

Chapter 247

Ashley's pov

"You're late." Mr Simon says in a blunt scowl. I halt in the doorway, bracing my palm on the wooden door frame. Heat started in my neck and radiated upward into my cheeks.

I shifted on my feet in discomfort. My green eyes dart to the circular clock on the far wall. He was right, I was exactly five minutes late.

I move my eyes away from the clock to scan around the class. Everyone's eyes were on me, studying me, waiting for whatever excuse I would give.

But I didn't have any, somehow my brain seemed to not function properly this early. Or it was probably the alcohol that still lingered in my body.

"Sorry, it won't happen again sir." I said softly, closing the wooden door behind me.

"Just get to your partner and start working." He huffs, leaning back on the leather seat.

I gulped and with a quick nod strutted to the back. My head was hang low as I move around desk. I could hear their whispering, their giggles of humor. It made me feel like a tiny ant under a microscope. I hated it.

"Since when do you come late to class Ley?" Blake's voice has a teasing tone to it. A delicious fluttering started in my abdomen at his voice. I hated that he affected me this much and I hated that I couldn't help it.

I sighed and scoot in beside him. I place my bag on the table before us. "Well there's a first for everything." My attempt at humor seemed fruitless.

It felt uncomfortable to talk to him, to joke with him. Kissing him last night shouldn't have happened. I should've never gone to the party in the first place. Everything now just felt awkward with him.

I avoid his stare as I look at the contents on the table, well more specifically the two animals layed on the table. A dead frog was neatly placed inside a decent size glass tray before me.

My stomach rolls in unease as I stare at the poor animal. "What exactly are we supposed to be doing?" I asked nervously finally gaining the courage to stare at him.

My breath is caught in my throat as his piercing blue eyes lock into my own. I'm left panting for air at the intensity it held. He looked different, something about him was different, but I couldn't pinpoint what exactly.

I find my eyes trailing down to his lips. Lips that felt so good on mine, lips I can't ever forget. I draw in a breath and tear my eyes away, feeling awkward with my staring.

"We're supposed to be dissecting them." He cringes and slips on white gloves. My eyes widen in horror as I snap my eyes to Mr Simon. He looked half asleep with his feet kicked up on the dark oak desk.

"Sir isn't this animal cruelty?" The question slips before I could stop it. It comes out loud and accusing. Mr. Simon dark brows furrowed in confusion before his lips thinned into an unpleasant frown.The heads of the students turn to face me as I've now gained their attention. Uh oh.

"Do not question me Miss Grey. Do your work and I'll do mine. If you want to be graded I'd suggest you start dissecting." He hisses and crosses his ankles. "Now get to work all of you!" He shouts angrily. Everyone turns away from me and starts to do exactly that.

Gulping I nodded. "Don't worry about him Ley, he probably didn't get laid last night." Blake jokes in a hushed tone then pokes my sides. Squirming at the ticklish feeling I swat at his hand, giggling silently.

Maybe it doesn't have to be awkward after all. Maybe it didn't affect him the way that it had done to me. Maybe Blake had forgotten all about it. And why does that thought hurt?

I reach over for the gloves that Blake kindly placed before me. I slip them on slower than necessary. I felt the delicate latex wrap around my finger then my entire hand, cocooning my hand with it's warmth.

"Have you seen Ryan?" I asks, trying to make conversation. This wasn't exactly the question I wanted to ask. I wanted to ask him if he had heard the rumors circling around the school.

The rumors that I was sure wasn't pleasant and far from the truth. But I refrain, it will only make things more awkward than it already was. He tried to hide it but I could sense the tension between us.

"No. But when does Ryan ever be early for school?" He chuckles. He had a point. Ryan was never early and he was supposed to be in this class. Atleast he was missing dissecting a frog.

I looked at the small creature that was once alive and full of life. With a sigh I reach over for the tiny knife for dissecting. My hands shook as I clutched the cold metal and draw it to the small frog.

I swallow twice before backing away. "I can't do it." I shook my head. Blake clutches on to my hand and brings me closer to him. I still and later relaxed when he brushes his thumb on my skin to calm me down.

"It's fine bambina, I'll help you." He promises then guides me back to the table. He settles himself at the back of me and my breath hitches when his front presses into my back.

I quickly look around to see if anyone was looking. We were at the back thankfully and since Ryan hasn't shown up it was only Kiana that sat on the opposite side of us.

But she hardly spared us a glance, to focus on enjoying dissecting a frog to care about her surroundings. Mr. Simon was too busy snoring to notice either.

Blake's palm burns through the latex tag covered my hand as he holds it. His other hand slides on my waistband stays there firmly. My heart leaps as he draws me more into him. Until I could feel every inch of his muscular plane.

Tingles are creating havoc in my body at his actions and I'm almost panting for air. His hand guides me to the frog and starts dissecting. His head dips until his lips brush against the flesh of my ear.

"I can't stop thinking about last night." He whispers while helping me cut open a dead frog.