

Chapter 71 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

"Did it slip the captain's mind that I have a toddler waiting for me at home? I can't work overtime." I grumble as I bring the cup of coffee to my lips.

God I needed that bitter sweet liquid.

"I don't think captain Steffen cares." Nate snorts, kicking up his feet on the white desk.

I rolled my eyes, placing the cup down on the surface of the desk.

"He should care because I was the one who made it possible for him to become the captain that he is today."

It was true. I was selected to become the next captain of the department but I turned it down. All for one reason, my family.

If I had taken that role I would not be able to spend much time with them as I wanted to. My family is my life, I can't stay long without them.

So I turned down the role and recommended Steffen. Who happened to turn out to be an a*s.

"Officer Waters there's a call for action at Willow street." One of the new recruits ran up to us.

I groaned staring at the ceiling. "I swear that area is the devil's spawn."

I turn to stare at the younger man. His sandy blonde hair cropped short, brown eyes wide with alarm. He looked comical but I refrain from laughing at his expense.

"Anything else we need to know before we go there?" I questioned opening the drawer to pull out my gun. Nate does the same as he stands up.

shakes his head. "They did not give much intel, only that it

know the exact destination of

number 223. That's what she got when she tracked the number that

be some poor girl

girl had time to call for help. Remember last time?" Nate asks as we run

girl we found dead on the road bare. She had been raped and battered. The lad who found her was too late, she had been dead hours

the

I see. I tear my eyes away and

they've gotten here before us." I nudge my

happened here? Whatever it

ahead until something familiar caught my eye and

see the [motorcycle](#) I gifted my first son Blake. My heart pounds as I whispered to

Blake's [motorcycle](#)?" I croaked to Nate. Blake had spray painted his name at the sides and it doesn't

the paramedics roll out what seemed to be a dead

can't just run

taking heed to Nate's words. "You can't go in yet." Another

my son under that white cloth. "Is that my son, is that my son?" I rushed out to the medics

and peeled off the white cloth. Black hair. A sob rack over me until I peel off the

Dark haired boy?" I asked

"Yes there's a bo-"

doesn't have time to finish as I run into the house. My stomach churn with unease and my chest gets heavy with anguish. There lies my son, soaked with blood as they place him on one of the

not believing that it was indeed him. I hear

whispers painfully when his eyes drop

I moved my eyes away from him to see that the medics were placing a dark haired girl on another stretcher.

I couldn't exactly see her face right now because of the woman blocking me but I just had an inkling feeling that she was the one who called for help.

I walked up to my son, my heart growing heavier as I near him. "Is he still alive?" I croaked when I reached beside him. I blink to clear my vision.

"Yes but his heartbeat is faint. Please ma'am let us do our job and get out of the way so we could get him to the nearest hospital." A man answers.

He was right, my baby needed the hospital. I nod and clutched onto Blake's hand, clenching it tightly." I am here son, mommy's not going to let anything happen to you." I cried then let him go.

I watch as they rolled him out of the house, Nate crying when they rolled Blake past him.

"We need to get this one to the hospital as quickly as we can because she's going in cardiac arrest." A medic shout beside me. I quickly turn to the injured girl and my face instantly turns ashen. Ashley.

I need to call Ace and especially Asher and Lily. Oh God what had our kids gotten into?

I quickly walk outside to catch up with the medics. "Call Ace and Ashley's parents. Tell them what has happened. I'll meet you guys at the hospital, I'm riding with my son and Ashley." I told Nate over my shoulder.

I didn't care that I was still on duty and was needed at the scene. My family came first, my son came first before my work. I rather get fired than not being beside my son while he fights for his life. Whoever did this to them will pay.

"I'm riding with my son." I told one of the medics as they placed Blake at the back of the ambulance. He doesn't look surprised.

"Sure." He answers even though I had already entered and sat down beside Blake.

A few seconds later they rushed in Ashley beside him. I refrain from clutching Blake's hand, not wanting to get in the paramedics way.

"Do everything in y'all power to save those kids. Please." I practically begged as they rushed to use the defibrillator on Ashley as she flatlined.

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Pain. That's all I felt, slicing through my entire body like shockwaves. This wasn't regular pain but excruciating. I wanted it to stop, I wanted it all to stop.

I hear voices, unfamiliar calling out to me. They tell me to stay with them but I feel myself slipping away. Pain. I was in too much pain. My heart hurts, my body feels numb. I can't move.

I felt like I was floating, not on water but high above the sky. It felt like how I imagined a baby bird learning to fly for the first time.

Was I dying?

I couldn't tell. If I was, why does it feel so peaceful? Why do I want to stay? Why aren't I fighting to go back to my family? Had I had too much?

I could see nothing, plain, white, blank. Why is there nothing? Is this what they call the light? Heaven?

I feel it then. A powerful electric force on my chest. My heart tries, I feel it. My chest lifts, my eyes and mouth stay shut.

I want to scream, I want to tell them that they should leave me. I was in peace.

But was I really? I was alone, there was no Blake. No Arden, no mom or dad, no Ryan, Rosalie or Liam. There was no uncle Luke, Noel or aunt Rose. There was nothing. I was alone.

There it goes again another zap to my chest. It feels uncomfortable, like a magnet hitting metal. My chest

lifts again as I hear them speak. Angels? No it couldn't be.

Perhaps I wasn't really dead yet, I was in between. That's when I hear him as I succumb to the feeling of loneliness. His voice, the one I love, Blake, he was there.

You better fight for us Ley.

I'm not leaving you.

Come back to us Ley, come back to me.

I need you. We need you.

I love you.

It was like an echo. One I heard over and over until a new feeling envelopes me. I needed to fight. I can't stay here, it was not my time yet. I needed to go back to my family, I needed to go back to Blake.

Clear. The voice is clearer now as I feel the electric feeling on my chest again. It goes straight to my heart, a small pound, then two, three.

Fight Ley.

Four, five.

She's coming back! A man's voice shouts.

Were they talking about me? Did I do it? Did I fight? I certainly hope so, I don't want to disappoint anyone.

The white fades, it's blurry at first but then images, no, memories bombard my mind. "Now Ley, aren't you a bit too innocent for these books?" He had smirked at me then in a mocking way but I could see the hidden desire.

Why hadn't I noticed it before?

The memory moves and another pops up. "I told you I'd

catch you.” He smiled down at me.

The memory fades and is replaced with the image of

to mine,

molds his warm

had hummed through my entire body,

to my toes.

the memory fades and

about lastnight.”

me.

are you doing to me Ley?” The first

go and made him do what

to do.

want you to make me forget.” It was not

was mine. I remember feeling

cruel world.

