

Bullys Love 81

Chapter 81

LIU

The light turns on and I let out a sigh of relief. It isn't until he comes over and squats down that I see an emotionless face. I could always see the love that Jace has for me in all of his

expressions, but not now. Have I lost that love completely? I watch as he unlocks the cage door and opens it. I crawl out, but when I go to stand up, he places his foot on my back and keeps me on my hands and knees.

"Today, you will crawl. As long as you are in this apartment, you will remain naked, and you will crawl everywhere." His voice demands obedience, so I don't even try to argue.

Thang my head in defeat, "Yes, Sir."

"Go use the bathroom, and then come right back." Jace orders.

As fast as I can, I crawl over to the bathroom, the cold tile sends shivers through my body. Once I'm at the toilet, I climb up onto the seat and relieve my aching full bladder. Washing my hands once I'm done, I drop to my hands and knees once more and crawl out to him.

Jace now holds a crop in his hand, which in turn arouses the slut within me. I bite my lip as I stare at the implement, and then up at him. He lifts a brow at me but says nothing as he indicates with his hand that I am to turn and crawl out of the room. Doing as he says, I feel his eyes burning a hole in my backside as I move forward.

I stop when I get to the end of the hall because I'm not sure where he wants me to go. The sting to my pussy from the crop

has me moving towards the living room, but another sting comes to my left cheek, and I turn to the left, towards the kitchen. He's cropping me like a damn horse instead of using his own words, but I guess this is all part of my punishment as well.

LL

I see his laptop sitting on the island and the pillow that is placed on the floor. He can try and act as unemotional as he wants but it's the little things that he does, like making sure I have something soft to sit on, that tells me he does still care. Not wanting him to see the small smile that crosses my lips, I duck my head and obediently kneel on the pillow.

Jace hands me a hard-boiled egg before going back to whatever he is doing on his computer, but as soon as I finish the egg, he's handing me a piece of bacon. This goes on until my eggs, bacon, and toast are gone, and then he hands me a cup of coffee. He's taking care of me, making sure I eat, even though I'm being punished. The only part that I'm not keen on is the crawling everywhere and having to ask to use the bathroom each time, which by the way, I have to keep the door open, so don't try walking around. He is dead serious about me crawling today.

I'm able to shower by myself, but what I want most is for Jace to be in here with me, using his own hands to lather my body up with the bodywash. Even though Jace is here in the apartment with me, I'm feeling really lonely, but I refuse to complain or

safe word. It's only day two of my punishment, and I do believe that his way of punishing me is really working. I don't ever want to be treated this way again, and I'm dreading the next three days.

Jace is the one that comes to work with me today, but he doesn't come inside. He sits at one of the tables on the little patio out front typing away on his laptop. His eyes rove over the people walking by and the ones that come in and out of the coffee shop. Every chance I get, I bring him either a coffee or a water bottle. I get a thank you but that is it.

"What is up with Jace today?" Becky asks. My co-worker frowns as she looks at my boyfriend through the window, "He's usually very flirty and he never sits outside."

I sigh, "We had a bit of an argument, but he is fine. He just needs some space is all, and it's a beautiful day out." I smile, hoping she will stop with the questions.

"Oh, I know what will make him smile!" Becky goes to the back and brings out a tray of warm, buttery crescent rolls. Jace loves them from here. I watch as she sets two on a plate and takes the plate out to his table.

I can't hear what she is saying, but it's enough for Jace to give her his drop-dead, gorgeous smile that I thought he had only reserved for me. If I didn't feel like crap before, I definitely do now. I grab a rag and start cleaning the counter tops while Becky stands outside, talking to my boyfriend. Neither one even bothers to look at me through the window as they continue to carry on their conversation.

L

We begin to get a small afternoon rush just before I'm due to clock out, which I'm happy about. It distracts me from thinking about Jace and Becky, and how Jace was able to be his flirty self with her, but when she turns to come back inside, he finally looks at me, and his smile drops once again. I'm hurting inside, and I hate this feeling. I wonder if this is what Jace intended to happen when he thought up my punishment. He can have a damn gold medal because he wins; he's proven his point. I messed up big time, but I don't think it will matter if I've learned my lesson already. In his eyes, I still have three more days to think about how naughty I was.

As soon as we get back home, I don't wait for his command. I strip right here at the front door, fold my clothes and put them on the table by the door. I lower myself to my knees and proceed to follow him. Since I'm not sure where he wants me, I

kneel back onto the heels of my feet and wait for his instruction.

Jace disappears into our bedroom and then comes back out wearing just a pair of sweatpants. They are thin enough that I can see the outline of his shaft as he walks. He knows that it drives me crazy when he wears those particular sweats, so now he's at the part where he's going to tease me.

LA

He grabs the crop from the kitchen island and points to the pillow on the floor with it. I immediately go to the pillow, only it wasn't the pillow he was pointing to. He stops me right in front of the spot where he's going to sit.

"Keep your back straight, Ella. If you drop it down, your pussy is going to get punished." He slaps the crop hard against my already wet folds.

Hove the sting, but I don't like the part where it arouses me because I know there will be no release for me. Making sure | tighten my core, my back goes flat across, and next thing! know, Jace is sitting down and using me as a leg rest. I've heard of human furniture, but he's never humiliated me in this way before.

After a while, my hands and knees become tired, never mind my core that remains tight for the time being. Once I let it go, though, a very hard whack to my lower lips with the crop has

me crying out and I straighten once more. Another slap stings my lady bits for no reason, but then Jace keeps the crop there

and begins to rub it through my wetness. I can hear the wetness each time he runs the leather through it, and when I glance up at him, he has his cock out and is stroking himself.

Chapter 82

JACE POV

Watching Ella crawl around naked all day long has got me so fucking hard! I was thankful when she had to work because I got a small reprieve, but now that we are back home, it won't be long before my guy is standing back at attention. So, why not have a little fun?

I didn't have to tell Ella to strip or to get down to her hands and knees as soon as we walked in the door. She did it all on her own, and if she is looking for praise, she isn't going to get it from me. All she's going to get is more of me ignoring her and trying my damndest not to say anything unless I really have to. This punishment has been just as hard on me as it has on her, if not harder; no pun intended either.

I go into the bedroom and change into the pair of gray sweats that I know she loves, and to make it even better, I strip out of my briefs and go commando. Letting my guy flop around inside brings attention straight to my crotch. I look at myself in the mirror to see if it's got the effect that I'm looking for, and as I move around and swing my hips, my guy bounces around without a care. I chuckle, but then I have to get back into Dom mode for when I walk out of the room.

Showing no emotion towards Ella has been torture, especially this morning when I first saw her. All I wanted to do was bring her into my arms and hold her, tell her I love her, and then sprinkle tender kisses all over her face. Instead, I put my

foot down on her back and tell her to crawl. I hate being a dick to her, but it's for her own good.

After indicating where I want her, I take my own seat on the comfy couch and to her surprise, I lean back and use her to rest my feet. I know she's tired of keeping her back straight, and her limbs have got to be tired as well, but when her back drops, the fun begins.

Using the crop, I slap her on her already wet pussy lips, not once, but twice. God, I can't say that she is enjoying this mentally, but her body sure is with all the arousal that keeps leaking from her. Deciding to have a little more fun with her, I pull my cock out and start to stroke it. She looks my way, her eyes widening as she watches me jerk off. When she goes to turn away, I bring the crop down again.

