

## Bully Moves in Next Door Pt. 01

The sun shines brightly as I step off the bus. Summer vacation started barely a week ago and it was already beautiful out.

I begin walking the several blocks to my house, tired but upbeat after my first day of work. I found out that I had gotten my very first job the afternoon of my graduation. Mr. Gottlieb, who owned a small ice cream parlor across town, was looking for an assistant. My interview was only a few days prior to graduation and honestly, I thought I had screwed it up. I stammered my way through, barely able to meet old Mr. Gottlieb's scowling eyes. But he must have sensed my can-do attitude and believed me when I told him I had a good work ethic because he called during my graduation lunch to offer me the job.

Mr. Gottlieb was hard to impress, but I'm sure he noticed how much effort I put in on my first day, despite never ceasing to scowl.

I turned the corner onto my street, lost in happy thoughts of my impressive first day of work, and noticed a moving truck outside the house next door to mine. Old Mr. Reed has been trying to find a new tenant for a couple months. Guess he finally found someone to rent it to.

Walking up my driveway, I tried to get a glimpse into the house next door to see what the new neighbors were like. The houses in my neighborhood were long and skinny. They sat close together on narrow lots. Our driveway ran perpendicular to the driveway next door, separated only by a chain link fence.

Slowing down, I attempt to peer into the open front door when a voice calls out to me; one that makes me freeze with pure dread.

"Kyle Finnegan, the bitch himself!"

Turning toward the voice, I see Stanley Pachis striding toward me from around the back of the house. The sneer on his face brings back a flood of bad memories from my first three years of high school: constant mocking, being tripped in the halls, smacks to the back of the head, quick punches to the groin and stomach in P.E.; all delivered with the same sneer he wore now.

"The fuck are you doing here, fag?" He asks, approaching the fence.

"I- I live here," I stammer back, still not quite believing he's standing in front of me. Looking up at him, I remember how much he used to intimidate me just by his size alone. My 5'6 skinny frame is dwarfed by his 6'2 muscular one.

"No fucking way! Looks like we're neighbors now." His sneer slowly shifts into a sadistic grin.

My body begins to feel like it's shutting down. There's no way God could be so cruel as to allow the asshole that tormented me throughout most of high school to move in next door.

He snorts, looking at my clothes. "You haven't changed a bit, fairy. What the fuck are you wearing?"

My face reddens with embarrassment.

"It's my work uniform," I tell him and look away.

I had liked my striped polo shirt with its bright, cotton candy colors and matching paper hat when

it had been given to me. It was a festive outfit. But now, with Stanley mocking me to my face, I feel self-conscious wearing it.

"Oh my bad, I thought you just decided to advertise how gay you are," he says and begins to laugh.

"I'm not fucking gay, asshole," I shout furiously. He holds his hands up in fake surrender, grinning at my denial.

"Whatever you have to tell yourself man."

I frown at him, about to cut the conversation off so I can escape inside when my mom's car pulls into the driveway. Our heads turn as she parks the car and exits. Sauntering toward us, I hear Stanley mutter, "Holy shit," under his breath in wonder.

I glance toward him as he takes in the sight of my mom, clearly impressed with what he sees, and a scowl crosses my face. I'm used to men checking out my mom. She's a very attractive woman, possessing a curvaceous figure and large breasts. I once overheard a couple of kids who live down the street refer to her as a MILF as they biked by our house. But seeing this jerk ogling her turns my stomach sour.

"Hello, sweetheart," mom greets me when she reaches us. She leans over to quickly peck my cheek, then tilts her head towards Stanley.

"Who's this now?"

Stanley interjects before I can answer. "An old friend of Kyle's and your new neighbor." He flashes her a charming, boyish smile. The same one he used to use on all the teachers when trying to get out of trouble.

"Well, it's very nice to meet you then. I'm Julie, Kyle's mom."

She sticks her hand out over the fence and he grasps it, delivering a quick shake. "Stanley Pachis, it's a pleasure meeting you."

"Pachis, hmm? That's an interesting last name."

"It's Greek," he tells her. "Means 'big' and 'thick'." His smile grows just a bit more.

"Clearly not very apt though," she laughs, gesturing toward his lean muscular body.

"Oh it is, but only where it counts."

A beat passes as what he said hangs in the air before he raises his arms and gives a mock show of flexing his muscles.

They start laughing, breaking the tension caused by his potentially lewd comment. Watching them causes anger and jealousy to well up inside me.

"So, you and Kyle know each other then?" she asks him, laughter still in her voice.

"Oh, Kyle and I go way back," he answers with fake enthusiasm. "We went to high school together. Good times, right bud?" He reaches over and thumps me a little too hard on the back. A surprised grunt slips from my mouth and I see him smirk at me.

"How nice! You didn't graduate this year, did you?"

"No, I graduated just last year."

"Oh," she says, taken aback. "Wouldn't have thought you were only 19."

"Actually, I'll be 21 at the end of the summer. I had so much fun in school that I decided to stick around a couple of extra years," he jokes.

In reality, he's just so fucking stupid that he got held back. Twice.

"That makes more sense. Didn't think you looked the right age to be that recent of a high school graduate."

"I could say the same about you," he replies, giving her a smile.

He places his hands on the fence, locking his elbows as he leans closer to her. "You look too young to be the mom of a recent high school graduate. I almost mistook you for his sister at first."

I snort and mom casts me a dirty look.

"I just turned 36 not too long ago. I was just about Kyle's age when I had him."

"Well, you're definitely the best looking mom I've seen." Again, he gives her that charming smile that makes me want to punch him in his smug face.

She smiles back bashfully, tucking a strand of blond hair behind her ear. "You're too much."

I roll my eyes before looking a bit closer at Stanley. Is he flexing his muscles? The snug, white tank top already shows off his toned arms and chest. Not to mention the color contrasts sharply with his olive skin tone, making them stand out even more. But of course he'd try and show off as much as possible. Douche bags are just like that.

As Stanley continues chatting with mom, an uneasy feeling settles into my stomach, watching how well they seem to get along.

Suddenly a voice rings out from inside the house. "Stanley, get in here and help me with the mattresses!"

"Shit, I should go help him. It was nice meeting you though. Hopefully I'll see you around?" He flashes her his smile one last time.

"Absolutely, it was nice meeting you too, Stanley," mom returns a warm smile of her own before heading toward our house.

I follow her to the back door, glancing behind me when I don't hear Stanley walking away and see him still standing by the fence. He has his hands in his pockets and his eyes roam over mom's body in admiration. We make eye contact and he gives me a smirk before flipping me off. Mom unlocks the back door and pushes her way inside. I quickly follow, but Stanley continues to stand there smirking, until I shut the door behind me.

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It's late in the morning a few days later when I climb out of bed and stretch. This was my first day off since beginning my new job and I'd chosen to sleep in, my own personal reward for all the hard work I was doing. But the noises my empty stomach is making finally forces me out of bed.

Opening the door, the smell of chocolate hits me immediately and I follow it down to the kitchen where I find mom washing dishes in the sink. A big plate of fudge brownies sit on the counter next to her. Mom's an excellent cook, but she's an even better baker. My mouth begins to water. They still look warm.

"Morning," I mumble, maneuvering toward the counter.

"Good morning, sweetheart."

I reach to pluck a brown off the plate when her voice stops me. "Uh-uh, those aren't for you!"

"Then who are they for?"

"Stanley and his family."

"What? Why?" I ask in disbelief. "They only just moved in."

"That's exactly why, Kyle. I thought we could bring them over as sort of a 'welcome to the neighborhood' gesture."

"You didn't make anything for the Dobson's when they moved in a couple years ago."

"That's because Annette Dobson is a cow. Stanley was very lovely when I met him the other day and I'm sure his parents are too."

It bothers me that she referred to Stanley as "lovely". That asshole is anything but lovely.

Mom notices my frown and lets out an exasperated sigh. "Don't be like this Kyle. Can you please just go get changed so we can bring these over to them soon?"

"Am I allowed to at least have something to eat first?"

"Fine, there's stuff for a sandwich in the fridge. Just don't take too long."

After eating and changing clothes, we leave out the back to head next door. Mom is dressed casually but I can see that she's done her hair and make-up. She didn't do all that just for the Pachis, did she?

In the yard, both of us could see the detached garage at the end of the Pachis' driveway was open. It had been turned into a workout room and Stanley was in there now, doing bench presses while music blared from a speaker. Walking down the driveway, I notice mom glancing back into the open garage. Her gaze lingers on the figure inside a little too long, which leaves me feeling anxious.

We approach the Pachis' front door and ring the bell. About a minute passes before we rang it again, but no one answers.

"Well, guess no one's home," I say, turning to go back to our house.

"Don't be silly, Kyle. We just saw Stanley in the garage. Maybe his parents are preoccupied with something."

"So, let's just come back another time. Or better yet, let's not come back at all and keep the brownies for us to enjoy."

"That's not very nice, sweetheart," she scolds. "Let's just pop around back and give these to Stanley. I don't want them going stale."

She climbs down the stairs and starts up their driveway. I reluctantly follow, grumbling to myself but she ignores me.

The music from inside the garage gets louder the closer we approach. Stanley has moved on from bench presses and now sits shirtless doing bicep curls. Concentrating on counting each rep, he doesn't notice us until we stop at the entrance.

He glances up and smiles wide.

"Well, look who it is!"

Placing the dumbbell down, he taps his phone, cutting off the music. My ears ring in the silence.

"Sorry about that, I like loud music when I'm working out," he says, standing up. A sheen of sweat coats his upper body and his dark shoulder length hair is tied back in a low knot.

"Oh, that's ok," mom replies. "You have good taste in music. I used to listen to Wu-Tang Clan all the time in high school."

"No shit?" Stanley raises his eyebrows in surprise.

"Oh yeah, I went to see them in concert my senior year. It was a wild night but a lot of fun."

"Damn, never would have pegged you as a fan of theirs."

"Well don't be so quick to make assumptions. People will surprise you."

"I wonder how else you'll surprise me." He gives her a cocky grin and she smiles back.

They hold eye contact for a moment before mom looks down at the brownies, as if suddenly remembering why we're over here.

"Anyway, I wanted to bring you these," she steps forward to hand him the plate. "Well, you and your family." I resent the use of the word "I", as if she were by herself.

"Thank you so much, Julie." Stanley reaches out to grab the plate, his hand brushing hers as he takes it. "These look amazing!"

"They're just a little welcome to the neighborhood present."

With the brownies handed off, I think we can finally leave when Stanley invites us inside.

"Would either of you like a drink while I put these away?"

"I'd love something to drink," mom answers before I can reject his offer.

We follow Stanley up the back porch and into his kitchen. There's still some boxes stacked around, and scattered utensils litter the table.

"Excuse the mess," he apologizes. "We haven't had a chance to completely unpack yet. I was more focused on setting up the equipment in the garage than anything else." He places the plate onto the counter. "Didn't want to miss out on the pump any longer than I had to."

I could only roll my eyes at how obnoxious he sounded.

"It's fine, and I can understand why someone so in shape as you wouldn't want to miss out on 'the pump'," she laughs, and he shoots her a grin as he moves to grab some glasses.

Out of the corner of my eye, I catch mom discreetly checking Stanley out as he pours them both some lemonade he snags from the fridge. Her eyes quickly traverse his muscular body before looking back up to his face when he turns toward her.

He hands mom her glass then holds up his own. "To new neighbors," he toasts.

"To new neighbors," she repeats, clinking his glass with hers before they both take a drink.

"So are your parents home?" Mom asks him. "I'd love to meet them."

"Actually it's just me and my dad, and he's at work right now."

"Wow, on a Sunday?"

"Yeah, he owns a butcher shop & deli. I've been working there with him since high school."

"That must be a gruesome job, all that blood."

"Eh, it's not that bad. You get used to it."

A sly grin crosses his face. "Besides, I got really good at handling tender meat."

I could have gagged. I wanted to. But mom offers him a mischievous smile before placing her thumb and index finger on her chin in phony consideration.

"Hm, I don't know," she says, faux doubt heavy in her voice. She quickly scans him up and down. "You just seem too big to adequately handle something delicate like that."

His smile grows, clearly pleased at her teasing nature.

"Oh you have no idea what I can do with these hands. They do excellent work and no one leaves unsatisfied with what I've given them."

Panic fills my chest as their conversation begins to cross into flirting and I interject before mom has a chance to respond.

"Hey, when is Tim supposed to be coming home again?"

Mom reluctantly turns toward me. "I told you, his flight gets in tomorrow night at 8."

I open my mouth to ask another question but she continues speaking. "And before you ask, he'll

be home three days before he has to fly out to Phoenix."

"My fiancé," she offers in explanation, turning back to Stanley. "He travels often for work."

He begins taking the plastic wrap off the plate of brownies. "When's the big day?"

"It hasn't been set, we've been engaged for about a month but Tim travels so much we haven't had a chance to sit down and make any plans."

"You must get lonely with him being away so often."

"It can be frustrating sometimes but, honestly, I'm kind of used to it. I do administrative work from home, so I'm by myself most days."

"Really?" Stanley takes a bite of a brownie as he appears to consider this bit of information carefully, making my stomach clench in apprehension.

"Yeah, but Tim promises he won't be traveling as much when we're married."

"And he'll keep his promise," I add. "Because Tim's a really good guy."

"Yeah, I guess he is." Mom nods her head in agreement.

That was the truth too. Mom had a long history of dating shitty men, going back to my dad who took off the moment he found out she was pregnant. Tim was the first guy in a long time who I actually liked. The only reason I'm even going to college in the fall is because Tim offered to help pay for it.

"Well, I'm sure once you guys get hitched he'll make good on his promise," Stanley says as he finishes chewing. "Can't imagine he'd want to be away so often once he's got you locked down. I know I wouldn't." A slow smile spreads across his face.

What the hell is with him? How can he keep flirting with her? We're literally talking about her fiancé.

"Guess I'll find out," she smiles back. "You like the brownies?"

"They're perfect! Would you like one?"

"No thank you, I'm watching my figure. I'm glad you're enjoying them though."

"What do you mean you're watching your figure? You look pretty damn good to me."

"Stop," she says, blushing. "I'm not nearly as in shape as you are."

"You're telling me you don't work out at all?"

"I take a spin class, but that's it. I don't hit the gym intensely like you do."

"I could train you if you want?" he offers.

"Oh no," mom says, holding up her hands. "That'd be way too much for me. I could never keep up with you."

