

## My Bully's Love by Stacy Rush Chapter 2

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#### CHAPTER 2: OBEY ME

I spend my school days trying to avoid Jace. Luckily, I only have one class with him, and that is last period Study Hall. Most of the time I skip it because I'm so far ahead in my schoolwork that the teachers don't bother me about leaving. Today was like any other day, I quickly make my way through the halls, avoiding the areas that I know Jace tends to be in. Sometimes I get lucky and make it, and sometimes I don't.

Watching where I'm going, while zigzagging through the halls, and staying aware of my surroundings, I suddenly feel a tight grip around my arm. I'm yanked into the now empty Art room and tossed against the wall. The lock clicks, and then I'm staring into a pair of green eyes as the person turns my way. Jace has a smirk on his face as he looks me up and down. He normally slams me against lockers, trips me, and even steals my things, tossing them around with his friends, playing keep-away, like they were kids. This is a new low for him, though.

"What do you want, Jace?" I tried to sound annoyed, but then my voice cracks at the end, giving me away.

"Where have you been hiding all day, Ella?" He crosses his arms in front of his chest and looks down at me. I stand about eight inches shorter than him, so I'm always having to look up.

I roll my eyes at him, "I wasn't hiding. I just want to get to my classes on time."

Next thing I know, Jace's broad chest is right in front of my face, "Did you just fucking roll your eyes at me?" He sneers down at me, making my heart start to race.

Damn, I should have known better than to give him an eyeroll! He warned me last time what would happen, but would he really do it? I glance around the room, trying to find another way that I could possibly escape, and that's when I see his two best friends standing only a few feet away, wearing identical smirks. Toby and Brandon are two of the school's popular guys, and two of the biggest jerks as well. Jace started hanging with them shortly after he dumped me; what he sees in them, I will never understand. Now, he has become one of them.

"I'm sorry, Jace. I didn't mean to." I dip my head when I see him bring his arm up, thinking he's going to strike me. Instead, he

grabs my nape and walks me over to the nearest desk.

"I told you that you would be punished if you ever rolled your eyes at me, didn't I?" He bends me over the desk until my cheek is pressed down against it, "Answer me, Ella. Did I not warn you?"

"Y-Yes, you did Jace, but..."

"No buts, Ella. If I don't keep my word than you will never obey me." He motions for his two friends to come closer, "Hold her arms, and make sure she stays in place."

"Please, Jace...you don't have to do this!" I beg, "I promise to obey you from now on.—I swear!"

His hand comes down to caress my hair, "Oh Ella, I know you will obey me, because I'm going to show you what happens when naughty girls don't listen." His voice is calm as he speaks to me, but then he shoves my head into the desk even more as he moves away to stand behind me.

I can't see or hear what Jace is doing behind me, but I can see Toby, who is holding my left arm and shoulder down, nod at whatever his friend is communicating to him. A tear drips from my right eye as I remain bent in this humiliating position while I wait for him to begin. I'm not sure how much it's going to hurt, but I do know that it isn't going to feel good either.

I feel the sting of his hand before I even realize it was coming down. I go up on my toes to try and get away from him, but a hand presses into my lower back, keeping me from moving. The spot where his hand met my backside burns already, and that was only the first one.

"Count them out, Ella." Jace commands, but I'm still too stunned to say anything. My head gets jerked back by my hair, and he leans in so close to my face that I can see the little golden flecks within the green of his eyes. Something passes as our eyes meet, but it was less than a second, and his eyes harden once more, "I said count!"

"O-One."

He holds onto my hair for a few seconds longer before going back behind me. Bringing his hand down once more, I make sure count each one. I falter on the fifth one because it was harder than the rest, but I quickly call it out. By the tenth smack, my butt is

on fire and tingling, as numbness threatens to take over.

“Why Jace? Why do you hate me so much?” Tears are now falling down full force as I ask the one question that I have never gotten an answer to, “WHY?” I scream when he ignores me and brings his hand down once more.

“I don’t answer to you, Ella,” His breathing is heavy from spanking me so hard, “Just know that you did this, all by yourself!” His hand comes down in rapid succession, taking whatever aggression he has, out on my poor backside. When I start to scream, a hand covers my mouth, muffling the sound.

