

Chapter 91 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

Ashley's pov

I huff closing the door of the fridge rather harshly. Empty. The fridge was empty. How could this happen when not too long ago it was packed with food?

"Blake did you eat everything in the fridge!?" I shouted over my shoulder and nearly shrieked, not expecting him to be behind me.

He shoots me an innocent look and I sighed, of course. How could I forget that my husband eats like a pig?

I turned around to face him completely, crossing my arms under my chest and glared at him accusingly

"You took my last slice of cheesecake." My voice is a whine. I was planning to gobble that down when I was done editing.

His eyes twinkle with laughter and a chuckle slips past his tempting lips. "Sorry, being in a coma for days really worked up my appetite." I could detect the amusement in his voice which he had failed to hide. He was not at all sorry.

I scowl my belly rumbling. He even ate the leftovers and the remaining cupcakes Kimberly had given. His eyes drop down to stare at my stomach and they flicker in worry.

"I could cook you something if you want?" He suggested. I cringe. Blake was like his dad in a lot of ways including burning food. As much as I love this man I will not allow him to cook me something on his own, not without my supervision.

Besides, we barely had anything here to cook.

"I'll just head to the grocery store now." I murmur with a smile and

looked him over my shoulder as I strutted over to the table where I left my wallet and car keys. "You don't

I'm definitely coming, I'm bored in this house. I

change of mood because he is quick to ease my worries. "I'm
would love to help." He murmurs scratching the back of his head. I smiled and
nodded, walking ahead of him while swinging the keys

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on my back. I stilled my laughter as I opened the door and walked out." Ha Ha
very funny." He murmurs and I could already

know you're kinda mean." He grumbles on a low breath. He's just a few feet
away

entire day, wasn't that mean?" I asked and unlocked the car doors. I turn to
face

by the way." I huffed and opened

and slips in, fastening his seatbelt. I get in and do the same, slamming the
door with a light thud. "I'll make it up to you I promise." He states and reaches
over to turn on the radio. Justin Bieber's song baby starts blaring inside the
small car. Blake cringes switching the station rather swiftly I frowned and
turned to send him a glare. "Hey that was a good song." I argued

He asked and finally

look of irritation before settling my eyes on the road again." Of course I am.
He makes good songs and he's

until you could barely hear it.

think the Blake before liked hearing you call

and no matter how annoying it was to hear him yap about how he's always
better than other guys,

Sometimes I would pretend to be fascinated by some guy features just so he
could get mad and argue then later fuck me like he had been starved for
years.

So I couldn't help it when the question slipped past my lips. "So how about the
Blake now? Does he like when I call other guys hot?"

As soon as the words came out I wanted to swallow them back up. My hands tightened around the steering wheel as I turned a corner. Time was ticking and when I thought he would never answer he spoke up. "He doesn't like it. In fact he loathes it." Then as if shocked by his revelation he reaches over and turns the volume back up. It's loud but not unbearable.

It was his way of trying to avoid my questions. And I had a lot of them. Sighing, I nodded more to myself and decided to leave him alone. For now that is.

giggled and held on to the sides of the shopping cart as Blake pushed it from aisle to aisle. We got some confused, shocked and angry looks from some people as we literally drove past.

They were probably wondering why a grown ass woman was seated inside a shopping cart while her husband drove the cart at a quick pace. We were beyond childish at this point. The carton of milk was seated on my lap along with some orange juice and cereal. The rest of the groceries were stuffed behind me, to my sides and in front of my legs. "Hold on Ashley." Blake chuckles and makes a u-turn. But as soon as he does so another cart comes turning around the corner, bumping into us hard. I let out a ooph while Blake cursed under his breath. He's quick to come to my side and scans his eyes over my form. He reaches over and tucks a tendril behind my ears and touches my cheek softly.

"Are you okay Ashley?" He asked, concern deeply in his voice and portrayed in his eyes.

I nodded sending him a small smile. His lips part as he smiles charmingly, showcasing his pearly white teeth. My heart thuds. How could I not love this man? "Oh I'm so sorry. I didn't see you two coming. I'm so sorry, is she hurt?" The voice belongs to a female. Soft and feminine. Like how you'd picture Barbie's voice to sound like when you were a kid.

Blake straightens and by doing so, I am stunned to see the pretty brunette behind the shopping cart.

Her warm honey like eyes staring at the two of us in worry and her stained red lips split in a smile when Blake speaks. I narrow my eyes. She looks familiar.

As if watching a movie play in front of me, my heart drops when her brown eyes flicker in recognition the very same time I remember her. 1 “Blake Reed is that you?” She gasped in astonishment

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Ashley's pov

Blake looked confused, she smiles and her eyes dance with happiness. “It's me, Christal. We went to school together before I moved when we were in sixth grade. I just moved back actually,” she laughs.

Blake brows furrowed and his blue eyes scan her form. She dressed pleasant unlike me who still had sweats and Blake's huge shirt on.

Then his eyes stopped on her features and his eyes widened in realization. My stomach does uncomfortable somersaults and my heart clenches. “Christal White?” He questions with a smile on his face.

I swallowed the bitter tang of jealousy. Christal had been in our class until she moved away in the last term in sixth grade. She was what you'd call the perfect girl, polite, beautiful and knew how to get what she wants. Far from how I am.

And it didn't come to anyone's surprise when Blake started to have a crush on her. He'd blush when she was around and would stutter when she spoke to him.

He'd try his best to make her like him back. He would pick his mother's flowers, beg his parents for chocolate to give to her. He thought she was his princess. Until she moved and I had to put the pieces back together. She left him shattered when she moved without saying goodbye. And I was there for him both Ryan and I. So you can imagine how jealous and angry I felt when he literally said her full name, smiled at her the way he used to in sixth grade.

He remembered her but not me. I blinked back the familiar sting of incoming tears.