"Ok then, we'll just have to figure out another way to burn some calories together." He winks at her and anger floods through me. I've had it with this fucking guy.

"Mom, can we go already? You said you'd drive me to the mall." I meant to sound forceful but it comes out as more of a whine.

"Kyle, don't be rude. I said I'd take you today and I will."

"But they close soon!"

"If you had your license you could drive yourself, couldn't you?"

I make a face at her. She knows how scared of driving I am.

"It's cool, I should go finish my sets anyway. I have to be down at the shop in a few hours."

"Alright, well I hope you and your dad enjoy the brownies." She almost sounds disappointed. "And again, welcome to the neighborhood."

"Thanks, we're really happy to be here." He gives her a final smile as she walks out the door. As I'm following her, a sharp blow catches me in the side.

I falter, making a gruff noise as I try to balance myself. Mom looks back at me and I feel Stanley clamp a hand on my shoulder.

"Whoa, steady there pal."

"Careful sweetie," she says, looking forward again.

Stanley squeezes my shoulder tightly, using as much pressure as his large arm will allow. For a brief second, my shoulder screams in intense agony before he releases me with a shove. I stumble forward in shock, my shoulder throbbing. The pain, while extreme, was so brief that I hadn't even had a chance to scream. I nervously look back and Stanley stands in the doorway, arms crossed against his sculpted chest as a dark scowl marres his face. I turn away and feel my still aching shoulder, a reminder of what he's capable of.

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Tim came home the following day and we all returned to our normal routine. Mom didn't even mention going over to Stanley's. I took that as a sign she didn't think of it as anything important until the day after Tim left for Phoenix on another work trip.

Mom and I were in the kitchen. She was watching a YouTube video, trying to learn how to replace the hinge on one of the cabinets. It had broken this morning, leaving the door hanging ajar. She stood at the counter, glancing between her phone and the supplies splayed out before her. I registered a knock at the front door but was too busy on my Switch to get up and answer it.

After a few seconds, I hear mom sigh. "Guess I'll get it."

She leaves the kitchen to go open the door. I'm so immersed in the game, it takes me a few seconds to process the animated voices at the front of the house. Setting down the Switch, I look up from my seat at the table as mom leads Stanley into the kitchen, a covered tray in his hands.

"This is really great, thank you," mom was saying.

"Of course, I had to return the gesture."

I scramble to move the Switch as he thunks the tray down in front of me. "What's all this?" I ask, peering at it.

"Stanley's brought us a sample platter from his dad's deli," mom answers.

"I didn't know what kind of meats you liked, so I brought an assortment," he tells her.

"That's ok, I like all kinds of meat"

"Good to know," he says with a smirk and leans back against the door frame with his arms crossed. God, he's such an insufferable douche. He even dresses like one. A navy tank top, mesh shorts and a pair of white slides along with a gold chain around his neck to top it all off. How cliché could he be.

Mom starts to unwrap the tray, looking over the assortment of meats and cheeses before selecting a large slice of salami to take a bite out of.

"Mmmm," she nods her head in approval. "That's pretty good. It's sliced thick, just the way I like it."

"Thick is the only way to enjoy it," he says, winking. Ew, he's so fucking gross.

It bothers me that he keeps flirting with her, especially knowing how much he got around in high school. He had a reputation as a playboy because he was with a different girl every other night. What's worse is that a lot of girls still went after him despite knowing this. I used to hear some of them whispering to each other that he had a huge dick.

Stanley furrows his brow, the cabinet and clutter of supplies catching his attention.

"What happened there?" He moves across the kitchen to better examine the busted door.

"Ugh, the hinge broke when I went to put away the dishes," mom says in annoyance. "I've been watching videos trying to teach myself how to replace it but I haven't quite figured it out yet."

"Your fiancé can't fix it?"

"No, Tim's out of town again."

As if he didn't know that.

"But," she continues, "even if he were here, he still wouldn't be able to. He's not exactly the handiest person."

"Psh," he dismisses in derision. "I can fix this for you, easy."

"No no, I couldn't let you do that."

"Nah, I got you. I'll have this shit done in 15 minutes, tops."

Sure enough, he had the hinge replaced and the door firmly fastened to the cabinet in no time at all.

"That's incredible," mom says in admiration. She moves the door back and forth, testing the new

hinge.

"It's no big deal," he says, casually. "You ever need anything else done, just let me know. I can fix pretty much anything."

"Really?"

"Uh-huh, I helped my dad repair everything in our house growing up. Now that he and my mom are divorced, I take care of whatever she needs fixed over at her place."

"Awww, what a good son you are."

"I try." He shrugs with a smile of false modesty.

Please, he used to complain about his mom so much in high school because she was always nagging him to do things around the house.

"Have they been divorced long?"

"They split up at the end of my senior year." He bobs his head up and down, a sad puppy dog look on his face.

I want to roll my eyes but restrain myself. Who would fall for this bullshit?

Mom places her hand on his in sympathy. "That must have been so hard for you."

Oh Jesus.

"It really was, my parents had been together my whole life. I just didn't see it coming."

Stanley's phoniness and mom's naivety angers me. Without thinking, I blurt, "Didn't he cheat on her a bunch of times with Amy Boyd's mom?"

Both of them pause, processing what I'd just said before mom's head turns toward me, a look of horror on her face.

"Kyle," she chastises. "How could you say something like that?"

"That's just what I'd heard," I sheepishly respond.

"So that makes it ok? Besides, you have no idea if that's even true."

"No, it is," Stanley interrupts. "He did cheat on her. Their marriage wasn't perfect but he still took it pretty hard when they split. That's partly why I moved in with him, so he didn't lose his entire family at once."

"That's such a wonderful thing to do, being there for your dad like that."

She moves her hand to his shoulder. "You're a good man," she tells him with sincerity.

They smile at each other, holding eye contact that starts to make me uncomfortable before they both break away.

"Well," mom says with a small laugh. "Would you like to stay for lunch?"

She gestures toward the tray on the table. "I could make us all sandwiches?"

"I'd love that," he replies before taking a seat.

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Something changed between Stanley and my mom that day. I'd see them chatting across the fence often and he'd be over sometimes when I got home from work. Of course, none of this went on when Tim was home. Stanley was always conveniently absent when he wasn't away on a work trip.

I walked into the kitchen one morning to find mom giggling into her phone, a photo of Stanley's smirking face taking up the entire screen.

"Did you add him on Snapchat?" I ask incredulously.

"Stanley thought that if I ever needed him to fix anything else, I could just message him instead of having to go all the way over there to ask."

Which apparently occurred quite a lot. It seemed like everything that had cracked, broken, or just stopped working in our house was suddenly being attended to by Stanley. Not just small jobs like the cabinet hinge either. I came home one afternoon and he was on his back under the kitchen sink, replacing an old pipe.

Mom stood against the counter next to him while he worked. She was looking down, making light conversation, but I noticed her eyes kept shifting to the right for a few seconds before shifting back.

I followed her gaze and saw that Stanley's shirt had ridden up, revealing a dark happy trail that ended at a large bulge in his mesh shorts.

My cheeks turned red in embarrassment and I fled the room in alarm. Their growing closeness and her obvious attraction to him was making me worried. I didn't know what to do and Tim wasn't helping the situation by being out of town so much. The other night, he'd finally asked how everything kept getting fixed around the house.

"Oh, that nice boy from next door has been helping out a bit," mom answered nonchalantly, completely downplaying the situation. Stanley was not nice and he certainly wasn't a boy.

"Hm, it's good of you to give the kid a job," Tim replied, not even looking up from his plate.

He left on another trip a day later and was supposed to return tonight. But something must have happened because he had to stay in Portland a couple of extra days. I heard him and mom arguing about it on the phone this morning.

"But you promised you'd be back for the meeting with the wedding planner!"

I had crouched at the top of the stairs, eavesdropping as she paced the living room below.

"How are we supposed to even set a date if you're never here to help me make a decision?"

Her angry voice echoed throughout the living room.

"You know what, fine. I'll just cancel the fucking meeting then!"

I heard a soft thump as she presumably chucked her phone at the couch.

She was still angry when I left for work a bit later. But when I came home that evening, she seemed to be in a better mood.

We were eating dinner at the table and she held her phone in one hand while she ate with the other. She would periodically smile and I knew she was snapping Stanley. My grip on my fork tightened. She was always laughing or smiling when she snapchatted him, which seemed to be everyday now.

"Talking to Stanley again?" I asked her.

"Yeah, he's hysterical," she answers with a smile, her eyes never leaving the screen.

Shaking my head, I return to my dinner.

"Oh by the way, I invited him over for dinner tomorrow."

I stare at her in disbelief. "Why?"

"Just as a thank you for all the help he's given us around here. He's really fixed a lot. Besides, I bought the roast to make for Tim, but since he isn't going to be here, I thought I shouldn't let it go to waste."

Standing up, I take my plate and dump the contents into the trash, no longer hungry. Rinsing it in the sink, I watch the hot water slowly wash away bits of food. Is she actually going to cook a whole meal for that undeserving prick? Does she actually like him that much?

I turn my head and look at her. From my angle by the sink, I can see her phone screen. She just finishes sending a snap when she receives a new one. Excitedly, she opens it, and a video of Stanley doing pull ups in his garage begins to play. He's shirtless and the camera is close enough to catch the sweat that coats his skin. Mom watches in rapt attention, biting her lip as the sweaty, muscular 20 year-old grips the bar and swiftly raises himself up in repeating motions.

Dropping the plate with a clatter, I slam the water off and stalk out of the room.

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The next night, mom moves around the kitchen attending to the meal as it cooks. I watch her from my seat at the table; the black sundress she's wearing, while casual, has a slit that comes up mid thigh, and it's low cut enough to show a substantial amount of her ample cleavage. Her long blonde hair has been swept up in a loose bun while carefully applied make-up accents the features of her naturally beautiful face.

Sounds of lids clanking and glass clinking fill the room. I sit, sullen and dour, at one end of the table, wishing this night wasn't happening. I didn't even want to think about mom's outfit; what it looks like or why she chose to dress that way. All I wanted was for Stanley to not show up and to never come by again.

As if somehow summoning him, there's a knock at the back door. Mom crosses the kitchen, her sandals making scuffling noises on the linoleum floor. She opens the door wide, allowing our dinner guest to stride through.

In a change from his usual douchebag attire of slides, tank tops, and mesh shorts, Stanley's wearing a white button down shirt, black jeans, and a pair of dark combat boots. I loathe to admit it, but the bastard looks good. The shirt is tight against his body, showing all the muscle underneath. He's clean shaven and the sharp scent of cologne wafts over.

He greets mom with a kiss on the cheek before presenting her with a bouquet of flowers. "These are for you," he offers.

Mom practically lights up as she takes them from him, closing her eyes and inhaling. "They're beautiful. Thank you, Stanley."

"Just something beautiful for someone beautiful."

I scoff, and he scowls at me. "Sup man?"

"Hey," I mumble.

"Oh, I almost forgot," he says, turning back to her. "I brought some wine too."

He holds up a dark bottle. "Figured it was the least I could do, since you're making me dinner and all."

I grind my teeth at his declaration that she's making dinner just for him. It's not only for you shithead.

"That sounds perfect." She smiles at him and walks over with an opener.

I watch her fill two glasses before asking for one myself. If I have to sit through dinner with him, I should at least be afforded a drink.

Mom hesitates, and I could tell she wants to say no, but she glances at Stanley, who shrugs slightly, and she relents.

"Ok, but just one glass."

She hands me my drink before her and Stanley clink their glasses in a silent toast.

"Dinner should be ready soon," she says after taking a sip. "We're just waiting on the roast."

"That's cool, I'm down to just chill for a bit with some good company." He winks and they both sit down, Stanley opposite me in Tim's usual spot at the head of the table, and mom to his left.

I drink my wine as they talk and sip at theirs. The conversation flows easily between them, their mouths pulled back in big smiles as they playfully banter back and forth.

Mom gets up to fetch the roast when the timer goes off and Stanley takes a long look at her behind as she pulls it from the oven. He notices me watching him and offers his signature smirk before winking. I take another gulp of wine. It isn't often that I drink and I can feel the alcohol settling in my empty stomach, making my head swim.

"I hope I cooked it at the right temperature for you," mom says, bringing the roast over to Stanley.

She leans forward and begins carving it up, revealing the medium cooked center. "That's perfect, I

love when it's pink." He shoots her a sly grin.

Mom carefully slices up the roast, her breasts jiggling a few inches from Stanley's face as he glances at them from the corner of his eye.

She finishes making his plate and looks him in the face as her hand grips his bicep. "I really hope you enjoy it," she tells him with sincerity, her thumb rubbing his arm.

"I'd enjoy whatever you gave me." Stanley smiles back at her, a playful look in his eyes.

Mom makes herself a plate and is just about to sit when she suddenly remembers me further down at the other end of the table.

"Oh, I'm sorry sweetheart, I almost forgot you down there."

Saying nothing as she spoons food onto my plate, I frown at the roast. I don't particularly care for meat that isn't cooked completely through, no matter how many people say it's better that way. Pushing my plate forward a bit, I take another sip of my drink.

Mom and Stanley talk and laugh as they enjoy their meal together, while I pick at some potatoes. I try several times to join in, but after politely responding, the conversation reverts back to being just between them, and I eventually give up. They polish off the bottle of wine as they eat, becoming more intimate and flirty as the alcohol sets in. By the end of the meal, they're both leaning close over the table, small smiles on each of their faces as they chat quietly.

Even though I'd only had the one glass, the wine seeped through my nearly empty stomach, leaving me with a strong buzz that closely borders on drunkenness. Mom and Stanley's behavior coupled with the alcohol causes a wave of nausea to hit me. Sitting back, I place my forehead on the edge of the table and close my eyes, taking several deep breaths. After about a minute, the nausea passes and my eyes flutter open. Slight movement at the other end catches my attention and I shift a bit to get a better look. The lower halves of mom and Stanley are angled toward one another in their seats. Mom's right leg is crossed over her left, the slit in her dress exposing her bare thigh, which Stanley's fingertips gently graze in a sensual manner.

My heart beats rapidly in my chest, the alcohol fueling a rage that begins burning deep inside me. How dare he fucking touch her like that? It's one thing to flirt with her, but this is crossing the line. I'm about to sit up when his large hand suddenly clasps her thigh, and he slowly starts stroking the length of it.

I bolt upward, out of my chair. "Can you just FUCK OFF already," I shout at him.