Ashley. I

figured that out after I helped

rotten eggs in the ninth grade.” How could

we had fallen

back out now?

out

he was when he asked me but I was

gotten confused. No
done
to make love to
the decision and never regretted telling him that
ready. Ready
feel you Blake. Inside
And he did take me then,
felt to
loved eachother, connected
than bliss,
until I see myself beside my
enter the cafeteria. "Are you
me the entire day?" His voice is behind
close
another surface. Anger, I
"Leave me alone and don't
image of me leaving him there fades
pain. "I really wish I
you one last
starts beating fast, pound, pound. "I
back behind his
piercing scream.

Distress. Anguish.

Heartache.

felt myself call out

and is

Where is this?

was inside a house, that much I could

middle of the doorway looking outside. A

pulls up.

my hands lift to rest on

shocked. I am pregnant. Not

ring on my

head when I hear

feeling is strong as Blake

me with a happy smile on his

and I see a golden

brings me into his arms. "I miss you

placing a palm

belly. I felt a kick, then two, right where Blake's palm lay.

"He's kicking a lot. A troublemaker like his dad." I hear

myself speak up. It's weird as if it's happening now, but I

have no control over myself as I see myself in my own

point of view.

“Or he knows when his dad is home.” He laughs and bends down to kiss me. Love and adoration pouring out.

Was this our future? Was I seeing our future?

I feel a sudden pull, like being wrenched away. I was being pulled from the memory. I didn't want to leave.

The love I felt for both Blake and our unborn child, I wanted to feel it forever. I wanted to stay in this moment of bliss forever.

Wait not yet. Don't go yet. It feels like an echo as I plead to stay in this vision.

Darkness. Beep. Beep. Beep.

Pain. My eyelids felt like they were weighted by anvils.

There's something inside my nose. It's giving me air, oxygen. I needed to move. I force my brain to work, until I could feel my fingers shift. One then two until all were moving.

My eyelids still felt heavy but I forced them to open.

They flutter until they open fully. I cheered until I felt the sting of the light burn my eyes.

Groaning lowly I blinked quickly to adjust my eyes to the light. When I felt that my eyes weren't assaulted by the glare of the light I turned to the right. Instantly I feel my

heartbeat quicken upon seeing Blake beside me.

On a bed, hooked up to an IV. He grunts shifting until his eyes fluttered open. He must've felt my eyes on him because he quickly snaps his head towards me.

Tears blurred his vision and I was sure mine were the same. He gives me a teary smile. "I knew you'd pull through. You're my fighter girl." He croaks out and reaches his hand out for mine.

We were close enough to have our fingers touch.

"Always." I croaked out, feeling the tears soak the pillowcase beneath my face.

Chapter 73

Epilogue

~ 5 years later ~

"You're home." Mom gushed opening the door wider to let me in. It was already five thirty, a bit late I may add. I had taken a plane and a bus to get here. So that would explain why I reached here so late.

I smile, place my heavy duffel bag on the floor and walk into her arms. She squeezes me as I inhale her familiar scent that always soothes me. "Oh I missed you." She whispered.

“I missed you too mom.” I answered sincerely.

I had decided to come visit since it was summer vacation and I would not enjoy spending my vacation days cooped up in a small dorm room alone.

My roommate, Andie was an Indian who I got along with fine. She was a bit of a clean freak but could undoubtedly make the meanest grilled cheese sandwich. She decided to spend time with her family and I decided that I spent too long seeing my own.

It was just a few months without seeing them yet it felt like an eternity. One more year at Harvard and I will not have to leave them again.

We pull away and I giggle when she reaches up to wipe the tears away from my eyes. “I can’t believe your brother decided to stay at Yale instead of coming to visit.” She humphs.

I shrug. “The last time I spoke to Arden it was a few days ago. He’s still heartbroken about the breakup with Rosalie. I think he didn’t come to visit because he’s afraid he’ll see her around.”

Arden and Rosalie broke things off two weeks ago because of a photo of a very drunk Arden making out with another girl. Understandably Rosalie got pissed off

and called it quits.

Arden has been moping ever since. While he had gone off to Yale, Rosalie stayed here to go to a local college here along with her brother. The relationship had gotten strained ever since and seeing Arden kiss the girl was the last straw.

“If I know my son the way I do he’ll win her back. After all he’s his dad’s son. By the way remind me to throw away the playstation Rose gave him as revenge for not coming to visit.” Mom stated and picked up my duffel bag. I laughed.

“Jeez baby, what are you packing in this bag? It weighs a ton.” She complained.

I shrugged and walked up the stairs.

“Just some [clothes](#) and books I bought. Nothing much.

Where’s dad?” I asked turning to stare at her while asking the question.

There were also a lot of letters Blake had sent me, stacked neatly in a little box. As soon as we left high school Blake had joined the military. He made me promise to wait for him and promise to come back to me.

It was really hard not being able to touch or hear his

voice occasionally. It has been a tough five years and I cannot wait until he is out of deployment.

Our only form of communication was the use of sending letters since he was not allowed to use personal cell phones or other devices where they were based.

It had already been two weeks without getting one of his letters and I was beginning to grow worried. Usually it took the maximum of a week.

She pants strutting up the stairs behind me. "Your dad should be here in an hour tops. The office called him for something urgent."

"I can hold that mom." I pointed at the duffel bag she was struggling with. She nods and walks the remaining steps to meet me then pushes the bag in my hands. I groaned at the weight but either way walked to my room with it.

mom opens the door for
made bed and settle the
top with a

I asked. Avery
years and would be
troublemaker
dearly.

friend Gina is having a

Don't worry

to see you."

the only reason Avery loved my

because she treated me

meant she would force feed

apply makeup to my face. I ended up

refrain from telling her so.

I don't miss

me."Well I'll

and unpack. I'm going

do your favorite, lasagna." Mom

bun she had her hair pinned

more youthful.

grin. "Great. I'll just take a shower

as I finished a yawn

lips.

in understanding and

plop down on my bed. University was hard

was not being

everyday.

from the coma five years

to see that Blake

same room.

had insisted that he

me and wouldn't take no for an answer

placed him in the same

realized that I didn't want to take life

to spend everyday in

and we survived

by each

He was

and took out my phone

Blake and I lights up on my screen.

that picture on the day

brush my thumb over the screen, my vision

you." I

not deployed he'd come to

few days he could

making love, kissing and trying to make

for lost time.

