

## My Son's Bully

by Pan

"Did you really think that was going to work?"

Heather's mouth fell open at the audacity of what she was hearing.

Her son Paul had been bullied at school for months. He'd insisted that she stay out of it, that it was between him and Darren, but when he'd come home from school that day with tears in his eyes, Heather had put her foot down. She'd insisted he tell her where his tormentor lived, and gone over to deal with the situation.

Darren's parents' reaction had surprised her. They'd just nodded, as if completely unfazed to hear of his behavior, and sent her upstairs to speak to him directly.

Darren had been laying on his bed when she entered. He looked exactly as she'd expected - blond, pompous, muscular. More muscular than she'd anticipated, if she was being honest. It made sense though; she loved her son, but it was impossible to deny that he was a nerd. Darren, meanwhile, was the exact picture of a jock bully.

She'd gone into a tirade, telling the young man that it was completely unacceptable for him to treat her son this way, that she'd be talking to his principal, to his parents, that she'd do everything in her power to ensure that he learned the error of his ways and never bullied anyone again.

He hadn't said much in response - he'd just watched her, nodding, as his eyes travelled up and down her body, a half-smile on her face.

To her surprise, Heather had found her body growing warm at the attention, even as the angry words spilled out of her mouth. She tried to focus on the anger she was feeling about the way that this smug musclehead was treating her son, but her attention started to drift. She couldn't help but think about how little sex she and Paul's father had been having recently, how busy they'd both been.

How long it had been since she was naked, sweaty, her body heaving on their marital bed. How many months it had been since her husband had fucked her - truly *fucked* her, leaving her gasping, spent, flushed.

But she'd pushed back the distracting thoughts, and managed to focus on what she'd come to say. When she was done, she realized she was panting slightly at the exertion. She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear - it was damp with the sweat her rant had generated.

And that's when he'd said it.

"Did you really think that was going to work?"

It had taken Heather a moment to collect her thoughts. For some reason, a layer of goosebumps had formed across her skin - because of the passion she'd just shown defending her son, she told herself - and it was making her particularly sensitive. Aware of the air.

Aware of how much skin she was showing.

It wasn't much, to be fair. Heather knew she had a body that the other moms would kill for, but she rarely showed it off. Her mind flicked back to the last time she'd dressed up for her husband, wearing a set of lacy lingerie that he'd bought her for Christmas. His eyes had lit up at the sight of her voluptuous form stepping out of the ensuite, showing off her natural gifts, her huge tits and rounded ass, the body that she knew most men would pay any amount of money to see..

She wasn't dressed like that today. That wouldn't be appropriate. She was wearing a pair of white shorts, a blue-and-white striped shirt, and a light jacket over the top of it. She had beige slip-on flats on, with no socks.

Beneath that, she was wearing a supportive black bra, and matching panties.

Heather blinked twice. Why was she thinking about her underwear?

“How dare you,” she finally responded threateningly, her voice low. “You arrogant child. When I’m done with you...-”

Darren held one hand up, and Heather fell silent.

“I’ll stop you there,” he said casually. “This isn’t going to work. You’ve gone about it all wrong.”

There was a long pause as Heather reflected on his words. She couldn’t help but notice his eyes continuing to explore her body as she did, and her feeling of warmth following his gaze. While he was looking at her face, she found herself blushing slightly. When his attention moved to her ample chest, she realized her nipples were hardening.

When he stared at the white shorts, she felt her pussy grow hot. Needy.

How long had it been since she’d been fucked? Really fucked. Not married-fucked; properly fucked.

“So what should I do?” she finally responded in a whisper.

“For one, I’m bored.”

Heather’s eyebrows shot up.

“You’re *bored*?”

“Yeah,” Darren said with a yawn. Heather found herself watching his mouth as it stretched out, then closed again. He had a pair of soft, pink lips. Not what she’d have expected from her son’s bully.

“Bored?” she repeated again, entranced at the sight his lips. They were so soft.

“That’s right,” Darren nodded, his blond hair bouncing slightly as he did. It was down to his shoulders, like he was going for a Kurt Cobain look. Not, she realized, that he’d know who Kurt Cobain was, despite the resemblance. He was far too young. “I spend all day listening to teachers try to teach me stuff, or tell me off, and they at least have *some* power over me. If you want me to pay attention, you’ll have to do more than just stand there and yell at me.”

“What do you want, a dance routine?” Heather replied, with a roll of her eyes. Suddenly, the idea of dancing for Darren crossed her mind - a slow, sticky dance, his small bedroom filled with a throbbing bass.

That, she was sure, would get his attention. She smiled at the thought.

“Nothing that extreme,” he said, waving off the idea. Heather was surprised to find herself slightly disappointed by the boy’s response. “Just, like...I mean, look at what you’re wearing.”

The middle-aged woman did.

“What’s wrong with this?” she asked defensively. Did he not like it?

Why did that thought worry her so?

“Nothing’s *wrong* with it,” he said. “But is that really the best thing to wear if you’re trying to keep the attention of a teenage boy?”

“I guess not,” she said thoughtfully. He was right - if she’d wanted Darren to pay attention to her, she should have worn something that would keep his attention.

And she really, really wanted Darren to pay attention to her.

For Paul, of course. For her son.

Not for any other reasons.