Startled, mom and Stanley stare at me before she opens her mouth to speak.

"Kyle, I don't understand where this is coming from or why you're acting like this but it's very rude."

"Oh come on," I continue loudly. "His behavior has been atrocious since he moved in!"

Her voice rises as an angry look crosses her face. "The only person with atrocious behavior is you, young man. You treat Stanley with such derision, I - "

"It's ok, Julie," Stanley interrupts. He stands up from his seat and addresses me. "Why don't we step outside and have a conversation, Kyle. Man to man."

I glower at him before stomping out the back door, Stanley on my heels. Walking a few feet into the yard, I spin to face him, ready to begin a barrage of insults when he punches me in the stomach.

The force knocks the wind out of me, causing my eyes to bulge as my mouth falls open in a silent scream. Stumbling back, I turn and brace myself against the side of the house. Nausea rolls in my stomach and I lean forward, trying to catch my breath and not vomit at the same time.

A hand clamps around the back of my neck, squeezing tightly as Stanley bends down next to me, his lips just inches from my ear.

"Listen to me, you little cunt," he whispers. "I've had enough of your bitch ass making snide comments and disrespecting me. You seem to have forgotten your place in the year I haven't been around to remind you. If you try something like that again, or do anything to interrupt me and your mom, I'll do a lot worse to you than just a sucker punch to the gut."

I hear the back door open and mom's voice as she calls to us. "Everything ok out here?"

"All good," Stanley responds, turning his head toward her. "I think he drank a little too much wine. Just needs a bit of fresh air."

"Ok, I'll be inside if either of you need me." The door shuts and Stanley leans in toward me again.

"Now, you're gonna stay out here for a bit, just to make sure your stomach has settled, while your mom and I have some alone time." His grip around the back of my neck tightens. "And if you ever mention to her what really happened out here, or somehow imply that I'm not the swell guy that I am, I'll beat the shit out of you. Got it?"

Without waiting for a response, he releases my neck and strolls back inside, the door slamming shut behind him. I lean against the side of the house and slowly slump to the ground, silent tears rolling down my cheeks. The interaction with Stanley sobered me up, and I cry into my hands. Minutes go by, the summer air filled with the sound of crickets and my quiet sobs. After a while, I feel like I've calmed down enough to head back in.

As I enter the kitchen, I spot mom and Stanley sitting close together on the couch in the living room, a second bottle of wine open and half empty on the coffee table. They both turn, looking at me as I stand in the doorway. One of Stanley's arms is draped across the back of the couch behind mom, and I can just see the top of his hand moving as he caresses her inner thigh with the other.

"Are you feeling better, sweetie?" I can hear the concern in her voice, causing emotion to well up in my chest, making me want to hug her and confess everything. But a quick glance at the serious expression on Stanley's face makes my heart jump and I silently nod.

"Maybe you should help your mom out and clear the table, since she worked so hard making dinner tonight." His voice carries a distinct, commanding tone and he doesn't stop caressing her thigh as he stares at me, a cold, stern look in his eyes.

"You-you're right," I meekly force out, my hands reaching to grab the plates and silverware.

"Thank you, sweetheart." Mom returns to her conversation with Stanley.

Their low voices carry over to me as I wash dishes in silence, unable to discern their exact words over the running faucet. Occasionally, I hear mom giggle as Stanley presumably says, or does,

something to elicit her girlish laughter. Both of them eventually get up, coming back into the kitchen.

"I'm just going to walk Stanley out to say goodnight." I don't look up from the dishes to give an answer and she doesn't wait for one. Through the window, I can see them walk partially down the driveway before coming to a stop. They speak for a few minutes, standing close together. It almost looks like they're going to kiss but mom initiates a hug which Stanley accepts. Their embrace is long, and I can see his hands move down to her lower back, just above her ass, as he grips her tightly. Eventually, they pull apart, and Stanley disappears into the dark, as mom continues to look off in his direction after he's gone.

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Based on their behavior at dinner, I fully expected mom and Stanley to grow even closer, and it seemed like it was going that way for the first couple of days afterward. They continued snapchatting each other frequently and I caught them flirting in the backyard one afternoon after Stanley had finished his workout. He was showing off his gains and she reached over the fence to feel his bicep before pulling back in a fit of giggles as a deep blush settled over her cheeks.

But Tim came home the next day, forcing them to almost cease interacting during the week that he was home. I only saw her snapchatting him a couple of times, and she offered nothing more than a polite smile when he was out in the yard after a workout. Once Tim left on another trip however, I assumed they would resume acting how they normally do when he isn't around. Surprisingly, that didn't happen. Mom would check her phone throughout the day, but she seldom had any notifications indicating Stanley had sent her a snap. Maybe he'd gotten bored waiting for Tim to leave or no longer thought it was worth the effort? When I cautiously brought it up to her, she shrugged and told me that they just hadn't talked that much recently. Even though she had acted casual about it, I could sense her disappointment.

A couple days later, we were unloading groceries from the car and Stanley was on his back porch with some girl, laughing and flirting. He acknowledged mom with a wave and she waved back, but on the way into the house, I noticed a small look of jealousy cross her face. A tiny glimmer of hope began to blossom in my chest. Maybe she'll finally realize what a sleazy bastard he actually is, and if he managed to find some random slut to keep him occupied, then all the better.

That Friday, Stanley threw a huge party. His house was so packed with people that they spilled out onto the front yard. The music was loud, practically blaring into my room. Wide awake in bed, I glanced at my phone. It was a quarter to one, and I threw my blankets off in frustration. I had to be up early for work and there was no way I'd be falling asleep anytime soon. Stomping into the hallway, mom's door opens and she pokes her head out.

"What're you doing?"

"I'm going to tell them to shut the hell up," I answer.

"Hold on." She holds up her phone. "I'll just send Stanley a message and ask him to turn it down."

"This is ridiculous. I can't believe someone hasn't called the cops yet."

"I'm sure they have much better things to be doing at this hour, Kyle."

Minutes go by as I continue my rant before mom checks her phone and a look of anger crosses her face.

"What?" I ask.

"He opened it but didn't respond." Indignation colors her voice.

She refreshes the app again, then blurts, "What an asshole." A giddy feeling spreads through me. Yes mom, now you see what kind of person he really is.

She stands in her doorway and ponders what to do next, eventually coming to a decision. "Well he can't ignore me if we're face to face."

She disappears back into her room before coming out fully dressed.

"I'll go over there and turn it down myself if I have to," she says. I excitedly pump my fist in the air as she heads out the door with purposeful strides. You go get him mom.

Wide awake now, I flop back down in bed and wait. I can tell she's successful when the music volume finally lowers after a few minutes. I can still hear faint thumping, but it's now at a respectable level that won't keep me up.

I'm eager for mom to get back and tell me how she ripped Stanley a new one, but after fifteen minutes, she still hasn't returned yet. I wait another few minutes, then decide to text her, asking where she is. Fifteen more minutes go by and she still hasn't returned, nor has she answered my text. She's been gone over half an hour by this point and I begin to worry. When the clock hits two in the morning, I call her. It goes straight to voicemail.

Maybe her phone is dead? Or did she not even take it with her?

I lay in bed a few more minutes, trying to decide what to do, before getting dressed to head next door.

As I approach the Pachis' house, I can see that the front yard has cleared of people. I knock a few times on the front door, but eventually just walk in when no one answers. Inside, the music is loud and there's still a decent crowd of people that occupy the living room. I spot a lot of people I went to high school with, including all of Stanley's dipshit friends. Some of them notice me and appear to laugh, making my cheeks burn. I quickly scope the place out, looking for mom. I want to get out of here as soon as possible and avoid running into Stanley. She's not in the living room and I'm about to check the kitchen when I bump into Brock, one of Stanley's friends.

"Oh hey, Kyle," he greets me, a shit eating grin plastered on his face. His eyes are completely glazed over and I can tell that he's wasted. "Whatcha doin' over here?"

"I'm looking for my mom, she came over a little while ago to see about turning down the music."

"Ohhhh your mom, huh?" He laughs, unsteady on his feet. "Yeah, I think I saw her leave out the back door just a few minutes ago." He smiles at me like there's a joke that I'm somehow not in on.

"Uh, ok, well I guess I'll go look out there then." I move around him and toward the kitchen.

"Tell her Brock says hi," he calls after me, then descends into a fit of laughter again.

I push through the back door and step out onto the small porch. It's dark and quiet, the only source of light coming from the one attached to the back of my house next door. However, it only lights up the left side of the Pachis' backyard.

The door shuts behind me, reducing the music to just the muffled thud of the bass, and I climb down the stairs.

A cursory glance around tells me no one is here. Guess Brock was mistaken and she didn't come this way.

I turn and start to go back inside when a shuffling noise makes me pause. I listen carefully, the yard silent except for the soft thudding of the bass from inside the house.

Just then, I hear a low voice from somewhere behind me.

"Holy shit."

Turning around, my eyes carefully scan the darkened area in front me. I hesitantly step forward, moving deeper into the backyard, searching for the source of the voice.

Is mom out here?

More shuffling noises, this time I can pinpoint it coming from behind the garage.

I move to the left and slowly walk along the right side of the garage, disappearing into the portion of the yard untouched by the light from next door.

Stopping by the corner, I lean around and look into the space between the back of the garage and the fence belonging to the house behind the Pachis'.

At the opposite end, the light illuminates the odd silhouette of two figures pressed together in the shadows. I squint, trying to decipher what I'm looking at, as they're just out of direct light, making it hard to see. One of them appears to be kneeling on the ground while the other stands against the back of the garage. Slowly, my eyes begin adjusting to the dark, and I finally notice the person kneeling on the ground is a woman. Her head moves back and forth in a fluid rhythm while she makes soft, wet slurping noises.

With a jolt, I suddenly realize exactly what I'm seeing, and embarrassment immediately washes over me.

I'm about to back away when the man speaks.

"Jesus fucking Christ," he exclaims.

The woman moans in response as she continues sucking him.

Realization dawns on me and my heart skips a beat as I recognize who the voice belongs to.

"God damn Julie, you suck so good", Stanley says in a husky voice.

I feel my stomach drop as pure horror begins to replace the embarrassment that flows through me.

No, it can't be.

The woman pulls off Stanley's cock and looks up at him. "Your dick is so big!" mom whispers in amazement.

Oh God, no!

"You bet your fine ass it is!" I can practically hear the smirk in his voice.

Mom takes Stanley back into her mouth and resumes sucking him. He sighs and spreads his legs further apart, giving her better access to his cock.

The shock of finding my mom blowing Stanley roots me to the ground. I can only stare as my eyes fully adjust to the dark, allowing me to see all of what's transpiring.

Mom's head moves back and forth in quick, smooth motions. Her enthusiasm is evident as she works his cock with her plump lips, moaning along his shaft. Her left hand grips his hairy, muscular thigh while her right pushes up his shirt, feeling the taut abs underneath.

"Fuuuuuuck," he lets out in a low voice. "Been dying to get a crack at that mouth for a while."

His hips give a few thrusts, meeting her mouth as she bobs up and down his pole. "Those lips are perfect for my cock." She can only groan in response, her mouth full of his thick meat.

Tears well up in my eyes as a range of emotions whirl around inside me. Despair that mom is cheating on Tim, fury that it's with Stanley, and dread that what I've been fearing has come true.

But deep inside me, something else stirs amongst my emotions. Something unexpected, something that brings about immediate astonishment and confusion. Despite all the negative feelings, arousal blooms in my groin.

With a small gasp, I feel my cock begin to harden. My heart thuds in my chest as watching my mom blowing Stanley causes my cock to grow to full mast.

I can't believe this. How can I be hard right now?

In front of me, Stanley looks down at mom. "Lick my balls," he demands of her.

She immediately pulls off his cock and begins to nuzzle his large nutsack, using her tongue to lap at his low hanging nads.

"Fuck yeah," Stanley sighs and takes a swig from the beer bottle clutched in his left hand. Mom's tongue darts back and forth between each of his balls, licking all around.

"You like these salty nuts?" he prompts her.

Mom offers a muffled response as she bathes his sweaty balls with her tongue, drawing each one into her mouth to suck on.

"That's right, get 'em nice and wet"

My cock throbs in my shorts and I can feel it beginning to leak. I desperately want to run away but something inside me just can't seem to make my legs move. I can only stand in place, confused and erect, as I watch my mom pleasure my high school bully with her mouth and tongue.

Stanley reaches out and cups mom's chin, guiding her back up to his shaft. She inhales his cock again, sucking him with renewed vigor. Her head moves back and forth hurriedly, making wet

suction noises as she slurps his cock eagerly. Her hands roam underneath his shirt, feeling up his large muscular chest. It's like she can't get enough of him.

Stanley watches her as she passionately makes love to his large tool with her mouth. "Does my sweaty dick taste good?"

"Mmmmm," she answers around his cock, never breaking stride. My dick strains against my pants, aching from the lack of stimulation.

He chuckles quietly, then tilts his head back and continues enjoying the blowjob. Leaning lazily against the garage with his legs spread wide, he lets out sighs of satisfaction in between swigs of beer as mom worships his cock intensely. Minutes go by with only the sounds of sucking and exhales of pleasure filling the small space around them before Stanley addresses her again.

"This feels so good. You suck like a porn star."

She offers a low moan of pleasure in response before slowing down, taking his dick deeper into her mouth with each swallow, applying more suction.

Mom sucks him this way for a few minutes, eliciting low moans of gratification from Stanley, before she engulfs his entire shaft. With her nose pressed up against his stomach, she begins to emit the deep gurgling sounds of contracting throat muscles.

"Aw yeah, milk my cock," he murmurs. His eyes close and he pushes his hips out, trying to get as much dick down her throat as he can. The empty beer bottle makes a soft thud as it falls onto the dirt beside him and he grips the back of her head with both hands, holding her in place.

"Hold it. Hold it," he commands as she begins to choke and gag on his cock.

Finally after about thirty seconds, he releases her head and she pulls off his shaft with a sharp gasp for air.

"Fuck, I love your mouth," he tells her.

"I love your big cock," she replies through heavy breaths.

Leaning forward, she sticks out her tongue and begins to lick his shaft.

"I can tell." Cockiness oozes from his voice.

He watches as she takes long licks of his dick, running her entire tongue from base to tip then along each side before returning to the base in a repeating pattern that makes his dick pulse and causes him to exhale sharply.

