

My Bully's Love by Stacy Rush Chapter 11

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CHAPTER 11: TASTING HIM

"Good, now be a good girl, drop the towel, and get on your knees."

Jace's words stun me. My jaw drops as I try to comprehend exactly what he's telling me to do, "E-Excuse me?"

His facial expression is completely serious as he lifts a brow when I question him, "Drop the towel and get on your knees, Ella. Don't make me repeat it."

"But..."

I'm staring at his chest, shocked into silence. Does he actually think that he can make me do that kind of act? It's one thing to spank me but for me to get down on my knees and take him in. I can't even say it!

"Ella..."

My head whips back up. There isn't an ounce of playfulness indicating that he's joking, in fact, I hear a belt buckle jangle and I

glance down. His belt is now undone and he's undoing the button on his jeans. I shake my head back and forth as I look back up at his face, but there is determination in his eyes.

*You will submit to your punishment, or the contract will be null and void. You already know what Toby can do, so do you really want that to happen to your sister?" He raises his brow in question.

I gasp, "Jace, I can't! I don't know what to do!" I feel a tear drop down my cheek.

His thumb wipes the drop away, "I'm glad you don't know what to do, because then I can teach you how to do it to my liking," His smile is slow to form, "and it tells me just how innocent you are, but no worries, I will teach you everything you need to know to keep your Dom happy, and in return, I will give you so much pleasure."

For some odd reason, as I look at him, memories of another time play across my mind; one specific memory, actually. It was the summer right before we were to start our sophomore year and we were cliff diving. Well, Jace and some of our other friends were cliff diving, I wouldn't go near the edge of the cliff, never mind jump from it. I remember him taking my hand and asking me if I trusted him. I trusted him with my life, back then. He then asked me if I knew that he would never let anything hurt me and that he would protect me. Again, I said yes, but then his next question was a little weird and I didn't think on it too much back then. He asked me if I would trust him enough to know what is best for me and to know what it is that I need. At the time I assumed he was talking about overcoming my fear, but now I'm seeing it as a whole other meaning. One that I don't think he even knew at that time.

I've heard of D/s relationships, but I've never known a Dom to be as young as eighteen, almost nineteen-year-old guys. Deep down, I think his sub conscious knew what he was meant to be, and it was already trying to train me way back then. I trusted that sixteen-year-old boy, but I'm not sure I can say the same for this almost nineteen year old guy. Was this how we were meant to end up? I'm not sure if this is what I want. I know I like some of the things he does to me, and I can't deny the attraction I have towards him, but I still have years of schooling ahead of me. I don't know how this all fits in.

A part of me wants nothing more than to drop my towel and kneel before him, but that's the slutty me. The normal me is burning with embarrassment over him seeing me naked already and demanding that I get on my knees.

Suddenly, his face softens, and he brushes his fingers across my cheek before his lips slowly come down on mine. We stare at each other through the kiss, neither one of us willing to look away. When he bites down on my lip, making me gasp, he smiles as he pushes his tongue into my mouth. This is the third time that I've ever kissed anybody, and probably the hottest. The first time was when Mason forced me to kiss him in his car, so I don't like counting that one, but then my second one, which was only this afternoon was nice until I realized what was happening and ran away. My eyes were closed then, but now, having them open and knowing that he's watching me the way I'm watching him, is heating my insides up.

I don't mean to whimper, but when I feel the cool air touch my skin and realize that Jace just released my towel, I can't help it. I don't break away, though. I'm eighteen years old for crying out loud, I need to stop being such a pansy. Besides, Jace is hot, and I've been crushing on him for years. I used to trust him with my life, maybe I should try and trust him again, to an extent. I don't know if I will ever trust him with my life again; too much damage has been done, but I'm intrigued to know what more he can do for my body

He retracts his tongue, and mumbles against my mouth, "On your knees, now, Ella."

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I break away from him, and as I stare into his green orbs, I slowly go down to my knees. The look on Jace's face is a mixture of warmth, awe, and dominance, which in my dictionary means damn sexy. He runs his thumb across my bottom lip as his other hand pulls himself from his pants. He bites his lip as I continue to stare up at him, because I don't dare look down yet.

