dad. His voice was loud. Really loud

the floor because of my sock clad feet. I find my fingers tugging the door open swiftly and amble down stairs. An

to be grounded for an

stairs I caught sight of dad. His suit is still on which means he just came from work. His head is down, staring at a white envelope as he grips

Something doesn’t feel right.

stared at the envelope and noticed that he wasn’t only clutching it but a picture. My stomach drops and I feel the

It couldn’t be. Could it?

He seems to hear my footsteps because he lifts his head. His eyes are dark with anger and his jaw ticks. “I found this in my car today.” He gestured to the envelope. Sweat starts forming on my skin.

His tone is calm, a bit too calm. I reach the bottom of the stairs already feeling moisture settle in my eyes. “What is the meaning of this!” He roars. The volume of his voice has me flinching back in shock.

Mom comes around the corner, apron tied to her waist and flour on her hands. Her brows furrowed as she stared at us. She walks over to dad.

“What’s wrong baby?” When she sees him clutching the photo tightly she peeks and she winces moving her eyes away quickly.

He shows me the picture and my heart starts to hurt behind my chest. This one had been taken the same day but this time Blake’s hand was tugging at my hair while he thrust behind me.

“Explain this to me!” He hisses.

My bottom lip trembles. Never had I been so humiliated before. “I-I-” I stuttered sobbing.

“Where did you get this baby?” Mom asked him, soothingly brushing her palm atop his hand.

He turns to her. “I had left something in the office and went to retrieve it. When I got back this was awaiting me. They must’ve slipped it between the gla\*s.” He explained.

What I had been avoiding was now right in front of me. I was now an embarra\*sment to them.

“What time is it?” He asked mom.

“Should be about three thirty. Why?” She questioned in confusion.

He turns to me. “Call Blake and tell him to get his a\*s over here now.”

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“Please come over.” I cried pressing the phone to my ear.

I chose to go to my room to make the call. My phone was in there anyway but I knew the main reason I stayed there was because I was beyond embarra\*sed to stay in mom and dad’s presense.

Of all things that had happened to me. This one was the worst and most embarrassing.

“Baby what’s wrong?” Blake’s frantic voice asks on the other end. My fingers dig into my scalp as I tug at my black inky tresses harshly.

I hear the sound of his hasty footsteps. He was running. “They saw it.” I whispered, my throat aching and heart hurting behind my chest.

“Saw what? Baby what are you saying? Who are they?” He rushed out confused. I hear the loud slam of the door on his end.

“The picture of us. My mom and dad saw it.” I cried clenching the material of my tie dye cotton shorts.

“Shit! Do you mean...” He drawled out. I hear the panic in his voice. Obviously Blake was scared of my dad’s reaction. Dad can be very intimidating when needs to be.

I nod but realize he could not exactly see me. “Yes.” I croaked out.

The image of dad’s disappointed face and the shocked look on mom’s face had a fresh wave of tears flowing down my cheeks. Will they ever see me the same again?

“F\*ck! I’ll be there in a few minutes.” He says. I hear the rumble of his [motorcycle](#) and the call ends. I feel dread wash over me. What if he gets there and dad kills him?

Nausea crawls up my throat. I rush to the bathroom to puke into the toilet. Almost missing the toilet bowl.

parents just saw a picture

get down here!” It’s dad’s voice. It has been eight minutes. Eight minutes of me staring at my reflection

cheeks were puffer than usual and hair a mess from running my hands through it many times. I looked like I just got out from a horror film or worse,

Yes. Did I want to crawl into a hole and die?



let my eyes drift down my body. Too ashamed to look. I felt disgusting, like a whore.

the low

down before dad actually does kill him. I would not want to explain to the police as to why my father killed my

and leave the bathroom. I amble down the stairs my head bowed. I hear the door open and lift my head to see that it was dad who opened it.

he was afraid but schooled his features. As soon as he is beside the door, dad reaches for his shirt

quickly towards them. "You touched my daughter!" Dad roared pushing

beside them. Dad snaps his eyes to me and

turns his

surprise. "Asher what are you doing?!" She questions in shock. But

going down on her?" He grits, glaring into

then turn to face

was what? Thinking with your d\*ck?" Dad hisses pushing Blake

right now!" Mom

was so thankful that Arden was at Rosalie's. I really

"Asher!" Mom roars angrily.

dropping him completely and takes a

beside me but one heated

and even more that you saw it. It wasn't my

"You damn right you did!" Dad hisses cutting him off.

"Dad please calm down." I pleaded. My bottom lip trembles.

Mom walks up to him and holds his hand. “Baby, it’s not like she isn’t of age to have sex. Don’t forget I was still a teen when I had her. What we really should be focusing about is who took the picture of them like this.”

Dad stiffens as if just realizing that there was a bigger problem. He glares at Blake and with one firm squeeze from mom he sighs reluctantly. “You had better used protection.” He warns.

Blake and I both knew that we didn’t use protection occasionally. He pulled out everytime so I feared nothing. Besides mom had started me on the pill since I had painful period cramps.

