

JACE POV

I explained as much as I could or would, to the Baxter's when I called them about Ella. I figured I'd leave the details for their daughter. I left the hospital soon after, and just as the police were arriving. I had shit to take care of, and I knew the perfect person to help me avenge Ella.

After sending a text to a friend, and waiting for confirmation, I turn my jeep in the direction of the agreed meeting place once it comes through. My thoughts go to the fuckers that I used to call friends. I can't believe that they did not heed my warning; it's as though they were testing me. Well, they are now in for a world of hurt, because they just unleashed the beast that I keep hidden.

I'm not exactly sure where I get it from, but when I'm pushed past my limit, I turn into a monster that leaves destruction in its wake. I can be a fun-loving, easy-going, boy next door, but never get on my bad side. It's one of the reasons I took up being a Dom; it's an outlet for me. Luckily, I can control just how far I will go, but Ella's attackers are not going to be so lucky. It's one of the reasons I called my friend; he likes getting his hands dirty and he will keep me in check. Although I can usually control myself, I'm not sure how it will go when it comes to Ella. I want to keep my promise to her, by not killing any of them, but I would in a heartbeat, otherwise,

I met Jude in my Dom classes; just like my hacker friend, Jude is an instructor, he's also a sadist. He loves doling out pain, and if I assume correctly, he may even be a private hitman, but I'm not sure. Some of his stories lead me to believe he is, but again, it's only my assumption. He's one hell of a guy though, and he's looking forward to helping me out with my little problem. Even though they will keep their pathetic lives, they will learn their lesson, and none of it will come back on me.

Turning onto the dead-end road, I come to an abandoned warehouse about a half mile down. I'm the first one here, so I sit back and log on to social media to check the app, locating my targets. I have to chuckle because all four of the fuckers are at the same place; Brandon's house is the place to be apparently. His parents must be on their annual tropical vacation, so he's got the house to himself.

Headlights flash in my mirror, and I watch as a small black Chevy pulls in. I have to laugh, because this fucker is loaded, and he uses this car, because it's less conspicuous. Still smiling, I climb out of my jeep and meet Jude halfway. Clasp each other's hands, we both go in and give the other a half man hug.

"Hey, Jude, thanks for meeting me."

"No problem, Lil' D. What's on the agenda?" Like all the instructors, Jude calls me by the nickname that they gave me, meaning Little Dominant. He leans against the back of my jeep, crossing his arms and legs, waiting for me to give him the details,

I leave nothing out when I catch him up to speed, and I know he's going to be disappointed in my own actions, but I'm prepared for that. I deserve everything that will come my way over what I had done to Ella. I will accept everything, except giving Ella up: that is not an option. By the time I'm finished telling him everything, he has a tick in his jaw and his body is tense.

He pushes away from my jeep, “First of all,” He slaps me upside the head, hard, “That is for being an asshole to the woman you supposedly love! I’m disappointed in you, Lil’ D,” he glares as he studies me, “It’s not the way a Dom behaves, and it’s not how we teach you to be.”

“I know, Jude,” I blow out a breath, “I’m trying to fix it, though. Your instructions helped me get passed the built-up anger I had to where I wasn’t bullying her as bad as I was in the beginning. In all honestly, though, I did it because it was a way of still keeping her close to me, even if I was pissed,” I hold a hand up when he’s about to cut in, because I know what he’s going to say, “I know that it’s no excuse, but at the time, it’s how I thought of it.”

“I should beat the shit out of you, too!” he threatens, but I can sense amusement behind his words.

“Believe me, I’ll be making up for it the rest of my life; it’s my vow to myself.”

He waves his hand, “Yeah, okay, whatever, so what are you wanting to do with the trash then?”

I give him my sadistic grin, “I want you to do what you do best, Jude. Give them one of your famous beatings— without killing them, of course. Oh, and it can’t come back on me. I think it’s best that I let you take the helm, because I’m afraid that I won’t be able to control myself once I get started.”

Jude

He smiles, “That’s very doable. When are you wanting to grab them?”

“No time like the present, brother!” I clap my hands, “They are all at the same location at the moment. If we hurry, we can get all four tonight.”

Jude rubs his chin, “That may be a little tricky, especially if they put up a fight.”