She whimpers but her eyes come back to my hand pumping my cock. The lust in her eyes helps me with my masturbation; if I can't have her then I need to at least see her and watch the need that arises in the depths of those blue orbs. She licks her lips and all I want to do is release myself in that dirty little mouth of hers, but she isn't allowed to have any for the five days of her punishment.

When I start rubbing her again with the crop, she tries to move against it, only earning her another slap with it. This time, I make sure that I get her clit with it, giving her the pain that she's always wanting, only not being able to come afterwards.

Just when I'm about to come, I look her straight in the eye, "The dirty whore wants my cum, doesn't she?"

{ "Yes, Sir...please." }

"Too fucking bad. You should have thought about that when you decided to leave our bed. You want to be a dirty whore; I'll make you one." I then sit up and release myself all over her back.

To my utter surprise, Ella moans, "God yes, Master Jace, make me your dirty whore!"

With not knowing what else to do, I finish off on her and then leave her there to clean myself up. I'm needing time to think about what exactly just happened. I know that some humiliation turns her on, but is she really turned on, by how I've treated her since we've come home?

When I come back, she's still in the same position that I left her in. Needing to check for myself, I bring my hand down and run it through her folds, which are fucking soaked. I'm getting a bit upset now. This is supposed to be punishment and she's getting off on it! I guess that means that edging is in store for tomorrow, but I think I'm going to begin right now.

Kneeling behind her, I let my cock back out and slap it against her wetness until it's hard enough again and then I thrust into her. I take what I want and every time I feel as though she's going to come, I pull out, and make her suck me for a bit before taking her cunt again.

The morning doesn't bring anything good when Ella isn't in bed with me. I sleep like shit and so when it's time to wake up, I'm tired as fuck. I know Ella has to be at the bakery early today, so I drag myself out of my bed, and hop into the shower before I go to unlock her cage. As I let the hot water spray

down on me, I decide that I'm going to take Ella back to the club tonight. I know how much she loves implement play, as one of her punishments, though, I've set up a scene with one of Elias's pain sluts. Ella will watch as I use the implements that she loves so much, on another sub, getting her off in the process, when Ella isn't allowed. Elias already knows my views on touching another sub intimately, and he swears to me that I don't need to lay a finger on this one.

Just thinking about punishing Ella this way hurts me, and yet I'm hard once again. Maybe it's just morning wood, yeah, let's go with that. After jacking off and then finally washing myself, I get out,

wrapping a towel around my waist, and head for the playroom. I leave the door open at night in case Ella needs out for any reason at all. I want to be able to hear her when she calls out.

Today is all about edging Ella. She's going to be so fucking desperate, that I'll probably have to restrain her tonight, so she doesn't play with herself. What she doesn't know is that on day four, she's going to be begging me to stop making her come. I open her cage and nudge her awake with my foot.

Once she's used the bathroom and showered for work, bend her over the bed, and work a plug into her ass before sending her to the kitchen. She grabs a bagel and a water and flinches when she sits but doesn't say anything. When she's done eating, she grabs for her bag that she always takes to work, and I snatch it away.

"Bend over the couch now."

Being the obedient sub that she is supposed to be, she bends over the side of the couch Lundo har nants and null

them down. Moving the fabric of her panties to the side, I slide myself into her and start fucking her fast and hard. I'm ready to come in minutes, so I gently pull the plug out and once I start my release inside of her cunt, I finish by pushing my tip into her ass. I need her leaking from both holes in order for the punishment to work.

Now that I'm done releasing my own tension, I pull out and put her panties back in place and then I pull up her pants, "You will wear these cum-filled panties all day at work, and when we get home, I will fill you up again, and again. Do you have a problem with that?"

"No, Sir." She whispers breathlessly.

LLL

She's turned on...good. I will keep her turned on all day to day. She doesn't realize how much a Dom punishes himself when he has to punish his sub. All we want to do is make them happy, and give them what they want, so punishing them is also punishing us.

I grip her chin and make her look at me, "I hope you are learning something from all these punishments, Ella, because you're punishing your Dom in the process." | growl and let her chin go before turning my back on her.

Chapter 83

She's Not Precious

Jace dresses me up in another scandalous number and takes me to Club Shameless. This time it's a very short strapless bodycon dress. It comes to just below my butt cheeks and has horizontal slits all the way up both sides that stretch from front to back. It's a royal blue in color, and is still more than what others are wearing, if you can believe that. I'm also wearing a matching pair of six-inch heels.

All-in-all, I look like a street walker, which then makes me wonder if that's what he has in mind for me tonight, using me like a dirty whore. The thought turns me on, and I find myself getting excited. I've got to get myself in check, though, because Jace wouldn't allow me to wear any underwear tonight, and the last thing I need is to be dripping with arousal. He said it was part of my punishment. It's humiliating to

say the least because with the dress being so snug, I'm fairly sure that a few people have already gotten a glimpse of my lady bits the few times my dress rode up too high.

Jace hands me a water from the bar and takes one himself before leading us across the club to a secluded booth. Elias is sitting in the middle of two women who are wearing nothing but body jewelry. The club owner's eyes rake over my body before meeting my eyes and smiling. Because I'm Jace's sub, though, he can't say anything to me directly, so without taking his eyes off me, he directs his comment to Jace.

"Your submissive is looking very delicious tonight, Master Jace. Are you sure you don't want me to keep her company for a while?"

Jace clears his throat, "With all due respect, Elias, I've mentioned that I don't share my sub, but I'm sure at some point you can watch us scene together."

A warm spark ignites within my core at the thought of having Elias watch me and Jace together. Just like when Kia watched Jace finger me, it turns me on. I lower my eyes to the floor, so no one can witness the need arising within me. I feel a yank on the leash, though, and I glance up at Jace.

"Wouldn't that be nice? Having the club owner watch us scene together?" Jace asks as he smirks.

"If that is what you wish, Sir."

Without warning, his hand is between my legs, and he has his fingers running through my wetness, "That feels like a definite yes to me, Ella. You're soaked. Does that turn you on, thinking about Elias watching me fuck you?"

I remain quiet, but he pinches my clit in warning, "Yes, Sir. The thought turns me on..."

He smirks at me and then turns his attention back to Elias who is now wearing an excited smile, "Once my sub is through with her punishment, we can return to give you a show."

"Why not tonight?" The owner pouts.

Jace chuckles, "Ella isn't allowed to come, so the show would be boring to say the least. My girl is a squirter, and I'm sure that would make a more entertaining show for you."

I can feel my face turning bright red from Jace leaking my intimate details, but I guess it's all part of this lifestyle. I've heard others talk about their sub in this manner, as if there

are no secrets between Doms. All I can do is bow my head and continue staring at the floor.

"Is everything ready for me?" Jace asks Elias, making me wonder what it is that he has set up.

"It is. Go to room four and you will find everything that you need." | glance back up just in time to see the smirk that Elias and Jace share together.

Jace leads me down towards the dungeon area, but then stops in front of a door that has a number four on it. He opens it and steps inside, pulling me with the leash behind him. My eyes go wide once I see the room full of every implement that you could ever have. Is Jace going to use some of these on me?

Excitement rushes through me as I take in the many floggers, crops, canes, and whips. Oh, but there is so much more, some I don't think I've ever seen before.

"Take your shoes off and kneel, Ella." Jace points to a large pillow on the floor, and I am quick to obey his command.

I watch as Jace pulls off his shirt and lays it over the only chair in the room. He walks over to a big window and lifts the blinds, so that others can see. This confuses me, though, because he just told Elias that he couldn't watch us scene, but I put the thought out of my head as I wait patiently for Jace's next command.

