

CHAPTER 31: EXPLANATIONS

JACE POV

I was too busy enjoying the feel of Ella's sweet pussy wrapped around my cock to realize her headspace. It isn't until I tell her how hard she is gripping my cock that I notice her state, "Oh shit!" I curse and pull out of her, automatically releasing her from the restraints. I can't tell for sure if she's in subspace or sub drop, because she's passed out.

In my haste to punish her, I forgot all about letting her eat her lunch first, and I don't know if she's had breakfast. I place her on the bed correctly and pull the covers over her before I try waking her; I need to get some water into her at the very least. I lightly tap her face as I call out her name. It takes a few tries, but she finally opens her eyes, and then smiles before trying to fall back to sleep. I quickly pull her up into my arms and grab the bottle of water that I have sitting on my nightstand.

"Ella, baby, I need you to try and drink a little bit for me."

"Mm.-kay..." she mumbles.

"No, no, no, Ella. I need you to wake up, babe," I bring the water bottle up to her lips, "Here, drink this." I carefully tip it up when she opens her mouth. I'm only able to get a little bit down, but it's better than nothing. Those few seconds of her being awake, though, made me feel a bit better because I'm pretty sure she didn't sub drop. I'll let her sleep an hour, tops, before I try to wake her and make her eat.

That scared the shit out of me. I need to be more careful when I'm with Ella; it's not like it is when I'm training a sub at the facility, because I don't fuck them, so I'm able to keep my attention on them at all times. Hopefully, this is just a one-time failure because I have been waiting for so long to be with Ella, that I threw everything out the window. Speaking of which, I grab the soothing cream that I have yet to apply, and then flip back the covers. I only gaze at her naked form for a moment before I gently roll her over, so I can massage the cream onto her ass. Laying her on her back once more, I pull the covers up and place a kiss on her forehead before grabbing a pair of shorts and my phone and leaving the room.

I head out to my jeep to grab our food that we left in the back seat, and then go back inside to wait for Ella to wake up. In the meantime, I jump into the shower to wash Ella's virgin blood from my cock and groin area and giving myself a mental note to clean Ella up as well, as soon as she wakes up. I'm standing in the shower, with my palm against the wall, thinking back to our time together. It wasn't exactly how I had planned Ella's first time; there weren't supposed to be any restraints involved, and definitely no spanking, but we both got carried away in desires that we couldn't hold back.

What I had originally imagined for her first time is more of a lover's tryst, you know, roses, maybe a little dinner, and a little romancing, not any kinky shit. I can do both, with Ella... I want both. I wanted to show her that I can be both her Dom and her boyfriend, I can do kinky, and I can do vanilla, as long as it's with her. The way she pleaded with me to take her, though. I close my eyes as I take in her gorgeous tear-stained face as she begs for me to let her come. My free hand comes up to wrap around my growing cock. Jesus, I'm going to get off again just by thinking back on my time with Ella. I wish I could have seen

her face as made that last thrust into her, claiming her as mine, once and for all. Not that holding her in place and fucking the shit out of her from behind wasn't hot, but I can do that any other time, no, her first time should have been more special, and I hope she doesn't regret giving herself to me.

After getting myself off again, I turn the water off and grab a towel from a nearby rack, wrapping it around my waist. I have a deep need to be near Ella, so I go back to my room and crawl into bed, bringing her into my arms. I don't plan on falling asleep, but my body decides otherwise, taking me into a deep slumber that I didn't know I needed.

I feel movement in my arms, waking me from the best dream I've had in a long time. Of course, the main star is the same as the one who has woken me. I glance down and see blue eyes staring back at me, "Hey, baby, how are you feeling?" I scrub the sleep from my face.

"Very sore," she giggles, "but otherwise, good."

"I'm happy to hear that; you gave me a little scare earlier."

"I did?" she leans back so she can see me better, "What did I do?"

"You passed out right after we came," I grin, "I was bragging about how much I filled you with my seed, and how much your tight pussy gripped my cock, and then you were out."

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"How did me passing out scare you, though?" she asks, confused.

"Because I thought you had sub dropped on me," I hold my hand up, knowing exactly what her next question is going to be, "During an intense scene or punishment, whichever one you and your partner are doing, your system can flood with endorphins, overwhelming your body and causing depression, irritability, etc. You're still not out of the woods yet, because it can take hours, or even days before it hits, so I will have to watch you closely. You must have hit what we call subspace, where you feel high or like you're floating. The two can get confused, and by the way you had responded to me, you must have been in subspace at the time."

"I did feel like I was floating, and it felt as though you and I were the only two in the universe," she smiles, "I felt like that one time during our freshman year when you shared that joint with me. Remember how spaced out I was? That's how I felt right after I climaxed."

I throw my head back and laugh, "I can't believe I had forgotten about high Ella, but yeah, subspace is like that."

"Is it like that all the time?" There is a light in her eyes as she asks.

"Are you wanting it to be like that every time?" I grin.

She shrugs, "Maybe not every time, because I don't want to pass out after we have sex all the time."

Smirking, I lean down and plant a kiss on her lips, "The answer is no, it won't be like that all the time, because I don't want it to be. I didn't plan for your first time to happen this way, either. I'm sorry, Ella."

“Don’t be, I loved it! I’ve always fantasized being bound and used, just like you did to me today.” She traces circles on my chest with her finger and it’s driving me crazy.

“Well, I plan on using you that way plenty, but I wanted something different for you for your first time.” I explain, “Anyway, I need to get food into that belly of yours, but first, I’m going to clean you up.” I climb out of the bed, and Ella starts to follow, “Oh no, you stay right where you are. I want you to take it easy until after you have eaten.”

“I’m fine, Jace, really!”

I lift a brow at her and she lays back down without another word. Grabbing a wet washcloth from the bathroom, I go back to the bed and throw back the covers. I climb up and spread her legs nice and wide, eyeing her cum and blood-stained thighs. I grin and glance up at her, but her eyes are shut tight, and her fists are clenched.

“Open your eyes, Ella.” She slowly obeys, “Why are you so embarrassed?”

“This is a personal thing, Jace. I’m not used to someone else cleaning me down there.” She replies.

“Well, you better get used to it, because I will be taking care of most of your needs. it’s my job, especially if I’m the one that makes the mess.” I wink at her while I drag the cloth across her skin. I wipe away all the evidence of her losing her virginity, thankful that it was gifted to me and not some douchebag that will just brag about it with his buddies.

Once I’m done, I lean over and grab the back of Ella’s head and bring her face close to mine, “You now belong to me, Ella, don’t forget that.” I take her lips in a bruising kiss before I let her go, “Do you understand?”

“Yes, Jace.”

“Good girl, now I’m going to warm up our food and I’ll be back. Stay in this bed until I get back.” I turn and walk out of the bedroom. I needed to get away for a few minutes because I’m getting hard all over again. Jesus, I’m a walking-fucking-hard-on when Ella is around!

As I’m waiting for the food to heat up, I scroll through social media and see that I have a DM in one of my accounts. When I open it, a message from Ella’s old friend, Bree, pops up.

BREE: Just wanted to let you know that I overheard a conversation that Madison Baker was having on her phone. I’m not sure what’s up but I think something is being planned against Ella. Something about ‘paying that Ella bitch back’. Please keep an eye on her.

I send a quick message back, thanking her for the heads up and to let me know if she hears anything else. With the court hearing the day after tomorrow, I wouldn’t put it past any of them trying to do something to Ella. All four of them have a lot to lose.

When the food is done, I load it all on a tray and head back downstairs. Ella hasn’t moved from her spot, but she looks a little bit uncomfortable. Placing the tray on the nightstand, I turn to face her as I open the two bottles of water that I brought down with the food.

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“What’s wrong, Ella? Is the soreness too painful?”

“Um, I need to use the restroom.”

I smile, happy that it isn’t anything that I did. I lift the blanket and hold out my hand, “Come on, I’ll walk you in there.”

She stares at me in disbelief, “I can’t go while you’re in there with me!”

I give her my stern look, “I don’t plan on staying in there while you go, but you will get over that shyness, because there will be times when I will stand there until you have finished, so don’t press your luck now, I don’t want to have to add to your sore ass so soon.”

She shrinks back, “Sorry, Jace.” She takes my hand and I walk her to the bathroom, making sure her legs aren’t too wobbly, “Thank you,” She squeezes my hand before letting it go and I then shut the door, giving her the privacy that she wanted.

I decide to send a quick text to Jude, letting him know that I need to talk to him later, so to find me at the facility when he gets there. I still haven’t told Ella what I do for work, but it’s not like I am fucking the sub that I train, unlike Jude and Riku, so I don’t see what issue she would have. I’m actually hoping that she will come with me before heading back to Connecticut after the hearing. I want to show her more of what she should expect from her own desires. I know that is one of the things that she is hoping to learn, and it would be nice to know, how much of this lifestyle we should incorporate into our relationship.

The bathroom door opens, and I jump to go to her and help her back to the bed, “Uh, can I put my clothes on?”

“No.”

“What, seriously?”

“Don’t give me attitude, Ella. Today has been the best day that I’ve had in a long time, so I prefer not to ruin it by fighting. I want to be able to look at you like this as long as I can before you have to go home, so no, you cannot get dressed until I say.” I grab her chin gently when she goes to look down, “Another pleasure for myself, and if you’re a good girl, I’ll give you pleasure as well.”

Her cheeks turn pink, “I think I may be too sore.”

I cup her sex and insert a digit inside of her, making her gasp, “Is that too sore?”

“It’s sore, but it feels

good.” She whispers, “What’s wrong with me, Jace?”

I grab her chin with my other hand, “Why do you think there is something wrong with you? You are fucking perfect, Ella; don’t ever think otherwise!”

“Why does pain turn me on?”

“You’re a Masochist, Ella, you get off on pain, and believe it or not, that is not rare. I am what you would call a Sadist, I get off inflicting pain, but not in a sadistic way, at least not for me. I like causing my sexual

partner pain before and during sex. That is why we are so perfect for each other,” I shove another finger into her, and my cock hardens at her gasp. “See, you are sore from me taking your virginity, but you can’t help but be turned on by me shoving my fingers into you. Me, on the other hand, I’m turned on because by fucking you with my fingers, I’m causing you more pain on top of the other pain that I caused, which made you come.” I ease up my fingers, “I don’t ever want to cause you unnecessary pain, Ella. I only want to give you the pain that you want, the pain that gets you off.”

I pull my fingers from her and shove them into her mouth, roughly, “Suck them like a good little slut.” I smirk, “You also like to be humiliated; not the act itself but how it makes you feel. You know that I don’t actually think you are a slut or a whore, but you think of it as an endearment when I call you those names. I can go on and on, but all you need to know is that you are not alone, Ella,” I tuck her hair behind her ears, “Now, get that cute little ass over to the bed and eat.”

A big smile forms on her lips, “Thank you, Jace, for being willing to teach me about these things.

“Ella, there is so much more to being a submissive and I’m honored to be the one to show you.” I help her onto the bed before moving the tray between us, “Before we move forward in any of this, I need to give you a list that I will need you to go through. It will tell me what you’re willing to do and what you’re not. Most importantly, I need to know your hard limits, so I know what not to use and/or do to you.”

“I’m kind of aware of what those are, but will you go over the list with me, so you can explain the things that I don’t know?”

“Of course, Ella. Now eat! I don’t need you fainting or ending up in the hospital.”

“Yes, Jace.”

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After dropping Ella off next door, I head to the Training Center. I have a session with a brand-new sub, and one with a Dom and his sub together. Afterward, I figured I would do a little more practicing with Shibari. At some point, I need to meet with Jude to discuss a new favor I need from him. Something that I prefer he takes care of tonight which has to do with a certain Baker twin that thinks it’s a good idea to threaten my girl.

My first session is a typical new sub training session, teaching her the fundamentals and what it means to be submissive. We are supposed to test them to see if they are a true submissive or a wanna be one. It’s easy to tell the difference, and most of the wanna be ones end up being what we call a Brat with a Daddy Dom. Sometimes they work out and sometimes they don’t. This is my own experiences, though, not all wanna be submissives turn into Brats. A lot just end up quitting the training because they come to realize that they don’t want to be told what to do or ask for permission; they just think it’s fun to be spanked or paddled.

My second session is a bit harder for me after what happened with Ella today. I feel as though I have no right to be training a Dom and his sub when I can’t even take care of my own, but by the time the session ended, I was quite happy with myself. The Dom is an experienced one who only wanted help in learning how to train because he has always had experienced submissives, but then fell in love with a

woman who wanted to learn how to serve him. Turns out that she is a natural born submissive, and I think he's going to be quite happy with her.

Before going to work on rope play, I go in search of Jude, since he has yet to find me. Finding him in his favorite room of all time, the room where he loves to torture a sub, he's in the middle of a session with Riku assisting because there is rope play involved. I stand just inside the door and watch my sadist friend work his magic.

Riku has bound the sub up and has suspended her in the air, so she is just the right height for the double-headed thrusting dildo machine. The poor girl has a wand strapped against her clit, and both dildos going on the thrusting machine, while she wears a ring gag. Of course, these two horn balls need to have something to fuck if her other two holes are busy. I move from my spot by the door and wander around the sub, taking in the knots that Riku used to have her in the position that she's in. Squatting down, I glance between her legs, and watch as her pussy drips.

"How many has she had?" I ask out of curiosity.

"So far, only seven, but we have only been at it for about thirty-five minutes." Jude says.

glance at her tear-stained face, and she smiles at me, "What did she do to deserve this?" I glance back at my friend.

He grins sadistically, "Absolutely nothing. This little cum slut came to me, begging for a torture session. She said she wanted to know how many orgasms she is able to have within a full session time."

"Woah, you're a brave little cum slut, aren't you?" I drag my hand through her hair, "Looks to me as though you are being a very good girl. You should see all the cum you've dripped all over the floor." The sub closes her eyes and leans into my hand, showing me her appreciation.

I step away from her, and face Jude, "I'd make her lick it all up when you are done with her, but that's just me."

"I thought about that actually. I usually put something down so there isn't such a mess, but I didn't think about it until the first drops started to fall," he shrugs, "Anyway, what did you want to talk about?"

"Can you step outside for a moment?"

"Sure," He turns to Riku, "I'll be right outside the door, Master Riku. Why don't you get your dick wet for a bit?" He muses.

"Don't mind if I do, Master Jude," he looks down at the sub, "Do you mind if I fuck your face for a while?" The sub shakes her head. Riku, always the gentleman. Asking permission isn't necessary at this facility, because it's a CNC Training Center. Meaning, by signing up, you are consenting that the trainers can do non-consensual things as long as they are within your limits, and they adhere to the safe words. Riku is just polite with them and likes to make the other trainers look like jerks.

Jude and I step out into the hallway, closing the door behind us, "Are you interested in another 'mission'?"

My friend grins, "Do I get to beat people up again?"

“Nope, but this one is better. This one is a female, a twin sister to one of the guys who attacked Ella. She supposedly knows something that is going to happen to Ella, and with court the day after tomorrow, I’m worried that it will happen tomorrow, so we need to grab her tonight and get her to talk.”

Jude stands with his feet shoulder-width apart, and crosses his arms, “So, how is this one better?”

It’s my turn to give him the sadistic grin, “I thought that maybe, you and Beth could have a little fun with her, I don’t know, maybe use your imagination.’

CHAPTER 32: PICTURE PERFECT

I’ve been in my dad’s home office with him for the past two hours, going over my court case. I love my dad, I really do, but when he gets into lawyer mode, he’s all business and boring as hell. He called me in here as soon as he got home from work, and we have been here ever since, even eating supper in here together. I get that we need to do whatever we can to make sure Toby, Brandon, Mason, and Kaylee do not get a slap on the wrist, but it’s exhausting going over the same thing over and over and over again.

“Hey, Dad, do you think we can break for now, and pick it up tomorrow?” I let out a big yawn.

He folds his hands on top of his desk and gives me a sympathetic look, “I know you’re tired, sweetie, but they are going to come at you hard, and I want you to be prepared.”

“What’s there to prepare? All I have to do is tell the truth, right?”

“Well, yes, but it isn’t that simple, Ella. The Defense is going to bring up how it was dark and how you didn’t see their faces clearly, claiming mistaken identity. You need to be ready for anything, especially if and when they try placing blame on you. No matter what, keep it in your head that everything that happened that night was NOT your fault.”

“I know this daddy, that’s pretty much the only thing I know for sure about this whole ordeal.” I sigh heavily.

“What do you mean by that?” He asks as he creases his forehead.

“Nothing really,” I shrug, “Just that, I don’t know why they keep targeting me. I’ve never done anything to them and have kept to myself for the last two years. So, why me?” A tear slips down my cheek and I swipe it away with my hand.

“Come here, baby girl,” my dad pushes his chair out and holds his arms out for me to come to him. I haven’t sat in my father’s lap in years, but it feels so good when I curl up as he wraps his arms around me and holds me tight, “People can be such assholes, Ella. They bully other people to make themselves feel good because they are lacking something themselves.”

When he says the word ‘bully’. I think of Jace, and how he used to treat me. If what my dad says is true, what is it that Jace was lacking that made him want to bully me? It’s something that I will have to ask him when we have our little talk. Now that he’s claimed me, I intend to hold him to his promise of telling me why he did what he did.

“I don’t see what they were lacking, they are all part of the popular crowd at school, whereas I’m a loner.” | respond to his explanation.

“Well, I can see why that Kaylee girl would want to bully you, you are so much prettier than she is,” He pulls back and grins as he looks down at me, “She can’t hold a candle to my little girl!”

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“Oh, dad,” I slap him lightly on the chest and giggle, “stop being so biased!”

“Well, it’s true, and as for the others, they could have been jealous because you wouldn’t give them the time of day.” He shrugs.

I drop my smile, “But Mason, he pretended to be my friend. He even apologized for the way he treated me, and he seemed so sincere.”

My father leans in closer, “He was buttering you up; trying to get you to trust him again. I don’t know what his plans were, but I’m guessing that when you and Jace started hanging out again, he gave up his act.”

I’m trying to put everything together inside my head, but it feels as though I am missing something. Things just aren’t adding up for me, and I consider myself a pretty smart girl, but I’m stumped. I snuggle in closer to my dad’s chest and close my eyes for a moment, I don’t know when I will get a chance to do this again.

“Thank you, daddy.”

His chest rumbles as he chuckles, “What are you thanking me for, baby girl?”

“For being the best father that a girl could ever ask for.” I smile even though he can’t see it.

His arms squeeze me a bit tighter, “You never have to thank me for loving you, baby. I will always love and protect my children; you kids, and your mother, are my world!”

Picture Perfect

I sit in his lap for a few minutes longer before he finally gives in and tells me that I can leave. I give him a kiss on the cheek before scrambling off his lap and heading for the door before he changes his mind.

“I’ll be meeting with Jace in about an hour or so, whenever he gets off work. Will you let him in when he gets here?” My father calls out just as I leave the room, so I stick my head back in.

“Will do!”

“Oh, and Ella,” He glances up at me, “We will need to discuss your relationship with Jace tomorrow as well.”

“Huh, what do you mean?” I step back into the doorway.

“Well, I’m sure the Defense will bring it up, since he’s the one you called after the attack. I just want to make sure that we are all on the same page, sweetie.” He goes back to flipping through the papers on his desk.

“Oh, okay...” I’m finally able to get away, but now I need to figure out how to explain my relationship with Jace.