“Well, luckily, I happen to know how to get in and out of the house they are at, and the property is secluded.” I reach into my jeep and grab my phone, checking again to see if the four of them are still at Brandon’s. I write his address down on a piece of paper and hand it to Jude.

He glances at the paper and then back at me, “You say it’s secluded?”

“Yep, Brandon’s dad doesn’t like having neighbors, so their closest one is a mile away.” I can see the wheels turning in Jude’s head.

“That makes this ten times easier. We don’t have to remove them from the property, just take them outside,” Jude scratches at the five o’clock shadow sprinkled across his jaw, “Give me thirty minutes. I have to grab a couple things from home and then I will meet you there. — —

“Let’s go have us some fun!” slap him on the back before we go our separate ways.

Since the driveway is long and lined with trees, Jude and I turn off our lights and park about halfway up, under some low hanging branches, where our vehicles won’t be seen if someone stops by. Hopefully, if they are doing what I think they are doing, knowing who they are and Kaylee is involved, I’m sure Brandon didn’t plan on inviting anybody else.

There are only two cars in the driveway, Brandon’s and Toby’s, but that doesn’t mean anything; the app is still saying that all four are here. Jude follows me as I creep silently around to the back of the house, where there is a door that takes you down into the cellar. I reach under the decorative gnome that sits

beside it and grab the key that unlocks the door. Jude drops a few things that we may need later and then follows me down the stairs.

Getting into the house is easy, they haven't the slightest clue that their night is about to get fucked up. Making our way through the first floor, we hear movement and muffled voices coming from upstairs. Jude hands me a handgun, and my eyes bulge out at him. He rolls his eyes at me and then shows me that they are each loaded with five darts. He signals that the dart will put them out for about a half hour, plenty of time for us to drag them to the back yard. Would have been nice for him to have told me about these before coming into the house, I chuckle to myself. I'm not one to handle guns, but I used to kick Ella's ass all the time in Duck Hunt when we were kids. Hopefully my aim is still okay.

As we climb the stairs, quietly, I make sure to skip the two steps that creak when stepped on. The moans coming from Brandon's room isn't surprising to me, but when I glance back at Jude, indicating that there are four of them in there, he grins. By the look on his face, I know he is going to have plenty of fun with this situation.

"Oh yeah, fuck her just like that!" Brandon's voice comes through the door.

"Come on, Kaylee, I know you can take the whole thing down that trap of yours..." Mason's voice is a little more muffled, but then there is another muffled sound, which I'm assuming is Kaylee with a dick in her mouth.

That only leaves Toby, but then we hear him ordering Brandon, "Damn it, B, stick it in her ass already, will you!"

I've always known that Kaylee was a little slut, but I never took her as one that would do multiple guys. No wonder she has them wrapped around her finger. This was most likely all her idea because I told her that Ella was with me now. She's been trying to get a piece of me for years and to lose to someone that no longer had any friends, must have crushed her ego immensely.

Damn, I really don't want to burst into that scene, but I guess I really don't have a choice at the moment. Jude and I pull down our face masks, and each stand on either side of the door. I let Jude do the counting, and when he sticks up his third finger, we burst through the door, surprising all four of them.

"What the fuck..." | shoot a dart at Toby first, hitting him in the upper arm, and cutting off his words.

I next aim for Kaylee, while Jude takes out Mason and Brandon. It only takes seconds for them to pass out. Jude and I fist bump each other and then move in closer. Unfortunately, Mason is the only one that had a chance to pull out before being knocked out. The other three are still attached, and we are now having to pull them apart ourselves.

"Uh, how about you pull Brandon out of Kaylee, and then I'll pull her off Toby." I try instructing Jude. Yeah, that sounds pretty good to me.

He holds his hands up, "Fuck that, you said nothing about me pulling some guy out of a chick's ass!"

Jude

"Oh, come on, you're more experienced in this shit than I am!" I plead with him, but in the end it doesn't matter.

“Nope. You can pull them apart, and I’ll drag them downstairs.” Jude stands with his arms crossed and his feet apart, “This is your mission, Lil’ D, it won’t hurt to get your hands dirty. No pun intended.” He smirks at me.