“Sex sells,” he told her, a smile curling his soft, kissable lips. “When I’m looking at a hottie like you, what do you think I want to see?”

Heather blushed. Butterflies had appeared in her stomach at the news that Darren thought

she was a hottie.

“What?” she asked, suddenly shy.

“You’re a smart girl,” he said gently. “You’ll work it out.”

Heather nodded. She knew what he wanted to see; she’d just wanted him to tell her.

She wanted to be told what to do.

Without another word, she slowly stripped down to her underwear, wishing that she’d shaved. A few stray hairs were poking out the side of her panties; she was sure that the internet pornstars that Darren looked at didn’t have bushes like hers.

Next time, she’d be sure to shave.

“Okay,” she said, feeling tongue-tied. “Should I try again?”

“You’ve got my attention,” Darren said, his eyes feasting on her body. Her body was reacting like she was a puppet, like his eyes were pulling the strings - when he shifted his focus to her breasts, she thrust them forward; when he looked at her bare legs, she crooked one in front of the other like a model.

And when he looked at her pussy...

“You should leave my son alone,” she started. “If you don’t, I’m going to...-”

“Okay, I need to stop you there,” Darren said, holding up one hand. Heather obediently fell silent. He wasn’t looking at her face when he spoke, he was staring at her panties.

Heather hoped that the black panties would be enough to hide her wetness.

“I don’t respond well to threats,” Darren continued calmly, still staring at her cunt. Not that he could see it, of course.

A small gasp left Heather’s mouth at the idea of Darren seeing her bare pussy.

“You catch more flies with honey, as they say. Although we actually tested that once - it turns out that flies looove vinegar. It’s more useful as a metaphor than as advice on how to catch flies.”

Darren winked, and Heather was shocked to find herself giggling, her knees weak. Her son’s bully was...he was *funny*. And cute.

She hadn’t been expecting that, either.

“Okay,” she said with a nod. “So I should...”

“You’ve been using the stick,” Darren said. “Why not try the carrot?”

“What?”

“Don’t tell me what you’re going to do to me if I *don’t* stop. Make me an offer. Tell me exactly what you *will* do if I leave your kid alone.”

Heather’s eyes opened as she realized what he wanted. What she could offer.

“Please,” she said sweetly. “Please, Darren - leave Paul alone.”

“And what are you offering if I do?” he asked, an arrogant smile on his face.

Heather’s whole body tingled at the sight of that smile. Darren was a boy who knew what he wanted, and exactly how to get it.

And she knew she was going to give it to him.

“If you promise to leave Paul alone,” she said softly, “...I’ll let you see me.”

“See you what?” Darren asked teasingly.

“See me...naked.”

The last word came out as a moan. Heather could picture it - stripping off the last few pieces of black cloth separating her naked body from the bully’s gaze.

She hadn’t been nude in front of anyone but her husband in decades, but she’d let Darren see her naked. She *wanted* Darren to see her naked.

To protect her son, of course.

“Heather...” Darren replied mockingly. She didn’t remember giving him her name, but didn’t question how he knew it. Of course he knew it. “I have the internet. I can see naked MILFs any time of the day or night.”

“Oh.”

Heather’s heart sank. Of course he didn’t want *her*. He was right - she was in good form for a mother, but she couldn’t compete with the infinite professionals that the internet had to offer.

“Still, you might have something we can work with. Let me see, so I can properly consider your offer.”

Nodding eagerly, Heather undid her bra, allowing her huge tits to fall into view. She shivered with pleasure at the look of lust that appeared on Darren’s face - maybe she’d be able to negotiate with him after all.

As she slowly slid her panties down, his attention was drawn to the dark thatch between her legs. She felt so aroused, exposing herself to a teenage boy, showing him her womanly secrets. As his eyes focused between her legs, she moaned loudly - if she touched herself, she knew she’d cum right there and then.

“Hmmm...” he said, and a flash of inspiration hit the young mother.

“I’ll put on a show,” she purred, sitting down on the chair at his computer and slowly spreading her legs. “Whatever you want to see. I’ll show you how I touch myself, how hot I get. Have you ever seen a woman squirt?”

Darren’s eyebrows raised, and Heather knew that she had him. Her son would be protected - for that, any price would be worth it.

“No,” the teenage boy replied hoarsely.

“I squirt when I cum,” Heather admitted, staring the young man in the eyes. “I can’t help myself. Every time I get myself off, I soak the bed. The sheets. My panties...”

“And I can tell you what to do?”

“Yesss,” she hissed, her eyes rolling back with pleasure at the idea. “Whatever you order me to do, I’ll do. I’ll touch myself however you like - I’ll use whatever toys you want me to use.”

Heather had never used so much as a vibrator before, but her clit was throbbing at the idea of obeying Darren’s instructions, filling herself up with toys of his choice. She knew that she’d do it.

She’d do whatever it took.

“You will obey.”

“I will obey,” Heather said breathlessly.

“I want to film it,” he said flatly, and Heather nodded.

“Of course,” she panted, barely even able to believe what she was agreeing to.

“I want to be able to watch you any time,” Darren said with a smirk. “Any time of the day or night, I want your body, there for my viewing.”

“Yes,” the mother moaned, breathless at the idea. Her naked body, performing for the blond teen, freely accessible any time he wanted...

Why did the idea turn her on so much?

“You trust me with the videos?”