The command I've been waiting for never comes, though. Instead, a door opens and in walks a naked woman. She's of Asian descent and is absolutely beautiful. She's right about

my height and weight but she looks older than both me and Jace. My first thought is that she has the wrong room but then her next words tear at my very being.

"Where would you like me, Master Jace?"

My head whips to Jace but he doesn't even spare me a glance as he smiles warmly at the other woman. My heart is beating erratically at this point. He can't mean to...he can't be doing a scene with another woman, can he?

"What is your name, beautiful?" Jace's velvety voice echoes through the room.

"Whatever you want it to be, Master Jace."

Did he just call her beautiful? Are they flirting with each other right in front of me? | stare disbelievingly at my boyfriend. He can't seriously be using this as part of my punishment! If he thinks I'm going to kneel here and watch as he pleases another woman right in front of me then he's got an other thing coming! It's different when he is doing his job at the Training Center, but during his personal time, it is definitely not okay! I go to stand up, but Jace is quick to point back to the pillow as though he's had his eye on me the whole time. In his stern Dom voice, he orders for me to sit and not move. I lower myself back down automatically.

He turns his attention back on the other woman, "Let me think on it a moment. In the meantime, I want to go over the scene and make sure I have your consent."

"Yes, Master, Jace."

"I plan on warming you up with a flogger until your skin is nice and pink, I will then move to a paddle or belt of your

choice, and then I'm going to whip that beautiful skin until you hit subspace. How does that sound?"

"Mm, I'm already wet, Master Jace. Please make it hurt good!" the woman says.

"That is my plan. Now, the most important part is that you can come as much as you want. Sound good?" Jace grins.

"Oh my! Thank you, Master Jace, you are too kind."

Jace chuckles, "You say that now, but I think my own sub would argue that point at the moment." They both look over at me. Jace's eyes sweep me up and down, "Open your legs, Ella. I want to see how wet that slutty pussy gets while you watch me make another sub feel good."

I whimper but I still spread my legs because no matter how hurt and upset I am at Jace right now, my body is betraying me. Jace walks over and squats down right in front of me. He takes a swipe between my legs and chuckles just before sucking on his finger.

"Yep, the greedy little slut is wide awake, isn't she?"

"Yes, Sir." I bow my head, but he yanks it back up.

"You will watch this scene, Ella, every last bit of it. Then, once I'm through with her, I'm going to have you suck my cock, how's that?" he runs his thumb back and forth across my bottom lip.

"Okay, Sir."

Without another thought, he turns away from me and takes the flogger that the woman has chosen for him to use

on her, "Go to the St. Andrew's cross." He commands the other sub. Once she's facing the big X, Jace cuffs both her wrists and ankles, "Now we can get started." He goes to take a step back but then stops, "Oh, I still need a name for you, don't I? Hm, how about I call you... Precious."

My world falls apart while my heart shatters into millions of pieces at hearing his words. He can't mean it. She's not Precious... I am! How can he be so callous as to give another sub my nickname? I'm not sure how I find the strength to do it, but what I do know is that I can't sit here and be tortured like this any longer.

"Pineapple!"

Chapter 84

When I look over, a huge weight is taken off my shoulders and I sigh with relief as I see Ella sipping on a glass of water at the end of the bar. She looks like one of those heartbroken people who just lost everything, and something grips at my heart, squeezing it tight. I put that look on her face, now I need to take it away.

Walking up to her slowly, I stop right behind her, but she must sense me, "I'm fine. Go back to your scene, but I'm staying right here."

"Ella..."

IL

Her sob is heart wrenching, "What is it? I'm sorry if I took it too far..."

"You broke my heart when you called her by my nick name."

11

"I'm sorry..."

"I was going to leave..."

"I thought you did..."

"I didn't want to disappoint you again by putting myself in danger. I know the stalker is still out there, so I decided to wait for you here."

Hearing Ella say this makes my heart soar. It means that all of this hardship that put both of us through has worked. There is no need to keep doing what I'm doing. Will I finish out her punishment? Yep, but it's not going to be so harsh, and I can have her sleep with me and call her my Precious again. I can show her my love while still torturing her in a good way.

Spinning the stool around, I pull her into me and hold her tight, "I love you so much Precious; you don't know how much! I'm so glad that you have learned your lesson because you and your life is the most precious thing in my world. It made me so angry to see that you weren't concerned about

"I really didn't mean to upset you that day, Sir. I wanted to do something nice, and I was in a such a good mood that I honestly forgot all about the stalker in my life."

I grip her chin softly, "All is forgiven, Precious, well almost. The really hard stuff is over, but I still have a few days of some delicious torture in store for you." | take her lips with mine and demand entrance. The good thing about these kinds of clubs is that so much goes on here, that a couple making out like we are doing, doesn't really attract too much attention.

Ella pulls away, "Can you take me home now, Sir?"

I reach between us and feel the same thing I always feel when we are together, "Are you sure you don't want us to find an empty room here?"

She shakes her head, "No, I want to be alone with you, in our own home. I don't want to be Dom and sub; I want to be Jace and Ella, and I want you to make love to me all night long. Tomorrow is a new day, and you can torture your sub then." She grins as she bites her bottom lip.

How the fuck can I say no to that?

As soon as I open the door to our apartment and we are both inside, I slam the door as I grab Ella around the waist and swing her around. Taking both of her hands into one of mine, | pin them above her head as I claim her mouth in a brutal kiss. She matches it with her own brutality. It's been days since I've tasted her this way and I can't get enough.

With as short as her dress is and her arms pinned above, her pussy is hanging out, waiting to be possessed. I don't waste any time with undoing my own pants and pushing them down past my hips. Lifting her leg, slide right into her tight ness, and savor the feel of her walls gripping my cock.

"I love you so much, Ella." I breathe against her lips,

"I love you, too, Jace...please!"

I don't make her ask again. Pulling out until just my tip is left in, I pause and open my eyes. I don't move again until she opens her own eyes. We gaze at each other as I thrust back inside and take her like I've never taken her before. It's brutal, yet emotional, fast but not too fast. We fuse together, moving

against each other in sync as though we were made for one another. It's a mating that only two lovers who truly love each other can understand.

Keeping my eyes on her, I take her lips once more as I give her everything that she has been needing since we became a couple. In this moment, I'm giving her all of me. Grabbing her other leg, I lift her up and she automatically locks her feet together behind my back as I carry her to our bedroom, not the playroom. That room is for Dom and sub, our room is for Jace and Ella, which is what she wants, and so it's exactly what I will give her.

I sit on the edge of the bed and pull off her sorry excuse for a dress. Once I toss it to the floor, I grab hold of her hips and lift her up and down, watching as my cock conquers the only thing it's ever wanted. Her tits bounce the harder I fuck her, and I'm caught between wanting to watch her gorgeous cunt take my cock and wanting to take her tit into my mouth. Her tits win since they continue to taunt me by bouncing right

in front of me.

Latching my mouth over her nipple, I suck, nip, and swirl my tongue, teasing the hard peak before moving to the other one and showing it the same attention. Ella's hips begin grinding into me, her clit rubbing against me as she holds my head against her chest.

"Mm, please don't stop, Jace...I'm going to come... I feel it!" She pants as the roles reverse and she's the one fucking me now. She's riding me like a pro, and I'm fighting to hold back my own release.

"Come for me, baby. Give it all to me..." I reach between us and pinch her sensitive bud, and she comes apart crying out my name.

