

Bullys Love 61

Chapter 61

She's still panting, "That was intense, Sir. After so many, it became painful."

"Was it a good pain for you or a bad pain?" | continue to caress the top of her head.

"I'm not quite sure, Sir. I don't know if I like it all that much."

"Hmm, good to know for future punishments." | tap her on the nose and then proceed to release her.

SO PRECIOUS – Pt. 2

~~~EXPLICIT~~~

JACE POV

This punishment isn't one that I would have chosen to use on my Precious, but since I'm running out of options due to her love of pain, I don't have much of a choice. I have her on all fours in the bathroom, but not on the floor. I had a special bench put in here especially for this. Once I've grabbed all the supplies needed, I squat down so Ella can see me.

"Have you ever had an enema, Precious?"

Her eyes widen, and she shakes her head, "No, Sir."

"Do you know what it is?"

"Kind of. It's used to clean out the bowels, right Sir?"

"Very good, yes. That's exactly what we are going to do, only with a little twist. You see, Precious, when I fill you up with the soapy water, you're going to feel a little crampy and that's normal. You will hold it in you for ten minutes, without leaking a drop."

"Okay, Sir."

"You should know, though, that I'm going to fuck you hard while you're holding it in, let it slosh around and really get you clean." I smirk and kiss the tip of her nose.

"Sir, I don't know if I can do this."

Is it sick for me to be getting hard at the scared look on her face? Probably, but again, she has her safe word, but if she can take this... I will let her be in charge of our next fuck. I won't tell her this of course. She can't know that there is a reward for her at the end.

"Of course, you can do this, baby." I say as I lube the tube that will be going in her ass.

"What happens if I can't hold it inside?"

I get behind her and prepare to pull out the butt plug, "Do you remember when we were at the Training Center watching Master Jude and Master Riku with that sub?"

"Yes, Sir..."

“Do you remember what Master Jude put inside her ass?”

A look of shock crosses her face, “Ginger root...” she whispers.

“Yes, Precious. I have a nice piece already to go, for whenever I need it,” ) squeeze her hip, but I’m not going to need it, will I?”

“I hope not, Sir,”

“That’s my girl.” Pulling the plug out as gentle as I can, my cock jerks while I admire the gaping hole that it leaves behind. Taking the lubed-up tube, I use one hand to keep her cheeks spread as I feed it into her ass, “Relax, Precious.” | remind her when I see her tense.

“You try relaxing when someone is about to give you an

will use to redden my backside. Will it be the paddle, the belt or the cane, hm? All of them get my blood pumping at the mere thought of him using one of them. When he comes back, he shows me that he has chosen a very big paddle with the words ‘WHORE’ etched into it.

“What do you think, Precious?”

“I love it, Sir!” My eyes light up with anticipation when I look at him.

“I knew you would, baby.” He moves to get into place and the first hit feels like heaven when it connects with my skin.

| suck in a breath with the second one because it leaves behind a slight sting. The more he delivers, the more the burning begins. He’s delivered at least twenty by now when he informs me that I have two more coming my way. He flips the paddle around to show the words and then delivers the last two, which are by far, the hardest ones yet. I’ve already got tears in my eyes, as I savor the burn that is left behind. He has me look over my shoulder as he holds up the mirror to show me my temporary branding.

“Now you can lay back, arms above your head and spread those slutty thighs nice and wide.” He orders.

Jace proceeds to tie my wrists together with rope and then secure the length to the headboard somehow. I don’t pay too much attention because the burning of my ass as it moves against the bed has me concentrating on that pain. Soon, feel Jace wrapping something around my legs, and I open my eyes. The joy I feel as I watch him tie me up with the rope that I gave him for his birthday, is enough to make my pussy leak more.

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enema, Sir!” I know I should lecture her for saying it the way she did, but I can’t help the grin that crosses my face. I still love her bouts of feistiness, so I try not to punish her unless it gets out of hand.

“Well, this should be a good punishment for you then, shouldn’t it?”

“I guess, Sir...” She pouts.

Once the tube is all the way in, I warn her about the next step, "I'm going to release the clamp that is holding the solution back, Precious. I'll do it slowly. I need you to tell me when it starts to become uncomfortable, okay?"

"Y-Yes, Sir." She stutters.

By the time she tells me that it's uncomfortable, she's already taken in quite a bit, so I clamp off the tube and pull it out, "Now remember, you have to hold it in. Once I'm done fucking you, I will have you sit on the toilet and release it all, Okay, baby?"

"Yes, Sir."

I don't wait until she is ready, I thrust inside of her hard just like I told her I would. I keep watch for any seepage, but she holds it well.

"Ugh, it hurts, Sir! The cramps, I feel the cramps!" She cries out.

"Are you safe wording?" She's silent as I continue to fuck her, "You only have five minutes left, Precious, but I will stop if you safe word."

She shakes her head, "No, Sir. I will take my punishment."

"Good fucking girl." I grip her hips and fuck her even harder, but I can't hold out the whole five minutes as I start unloading inside of her after only two more minutes, "Fuck me, baby! Oh yeah...damn!" I plunge into her one last time, finishing off, "You're so Precious, baby. You take everything I give you, and then some." Reaching around, I massage her extended belly to help ease some of the cramps.

I pull out and move over so I can look at how extended her abdomen is. It almost looks like a little baby bump, and I smile. I can't wait until I can start a family with her. I feel as though I should be a little nice and let her release the solution a little early, so I slap her ass and get her attention, which is now fixed on the bench below her as she concentrates.

"Up you go, Precious." I help her down off the bench and walk her over to the toilet.

Once she's sitting, she looks up at me, "Aren't you going to leave, Sir?"

I lean against the bench that is straight across from her and cross my arms at my chest, "Nope, so go ahead and go."

"But..."

I raise my brow, and her face flushes before she bows her head. "Eyes on me, Precious." I order her. Yep, another dick move, but I don't care. I need to teach her that there is no room for embarrassment between us.

I see the fire in her eyes as she gives me a bit of a glare as she releases her bowels. To piss her off even more, I walk over to

her and take her mouth with mine as she finishes up. When I know that she is done, I shove her face gently away, "Don't ever be embarrassed in front of me again, or else next time, I will do this in front of

an audience." I turn toward the door, but call over my shoulder as I walk away, "Clean yourself up and get on the bed. Now that it's nice and clean, I'm going to fuck that ass."

## Chapter 62

I can truthfully say that I am not a fan of enemas, and if anything keeps me on the straight and narrow, an enema punishment would definitely be one of them. I have to admit that I do feel a bit lighter and less bloated, but the cramps that come with the procedure are not something that I prefer to do. Now, the way that Jace is taking charge and being his sexy Dominant self, punishing me in that awful way, and threatening me with ginger root, yep, I'm so horny for him that I'm happy to climb onto the bed and let him stick it where the sun doesn't shine.

As I wait on all fours, I can hear him moving around the room, but I don't look to see what he is doing, because the anticipation for me helps build up my desire. All I can hear are drawers opening and closing, and feet shuffling around. All too soon, I feel his presence behind me.

He titters, "You're like a bitch in heat, Precious; waiting on all fours while your cunt leaks with arousal." He slaps my ass hard, and then licks at my dripping folds, "Mm, mm, good! As much as I love seeing you like this, I want you on your back and in the middle of the bed. I'm going to use you like the dirty whore you like to pretend to be." When I go to move, though, he stops me, "On second thought, stay right as you are. I think I want to add a little more color to this ass of yours before fucking it."

Exciting chills break out over my skin, as I wait for him to return. Different thoughts run through my head on what he

"Damn, Precious, she really is being greedy today, isn't she?" He pumps a few fingers into me and licks them clean before finishing up with my legs. By the time he's done, my knees are bent with rope wrapped around, keeping them in place, but then he has a rope on each side, also coming from the headboard, keeping me spread wide for him. I can't move, and the thought excites me. "Sorry precious, but I think this will be needed once again." He places the same dildo gag into my mouth as he used earlier and secures it.

Once he's shown me what I look like as I am, he moves between my legs, and shows me the last item he has. I can't help but become apprehensive as he holds up the huge vibrating toy he has in his hand.

"It's time for a little DP. I'm sure a slutty cunt like yours can take this size, right?" He gives me his sexy smirk before lubing his own cock up and pressing it against my back hole, "I will get myself situated first and then Big Ben, here, will be inserted. Remember to snap your fingers if it's too much."

Inod in response as I watch him start pushing his way into my small hole. I moan at the intrusion, but he just keeps going. I try to relax my body for easier access, and it works. Soon, Jace is sliding his cock in and out of my back hole as he rubs my clit. He makes me climax hard before he lubes up Big Ben and begins to push it into me. My eyes widen at the tightness and how much it's stretching me out.

"Fuck, baby, I love the way your body takes everything I give it. You're such a trooper." He bites his lower lip and I groan as he pushes the toy in further, "Damn, I can feel every line in this toy, it's really ribbed for our pleasure, Precious." He jokes as he pulls it out a little, "Her we go..." he shoves it all the way in

and I groan and pant at the fullness, "Feeling full yet?"

I nod.

"Good. Just what I wanted."

He doesn't move the toy in and out, but he does turn the vibration on as he begins to move himself. As full and uncomfortable as this is, I'm finding great pleasure in what he is doing to my body. Don't judge me for feeling turned on whenever he uses my body for his pleasure. It makes me happy that I can make my Dom happy by letting him do this. It's for both our enjoyment, because in the end I know that even if I don't get a release, I'm going to end up wrapped in his arms and praised for being a good girl, and that it everything to me.