“Yes,” Heather lied. She didn’t trust Darren for a second, but if this was what it took to protect her son, to protect Paul, she’d agree to his terms.

Even if it meant giving him video footage that could destroy her marriage. Her reputation.

Even if it meant filming filthy masturbation videos for Darren to do whatever he wanted to, she'd do it.

She'd do anything.

"I don't know," Darren said, pausing. "Is this really what you want?"

"Yes," Heather said insistently. "I promise."

"Prove it," he replied with a grin. "Beg me."

Heather's eyes widened, but she barely paused for a second before getting down on her knees in front of the smug teenage bully.

"Please..." she begged. "Film me. Film me getting off for you. Please, Darren..."

Heather's heart sank as Darren's eyes were drawn from her exposed breast, moving to her face.

"Please," she repeated. "I need it. I need this so much."

As his eyes burned into her, she began to tremble at the intensity of his attention.

"I'm sure that's all stuff I can find online," he said with a half-shrug. "What else you got?"

The eyes of Heather's son's bully eyes were burning into hers, and she was struggling to breathe. It was like he was applying a firm pressure to every part of her body; all she could think about was the fact that she was naked in his bedroom, naked in a teenager's bedroom, naked for him, her pussy wet, her nipples hard, her huge breasts exposed.

"What do you want?" she finally gasped, unable to think.

"What can you offer?" he asked, refusing to let his gaze up for a second.

Heather's eyes widened as a thought entered her mind, unbidden.

He wanted her. He wanted to take her. He wanted to use her body for his pleasure; use *her* for his pleasure. It wouldn't be enough to watch her cum, he wanted her to make *him* cum.

He wanted her to get him off.

Heather almost climaxed at the idea.

"I can't," she groaned. "Oh, god, Darren, please...I can't."

"Then we're done here," he said dismissively.

"No..." Heather pleaded. "Darren, I...I..."

"You want me to leave your son alone or not?"

"I'll give you head," Heather said, the words tumbling out of her mouth before she could stop them. "Please. Let me blow you."

Darren's lips curled back, showing his sharp teeth.

"Oh yeah?"

"Yes," Heather said. She was already on her knees, and - with great effort - she managed to tear her gaze away from his intense eye-contact, and focus on his cock, hidden behind layers of fabric in front of her. "Please. I'll...I'll let you cum in my mouth. Or on my tits. Wherever you want. Please..."

She realized what she must look like - naked, dripping with arousal, on her knees in front of a fully-dressed teenager, begging for his cock. Begging to please him.

It felt so *right*.

"What else?"

"I'll let you film it," Heather said, pleadingly. "You can film me blowing you."

Darren nodded, and gestured to a camera that Heather hadn't noticed in the corner of the room. It was pointing straight at them, like it had been waiting for her to arrive.

Like Darren had known she was coming. What she would offer.

"Turn it on," he ordered, and Heather obeyed without hesitation. As she moved her naked

body across the room, she put a sway in her step, hoping that Darren was staring directly at her round, firm ass.

The red light turned on, and Heather shivered. The screen was facing her, allowing her to see what the camera saw. Her tits, on display for the teenage boy.

Her naked body, on camera, recorded for eternity.

She could feel her pussy leaking as she made her way back to the side of Darren's bed, as she fell to her knees. She'd never sent her husband so much as a nude; she was about to let her son's bully record her giving him head.

"Are you ready?" he asked with a sneer, and she nodded. "Beg."

"Please, Darren. Please, let me blow you."

"Why?"

"To protect my son," she answered immediately.

"That's all?"

"Yes," she lied, and his dark eyes flared.

"Don't lie to me," he said threateningly.

"...and because I want it," she admitted. It was true. She didn't know why she had this sudden urge, but she did. She wanted this muscular jock to use her mouth for his pleasure, to cum down her throat. She wanted to swallow his seed.

She wanted to obey.

"Please."

"So you want to blow me," he said, and she nodded. "How often?"

"Whenever you want," Heather answered without hesitation. She could picture it now - her phone going off, leaving her husband and family to find Darren, to get down on her knees, to take him in her mouth until she came.

"I need it," she admitted. She wanted it so bad. She wanted to taste his cock. She wanted to use her body to please him. To pleasure him. She wanted to use her mouth to make him feel good.

"What if I said every morning before school, and every night before I go to bed?"

"We'll make it work," Heather nodded, mentally reorganizing her schedule to make it happen. She'd have to start going into work a little late, and staying later, and driving over every night to get Darren off before he slept. She'd have to quit her book club, and her leader role at boy scouts, but it would be worth it, just to taste his cock twice a day.

And to protect her son, of course. That was why she was here. That was why she was offering her body up to the bully.

"I dunno," he said thoughtfully. "How do I even know if you're any good?"

"Let me show you," Heather said, her eyes lighting up. She knew that giving head was one of her strongest skills. "I'll show you right now. Please."

"Fine," Darren said. "Show me."

Heather was beaming as she crawled between the teenage boy's legs, unzipping his pants and pulling his thick cock out. It wasn't the largest she'd ever had, but it was larger than her husband. Even so, she knew she'd be able to swallow it down with ease, demonstrating exactly what she was capable of.

Darren watched her, his smile not reaching his dark eyes as she slowly swallowed his cock, staring at him as she did. She knew that men liked when she looked at them during sex. Not that this was sex, of course; this was just a blowjob.

