

My Bully's Love by Stacy Rush Chapter 8

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CHAPTER 8: ATTACKED

I don't know if it's because of my new friendship with Mason, or the fact that I'm no longer being bullied, but I'm in a really good mood as I walk through the halls at school today. Aside from being ignored by everyone else, it's nice to know that there is one person that is waiting to see me, even if it's only to do schoolwork. Mason showed no interest in going any further than friendship while we were out for ice cream, and that meant a lot, since it was the total opposite the last time we were together.

On my way to the library last period, my steps falter as I pass the Art room door, I'm flooded with memories from the last few times I was in that room with Jace. Is it wrong that I miss his punishments? I still dream of him pleasuring me, or his spankings, and everything else that had turned me on about him. I don't want to, but I just can't help it.

"Hey, Ella!" Mason draws me out of my little trance as he jogs down the hall towards me.

I smile at him, "Perfect timing, Mr. Baker! Shall we go get started?" I muse.

"Sure thing, I'm ready to start seeing A's on my papers!" he chuckles and holds the door open, letting me walk into the library first.

We find a nice little corner nook with some bean bag chairs in the back of the library. The further away we are, the less chance of disturbing anybody. Settling in, we start right away, not wasting any time in getting him all caught up, so we can move on to the current work. It's nice being with Mason; there is no strain, and I'm not on edge the whole time, waiting for something to happen. I wish he would have made his amends sooner, but I'll take whatever I can get at this point.

When the final bell rings for the day, ending our tutoring session, Mason pouts, "Well, that went fast, we barely touched base on my issues." He slowly starts loading his things into his book bag.

"We can meet again tomorrow, if you want to." I offer, knowing that he has a long way to go before he's caught up.

"That would be awesome, if you're okay with it." His smile is sincere as he responds to my offer.

"It's not like I have anything else going on. I really don't mind, and I like your company; it's been pretty lonely for me."

He shoves my shoulder playfully, "Hey, none of that self-pity shit, you have me now." His cheesy smile has me giggling.

"I guess I will see you tomorrow then, and I expect you to have those two chapters done, so I can check your work." I raise a brow at him, letting him know that I mean business while trying to hide my grin.

He opens the door for me once again as we leave the library, "Yes, Miss Baxter!" He winks and then turns in the opposite direction from where I'm going.

When I turn down the hall where my locker is located, I smack right into somebody else, "Oh my God!" A nasally voice grunts, and I close my eyes in disbelief. Out of all the people that I could have ran into. "What the hell, Ella! Do you not know how to walk? You're always bumping into me, and I'm beginning to think it's on purpose!"

"You're not that important to me, Kaylee. I don't waste my time thinking up ways of how to run into you. I'm sorry, okay!" Rolling my eyes, I go to walk around her and her little posse of dancers, when I feel a sting to the back of my head, and my body is being jerked back. I fall to my knees but I'm still held upright by my hair. I expect to see Kaylee holding onto me, but it isn't her.

Toby is the one holding me down by my hair as Kaylee smirks down at me. I glance back at Toby, struggling to release myself when he sneers down at me, gripping my hair even tighter, "Apologize to the lady."

My eyes go to Kaylee and I choke on a laugh, "She isn't a lady, and I already apologized to her."

Toby gets down into my face, "She's more lady than you are, slut! Now apologize so I can hear it!"

He isn't going to let me go until I apologize again, so say it again, "I'm sorry for running into you, Kaylee." I make sure to keep the sarcasm out this time.

"Ugh, whatever. You better hope that I don't see you outside of school." She flips her hair and walks away with her little posse following her.

The halls are practically empty, so instead of letting me go, Toby pulls me up by my hair, and shoves me into the boy's restroom nearby. Slamming me against the wall, my cheekbone bounces off the wall, and I cry out in pain. I reach my hands up and back,

digging my nails into his flesh, trying to get him to let me go, but it only angers him more.

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“Do it again, bitch, and I will mark that pretty face of yours all up with my own nails!” I stop fighting him and just stand there, panting with my front against the cold wall.

“What do you want, Toby? I did what you told me to do, now please let me go.” I plead.