When we have both come multiple times, Jace finally releases me and performs his aftercare on me. I'm just about dozing when he nudges me, "Hey, Precious, I have to make a few calls, will you be okay in here by yourself for a little bit?"

"Hm, I think so," I pause as I think of something, "Master Jace, I want to feel what it's like to be in the cage. Can I sleep in it?"

He studies me with a smirk, "Yes, if that is what you want, but know that you will be locked in there until I get back."

I scrunch my forehead, "Why does it have to be locked, Sir?"

"Because those are my rules, that's why. You do not question me, okay?"

I nod, "Okay, you can lock me in." I whisper softly.

He lifts me up out of the bed and sets me down on my feet beside the door to the cage. He takes my lips with his soft ones in a deep and meaningful kiss, "On your knees, Precious." He murmurs against my lips, and I slide to my knees at his feet. I gaze up at him, feeling a bit of warmth flow through me as I watch him squat down and unlock the door. He then cups my cheek, "I won't be gone long, but you will stay in there until you wake up. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir..."

With one last kiss to my forehead, he nods his head, "Go on, crawl in there, Precious."

I can feel my core throb once again as I crawl like a dog into the cage, my ass bare as Jace watches me humiliate myself. Once I'm completely in, I turn and watch as he shuts the barred door and locks it.

"Fuck, Precious, you look so hot in there. Maybe when you wake up from your nap, I will make you suck my cock through the bars in order to be set free." He adjusts himself right in front of me.

"Whatever you wish, Sir."

He bites his lip and looks me up and down before turning and leaving me in the room by myself. I glance around the cage, noticing that it's pretty roomy. Even though I can't stand up, or even sit up, I am still able to crawl comfortably around and stretch out when I lay down on the comfortable mattress. I've

read books about dominance and submission, and I know that there are so many different dynamics when it comes to the

kink world. I'm feeling as though two of the different dynamics are coming into play here, Slave and pet, and I'm not sure how to take it. Jace had said that he didn't want a slave, and yet, as I lay here, locked in a cage, I feel a little like one. I also feel like a pet dog being kenneled for misbehaving or just being here because their master is gone. I'm actually starting to enjoy this just a little. I'm not sure what that means, but that it's just another piece of me coming through. I lay me head on my hand as I curl up in the fetal position and it isn't too long before I doze off.

### Chapter 63

The smell of food wakes me up and I hear the mattress dip above my head. I yawn and stretch my body out, making the bed move once again as Jace climbs off, "Are you awake, Precious?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Just in time. I just brought in supper, but you need your appetizer first." He kneels in front of the cage and pulls his jeans down until his already hard cock springs forward, "Your master has a treat for you, Precious." He slides his shaft through the bars, and I lick my lips. I crawl over to where he's at and start licking him, almost like a dog, "Such a good girl. You like your treat, don't you?"

"Mm, yes Sir..." I say just before I open wide and let him use my mouth. I don't need to do anything as I stay on all fours inside the cage as Jace grabs hold of my head on both sides and fucks my mouth through the bars.

"Damn, baby, this is so hot! I'm going to come, make sure to swallow it all." He thrusts faster and harder, and soon, the all too familiar feeling of hot seed shoots into my mouth. I swallow continuously until he is done. He looks down at me through the bars and caresses my face while his cock is still in my mouth, "You can never leave me, baby. Do you hear me?"

You are mine, forever."

I can see the possessiveness in his eyes and even though it

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should scare me, it doesn't. All it does is feed the desire that is already building after him using me for his own pleasure. I can't say anything while he's still in my mouth, but I don't think he expects me too. He pumps himself a few more times before pulling out and tucking himself away.

"Are you ready to come out and eat with me?" Jace grins.

I smile back through the bars and nod, "Yes, Sir."

After deciding to stay in the new room tonight, Jace goes down to grab a few items from my apartment, including my phone and charger. When he comes back, he's got a look of concern on his face as he hands me my phone.

“You have quite a few missed calls from your dad. You had better call him back right away.” He says.

I take it and look down at my call log. He’s right, I have eight missed calls from him, so I press the speed dial number for him. He answers on the second ring, “It’s about time,” are the first words out of my father’s mouth when he answers.

“I’m sorry Dad, but I haven’t been by my phone all day; it’s Jace’s birthday, remember?”

He sighs, “Yeah, I’m sorry, I forgot. Still, you should always have your phone close to you at all times.”

“I’m sorry, Daddy. What’s so urgent?”

“Well, after rescheduling so many times, they finally had the sentencing hearing for the four assholes.”

I suck in my breath and then decide to put the speakerphone on so Jace can hear too, “Why do I have a feeling that you aren’t happy about the outcome?”

“Well, baby girl, that’s because I’m not.” He sighs again, “They each got five years of probation and five hundred hours of community services, along with fines. That Kaylee girl did get a year in a treatment facility but that was because her parents asked the judge for that sentence.”

I would have dropped my phone had Jace not been there to catch it. I sit down on the bed in total disbelief over what they got. This punishment isn’t anything. It sure isn’t going to stop them from doing it again, that’s for sure! I had a feeling that they wouldn’t get a whole lot of time, but to not get anything at all?

“Honey, are you there?” My dad calls out.

“Give her a minute, Ethan, she’s in a bit of shock right now.”

Jace says softly into the phone. He sits beside me and draws me into his arms to hold me, “I’m so sorry, Ella.” He says against my ear.

I get a hold of myself and take my phone back, “Thanks for letting me know, Dad. Can I call you back in a day or so?”

“Sure, sweetie, but don’t hesitate to call beforehand if you need anything.” He says.

“I won’t, Daddy. I love you.”

“I love you too, baby.”

I hang up with him and lay my phone on the nightstand before walking into the bathroom and closing the door. I need a minute to myself. I stand in front of the mirror and just stare at myself. I want to see what others see when they look at me, but I don’t know what they are seeing, because I feel as though there are many sides to Ella Baxter. My question is, which side is it that those four saw that made them think it was okay to do what they did to me? I begin to tremble as I lean against the vanity, unaware of the noise beginning deep inside my throat. Soon enough, I’m beginning to scream and Jace is rushing through the door to get to me. I don’t stop screaming, though, and he has to cover my mouth with his hand as he slides to the floor with me in his arms.

“Shh, baby. It’s going to be okay, I’m right here. I won’t let anything happen to you.” Jace coos in my ear but his words do nothing.

Normally, his words would be soothing, but right now, I feel as if nothing is going to make this right. I thrash in his arms, trying to break free, but Jace won’t let me go, and it’s beginning to piss me off. I growl and glare at him, but it isn’t until I bite his hand that he gets really pissed at me. Good, because I’m pissed at him right now!

“You don’t get to act like a little brat with me, not when I’m trying to comfort you, Ella!” It’s his Dom voice that lectures me, which actually helps to calm my nerves a little bit, “You biting my hand was out of line! I understand the situation and what you must be feeling, but you don’t act out towards the people you love or who love you! Do you understand?”

I nod my head slowly as tears begin to stream down my face, “I understand, Sir. I’m sorry.”

He kisses my forehead, “You’re forgiven this time, but don’t ever Mike Tyson me and bite me again!” He chuckles which in turn, makes me giggle a little, “Now, tell me what I can do to help you through this, Precious.”

I study his green orbs and the worry that is laced within them. I don’t know how we got to where we are after everything that has happened, but I thank God every day for placing Jace in my life. Even if I had to go through two years of hell; it was all worth it. I don’t really know what it is that I need right now.

“I have the urge to hit something, Sir. I want to just pound my fists into something over and over again, but then I want you to hurt me. I want to feel pain. Can you do that for me, Sir?”

He stares at me with a knowing look, “Yeah, baby, I can do that for you.” He pulls me up from the bed, “let’s go get dressed.”

Thope you all enjoyed another round of Ella and Jace.

## Chapter 64

The last place I thought we would end up is at the local gym, but had I thought about it, I should have known this is where he would take me. Where else do you go to hit stuff? It’s not a big gym, but it looks as though it focuses on boxing more than weightlifting. I don’t want to lift heavy stuff, I want to hit stuff, so this place is perfect. I’m assuming he searched online for a gym in town that I would benefit from. He’s so thoughtful, that it makes me wonder if all Doms are this way or is it just the boyfriend side of him. Either way, I love him more for it.

Before starting, he takes each of my hands and wraps some sort of bandage looking strip around my knuckles, hand, and wrist on each one. I’m then brought over to a little ball-looking thing that hangs down, which he keeps referring to it as a speed bag or something. Jace shows me how to use it, and I don’t know what interests me more, the boxing equipment or the fact that his biceps bulge as he hits it continuously. I bite down on my lip as I watch him very intently.

“Keep eye fucking me like that and I’m going to take you right here, Precious.” He warns with a slight growl.

I glance at him and give him my sexiest smile, “I never knew how hot boxing could be, Sir.”



“Boxing or the guy doing the boxing?” He raises a brow and smirks.

I sweep my eyes up and down his body, taking in the loose

basketball shorts that he’s wearing. The outline of his well endowed man part is visible with his every move. Moving my eyes back to his upper body, there isn’t an ounce of fat to be found. If his body alone doesn’t make a woman come, then there is something seriously wrong with her. What I want to know though, is when did his body change? I remember him being lean, but not bulky. Now, all I want to do is worship his body and let him do all the deliciously dirty things that he wants to do to me as I beg him not to stop.