"I'm going to enjoy seeing this beautiful mouth wrapped around me." No longer caressing my lip, his hand moves behind my head and takes hold of the hair at my nape, "Now be a good girl, and open wide."

For the first time, I think, I obey and open wide the first time he asks. He must be pleased because he smiles broadly. I feel a softness touch my lips just before a tinge of saltiness coats my tongue. The head of his penis is leaking, so I use my tongue to lap it up. Next thing I know, he's pushing himself all the way in, making me gag and choke.

"That's it, you are doing just fine, Ella. You just need to relax your throat. I'm going to keep doing this until you can take me down your throat without gagging."

I moan at what his words are doing to me, and I snake my hand down and between my legs, not realizing it. When I start to rub myself, Jace pulls himself all the way out, "I did not give you permission to touch yourself. Place your hands on my thighs and keep them there."

Doing as he says, he pulls my head back by my hair once more and slides back in. He gives little thrusts and then pushes in a little further. Drool falls from the sides of my mouth and I have a hard time breathing. He pulls out once more.

"Practice on breathing through your nose when my cock is down your throat. Let's practice." Before he pushes it back in, I get a glimpse of it, and my eyes widen at the sheer size of it. It isn't your ordinary penis that thing is on steroids, and he expects me to take the whole thing in my mouth? "Open nice and wide, Ella."

I open as wide as I can, and he thrusts himself into my mouth, gagging me once more. When he stills, he talks me through my breathing before he starts doing little thrusts. He finally works his way all the way into my throat, and then groans, as he gives a few quick thrusts before he stills. At this point, I'm a slobbering mess with saliva spilling from my mouth and tears from being gagged falling freely down my face.

"Damn, Ella, you look fucking beautiful wrapped around my cock. That mouth was made specifically for mine." Placing his hands on both sides of my head, he starts thrusting a bit harder, "Now it's time for your punishment. I want you to play with yourself while I fuck this mouth of yours, but do not come, do you understand?"

I nod yes, and automatically start rubbing myself. Jace on the other hand, starts using my mouth hard and fast as he tries to watch me pleasure myself. My mouth is already sore from being stretched around his girth and I know my throat will be sore as well, but I let him keep going, because there isn't much I can do at this point. I can hear him moaning as he bites his lip while concentrating on my mouth.

It doesn't take long before I feel him start to tense, "You're going to swallow everything I give you like a good girl, Ella."

I'm not sure what to expect exactly, so it's a little surprising when he slams into me one last time and I feel hot spurts spray down my throat. He pulls back a little, so I feel his cum hit the back of my mouth, and I swallow. It's not as bad as I thought it would be as I continue swallowing after each spurt.

*Fuck, Ella, you are doing so good!" He praises and for some reason I get a warm fuzzy feeling over his words.

When he's done he pulls out and puts himself back into his pants before lifting me off the floor. I groan when he pulls my hand away from my core and tells me that I can no longer touch myself.

"Bad girls don't get to come, Ella. This was a punishment. Maybe next time, if you're good, I'll let you come." He ravages my mouth with his before helping me get into bed, "I want you to sleep naked, Ella. One day soon, I'm going to take what is mine, and I want you naked and ready for me."

I just stare at him, because I'm still in a daze over what just happened, and a bit confused as to what we are now doing, "Are you still going to bully me, Jace?" I ask as he goes to move away from my bed.

"I'm going to do what I think you need me to do, whether you call it bullying or dominating, either way, you will learn your place with me." He bends down and kisses my forehead before turning and climbing out my window leaving me with the taste of him in my mouth as I drift off into a deep sleep.

It's Friday and the whole school is buzzing because it's the last day before winter break. I remember visiting my grandmother in the nursing home before she passed away, and I had overheard the nurses talking about it being a full moon. Apparently, the residents tend to get a little out of hand and a bit crazy during a full moon. That's exactly what the hall of my school reminds me of. I just keep my head down and pray that I make it from class to class without incident.