"Oh, Jace...yes! Oh, God..."

I grind my teeth, keeping myself from giving her the load that I know is going to be a big one. I continue to stroke her clit until she jerks away, telling me it's too sensitive. Normally, I would keep at it, and make her come again, but all we've been doing is fucking, and she wanted me to make love to her, so I flip us around and push her up onto the center of the bed.

When she starts to protest, I take her mouth once more as I sink back into her warmth. Bringing her leg up beside my hip, I sink a little deeper as I thrust into her over and over, not too fast but not too slow either. I make it so we can feel each other completely every time I move.

She picks up on my rhythm and begins to move with me. I make her come time and time again, while holding myself back. This is about her, and me showing her that she is more

to me than a sub, and a girlfriend. I want her to realize that she is my life; every time I breathe, I do it for her.

"Jace will you please come for me? I want to feel you fill me full of your seed." She asks softly, and I know I can't deny her.

"Come with me, baby, and I promise I will give you every last drop." I begin to thrust just a little harder, and when I feel her walls grip me as she starts to orgasm for the last time, I let myself go, making good on my promise.

he smell of coffee wafts through my senses as I try to sleep just a little bit longer. The bed in the cage is comfort able, but nothing beats sleeping in our bed with Jace's arms wrapped around me. I frown after this thought runs through my head, because they are no longer around me, and if I'm

smelling coffee, then that means he is already up. I open my eyes grudgingly, and glance at the clock on my nightstand. Thank God I have the day off because it's already after ten in the morning.

I drag my deliciously sore body from bed and make my way to the bathroom as I wipe the sleep from my eyes and give a big yawn. As I sit and empty my very full bladder, I think back to last night and everything that has occurred. I think Jace and I need to sit down and go over my limits as his sub once again. There are changes that I want to make, mainly to my hard limit's list; a couple of things that I want to add, to be precise.

I know we are young and still learning this whole new lifestyle, but I'm coming to realize that I really do love it, and there are things that I do want to push myself to try, but I also want a normal life at times, like keeping it fifty-fifty. I don't want to lose who I am as a person, and I feel that when I am in sub mode, I tend to give in more, no matter how bad Jace messes up.

I love Jace with everything I have, and I know he's messed up big time in the past. People may not understand why would forgive him for what he put me through, but they also

don't see what he's been doing to make it up to me. I can be in a relationship with someone who has never hurt me, and they would never show me the love and dedication that Jace shows me every day. I know what I want, I'm not some simple bumpkin willing to take whatever she can get. Jace and I are a work in progress, and we may look like a hot mess at the moment, but we are each other's hot mess.

I smile to myself, thinking about last night and the mess that we made together, multiple times. My hoo-ha is proof as I wipe myself when I'm done. I'm just washing my hands when a pair of hands slip around my waist, and lips nuzzle my neck.

"Mm, good morning, handsome." I say on a soft breath.

"Morning, beautiful. Are you hungry?" Jace asks without removing his face from the crook of my neck.

"I can eat, if that's what you're asking, but that coffee sure does smell delicious."

"You definitely smell way better than the coffee." He chuckles and nips me gently before meeting my eyes in the mirror, "I slept so good with you back in our bed."

I turn around to face him, reaching up and lacing my fingers together behind his head, "Me too. Don't ever make me sleep in the cage again." I pout, playfully.

"Don't be a naughty girl, and you won't have to." He teases

1. es.

Standing up on my toes, I poke my tongue out and trace his lips briefly, "You love it when I'm naughty, though."

"Mm, you have a point there." He dips down and takes my

mouth, not needing permission to invade it, as I open my own right away.

It's just a quick little make out session, and is done before too long, but it's what I feel during it, "I love you, Jace." I tell him as we pull away at the same time.

"And I love you, Ella. Always have, always will."

My stomach chooses this time to make a loud gurgling sound, and we both laugh. I gently push at his chest, so he takes a step back, but instead, he grabs me and tosses me over his shoulder, slapping my butt in the process.

"Let's go feed that belly before it starts eating you; that's my job." He chuckles at his own joke.

I gasp, "Jace Mitchell Palmer!"

"What? It's the truth! The only thing that gets to eat you is my mouth."

I face palm myself and let him carry me from the bath room, out to the kitchen. He deposits me on one of the barstools and takes his place right beside me. It feels good to actually sit on a chair or stool and eat my food, instead of kneeling. I definitely won't be doing anything to earn me THAT punishment again!

I thank God Jace likes to cook, and that he's good at it because I suck at it. After another one of Jace's delicious break fasts, I get out the cleaning supplies for my weekly cleaning bender. I start with the kitchen and then work my way around

the apartment. While I'm doing the dusting, sweeping and mopping, Jace throws the dirty dishes into the dishwasher and then starts a load of laundry in the stackable washer and dryer combo that only the top floor apartments have. Our favorite tunes are playing over the speakers that Jace and my dad installed, and I dance around to Halsey's song, So Good, as I clean.

This has become our norm, and we like it. I'm so glad that Jace isn't that guy who thinks a woman's place is in the kitchen, and that he helps with every aspect of having your own place. Sometimes I feel guilty, though, because he does most of the cooking, but to be fair, up until now, he hasn't had another job to go to like I do, but I still try and take most of the cleaning off his hands.

I'm sweeping my way down the hall towards the front door when I notice an envelope on the floor right in front of the door. Neighbors have been known to push notes under our door, letting us know whether or not an event is taking place or that something in the building isn't working, and whatnot, so I pick it up and open it up. A single white sheet of paper is folded inside of it. When I unfold it, and read the contents, my blood runs cold, and I drop the broom.

When the handle of the broom hits the floor, the noise echoes through the hall, and Jace comes over to see what the noise is all about. I can't take my eyes off the sheet of paper, but I feel when Jace begins to approach.

"What's wrong? What is that?" When all I do is continue to stare at the paper, Jace takes it from my fingers.

Only then do I turn my head slowly and look up at him for his reaction. It doesn't take long for him to react. The anger

reflecting off his face is enough to make even me back away, even though I know that it isn't towards me at all.

"What the fuck? Who does this person think they are?" He crumples the paper in his hands and then tosses it into the trash can. "Let them come! I'll be waiting for them when they do!" He pulls me into his arms and holds me tight, kissing the top of my head, "I swear, Ella, I will not let anyone hurt you ever again!"

I'm finally able to come out of my stunned reaction, and I hug him back, "I know you won't Jace. I was just hoping that they decided to leave me alone; it's been so long since they've done anything."

"I think it's time that start taking you back to the gym and show you how to defend yourself. Every woman should know the basic moves, but you, I'm going to teach you more than just the basics. I'm going to turn you into a badass bitch, so that even I become scared of you!" He tries to lighten the mood, and it helps a little bit.

"Oh yeah, I would love to learn how to kick my bully's butt." I joke.

"Ass, Ella. Say it, a-s-s... ass." Jace chuckles.

"Ass," I say it a bit shyly, "I want to learn how to kick my bully's ass." | giggle.

"That's my girl!" He kisses my forehead and then pulls away.

I bend over and take the letter out of the garbage, "I think we should keep this, you know, to give to the police. Maybe they left behind fingerprints or something."

"Good thinking, baby! I will grab a baggie to put it in and then we can take it to the PD."

As I wait for Jace to grab a zip lock baggie, I carefully take the corners and stretch the paper back out, careful not to rip it or ruin any prints that may be on it aside from ours. Staring down at the now wrinkled sheet of paper, the words pop out, taunting me.

