

My Bully's Love by Stacy Rush Chapter 4

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Chapter 4

CHAPTER 4: THE CONTRACT

Grumbling, I throw the covers over my head to keep the sunlight coming through the window from shining onto my face. I know it's too early to get up and face the day, my alarm hasn't even gone off yet. Just when I'm on the cusp of falling back to sleep, though, the annoying sound of my alarm clock starts blaring throughout my room. I groan as I flip the covers off my head and smash my hand down on the annoying beast of a clock.

Glancing at the bright red numbers serves as a reminder of the countdown to when I have to meet him. He commanded that I meet him last period today, and I'm a little scared as to what he will do to me. I know I have a punishment coming for yelling and lying to him yesterday, but maybe he forgot. Ugh, yeah right! I would call in sick, but that would only be delaying the inevitable, and he will take it as me hiding from him, which is a big no no. He would only take it out on my sister. Chills rush down my back remembering his threat that will follow for disobedience.

Slowly, I head into the ensuite to shower and start my day. The spray of the hot water wakes me up immediately and relaxes most of the tension in my body from the stress called Jace Palmer. I stay in the warm cocoon of the shower stall until the water runs cold, and forcing me to face the rest of the day.

As I dry my body with the towel, I remember when I had done the same thing a few weeks back, only to feel the burn on my backside after Jace's punishment. I flinch, remembering the pain, but my body also begins to tingle from the little bit of pleasure it gave me at the same time. I've yet to have a release, not willing to take the chance of him finding out, but I know I won't be able to go too much longer before I give in.

It's beginning to get chillier out, now that Fall has come in full force, so I grab a pair of jeans and cozy sweater. I match my outfit with a pair of brown boots that reach to just below my knee, and then throw my long, chocolate locks up into a ponytail. I love Fall; all the colors and scents that come with the season, they're all my favorites. I remember when Jace and I would volunteer to rake both yards just so we could have leaf fights and make huge piles of leaves to jump in and hide. Just remembering the boy with dirty blonde hair and green eyes; his smile lighting up his face when he was happy, saddens me. He was a good-looking boy back then, but now, he has grown into a very fine specimen of man. He must work out, because seeing him shirtless made me want to

run my hands over every protruding muscle that made up his six pack abs. To be totally honest, the deep V that disappeared into the waist of his jeans was for sure, drool worthy for any woman. It's just too bad that his attitude ruins all the other good qualities that make up Jace Palmer..

The school day went both slowly and much too quickly for my liking. It seemed to have been dragging on, making my insides twist all over knowing that I had a date with the devil incarnate, and yet, the day went by faster than I would have liked. I'm now standing right outside the Art room door, trying to get up the nerve to go inside. The halls are pretty much empty now that the bell has already rang, indicating that classes have started.

My heart is pounding a mile a minute, and my head is racing with thoughts as to what may happen behind this door. Reaching for the door knob, I start to turn it, but then it gets wrenched from my hand as it swings open. Jace grabs my outstretched wrist and pulls me into the room. The click of the lock echoes through the empty room. Expecting to see his two goons in the room as well, I'm surprised that he's alone, and I don't know if I should be relieved or even more nervous.

"I'm surprised you didn't chicken out." Jace snickers as he walks towards me slowly.

I take a step back with every step that moves him forward, "I told you that I would obey you." I bump up against a desk, ending my retreat.

He stops once he notices that I'm no longer moving. We are only about two feet from one another, but it's still too close for comfort. My body can sense him, and it's reaction is not helping my mental status. The room is silent as we just stand here staring at each other. I'm not sure if he's waiting for me to say something first, so I open my mouth to talk, but he holds up his hand.

"You will not speak unless I say, or I ask you a question. Do you understand?" His jaw is clenched tight, and I can see a slight five o'clock shadow around his jaw line.

Gulping, I answer his question, "Yes, I understand."

"Good. Now let's get some ground rules down before we begin." He brings his hands behind his back and starts to pace back and forth in front of me, "As I said last night, this is our little secret. Absolutely no one will know about our agreement. You will obey everything I say, and if I have to repeat myself, you will be punished," he stops his pacing and steps up, right in front of me,

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grabbing my chin with his fingers, "You belong to me now, for as long as I say. No one else will touch you without my permission. You will not fuck anybody else unless I tell you to. Do you understand, Ella?"

I nod.

Use your words when you answer me.”

“Y-Yes, I u-understand.”

