

CHAPTER 20: COMING HOME

Coming Home

Walking into my house, a strong floral scent hit me right away. Looking around, the room is filled with an assortment of colorful flowers. A banner hangs over one of the doorways saying, 'GET WELL'. My mother gasps behind me, so apparently, she knows nothing about this, but then I see movement out of the corner of my eye as Jace comes into the room holding a single red rose. I hold my breath waiting as he walks towards me.

"I just wanted to do something special for you, you know, to cheer you up." He holds the rose out for me to take.

Not knowing what else to do, I reach out and take it, automatically bringing it to my nose to smell. This, right here, makes me want to cry. I keep trying to push him away, but he keeps coming back, breaking me a little more each time. I can hear my parents saying something, but I'm not paying any attention. I'm too wrapped up in staring at the guy in front of me, his gorgeous smile, now turning into a smirk. He knows what he's doing, and even though it irritates me, it also makes me want to submit to him. The urge to drop to my knees and hug his legs is overwhelming, but instead, I clear my throat and smile.

"Thank you, Jace. You didn't have to go through all this. A simple "Get Well" would have sufficed." I glance back down to study the flower in my hand because Jace's gaze is too intense for me. I'm not used to any kind of attention, and definitely none to this magnitude.

My parents leave the room, giving us some privacy, but I'm too nervous to be left in a room alone with him. I try to follow them, but Jace takes hold of my hand to keep me in place.

"I need to talk to you, Ella."

His face looks tense, but I don't know if it's because he has something important to talk to me about or if it's because I was going to walk away.. Nodding, I walk as fast as my broken ribs allow me to walk and sit down on the couch. Jace shakes his head and without saying anything, he picks me up bridal-style and takes me upstairs to my room. It isn't until he has me in my bed with my head propped up, and my shoes off, that he talks.

"You need to rest, Ella. I'm not going to touch you, so there is no need to be scared of me." He sounds stern, but his eyes show something else. He's a little hurt that I am afraid to be around him, but can he really blame me? I snuggle down under the covers a little more before giving him my attention.

"I'm sorry, Jace. I'm just not sure how to act around you anymore," I bite my lip to keep a sob back, "For so long, I had to walk on eggshells around you, and I wasn't allowed to talk to you unless you asked me a question." I glance down and pick at one of my nails, thinking about what I had just said. I snort, and then focus back on him, "You were training me to be submissive all this time, haven't you?" I ask.

"I told you that you would learn to submit to me, why do you sound surprised?" He tilts his head as he asks.

"No, I'm talking about the past two years. I mean, in the very beginning you were really mean to me, but now that I think about it, the longer it went on, the more it changed." I consider him for a moment, "Be

honest, Jace, you told me that you trained to be a Dominant – who did you have in mind as a sub when you began?”

“I have nothing to hide from you, Ella. I’ve already told you; it’s always been you.” He never takes his eyes off me as he answers each of my questions.

“Why me?” I whisper.

“I’ve always had an urge to protect you and always make you happy,” he shrugs, “It’s always felt natural to me, I knew that we were meant to be together. I was almost about to give up until a gave you that first punishment, and that’s when I knew I was right about you.”

I’m confused, “Right about what?” .

He smirks as he studies my face, “Right about you wanting to please me. I’ve seen your temper before, Ella, you could have stood up for yourself at any given time, but you didn’t, and whenever I came around you did everything I asked so I would be pleased. I saw it in face, all the time. What surprised me, though, was how you responded to that first spanking, you are always wet for me.”

I cross my arms over my chest, “Not every time.” I turn my head and look at the empty wall.

Coming Home

“So, if I were to slip my hand into your panties right now, I’m not going to find you wet?” He lifts a brow.

I give up. I can’t sit here and lie to him, because he knows all too well how responsive my body is. It’s traitorous, I tell you. Just because my body wants one thing, though, doesn’t mean that it’s the right choice. Just when I’m about to answer him, though, there is a knock on my door, and it opens. Thank God Jace wasn’t doing anything inappropriate because it is my dad that opens the door soon after he knocks.

“Hey kids, I’m going to order some pizza for lunch, will you be staying, Jace?”

“Sure,” he smiles at my dad, “I can never turn down pizza!”

.

“Any special requests?” My dad asks.

“Nope, you already know what I like, Dad.”

Jace?”

“Uh, I’ll just eat whatever Ella eats, I’m not picky.” “Okay, sounds good,” he pauses before closing the door, Jace, can we talk privately before you leave?”

“Yeah, no problem, Mr. B, I’ll come find you.”

“Stop with the Mr. B,” my dad chuckles, “Just call me Ethan, already!” He shuts the door after winking at my bully.

I could never go to my parents about my problems with Jace. They love him like a son and would brush it off as nothing. I'm stuck dealing with this on my own, in my own way. The problem is, I'm not sure which way is the right way. I sigh.

My hand is scooped up into a larger one as Jace says my name, "Ella, I don't want you thinking of me as your bully anymore. I want us to be together, and I will do whatever it takes to be with you."

"Does that include giving up bossing me around and expecting my obedience?" I already know the answer, but I ask anyway.

He smirks, "You already know the answer to that. The thing is, Ella, this is wholam, it's part of the package. I know that it turns you on, so please don't deny it. Your body likes the pain that I put it through, because you are a bit of a masochist, you crave the pain, even though you don't want to acknowledge it. I get it," he continues, "You're scared of what people might think, but fuck them! You know what you want..what you need, Ella. I want to be the one to give it to you. All I ask is for your obedience...for your submission."

