

## My Bully's Love by Stacy Rush Chapter 10

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#### CHAPTER 10: WHERE DID MY BULLY GO

#### JACE POV

Letting Ella walk out the door after what she revealed to me was hard. I wanted to go after her, so I could wrap her in my arms and tell her that it will be alright, that I will take care of her, and avenge her, but at the same time, I wanted to go after her and punish her for leaving me the way she did. In the end, I stayed planted to where I was, because I knew she needed time. I'm willing to give her that, but not for too long.

After what seems like hours, but it was really only a few minutes, I walk out of not only the Art room, but the school all together. I know where Toby is right now, and I know he has practice right after, but I'm not willing to get expelled from school because there would be no way of keeping an eye on my girl. So, I decide to bide my time, and pay him a little visit later on, when I know he will be home alone.

Walking out to the parking lot, I notice that Ella's car is still parked in her usual spot, and I can't help but grit my teeth, knowing that she is with another guy at the moment. After everything I told her, deep down, I know that she still went to the library to meet up with Mason. I'll leave it for now, but that only means that I will have fun doling out more punishments for her. I need to find new ways to punish my bad girl, ways that will be both pleasurable and painful for her.

I turn my thoughts back to Toby. What made him think that he was allowed to touch Ella? I've told both him and Brandon, time and time again that she was off limits, that she was only mine to torment, so why go after her now? A memory comes back to me of the other night when I met my friends at the ice cream shop. I had mentioned how I thought that Ella liked it when I punished her, but I've never smacked her; not like Toby did. Did he misunderstand and think that I abuse her? They are usually present when I bully her in the halls and then that first time when I spanked her and had them hold her down, so they know that I don't abuse her like he did.

He must have assumed that I was done harassing her, since I haven't bothered her for so long, and thought that he could pick up where I left off. That's so not the case, and he's going to realize just how bad he fucked up by thinking that he could lay a hand on what is mine.

Just as I thought, Toby's car is the only car parked at his place as I pull up. I watched from a distance as he pulled into his driveway, and entered his house. Pulling out my phone, I send him a text asking him what he's up to, and he replies that he's about to jump into the shower. I think about how I want to play this out. Do I want to go in there and just pound the shit out of him or go in pretending I don't know anything and see if I get any kind of information out of him? Either way, this friendship is done for now that he's touched my girl.

Making up my mind, I send off another text letting him know that I'm heading over. I wait out in my jeep for a while before going up to his door. My plan is to act dumb, but he answers the door with a smug look on his face and it takes everything I've got to keep my fists in my pocket. I notice the black eye that he's sporting, and I'm guessing it's from Mason.

"Where did the shiner come from?" I pretend to scrutinize it.

"Someone that should have minded his own business," we walk to the kitchen and he grabs beer from the fridge, tossing me one before opening his own, "He interrupted me when I was trying to get a piece from a hot piece of ass."

My jaw is clenched, holding back what I want to say, but he doesn't notice as he continues, "Fuck man, I had her just where I wanted her. She likes it rough, so I gave her a few slaps and was just about to pull her pants down when the fucker came in and jumped me!" He shakes his head and then tips his bottle back.

I take a drink of my own, hoping it will calm me down; I can't lose my shit just yet, not until he admits that it's Ella. Instead, I smirk and shake my own head in response, "So who was this piece of pussy you were trying to get?"

Toby just waves it off, "Ah, she's just a nobody."

So, this is how he's going to be? I decide to push it just a little bit, "Doesn't sound like a nobody if Baker was protecting her."

He shrugs, "I think he may be fucking her too..it would explain why he pulled me off," he empties his bottle and goes for another, holding one up for me, but I turn it down, "Anyway, I'm sure she spreads those slutty legs for anyone who will give her attention."

"Why would she be looking for attention?"

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"Helt, if I know. She doesn't have any friends, so she's gotta do what she's gotta do, you know what I'm saying?" He snickers.

I study him a moment before I decide to go all in, "The only girl I know at our school with no friends is Ella Baxter, and I know you're not talking about her, because I just told you the other night that I was going to try and have a go at her."

His smirk says it all, "Well, you know, nothing is official with the two of you, so..."

I jump from the stool that I've been sitting on and get right up in his face, "You tried fucking Ella?" I roar.

Leaning back, his body hits the island, not letting him go any further, "Calm the fuck down, dude! You have no claim on her, and besides, she's a nobody, who cares if we take what we want from her? It's no different than you doing your kinky shit to her!"