I was selfish but I wanted him

when the time

a piece of me

decided to text Ryan that I was

for months and the last

started seeing a girl
name should ring a bell but
him to send a picture
snatch my bestfriends
to meet
had decided after leaving high
to become like his dad, a
going through tough
he had accomplished it.
proud, especially
down on the bed and got up to
bathroom. I needed a shower,
kicking off the covers of my body. I
which meant it was
not wake me?
up and carefully placed
put on the lamp placed on the
bed. The room lights
the door.
belly growls reminding me that I
the door I walked downstairs. The
is the kitchen. I hear the soft
roof and the windows.

are in the kitchen, laughing at a
raise my eyes to the clock on
Seven. I didn't
you not wake me?"
them. They stop their conversing as dad
up quickly lifting me
he did when I
baby." He chuckles squeezing me
his embrace.
can't breathe." I choked
go and ruffles my loose hair
cut to
at him." You messed
blowing the few messy
my face.
the hair
up?"
to
and they listened to
had placed a plate of lasagna
I sat at the
a few minutes
his work when

again this time louder. I drop my

look

y'all expecting anyone?" I

the horn blared again.

mom bites

be sure maybe you

they need help

states.

"Why can't you guys go,

adults here!" I voiced

a brow." Didn't you tell me a few

you're an adult and I should not carry you like a

anymore?"

He had a point. I sighed and got

the

and noticed a jeep

I could spot the silhouette of

the dim street lights I was

see who it

the rain? Does this guy want to catch a

do for you,

the

a kiss and a welcome home baby?" A

husky tone shouts over the
filling
already running towards him. I did
the rain was already soaking me. All I
to be in
flesh baby.” He grins opening his
into them. He still wore his military [clothes](#) which meant
he had just arrived here. I smash my lips to his, moaning
when he grips my butt.
I pull away to plant kisses on his cheeks then stop to
look at him.” I missed you so much.” I cried hugging him.
His eyes soften. Blake’s features had changed alot during
these five years. He had shaved his head to a buzz cut
that suited him well, he also loved leaving stubble on his
face that made him look rough in a sexy way. His
muscles also had become more broader than they were.
“I missed you too baby. I’m now out of deployment so
you have me all to yourself.” He smiles, kissing my nose
as the rain soaks us up.
I cried and kissed him again as I heard the good news.
He pulls away. “You know this reminds me of the scene
in the notebook.” He laughs.
I send him a teasing look. “You mean the movie I forced

you to watch with me and you said you don't ever cry for sad movies but you did anyway?"

He narrowed his eyes playfully giving my butt a firm squeeze. "Yes that movie. I remember you saying you want to recreate that scene someday. You wanted to makeout in the rain."

My heart melts in a pile of goo. Why does he always have to be perfect? I had not expected him to remember that since it was about five years ago. "Didn't think you'd remember that." I admitted.

"I always remember everything that has to do with you Ley." He whispers then places me down. He peers down at me with love and longing." But I want to change the scene a bit." He grins shakily as if nervous.

My brows furrowed only for me to widen my eyes when he gets down on one knee. He peers up at me while I begin to sob. He fishes a small box in the pocket of his uniform. I gasp pushing my palm to my lips in shock.

"Ley I remember the first time I layed my eyes on you. You were a cute little shy girl hiding behind your mom's legs. You looked like you wanted to be anywhere but there. But when I came to you and held your hand I knew then, that you'd have a permanent place in my life. You

trusted me like you never have with anyone else and I did my best to not disappoint you. I wanted to always protect you. “

He clears his throat, his eyes glistening. “But then I fell in love with you and everything changed. I did not see you as the little sister I always wanted to protect anymore, you had become so much more. You took over my entire life that day. My heart was already lost to you, you had it in the palm of your hands without even knowing. God I loved you back then and I love you even more now. I want to protect you for the rest of my life and hopefully protect our children in the future. I want you Ashley Grey, all of you. And if you say no today, know that I will continue to ask you until the answer switches to yes.

Because you’re my life and there is no other in this world for me but you. So Ashley Grey soon to be Reed will you marry me?” He is nervous I could tell. I could always tell.

I nod crying pushing out my hands so he could slip the shiny diamond ring on. “Yes Blake I will marry you. The answer will always be yes.” I said on a shaky breath when he stands up to pull me into his arms.

“I love you baby.” He whispers hoisting me up and starts walking towards the house.

“You have no idea how much I love you.” I breathed out holding onto him.

He peers down at me to place a kiss on my lips. “Does that mean we can start the baby making process tonight?”

I giggle. “Blake, my parents are in the house.”

He raise a brow walking into the house with me still in his arms. “So, didn’t stop us back then.” He teased pecking my nose.

“You two are soaked.” Mom scowled.

“Did she say yes?” Dad’s excited voice asked.

“She said Yes!” Blake cheered.

“Oh my God grandbabies are on the way!” Mom squeals.

“Congrats you two. Tell your dad that he’s going to pay for the wedding.” Dad joked.

“Asher you need to pay at least half!” Mom argued.

He turns to her and did the most childish thing. He poked out his tongue. “Blake defiled my daughter before marriage. So that means Ace will pay for the entire wedding.”

Mom glares at him murderously which has him putting up his hands in surrender.” It’s a joke babe.” He laughed.

Chapter 74 - Bestfriends Shouldn’t Know How You Taste

Sequel – 1

Ashley's pov

There was always something I loved about spring Whether it was the soft smell of the new blooming flowers or the way it always reminded me of a new beginning

And today was for sure a new beginning. I was getting married to the love of my life. "Okay Ash, you need to take a deep breath and calm down." Rosalie urges while helping me tie the small white silk ribbon around my waist. "I've never seen you so nervous." Kimberly stated brushing her fingers through my curls. I laughed nervously and looked at my reflection in the mirror. "Can you blame me though? I'm getting married." It still felt unbelievable, unreal, like I was dreaming.

"I'm getting married to the love of my life." I breathed out.

I still remember the day when Blake had gone down on his knee and proposed to me. I thought I couldn't love him more but that day, I was proven wrong. Seems that everyday I spend with him, I fall more deeply for him than I thought I could.

After he had proposed and we went inside the house I had grown up in, we had gotten the cold. We were sick for five days, wearing the least pleasing [clothes](#) to keep us warm.

But we suffered together and dare I say it I loved every single second of it. That was a year ago. I had now since graduated from university while Blake had come back from being deployed a month ago

My green eyes scan my features through the mirror, the way the lace wedding dress fit me snugly like a glove complimented my figure. It was my mom's own, the one she wore when she married dad. I blinked back the tears. I looked beautiful.

"Blake's going to die when he sees you." Rosalie laughs moving away from my back when she was doné.

"I hope not." I laughed and they joined in.

The door opens and we snap our eyes in the direction. Mom's teary smile greets us as she rushes to me with open arms. "My baby is getting married." She cries and pulls me into her arms.

"Hey careful there Mrs. Grey it took hours getting her hair to perfection." Kimberly jokes.