She nods, her eyes portraying how happy she felt that Blake remembered her. “Yes that's me, how's Ryan? The last time I saw him he had braces on.” She laughed.

and then her warm brown eyes fell on me and she smiled. Her

hair gave

furrowed my brow, reaching up and raked my fingers through my loose curly untamed hair. Was this meant as an

“Well.”

answer all your questions. I’m surprised he remembers you since you left him without saying goodbye.” 1

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and scratches the back of his head “Rot shot at the back of my head trying to save attend “He animits dropping his hands and wraps hin fingers around

his tall muscular form He nods and turns to me and smiles.” Yes I am, Ashley has been taking good care of

my heart melts at his charming smile but vexation still runs in my veins for he

a barely there smile, one without emotion. His forehead creased in a frown but he doesn’t

eyes drop down to stare at Blake’s hand more specifically the ring wrapped around his finger: Her

over to grasp my hand that showed off my wedding ring and lifts it to show it

at the way he almost sounded possessive,

that way. “I’m happy for you both, you guys were literally joined by the hip. I actually shouldn’t be surprised at all.” She finally says with a twinkle of mirth

how long have you been here? Are you staying for long?” It was Blake who asked the question. I nearly grit my teeth. Were they still going to have a conversation while I had food nearly squashing

She lifts her hand to tuck some hair behind her ear and looked at Blake shyly, “About a few hours ago. Actually I’m now living on my own and I seem to forget a lot of things around here including stuffing my fridge.” She laughs and

Blake joins her. "Join the club, unfortunately I also forgot a lot of things." He points at his head and chuckles, squeezing my hand subconsciously.

I honestly had forgotten he was still holding my hand, I was too busy glaring a hole in Christal's head.

Christal laughs. "You remembered me, so I should consider myself special." She joked. My eyes sting and I pull my hands out of Blake's warm larger one. Jealousy coursed through

my veins

She didn't know he doesn't remember me but I felt like she was pushing my buttons on purpose. But that was probably me being insecure. I cleared my throat. "Well it was nice talking to you Christal but we should probably get going. I need to cook dinner and I'm starving." If you listened well you could detect the sour tone in my voice.

If she sensed it or not she didn't show. Instead she turns to me and sends me a soft smile. "It was nice chatting with you two. Hope we could someday catch up since I'm now back in town. You two could probably show me around again? I kind of forgot the place." She giggles.

"Sure we'll definitely catch up. See you around." From my tone you could tell I wanted out of there and Blake definitely got the hint. He smiled at Christal, said bye and rolled the cart away.

"Is that jealousy I sense?" His voice is full of amusement, his breath hitting the back of my neck

I shivered. "Jealousy? Ha now that's funny. Why would I be jealous? I'm not jealous." I lied through my teeth.

I hear his laughter and my insides turn to goo. "Yeah sure.

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Ashley's pov "Are you kidding me?" I grumbled beneath my breath as I pulled into our driveway. A small white Toyota was parked on the opposite side of the road. And out came Christal with a good amount of grocery bags held in her hands. She kicks the door closed and walks up to the house.

Was she our new neighbor? Why did I not see when she moved in? Oh right I was too preoccupied with Blake and that stupid manuscript. Blake and I got out of the car and the sound of the car doors slamming shut has Christal turning around. She squints her eyes and smiles happily when she realised it was Blake and I.

“Hi there neighbors!” She shouts with a slight tone of giddiness.

Great. Note my sarcasm. Just fucking great. \$

Blake smiles and waved at her.” Guess we’ll catch up sooner than we thought. How about you come over for dinner tonight? It’s the least we could do for a new neighbor!” He shouts.

I turn to glare at him over the car. He doesn’t notice too busy smiling at an equally happy Christal. Christal’s smile broadened at his words. “I’d love to. I’ll bring over some homemade cheesecake, we can have that for dessert!” She says.

You can keep your dessert and shove it up your as

“Do you need help cooking Ashley? I’d love

I shook my head quickly, sending her a tight smile. “No I’m all good here, can’t wait to taste the cheesecake.” I spoke through clenched teeth.

She nods her brown eyes dancing with happiness. Is she always this cheerful? Can’t she for once have a scowl or a frown on her pretty face. “Then I’ll get to it, I’ll see you two in a few.” She winks then turns around.

Great more mouths to feed.

a few minutes away, well more like seconds away, Blake

glare worsened. “Why didn’t you just go help her put in the groceries instead? That’s what a good neighbor

some grocery bags and stiffen when I hear Blake’s approaching footsteps. I could

you mad that I invited her for dinner?” He asked softly.

“Mad? Why would I be mad

with me first?" I hissed and walked away from him. "It's not like we don't know her Ashley!" He

know her. How could we forget?" I spat. His eyes widen not expecting my

his wife that's been there, by his side for

a word from him I turned around, blinked back the tears that threatened to spill out. This wasn't how I wanted us to be.

Blake to stare at my back

plate. I smiled, it was tight lipped and cringey.

table, I was still mad at him from earlier. He tears his eyes

ease the tension that Christal seems to not

she nods her head. "Yes I can't wait to hear what you two think about it. I'd love to get some criticism from a certain talented chef."

cheesecake which I wasn't going to lie, looked great. I stand up to remove the dirty plates." I'll just make some room." I murmured and walked towards the kitchen area. Blake follows after me, his dirty

them. I turn to face him and give him a

I needed to calm down. Christal head lifts when she hears my footsteps approaching. She smiles. She had already placed the cheesecake on clean plates, waiting to be devoured by us. "I'm not the best chef like you but I really hope you'll

she hadn't showed me any stinky attitude and

I send her a smile, this time it's not as cold. "I'm sure I will."

I sat back down and Blake enters the dining room. His eyes flicker to me but I tear mine away quickly. Even though I was trying to act a bit more civil with Christal it didn't mean I forgave him for just inviting her over without asking me first. He sits down and Christal claps her hand. "Good now that we're all here let's dig in." She giggles And I dug in, pushing the cheesecake in my mouth. It literally melts in my mouth and the sweet tang awakens my taste buds. I hum

nodding my head. "It's really good." I complimented and watch her eyes light up.