“The guy, definitely the guy...” I lick my lips.

He lowers his voice down so nobody can hear him, “Okay, my greedy little whore, get that cute ass over here and start punching this bag. You don’t get to have my cock until we get back home.”

“You just threatened to take me right here,” I pout jokingly, “Now I have to wait until we get home?”

Jace groans, “You’re killing me here, Precious. Do you want to hit shit, or do you want me to fuck shit; it’s your decision.”

I giggle, “I’m sorry, I’ll be good.”

For the next hour and a half, Jace shows me all of the boxing equipment and I take my frustrations out on the punching bags. Now that I know how to punch the long punching bag, I have time to think about the call from my dad and the main reason we are here. It feels so good to be aggressive and act like I’m hitting each one of their faces every time I throw a

punch. I can’t believe that they got off the way they did! What about me? Am I chopped liver? Do my feelings not count for anything?

I continue to punch the bag aggressively, throwing in a kick here and there. My focus is on one thing, hitting the fucking bag in front of me until I’m satisfied that each one of their faces are caved in. I’m grunting and growling with each hit, and my limbs are growing tired. I can’t feel sweat rolling down my front and back, but I still don’t stop.

Finally, I feel arms come around my waist and pull me back as I start to kick out with my legs, trying to hit the bag one more time, “Shh, baby. Stop, it’s okay.” I hear Jace’s husky voice in my ear, “Don’t hurt yourself over them, they aren’t worth it.”

The flood gates finally open up, and Jace turns me into his chest and lifts me up. Wrapping my legs around his waist, he moves us over to a bench where we can sit, and I can take a moment for myself. I take more than a moment, though. He lets me cry it out in the middle of the gym. Not too many people pay us any attention, they are here for one thing, and it’s not to watch a guy soothe his crying girlfriend.

After about ten minutes, I remove my wet face from his neck and look at him. He uses his thumbs to wipe away the wetness from my face, “Feel a little better?”

Inod, and then wipe my tears from his neck. Good thing he took his shirt off when we got here. I give him a small smile, “I feel a little better, but I will feel much better if you would take me home and finish making me feel better.”

The corner of his mouth kicks up, "What did you have in mind, Precious?"

Lowering my voice, I lean towards his ear, "I want you to make it hurt really good. I want to reach subspace, Sir. Can you do that for me?" | can feel his shaft twitch below me.

"I think it's time that we get the fuck out of here, right now." He stands up and I slide down his body, being careful of the huge bulge now tenting his shorts. He unwraps my hands and then grabs our things. Not caring that others may see his hard on, he leads me across the gym and out the front door.

We just barely make it to the car when he gets behind the wheel and moves his seat all the way back. He pulls his monster from his shorts and motions for me to come to him, "You are going to ride it right now and you are not going to come."

My heart is racing with excitement as I glance around the parking lot, "What if someone sees?"

"Don't fucking worry about it. If they see, they see. You can't get your master hard like this and then not take care him when he demands it. Now, take off those shorts and fuck yourself on me."

I'm already throbbing from his dominance, so I do as he says and take my gym shorts off. With one last look around the parking lot, I straddle his lap and his hands go straight to my hips. Using my hand, I grab his girth and place it at my entrance, and very slowly start sliding down on him. I watch his facial expression as I take him into my body. It feels so right having him inside me like this, like he was always meant to be here. He bites his lip as he watches his shaft disappear. Once I've slid all the way down, he closes his eyes and holds me in place briefly, as though he is savoring the feel of being deep inside. From this position, it does feel like he's deeper

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than he's ever been. I don't ever get to ride him, so I'm going to enjoy this.

"Okay, Precious, have at him. Ride me like you want me."

And I do. I start off slow, trying to get the right angle, and then I increase my speed. Soon I'm bouncing and grinding on him like it's the last time we will ever be together. I move just how he likes it, moaning and groaning as he starts rubbing my clit. It doesn't matter how sweaty I am, he lifts my top one handed and takes a nipple into his mouth. His nips and bites drive me crazier and soon I'm fucking him like an experienced porn star.

"Do you like that, Sir? Do you like it when I take you deep into my pussy?" I don't know where these words are coming from, but I can't stop them from spewing, "God, Sir, I love the feel of your fat cock inside me!" I bite my lip and then look him in the eye.

He's dropped my nipple from his mouth and he's just gazing at me, eyes full of lust, "Jesus, Ella, you sound so fucking hot when you talk like that. You need to talk like that more often. Come on now, your master needs to fill you up, fuck me good, baby."

Placing my hands on his shoulders, I fuck him as hard as I can, making him come really hard in less than thirty seconds, "Yes! God Sir... fill me up! Give me all of your cum!"

“Fuck...” he grabs my hips and holds me in place as he thrusts hard up inside of me. I throw my head back, enjoying the feel of him releasing his hot seed deep inside of me. I struggle to hold my own orgasm from happening, but I do. “Damn, Precious... what the fuck was that?” He rests his forehead

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against my chest, letting me run my fingers through his hair.

“I don’t know, Sir. I just got so turned on; it was like I wasn’t myself.” I try to explain but I didn’t understand it myself.

“I’m proud of you for not coming after all of that. I’m not sure how you held off, but I’m going to reward you when we get home. You were such a good girl, I’m very pleased with you.”

A warm feeling comes over me when he tells me this, and it’s like a huge weight has been lifted from me. I love hearing him tell me that I’ve pleased him, it makes me strive to do it even more, but then there are the times that I want to be naughty so I will be punished. Good girls get rewarded and naughty girls get punished, but I act naughty so I can be punished because that is a reward for me also. It can be confusing to some, but to me there is a clear difference between wanting to be his good girl and wanting to be his naughty girl. It’s the times when I really do make a mistake and disappoint him that I don’t like, and I try my hardest not to do that.

As we take the elevator to the top floor, Jace asks, “Are you ready for this, Precious?”

I already know what he means by this question. As soon as we step into our apartment, we will resume our D/s roles, only I want it to hurt, so it’s going to get rough, “Will you be able to do what I need, Sir?”

He stares at me for a moment, “I can do what you need, but know that I will stop if I feel that it’s too much, just like I did

last time. I will take you into subspace, Precious, that you need not worry about, and I will make it hurt as much as I can. You must trust me, though. Trust me to know what’s enough for you, will you?” He caresses my cheek with his thumb as he pretty much begs me to trust him.

I smile and nod as I wrap my hand around his wrist, not to stop him from caressing me, but to keep him doing it for a little bit longer. When the elevator dings and stops on our floor, he drops his hand.

“You will go straight to the playroom and strip. You will then take the Nadu pose and wait for me to come to you.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Right before he opens the door to the apartment he cups my cheek, “I will try and make it feel better, Ella. I love you.”

“I love you too, Jace.”

He kisses my forehead and then unlocks the door, holding it open for me to go through first. I head straight for the room only I don’t wait to start stripping. My first naughty girl offense. Pulling my top up and over my head, I glance seductively over my shoulder at him as I drop it on the floor. I sway my hips as I start pulling off my sports bra, too, but I don’t look back this time.

Entering the room, I finish undressing and then kneel as instructed. He isn't long, just long enough to change into the gray sweatpants that he knows are my favorite ones on him. He comes to stand in front of me but waits to say anything.

I'm kneeling here, dripping from my core already, knowing

what is going to take place and I can hardly wait. I need this, I need it to help with the pain of feeling like I'm not good enough, like I'm not important enough. I need it to help take away the fact that a judge thinks it's okay for four people to gang up and assault me, touching me without permission. Jace knows what I need, he knows how to make me feel good, and that's one of the reasons why I trust him to do this.

"What's your safe word?"

"Pineapple, Sir..."

"How do you safe word if I gag you and you can't speak?"

"I snap my fingers, Sir..."

"Good girl. Now, we need to talk about what you want to happen while you're in subspace. Do you want me to end everything, or do you want me to fuck you and make you come?"

"Can I let you know once I get there, Sir?" I ask, "I don't know how I will feel at that time."

"No, we discuss it beforehand because you will not be in the right frame of mind once you are there. If you're not sure, then I will just go straight to aftercare."

"What do you want, Sir?"

He walks behind me and starts putting my hair in a braid, "I would like nothing more than to fuck your tight little ass, but that's me. This is about you and what you need, Precious."

"But what if what I need is to want to make you happy, to give you what you want, Sir."

He comes back around and squats down, looking me in the eye, "It pleases me that you want to make me happy, but once again, this is for you, not me."

I know what I want, and if I remember right, the last time I was in subspace felt amazing, like I was floating on air. Why not let him take my back hole while I'm in that state, it's not like it's a hard limit for me.

Chapter 65

"I trust you to hurt me and make me feel good, and I trust you to take me into subspace; please trust me when I say that I want you to get pleasure as well. I'm giving you consent to take any hole you want, Sir."

The way Jace looks at me has me wanting to question him, but I know I can't, I'm not allowed, not when we are in here. He has the look of someone torn, someone who wants something more than anything, and someone who knows they won't be getting that something. It's the second half of that look that worries me. I wish he would trust me to know what I want. I may be new to this, but I can still make my own decisions. I know it's because he worries for me, he's come a long way in the last few months, but

he needs to take a step back and look at the bigger picture. He's wanting to explore this lifestyle with me, but he isn't allowing me to explore the lengths my body can endure.

I let him help me off the floor, and as always, he presses his lips against my forehead, always reminding me that he loves me before we start. What surprises me, though, is that he walks me over to the bed and bends me over the edge before leaning over my body. His hot breath caresses my neck, and then my ear; his voice is low and raspy.