His body presses against my backside, “You did do what I told you to do, because you are a good girl like that,” He slides his free hand up my thigh and then inward. I clench my thighs together, but he pinches me, and slips his hand in between my legs when I gasp in pain, “I suggest you continue doing what you’re told. Now that Jace seems to have lost interest in torturing you, I figure I’d pick up where he left off.”

I squirm in his hold but I can’t break free, Please, Toby, let me go!”

“Oh what, you can whore yourself for Jace when he gets rough with you, but you can’t with me?” His hot breath grazes my face, and I can still smell the school lunch on him, “Maybe I’m not being rough enough with you,” suddenly, I’m spun around and pain erupts across my cheek, knocking me to the tiled floor.

My stomach churns as I try to catch my breath. Between the pain in my face and the stench of urine, I’m doing all I can to keep

from vomiting all over. My body is turned roughly, until I’m flat on my back, and Toby yanks my legs apart before kneeling between them. I try to move away, but his hand comes down once more, whipping my head to the side as he bitch smacks my other cheek.

“You really do like it rough, don’t you?” Taking both my hands in one of his, he holds them above my head while his other hand grabs at my breasts.

“Please, Toby!!” Tears run freely down my cheeks knowing that he’s too strong for me to fight.

“That’s what I’m talking about, beg me, slut!” His hand moves to my waist and I feel him open the button to my jeans. When he gets the zipper down, I give up, and start to shut myself down. I don’t want to be aware of what he does next, “That’s it, stop fighting me and just take what I’m willing to give to you...”

His words cut off, but I'm no longer paying attention, so I don't realize when his weight is no longer on top of me. I remain on the floor, waiting for the pain that I know comes when you lose your virginity, only it never comes. Instead, I feel hands closing my jeans up, and a voice telling me it's going to be okay.

"Come on, Ella, snap out of it. You're going to be okay, I took care of him." I slowly turn my head toward the voice, and more tears begin to fall.

"Mason..."

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"Shh, it's okay. I'm so glad I forgot my mouth guard in my locker. I heard your cries as I was passing by." He hugs me to his chest as we sit on the floor.

"Thank you, I couldn't fight him anymore. He was going to rap..."

"Shh, don't think about it. I took care of it, and we will go to the principal's office." He starts to stand, bringing me with him.

"No, it will only make it worse if I tell on him. I just want to go home, Mason." He examines my face and then sighs.

"Fine, but let's get you cleaned up first. Are you even able to drive?" He asks as he grabs a handful of paper towels and wetting them before dabbing at my mouth. They come away pink-tinged, telling me that Toby split my lip open.

"I will be okay. Do you have time to walk me to my car before getting back to practice?" My voice is shaky.

"Don't worry about me, I'll get you safely to your car." I give him a small smile and let him continue to wipe my face off, "I'm afraid you're going to have some bruising along with these two nasty cuts on your face." Anger radiates of my friend's face, and I thank God that he brought Mason back into my life just at the right time.

"I will be okay. It's nothing a little makeup can't hide."

"Okay, well, let's get you to your car, so you can get home and rest." He grips my waist, keeping me steady as he walks me to my locker and then out to the student parking lot to where my car is parked. The lot is practically empty except for those who are in sports.

Taking my keys from me, he unlocks my doors and helps me into the driver's seat; stretching across me to grab the seatbelt and click it in its place, "Are you sure you can drive?"

I place my hand over his that is still holding onto the seatbelt, "Yes, I will be fine. Thank you so much, Mason. I don't know what

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would have done had you not shown up."

"No need to thank me, Ella. That prick will get what's coming to him, just wait until I see him out on the practice field!" He growls out his anger.

"Please don't. I don't want you getting into trouble, he isn't worth it, Mason." I stick my key into the ignition and start my car.

"No, but you are, Ella." I whip my head in his direction, and notice the sadness in his eyes, but there is something else that I can't quite name.

"Thank you, but please don't. I'm begging you not to do anything drastic, because I won't be able to forgive myself if you get yourself into trouble because you are defending me.'

He sighs heavily, "I'll try, but I can't promise you anything. If he says one word, I'm going to go ape shit on his ass!"

"I guess that's all I can ask for. Thanks again, Mason. I will talk to you later." He shuts my door and watches as I pull out of my spot and drive away. I see him standing there watching my car until I turn the corner. Only then do I let out the huge breath and let the rest of my tears flow.