"Thank you Ashley. This recipe has been in my family for years, I always try to recreate it but I could never do it as good as my mom." She smiles sadly. Her usual chirpy attitude had now diminished.

I cleared my throat and tried to change the subject because somehow I could tell that something she said saddened her completely.

"So why did you decide to move back here?" I asked digging into the cheesecake. She lifts her eyes and they brim with tears. Crap did I say something wrong? She sighs shakily. "My mom died recently. I remember her loving here and feeling homesick. She never wanted to move but my dad forced us to because of his job. She always dreamed about coming back here, where all our happy memories are. But she never got the chance. I guess I want to live that dream for her." She shrugs.

My heart drops and instantly I feel way worse for showing her a bad attitude earlier. "I'm

sorry for your lost Christal." I said softly. I could only imagine the pain she was going through after losing her mom.

"That's so nice of you to want to live her dreams for her now that she's not here anymore. You're an amazing girl, Christal." Blake says. This time I try not to feel jealous or angry because he was right. She was amazing. She smiles sadly.

"I kind of remember you wearing pigtails and glasses when we were kids. Your hair was always messy. I think I followed you around like a lost puppy." Blake laughed trying to ease the tension that threatened to engulf us.

Christal lifts her eyes to his then back to me. I stiffen upon realizing Blake's words. Pigtails and glasses? Christal never owned glasses and never put her hair in pigtails and she definitely never left her hair messy. Was he—?

Christal smiles. "I think you've mistaken me for your wife Blake. Ashley was the one with messy pigtails and glasses. But you did follow me around like a lost puppy." But Blake and I don't laugh. Instead Blake looks at me like I was another species. Did he seriously mix up Christal and I? 10

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Ashley's pov

I smoothed down the pencil skirt, looked at myself in the mirror and smiled. The button down shirt was neatly tucked inside the skirt and the red lipstick I wore was bold. I sighed, I had thankfully finished the editing late last night and woke up early this morning to print out the manuscript I was drowsy, half asleep as I waited for the papers. When it was done I neatly stacked them together, hopefully in the right order and placed them carefully in the folder. I would certainly be yelled at if there was one wrinkle or tear.

"You got this, just walk in the building, place the manuscript on his desk and walk out. And don't argue with him no matter how bad he irritates you" I pep talk myself as I swept my fingers through my hair.

I had decided to let it down, loved how it curtained around me like a shield. It was how I felt safe from Mr. Smith's words whenever he was upset.

Usually he would rather I email him the finished edited manuscript but somehow he wanted them printed out and on his desk This could only mean one thing, he was waiting for me so he could no doubt argue about nonsense in my presence. "Don't strangle him when he opens his mouth to speak" I breathed out a sigh, looked at myself one last time in the mirror and walked over to my desk

I carefully put the folder in my black leather bag and zipped it up. "And remember to not throw the folder at his face if he so happens to call you a bitch again." I nodded at myself. Was I slowly losing my mind? Perhaps.

My fingers curl around the straps of the bag and I bring it to my side. I huffed and started for the door. It was early, around seven but I was supposed to apparently have the manuscript on Mr. Smith's desk by eight : My heels Clacked against the wood beneath them and I prayed I didn't wake up Blake. Even though I was still a bit mad at him.

But when I treaded down the stairs, I was suddenly hit with the unmaskable aroma of coffee. I breathed it in, I needed this after a long night and the early wee hours of the morning.

lips split into a radiant smile. "Morning." He breathes out and scans his blue eyes over my figure. Feeling a bit flustered I lift a finger to tug some hair

behind my ears. "Morning." I murmured walking more into the kitchen. My brows furrowed as I stared at him.

His cheeks stained red. I wanted to awe. Before, Blake would be caught dead blushing but now it seems

and butterflies create havoc in my belly. He definitely still knew how to play

bag straps with more force than necessary. It took everything in me to not

have to Blake." I said softly walking over to

filled with coffee towards me. He's careful to not have it spilling over the counter so he does it slowly until

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smile softly and reach over for the mug. Carefully I bring it towards my lips. I almost moaned as the bitter yet sweet

him. His eyes were glued to the island, and his fingers were busy scratching the

full attention. Somehow I knew what he was talking about. "What about yesterday?" I asked. Really Ashley, playing the

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time you want to invite people over for dinner, consult with me first.

relief. "Good because honestly you being mad at me did not feel good at all. I couldn't sleep lastnight knowing you were upset with me." He scratches the back of his head and looks away

"I'm sorry I didn't know."

"It's fine, I deserved it." He cuts me off and sends me a cheeky smile. "Now enough of this depressing conversation. Mind telling where you're heading dressed like a sexy secretary?"

My eyes widen and a blushed stained my cheeks. He leans forward, his elbows now on the counter and his eyes flickered with amusement.

“You know I thought you couldn’t blush anymore redder but I’m proven wrong. I’d like to see where else that blush goes.” His gaze dips to my lips. The way his voice and eyes spoke his suggestion let me know exactly what he meant. My cheeks heated up and I stuttered.

He clearly sees my struggle to form words and he doesn’t hold in his amusement. He full blown laughs. “Shut up.” I said softly. When he’s done with his laughing fit, I answered his previous question.

“I’m going to drop off the manuscript I’ve been working on for my boss.” My eyes lift to the clock and my eyes widen. “Which I’m supposed to drop off soon, so I’ll be on my way.” I rushed out, grabbed my bag and began to walk out of the kitchen. It was already seven thirty and it took about twenty minutes to get there. “Wait but you haven’t finished your coffee yet.” He calls behind me. “It’s fine.” I yelled over my shoulder. “But didn’t you want anything to eat? You can’t go to work with an empty stomach.” He shouts.

“I’ll buy something on the way, don’t worry. In the meantime please stay away from the kitchen!” I shouted and walked out of the front door, my lips stretched into a beaming smile.