We would not word that out though. Because this time dad wouldn’t hold back and probably kill him.

Blake clears his throat. “I think I have an idea of who it might be.”

That perks dad attention. “Who?”

Blake’s eyes flicker to me for a second. It is enough to have me knowing who he would mention. My face turns ghostly white.

“Blake.” I whispered on a plea. No not yet. I was not ready yet to let them know. But he doesn’t take heed to my pleas.

“I’m sorry baby but we need to find out who’s doing this.” He sighs and turns to face dad.

“There’s this guy who sexually a\*saulted Ashley-” He started but gets cut off.

“This wasn’t your right to tell them Blake!” I bellowed.

“Our daughter had been sexually a\*saulted!?” Both mom and dad yelled in disbelief and rage.

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Blake stops then shifts his attention to me. He sees how mad I am, how I glare at him in warning. “Blake.” I warned, furious that he was the one who told my parents about that god awful day.

He didn’t have the right. I was not ready.

“I can’t keep quiet about this baby. This is a serious issue that we need to deal with right now. I can deal with your anger later but right now, we need to find out who’s been doing this.” He grumbles and tears his eyes away from me to look at my dad.

I kept quiet knowing that whatever I tell him now wouldn’t matter. He was determined to let my parents know about what transpired between Peter and I. I knew he had good intentions but I couldn’t help feel anger that he hadn’t asked me first.

“It happened sometime about two months ago. Ashley stayed back to research something in the library. I had been waiting for her outside, she was taking long in there. Too long. So I went to look for her, only to hear her piercing scream.” He breathes out as if remembering the awful day.

“The scream still haunts me to this day.”

I stiffen knowing he was about to tell them what I dreaded. My hands felt cold, blood leaving my face. I could hear my own heartbeat in my ears, the rhythm uncontrollable.

The image of Peter pinning me to the desk as his hands traveled up my thigh comes in my mind. Sweat coated my palms, they became itchy. Itching to hit something.

day of being helpless, I was still not completely over it. I tried so hard, boxing, spending time with Blake, focusing on college. But it didn’t

her cry for help.” He gulped, his eyes flickering to me for a tiny second.

“When I got there I found

the only one affected from this experience. Blake was too

“Oh my baby.” She cried leaving

a hug and cries on my shoulder. Why do I feel

the lump forming in my throat. “I’m so sorry this happened to you.” She cries pulling me tighter to her. This is what I avoided. This pain that we all

hugged her back. I feel it, the relief as I pour my eyes out and use

had stayed silent when Blake finished talking but now he had absorbed

he literally spits out the name like it brought a bad taste to his  
in Kain William's son?" Dad questions. "The man who owns the restaurant  
that's him alright."

wouldn't take a genius to know that dad was beyond enraged. You could  
literally feel the tension in the air, crackling like fire on

a storm was brewing. "Did he have time, you know." You could hear the fear  
in his voice, the anxiety of

"Thankfully I

keys on the way. Everyone is confused until he grips Arden's  
wooden baseball bat that was

going?" Mom questions equally as confused as all of us

He doesn't turn around to answer her, instead he opens the door. "I'm going  
to pay Kain and his son a visit."

My heart drums in my ears. This was not good. When angered dad could be  
very intimidating. This is why boys usually stayed away from me other than  
the three boys breathing down my neck. And that was Blake, Ryan  
and Arden. They never let any guy close to me.

Mom leaves my side to rush to dad's. "Asher you can't just go there are you  
crazy!" She hissed following down the steps after him. "They could call the  
cops, you have a baseball bat for christ sake!"

"Baby I'm only going to pay him a visit." His tone is deathly. There was no  
way he would just pay them a visit. Dad was out for blood.

I rush towards them feeling Blake following after me. "Dad please listen to  
mom." I pleaded running up to catch them. They were already beside his car.  
I was afraid our neighbors would notice the commotion, they were already so  
nosy.

Dad doesn't listen, instead he walks around the car to the driver's side and  
enters, placing the bat at the back. My eyes widen knowing he was not  
bluffing. I turn around to face Blake and glared. "Stop him."

Blake tears his eyes away from me and stares at my dad. “Honestly Ley, I’m a hundred percent with him on this.”

I narrow my eyes into slits of rage. “I can’t believe you right now!” I scowled.

Seeing that no matter how much she tried to talk him out of it, he still was hell bent on going so mom decided to get into the car. Dad drives off leaving me staring at the fast disappearing car. I was beyond shocked.

What the hell just happened?

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I glare heatedly at Blake. “You caused this!” I roared walking up to him and punched him right on the chest. He staggers back startled, not expecting me to get physical.

“You just couldn’t keep your damn mouth shut!” I cried punching him again but now my hits were getting sloppy. He didn’t try to stop me. He stayed there peering down at me as I jammed my tiny fist on his chest.

You caused this.” I said weakly, sniffing.

He stops my fist and pulls me to his chest. Hugging me like my life depended on it. It probably did. His scent envelopes me as he brushes his hand down my back soothingly.

