

Chapter 274

Ashley's pov

The gym looked empty and I wondered if there never have anyone around. I remember seeing the torn up open sign at the front so the gym is definitely open.

But where was everyone?Where's Blake? He told me he was here and he'll wait for me. Dad had just dropped me off a few seconds ago. He had giving me quite a bit of lectures before leaving.

I dump my gym bag on the wooden bench on the far corner and sighed. I had chosen to wear matching pink sports bra and comfortable yoga pants. I also pulled my loose curly lengthy hair in a ponytail to keep it away from my face.

I looked at the clock on the far wall opposite to me. It reads three forty. As soon as I had gotten home from school today, I went straight to shower and got dressed. But now I was wondering why I had showered when I'd eventually sweat.

The door where Blake first fingered me cracks open. Blake walks out in confident strides. He's busy scrolling on the phone to notice me just yet. He was also shirtless and looked like he had already started exercising judging by the thin sweat coating his skin.

"Why is this gym always empty when I come here?" I voiced out my thoughts. From what I heard this gym was really popular especially with a top fighter like Blake.

He finally notices my presence and smiles, pushing the phone in the pocket of his sweatpants. "Because Austin doesn't want anyone to see how I train for my matches. So when the clock hits three thirty the gym is mine alone until five. It's always been that way from the first time I won my match." He answers and strides towards me.

"I guess my boyfriend's a badass boxer." I joked and wrap my arms around his head. He smirks down at me, trail his hands down until he grasp the soft monds of my ass. He squeezes it before hoisting me up.

I gasp, wrapping my legs around his waist. "You guess? Baby I am." He winks and pulls me in for a kiss. It quickly turns heated and I resist the urge to moan out loud.

Pulling away a bit, I smile on his parted lips. "You're cocky." I teased. "Ew." I laugh when his tongue darts out to lick from my chin to my lips in a playful manner.

"You didn't seem to mind me licking you earlier." He says in amusement before drawing my bottom lip between his teeth and tugs softly.

He was referring to lunch time when we snuck inside an empty classroom. We were lucky to not have been caught for how loud I was. Blake had to muffle my loud moans by kissing me roughly as his hands tortured me deliciously between my legs.

I grin before pulling away completely. "So are you going to start teaching me or are you waiting for me to beg you?" I arch a brow and smirk when he sighs then plants me down on the floor.

"As tempting as you begging me sounds, I'd rather you beg me for something other than teaching you how to box. Then again you will beg me to make love to you soon." He has a wicked glint in his eyes.

A heated blush settles on my cheeks. I knew he was right. I hated to admit it but I knew I was close to giving him my virginity and honestly it was always his to take.

"You know I'm surprised you didn't use the word fuck. Usually when you talked to Ryan about the girls you conquered you'd use that crude word." Jealousy is heavy on my tongue. I couldn't help it, I was jealous of the girls that got a taste of Blake before I had.

He notices is this and shame crawls on his face. "Those girls didn't mean anything to me Ashley. Not the way you do. I love you with everything inside of me, no one has compared to how I feel about you baby."

I smile and forced my jealousy down. "Now don't go soft on me." I joked and backed away. When I was a good couple of distance away from him, I brace my hands on my hips. "What are you waiting for? Train me master." I mocked and cock my head to the side and smile flirtatiously at him.

He chuckles, the sound sending pleasurable shock waves to swim inside her abdomen."Then let's start." He smirks and walks over to the corner of the room. He bends over and grasp what seems to be a jump rope.

He struts back over to me and throws the rope on the floor. It falls with a light thwack. I lift my head to stare at him in confusion. "What am I supposed to do with this?" I voiced out and pick it up.

He smirks. "To jump." He shrugs and looks at me expectedly.

I furrow my brows and look at the rope. "How is this supposed to help me learn how to box?"

He sighs and walks closer to me until we were a breath apart. "It's to help you get in shape baby. You can barely lift a bottle of water without breathing like a fish that comes out of the water." He jokes.

I gasp and glare at him. "First of all I find this very offensive and second of all, I do too am in shape!" I argued and stomped my foot childishly.

He smirks down at me and bends his head until our eyes are aligned. "Having a sexy ass body doesn't mean you're in shape baby." He teases then pulls away. "Now get to work." He smiles and flicks my forehead.

I glared at him then sighed when he gave me an expectant look. I grip the rope in my hands tighter than necessary as I start to do exactly what he asked for. My breathing is already harsh and the muscles in my leg burn.