“No promises and please drive safely!” His loud tone could no doubt be heard three miles away. I giggle. I was the one supposed to make him fall in love with me again but I think I’m the one falling more deeply in love with him.;

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Ashley’s pov

It wasn’t my first time staring at the massive building. Gregory’s Publishing Company. But every time I’m near it I feel an overwhelming bundle of nerves engulfing my body.

It was intimidating and the boss was even more especially on a moody day. So being able to work from home was a blessing to not be in his presence more than six hours a day. I felt bad for those that weren’t lucky enough to be able to work away from the office. Gregory Smith was a stuck up, two piec

“Ashley Reed!?” A very excited and chirpy voice yells. My eyes fall to the petite brunette rushing towards me. Her red heels were no match for mine, higher than the Eiffel Tower, okay I was being dramatic.

I forced a smile. “Georgia, how nice to see you here. I thought you said you’d quit?” I asked leaving my car to walk towards her. Georgia was one of my colleagues. No matter how friendly she seemed everyone stayed clear of her because of her backstabbing tactics. She waved a hand and puffed. “Gregory pleaded for me to stay. As a matter of fact not only did he give me a higher position he also raised my salary.” ;

No doubt he would, you were spreading your legs for him. Everyone knew Gregory and Georgia had a thing, they didn’t keep it so much as a secret even

though the forty year old man was supposedly married. I send her a wink walking into the building with her following close beside me. "Then you must be doing a very good job." I turn to her. She cackles, her lips parting to show off teeth that were stained slightly with the brightest red lipstick. "I am. You know someone had to be good around here. Not everyone can work from home like you can." And there it was the snarky comment that I was waiting for. I brushed it off like I normally did. Instead I changed the subject. "Has Mr. Smith arrived yet?" I still strided over to the elevator. "Yes he is here. He's expecting you actually." The way her tone turned sour I knew she was not pleased.

Dammit and I thought I was early.

I pressed the button of the elevator and entered. Turning around to face her, I sent her a wink

"See you later Georgia, hopefully not on one of the staff's dick like the last time." I watched with satisfaction as the elevator doors closed on her reddened shocked face. I breathed out a sigh, pressing my back to the cool metal of the elevator. "You got this, just give him the manuscript and leave." I whispered to myself. The elevator dings and opens, revealing, marble floors, glass windows and very expensive

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colleagues of mine seated inside their cubicles, typing on computers

a sharp breath then stride out of the elevator. "Oh hey Ashley, long time no see." I turn my head to the voice and gave a soft smile. Peter had been working here for god knows how long, he knows every nook and cranny of this place. Loved working with authors and was always someone you

to not get a promotion. Instead the promotion went to Georgia who didn't care for authors but only

I waved.

is here." He mouthed. He was referring to Gregory Smith, our boss. I let

Ashley." Another colleague of

her. "Hey Nora." I waved and continued to Mr. Smith's office. This went on a bit until I finally faced

my now clammy hands grasping the bag strap for dear life. I could see him through the glass doors. Perched on his leather chair, elbows on desk while his hand tapped a pen on

area. "You do know that I can see you Mrs. Reed? Come in." He sighs like

I finally had the courage to step through those double doors that closed softly behind

him politely, walking towards his desk so slowly as if I was walking on eggshells. He didn't lift his eyes, just kept staring at the screen of the computer before him. "What's good about the morning?" He asks bluntly, sighs then leans

was more like a question than an answer. His dark brown eyes glared at me fiercely. "You're late." I looked

the manuscript, printed it out and brought it to you." I rushed out, already unzipping my bag to

"Mrs. Reed?" He asked.

from the bag, pulling out the

scan my figure and I swallow the disgust I felt. My skin crawled and I wanted to run out of the building. "Why do you think I

of those ten editors. "Because there weren't enough cubicles?" I asked without confidence. He laughs and points a finger at me. "You're funny Mrs. Reed." He chuckles then stands up Involuntarily I took a step

I hand it to him quickly. He shakes his head and opens the folder. I watch with nerves as his eyes scan over the papers. After what felt like forever he finally lifts his head.

"I chose you because you always get the work done on time, professional and know your place. So don't be late again or else." He grumbles, turns around and walks back to his seat where he plops down softly.

With his head bent down, staring at the papers he opens his mouth to speak without sparing me another glance. "You may leave." He says in dismissal.

I grit my teeth, clenched my fist and turned around. "Yes sir." I gritted out.

"I expect you to take on Demiah13's works. She will be your new assigned author." He blurts out without an ounce of emotion. I froze, clenching my eyes shut. "Sir with all due respect—" I started only to get cut off. "This is not up for discussion, you may leave. I will call you or email you to know how you're progressing with her manuscripts." He states. I breathed out a sigh knowing there was no way out of this. Nodding my head even though I knew the asshole had his head down. "I'm looking forward to working with her." Those were my last departing words as I left the office.

"This is not up for discussion." I mocked Gregory in the most cringiest mannish voice. I got out of the car slamming the door shut.

Asshole didn't care that I already had a ton of work and to top it off I had to make my husband fall in love with me all over again. No he had to give me extra which I was sure was punishment for dropping the damn manuscript a bit tardy. "Well he can take that damn manuscript and shove it up his ass." I grumble opening the door of the house and shutting it. "Blake I'm home." I shout. The house was oddly quiet. I strutted up the stairs, heading the way to the guest room which was now his room.

"Blake?" I called out, knocking on the door then opened it softly when I heard him call me in.

Blake was standing in front of the bed, back facing me as looked down.

I looked at where he was staring and I felt my face heat up. How could I have forgotten that had those damn things underneath the bed? Blake turns around with one opened book in his hand. His eyes glued to the page and a tiny smirk plastered on his face. He opens his mouth to speak. My heart pounds feeling like this was déjà vu. "Oh how she took his cock, screaming in pleasure as he rocked his hips into her. Fuck she screamed, urging him to fuck her even harder. Her toes curled and his cock was relentlessly pounding into her." At the end of his words he looks up and his blue eyes snap to mine.