I haven't forgotten about you, Ella!

Chapter 86

Shopping With Reece

"It's so nice to be able to get out together without me having to be your babysitter. Just having this girl's day is cheering me up." Reece says while grabbing a dress off the clothing rack.

"Oh, come on, Reece. You're not fooling anyone. We both know what this is, you're still here to keep an eye on me, but I just like to call it the buddy system. It's safer with two than it is with one." | chuckle as I shake my head, no, at the dress she's holding up.

"I never really thought of it that way, I guess." She ignores my opinion about the dress and throws it over her arm to go try on.

"I'm okay with it now," I tell her, "In the beginning I was so annoyed, but after that last note, I'm really creeped out. I'm always looking over my shoulder."

“What did the police say when you took it to them?” Reece picks out another dress, if you want to even call it that, and throws it over her arm as well.

“Pfft, they said they would put it in my file, but my dad says that nothing will be done about it.”

She stops searching through the rack and looks at me, “So, you’re supposed to look over your shoulder for the rest of your life?”

I shrug, “My dad hired a Private Investigator. He’s determined to find whoever is scaring his baby girl.” | smirk at my friend.

“Way to go Mr. Baxter! He’s hot, he’s got brains, and he’s willing to do whatever it takes! I’m so fucking jealous of your mom right now!”

“Yuck, Reece! That’s my dad!”

“What? Older men can still be eye candy!”

“Not my dad, gross!” | gag.

“Just think, Ella; when you and Jace have kids, they are going to say the same about the two of you!” Reece shakes her head and chuckles, “Then, Aunt Reece will have to tell them the story of how their mom thought the same way about grandma and grandpa.”

“Are you wanting to traumatize my future children?” I can’t stop laughing at this point and patrons are beginning to stare, “That’s it, I am banning you from ever being alone with my future kids!”

“Like that will stop me from telling them things. It will be funnier talking about it in front of both you and Jace.” She grins.

“Who even says that Jace will be the one that I have kids with? We are still young; a lot can happen.”

“Oh please, have you seen the two of you? More importantly, have you seen the way Jace is with you? That guy adores you and worships the ground that you walk on!” Reece states.

I roll my eyes, “That’s a bit of an exaggeration, don’t you think?”

She shrugs, “If you don’t believe me, ask Gabe. Why do you think he’s laid off on the flirting? He’s disappointed that he can’t hate Jace,” she snickers, “because he can see that Jace is totally in love with you and will do anything for you. He knows that there is no competition where him and Jace are concerned because you will always choose Jace.”

I really can’t stop the smile that appears on my face. I’m so happy that I’m not the only one that sees how Jace treats me. I was so worried that he wouldn’t be accepted but believe it or not, Gabe even calls Jace for his opinion on things and if he needs help with something. I haven’t brought Jace to a game night yet because I don’t know if Deke can keep a filter on, knowing what he does about mine and Jace’s relationship. Jace knows about what Deke had said to me that night, and even though he isn’t happy with the guy, he’s willing to put it aside once I’m ready to introduce him to the others.

I grab a few items for myself to try on and we both head back to the dressing rooms. Curtains hang as doors and so I have to make sure that I get the ends closed just right. Pulling my shirt off, I turn and

grab for the first top that I have hanging there, but my hand misses it completely when I'm shoved against the wall with a hand over my mouth. A body presses into me, so I can't move. At first, I think it's Jace messing with me, but then the person whispers into my ear, and I realize that it's a female.

"I was sent to give a message to you. He's coming for you sooner than you think." The woman runs her hand along my ribcage, "He's been dying to get a taste of you for a while now, and if I were you, I wouldn't fight him. He always gets what he wants."

As scared as I am at this moment, as soon as I realize that it is a woman, I wait for the right moment, I wait until she delivers the message, and then I throw my head back and make contact. She curses, but she's quick as she slams my head into the wall in front of me and then runs off.

"Ella? Are you okay over there?" Reece calls out from two stalls down.

Fuck! Yeah, I used the word fuck because there is no other word to describe what just happened, "Call Jace!"

The curtain flies open, and Reece appears with her cell phone to her ear. I'm sitting on the floor at the moment, holding my head. I can already feel a bump starting right in the center of my forehead.

"Yeah, here she is," Reece hands me her phone.

"Jace, they were here!"

"Who was? The stalker?" He asks frantically.

"Yes... well no, but he sent someone. A woman, he sent a woman to deliver a message to me."

"What the fuck? What's the message?"

I can hear him slamming his car door and starting up his Jeep, "She said that he's coming for me sooner than I think and that he's been dying to taste me. She says that if I know what's good for me than I better not fight him because he always gets what he wants."

"GOD DAMN IT!!" His beating on his steering wheel can be heard over the phone.

"I head butted her, Jace! I got her good, but then she slammed my head into the wall and ran, so I wasn't able to get a look at her." I'm so proud of myself, even if I wasn't able to ID

her. Maybe next time I can do better.

"That's my girl. You did a good thing, baby."

His praise makes me smile, "Are you coming for me now?"

"Do you really have to ask me that? You know I will always come for you, Ella. Just stay put, babe."

"Okay, see you soon." I hand Reece back her phone.

"I'm a lousy babysitter!" She looks so upset over this.

I stand up and give her a hug, "How were we supposed to know that they would come in form of a female? We weren't watching for a female, at least I wasn't. Were you?"

She shakes her head.

“Well, stop beating yourself up over this then.” | give her my best smile under the circumstances, “Now, do you mind shutting the curtain, so I stop showing off my goods?” Luckily, Thad only taken off my shirt and so I’m still in my bra, but still.

“Oh shit, sorry!” Looking at my friend, she’s in the dress that I had originally said no to, and I must say, it looks pretty good on her.

“Okay, I was wrong, the dress looks hot on you?” I smile at her.

“Can you say that again?” She asks seriously.

“Say what?”

“That you were wrong...”

“Oh! You’re such a bitch!” I laugh and whip her with my shirt.

“Oh, my God! Did Ella Baxter just say a swear word?” Reece gasps.

“As a matter of fact, I am becoming more fluent in cursing, no thanks to Jace.” Even though I’m still trembling, the banter ing back and forth with Reece is helping me not think about what just happened.

“Oh, I’m sure! All that fucking that you two do, there is no way you cannot cuss.” She chuckles.

“That is very true, but it’s more than that. Daddy dearest may not like it, but Jace has opened me up to so many new things...”

Reece holds her hand up, “I don’t want to hear how much Jace opens you up,” she laughs, “even that is TMI for me!”

“Ugh, you’ve got such a gutter brain!” | slap her playfully and then finally put my shirt back on.

“What the hell is a gutter brain?” She asks confused but still laughing.

“It’s when your head is always in the gutter, duh!”

“Pfft, whatever. It’s so much more fun when it is in the gut ter.” She winks at me and then leaves to change out of the dress, and I follow her, not wanting to be by myself.

Chapter 87

Planning A Visit

JACE POV

| almost get arrested when I bring Ella back to the police station to file another report. I’ve always held a high regard for law enforcement, and I still do, but then you get a few that re ally don’t know their ass from their elbow but still like to play cop. That’s how I feel about the two detectives that we have been dealing with. I’ve requested to have new ones be as signed to Ella’s case, but apparently, they are low on manpow er.

After they take pictures of the goose egg on Ella's fore head and take down her statement. They put everything away; yep, you guessed it; into her file. When I start raising my voice, arguing about them sitting on their asses, a uniformed officer comes closer with his hands on his cuffs.