My fist connects with his face with a resounding crack, and I know I've broken his nose. I take another swing at him, knocking him off his stool as he lands on his ass on the floor. I use my unfinished beer and hit him over the head with it, not caring how much damage I'm doing to him. He tried to rape Ella, and I will do anything to protect her.

"I've told you from the get go that Ella was off limits! What makes you think that after two years you can try and shove your dick into her?" Dropping the broken bottle top, I hold him by the shirt and start wailing on him with my fist.

"Stop Jace, stop..." he pleads as he tries to block my punches.

"Did Ella plead for you to stop too? Huh?" I stop for a moment, waiting for him to answer. When he doesn't say anything, I get right in his face, "Did-.she...say. stop?"

He nods, "Y-Yes..."

"And did you?"

He shakes his head.

"Why, Toby? Why did you do it?"

His already bruised eye from Mason is now swollen shut, and his nose is bleeding profusely. I let his shirt go, and he drops to the floor, but I remain squatting over him, waiting for him to answer me.

"Kaylee asked me to scare her; she promised me a blow job to do it."

I scoff, "So you try raping an innocent girl just so you can get a blow job from one of the biggest sluts in school?" A thought comes to me and I have to laugh at it, "Did she happen to ask you this at the Ice cream shop the other night, after I left?"

"Yeah, how did you know?"

“Because I had just turned her down, telling her that Ella had a better chance with me than she did, and then I watched her go inside and sit on your lap.” I stand up, backing away just a bit, “You’re a fucking idiot. She used you because she was pissed at me, and now, you just lost a fucking friend over a promised blow job!” I turn and head for the door, because if I stay any longer, I may go to jail for murdering the piece of shit. I’m not worried about him going to the police and trying to get charges pressed against me, because he knows the charge of attempted rape and sexual assault will be worse, and it will ruin his football career.

I leave his house still pissed off, but beating Toby actually felt good. Now, I need to come up with how I’m going to get Kaylee to pay for her part in Ella’s assault. For now, though, I need to go home and clean myself up, because I plan on paying a certain naughty girl a little visit tonight.

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ELLA POV

I did something that I probably shouldn’t have done, and had gone straight to the library for my tutoring session with Mason. When I got there, he was getting ready to leave since I hadn’t shown up. I had to apologize to him, explaining that I got held up in my last class. No way was going to tell him that Jace cornered me, demanded that I stay away from Mason, and then kissed me. Mason won’t understand any of it, and I had signed that stupid contract, so legally I couldn’t tell him. I don’t have time to sit and wonder what came over Jace, but that kiss, though.

“I’m glad you being late is from nothing serious,” he starts unloading his things again.

I settle into the bean bag chair and pull my laptop out, ready to get started. I need to get what just happened off my mind for a little while. I start by going over Mason’s last test and then explained why he got his incorrect answers, and then showing him how they were supposed to be done. By the time the final bell rings, we have him all caught up and ready to move on to current work the next time we meet.

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“Um, I think the next time we meet you should just come to my house. I’m not sure if I’ll be able to meet you during this period anymore.” I don’t look at him when I inform him of this but I can feel his eyes on me.

“Okay. Is there something wrong with meeting me here?” He asks.

“Uh, no, not really. I just feel it would be better to be able to talk openly instead of worrying about people telling us we are being too loud. I’ve also had previous engagements during this period, which I thought were done, but I was misinformed. I’m sorry, I hope it isn’t an inconvenience for you.”

Mason grins and places his hand on my arm, getting my full attention, "Ella, it's perfectly fine. I'm okay with coming to your house, and if ever your house won't work, then we can meet at mine. As long as it's after practice, any time will work."

I blow a breath out, relieved that he isn't mad, "Great! Thank you for understanding, Mason, and once again, I'm sorry for being late today and not texting you."

"Hey, no sweat. Shit comes up, I get it." He shows his pearly whites to me again, and I feel grateful for having him as a friend.

We walk out of the library together, and he insists on walking me to my car before heading to practice. After the other day, Mason has become very protective. He says he feels bad that he left me on my own and that it wouldn't have happened had he walked me to my car like a gentleman. It made me smile, but at the same time I don't want others to feel responsible for my well-being. Letting him walk me to my car, we say our goodbyes and I head home.