I need to talk to him, so I know what we are going to say. It's not like I can just blurt out 'Oh, you know, dad, Jace used to bully me, but we have worked things out and now he is my Dom who likes to spank me.'. Yeah, that will go over well with him. I roll my eyes and head up to my room. I notice that my notification light is blinking, so I grab it and open the screen; there is a text from Jace.

JP: Make sure your window is unlocked for me tonight.

I smile as tingles form between my legs. My fingers are quick to answer.

See what I mean? I was just saying how Jace and I need to have our little talk, being all serious, and then boom...I get one text from him, ordering me to do something and the submissive comes out right away, and my body betrays me... ugh! What is it with being told what to do, that turns me on so much? Is it just Jace, or would I be this way with someone else? I decide to try and look up information on my own. I want to be better prepared for the next time I see Jace, and I want to know exactly what is expected as a submissive. Once I know more on that topic, I will move on to finding out more about Masochism.

grab my laptop and open up the search engine as I think to myself, 'Just because I get turned on by it, doesn't make me a submissive, does it?'. So many sights pop up when I type in what I'm looking for and so I begin by clicking the top one. The more sights that I click on and read up on, the more my core clenches. I always thought about a submissive as being controlled, and that is not one of my favorite words when it comes to a relationship but being controlled and giving control to another person is different; it's all about giving and taking, and about balancing the relationship out. The more I read, the more I realize that what Jace was describing to me was correct, not just something he told me just to get me to let him order me around.

I'm so consumed with my research that I almost didn't hear the doorbell. I look at the time and realize that it's already nine o'clock. Jumping off my bed, I hurry downstairs and open the door to my green-eyed boy. Jace grins at me as he notices what I'm wearing, and then licks his lips. He steps in closer to me, placing his hands on my hips, and brings his mouth to my ear.

"Lucky for you your dad is waiting on me, otherwise, I'd toss you over my shoulder and carry you upstairs and fuck you senseless."

My breath hitches at his words, and my body reacts like the little slut she is for him. I bite my lip and step aside, letting Jace come in. I shut the door and walk him to my father's closed office door.

"You can go in, like you said, he's expecting you." My cheeks are already heated, but they heat more the longer I look at the boy next door. I still can't bring myself to call him my Dom, even though I know that he is exactly that.

Before he turns the knob, he stops me from leaving, "Ella," he pauses until I turn back to him, "Don't ever answer the door dressed like that again."

I glance down at myself and realize that the cami tank I'm wearing is thin and a bit see-through. Without a bra on, you can see the darkened area of my nipples, and my hardened nips aren't helping either. I quickly cross my arms and turn away from him, but his hand wraps around my bicep and he turns me back to him. He lifts my chin, so I have no choice but to look him in the face.

“Don’t hide from me, Ella, you’re beautiful, but I don’t want others seeing what is mine. You are mine, aren’t you?” He searches my eyes as he waits for me to answer.

Picture Perfect

Nodding. “Yes, Jace, I am yours.”

He grins and leans in, brushing his lips against mine. When he pulls away, he uncrosses my arms and brings them to my sides, keeping his eyes on my chest as he bites his lower lip, “Go upstairs and wait for me, Ella. I’ll be up as soon as I can.” Leaving me with a kiss to the forehead, he turns and walks into my father’s office.

It’s almost eleven when I hear rustling outside my bedroom window. I quickly move to it and slide it up just as Jace gets to it. As soon as I step back, he climbs through and has me pressed up against his chest. He doesn’t kiss me, he just gazes at me, his eyes roving over my face as one of his hands cup the side of my neck.

“D-Did you need something?” I stutter because I’m so turned on by the way he is staring at me.

“You, Ella, always you,” the thumb on the hand that cups my neck, caresses my cheek, “But I told you earlier, when I made you remain naked that I would pleasure you too if you were a good girl.”

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“And was I?”

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He gives me his sexy smile, “Yeah, you were good...you were a very good girl.”

He finally seals his mouth over mine before lifting me up by my butt, making me have to wrap my legs around his waist, and my arms around his neck. Walking us over to my bed, I lose the taste of his lips when he pulls away and lets me go. If it wasn’t for my limbs wrapped around his body, I’d be bouncing on my backside right now. He brings his hand between my legs, surprising me, and causing me to lose my grip on him. He laughs as I fall to the mattress; he then starts pushing my upper body down as he climbs up and straddles my waist.

I can see the bulge in his pants when I glance down; lifting a brow, I look back up at him. His cocky grin has me throbbing below and I try to keep my breathing even, so he doesn’t know just how much he’s turned me on. Even when his grin slips away and the Dominant takes over, I continue to throb, this time in anticipation.

“I’m going to strip you, Ella,” He caresses a finger from my neck, downward, “and then I’m going to eat this sweet pussy of yours until you come for me.” His finger reaches the bottom of my cami and then using both hands, he slides the material upwards really slow, “After that, I’m going to fuck you how I want and watch you come again, and I want your eyes on me the whole time,” he pulls the cami up and over my head, “Do you remember your safe word, Ella?”

“Yes, it’s pineapple.”

“You shouldn’t need it, but I have to ask, just in case.” He slides off me, taking my bootie shorts and panties with him, “Well, this isn’t a surprise,” he holds up my panties that now have a dark patch in the crotch area, “my little slut is already making a mess and I haven’t done anything... yet.”

Jace then drags me up and over, so my head is on my pillow. Using my cami top, he wraps it around my wrists, stretching it out as he ties me to my headboard. He then takes my wet panties and stuffs them into my mouth, “We can’t have you making too much noise, now, can we?”

My nipples protrude out at how turned on he just made me. My eyes stay on him as he climbs off the bed and goes over to make sure the door is locked. I watch him as he pulls his shirt up and over his head and then kicks off his black combat boots that are never tied. He smirks at my rapturous gaze as he opens his jeans. I bite my lip when he starts to push the waist down, but then he stops just as he gets to the one thing that I’m most hungry for.

“Look at you, drooling like a hungry whore for my cock,” he gets back up on the bed and kneels by my head. Grabbing a handful of my hair, he pulls my head up closer to his crotch, “Is this what you want?” He rubs his bulge with his other hand, “Is it? Are you going to be my good little whore and let me use your pretty pink hole again, even though it’s sore from being used earlier?”

I feel wetness seep from my core as I nod my head yes. Once I’ve answered him, he pulls his jeans down lower, letting his shaft spring forward and hit me in the face. He then leans down and smashes his mouth against my panty-filled mouth before getting back off the bed to remove his pants. His cock looks angry as it juts out from his body. He strokes it with one hand as a small white drop forms at the tip. Swiping it off, he shoves his finger into my mouth, letting me have his first drop. I close my eyes as I savor the mild saltiness of it.

The next thing I know, my body is jerking at the feel of his tongue licking through my folds. Not that I have anything to compare it to, but Jace’s tongue is pure magic as he works it over my clit and down through my folds. Even my asshole loves his tongue when it circles the tight puckered ring at its entrance. My hips buck and grind, but I can’t move so freely with Jace’s hands holding me down.

“Eyes on me, Ella.”

Picture Perfect

I whimper at the loss of his tongue, but then he slips one hand onto my thigh and pushes it out, opening me wider as his other hand goes down between my legs. His thumb toys with my clit while two other fingers slide right into my pussy

“Mm.’ is the only sound that comes from me as I try to moan. I’m still so sore, but it feels so good having him opening me up

“Ah, you like that, huh? Does it hurt?”

I nod and he slows down a bit, “Is it too much? Do you want me to stop? Snap your fingers if you need me to stop since you can’t talk, okay?”

I nod again and start grinding on his hand.

“Fuck, Ella. I love it when you fuck yourself on my hand, you look so fucking hot!” He watches me for a moment and then glances up at my face, “Are you almost ready to come?”

I nod again, and he picks up speed. It feels like he’s added another finger because I’m feeling really full now. Whatever he’s doing, it’s working because my climax has climbed all the way up, and like a rollercoaster, when it gets to the top of a drop off, it lingers briefly and then begins to tip; that’s what this one feels like. It’s a good thing Jace gagged me because the moan that breaks free is a doozy as I’m tossed over the edge and I begin to plummet to the bottom of the abyss, only this one feels endless as wave after wave rumbles through me. My eyes are on Jace the whole time and I can see the desire burning in his green orbs. His nostrils are flared out and it looks as if he’s doing everything he can to hold himself back.

“Fuck it,” his fingers pull out of me and is replaced by his girth, “I’ll be lucky if I last two seconds.” He pushes forward and as soon as his tip is in, he thrusts all the way in and then stops, “Fuck me, Ella, your grip is going to kill me!”

I can’t help it when my body is still pulsing with aftershocks from my climax. Jace lifts my legs up and in front of him so he can place them on his shoulders. This opens me up more, and I can feel how much deeper he can get. My eyes roll with a wave of arousal from the slight pain he creates when he thrusts inside of me.

“I knew you would like that, baby,” he turns his attention to where he’s impaling me with his cock and it turns me on even more, “God, I love watching my cock fuck your sweet cunt. It sucks me in and grips me like a greedy little slut.” Between his dirty talk, his cock thrusting inside me, and now his thumb rubbing circles on my clit, I’m ready to come all over again.

“Hm... mm... mm. !”

My muffled moan gets Jace’s attention, “Are you ready again?” he smirks.

I nod my head furiously.

“Not yet, let me get there too, and then we can go together.”

I try to concentrate on him, so I don’t let go, but it’s really hard. I break out in sweat as I try and lucky for me, it doesn’t take too much longer before I’m hearing Jace’s command.

“Come now...come with me!” He grunts as he slams into me and I let myself tumble when I feel the first hot spray inside of me, “Oh fuck, fuck, fuck!” Jace continues to release spurt after spurt of cum as my walls grip him firmly in my own downward spiral

We are left panting side by side after Jace pulls my panties from my mouth. I’m still tied to my headboard, but I don’t mind. I feel so dirty all tied up and naked, with Jace’s cum dripping out of me, and I love it! I turn my head toward him and smile when I notice how he’s staring at me.

“What is it?” I ask

He shakes his head, “You have no idea how fucking perfect you are,” his voice is low and husky, “You should see what you look like in this moment. You’re like the perfect picture of a submissive.”

“You can take a picture if you use my phone to do it. I’m not comfortable with you using your phone yet.”

Jace grins, excitement bright in his eyes as he quickly reaches over to grab my phone. He stands back and snaps a few different angles before coming in close for a few more. When he’s done, he slides back in beside me and starts showing me the pictures, and I have to admit that he’s right. I can pass for one of those pictures of a submissive that I saw online when I was researching the topic.

Picture Perfect

Jace tosses my phone aside and then mauls my mouth with his for a few minutes, “Damn, baby, I wish I could keep you tied up forever. You are so fucking sexy!”

I decide to try and be a little more forward and respond, “Maybe when you come to Connecticut, we can take a weekend to ourselves and do a little role playing.” I bite my lip in shyness as he gazes at me.

“Really, what do you have in mind?” He gives me his cocky smirk.

“I don’t know, maybe I will let you tie me up and keep me that way all weekend long. The thought of you using me for your pleasure whenever you want really turns me on.”

“Fuck, Ella...”

“What? Do you not like that idea?” I feel embarrassed now that I’ve brought it up.

“Fuck yes, I do! I just didn’t think I’d hear you say anything like that, at least not so soon.”

“Oh, well, you told me that I could tell you anything, so....”

He grips my face, “I did tell you that, and I’m happy that you are taking what I say to heart. You are learning very quickly. Ella.” He searches my face as his jaw tightens, and I see a tick in it, “I better get dressed, because if I don’t, then I’m going to take you again, and I don’t think your pussy can take another pounding after the day it’s had.”

I watch him get up and start to dress, “Um, Jace.”

“Yeah?” He glances at me as he pulls up his jeans.

“You told me that once I let you claim me that you would tell me why you started bullying me.” I say in a soft voice.

He crawls back on the bed and begins to untie my wrists, “I did say that, and I haven’t forgotten. How about you come over to my place tomorrow for lunch and we can talk?” He rubs my wrists and then places a kiss on each of them, “I’m wanting to tell you everything, and you will know everything, I promise, but now, you need to sleep. You have had a big day and need to take care of yourself.”

I nod, “Okay

“Goodnight, Ella. Make sure you lock this window after I leave.”

I smile, “I will be careful.” I say as he climbs out my window.

He shows me his pearly whites, “Always!”

Locking the window behind him, I close my curtains and then head to my bathroom to clean myself up. I can't help smiling while I think back to all the events from today. This is the happiest day that I have had in a very long time! Shutting my bathroom light off, I go back to my room and go to plug my phone into the charger. Pausing, I click my album and scroll through the pictures that Jace took of me. I can't believe that it's even me, I look...beautiful! With my wrists secured above my head, my rosy cheeks stand out next to my lips that are swollen from me biting them. My naked form is in the perfect position, with my knee slightly bent and the rest of my body stretched out. I look very used and very satisfied. Closing the album, I plug my phone in and climb into bed, thinking that is exactly what I am... satisfied.

CHAPTER 33: NEW REVELATIONS

JACE POV

I had to get away from her. Ella is my drug, the kind that burns through your whole body when you're needing another fix. I had just had her, and already I was needing to be inside of her again, but I shouldn't have taken her this last time because she was still healing from the first time; she's so pretty when she begs, though. I had wanted to stay and hold her for a while, but my willpower is non-existent when it comes to my Ella addiction, and so I left.

I'm just walking into my house when I get a text from Jude telling me that he and Beth had just picked up their new toy. According to my friend, when I had talked to him earlier, his sub/girlfriend was over the moon with excitement when he told her about their plans for the night. She's been looking for something new that they could both use, and so she climbed on board, fully knowing what would be at stake, and what they would be doing is a felony if they were found out. I know Jude, though, he's a pro at any job he does.

I grin and reply back, telling him to call if any issues arise. If I know Jude as well as I think I do, I know Madison is in good hands, regardless of whether or not she deserves it. All I want is information, and I know Jude will get it out of her. You see, Jude has a way when it comes to pleasing women. He likes to work them up and tease them until they are at their breaking point. If there ends up being sex involved tonight, I can guarantee that Madison will be a very willing participant. Jude can find the biggest prude on earth and by the time he is done with them, they will be begging for him to fuck them like a greedy whore.

I know Ethan had told me to inform him of issues as they arise and for me to stay out of trouble, but as long as there are threats to Ella, I will have them taken care of. Everything that has happened to that girl has been all my fault and I will take responsibility for all of my actions. Of course, I will try not to get caught when I have to do the shady shit, I will still do it regardless, because I owe Ella a lot. –

Speaking of Ethan, when I had met with him earlier, it was to go over everything that I had seen and heard the night of the attack. I wasn't there, so I can't testify that it was for sure Toby, Brandon, Mason, and Kaylee. I can only say what Ella had repeated to me and even then, that isn't a sure thing in getting them convicted. Ethan had also asked me about my relationship with Ella. I was completely honest with him when I told him that I was in love with his daughter, but that was all I was going to say about the matter until I've talked to Ella. I know that I keep telling her that she's mine, and I will always consider her as mine, but we haven't really discussed what we will say to our friends and family, and that is one of the topics that we need to talk about when she comes over for lunch.

My mom is waiting up for me at the island in the kitchen when I come in to grab me a water before going to my room, "Jace, we need to talk." She has her stern mom voice in place, but I can see concern in her facial expression.

"What is it mom?" My own voice is now laced with concern, thinking something bad has happened.

"What have you been up to, Jace? Are you in some kind of trouble?" I'm taken aback by her questions,

"Why would you think that I'm in some kind of trouble?"

She hesitates for just a moment, "The school called me at work, and told me that you haven't been there for the last two days," she glances down as she stirs her chamomile tea that she drinks every night before bed, "When you do go to school, you go straight to work and come back late at night. We don't even know where you work, Jace!" Her eyes shine bright with unshed tears, and it tears me up to see her upset, so I go over and wrap my arms around her.

"I'm perfectly fine, Mom, and no, I'm not in any kind of trouble, I promise." I kiss the top of her head.

"Why are you not going to class? You're supposed to graduate in just under two months!" She brings her head back to look up at me.

I sigh, not really wanting to tell her because I know her reaction, but I don't like directly lying to my parents. Keeping things from them is one thing, but the moment they ask, I won't lie, "I wanted to spend time with Ella while she is in town. I stayed home the first day, so I could surprise her when she got home from the airport, and then we had lunch today, well now, yesterday and hung out before I had to go to work."

I can already see the grin forming on my mother's face at the mention of me and Ella hanging out. For as long as I can remember, both of our mothers have been wanting us together. They never really interfered, but we both have heard them talking to one another about what it would be like if we ended up together and so forth. Sometimes I wonder if

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that is why my feelings had changed for my best friend, but then I look at her and I know that our mothers had nothing to do with my feelings for Ella.

"Awe, honey, why didn't you say something? I could have just called you in sick." She reaches up to push a piece of my hair off of my forehead.

!!!

"Mom, I'm almost nineteen. I don't need my mom calling me in sick, and besides, why are they calling you when you already signed the stupid paper giving me permission to call in myself since I'm of age?" I let her go and grab my bottle of water from where I had left it on the counter

"I don't know, honey. Maybe because you didn't call yourself in, so they thought you were incapacitated...who knows." She shrugs and takes a sip of her tea, "What about your job? Are you ever going to tell me where you work?"

“Seriously, Mom? Do I really have to share everything with my parents?” I muse and lift my water for a drink,

“Oh my God, are you a male stripper, Jace?!” I choke on my water and go into a coughing fit. Mom comes over and rubs my back, “I won’t judge you, honey, but there are other jobs out there. You don’t have to get naked for horny cougars.”

I hold my hand up for her to stop talking. My coughing fit has changed, and I am now silently laughing at the words coming out of my mother’s mouth.

“What? I am your mother, Jace, and I’m sorry that I don’t want other women my age, who might have even been classmates of mine, to sit there, shoving money down my son’s thong!” If you could only see my mother’s expression...

“Mom, stop,” I’m laughing my ass off at this point, “You don’t have to worry about your classmates talking about the color of my thongs at your next class reunion! I’m not a stripper!”

She grabs her chest, “Oh, thank God!”

“I mean,” I flex my bicep, “I’ve definitely got the body for it.”

“Jace!”

Chuckling, I hug my mom once more, “I’m kidding, Mother.” “Well, what else am I supposed to think when you are secretive about your work and then there are the deposits that you make into your bank account...”

“Woah, how do you know what I deposit?”

She rolls her eyes, “You forget that your father is the President of our bank.”

“Isn’t that illegal? I mean, going into people’s accounts without their knowledge?” I lift a brow.

She shrugs, I would think so. I don’t know, ask your dad. The point is, we have seen what you are making at wherever you are working, and we are concerned is all.”

I pinch the bridge of my nose and sigh, “Mom, you really don’t want to know what I do for work.”

“Why not? Are you ashamed of it?”

.

“What? No...”

“Then what?”

“I’m not ashamed of it, but you and Dad may be,” I run my hand through my hair as I try to put into the right words, but I’m coming up empty-handed on how you tell your parents that you are a Dom that trains other Dominants and submissives on how to please their partner, “I work at a training facility, can we leave it at that?”

My mom sits back on the stool that she was occupying when I first walked in, “Oh, well, that’s not so bad. What, you train dogs or other animals? I didn’t realize that kind of job pays so well.”

Well, technically, if I were to say yes, it wouldn't be lying. We do have couples that come in to learn pet play. I have trained puppies, kitties, a horse, and even a cow, which I don't really want to talk about the last two; I might be a bit scarred on those trainings. Instead of answering her, I kiss her forehead and wish her goodnight.