Mom laughs and pulls away. Her palms reach up to touch my face. "You look beautiful baby." A soft smile tugged at the corner of my mouth. "Thank you mom."

"Did you have to grow so quickly?" She snuffles and wipes the skin underneath her eyes.

I swallow the lump in my throat, forcing myself not to cry. "Don't cry mom or you'll make me cry." My voice cracks from the emotion.

Mom nods and giggles happily before turning to Rosalie. "Arden's been looking for you Rosa."

"I couldn't see why he possibly wanted to see

SLISTE

and Arden have not spoken for an entire year. I know Arden

I see where she was coming from, I couldn't help but

two couldn't be more different, yet when they were

could vouch that they are in love.

continues then stops when Rosalie looks uncomfortable Mom sighs in

but when she turns back to face us, her cheeks are tinted with a fiery red. Honestly it was

trying to get the attention away from Rosalie. Avery was my flower girl while Giovanni was the

Daisy and uncle Niall's son who's four. He was the only child since aunty Daisy

dad. She's more excited than you are, almost like she was the one getting married. Poor Arster has been hiding from her because she's calling him her giggles.

younger brother, Arster, who's five years older than she is. Poor she is around. 1

are definitely going to end up together in the

from her when she is near." Kimberly snorts. "That's how those young boys act at first until they can't help it

Rose enters in followed by aunty Daisy and grandma Ivory. They gasp upon seeing me. "Wow." Aunty Daisy breathes out. "Pinch me." Aunty Rose whispers staring at me wide eyed. Grandma Ivory reaches over and

"Ivory did you have to pinch so hard!"

comes over to me." You look lovely, just like your mom in that dress." She you grandma."

attack

Blake will die when he sees me?" I

make sure to save

beating like a drum

to him tightly because honestly he was my

u smile sally

be here. Don't forget you're the first man that ever loved me." Tears blurred my vision as my

I want to kidnap my own daughter and lock her up in a lower?" He grins,

eyes narrow playfully, "I'll

With the double doors being opened followed by the soft music, it was time, I straightened my posture and took a deep breath.

“I have you babygirl.” Dad promises as we start to walk towards the aisle.

Nerves, like tiny needles race up my spine as we near. I could already see the guest standing, up, waiting for me to finally be in their view. I gulped and clutched onto dad more firmly.

And there he was, waiting for me by the altar. His hair had grown a bit from the last time he was deployed. His blue eyes glistened with adoration as he spotted me. He stood taller leaving his eyes on me like he was in a trance.

Ryan, Arden and Liam stood beside him, his three groomsmen. Blake sucks in his bottom lip like it would help him from crying. His eyes held my own in a trance and just like that the world slips away and it was just us two,

And before I knew it dad was already handing me to him. He whispers something to Blake that has him gulping and nodding quickly. Blake clutches onto my hand like his life depended on it as he smiles.

“You look beautiful baby.” He breathes out. My heart thuds as tingles zapped from where his palm touched my own all the way to my toes.

A blush coats my cheeks when the entire room awes. “You don’t look too shabby yourself.” I smile. He grins, blinking back tears. We turn to the minister as he begins the ceremony.

A couple of seconds later and it was time for us to exchange our vows. Giovanni presents the rings. Blake goes first, breathing nervously as he stares at me in pure love.

“There’s a saying that when you trip over love, you can easily get up but when you fall in love it’s impossible. You’ve made it impossible to get up Ashley Grey. You’ve been the one for me since then and you are even more now. I’ve loved you for ages, needed you like I needed the very air we breathe I feel complete when you are near and incomplete when you are at a distance. I will not promise to stay together until we are old and grey because we will stay together even in the afterlife. I will fight your battles with you, cherish you like you are the last woman alive, show you how much you mean to me for the rest of my life. Because I promise you this, I promise to lay the very heart you

had captured a long time ago in the palm of your hand. I give you me. All of me. And no matter where life takes us, know that wherever

sen

tara

you are, it is where I am meant to be.” He finishes off with a whisper and slips the ring on my finger. His hands trembling as he do so. 4

My heart squeezes as tears roll down my cheeks. I open my mouth to speak. “Blake there is no denying that I love you with my entire being. You’ve shown me what true love is, you’ve shown me how to be loved. You had captured my heart years ago. I was young back then thinking it was impossible for you to notice me. But you showed me that you’re not like those stereotype guys, you were more than that. Not only are you my bestfriend but my lover. I promise to always stay by your side in sickness and in death. We will never part for you are my anchor, my strength and the man I cherish. I love you Blake Reed and I give you all of me.” I whispered in a broken voice. 1

Blake sucks in a sharp breath. I breathed out shakily as I slipped the band on his finger.

The minister smiles. “I now pronounce you man and wife, you may now kiss the bride.”

Blake quickly removes the veil. “Finally.” He whispers and fists my hair before drawing my lips to his in a soft tender kiss, like it was the first time. “I love you.” He whispers when we hear the cheers.

“I love you too.” I smile on his lips as he nibbles my bottom lip.

“Forever.” He rested his forehead on my own. “Forever.” I whispered.

Chapter 75 - Bestfriends Shouldn’t Know How You Taste

Pako prineses me to the door. The wood touches my back as be presses his front dose tome until I could feel his swelling length

Iglesias he tumbled around looking for the doorknob. I was still in my wedding dress, ready to be taken by my now husband. My insides warmed. My Blake was now my husband

He detaches his lips from mine to open the door quickly. "I can't wait to be inside you." He answers, lifting me in his arms,

I giggle as we enter the room. Blake uses his foot to close the door and sets me on my feet then flicks on the light switch. He stays there for a few seconds, drinking the sight of me. I peer up at him beneath my lashes.

"God I love you." He groans lowly, slipping his hand in my hair to draw my lips to his. I feel a wellness growing between my legs, tingling, wanting him inside of me.

I gasp when he nips the bottom of my lip and sucks it a bit. A delicious growl from the back of his throat sends a shock of need in my lower stomach.

"Blake." I gasp and let him dip his tongue inside my mouth. "Mmm." He moaned, pulling me impossibly closer,

"Make love to your wife." I said after he moves his lips away from mine to kiss down my jawline to the hollow of my neck and sucks.

"Fuck yes." He grunts, nipping the tender flesh of neck. I tilt my head up and feel him push us towards the bed.

My breathing is ragged, knowing that soon Blake and I would be joined. His fingers trail up my back as he unties the ribbon skillfully and works his hands to unzip the dress.

"Blake." I gasp when he trails tender kisses down my neck to the top of my cleavage and sucks. He moves away from me only to help me remove the dress.