This was for her son.

With one hand, she began jerking off the exposed shaft, her tongue swirling around the head of Darren's cock. His pre-cum was salty, and she swallowed it down eagerly. With her other hand, she began to softly caress his balls - she wanted to reach between her own legs, but she knew that she'd cum if she did, and she needed to focus her attention on her son's bully. On his cock.

"Good girl," he said, smiling down at her, his voice thick with lust. Every inch of Heather's being shimmered with pleasure at his words, and she continued attacking his cock with every trick she knew.

Within seconds, she'd swallowed his entire cock down, holding her breath as it entered her throat. Narrowing her eyes as she looked up at him, she began slamming it against the back of her throat, forcefully face-fucking herself with his cock.

"God," he said with a groan. Heather moved her hands to Darren's thighs for support, as she gave it everything she had. He was rock-hard in her mouth; harder than her husband had been in years. *The benefits of youth*, she told herself with a smile.

All the while, she was aware of the red light in the camera, capturing her actions. Capturing her unfaithfulness. Capturing her giving head to someone who wasn't her husband.

He'd probably use the video to assess how good she was, she realized, to decide if her offer was worth it. Heather made sure to put on a show - she simultaneously showed her body off to Darren, in front of her, above her...and to the camera, at the side.

It wasn't easy, but Heather made it work. She knew that she had to, if she was going to protect her son.

If she was going to get to do this again. And again, and again, and again...

Before long, Heather began to recognize the signs of an impending orgasm. She quickly pulled Darren's hard rod out of her mouth, and used one arm to hold up her breasts as targets, opening her mouth wide and staring at him lustfully.

Her hand replaced her mouth, and she jerked him off rapidly, not saying a word, staring at him like a blow-up doll, like a parody of wanton lust. It wasn't long before she was rewarded with two, three, four strings of cum, shooting out of the teenager's cock and landing on her exposed breasts, some in her mouth.

Heather swallowed it down needily, her lips smacking as she treasured the taste of his cum. When she was done, she lifted her sizable tits to her mouth, greedily licking and sucking his cum off her tits as well, presenting herself to the camera.

When she was done, her skin was glistening with saliva and sweat, and Darren had a giddy look on his face.

"You missed a spot," he said, putting his hand gently on her chin and bringing her face to his level.

Before Heather knew what was happening, Darren was kissing her, his tongue exploring her mouth. She was surprised - whenever she went down on her husband, he never wanted to go near her mouth afterwards, afraid of accidentally getting a taste of his own cum.

Darren had no such compunctions - after several minutes of making out, he moved his mouth to her tits, licking and sucking on her nipples, before gently biting them.

His hands began to roam her body - they were rough, in a way her husband's weren't, and she quickly found herself writhing with pleasure at his touch.

She wasn't sure when his hand had moved between her legs, but it wasn't long before she was seeing stars. Darren's fingers were masterful, filling her with an intense pleasure, bringing her to the brink of orgasm...but always backing off *just* before she came.

“Please,” she begged, but he just laughed in response.

Finally, as though suddenly bored, he pushed her off him. She lay on the bed, heaving, her body feeling like a tightly-wound coil, like she just needed something - *anything* to push her over the edge.

He watched her for several minutes, until she finally calmed down enough to speak again.

“Well?” she asked coquettishly. “Did I pass the test?” and Darren laughed.

“That was pretty good,” he admitted. “Yeah; I’ll consider it.”

Heather’s eyebrows rose, and she tried to ignore the insistent throbbing of her pussy, desperate for attention. “You’ll *consider* it?”

“Yeah,” he shrugged. “Like I said; it was pretty good. You do that for your husband?”

“Sometimes,” she replied.

“Hmmm,” he said. “I don’t like that.”

“I can stop,” Heather said quickly, surprising herself.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” she said. “That can be only for you.”

“Okay,” he nodded. “Okay, I like that. What else?”

Heather’s mind filled with an image of her tits bouncing as she rode Darren on his bed, but she quickly dismissed it.

“You can see me cum...” she said seductively, disappointed by the shrug she received in response.

“I can see people cum online.”

“You can...you can make me cum.”

“I’ll bet,” he grinned. “Doesn’t seem like much of a challenge, though.”

Heather wanted to be annoyed, but he was right. He’d gotten her so worked up - it felt like a thin breeze would be all she’d need to cum.

“You can fuck my tits,” she her eyes flicking to the red light in the corner of the room.

“That sounds good,” Darren said with a grin. “But I want more.”

“You...you can fuck me,” Heather said, shocked at how easily he’d made her fold. It didn’t help that her throbbing pussy was doing most of the thinking.

All it wanted was to be fucked.

All she wanted was Darren’s cock, inside her.

“Maybe,” Darren said. The ache inside Heather’s body grew, magnified at his indifference. She wanted more than to feel him inside her - she wanted him to *want* her, to crave her body as much as she craved his.

As much as she craved his cock.

“You can fuck me bareback,” she offered, blushing at her crude suggestion. “You don’t need to wear a condom.”

“Maybe,” Darren repeated, and Heather’s eyes lit up as she remembered his earlier request. She knew exactly what would push him over the edge.

“I make my husband wear a condom,” she purred. As she’d predicted, the boy’s interest was immediately piqued.

“Oh?”