I stop just as I get to the basement stairwell, "You can call me out of school for the rest of the week. I'll be spending time with Ella today and then we have to be in court tomorrow." It's a little after one in the morning and I'm fucking exhausted. I want to be in tip top shape when I have the talk with Ella over lunch.

New Revelations

"Okay, honey. I will figure out an excuse to give the school, but you better get all of your work in on time." My mom calls out as I jog down the stairs.

My parents must not pay too much attention to my grades anymore or else they would see that I'm an A-B student. I could have graduated early as well if I had worked ahead like Ella had. I would have done just that had I known she was graduating early, but no, I did just enough to keep on track to graduate with everyone else. Now, I don't give a damn about any of my classmates.

Grabbing a pair of boxer briefs, I jump in and take a quick shower, hating that I'm having to wash Ella's scent off me. When I climb into my bed, though, I realize that my cover still has the smell of sex on it, and I smile, remembering what

Ella looked like bent over my bed and cuffed. Fuck me, I'm getting myself hard just thinking about it. I grab my phone to check my notifications and try and get my mind on something non-sexual. I notice a text from Jude, letting me know that things are going well...

JUDE: Didn't know our new toy would be so pretty when it leaks. It's holding up well, and Beth is in love! Will talk to you in the morning, I still have a bit of tuning that I need to do but should be good as new in no time.

| send him a quick response.

ME: You're the man, and give Beth a big kiss for me, thanking her.

JUDE: I'm sure she would rather you do it in person.

ME: You know me, my girl is the only one that gets to taste these lips!

JUDE: Yeah, yeah, whatever... TTYL

ME: Later...

I make a quick run to Jude's this morning for an update on Madison and whether or not she has talked. I'm feeling anxious for some reason, and I can't seem to shake it. When I get to his townhouse, I park out front and go to the front door. I don't see his vehicle, but I assume it's in the garage, the only way to get the package into the house without being seen. After a few minutes, Jude answers the door, yawning and rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"Jesus, how much sleep did you get?" I ask, feeling a bit guilty for his loss of sleep.

He looks at the watch on his wrist, "About three hours."

"Damn! It's nine thirty, you were up that long playing?"

He ushers me inside and closes the door, "Come with me." He says and turns toward the back of the house.

I know exactly where he's taking me, and I stop in my tracks, "Are you crazy? I can't go in there and let her see me!"

Jude rolls his eyes at me, "How dumb do you think I am? She's been blindfolded the whole time, and I even threw on noise canceling headphones before I came to open the door. I knew you would be coming over, so I had them ready. I figured you would want to see our proud work."

"I'm not really interested in your work, just whether or not you were successful. I already know that you do awesome work."

"Well, it's so much easier when the woman is a little slut that hates to be edged." He laughs and then opens the door to his playroom

"What the fuck?" I ask shocked, because there on the bed lay Beth and Madison, well, I think it's Madison because she's wearing a full-face mask with openings for the nose and mouth only. She's in wrist restraints attached to a belt on her waist, which gives her limited arm movement. What has me surprised is the fact that she's cuddled up to Beth, as though they are lovers, "What did you do to her?" | chuckle.

"Nothing really. She was petrified at first and refused to give anything up, until we started edging her. She's so pretty when she cries, by the way. Come to find out, the little bitch swings both ways and started enjoying herself. We ended up having to get creative and ended up putting this mask on her, hoping to scare her a little as well. We edged her and then we would back away and fuck around with each other right beside her. It took a few hours, but I did get some information for you."

| perk up and give him my full attention. Nothing else matters at the moment except learning which fucker is trying to mess with my girl. I don't think it is all of them, because I'm pretty sure, Brandon has been pissing his pants every day

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while waiting for this court trial. He's not like Toby or Mason, he's more of a follower. If Ella wasn't my girl, I'd almost feel sorry for him; I've always liked him more than Toby.

"I'm not sure how much this will help, but apparently, someone is spying on your girl, trying to dig up dirt that will hurt the case in the Defense's favor. She still won't give up a name though." Jude says, annoyed.

"If she's not giving up the name, then I can only assume that it's her brother. She would never give her twin up." is that all there is to it? Just trying to get dirt on Ella? Ha, good luck there, because Ella is practically a Saint!!

"Well, thanks for doing what you could. How are you planning on getting her back?" I ask my friend.

His smile is sadistic, "Who says I need to return her?"

My eyes go wide, "You can't be serious, Jude!"

"Calm down, Lil D," he squeezes my shoulder, "It will be her decision, I promise. You should have seen her, man, once we had her, she was perfect! She makes an amazing slave, and she has already asked if Beth and I would be her Master and Mistress once she graduates..she wants to serve us!"

I scratch the back of my neck, "Wow, I didn't see that coming."

"Man, you don't owe me any favors, that girl right there is your payment to me. Beth loves her already. She coddles her, but in bed, she is a true Domme to our new little slave. Me, on the other hand, I will be her Master twenty-four-seven. Fuck, having a sub and a slave is my dream come true!"

Thave never seen my friend like this; it's like he's won the lottery or something. All I can do is wish him good luck, because if I were to see Madison in this lifestyle, I would have taken her as being a brat, but maybe being a slave will humble her a little bit.

"Well, I guess I will leave you alone with your women, and I will go home to see mine. Let me know how you decide to proceed with her." I nod toward Madison, still not believing everything Jude has told me. Before I can leave, though, she wakes up.

"Master," she calls out, "I need to go to the bathroom."

I watch Jude walk over and help her to stand. When he turns her toward the bathroom, he stops to show me the markings on her backside. She gasps and then moans as he squeezes her ass cheeks, "Don't they look lovely?"

"Master?" Madison seems confused.

He lifts the soundproof headphones up from one ear, "I have a friend here, admiring your marks, nothing that concerns you, pet."

"Are you wanting me to please your friend, Master?"

"No, he doesn't like the dirty whores like your Mistress, and I do." He winks at me. Talk about degrading, at least I don't call anyone a dirty whore unless they ask me to. But then again, she may have done just that, nothing surprises me with her anymore.

"Stop talking now, I did not give you permission."

Madison nods her head in understanding and waits for him to take her to the restroom. I don't speak until the headphones are back in place.

"Whatever you decide to do with her, do not trust her until you know for sure that she is one hundred percent yours." | warn my friend.

"Thanks for the advice, but I was already steps ahead of you," he grins, "I better get her to the bathroom before she pisses on my floor. I don't know if her ass can take anymore punishment today."

| shake my head and chuckle, "I will see you at work." I wave and then leave him to help his new slave piss.

CHAPTER 34: FOUND OUT

I wake up to my phone as it pings with a notification. After looking at my alarm clock, I see that it's already after ten in the morning. 'Oh crap', I think to myself as I jump from my bed. I'm having lunch with Jace and I'm needing a shower badly, not to mention having to shave everywhere! Damn, I must have been really exhausted last night in order to be able to sleep in this late, but I guess Jace did wear me out just a tad bit. I smile to myself as the shower spray beats down on me and I scrub everywhere, especially the sore areas. Every time I think of him now, I have nothing but good thoughts and smiles; all those little doubts that would always pop in my head are slowly vanishing.

By the time I'm done getting ready, it's already almost noon, so I grab my phone and my crossover purse and fly out the door. My mom is passing by the bottom of the stairs, but stops when she sees that I'm in a hurry, and of course, she has to be nosey.

"Where are you off to in such a hurry?"

"I'm going for lunch next door, don't have time to chat, Mom."

"Hold it right there, Ella!" Her tone stops me in my tracks.

My mom isn't one to ever yell at us, but she has that tone that all mothers have that tells you she means business. My mom is using that tone right now, so whatever it is that she wants to talk about, I already know that I'm not going to want to talk about it.

"You and I need to have a chat, and you can't keep running away from me," she quirks a brow at me, "I think you know what I'm talking about, Ella."

"Ugh, do we have to do this right now, Mom? I promise we will talk about it, but I don't want to be late." I plead. It's not like I'm really late, but I don't feel like discussing this with her just yet.

"Fine, but we are going to talk about it by the end of the weekend!" She smirks and continues in the direction that she was going in when I bounded down the stairs.

I send up a quick prayer that she will forget to bring it up again before I leave, and then I head over to Jace's house. It feels weird pressing the doorbell; I felt the same way the last time I stopped over to talk to him about my sister going to his party. Growing up, we always just walked into each other's houses, not once did we knock or ring the bell.

The door whips open and I'm pulled inside so fast that I think I might have gotten whiplash. Suddenly, Jace's mouth is on mine, taking my breath away from the intensity of the kiss. I wrap my arms around his neck and open my mouth for him, returning it with everything I've got. He lifts me and then slams the door, sandwiching me between it and his own hard body. With my legs wrapped around his waist, I can feel his hardness but he doesn't rub it against me. In fact, he

slows the kiss down before pulling away slowly and gazing deeply into my eyes. He gives me his sexy as sin grin.

"Hey."

"Hey," I reply breathless.

“I’m happy to see you.”

“I can tell...” I go to unwrap my legs but he stops me.

Shaking his head, he moves us away from the door and into the kitchen where he sets me on the counter right beside the stove. I peek over to see what’s cooking, and smile; he’s made my favorite dish of Chicken Alfredo.

“You remember!”

“Ella, there isn’t one thing that I have forgotten about you.” He stretches around me to grab the colander from the cupboard, and when he does, he plants a quick little kiss on my cheek.

“What’s my favorite color?” I give him a cheeky smile.

“Unless it’s changed, you could never decide if you like purple or teal better, so both were your favorites.” I watch as he dumps the fettuccini noodles into the colander.

“Hm, I bet you don’t remember what my favorite movie is?” I cross my arms and give him a smug look

Found Out

“Seriously, Ella,” he raises a brow, “You literally made me watch the Twilight series with you like fifty times!”

Giggling. I think back to those days where he would groan as soon as he saw me turning the Blu-ray player on, “Fifty times is a little bit of an exaggeration, don’t you think?”

“Whatever, Ella-Bella!” He winks and then laughs at the nickname he used to call me every time we watched the movies,

“Well, for your information, I think I have a new favorite series,” I pretend to examine my nails, “Fifty Shades is right up there with Twilight.”

I hear a clank, and when I glance over at Jace, he’s squatting down to grab the utensil that he dropped on the floor, and I smirk. He tosses it in the sink and turns the stove off, before he finally gives me his attention. His hand comes up to wrap around my throat, not cutting off my air, but just enough to send my core into a frenzy.

He leans in close to my ear, “You better be careful, little girl, or else you’re going to go hungry, because I’m about two point five seconds away from ripping your jeans off, and fucking your hungry cunt right here on the countertop.”

My eyes widen as a fluttery feeling forms in the pit of my stomach. I close my eyes briefly to try and hide the arousal that I’m sure he can see in them, but he knows better, and adds a bit more pressure to my neck.

“Does this turn you on, Ella?” His breath hits my ear as he whispers the question, “Don’t lie to me.”

Damn, this guy is going to be the death of me, “Yes, Jace.”

“Yes what, Ella?”

“Yes, your hand around my neck turns me on.”

“Are you wet?” His hand slides up my thigh like he usually does when he wants to check for wetness. The anticipation kills me with how slow his hand is going, and just when he gets to the junction of my leg and crotch, he pulls away, “We better get to eating before the food gets cold.” He grabs my hips and sets my feet on the floor.

I stare at him in shock. Jace is always horny and takes it whenever he wants, so why is he teasing me, knowing that he’s only making himself suffer? I notice the smirk that he’s wearing on his face and glare at him once his back is fully turned.

“I saw that, Ella. Twenty swats of the paddle later.”

Oo, I really like the paddle, I think to myself before taking a seat at the little kitchen nook, “I don’t know what you’re talking about, Jace; saw what?”

“Do you really want to play dumb?” He asks as he starts scopping the food onto our plates.

“I didn’t do anything, Jace.” I’m trying so hard not to smile or laugh, but then I see the seriousness to his face when he turns around. Oh crap, he’s in Dom mode now, “I’m sorry, Jace.”

“Once you receive your forty swats then it will all be fine.” He sets my plate in front of me and kisses the top of my head, “Eat up, baby.”

I glance up at him, “You said twenty swats, not forty.”

“That was before you tried playing dumb and then you lied to me. Everything has consequences, Ella.”

I feel like a little kid who just let their parent down, feeling guilty for doing what I did. Picking up my fork, I swirl the noodles around the tines of the fork and then bring it to my mouth. The second it’s in my mouth, it bursts with the flavor of alfredo, causing a moan to slip out of me.

Jace chuckles, “I’ll take that as a compliment.”

Once I have swallowed it all, I stare at him, “Jace, this is the best chicken alfredo that I have ever tasted!”

“I’m glad you like it. I’ve been working on it for a couple of months, just so I can make it for you.” He grins and then goes back to eating his own.

“Thank you, Jace.” My eyes sting with unshed tears, “Nobody has ever done anything like this for me.”

“And they won’t, not as long as I’m around.” He’s being totally serious, so I smile at him, because regardless of how possessive he sounds, it sounds so sweet to me.

Found Out

We need to talk about us, what we are to each other, what we are going to tell people, and where are we going to go from here. I go back to Connecticut as soon as court is over and there is a ruling, and Jace needs to remain behind until he graduates. All of my thoughts are consumed with Jace, it’s going to be hard not to see him for almost two months, but I guess it will be a good test for us. Besides, seven weeks really isn’t that long, I’ll just have to keep myself busy until then.

"I'm going to go use the restroom, I'll be right back." I inform Jace, not that I really need to use it, but I need a moment to myself. Jace will pick up on my melancholy and will insist that I talk to him about it.

He stands and starts clearing our dishes as he nods, and I head down the hall to the main bathroom. I stand in front of the mirror and stare at the girl that is staring back at me, a girl who used to be broken by the boy who is slowly putting her back together again. Jace had shattered me, and I'm not quite sure how we got to where we are today, but all the shattered pieces have been put back together, with only the cracks still remaining, which are slowly mending as we go. I splash water on my cheeks just to feel a bit better, and then open the door to go back to Jace. Only, he's standing outside the door with my phone in his hand and a look of anger on his face.

"Why didn't you tell me about this video message you got this morning?" He asks in an accusing tone.

"What message? I haven't even looked at my phone today!" But then I remember the notification that woke me up this morning

Once he sees my expression, his face softens, but his jaw remains tense as he grabs me and hugs me tight, "We have a bit of a problem." He states before pulling away.

"What is it? What's wrong?"

He turns as he nods, indicating for me to follow, "Let's go to my room and talk about it. Less chance of being overheard if one of my parents stop at home."

I don't question him any longer and follow him down to his bedroom. Memories from the day before flood my mind and a small grin appears. I know most girls want romance and all when they lose their V card, but what I got was perfect and I wouldn't change it for anything. All those nights I dreamt of being tied up and ravaged as I lost my virginity, who would have known that they would come true. Although, Jace was more considerate about doing so, not wanting to hurt me anymore than he had to, and I can't fault him for that. He doesn't know that I have a bit of darkness inside that craves more pain than he realizes. I'm not sure where it came from or why it's there, but I intend to try and find out.

I find a spot on his bed and sit Indian style, waiting for him to begin. All he's doing at the moment is pacing back and forth and swearing as he mumbles to himself. I let it go on for a bit longer to see if he finally gets his bearings, but he continues to pace. Finally, I can't take it anymore and I say his name, but he ignores me. I climb from the bed and go to him.

Touching his arm lightly to stop his movement, I look up at him when he finally stares at me, "What's going on? You are starting to scare me."

He sighs heavily, and pulls me with him as he sits on the edge of the bed and settles me onto his lap, having me straddle his legs, so I can face him, "I had gotten a DM on my social media page yesterday, it was from your friend, Bree, telling me that she had overheard Madison talking about you and implying that something may happen," I start to ask him a question but he puts a finger to my lips and gives me a warning look to be silent, and I obey, "I took care of the matter, and had Madison questioned, but that remains between you and I, Ella. Anyway, all that was said was that someone was following you to try and get dirt on you before we went to court, but she wouldn't say who. I can only assume that it's Mason, because she wouldn't give her twin up like that.

I just laughed it off though because I knew they wouldn't find anything on you," he smiles sadly as he caresses my face with his thumb, "because you are my little saint." I lean into his touch and smile back, "But, I didn't give them enough

I straighten my spine, "What?" I couldn't help blurting out the question.

Jace doesn't seem mad that I interrupted him, though. Instead, he just continues, "It's not as bad as you think, it may be just a little embarrassing for you, but it shouldn't be anything that should make you back away from charging them," he glances down at my phone that he still has in his hand, "I think it's time that we talk to our family, your dad most importantly."

When he goes silent, I take that as a sign that I can finally talk, "Jace, please tell me what's going on. You're not making any sense."

He holds my phone for me to take, "You had gotten a message this morning, but you must not have known."

Found Out

I take my phone, "I heard the notification, it woke me up, but then I saw the time and flew out of bed to get ready. I had forgot all about the notification." I respond and then open the message. I gasp loudly when I see what it contains, my hand flying to cover my mouth as I glance up at Jace. He reaches up and his finger hits the play icon in the center of the video.

"Look at you, drooling like a hungry whore for my cock," I watch as he grabs my hair in the video and pulls me toward him, "Is this what you want?" He then rubs his bulge, "Is it? Are you going to be my good little whore and let me use your pretty pink hole again, even though it's sore from being used earlier?"

My ears begin to ring as I continue to watch the video of me and Jace the night before. Someone videoed us having sex! It goes on until the end and only stops after Jace had taken the pictures with my phone. My gut twists, and I feel like I'm going to be sick. Jumping from his lap. I run to his bathroom and start to dry heave into his toilet. I feel his presence come up behind me, and then he begins to rub my back

"It's going to be okay, Ella. This isn't anything that has to do with the court case and can't be used in court. He's only trying to scare you into dropping everything." He's trying to soothe me, but he doesn't get it, I'm not upset about that, I'm smart enough to know that it can't be used, but it can be used to spread on the internet for all to see

"Jace, he's not threatening to use it in court; he's threatening to put it up on the internet unless I drop the case" I look up at him with worry.

I can tell by the look on Jace's face that he hadn't thought about that, but his expression turns from shock to indifference, "If that's the case, then we still won't have to worry. I have a friend that can take care of that if he does. He will take it down, and maybe only a few will see it before it can spread."

"Are you sure?" I'm a bit doubtful.

“Do you remember that stupid altered video that you saw on my phone?” | nod my head, “Well, it was originally up on the internet, and my friend had it taken down right away.”

“Wait, what?”

“Ella, I will always take care of you! I owe you so much for what I have done, and even if you don’t want me, I will always protect you,” he grins, “except from myself, because I will stalk you until you become mine once again.”

I let out a little giggle, “I don’t plan on going anywhere, Jace. I’ve come to realize that you are what I need, you are what I crave.” I feel the blush creep up my face as I admit this to him.

He grips my jaw, “I’ve got the same addiction to you, Ella. I will not let you go without a fight, and we will get through, not only this, but everything else that tries to get in our way.” His lips crash against mine in a deep passionate kiss, but it’s over all too soon. He presses his forehead against mine, “I would love nothing more than to take you right now, but I think we had better call your dad and see if he has time to meet with us. We need to tell him about the video.”

“I’m scared, Jace. What if he gets mad at me for it?” The last thing I want is my dad’s disappointment.

“Hey,” he tips my head up so he can look at me, “The only one that should be scared here, is me. I’m the one doing naughty things to his little girl.”

His words have the desirous effect, and I smile, “Yeah, you will definitely get his wrath.”