"Oh, what? You're going to throw me in jail, so my girl friend is left alone, just to be attacked once again, and you do nothing about it?"

"Jace, please! I don't want to see you arrested. Let's just go and call my father."

"Yeah, how about you take your girlfriend home, call her daddy, and let us do our job." One of the detectives says mockingly.

Before I can say anything, Ella places her hand on my arm, holding me back, and then steps forward herself, to address the asshole, "My daddy isn't just my dad; he's also a damn good lawyer. You should research his name sometime, Ethan Baxter. He's one of the best attorneys on the west coast." She then turns to me, "Let's go home, babe. Apparently, all we're doing is wasting our time here."

Ella drags me out to my jeep, and I can't help but smirk as she does. She's so adorable when she takes control of things, and once we are beside the jeep, I pull her into my arms.

"That was fucking hot, babe!" | grin down at her.

"What was hot?"

"You, telling them how it is. I haven't seen that side of you since we were younger, and I would tease the hell out of you. That's the only reason why I would continue doing it. I loved seeing you get all worked up." Before she can say anything, I swoop down and take her lips.

"Mm..." she moans through the kiss.

Pulling back, I smirk down at her swollen lips, "Should we head home and finish what I've just started?"

"Yes, please!" She gives me a dazed smile.

Topen the passenger side door and wait for her to jump in and buckle up. Jogging over to the other side, I hop in and start the engine. Before pulling away from the curb, I punch in a number on my phone, and it connects to my speakers. After a few rings, a familiar voice answers.

"Hey, Jace. I've only got a few minutes before my next client, what's up?"

"I will let Ella explain..."

"Hi Daddy!"

"Hey baby girl, what's going on?"

I listen as Ella gives her dad the recap of her shopping ex cursion and then ending it with our nice little visit to the PD. I still can't believe how lazy these fuckers are being. They could at least go down to the mall and ask for video footage or something!

"I'm sending my PI over to you, honey. I had him watching Mason for a while, and I actually just got an update two hours ago. I really don't think it's him, but if he has a female working with him then it could still be him."

"Well, what if he has his twin sister helping him?" Ella asks.

I cut in at this point, "I will check in with my guy to see if Madison has left the state at all."

"When do you start your new job, Jace?" Ethan asks.

"I start the day after tomorrow."

"Well, I think I'm going to send Elise to visit you guys for a couple of weeks. It's summer break, and she just hasn't been herself since you left, Ella." He sighs, "That will also make it so Ella isn't alone while you're at work. It's summer vacation, so it's a good time for Elise to visit."

I have to reach over to stop Ella when she starts biting her nails after her dad's statement, "I think that would be a great idea, Ethan."

When Ella goes to disagree, I give her my stern Dom look, and she changes her attitude, "Okay, daddy. I would love to spend time with El."

"I figured as much," he chuckles, "The two of you were so close."

"Will you let us know when your PI is in town? Have him come by, that way if we see a strange man lurking around, Ella won't head butt him." I joke, and Ella backhands me in the chest.

Ethan laughs, "Of course, he will probably want to sit down and get more information from the two of you anyway."

"Thank you for helping, dad."

"Of course, honey! Also, just a heads up, I'm also looking into hiring a bodyguard. If this escalates any more, having your sister there won't help, and it will just put both my little girls in danger."

"I don't need a bodyguard dad!"

"I agree with him, Ella. With me going back to work, I can't protect you like I want to. I don't want to have it where you can't leave the house when I work. I want you to still have your freedom."

"Fine, whatever..."

I give her thigh a little squeeze, warning her to lose her attitude, and she does. Lifting her hand, I place a kiss on top of it, as a thank you for listening. We have these little telltale signs for when we are in public, and they seem to work rather well. Of course, by communicating this way, it only makes us hot for each other, and we can't wait to get home to take care of our urges. Just as I thought, I notice Ella squeeze her thighs together as I kiss her hand, and I smirk knowingly.

"I think that's my cue to hang up now," Ethan chuckles, "Good luck Jace, and take care of my baby girl."

"Always."

“More?”

“Yes, please...give me more, Sir!”

I bring the belt down across her ass in three consecutive swings, each one harder than the one before it. Her ass has a pretty color to it, and the welts make beautiful crisscross patterns. Tossing the belts aside, I step up to her, and pull her ass cheeks apart. She’s dripping with need for me, and I do the only thing I can do, I slide my throbbing cock all the way inside as I massage her ass cheeks, causing them to burn even more. Ella’s such a pain slut, and I love it as long as she doesn’t go overboard. This session has been fucking perfect.

I actually wasn’t expecting any of this when we got home. My phone had rung with a call from Elias, and I took it as I went into the kitchen to grab a drink. Next thing I know, a text message comes through of Ella, stripped naked, with a belt hanging over her shoulder and her biting her lower lip. Needless to say, I had to tell my new boss that I would call him back.

Opening the door to the playroom, my precious girl is bent over the spanking bench with the belt beside her. Looking innocently at me, she says, “I need you to make feel better,

Sir.”

I grin and slowly walk towards her as I pull off my shirt, “Tell me, Precious, what are we going to do when your sister is here visiting?”

“Oh, I’m not worried about that, Sir.”

“Why not?” I pick up the belt and caress the leather with my hand.

“Because, Sir, we will be sleeping in here and can use all these fun toys when she thinks we are sleeping.” Her sly smile lights up the room. My little pain slut sure does enjoy our play room.

“Hm, you already thought this all out, haven’t you?”

She bites her lip, and nods.

Rubbing and squeezing her ass cheeks as I press my hardening cock against her, I run the belt down her spine slowly, “Are you ready for this, Precious?”

“Yes, Sir...” She breathes softly.

I take a step back and begin.

Chapter 88

To The Airport

Elise flies in today and I’m really nervous. The last time I spent any time with my sister is when I left her standing outside the coffee shop. She’s pretty much been ignoring me ever since, so I can only imagine how she took it when Dad told her he was sending her here. Mom is the one that called me with Elise’s flight schedule. She will be with us for two whole weeks; that’s if I can keep from strangling her.

As Jace and I drive to the airport, he tells me all about what he will be doing at the club. Unlike the job he did as a trainer, he will be one of the dungeon masters who will oversee the play space down in the dungeon. He will have the authority to stop a scene if he deems it not safe, and to make sure everyone follows the house rules. He will also be responsible for setting up a space for the next scene if the last one to use the space is not able to.

He goes on to tell me that if Elias thinks he is doing a good job, he may ask him to work at Elias's private play parties as well. What I like about it is that he won't be getting other subs off. Don't get me wrong, I understand that it was a job, but I felt a little self-conscious knowing that he was staring at other naked women all night long. I know better now, but that doesn't mean that I want him training other subs if he doesn't have to.

DDOL "Did you hear me, Ella?"

"Hm?"

He chuckles, "I said that Elias wants us to come to one of his munches sometime, get to know others around here that are in the lifestyle."

"Oh, that will be fun! I've been reading up on those, and even though some things that go on at some of them make me blush, I still want to go to one." I smile sheepishly.

"You're not watching porn videos without me, too, are you?" He chuckles.

"What? No!" I blush, "I always skip the videos because I never know if there is a virus in the link."

"So, you're saying you would if you knew it was safe to watch?"

I shrug, "Probably. How else do you learn things?"

He squeezes my hand that he's holding and smirks, "My little voyeur over here. I can't wait to watch more scenes with you."

"Will you get me off again like you did last time?" I'm beginning to feel a throb between my legs.