"I'm going to warm this cute ass up and then I'm going to take your cunt one last time before the fun really begins. Is that okay with you?" He drags his tongue up the shell of my ear.

"Yes, Sir, please..."

The way he's bent over me is putting a bit of pressure on my back and making my clit rub against the bed. I want to grind against it, but I know he wouldn't like that, so I remain still and wait for what's to come.

"You will count, Precious." Without warning, he begins, and I gasp in surprise.

"One, Sir!"

WHACK...

"Two, Sir!"

WHACK...

"Three, Sir!"

They keep coming, and soon I'm at twenty-five, but he isn't done. He moves down to my sit spot and starts raining down slaps there as well. The burn is driving my desire higher and higher, and then just when I'm needing only a few more to toss me over the edge, the spanking stops. Spreading my cheeks, he slides himself in without saying anything as the scene transitions to the next.

I know he won't allow me to come yet just by his own moans. No, this part is just for him. I try pushing myself back to fuck myself on him, but he swats my ass once, indicating that he doesn't want me moving. I'm his fuck toy at the moment, so all I do is lay here and take whatever he gives me. My backside burns with every thrust, igniting the flames within me to burn even brighter. It will take a little more in order for me to come, but for now, I lay here and enjoy the sweet torture.

Lifting my leg, so my knee rests on the bed, he now has better access to go deeper and harder, and it's exactly what he does. His breathing becomes harder the closer he gets to releasing himself, and I begin to groan every time he slams into me, hitting me so deep that it causes a brief pain, but it matters none to me.

"Please, Sir, come hard...fill me up..." | pant as my Dom uses me for his pleasure.

"No worries there, Precious. You're going to get a huge load in just a sec. You're going to be dripping all night long." He picks up his speed and then grips the back of my neck with one hand, holding me down,

as his other hand grips my hip, “Fucking take it all, baby!” He slams into me one last time and literally roars as he shoots his load deep inside of me.

Jace rests his head against my spine as he catches his breath. When he’s ready to continue, his hand that is still gripping my neck closes around the hair at my nape and he lifts me to my feet. A shiver runs through me at the careless, but non hurtful, way he helps me to stand; he is now in Dom mode. He urges me forward without instruction, stopping us in front of the wooden St. Andrew’s cross. He doesn’t need to tell me to raise my arms, I just do, waiting for him to secure my wrists to it. Moving down to my ankles, he then restrains them to the wooden boards as well.

He chuckles as his seed drips and trickles down my inner thighs, he smears it around. He then dips his finger into my pussy and pumps a few times before pulling it out and standing back up. He lets me lick our mixed fluids from his finger before he moves away. Suddenly, I feel his presence behind me once again.

“You will ask me to belt you, Precious. I will not do anything until you have asked nicely.” I feel the soft leather as he runs it over my back lightly. The feel of it now is a huge contrast to what it’s going to feel like in a moment.

“Please, Master Jace, belt me good...please make it hurt...” | plead breathlessly.

“Are you sure that this is what you want?”

“Yes, Sir...I need this...”

Lips softly press against my shoulder, “I love you, Precious.” He doesn’t wait for me to say the words back as he steps away and brings the first strike down. He doesn’t mark up my back at all, keeping to the soft globes of my butt. After so many, he pauses and massages each cheek before continuing.

There is no counting these strikes. All I need to do is lean into the wooden structure and enjoy every sensation, every sting, every burn. I can feel the flames licking at my core, wanting nothing more than to turn into an explosion. The savage way he uses the belt against my delicate skin would make one think that he hates me, and that he wants to cause me this pain. He may like to cause me some pain, knowing that I enjoy it, but only I know just how much he dislikes hurting me like this. So, even though it looks like he’s doing this out of malice, he’s really in control and is doing this out of love for me.

The leather hits the floor and all I can hear is his hard breathing; that’s how much effort he put into strapping me. I’m only halfway there though. Moaning out my need as I pant myself, I turn my head slightly, “More, Master Jace...please. I want the cane.”

I hear him walk away, only to return a moment later, “No worries, Precious. I plan on caning this ass really good, but first...”

I feel him attach the straps to my thighs. I know what this is, and my core is already dripping with excitement, but my brain is crying out because I already know that he’s not going to let me stop until he’s ready or I safe word. As soon as he inserts the wand in its holder, he turns it on, making my already sensitive clit throb even more.

“You’re going to come until I say to stop. You want it to hurt, you’re going to really hurt once I drag every drop of cum from your body...and then some.”

“Oh God, Sir...”

“God isn’t going to help you now, Precious.” He leans in, reaching both arms around to my chest, and pinches both nipples as he gives me his order, “Come now!”

I can’t stop my body from obeying even if I wanted to. It responds to my Dom’s voice on instinct these days, I have no say in how it reacts, “OHH...FUCK! PLEASE, SIR...!”

“Please what? I hope the next words from your mouth is to ask me to come again because that is the only request that I will

grant, aside from making you hurt more.”

“ARGH!!” My climax is still rippling through me as he begins using the cane, prolonging it a bit more.

“That’s right, my dirty whore loves when I torture her sweet cunt, don’t you?” He asks sadistically.

“Yes, Sir, I do...please make it hurt!”

My legs want to give out, but I stay strong and endure it because I know soon, I will be floating in subspace. I can feel the endorphins starting to fire up with every contact. Another climax hits me, and he continues. This goes on for a bit, and I’ve already lost count of how many orgasms I’ve had.

There is a pause as Jace comes around to the front to check on me. At the same time, he tortures my nipples, keeping up with the pain that my body is needy for. I smile at him, and he smirks back, “You’re doing really well baby. Just a little more and you’re there.”

Chapter 66

JACE POV

She’s beautiful when she hits subspace, and I can’t help but be ecstatic that I’m the one that gets her there, that I’m the only one she trusts to get her there. When I checked on her a little while ago, I knew it wouldn’t be much longer. I turned the wand up another notch and resumed with her caning. She begged and pleaded for me to use the whip, but I just can’t bring myself to use that just yet, so instead, I gave her more of the cane to appease us both, and she entered her beloved subspace.

The welts on her ass are perfection as I apply the salve to each individual one. She never gave me attitude after I told her that I would not be fucking her like I wanted to, I had never planned on it. This was about her and what she needed after the news she received from her father. If I could do more, I would. She deserves justice for what those fuckers did to her. One thing is for sure, once I’m all moved in, I’m going to make it my mission to prove to her that she does matter. I can’t imagine what she’s feeling after hearing how lenient the judge was.

“Mm, that feels so good, Sir.”

Her voice brings me back to attention and I smile down as I watch my own hands massage her soft, welted skin, “Does it

now?" | slide my hands to where my thumbs just barely brush against her folds, and she starts squirming around.

"Please fuck me, Sir."

I chuckle, "No, baby. I want you to relax and enjoy the blissful feeling while you can."

"Hm, why are you so good to me, Sir?"

Am I? I feel as though I still have a lot of making up to do after everything I've put her through, "Because I love you, Ella." My voice cracks at the end, but I don't hide it. She's too far gone to notice it any way.

"I love you too, Jace."

I can never get tired of hearing those words coming out of her mouth. I never thought I would hear them before a few months ago. Working my hands up once again, I begin to massage her back as well. I never realized how relaxing massaging your girlfriend can be. The little noises that slip from her lips, the way her body twitches when I hit the perfect spot.

Mm, fuck! Okay, I'm too weak! I slowly turn her onto her back and her eyes light up when she feels the burn to her ass as it rubs against the bed, "I lied, baby. I need to be inside of you, but I only want to make love to you, okay."

She giggles, "Didn't I agree to you fucking my ass?"

God, I love it when she's vulgar, it's sexy as fuck! "Yes, you did, but that's not what I want anymore." I take my jiggers off and crawl between her luscious thighs. I hook her leg over my arm

and slide right in, savoring the feel of her tight walls gripping my cock. Leaning down, I take her mouth in a slow and sensual kiss as my body starts to move the same way.

I don't want to be in her just to get my rocks off. No, I want to be inside Ella because it's where I belong and it's the only place that feels right to me. I can stay inside her all day long and not come; that's what I consider a golden fucking pussy.

I reach over and break off a piece of the chocolate bar that I brought for her to eat. Sliding it back and forth across her lips, she finally opens and lets me slip it into her mouth. She moans, and I grin. Taking her lips again, I can taste the sweetness on them, making me want more of her. My hips begin to thrust slowly, pulling out, and then slowly pushing back inside of her. With one elbow holding me up, I lift her leg once more with my other arm and then find a nice sensual rhythm, making love to the woman I have been in love with for so long.

Waking up with Ella in my arms again is so comforting. This is my last day here and I don't want us to hole up in the apartment. As much as I would love to make love to her all day long, I want to get out and see the town with my favorite girl on my arm. I end up snuggling into her a bit more for a little while longer, until she begins to wake up and keeps rubbing against the morning wood that I've been desperately trying to ignore for the last twenty minutes.

"Mm, what's this, Sir?" The little she-devil takes hold of my cock and begins to pump it up and down.



"I guess it's your breakfast now, Precious. I was trying to be good, but since you think you need to be a cock tease, I suggest you get down there and take care of me."

She goes to get up as she giggles, "Nah, I think I'm good, Sir."