He kisses my forehead, “It’s okay, I would walk through hell for you, Ella, because you are worth every bit of it.”

I sigh, “So, shall we go and see the Devil?”

Jace grins, “Just lead the way, and I will follow.” c

CHAPTER 35: COMING CLEAN

Waiting out in the lounge at my father’s law firm, I struggle to sit still. I’m so nervous about how my dad is going to react about the video. I know Jace and I are both adults, but come on, what parent wants to hear a guy call their daughter a whore, and other dirty things as he is about to have sex with her? Yep, this isn’t going to be pretty at all.

Jace keeps placing his hand on my thigh to keep it from bouncing up and down as we wait for my dad to finish with his current client. My dad has a full schedule today, but he told me that we could come in and talk while he ate his lunch in his office, so here we sit. I swear, sitting here, waiting, is straining on my nerves, but I’m glad that I have Jace with me. I’m not sure anymore on whether I’m worried about my dad being disappointed in me or blowing up at Jace. I just hope that we can all come out of this on speaking terms with our parents.

“You need to calm down, Ella.” Jace whispers to me.

I stare at him, dumbfounded, “Does this not worry you at all? My dad is about to see you defile his little girl after you’ve degraded her, Jace,” I keep my voice low so that Corrine, my dad’s receptionist, doesn’t hear me, “He’s not going to take that too well!”

He shrugs, "There isn't much that we can do about it, Ella. It's not like he can forbid you to see me, because you are an adult."

I look at the guy who I truly believe that I have fallen in love with, and I cover his hand on my thigh with my own, "I just don't want him to hate you, Jace. I don't think I would be able to handle that, and I can't choose between you and my parents."

He cups my face and looks me straight in the eye, "Both your parents and I would never make you choose. Your parents love you and only want to see you happy, so as long as they know you are happy, then they won't make you choose. Granted, they are going to be pissed, well, your dad will be, anyway, but hopefully he won't say anything about the video to your mom."

"I'll make him promise me that he won't," I state firmly, "Besides, it will be breaking client confidentiality, so he can't."

My dad's door to his office opens and a man in an expensive suit comes walking out with my father. They are still chatting quietly, but I barely make out something about divorce and soon-to-be-ex-wife, just before they shake hands and part ways. When my dad sees us waiting for him, he smiles,

"Come on in, you two."

My legs shake as I walk, and if it wasn't for Jace keeping his hand on my lower back, letting me know that he is right there, I might have actually turned around and ran from the building. This is the first time in my life that I have not looked forward to talking to my father. Just as we are sitting, Corrine comes in with a delivery bag and hands it to my

dad. She winks at me when she turns to leave, and I smile back at her.

"So, what is this emergency that couldn't wait until I got home tonight?" My father asks as he pulls his favorite turkey and swiss cheese on a hoagie bun, out of the paper sack, along with a bag of chips.

Jace is the one to speak first, "Someone sent Ella a video this morning, and we are pretty sure that it's to blackmail her into dropping the case."

"Why would you think that?" My dad's brows furrow as he studies Jace,

"Well, the video is kind of explicit, and I had been told the other day that a friend overheard Mason's twin sister talking on the phone with someone about Ella. Apparently, somebody has been keeping tabs on your daughter to try and find dirt on her."

"I see," my father looks at me concerned, "So, what's on this video? I find it hard to believe that anybody would find dirt on you, Ella,"

"That's what I said as well." Jace chuckles nervously.

My father's eyes glance at Jace briefly, and then return back to me, "What did they find on you, Ella." My dad asks sternly.

"Before I show you, Dad, you need to keep an open mind, okay...and you need to promise not to get mad." I plead with

him

“Hand it over, Ella.”

“Promise me, Dad...”

“I can’t promise if it’s something that is going to hurt this case!” His voice raises just a tad.

*That’s the thing, it can’t hurt the case, because it has nothing to do with the case,” I say quickly, “but it will be humiliating if it gets out onto the internet, and I think that’s what they were threatening if I don’t drop the case.”

“Hand...me..the...video.” My dad says really slow.

“Okay,” I pull up the video and start to hand it over the desk to him, “but just know that everything, and I mean everything, on this video is consensual.”

“Jesus,” my father closes his eyes as he curses because I think he now realizes what may be on the video.

His jaw ticks as he glances from me to Jace before hitting the play icon. The volume is still up, so Jace and I can hear everything, which only makes it worse as I watch my father’s expression go from bad to worse. He doesn’t finish watching it as he taps on the stop and tosses my phone onto his desk. He doesn’t say anything, just sets his elbows on his desk, clasps his fingers together, and presses his forehead against them. The silence goes on for eternity it seems like.

glance over at Jace, and he grabs my hand and squeezes it trying to tell me that it will be okay. When my father moves, it’s only to lean back in his chair and glare at Jace. I have to give the man beside me credit, he is holding my dad’s glare very well. Jace is ready to take on my father’s wrath no matter how bad it is.

Finally, my father addresses Jace, “What do you have to say for yourself?”

“With all due respect, Ethan, what happens between Ella and I, is our business. We are not ashamed of our sexual preferences, and neither one of us will apologize for it. We brought this to you only because they are wanting her to drop the case, and also, because someone climbed up that tree and recorded a video without either of our consent.”

My father’s face is beet red when he turns to me, “So, you’re okay with him calling you a whore and treating you like a common slut off the street?”

“Dad, it isn’t like that! Jace doesn’t think that of me...and it turns me on when he says those things.” I look away from him when I say the last part, not that I’m ashamed, but I’m embarrassed that I’m telling my dad these things,

“I would never disrespect your daughter, Ethan. I love Ella, but our tastes when it comes to intimacy is a bit more... colorful than most people’s tastes.” Jace tries explaining, but it doesn’t seem to be doing any good at the moment.

“Dad, please don’t be mad at Jace, he does it because I like it.” It’s not quite a lie, because I do like it, but I didn’t know I liked it until Jace started it.

"I just don't get this whole, what do you call it..." my dad thinks on the word he's looking for but Jace answers for him.

"Kink lifestyle."

"Yes, that' What is it about talking down to others like that?"

"It's a bit hard to explain to people who don't have the same tastes as we do," Jace says, "but know that Ella is my world, and I know Ella's needs and wants, and I just want to make her happy."

I squeeze his hand and smile at him, falling for him just a little bit more. I then turn back to my dad, "I love you, Dad, but this is my private life, and as Jace said, we came to you about it because of the implication of the message. We also wanted to talk to you before we talk to the of the family tonight about our relationship"

My dad cuts me off, "Ella, your mom and his parents are not going to want to see this video!"

"We are not going to show them or tell them about the video, and as my lawyer, I want you to promise that you won't tell anyone either. We just want to put our relationship out in the open instead of sneaking around."

I can tell that my father is still pissed, but he agrees with me about not mentioning the video to anyone. He then turns to Jace, "I had a high regard for you. Jace, and now, I just don't know what to think. You have disappointed me."

"I'm sorry you feel that way. Ethan. I've always looked up to you as a father figure, and still do, but I will respect your

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feelings." Jace is polite, but I can tell that my father's words have hurt him.

"Don't put this all on Jace, Dad! If you're going to be disrespectful to him then don't expect me to talk to you!" I stand up, trying to pull Jace up with me, but he pulls me back down so I'm back in my seat.

"Apologize to your dad, Ella. He has every right to feel what he's feeling after learning about this. He wasn't disrespecting me, but you are disrespecting him, and I won't sit here and watch you do that on my behalf." I just stare at Jace as he orders me to say I'm sorry to my dad. He is using his Dom voice as well, and he knows that I always obey when he uses it, but I can't this time.

I snatch my hand out of Jace's and turn to my father, "I'm sorry if you think I'm disrespecting you, but I'm not, I'm just telling you about my own feelings on the matter." I glance at Jace because I used his own words, and then I turn and hurry out of my dad's office. Not stopping until I get to Jace's Jeep, I break down as soon as I get to where it's parked. Of course, it's locked, but it doesn't matter, I just needed to get out there. I knew my father wouldn't be happy, but I couldn't listen to him talk down to Jace like that. I won't choose between them, but I will stick up for whichever one is getting the wrong end of the stick.

After giving myself a few minutes, I wipe the tears from my face as I wait for Jace. I probably shouldn't have left him with my dad like that, but I felt like I was suffocating in there. My parents don't know about how I spent the last two years being bullied and not having anyone, feeling lonely on a daily basis,

so of course, they are not going to realize how much being with Jace and being able to break free from the shackles of loneliness means to me. I don't think anybody other than Jace would have been able to see deep enough inside me to know that my needs differ from most. Hell, I didn't even realize the extent to what I needed, but Jace did, and I know that he is being patient with me as I begin to explore.

I'm so deep in thought that I'm not even aware of my surroundings. I see nothing, I hear nothing, until a horn blares, jerking me from my own thoughts. Looking around, I see an angry Jace stomping toward me and the Jeep. He must have walked in front of the car that honked, because I doubt he is seeing anything else while his eyes are focused on me. He doesn't say anything to me as he unlocks the doors and holds my door open for me. Once I'm settled into my

seat, he grabs the seatbelt and stretches it across my body, buckling me in. He then slams the door and walks around to the driver's side. Only when he is in the Jeep and he's started it, do our eyes meet and he talks to me.

"You were a very bad girl in there, Ella."

JACE POV

I sit here and take in every word that Ethan says to me. It hurts; I'm not going to lie, but I also know that he's angry and he has to let it out. Not everybody understands the dynamics of the kink lifestyle, and that's okay, so I let him say what he needs to say, even if it does hurt. Ethan is like a father to me, so the disappointment that I see in his eyes is the toughest to take, but I won't apologize about loving his daughter. Fuck, I'd probably be doing the same thing if I had a daughter and saw what he did without having any understanding.

When Ella lets loose on her father, I sit back and let her have her say, proud of her for standing up for herself, and yet disappointed because I find her being disrespectful to her father. It's when she tells Ethan that she won't talk to him anymore and then tries pulling me from my chair, that I've had enough, and can't let her continue or else she's going to say something that she's going to regret.

I pull her back down into her chair and muster up my Dom voice enough for her to recognize it, but not to the extent to where her father would get even more pissed at me. Staring at her, I keep my voice calm but stern, "Apologize to your dad, Ella. He has every right to feel what he's feeling after learning about this. He wasn't disrespecting me, but you are disrespecting him, and I won't sit here and watch you do that on my behalf."

Ella stuns me when she rips her hand out of mine and turns back to her father. I don't pay too much attention to what she is saying because I'm seeing red at the moment. To display this kind of childish tantrum is uncalled for, and I wouldn't have thought that she would react this way. Once she runs from Ethan's office, I stare at the door for a moment before turning back to Ethan. I'm pretty sure we have matching expressions on our faces.

I clear my throat, "I'm really sorry that you had to find out this way, and even more sorry that you had to see that, but I do love Ella. I have loved her since I was twelve years old, and I will continue to do so as long as she allows me to," I run my hand down my face and sigh, "Those things I said in the video. I don't think that of your daughter, but it is what we both like. All I'm trying to do is keep her happy, I'll do anything in regard to her happiness, but I will also punish her when the need arises." He goes to say

something, but I hold up my hand to stop him, “I know what you’re thinking, Ethan, but no, I would never abuse Ella. Just do us both a favor and do a little research please. Maybe once you know a little more about it, you may be able to deal with it better I’m not saying that you have to like it, but at least it should put your mind

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to rest knowing that she is with someone that has her best interests at heart and who will take good care of her.”

Ethan’s jaw is still clenched but he nods at me and hands me Ella’s phone. I nod back at him, and then take my leave to go search for my disobedient little sub. I’m already thinking of the best way to punish her once we get back to my place. It’s high time we take it up a notch, and work on her obedience instead of pissing around because I don’t want to push her too soon. She’s had enough time to come to terms with everything and today she will see what happens when a sub disobeys their Dom, especially in a public setting.

My eyes are laser-focused on the woman standing all by herself beside my Jeep. I don’t pay attention to anything going on around me, and even when a car honks at me for walking in front of it, I don’t even stop. My sight never leaves Ella. As I get closer, I can see that she has been crying by her puffy face and red eyes, but I can’t show concern, even though all I want to do now is take her into my arms and let her know that it’s all going to be okay.

Instead, I say nothing as I open up the door and wait for her to climb in before I make sure she is buckled. I don’t mean to slam the door, but I’m holding on by a very thin piece of thread, and I need to get it all out before I give her the punishment that she deserves. I could see confusion in her eyes; she’s wondering who my anger is towards, but I will not say. I will never say when I’m angry at her, disappointed, yes, but never angry.

Once I get into the driver’s seat and I’ve started the Jeep, I finally turn and give her my full attention, “You were a very bad girl in there, Ella.” | glance at the time and notice that we still have a little over three hours before one of my parents get home, but I don’t know if that will give us enough time. Changing my mind about going back to my place, I turn my Jeep in the opposite direction. I’ll have more options in doling out Ella’s punishment this way as well.

I can see in my peripheral view that Ella is glancing around, trying to figure out where we are going. When I told her that she was a very bad girl, she knew right away not to say anything to me, so I’m not surprised that she hasn’t asked me where we are going. I don’t plan on telling her either, she will see once we are there. Is it a bad thing if I’m getting hard just thinking about punishing my little sub? I’m talking about really punishing her, not just a few spanks with my hand either. I still owe her the forty swats with the paddle, but now she’s added to that punishment, and I’m looking forward to using other techniques as well.

As I pull into the parking lot of the Training Center, I see that both Jude and Riku are here as well. I won’t be needing their assistance, but I wouldn’t mind introducing them to my girl, only once she has thoroughly been punished. Until then, she gets no privileges, and that includes meeting my friends. Ella glances at me while removing her seatbelt, hoping I will give her some insight as to where we are at, but

I keep my Dom face on. In fact, I'm in complete Dom mode and I expect her to act like the perfect sub while we are here.

I open her door for her and grab her hand, not saying anything until I stop right outside the front door and turn to her, "We are in D/s mode as of right now, until I say otherwise. I will expect you to act accordingly, because there will be consequences if you do not. Do you understand, Ella?"

"Yes, Jace."

I shake my head, "Here, you will either call me Master Jace, or Sir. I'd prefer Sir, but it's your decision. You will not speak unless spoken to or I've given you permission to speak freely. Do you understand, Ella?"

"Yes, Sir." Her eyes are wide, and her cheeks are pink as she responds with a breathless voice. I want to grin because these are the signs of a turned-on woman, but I keep my expression stern.

"This is where you will receive your punishment, because there are so many more implements and options here. You are going to have a very sore bottom, among other things..."

I don't expect an answer from her, so I turn and open the door, pulling her through right behind me. The facility is busy this time of day with Dom and sub classes, so there are quite a few people walking around. A sub that pays for extra training, and that I work with in the evenings, stops me.

"Master Jace, are we still on for tonight?" The sub practically bats her lashes at me, and I feel Ella stiffen beside me

Ah shit, this doesn't look good at all, but I can handle it. This sub always flirts with me, and she gets punished for it each time, "No, Lea, I will not be working tonight, but I will make sure that I set you up with Master Jude, since you have forgotten the rules."

Her eyes go as round as saucers, "Please Master Jace, any other trainer, but him!"

"You know better than to speak to a Master without his permission, and I've told you numerous times to stop flirting with me," I pull Ella up, so she is now standing beside me, giving her a small smile before turning back to Lea, "This is my sub, and girlfriend, Ella. You will not disrespect her again by flirting with me."

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The sub glances at Ella, "I'm sorry that I was flirting with your Master. I did not realize that he had someone." She seems to be remorseful, but only time will tell.

"Be in the usual training room at the usual time and a trainer will meet you there." I don't say goodbye or anything, I just continue on my way, wanting to get Ella away from everybody, so they don't upset her even more. Had I known Lea would pull something like this, I would have waited until I knew that all classes were in session before bringing Ella inside.

I can tell that my girl is biting at the bit to say something but is trying to be obedient. I'm not going to give her a reprieve, though. Once her punishment is over, then she can ask all the questions that she would like, but not until then. The more she remains quiet and obedient, the harder my dick gets. Yeah,

it also gets hard when she is disobedient, knowing that I get to punish her, but when she is obeying my commands and acting like a true sub, that gets me hard as well.

I first bring her in to where the trainer's locker room is, so I can grab a hair tie to put her hair back. I don't want to catch her hair on anything and hurt her, so I quickly braid her hair and tie it off. I then take her to a room that is very seldom used, so I know we won't be disturbed. It's a bit on the smaller side, but I don't need a lot of room for what I'm using it for. It does have a big two-way mirror on one wall, where others can watch whatever scene is taking place, but we won't be using it, not that Ella will know that. In fact, it's the complete opposite, I will let her think that we are being watched as part of her punishment, as long as she doesn't have a serious freak out over it. We will see how she handles exhibitionism; she doesn't need to know that I have no plans on showing her off like that to anybody, at least not unless she wants me to.

"Strip and then kneel and wait for me to return; I need to take care of something. I expect you to be ready for your punishment when I get back." I leave through a different door than what we came through. It leads out to the hall where the two-way mirror faces and when I look through it, I can see her plain as day.

Glancing around to make sure nobody else is around, I turn my attention back to my girl. She looks around the room from where she stands, observing the furniture and all the implements on display. I notice the slight shiver that runs through her, as well as the small smile on her lips. "Oh, Ella, let's see how long that smile stays on those pretty little lips of yours." I say to myself out loud as I watch her strip. Just as she gets onto her knees in the Nadu pose, I feel a presence behind me.

"Very beautiful, Lil' D," Jude's voice is low, "No wonder you are so pussy whipped." I spin around to see my friend checking Ella out

"Eyes off my girl, Jude."

He lifts a brow, "You have seen Beth naked a million times, but you have an issue with me looking at your girl?"

"There's a difference, Beth doesn't mind it, and Ella is still learning. I don't want to show her off like this unless she is okay with it." I scowl and I quickly hit the button on the wall that closes the blinds to the room. I will have to do it from the other side as well to make sure nobody opens it up from out here while we are busy.

Jude holds his hands up, "Fair enough, I'll respect that," he pauses, "but I do hope that one day she will allow an audience because I would love to see a scene between the two of you. She looks so innocent, Lil' D. What are you here for?"

"She's got a few punishments coming to her and I don't want to be interrupted by my parents." I stick my hands in my pockets.

"Damn, you're going to give that innocent-looking girl a punishment and not let me watch?" He literally pouts his lips.

"Why yes, yes I am." I grin.

"Ugh, fine. I guess I'll find my own entertainment."

“By the way, are you busy at seven tonight? I’m supposed to have training with Lea, but Ella and I have to take care of something tonight.”

“Why don’t you just cancel it?” He asks because normally I would. I go on to tell him why I want him to train her, and of course, punish her for what she had done, “Oh, nice. Why didn’t you just say so from the beginning?” He rubs his hands together, “she hates being edged and she cries so pretty.”

I roll my eyes at my friend; he enjoys his job way too much, but I can’t really blame him. If I didn’t have Ella, then I would probably be just like him. I thank him and then wait until he is gone before opening the blinds back up. Ella is still on her knees, her palms lying face-up on her thighs, her back straight with her tits all perked-up. We keep the rooms a little on the chillier side, because it can get a bit warm while we scene or hand out punishments. It also helps to keep the sub’s

nipples hard, so it’s easier to play or torture them. I go back into the room and close the blinds from the inside before facing the woman on her knees in front of me, “Are you ready to be punished Elā?” “Yes, Sir..” wana

>CHAPTER 36: VISIT TO THE TRAINING CENTER

Explicit scene ahead... Continue at your own risk! =)

As I kneel here, waiting for Jace to come back into the room, the anticipation of what’s to come is creeping higher and higher. I have all sorts of thoughts running through my head about the different ways that he could possibly punish me. There are so many things in the room that he can use to cause me the pain that I’m really needing at this moment. If he’s going to punish me, I hope he plans on it being more painful than a few swats on my butt with the paddle.

