

Chapter 268

Ashley's pov

I walk out of the class, one of the bag strap securely on my shoulders as I bring it forward to search through it. I mumble something incoherent as my fingers fumble through endless papers.

"Crap." I groan as I stumble into a hard chest. I lost my footing and ended up tumbling on the floor. My knees hit the hard tiled floor and I grunt.

"Shit sorry."

I freeze, hearing the voice that currently haunts me at night. The voice of my attempted rapist. My heart thumps painfully as I clutch on to my bag for dear life. Peter's here.

Finding the courage, I finally stood up and lift my head to stare into his eyes. I'm not surprised to feel the crippling fear as the images of him pinning me down resurfaces in my head.

"Look Ashley-" He looks at me with regret etched on his face. Purple dotted underneath his right eye and a bit swollen. I see his lips moving but somehow my brain doesn't comprehend a word he says.

My bottom lip tremble as I quickly turn around and run away from him. I'm knocking people's shoulder's and having them curse at me but I don't care as I want to move away from Peter's presence.

"Ashley, wait!" He begged. I could hear his voice now distant as I round the corner. My breathing is shallow as I struggle to ease my internal struggle. My brain is pounding inside my skull.

Anxiety is crawling inside my body, clutching unto me until I could no longer know where I was going. All I know is that I needed to get away from him, from his presence.

I turn around to see if he was following me only to crash into yet another chest. I stumble but a huge hand circles around my waist and prevents me from tumbling down. I need to get away.

My breathing is now in short pants as I struggle in whoever's arms. "Ashley!" The voice sounds familiar. I breath in the scent of mint and instantly my body relaxes in Blake's arms. "What's wrong baby." He whispers as he pulls me more into him until we were practically hugging.

My cheek rest on his chest as I try to regain back my composure. "He's- he's he-re." I stuttered out and clutch on to the soft material of Blake's shirt. His scent engulfs me and eases my mind. I was safe with him.

"Who's here?" I could tell by the strain in his voice that he was impatient to know who had scared me.

"Peter." I whispered. I feel him stiffen around me until I could feel his hand fist on my back. "Where's the bastard?" He spits and makes a move to pull away. I knew what would happen if he goes to look for Peter. I didn't want anyone knowing what happened.

So I clutched on his shirt more securely and shake my head. "Please don't, I need you." I pleaded as I pressed my face on his chest.

He relaxes and sighs in defeat. Hugging me to him tightly, it's then I hear the mumbling around us and I realized that everyone was looking. Blake must realized to because his form is now rigid with anger.

"What the fuck are y'all looking at?" He roars. It's loud and it makes me slightly jump at the aggressive tone. I hear their rushed footstep and knew that they were now going on their own way.

"Come." Blake mumbles, moves away from me but clutches my way smaller hand as he guides me out of the school. It was supposed to be lunch but right now I had lost my appetite.

He brings us to the field, underneath a huge tree that shades us from the heat of the sun. The field is empty except for some tiny black birds pecking at whatever was buried in the grass.

It's relaxing. He sits down and I follow suit. We were close to each other, close enough to not seem like just a friendly embrace. His back leans on the tree as he slings his arm over my shoulder and pulls me to his body.

"Did he try to do-" He doesn't finish. Fear is present in his tone but he tries very hard to mask it. I shake my head and lay my palm over his thigh.

"He tried to speak to me but I didn't give him the chance." I mumble.

"So he didn't try to force you or anything right?" He was anxious for my answer I could tell by the way he held his breath.

"No he hadn't." I uttered and rest my head between his shoulder and neck. He visibly sighs with relief and kisses the top of my head.

"Ley you still hear him, you still think about what he did. I hate that you're battling this on your own and I can't help you. It fucking hurts me. Please you should think about-"

I shake my head. I knew what he was going to say. But I didn't want that. I believe in second chances and by the looks of it, Peter had seemed regretful. Maybe I could fight this alone. This doesn't have to end up nasty with court cases and shit load of attention. This was the thing I wanted right now.

"No Blake. I can get over this-"

"Are you shitting me right now? Get over it? How can you get over something like that Ashley? I'm not you but I could only imagine what you struggle with eveynight now. Wondering if he'll do it again. Wondering if anyone would do it again. This isn't something anyone could get over easily." Blake hissed. I knew he was still furious with my decision.

"I hate that you're just letting this go. I want to help you baby, please let me." He pleads and clutches my small frame.

I remember feeling weak as Peter forced himself on me. I remember screaming and crying as I struggle to push him away. I don't want to feel weak anymore. I don't want anyone to fight my battles.

"Teach me." The words come out before I could stop them. I turn around to face him. He looks confused. "Teach you what baby?" He questions.

"Teach me how to defend myself. Teach me how to box." I said seriously. I was tired of being the weak girl, I needed to fight my own battles.

Blake's eyes widen in surprise and he just stares at me for a silent minute before shaking his head as if to get out of his thoughts. "You want me to train you?" He's unsure.

I nodded and looked at him beneath my lashes. This always got him to agree with anything I said, hopefully time it works too. "I can't always depend on you, Arden or Ryan to fight my battles. Blake I need this." I practically beg.

He's silent for a minute. Probably thinking about the pros or cons. But then he nods and a smirk curls at the corner of his lips. "That idea doesn't seem all that bad. One-on-One time with you sounds really good. Especially since we'll be alone." He winks.