He didn’t speak, just stayed quiet while pressing me to his chest. I hear him let out a sigh. “I’m sorry Ley.” He grumbled above my head. I finally come back down to reality, removing myself from his comfort.

I peered up at him and glared. “Yes you better be sorry if my dad does something stupid.” I pull away from him

completely and turn around to saunter over to his [motorcycle](#).

I feel his confusion as I perch myself on the back of his [motorcycle](#). I turn to him and arch a perfect brow. He stands there staring at me, gawking at me like I was the most beautiful woman on the planet.

As much as the thought had my heart singing in joy, I knew we needed to kill a lot of birds with one stone before I could feel comfortable enough to be free with him again. "Well aren't you coming?"

He shakes his head like he had been in a trance. "Where?"

"We are going to follow my dad to Peter William's house. Hopefully we get there in time." I mumble the last part. I notice Blake still hadn't moved.

If my dad does something stupid, I'll never talk

were off. My hands wrapped securely around his torso as he sped

rush down my face as I stare alarmed as dad proceeds to the William's front door. He knocks and waits patiently while mom runs up

sidewalk. I hop off the [motorcycle](#) swiftly, barely caring that I almost fell

help mom tug dad away. "Dad please don't do anything stupid." I pleaded as a fresh wave of tears

turn to me, glaring furiously. It has me halting and gulping at the pure anger in his eyes. "I will not let that bastard go free. It's bad enough that I could not have done something sooner. How do you think I feel that I heard this

shrink back.

"Were you

takes my silence for my answer and nods in disappointment. He uses the bat to knock on the

bring your disappointment of a

the door again with the bat. I was thankful that it had not pierced the wood or

He whispers to me. I wanted to feel relieved but then the door opens and reveals Kain

a few inches taller. "Grey, you

snorts. "I have no business with your son, you say? Like how he had no business in

his composure. Something tells me that Kain knew of this encounter more than

for him. Come on, didn't he think he was man enough to force himself on an innocent girl? So why is he acting like a pussy

your way Grey

ahead and call them and see who will be

of this." Peter comes around his dad, pushing him

bastard shows his face." Dad grinned wickedly. He turns to face me, well behind me in particular. He stares at Blake. "Is he the one?" He asked Blake for

one alright. The bastard that tried

I had stayed frozen the minute Peter showed his face. How could I possibly think that I could simply forget about that day? Seeing his face triggered me. I find myself stumbling back more into Blake.

He clutches me tightly as if to reassure me that I was safe in his arms. I was safe with him. Dad turns back to stare at Peter, sneering." I will make sure you pay for what you did to my daughter. I will ruin you until you gravel at her feet for forgiveness-

"I did try to apologize to her!" Peter shout. He turns to me." I tried apologizing to you."

Did he think a simple apology would fix what he caused. The nightmares, the anxiety thoughts of staying alone? The feeling of being helpless? Did he really think an apology would save me from these things?

"Yet you're stalking her and taking out photos of us like the perverted creep you are!" Blake sneers pulling me tighter to him as if to protect me.

Peter's brows furrowed in confusion. "Stalking her? Taking out pictures? I did no such thing." He says honestly.

A huge black [jeep](#) pulls up. It was very familiar and I wasn't surprised when Blake's mom and dad came out, walking towards us. We were all too

occupied by watching Ryn and her husband come our way to notice that dad had gotten close to Peter.

A cry of pain pierce through the once silent area. I snap my eyes to stare in horror at Peter's leg. Dad had managed to slam the bat on his leg and by the looks of it, it was broken.

"You may not have taken the photos but you still forced yourself on my daughter!" Dad yelled, getting ready to slam the bat again on Peter's leg again but Blake quickly rushes to his side and halts it. Mom gasp in shock whilst I felt the air leave my lungs.

Peter falls down on the floor, clutching his injured leg as he cries in pain. "You bastard!" Kain William roared as he bent down to help his son.

"Asher Jesus christ man, I thought I taught you to hit them in the crotch first." Blake's dad says coming towards us with officer Ryn. She turns to her husband and glares. "You can't say things like that in front of a cop Ace!"

"Babe it's not like you're on duty." Mr Reed grumbles, helping Blake pull my struggling dad away from the injured boy.

"Yeah but I still saw everything and heard parts of it. You know what this means don't you Asher?" She questions. I think we all knew. Dad would be arrested.

## **Chapter 66 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste**

"Ashley hurry up you're going to be late for school!" Mom shouted from down stairs. I sighed looking at my reflection one last time in the mirror before going downstairs.

Arden was already seated on one of the stools beside the island. A plate full of pancakes and bacon. Dad was seated beside him. Both quiet as they ate.

Mom was also really silent as she flipped the pancakes on the pan before her. And when I went to join them it got even more awkward.

You could tell the awkward tension was still in the air. After mom had bailed out dad, he refused to admit that he went too far in breaking Peter's leg. It led to a huge argument at the police station with I having to witness it.



I remember feeling that all this was my fault. If I had just filed the report against Peter then things would not have gotten so extreme. I remember wanting to crawl into a hole and die as the officer asked me questions pertaining to the assault.

