

My Bully's Love by Stacy Rush Chapter 5

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CHAPTER 5: PUNISHING ELLA

"Go to Mrs. Kemper's desk and grab the ruler that is laying by her computer." Jace orders me, and as agreed, I obey him. Walking slowly over to her desk, I find the wooden ruler that he was talking about and bring it to him. He shows no emotion as he takes it from me, but he does swing it through the air, and then slapping it down on his palm, "That will work perfectly." He nods toward the nearby desk, "Pull you pants down and then bend over that desk."

My eyes go to the desk, and then the ruler in his hand, and lastly, his face. His brow is raised as he waits for me to do as he says. I knew there was a possibility that I would be getting spanked today, but I thought it would be by his hand again. This is so going to hurt. Unbuttoning my jeans, I move towards the indicated desk and pull my jeans down, just over my butt. Bending over, I wait for him to begin, and when he doesn't start right away, I start to freak out a little. I think that's his plan, though. The longer he makes me wait, the more it affects me my mental state.

I jump a little when he brings his hand to my butt and begins to rub and squeeze it, "My bad, I didn't instruct you correctly. From now on, when I tell you to pull your pants down, the panties go down too," he yanks the lace fabric down to where my jeans stop, "If you don't, I will rip them off, and you won't like the extra punishment."

I don't say anything, because he didn't form it as a question, but I had the urge to answer him with a 'yes, sir' for some odd reason. I'm still lost in my thoughts when his hand comes down, producing a sting that both hurt and turned me on. I know he told me not to talk, but he also ordered me to count whenever I got a punishment, and so I do.

"One."

He grunts his approval and proceeds to spank me with his open palm, and not the ruler. My count starts wavering after twelve whacks, but I manage to make it to twenty, before the spanking stops. I jump once more when he jams a finger within my folds, and chuckles. He doesn't stop right away, but decides to play with me for a few minutes, and just when I think I'm going to come, he pulls his hand away.

“Bad girls don’t get to come.” He whispers in my ear, and I whimper, “God, you really are a little slut, aren’t you? I can do whatever I want to you, and all you are worried about is coming.”

That’s when I feel it, the burning pain of the ruler coming down across both cheeks. I stand up on my toes, trying to move, but he brings it down again, much harder this time, “Don’t fucking move! You’re going to take your punishment, Ella.” The ruler then comes down consecutively, leaving behind heated welts. I couldn’t even keep up on the count, that’s how fast he brought it down. It isn’t until I hear the wooden stick hit the floor that I know he’s done, but then he steps up so close, that I can feel the abrasiveness of his jeans rub against my welted butt.

“You look so beautiful with a pink ass, Ella.” His hand lightly runs over my heated skin, “God, it makes me so turned on,” He steps back, “Stay right where you are, I’m not quite done.”

I hear a zipper and then some rustling and realize that he just opened his own jeans. I try to turn, but he pushes me down again, grunting. He doesn’t lecture me for moving, but he does step up behind me once more, and that’s when I feel it. A long, hard object, covered in a silky outside. Oh my God, he has his penis out! He isn’t going is he? He can’t... I’m not ready! I start to squirm once more, but then he grabs my hair from the back and yanks my head back.

“Calm the fuck down, Ella, I’m not going to fuck you!” He slides himself in between my thighs as he watches my face, “You like that? Do you like the feel of my cock rubbing against your dripping cunt?” He’s huge, as he thrusts in and out through my wetness, but never enters me. He brings his other hand around and plays with my sensitive nub. I moan and my hips begin to grind back against him, “See, I knew you were nothing but a little slut. You act as though you don’t want me to fuck you, but your body is telling me different.”

My pants become louder the closer I get to climaxing. I can’t believe how much my own body is deceiving me. Maybe Jace is right, maybe I’m nothing more than a little slut who gets off on pain. His thrusts get faster, and he rubs my nub just as fast, building the desire within me until I’m about to explode.

“I’m going to come all over this pussy,” Jace warns just before he tightens his hold on my hair and I feel warm jets of fluid land on my thighs. He grunts and then pulls back a bit and aims his penis towards my opening. He still doesn’t enter, but he covers it with his seed. I’m just about to come when he pulls his hand away, along with his penis, leaving me unfulfilled once again, “You don’t get to come, yet.”

A whimper escapes and my body sags onto the desk. I feel him move away and hear him zip his pants back up. A moment later,

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he is rubbing cream on my behind just like he did last time. He makes it a point to graze my folds as he rubs the cream in, which in turn, also gets on my folds. The coolness of the cream does something to me, and I gasp.