"Do you want me to? You seemed to like it when Kia watched." His thumb caresses my hand as he waits for my answer.

swer.

I'm not sure how to answer this yet. I mean, it turned me on when Kia watched, but can I do it with others watching? I bite my lip as I think and Jace squeezes my hand. I glance over at him, and his gaze is heated as he keeps looking my way.

"I don't know how I feel about others watching me. Kia, I can say yes to, but others...strangers, I just don't know."

"Fair enough. How about if we do a scene, and I blindfold you, so you can't see if others are actually watching or not. How would you feel about that?"

“Nobody else will touch me, will they?” I have to ask, because I am so not ready for that, and I don’t know if I ever will be.

“Fuck no! I’ve told you that I will never allow another guy to touch you. If you are fine with women touching you, I will be fine with that, as long as I’m monitoring the scene, but nobody else.”

I grin, “Okay, I think it will be okay to try it blindfolded the first few times, whether or not there are people watching or not. Can I talk to you about something else?”

“Of course, you can tell me anything.”

I study him for a moment, and then just say what I need to

say. I don’t know how he will feel about it, but I have to try, “I want to add a couple of things to my hard limits list.”

“Oh, okay. What is it you want to add?”

“Well, for one, no more doing scenes with other subs without my permission or as a punishment for me. I will allow you training a sub for a job, but I’m the only sub that I want you to scene or do anything with.” I’m not budging on this, no matter what.

He chuckles, “Alright, what else is there?”

Is it really that easy? I look at him skeptically, “If you ever call another woman by my nickname, we are done for good.”

His smile fades and he squeezes my hand once more, “I’m so sorry about that, baby. I promise, that will never happen again.”

“Why does this seem too easy? I mean, you’re just agreeing to my demands just like that.”

F

He pulls the jeep into a parking space at the airport. I hadn’t even realized that we had arrived already. Once the car is in park and he shuts it off, he turns, so he can face me, “For one, I don’t want to scene or do any of that with anybody else and I know I fucked up with the name. Two, you don’t realize that as a sub, you hold all the cards. You are in charge of what you will allow me to do to and with you; you are gifting me

that privilege, so if you hard limit something, then it’s off the table.” He brings my hand to his mouth and brushes his lips against my knuckles, “There is a third reason as well, Ella.”

“What is it?” I ask softly.

“I will do anything for you...anything to make you happy.”

“Well, damn. Did you have to tell me this right before we go get my sister?” I pout.

He gives me a knowing smile, “Why is that Precious?”

I glance around the indoor parking garage really quick and then back to him, “Why don’t you find out for yourself.”

To say that I've shocked him is an understatement, he looks around himself before he pounces on me. Good thing I'm wearing yoga pants because he slips his hand easily down inside and finds my aroused state.

"Fuck baby!" He checks the time, as do I, and see that we still have ten minutes before the plane even lands. Without even having to ask, he plunges his fingers deep inside.

"There she is!" | point to the strawberry blonde-haired

CTROL

teenager with ear buds in her ears as she walks towards us with three pieces of luggage and a carry-on bag. I wave at Elise to get her attention and all she does is nod as acknowledgement. I was hoping for a little more enthusiasm, but I guess that's asking for miracles.

Jace rubs my lower back, sensing the change in my composure and I give him a slight smile, "I'm fine. We have some mending to do, and I'm determined to do it during this sister time."

"That's my girl." He's always cheering me on in everything! do, and I don't think that I can love him any more than I already do.

"Hey, Jace. How have you been?" Elise greets him first.

"I've been good, and you?"

She shrugs, "Same ole, same ole. I miss the hot neighbor guy mowing the lawn without a shirt on, but I'll get over it." She smirks. It was a little jab at me, making a remark about my boyfriend right in front of me.

Jace catches it too, "Oh? Has my dad been too busy to mow lately? I'll have to get on his ass and also tell him to wear a shirt."

Elise's face screws up, "That's not who I meant."

"Well, who else would you be talking about, because I know you wouldn't be disrespecting your sister by talking about her boyfriend like that?" He raises a brow at my sister, and just like they were meant to, his words put her in her place.

She finally turns to me, "Hey, I hope there's good wifi at your place." She walks past us, leaving her baggage.

"Elise!" I've finally had enough, "Get your ass back here right now!" Even she turns around with a shocked look on her face from me swearing. I point at her luggage, "We don't mind helping you, but you will take at least one of these."

She rolls her eyes, and comes back, grabbing for one of the three suitcases. Jace grabs her wrist, "You know, we didn't have to agree to have you come here, but I know Ella misses her sister, at least the sister you used to be. You can either make this trip a miserable one, or a good one, but it's your choice."

Elise stares at Jace for a long time, and then sighs heavily, and then turning to me, she apologizes, "I'm sorry, Ella. I just wasn't sure if you were still mad at me from last time, and I didn't want to give you the chance to hurt me again."

"Él, you hurt me by saying what you said."

"I know, and I'm sorry." She looks around, "Can we talk about this when we get home?"

Inod, "Sure." We each grab one of her bags and head for the entrance.

Chapter 89

"You made a mistake, there is a difference." I squeeze her shoulder.

"No, you don't understand. I messed up really bad; I trusted the wrong person." I notice a teardrop drip from her eye, and now I'm really concerned.

"Hey, what is it?"

Elise shakes her head, "You're going to hate me after I tell you."

"I can never hate you, Elise. No matter how much you may

42.60%

1552 D

Book 2. Confessions

annoy me at times, or how much we fight, at the end of the day, you are still my sister." I wrap both my arms around her and hug her to me.

"It was me." she whispers.

"What was you?"

"He said that he loved me and that he wanted to be with me, but that you were standing in our way." She is still whispering but I'm close enough to still be able to hear what she's saying.

Creasing my forehead, I try to make heads or tails of what she's saying but I'm not understanding it, "I was standing in the way of you and who?"

"You don't understand, Ella, he was my first, and I love him. He told me that he's never been with anyone like me, and that he couldn't wait for me to graduate, so we could get married. He was willing to wait two more years for me!" Elise is now working herself up, and I'm beginning to get a really bad feeling of what she's going to say next.

"Elise, you're not making any sense. Who are you talking about?"

She swipes at her tears but still doesn't look at me, "H-He said that if I got j-just one, t-then it would b-be enough," She's beginning to stutter, and Elise only stutters when she's really scared.

“Hey,” I say, and grab hold of both her shoulders to turn her towards me, “You can tell me, whatever it is.”

“I just want you to know how sorry I am for everything. I was

54 76%

15 521

Hook 2 Confessions

upset that you just up and left the way you did, and he was there for me. I didn’t realize that he was only using me, I am so, so sorry, Ella!”

All I want to do is shake her until she tells me what she’s trying to say, but I know better. I need to be patient if I want her to continue, otherwise, she will close herself up tight. I’ve never seen my sister like this before; she’s always been the happy cherub that everyone loves to be around.

“Ei, I can’t help you if you don’t tell me what it is that you are sorry for. I promise that whatever it is, I will think before I act or say anything. I will look at it from your point of view first, and then decide how to handle it.”

When she looks back up at me, I can see just how sorry she is. Her face is red and puffy from crying, and her continuous sniffles tells me she is in need of a tissue, or maybe a box of them. Reaching over to the table behind the couch, I grab the half-empty box of Puffs and hand them to her.

“Thank you.” She takes a few and blows her nose, before turning back to me, “Before I tell you, I want you to know that I understand if you need time, and that this may put a really big dent in our relationship, but know that I do love you, and I will never listen to any guy ever again.”