My cheeks were stained crimson as I tried to keep my breathing under control. They had led me to a private room. Asked me plenty of questions until all I could see was Peter pinning me to the desk.

Through my cloudy mind I heard the question. "Do you want to file a report against him?"

Without even thinking my lips part to say yes. I didn't care then, too lost in feeling disgusted at the thought of Peter ever touching me again or another girl. That was the first step to feeling relieved.

When I had left that room, it had felt like the weight on my shoulders had been lifted, disappeared. I felt strong. And when I walked into Blake's arms and buried my face

in his shirt as he wrapped his protective arms around me, I knew I had done the right thing.

"I'm pregnant."

she looked at the pancakes.

The bacon dad pinched between

soft

hand eyes glistened with unshed tears. "Lily, baby, are you serious?" He gulped looking at his

nods. "I found out last night after

out. "I know we didn't

dad had already ran to her side and hoisted her up. "F\*ck yeah my sperm still works!" He cheers looking up at her as

sighs dreamily,

as he gently places her

I love you.” Dad mumbles

again. A warm smile split on my lips as I too

we celebrate the news of a new addition to

be his favorite sibling.”

my eyes. “It’s going to be a girl and I will be her favorite!” I

I joked and later regretted

cafeteria.” I told Ryan as I

save you a seat.”

anyone else would seat at our table other than Ryan, Blake and I and occasionally Rosalie, Liam and Arden. I

I had gotten here in the morning I was anxious and afraid of getting another note. But

and private photos of Blake and I. I was relieved. I also

“Shit.” I curse remembering that I had left one of my books in the english cla\*s.

I closed my locker and whirled around to amble towards the cla\*s. The hallway was almost cleared as the students went to have lunch.

I caught the pity stares of some of those who lingered around. I drop my eyes to the floor. Everyone heard about what happened with Peter and I. Now everyone treated me like gla\*s, those who used to poke fun at me now asked if I was okay.

It was overwhelming. The attention I now received. I hated it.

“Are you okay Ashley?” One girl who I wasn’t familiar with asked me with a tiny awkward smile on her lips. Her brunette hair piled into a ponytail.

I forced out a tiny smile as I nodded. "I am fine, thank you for asking." I mumble continuing my way to the English cla\*s.

Hopefully the teacher would not be there. I hated that even the teachers treated me like I was a breakable ornament. It was like everyone was walking on eggshells around me.

I breathed out a sigh of relief when the door of the cla\*sroom came into view. My hands wrap around the handle ready to open when I halt. My eyes widen slightly when I see Stacy talking to someone.

I retract my hands and walk to the side of the door so I could see who she was speaking to. Through the glas I could spot a familiar dark haired boy. I squint my eyes, cursing softly for forgetting my glasses today.

My heart thumps painfully when I recognize that it was Blake. They were speaking in hushed voices.

I could not hear anything and settled to watch their lips move, trying to see if I could read what they were saying but to no avail. They were close, too close.

My heart drops and pain slice through my entire body when Stacy buries her hands in Blake's hair and pulls his mouth down to hers roughly. I gasp and stumble away from the door, feeling pain wretched through me.

My vision is blurry as I turn around and run away. The lingering students ask me if I was okay as I brush past them. I don't answer as I make my way to the bathroom. I wanted to rip my heart out of my chest. That's how painful it was. I hated this feeling.

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"What the hell is wrong with you?" Ryan asked as I strutted over to the table. Blake's back was faced to me as he ate. I didn't want to come here and face him but I was so tired of being weak.

I needed to realize that a guy cannot have that much power over me even if that guy was Blake.

So after crying my eyes out in the bathroom, I grew some balls and decided to swallow my feelings and face him.

Upon hearing Ryan's question he turns around to face me, fry between his parted lips. I tear my eyes away from him not wanting to feel the pain again. I looked at Ryan and shrugged. "Nothing is wrong."

Ryan raises a thick brow and drags his eyes down my body. It was not in a sexual way, just in curiosity.

"Try telling that to your red rimmed eyes and tousled hair. Oh and your empty hands without your lunch." He murmured displeased that he didn't know what had happened.

I suppose my hair was tousled because of my hands tugging at the tresses in anger earlier.

"I'm not hungry." Was the only thing that left my lips.

"What's wrong baby?" Blake asked when I reached beside them. I don't answer him, instead I walk over to Ryan's side and plop down on the empty chair beside him.

Baby? How dare he act like nothing happened.

My blatant anger and the way I completely ignored Blake had awkward tension zapping through the air. I hear him sigh as my eyes refuse to leave the table.

"Okay so what did I do now?" Blake asked.