All of a sudden, everything stops, and I’m released, but I don’t move; I can’t move. I hear the click of the lock, and then the door closes. Still I don’t move. I feel the burn that his hand left behind, but there is something else I feel as well. I don’t understand why I’m feeling this way after he did what he did. It feels both wrong and good at the same time. Is it normal to feel tingles deep inside? I now feel a need that I’ve only felt a couple of times before; a need that I have had to take care of myself.

A moan slips from my lips as I go to stand, which turns into a grunt when my punished backside bumps up against something. Whipping my head around, Jace is still standing behind me. I can’t read his face, and at this moment, I don’t want to. I just want to go home and hide under my covers until I no longer feel the humiliation that Jace and his friends just put me through. I don’t want to be punished again, though, so I ask before I just leave.

“May I go now?” I can’t find it in me to look up at his face any longer, so I bow my head.

“No, I’m not done with you yet, Ella.” His voice is calm now, even though there isn’t an ounce of emotion to it, “Unbutton your shorts and bend over the desk again.”

His words catch my attention and my head whips up, “W-What?”

“You heard me, Ella. I’m not going to say it again.”

“But you can’t...” He cuts me off with a grunt, “You obviously haven’t learned your lesson! Maybe a few more hand prints will do the trick.” He spins me back around, and pushes between my shoulder blades until my chest is flat on the desk, “Don’t fucking move until I say!” The way he orders me to stay scares the crap out of me, so I decide to obey, even though I’m freaking out at what he’s going to do, “Please, don’t do this, Jace! I’m sorry—whatever I did in the past, I’m so sorry!” I can’t stop the tears from flowing once more.

I cry out when he yanks my jean shorts down just past my cheeks. Cool air from the air conditioner makes me break out in goosebumps, but it also feels good on my heated backside. I can hear Jace hunting for something in his bag just before I hear the sound of a cap popping open. My eyes widen with what I believe he is getting ready to do, and I try jumping up, but he’s there to block me.

“You really don’t listen, do you? I. Said. Don’t. Fucking. Move!” He shoves me back down, and this time, he keeps his hand between my shoulder blades. I feel a cold substance dribble on each cheek, “I shouldn’t even be doing this, “He starts to rub whatever he dripped on me, into my skin, helping to take the heat away, “but I got you good. Next time, obey me, and it will never be this bad.”

His hands feel good as they massage the gel-like substance into my skin. He’s being very careful as he switches back and forth from cheek to cheek. His hand then goes lower to where my sit spot is, and keeps massaging. I don’t even think about what he may be able to see, all I can concentrate on is the feel of his big hands on me. I think I may have moaned, because he pauses a moment before I feel his fingers opening my cheeks.

“Did you get off on my punishing you, Ella.. or are my hands making you all wet?”

I’m too embarrassed to say anything, so I just shake my head back and forth. His finger dips between my folds and passes through the slickness a few times before Jace removes it. I hear him groan and then a wet popping sound comes from behind me, where he is standing.

“Mm...who knew your slutty pussy would taste this good?” Suddenly, his hand comes down on my already numb butt, “Don’t ever lie to me again. You got turned on by me spanking you!” He smirks.

I’m too scared to move; too afraid that my now really we area will make a sound when I move, and it’s the last thing I want him to hear. Thankfully, he takes the initiative and pulls up first, my panties, and then my shorts. I take it as my cue to stand up and button my shorts up, but I refuse to look at him. I can only imagine what I look like after crying while wearing mascara, but he doesn’t care, he turns me towards him, and gripping my chin, he forces my head up.

“Damn, Ella. If I didn’t despise you so much, I’d say you look fucking beautiful with your mascara running down your wet face.” He

gazes at me, taking in everything he can before a sadness crosses his handsome features, “I really wish things didn’t change between us, Ella. You could have experienced so much with me,” The hardness that I’m used to seeing takes hold once more, “Too bad I slutty girls don’t interest me.” He shoves my head away, and snatching his bag off the desk beside us, he heads towards the door, stopping before he opens it. Looking back over his shoulder, he looks me up and down, before meeting my eyes, “Obey me next time, and don’t ever hide from me, Ella, or next time you will be bared and then punished. You wouldn’t want my friends to see you like that, now would you?”