Trying to lighten the mood, I poke her in the side with my pointer finger, “Never say never, men have a way with making you change your mind.” | chuckle.

She gives me a pathetic smile, “Yeah, maybe.”

“Hey, just tell me already. The sooner you get it off your chest, the sooner we can get past it.”

68.83%

15:53

Book 2 Confessions

She hesitates one last time, “I’m the one that recorded you and Jace in your room.” She shuts her eyes tight, not wanting to see my reaction.

I’m left stunned, not sure what to say just yet. As I sit here, I stare at the girl who used to belt out the tunes to Ed Sheeran’s shivers, not even a year ago, in my car as I drove her to school. She’s the only one that has been by my side for the two years that I had nobody else. *Maybe* I shouldn’t have kept her in the dark; maybe I should have shared all of it with her, then we wouldn’t be where we are today.

I make good on my word, and I don't storm off. I sit here and think over everything she just word vomited out while trying to get to this point. My sister: my cute little bubbly, baby sister recorded me, and my boyfriend having kinky sex and then handed it over to someone.

"Who?"

"El..."

"Who had you make the video?" I try keeping my voice calm but I'm beginning to break.

"I was in love with him, Ella. He used me, I'm sorry."

Through gritted teeth, I ask her one last time, "Who. Was. It?"

"It was Mason..."

Chapter 90: Elise Tells All

I'd like to be able to say that I'm shocked to hear Mason's name, but I'm not. I've known all along that he's had something to do with all of it, but never in a million years did I think that my own sister would be involved. The thought of Elise working with Mason makes my blood boil, but the more I think about it, the more everything makes sense. Her change in attitude toward me, her disappearing whenever I was around, even the whole Prom thing with the upper classman. I should have put two and two together then, but I never thought my own sister would betray me like that.

I'm forcing myself to stay as calm as I can after taking in this new information. I need to hear her out, I need to know every detail of every moment that she has spent with him. I won't get any of that if I lose my shit on her now, and it really looks as though she is truly remorseful.

"I need to know everything, Elise." I keep all emotion off my face and out of my voice.

"I can start from the beginning, and tell you everything, Ella. I don't want to keep anything out, and who knows, maybe some of it will help you figure things out somehow." She grabs another tissue and blows her nose before starting.

I use this time to grab us both a bottle of water and grab my phone from the kitchen counter. I go into the app that has the voice recorder and press record. I'm not sure if I will ever need it, but it won't hurt to have it just in case. I return to the couch and hand her one of the bottles of water and then sit back

0.00%

15.53 D

> Hit

Ali

down.

"Okay, El. Whenever you're ready."

"Well, it started right after you left. I was so mad at you for leaving me, and so I started going to small gatherings where there was alcohol and sometimes, even weed. I didn't do any of that stuff at first, but

then Madison befriended me and started talking about how her brother was innocent in all he was being accused of and telling me how he was really into me, but he was too shy to approach me because of everything

going on.

Finally, a few days later, Madison picked me up and we went to a private house party, only a few were selected to come. That's when Mason first approached me. We just sat and talked for a long while, and then he offered me a wine cooler. When I finally agreed to having one, he kept bringing me another, and at one point, he offered me a gummy bear, telling me that they were the best around; I didn't realize that it was an edible."

She stops and takes a drink of her water before continuing, "Mason took my virginity that night. I can't say that it wasn't consensual, because he made me feel good and, in the end, I was begging for more, not realizing that he was going to take everything. I never said no," she wipes a tear that slips out, "Anyway, he played me every time I was around him, treating me like I was the most special girl in the world. He even told me that he loved me. I was so under his spell that I didn't realize what he was doing every time he dropped little hints that something needed to be done before he had to go to court, otherwise, he may go away for a long time and not get to see me.

19. 19. 71%

15.54

Book

Etone Tat A

I'm the one that came up with the idea of blackmailing you, though. In my eyes, Mason was innocent. He told me that he was trying to stop the others from doing what they were doing to you, but they wouldn't listen."

"Mason is the one who gagged me that night, and then molested my breasts while Brandon hit my ass repeatedly. The only thing he did to help me was when he pulled Kaylee away from me because she kicked me continuously. Mason was the last to leave, and do you know what happened before he left me there, beaten almost to death? He told me that he could have been good to me had I only given him a chance. He then removed the gag, only to spit in my mouth and then replace the gag. That's how much that piece of shit helped me!" I can't help that my voice raised by the time I finish. Reliving that night is making me feel everything all over again.

"I'm so sorry that I listened to him, Ella..." Elise whispers as tears now flow down her face. She doesn't even bother wiping them away anymore.

A single drop rolls down my own cheek and I quickly swipe at it. I will not allow them to have any more of my tears, "I just wanted you to know my side of the story; the true story, but please, continue."

She nods, "It wasn't until mom told me that you went to lunch with Jace, that I thought of how we could get you to drop the charges. I called Mason and he had me meet him around the corner from our house and gave me a tiny camera. I had told him how you and Jace have been really close and that I suspected

that you were having sex, and so he asked me to set the camera up in your bedroom. So, since you were gone all afternoon, I had time to set it up.”

40.09%

15:54

“You never once thought about my feelings, what this would do to me if it got out?” I ask incredulously.

She shakes her head, “All I knew was that you didn’t care about me since you left the way you did, and that now *you* were ruining the one person that did care for me.”

“Elise.”

She holds her hand up, stopping me, “After he got the video, he slowly started to pull away *from* me until he ghosted me all together. By the time the court hearing *was over*, so were we. I was so ashamed of myself for letting him manipulate me like that; I was too scared to say anything.”

I’m not really sure what to say or how to react. Of course, I’m hurt that my own flesh and blood would do this to me, but at the same time, she’s young and an older boy took advantage of her. Is she innocent? Not at all, but should I, as her older sister, who knows how manipulative those assholes are, make her pay for her actions? In a sense, but not by disowning her or anything. I was in a bad place, and I left her without even telling her everything. I’m not placing blame on myself, but I can understand why she would turn to others who showed her the attention that she was craving. I just want my baby sister back.

I look her straight in the eye, “Is Mason the one stalking me?”

“I really don’t know, Ella. I do know that the first time I heard dad talking to Jace about someone being in your apartment that next morning, I know Mason was here in town. I had snuck to another house party and Mason was there, all over a Junior at our school. I’m not sure if he has help, but I do know that he wasn’t the one in your apartment.”

61.45%

15:54

“Why didn’t you tell dad, or even Jace?”

She looks at me sheepishly, “Because I was hoping that Mason would get accused of it and go to jail. I wanted him to pay for what he did to me.”

The chuckle that comes out of my mouth is unintentional, “That’s understandable, but you still should have said something, so we could have started looking elsewhere.”

My sister’s blue orbs are wide as saucers, “Oh, my God, I didn’t even think about that! I’m so sorry!”

“You know what? It’s done, we now know, but you need to come clean with mom and dad as well. I have a feeling that they are going to want something done about Mason, especially dad.”

“I’m scared, Ella.”

“As you should be, and you will probably be grounded for a very long time, so I suggest we enjoy your freedom while you are here.” I give her a half of a smile.

She throws her arms around my neck, “I love you, Ella! You are the best sister that a girl could ever ask for, and I will be making it up to you for a long time. I promise to never betray you like this ever again!”

Thug her back, “You’re not completely forgiven, you know, but I’m sure we will get through this, together. I love you too, El.”