I raise my eyes to meet his and glared heatedly. "You have the audacity to act like you don't know why I am giving you the cold shoulder!" I spat.

eyes widened in shock. "Baby

quiet and so does Ryan

through the orbs. It makes it hurt even more. My vision blurs

is. "How could you kiss her? I saw you both in the

dawns on him. "I did not kiss her Ashley, she kissed me." He snaps. "She wanted to talk about the stupid pregnancy. I decided to listen, next

pull away."

a second again then you would have

up? Were you ever even going to tell me?" I asked, clenching

stupid. I was waiting for the right time until everything settled down a little. Stacy

pain. "I pushed her away as soon as my senses kicked in. I was not

non-existent pregnancy?

revelation. I didn't care if the nasty blonde was here, listening to me whilst I

outed her lie. I looked around the cafeteria and a smirk forms on my

were covered in red and purple. It was probably caused by her injured nose. I

stood up, palms flat on the surface

you not tell him that I was the one who broke your nose? No? Didn't want him

to ask what for?"

people around her scoot

bestfriend?" I could hear

Tell them how low you could get just to feel good about yourself even if it is

just for a second. Tell Blake the F\*cking truth!" I roared at the end,

widen. "I-I-" She

"I-I what?" I mocked.

with a bored expression written on his face. "I'm not pregnant." She finally

confesses. He doesn't look surprised by her revelation instead he

that already." He

listened to her talk nonsense in

wanted you back. I thought it was the only way. I

each other." I spat walking

Hearing my words Blake is quick to stand up and blocks my path. I don't peer up at him instead I leave my eyes on his white shirt. "What the F\*ck do you mean Ashley?" He's angry but I can't find a bone in me to care.

"Move out of my way." I mumble glaring holes into his shirt.

"No not until you tell me what you mean." He snaps blocking my way when I try to sidestep him.

I peered up and glared into his equally heated eyes. "You know exactly what I mean Blake. You knew she wasn't pregnant yet you went to talk to her privately about a doctor's appointment. Seems to me that you wanted her advances on you." I spat.

His jaw ticked in rage. "Do you hear yourself right now? The thought of Stacy ever touching me again makes my skin crawl. Do you even know what doctor's appointment we were talking about?"

I scowl. "I don't F\*cking care what doctors appointment y'all were talking about." I huffed.

"I was talking to her about the appointment that would let me know if the baby was mine. Ofcourse I knew she wasn't pregnant this is why I brought it up so she'd confessed before making herself more of a fool." He snapped.

I narrow my eyes. "Somehow I find that hard to believe."

His face morphed into pain. "Do you always think so lowly of me? Do you always have to run like a coward every damn time something gets serious?" He grits at the end when I showed indifference.

I blanched in shock. "Did you just call me a coward?" I gasped out.

"Ley-" He starts to apologize.

"Don't." I snapped. "Leave me alone and don't follow me." I spat side and side stepped him.

This time he didn't try to stop me as I walked out of the quiet cafeteria.

I just needed to cool off, everything was just happening at once that I took it out on Blake. I just needed space to think. So with that thought, I took my bag from my locker and made my way outside of the school.

I needed to be far away from that school until I had a cleared head. The light breeze blew my hair back as I walked away from the school, away from Blake.

## **Chapter 68 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste**

Alone. That's how I felt as I sat on the swing. My feet had brought me to the park, not wanting to go home yet.

I knew that I had been skipping school a lot more frequently now and was afraid that dad would find out. He'd throw a fit and I would want to avoid that.

I sighed softly, looking around the empty park. The grass was a luscious green with tiny wildflowers that occasionally got stomped on by animals and people walking around.

It has been so long since I've been here. The quietness and the soft breeze as it pushed back my tresses relaxed me.

My bag rests atop my thighs as my fingers wrap around the rope of the swing. I wanted to bask in the quietness. I needed it.

I lift my head and closed my eyes as a tiny smile replaced the frown. The sun beat down on my face reassuring me that everything would be okay.

The more time flew the more I began to feel regret for treating Blake the way I did. I should've listened to him and let him explain. I knew Stacy was a conniving bitch to begin with and I fell right into her trap.

I needed to go and apologize to Blake for embarrassing him in the cafeteria. It was wrong of me and uncalled for.

Damn it, I love the fool and would not want to lose him. I overreacted and went too far. He must think that I broke things off.

I don't know how long I've been here but it must've been hours. The park was already starting to fill up with people. Their curious gazes flickering to me occasionally.

They must be thinking that I was crazy. My hair a mess from being tugged at and eyes red from crying.

I chew my bottom lip as I fumble with the zipper of the bag. Grasping my phone I checked the time. The first thing I notice is the many missed calls I had received from Blake and Ryan.

I frowned. I must've put it on silent without even knowing. I read the time. Two thirty. Maybe I should start walking home now. It is a little bit of a distance from here, probably twenty minutes on foot.