“Mmm-hmm,” she said, a sultry smile dancing around her lips. “I can’t go on birth control - ever since Paul was born, my husband has used a condom.”

Darren reached out and rested his hand on her hip possessively.

“I like that,” he admitted. An explosion of butterflies appeared in Heather’s stomach. It felt



so good to please this boy.

She wanted to use her body to please him.

“You’ll be the first man in decades to fuck me unprotected,” she said, her eyes fluttering at the idea. “Please.”

“Maybe,” Darren said for a third time, but his tone was different, and Heather knew he didn’t mean maybe.

Heather knew he was going to fuck her.

She couldn’t wait.

“But you have to leave Paul alone,” she said, trying to take advantage of his sudden enthusiasm.

“Maybe,” Darren repeated. His hand moved down her body, between her legs, and Heather saw stars as he touched her dripping pussy for the first time.

“Oh, *god...*”

“Let’s see how this feels,” he muttered. He moved her hand to his cock - it was hard again - and she wrapped her hand around it and moaned. It felt harder than before, somehow.

Darren’s cock felt like it defied the laws of nature.

She couldn’t wait to feel it inside her again.

“You’ll leave my son alone?” she repeated, looking up at him. His smug smile returned as he positioned herself at her dripping entrance.

“We’ll see,” he said, and slowly pushed his thick cock inside her.

Heather’s eyes widened as the teenage bully’s erection entered her. “Darren...” she moaned.

“Mmm?”

“Oh, *god*. Darren...”

Darren’s brow furrowed, and a grin flashed across his face as he entered her.

“Darren...” Heather repeated for a third time. “Fuck. I’m...I’m going to cum...”

The mother of two had been on the edge of an orgasm for what felt like hours, so she was unsurprised to find her toes curling as the muscular boy’s plump cock filled her up. She felt so tight, so wet - she’d had sex before, of course, but she’d never before had such a feeling of *fullness*.

It felt amazing.

“Darren!” she panted, as her cunt spasmed around the intruding rod, her hips bucking uncontrollably. The teenage boy paused, his cock only halfway inside her, as a viscous liquid began to gush from between her legs. “Oh, fuck!”

His curiosity sated, Darren continued entering her, until his public hair joined hers, his cock completely inside her. Heather looked up at him adoringly.

“Fuck,” she sighed with pleasure. “Darren...”

“I’m going to fuck you now,” he replied, and she nodded in awe.

“Please...”

Darren pulled his cock out from between the middle-aged woman’s legs, then plunged it back in, again and again and again. To Heather’s great surprise, another orgasm immediately began to build. She felt so helpless - so *used*.

She loved it.

“Yesss...” she moaned. “Oh, god, *Darren...*”

It wasn’t long before another orgasm began to shake her body. Darren ignored her vibrations, ignored the new jet of liquid that began spraying his pelvis - his focus was entirely on

the hard, steady fucking he was giving her.

Heather could feel the teenage boy's cock throbbing inside her - it was hard as steel, and with every pump, with every thrust of his hips, she felt completely dominated. Owned.

It felt amazing.

She'd been fucked before - by her husbands, by boyfriends before that, even by a one-night stand or two. But never like this, never so thoroughly. As her orgasm subsided, she was stunned to feel another one immediately building - as Darren continued pounding her, her climaxes got closer and closer together, until her eyes rolled back in her head and she was unable to differentiate one from another.

Heather was cumming, cumming, cumming, a constant state of orgasm. It was melting her brain, electrifying her body - she'd never, ever felt so good. She'd never felt so *alive*. She never wanted it to stop, she wanted to live the rest of her life like this, on her back in the teenage boy's bedroom, his hardness between her legs, fucking her into a puddle of neverending orgasms.

For a moment, she felt like she'd left the physical plane, stepped outside of her body and was able to observe the scene from the outside - her, a happily married woman, on her back in a stranger's bedroom, letting him use her naked, limp body as a sex toy, as a sleeve, while a camera sat a few feet away and recorded everything.

Before she could reflect on that, she was brought back into the moment by two words, gutturally muttered by Darren:

"I'm cumming..."

"Yes," she panted. "Please. Please, Darren, cum inside me. Please, Darren, please - I want it so much. I want your cum. I want you to cum inside me. Please..."

"I'm cumming," he repeated, and with a powerful moan, he thrust inside her, mashing his pubic hair against hers, his cock throbbing and pulsing as he filled her with his seed.

Heather's legs twitched as a final orgasm overcame her, and her aching cunt managed to gush one final burst of liquid, bouncing off Darren's muscular stomach and adding to the pile of sodden sheets on the bed.

When Darren was done, he slowly pulled out of her, and she groaned and twitched at the sensation.

"Please..." she whimpered. Darren ignored her, and got up to check the tape.

When he was done, he threw her a towel and a fresh bottle of water. She gulped it down thirstily - she'd never cum so much, so fast and frequently before - and she felt completely drained, physically and emotionally.

She'd just given her body to her son's bully. No, more than given - she'd *begged* him to take her. She'd pleaded for him to fill her up with his thick cock, to fuck her hard...and when he had, it had been the single best sexual experience of her life.

Possibly the single best experience of her life, period.

And to make it worse, she'd let him film it.

"You won't do anything with that tape, will you?" she asked, gulping down the last of the water. Darren's arrogant look was back as he threw her another bottle.

