

Chapter 272

Ashley's pov

"Have you asked him yet?" Blake's raspy voice flutters the other end. I hold the phone to my ear between my shoulder blades and cheek as I pull up the soft material of my sweatpants.

"No I haven't, he's busy talking to Arden downstairs." I grumble and let out a tiny squeal when I almost tripped.

Righting myself I hold the phone the right way, by hand. "Arden got expelled. I don't think dad would be in the mood to let me go train." I sighed and plop down on my bed in the position of a starfish and put Blake on speaker while staring at the high ceiling.

"Damn, I think principal William was a bit harsh in expelling Arden. Did your parents talk to him?" Blake ask in concern.

I nodded then realized he couldn't exactly see me unless he was a God who was sent to keep an eye on me, okay I was getting off topic.

"Yes they did. But for me to answer your question correctly I need to know which 'him' you're referring to?" I smile and even though I couldn't exactly see him right now, I knew he rolled his eyes at my question.

"The principal baby." He chuckle and the sound went straight down between my legs.

"You know I don't think I'd get used to you calling me baby. And to answer your question for the second time, yes my mom did but with no such luck. My dad though will be going there early tomorrow morning. You know my dad Blake, he always gets what he wants." I laugh.

Blake laughs agreeing with me. It was true, dad knew how to get exactly what he wants, this is basically why he was a successful businessman.

"You'd better get used to me calling you baby from now on because you'd definitely be hearing more of it. And try to coax your dad into letting you train, I'm kinda looking forward to it." His voice holds mischief and a promise for endless naughty things that I wouldn't dare mention out loud.

It makes in between my thighs clench deliciously, remembering how it felt to have him pleasure me. I feel myself begin to pool between my legs and I clench my legs shut. This is what Blake does to me.

"Where are you?" I question and sit up. My body felt hot all of a sudden and I wanted Blake, here and now.

"At the gym." He responds and I faintly hear the thudding of a bag being dropped on a surface. I nodded and picked up my phone and moved him on speaker. I bring the phone to my ear.

"Okay, I'll go talk to my dad and try to persuade him into letting me come. If he says yes I'll let you know." I rushed out and got off the bed.

"Wow you sound anxious to start training bambina." He chuckles. Yes I was anxious alright but not for what he thinks. I laugh and we both say bye after saying I love you.

Then the fire dims when I realize that I had to go and ask dad. How the hell am I supposed to even start? Maybe I should just forget learning how to box and try making barbie dolls to fight off rapist.

But then you'd not get the bonus of having Blake alone. I sighed in defeat and walked over to the door. I straighten my posture and tried to suck in as much needed confidence as I can.

I trudge down the stairs slowly buying time to at least think of how I'd ask dad. I could hear him still talking to Arden and I contemplated if to go speak to him now. I didn't want to disturb them knowing that dad was probably lecturing him on something important.

But as I round the corner to enter the living room Arden brushes pass me. "Arden." I called out to him as he marched up the stairs. "I'm going to bed." Was he's blunt response then disappeared from my sight.

I turn to dad and watch him fist his hair and groan. He was still seated on the coffee table and looked stressed out. Mom was no where in sight and it wasn't surprising since dad has told us to leave him and Arden alone to talk. And by the faint sound of the flow of water hitting the tiles upstairs, I knew she was having a shower.

Dad lifts his head and our eyes meet. He looked tired but still, he smiles at me. "Want something baby girl?"

Maybe this was a bad idea. I should wait to ask him, he had enough on his plate as it is. So I shook my head and got ready to turn around. "It's not that important daddy."

"Stop and come here Ashley." He demanded.

I sighed, slumped and then plodded over to him. His arms are now crossed over his shoulder and one of his brows are raised in question."Well go ahead and ask me."

I crossed my hand under my breast and whined. "How did you know I wanted to ask you something?"

He gave me an are you serious look and rolls his eyes. "You're my daughter Ashley and you have the same lost puppy expression your mom does when she wants something." He smirks then turns serious. "Now go on ask me."

I sighed defeated then drop my eyes to stare at the rug beneath our feet. "Can I have permission to learn boxing?" I rushed out. The sentence is very incoherent.

"I can't exactly answer you if I don't understand a word you just said." Dad chuckles.

I sighed and look at him, the finding courage I opened my mouth to ask him. "Can I have permission to start training for boxing? Don't worry Blake will be the one who will train me." I rushed out.

It's an awkward silent for an entire minute before he responds. "Are you out of your mind? Boxing? Ashley you could get hurt!" He hisses displeased.

"I know, I know. But dad please I want this, I want to learn how to defend myself." I pleaded.

"Defend yourself? Is there something you're not telling your mom and I? Why are you so hell bent on learning to box Ashley?" He questions.

My heart thuds knowing exactly why I wanted to learn how to defend myself. I didn't want to feel helpless again. I hated how it felt to be weak and not be able to push of Peter. I needed this.

"Dad please." I begged. "I don't want Arden or anyone fighting my battles. I want to be able to protect myself if it ever comes to that. You'd not be here with me all the time dad, neither will be Blake, Ryan or Arden." It was a half truth. I didn't give him the main reason why I wanted to box.

He looks like his contemplating as he stares at me for a few minutes before nodding reluctantly. "Fine. Only on one condition. You get home before seven and Blake will not allow you to box anyone." He states. "Oh and he'd not go extreme on the training. I want you in one piece when you come home."

I smile and hugged him. "Thank you daddy. I pull away. "So does that mean I'm not grounded anymore?"

His eyes narrow. "Don't push it."