I breathed out a sigh and pushed the phone back in my bag. I will call them when I get home, they must be worried.

thought of speaking to Blake. I was embarrassed of the way I acted. I needed from the pack. An elderly couple seated on a crafty wooden bench sees me and their

quicken my footsteps. "Hey dearie are

comes from the woman whose hands were clutched tenderly by the man who seemed to be her husband, judging by the glittering gold ring on their

looking at the couple one could tell how much they loved each other. The tenderness was there,

could to ease her

to coo when her husband pulls her closer to his chest. The way they acted made me ache for Blake

doesn't look convinced at my declaration. And

clear my head of studies. I'm in my final year, you know how tough school can be around this

Arden. I don't want

would have to give him

along the sidewalk. School had just dismissed for the younger ones. Their parents coming to pick them up

turn the corner, my converse smacking against the hot pavement. The sound of a car slowing down beside me has me stiffening. I prayed it wasn't Ryan. I



going the same pace as I am. From my peripheral

was not Ryan's. I leave my head faced front, not wanting to look at who was obviously

It's a woman's voice. I stop and turn

peers at me. She is familiar, her blue eyes and dark hair

smiled sweetly.

the school, in the cafeteria?" She looked hopeful for a recognition. Instantly I remember

down that street but I'd happily

seconds. Weighing my options. I did need to reach home before Arden. And it was not like she was a stranger. Though I

and gave her a tight smile. "Thank you. I live on

"Got yah." She laughs and starts driving away. I turn my head

She asked, trying to make

turn to stare at

lovely name. Your parents have good taste." She

make a quick stop? I promised my mom I'd drop her pills as soon as possible. My house is just round

Not wanting to keep her mom waiting, I nodded. She smiles and as promised she stops at a small wooden house a few minutes later. The white paint was chipping and the rustic gate screamed for repainting.

The house is surrounded by dried patches of grass. The scarce of neighbors on this street was alarming. I had never walked this path. Everyone avoided walking here from the talk of bad men doing illegal things around that area.

"I'll be quick." She promised getting out and walking to the boot of the car. I looked at her through the side-view mirror. I quickly look away when she struts to my side.

Bending down a little she smiles as she faces me. “Mind helping me bring in some groceries inside? There are a bit too much and I’m afraid it would take me some time. My mom has not eaten the entire day.”

I gnawed on my lip looking at the house then back at her. The woman was doing me a favor to give me a ride home, the least I could do was help bring in some groceries.

So with that thought I nodded and got out of the car and followed her to the back. She was right, there were plenty of grocery bags. I grasp onto three and followed her to her house.

The rustic gate creaks as she opens it. She turns to face me.” Sorry about the house, I haven’t been taking care of it since all my money had been going to pay my mom’s hospital bills.”

Instantly pity overtook me. I smiled softly following her up the creaking wooden steps. “I don’t mind, it’s still homey.” I complimented her.

She smiles and opens the door. “Mom I’m home!” She shouts but there is no answer. She turns to stare at me. “I swear she’s always sleeping. Come, the kitchen is here.” She nudged her head to [the tiny kitchen](#) area.

If I thought outside looked bad then I was wrong. Inside reeked of alcohol and weed with a mix of something unpleasant. Inside was barely furnished with an old worn out brown couch in the living room.

The cream walls were stained multiple places with something brown which made it look dirty. Inside was tiny. I guess it was understandable that she lived this way with having to take care of her sick mother.

I followed her inside the kitchen and placed the bags on the kitchen island. “I’ll be back quick! I just need to give this to my mom and we’d be on our way!” She rushes out and pulling out something that looks like pills and leaves.

I sighed and turned to look around. How could she live in this kind of place? Some drawers of the cupboards were missing and the marine blue color painted on the wood made the cream walls look even dirtier.

“You know your boyfriend reminds me of Asher.” Her voice comes at the back of me.

I didn't have time to think before I felt a cloth press to my nose and mouth. Surprise took over me and unknowingly I inhaled what was on the cloth.

I struggled as she forces me to still. Her arms wrapping tightly around me as my vision blurs. I pushed back with her hold still on me. I feel her knocking into one of the wooden draws harshly yet she doesn't remove her hold on me.

"Sleep little Ash." She soothed. The strong scent on the cloth has my vision blackening to nothing as I feel my body slump. The last thing on my mind was Blake and my family.

## **Chapter 69 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste**

This is how I imagined it to be if I were in an accident. Darkness, confusion and pain shooting behind my head.

My body felt heavy like I had drunk too much and now lost the ability to move my limbs.

Through the pain and the numbness I could hear the closing of draws. Good then I was waking up. I forced my fingers to move, doing one at a time.

They felt stiff until I clenched them.

It is then I feel something wrapped around my wrist. It is wrapped so tightly that I am unable to shift my hands, only my fingers. It was digging into my flesh, certainly leaving a mark.

My lips part as I groan, forcing my heavy eyelids to open. My vision is blurry at first but it soon clears when I blink. The sight of the woman that seemed so harmless was in front of me smirking.

"Good you're awake." She smiles.

I pressed my lips together and tried to move out of the wooden [chair](#) she seemed to have placed me in. But my hands are bonded behind the [chair](#) and my ankles are tied together.

I stop struggling seeing that it is useless for now. "Why are you even doing this? I don't know you." I spit feeling my head pulse. Whatever she had in that cloth certainly did a number on me.

She raises a brow and bends until her eyes are at my level. "So you're saying that Asher never mentioned me? I thought what we had was special?" She mocked then reaches over to pinch my cheeks.