Reaching up, she wraps one hand around his cock and places the tip of his head on the center of her tongue. She jerks his cock a few times, forcing a grunt from Stanley.

"Getting a sample of the main course?"

Mom bobs her head up and down as she withdraws her tongue back inside her mouth and swallows.

"It tastes really good, much better than other guys."

I realize then that they're referring to his pre-cum and shudder from a mix of disgust and arousal, my cock almost painfully hard in my shorts.

"You ready for the full meal?"

She nods her head quickly.

"Fuck yeah," he says, his voice low.

Stanley grips the base of her ponytail and brings her face back to his cock.

She captures it in her mouth and he immediately begins moving her up and down his shaft with a tight hold of her hair.

He slowly builds up a fast pace, his arm jerking quicker and quicker until he's rapidly moving her mouth along his cock. Wet sloshing noises fill the air as he roughly uses mom's mouth for his own gratification, grunting in pleasure each time he forces her down the entire length of his shaft.

"Oh, fuck yes!" Stanley shouts.

He pauses to push forward off the back wall, forcing mom out of the shadows and into the light as she sits back on her calves. The bright light cast from next door reveals her disheveled appearance; ponytail askew, eyes glazed over and teary.

Stanley steps toward her, and my eyes grow wide as his cock comes into full view. It's just as big as the girls at school whispered it was. Emerging from a thicket of dark pubic hair, his uncut cock points straight out. Long and fat, it shines from mom's saliva. He places his left hand on the wooden fence and leans over her. With his right, he takes a hold of the base of her ponytail and tilts her head upward. She opens her mouth and Stanley eases his monster cock inside.

He starts to move his hips back and forth while he holds her head in place. His thrusts quickly become rapid and she begins to make gagging noises as he skull fucks her.

"Yeah, choke on this dick," he spits out. Shutting his eyes, he rapidly feeds mom his shaft. Tears begin to stream down her face as she gags on his large cock, her hands tightly gripping his legs.

"Take it bitch," Stanley mutters under his breath, his hips speeding up even more. His ass rises and falls as he pumps her mouth with abandon, his sole focus on getting his nut.

"Oh fuck, you ready? Here it comes. Here it comes!"

Stanley slows down and gives mom's mouth several shallow pumps before he lets loose a series of deep grunts. He grips her hair tightly as his mouth drops open, a look of incomprehensible bliss on his face. When I see his large cock begin to throb, I know he's unloading in her mouth.

They stay like this for at least a minute, Stanley panting heavily as he floods mom's mouth with his cum. She lightly strokes his stomach as her lips gently pull at his pulsing shaft, coaxing as much of his seed out of him as she can. His hips start to slow as he finishes cumming, giving the occasional thrust to ensure no remnants of his load remain. With a soft plop, Stanley withdraws his half hard cock from her mouth. She swallows loudly, and Stanley gives her a small smile as he leans against the fence, trying to catch his breath.

"Holy fuck, that was the best blowjob I've ever had," he huffs between breathes. Mom giggles as

she does her best to wipe off her face.

Standing upright, he stuffs his deflated cock back into shorts and looks her in the face. "You didn't waste a drop, did you?"

"Uh-uh," she replies, a small smile playing on her lips.

He laughs while reaching down to help her stand. "Good girl."

She staggers on the way up and only then do I realize she's been drinking.

"You came so much," she tells him.

"Yeah, I always dump a lot of cream."

"Really?"

"What else would these big balls be for other than holding all that baby batter?"

They both laugh before he pulls her in for a kiss. She sighs into his mouth, wrapping her arms around him. He lightly pushes her up against the fence, deepening the kiss.

Their lips remain locked together until he pulls away and smirks at her. "I love the taste of my cum in your mouth."

This sends my brain into overdrive and my cock gives a sharp jolt. I brace myself against the garage in surprise and lightly gasp as I feel my cock start to spurt inside my shorts.

Shame and pleasure surge through me, battling for dominance as I shut my eyes and wait for my cock to stop spasming. It throbs once, twice, three times before I start to feel a growing wetness around my crotch. It spreads throughout the entire front of my pants before my orgasm finally starts to subside. Mom's light giggling forces my eyes open in panic. But it's only Stanley nuzzling her neck that causes her to laugh. His lips and tongue move against her alabaster skin in sensual kisses as she giggles quietly, eyes shut and arms wrapped around his muscular chest.

I begin to slowly back away, trying not to make any noise as I retreat from the back corner of the garage. Once I'm out of earshot, I turn and begin to speed walk down the driveway, careful not to let my shoes slap too loudly against the pavement.

I hang right once I reach the sidewalk, cross in front of my house and run quickly up the steps to the door. Slipping inside, I practically race upstairs to my room before removing my shirt and peeling off pants. The wet stain on the front is nothing compared to the mess that is my underwear. Still sticky and gooey, I hold them up in astonishment. How did I cum so much? I don't think I've ever cum this much in my life!

With a shudder, I toss my underwear into the hamper along with the rest of my clothes. My mind returns to what I saw behind the Pachis' garage as I dress in clean underwear and pajamas.

How could she do this to Tim? And with that fucking asshole too? What the hell possessed her to act like such a slut, especially where anyone could catch them? These questions circle around inside my head until a new one surfaces. Why did it turn me on so much?

Tears fill my eyes and I begin to cry. Laying down on my bed, I let them flow freely along with the shame, confusion, and fear that I feel deep inside. Quiet sobs echo throughout my room for the

next few minutes as I douse my pillow.

After minutes of heavy tear shedding, I finally begin to calm down. I'm only sniffing when the sounds of the front door opening and closing catch my attention. Moving quickly, I switch off the bedside lamp before turning to face the wall as soft thuds on the stairs indicate someone is climbing them.

I force myself to slow my breathing as I hear the doorknob turn quietly. The door creaks slightly as it opens behind me. Eyes shut, I take deep, slow breaths for what feels like an eternity until I hear the door click close. The floorboards in the hall emit low squeaks as mom moves toward her bedroom.

Rolling onto my back, my eyes open to stare at the ceiling. This whole night has been strange and awful. I don't know how to make any sense of it and fear grips my heart as I ponder what the repercussions will be.

## **Bully Moves in Next Door Pt. 02**

The bell chimes behind me, indicating a customer has come through the door. It's late afternoon and the ice cream shop hasn't been particularly busy in the last few hours. I stare absentmindedly at the table I'm wiping down, unaware that I've been cleaning the same spot for the last few minutes.

Since Stanley's party over a week ago, it's as if a fog has settled over my brain. I can't stop thinking about what I saw that night, or my reaction to it. It was what I was thinking about when I fell asleep afterward and what I thought about when I woke up the next morning. To my chagrin, it was also what I thought about when I jerked off a few minutes later, and what I thought about every time I've jerked off since.

It's been impossible to reconcile the shame and humiliation I feel with my arousal regarding mom and Stanley's oral encounter, or even understand why it arouses me at all. All I know is that it turns me on immensely and that I hate myself for jerking off while thinking about it, which is what's led to my current existential crisis.

Unable to focus on anything else, I constantly stew in a mixture of shame and self-loathing over my newly discovered kink. It's starting to affect my job. Mr. Gottlieb has been quite angry with me, shouting whenever I drop a scoop of ice cream or ring up an order incorrectly. I know I have to get my shit together, especially since I haven't been working here very long, but I just can't seem to snap out of it.

I think part of what's made it so awful is mom's behavior since it happened. She hasn't been acting any different at all, even when we went to pick up Tim at the airport the day after the party. She had greeted him like always, as if nothing was any different, as if she hadn't been blowing the twenty year old neighbor behind his garage the night before. Honestly, that's what's baffled me the most, and also contributed to how awful I felt, the fact that she didn't appear to feel any guilt about what happened.

Part of me hoped that it was because it was just a one time thing. That she drank too much, had a brief slip, and now that she's gotten it out of her system, she's back to her usual self. I haven't noticed her snapping Stanley, or seen them talking across the fence, which is a good sign. But that could simply be because Tim's been back home for all I knew. My head hurt turning all this over again and again. Another reason why I've been so distracted lately; trying to gauge where mom stands with Stanley.

Speaking of Stanley, he was just as insufferable as ever. I passed him and his friends the other

day as I was getting home from work. They were drinking beer and laughing on his back porch when I walked up my empty driveway, mom and Tim having finally gone to meet with a wedding planner.

"Hey, there he is," one of them whispered, and they all snickered.

"Yo, Kyle," Brock called out to me. I stopped on the back steps and turned my head toward them.

"How'd your mom like Pachis' party last weekend?"

They all laughed as I stood there, anger and humiliation reddening my cheeks.

"I heard she had a great time," Hudson sniggered.

I began to fish through my pockets to look for my keys and tried to ignore my cock, which was beginning to stiffen at their insinuations of what happened at the party.

"Real wild one, your mom."

"Very neighborly though."

They continued to laugh and make jokes at me as I finally pulled my key out and unlocked the door.

"Heard she gave Pachis a belated welcome to the neighborhood present."

They all roared with laughter.

I whipped my head around to tell them to fuck off but stopped when I made eye contact with Stanley, who grinned wickedly.

"Yeah, she finally got to learn the origin of my last name," he said and grabbed his crotch suggestively through his mesh shorts.

Tears welled up in my eyes as his friends all laughed and made "ohhhhh" noises.

"Look, the little bitch is crying," one of them said, and I pushed through the door into the kitchen before slamming it shut behind me. Leaning back, tears started to run down my cheeks.

Stanley and his friends continued laughing loudly outside, no doubt at my expense. My cheeks burned in rage and humiliation, but my cock also throbbed underneath my clothes.

I quickly unbuttoned and unzipped my pants, pulling them roughly down to my thighs along with my underwear. My erection sprang out and I gripped it tightly. Furiously, I began to stroke my cock, closing my eyes and conjuring up the images of my mom blowing Stanley in the dim light behind his garage.

Flashes of that night came quickly as I jerked myself faster and faster: finding mom on her knees in front of Stanley, the slurping sounds she made as she sucked him vigorously, his fist gripping her blonde ponytail tightly as he moved her mouth up and down his big cock, and finally, his grunts of pleasure when he unloaded in her mouth.

These memories played over and over in my mind as I brought myself closer and closer to cumming, just as they had every time I jerked off since making them.

With a gasp, I shot blast after blast of cum all over the floor. My powerful orgasm had come to an end, just as all the others had, with shame and the prickling of tears.

Remembering this encounter inadvertently causes my cock to harden, snapping me out of my reverie. My eyes grow wide as my erection pushes outward from inside my pants. I hunch over the table a bit more, glad the shop isn't crammed full of people, one of whom might notice. I abruptly turn, intent on hurrying into the bathroom, and slam into the back of the woman who had just come in. I take a step back, alarmed. My bulge had accidentally pressed into her lower back when I ran into her, causing the older, heavy set woman to jump.

She turns around and glances down at the erection jutting out the front of my pants, a horrified look on her. I start frantically trying to apologize but she cuts me off.

"Oh my god," she exclaims loudly. "You just sexually assaulted me!"

"No, no," I respond, holding my hands up to proclaim my innocence. "I just -"

"You just rubbed your genitalia up against me is what you did!"

The little girl that's with her points up at my crotch. "Grandma, why are his pants like that?"

"Because he's a deviant, that's why," the woman angrily tells her granddaughter.

Mr. Gottlieb comes pushing through the door from the back room, a deep scowl on his face, his voice booming when he speaks. "What's going on out here?"

"You're little perverted employee just humped my backside with his erection," she tells him.

His eyes practically bulge out of his head and he turns to me. "Kyle, what's the meaning of this?"

"I - It was an accident - I didn't mean -"

"Uh-uh, I felt him brush it up against me," the woman interrupts me. "I should call the police is what I should do!"

"That won't be necessary ma'am, I'll take care of this immediately. Kyle, get the hell out of here."

"But, I still have two hours left on my shift," I explain, exasperated.

"Not anymore," Mr. Gottlieb says firmly, crossing his arms. "You're fired!"

"Fired?" I murmur. "No, please, Mr. Gottlieb, let me explain!"

He marches over to me and grips my wrist hard. "I'm not interested in your 'explanations' you sniveling creep!" There's venom in his voice, and he drags me to the front of the shop.

"I should have listened to my instincts and never let your mother talk me into hiring you!"

Opening the door, he lets go of my wrist and grabs me by the shirt, shoving me outside. I stumble, falling flat on my ass as he stands over me and shouts, "If I ever catch you around here again, I'll call the cops!"

The door slams shut and I sit there in disbelief, staring up at the faded logo on the front of the

shop. No, this can't be happening, not now. Not when everything else in my life is complete shit.

Breathing heavily, I slowly stand, pausing to look around before I begin wandering down the street to the bus stop. Dark clouds hang overhead, and it begins to drizzle as I stand, despondent, waiting for the next bus. After a few minutes, I suddenly recall what Mr. Gottlieb had said right before he threw me out, about letting mom convince him to hire me, and I feel my heart sink even more. God, I'm such a loser. Not only did my mommy have to get my first job for me but I'd been fired from it in disgrace after only a month of working there.

The bus finally arrives and I climb aboard, sitting down in the first seat by the window. As I stare out at the rain falling gently, I can't help but think how awful things have been since Stanley's reemergence in my life not so long ago.

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I slip in through the back door and turn right into the laundry room. It was pouring now, and I had been soaked walking the several blocks from the bust stop to my house. Stripping down to just my underwear, I dump my wet work clothes angrily into the trash. I won't be needing them anymore.

Finally, the tears that had been building up since getting fired earlier start to fall as I begin sobbing quietly. The sound of the rain crashing loudly against the house drowned out my cries.

After a few minutes, my tears start to dwindle, and I think I hear a faint sound over the noise of the rain. Quieting myself, I strain to listen and wonder if I just imagined it. A few seconds later I hear it again, a soft thump.

As I exit the laundry room and step into the kitchen, I can hear several more thumping noises. They become louder and start to form a steady rhythm as I move through the living room. When I'm a few feet from the foot of the staircase, I freeze. The sounds of moaning and grunting float down from upstairs, mixing with the loud, steady thumps, as I stare at a familiar pair of white slides casually strewn by the front door.

My brain whirls as I try to process and make sense of everything I'm hearing and seeing, finally putting it all together once I remember Tim had left on another work trip earlier this afternoon. I can feel my heart start to bang against my chest, and my eyes widen in understanding as my head turns slowly towards the top of the stairs. An erection starts to sprout in my underwear as I listen to the sounds of sex coming from the second floor.