Now I stood before him with only a white lacy panty and a matching bra that did wonders to my boobs. He sucked in a breath, eating up the sight of me with his heated eyes.

desire. His eyes that were clouded with lust scan my figure and stop on my covered pussy.

could feel my heart pounding in my chest. I don't think I can ever stop loving him. I could feel a blush crawl up my neck to settle in my cheeks. It always happens when Blake compliments

knew I shy away from attention yet he couldn't help but tell me how

tease him and reach behind my back to unclasp my bra all the while biting my lower plump lip while staring at him. I visibly see him

his breathing had accelerated, I pinch the thin material of my lacy panty and slowly

of them and peer

breathes

lower stomach clenching when his tongue darts of tolicity lis lower lip. My eyes drop down to stare

him and drop down

lips as he stared at my

stomach until I reach my clit. Blake's

you inside of me." I moan, trailing my fingers between my folds and dipping

watch me touch myself but my fingers could never replace the intense feelings he gives

groans and in a flash tears his dress shirt. The buttons fly, hitting the wooden floors with a clink. He quickly moves the torn shirt and throws them on the floor.

to taste him. Blake steps out of

want me to fill you up until there is no more room left?" He groans stroking himself.

you to claim my pussy like

me and kneels beside the bed. His big hands grip my thighs and

has placed me he removes my hands from my core and draws my fingers slick with my juices

He licks and sucks off my juices, looking me in my eyes while he does so. I moan my entire body heated up with desire. "Spread your legs wider." He commands.

I do as told and moan loudly when he dips his head between my thighs and pushes his tongue into my core. "Blake!" I moan, thrashing around at the intensity of having his tongue dive into my pussy. He was tongue fucking me and I loved it.

My hands come to thread through his short hair and tug harshly. He groans and the vibration has my thighs shaking. "Oh God!" I cried when he continued to fuck me using his tongue.

"Always taste so fucking good." He moans, sucking my pussy lips and tugging them slightly. He laps at my pussy like he would do to a meal. I pant, chest rising and falling as I watch him eat me out between my thighs.

I cried out when I felt a tightening in my abdomen then felt a wave of bliss when I orgasm, I didn't have time to even finish before Blake rose, pushed my legs higher, settled between

thighs and thrust into me.

I gasp, shaking uncontrollably as another orgasm rocks me. My pussy clenches around his cock. My head falls back as the orgasm still rocks me. He groans, hisses and pants as he drives deeper into me

"Of fuck" He curses, burying himself deeply as possible. Blake lowered his mouth down to mine as he pulled his cock out entirely, held it and guided it into me again. I quiver, moaning when he goes deeper than before. 1

"That's right baby, take every inch of your husband's cock. Let me fill that pussy with my cum." He groans and starts to pound into me. You could only hear the slap of our skin and our groans of pleasure as he makes love to me.

"Ahhh." I scream when he starts to quicken his pace. I loved the feeling of being filled by him. He always felt right, fitted right. It was like we were made for each other. 2

"So tight, so fucking tight." He hisses and rests his forehead on my own. He stares deeply into my eyes as his cock drove into me over and over until I didn't even know where I was.

I feel him swell inside of me and jerk. He was close. "I'm going to cum inside of you baby. I'm going to fill you." He groaned. I nodded. "Please." I begged. He trembles as his hot sperm shoots deep inside of me. I moan feeling my own orgasm come over me.

"I love you." He whispered, pumping his cock slowly inside of me as he kept filling me with his cum. My thighs shake as I stare at him in fondness. "I love you too." I whispered breathing heavily.

Chapter 76 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

"What are you thinking about?" I asked Plake. We were nestled together, my head on his bare shoulders with our legs tangled together. We were both slick with sweat.

Arrey sheet covered our bottom half as he brushes his fingers through my hair. His other hand rests atop my bare belly, stroking it lightly. We had just finished making love as a newlywed couple.

"I'm imagining a child growing in your belly. Our child." He murmurs. I could hear the tinge of happiness in his voice at the thought of being a dad.

My heart warms. I had stopped taking the pill so we could start a family. I was ready. I now worked as a book editor in a huge company and with Blake's annual wage, we were set financially.

So I had no worries about bringing a child into this world. The only worry I had was when Blake would get deployed. I worry that he will not be with me every step of the way like we had planned.

The thought was scary but something about seeing his overjoyed face coming back to his family weighed down on all the bad thoughts. We've been through numerous challenges and we came back stronger. We always do. This time wouldn't be different.

A tender smile revealed my teeth as I look up at him and rested one of my hands on his, the one on my belly. "What do you think we will have?" I said softly as he peers down at me with adoration.

He strokes his thumb over my flesh. "I imagine a little boy with dark hair, beautiful green eyes like his mom and would love reading. I'd teach him how

to play football when he gets older because there is no way I'd teach him boxing. It's too dangerous."

I giggle. "That's surprising, you love boxing yet you will not want to teach your son?" "Baby boxing is a dangerous sport, I'll not allow our son to get hurt." He huffs.

I arch a brow. "You're already protective." I snorted in amusement.

I lift my hand to brush my fingers over his smooth jaw. "I imagine a little girl with alluring blue eyes like you, eyes that would make everyone's heart flutter. Hair so black that they'd mistake it for ink. I want her to be loving and caring like you. Oh and dare I say it, overprotective when she gets siblings." I whispered, staring at him with tenderness.

lips. "How about we go have a shower and practice the baby making process?"

quickly throwing the covers off of me. I giggled as I moved off the bed and made a dash to the

You cheated!" He whined followed by his

door quickly and entered the shower. Blake is seconds behind

cheating " he murmurs then

body's as we wrestled with our tongue for

him has a strong electrical feeling, spread in

cock poked my stomach, hard, hot and ready. I pant, my nipples hardening, They brush his chest, creating a nice friction that has me

start to roam my body as he detaches his lips from mine to trail heated kisses down my jaw to my neck. I tilt my head back, gasping

"Blake." I whimper.

trailing down until he captured arosy nipple

the peak and nips it softly. "Hmmm." I sigh as he sucks it into his mouth. His other hand trails down until he palms my

between my folds then he plunges it into my core. I grunt arching my back off the cold tiles. He moves off my

drop between us and

his head down to

I wrap my legs around his waist, arms around his neck as his cock aligns with

loving the taste of him as the water falls over us. He pants in my ear, gripping my hips tightly, fingers dripping into

cock into you baby.” He moans, jerking his hips forward until the head poked

thick cock. Sometimes I still wonder how he could

he jerks into my hand. I trail kisses down his neck, licking his

“Shit Ley.” He hisses when I squeeze him lightly then tug his cock softly, just the way he

loved it. I smirk on his neck and bite the tender losti.