"Maybe," he said with a grin. "Maybe I'll show it to Paul."

"No," she gasped. "Please. Darren. You can't."

The idea of her son seeing how she'd behaved, what she'd let Darren do...how much he'd made her cum. That couldn't happen. She knew it couldn't.

Why had she let him film her? Why had she given into his demands so easily?

He hadn't even agreed not to bully her son.

“You need to leave Paul alone,” she begged.

“Do I now?” he grinned in response. Her pussy pulsed at the sight of his arrogant smile. God he was a hottie.

“Please,” Heather said. “I’ll do anything.”

“Anything?” he asked, one eyebrow raised.

“Yes,” Heather insisted. “Please...haven’t I shown what I’ll do? I’ll...I’ll fuck you again.”

Her clit tightened at the thought. God she wanted to fuck Paul again.

“I dunno,” he said nonchalantly.

“Darren, please. I...I need this.”

“This?” he asked, wagging his dick at her. It was only semi-hard, coated with a mixture of their juices. His drying cum, her pussy juices, the thick liquid she emitted whenever she came.

Her mouth watered at the idea of taking his half-hard cock into her mouth, cleaning it, tasting it, making it hard once more...

“Yes,” she admitted. “But...my son. I need you to leave him alone. I’ll do anything.”

“Like what?”

“*Anything*,” Heather said urgently. “I’ll...I’ll fuck you in my bed.”

Her eyes fluttered at the idea. Sneaking Darren into her house, fucking him in the bed she shared with her husband. Squirted onto her marital bed, before taking another load of his cum deep inside her.

“Eh,” he said, throwing her another bottle of water, then sitting beside her on the bed.

Only after drinking down half the bottle did his reaction hit her.

“...what does that mean?” she asked quietly, embarrassed. Had...had it not been good for him? He’d cum so ferociously, she’d assumed he’d enjoyed it as much as she had. She knew that she was a catch, that her body was one that men dreamed of - particularly boys like Darren.

“I mean...”

“What?” she asked desperately, as the silence stretched on.

Darren shrugged.

“It’s just...I did most of the work.”

Heather’s cheeks reddened. He was right. She’d blown him with gusto, putting everything she could into the loving head that she’d given him...but when it came to the sex, she’d basically just lay there.

She’d lay still on the bed and let him give her the most intense orgasms she’d ever experienced.

“I can do better,” she said. “Please. Tell me what you want, and I’ll do it.”

Darren sat down on the bed beside her. His eyes travelled up and down her sweaty, sticky body - just like earlier, her body was acutely aware of his gaze. When he looked at her neck, she imagined his hand wrapped around it as he fucked her. When he looked at her tits, she could do nothing but remember what it had felt like when his mouth was on them.

As his eyes moved down her stomach, she pictured herself at the gym - where she hadn’t been in years - working out, doing crunches, spending time on the treadmill, improving her fitness for him.

For Paul.

For her son’s bully.

And when his eyes moved to the creampie between her legs, his white seed oozing out from between the fat lips of her labia, she moaned uncontrollably.

“I’ll ride you,” she begged. “You can lie back and do nothing. I’ll milk the cum out of you.”

I'm so wet for you Darren, please..."

"No," he said, reaching out. To her surprise, his hand didn't move to her pussy, but to her ass. He pulled her towards him.

She obeyed.

"What, then?"

"I want to fuck you here," he said, his finger gently probing the tight rosebud of her ass.

"Does your husband do this?"

"No...no one ever has."

"I want to fuck your ass," he said smugly. "Let me take your virgin asshole."

Heather wanted to fight back. She'd never had any interest in anal sex - it had always seemed unseemly. Unpleasant.

Unladylike.

But if Darren wanted it, she knew that she'd obey. She knew he'd do anything he wanted.

Anything.

"Yes," Heather groaned, as one of Darren's hands pinched her nipple possessively. "Do it. Yes. Please..."

"Right now," he said, and she was surprised to find that the teenage boy's cock was thickening once more. Three times in less than an hour...her husband had been like that, once, but age had taken its toll. Now, after he came once, he was done for the night.

"Yess..." she moaned, closing her eyes as she realized what she was agreeing to.

She'd come over to lecture Darren, to make him stop bullying her child. Now, she was agreeing to let him fuck her ass, a place no man had ever gone.

Her clit was threatening to burst.

"Do it," she repeated. "Right now. Please, Darren. I...I need it."

"Tell the camera," he instructed, and her heart skipped a beat at the thought of anyone seeing this recording. Her husband, seeing her give up her ass to a teenager. Her son, watching her being dominated by his bully.

Darren, later, jerking off as he watched himself fill her ass with his seed.

"I need Darren's cock," she whispered, staring into the dark lens in the corner. She hadn't even noticed he'd started the recording again, but the blinking red light told her that their entire conversation had been recorded.

"Where?"

"In my ass," she murmured. "I...I need him to fuck my ass."

"Talk about how much better I am than your husband."

"So much better," she moaned, closing her eyes, wishing that she was lying, knowing she was telling the truth. Her voice grew louder as she continued. "God, Darren. You're so much bigger. So much thicker. You get so much harder."

"Tell the camera why you've never let him fuck your ass."

"He's not a real man like you," she said, immediately understanding what the boy wanted to hear. "You're a better lover than he'll ever be. You have a real man's cock, and I want it. I need it. I'm completely addicted."