He actually waits for my answer, so I hurry up and give it, “N-No, I don’t.”

“Yeah, well, we will see about that. Go home and clean yourself up. You look pathetic.”

I'm finally left alone to gather myself together. Moving over to the big sink where the students wash their hands after handling art supplies, I look at myself in the mirror above it, and gasp. I look horrific! Bending over, I quickly wash all the makeup from my face, removing all evidence that Jace made me cry.

Thank God I don't have to drive my sister and brother home today, because I don't know if I can keep it together being around anyone right now. As I pull into our driveway, I see Jace climbing out of his new jeep that he got for his eighteenth birthday. He smirks at me and then pushes the finger he used on me into his mouth and started sucking on it. I turn and run up the walkway, and into my house. I don't stop running until I get to my room, slamming the door closed. I lean against it, panting as I catch my breath, but running all the way up here isn't the only reason why I'm panting. Jace Palmer is what has me trying to get my heart rate down.

What he did to me in that empty classroom was humiliating and shameful, but deep down, I liked it. I liked it even more when his hands rubbed the gel into my heated skin that he caused with his own hand. To make matters worse, his finger almost had me coming all over! He never would have let me live that down. I'm already worried what he will tell tweedle dee and tweedle dum about what happened after they left the room.

Damn him! Why does he have this effect on me? I never had feelings for him until after he started bullying me. I have been crushing on my bully for two years, and now, he's just made it worse. Knowing what his hands feel like when they touch my bare skin, will be burned into my soul forever. What did I ever do to deserve this, and why did he keep calling me slutty? He knew I was still a virgin when we were still friends, and then he went and scared everybody away, so even if I wanted to, there is no one in my age group that I could have lost it to.

I'm so frustrated! I wish I had someone to talk to, it would be so nice to be able to talk to my two best friends, but he even scared them off! I mean, they don't hate and treat me badly like everyone else, if anything they pity me. I can see it in their eyes every time we cross paths, but they are unwilling to anger Jace by talking to me. I don't understand how he can make a whole school scared of him.

Sighing, I head to my bathroom ensuite as I start pulling off my clothes. A bath is what I need right now; a bath and some music, because thanks to the bully next door, I have something that needs attention. I'm just about to step into the tub when I hear my phone ping with a text message. I go back to my room and grab my cell from the bed where I tossed it when I came in. My heart skips a beat when a name that I haven't seen in two years, pops up. I open the text and read it, furrowing my brows.

JP: Do Not Touch Yourself!

Another text pops up.

JP: I mean it, Ella! If you touch that pussy,

## YOU WILL BE PUNISHED!

“What the hell?” I say to myself. I happen to glance up, and there is Jace, standing at his bedroom window, staring straight into mine with an anguished look on his face. It takes me a moment, but then I realize that I’m standing here, completely naked. “OH MY GOD!!” Ripping the comforter off my bed, I wrap it around myself and then stalk over to the window and pull my curtains closed. .

Sweet Jesus! I can’t believe he saw me naked! He’s never going to let me live it down, and he will make me the laughing stock at school! Slamming my bathroom door, I drop my comforter and climb into the steaming water. I lower myself slowly, not wanting to hurt my bottom any more than it already is. Once I’m all the way in, I sigh. The heat from the water relaxes my body as I close my eyes and my thoughts automatically take me back to the classroom, and the spanking that Jace delivered.

“Well, if anything, he is a man of his word.” I say out loud.

My thoughts are beginning to make my body react, and the last thing I need is for Jace to find out that I did what he commanded me not to do. I don’t think I can handle another punishment so soon after this first one, but where does he get off telling me what I can and can’t do? He doesn’t even like me, so what does it matter? Screw this, it is my body, and I am in charge of what I do to it!

With that being said, I slowly start sliding my hand over my thigh, moving it up to where I’m desperately needing it. Just when I’m about to slide it between my thighs, a voice enters my head, his voice.

“UGH!” Frustrated, I pull my hand away and pull myself up and out of the tub. I now need to find something to occupy my time. “Chicken shit,” I mumble to myself as I dry my body off. Forgetting about my sore bottom, I run the towel over it roughly, cursing as the burn comes back full force. Yep, definitely made the right decision.