He jerks forward, hisses when I guide the head of his cock between my folds in one hard thrust, he pushes into me completely, filling me up to the brim. We both grunt at the feeling of being joined

I lace both of my hands around his neck and tighten my thighs around his waist as he starts to thrust into me. I could feel him, hot and thick inside of me. He stretched my walls as they clump around his hard length.

He pants, dropping his head on my shoulder as he took me. “Fuck.” He hisses pushing out then slamming back in.

“Don’t stop.” I breathed out shakily as his cock pounded into me. I could feel my pussy grip him tightly everytime he tried to pull away. He always loves when I do that, he says that my pussy was made for his cock.

He grunts slamming into me more roughly until I could feel him all into my stomach. I moan, nails scratching his back tatt as I scream out in pure bliss. My thighs shake, as an orgasm rocks my body. 1

Blake's head moves from my shoulder and comes towards my face before dipping his head to sink his teeth in my bottom lip. I gasp shuddering as his cock jerks into me. 2

My pussy clamp around him, keeping him in as he starts to cum inside me, thrusting his cock as deeply as possible.

"Ley." He moans, gripping my thighs. He nibbles on my bottom lip and sucks it gently as we ride the wave of our orgasm.

"Definitely will be a boy." He smirks and pulls away to stare down at me. My chest rises and falls harshly as my eyes narrow playfully.

"We'll see about that Reed." I mumbled with his cock still inside of me.

Chapter 77 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

i stirred, moaning softly when I felt a wet tongue licking my thigh with my eyes still closed and body heavy with sleep i shifted my leg.

grunt lowly when the tongue starts to lick all the way up to my inner thigh I shudder and as if having a mind of its own, my legs part.

i hear a gruff chuckle followed by a moan as a tongue delves into my pussy. I gasp opening my eyes quickly and almost got blinded by the light pouring into the room. It was morning.

Blinking to adjust my eyes to the light i moaned when a finger pushes inside my folds and enters my core. I pant, eyes dropping down to see a head between my thighs. Blake lifts his head, lips glossy with my juices. His lips part to showcase a charming grin." Morning sleeping beauty." He teased, his tongue darting out to lick his bottom lip. His blue eyes dark with desire

I narrow my eyes, still panting, "What are you doing?" I breathed out. I questioned him yet I found my legs parting more to allow him all the access he needed. He sends me a smug grin, eyes glistening with want. "What does it look like? I'm having my breakfast." He licks his plump lower lip and before I could say anything more drove back between my thighs.

"Hmmm." He moans in satisfaction, sucking my clit before blowing onto it lightly. I gasp, hands fisting the sheets as I pressed my head impossibly more

into the pillow. When I couldn't take it anymore I lifted myself on my forearms and watched him between my thighs.

His bare back was bruised where I had dragged my nails down, unintentionally marking him. 'Ahh.' I mewled when his tongue flicked on my pulsing clit. One of his fingers came to circle around my entrance then dip inside teasingly.

"So wet." He grumbles on my clit. It sends a pleasant shock wave, turning my inside so hot that it will be mistaken as lava.

"Blake." I pleaded. He thrust his finger dip inside me before slowly pulling it out then thrust back in, all the while he was sucking my clit.

My back arch off the bed, my lower stomach tugging and tightening as I near an orgasm. I writhe, calling out to him. Pleading with him to not stop. He responds with a thrust of his finger then adds another, pumping them in my dripping pussy.

my thighs clamped around his head. He loved it, fucking me relentlessly with my body tightens with unleashed tension. "Blake please." I plead. I hated and loved when he always teased me, making

lips over my heated flesh. He stops momentarily on my right breast and sucked the skin, surely leaving a

stack

he meant

in deeper War and hand, pulsating inside at one as nestled in "You feel so

called into the mattress and the only thing that seemed to come out was the loud moans of pleasure. He was hitting all the right spots. He knew every inch

his length, glowing down his clarust. "I want to feel yon cum around my cock baby, I want you trembling: beneath me as I fuck

toes curl as I let out a harsh breath. My fingers clench the sheet for support until I began to tremble beneath him, "Cum inside of me Blake" I besed.

milking him, holding him inside of me, “Huck,” Blake hisses as he shoots his load into me, filling me to the brim. Load after load of cum fills me up until I

His Torchead drops on mine,

to kiss his lips. “We’ll just have to

practicing then.” He

time as we could with cachother. He was only here

when he left I knew that was what he loved. He loved serving our country.

*One month *

up at him, my husband. A sob easily comes out my mouth when his blue eyes filled with love and adoration

cry baby.” He pleads. Today he was leaving. We were not sure when he’d come back. That’s what I hated about him being in the military. I never knew when

“I can’t stop, you’re leaving me.” I cried, not even embarrassed when I caught a few of the lingering glances staring at me. I knew I looked a mess, eyes puffy red, wet streaks running down my cheeks and no doubt a runny nose.

He pulls me into his arms, squeezing me closely. He kisses my head then my eyelids, my nose and finally my mouth. “I’m not leaving you baby, at least not for long. I’ll always come back to

SIRENE

you. Remember our promise? Forever?”

I nodded clinging onto his military uniform. “Promise you’ll always come back to me safe? It was almost like a plea.

I was aware that Ryan and Blake’s family were watching the scene in front of them. I was the last one to say goodbye and I was finding it very difficult to do so. I didn’t care that I was making a big fool out of myself.

He pulled back so that we could stare at each other. He scans his eyes over my features as if memorizing everything. “I promise.” Feeling satisfied with his

words I nodded slowly. "Forever." I whispered as I heard them call out his flight.

1

His eyes moisten visibly as he peers down at me." Forever." His voice cracks as he dips his head one last time to capture my lips. He broke away way too soon and looks at all of us one last time before turning around.

He doesn't know it but my heart goes with him everytime he leaves. I watch as he walks up the stairs and when he reaches the top he turns around. His blue eyes pierce into mine, shining with undeniable love before he mouths. "I love you." Turns around and leaves me aching without him.

Little did we know that this will be the last time things would be the same between us. For we were not prepared for the challenges we would face from then on 2

Chapter 78 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

Even though we sent letters, it still was not enough. I wanted to touch him, hug him, tell him how much I love him and see his eyes lighten with love.

I sighed typing away on the computer before me. I had been working non stop. It is the only thing that helped me keep my mind off of my husband that was currently serving, our country

I was blessed to be able to work at home, because surely the sweats and socks were not appropriate for a workplace. The phone rings and I quickly reach beside me to pick it up, not caring to look at the caller.