"Don't cum," Darren warned, noticing that she'd moved one hand between her legs. "You aren't allowed to cum until I do."

A whimper left Heather's lips.

"Now get me ready," he instructed, and Heather tore her eyes from the red dot, and focused her attention back on the hard cock that was waiting for her.

As his thick rod slipped between her lips for the second time that afternoon, Heather realized she'd have to make a real effort not to cum. Despite the string of powerful orgasms she'd just had, the situation was so hot, she felt so *heightened*. Just the sensation of blowing Darren had left her throbbing once more, her clit begging for attention, her pussy aching to feel the teenager's shaft enter her again...

But it wouldn't be her pussy that he invaded, not today. It would be her ass.

She shuddered with arousal at the thought. It felt so *wrong*, letting a cock inside her there. But - as everything with Darren did - it also felt so inexplicably *right*...

"Good girl," Darren moaned. "Good little cocksucker..."

As her tongue swirled around the boy's head, lapping up the combination of their juices, Heather wanted to beam with joy. He was right - she *was* a good little cocksucker. She *was* a good girl.

She was Darren's good girl. She was a good little slut for her son's bully.

It felt so comfortable. So natural.

So *right*.

When the teenager's balls and cock were completely clean, and he was rock-hard once more, Heather stood up. On her knees, sucking cock - that was easy. It made her tingle all over. She knew that she was good at it, and she loved the feeling; the taste of cock in her mouth, the familiarity of it.

But what was coming next? That was new. Intimidating.

Scary.

"You ready?" Darren asked, and she nodded, not wanting to show him how scared she was. Glancing at the camera in the corner, she forced a smile to her face.

"Let's do this," she said.

Heather gasped as as Darren picked her up and moved her into position. She'd realized he was fit, but the knowledge that he could just pick her up and place her where he wanted...she shivered with arousal.

"You're going to love this," Darren said. Heather wasn't sure if he was reassuring her or giving an order, but she nodded - she was on all fours on the teenager's bed, her large breasts swaying gently beneath her, her asshole exposed to the camera. To Darren.

She jumped, startled, as his cock touched the entrance to her tight asshole. Unlike the hot cock she'd been enjoying all afternoon, it felt cold, and it took her a moment to realize that he must have coated it with lube.

Heather's mouth fell open as he began to enter her virgin ass, moving incredibly slowly. It didn't hurt, it just felt like an intense pressure, a feeling of fullness that didn't let up, and began to grow and grow as Darren continued to push his thick cock inside her.

"Jesus," he grunted. "You're so fucking tight."

"Are you in?" Heather gasped in response. Her question was met with a laugh.

"I'm barely getting started."

Heather's eyes widened as she realized he was right - he continued to push forward, inch after inch of his monster cock entering her rear passage. The feeling of fullness had turned into one of slight pain, but she clenched her jaw, refusing to let it show.

She was doing this for Paul. For her son. She was taking her bully's cock inside her ass to protect him.

Heather closed her eyes as Darren continued pushing forward. She needed to distract herself from the intense sensations of his penetration. She pictured herself on her knees in front of him,

blowing him, her submission being recorded by the camera.

“Oh...”

She remembered how large his cock had been in her mouth, how big and thick and delicious it had been. A sense of pride filled her as she realized that she was taking that mammoth cock deep inside her ass - her pain began to fade as her arousal grew, even as Darren never slowed down.

“God...”

Heather opened her eyes, wishing she could see the camera, a desperate urge to watch herself being penetrated suddenly overcoming her. Turning her head, she watched over her own shoulder as Darren continued to fill her up, fill her ass with his huge, unrelenting cock.

“Fuuuuck...”

She remembered how full she'd felt when he was inside her pussy, how good that had felt. Looking up, she noticed Darren was watching her with a grin, enjoying the shocked look on her face. “That’s almost it,” he leered, and Heather nodded, suddenly feeling too full to breathe. “You’ve almost taken it all.”

“Mmm...”

As Darren stared into her eyes, the last of the pain faded, to be replaced with a sense of accomplishment. The fullness was no longer a nearly-unbearable pleasure; now, it was a point of pride. She'd taken the teenage boy's huge rod.

She was doing all she could to protect her son.

As she was just about to start to relax, Heather's eyes boggled as Darren pulled out of her ass, leaving her with a sudden feeling of emptiness...before just as quickly ramming himself back in.

The pain was back, but only momentarily. It mixed with the strange sense of pride, the overwhelming feeling of fullness, and the mix caused something Heather hadn't been expecting - a sudden burst of arousal.

“Oh, *fuck!*”

“Do you like this?” Darren asked, his voice low, his breathing unsteady as he repeated the motion - pulling out, then fucking her tight ass once more. “Are you a good little ass-slut for my cock?”

“Oh god, *yes,*” Heather replied instinctively. It was true - it was all true. He'd been right, she *loved* it. He was right, she *was* a good little ass-slut for his cock.

She'd never thought that being taken like this could be so satisfying, but suddenly it was all she wanted. She felt like such a dirty slut - all at once, it felt wrong; it felt right; it felt painful; it filled her with a deep, deep pleasure.

“Fuck me,” she found herself saying, turning back to face the wall of Darren's bedroom once more. “Please. Darren. Fuck my ass.”