They gleamed with mirth and something else. Something that made my lower regions clench. "Didn't know you had a whole collection of erotica novels Ashley." He licks his lower lip.

Chapter 96 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

Ashley's par

"I! "istuttermil, cheeks now stained with patches of scarlet

My eyes fall to the now empty box that once had those books scattered on Blake's bed safely inside I had inced that huge box under the bed months ago

Left their not knowing that one day my husband would lose his memory and sleep here. I had completely forgotten about them.

When I don't answer him, partly because I was embarrassed and the other part, well let's just say I remembered when we literally fucked like the characters in the book, he continues

"He pushed deep, deeper than her other lovers. He felt huge stretching her walls, she couldn't take it anymore and asked him no, pleading with him to fuck her harder."

"Okay enough." I muttered beyond embarrassed and saunter over to him.

He laughs outstretching one hand to stop me while the other held the book higher, away from my reach. "Wait wait I'm not done." He laughs.

I huffed dropping my bag on the floor while I tried and failed to grasp the book. Even with heels on he still was much taller than 1. Curse my height.

"Blake." I whined feeling mortified. My heart pounded in my chest like a drum that didn't have any certain rhythm.

His blue eyes twinkle as he chuckles with mirth. "And he did, thrusting more brutally into her heated pussy. She mewled, scratching his back, taking his hard huge cock into her. Slick with sweat he bent to taste her and –" He stops dropping his eyes to mine.

a swift move he captures my hand and pulled me to him. My eyes widen as were eye level, his blue

we tried those scenes before?" The way his tone took on a husky and heavy one made me know that

body overheated. I peered at him beneath my lashes knowing he loved when I did and bit my bottom

to the side. "Why? Did you

voice but I was too occupied with clenching

not innocent anymore, Blake made

my lips in hunger. I was rejoicing in my head knowing that I still had an effect on him even without

1/3

on a tone heavy

regions throb

me, on top and all the positions those characters did." He admitted and licked

now hardened nipples brushing against the material of the bra. "Then to answer your previous question, yes we did recreate those scenes in the

then like being struck by lightning starts beating uncontrollably. Did he just bluntly put it out there that he wants to fuck me? Like right now? Is this a good idea

racing through my head, I stay still waiting for his lips on mine. They were dangerously close, parted already to take mine. His dark blue eyes stared into my own, gauging my reaction. When he doesn't see that I backed

in shock Blake stares at

each other yet. I didn't think we could after what almost happened a few

This time I can identify that the

jolting back to reality he shakes his head then lifts

"I should probably go see what he wants." He mutters like he didn't want to stop what we were about to do. Like he was disappointed that we were disturbed.

I nodded and smiled softly. "You should." I said, already knowing why Ace was here. We had planned to surprise Blake by bringing over his black jeep back. When he usually leaves for deployment, he leaves his jeep in his parents garage since Ace loves to use it. He couldn't drive yet of course since his head still hasn't healed completely but we hoped that seeing the black jeep could jolt back some of his memories.

Blake nods and walks out of the door, leaving me staring at the scattered books on his bed.

I bring my hand to my mouth, touching my lips with my fingers softly and sighed. Just one brush of our lips nearly made me go insane. I giggled like a damn high school girl finally getting her crush's attention. I sighed, dropping my hands and bent down to pull the empty box closer to me. 1

I began packing the books back inside neatly all the while bringing my fingers to my lips occasionally and smiling like I had lost my mind.

I struggled while pushing the now filled box underneath the bed. When I was done, I picked up my discarded bag, walked out of the room and headed to mine so I can literally throw the bag towards the bed. I fell ungracefully on the floor with a thud at my failed attempt at aiming. 1

"I'll pick you up later." I promised.

I swear pushing that heavy box back under the bed took all my energy to do anything else. Closing the door I headed downstairs to see what the men were up to.

Ace is the first to lift his head when he hears me approaching.

"Ashley, would you please remind my son that he hasn't completely healed and he can't drive as yet?" Ace chuckled.

My eyes narrow as Blake turns to me sheepishly while scratching the back of his head. "It's just to drive over to my parents and come back."

"Your doctor had been very strict when he suggested that you should not drive until you are cleared to. So no." I fold my arms under my breast. He groans lowly. "Are you my wife or my mother?" I scowled. "Both if you don't stop acting like a baby." He grins, blue eyes flickering with amusement. "Was that one of our role plays as well?"

Chapter 97 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

Ashley'pov

My fingers wrap tightly around the shaving cream while my other hand clutch onto a small feather Now you might be wondering what on earth is Ashley Reed up to?

Well to answer that question I would actually need a reasonable explanation. Okay let's put it this way. Blake was still sleeping and I had plans for us today, so in order to wake him up, let's just say I thought of a very creative way. One that would probably get him upset but amuse me. Serves him right for playing with emotions

It was not like this would harm him, he and Ryan certainly didn't care when they did this to me years ago. I say this is revenge.

My lips curl into a smirk as I slightly shake the can. It was early, well somewhat. Eight thirty was still early right? Perhaps not.

I had woken up a few minutes ago, brushed my teeth, relieved myself then made sure I was not only in my undies before coming here. The thought of Blake seeing me in nothing but my undergarments had a raging blush settling in my cheeks.

I sighed, rolling my eyes at myself. It was too early for this. He had seen all of me before and now I was acting like a pencil neck virgin. I needed to stop acting like a schoolgirl. Yeah and waking up your husband with shaving cream is not you acting like a schoolgirl?

Shut up conscience, this isn't the time.