"There's an author by the name Demiah13. She just started writing her first werewolf novel and I think you should sign her. She shows potential." My boss murmurs into my ear as soon as I pick up the phone. 5

I sighed, getting off the bed. "With all due respect sir but I think you should inform this to another editor. I am booked as it is. I have not even finished editing the book you have signed me to." I mumbled raking a hand through my tresses.

I tugged the shirt away from my body, suddenly feeling hot. I hear the unmistakable huff from Mr. Smith before he grumbles in agreement.

“Alright I will give this to another editor. Make sure to have the book ready by next week.” He says before cutting the call off.

I pull the phone away, glaring at the screen. “Asshole.” I murmur throwing my phone back on the bed. I was not even half way to finishing the book as yet.

My eyes stray away from the phone to look at the picture frame on the dresser. I blinked feeling my emotions go haywire as I stride over to it. It’s a picture of Blake and I on our wedding day.

His lips are pressed to my cheek as I smile happily at the camera. My stomach squeezes. I could only hope that wherever he was, he was safe. I picked up the picture frame brushing my finger over the glass that protected it.

miss you.” I whispered. I nearly jumped out of my own skin when my phone blares again. I swiftly place the picture

recognize the number. I chewed my lip and flicked my

“Hello?” I asked cautiously.

Reed? Wife of Blake Reed?” An unfamiliar

in the back of my mind told me something was wrong,

man took up the other end.

is now in critical condition.

entire body felt cold as I ran towards the hospital, bag, at my sides. I had just got off the plane

hours or that my face resembles a clown All I cared about was

me as I enter inside. I had informed Blake’s parents about what happened and they were on their way. Hopefully they’ll be here soon,

mumble as I brushed past a woman not so gently. She just smiled in understanding before going on her

to the front desk quickly. The blonde woman typing on the computer clicks her tongue as she chews gum. Not

me which room Blake Reed is

is currently still in the operating room but you can wait for him in

My vision blurs, I

let you know when he is out.” She smiles sadly. “Your name please and relationship with the patient?”

to the waiting room. I hated hospitals, they always reminded me of what had happened to

couldn't catch a break, could we?

I felt numb to the core. The waiting room was not filled with people surprisingly. But I did notice a few of the military men lingering around. One in particular, a blonde with blue eyes lifts his head when I settle down on the uncomfortable wooden chair.

His eyes scan my features, not in desire but in surprise. “You're Blake's wife?” He questions.

The others in the room snap their heads towards me. I placed my bag on my lap, it was only filled with a few clothes since I had rushed to come here.

I shifted uncomfortably with their sudden attention. They all looked like they had just gotten out from a battle. Blood still stained some of their faces while others were dirty.

I cleared my throat and nodded. They were probably Blake's friends. The man sees how uncomfortable I was and sends me a small cheeky smile.” He always has a picture of you in his pocket. Kisses it before going to battle.” 1

He doesn't know it but him saying this only made me feel more pain. Blake was fighting for his life. The traitorous tears flow down my cheeks until they disappear down my neck. The man scratches the back of his head.

“Sorry.” He apologizes. “But you should know that he is a hero for saving one of his comrades. He risked his life—”

“Gustavo maybe you should not tell her this yet.” Another one uttered.

The one named Gustavo smiles in shame before turning his attention away from me. I sob, hugging my bag closer to me. Oh Blake please fight, please don't leave me. Honestly I was not surprised that he had risked his life to save another person. That was Blake, that was my Blake.

"Mrs Reed!" The woman at the counter calls out. I quickly rise to my feet and stride towards her quickly. "He had just gotten out of operation. He's in room 306 second floor—"

I didn't give her time to finish as I run towards the elevator. Praying that Blake was fine. He will be, he promised to come back to me safely.

Chapter 79 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

Ashley's pov

There are a lot of things that scare me but seeing Blake on the hospital bed, looking, so useless with a breathing tube down his throat was the most scared I've ever been.

From where I am standing, I could distinctly see a white bandage wrapped around his head. And as I walk closer the ugly red on his skin is visible to the naked eye Bruises I only hoped would heal was scattered on his face.

I could not seem to think, my emotions, they felt like they were not part of me. My heart pained yet it felt numb. Was that normal? My stomach churn, breathing now harsh. It felt like every breath I took was now constricted.

There I stood beside his bed, my husband's bed looking at his unmoving body. His eyes were shut, face pale like the color of uncooked oats. There were also red and raw scratches on his handsome face. I let out a sob.

He did not look like my Blake.

The doctor spoke but I only got half the words he had been uttering for the past five minutes. He didn't seem to acknowledge that I was barely listening to him, he showed no signs of it.

"He had been shot at the back of his head, thankfully the bullet did not hit anything vital to kill him. But we have placed him in an induced coma to help the swelling of his brain—"

My head was heavy, eyes not at all clear because of the moisture of incoming tears. Coma. The word was not something I liked to hear.

“Will he wake up?” I find my sudden dry lips crack open to ask this question. I had not lifted my eyes away from Blake as yet but I did now to stare at the doctor. 2

It was common for men his age. Glasses protected brown orbs and when he unmistakable pity in his eyes. I draw my eyes away,

husband had endured do not—” He drew out as if looking for an easy way to latch my eyes back to him, wanting to see his expression, gauge for any dishonesty. “Do not what doctor?” I did

shoulders sag in defeat. I dropped my gaze to

“Sorry.” I apologize.

same after he has awakened from the coma. You see patients that have suffered that kind of trauma to their heads do face other complications.” He starts gauging

fingers cold as I reach over and

get a

know the doctor was beating around the bush, they always do this when they’re about to deliver bad news. But all I wanted was for him to just rip off the band

name when

on the small bed. He looked so huge in it that I was afraid he was

best to not upset me with whatever you’re about to say. But I can handle it, let it out. The more you beat around the bush the more it’s killing me.” I rushed out on a single breath. Then sucked in some air when I felt my lungs wouldn’t function when

even be left disabled. Patients whose brains that are swelled normally take days to weeks to wake up from the induced coma.” He says, voice dropping to almost a soft whisper when he sees the tears leak down

hands now wrapping around Blake’s more firmly. I rake my

pity. “Can you leave us alone for a few minutes?” It comes

something on the paper attached to the clipboard. “Sure, take all the time you

I hear his retreating steps, they’re loud and heavy on the tiles before I hear the soft click of the door being shut behind him.

The quietness accompanied by the soft sound of Blake’s heart being heard on the monitor makes me feel all the more lonely.

It was like an invisible pressure on my chest until I couldn’t take it anymore and let out a loud cry. My fingers itched to push them into my hair and tug the tresses until all came out. But I refrain knowing Blake would be upset to wake up to his wife bald. He did love my hair.

But what if he doesn’t remember you?