Darren didn't say a word, but he sped up slightly at her words. Her eyes kept going in and out of focus, looking at the wallpaper of Darren's room - a collection of planes, boats, and cars, presumably left from when he was young. They zipped around as the teenage bully fucked her ass.

“God,” she moaned. “I can't believe how much I love this. This is so much better than I could have imagined.”

“You're my little anal whore,” Darren grunted, grabbing her hips as he pounded into her ass. She could feel his pubic hair meeting her ass cheeks with every thrust - at some point, he'd managed to fit his entire cock inside her.

“Yesss,” she replied with a nod. “I’m your anal whore. You can take my ass whenever you like. Please, Darren, fuck my ass. I want it so bad.”

“Your ass belongs to me.”

“My ass belongs to you,” Heather replied, her eyes rolling back in her head with pleasure. She reached between her legs - her clit was begging for attention, and she was unable to resist its call.

“Your body belongs to me.”

“My body belongs to you,” Heather huffed.

“Your orgasm belongs to me,” Darren reminded her, and Heather nodded enthusiastically.

“I won’t cum until you do.”

“Fuck,” Darren panted. His thrusting had become less rhythmic, like he was losing control. “I’m gonna cum. I’m gonna cum in your tight...fucking...ass...”

“Cum,” Heather begged, her fingers dancing over her clit, her ass producing more waves of pleasure than she’d ever thought possible. “Cum inside me. Be the first man to...oh, god...be the first to cum inside my ass...”

“I’m gonna cum,” Darren repeated. “Fuuuuck...”

The small room was filled with a bellow of joy as Darren’s cock pulsed inside Heather, filling her with his seed. At the feeling of her son’s bully’s hot cum splashing inside her virgin ass, Heather’s fingers sped up, and it wasn’t long before she was cumming too, collapsing onto the bed as a burst of intense liquid squirted out of her.

Heather barely noticed Darren slowly pulling his cock out of her, causing his cum to dribble onto the stained sheets of his bed. She managed to muster enough strength to roll over and watch him pick the camera off the tripod and move it - still recording - to where she was laying, completely spent, on the bed.

“How was that?” he asked, his voice breathy, his grin smug.

“Amazing,” Heather replied honestly, batting her eyelids for the camera. “Darren...that was amazing.”

With some effort, she raised her hands to her large tits, cupping them and rolling her nipples around for the camera, causing sparks of pleasure to shoot throughout her body.

“What did you think of your first anal orgasm?”

“Godd...” Heather said with a shudder. She was too spent to even try to work out what he wanted her to say, to play to the camera, and just answered honestly. “It was so. Fucking. Good. We can do that any time.”

“Just me, right?”

“Yes sir,” she replied immediately, without thinking. “My ass belongs to you.”

“What about these?”

With one hand on the camera, Darren reached out and tweaked her erect nipple with the other.

“Those too,” Heather replied dreamily, a wide smile on her face.

“And this?”

Heather shuddered with pleasure as Darren slipped one finger into her pussy.

“It’s yours. It’s all yours.”

“Good girl,” Darren said with a smile, turning the camera off and throwing it onto the bed. He leaned forward and kissed her; once more, she was surprised by the softness of his lips, the confidence of his explorative tongue.

When he’d had his fill, he pulled back. It took a few moments for Heather to return to

reality - when she did, she fought through the arousal, knowing there was one thing that she still hadn't confirmed.

"...and my son?" she asked shyly. On one hand, that was why she was here - to protect Paul from his bully. On the other hand, what if he said the afternoon's events had been enough, that she'd succeeded, that he didn't want anything more from her?

"What about him?" Darren asked, a cruel smile dancing around his soft, utterly kissable lips.

"Will you leave him alone?"

"I've never touched him," the teenage boy replied, staring straight into Heather's eyes.

"What?"

"I've never touched your son."

"But...then..."

Heather's forehead furrowed as she tried to process exactly what Paul had told her over the past few months. As she thought, Darren's hand returned to the wetness between her legs - not an unwelcome intrusion, but certainly one that made it harder for her to concentrate.

"...then why did he come home crying today?" she finally asked with a slight gasp. Darren really was *very* talented with his hands.

"Because," Darren said, his flat tone leaving no doubt in Heather's mind that he was telling the truth. "I told him that today was the day."

"What day?"

"I told him today was the day I was going to fuck his mother."

Darren's finger had been joined by two more, and they were slowly, lazily sawing in and out of Heather's cunt, causing her to twitch internally even as she tried to concentrate on what he was saying.

"But...why did that make him cry?" she finally responded, her breathing uneven. Darren's talented fingers had already brought her to the brink of yet another orgasm. "It was true."

"Some people just can't accept the truth," Darren shrugged.

"I guess," Heather said with a nod, feeling slightly embarrassed. No wonder Darren had been so dismissive of her at first - she'd been trying to make him stop doing something he hadn't even been doing.

"What are you doing tomorrow?" Darren asked, abruptly changing the subject. "Do you know Joanne, Terry's mom?"

"Uh huh..." she panted. Joanne was one of the few Moms who competed with Heather's own body, with her looks.

"She's coming around tomorrow afternoon. She thinks I've been bullying her son. Come over, maybe you can help me convince her that I'm not."

"Yesss," Heather hissed, as she spasmed in orgasm, squirting onto Darren's muscular arm. "Whatever you want, Darren..."

"Whatever you want..."