I pressed my ear to the door, making sure the room was quiet. Slowly I wrap my fingers around the knob and turn, opening the door with slow and steady hands. Breathing out a relieved sigh I peeked my head inside the room. There he slept, looking so peaceful and unbothered. Walking in and closing the door softly with a slight thud I took a few seconds to just admire him.

until they were a

head unfortunately hasn't healed completely. It was to be expected

my face. He snored softly, lashes creating a shadow underneath his eyes. He was so handsome. My heart squeezed.

relief when he doesn't. I scan my eyes down

1/3

eyes to not stray any more, afraid I'd see more than I was

began to put my plans into action. I began by slowly putting the shaving cream in his palm, all the while biting my lip to

Blake grins, blue eyes

us in amusement. Did He really have to say that with his dad here? Then again by the look on his

glared at Blake. "We did not do role play." I argued, trying to save myself from

already knew Ace would definitely tell his wife about this. And what if Ryn tells my mom who then tells my dad?

He asked so innocently that one would think he was.. I glared at his smirking face heatedly. Ace clears his throat. "I don't think I want to hear what my son and daughter in law do when they are alone. And I don't think you should tease her son,

winking at me. This only intensifies my glare. "She does seem a bit murderous right now dad, should you save me from such fate?" Blake joked. Ace

bit?" Ace asked. They were acting like I wasn't

I should be ashamed of myself, getting all sappy and forgiving just because he referred to me as beautiful. I am an embarrassment to the female population.

Blake finally gave me his attention. "I will be back later Ashley." He smiles and then frowns." Make sure to have some rest, you've been up all night."

And I did, in fact I slept more than half the day until night. I only woke up when I heard Blake's retreating footsteps disappear out of my room. I knew it was him by his smell and the way he tenderly touched my cheek before leaving.

End of flashback

2/3

I sighed, lifting myself to stare at my work. Now to complete it. Biting my lip, I bent over him, careful to not fall on his sleeping figure. Lifting my hands with the feather, I began to brush it along the tip of his nose to the bridge. His nose twitched and I bite into my lip more harshly. He was adorable.

I did it again but he swats at his nose with the wrong hand. Groaning inwardly I brought the tip of the feather under his nose and tickled him there. Grunting lowly, he swats at his nose this time with the right hand.

The shaving cream spreads all over his mouth and nose. His eyes snapped open in shock and confusion before they zeroed in on my smiling face.

“Good morning sleepy head. We have a whole day ahead of us.” I winked and reach over to spread the shaving cream more onto his face. His blue eyes glared at me. Revenge is sweet.

Chapter 98 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

Ashley's pov

He pass his clean hand down his face, still eyes glaring into my soul. When he removes some shaving cream off his nose and mouth, he yells. “Ashley!”

My eyes widen, smirking I made a beeline for the door. “Clean up and meet me downstairs in ten minutes!” I yelled over my shoulder, then slammed the door shut behind me. I rushed into my room and locked the door behind me quickly. I whirled around resting my back on the door, sighing. I really am out of shape. I'm planning to bring him to the boxing gym and I haven't been there in years. What if I can't even lift a five pound weight? That would be embarrassing. I hummed, biting my lips in thought, lifting my head to stare at the ceiling. This could actually be a good idea, it could certainly jolt some of his memories. Blake loved boxing once and maybe that could be what he needs right now to get back his memories. Nodding to myself I proceed to get ready for today.

“When you said we have a whole day ahead of us, I really didn't think you'd bring me to a boxing gym.” Blake murmurs, tilting his head to look out of the window.

I killed the engine, smiling to myself as I remembered the fond memories we shared there. "I thought it would be fun to bring you to a place you loved before losing your memories." He turns to me. I continued but this time a smirk is now on my lips. "Besides we both are out of shape. Could use some exercises."

He narrows his blue eyes, glaring at me. "I haven't forgotten how you woke me up this morning, so don't add more to your punishment." He rolls his eyes.

I raised a brow now amused. Oh how the tables have turned. "Punishment? Do tell how my husband wishes to punish me?" I couldn't help the giggles that slipped past my lips. He leans back in the car seat and stared out of the windshield in thought. "Well I haven't thought about a punishment as yet. But don't worry I will get you back. I could still taste that damn shaving cream." He made a disgusted face, shivering.

I laughed, opened the door and stepped out. "Well come on, let's go." I nudged my head to the

gym.

he opens the door and steps out. We both close the doors simultaneously. I walked around the car

back for your forgiveness? Will you forgive me then?" I asked. I will admit now I felt bad. The

thought before he smirks down

but sorry I'm still going to punish you." He winks, turns around and

me

over his shoulder and

a curse I followed after him. Punishment? I highly doubt Blake would hurt me but still the thought of being punished by him both scared

rolled my eyes. I read too many erotica novels in my high school years. I opened the gym doors and entered. It was different from how it was years back. More workout equipment and the walls now were painted black. Also the boxing ring in the middle of the room was now way bigger than the one

before. Austin had upgraded this place. I walked over to Blake who had been standing there, transfixed by the two males boxing in the ring. The way his eyes calculated their moves, the way he followed their movements with intrigue let me know that the Blake before was still here and not far away. I went to stand beside him, crossing

a fight. He turns to me, his blue eyes burning at the side of

fully understanding him.” It was.” I turn to him and

me a dazzling smile, one that made me realize bringing him here was the

what we have here, the ‘it’s complicated couple that later on got married.” A

walking over to us. “Are you still not going to let us live

am sorry this has happened to you but I’m happy you’re recovering. Kinda miss you in the ring, lost a good bit of money when you left.” He joked at the end and slapped Blake’s back playfully before letting him go. 1 “A get better soon speech would’ve been so much better Austin. Greedy

turns to me and scowls. “I just turned forty five a month

“Yeah that’s not old at all grandpa. Why don’t you have a seat before you break your back from standing for so long?” I giggled. Blake chuckles beside me.

I don’t think it’s even physically possible to break one’s back by just standing but the look of anger on Austin’s face makes me not feel like a complete idiot.

Austin narrows his eyes, glaring at me.” You know I had much rather you back when you were still in high school, not as talkative as you are now. The only downfall was that you were following Blake like a lost puppy.” Now it was my turn to glare at him. “I did not!” I argued.

