

Chapter 269

Ashley's pov

Blake clutching my hand in his. His warmth soothing me. "I'm sorry that I caused you to skip lunch." I apologized as we walked back towards the school.

We only had approximately two minutes left until the bell ring to end lunch. There was no way we'd be able to eat. Blake snorts finding my apology amusing.

"You always come first Ley." He says squeezing hand. My heart races. "And I wasn't hungry anyway." He shrugs and opens the door.

I'm instantly startled when a loud pitched familiar scream echoes through the entire hall. I'm stunned as everyone begins to run towards the screams and loud shouts.

Blake's clutched my hand more firmly as we followed the wave of students. The nearer we get to the loud shouts the more distinct I can hear fist hitting skin and bones. I wince and nudge my way forward.

I had a sudden inkling feeling that I wouldn't like what I'll witness. I readjusted the strap of my bag when someone brushed pass me roughly.

"Don't ever fucking touch her again!" Fear is sucking the life out of me as I hear the sound of Arden, my brother. His voice is loud and clear, bringing anyone to their knees if they were the focus of his fury.

"Arden stop you'll kill him!" A high pitch female voice screams in terror. It's Rosalie. I feel an urge to hurry up and see what was going on. Whatever it was Arden and Rosalie was involved.

Blake squeezes my hand as he pushes the people that were in front of us. They part for him, mostly because they were afraid of him. Who wouldn't be?

I'm horrified to see Arden's fist pummel into a boy's face. His jabs are unforgiving as he jams it over and over on the boy's face. His shirt is torn and hangs limply across his body.

Anger is radiating off of him in waves, this prevents anyone from interfering. I'm internally panicking as I see the guy in his arm stop resisting his brutality.

"Arden!" I yelled over the loud shouts from the other people circling around the two boys. My eyes dart to the side where a blonde is standing in fright. Rosalie. What the hell is going on? The bell rings but no one makes a move to get to class.

Before I could even tell him to, Blake is already advancing towards Arden and easily prys him off of the unconscious guy. He's struggling in Blake's tight grip but relaxes when he notices it was him.

I stride towards him quickly and let out a soft cry of shock at seeing his bloody fist. His lips were torn as the blood trailed down his chin down to his neck. "Arden what-" I couldn't even finish the question as I look at my angry brother.

"He should've kept his hands to himself." He hisses as he glares at the boy on the floor. There are murmurs as everyone looks at Arden. Rosalie runs over to us and hugs Arden.

"You crazy idiot! You could've gotten hurt!" She cries as she scans her eyes over his body. Blake still has a firm grip on Arden incase he tries to go at it again.

"I'm not hurt, now am I?" The way he says it was so harsh that I flinched. But Rosalie instead glares at him before punching him on his shoulder.

"What the hell happened?" I finally got my voice. Rosalie turns to me and bites her lower lip. "Sam playfully squeezed my ass. And mister temper over here." She points a finger at Arden. "Saw it and thought it was a good idea to act like a protective brother."

She turns to face Arden and glares. "You fricking gorilla, you beat Sam unconscious!" She hisses.

"And I fucking enjoyed it. What, didn't like me beating up your pussy ass boyfriend?" Arden spits in rage.

Rosalie gasp. "He's not my boyfriend!" She spits every word like it disgusted her to even think of poor Sam in that way.

"Then I don't see what's the problem. Unless you enjoyed it?" Arden tone is accusing as he glares at Rosalie. Then it finally dawns on me that Arden never hated Rosalie in fact it was the opposite. He was in love with her.

Even with the current situation I couldn't help but gush inwardly. That idiot really was trying to hide his feelings. But I could now see it. The flicker of longing in his eyes as he stared at her.

Is this why he never wanted to refer to her as cousin? Because he knew he loved her? Rosalie and Liam weren't blood related but they were still family and always will be.

Sam stirs and groans. The principal takes this exact moment to come and glares at the four of us. The rest of the students scattered away, none wanting to face Principal William's rage. "Who's the cause of this?" He hisses as he points at a very hurt Sam.

"That would be me sir." Arden answers without emotion in his voice.He moves out of Blake's hold and without the principal having to tell him to head to the office, he does it on his own. His head held high as he disappeared up the stairs.

"You." Principal William hisses at Blake. "Take that boy to the nurses office." He demands and follows after Arden. "The rest of you get to class!" He roars over his shoulder. His voice is loud enough to vibrate through the halls of the school.

Blake rolls his eyes before doing just as he was told. Sling Sam's arm over his shoulder for support he starts to the nurses office not before secretly sending me a wink. Rosalie and I on the other hand stayed rooted where we were.

"I don't get why he was so mad at seeing Sam squeeze my ass. I mean he never showed he cared about my existence before." Rosalie whispers beside me. It was like she was asking this question to herself.

"Arden care." I said softly. He cares a lot.

She turns to me and forces out a smile. "I just wish he'd not fight Sam. I'm afraid they'll suspend him and it'll be all my fault." She says sadly. I smile sadly knowing that the Arden was surely in a lot of trouble. Dad's going to kill him.

"It's not your fault Rosalie, it's Sam's fault for squeezing your ass without your permission. Or did you?" I trailed off.

Rosalie cringes in disgust. "Oh hell no, I'd never let a guy like that touch me. "

She's about to say more when a presence looms behind us.

"So what did I miss?" Ryan questions as he comes in our sight. A small plate of fries in his hand as he stuffs his face. "I heard there was a fight, guess I'm late. " He shrugs with chewed fries in his mouth. I cringe and roll my eyes.