Breathing heavily, I tentatively take a step forward. The fear in my chest screams not to, but my throbbing erection overrides it, driving my feet forward. Carefully, I climb the staircase, trying to make as little sound as possible. The noises grow louder the closer I get to the top, and my erection strains against my underwear, simultaneously afraid and excited of what I'll see.

At the top of the stairs, I spot a pair of panties on the ground. Pink and frilly, they have a large wet stain on the front. I gulp and slowly ease my head around the corner, noticing more clothes scattered in the hallway outside mom's partially open bedroom door. I incline my head forward to peak inside and see mom lying on the bed with Stanley pinned on top of her.

She has both of her legs drawn up on either side of him as he drives his large cock into her with quick, steady thrusts. Her left hand grips the small of his back while her right holds onto one of his large arms, and she desperately moves her hips to meet his cock as it pistons in and out of her. His face is buried in her neck and her eyes are shut, face scrunched up in intense pleasure as the headboard bangs against the wall over and over.

"God damn, you're so fucking wet," he grunts in astonishment. "You like my big cock?"

"Ugh, yes! I fucking love it," she responds enthusiastically.

"Say it again!"

"I love your big cock, Stanley!"

"Fuck yeah, bitch, I knew you would."

The rough way he speaks to her makes my cock throb and I reach a hand into my underwear to stroke it.

Lifting his head up, he sticks his tongue out and she touches it with her own, each of them flicking their tongue against the other's before he crushes his mouth to hers. She eagerly responds, both of their mouths sealing together tightly. Their lust filled moans, while loud, can't cover the wet noises their tongues make as they clash together. Mom clutches his broad shoulders as she wraps her legs around his waist, writhing underneath him in response to both his cock and tongue inside her.

They break off their kiss and Stanley looks down at her, hunger gleaming in his eyes.

"Glad to finally have my dick inside you?"

"God yes! I've wanted it for so long!"

"Squeeze it for me!"

His smirk a few seconds later indicates she's gripping him tightly.

"That's right, keep it up, princess. Fuck, your pussy is so hot!"

His next few thrusts are faster before he abruptly pauses his penetration.

"I need to get in there deeper," he tells her, withdrawing his large, bare cock from her pussy. He sits up and grins at the juices coating his long, thick shaft, all the way down to his dark, bushy pubic hair.

"That's what I like to see, you got me nice and slick."

He spreads his knees far apart, leaning over her and grabbing ahold of the headboard. Mom hooks her heels onto the back of Stanley's muscular thighs, opening herself up wide for him. He grabs his dick with his right hand and aligns it with her entrance.

"Ugh," she grunts as he pushes himself back inside her.

They quickly return to their previous rhythm as he takes her with fast strokes of his large cock, both of them grunting and groaning as they passionately fuck each other.

"Does my donkey dick feel good inside you?"

"It feels amazing! I'm so full," she groans.

"Damn right you are!"

He smirks again and begins to thrust harder, squinting as he concentrates on feeding her his dick, hitting a spot deep inside her that elicits loud grunts from mom.

"UGH, UGH, UGH," she repeats over and over as Stanley's body smacks against hers.

"Yeah bitch, take this fucking dick!"

He grips mom's swaying breasts, pulling and squeezing them hard. She lets out a deep moan and thrusts her chest into his touch.

"These tits are fucking incredible," he spits out.

Leaning in, he rakes his tongue across her left breast, making her squeal. Encouraged, his mouth closes around her erect nipple.

"Mmmmmm," he moans as he begins to suckle at it, reaching out to play with the other one. Mom begins to emit loud pitched wails, her nails digging into his back as she's pushed over the edge by the electric feeling of Stanley mauling her tits while swiftly driving his shaft into her repeatedly.

I rapidly jerk my cock, completely aroused by their fervent fucking. Weeks of pent up sexual desire spills out of them as they surrender to their carnal lust for one another, urgently mating on the bed in front of me.

About two minutes later, their fucking starts to reach its peak. Mom calls out while Stanley continues to greedily suck on her large breast.

"Oh God, oh God! Stanley, I'm about to cum!" she yells, grabbing onto his hairy ass.

Stanley removes his mouth from her nipple, leaving it shining from his saliva.

"That's right, cum on my cock, bitch," he says, a shit eating grin on his face.

Mom shuts her eyes tight as her mouth opens in a silent scream. She grips his ass tightly, holding him deep inside her while she cums hard on his dick.

Her contracting pussy muscles are evidently too much for Stanley.

"Fuck, you're gonna make me bust," he says in a strained voice.

With a series of loud grunts, Stanley cums deep inside my mom, her hands pulling at his flexing ass as he floods her pussy with his seed.

My cock throbs in my hand and I orgasm in quiet huffs. Cum spills into my underwear as I grip the banister, trying to hold myself steady through the powerful orgasm that rips through me.

"Fuck yeah, baby," Stanley pants while smirking down at her.

He leans in and their lips meet as they begin to kiss. Mom moans into his mouth as she runs her hands through his hair.

Breathing heavily, I look down at the mess I made in my underwear and then back up at the

couple, still interlocked on the bed.

With my arousal satiated, panic seizes me as what I've just done sets in. I can't be caught like this.

I debate creeping back downstairs, but the rain has stopped and I don't want to risk them hearing me, especially since they're not as distracted as they were when I came up.

The closet door across from the stairs is open slightly and I dart inside after hesitating for a moment, hoping neither of them spot me.

Once inside, I crouch down on the floor and wait. I can hear the sounds of Stanley and mom still rolling around in bed, kissing. Minutes go by as they giggle in between smacking their lips together.

"That was so hot, you were amazing," mom eventually says.

"I know," Stanley replies cockily. "You were on fire too. I've never fucked a MILF before."

My mom giggles and I hear them kiss again.

"Shit, it's about time we finally fucked. I've been thinking about you nonstop since you had your lips wrapped around my cock at the party."

"Me too, I've honestly been attracted to you for a while now, the night of the party finally just lit the fuse. I had to have your dick inside me after tasting it that night."

He laughs. "Well give me a few more minutes and you can have it inside you again."

"I don't know, I want to but I'm not sure if we'll have enough time before Kyle comes home from work."

"Doesn't he have, like, an hour left on his shift?"

"He does, but I want to shower and change the sheets before he gets home. We'll be cutting it kinda close and I'm nervous enough about getting caught as it is."

"Aww come on, he won't notice. You've been craving my dick for so long, don't you wanna enjoy it some more?"

"Of course," she says, laughing. "But I'd rather enjoy it when I have more time to."

"So when will that be?"

"Well, he's off work tomorrow, but he has a full shift the day after, so you can come over as soon as he leaves and spend the entire time buried inside me."

"Oh fuck yeah, you're gonna be aching by the time he gets back!"

Mom giggles before I hear them kiss again.

The bed squeaks as their bodies shift around, and a loud thud echoes off the floor as one of them, presumably Stanley, stands up.

Floorboards groan under his weight as he lumbers into the hallway, his large feet coming into view just outside the closet door. I peer out at him as he crouches to collect his clothes off the floor. Sweat covers his naked body, and his cock, still pretty large even in its flaccid state, hangs heavy and low in front of him. I'm close enough that I can see that it's covered in their dried juices. He scoops up all his things, hesitating briefly before snatching mom's panties and pressing them to his face while inhaling deeply.

I gasp, and despite having cum not that long ago, I feel my dick give a sharp jerk before I shrink back deeper into the closet, fearful of being discovered.

"I'm gonna go ahead and keep these," he tells her, standing back up.

"Why?"

"I like the smell, reminds me of how wet you are for me."

She giggles and he quickly dresses as she emerges from the bedroom. He pulls her against him, squeezing her ass as they kiss.

"I'm looking forward to Saturday," she tells him.

"Same here, baby."

They kiss once more before he stomps down the stairs.

"Snap me later," he calls from the front door.

"I will"

The door opens and slams shut as mom picks her clothes up off the floor, moving into the bathroom down the hall.

I hear the shower start up, and after a few minutes I ease my way out of the closet.

Poking my head into her room, I see the bed is still unmade and the scent of their raunchy, illicit sex lingers in the air. The smell makes my dick jump again and I move closer to the bed, taking notice of a large, wet spot in the center. Leaning in, I tentatively take a whiff of the combined fluids of my mom and my bully.

My dick reaches full mast as I stand there, misty eyed, ashamed and erect once more. I quickly make my way to my bedroom down the hall and shut the door before pulling off my underwear. The cum has partially dried from when I jerked off earlier and I stuff it deep into my hamper before sitting down on my bed with my head in my hands, my erection slowly fading.

I can't believe it. Now she's fucked that douchebag in addition to blowing him. The whole thing was made even worse, not just by how much she enjoyed it, but how much I did too.

My cheeks burn in shame and contempt for myself.

"What the hell is wrong with me?" I whisper, a silent tear rolling down the side of my cheek.

I could try and ration away what had happened at the party, that I grew erect not knowing who they initially were, or that I came involuntarily in my pants after becoming disoriented over their encounter. But this? There was no brushing off that I intentionally crept upstairs to furiously jerk off while watching Stanley Pachis, the man who made the last few years of my existence

miserable, fuck and cum inside the woman who created me.

Sitting there, I breathe heavily, quietly sniffing until the sound of the water shutting off forces me to wipe my eyes and get dressed.

Not long after, I hear a knock on my door.

"Come in."

Mom opens the door and steps forward, a towel wrapped around her.

"Hey Kyle, you just get home?"

I avoid eye contact with her, too ashamed of the both of us to look her in the face.

"What's wrong, sweetheart?" I can hear the concern in her voice and I know she can tell that I have just finished crying.

I don't respond and she crosses the room toward me. She places her hands on my face and tilts my head so that I'm looking at her.

There's concern and sadness in her eyes, and maybe just a bit of fear too. Is she worried that I saw her and Stanley?

"I got fired today," I eventually tell her.

"Oh sweetheart, I'm so sorry."

She gives me a hug and I began to cry into her shoulder. Even though her voice was filled with sympathy, I saw a flash of relief in her eyes before she hugged me.

Her secret is still safe and so is mine.

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The next few days pass by in blur, with the weight of getting fired and catching Stanley fucking mom almost crushing me. I spent most of the time laying in bed, alternating between playing video games and masturbating furiously while thinking about what'd I'd come home to discover that rainy afternoon.

Whenever I see mom, I try not to think about her and Stanley, although it was hard not too, so I don't end up saying too much when she tries to make conversation. I can tell she's concerned, but I think she's just chalked my behavior up to getting fired, which it partially is, but most of it's due to catching them in bed and the shame of enjoying it.

Even though I'm not working anymore, my body keeps waking me up early in the mornings, still used to my old sleep schedule. Most of the time I'm easily able to fall back to sleep, but on the fourth day since losing my job, hushed voices from mom's bedroom catch my attention.

My interest piqued, I slip out of bed and sneak down the hall to listen at her door.

"You look cute with bed head," mom was saying.

"And you look sexy in that nightie." I recognize Stanley's voice. They must be video chatting.

"You think so?"

"Absolutely," he says. "Makes me wish I was there so I could tear it right off."

She giggles lightly. "Stop, you're so bad."

"I'm serious, I got the biggest hard on right now. You have no idea how much I've been dying to fuck you again."

I hear her sigh. "I know, I've been thinking a lot about it too, but Kyle's home all the time now since he lost his job."

"Yeah, and with my little brothers visiting, there's no way we'd get any privacy over here. I just wish we could hammer one more out before your fiancé gets home tomorrow."

"Well, I kind of had an idea that I wanted to run past you."

"What is it?"

"So, there's an old couch of ours down in the basement. We moved it there after getting a new one a couple of years ago, just temporarily, until I could donate it but I never got around to contacting Goodwill."

"Is it a pull out couch?"

"No, but it's still pretty big. Definitely big enough to fit both of us comfortably. I was thinking you could come by late tonight, after Kyle has fallen asleep, and we could sneak down there."

"Fuck yeah, I'm down. Would we have to be quiet?"

"There'd be two floors between us and him, plus the brick walls act as good insulation, so I don't think we'd have to be too quiet, just not overtly loud."

"Sounds good to me, I'm just excited to get some more of that sweet pussy."

She giggles again. "You're such a horn dog."

"You know it, gorgeous. How bout you give me a preview of tonight and show me those perfect tits."

I hear the rustling of fabric before Stanley speaks again.

"Damn, look at those nips. So pink and perky. I can't wait to suck on 'em. What time were you thinking?"

"Late, twelve thirty or one. I'll check on him before I snap you, just to be sure."

"Perfect!"

I slowly inch my way back into my room and quietly shut the door. Back in bed, I hear mom go downstairs not too long later.

Their planned clandestine meeting is all I can think about the entire day, along with a disturbing

idea that had crept up on me while I was eavesdropping on them. It lurked at the back of my mind, constantly prodding me to follow through with it. I kept it at bay, nearly the entire day, determined to ignore it completely.

But early in the evening, mom went out after she had finished work. When she came back about an hour later, I was watching tv, but I noticed the pink Victoria's Secret bag she clutched tightly to her side as she passed by on her way upstairs. I heard the shower start up not long after. Initially, I ignored the urge to go and see what she bought, but eventually, I gave in, my curiosity having gotten the better of me.

Upstairs, I found the bag in her closet. Reaching in, I gingerly grasped the soft fabric and pulled it out. What I held up was a light pink, satin nightie. It was small. Very small in fact, and trimmed in delicate lace along the bust and hem. I shuddered with the knowledge that it was for her tryst with Stanley, and right then, I knew. As much as I didn't want to admit it to myself, I knew I would follow through with the idea that had been haunting me all day long.

Dropping the nightie back into the bag, I quietly shut the closet door and left her room. The rest of the evening seemed to pass slowly. We ate dinner like usual, with me glancing at her occasionally to gauge her mood. She seemed normal, if a little distracted, but then again, so was I.

When night came, I retired to my room, laying in bed for the next few hours until it was time. I changed into my pajamas and arranged some of my pillows under the covers to look like a person fast asleep. Shutting off the lights, I crack open the door and glance out. It's dark, but I can see light coming from under mom's bedroom door at the opposite end of the hall.

I silently make my way downstairs, stopping only when I stand in the kitchen facing the door to the basement. Pulling out my phone, I switch on the flashlight and open the door. The light illuminates the steps leading down, and I take a deep breath before I slowly start down the stairs, shutting the door quietly behind me.