Studying me for a moment longer, he lets go of my chin and walks over to where he left his bag by the door. He rummages through it, pulling out a folder, and bringing it over to me after grabbing a pen from the teacher’s desk on his way by.

“Sit down, Ella.” He commands.

I turn and drag the chair out from the desk, sitting in it as instructed. Jace slides the folder in front of me and opens it. At the top of the first page, it reads ‘Non-Disclosure Agreement’. Having a lawyer as a father, I know exactly what this is. I glance up at him, and he smirks.

“I need to cover my ass, don’t I? I want you to read it all and then sign it. Do you have any questions before reading it?”

“Um, what do you plan on doing to me that involves having an NDA?” Skimming the front page, I noticed some abbreviations, and what does CNC stand for?”

“You will learn everything once you read it. As for CNC, it stands for Consensual/non-consensual. Meaning, you are giving me consent to do whatever I want to do to you without having to ask.”

I’m taken aback by his explanation, “W-What if I don’t agree to that?”

He shrugs, “Then the whole deal is off.”

I furrow my brows and glance down at the papers, “How much will you hurt me?” I whisper.

I’m startled a little when his voice is right by my ear. I never heard him move, “As much as I want to hurt you. Not all of it will be bad, though.” He inhales deeply before moving away from me, “You need to understand, Ella, I’ve learned a lot since you and I were friends. I wanted to be the kind of man that knew how to give a woman what she needed. Don’t be fooled by me being as young as I am, I’ve grown up, and I’m years ahead of all these other high school boys.” He pauses for just a moment, “I’ve also made important friends in high places.”

“What if I don’t sign this at all, and then go to our parents and the police with your threats?” I’m trying anything I can think of to try and stop this absurdity, but in the end, I know it’s useless.

“Go ahead and try me, Ella.”

“Why?” I spin in the chair so I can face my bully, “Why are you doing this? What did I ever do to you to make you turn your back on me?”

An evil grin appears on his face, “That’s something you need to be asking yourself, Ella. Maybe after our agreement starts, you will remember what you did two years ago. Once I spread those sweet thighs of yours, you will most likely remember.”

Unknowingly, a tear slips down my face and Jace uses his thumb to wipe it away, “Hold on to your tears, you’re going to need them very soon.” He turns me back around and places the pen in my hand, “Sign it, Ella.”

I flip through the two papers, reading everything. Even though a heaviness grows in the pit of my stomach because of the things that he wants to do to me, some of them cause a tingle to ripple through my core. I lick my lips, knowing that I really have no choice but to sign the contract. Taking a deep breath, I put the pen to the signature line, and scribble my name, then drop the pen onto the desk. Just before he picks the papers up, I notice one of the names at the bottom of the papers.

“You had my dad’s Law Firm draw these up?” My forehead begins to breakout in sweat. My father can’t know about this!

Jace smirks, “What other Law Firm would I go to? Now, I have something else to hold over you. At any given time, I can make sure your dad sees your signature on his partner’s client’s contract.” He loops a piece of hair behind my ear, “No worries though, Luke promises to keep his mouth shut about all this, no matter how good of friends he is with Ethan.”

I close my eyes and swallow hard, what have I gotten myself into?

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JACE POV

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I can’t believe she did it! She signed the fucking NDA. Either she must really love her sister or she’s a bigger slut than I thought. It’s got to be the former, though, because I’ve been keeping track of her ever since I ended our friendship, and I know she hasn’t been with any other guys. I might have gone a little overboard back then when I ended it, but she fucking hurt me. I had been in love with Ella Baxter for half of my young life,

and I thought that we would eventually start dating in high school. Neither of us had spoken of it, but what was supposed to come next?

The night of the party destroyed my whole world. I was planning on talking to Ella about us, and if she would like to be my girlfriend. I'm not exactly sure when my feelings had changed for my best friend, but sometime around fifth grade, I started seeing her as the opposite sex and liking her in a different way. We had shared everything together, and we knew everything about each other. I still know everything about her, because I make it my life's mission to know. Getting back to the party, though, I was ready to take the next step, but then fucking Mason texted me and told me that Ella asked him to drive her home. Before I could ask Ella herself, Mason's twin sister, Madison, started feeling sick and asked me to take her home right away. I had been talking to Madison most of the night, only sipping on the beer I had, because I was drawing up the courage to talk to Ella.