I grab her hair and pull her back to me, "Oh, you think so?" | shove her down until my hard cock hits her across the face, "You want to fucking tease it, now you're going to suck it! Open that fucking mouth." Lust shines bright in her eyes as she obeys me and opens wide, "Yeah, that's right...you're going to take all of it like a good fucking whore." I shove her head down until my full length is consumed and then I hold her there, "I just wanted to cuddle with my girlfriend, but instead her whore showed up and ruined that, didn't she?"

She hums in agreement and her eyes begin to water. I let her up to take a breath and then start using her mouth. In no time at all, I'm filling her mouth up with my seed and then I shove her away from me like I would a real whore, "Swallow all of it." I order her and then walk over to pick up my joggers. When | look back at her, she's in one of her trances that she goes into when we roleplay, and I have to smirk at her, "You act like a whore, you get treated like a whore, Precious." I wink at her.

"Is that all I have to do for you to treat me like that, Sir?"

I do a double take at her question, "I will only treat you like one when we are at home, if that's what you're asking. I will not let others think that you are an actual whore." I walk back over to the bed and lean in grabbing her chin, "Do you understand?" She nods, "Good."

When I let go, though, she smiles up at me, "If you ever take me to one of those clubs, will you treat me like a whore then?"

I'm not understanding where this is all coming from, "Ella, why are you so insistent that I treat you that way?"

She shrugs, "I don't know. I guess it just really turns me on, Sir."

"Drop the sir, Ella. I'm talking to you as my girlfriend now, not my submissive. I need to know why you want me to treat you

like that?"

She looks down at the bed, "I don't know why. Like I said, it turns me on."

"Well, if I always call you that in front of others then they will start thinking that you are."

"But I am, for you only, though."

I sigh and sit on the edge of the bed. I pat my lap and help her so she can straddle my legs and face me. Her hair is a total rat's nest, true 'just been fucked' hair, but I ignore it and push aside a few strands. I smile softly at her as her blue eyes gaze into mine. She's fucking perfect, from her beautiful eyes to her petite little nose, and high cheek bones; her flawless skin topping it all off.

"Ella, if it's humiliation that turns you on, there are lots of other ways that we can do it, without calling you a whore all the time. I know other dominants take pleasure in calling their submissive names all the

time, but I don't. Yes, it's hot when we are doing a scene and I'm in the middle of fucking you or having you suck me off, but it's not something I want to call you all the time."

"I'm sorry, Jace. I don't know why I like it so much." She presses her forehead against mine.

Tchuckle, "I think it's just because you want to be turned on

and being called that does it for you. You love sex, I've made a nympho out of my girlfriend."

She giggles, "Is that a bad thing?"

"Hell no," I laugh, "only if you want me going around calling you a whore everywhere we go. Unfortunately, most people don't understand our dynamics and so they will frown upon it or even start thinking that you really are one."

"So, what do I do then?"

"You," I bop her in the nose with my finger, "don't do anything. WE will figure out what will work best for our relationship, okay baby?"

She nods, "Okay, thank you, Jace."

"For what?"

"For not judging me and my perversions." Her cheeks flush a pretty pink.

"Oh baby," I kiss her forehead, "I will never judge you. You are too fucking perfect."

#### CHAPTER 67: SO WORTH IT – Pt. 1

After our little morning romp, we cleaned up and then went downstairs to my apartment and showered. I don't know how we made it through our shower without having shower sex, but we did, and then we were out the door. I'm wanting to show him where I work, and while we are there, we might as well have some breakfast and a nice pick-me up from the coffee shop.

Becky's mouth drops the second we walk in holding hands and she realizes that it's me. Once the shock passes, excitement lights her eyes, and she gives us a huge smile. There is still a customer ahead of us before she can start being her nosy self. It at least gives Jace time to decide what he wants. He asks me what's good and all that, but we both know that he's going to order a plain coffee with sugar free creamer.

It's finally our turn to step up to the counter, "You must be the infamous Jace." Becky grins at him.

Jace returns it with his sexy grin, "That depends on how wicked Ella has made me out to be." He winks at my co **worker**.

Becky turns to me and wiggles her brows, "She doesn't go into detail, but I can tell just how bad you are by the far away look she gets when she talks about you." She giggles.

"Oh really?" He turns turn me and raises a brow and smirks.

Islap his arm playfully, "Stop, I barely talk about you."

“That’s totally not true; don’t lie to him.”

I stare at my friend, shocked, “Seriously, Becky?”

“What? Do you not realize that you talk about him as often as you do?” It’s her turn to wink at Jace, and she’s lucky that I can’t reach her over the counter.

Becky giggles once more and then takes our orders, “So, when is D–day anyway?”

“D–day?” Jace and I ask together.

“Yeah, you know, move in day. When are you finally moving here?”

“Oh,” Jace chuckles, “Unfortunately, I have a month left of school, but then, I’m all Ella’s.” He wraps his arms around me from the back.

“Oh yay! You two are so cute together. I, for one, am happy that Ella finally has a boyfriend,” she turns to me, “No offense, but you were always so sad–looking.”

I chuckle, “Gee, thanks, Becky.”

The bell rings over the door, indicating another customer so we move off to the side to wait for our order. Jace hands me my white mocha and takes his coffee, and we go sit down at a table to eat our donuts we bought from the bakery. It’s nice, having someone to do this with instead of by yourself. It just sucks that he has to head back home later. It seems as though he just got here.

“Hey, what’s with the frown?” He asks with a frown of his own.

I shrug, “I just wish you didn’t have to leave later.”

He gives me a small smile, “Me too, baby, but it’s only for a few more weeks, and then I’m here for good.”

“I know, but this next month is going to drag by so slow, you know that, right?”

Chuckling, he takes my hand over the table, “I know. We will just have to video chat every chance we get. Before long, ‘D–day,’” he quotes Becky using finger quotes, “will be here.”

“Will you do that again?” I ask as I grin at him from across the table.

“Do what?” He sips his coffee.

“Air quote Becky,” A bubble of laughter bursts out, “You look so adorable doing that.”

Grinning, he flips me off, “Be good before I put you over my knee and spank you.”

“Don’t threaten me with a good time, Mr. Palmer.” I wiggle my brows.

“Jesus, I’ve created a monster.” Pinching the bridge of his nose, he shakes his head back and forth, chuckling.

“No, your monster,” I glance down, “created a nympho.” I wink and then dig into my cinnamon roll.

Jace throws his head back and laughs. I love the sound of his natural laugh. It makes me feel all warm and fuzzy in side for some odd reason. We both go silent as we eat our breakfast and drink our coffee, but we keep stealing looks at each other like we are newly dating. I guess in a way we are because we've only been official for a little over a month and we've only been on a date or two before now.

Feeling a little frisky, I slip my shoe off and run my foot

up and down his leg before continuing all the way up. His eyes stay locked on mine, and he grins but doesn't do a thing to stop me. I feel a twitch from inside his jeans and my mouth kicks up on one side, as does my brow.

"You want to know what I find very amusing, Ella?" He asks as he finishes off his bear claw.

"What is that Jace?" I say his name as seductive as I can.

"That you continue doing what you're doing, and you forget that we have to go back to your place at some point, where there is nobody there to witness me punish that be hind." He bites his lip and looks up like he's thinking, which apparently, he is, "Don't I owe you a few punishments any way?"

It's my turn to bite my lip, "Yes, but it's okay if we don't have time to get to them before you have to leave." I keep myself from grinning.

"What kind of Dom would I be if I didn't punish my naughty girl?" His smirk tells me that he is definitely plan ning on enjoying every bit of the punishment that I'm going to receive.

"You're right, what kind would you be if you let your sub continue to do naughty things without reprimand? Will it hurt?" I grin.

"Yes, but not in the way you think, but let's not talk about that now. I want to enjoy this day with my girlfriend. Are you ready to show me around a bit?"

"Oh yes!" | shove the last bite into my mouth and collect our trash to toss on our way out.

"Bye Becky, see you tomorrow."

"See you, Ella. It was nice meeting you, Jace, see you in a few weeks."

"Yes, nice meeting you too." Jace replies as he opens the door for me.

Before I get both feet out the door, I run into a hard chest. Two sets of hands grab hold of me before I can fall, but it's the set that is behind me that tightens their grip and pulling me back. When I look up, Gabe looks apologetic un til he glances behind me, and he scowls a little.

"I'm sorry Ella, I didn't even see you there." My friend looks back at me.

"Oh, it's okay, I apparently wasn't paying attention ei ther." I chuckle, "Here for your daily fix, I see."

It's Gabe's turn to chuckle, "You know me so well, Ella." He glances at Jace with amusement.

I feel Jace's grip tighten just a tad, then loosens right away, "We should probably get going, baby." Jace presses his lips to the back of my head. When I look back and up at him, he grins, "We still have a lot to

do before I head home.” He winks at me, and I know he’s trying to make Gabe jealous, but I just let him have his way.

“Yeah, okay,” I smile back and then turn back to Gabe, “I’ll see you later, yeah?”

“Of course, you will see me. Just come over when you’re free.” He gives me his flirtatious smile, and completely ignores Jace.

Once we are on our way down the street, Jace takes my hand and squeezes it, “I don’t think your friend likes me very much.”

“He will get over it. Once he realizes that you are in my life to stay, he will move on. You should probably not try getting into a pissing contest with him, though. It will only egg him on.” I warn.

“You’re right. I’ll be good from now on,” He pulls me into his arms and kisses me right in the middle of the sidewalk. When he pulls away, it takes me a moment to get my wits about me again, “Show me our new home for the next few years, Ella.” His smile makes my heart skip, and then we are off, as he pulls me down the street.