Jace chuckles, "You like that do you? I figured you would." He slaps my sore butt one last time and then brings my panties and jeans up, "You will not clean yourself until I say you can. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Jace."

"Good. Remember how I used to climb into your room when I was younger?" He asks.....

I nod.

"Well, I want you to leave your window open. I will be paying you a little visit at ten o'clock. I want to make sure that you obey me. When I come through that window, I want you laying on your bed, bare from the waist down, and you better still have my dried semen on you." He helps me to stand, and then turns me to face him, pushing a stray hair behind my ear. I'm sure I need to redo my ponytail, but that's the last of my concerns at the moment.

Jace continues with his commands, "If you are a good girl and are still soiled in my baby batter, then I will let you come. How is that?"

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I must smile, because he smirks at my reaction. I am totally excited; I've been craving a release for far too long. I'm willing to do anything in order to have that release. He takes my head in both his hands and moves it around as he is examines my face.

"I have to admit that you are very beautiful when your makeup is all smudged and running down your face," he leans in closer and lowers his voice, "I can't wait to see how bad it gets when I actually fuck you, which will happen in the near future." He runs the back of his forefinger down my cheek before turning and leaving me standing here all by myself.

"Ella, did you hear me?" my mom's voice brings me back to the present, "What's going on with you lately?"

The concern on my mother's face make me feel like crap. I'm trying so hard to act normal, but day by day, it's getting harder, especially since Jace has taken his bullying up a notch. What he did to me this afternoon wasn't right, and I should say something, but I signed that stupid NDA, allowing him to do what he wants to me. I just never

thought that he would take it this far. I thought he hated me. How can someone who hates someone else get themselves off the way he did? Not only was it wrong, but it totally turned me on, and if that isn't wrong then I don't know what is. What is it about Jace Palmer that has me craving his touch?

"I'm sorry mom. I just have a lot on my mind. Mid terms are coming up and I still have not decided on what college I'm going to attend," I take a bite of my meatloaf, "It's all just stressing me out."

"Well, you need to give yourself a break every once in a while, honey. It isn't good for you to be so stressed out at your young age."

"I'm eighteen, mom, I'm an adult." I roll my eyes.

"You may be eighteen, but you are still our baby girl, and we don't like seeing you like this."

"Don't like seeing who like what?" My dad asks as he comes walking into the kitchen after just getting home from work.

"Oh, just our daughter that thinks she needs to take on the world, stressing herself out. I told her she need to relax a little more; she's still so young." My mother responds as he leans down and kisses her head first and moves over to me, doing the same thing.

"Your mother is right, Ella. Be a teenager for once," He takes his seat between mom and myself, "Why don't you go to Jace's party? Your sister is going."

Shoot! I completely forgot that was tonight! How does he plan on coming over if he has a house full of people? I bite my lip as I contemplate what his angle is this time, forgetting that my dad is waiting for me to answer.

"Ella?" My dad raises his brow.

"Oh, parties aren't my thing. Besides, I'm already stressing about mid terms coming up, I need to study." I start shoving food into my mouth so I can't answer any more questions.

"Oh, one night isn't going to hurt, but hey, it's your life." Dad raises his hands in defeat.

I finish my supper and then excuse myself. Elise has already gone upstairs to get ready for the party, and as much as I want to help her, I don't want to be reminded that once again, I'm left out of doing what others are doing because I some how pissed off my best friend two years ago. I'm not going to pretend that I don't miss my best friend or that I'm not hurt by being the only person not invited to his party, but damn it. I am! I just want to take a nice long bath and go to bed, so I don't have to think about

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it, but of course, I can't, because he told me I couldn't. I guess I'm good enough for him to assume ownership, but not good enough to be seen at his party.

It's only nine o'clock and the party next door is already raging. Music and laughter rings out through the night, making it hard to concentrate on anything. I wasn't lying when I said I had mid terms coming up, and that's exactly what I'm trying to do, study. My thoughts keep wandering to my sister, though, hoping Jace sticks to our agreement. I texted Elise about fifteen minutes ago, but have yet to hear back from her.

There's a loud, nasally voice, so I quickly turn off my bedroom light and peek out through the curtains. Kaylee is out in Jace's yard, already stumbling, as she hangs onto someone's arm. I watch as she stands on tiptoe and kisses the other person, and my heart begins to race, because the guy she is kissing is Jace. He holds onto her upper arms as their mouths remain infused for another minute or so. Moving away from the window, I feel the sting in my eyes. How can he be with someone like Kaylee Simpson? I thought he had better taste than that, but I guess there are a lot of things that I no longer know about my neighbor. I hear Kaylee's nasally giggle again, and decide to turn on my own music to try and drown it out.

