

Chapter 290

Ashley's pov

I turn to face him and stumble back when I see that he is closer than I originally thought. "Blake." I breathed out staring at his tired face.

Dark circles have now made underneath his eyes their home. His beautiful blue eyes that I love is dimmed from its usual light. He looked like he had not slept for days.

"Do you know how hard it was for me to be thinking about you so damn much and knowing that I couldn't come to see you? Why? Because you refused to pick up my calls." He croaked hands in the front pocket of his jeans.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and looked around us. I noted that we had gained the attention of everyone around us. "Maybe we should talk about this more privately."

He looks around us then nods. I close the locker and was startled to feel his warm fingers wrap around my wrist. Electricity hums through his touch and travels inside my entire body.

I gasp as he leads us to an empty classroom and locks the door. I cross my arms under my breast in nerves when he turns around to face me. "Is it private enough for you?" The way he says it makes me think that I did something bad.

I furrow my brow. " Why did you say it like that?" I question in confusion.

He leans his back on the door and crosses his arms. "Why did you want to keep us a secret? Are you ashamed of being with me?"

His question has me stumbling back in shock. My eyes are wide as I stare at him. What had brought on this question?

"I could never be ashamed of you Blake." I said honestly.

He raised a brow. "That did not answer my first question. What is it Ashley, why do you keep running away from this relationship?"

I narrow my eyes. "I do not ran away from the relationship Blake. I only kept us a secret because I do not think anyone was ready to know that we were a couple." I argued.

He shakes his head, his jaw ticking in irritation. "You always do this. Always deny the truth."

"Truth! You want to speak about truth? Then tell me Blake, did you really sleep with her two weeks after the party?" I hissed glaring into his eyes.

He stays quiet for a few seconds. I snorted acting nonchalant but deep down my heart was aching. I felt like I was on the brink of a melt down. "Un-fucking-believable." I shake my head looking away from him.

"Do you really not trust me?" He finally speaks up. He sounds hurt but I refuse to look at him. "Look at me." He says firmly. I do not instead I bite my lower lip to stop it from trembling. "Fucking look at me Ashley!" He roars.

I flinch at the volume of his tone and look at him. He looks enraged. "You never trusted me did you? You never fully gave me your heart because somewhere deep inside, you thought I would eventually betray you. You never had hope for this relationship." His voice cracks in despair.

It felt like I was being stabbed over and over again. Hearing him say those words shook means made me realize that he was partly right. I sniffle.

"I love you Blake, you know that. " I started off with barely a voice. " It's just that I could never get over my insecurities. I mean look at me." I laughed without humor and sweep my eyes over my form. "I could never compete with Stacy or your other girlfriends."

"You didn't have to compete with anyone because you always came first and will remain first. Ashley don't you fucking see that I don't care about the other girls? The only girl I care about is you." He mutters.

"And to answer your question, no I did not sleep with Stacy two weeks after the party. She came to the gym and I told her to leave. The girl and I never spoke again after that." He grumbles.

He sighs and move away from the door and walks to me. "I want you to trust me Ley." He breathes out and tucks a tendril behind my ear. "I need you to trust me."

I peered up at him, his eyes swirling with unconditional love. Why was I worried? I could trust Blake with my life and certainly my heart. I nod at him and cracked a smile. "I trust you Blake."

Then I remembered the big elephant in the room. "Did you talk to Stacy?" Why was my heart beating to know the answer? It was obvious. I was scared.

He nods reluctantly. "I did and I talked to my parents. They're going to make her do a paternity test to prove that I am the father. That is if she is even pregnant" He grumbles. "I am a hundred percent sure that the bitch is faking it or lying about me being the father."

I bite my lip to stifle a laugh at the way he said it. "Hey now don't go bad mouthing your future baby mama." I joked.

His eyes narrow. "The only future baby mama I'll only have is you. Ofcourse when you're ready, I'll be happy to fill you with my sperm." He smirks.

A blush heats up my cheeks and I turn away. He chuckles. I look at the window and notice a silhouette in the corner, hidden behind bushes. I could hardly figure out if it were male or female.

Whoever it was disappears upon noticing that I had infact spotted them. I stiffen, blood draining from my face as I remember the photo. Were they trying to get another one?

"What's wrong?" Blake ask in worry.

I turn to him. "Stacy is the least of our problems Blake. We have more pressing matters."

"What do you mean?" He asked in confusion.

I reach in my bag and pull out the envelope. Biting my bottom lip in anxiety I pass it over to him. "Open it." I told him. His brows are furrowed but he does as told.

His jaw clench as he takes a step back away from me.He examines it with anger and turns it around. "Who the fuck took this?" He grits out looking at me. Blatant fury is written on his face.