I flip him off and then examine the situation, so I can figure out the best way to go about doing this. Brandon’s feet are on the floor, and his body is draped over Kaylee’s back, as she lays chest to chest with Toby. I realize that I’m going to have to stand behind Brandon and pull him upward, chancing his bare ass touching my crotch area. My stomach turns at the thought, but I just take a deep breath and blow it out, before leaning over and grabbing him under his arms from the back.

Everything goes okay until I step back, taking him with me, and there’s a slight pop when his dick breaks free from her asshole. I almost drop him when I start gagging from the sound. Jude stands behind me, laughing his ass off as he watches. Once I have Brandon laying on the floor, I place my hands on my knees and take a few deep breaths. I turn my head and glare at Jude as he continues to laugh, only causing him to laugh harder.

I roll my eyes and then move toward Kaylee. This should be a lot easier than pulling a dick out of an asshole. Only, when I go and pull her off, the nastiest wet suction sound accompanies it, and I really do drop her on the floor as I start gagging once more. Jude’s face is beet red, and he’s trying to take in much-needed air as he laughs so hard.

Getting control of my stomach, I stand with my hands on my hips, waiting for Jude to get over his laughing fit, “Seriously? We have like twenty minutes before these fuckers wake up, and we still need to carry them downstairs!”

“Sorry, man,” he stands, holding his gut as he tries to calm himself, “That was some fucked up funny shit, though!”

“Fuck you, Jude!” I pull the blanket from the bed and throw it on Kaylee, “Now you get to take the guys down while I carry Loosey Goosey here, down!” I wrap her naked form in the blanket and pick her up bridal-style as Jude starts laughing all over again.

Once we have them all in the back yard, I help Jude tie each of the guys to a tree and then we tie Kaylee to a chair facing them. The plan is for me to go back to the hospital and spend some time with Ella while Jude takes care of his business. He will call me if he has any trouble, but otherwise, he says he will be fine. I try giving him cash before I leave, but he refuses to take it, claiming that it is all in good fun and that he will call when he needs a favor.

When I get to the hospital, Ella is awake, and her parents give us a little bit of time together. As soon as they leave the room, swoop down and bury my face in her neck, “I’m so glad you’re okay.” I take in her scent, but it isn’t her usual scent. All I smell is generic soap and antiseptic, so I pull away and sit on the edge of the bed. I study her beaten up face that makes me want to cringe, but I smile instead, “Hey pretty girl, how are you holding up?”

Her eyes are glossy-looking, telling me that she’s holding her tears back. Taking her hand, I bring it to my lips as I wait for her to say something. Her lip begins to tremble the longer she stares at me, and a tear finally slips down her cheek.

“Shh, don’t cry, baby. You are so strong..do you know that? I’m so proud of the way you handled everything.” I wipe the tear from her face and place a gentle kiss on her lips, “Have you talked to the cops yet?”

She shakes her head no, “They are coming back tomorrow morning for my statement.”

That’s good news on my part. This way, they won’t interrupt Jude while he takes care of things, giving Ella the justice she deserves, “That’s good,” I smile, “Tell them the truth, don’t leave anything out, okay.”

“What if they ask about you?” she asks.

“What about me? Why would they ask about me?” I furrow my brows.

“Well, because they are your friends...”

“EX friends.” I cut her off.

“Okay, ex friends, but they did what they did because of you, Jace.” Her tone is firm, and yet, a bit shaky.

After staring at her for a moment, I nod, agreeing with what she’s saying, “Don’t worry about me. You just say what you have to say, and I will be okay. This is about you, Ella. You deserve to see your attackers get what’s coming to them.”

“Okay,” she closes her eyes, and I think she’s going to sleep, but then she speaks again, “Thank you for helping me, Jace. I didn’t know who else to call.”

I look at her, a little shocked, “Don’t ever thank me for being there for you, Ella. I plan on being here for you for a very long time.”

A shadow crosses her face that I would have missed had I not been staring right at her, but she remains quiet. I don’t question her

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Jude

at all, but I’m getting a strange vibe from her, not that she doesn’t have enough reasons to act the way she is, I’ve given her plenty. She tries to pull her hand away, but I tighten my grip on it until she stops trying.

“What do your parents know?” I want her to keep talking to me because I know she wants to shut down.

