

Chapter 275

Ashley's pov

I've been jumping rope for more than twenty minutes. In between I took a couple of breaks. I slump down on the mat exhausted beyond belief. My muscles ache, screaming at me in hatred for putting them through this torture. Maybe Blake was right, I am out of shape.

My stomach is flat on to the mat, the thin sweat on my skin coating it without being able to penetrate. My cheek pressed into the navy blue mat as I pant for air. Blake slumps down beside me and pokes my sides. I groan not being able to move.

"You're not dying are you?" He joked but I can hear the tinge of seriousness in his tone.

I glare at him, not liking that he was finding this amusing. "I'm glad you find this amusing." I said sarcastically and turned my head away from him. He laughs at my childishness. I'm staring at the huge boxing ring in the middle of the room.

I remember seeing Blake fight for the first time and instead of being frightened or disgusted I found it enjoyable. I'm staring at it in longing, wondering when I'll be able to actually train inside. When I'll be able to box.

My thoughts are cut off by the firm slap on my ass. Blake's hand leaves a sting and I gasp, turning to face him. "You're not ready for that ring yet bambina, you have a lot of work to do." He smirks and stands up.

I narrow my eyes and turn around until my back was now pressed to the mat. "Did you seriously have to slap my butt to tell me that?"

He smirks holding out his hand for me to take. "Then what would be the fun in that if I hadn't? I much rather slap your little taut ass than only speaking to get your attention." He winks then gets serious. "Now time for sit-ups."

My eyes widen and I puffed out an exhausted breath. "But I haven't rested for five minutes yet." I moan in complaint.

Blake's eyes darken as he stares me down. "Don't make that sound again unless I'm deep inside you or pleasuring you with my mouth and fingers." He warns then stoops down beside me. It takes everything in me to stop the way my body reacts to his words.

He raises his brow. "Now start."

I rolled my eyes and begin doing sit-ups. By the time I was done, I was spread out on the mat like a dying starfish. The muscles in my stomach burned like they were lit on fire. Hair that got loosened out of the ponytail from jumping is now stuck to my sweaty forehead like a second skin.

Blake is beside me, holding a towel and a bottle of water. My heart is racing from doing so many things that I wasn't accustomed to. "My muscles are on fire." I breathed out.

"Good then that means it's working." Blake states and throws the towel on my face.

I sit up and peel the towel away from my sweaty skin. My muscles groan in protest as I do so. I turn to scowl at Blake and start to wipe the sweat off my forehead. "You know you're not going easy on me." And I loved that. I didn't want him to treat me like a fragile doll.

He grins and hands me the bottle of water. "Why would I? I need my girl to be able to protect herself when needed to be. I can't exactly achieve that if I treat you like a piece of cake."

I raise a brow. "A piece of cake?" I push the bottle to my mouth and start gulping down the water like I was in the desert for ages.

A tiny mischievous grin forms at the corner of his lips. "Yes, a piece of cake. I wouldn't achieve anything if I'd eat you out like a piece of cake."

I choked on the water, finally realizing what he meant. Blake is quick to tap my back as I force the water out of my lungs. When I finally recovered I send him an accusing glare. "Do you always have to make a sexual comment?"

He shrugs. "I enjoy teasing you and letting you know exactly how I feel. To bad you didn't get it before."

"How was I supposed to know that you liked me to? You had many girlfriends parading around!" I defend.

"First of all, they weren't my girlfriends, they were just girls I slept around with. And second of all, how could you not know I was in love with you?! I treated you like you were my girlfriend Ashley, everyone saw this except for you. Even Ryan knows!" He grumbles.

I scowled. "Yeah like sleeping around makes me feel so much better. You used those girls Blake when you could've simply told me how you feel. For God sake I was in love with you too back then and still am now! Treating me like your girlfriend when you were with other girls didn't really reassure me that you wanted me in that way." I hissed.

He sighs. "I admit that I was going at this the wrong way. I should've confessed my feelings a long time ago. But it's better late than never, I'm not making that mistake again. I want you Ashley and I'm not letting you go."

"You promise?" My tone had now gone soft.

"I promise." His voice is thick with honesty as his eyes flickers down to my lips. "I want to take you out on a date."

The words fly out of his mouth so fast that I wasn't expecting it. I start to choke on my saliva, shocked that he'd just asked me out on a date.

"Why do you seem so shocked?" He questions in confusion after tapping my back.

"I just wasn't expecting you to ask me out on a date." I admit after catching my breath.

He raised his brow. "Why is this a shock, we're together aren't we? Unless you have someone else-"

I shook my head. "God no, I don't want anyone else. It's just this whole relationship thing is new to me. Sometimes I feel like it's just a dream that we're together and at any moment I could just wake up and we'd be back as, friends." I admit and looked away from him.

"Sometimes it feels like a dream for me too." He starts. I turn to face him, his eyes are already on me, watching me in admiration. It makes my pulse race. "A fucking beautiful dream that I never want to wake up from."

He moves so quick that I didn't even realize he was just a breath away from me. Face millilitres away, lips parted and so close that I could already taste his minty breath. His fingers come to tangle in my hair, tugging out my ponytail until my hair falls over my shoulder in thick loose curls.

He draws my head forward and captures my lips into a slow and passionate kiss. I could feel all his emotions pouring out and I was sure he could feel mine. when we finally pulled away to catch our breathes, we were panting like we had run a marathon.

His forehead his pressed on to my own, his eyes closed like he was enjoying this moment. "Feel that?" He ask and opens his eyes. Blue meets green and we stare. Love reflecting in our eyes. "This isn't a dream, this is reality. We're in each other's arms and nothing can pull us away. This is meant to be Ash, I know you could feel it too. We are meant to be."

I nod in agreement and lift my hand to brush my thumb over his soft pillowy lips. They were red from my kisses. "So when's the date?" I smile.

He grins. "This Saturday and before you say that you don't want anyone to find out about us yet, I'm reassuring that no one will see us. It'll just be the two of us."

I like the sound of that.