Once at the bottom, I shine the light around the small space. Boxes and bins claim most of the basement, but to the right, our old couch is pushed up against the wall, a white sheet covering it. Setting my phone down, I angle it so that the light shines on the bins and boxes stacked opposite the couch, which I then begin moving around. After a few minutes of careful maneuvering, I've created a little nook for myself to hide in. Standing back, I examine the boxes to be sure that they're stacked well enough that I won't be seen peeking through the tiny pockets of space between them.

I carefully step around and settle in, sitting on a plastic bin before switching off my light to wait. I'm not sure how long I wait in the dark, I'm too scared of the backlight of my phone screen to check the time. It feels like a while, but I know it's just the apprehension and arousal making it seem that way.

Eventually, I hear the soft sound of the door opening before the switch is flicked on, radiating a soft glow of light from the singular bulb hanging in the center of the room.

"It's just down here," I hear mom say.

"Excellent," Stanley replies.

The stairs creak in protest as two sets of feet descend them. They both come into view as they reach the bottom. Mom's wearing the nightie she bought earlier.

"Sorry it's so small and dusty," mom apologizes.

"Psh, I don't give a shit. All I can think about right now is being balls deep in your pussy."

"Well, in a few minutes you're going to be," she says with a laugh. She removes the sheet covering the couch, shaking the dust out before setting it aside.

"So Kyle was knocked out when you checked on him?"

"Definitely, he was completely immobile."

Guess my little trick worked.

"Good, we can have our fun without worrying about any interruptions."

She slowly saunters forward as his eyes fixate on her body.

"God, I love this little nightie you bought for me. I got so hard watching all those snaps you sent me, trying on different ones."

Approaching him, she reaches up to put her arms around his neck as he takes hold of her waist.

"Well you did say you liked it the best."

"Oh it's definitely my favorite."

"And I didn't wear any panties underneath like you asked," she told him, a playful smile on her face.

"Aw, fuck yeah!"

He presses his mouth to hers and they begin kissing, starting out slow before quickly building in passion. Their hands roam each other's bodies as they sigh into each other's mouths. Stanley takes hold of her ass underneath her nightie, kneading it while she feels all the muscles underneath his tank top, eventually just pulling it off to give herself better access.

I start to feel my cock come alive in my pajama bottoms, and I begin massaging it through the thin fabric.

Mom and Stanley's kissing becomes more intense, flashes of tongue appearing as they make out, their hands gripping and pulling each as close as possible. He takes his right hand off her ass and moves it between her legs. He starts rubbing gently and the friction causes her to moan into his mouth as she clutches at him tightly. His hand moves back and forth underneath the front of her nightie, eliciting groans of excitement from mom. Stanley pauses, and I can see him press his hand upward, inserting one of his long fingers inside her.

Mom fiercely grips Stanley's arm, gently rocking against his hand as he thrusts into her.

"Oh Jesus, Stanley," she cries, widening her stance. "Put another in."

He obliges and deftly finger fucks her as she leans into his neck, panting heavily while pushing back to meet his fingers.

Stanley slowly withdraws his hand, holding his index and middle fingers up to her. They glisten in

the light and she takes them into her mouth, sucking them clean.

I breathe deeply, pulling out my fully erect cock and slowly start stroking myself, trying not to be overly eager. I don't want to blow my load too soon

"Fuck, that's so hot," he tell hers, then brings her mouth back to his.

They resume kissing for a bit before taking careful steps backward towards the couch. Mom's hand grips Stanley's hard cock through his mesh shorts, making him groan into her mouth. She slowly rubs his protruding shaft, feeling along the length of it as it strains against the fabric. Eventually, she breaks off, kissing his chest several times before licking the crevice between his pecs. As she slowly sinks to her knees, she slides her tongue down his abdomen, tasting the beads of sweat that cling there. When she comes face to face with his large bulge, she nuzzles against it and inhales.

My heart skips a beat, she can't actually enjoy sniffing his crotch like that, can she?

Stanley watches in amusement as she breathes in the strong odor emanating from his cloth covered shaft.

"Smell where that cock has been all day?"

"Mmhmm," mom answers.

"You like the musky scent of my dick?"

"It's intoxicating," she says, leaning her head back to look at him. "So masculine and sweaty."

"You should get a whiff after I finish a workout. Shit'll drive you crazy." He rubs his bulge against her face a few times.

My cock throbs in my hand as I imagine mom on her knees, face planted into Stanley's groin after a heavy pump session in his garage.

"Why don't you go ahead and ease him on out."

Mom pulls down the front of his shorts, freeing his large cock as she tucks the waistband under his low hanging balls. Her face is a mix of awe and desire as his dick throbs in front of her.

"So big," she mumbles, trance-like.

"Show him the respect he deserves and greet him properly, with a kiss."

Leaning in, mom plants a long kiss on the top of his cockhead, which peaks out from his foreskin, smearing precum all over her lips. She lifts her head and they make eye contact, a submissive look in her eyes and a domineering one in his. Her tongue runs across her lips, tasting his salty fluid, before she starts sensually licking his knob. Stanley's breathing becomes heavy as he watches her tongue his cockhead, occasionally pressing her thick lips against it in a kiss.

She eventually closes her mouth around it, pausing for a moment before she begins sucking him with slow, deep swallows.

Stanley exhales loudly before closing his eyes and tilting his head back slightly.

Mom builds her speed up, slurping Stanley's cock as her plump lips pull tightly at his shaft.

"Fucking hell," he says in disbelief. "It's like God made your lips just for sucking my dick." She moans deeply and continues slobbering on his cock without inhibition.

"Hold on a second." His hand reaches out to take a hold of her head, slowing her down before gently pulling her off his cock.

He sits down in the center of the couch and mom moves between his legs. She starts tugging his shorts off and he helps her remove them, leaving him naked except for the white slides on his feet. He scoots forward, stretching out his long legs and spreading them wide, allowing her plenty of room to pleasure him.

Mom inclines her head and resumes blowing Stanley, who clasps his hands behind his head and leans back with his eyes shut. With her back to me, I can only see her head bobbing up and down in swift movements as she repeatedly swallows his pole. He lets out a long sigh of approval, satisfied her mouth is doing a suitable job attending to his cock. As she sucks him, her hands continuously roam his body, fondling and caressing wherever she can reach; his thighs, pecs, abdomen, shoulders, anywhere that there's muscle. She clearly has an affinity for his sculpted body, worshiping him like her own personal Adonis. Down on her knees with his large member in her mouth, her desire to please him however she can is unmistakable, and from the look on Stanley's face it seems he's realized this as well.

Mom bends over a bit, her head dipping down to deep throat him, and her nightie rides up, showing off a peek of her glistening pussy craving to be filled.

Stanley groans, moving his hands to her head to hold her in place as she starts choking on his cock. After she pulls off, he sits forward, pulling her up and removing her nightie. Standing naked before him, he grabs her waist and lifts her onto his lap so her knees are on each side of his thighs.

He kisses her several times before moving his mouth to her chest. She sighs, pushing her breasts into his face as he begins kissing and sucking them.

Mom briefly sits up and leans forward as she reaches to maneuver Stanley's dick behind her. Settling down in his lap again, his long, thick cock now presses stiffly up against her ass cheeks. Gripping his shoulders, she begins moving her lower body, gyrating her ass against his cock as he sucks on her nipples. His big hands grip each of her cheeks, squeezing and pushing them around his shaft as she grinds into it. Low moans of pleasure escape her mouth as his head rocks back and forth, his lips tugging firmly on her nipples which create suction noises. Occasionally, his tongue darts out, eagerly lapping at her tits before his mouth encircles one of her nipples again to continue suckling it.

Stanley alternates between sucking on each of her tits as his hands roughly sandwich his stiff cock between her cheeks. I can see pre-cum leaking down the side of his shaft, smearing against the soft curves of her ass.

Eventually, he decides he's ready to fuck, sitting up and laying mom down on the couch in one swift movement. Placing his right knee into the cushion beside her and bracing his left foot against the floor, Stanley throws her long legs over his shoulders, crouching low enough so that they're face to face.

Mom lets out a gasp of surprise as she's shifted into this new position. With her knees nearly tucked up by her head, her pussy is exposed to Stanley, and he starts rubbing his cock along her

slit, smearing her juices along the underside of his shaft.

They make eye contact, a determined look on Stanley's face as he slides against her folds, making her pant deeply, desire twinkling in her eyes.

"Tell me what you want," he says to her.

"I want it," she pants.

"You want what?"

"I want your cock," she says, louder.

"What?"

"I want you big cock, Stanley," she yells. "I want your cock so badly!"

"Beg for it," he demands of her.

"Fuck me with your huge dick! I need it inside me, please!"

Stanley smirks down at her and begins to press his cock against her opening. Mom's mouth forms an O as he slowly pushes inside her.

"Oh God," she gasps, groaning as he stuffs her full of his cock, only stopping once his bushy pubes are pressed up against her pussy lips.

"Hold your hands out to me," he demands.

She complies, and he grasps both of her wrists in his right hand before stretching her arms out above her head, forcing her chest forward.

"Christ, Stanley!"

He shifts his hips around, getting a feel for the warm, tightness surrounding his rod.

"This is gonna be a good fuck," he says, more to himself than her.

Carefully withdrawing his cock to the tip, he slowly pushes all the way back into her, repeating these movements over and over, forcing moans of pleasure from her mouth. Unlike the last time they had sex, frenzied and desperate, Stanley seems content to fuck her at this unhurried pace, taking pleasure in watching her reaction as he crams her full of his thick meat. The lower half of his body moves leisurely back and forth, penetrating her with deep, purposeful strokes. A look of euphoria washes over her face as she experiences the intensity of being filled completely by his firm, powerful tool.

"Can you feel every inch of this dick?"

"Ugh, yes, it's so big. So big..." she trails off, closing her eyes.

"Yeah, you love it, don't you?"

"Oh God, I do, I love your big dick! It feels so good inside me!"

She yelps as he grasps her nipple in his left hand, pinching and rolling it between his fingers. He starts to fuck her a bit harder, attempting to stimulate her body as much as possible, causing her to passionately call out his name between moans of pleasure.

"Am I bigger than your fiancé?" He asks her gruffly.

"Ohhh, so much bigger!"

"Who fucks you better?"

"You do..." she pants.

"Louder!"

"You do! You fuck me better than he does Stanley, like a real man!"

Her words excite him and he speeds up, taking her with powerful thrusts at a moderate pace. His large, hairy balls smack against her snow white ass with every buck of his hips.

"Ugh, Stanley, yes! Don't stop! Fuck, ugh! You're gonna make me cum!"

He accelerates even faster, slamming his cock into her wet cunt. A dark look crosses his face as he stares down at her. When he opens his mouth to speak, there's an edge in voice.

"Are you my little slut?" he asks her.

Mom doesn't respond. Her face is scrunched up in exhilaration, and her mouth hangs half open as she pants heavily, her orgasm just beginning to approach. Suddenly, he slows down, almost coming to a complete stop which draws whines of objection from mom.

"Stanley, I'm so close," she breathes deeply.

"I asked you a question," he replies sternly. He drags his heavy cock back and forth inside her, practically at a crawl, just enough to intentionally keep her from cumming while still building her anticipation for it.

This time when he asks her, he speaks more forcefully, emphasizing each word. "Are you my little slut?"

"Stanley..." Mom murmurs in desperation. She pushes back on his nearly still cock, attempting to bring herself to orgasm.

"ANSWER ME!" He brings his left hand down hard on her asscheek in a loud smack. Mom lets out a sharp cry of pain and pleasure as her eyes fly open.

"Yes! I'm your slut, your dirty, little slut!" Her neck strains as she declares herself his, and he sinisterly grins down at her, pleased to have made the neighborhood MILF his own personal whore.

"Who's pussy is this?" He thrusts sharply for emphasis and she involuntarily grunts.

"Yours, my pussy belongs to you!" She bites her lip, a pleading look on her face.

Stanley lets go of her wrists and withdraws his cock, his hard shaft glistening from her wetness.

"Up and on your knees," he tells her, patting her on the ass. Mom eagerly sits up, and he turns her around so that she's in the doggy position, her legs shaking with anticipation. She braces her hands against the arm of the couch, and he pushes down on her lower back, arching her body. Grabbing his dick, he rubs his head along her folds, causing her to moan. As he enters her from behind, his right hand collects her long, blond hair and wraps it around his fist.

Clasping her shoulder with his left hand, he tugs her head back, and starts to thrust into her.

"Oh fuck," she moans as he quickly picks up speed.

Stanley gives it to her fast and rough, pounding her pussy mercilessly as he lets out deep, carnal grunts. She pushes back to meet the dick being crammed into her, his hips rapidly slapping against her voluptuous, round ass, causing her cheeks to jiggle each time, and creating loud, clapping noises as their bodies clash repeatedly.

"Who's pussy is this?" Stanley confidently asks her again.

"It's yours, my pussy is yours, Stanley," she proclaims without hesitation.

"And who do you belong to?"

"You! I'm your fucking whore! Your filthy, slut to use whenever you want!"

"You're God damn right you are, bitch, and don't you ever fucking forget it either!"

He slaps her ass hard to drive his point home, and mom wails, her excitement elevated.

They continue this call and response as they fuck; with Stanley's prompting, mom responds with declarations of his ownership of her before receiving stinging whacks to the ass as rewards.

Their filthy and degrading verbal exchange parallels their rough sex; Stanley's domineering use of her body and mom's subservient embracement of his behavior reveals a new facet of their budding relationship as they form a deep and intense sexual bond.

Despite starting at a more sensual and slower pace, their sex currently borders on being animalistic, far surpassing just simple attraction. Stanley's aggressive sexual domination of my mother creates a formula of distress, humiliation, and disgrace within me, generating extreme arousal that almost makes my cock numb.

After edging myself throughout their sexual escapade, I'm unable to continue holding back, finally pushed over the edge by the vulgar words uttered while they fornicate erotically. With a final jerk of my hand, I ejaculate against the box in front of me. Rope after rope of cum hits the cardboard before sliding down, pooling on the floor.

My post nut clarity kicks in as my dick deflates, dribbling the remains of my load all over my hand. Disgust rolls through me along with the self-loathing I always feel after masturbating to thoughts of Stanley and mom, who begin to climax in front of me.

"Holy shit, you're gonna make me cum! Keep fucking me, Stanley. Keep fucking me, please!"

"Go head and cream my dick, you fucking whore!"