If my heart racing and my core dripping at the thought of Jace making this painful for me, doesn’t tell you just how messed up I am, then I don’t know what will. It seems like the times that I am under high amounts of stress or pressure is when I most want to feel the pain. Maybe because it takes away the stressful feelings and makes it so I don’t have to think about the things causing me the stress, I don’t know, but I do know that I need to feel something else other than this ache I feel after visiting my dad.

I finally here the door open behind me, but I don’t dare look. Footsteps sound around the room before Jace steps right in front of me, and I finally have the nerve to look up at him. He seems so much older than his almost nineteen years. I’m not sure if it’s his built physique and five o’clock shadow or just because he’s experienced, or all of it combined, but he seems advanced in his years. It doesn’t matter, I give him my body because he understands what it needs, and I trust him to take care of it. He gives me punishments to teach me lessons when I’m disobedient, but sometimes I think that I’m disobedient because I know that he’s going to punish me, and it’s exactly what I want him to do, so is it really a punishment for me?

“Are you ready to be punished, Ella?”

“Yes, Sir...”

“You do realize that you will now be getting more than the forty swats with the paddle; that will only be the warm-up for the rest.” He informs me.

A shiver runs down my spine in a very delicious way, “I understand, Sir.”

“We have yet to go over your limits list, so for now, I’m going to get a few things and set them out for you to look at. I want you to take out the items that will be a hard limit for you, meaning you do not want to even try that item. Then I will have you go through and pick out things that would be your soft limit meaning you may be up for trying it if we take it

slow. The items that are left will be the ones that you do not have an issue with if I were to use them on you,” he squats down, so he is eye level with me, “Do you still want to proceed?”

He reaches out and caresses my cheek with his thumb, “That’s my good girl. You will have no more than ten minutes to go through the items. If you have any questions, don’t hesitate to ask me. I don’t want you leaving an item because you re not sure what it is.”

“I understand, Sir.”

He smiles at me, “Now, go pick out your items.” He holds his hand out to help me get to my feet. When I walk away, he slaps my ass, “That ass is going to be real pretty here in a little bit.”

I put a little extra sway in my hips as I glance back over my shoulder and give him a seductive smile. Well, at least I hope it looks seductive, anyway. When I reach the area with all the items, my eyes go wide; there are so many to choose from! I start with the items that I have no idea what they are used for and look scary as hell; I put them in the do not use pile. I find all the whips because I am not ready for that kind of pain just yet. Once I’m done with that pile, I start with the canes, and put all of them in the soft limits pile, along with the tens machine. I do find a hook that I can only assume goes in the butt, and I quickly run it over to the hard limits pile, no way is Jace hooking my butthole.

There really isn’t too much that I put into the soft limits pile, so when I’m done, I stand back and observe the items that are still available to use. There is an assortment of vibrators, nipple clamps, butt plugs, floggers, paddles, belts, and a few other items. I think he will be happy with the variety that he has to choose from.

When I’m done, I go over and kneel back at his feet. I notice that he has taken off his shirt and I can now drool over his bare chest and abs. I can never get enough of the hard lines and ridges that form his whole upper body. I just want to

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run my tongue over every single one of them.

Jace walks over to the three piles and grins, “My baby is definitely into this, aren’t you?” He glances over at me, “I’m going to have so much fun punishing you.”

I can’t help but blush, because I know he is right, but I also know that I’m going to have fun as well. Maybe I should have left some of the canes out since this is supposed to be a punishment, but I’m pretty sure he will find a way to bring me to tears by the time he is done.

He walks over to me with a black leather collar that has silver loops around the outside of it, in his hand, “I’m putting this on you in case I want to chain you to something,” he winks at me, “that way you can’t move too much.”

Once it's in place around my neck, I feel it with my hands. I still have my chain collar on as well, but this leather one makes it so much more real, "Don't worry, I'll be getting you your very own for when I bring you here or any other similar establishment with me. Your chain is an everyday collar, reminding you that you are mine. You need a temporary one for when we play or go to parties, if you ever allow me to take you to one."

I love the way the collar feels so secure around my neck, almost as if it is his hands wrapped around it. The more I kneel and watch Jace, the more turned on I become and just want him to fuck me, but I'm not sure if any of that will be happening today. The thought of having him inside of me again has me yearning for him. He's taking way too long in deciding what to use on me, and I think he's doing it on purpose.

"Go to the bed and bend over, Ella. We are about to get started."

I swear, I can't get up fast enough. Once I'm bent over, I feel him step up behind me. He grabs a fist full of hair at the nape and pulls my head back as he leans over me, "What is your safe word, Ella?"

"Pineapple, Sir."

"Very good. Now, I'm going to start with this," he holds a silver butt plug with a purple gem set into the base in front of my face. He then kicks at my ankles, indicating for me to spread my legs wider, "I'm going to lube you up really good and then shove this plug up your tiny asshole. That way, every time I swat you, it will jostle inside of your ass, and remember, you are not allowed to come."

"Yes, Sir."

"Open that naughty little mouth of yours," He inserts the plug into my mouth until the whole part that goes into my butt is in, "now swirl your tongue around it, and get it nice and wet for me." I suck and lick it like it's his cock in my mouth, "That's my good girl, sucking it like it's a big fat cock, aren't you?"

When he pulls it away, I feel him push it in between my lower lips, sliding it back and forth before pressing it against my entrance. God, it feels so good, almost like it's been forever since I've had something between my legs, and we all know that isn't true. He pushes the plug all the way in and then starts fucking me with it for a moment or so. Leaving it inside of me, I hear him pop the cap of the lube.

"Reach back and spread your cheeks for me, Ella." My core throbs and I blush at the feeling of opening myself for him to see my most private area, "Hm, such a nice asshole," he rims it with his finger before squirting the lube all over it, and rubbing it in. He slips the tip of his finger inside and my body instantly tenses, "Relax, Ella. It will be much easier if you remain relaxed," his voice is smooth as he talks to me, calming my nerves, and relaxing my muscles, and soon his whole finger is thrusting in and out, "See, look at that, you're taking my whole digit."

I feel him squirt some more lube on and slowly work another finger into me, making me moan. It feels so weird, but in a good way, and soon I'm pushing myself back, fucking his fingers with my ass. He begins to fuck the plug into me once more, and all too soon I feel a climax building, but I know that Jace isn't going to let me come, so I try to calm myself down. Only, Jace doesn't stop.

"Sir, please! I'm going to come if you don't stop..."

"No, you're not, because I'm not giving you permission."

Just when I don't think I can hold it back any longer, he pulls both his fingers and the plug out of my body I let myself relax, but only for a moment, because he's already pressing the plug into my back hole.

"Nice and easy, you can do it. Take it just like you took my fingers, baby," I'm still holding my cheeks apart for him, "God, I can't wait until my cock is fucking this hole. You're doing great, baby, now, push back like you were when you were fucking my fingers," I obey, grunting because the plug is much bigger, "Oh wow, you are taking this monster like a pro!" | hear a slight pop and I feel it go into place, making me feel so full. Jace slaps my ass, "See, I knew you could take it

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Now let's get you over to the bench to get your forty paddles out of the way."

It feels weird walking with the plug in my butt, but also very arousing. He stops us in front of a padded bench and pushes me gently over it until my chest is flat against it. He takes his time cuffing my wrists and then my ankles. .. Coming around to the front, so I can see him, he bends down placing one hand on his knee as he cups the side of my face.

"Are you ready for this, Ella? I'm not going to be gentle, and it will hurt."

I nod, "I'm ready, Sir."

"What are you ready for, Ella. You need to say it out loud, ask me to punish your ass with the paddle."

"I want you to punish my ass with the paddle, and make it hurt, Sir."

He grins, "You surprise me more and more each day, baby," He kisses my forehead and then pulls away, "Remember your safe word, but really try and take all forty, Ella." He walks back around to my back side, "What are you being punished for, Ella?"

"Because I glared at you behind your back and then I played dumb and lied to you, Sir." Me saying why I'm being punished makes me think back to when I did it. I don't know why I did it, and I now know that I do deserve the paddle, "I'm so sorry, Sir.

"I know you are, baby, and you will feel so much better once we get your backside heated up, won't you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Remember to count each one."

He doesn't give me time before he brings the first one down. I count once I catch my breath after the sting leaves my cheeks. These feel worse than when he paddled me the last time. Swat after swat rains down on my ass as I count. After ten swats, he massages my cheeks for a moment and then continues. He stops and repeats the same thing after every ten swats. By the time we reach forty, my face is drenched in tears, and I can no longer feel my back side.

The sound of a zipper echoes through the room and suddenly Jace is thrusting inside of me, slamming against my sore ass and squeezing the cheeks, all while the butt plug remains firmly in place. I feel too full now, but I moan because it feels so good.

“Damn, you’re so fucking tight with the plug in, I’m ready to come already!”

As he slams into me over and over, a silent scream erupts from my mouth, not because I’m coming, but because of the sheer passion that is running through me in this moment. It is at this point that I see myself in a large mirror across from me. Jace is staring right at me as he fucks me hard from behind.

“Your naughty cunt doesn’t deserve my seed right now, so you won’t get to feel my cum inside of you,” he nods towards the mirror, “Don’t take your eyes off me and make sure you smile for our audience that’s watching.”

I freeze as soon as he tells me to smile, but he doesn’t. He slams into me a few more times before pulling out and coming all over my butt and lower back. Are people actually watching us do this? Why wasn’t I told beforehand? I should safe word, this is the last thing that I need getting out.

A slap to my ass jerks me to attention, “How about we find out what pretty marks the belt makes?”

“Y-Yes, Sir, please belt my ass for being disrespectful to my dad.” I don’t need to be asked because I already know that he’s going to ask me that, so I just beat him to it.

I feel him uncuff my limbs and then he is beside me helping me to straighten up. Walking me over to the middle of the room, having me face the mirror once more, he lifts my arms, and places them in shackles that are hanging from the ceiling. I can already feel myself leaking from the promise of the belt, but then Jace brings nipple clamps and says that he will put them on gently, not that there is any gentle way of putting clamps on one’s nipples. Pulling on one of my nipples, he slowly closes the clamp over my already erect nipple, but then he tightens it even more, as he watches my reaction. I don’t disappoint him. It hurts when he tightens them, and my mouth opens as though I’m going to scream only nothing comes out. With a sadistic smile on his face, he moves to the other nipple and starts the process over.

I can see he is enjoying the pain he is inflicting but only because he knows that I am as well, “How do they feel, Eila. Shall I take them off and reapply them?”

“They hurt, Sir.” They do feel good, but I’m not a fan of them and would rather have them off, especially because they

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are causing my desire to skyrocket.

“Would you like me to take them off?”

“Please...”

“All you have to do is say the safe word, and everything stops.”

Argh...manipulation at its finest! He knows damn well that I don’t want everything to stop but if I want to safe word because of the clamps then I get absolutely nothing! I’m panting heavily at this point, but I refuse to safe word.

“Shall we proceed with your punishment?”

“Yes, Sir.”

He makes me count out the ten with the belt as well, and just after the first one, my ass is on fire. I don't know how I make it all the way to ten without safe wording, but I do, but he isn't done with me yet. No, he's hard as a rock once more, so he takes my paddled and belted ass into his hands, making me wrap my legs around his waist as I dangle from my shackled wrists, and thrusts inside of me once again. His mouth goes directly to my clamped nipple, and he nibbles on it before moving to the other.

My body is on fire at this point, ready to explode in millions of tiny pieces. I'm floating through the air as Jace uses me as he wishes, turning me on even more. I'm his own personal blow-up doll that he can toss around and fuck how he wants. I love the feel of him slamming inside of me, and I would love it more if he would allow me to come, but any pleasure is his alone, and that actually pleases me as well. I want to be able to please Jace wherever and whenever. He is teaching me so much about myself and my body, that it's the least I can do.

"How are you doing, Ella? You okay?" Jace asks as he continues to thrust into me.

"Yes, Sir...I need more...please!"

He pulls out of me as he gives me another sadistic smile, "Remember that you asked for it," I stand on unsteady feet as he releases my wrists from above my head. He walks over to the area of items and comes back with more restraints, which attach to the collar that I'm wearing. He clips two straps to the loops in the back and then brings each arm around to cuff it back up, so now my arms are restrained behind me.

Walking me over to a piece of equipment, I watch as he attaches a rubber-looking phallus with a clitoris stimulator attached to it. He walks away once again and I scrunch my face, trying to figure out what it is exactly. When Jace comes back, he's got the lube in his hands, and he puts just a little on the life-like dildo.

"We call this the Saddle. You are going to sit on it, taking this dildo up that pretty little cunt of yours, and you're going to ride it while I fuck your naughty little mouth. Any objections?"

I shake my head as my core throbs at the thought of having all three of my holes filled at the same time. The phallus looks monstrous and is really going to make me feel full while the plug is still in me. Not to mention having Jade's monster cock in my mouth as well. I'm going to be stuffed better than a Thanksgiving turkey.

"Are you ready?" He asks as he comes around to my side and places his hands on my hips.

"Yes, Sir..."

Jace lifts me until I'm straddling the saddle, both my feet are back on the floor, "Lower yourself onto the dildo and don't move until I say."

I can't help the moan that slips out as I start to impale myself on the machine. It's a lot bigger than Jace is, so it takes a little bit of work to fit it all in when the butt plug is taking up a lot of room. I stop halfway down, "I don't think it will fit, Sir!"

"You've got this, Ella. This pussy will stretch nice and wide, you will see, now keep going. Give a few small thrusts and then push down some more." I obey him and start fucking the phallus slowly until I'm

all the way impaled. "That's my girl," he runs his fingers through my hair, "I knew that slutty pussy would eat it up. How does it feel?"

"I feel so full, Sir!" I'm panting heavily because it took a lot of work and a lot of stretching to get it in and now, I'm just trying to adjust to it all.

"That's exactly how I want you to feel. Before I continue, do you feel like you need to safe word?"

I shake my head, "No, I think I'm good, Sir, but please...I need to move!"

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He chuckles, "All in good time, baby," He then proceeds to bend and strap my legs to the machine, so I'm no longer touching the floor, and then brings me a bottle of water, "Open up, we need to hydrate you before I use this mouth of yours."

I gaze up at his face the whole time he is feeding me water. I can see the love he has for me, shining in his eyes, and it makes my heart swell. When a little bit of water spills from the side of my mouth, he wipes it away with his thumb.

"You look so beautiful, at my mercy, like this. Thank you for agreeing to be mine; I can't imagine being with anybody else, dominating anybody else, and I'm not talking about when I train either, because I never touch them the way I touch you. My touch is only for you, my cock is only for you, and my heart, is only for you, Ella."

I'm not sure if I'm supposed to speak, but I do anyway, "My heart and body are only for you, Sir."

He bends down and takes my lips with his. It's a brief one, but it's also a deep one, showing me how much he loves me. Our tongues tangle for a moment, and then he's pulling away

"You have been such a good girl, taking your punishment well, and pleasing me. If you are good while I fuck this pretty little mouth, I will let you come before we leave this room. You will have to get through this last punishment first."

"Thank you, Sir..." I'm so relieved that he is going to let me come that I don't care how hard he fucks my face.

He smirks, "I wouldn't thank me yet," He slips his jeans down until his cock springs out, still hard from earlier. Grabbing hold of its base, he holds it in place, "Open nice and wide, Ella."

My mouth opens swiftly, greedily waiting for him to fill it. He doesn't make me wait as he slides it in immediately, not stopping until he hits the back of my throat. Pulling out to the tip, he thrusts back in, causing me to gag from the impact. I can taste myself on him and it only makes me throb more.

"Remember to open your throat for me, baby," he pulls out again and repeats the thrusting, "Oh, I almost forgot!" He pauses in his thrusting and leans over, flipping a switch on the machine. The dildo begins to vibrate inside me as the clitoris stimulator goes to work on the little bundle of nerves. I groan, knowing there is no possible way that I will be able to hold back my climax this way, "There we go, now we are ready." Jace snickers before grabbing both sides of my head and continues to fuck my face.

I am most definitely filled full to the brim, and being well used at this moment, and well, I couldn't be happier. My body is buzzing with desire, no pun intended, as all three of my holes are impaled. I never imagined that I would find myself in this kind of position, I've fantasized while reading dark romance books, but never in my wildest dreams would I have thought it would happen in real life. It's a good thing that I've read books with this kind of stuff in it, because this is not for the innocent, let me tell you. I'm on cloud nine at the moment as I stare up at Jace. We keep our eyes on each other while he uses my mouth and I love every minute of it.

I feel the drool dripping from the sides of my mouth, and I'm pretty sure that my mascara is running down my face as my eyes water from taking his cock so deep into my throat. I can only imagine that I look like a cheap, dirty whore at the moment, and it only adds to the flames burning inside of me.

"You are enjoying this aren't you?" Jace grins down at me.

I try to nod and moan at the same time, letting him know that yes, I'm enjoying this immensely

"Fuck, Ella, I can't even explain how I'm feeling right now, seeing you like this. I want to say, 'like a greedy slut, but it's so much more than that, you look so much more than that.'" He bites his lower lip and fucks my mouth harder and faster, "Edge yourself on that dildo, Ella. Fuck it until you almost come and then stop. Do it until I come, and if you can hold out, I will fuck you up against that two-way mirror, so everybody out there can watch you fall apart for me."

I almost come from just his words! I forgot about the mirror, and how others can see all the deliciously depraved things that he is doing to me I'm not sure how I feel about him letting others watch us. It turns me on for sure, but I don't know if I like it. I continue to grind myself on the saddle anyway, until almost fall over the edge, and I have to still my whole body

Jace chuckles, "That was a close call, wasn't it?"

We continue this way for a while and just when I think I'm not going to make it, Jace tenses up. "Get ready to swallow, baby, because I've got a good load for you!" I feel the first spurt shoot down my throat, followed by even more. After swallowing a few times, he pulls all the way out but continues to jerk himself, releasing ribbons of cum and having them land on my chest and stomach, some even streak across my cheek. I open my mouth greedily, so he can finish on my tongue. Once he's milked everything he's got, he presses my head against his lower abs, and pants, "Damn, Ella"

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Turning the machine off, he releases my wrists and removes the black collar from around my neck. When he releases one of my nipples from its clamp, pain shoots through it as the blood comes rushing back. The same happens to my other nipple, and a groan slips out from the feeling. He doesn't bother having me stand as he just lifts me up and carries me over to the mirror before placing me back on my feet.

"Okay, Ella, it's your turn now, come for Daddy!"

I don't know where his stamina comes from, but from the feel of it, he's already hard again, and is pushing himself inside of me from behind. He's holding my leg up, while my breasts are smashed against the mirror; the cool glass soothing my sore nipples. My hands are trying to grip the surface, but there is

nothing to hold on to. Jace then grabs hold of my hand and slides it up the mirror, keeping hold of it as he begins to thrust.

“Oh God Sirl Harder please go harder!”

He hammers into me so hard that I can feel it in my cervix, over and over again. My climax builds higher and higher and then Jace gives me his command, “Look at the mirror as I make you come, let them see.”

