

Chapter 257

Ashley's pov

My stomach coils in disgust as his hot breath fans against the bare skin of my neck. Nausea rolls in my stomach when one of his slimy fingers crawl to touch between my legs. The closed wooden door is staring at me, mocking me.

I could taste my salty tears as I choke on a sob. Why is this happening to me? The man pinches the flesh of my vagina and groans beside my ear. My crying got louder as I thrashed more intensely in his arms.

"Please stop!" I cried but it's incoherent as he continues to add pressure on my mouth. My heart is pounding as fear locks me into it's embrace.

"I heard you let Reed fuck you whenever he wants." He breathes beside my ear roughly. His voice sends shivers of disgust down my spine.

I fight against him, pushing my heels on his boot clad feet. He hisses removing his hand from in between my thighs. "I just want a little taste too ." He laughs cockily.

I force my mouth to open under the pressure of his hand and fortunately bite into the flesh of his palm harshly until I could taste the coppery tang of blood. "Fucking bitch!" He roars and removes his hand away from my mouth.

"Help!" I screamed as loud as I can, hoping and praying that someone would hear me. "Help!" I shout again thrashing around trying to break free from the arm he had wrapped around my torso.

"Shut the fuck up whore!" The guy roar as he pulls harshly at my tresses. I yelped, feeling my scalp burn from the brutal action.

"I just want to fuck you. I want to know what Reed sees in you to act like a pussy when you're around." He groans tugging at my hair harder. I gritted my teeth. I rather die than let him touch me.

I jab my elbow into his side harshly. The action has him wrenching back in shock and it is enough to move out his arms. My breathing is harsh as I run towards the door, freedom.

My hands only had the chance to grasp the knob when the man pulls me back and pushes me into the desk.

I gasp when the sharp end of the wooden desk pushes into my stomach. I turn around swiftly and I'm shocked to see a boy my age instead of the man I initially thought.

His muscular, eyes dark in rage and face pinched in anger. I remember seeing him talking to Blake and Ryan on the field. He was one of Ryan's teammates. Whilst Blake loved boxing Ryan had taken a liking to football.

I righted myself and stare at the door that he now blocked with his huge frame. He sees my line of vision and smirks. "Don't even think about it bitch. You're not leaving here until I get a taste of you. I mean you must've tasted good to have Blake follow you around like a lost puppy."

My hands search on the wooden surface of the desk until I grasp a pencil. Feeling to see if it was sharpened, I mentally sighed when it was. "The only thing you'll be tasting is a pencil pierced through your dick if you come near me." I spat clutching the pencil tightly as I waited for him to make a move.

Before I could blink he was already in front of me, holding me down with his weight. I was pressed on the desk with his body on top of mine. I groan feeling the pressure of his weight on my small form.

I'm gasping for air and nearly threw up when his harden cock presses on my thigh. Now on high alert, I didn't think twice as I stabbed his upper arm with the pencil, taking joy when he screams in pain.

But my joy doesn't last as he uses his other hand to smack me against my face. My head snaps to the side and the burning pain on my cheek has me blinking back tears. He uses that same hand to wrap around my neck and pushes my head on the desk, until my entire upper body is fully on the desk. My nails dig into his arm scratching as I try to get out of his grasp.

"Someone Help!" I screamed louder than I had done earlier. My throat hurts but I don't care as I get ready to scream again. "Shut the fuck up!" He hisses and uses his body to keep me still as one of his hands come over my mouth again.

I'm sobbing and shaking my head but unable to move him away. He forces my legs apart until I could feel his dick on my inner thigh. I feel hopeless and disgusted as he smirks down at me in triumph.

I didn't know what time he came or why he was here but suddenly the boy was wretched away from me. I gasp in air and move off the desk quickly and ended up falling on the floor. Through my blurry vision I watch as Blake pummels the boy face in rage. Blood coated his hand, red.

The boy grunts as he begs for mercy but doesn't receive it. Instead he's brutally kicked in the stomach hard until he coughs up blood. "I'll fucking kill you!" Blake roars as he bends down and wraps his hand around the boys neck and squeezes.

The boy wheezes, his eyes barely open and face now unrecognizable. "You fucking bastard, how dare you touch her!" Blake shouts as the boy continue to struggle to breath. Seeing that he was indeed trying to kill him, I force myself to stand up and on shaky legs run towards him.

Falling down beside Blake, I wrapped my arms around him. "Blake please stop, please stop." I pleaded, crying when he doesn't stop. The boy's face is now a threatening shade of purple as his hold on Blake's arm loosen.

"Please Blake, stop." I cried wrapping my fingers around the hand he was currently choking the guy with. He stiffens and grunts in displeasure before moving his hand away from the boy's neck. The guy gasp in air until he stills.