

Chapter 248

Ashley's pov

I suck in a sharp breath, my heart began to hammer behind my breast. Uncontrollable. Blake's presses his fingers more into the flesh of my waist.

Heat emanates from the pads of his fingers into the material of the dress I had chosen to wear until it reaches my flesh.

My lower region responds quickly and I feel my vagina clench in anticipation. I desperately fought to prevent myself from rubbing my thighs together to relieve the sudden pleasurable ache.

"I can't stop thinking about the way you taste." He continues to whisper. The hand that was on my waist travels down until it was close almost touching my inner thigh.

He was so close, so close to where I really wanted him to touch. I could feel a sudden bump pressing into my back. I knew it was his cock and just the thought of him turned on by me pleases me so much that a low moan slips out.

"I can't stop thinking about the way you responded. The way you felt. I want more." He groans and pushes his front more into me until I could feel his length. He felt hard and long against my back. My hands itch to touch him through his jeans.

My head is clouded with him, I couldn't think properly. The hand I was cutting the frog shakes uncomfortably.

My eyes dip to stare at the his hand that was dangerously close to my feminine regions. My breathing comes in rough pants.

Never would I have thought that Blake and I would ever be in this position. Yes he always teased me and made sexual jokes but Blake was always hard to read. Like now, I didn't know if he was being serious or was playing around.

But the hard bulge pressing on to my back makes me think otherwise. Maybe he was serious, maybe Blake does want more.

Then my eyes snap up when I hear a sudden screech from a blonde girl on one of the tables before us. She seemed to be terrified of the creature she was dissecting.

Her blonde hair reminds me of a certain someone. Someone who wouldn't be pleased if she saw us in this position. Guilt crawls in my stomach until it envelops my entire body.

My grip on the knife tightens as I finally get out of the daze. "Blake stop, Stacy." I breathed out. Upon hearing her name he freezes and moves away from me abruptly. I miss his warmth but I knew I had to stop this before it escalated.

Yes I love Blake and him finally showing interest was all I ever wanted, but not like this. Not when he had a girlfriend. And just by his swift actions of pulling away from me, I knew he was still with her.

"Ley-"

"Stop." I whispered the clenched my eyes shut. "Just let's forget it ever happened." I breathed out then opened my eyes back. I could feel his eyes on me, feel his burning stare but I refused to look at him. Instead I focus on dissecting the frog.

"Ley-" He starts again, his voice is now heavy with what I presume as guilt.

"Sorry I'm late sir, my dog died!" Ryan shouts as he enters the classroom. He bangs the door hard enough to have the hinges shake from the force.

You don't even have a dog.

Mr. Simon jolts awake, glaring at Ryan who interrupted his sleep. "There's no excuse for tardiness Ryan." He grumbles in a harsh voice. "You've missed more than half the class." An unpleasant scowl etched on his face.

How would you know if he miss half the class when you were too busy sleeping?

Ryan waves him off and walks over to the back. A smile stretches on his face when he spots me. Then a frown creases his forehead when he notices the invisible tension between Blake and I.

Sliding beside Kiana, he turns to face me and sends me a questioning look. With an awkward smile I turn away from him. I was embarrassed that I would've let Blake do whatever he planned to me knowing he belonged to another.

I hear Blake sighs beside me but doesn't try to speak to me again. Instead he reaches for the knife and starts cutting up his frog. I didn't know if to be disappointed by his dismissal or be happy that he didn't try to engage me in a conversation.

I was right. It was too late to go back to how it was between us. Something changed.

"What the fuck are we supposed to do with this shit!" Ryan questions in a hushed tone to Kiana. I bite my lip to suppress my laughter. I knew Ryan was disgusted by anything that looked slimy.

"We have to dissect-" Kiana doesn't get to finish because Ryan starts hurling directly on the dead frog. I winced and drop the knife on the table.

"Shit." Blake says beside me.

Another retch from Ryan and I became worried. Everyone's attention on him, including Mr. Simon who doesn't look at all pleased. The smell of vomit is smothering. I strut over to Ryan but before I could reach beside him Mr. Simon stops me.

"No one go near him!" He hisses walking over to Ryan with a metal trashcan.

My teeth grit together in anger." He's sick, I want to see if he's alright." I say through clenched teeth. Pushing the metal trashcan into Ryan's hands roughly, Mr. Simon turns to me.

"He's fine." He says then turns to Ryan. "Go to the nurse." He urges pushing Ryan slightly. Ryan looks up from the trashcan and smiles. "I'm fine guys jus-" He throws up and starts for the door.

After the door closes behind Ryan, everyone goes back to their task. I'm left worried about Ryan while Blake is still beside me. Too close than necessary.

I could feel the heat emanating from his body. The little hairs on his arms brush against my smooth skin, leaving tingles in it's wake. He didn't have to rely much to make me weak.

"We need to talk after class Ley." Blake says beside me. He was right, we do need to talk eventually. But it was time for me to admit that I was afraid where this conversation would lead to.

I was afraid I'll succumb to his advances like I always did. So I settled to not answer him and continue my work. I wasn't ready and I don't think I'll ever be.