“ARGH! I’m coming! FUCK OHHHHH!” It crashes into me, wave after blissful wave. I can’t keep my eyes open as I experience the most erotic orgasm that I have ever felt.

Jace continues to pound into me as I ride the euphoric waves of ecstasy, “That’s it, baby. Show them all who owns your orgasms, let them see that you belong to me

CHAPTER 37: MEETING THE MASTERS

JACE POV

Ella is so beautiful when she gets into her submissive headspace. Bringing her here to the facility has helped her to see that she isn’t the only one with the type of feelings that she has been experiencing. The way she’s watching Jude torture and edge the sub in front of us makes me want to take her right here as she watches the scene in front of us. Maybe someday, but not today. My precious girl needs to finish her punishment.

The little faces she makes here and there tell me that her knees are bothering her, and I smirk. Maybe later tonight, after we talk with our families, I’ll make her kneel some more while she worships my cock with her mouth. She seems to stare at the sub’s face a lot, where she is wearing an open-mouthed face gag, so her Master can fuck her in that hole. Maybe I’ll try it on Ella, later tonight, and see what she thinks.

I’m still grinning from my thoughts when the door opens and Riku comes strolling in. I lean down and talk softly in order to not disturb the scene, “That is Master Riku, my other friend and trainer. He’s the master at Shibari, and is the one who taught me the rope play.” Ella glances up at me with wide eyes, “You know how to tie people up like that, Sir?” she asks in amazement.

“I do,” I smile down at her, “I’ve been practicing quite a bit, so I can tie my favorite girl up some day.” I caress the soft skin on her cheek as it turns a shade of pink.

I turn my attention back to Riku, who has yet to notice us. His attention span isn’t the best when he is in a room with a bound woman. While Jude is busy shaving down some ginger root, getting it ready for a little figging, Riku is admiring his own handy work with the rope while making his way toward the sub’s mouth.

I clear my throat, earning the Shibari Master’s attention, and a bright smile lights up his face. He comes over to us and squats down in front of Ella, “And who might this beautiful woman be?” He admires my girl without even looking at me.

“Hands off, Riku, this one is mine.” I try to sound stern for Ella’s sake, but I know Riku wouldn’t ever overstep another Dom’s boundaries.

“Ah, this must be Ella then!” He gives her another big smile, “Lil’ D here, never shuts up about you. I don’t know why we even have him as a trainer because he refuses to take advantage of all the entitlements that us trainers get.” He laughs and slaps my thigh as he stands back up.

Ella glances at me with a small smile on her face. I’ve told her that I don’t fuck any of the subs and will not touch them in an intimate way if I can help it. I think hearing Riku verify what I told her makes her feel better. I return her smile and run my fingers through her hair.

“Don’t mind us, Master Riku. Carry on with what you were doing.” I wave him away.

He glances down at Ella for a quick moment before looking back at me, “Are you sure, you’re okay with that?”

I smirk and shrug a shoulder, “I’m fine with it, and Ella is here to learn a few things. We won’t be here too much longer anyway, we have to go meet with our parents in a little while.”

“If you say so,” he pats Ella’s head, “It was so nice to finally meet you, Ella. I hope we see you here again.”

Ella looks to me for permission, and I nod my head, “The feeling is mutual, Master Riku.”

“Her submission seems to be coming along nicely, Lil’ D. It looks like you might have been right about her being a natural.” He winks at me before returning to what he was about to do before we interrupted.

When I notice that Ella’s attention has been turned towards Jude, and what he’s doing, I watch her carefully. It’s when she furrows her brows in confusion that I lean back down to educate her on another type of punishment, one that I am not opposed to using, “That, my Precious, is a ginger root. You see how he is shaving it into that shape?” I wait for her to nod, “Well, he’s shaping it that way so he can insert it in either her butt or her pussy.”

It’s adorable watching her pull herself up and widen her eyes in shock, “It’s a form of punishment,” I continue with the explanation, “You see, when inserted; it gives off a burning sensation. The more you clench, the bigger the burn,” she makes a painful face as

her body tenses, and I know that if I were to reach my hand down, I’d find her clenching her own ass, “I’m sure you will find out firsthand, what it feels like, in the future.” I tap her ass a few times to let it hit home.

She’s staring up at me with both interest and a bit of fear in her eyes, but now isn’t the time to discuss this, so I nod toward the scene, and Ella focuses her attention back on them. I keep my own attention on her as Jude begins to insert the root into the sub’s ass. Ella’s breathing gets shallow once the sub starts to squirm. The squirming doesn’t do the woman any good when Riku has hold of her head for his own pleasure.

Ella’s eyes shoot back and forth between watching Jude behind the sub, and Riku in front of the sub. I know for a fact that Precious is sopping wet as she watches this. I bring my lips to her ear, “Answer honestly because if you don’t, I’m going to make you play with yourself right here until you get off, all while watching the three of them, so tell me Precious, if I stick my hand down your pants, what will I find?”

There's a little whimper that escapes her lips before she turns to look at me, "I am very wet, Sir." Her head whips back when she hears the other woman moan.

"Mm, such a good girl for being truthful. You will get your reward later." I sit back in my chair and relax. Riku is so right, my Ella is a natural, and she is all fucking mine.

I'm sitting in the armchair in the Baxter's living room, waiting for my parents to show up. Ella continues to pace back and forth, biting her thumb nail as she waits for everyone to get here. Ella's sister, Elise, is at the movies with friends, and Eli, her younger brother, is at a friend's house, so now is the perfect time to get this over with. Although, when Ethan comes walking into the room with a grimace on his face, I start to get a little nervous as well.

Elaine finally finishes up with a phone call and joins us just as the doorbell rings. Ella is quick to go and answer it before her mom does. She is so cute when she is nervous; all I want to do is wrap her in my arms and tell her that it's all going to be okay, but that will have to wait until later. Between this talk and the court hearing tomorrow, I think Ella's stress level is stretched to the max. I will have to help relieve some of it later on if she allows it.

"Hey Elaine, Ethan, kids, what's going on," my mom sounds a bit breathless, like she just ran all the way over here, "What do you kids want to talk to us about?"

Ethan is first to cut in, "I think it's safe to say that we can probably stop calling these two kids."

My parents and Elaine all look towards Ethan in confusion, while Ella stands there shaking her head as she covers her face. I hate the toll this is taking on her, but once again, I feel as though it's all my fault, so when our parents all start talking at once, I decide to step in. Putting my fingers in my mouth, I let out a loud whistle, stopping everyone from saying another word.

*Mom, Dad, Elaine, I think what Ethan is trying to say is that Ella and I are adults now. Ella has already graduated, and I'll be done in less than two months," All eyes are on me as they listen to everything I'm saying. I hold my hand out to Ella and see the relief that crosses her face as she comes to stand beside me, holding my hand, "Ella and I have been together for a little while now."

"Like, together, together?" My mom asks.

"Yes, mom, Ella is my girlfriend." I roll my eyes because we all know what's coming next, and sure enough, our mothers do not disappoint.

Both my mom and Elaine start clapping and squealing like little high school girls, while my dad just stands there grinning. Ethan on the other hand, still looks like he wants to murder me. When Elaine notices her husband's reaction, she stops and addresses him.

"Honey, why do you look upset? I figured you would be thrilled that they are together finally." Elaine goes over to rub her husband's back

Before Ethan can say anything though, Ella surprises the shit out of me by blurting it all out, "Dad is pissed because Jace is my Dominant, and I like to submit to him!"

The whole room goes quiet once again as everyone but Ethan gawks at Ella, me included. I seriously can't believe that she outed us just like that not that I'm upset over that fact, but I figured we would talk about the best way to break it to our parents later on. Nothing like ripping off the band-aid, I guess.

"W-What do you mean by that, exactly?" Elaine has her head turned slightly as she squints at her daughter.

"Oh, come on, Elaine! You know exactly what that means, Jace controls our daughter in every aspect, and even calls her humiliating names!" Ethan explodes before turning and walking over to the window to stare out into the fading light.

"Is that true, Jace?" My father asks, "Do you abuse, Ella?"

"NO! Jace does NOT abuse me!" Ella growls out, defending me, "We are in a D/s relationship, with EVERY aspect of it being consensual!"

I wrap my arm around her shoulder and pull her into my chest, kissing the top of her head, "I would never abuse Ella; I love her and want to protect her. We are not asking for your permission, but we didn't want to lie to our families, and so, here we are."

Ethan scoffs, "Don't you mean you didn't want them finding out about it in court?"

"What are you talking about, Ethan?" Elaine asks in confusion, "What does court have to do with this?"

Ella glares at her father, because he is two seconds away from breaking the confidentiality clause. Ethan glances at his daughter, though, and then shakes his head.

"It's not, but you just never know what the Defense will do while trying to get their clients off." He squeezes Elaine's hand, "Forgive me, I'm just a bit stressed out over this court hearing tomorrow.

I can feel Ella relax again after hearing her dad. We are not out of the woods yet though, because my mom is now staring daggers at me.

Jace Mitchell Palmer, what do you think you are doing? I brought you up better than this!"

"What are you talking about, Mom? This has nothing to do with how you brought me up, and even if it did, you brought me up to respect and protect women, and that's exactly what I'm doing!" I'm starting to really get pissed off now, "How about, before you all start coming down on us, you do a little research! Try to understand the dynamics of our relationship, instead of automatically accusing me of abusing Ella! We can't help how we feel, just like all of you can't help how you feel about your spouse. So, our relationship is a little different than what society wants it to be, well fuck society! This is our life, and we will do what makes us happy! I'm sorry if you don't understand that, but that's the way it is."

"So, what, are you going to walk my daughter around on a leash?" Elaine gasps.

I throw my head back and laugh, "No, Elaine, we keep the leash at home." I joke, but I don't think they liked it.

Ella laughs beside me, "God, Mom, you sound like it would be putting you out even if I was to be walked around on a leash. This isn't about you; if I want him to leash me, then he will because he's done

nothing but make me happy since we got together; if anything, he may spoil me a little too much.” My Precious smiles adoringly up at me

Elaine turns and hides her face in her husband’s chest as she shakes her head, but then she straightens back up and faces us once more, “Fine, if this is what you truly want and it makes you happy, then who are we to stand in your way?”

My father speaks up next, “I second that. They know what they are doing, and even if they don’t, it will be a learning experience if it doesn’t work. That’s what life’s about.”

“You wouldn’t be saying that if it were your daughter being controlled!” Ethan bites out.

“Oh, Ethan, stop. Jace is like a son to us, and we know that he wouldn’t hurt Ella on purpose, have a little faith, and let them forge their own way.” Elaine tries soothing her husband.

Elaine’s words hit me hard, though, because I did hurt Ella on purpose. Granted, I’m trying to make up for it but nevertheless, I did hurt her for two years, and she is still suffering for it because of my old friends. I pull Ella into my arms, burying her face into my chest and I just hold her. She glances up at me and shakes her head, knowing exactly what I’m thinking about, but I push her head back against me and kiss her crown. It’s best that none of the past gets brought up in front of our parents, because I’m not sure that will go over quite as well as this topic did.

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CHAPTER 38: SWEET DREAMS

I’m so tired and exhausted after the last few days that I’ve had. I’m not complaining about all the sex, but I’m pretty sure that’s what the exhaustion is from. It’s hard to believe that I was still a virgin just a few days ago. With court being tomorrow, my dad wanted to go over a few more things after our family meeting, and so I’ve been holed up in his office for the past two hours. All I want to do is sleep, but when I get to my room, Jace is already there, waiting for me.

Jace is sitting in the armchair that’s situated in the corner of my room. It’s the same one that he sat in the day I got home from the airport. Our eyes meet, and without saying anything, he opens his arms, and I fling my body onto his lap and into his waiting arms. Neither of us need to say anything, because we just know that all the other one needs is the assurance of the other’s love, so we hold tight to each other as long as we need to.

I’m not sure how long we sit here together, but I feel as though we could do it all night. One of his hands is rubbing my back while he keeps running his fingers through my hair with the other; it’s so soothing that I’m beginning to fall asleep. Suddenly, we are moving as he stands up with me in his arms. Walking over to my bed, so slowly lays me down, following me as he does. His lips press against mine until I open my own, granting him entrance, but he isn’t demanding. His kiss is soft and gentle, unlike the other ones that can be brutal at times, not that I’m complaining. I will take any kind of kiss from Jace.

Not too long after, the feel of his hand is felt sliding into the front of my jeans. I don’t know when he unbuttoned them, but it doesn’t really matter. My sex is clenching in anticipation of what he’s about to do. Instead of going between my legs, though, he slides his hand off to the side, pushing down the fabric of my jeans. I don’t say anything, because I’m trying to figure out what he’s trying to do. I lift my hips up

a little, and he shoves my jeans down, breaking our kiss as he lifts himself in order to pull them completely off.

He takes in my lace panties and bites his lower lip, lowering his head as he does. Placing a tender kiss over my belly button, he moves once more, but it isn't to do anything sexual, instead, he lays down beside me and pulls me into his arms, so we are spooning. I lay here wondering what the heck is going on in his head, because this isn't like him. I was expecting him to maybe force me to my knees and suck him off, or for him to bend me over and have his pleasure, but cuddling?

As if he was reading my thoughts, his low, husky voice reaches my ear, "I'm not having sex with you, Precious. I can see that you are dead on your feet. What do you take me for?" He ends on a chuckle.

I shrug, "I'm not that tired." I lie, "If you need me to help you, you know, I'm sure I will be fine."

Next thing I know, he's flipping me over, onto my back, and glaring down at me, "Is there something that you did wrong that I don't know about?"

I furrow my brows in confusion, "Huh? Why would you ask me that? No, I haven't done anything wrong; I've been good."

"Then why would I use you for my own pleasure when you are dead-ass tired?" He searches my face as he waits for me to answer.

* I-I thought, that's what you said. As my Dom, you can use me whenever you want." I'm beginning to feel like an idiot now.

He sighs and then caresses my cheek, "You're right, I did say that, and there will be times when I will, but if you have been good, then I will give you pleasure once I take my own, but I will never use you when I know that you are dead on your feet. If it's for a punishment, possibly yes, but even that would be determined by just how tired you are, but not if you have been good. As your Dom, it's my job to make sure you are taken care of, and your welfare is my top priority. Punishing you, is part of that. Although, I don't like punishing you because you were naughty, but it's something that needs to be done, so you will learn for next time. The only time I truly enjoy punishing you is when it's for the both of us to get off." I hear the smirk in his voice as he ends his sentence.

push my bottom lip out in a pout, "What if I want you to use me, Sir?"

He continues to smirk, but shakes his head, "Uh uh, my job is to take care of you, and I know for a fact that you need rest, so I'm going to lay here with you until you fall asleep." His decision only makes me pout more, though. He chuckles, "I tell you what, once we hear the sentencing tomorrow, we will celebrate, and I will fuck you all night long. How does that sound?"

"Will you take me to your room so you can restrain me?" I ask a bit breathless because I'm already feeling the throbbing in my lower region.

"Oh, Precious, I will do whatever you want me to, and then some." His lips crash against mine, and this time, it isn't gentle. I can feel his hardness against me and know it's taking him everything to keep the monster in his pants.

The kiss ends way to quickly for my liking, but he's right, I'm so tired, so instead of pouting, I turn in his arms, and let him hold me. I don't think it takes me long to fall asleep, because the last thing I remember is his voice.

"Sweet dreams, Precious."

Hands grab hold of me as I thrash, trying to hold me down so they can do whatever they want to do. I try to scream, but a hand covers my mouth brutally as others laugh. I hear a female's voice in the background, jeering and laughing as well. All I can think is how can another female stand back and let this happen? Something feels off, though. I remember this place, and I remember the voices, but I don't remember this happening to me. I feel one of them between my legs, pushing his member until he's completely inside of me. It feels familiar, but I don't know how since I have only had one man inside of me.

The others are standing around, holding me down while some abuse my breasts. The female is standing behind the male that is inside of me, rubbing her hands over his chest, cheering him on and demanding that he goes harder, that he makes it hurt. He listens to the nasally voice and soon all I can feel is pain. Laughter echoes through the night as they continue to do unspeakable things to me. I try thrashing more, and that's when I hear his voice, saying my name over and over as my body is continuously jostled. It's Jace, he's the one that the female is talking to but all he keeps saying is my name over and over.

"Ella, Ella! Come on Ella.."

I jerk awake, drenched in sweat from head to toe.

"Oh, thank fuck!" I'm pulled into a tight hug, "I've been trying to wake you up for the last five minutes!"

I'm still panting, trying to get my bearings after being pulled out of that nightmare. I'm not sure if it's because the court hearing is already here or what, but it's the first time I've dreamt about that night. I don't understand why Jace was part of it, though. I wrap my arms around him and hug him just as tight. I'm usually not scared about dreams, but something about this one unnerves me.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Jace asks softly.

Do I? I'm not sure if I can explain it, I don't like thinking about it, and now Jace is added into the mix, so it's only going to piss him off. So, I do the exact opposite of what I know he wants me to do and shake my head as I squeeze him just a little bit more.

"Are you sure? It may help." He replies.

"I don't want to talk about it, because I don't want to relive it again." I leave it at that, and he must understand what I was dreaming about because he doesn't press me anymore.

"I'm so sorry that you had to go through that, baby. I wish there was something that I could do to take all of that away.."

"I'll be fine, Jace. There isn't anything that anyone can do, so there is no sense in dwelling on it," I pull back, "Hopefully, after tomorrow, I can finally put it all behind me and move forward." I glance over at

the clock and see that it's after three in the morning. Looking at Jace, I can barely make his face out with the moonlight coming through my window, "I thought you were going home after I fell asleep?"

He pulls me back down, so my cheek is now lying flat on his chest, which is now bare, "You felt too good, I didn't want to leave." He kisses the top of my head, and inhales the scent of my hair, "Do you need anything before you go back to sleep?"

"Nope, just you." I snuggle in closer to him.

"Okay, this time you better have sweet dreams or else I'm going to redden that little behind of yours tomorrow before court." He threatens jokingly.

"Is that a promise?" I tease.

"You little..." he starts to tickle my side, "Just for that, I'm going to plug that ass of yours and edge you until you're willing to take my cock up that little hole just so you can come!"

I gasp. "You wouldn't, would you?"

"I guess you're just going to have to wait and see."

My core clenches at the threat of Jace's girthy cock trying to push all the way into the tiny hole. That's going to hurt regardless of how much lube we use, which makes me wonder whether I'm really afraid or am I just clenching in anticipation of that pain that his cock will cause.

"No more thinking about how much you want to feel me fuck your ass, Precious. It will happen when it happens, but it won't be this morning, so go back to sleep. There is only a few more hours before you have to wake up and get ready."

"Yes, Sir. You are the Master after all," I muse.

"Damn straight I am!" I can hear the smile in his words which makes me close my eyes and smile. No matter what happens or how I feel, one thing I do know for sure, is that I feel very protected when Jace holds me in his arms, as though nothing can touch me, and that is a great feeling to fall asleep to.

JACE POV

I waited in Ella's room for a little over an hour. I know Ethan had called her into his office to go over court stuff again, and so I hung around downstairs for a bit and even helped Elaine out by running to get Eli from his friend's house. Ella was still ensconced in the office when I got back, so I bid Elaine and Eli goodnight, and then left, only to walk around and climb the tree outside of Ella's window.

When I hear footsteps coming up the stairs finally, my heartbeat picks up like it always does when Ella comes to me. The moment she opens the door, she must sense me because she turns in my direction. I can see how worn out she is. I was hoping to finally tell her about why I fucked up, and then give her one of the best orgasms of her life, but she looks like she could pass out at any second. Instead, I hold my arms out and she runs to me.