The terrible thought mocked me until my chest felt unbearably tight. I look at his face, wishing his eyes would open and let me get pulled in by his blue orbs. But nothing happens, not even a twitch.

I let my bag drop to the floor, the little clothes I brought felt like it wasn’t enough for the days I would spend here. I did not want to think that it would be weeks. Blake was a fighter, there was no doubting it.

I clutched his cold hand letting him feel that I was here. I highly doubted he’d know by the lack of movement from him. “Please baby fight this, I know you can.” I cried clutching unto him more firmly than necessary.

“Why couldn’t you be selfish for once and get out of harms way instead of going and save

another? Why couldn’t you have run away?” I asked him though I knew he’d not answer me.

Was I evil for saying those words? Was it bad that I wanted him to have left his comrade? Was it bad that I did not want to see him in this kind of state even though he saved another?

With tears flowing down my cheeks I bend my head to rest my lips on his cold forehead." You promised to come back to me safely. We haven't done forever yet Blake. Come back so we could finish it." I pleaded on a shaky breath and kissed his forehead.⁷

Chapter 80 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

bad not slept My backached from slouching, while sleeping on an uncomfortable [chair](#) byside late yesterday before his parents arrived, Ryn and Ace had arrived hours after the docierleitne in the room. Their faces full of grief as they peered at their son,

Darkness had soon taken over the room and the time for visiting hours had come to an end. Ryn and Ace did not mind that I wanted to stay overnight. They promised to come back early and went to stay at a hotel.

I groaned and narrowed my eyes when the glare of the sun assaulted them. A nurse with light blue scrubs pushes the pale blue curtains aside, opening them to let light in.

I sluggishly litt myself up straight on the sleeper sofa that was placed a few feet away from Blake's bed. The nurse turns around, lips part into a bright grin. She must've been brushing her teeth five times a day at the very least because her teeth were that white.

"Oh you're awake!" She vocalized then she smiled guilty when I let out a rather huge yawn." Oh did I wake you?" She asked.

I shook my head no even though it was indeed her who had woken me up. My eyes flicker to the clock on the wall. Seven.

"No usually wake up this early." I found it really difficult to smile but I did force the corner of my lips to stretch into a small one.

I was such a liar. These few months my schedule had not been the same it was a few years ago. I now woke up so late in the morning that Blake was now my alarm clock when he was not deployed.

“Great! Now I don’t have to feel guilty for making so much noise.” She laughs, claps her hands and starts walking over to Blake. She checks him as I rise to my feet.

He still had not made a move or at least twitched his fingers. The [doctor](#) said it is to be expected but was it bad that I was impatient? I wanted to see his blue eyes again and hear his voice that always made a shiver run down my spine. I walk over to him.

The nurse looks up, her lips again parted into a bright smile. How could she be so bright this early tending to a patient? Her happiness made me mad, furious, jealous. But I swallowed the bitter feeling. It wasn’t her fault, it was no one’s.

—

“oh I forgot, here.” She digs into her pocket and retrieves something tiny. My brows furrowed as I reached over to grasp what looks like a small photo. “We found it inside the pocket of his fatigues. I was supposed to give it to you yesterday but you were asleep and I didn’t want to wake you,” she says softly.

photo Blake had taken after our wedding night. My hair was tousled on the pillow, lips redder and more pouty than usual. Cheeks

set. The glow from the sun had casted a golden hue over me. He said I looked like a beautiful

the moment

knew I was a little mischief in bed.

we had found ourselves in a tangle of limbs, sweat and messy

knew it a sob left my mouth as tears spilt over and flowed down my face. “Oh I’m

a huge comparison to how tangled my mind was. Honestly

Doctor Gomez will come to check on him in ten minutes. There’s a shower in there.” She points at a

to

I joked and though I did not get a response I felt satisfied to hear the soft beat of his

115

pull the neckline of the shirt and bend my head to sniff. 'Well I don't stink

Day 3

her dolls and

still no response or a twitch of his hand. I had been sitting on an uncomfortable [chair](#) for hours

was when the [doctor](#) and the nurse came to do their normal check ups or when my phone rang. My family had been checking up on me and Blake every

awakened as yet they still held hope that he would soon. Ryan on the other hand had been anguished and wanted to come here but I talked him out of it. He needed to be there for a pregnant Kimberly and

his words he'll force him to. Knowing Ryan he'd do something that would probably have him fired and put

Day 5

sense of hope. Hope that it would be this day he'd show signs of

and I end the night crying myself to sleep with his unmoving

much. I miss

The door clicks open, taking me out of my thoughts, I turn around. It was Ryn followed by Ace. He held two coffees in his hand while Ryn held one and a paper bag.

They come over to me, a sad smile etched on their faces. "We brought you coffee and some donuts because you never want to leave this room even if it's for your belly." She huffs then smiles handing me the paper bag while Ace hands me the coffee. I mumbled thank you though I had no appetite.

“You deserve a break you know.” Ace mumbles to me then walks over to his son. His words irked me. A break. They all tell me I deserve a break. Why can’t they see that I can’t have a break when my husband is literally in a coma? 11

Ryn must’ve noticed my expression because her hands land on my shoulder and she squeezes. “He didn’t mean it in a wrong way. It’s just that everyone is worried about you Ley, you haven’t been eating.”

I freeze hearing her call me what Blake calls me. “Sorry.” She apologizes quickly. I shake my head. “No I’m sorry I’m acting like a bitch. I’m sleep deprived.” I laughed but it came out dry and forced. 1

Then I lift my gaze to hers and my eyes quickly fill with tears. “It’s just that I miss him Ryn. I can’t sleep knowing he’s in pain. I can’t think properly, I have no appetite—” I choke not having enough voice to continue speaking.

“Oh Ashley.” Ryn says softly and bends down to hug me.

I couldn’t exactly wrap my hands around her since I still held what they brought for me for breakfast. I sobbed into her shirt, finding the scent of it comforting. It reminded me of the scent Blake had when he was younger.

“Blake.” The loud startled voice comes from Ace. Ryn pulls away as we both look at her husband that stared down at his son’s hand. His lips were parted in shock.

“What is it Ace?” Ryn asked.

“I think I saw his fingers twitch.” He whispers in disbelief. My heart leaps and I find myself on my feet quicker than I could say the word I.

“Are you sure?” I could hear Ryn question but their voices seem to be at a far distance in my mind as I focus on Blake’s fingers. The coffee falls at my feet, hot and spilling when I see Blake wiggle his fingers.

I quickly lift my gaze to his eyes to see that they were fluttering. My chest squeezes as a choked sob leaves my lips. “He was right Ryn. He’s waking up!” I cried.

“Go call the doctor Ace!” Ryn rushes the very moment Blake’s eyes crack open. Blue.