## Chapter 68

Spending the day with Jace as just boyfriend and girl friend was amazing. I couldn’t show him the whole town, at least not while walking, but he at least now knows my favorite places close to home, and all the good take-out restaurants that are close by.

Apparently, boyfriend and girlfriend time is over the second we walk into my apartment, because Jace turns to me just as I shut the door, his Dom face put into place, “Strip, now.”

There is no hesitation on my end. I peel off each piece of clothing while he watches from a few feet away. Goose bump scatter across my skin at the anticipation of what’s to come. My mind going crazy at all the different scenarios of how he’s going to punish me.

Once I drop the last article of clothing onto the floor and I stand gloriously naked, he narrows the gap between us, taking the hair at my nape in a fist, and crashing our lips together. It’s wild and savage, the kind that is taken without permission only because they can. He knows me too well, though. He knows that I like when he takes control and doesn’t give me an option. I let him take all he wants, because it doesn’t matter the situation, in the end, he will al

ways give me what I need.

He yanks our mouths apart, and his eyes find mine, burning a hole into their depths with the hot desire that is running through his own, “Get on the couch, put your feet on the table, and spread your legs. I want a clear view of that slutty cunt.”

I close my eyes, hoping to calm my needy pussy. She’s already dripping, and we haven’t even started yet. She doesn’t even know what kind of punishment she is in for, and yet, she still weeps for whatever he is about to give her.

Following his orders, I go to the couch and sit down in the middle. The only way for my feet to reach it is if I scoot to the edge and then lean back. Letting my knees drop to the sides, I'm spread wide open just as he asked. I can hear him moving around in the kitchen, taking his sweet time with whatever he is doing.

Finally, he comes into view carrying a paper plate in one hand and rubber gloves in another. My brows furrow in confusion until he bends over and presents the plate to me. Sitting on top of the plate is what looks like a butt plug, but I know what it is instantly. My eyes shoot to Jace, and he raises a brow, daring me to say something. I won't give him the satisfaction. How bad can it really be to someone who loves to feel pain? I reach up and pluck the ginger root off the plate.

"This will be your only punishment, Precious. I feel that once we are through, this one will suffice." He steps over one of my legs, and sits on the table between them both, "You are going to fuck yourself with the root until I say stop, and not before. You will obey my instruction, and when I'm convinced that this slutty cunt has had enough, you will hand it over and I will plug your ass with it. Do you understand?"

"Y-Yes, Sir..."

"You may use your safe word, if need be, but remember that this is a punishment, so try to take it all like a good girl."

I shake my head, "I won't safe word....I'll be a good girl."

"We will see. Now, I want you to rub it up and down through your lips a few times, rubbing it against your clit with every pass."

I begin rubbing it through my folds, getting bolder with each pass. Biting my bottom lip, I try to be seductive while I do it because his eyes are zoned in on the show going on between my legs. I'm not sure what I'm supposed to be feeling, but all it's doing is making me more wet with the thought of using something edible in a sexual way.

"Yes, rub it harder, get the root's juices going really good." He smirks.

28.20%

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I begin rubbing it through my folds, getting bolder with each pass. Biting my bottom lip, I try to be seductive while | do it because his eyes are zoned in on the show going on between my legs. I'm not sure what I'm supposed to be feeling, but all it's doing is making me more wet with the thought of using something edible in a sexual way.

"Yes, rub it harder, get the root's juices going really good." He smirks.

There is a warm feeling that is starting as I continue to rub. It actually feels kind of nice, so I really get it going, rub bing it faster and circling my clit when I get to it. All too soon, though, it begins to get uncomfortable, and the tell tale must be all over my face because Jace snickers.

"Good job, Precious. Now that you've got the juices flowing, I want you to fuck yourself with it."

Pretending that it's one of my personal toys, I do as he orders and begin to thrust it in and out of me. It's a slow burn, but it's there with each and every thrust of the root. I can feel it, my pussy is on fire, but I don't give up. My eyes glisten with unshed tears; and still, I don't give up.

"That's it, Precious, take it, take it all." He puts the latex glove on and then leans in and starts playing with my clit, running his thumb in circles before pinching it. He runs a finger down through my folds and inserts it beside the root, "Oh yeah, you like that, don't you?" He doesn't expect an answer and I'm glad because I'm not sure what my answer would be. After a few thrusts beside the root, he pulls his finger back out and once again plays with my clit. More ginger juice from the glove smears over the little nub and it feels like it's on fire, but the way he's playing with it has my climax building.

I don't know when my hips start moving, but I'm now grinding against his hand as I continue to fuck the burning root, "Oh God, Jace...it burns!"

"I know it does baby, but this is *your* punishment and you're taking it so well. You should see yourself fuck that naughty pussy with the ginger; it's making me hard as fuck." He keeps up his ministrations until I'm *crying* out his name, "Yes, baby, come for me, come now!"

| explode, and I swear the burn gets worse. He takes over as my hand starts to slow while riding out the wave that he caused. Refusing to give me any slack, he starts re ally pumping it into me, only causing another orgasm to crash over me.

"FUCK! Please, Sir... no more...it burns!" I beg.

"Are you safe wording?"

*Am I?* Hell no, I refuse to safe word over this. The ginger root isn't going to kill me, and so, I shake my head.

"Good girl." He slows his hand and then finally pulls the root out, sliding it down to my back hole and rimming it. The juices smear around it, and I whimper, "Put your hands under your knees and lift your legs for me. Let me see that dirty little hole of yours."

Obedying, I open myself even more for him, and his eyes light up. Between my arousal dripping down and the juice from the root, it doesn't take much to push it through my tight hole. It's not like it was thick to begin with, but still. Jace begins to fuck my butt with the root as he plays with

my clit for a bit. All too soon, though, he's fucking me with his gloved fingers still coated with the ginger juice, so I'm burning at both ends.

"Oh God, Sir, please! I'm so sorry for being naughty! | will try and be good for you...I'm sorry!"

"I know you are, Precious, you need to come one more time before I will stop. Can you do that for me?"

"Ohhhh...! I will try," I pant through the burning, "Master Jace, please..."

He fucks both my holes harder and when his thumb presses down on my clit, I come... hard. "Fuck, Precious, you may not like this, but it seems like your body comes so nicely from it."

When I'm finally done and my body is exhausted, Jace pushes the root all the way into my back hole, "On your knees and hands behind your back, Precious." He stands up, ripping the gloves from his hands off and then undoing his jeans. Pushing them down, his throbbing cock is already leaking with precum, "You're going to suck me because you have me so turned on...fuck!"

He grabs my hair, and I open my mouth wide, so he can thrust himself into me. He's not gentle by any means. He takes me like I'm any whore he's plucked off the street, just to get himself off. With his head thrown back, he's not even

looking at me as he fucks me without a care. Just as he starts to grunt and his shaft expands, he pulls out, and shoots his load all over my face and chest. It matters none to me because I'm only concentrating on getting through the burning sensation still taking place in my back hole.

"Fuck, Precious. I think that was the hottest punishment I've ever given you." He smirks down at me, "Turn around and show me that ass."

Turning, I bring my head to the floor and reach back to spread my cheeks. I whimper because with every move ment, more burning takes place. Jace chuckles at me just before he pulls the root out. He taps my cheek, "Let's go get you in the tub, baby."

Helping me to my feet, he takes me to the bathroom and gives me a bath, washing his cum and the burning sen sation away. There is still a throbbing from the burn, but it's so much more tolerable. All in all, though, I'd have to say that even though I was being punished, Jace still made sure I had pleasure even if it's because it caused it to burn more. All I can say is that it was so worth it.

Chapter 69

JACE POV

Leaving Ella was tough, even knowing that I only have a month to go. I don't like knowing that she is there all alone, even if she does have friends, no one will protect her like will. Speaking of her friends, I don't trust that Gabe guy not to try anything sly with her. I could tell how much he likes my girl, and any guy in their right mind will do whatever it takes to get the girl he wants. Look at me for example, okay, maybe I went too extreme, but the point is, most men will do and say whatever they have to in order to get the

girl.



I'm sitting in my first period class on Monday morning, while thinking about my girl like this, when a commotion draws my attention to the front of the classroom. Two students come through the door ten minutes late laughing at whatever it is that they find so funny this early in the morning. I do a double take when I see who it is, and my hackles start to rise.

Toby and Brandon apologize to the teacher and then snicker as they make their way to their desks, which so hap

pens to be right beside mine. I glare at them, Brandon being the first of the two to even notice me, drops his snickering and clears his throat as he sits. Toby on the other hand, continues until he is planted in his chair and then takes a look around. Meeting my eyes, his demeanor changes and he swiftly looks to the front of the class.

I sit for a few moments, waiting for the teacher to reprimand them, but nothing happens. Once again, they get away with their bullshit. My desk flips, startling the whole class, as I stand up abruptly. Grabbing my things, I head for the door.

"Class is not over Mr. Palmer!" The teacher exclaims.

I stop and look at the weasel-looking instructor with his balding head and beady little eyes. I raise my hand and point to both Toby and Brandon, "If those two wannabe rapists can get away with everything, I'm sure I can get away with leaving class a little early!" I glare back at my two ex-friends and then slam through the classroom door, almost taking it off its hinges.

I don't wait for them to call me; I go straight to the office and turn myself in. When the secretary spots me, she smiles, "What can I do for you Jace? Shouldn't you be in class?"