I never knew how good it would feel to hold someone in your arms until I held my precious Ella in mine for the first time. I know it's hard to understand, but this girl is my everything, and I want to spend my life showing her just that. Her body feels so good against mine, even fully clothed, but it's getting

heavier by the minute. When I glance down, her eyes are closed, and I smile, lifting her into my arms, so I can move her to the bed.

I find it amusing when she thinks that I'm going to get her off after sliding my hand down the front of her pants, but I've got other plans for her. I'm going to make her go to sleep. Yep, even though I'm harder than a rock, I'm going to put my own needs aside to make sure my girl gets enough rest before the big day tomorrow.

I'm really hoping that she gets justice, so she can finally move forward and take her life back. I want to be there for every step she takes in that direction, I want to be her future, because she is already mine whether she wants me or not. I don't think I can live without Ella in my life, especially after the last three days that we spent together. I fucked up her high school years big time, and I have to live with that, but that doesn't mean that I can't make sure that her college years and beyond will be her best years. I will do whatever it takes to make it happen.

After bickering with Ella about not being intimate, explaining once again what my job as her Dom is, and wishing her to have sweet dreams, she finally falls asleep. When I climb from the bed to use the restroom before I leave, I gaze down at my precious girl. Moonlight dances off her face, giving her an iridescent-like glow to her skin. She looks like an angel, and all I want to do is crawl back into bed and hold her all night. Once I'm done draining my lizard, I pull my shirt off and crawl back in beside her. It doesn't take me long to fall asleep with Ella wrapped in my arms.

A knee to my groin has me waking up in the middle of the night to a flailing Ella. I'm trying to get her to wake up as I nurse my dick. She's mumbling things that I don't understand, but it doesn't matter, she's in distress and I can't stand seeing her that way, so I let go of my crotch and begin to try and shake her awake with both hands wrapped around her upper arms. She only thrashes more, but if I say her name any louder, I will wake her parents up. I also don't want them hearing her and come running in here, because I don't think they would be too happy finding me in their daughter's bedroom, especially after the meeting we had tonight.

Leaning in close to her ear, I'm practically laying on top of her as I say her name repeatedly as loud as I dare. Finally, just when I was about to give up, I get through to her, and she jerks awake. She's disoriented at first, but then she must recognize her surroundings. I pull her in and squeeze her, all too happy to have her awake and not stuck in whatever nightmare she was in.

I ask her if she wants to talk about it, but she refuses, and it unsettles me just a little bit. I wish she would understand that she can talk to me about anything, especially things like this, that cause her to have nightmares. When she tells me that she doesn't want to relive it again, understanding hits me. Those motherfuckers are still messing with her; maybe not physically, but emotionally and mentally as well. I hate myself for what happened to her, and will never forgive myself for it, but I will get her past this, I don't care what it takes.

When I finally get her back to sleep against my chest, it takes a while to fall back asleep. There are too many things running through my head at the moment. What's going to happen after court? How much longer will I have her before she has to return home? I know she's got two jobs that she needs to get back to, but I hate knowing that I'm going to be losing her for a few weeks until I can get out there

myself. I hold Ella just a little bit tighter, because I have a feeling that I won't be able to do so any longer after court is over, maybe only a day or so longer.

I've already made up my mind that I'll be going to the State University, there in New Haven, and I won't be waiting until the fall before I head over either. I've saved enough from the Training Center that I should be able to get my own place, at least for the

summer until I can move into the dorms, or maybe I'll keep my place instead of living the dorm life. When I told Jude of my decision, he was upset that I would be leaving so soon, but he understood and said he would check with the boss to see if he knew of any facilities close to where I would be, so I can continue doing what I do best.

I still don't know Ella's feelings on me working as a trainer, and I would like to say that it doesn't matter, because she doesn't get to tell me what to do; it's the other way around, but Jude is right, I'm pussy whipped. What will other Dominants think if they see how much I actually let Ella get away with? More stuff keeps coming up that will need to be discussed with Precious, but I haven't even been able to talk to her about the one thing that is most important to her...why I broke our friendship off.

CHAPTER 39: A DAY IN COURT

Sitting out in the hallway at the courthouse, waiting for our case to be called, I can't stop my leg from bouncing nervously. Jace literally has to hold it down with his hand, and even then, it doesn't stop it completely. I don't think I would be quite as nervous if I didn't have four pair of eyes burning holes into me from down the hall where my attackers sit and wait with their lawyers and parents. When I take a quick peek in their direction, they all glare except for one. Mason sits a little apart from the other three and has a smirk plastered to his face as he stares at me. I turn back to Jace and my parents who are oblivious to the others. I guess if they can ignore them, I should at least try.

I place my hand over Jace's that is still on my leg, and I give it a light squeeze. When he glances at me, I smile and mouth the words thank you. He nods and then lifts my hand to place a kiss on top of it. My face heats when I see that my mom noticed Jace's little show of affection, and she smiles excitedly. My eyes roll at her, but Jace still rumbles under his breath.

"Such disrespect, Precious. That earns you a spanking once we get back home." Jace raises his brow as he speaks softly to me,

"That wasn't for you, Jace." I whisper.

"It doesn't matter. I plan on breaking you of that eye roll you seem to enjoy using on everyone." He gives me that stern look, daring me to argue, but I know better. Instead, I give him what I know he likes to hear.

"Yes, Sir."

He smirks and then kisses my hand once more just as our case is called. He never let's go of my hand until we get to the front of the courtroom, and I have to go through the little swinging door to sit at the Prosecutor's table. He doesn't go far, though. In fact, Jace and my mom sit directly behind me, giving me their strength to make it through this ordeal.

The bailiff asks us to stand as the judge comes into the courtroom. The judge is a man who looks to be in his early fifties, with a scowl painted on his face. I'm not sure if I should take that as a good sign or a bad one, but then I hear my dad's sudden intake of breath and I glance over at him. There is a tick in my father's clenched jaw as we are told to be seated. I don't have to ask him what is wrong because he leans in right away and tells me that this is a different judge than the one that was supposed to preside over this case.

Well, this can't be good. Why would they replace the other judge? I turn my attention back to the room when I hear a burly voice talking to the Defendants. Of course, as expected, all four plead not guilty, and the hearing begins. When this all started and we went through a grand jury, every juror had agreed on an indictment, giving us hope that the trial jury will see it the same way as the grand jury, but my dad explained that it isn't always the case. Different evidence can be brought in that could change things around, but we are hoping that since there really isn't any other possible evidence then it should be an open and closed case, with us coming out as the victors.

One by one, each of my attackers takes the stand to try and defend themselves the best they can. My father is brutal as he asks both Toby and Brandon the questions that he had lined up for them specifically since Toby is the one that held me, and Brandon was the one that was about to rape me. When Kaylee got on the stand, though, my dad played nice at first, until he was sure that Kaylee had let down her guard, and then he laid it on her the worst, because she was the ringleader in all of it.

When Kaylee started her fake tears, I glance over at the jurors and notice that about half are sympathetic to her, while the others show no signs as to how they feel at all. By the time all four are questioned, it's time for lunch and the judge calls it, telling us that court will resume in one hour. I'm so ready for a break that I quickly leave the courtroom and head for the women's restroom.

My bladder was about to burst had the judge not called for lunch, so it felt so good relieving myself. I step out of the stall and go straight to the sink to wash my hands and pat my face with some cold water. As I'm bent over the sink, I hear the door open, and to my dismay, hear a nasally voice speak to me as though she has every right to do so.

"Well, look who we have here! Little miss goody-two-shoes who thinks that she's going to send us to jail over a stupid little prank." Kaylee stands directly behind me and crosses her arms.

I ignore her completely just like my dad had instructed me to, but Kaylee isn't having any of it. She steps in my path when I try to leave, and every time I go to walk around her, she follows, blocking my exit each time. Kaylee isn't the one that scares me, she's just annoying as hell, but I refuse to give her anything that will work against me in this case, so I just wait her out. I stare at the wall just past her as I ignore every word, which only pisses her off.

"I don't know what Jace see in you," she looks me up and down, "You're a pathetic nerd. Oh, but wait, that's right, you let him do

13:04

A Day in Court

whatever he wants to you, because you're his little greedy whore, aren't you?"

Her words send me into a slight panic, because they are the same words that are said on the video. If Mason is the one who took the video, did he show it to the other three as well? I must give something away in my facial expression because Kaylee starts to chuckle.

“You do, don’t you? How many others do you spread your legs for? Who else gets to call you a dirty slut and greedy whore?” | finally glare at her, but she sneers back at me, “I should have let them rape you, you fucking cunt! Then we would have seen if Jace would have still wanted you! You’re nothing but...”

“THAT IS QUITE ENOUGH!” A voice cuts her off, but it’s not one that I would have expected. Kaylee’s mom stands in the doorway to the restroom with a bright red face as she glares at her daughter.

“Mom, what are you doing?” Kaylee’s annoyance at her mother’s interruption is noticeable in her voice.

“I could ask the same to you, Kaylee! You know you are not supposed to have any contact with Ella, and not only do you break that order, but the words, also, that I just heard come out of your mouth...” her mother takes a deep breath, “I don’t even know who you are anymore! You need help, especially after what you all did to poor Ella, Why, Kaylee? Just because a boy you liked didn’t like you back? The woman shakes her head with tears in her eyes, “I don’t fault him for not liking you, I wouldn’t want to date a vile girl like yourself either!”

“What are you saying mom?” I hear a bit of hurt in Kaylee’s voice when she asks her mom this question.

“I’m saying that I hope they send you to some kind of treatment center, because you need help, and I no longer wish to have you under the same roof as me and your father. Not until you’ve gotten the help that you need.” Her mom then turns to me, “Please forgive me, Ella. I don’t know where we went wrong in raising her, but we must have somewhere. Please let us know if there is anything that her father and I can do for you.”

Inod, “Thank you, Mrs. Simpson. That really means a lot, and I don’t blame you or your husband for this. This is all Kaylee. ***

Mrs. Simpson holds her arm out to me, and I move towards her as I step around her daughter who is now frozen to where she’s standing with her mouth hanging open. The woman puts her arm around my shoulder and walks me out of the restroom, leaving her daughter behind.

After Mrs. Simpson walked me over to my family and relayed everything to my dad that she overheard her daughter saying to me in the restroom, she gave me a hug and wished me good luck. I don’t know about you, but I know I can’t even begin to try and understand the pain that woman must be going through, having to turn her back on her own daughter. I would like to believe that I never have to worry about it, but I’m sure she thought the same exact thing at one time.

My father had excused himself, telling us to go grab a bite to eat and that he would meet us if he had time. He needed to meet with both judge and Defense attorney about adding Mrs. Simpson to the witness list for the Prosecution. He wasn’t gone long before he met us at the diner across the street from the courthouse. It was all set and needless to say, the Defense wasn’t happy about it at all.

When mom excused herself to make a phone call after she was done eating, dad excused himself as well, leaving me and Jace alone for the first time today. I’ve picked at my food the whole time, only taking little bites here and there, but I just didn’t have the stomach for it right now. My thoughts are all

over the place after my run-in with Kaylee. I don't know why I was handpicked to be bullied by them; I still don't know why Jace did it either. I glance over at him and see that he is already staring at me, probably wondering what I'm thinking about.

"You seem to have a lot on your mind, Precious. Would you like to share any of it with me?" Jace asks.

I study him a moment, "Kaylee said something in the restroom, and now I can't stop thinking about it." I shrug.

"And...?"

I sigh, "She referenced a couple of things that were said in the video that was made of us. How would she know? Do you think Mason shared it with her, with all three of them?"

"Maybe it wasn't Mason. We just assumed it was because Madison wouldn't give up the name." He thinks about it for a moment, "Maybe it was one of the others or Kaylee, herself."

I scoff, "I highly doubt Kaylee would climb a tree just to get a video."

Jace nods in agreement, "Very true, but hey, her and the other two seem pretty tight, so maybe one of them?"

I throw my hands up in frustration, "That's just it, all we can do is assume, and obviously we know it was one of the four of them."

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13:04

A Day In Court

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Jace takes my hand and holds on to it over the table, "Hey, try and calm down. There isn't anything that we can do about it right now. Let's just concentrate on getting through today and then we will turn our attention to the video, okay?" He brushes a piece of hair away from my face and smiles at me.

I can't resist his smile and I find myself returning one of my own, "I'm so glad that you are here with me, Jace. I don't know how I would be able to get through today without you."

"I wouldn't want to be anywhere else, Precious." He kisses my hand.

"Jace, can you tell me why you did it? It keeps getting pushed off, and I need to know why you tossed me aside two years ago."

His eyes turn stormy, but lit's not towards me, he's mad at himself for doing what he did, "Do you remember that party that we went to together before everything went to shit?"

I nod my head, "I've gone over that night a million times trying to figure out what went wrong. I know I was angry with you because you left with Madison without telling me, I had to hear it from Mason."

"Yeah, well, it seems like Mason had a lot to do with it as well, since he's the one that lied to me." Jace scowls.

My forehead creases when I crinkle it in confusion, "What do you mean, Mason lied, about what?"

Just as Jace goes to answer, my phone rings and the caller ID shows that it's my dad, "Hey, Dad." I answer. He tells me that we need to be back in the court room in less than ten minutes, "Oh, okay, we will head back then. I love you too, Dad" i hang up and notice that Jace is already

settling our bill with the server, "Dad says we need to head back."

"Yeah, I figured as much," he smirks and then tells the server to keep the change, "I guess we better head over. We will talk later, and I will finish my confession."

I smile softly, "Okay."

I know he isn't trying to hide it from me, but for some reason, the story does not want to be told because something always pops up. If it wasn't for court, I'd make him tell me it all before we leave, but court takes precedence over our little talk. Jace holds my hand the whole way again, making me feel wanted and loved. Kaylee's words haunt me just a little bit when I remember her saying that I'm a pathetic nerd. I know I'm smart, and even I've called myself a nerd, but pathetic?

Jace shakes my hand to get my attention, "Get out of that head of yours, Precious, you aren't doing yourself any favors by being there right now.

"I know, but I can't help it." I defend.

"Well then, as your Dom, I'm ordering you to keep your mind on this trial and forget everything else, or I will bring out the cane later and stripe that pretty peach of yours, and I will not give you any mercy." He says it all in his deep voice, making my panties instantly wet.

"O-Okay..."

"Okay what?" He asks sternly.

"Okay, Sir, I understand."

"That's my girl, now let's go in there and take those motherfuckers down." He turns us and pushes through the swinging doors, taking us back into the courtroom.

I don't know how or why, but every time Jace uses that voice, my body reacts to it, not allowing me to disobey him. For the next few hours, my mind is completely on the trial and nothing else. My palms sweat the whole time Mrs. Simpson testifies, and when Jace takes the stand as well. He seems so cool and collected while my dad goes through his line of questioning, but I notice him start to waiver when the Defense steps up and asks him his first question.

"Mr. Palmer, will you please tell the court what your relationship is to the plaintiff?" The lawyer asks.

"I'm Ella's boyfriend." He looks right at the jury as he states this so proudly that I have to grin. I also hear my mom chuckle behind

me.

"Jace," the lawyer begins, "You don't mind if I call you Jace, do you?"

I notice the tick in Jace's jaw right away, "Actually, I do mind. You may call me Mr. Palmer."

A Day In Court

I fight the giggle that wants to burst out at his words and at the sight of the Defense lawyer turning a shade of pink, obviously taken aback at Jace's response.

"My apologies, Mr. Palmer," the lawyer pauses briefly, "Mr. Palmer, can you define the word boyfriend to the court."

"Objection!" my dad calls out, "I think we all know the definition of a boyfriend."

"Your Honor, I'm only trying to establish the kind of relationship they have, and you will understand why." The Defense pleads.

The judge frowns at the Defense and then looks over at my dad, "Overruled," he then looks over at Jace. "You may answer the question."

"Thank you, your Honor, the lawyer turns back to Jace to await his answer.

Being the smartass that he is, Jace proceeds to answer the Defense, "There are a couple different definitions for 'boyfriend'."

The lawyer looks confused as he glances around the courtroom before his eyes land back on Jace, "By all means, educate us on the definitions that you know of."

"Well, you need to be specific, Sir. You see, my mother owns a clothing store, so when you ask me to define the word boyfriend, it could mean the description of women's clothing that is designed to be over-sized." Jace smirks as soft chuckles break out in the courtroom. My dad has to cover his own smirk.

The judge slams his gavel down on his bench, "Order in the court!" The room quiets down once more.

"Thank you, Mr. Palmer, for enlightening us all as to what over-sized clothing is called for women." The lawyer puts his hands behind his back, "Now please tell us the definition of boyfriend within a romantic relationship."

"I guess it's a male partner within a relationship." Jace sounds bored as he answers.

The lawyer chuckles, "I guess you're right, but tell us, Mr. Palmer, are you called anything other than Miss Baxter's boyfriend?"

My heart stops within my chest. What the actual fuck is he getting at? Is he meaning what I think he's meaning? I look over at my dad, but he has a poker face, other than the tick in his jaw. When I look back at Jace, he's remaining calm, but he has a look to him, as if he's trying to determine which route to take. I don't know how long I hold my breath for, but I finally let it out when I feel my mother rub my back.

"As far as I know," Jace begins, "boyfriend is what people see me as in Ella's life."

"Oh really," the lawyer turns toward the jurors, "so, you're not known as Miss Baxter's Dominant? Is she not your submissive?"

“Objection!” my dad calls out, standing up this time, “What they do in their private life has nothing to do with the attack!”

“Your Honor, I’m just showing the jury that the plaintiff enjoys being slapped around, and so it does have to do with the attack, because she is accusing the Defendants of abusing her.”

“I’m afraid that I will have to sustain the objection. The Prosecution is right, it has nothing to do with this case. You’re walking on thin ice, keep the questions about the case.” The judge reprimands the Defense.

“Mr. Palmer,” the lawyer continues as though he wasn’t just scolded, “Is it or isn’t it true that for two years, you bullied the Plaintiff?”

My eyes go wide, I hear my mom gasp, and my father turns his head to me, but I don’t take my eyes off of Jace. He looks over at me, and I can see the pain in his eyes, but he doesn’t try to hide the fact.

“Yes, it’s true.”

My father automatically asks for a five-minute recess to go over this new information. I’m dreading those five minutes alone in the room with my father, but surprisingly, he’s more pissed at the Defense for bringing up another thing that has nothing to do with the case. Without going into great detail, I quickly tell my father everything that happened over the last two years. How Jace stopped being friends with me and how he had the whole school against me. Even though he doesn’t say anything, I know that it will be best if Jace doesn’t come around my dad for a while.

Returning to the courtroom, I make eye contact with Jace and give him a reassuring smile. I never thought that this would come out in court, but it has, and we have to deal with it. My mom gives me her ‘we are so going to talk about this at home’ look right before the judge comes back out,

The only good part that came out of this is that Jace and I no longer need to have our little talk, because it all comes out in court

A Day In Court

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He goes on to say how he was lied to by Mason and was led to believe that the girl he was in love with and was going to profess his love to that night had gone and been intimate with another guy. He explains how he went around and got everyone against me, threatening or blackmailing them in order to stay away from me. He also admitted that once he got some sense back, he was in too deep to back out of all the lies he spread and that’s when he started bullying me, so he could keep other guys away from me by claiming that I was his to torment.

