

Chapter 261

Ashley's pov

I tossed and turned, kicking off the blanket that wanted to shelter me in its warmth. Right now I didn't want it to, I wanted to sleep peacefully. But the image of Peter's rough hand on my body jolts me back awake.

Nausea instantly settled in stomach, rolling in waves that prevented me to fall asleep. I remember feeling helpless, weak when he had pinned me under him. I knew that I wouldn't have been able to fight him off.

I remember the thin sweat that coated my skin, the way my heart pummeled painfully in my chest. It was protected by my breast bone yet I felt that it would've ripped through my chest. I rolled on my back and stared at the ceiling.

It was night and everyone had gone to sleep already. Earlier I had missed having dinner with my family. I was to busy scrubbing my skin until it was raw and red. I spent at least an hour in the shower and knew dad and mom were worried.

And I was right because after I had gotten out mom was waiting for me. Her eyes scanned my skin and worry lit her features. It was what I was preventing, I didn't want to worry them, yet I was.

I felt ashamed and quickly looked for an excuse. "I fell into something icky today, I needed that shower." I had said, laughing to ease her worries but it comes out strained.

"If something happened at school today, I'm always here for you baby. Your dad too." She says softly.

My lips tremble and I suck it in between my teeth as to not have her notice. Then when the trembling stopped I answered her pending question. " I'm fine mom, really."

She didn't look pleased or convinced at my response but she doesn't question me further. She left me after that and guilt had swam in my body until now.

I sighed, sit up on the bed and stared at the half closed window. My efforts in trying to sleep are fruitless. There was no point in trying, not when the image of Peter pinning my body is still fresh in my head.

I got off the bed and stride over to the window. Peeling the curtains open further I stare at the dark and empty street. I rest my head on the cold window pane, sighing as the coolness eases my heated flesh.

I wonder what Blake is doing right now, I missed his presence. I move my head from the glass and turn to stare at the clock. It reads ten thirty. I then remember that today Blake had a match. And it probably was going to start soon.

I looked out of the window again and

And a very risky thought comes to mind. I bite my lip and shake my head. I couldn't possibly-

Could I?

I contemplate if to go with my idea, it was risky and I was still grounded. But dad was usually so caught up with mom that he wouldn't hear if someone broke in. All I had to do was be as quiet as possible and not have Arden catching me in the act of sneaking out.

My eyes scan for the ladder dad usually left resting on the roof. Last time it wasn't there but thankfully tonight it was. It would be much easier to sneak out. I grabbed my hoodie and put it on, not caring that I was dressed in my pajamas.

I was really thinking of going to a boxing match in pajamas. I must be really desperate to see Blake. I knew it was because I was afraid tonight, I wanted his presence to soothe my fear. The way it always had. And I very much needed that tonight.

I slid on my converse and walked back to the window. I sighed and fully open it. The cool air hits my face and I involuntarily shiver. I pull myself out of my window and turned around to close it.

Sucking in my lower lip I walk to the edge of the roof where the ladder was visible. Occasionally I would look back to see if Arden noticed me. But his window was closed and the curtains blocked anyone from seeing inside.

Mentally chanting to not look down I turn around so I could climb down the ladder. My fingers wrap tightly around the cold metal as I make my way down cautiously. Feeling the earth beneath my feet finally, I let out a relieved breath. I had survived the worse.

Now it was time to figure out how I'd exactly get there. The boxing gym was a good ten minutes away on foot. With what happened today, I'd never have the courage to walk alone at this hour. So I quickly came up with an idea.

I could just ride my bike there. It would definitely do the job. But the thing was that I had that bike from since I was the tender age of six. It was pink and seriously not for a girl my size. One could at least try.

I stride over to where Mimi my seven year old neighbor leaves it. She was a sweet kid that I often let borrow it. No matter how many times I begged her to just keep the too girly thing, her parents refuses.

The too pink bike is very clear as the light of the moon shines directly on it. I wince but still grab the bike and push it towards the road. I look back at my house one last time before sitting on the bike and ride to the boxing gym.

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I move off the bike and rest it on the stoned wall. There are curious stares from the people around me but I don't acknowledge them. Instead I walk to the entrance of the gym and I come face to face with a huge chest.

I stumble back shocked as my eyes drag up to see who. I gulped as the black bulky man crosses his arms across his chest. "I.d?" He questions. Oh crap. This was my first time even coming here. Yes I knew where it was located but I hated the thought of seeing guys fight.

I forced out a smile. "Well you see..." I drawled out racking my brain for something, anything. "My friend is expecting me, Blake Reed?" Blake doesn't even know you're here.

The older man snorts and blocks the entrance completely. "Yeah right. You friends with the Blake Reed? Is this some kin of joke or something?" His tone is full of humor.

I felt offended and it showed on my face. Did I look that terrible to be considered a friend of Blake's? Maybe it was the way I dressed. I sighed and sucked in my feelings. Who cared what anyone thinks? It was time I start thinking for myself and no one else.

"Oh look someone trying to break that window to get in!" I rushed out pointing at the window in the far back. There were a couple of men there smoking and laughing.

One man was close to the window and faced it as if contemplating something. From my point of view it looked like he was indeed breaking the window as he punches it lightly. I wouldn't be surprised if this guy was high.

The security quickly leaves his post and rushes over. I take that chance to swiftly enter inside the gym. I brush pass sweaty bodies as I stride further into cheering crowd. From the loud groans of pain and cursing coming from the ring side, I knew that the match had began.