I shake my head angrily not wanting her nasty hands on my face. "My dad never mentioned a senile person." I glared. Maybe I shouldn't provoke her.

She throws her head back laughing. "Senile? Darling I'm perfectly okay." She sighs and gets up.

She trails a finger down my cheek and I immediately feel disgust. "You look just like your mom. Pretty and perfect. It's no wonder all the guys go for y'all."

I wrench away from her fingers as best as I could and glared up into her cold eyes. "Don't touch me." I snapped.

She smirks. "What, you rather Blake touch you huh? Like how he Fcked you in clas, in the bathroom and on the field?"

us all those

out pictures of y'all for memories. I sent one to you and your dad did you not evil glint in her eyes this lady could really have pa\*sed for

old wooden ceiling and sighed as if in a trance. "I remember your dad and I F\*cking like that

But I see the rage in those depths. "Until your whore of

even

like it should ring a bell but it doesn't. I nod keeping my face neutral. "Shelly, you're still holding on to the past? From what I get, my dad left you for my mom

while twisting my hands behind me to

and dad? I simply want revenge for being sent to prison. They caused it. They left

in ruining their pretty doll of a daughter that's really not so innocent like

come for me Shelly. I'm sure by now

laughs louder and motions to the counter top. I spot my bag and I feel  
nauseous. My

definitely unlocked it using my finger since

worried since you're helping Ryan with his studies." She smirks. "Don't worry  
I texted your boyfriend too. I think he'll add more fun to

out of this!" I shout on the verge of crying. I didn't care that I was now cursing.  
Like she said I was not so

in fake shock. "But didn't you want him to join us? He seemed to be worried  
when I left the school. I got to say that the guy is head over heels in love with  
you. Too bad you

do to a fly that was persistent on

He should be here any minute

view of the front door.

that opportunity to open my mouth to scream. "Help!

at her. She pulls out a black shiny object and my mouth slam shut right away.

around with the gun in her hand and wiggles it. "Now, now none of that  
screaming darling.

She was playing with me. This was a game. I just needed to play.

pulls out a duct tape. "He simply thinks that you helped a blind old

come pick you up

hand. She places the gun on the counter and smirks at me as she tears

"Darling I haven't seen my parents in years. I also

So she lied about bringing pills to her mom? This also means that this psycho  
lives alone.

She then comes to me and places the tap over my mouth. My voice is muffled by the tap. I glare at her in hatred.

“You don’t know how long I’ve been waiting to pay them back for what they did to me. Because of them I couldn’t get a decent job, my parents disowned me and no one looked at me the same anymore. They ruined me. Just like I will ruin you.” She hisses.

Then she smiles and kisses my lips, the only thing blocking our lips from touching was the tap. Bile rose in my throat as I wrenched back.

“Now stay still little doll.” She grins and pulls back. She walks to the counter and clutches the gun.

The sound of a familiar [motorcycle](#) is loud as it nears the house. My heart races as sweat covers my skin. Oh Blake. Please don’t come. My eyes filled with water when Shelly walks up to the window and peeks behind the curtain.

She smirks pulling away and stares at me. “Looks like your loverboy is here. I need to get ready.” She almost squeals as she walks away and disappears god knows where.

I feel helpless as tears roll down my cheeks. I hear the [motorcycle](#) stop and I knew Blake must be coming over here. I shake my head trying to scream and fumble around to escape my coffins.

I feel dread cross my features when Blake’s voice calls out for me. “Is anyone here? Ashley?” He shouts. His voice was close to the door. I try to scream again pushing my tongue onto the tap to see if it could move. It doesn’t.

“Come in Blake, she’s using the bathroom. She’ll be back in a minute!” Shelly’s voice shouts from an unknown part of the house. I cried louder wanting him to hear me.

I push up on my feet, feeling that the [chair](#) rises a bit and slam back down. It’s loud and I really hope he hears it. The door opens and I shake my head furiously widening my eyes in alarm as Blake enters.

His blue eyes widen in horror when he sees me. “What the F\*ck?” He roars and runs up to me in panic.

I shake my head shouting for him to leave this place before he gets hurt. But any sound I want to make gets muffled by the tap.

He quickly pulls the tap away from my mouth. I ignore the sting it leaves and shout. "Blake get out, leave me and call the cop-"

I didn't have time to finish when the sound of a loud bang stops me. My eyes widen in terror and pain when I look down at the right side of Blake's chest. Blood was already seeping into the material of his shirt. I open my mouth to scream but nothing comes out.

His eyes wide as he stares at me in shock. "Ashley?" He calls out and falls to his knees as he gasps out in pain and looks down at his chest.

"Now why would you want to ruin my fun?" Shelly hissed entering the kitchen with the gun aiming at Blake and I. She shot him. She shot Blake.

## **Chapter 70 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste**

He groans in pain, his skin already turning a lighter shade. "Blake? Blake please stay with me." I cried looking down at him as I twisted my hands to get free.

The ropes bite into my flesh yet I do not give up. With a shaky finger he touches his chest and pulls it away to examine the blood.