Something wakes me. Glancing at my clock on the bedside table, it reads eleven-fifteen at night. I must have been really exhausted, because I remember coming to my room about seven and taking a hot bath. I don't remember too much after getting out except for laying on my bed. Looking down at myself, even with the lights off, there is a little illumination coming in through my window and I notice that I'm still wrapped in the towel and laying on top of my covers. No wonder I woke up, as chills wrack my body. I climb out of bed and go over to flip the switch by my door, turning the overhead light on.

I rummage through my dresser and find a pair of booty shorts and cami to sleep in. I open my towel and let it drop to the floor as I reach for my shorts.

"Don't mind me..."

Gasping, I spin around and see Jace leaning against my closet door across the room, grinning from ear to ear as he looks me up and down. Squealing, because I'm just realizing that I'm completely naked, I bend down and snatch the towel up, covering my body.

"What are you doing here, Jace?" I ask scornfully.

"Is that anyway to talk to me, Ella?" He pushes himself away from my closet and slowly walks over to me. He drags his knuckles down my bare arm, "I would think you would know better, or maybe you do, and that's why you do it." He leans in close and I can smell his intoxicating scent, "I think you like it when I redden that cute little ass of yours."

"W-What do you w-want, Jace?"

"Well, since you ran out on me earlier, I thought I would come over so we could finish our conversation."

Does he mean finish the make out session that he started? His kiss drew me in earlier, breaking my defenses, and I can't let that happen again. I take a step back, and he glares at me. He follows by taking a step forward. We continue this until my back hits my dresser and I have nowhere else to go.

"You need to leave."

"Not happening, gorgeous."

Huh? First the kiss, and now calling me gorgeous? Where did Jace go, and who the heck is standing in front of me? Jace Palmer is my bully, he likes tormenting me, not kissing me and calling me pretty names. My forehead wrinkles in confusion, and he chuckles.

"I told you this afternoon that you are mine, Ella. Did you not believe me?" This time he caresses my cheek, only his knuckles continue to run down my neck, and then even lower.

My hand tightens on the towel when he skims the top of the cloth, "Please Jace, I can't take this anymore. How long are you going to continue bullying me?"

"Oh, Ella. I stopped bullying you a while ago. The moment I marked you with my seed in the Art room, you became mine. I don't bully what is mine, I dominate them."

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"Isn't that the same thing?"

He smirks, and my stomach drops; he's so gorgeous..

He comes as close as he can and then dips his head into my neck, inhaling my scent, before running his nose up and along my jawline, "That all depends on you, Ella," He lifts his head and gazes at me, pushing back a few hairs that escaped my messy bun as I slept, "You see, I want you. I've wanted you for a long time. I trained and learned how to be a better lover and a better man, so one day, I could claim you." His fingers grab my chin, and he gently tilts my face upward, "I'm done waiting, Ella, I want you to submit to me."

I clench my thighs together because I can feel the moisture between my legs start to build. I'm still trying to figure out what it is exactly, that he wants. I mean, he's saying he wants me and that I'm his, but what about the last two years? What was all that about?

"I know you have a lot of questions for me, and they will be answered, in time, but as of right now, all you need to know is that you belong to me, Ella. You always have, and you always will."

I'm trembling from his touch, and I'm not sure on what to do. I'm standing here practically naked while my bully, who is no longer my bully, because he's claiming me as his, is in my space, running his fingers all over and making me very wet.

"Were you telling me the truth when you said that I'm the only one that has ever touched you intimately?" He tilts his head as he asks.

I nod.

"I want to hear words, Ella."

"Yes, Jace. You're the only one."

"Good, and I will always be the only one," He places a gentle kiss on my forehead, "I'm here to give you your punishment for being a bad girl. Do you remember why?"

I close my eyes and shiver as I nod, "Yes, because I've been hanging out with Mason."

"You went to the library after you left me this afternoon didn't you?"

"Yes."

"So, you disobeyed me."

"Jace, I'm allowed to have friends, and I was only tutoring."

"The point is, I told you to stay away from Mason, and you disobeyed me. On top of that, you ran out on me without asking permission to leave, did you not?"

"Yes," I lower my eyes to the floor but he brings them back up with his hand once more.

"Since I can't punish that pretty ass of yours because someone will hear it, I have another kind of punishment, which will cover all of your misdeeds."

My lip trembles so I bite it to keep it from showing, but the movement only catches his attention. He licks his lips as he stares at my mouth, but then his green eyes meet my blue ones, hypnotizing me, messing with my senses. Everything around me blurs and it's only me and Jace, but his voice draws my attention when he asks if I'm ready for my punishment.

I nod.

"Good, now be a good girl, drop the towel, and get on your knees."