"Yep, but I just walked out and figured I'd come straight here to talk to the principal."

"What class was it?"

"Speech with Wilson."

"And what was your reason for leaving?" She's writing everything down as she asks and I answer,

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"I don't do well with sitting in the same class as two people who tried to rape my girlfriend and then got off easy." As soon as the words are out of my mouth, she stops writing and looks at me with sympathy.

"How is Ella?"

All the teachers loved Ella, because she was so quiet and such a good student, so I'm glad to see that some sympathize with her, "She's doing better than expected. I just came back from seeing her over the weekend." I smile slightly at the memory of our time together.

"That's so good to hear. Please tell her that I said hi and that I miss seeing her pretty face in the halls." She glances around, and then tears up the paper that she was writing on, "The principal isn't in today. If Mr. Wilson calls the incident in, I will take care of it, but in the future, try and suffer through it. You only have a few weeks left."

"I will try my hardest, but what set me off is the fact that they disrupted class by coming in ten minutes late and

didn't even get in trouble for it." | scowl.

"Ah, I understand now. Okay, well, go cool off some where and then head to your next class."

"Okay, thanks, Mrs. Price."

As much as I would love nothing more than to walk out of these damn high school doors, I make myself stay. I think about Ella, and the life I want to have with her. I can't give her anything if I don't graduate and besides, who drops out a month before graduating? No, I will make myself focus and keep my head down. I have goals and it doesn't include being a high school dropout.

"Master Jace, will you fuck me now?" The sub that I'm training this evening isn't my normal client, she's one of Jude's, so of course, she expects to get fucked.

"No, I will not be fucking you. I have my own submissive for that." | begin to untie the woman.

Pouting, she sticks her lip out as if that's going to change my mind, "So does Master Jude, but he still fucks me. I pay good money for these sessions."

Sex Worker

Her statement really gets me this time, "Excuse me? What? Do you think that we are a bunch of sex workers that you pay in order to get fucked?"

The sub's stunned look only lasts a moment, "Well, aren't you? We pay you to teach us how to be the best submissive, so we can get what we want, and in return, you fuck us... Master Jace." She remembers to address me correctly at the end.

Before I lose my shit and do or say something that will piss Jude off, I clench my jaw, "I'm sorry to inform you that you are wrong in your assumption, and I'm sorry, but you will not be getting fucked by me tonight. Now, collect your clothes, and have a good night." | walk out of the training room seething with anger.

I make my way through the halls, submissive and Dominants both greeting me with respect, as they should. Unlike, whatever the fuck her name is, Cindy or Cathy, or something or other, they know who and what we are here for regardless of whether or not some trainers fuck them. It's not like I'm the first trainer not to fuck their client.

Jules is filing her nails when I walk into the reception area. At first, I think she's just fucking off, but when I start to speak, she holds her finger up, indicating that she will be with me in a moment.

"Yes. Master Hunter, I will pass along the message as

Sex Worker

soon as he comes in. Yes, thank you for calling, have a good night."

I feel bad when I realize that she's on the phone with a client and she's wearing the new earpiece that the boss bought for her to use. Pressing the button to turn it off, she rolls her eyes and smiles at me, "What can I do for you Master Jace?"

"Sorry, I didn't realize you were actually working." My eyes shoot down to the nail file and then I wink at her.

"I know, the nerve of some people to call in and leave messages!" She jokes.

"Anyway, I know I told you that I will pick up clients when the other Masters cannot come in or make their session, but you can cross the one that I just had off the list for me. I will not train her again, and to be perfectly honest, I think we should cut strings with her all together."

Jules frowns and looks down at the appointment schedule, "Are you talking about Cindy Titan?"

"Whatever her name is, yeah."

"Uh oh, what did she do now?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, Master Jude has been complaining about her as well."

"What a dick! That's probably why he had me take her tonight." I shake my head in disbelief, but chuckle, "Yeah, apparently, she thinks we are nothing but sex workers, and they pay us to fuck them. She was pissed because she wasn't getting dick tonight."

"Oh, wow. Uh, yeah, I will talk to the boss about her because this is her third strike, or complaint about her. It's not like we need her money. Besides, she will have to get in line after me if she wants a piece of the great Master Jace." She winks.

I throw my head back and laugh, "Oh, I'm going to miss you when I'm gone, Jules."

"Well, you better come back and visit when you are in town."

"You know I will."

"And bring Ella back, maybe I can talk her into letting me join sometime." She smirks.

"All I can say is that you can try." I say as I back out of the room on my way out.

I can't get home fast enough, so I can video chat with Ella before she goes to bed. It's only been one whole day, and I miss her like crazy. It will be so nice to be able to come home to her at the end of the day and not have to video chat with her. The house is dark as I make my way to my room in the basement, my parents are either having a date night or they are next door having drinks with the Baxter's.

Jumping into the shower right away, I need to get the smell of other women off me. Even though I don't fuck them, I still come home smelling of their perfumes and body washes, and it drives me crazy

because it isn't Ella's scent. Throwing on a pair of sweats, I sit back against my headboard and hit the video chat for Ella.

She answers right away, and her voice melts away every stressful moment from today, "Hey babe, how was your day?"

"Better now that I'm talking to you." | gaze at her make up-free face. She's always been very pretty but she has grown into a very beautiful young woman, and I am the lucky son of a bitch that gets to call her mine, "How was yours, baby?"

"It was horrible."

I sit up concerned that something bad had happened, "What happened, are you okay?"

"No, I'm not okay, my boyfriend left me yesterday and now I feel lost without him!" she pouts.

I lean back once more and chuckle, "Jesus, Ella, you can't do that to me! I thought something bad had happened."

"That is bad! Don't you think so?"

"Yeah, baby, I do, but still... don't ever do that to me again please."

"Okay. Do you need me to do anything for you? Do you need me to strip?" She asks tilting her head a little.

As much as I love seeing her naked, it's not what I want right now, "No, I want to see you just how you are."

I want to have a nice conversation with my girlfriend and not be her Dom, just for tonight. Being this way, reminds me of the old days when we would talk for hours at a time just after spending most of the day together. That's how close we were, and I miss it.

She tells me about her long day at both her jobs, and about some of the cranky customers, which I can see them

being cranky if they have yet to have their coffee fix. She then tells me how much her co-worker, Becky, wouldn't shut up about meeting me finally. She giggles every few minutes and I can't get enough of it. I feel like a love-sick fool, but I won't change a thing.

When she asks me to tell her about my day, I opt out of talking about my first class with the fuckers, but I do go on and talk about how she's dating a sex worker.

"Should I feel special for getting all the freebies?" she muses.

"You have a lifetime membership to the all-inclusive Sex with Jace. Your membership includes everything, and the best part is that it's free."

She giggles again, but then I see her face get serious, "You don't lose out on good paying customers by not having sex with them, do you?"

| scoff, "No, we don't charge for that part, baby. That is the trainer's preference. Why do you ask?"

She shrugs, "I just don't want you missing out on good money because you don't have sex with them because of me."

I choke on my own spit, "Where is this coming from? ||

have never had sex with the subs, even before you."

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"Okay..." she looks down at something on her lap.

"Look at me, Ella," I use my Dom voice just to get her attention, but I still talk to her as my girlfriend, "I don't work there for the sexual gratification. I work there because it's good training for myself and it pays very well. I would leave there if I didn't need to save up all my money."

"Why do you need to save up all your money? Won't your parents give you money?" She asks so innocently.

I smirk, "Yes, baby, they do, but my girlfriend slash sub missive has certain tastes and I don't think my parents would like it very much if I ask them for money so I can buy a sex swing or a new flogger or cane to use on you."

Ella bursts out laughing, "I never even thought about that."

"How about you tell Ethan that you need money to buy a new anal toy so your boyfriend can watch you use it?" I smirk, picturing the horrified look on her father's face as she asks.

"Oh no, daddy would have a heart attack! I'm pretty sure we have already given him a mini stroke that he hasn't told me about." Her face lights up, "Did I ever tell you how

mom tried having a "talk" with me?" She gives the cutest little snort as she laughs, "She started saying how she tried experimenting with my father, but it didn't work out so well."

"Oh wow, just what a daughter wants to hear!" I laugh, "It's sad that your mom has had three kids and you're way more advanced than she is."

"Is that your way of telling me that I'm sluttier than my mom?" She squints at me.

"Yes, baby, I am. There is absolutely nothing wrong with that since it's only with me. I love it when you're slutty." I

wink.

She blushes, and then yawns.

"Plug your phone in and prop it up. You need to sleep but I want to be able to see you. I feel better knowing that you're safe."

"Okay. Jace?"

"Yeah, baby?"

"I love you..."

I bite my lower lip and then smile back, "I love you, too,

Chapter 70

I shrug, "Don't I win at every game?"

"Pretty much," Deke says dryly, "I don't think she's allowed to win more than one game a night." He jokes.

"I second that!" Collin raises his hand.

"Hey, no fair! I can't help if I'm good at games." I pout but I'm really doing a happy dance on the inside. I like knowing that I'm good at something in a social setting.

"I hear you're good at other things as well," Deke smirks.

I smile at him, a bit confused, "Oh yeah, what is that?"

Keeping my attention on Collin's dealing as well, it isn't until Deke speaks again that I forget all about the other male and focus on the one that is talking about something he should know nothing about. I freeze as he goes on about how I like to be controlled during sex and that he would be more than happy to tell me what to do.

