

Chapter 265

Ashley's pov

I could feel the anger radiating off of Blake at my response. He's tense beside me, stiff as a board. Austin looks in the rearview mirror and raises his brow in confusion. "So it's complicated?" He questions in a tone full of amusement.

"Yes it's complicated." I agreed, because truly it was. We hadn't put a label on whatever was going on and honestly I didn't know what exactly we were doing.

All I knew was that I love the way he makes me feel and those intimate moments had brought us physically closer. Emotionally, we were drifting apart.

I turn to face him but he's facing out of the window. I feel guilty for dampening his mood. I sighed and reach over to lace my hand with his. He stiffens then slowly moves his hand out of mine and places it on his gym bag.

My heart hurts and I blink back tears. I breath out a shaky breath and left him alone. "Directions?" Austin asks staring at me through the rearview mirror. After giving him directions to my house the rest of the ride is in awkward silence.

Austin stops the truck beside the pavement and turns around to face me. "Well it was nice meeting you, Blake's complicated girlfriend." He laughs.

"Thank you for the ride." I said politely and opened the door. I walked to the back and was surprised to see Blake already removing the bike. He places on the ground and starts pushing it towards my house.

"You didn't have to do that." I mumble softly as I trail behind him. He pushes the bike and rest it on the wall where it usually is. I cross my arms as he turns around. He opens his mouth then closes it, like he wanted to say something.

"Goodnight Ley." He sighs and sidesteps me, walking pass me. I bite my bottom lip roughly and swiftly turn around to stare at his departing back.

"Blake!" I called out, heart beating fast in my chest. He turns around his face lit up with longing. I was sure mine screamed the same. I wanted him so much that it physically hurt. But what was holding me back?

"Goodnight." I sighed. This wasn't what I initially wanted to say or do. I wanted to kiss him, love him the way I wanted to. Blake's eyes dim into disappointment. He nods and enters inside the truck. Austin drives off a second later and I'm left staring at the disappearing tail lights.

* School *

"I had a bad night." Ryan groans as he drags his feet on the floor. I rolled my eyes and pull the ends of the bag strap.

We had just come from second first class of the day and I haven't seen or heard from Blake. It worried me to no end and I found myself drowning out the teacher as I thought of possible reasons he weren't here.

"What exactly did you do lastnight?" I asks in a tone of amusement. My converse smack against the tiled floor as I make my way to my next class. The teacher was running a bit late today so it was okay for me to stroll around for the while.

"Miranda showed up at my doorstep the exact time my mom came back from work. And guess fucking what?" He questions in an annoyed tone. I cringe already knowing what had happened.

"She brought legal papers so you could just sign and be married to her? Oh wait, did she come to tell you that she's two months pregnant and you're the baby daddy?" I joked and waved at Rosalie who was swiftly walking to her next class.

"I haven't forgotten!" She shouts as she passes me.

"Ha ha ha very funny." Ryan grumbles and sluggishly strides beside me. "My mom invited her to have dinner and I had to seat through an hour of Miranda yapping about being my girlfriend. The girl seriously can't take a hint." Ryan groans.

I giggle. "And that's why you're walking like a slug?"

He nods. "Maybe if I walk like a zombie she'd find me unattractive. I tried everything!" He exasperate. Honestly I felt, bad. Okay that was a lie, it amused me to no end that Miranda was that obsessed with him. Hopefully she'd get over it someday.

"Maybe you should try dating her. You never know, she could eventually be the one." I shrugged biting my lip to stop the smile that was forcing it's way out.

Ryan's face turns an alarming shade of white. "Over my dead body."

I giggle and look around. My heart skips when I spot a tall black haired boy. But I'm disappointed when it's not Blake. "Have you seen Blake for today?" I asks.

"He called in sick." Ryan utters then turn to face me with furrowed brows. " Wait didn't he tell you this?" He questions in confusion.

I slump and let my eyes fall on the floor. I shake my head. "No he hadn't."

"Are you guys still not speaking? It really is unusual for y'all to not speak. Like y'all are inseparable, even I get jealous." Ryan utters.

I sighed. "It's...it's just complicated."

"Do you think he's really sick?" I asked in worry chewing on my bottom lip. Ryan snorts like the questioned amused him. "Blake did not sound the least bit sick. That was just his excuse for not showing up today." He shrugs.

"Uh Ryan I'll see you later, I'm going-" I started.

"You're going to see him and fix whatever issues that are between y'all. Go ahead it's about damn time you skip school." Ryan laughs. "I'm so proud." He wipes of invisible tears under the skin of his eyes.

I giggle and turned around. If Blake wasn't really sick then I was sure he wouldn't be at home. He's mom would never allow him to skip school if he weren't actually sick. I knew one place he'd go.

"Thank you." I said to the bus driver after slipping him a ten dollar note." It's just three dollars-" He started but I cut him off. "Keep the change." I said politely and got down the bus.

The first thing I noticed was Blake's motorcycle parked beside the building. I smiled knowing I made the right choice in coming here. I clutched on to my bag, sighed and stride over to the building.

An open sign is hang on the door so I enter in. I first hear grunts and the sound of pounding. I round the corner and spot him, with loose sweat pants, black gloves around his hand and without a shirt. Sweat glistened down his body as he continued to send jobs at the punching back.

The gym is empty except for him. I wince when as he punches the bag like he would do to an enemy. Rough and without mercy. I pinch my lips together and walk over to him. When I was a couple of feet away from him I halted afraid hell pass the aggression he had on me.

"Blake." I whispered. I didn't know how he heard me through the loud pounding and his harsh grunts of anger. But he did and he stiffened, stopping his actions.

"What are you doing here?" He grumbles.