Mom's whines hit a crescendo as a shudder runs through her body, and her eyes close.

"Fuck yeah, I can feel your pussy milking my cock right now!"

Stanley lets go of her hair and grips both of her ass cheeks tightly, mashing them into his groin as he bucks into her with sharp thrusts.

"Shit, get ready to take my load, slut!"

His movements become erratic as a powerful orgasm sweeps over him. Hunching over, he makes obscene grunting noises while pumping her full of copious amounts of his sperm. Mom lets out small whimpers of satisfaction as he finishes cumming inside her.

Both of them hold still, panting heavily as they recover from their powerful orgasms. Eventually, Stanley slides himself out of mom, dragging fluid out with him that runs down her leg.

He sits on the couch, stretching out, and she plants herself alongside him, resting her head against his shoulder. Neither of them say anything as they sit curled up in their post-orgasm haze; they just sit quietly, Stanley with his arm looped around mom who gently caresses his chest.

Their comfort and intimacy unsettles me, partially because of how easily they appeared to transition from obscene fornicators to serene lovers. I'm not sure how long they stayed this way, their bodies casually interlocked on the couch; fifteen, twenty minutes, maybe longer.

At some point, mom finally speaks. "It's getting late, I should be going to bed soon."

"I thought we were gonna go a second round?"

"I know, but I've got an early start tomorrow. Tim's flight gets in at eight thirty in the morning and I have to pick him up."

She sits up and stands, stretching her muscles.

"We'll make it a quick one then."

"I really doubt that," she says, laughing. "We both know once we get going it won't be quick."

Bending down, she grabs her nightie, slipping it over her head as Stanley stands up with a sigh.

"Fine, but when you're horny tomorrow, remember you could have gone for another ride on this." He shakes his flaccid cock at her, grinning like an idiot while it swings around in front of him.

She laughs, then leans in to kiss him. "Ok, pony boy, time to put that thing away."

"I resent that, I'm definitely more horse than pony." He winks at her before pulling his clothes on. "How long is he gonna be back for?"

"Over a week," she tells him.

"Damn, that's a long ass time."

"I know, but I think he'll be gone for another week afterward so we'll have a decent amount of time together then."

"I fucking hope so, you've got me addicted to cumming in that hot, little pussy of yours."

"Stanley," she laughs, hugging him.

"What? It's true."

They climb the stairs together, shutting the light as they leave. I stare into the darkness, unsure of how long I should wait before heading upstairs, petrified mom will check on me again and discover my ruse. After twenty minutes, I feel safe enough to wiggle out from behind the boxes and quietly make my way back to my room.

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Mom looked tired the next morning. She had woken me up to go with her to pick Tim up at the airport, and when I protested, she sharply reminded me that I hadn't left the house in days.

"You can't wallow in your room forever, Kyle." I couldn't tell if it was the lack of sleep or the fact that she was finally starting to lose patience with me.

I sighed but got up and changed. She had made herself a large thermos of coffee when I came down to the kitchen, and I noticed she winced a bit when she crouched down to grab her keys after she dropped them on the floor, her legs no doubt sore from the previous evening.

We walked out to the car and Stanley was pulling up his garage door for a workout. His head turned when he heard our back door shut and he smirked.

"Morning, Julie."

She greeted him back, her expression unreadable behind the large sunglasses that adorned her face.

"You doing ok? Looks like you're walking a little funny." His smirk grew a bit wider.

"I'm fine," she told him. "Just... pulled a muscle is all." She unlocked the car and opened the door.

"That sucks, maybe you could use a massage, you know? Smooth out that strained muscle." He winked at her from across the fence.

"Uh, yeah, I'll look into that. Anyway, it was nice seeing you."

"You too."

We got in the car, and as mom backed out of the driveway, her head turned to look out at the street, I watched as Stanley stood by his garage, a self-satisfied grin on his face, staring at our car as we drove off to the airport.

Tim was home for almost two weeks this time. Like usual, mom and Stanley pretty much stopped interacting, at least openly. She would occasionally sneak away to Snapchat him when the opportunity presented itself, no longer as nervous about doing it with Tim in the house. They'd even chat over the fence in the morning on days when Tim was sleeping in. Their body language never became inappropriate, but I could only guess what they were talking about.

The day Tim was supposed to leave, I noticed something was up with mom. She was antsy all day, checking the clock frequently, and unable to sit still. Whenever she sat down, she would fidget for a few minutes before getting up to find something to occupy herself with. I had a hunch

she had made plans to meet up with Stanley later that night. Twelve days had elapsed since she last had sex with him and the anticipation seemed to be getting to her.

My mind returned to that night and I felt myself becoming aroused remembering their lust filled encounter on our old couch. Shame and apprehension burned within me as the thought of watching them again crept up on me. I shook my head, trying to rid myself of those awful thoughts and desires, telling myself that last time was the only time I'd ever do something like that. But deep down, underneath the confusion and fear surrounding my arousal, I knew I'd go back, I always would.

By evening, it was time to take Tim to the airport. When she came back, we had a late dinner. I carefully watched her as we ate. She checked her phone more than normal, occasionally picking at her food. My nerves unsettled me as I waited until some time had passed after we finished eating to announce that I didn't feel well and was going to bed early. Her eyes widened in surprise before a look of consideration crossed her face, so brief that I would've missed it if I had blinked, and I knew immediately that she was thinking of meeting Stanley earlier than planned.

"What's wrong?" She asked after a brief pause. "You're not getting sick, are you?"

"It's just a headache, I had a bad night's sleep last night so I'm probably just really tired."

"You sure you want to go to sleep this early? It's only nine."

She masked her eagerness behind concern quite well, but I knew what her real motives for this inquiry were.

"Yeah, I'll probably take some melatonin to help knock me out."

"Ok, well feel better sweetheart."

I shut myself in my room and changed into my pajamas while I waited. When the shower started up, I arranged my pillows under my covers like last time before creeping downstairs. I had no idea if they'd come back to the basement to have sex again. For all I knew, she was gonna sneak next door to his place tonight. But my semi-erect cock quashed any logic just like it did any misgivings about what I was about to do.

Once I was safely ensconced within my alcove of cardboard boxes and bins, I wait to see if they would show up. Part of me hopes that I'm wrong, that she's going to be next door tonight. But another, stronger part of me, the one that brought me down here, hopes they will be arriving soon. Time ticks by, and eventually, I start to believe that they're not coming. I'm pondering how much longer to wait, and what the risk would be if I'm caught coming back up from the basement, when the door opens, voices carrying down to me.

"Fuck, talk about lucking out," Stanley was saying.

The light snapped on as they began descending the stairs.

"I know, I just feel so bad about how excited I got when he told me he was sick and going to bed early."

"It's just a headache, he'll be fine," he dismisses. "In a few minutes, the only thing you'll be feeling is my dick inside you. God, I swear I got hard just seeing that you'd snapped me. I practically raced over here from my mom's place."

Mom leads Stanley by the hand over to the couch, turning to face him.

"I'm so glad you were able to come earlier, I've been going stir crazy all day just thinking about you."

"Oh yeah? Missed me that much, huh?" He grabs her waist, leaning in close.

"You have no idea."

Their lips meet and they waste no time before laying down on the couch to make out. They moan into each other's mouths, letting out the desire for one another that had built up over the last twelve days. Both of them quickly undress each other, hurriedly pulling off items of clothing to get naked as fast as possible.

I have my dick in my hand and slowly jerk it as I observe Stanley on top of my mom, licking and sucking her tits while rubbing his erection along her slit, when I hear a vibrating noise. Reluctantly breaking away from the sight in front of me, I spot mom's phone lighting up as it vibrates on the one of the bins where she placed it earlier.

"Shit," she says. "That's Tim. I forgot I told him to call me once he landed."

Stanley removes his mouth from her nipple. "So? Call him back later."

"I can't, we always talk before bed whenever he's out of town. It helps him sleep and he'll think it's strange if I don't pick up."

"Sounds pretty needy if you ask me."

"Stanley, can you just let me up!" She pushes against his shoulder and he relents.

"Are you fucking serious, Julie? My dicks so hard, it could cut glass right now."

"Would you shush already," she says with irritation, picking up the phone.

"Hello?" She answers just before it goes to voicemail.

Stanley clucks his tongue in annoyance and sits back. He strokes himself for a few minutes in an effort to keep his cock hard, but eventually gives up once he realizes she isn't going to rush him off the phone. Losing his erection, he picks his own phone up and begins scrolling through it, visibly ticked off.

I begin to lose my erection too watching both of them on their phones. Mom's conversation with Tim carries on for a good fifteen minutes before she's eventually able to say goodnight to him and hang up.

"Fucking finally," Stanley says, tossing his phone to the side. "I've got God damn blue balls over here."

"Alright, already," mom snaps at him. "I told you I forgot he would call. I was in a rush after Kyle went to bed and it slipped my mind."

He sighs in frustration. "Well, if he was out of the picture, then we wouldn't have to worry about bullshit like this."

"Stanley, don't," she warns.

"What? Look, all I'm saying is that if you weren't with him anymore, then we wouldn't have to sneak around or wait days on end to have sex. Think about it, one quick phone call and we could spend the next twelve hours in your bed."

"He's my fiancé, Stanley. We're going to be married soon. I can't believe you would suggest something so crass and in such a casual manner, as if I'm canceling a dentist appointment or something."

"Ok, so what's this going to be like then, between you and me? We fuck around until you marry him, and then what? We just stop and go back to being neighborly?"

"Ugh, I don't know, I don't know." Mom closes her eyes, pinching the bridge of her nose in frustration. "I haven't exactly thought all of this through, ok? It's a complicated situation to figure out and I'm not going to just arbitrarily end my engagement over it, not for something trivial like a good lay."

"Wow!" Stanley raises his eyebrows in surprise. "Good to know that's what I am then, huh? Just a dick for you to sit on until you get married."

"No, I didn't mean it like that," she replies.

"So how did you mean it then? Because, I like you. We have a lot in common, get along well, and I thought you like me too, but..."

He trails off and shrugs. Call me crazy, but I thought I could detect just a bit of hurt in his voice at the end.

The angry look on mom's face softens and she moves closer to him on the couch. "Stanley, that came out all wrong. I do like you, a lot actually. It's just that..."

She trails off, attempting to choose her next words carefully.

"You like him more?" Stanley finishes.

"No," she answers slowly. "That's not quite it." Her eyebrows knit together as she struggles to answer him properly.

"Then what?"

"He's just... different from you," she finally says. "So is my relationship with him."

"How?"

"Well he's affectionate and reliable. It's amicable being together, simple and straightforward. I can tell how devoted he is."

She smiles, placing her hand on his arm. "You, on the other hand, are strong and brash. Full of confidence and swagger. That's why I'm so attracted to you."

Her smile grows a bit mischievous. "And why the sex is hot, too."

"Oh I already knew that I was better than him at that." He smirks back at her and winks. "With how

much you enjoyed it, I figured he wasn't piping you up well."

"Stanley," she chastises, but there's a playfulness in her voice.

"Oh come on," he teases her. "Don't try and act like you weren't screaming that I fucked you better than he did the last time we had sex." He grinned as a blush crept over her cheeks.

"Ok, ok, it is better with you than it is with him. But not because sex with him is bad or anything, it's just -"

"Different?" He interjects with a smirk. She jokingly slaps him before returning her hand to his arm, lightly stroking it.

"Ha ha, very funny," she says sarcastically. "But it's true, sex with him is different, it's sweet."

"Sweet?" He says skeptically.

"Yes, sweet. It's gentle and intimate, soft. More like love making. With you, it's the complete opposite, fiery and lust filled, passionate and rough."

"But that's how you prefer it, right?"

"Most of the time, yeah. However, sometimes, I like when it's more amorous, when I'm being held closely and lovingly."

"And you can't get that from me?"

"No, I didn't say that."

"You kinda didn't have to, it was sort of implied."

"I mean, nothing against you Stanley, you just don't strike me as the type of guy who has sex like that. Your personality is very dynamic, and I can tell that it translates to how you are in bed."

Stanley looks away, appearing to consider this for a few moments, his hand gently rubbing her thigh, before finally turning back towards her.

"So, you think I can't fuck you like that, huh? That I can't fuck you like he does, gentle and loving?"

"Well, I didn't say that you couldn't..."

He starts to bend his head toward her and begins kissing her neck sensually, his lips pushing against her skin.

"Stanley," she laughs softly.

He speaks into her neck, "You think I can't make you cum in other, softer ways?"

He slowly licks along the side of her neck and her breathing starts to deepen while her eyes flutter shut. His teeth grips her earlobe and begins lightly grazing it. A small gasp escapes from her lips and she tilts her head slightly to give him better access.

Letting go of her earlobe, he speaks into her ear, "Let me show you what a real tender fucking is like."

His mouth moves toward her face and his lips find hers. They kiss deeply, his hands cupping the sides of her face as he molds his lips to hers. He carefully guides her toward him as he lays down, pulling her body on top of his. As they continue to kiss, his large hands lightly trace along her skin, touching her so gracefully that she frequently sighs into his mouth.

When he enters her, it's slow and subtle. He holds her against his chest with his big arms as they have sex, although this time it's more like making love. His delicate handling of her body's most sensitive areas causes her to practically vibrate as their hips move together in unison. Instead of shouting filthy insults, he whispers affectionately how beautiful she is, a warm look in his eyes every time he says it. His lips meet her cheeks, lips, and neck in tender kisses, heightening everything else he's making her feel, physically and emotionally.

They climax with their bodies pressed close together, looking into each other's eyes. Mom's breaths are shallow and she rests her head down on his chest as her eyelids close.

"Oh, Stanley," she sighs, contently. "That was perfect, I never imagined sex could be like this with you."

I study her as a quiet, happiness settles over her face. Shifting my eyes up, I watch Stanley stare at the ceiling as his hand slowly brushes over mom's long, blonde hair, a cold, calculating look in his eyes and a small, malevolent smile fixed on his face.

### **Bully Moves in Next Door Pt. 03**

It's late morning and I lay in bed as Stanley and mom's laughter floats up from downstairs, the sounds of their gleeful amusement with one another making my heart tug in apprehension. This makes it several days in a row that he's been over at our house since they first made love on the couch in the basement. After observing the insidious expression on his face that night, his frequent visits have only served to alarm me further than I already was. I had been so distraught watching their tender lovemaking and how fulfilled mom appeared to be afterward that I didn't even jerk off, I just sat there disturbed as they cuddled for the next twenty minutes.