My eyes go straight to Gabe, but he can't look at me. He pretends to be interested in the cards that Collin dealt him. There is a little bit of a tick to his jaw, indicating that he isn't happy with his friend for mentioning it. I wasn't meant to know that he had told his other friends. He had no right, and he knows this.

"So, tell me, Ella. What would it take for *you* to let us tie you up and give you what you need?" Deke wiggles his brows

"DEKE, ENOUGH!" Gabe yells at his friend.

I get up, gather my things and head for the door. I can't stay here anymore. It's not that I'm embarrassed or any thing, but I feel outnumbered by people who don't understand my relationship with Jace.

"What?" I hear Deke reply to Gabe, "I'm just messing with her!"

"Ella, please," Reece begs, "Don't go. Deke can be a jerk, but he's harmless."

I try to give her a smile, but I fail, "Sorry, I gotta go." I flee their apartment and go back to mine, locking the door behind me. Tossing my stuff on the nearby counter, I go straight to my room and throw myself face down on my bed.

I want Jace here with me. There are still two more weeks that I have to get through before I can see him again, and they are going to be the longest two weeks ever! I'm in need of a release so bad, and I'm not talking about a simple vibrator release. I need to feel pain, that's the release I need, but not just any. No, only one person can give me what I need. So, feeling a little defeated, I head toward

my bathroom to take a long hot shower.

A knock on the front door draws my attention and I re direct where I'm going. Looking through the eyehole, I hesi tate before unlocking and opening the door. Gabe stands on the other side, looking a little sheepish. I cross my arms in front of my chest and wait for him to say something first.

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"Look Ella, I'm sorry for saying anything to the guys about your relationship with him." He can't even say his name, "I was frustrated because I have been waiting pa tiently ever since I met you, for you to be ready to date. Suddenly you come back, and you have a boyfriend who likes to hurt you..."

I hold my hand up stopping him right there, "First of all, Gabe, I have been crushing on Jace since I was sixteen. We have known each other our entire lives and were best friends until we had a fallen out. I never would have been ready to date anyone until I was completely over him." | run my fingers through my hair, "Look, you have been a good friend to me and I don't want to lose that, but if it comes down to it, I will choose Jace each and every time because even though I want to have you in my life, I NEED Jace in my life, and I don't expect anybody to understand it, but I do expect you to respect it." | stare at him for a moment, "As for him hurting me... he doesn't do anything that I don't beg him to do. What Jace does to me is because I ask him to do it, not because he likes hurting me. Actually, he doesn't like hurting me, but he loves me and knows that it's

what I want."

"Ella, I'm sorry. You're right, I don't understand any of this, but I do know that I still want your friendship. You're cool as shit, and I'd be an idiot if I let my lack of knowledge fuck up a good friendship."

| study him, hoping that he's being honest with me, and when I finally believe he is, I smirk, "I am pretty cool, aren't

I?"

Grinning from ear to ear, he nods, "Yes, you are."

"I guess you're pretty cool yourself, but you need to promise me one thing," I wait for him to nod, "You need to promise not to be a dick when he gets back here. I told him not to egg you on and now I'm telling you not to be a dick. I want my friends to like the man I love and know that I'm happy with him."

He rolls his eyes but smiles, "Fine, I guess I can do that for you, but you need to let me mess with him sometimes."

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I cock a brow at him, "We will see."

"Come here," he opens his arms and grins. I let him give me a friendly hug, "I truly am sorry about saying anything, and I will make sure that they never bring it up again."

"Thank you, I appreciate it." I hug him back and then step away.

He drops his arms right away, "Why don't you come back upstairs." He nods towards the stairwell.

“Nah, I think I’m just going to take a shower and then head to bed. It’s been a long day and I need to get a few things moved into the new apartment tomorrow.”

“That’s right, are you wanting any help? I’m free until about four o’clock.” Gabe offers.

“Any and all help would be great, thank you. I don’t have a whole lot, but I’m not looking forward to walking up and down those stairs that many times. I have a few boxes that I was going to wait and have my dad take up next week when they get here, but I prefer to have it all done by then.” I give him a grateful smile, “Lunch will be on me, of course.”

“Not a problem. I’ll even drag Reece out of bed to help.” He snickers.

“Don’t you mean to supervise?” I smirk.

“Yeah, I guess you’re right” We have a good laugh together and then he heads back upstairs.

I feel so much better now that we have cleared the air. I wouldn’t want to lose Gabe as a friend because he is a great guy, and a great friend. Locking the door once more, I head to the bathroom and hop into the shower. Once I’m done, and in my cami and sleep shorts, I go in search of my phone. I need to make sure I call Jace before I fall asleep. I find it adorable that he likes to be connected when we sleep. We have been able to tell each other goodnight and wake up to the other in the mornings this way.

I begin to panic when I don’t find my phone in any of the normal spots that I place it down at. I try to remember if I grabbed it when I left Reece and Gabe’s apartment, and I’m sure I did. Walking over to the counter where I set everything down at when I came in the door, everything that I had with my is there, except my phone.

“What the hell?” I think out loud. Going to my laptop, I open it up to see if I can find my phone’s location, but it doesn’t turn on. It must be dead, and now, I’m really getting frustrated. I go in search for my laptop charger, and what do you know, that’s gone as well.

Throwing on my kimono, I grab my house keys and lock my door before taking the stairs two at a time to Reece and Gabe’s. I can’t believe this is happening to me right now. It’s just my luck that not only do I lose my phone but, can’t find my charger for my dead laptop as well.

Reece opens the door and chuckles at the state of

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dress I’m in, “I didn’t realize we were having a slumber party!”

I giggle, “You wish. I’m looking for my phone; I can’t seem to find it in my apartment or my laptop charger. I’m sure glad my head is attached to my shoulders!”

“I saw you grab your phone when you left earlier,” Gabe says as he comes over after hearing my predicament.

“I thought so too, but I can’t find it anywhere.” I begin to bite my nail. I need to call Jace and at least let him know that I’m not ignoring him, “Can I use your phone quick?” I ask Reece.

“Sure, hold on.” She goes into the other room to go get



1. it.

"I can't believe you misplaced your phone in the short time that you left." Gabe goes into the fridge to grab a water. Offering me one, I shake my head, "I always leave my laptop on the charger while I'm at home. Haven't lost my charger yet." He grins.

"That's just it, I usually do too." I furrow my brow.

Reece comes back and hands me her cellphone. Thank God I know Jace's number by heart. When he answers, he sounds confused as to who it is calling.

"Hey, babe, it's me. I've misplaced my phone, so I thought I'd call you from Reece's phone, to let you know why I haven't called yet."

"Oh, that's okay, I just got home myself. Why don't you use your laptop to find it?" He asks and I snicker.

"Well, I seemed to misplace my charger for it and it's dead." I hear him sigh and then chuckle himself.

"Here, hold on. Let me see if I can find it from my end. What is your username and password for it?" I give him the information and wait for him to find it. "Uh, have you checked your pocket?" He laughs.

"I don't have pockets. I'm in my pajamas and robe. Why do you ask?"

"Ella, are you in your apartment right now?" He asks a bit strangely.

"No, I'm up in Reece and Gabe's apartment, why?"

"Your phone is in your apartment but it's moving around."

Chills run up my spine and I put the phone on speaker, "What do you mean, it's moving?"

"I'm telling you that someone must be in your apartment and has your phone because it's moving around!" He curses, "Call the police, Ella, now!"

"I'll go check it out, quick." Gabe states and leaves the apartment. It doesn't matter though because Jace's voice comes back over the line.

"They just left via the fire escape!" Reece and I run over to their window that overlooks the fire escape, and sure enough, there is a figure just jumping down to the ground. It's too dark to see who it is, though.

"Jace, someone was in my apartment while I took a shower!?" I begin to tremble, "They must have been in there at some other point as well in order to take my charger and let my laptop go dead."

"Call the police, Ella, now!" He orders.

"Reece is already using Gabe's phone to do it." I inform him as my friend nods at me.

"I'm coming back to you, Ella. You're not going to stay there without me anymore!" He says.

"Jace, you have to finish school! I'll be fine. I will stay up in the new apartment and get all the locks changed."

“I will figure it out about school, but i’m coming home to you baby.” I feel bad that he’s taking the time from school to come to me, but I do feel better I knowing that I will have him with me.

“Only come if you are able to finish online. Promise me that you won’t screw your last two weeks of school up just to come here.”

“Like I said, I will figure it out. I want you to stay with Reece and Gabe tonight,” he chokes out Gabe’s name but nevertheless, he still trusts me enough to stay in the same place that Gabe is, “I will call Reece’s phone tomorrow once I have another phone for you to pick up at the local store. Your phone’s gone silent, so they must have turned it off and we won’t be able to track it unless they turn it back on.”

“Okay, thank you.” I say softly.

“I promised you that I wouldn’t let anything else happen to you, and I tend to keep that promise, baby. I love you; go get some sleep now.”

“I love you too, Jace.” The line goes dead, and I hand Reece back her phone.

Gabe comes back, “The window to the fire escape was open, but your apartment is clear now.”

“Yeah, Jace told us the person was leaving through the fire escape,” Reece informed Gabe, “We saw their form, but it was too dark to make out. Ella is going to stay here for tonight.”

“Yeah, I think that’s a good idea. I don’t think they will be back tonight, but I don’t want to take any chances.” He states.

“The police are on their way now.” Reece informs us both, so all we have to do now is wait.