Everything he is saying are things that I've already thought about, but none of it matters if my other needs don't get fulfilled as well. I will not throw away my future for great sex. that's a hard limit for me.

"Why can't the whole D/s status stay in the bedroom? I could agree to that." I can't believe I'm admitting that.

His head shakes back and forth, "It's twenty-four-seven, Ella."

"I refuse to walk with my head bowed or not be allowed to speak unless spoken to! I want the freedom to express myself when I want, Jace, and I'm damn sure not walking around naked all day, if and when we ever move in together! I will not be shared or made to pleasure your friends or strangers!" I'm working myself up over everything that I remember reading about with these kinds of relationships, spitting out outrageous things that actually do turn me on when reading about it, but never being able to do it myself.

His chuckle snaps me out of the state I'm in, "Do you actually think I would want anybody seeing what is mine? In case you haven't noticed, I'm very possessive when it comes to you, but in the future, if you ever want to try and scene with me at the club, then I would consider granting you that wish. Something tells me that I don't have to worry about that, though," He grins, "I don't want a slave, Ella, I'm not that hardcore, I just need to do things my way to make sure that you are safe at all times. Give me this, Ella, and I promise that you will find great pleasure as my sub."

"I just don't know..."

He grabs my chin when I try turning away, "How about we start small? How about we call you my girlfriend first, so it doesn't seem so scary?" He rubs his thumb back and forth across my bottom lip, "I'm always willing to compromise to an extent, and as long it doesn't put you in any danger."

I close my eyes as I try to decide, but then his lips are on mine. Slowly at first, but then his hand slips up to cup the side of my face as he deepens the kiss. He starts to pull away before I'm done, so I grab his head to hold him to me. It's a bold move on my end, but I love the feel of his lips on mine, and I'm willing to do what it takes to make it last just a little bit longer.

Coming Home

I have to pull away, though, when the burning need below grows. Laying back, I stare up at the guy who has been my bully for far too long, and I now see that guy as someone who will be able to help me explore my own needs without judgement. The only question is, will I?

NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN

JACE POV

I leave Ella to rest after eating lunch in her room. She told me that she would think about my offer of being my girlfriend, but I already think of her as just that. She will come around with a little coaxing, so I'm not too worried. All I have to do is break out my charm and boy-next-door smile, and I have her panting at my feet like a needy slut. Not that I think of her as a slut in that sense, but eventually she will be my own personal slut.

I stop in front of Ethan's home office, and knock. When I hear him call out, I enter and glance around to see if anything has changed since the last time I was in here. Aside from it having a fresher coat of paint, everything is the same as I remember.

"Ah, Jace, come in and close the door." Ethan waves his hand at me and points to the chair that he wants me to take.

Shutting the door, I lower myself into the chair across from his, "Thank you for lunch, what did you want to see me about?"

Ethan leans back in his chair and seems to be considering on what he's going to say. The silence thickens a bit, but then he just spits it out, "It was you, wasn't it?"

I'm a little confused by his assumption, because it could mean anything, "Uh, what was me?" "You're the one that went after Ella's attackers, weren't you?" He tosses the accusation out as though he already knows the truth, but all I do is question him with my brow, "You left for a bit last night, right after you called Elaine, and was gone for about an hour."

"I guess, I'm not quite sure what you're talking about, Ethan," I play dumb, but I'm not sure that he's buying it, "I didn't know anything about any attack."

He scrutinizes me for a moment, tenting his hands under his chin, "This will remain between the two of us, Jace, but I need the truth. If you had anything to do with the attack on those little pukes, then I need to know. If it comes back on you, I will represent you, but you need to trust me."

I trust the man in front of me with my life, he's like a second father to me, so I believe every word he says. I just don't want to bring anybody else into this mess, but I am being truthful when I say, "I swear on my life that I did not hit any of those douche bags who attacked Ella."

Ethan's mouth kicks up on one side, "But you do know something, don't you?"

I shrug, "All I can say is that it's not my story to tell, and that I was not there at the time of the attack."

Ethan sits forward in his chair, "Well then, if anything more happens, or if anybody needs legal counsel pertaining to this case, let me know."

“Of course, I will come to you first thing.” I stand up.

“Tell your father that I expect to see him out on the green this weekend.” He grins at me.

“Will, do! I’ll see later, Ethan, and thanks.”

“Anytime, Jace. Oh, and stay out of trouble and keep your hands completely clean.” It’s a message that I read loud and clear as I close the door behind me.

My part is over and done with, now all we can do is hope the police will do their job and arrest them all, locking them away for a long time. I leave Ella’s house on a happier note. I was worried when I first arrived and let myself in that the Baxter’s would be angry, but Elaine and Ethan had big grins on their faces once they saw me walk into the room. It certainly helps to have her parents on my side in this. Of course, I’m not sure if they will still be there if they learn of how I treated Ella for the past two years.

I have to admit, talking to Jude about my issue helped out a lot. He was dead on about the flowers and taking a step back as a Dom. Ella is the kind of sub who needs to be eased into the role, unlike others. Let her think that it’s a normal relationship, when it really isn’t. Manipulation isn’t right, but sometimes you need to use it in just the right way in order to get the ball rolling. I’m not against using any means necessary in order to get my girl. Now, all I need to do is woo her for a bit, and I’ll have her hooked.

Date Night