There was a loud thud and we all turned our heads to stare at the ring. One of the boys had fallen. He looked fine judging by how quickly he got back up. “Leo try not punching Harper too hard next time, this is just practice!” Austin yells then turns back to Blake, sighing while pinching between his eyebrows.

“You were so much better to train than these two. Honestly I miss you kid.” Austin admits.” And the money you brought in too.” He shrugs when I send him a fierce glare.

Blake stares at the two boys, his eyes not once leaving them. Finally he tears his eyes away and looks at Austin. “I think I want to try.”

“Yeah no.” Was my quick answer. Blake still had a head injury and his doctor was very strict with what he should and shouldn’t do. Fighting was definitely the first on the list for what he shouldn’t do.

“Oh come on it’s not like he could get injured. How about he just punch a few punching bags then I take him in the ring to show him the basics? Not too extreme ofcourse.” Austin suggested.

I shook my head. Blake turns to me, his eyes pleading. I tear my eyes away not wanting to get sucked into those blue swirls of his and give in. “Come on Ashley, you heard him, just the basics. I promise I won’t get hurt.” He pleaded. “Yeah come on Ashley.” Austin pleads. I sighed. Perhaps bringing him here wasn’t such a good idea afterall

Chapter 99 - Bestfriends Shouldn’t Know How You Taste

Ashley’s pov

I gave in. I fucking gave in. I squirmed in anxiety everytime Blake sent a jab towards Austin padded hands. Thwack, Thwack. The sound was begining to irritate me, a lot. I was being stupid, afraid that he’ll get hurt when the only thing he was doing was throwing punches at Austin’s raised hands.

I sighed, seated down on the mat, palms pressed down on the smooth surface as I look at my husband. I tilt my head, studying his stance.

He looked like he belonged here, like he knew every step. Confidencce oozed from him, recognizable to anyone. He looked happy. I bit into my bottom lip. The least I could do was be happy that he was enjoying himself. Thwack. I cringe.

“I can’t believe Austin dismissed us to train this motherfucker.” One of the teen boy’s grumble as they near me.

I turn to face him. He was the one named Leo. Blonde hair, green eyes with a sharp jawline. He seemed like the cocky type. "Yeah what an asshole, he's here playing with a guy who looks like he doesn't know the first thing about boxing." The brunette spits. He must be Harper.

I rolled my eyes at the two. "Yeah like the two of you know so much about boxing? From what I witnessed a few minutes ago." I looked at their shocked faces. "Well let's just say even a kid knew more than you two."

The blonde, Leo glares at me. "You talk as if you know yourself." He growls lowly. I pretend to clean my nails. "Oh but I do know." I lift my eyes to his. "In fact I can beat you in a match with ease." I smirked. What the hell was wrong with me? Provoking a teenage boy because he called your husband a motherfucker? Yeah that wasn't me.

Then who was it, a ghost?

Again conscience this isn't the time. Leo scowls, displeased then snorts as if hearing the biggest joke of his life. "You? Oh please girls like you can't box."

I rise to my feet, marching towards him. I peered at him, glaring into his green eyes. "How about I show you exactly what girls like me can do? What you say blondie, you and me right now." I spat.

Okay I needed to calm down.

1/4

He snorted backing away. "I wouldn't want to hurt a girl."

me confused looks. Honestly I didn't know what came over me. Was it the stress of everything that finally caught up to me and I

lady's ass and died." Leo shrugs nonchalantly

not an innocent teen

Leo raised a thick brow, smirking slightly from getting Blake irritated. From how tense Blake

to me and I shrug." He referred to Blake as a motherfucker. Just wanted to put him straight, that is all." Leo snorted. "Yeah by challenging me to a boxing match? Pathetic." I narrow my eyes at him. "What, afraid I'll beat you Leo and

have your friend over here.” I nudge my head at Harper.” Laugh at your losing face?” “A girl like you can never beat someone

raised a perfectly arched brow. “If you knew a lot about boxing like you claimed,

into my soul, yet I couldn’t help but laugh at him in amusement, Austin looks between the

Reed.” He states, turns around and walks away. “Reed?” Harper asked in confusion, but

got yourself into.” Leo hissed, folding his

“We’ll see.” I smirked.

Austin man, you’re not serious about letting Ashley fight this kid? What if she gets hurt? ”

around and glares at Leo. Then he turns to me.” Oh I

have in the latest ning love and

has

londe haine de hand me the towing love and one of the

the teeth wanil, sinirls and sauntere back

Mahe In take him

yon In Wolly MATO YOU Muro about thin/ You can back out or I

it willel on

had the best teacher” I wmke. Mutting the mouth grant inside my inout. Ite’n niill worried but

proceeded inside the ring, leo is already there, glaring, at

on the ropes, winking at him amined. I cannot believe I was about to fight a

before Leo, it's now I realize our height difference. Not only did I look like any chipmunk compared to him but he packed

Still I had faith that I could win. I had Blake as a trainer after all.

"Here's the rules. This is all a game and not to seriously harm anyone. Got That?" Austin asked, looking between the two of us. We both nod.

Austin continues, "Good. There will only be one round. Whoever knocks the other down first wins, Simple."

Leo and I both nod. Austin nods, "Good, let's start,"

Leo and I smacked each other's gloved hand and backed away from each other a little. I hopped on my feet, eyes trained on Leo. His stance was good but he lacked confidence.

"You got this Ashley." Blake cheered. If I didn't have the mouth guard on I would probably have laughed at how loud he yelled, "You can take him down easily!"

Leo glares and charges at me. He was too easily angered and that's what will cause him the match. Sidestepping him I whirled around the same time he does and sent a right hook straight to the side of his face, just like how Blake taught me years ago.

His eyes widen in shock when he stumbles down on the mat, falling ungracefully. Well that was easy. Austin rings the bell. I rolled my eyes. When did he even get that?

"The winner of this match is Ashley Reed." Austin yelled. I rolled my eyes again. He was taking this too seriously !