By the time I got back to the party both Ella and Mason were gone. When I asked around, everyone said that they had left together a few minutes before I got back. I was so mad that Ella would do that to me; leave without telling me herself. We always made sure to stay in communication, so when her text popped up, I ignored it. Then on my way home she started leaving messages on my social media, but I ignored those as well. I will talk to her tomorrow, I had thought.

I had heard a car pull up, long after she should have been home, and when I looked out the window, it was Mason's car that was parked out front and she was taking her time in getting out. Closing my curtains, I then turn my light off and go to bed. Ella will be getting an ear full tomorrow.

I never got the chance to talk to Ella because my mom called me in to work in her store due to her help calling in sick. Just before lunch, Madison walks in with her brother at her heels. After chatting me up for a bit, Madison goes in search of a new outfit while Mason stays behind. I'm not sure if it was his plan or what, but Mason leans in close to me and holds his hand out. I look at him, confused.

"I'm actually glad I ran into you because it will save me a trip." Opening his hand, he shows me a familiar diamond stud earring, "Ella must have dropped this in my car last night. Could you see that she gets it back, it looks expensive."

I clench my jaw, but take it from him anyway, "Yeah, sure. It was expensive, and a birthday gift." I would know, since I'm the one who bought them for her.

"Man," Mason grins and leans in even more, "Ella sure is a wild one! She was all over me, couldn't get enough!"

I raise my brow.

“Oh, come on,” he playfully punches my arm, “I know you two are best friends, so I’m sure she called you after I dropped her off last night. It took me a while to get her to finally get out of my car.” He chuckles, “I won’t mind tapping that again.”

My mother walks in from the back room just in time, because I was about ready to shove my fist down Mason’s throat. As soon as Mason and Madison left the store, I told my mom that I needed to leave. When I was sure that she would be okay at the store by herself, I left, but I didn’t go to Ella’s. No fucking way, that bitch was dead to me.

Instead, I spent the rest of the weekend blackmailing pretty much the whole senior class into not talking to Ella Baxter. I told some that she was a backstabbing bitch and couldn’t be trusted. Since we had been best friends our whole lives, they all believed me. I told the girls that she likes to steal boyfriends, and anything else that I could make up about her in order for people not to like her. As for her two other best friends, Amy and Bree, I knew of a secret that included both of them and I promised that I would tell the world about it if they didn’t stay away from Ella.

I honestly couldn’t believe that by the end of the week, the whole school had shunned the girl that I loved, and it was all my fault. I had become friends with some of the jocks and other popular kids, and next thing I know, I’m the most popular, and most feared guy in the school. I continued to play my part in Ella’s destruction, and became her bully. I felt as though it was the only way that I could continue to stay close to her. I made sure that others knew that she was off limits to them unless I said so. After a while, I started to become turned on by some of the cruelty I was showing her. I had read up on why I would be feeling that way, and that is when I learned of the kink world. I wanted to be part of it, and I wanted Ella to be part of it.

I’ve continued to be her bully, because of the power it gives me and because I know what it’s starting to do to her, I’ve been noticing it little by little since sophomore year. I knew when she developed her crush on me, after the fact that I was now her bully. She doesn’t like to be treated the way I treat her, but it turns her on. Would I ever truly hurt her? You bet, but only in a way that will give her the pleasure that she needs. If I need to threaten her in order to get her to let me do bad things to her because I know she needs and wants it, so be it. I will do what it takes to get Ella Baxter to submit to me all on her own.

The contract was only supposed to scare her. The fact that she has signed it, opens up so many new options for me. Oh, Ella, if

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only she knew just how much of a devil I really am. She made me this way, and now she needs to suffer the consequences in the most delicious ways possible.

When I lean down to take the contract, my mouth goes to her ear, flicking her lobe with my tongue, and then nipping it, "That's a good girl, Ella. Shall we move on to your punishment now?"

Her head whips around, "Why do I need to be punished if I'm a good girl?" The pout she makes is so adorable. I can't wait to take advantage of that mouth, but that is for another time, another punishment.

"Oh, did you forget about the ones you earned last night?" I run my hand around her ribcage and up, squeezing her left breast, "Or the fact that you just questioned me?" I pinch her nipple just so I can hear the delicious gasp that escapes her perfect lips.

"N-No, Jace. I'm s-sorry."

I love my name on her lips, it's the only reason why I'm not making her call me Sir or Master. I've played around with BDSM, even took the required classes to become a Dominate, but I've never taken a submissive. That spot was always reserved for one person, and she's about to start her first lesson on submitting to her Master.