He peers up at me, his face in pain. "I really wished I could've kissed you one last time before I go." He gasped out. The blood was pooling around him.

I shake my head and sobbed louder. "Please." I begged watching him grow weaker at the loss of blood.

"I love you Ashley." His eyes rolled back behind his head and he slumped face first on the floor beside me. His body was so close to my feet yet I felt that we were at a distance.

My eyes widen as a loud cry leaves my lips. "Blake!" I scream looking down at his still body. "Oh God please please." I choked out. I can't lose him.

"Well that was romantic! Confessing your love before you die? Priceless." Shelly cackles walking over to us. I glared at her, wishing that I could kill her just by staring.

“Stay away from him.” I roared. The [chair](#) shakes as I shift around.

Her face frowned into mock sympathy. “This must hurt to see your lover dying at your feet while you can’t do anything about it. Such life wasted.” She sighs and peers down at him.

“And here I was looking forward to playing with him.” She pouts.

“Leave him alone Shelly it’s me you’re after.” I snap.

She looks at me and smirks as she rises to her feet. “Too bad I won’t see you guys in action like I planned. I really wanted so badly to snap some more photos to send to your dear father.” She cackles.

My stomach drops understanding why she wanted Blake here. She would’ve forced us to have sex. She had lost her mind.

She peers down at Blake her expression changing to longing. My stomach rolls in unease not liking the way she looks at him.

looking forward to getting a piece of that meat you love so much.” She looks at me

I wanted to feel that piece of meat pounding into me too.” She sighs

good pounding. I mean he must’ve been

needed to play my cards right. I needed to. I have to

Untie me and let me fix Blake up then he’d be ready

I just needed to know if he was still

I thought of the possibility of losing Blake. I would rather

longer you can’t get what you

lip and has the nerve to look like she was contemplating. “Do you promise you’ll not try

to the gun and I shake

the gun and smacks her lip. “You’re right,



try anything dollface, I'll make sure I send your body parts to your parents

I can stop the bleeding so you can have him

feet. I wanted to kick her in the

a gun and she could kill me in an

up and

I hear her dig into the drawer behind her then feel the sharp blade of the

wrist. Immediately I fall to my knees beside Blake hugging his

still had a pulse which meant he was still

in there. I love

the bleeding

my lip so I'd not tell her anything she'd not like. I nod pulling away from Blake and lifting up his white shirt. Tears filled my eyes as I saw the wound. It was bleeding nonstop and I was afraid it

bullet that

his flesh. I just needed her to leave us for a few seconds so I could come up

have alcohol dollface but I don't have anything to take out a bullet close by. Use your fingers to pull it out." She said

was still in. I hear her walk over to us, her

I looked at her as she placed the scissors on the counter. Then outstretched hands that held the bottle of liquor.

"Well aren't you going to take it?" She teases, shaking the bottle.

My eyes flicker to the gun she still held in her hand.

I needed to get Blake to a hospital soon. I was not going to lose the guy I loved because a maniac decided she wanted revenge on my parents.

I reach up, grasp the bottle and without giving her a chance to think, stand up and push my body roughly to hers. The bottle falls and scatters on the floor. She gasped in shock as she stumbled into the draws.

I raise my fist punching her square on the face like how Blake taught me. I hear the gun fall to the floor with a clink. I continued to punch her anywhere I could.

I hear the satisfying crack of her nose as I slam my forehead on the delicate bone. "You brat!" Shelly screeched trying to fight me off. There is no hope for her, I was not only fighting for my life but Blake's. I will not fail him.

I feel her nails scratch the surface of my face as she claws at it. I don't give up pummeling her until she gasps out in pain. I grunt when I feel her fingers enter my eyes temporarily blinding me as I stumble back into a draw.

My palms search at the back of me as I blink to clear my vision. When my vision clears Shelly is already aiming the gun towards me. My fingers clutch the handle of the scissors behind me as she pulls the trigger.

My eyes widen in shock at the intense pain in my abdomen. I feel air leave my lungs and my eyes quickly

dart towards Blake. I promised him I'd get help. I will not fail him. I cannot give up on our freedom.

I clutched the scissors tightly and with all the power I could muster I ran towards her. Her eyes widened, not expecting me to still be standing. She raises the gun again but doesn't have time to pull the trigger before I plunge the scissors into her stomach.

She gasps, dropping the gun as I pull the scissors again only to plunge it back into her flesh. I cried in pain stabbing her over and over as she clings to me. "I-I" She gasped slumping to the floor as I pulled out the scissors that gleamed with blood.

I stared at her lifeless form as I clutched my stomach where I currently was bleeding out. My vision is blurry as I walk sloppily to my bag and dig through it until I retrieve my phone. I quickly began to dial 9-1-1 as I felt my body weaken.

“9-1-1 What is your emergency?” The woman asked. I put her on [speaker](#) as my lips part to speak.

“Please send help.” I whispered weakly feeling my tongue grow heavy as I found it now difficult to breathe. I gasps slumping to the floor.

“Ma’am your location please?” She asked frantically as my vision turned to nothing but darkness.