Removing the gloves from my hands I let them fall to the mat. I then removed the teeth guard and smiled down at a still shocked Leo. "Don't take it hard kid, you just need to work on your anger issues and confidence. I suggest when you get in the ring with an opponent you leave your anger issues out of the ring"

I give him a hand that surprisingly he took. He straightens, nods and turns around. "Dude you're lucky Reagan wasn't here to witness this. She'd laugh

for days. I mean come on, you always try to show off in front of her. Losing to a girl?" I heard Harper tell Leo.¹

I furrow my brow. Reagan? Perhaps not the Reagan I'm thinking about.

"Shut up." Leo grumbles after he removes the guard.

I almost squeal in shock when arms wrap around my waist, turning me around and lifting me up. I look down at a smiling Blake and couldn't help the grin that nearly split my face in half.

"That was badass Ley." He praised. ¹ Ley. He called me Ley.

Chapter 100 - Bestfriends Shouldn't Know How You Taste

Ashley's pov

My eyes glazed over with unshed tears. He called me Ley. It had been so long was overreacting? Probably. Did I care? Not one bit. The skin between his eyebrows crease as he furrows his brows. He was likely confused by how emotional I was at this moment,

"What? Did I say something wrong?" He rushed out, slowly placing me down,

Still even with my foot on the mat he had not removed his arms from my body. Instead he pulled me closer. I shook my head and smiled up at him.

"No. It's just that you called me Ley for the first time since you lost your memory. Sorry I'm being emotional." I admitted wiping the skin underneath my eyes. I giggled feeling stupid for even crying

But instead of laughing at me like I expected he smiles, blue eyes glistening with adoration as he peers down at me.

"Really? It feels normal calling you by that name." He confessed. I smiled overly happily at his confession

Then he smirks. "And you want to know what else feels normal?" The way his tone dropped to one deep and husky had my heart pumping like I had just run a damn marathon.

This is what he does to me, turns me into one of those girls who act like they've never seen a man before. I should've gotten used to it before but I haven't.

"What?" I whispered, my throat feeling extremely dry at the moment.

insides melted. I could feel the blood racing

if I show you." He whispered and

pulling a gasp out of me. My eyes flickered shut, my heart constricting as I let myself be

tenderly as if afraid he'd break me, almost like he was afraid that I'd push him away had my mind racing with thoughts of love. To ease him, I fist his shirt and tugged his body to mine closer. I could

I shivered, opening my mouth for him

as if he couldn't get enough, tasting me, pulling me closer until I let out a moan. I missed this. I missed his taste, the way he kissed me like I was

1/8

way we perfectly molded

him fall in love with me again but turns

in

we came back to reality. I had completely forgotten where we were. Blake was reluctant to let me go as I pulled away. His blue eyes were foggy with desire and

scrub my eyes for days to get

agreement to Harper's words. "Yeah man, that was too extreme, I'll for

rolled my eyes.

to Austin who was smirking in the corner. He gives me a thumbs up and winks. I bite into my bottom lip to stifle my laughter. I was sure mostly everyone

Does this mean that I was closer than I

I smiled just thinking about it. I feel arms wrap around my waist and my heart squeezed. "How about we go get that banana chocolate milkshake you promised me?" He bends his head and lips brush against my ears as he speaks. I shivered.

I turn to face him, our faces closer than I thought. Still I smiled looking into his eyes. "Does this mean you will forgive me for what happened this morning?" I looked at him beneath my lashes in a desperate attempt to look innocent. He chuckles, turning away from me, squeezes my waist playfully and speaks to Austin. "Thanks for the boxing lessons man. You'll definitely see me back here again soon." He turns us around.

"What he means by soon is when he's completely healed and his doctor gives him the go." I yelled over my shoulder as I slipped under the ropes to get out. I hopped down, turning to face Austin. "Hey Austin, maybe one day we could have a match, me and you, what do you say old man?" Ofcourse this was all teasing. Even though I had the best teacher and was a pretty decent fighter I was a hundred percent sure Austin could knock me down in an instant.

He smirks winking. "I'm a very hard man to beat Reed but when you're ready I'll be happy to

2/3

arrange your pretty face." I feel Blake throw his hand around my shoulder, turn me around and grumbles something underneath his breath. "See yah Austin." I shout already close to the exit. Honestly Blake was literally pushing me along with him, I could barely keep up with his pace. "See you kid!" He shouts just as the door closes behind Blake and I. "You know if I didn't know better I'd say you were jealous of an old man saying that my face is pretty." I teased. With his pace and my almost tripping every second we had reached beside my car in less than ten seconds.

He snorts letting me go and walking over to the passenger's side." Me jealous? I wasn't." He denies, opens the door and slips in. I rolled my eyes, open the door and slipped in. "Sure you weren't." I snorted, turning to face him.

He lets out a breath and turns to face me. "Okay I was." He admits.

I fully turned to face him and giggled. "Oh I know-"

I am cut off with lips molding against mine as he pulls me onto him with one swift move. I moan, pressing myself to him. His fingers dug into my waist as he kissed me with desperation. "I can't get enough." He says between kisses. I nodded agreeing with him completely and understanding what he meant. His hands roam down to the curve of my ass, he squeezes it and earns a gasp from me. "Blake." I moaned, trailing my hands down his chest. The ringing of my phone startles me and I pull away from him. He looks annoyed at the disturbance. "Leave it." He whispers and pulls me back to him.

The phone rings again. I send him an apologetic smile. "Sorry it can be an emergency." ¹ He groans, throwing his head back on the seat. "Fine." He grumbles but he doesn't let me go instead he grips my hips firmly. I sighed and outstretched to retrieve my phone at the backseat where I had stupidly left it. I looked at the caller and quickly answered it when Rosalie's name popped up. Pulling the phone to my ears I waited for her to speak ² "Sos, I need you to come to my apartment, like right now." She rushes out and hangs up before I could get a word in. ¹³