I faked being sick at supper time last evening because my face was already bruising over and I was too sore to do much moving; this morning wasn't any better. I have a cut on my bottom lip and both cut and bruise on my right cheekbone. Thank God my concealer covers it all up, unless you look closely, and then you can sort of make out the cut that is on my cheekbone. I'm wearing my hair down today to help hide it as much as I can.

When Mason called to check up on me last night, he tried to come over, but eventually I talked him out of making the drive over pretending to be really tired, but he's the first face I saw when I entered the school this morning. Once he was sure that I was doing better, he left me to go to class.

All day long I have been waiting for snide comments but not one person has said a word. It isn't until I'm heading to meet Mason at the library when I'm slammed face first

into the set of lockers by the Art room, and a familiar voice sends shock waves through my entire body by just hearing his voice.

“You’ve been a bad girl, Ella!”

I whimper, not only because I’m still sore, but because my body responds to Jace in the only way it knows how. Dampness covers the crotch of my underwear as I stand pressed against the lockers with my bully’s hard body against mine. I don’t bother saying anything, because it doesn’t matter if I did or didn’t do something, he’s going to find fault in me somehow. Jace looks up and down the hallway and then pulls me into our usual meeting place, locking the door behind us.

“I have somewhere that I need to be right now, Jace.” I don’t dare look at him.

“Oh, and where is that?” He asks, snidely.

“A tutoring session in the library.” My voice is but a whisper,

“You know this is our time to meet. Why are you scheduling other things during my time?”

My head snaps up, “I thought you were done with me. You have ignored me for over a month, and since I had that open, I scheduled my tutoring sessions.”

“Oh, I know who you’re tutoring, Ella, and you’re going to stop it immediately.” He steps right up into my space, “The only guy you will spend any kind of time with is me. Do You understand?”

I don’t know where I get the courage from but for once, I don’t back down, “No! I will not lose another friend because of you, Jace!”

With speed that I didn’t know he had, Jace has his hand wrapped around my neck, “Do you want to repeat what you just said?”

I’m barely on my tip toes, with my hands wrapped around his wrist, “Jace,” I choke out, “you’re hurting me!”

“Tell me that you are going to stay away from Mason fucking Baker, and I will let go.” He sneers.

I continue to hold back the words, I will not give him the satisfaction anymore, “No!”

“Are you fucking him? Is that it? You don’t want to give up the sex?” His eyes are harder and angrier than I’ve ever seen them, and it’s beginning to scare me.

“Jace, you are the only one that has ever touched me intimately,” i choke out.

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He studies my face before letting me go, "It doesn't matter, you don't have time for anybody else. I will be taking up your spare time from now on."

His words confuse me, what does he mean by that? I stand to my full five foot, three inch height, "Says who?"

"Says me!"

"You don't even like me, Jace! Why would you want to be around me?"

"You don't know what you're talking about, Ella."

A heavy sigh escapes, and my shoulders slump in defeat, "I can't do this anymore, Jace. Hate me all you want, but just leave me alone. I can't take the bullying anymore." Tears roll down my cheeks all on their own as I drop my head, looking down at the floor.

Jace isn't having it, though. He steps even closer and takes hold of my chin, snapping my head up and getting ready to lecture me about who knows what, when a look comes across his face and he starts to move my head from left to right as he observes something.

"What the fuck happened to your face, Ella and don't you dare lie to me?" He looks as though he's about to lose his shit.

I had forgotten all about my face until now, "What, your little friend didn't tell you how he tried to get a piece of the same action that I was giving you?" I jerk my head back from his grip and step back, "Toby didn't tell you how he roughed me up because I like it when you do it?" He stands there with shock and disbelief across his face, "He didn't tell you how he was about to rape me when MY FRIEND, MASON, came in and saved me from his assault?"

"Ella..."

"No, you don't get to tell me who can be friends with, Jace. You're not my boyfriend, hell, you're not even my friend anymore! You chose to walk out of my life for reasons that you still haven't told me, so I don't owe you anything!"

I shove past him, but he grabs my wrist and swings me back around, his irritation is apparent, but I no longer care. We stare at each other until I decide that I'm tired of playing this game and try leaving again, but he pulls me to him. Releasing my wrist, he

takes hold of my face in both hands and next thing I know, our lips are crashing together.