

Chapter 262

Ashley's pov

There's a loud roar from the two men beside me. I wince and elbow my way until I reached the front. "Hey watch it spongebob!" A girl snap as I accidentally stepped on her foot. "Sorry!" I shout over the loud roar of the crowd. She rolls her eyes and sets her attention on the fighters.

I look at the ring and gasp at seeing Blake fight for the first time. Red gloves wrapped around his hand, the color of blood. Ironically that was exactly what he was drawing out from his opponent, blood.

Sweat glistened down his body and I find myself licking my lip involuntarily. I knew he worked out a lot and that explained his sculptured muscles. But what I didn't know was the dragon tattoo that was carved on his shoulder.

It made him more attractive than he already was.He throws a punch at the guy face, hitting him square on the jaw. Blood splatters out on the mat and he stumbles back at the blow.

My skin is prickling with anxiety as I watch Blake send another jab that hits his opponent on the side of his head. The way Blake moved with so much elegance, confidence it was mesmerizing.

The way he expertly avoided his opponents jabs looked like he born to do this, like he had rehearsed this for hours. He looked beautiful. I couldn't look away, watching him with awe as he continues to push the guy to his limits until he knocks out from one of Blake's blows.

The referee calls out the match and raises Blake's hand. Blake smirks as everyone cheers from his victory. Bit I just stood there, staring at him, wanting to give him my best own congratulations that wouldn't be appropriate in this crowded area.

As if sensing my stare his head quickly snaps to where I am. I see his blue eyes widen in surprise before it quickly turns to anger as he scans my body. Oh crap he's mad.

I squirm as he drops his hand and gets out of the ring. His long angry strides reach beside me in a couple of seconds. He doesn't speak, only moves one of his glove to wrap his fingers around the bone of my wrist.

The crowd parts as he pulls me away further from them. I could feel their curiosity and glares as Blake pulls me inside an empty room. It looked like where he got ready judging by his clothes scattered on the bench.

He slams the door roughly with a bang and locks it. The noise from the crowd is now faint. I turn around to face him. Seeing the heated fury in his eyes has me shifting from foot to foot. I open my mouth to speak but he's quick to cut me off.

"What are you doing here and what the fuck are you wearing!?" He blasted removing the other glove and throwing them somewhere in the corner of the room.

"I-I-i needed to see you, I couldn't sleep." I stuttered out feeling stupid for coming here now. Maybe he didn't want me here.

He pinches the bridge of his nose and sighs. "You could've simply called me Ley, I would've come over." He scans my body and his blue eyes blaze back with rage.

"There are many sick bastards around tonight that wouldn't think twice in doing something bad to you. Didn't you think before coming here dressed like that?" He snaps and racks a hand through his damp hair.

I flinch from his words, my face going a shade lighter as I realize he was right. Didn't I learn from earlier with Peter? He must've noticed the moisture in my eyes because his soften considerably. He sighs and comes closer until we were but a breath apart.

"Do you know how much I wanted to punch the men around you tonight? They looked at you like you were a fucking snack.Ready to be devoured. It took very bit of my control to not go ballistic on them. And you know what angered me the most?" He questioned through clenched teeth.

"What?" I whispered looking up at him.

"That you hadn't even notice." He finishes displeased. He was right I hadn't even notice the staring, I was too busy gawking at Blake and the way he moved elegantly. He always had my full attention.

I feel ashamed that I hadn't thought to wear something less revealing. My thin pajama shorts was hugging my figure like a glove. I was at least thankful that I had chosen to wear a jacket.

He sighs and side steps me to walk over to the bench. I turn around to look at him. He was angry with me. I didn't want that. He plops down on the bench and takes a rag to wipe down his sweaty face.

His back faced me and it leaves me to openly stare at his tattoo. I stride over to him and reach over to brush a finger across the tattooed flesh. He stiffens then shivers when I started to trace the tattoo. It was beautiful and suited him well.

"When did you get this?" I whispered as I continued to trace the beautiful art.

"Last month." His tone is husky and I could visibly see his breathing get quicker. The sensitive flesh in between my thighs throb at his tone. I find myself closing my legs together in attempt to stop the tingling.

He then turns around which resulted in my hand to drip from his skin. He looks up and before I could think pulls me forward until I straddle his lap. He smirks and gives me the cloth. "The least you could do is wipe off the sweat for me bambina."

I smile. How did we get from him arguing to now flirting? "You know you stink." I teased wiggling my nose for emphasis as I wipe off the sweat on his neck. I watch the sweat roll down his neck,down his chest until disappearing in his shorts.

I gulp, feeling the urge to lick his body. I wanted to taste him. It was like Blake had heard my inner thoughts because he fingers dig into my butt as he pulls me directly on top of his harden cock.

I freeze as I instantly get a flashback of earlier when Peter pinned me. He senses my unease and is quick to remove me off his hardened cock."Shit sorry Ley, I wasn't thinking shit." He apologizes as he sets me on his thigh, away from his cock.

I shake my head to get rid of the image. I needed to remove the feeling of Peter's hand on my body. I needed Blake to remove Peter's lingering presence on my body. I wanted him to make me forget.

I throw the towel on the bench and push myself back on his still hardened cock, all the while staring into his piercing blue eyes. This time I do not get the flashback instead I'm making a pool in between my legs at the feeling of him pressed into my core. The only thing separating us are the clothes.

"Ley?" He asks in confusion. But he doesn't make an effort to remove me instead he grips my butt until I was sure he left a mark. His eyes scan my face, looking for any signs that I was uncomfortable. But I wasn't and judging by the way my body was reacting to him, I knew he would be the only one to make me forget.

I reach for one of his hands. He looks at me curiously as I bring the hand forward. Then he widens his eyes when I press his hand between my legs, right where I wanted him. "I want you to make me forget."