“I told them that I didn’t want to talk about it and that we would talk in the morning.”

Inod, “Do you want me to be here when you talk to them?”

“I think,” she pauses, “I think it would be best if you don’t come back.” | stiffen at her words, and she quickly continues, “Only because I need time to think. So much has happened lately that I’m getting whiplash.”

I don't buy her excuse at all, but I can't do anything until she's better, and you better believe that this conversation isn't over. I stand up to go, but first I lean over, taking her face in my hands, and pressing my lips to hers for a moment. When I pull away, I gaze into her eyes, "I will give you time, but know this, I will always come back for you, Ella. You can't keep me away, and you know that. I make you feel things that you wouldn't feel with anybody else, we have always been meant for each other."

The room is so quiet that you can hear the drip from her IV. Her hand comes up and she rests it on my wrist, "Jace, I developed a crush on you when I was sixteen, and I won't deny that you wake things inside of me, but that doesn't erase all the pain and hurt that you caused me for the past two years; it doesn't erase the fact that your friends are now attacking me because of you."

I can feel the tick in my jaw as I listen to what she says, because it's all true, but that doesn't mean that I accept it. I will give her time, but I will never give her up. I caress her cheek, and then turn and walk away without saying another word.

After a night of tossing and turning, I wake up and call Jude. I make plans to meet with him in an hour, so I drag myself out of bed and jump into the shower. I think about the things that Ella said to me last night, going over them again and again. Maybe I'll ask Jude for his advice because I don't want to fuck things up even more. As much as I want to dominate her, losing her would be devastating.

Pulling up in front of Jude's townhouse, I look at the time and wonder if Ella has talked to the police yet. It's only nine thirty in the morning, but the police don't care about how early it is when there is questioning to be done. I have an hour before I need to be in my first class, but I don't even want to go back to that hellhole if Ella isn't going to be there anymore.

Jude greets me at the door with a huge grin on his face. Stepping aside so I can enter, I walk past him and wait for him to close the door. He brings me into the living room, where I notice Beth, his sub, right away. She's kneeling on the floor by the spot he always sits at when he's in this room. Jude and Beth live the lifestyle twenty-four-seven, which is my preference as well, only I don't want Ella kneeling on the floor and walking around naked all the time like Beth does.

"Master Jace is here, Beth," Jude mentions me to her because she isn't allowed to look at me without his permission; they are that hardcore.

Beth looks up and smiles, "Good morning, Master Jace. It's so nice to see you again."

I grin and walk over to her, glancing at Jude for his permission. He nods and I caress the top of her head, "Good morning, Beth, it's always a pleasure to see you too." She goes back to drinking her morning coffee while Jude walks me to his office.

"Well, somebody seems to be in a good mood this morning!" I chuckle.

"My sub is always in a good mood when I allow her to come all over my cock." He fucking winks at me.

"I wasn't talking about Beth, douche bag!" There's a pen on the desk, so I pick it up and throw it at him, "I'm talking about you! take it all went well last night?"

"Pfft, please, of course it did! Look who you're talking to!" Jude walks around his desk and rummages through his top drawer. Pulling out a manilla envelope, he hands it to me.

I pull out the contents and see that there's a handful of polaroid photos. My smile grows bigger and bigger the more I flip through them. I look at Jude's hands, "How the fuck are you able to do this kind of work and not have a mark on you?"

He shrugs, "It's why I'm the best."

I have to admit that Jude did a bang-up job on all three guys, "I wouldn't have thought that you would hit a female."

"I didn't, I told those fuckers that I wouldn't kill them if they fucked her up. It's on their conscience, not mine." He takes the photos from me and throws them into the fireplace before lighting it, "I did leave the guys with a little parting gift though. I gave them some good pills and told them that they could finish what we had interrupted. That poor girl was being railed by all three as she

Jude

laid there all beat up and swollen by those same hands."

"That slut deserved it after everything she's done. Although, she probably enjoyed it regardless on having been beaten up." I don't have an ounce of regret; you don't touch what's mine.

I thank Jude again and make plans to meet later to talk about my issue with Ella. Now that the first issue has been taken care of, we can move forward and work on how Ella is going to learn to submit to me. She may think this is the end of us, but she needs to think again, because this is only the beginning.

Karma