By quarter to ten, the party is still in full swing. Elise had finally answered back that she was fine just a little while ago, so I'm going to try and get some sleep. I highly doubt Jace will be coming over; he's probably getting it on with Kaylee right now. I don't leave my window open, but I do leave it unlocked, because it is easy to open from the outside when it isn't locked. I'm not going to listen to the blaring music while I'm trying to sleep by leaving the window wide open.

Even though he said he would, I'm still startled when I'm woken up by hands sliding up my naked thighs. Yes, I still obeyed everything just in case, so I'm bare from the waist down, and now his hands are feeling me up. I reach over and turn the little bedside lamp on so I can see his face. It isn't a bright light, but it's enough. The smirk I see on his face tells me that he's felt traces of his dried seed on the inside of my thighs. Reaching higher, I flinch when he inserts two of his fingers inside of me.

I know it will probably earn me a punishment, but just the thought of him being with Kaylee and then touching me, makes my stomach lurch. I shove his hand away and squeeze my thighs closed, locking him out. He doesn't say anything, but pinches the inside of my thigh hard.

"Ouch!"

"Don't refuse my touch, Ella, and I won't hurt you."

“Why don’t you go and touch Kaylee, you seem to like kissing her!” I scoot my body away from him, “I don’t want you touching me after you’ve touched her!”

He’s quick, and before I know it, he’s squeezing my jaw in his hand and his face is only inches from mine, “If I wanted to touch that whore, then I would! It doesn’t matter where my hands have been, you never shove them away when I’m touching you!”

I whimper, “You’re hurting me, Jace!” I grab his wrist but don’t try to remove it.

It’s almost as if he didn’t realize he was doing it, when he glances down at his own hand, and then quickly releases my jaw. We just sit here, staring at each other, not saying a single word. Jace’s eyes are a bright green at the moment, and I can tell that he is a bit intoxicated. Maybe it isn’t such a good idea to have him in my room if he isn’t in his right state of mind. I then laugh to myself, like he’s been in his right state of mind in the last two years!

“Ella…” He sounds like his old self when he says my name, and I can tell he wants to say something, but I see the war that he’s having with himself on whether or not to say what he wants to say,

“Yes, Jace?”

His new self must have won because I see his demeanor change, and the hardness is back, “Lay on your back.”

“W-Why?”

He raises a brow, “Are you questioning me? Would you rather me punish you or make you come?” Wait, what? He’s going to make me come? I thought he would let me take care of that part myself!

“H-I can do that myself; you don’t have to.”

He shakes his head back and forth, “Uh huh, I own you, Ella. The only way you will get any pleasure is if I give it to you myself,” he must find my reaction to his words amusing because he snickers, “The only time you’re allowed to touch this pussy,” he cups my mound, “is when you are washing it or using a tampon during your time of the month.”

He can’t be serious!

“Now, do you still want to come or not? I have guests that will be missing my presence if I don’t get back soon.”

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How long will it be before I'm able to get myself off if I refuse his help? I've been desperate lately, and he only makes it worse. A sharp pain shoots to my core before turning to pleasure, and when I look down, I see Jace pinching my clit. A groan escapes and I try to move away, but he only pinches harder.

"Jace..."

"How do you want me to make you come, Ella? You either tell me how you like it or I'm going to do it on my own."

"..." Words don't seem to want to come when trying to answer his question. How am I supposed to tell my bully what it is that makes me come? How do I tell him that I fantasize about him spanking me, whenever I play with myself?

He takes the choice away from me when he starts to rub my clit. Lifting one of my legs, he situates it so it's on the other side of his waist and he sits between my legs. I'm too embarrassed, so I close my eyes and turn my head away. It feels too good having him play with me, and under different circumstances, I'd welcome his assistance, but I don't want it like this. He's only doing it to humiliate me, and he will probably wash his hands and go back to his party, only to find Kaylee and do to her what I so desperately want him doing to me.

"Look at me, Ella."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"You know why, Jace. You crave my humiliation, and this is one way to get it." My body is beginning to respond to his touch. I can feel the wetness already, "You may own me, but at least let me deal with the aftermath my way."

"Ella, look-at-me." I hear the anger in his voice, and I have no choice but to do as he says or else who knows what he will do. I turn and look at him, "Keep them on me. I want to see you come apart. I want you to know exactly who it is making you come apart."

And there it is, another power trip for Jace freaking Palmer. Just another reason for him to call me a slut and say crude things to me. Well, if he wants a show, then I'll give him a show. He wants me to come apart..I'll make sure I explode!