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It's been a little over a week since my attack, and I spot Toby for the first time as I walk into my third period class. He hasn't been present since his assault on me, and now I know why. Mason must have done a tune on him, because he's still sporting fading bruises on his face, along with a scabbed over cut at the bridge of his nose. His lips curl up into a sneer as I pass him to get to my seat, but I choose to ignore him. He can't blame me for what Mason did, he only has himself to blame.

When I walk past Kaylee, who for some reason, is sitting right behind Toby, she fakes a cough, calling me a slut in the process. I stop but for a second before continuing on, hearing a snicker come from Toby, and a nasally giggle to follow. My eyes roll at their childish tendencies while lowering myself into my seat. This school year cannot end soon enough.

As the last bell rings, indicating the start of class, I notice the teacher isn't yet here. I open my laptop and start reading the next chapter that I know she's going to assign to us. I'm in Lit class, one of my favorites, because it allows me to read all the great novels written long ago. All of a sudden, my laptop slams shut and when I glance up, Tweedle Dum is smirking down at me. Bending down, he brings his mouth close to my ear, and breathes heavily before saying anything.

"When do I get a taste of you, Ella? Both my friends have had one; I want my turn, it's only fair." His voice is low, but not enough that nobody hears what he says. Soft chuckles erupt from some of the students around us, as well as Kaylee and Toby.

I feel my skin heat in embarrassment as they all stare at me to see what I will say or do. Normally, I wouldn't let it get to me, but because Brandon thinks it's funny to try and tarnish me in front of others, I somehow find the courage to speak up for myself.

"Well, I don't know Brandon, do you see what happened to your friend over there when he tried forcing himself on me?" I nod toward Toby, making everyone else look at him as well, "Doesn't look like it worked out so well for him."

Toby quickly turns back toward the front of the room and shrinks down into his seat, while everyone that heard our interaction gapes at him in disbelief. Brandon looks back and forth between the two of us, trying to understand what I'm saying.

"What do you mean, he forced himself on you? He told me that you were begging him to fuck you in the men's room, so he gave you a little taste." He bites his lip and smirks, "The bruises came from him boxing at the gym, so don't try making stories up because you got called out on being slutty."

I glance around the room, gauging the student's reactions, and by what I can tell, they are buying Tweedle Dum's words. I shake my head, "Believe what you want, Brandon,

but all you have to do is ask Mason Baker because he's the one that came in and pulled Tweedle Dee," nodding toward Toby, "off me, and beat him."

"Of course he would stick up for you, Mason is getting a piece of that ass as well!" He chuckles and looks around him when others join in. I hear some of the girls whispering to each other as I they call me a slut, while the guys are giving me salacious looks.

I shake my head, and gather my things, "You are pathetic, Brandon, as well as all of you," I point to everyone around us, "if you believe what is coming out of their mouths. Of course they're going to lie to make me look bad, they're friends with Jace, and you all know how he feels about me!"

"Oh, we know exactly how he feels, especially when he spanks that ass of yours for punishment," Brandon laughs, "Tell me, Ella, will you fuck me if I promise to redden your ass too? I mean, that's what sluts like, right?"

I rush from the room before anyone can see the tears burning in my eyes. What have done to deserve any of this? First with Jace, and now with his friends; no wonder he told me he was done bullying me, because he has his friends doing it now! Was it all a lie when Jace told me that he would protect me, or is this a game that he's playing with me now? It doesn't matter, I can't do this anymore.

Grabbing my things from my locker, I make my way to the office to let them know that I'm not feeling well, and that I'm leaving, but before I go, I request to talk to the Guidance Counselor. I know I've done well in school and that I'm way ahead in everything. I had wanted to finish out the school year like a normal person, but my bullies have now made it impossible. I have enough credits to graduate early, so once we come back from winter break, I will only have a week that I will have to deal with hiding from those that like to hurt me, and then I will be done with high school forever, and I can finally move on.

Surprise