The whole time I sat here listening to him coming clean, all I could think of was how it could have been cleared up if only he had asked me. He threw away two years all because I supposedly slept with someone? I’m not sure how to feel about this, I mean, what he did was a bit excessive for what I was being accused of doing. We weren’t even dating, so he had no right to be mad at me even if it was true.

He doesn’t look at me once during the telling of his story, but I see the wincing when he brings up certain parts, and I know he’s struggling with what he’s done. It doesn’t take away the fact that for two years he hurt me by his actions, but we are trying to mend that crack, and me knowing the real reason for him

doing what he did, isn't going to make me change my mind. I decided that I was going to try and keep the past in the past, and try to move on, and I'm going to stick to it.

"Is it true, Mr. Palmer," the lawyer's booming voice brings me back to what's going on around me, "that on one occasion where you bullied Miss Baxter, you did so in an empty classroom with Mr. Anderson and Mr. Feeney in the room as well?"

"Yes."

"And is it true that you had them hold the Plaintiff down so you could punish her by pulling her pants down and spanking her.***"

"Yes." Jace's jaw ticks.

"Mr. Palmer, is it true that you were the mastermind behind this suppose attack?"

I gasp. What in the heck is he saying? Is he really trying to put Jace behind that whole night?

"Wait, what?" Jace is shocked by the question himself, "No, that is a lie! I had already made amends with Ella, and I would never hurt her like that!"

"You're saying that you didn't pay the Defendants to scare the plaintiff?" The lawyer asks.

"Objection, your Honor! Why didn't any of the Defendants mention this when they were on the stand?" My father asks.

"What grounds do you have for this line of questioning?" The judge asks.

"I withdraw my question, your Honor."

"Jury will disregard everything about Mr. Palmer having anything to do with this incident." The judge informs the jurors.

My heart beats begin to slow back down. What a prick, trying to trick Jace like that! Keeping my eyes on him, Jace finally glances over at me, and what I see is troubling. I knew that Jace already blamed himself for the attack, but now this asshole lawyer just made it worse by pretty much saying the same thing. My father was right, he's trying to pull crap out of his butt to try and get the four of them off.

I'm on the stand now retelling the jury of the night that Toby, Brandon, Mason, and Kaylee ambushed me, held me down, stripped me, and abused me not only physically, but sexually as well. I also told the jury about the first time Toby attacked me, but that was thrown out because it wasn't part of the case even though it shows a pattern of abuse from Toby

"Ella," my dad says my name softly. "Do you see your attackers in this courtroom today?"

"Yes, I do," I point over to the Defendants table, "All four of them."

"Please note," my dad faces the jury. "that the plaintiff picked out, Toby Anderson, Brandon Feeney, Mason Baker, and Kaylee Simpson as her attackers."

"I have no more questions, your Honor." As soon as my dad sits down, the Defense stands up and walks over to me, smiling.

“Miss Baxter, you pointed out the four Defendants as your attackers and yet you testified that you did not see their faces clearly. How can you be so sure that these four are the ones who attacked you?”

“I have gone to school with all of them except Mason ever since we were in preschool. I know their voices, and Kaylee has a very distinctive voice.” More chuckles break out in the room but are quickly quieted with one look from the judge.

“Okay, fair enough, but that still doesn’t mean that you have the right culprits. What about Mr. Baker? How do you know it was him?”

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A Day In Court

Lv.1

“Mason recently came to me to apologize for avoiding me and playing into Jace’s bullying tactic. I was helping tutor him in one of his classes, so I have been talking to him a lot lately. I was very surprised to see that he was there with the others, but then it came out that all of it was just a con for me to befriend him.”

“Why would Mr. Baker be conning you?” The Defense asks

“I’m not sure. That was never brought up.”

“So, Miss Baxter, you are one hundred percent sure that these four are the ones who attacked you even though you never saw their faces?”

“Yes.” I say very sternly.

“Okay, I guess I don’t have any more questions.” He says before turning and walking back to his table, but just as he’s about to take his chair, he holds up his finger, “I’m so sorry, your Honor, but I do have one more question for Miss Baxter. He turns back to me, “Miss Baxter, with your hidden love of the kink lifestyle, do you make it a habit of videoing yourself and your partner having said intimacies? Was this just payback for one of the Defendants, or maybe all of them, finding out about your videos?”

I pale. “What videos are you talking about?”

“Are you saying that you and Mr. Palmer do not record yourselves in your private moments?”

“Absolutely not!” I am totally shocked that he would even ask me this question

“Oh okay, so the three videos that are on kinkporn.com are not videos of yourself and Mr. Palmer?” He asks, smirking

“Id-don’t know w-what videos you’re talking a-about...” It’s getting harder to breathe and the room is beginning to spin.

“Your Honor, I would like to move that Defendant’s Exhibit A be introduced into evidence.” The Defense requests and the last thing that I remember is my dad asking to approach the bench before all goes black

CHAPTER 40: THE VERDICT

JACE POV

I run over to Ella as soon as I see her start to sway in the witness chair. Both lawyers are too busy arguing over this new evidence that they don't notice Ella's physical state. I get to her just as she passes out, even with the security coming at me thinking I'm a threat of some sort. She was about to fall forward out of the chair when I grab her by the shoulders and yell for help. The two security officers finally take notice of what I was doing and one of them is calling for somebody over his radio.

I lift Ella up and then sit down in the same chair that she was just occupying while I set her on my lap. Brushing her hair from her face, I rock back and forth, talking in a soothing voice to her. Her mom brings me over a bottle of water for when Ella wakes up, and I'm assuming she will. I'm pretty sure that she fainted from the shock of the news that the Defense attorney just delivered. I pray that he is talking out of his ass, but I had texted my friend Finn about checking on it for me.

"Come on, baby, open those pretty blues for me." I press my lips against her forehead as I continue to rock her.

"Here, give her to me," Ethan demands, "She is my daughter." I love Ethan, but not even he can take her from me at this moment, so I scowl, "No, she is my girl, and I will take care of her. I'm the only one that noticed her state when you were too busy arguing!" When he goes to press the issue, Elaine pulls on his arm and tells him to let it be.

"Jace will take care of our little girl, Ethan. Please have a little faith." She tells him.

"Did you not hear everything he said he put our daughter through?" Ethan asks incredulously.

"People make mistakes, honey, and he's trying to make up for it. Ella is forgiving him, so we must as well." She pleads to her husband, but he doesn't want to listen. He does stop trying to snatch Ella from my arms, though.

Paramedics arrive and all they do is wave some smelling salts under my girl's nose and she wakes up. After they check her vitals and makes sure she eats a candy bar because her blood sugar was low, they leave the courtroom. I want to lecture her about not eating right at lunch, but I'm too relieved that she is okay, so I'll save it for later.

"How are you feeling, baby?" I ask, still holding her in my lap.

"I'm better. I just got light-headed and dizzy, and then everything went black."

"I think you went into shock from the news that limp dick lawyer told you." I sneer toward the Defense.

Ella closes her eyes, "Oh my God, Jace. Are there really three videos of us up on a porn site?"

"I don't know yet, I have my friend checking on it now."

The bailiff interrupts our conversations, "The judge would like to know if you are well enough to continue or if you would like to have a continuance?"

Ella gives the big guy a smile, "I think I'm okay to continue. I just want this over with."

The bailiff nods his head and then heads back to the judge's chambers to deliver the message. I stand up and help Ella to stand on her own feet. She wobbles for a split second, but then gets her balance. I instruct her to sit back down in the chair and wait for the judge's instruction on whether she can go back to the plaintiff's chair or stay where she's at. I go back to my own seat and Elaine gives my hand a quick squeeze.

I look at the woman that has always been a second mother to me, "I'm sorry that you had to hear all of that, and I'm trying to make it up to her, but I need you to know that we have never made any videos, I promise you that."

She smiles, "I believe you, Jace. Let's hope that the jury does too."

We both glance over at the twelve jurors that are walking back to their seats. It's hard to tell what they are thinking. I saw sympathy when Kaylee was up there, but also when Ella was up there telling her account of the attack. I think it can go either way at this point, and that's not good.

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The Verdict

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The judge ended up allowing the Defense to bring in the three videos as evidence. Thankfully, Finn was able to find them and hack into the site to take them down off the web, but they will still be shown here since the videos were copied. For the life of me, I don't know what videos they would be, aside from the one that was sent to Ella. Ethan did let it be known that she had received it, so that way if it is one of the videos then the jury would know that it was not one that we produced and put up on the porn site.

Because of the content, certain body parts were covered as the videos are shown. Just as we thought, the one that was sent to Ella was the very first one. I actually got embarrassed over the video, not because of what we were doing, but because Elaine was now seeing it as well. I'm more embarrassed over her seeing it than I was when Ethan saw it in his office. I also wasn't liking the fact that strangers were seeing my girl this way.

I keep a close eye on Toby, Mason, and Brandon as they not so much watch the video but listen to it with smirks on their faces. Kaylee is over there glaring at the playback. When the next video begins to play, my head whips towards the screen because I don't remember anything that's going on in the video, it's unfamiliar to me.

to me.

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Scrutinizing the screen, my eyes go round. Those little fuckers photoshopped the video, just like they did the one of Ella and Brandon in the classroom, only this one looks legit. I quickly tap Ethan's arm and motion for him to give me a pen and paper. When he does, I quickly scribble out one word, birthmark?

The body that has Ella's head attached to it has no birthmark on the right side of her back. Ella's birthmark isn't overly huge, but it is about three inches long, about an inch wide, and about six inches up from her waist, making it impossible for it not to be seen in – this video. As for the guy, his dick isn't anywhere near my size, and I'd be happy to prove it to these fuckers!

The third video is the same as the second one, a fake. By the time it's done playing, I want to do a happy dance. Ella grins back at me after seeing the note I gave her father and realizing that they were fakes. The Defense continues on as if they have us right where they want us, though.

"So, as you can see," the lawyer turns to the jury, these videos are probable cause for Miss Baxter to want to set the defendants up."

"Objection, your Honor," Ethan stands up and faces the Defense lawyer, "Did you even send these videos in to make sure they weren't altered?"

"Well, you saw the first video, it's the one that Miss Baxter has on her phone." The lawyer defends.

"And like I said in the beginning, she was sent that video a day ago. We can have it proven in no time. As for the other two videos, they are fakes. That is not Ella in the video and so I can only assume that the male isn't Jace, either."

"What makes you think that?" The judge asks Ethan.

"Because your Honor, Ella has a birthmark on her back that is not on the body of the woman in the video." He turns to his daughter and nods.

Ella nods and stands up before turning her back on the jury, and lifting her shirt, showing them that she does, indeed have a very dark mark on her back. When the Defense asks about the male, I stand up right away, bringing my hands to the waist of my pants.

"I can prove that isn't me, just give me a moment to bring it to true size." I smirk.

The courtroom erupts in laughter and the judge slams his gavel down, "That will not be necessary, Mr. Palmer."

I shrug and then wink at the Defense before taking my seat again. Elaine slaps me in the chest, playfully, "You would show them, wouldn't you?" she chuckles.

"Damn straight I would. There's no shame in my game, Elaine." I grin.

"Your Honor," Ethan speaks up, "Another point to make is that Ella brought these charges against the defendants a few months ago, and she was still a virgin up until a few days ago." Thave to give to Ethan, he never once winced while talking about his little girl losing her virginity, "So, her making these accusations because of said videos is preposterous.

"So, let me get this straight," the judge speaks up as he scowls at the Defense, "You brought 'evidence into my court room that you hadn't verified?"

"Your honor, it came from a very reliable source." The lawyer states.

"And who is this source?" The judge asks.

"I cannot reveal their name, your Honor."

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The Verdict

Lv.1

"Well then, I guess that settles it," the judge looks over at the jury, "Disregard the videos. It is tampered evidence and cannot be used." He looks around, "Are there any more witnesses or evidence that needs to be presented?"

Both lawyers shake their heads, "Prosecution rests, your Honor."

"Defense rest as well, your Honor."

*Very well. We will adjourn while the jury deliberates. If they don't come to a verdict before the end of business, we will continue at nine tomorrow morning." The judge slams the gavel down and then takes his leave.

I can't wait a second longer as I pull Ella toward me and hug her tight, "Thank fuck those were fake. I don't know what I would do if someone had more videos of us."

*If you wouldn't use my daughter the way that you do, then you wouldn't have to worry about it." Ethan mumbles.

"Dad, don't start please." Ella lectures her father as Elaine says his name sternly.

Ethan remains quiet about the topic of us and begins talking about what we could expect and also, what can go wrong. Of course, we are hoping for a guilty verdict, and they get thrown in jail for a few years, but we won't get our hopes up too high yet. Looking at his watch, Ethan studies the time.

"It's already four fifteen. I highly doubt we are going to hear something today, but make sure you stay close just in case." He warns Ella.

"I will, Dad."

Ethan spares me a brief glance without the usual glare, and I'm filled with hope. Ella jabs me in the side, bringing my attention back to her, "Were you really going to pull out your member and show everyone?"

"First of all, please don't ever call my cock a member. It's either my cock or dick, shaft is okay, but not my favorite. Secondly, if you showed skin then I have every right to be able to show some too!"

"Well, I wouldn't appreciate the women looking at my boyfriend's penis!" she states, and I can't help but to cringe.

"I am not an adolescent, Ella. Cross the word 'penis' off the list as well." I grab her hand and direct her to the little swinging gate and pull her through it.

"So many rules! Can I just give it a name and call it that from now on?" She asks.

I moan and slide my hand down my face, "I have a feeling that I won't like any names that you pick for it, so no, you cannot name my cock."

"Are you saying that I won't be able to pick any names for any future kids that we may have?" She pouts.

"I think it's cute that you are already thinking about having kids with me," I wink at her, "but no, that's not what I'm saying. Naming your child and naming my cock are two completely separate things."

I hear her scoff, "I don't think there is anything wrong with naming your attachment Goliath." She mumbles the words but, I still hear her.

I throw my head back and laugh, "My attachment? Seriously?"

"What? Are you going to tell me not to call it that either?"

"Yes, yes I am," I throw my arm over her shoulder and pull her into me as we stand on the steps of the courthouse.

"I don't feel right calling it the crude names when we aren't being kinky."

"Oh, Precious, when are you going to learn that our kink is twenty-four-seven? There's no breaking in between."

"Too bad, because it's hard being good every minute of the day." She pouts, making me laugh hard once more.

euronews

ELLA POV

Sometimes Jace is just too much, but he definitely knows how to take my mind off things. Having a discussion about what I should be calling his 'member' is not something that I ever imagined myself doing with anyone. I'm pretty sure my face has been tinged pink the whole time, but I'm serious, I can't make my mouth say certain things like that unless we are in the moment. I

The Verdict

guess it's just something that he's going to have to 'spank' into me, I smile to myself.

We are only sitting outside for about ten minutes when I get the text that the jury is back already, "Well, that was really fast," I

glance at Jace, "Is that a good thing or a bad thing?"

He shrugs, "I'm not sure, but let's hope it's in our favor. Come on," he stands up and reaches his hand out for me to take, "There is no use worrying about whether it's good or bad, because the decision has been made."

"I notice a quick flash of worry cross his face before he puts his stoic expression back on and opens the door to the courthouse for me. My heart pounds as we take the elevator to the third floor where the

answer awaits. I don't think I've ever been as nervous as I am now, not even when I was being bullied by Jace.

Jace suddenly grabs me by my nape and pulls me into his chest, "Calm down, Ella. It doesn't matter what happens or what the outcome is, because it's all over, and I'll be damned if I let something like this happen to you again." He kisses the crown of my head and tightens his arms around for just a moment before the elevator door opens.

When he pulls away, I look up into his eyes, "Thank you, Jace. It means the world to me that you are here, supporting me."

"There is nowhere else that I'd rather be, Precious." He tosses his arm across my shoulders and maneuvers us through the people stepping into the elevator, and then out its doors.

My dad is waiting for me right outside the courtroom, but I can't tell where his headspace is on the matter either. What is it with – everyone having poker faces around here? When we walk up to him, he gives me a half smile before going back to look at some

papers that he has in his hands.

"What's going on, Dad?" I ask, drawing his attention back to me.

"Oh, nothing, sweetie. Just reading through some paperwork on another case. Are you ready?"

I study him for a moment and then nod, "Yeah. Let's get this over with."

We just settle into our seats when the bailiff asks everyone to stand once again for the judge. Once the judge and jury are back in their own seats, the judge begins, "Has the jury come to a decision?"

A middle-aged woman in the first chair stands up with a piece of paper in her hands, "We have your Honor."

"Proceed." The judge orders.

"In the case Ella Baxter vs. Tobias Anderson, we find the defendant guilty. In the case Ella Baxter vs. Mason Baker, we find the defendant guilty." I feel as if I'm about to faint again as the woman continues to read the verdicts in my favor, "In the case Ella Baxter vs. Brandon Feeney, we find the defendant guilty. In the case Ella Baxter vs. Kaylee Simpson, we find the defendant guilty.

Murmurs erupt in the courtroom as family members to the defendants, gasp and mumble to each other. I throw my arms around my dad, hugging him with everything I've got, "You did it, Daddy!"

"No, sweetie, you did it!" My dad hugs me back just as tight, but then lets me go when the judge's gavel hits his bench.

"I want to thank the jury for their service in this case. You all are free to go." The judge releases the jurors before turning to the defendants, "There will be a sentencing hearing in a couple of days for all defendants. Your lawyer will contact you with the date and time. I'm releasing three of the four of you to the care of your parents until then and I suggest you show up or else a warrant will be issued for your arrest." The judge turns to Kaylee, "Miss Simpson, since your parents put a plea in seeking help for you,

will be sending you to a treatment facility until the date of your sentencing. Please be advised that this is not an option. If you leave the facility, a warrant will be issued for your arrest.”

Kaylee, who is sitting in her chair, bawling her eyes out, just nods her understanding. I almost feel a little sorry for her, but I can't allow myself to have any sympathy for any of them. When Kaylee looks up, we make eye contact, and instead of seeing regret or remorse, all I get is a look of pure hatred. My body shivers as a chill runs through it just from the look, and I have to turn my attention away from her.

Jace jumps over the little divider and pulls me into his arms. He holds the back of my head to his chest as he buries his face into my neck, “i'm so fucking proud of you, baby!” he mumbles as he continues to hold me.

There is a slight cough behind him and reluctantly, he lets me go so my mom can hug me too, “i'll only steal her for a moment, Jace,” She chuckles and then wraps me in her arms, “Oh, honey, I'm so happy for you! Now you can move on with your life and try to forget all about this.”

scoff, “I don't think I can ever forget, but I can move on. I won't let it define me, Mom.”

“That's my girl!” She says as she pulls away from me and holds me at arm's length, “Now you can get back to your life and start your summer classes without any of this looming over you.”

I smile, because it's a huge relief to have this over with. I miss my small apartment, and my new friends. I even miss both my jobs that are still waiting for me to get back to. When I turn back to Jace, I notice the sad smile pasted on his face, and I know right away what it's for. I'll be leaving soon, and he has to stay behind for a few more weeks at least. I go back to him and circle my arms around his neck. He isn't expecting my lips to press against his here in the courtroom for all to see, but they do, because in that moment, all I could think about was tasting him, and so I am.

His hands squeeze my hips as I continue to kiss him in front of everyone. The world slips away briefly while our lips are attached to one another. I think that nothing can break us apart in this moment, but unfortunately, all good things must come to an end, and Jace pulls away first. Lust burns in his eyes as he gazes down at me and cups my cheek.

“I love you, Ella Baxter...”

I bite my lower lip and grin, “And I have fallen head-over-heels in love with you, Jace Palmer...”