I spent most of that night tossing and turning, worrying about Stanley. I didn't trust him at all, so I couldn't stop imagining what he was up to, if he was planning anything and if so, what it involved. Whatever it was, an instinct deep inside told me it wasn't good.

Evidently, I didn't need to wait long to find out. The evening after their sensual coupling, mom was just finishing up work when there was a knock at the back door. I looked up from the couch as she opened it, revealing Stanley holding several buckets of paint.

"What's this?" she asks as he sauntered in.

"Finally gonna paint those cabinets," he says, gesturing toward them with his head while he sets the cans down. "You mentioned when I was fixing the hinge that you always wanted a kitchen that was warm and inviting, just like your grandma's. The paint is pretty worn as it is so I figured that's the best place to start."

"Yeah it is, but I haven't even seen so much as a sample of - "

She paused as he popped open one of the tops with his key, revealing the robin's egg blue paint inside.

"Oh my god," she said. "What a beautiful color!"

"I thought it'd look good in here." He turns his face, assessing the kitchen briefly. "It's definitely

better than the white, that's for sure, but I didn't know if the shade was close enough to how you described it."

Mom bent down to get a closer look. "No, it's perfect," she told him. "I can't believe you were able to match it so closely."

"I'm just good like that," he said, winking at her. "Anyway, I can get started on it tomorrow if you want."

"I can't let you paint the cabinets, Stanley, not by yourself."

"So join me," he tells her, standing back up. "Come on, it'll be fun and we'll get it done quicker."

And that's what they did. The next morning, he came over and they began their joint project. At first, he guided her through the process, taking her right hand in his and spreading the paint against the cabinet with steady, even strokes while he stood behind her. Mom relaxed into his body, a slight blush on her cheeks as his big hand encased hers, moving the brush back and forth.

"There we go, you're a natural," he said into her ear, her blush deepening.

"I think you're just a good teacher."

"Well maybe, but what's a good teacher without a good student?"

She beamed at him as he let go of her hand and stepped back. "I can't thank you enough for this."

"It's no big deal," he says, picking up his own brush. "Just a new paint job."

"But it is though, I have such great memories of my grandma in her kitchen, so painting these cabinets to match hers will remind me a bit more of those happy times."

"She was really important to you, huh?"

"Absolutely, she taught me everything I know about cooking and baking." She smiled softly, a far away look in her eye. "She was from France and there was this saying she had, *la bonne nourriture fait la belle figure*."

"What's it mean?"

"Good food makes a beautiful figure."

"Well she certainly was right about that," he said, winking at her.

She smiles back at him. "Whenever I was feeling self-conscious about my weight, she'd grip my shoulders and gesture around the kitchen while repeating it."

"Made you feel better, huh?"

"Always, she was great at that."

"Well if painting the cabinets helps remind you of her, then I'm glad we're doing this."

"Me too, I'm also hoping it'll help evoke the same sense of comfort that I associate with her

kitchen."

"I think that had more to do with her than the cabinets though," he laughed.

"You know what I mean." She smiled back at him.

"Well, I think you do a good job of that yourself already."

"Aww, thank you, Stanley!"

She smiles warmly at him and they hold eye contact for a long moment.

"Shit, I'm dripping the paint everywhere," Stanley says, noticing the splashes on the countertops.

They painted the cabinets over the next couple of days. It took longer than it should have because of how often they joked around or got caught up in conversation together. On top of that, he'd stay for dinner each night, drinking beer while laughing and flirting with her. I could tell mom really enjoyed herself when she was with him, which didn't sit well with me.

They were nearly done with the cabinets and I hoped once they finished today then he might not be around for a while. But I had a bad feeling that wasn't the case, that he'd find some other project to start up in order to hang around until Tim came home next week.

Sighing, I got out of bed, pausing at the door and steeling myself to venture downstairs into their little cocoon of intimacy. Stepping into the living room, I see them standing in the kitchen, evaluating their work, apparently having already finished.

Both their heads turn when they hear me walk up.

"What do you think, sweetheart?"

"It looks good, mom," I tell her.

"Stanley picked the perfect color, didn't he?"

"...yeah, he did."

Stanley shoots me a shit eating grin as I grind my teeth, loathing to agree with any compliment she gives him.

"Oh, by the way Julie, I've got something to help put the finishing touches on everything."

Stanley walks over to the back door, opening it and reaching out to grab a brown box he left just outside. He comes over and hands it to her.

Mom gently lifts the lid, peeking inside before she lets out a gasp. Reaching in, she holds up a wooden plaque, painted white. On the front, scrawled in neat black lettering, is the french phrase her grandmother used to use.

"I - how - did you make this?" she asks him in amazement.

"It wasn't too hard. The plank was easy to sand down and paint, the real bitch of it was the spelling. I'm still not sure I got it right."

"No, it's perfect, I can't believe it!" She holds up the plaque, admiration in her eyes.

"So, you like it then?"

Mom looks up at him. "Of course, it's one of the best presents I've ever gotten!"

She throws her arms around him in a hug, squeezing him tightly while he returns the gesture. They stay locked in a close embrace before mom pulls back slightly, their faces close together. Her eyes drop down to his lips with an intense, desiring gaze, and I can tell she wants so badly to kiss him, my presence in the room the only thing holding her back. Stanley smirks back at her, relishing in her yearning for him.

After a couple of seconds, he opens his mouth to speak, "How about I grab my hammer and hang that up for ya?"

Mom only nods her head in agreement, biting her lip while she slides her arms back, letting him go. Stanley exists to head next door while she sits down, fawning over his gift.

He returns a few minutes later, using our step stool to nail the plaque above the back door. Mom stood off to the side, marveling at him as if she were seeing him in a whole new light, causing my stomach to tie up in knots.

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That night, I snuck down into the basement for the first time in days. Their last encounter left me so freaked out that I hadn't returned since. But I couldn't stop thinking about the intensely passionate look on mom's face when she had hugged Stanley earlier and my cock was semi-erect the entire day, imagining the passionate sex she'd initiate with him.

My intuition proved right. After she led him down the stairs, I watched from my dark cubby hole as she slowly stripped in front of him. He sat naked on the couch, his eyes greedily taking in her curvaceous figure as she revealed more and more of it to him and his large cock began to harden. Once he was fully erect, she got down on her knees, proceeding to slobber all over his shaft. He grunted as she ran her tongue along his throbbing pole, one of her dainty hands gripping its base. Eventually, her mouth closed around it and she began to suck him earnestly. It wasn't very long before she was taking his entire length down her throat in large swallows, wet gulping noises filling the room as her head bobbed up and down.

"Holy shit, your sucking the fucking life out of me," he said in a strained voice.

She only moaned in response, not breaking stride as she zealously inhaled his large dick.

After a few more minutes of deep throating him, she pulls off and looks up.

"Lay down on your back," she tells him. Stanley quickly does so, placing his left foot on the floor so he can spread his long legs. Mom stands up and mounts him, slowly sliding down his shaft as he lets out a long groan.

Once he's fully inside her, she begins to ride him with expert skill. Her lower body rolls swiftly back and forth in rapid rocking motions as she braces her hands against his well defined chest. Stanley shuts his eyes tight, mouth half-open in a look of awe as mom swivels her pelvis on top of him.

"Fucking hell," he spits out.

Her enthusiasm excites me and I jerk my cock slowly, watching in rapt attention.

Mom stares down at him, a determined look on her face as she uses her pussy muscles to milk his cock while deftly rotating her hips around, her ass making slapping noises against his hairy, muscular thighs. She pants heavily, relentlessly twisting her lower body in a tenacious attempt to bring him to an intense orgasm.

Under her onslaught, Stanley doesn't last very long, announcing his intent to cum inside her with a series of deep groans interspersed with quickly uttered curse words.

"God damn, here it comes!"

He grips her ass tightly as she gives several sharp thrusts forward, squeezing and yanking his cock as it spasms inside her. Stanley pulls her tightly onto his dick, his head snapping back and obscene grunts streaming from his mouth as he coats her inner walls with his sperm.

Once his orgasm subsides, he breathes deeply attempting to catch his breath while his grip on her loosens.

"Jesus, what a ride," he pants. Mom lays down on top of him, kissing his chest several times before moving to his neck.

"Fuck, I would've made that sign a lot sooner if I knew this was how I'd be thanked," he laughs.

Mom stops kissing his neck and lifts her head up before sticking her tongue in his mouth. Surprised, he eagerly responds, feeding her his own tongue as they passionately kiss. The loud noises of tongues wrangling together combines with moans of pleasure to fill the small basement.

She breaks off after a minute, an adoring look on her face as she tells him, "That was the most thoughtful gift I've received in a long time."

"Shit, baby, it's no big deal. I just figured you deserved something nice is all." He grins at her and she inclines her head to continue kissing him.

Their ardent tonguing resumes as their hands grip and pull at each other's bodies, which slowly begin to grind against one another. Eventually, their make out session and heavy petting causes Stanley to grow hard inside her again, and he flips them both over so that she's on her back with him on top.

He fucks her hard and fast in the missionary position, her legs wrapped tightly around his waist as he pounds into her pussy. Their mouths stay interlocked the entire time, tongues wrapped together except for when her muffled squeals indicate that she's cumming all over his large cock. He follows up shortly, practically growling into her mouth as he lets loose inside her, giving short, erratic jerks as cum spills out of him.

I lean forward, lightly placing my hand against the box in front of me as I shoot my load all over it. I hadn't jerked off in a couple of days and a lot came streaming out. I'm honestly surprised I lasted as long as I did, even jerking as slowly.

After squeezing out the last few drops, my eyes return to Stanley and mom, who kiss softly in the afterglow of their second round of coupling. I can see sweat coating both of their bodies and mom's cheeks are tinted red from exertion.

They cuddled for a while, Stanley holding mom in his big arms as they talk and flirted, before having sex again. This time it was slow and sensual, with both of them on their sides facing me as Stanley slid himself in and out of her while kissing her neck and playing with her breasts. Mom passionately called out his name as she came on his cock for the second time that night.

To my horror, they fell asleep together, a content look on her face as she lay against Stanley's muscular chest, his big arms wrapped around her.

I didn't dare attempt to sneak back up the stairs, the fear of waking them up and being caught was too great. So I was forced to sit there, watching them sleep peacefully together for hours until mom groggily opened her eyes.

Panicked, she jostled Stanley awake.

"Shit, Stanley, we fell asleep."

"Wah," he mumbled, reluctantly opening his eyes.

"You have to go, it's past four on the morning!"

Mom stood up, quickly dressing while Stanley moved like a zombie, barely able to process what she was saying. He was slow to dress and ambled up the stairs after mom, blanketing me in darkness as the switch was flipped on their way out.

After waiting a few minutes, I creep back up to my room, too tired to wait any longer. When I wake up late the following morning, I can hear mom and Stanley's muffled voices coming from downstairs, compounding the anxiety that's been steadily growing in conjunction with the development of their relationship.

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Stanley came over every day for the rest of the week, dropping any pretense of working on a project or fixing something. His presence was a clear indication that he no longer needed one, confident enough in his relationship with mom that he could take advantage of Tim's absence to talk and openly flirt with her in our house.

What's worse is how much she welcomed his attention, perfectly willing, almost eager, to playfully engage with him, even when he showed up while she was working.

He'd always end up staying for dinner too. The first couple of times he made a show of false modesty by excusing himself whenever she began to cook, prompting her to invite him to stay, which he graciously accepted with a smirk thrown in for good measure. Eventually, he decided it was an open invitation, no longer bothering to try coaxing her into asking him to stay, even bringing beer or wine over and needling mom to drink with him.

She always did, too, becoming more flirty as the alcohol loosened her up, finding reasons to touch his arm or sit close to him on the couch. Her behavior, usually cautious and tentative, has started to blur the line between innocent and inappropriate.

One night, after consuming a generous amount of wine, she had him remove his shirt so she could give him a massage after he complained of an ache in his shoulder, sitting behind him on the couch while her hands firmly pressed into his upper back over and over. I watched carefully from the kitchen table, as I'd had every night he'd been at our house, too afraid of what would

transpire between them if I shut myself away in my room. So I sat there in disgust, watching her take pleasure in kneading and stroking his back and shoulders, her hands lingering on the muscles there.

Stanley evidently had enjoyed it as well, his semi-erect cock visible beneath his mesh shorts when he stood up. He seemed unconcerned with hiding it as he took his time slipping his tank top back on and I could see mom glancing at it from the corner of her eye.

Not too long after, when she went to walk Stanley out, I crept up to the kitchen window, discreetly observing them talking while pressed close together in the shadows on the side of the house, flirtatious smiles on both their faces as her hand massaged the large bulge in his shorts. Despite the pit of dread that sat in my gut, I got hard watching her rile him up for another night of fervent fucking on the couch in the basement, something I was even more conflicted over than normal.

Their sex was hotter and occurred more frequently than before, the passion and intensity of it seeming to flourish in concurrence with their personal relationship, which greatly alarmed me in spite of how much more arousal I derived from playing voyeur to their enriched sexual escapades.

On the last day before Tim was set to return home, however, I was exhausted from many late nights of pleasuring myself while watching them and so overly fraught by their growing affinity for one another that I asked mom if we could order pizza and have a movie night, just me and her.

To my slight surprise, she agreed, declaring that it had been too long since we had done something just the two of us. The relief of not having Stanley in our house flirting inappropriately with her was so overwhelming that I nearly cried.

With that weight temporarily lifted off my shoulders, I was actually able to enjoy my day, playing video games and even dozing on the couch just before mom went to go pick up the pizza.

However, what peace of mind I had managed to gather over the course of twelve hours dissipated the moment she got home. The sounds of mom coming through the back door pulled me from my half-awake stupor and I turned my head to greet her, only to see Stanley in the doorway, a smug grin plastered on his face as we made eye contact.

The sight of him disgruntled me and I frowned, unable to keep from questioning his presence.

"Why are you here?" I ask bluntly, my voice tinged with bitterness.

His eyes narrow slightly as mom's head snaps toward me, a reproachful look on her face.

"Kyle, don't be rude," she says somewhat forcefully as she sets the pizza down on the kitchen table.

I glance at her briefly before looking back at Stanley, who smirks again, clearly pleased with her reprimanding me.

"I blew a tire out on the way home from picking up the pizza, and Stanley was kind enough to come all the way from his mother's house to change it."

"It wasn't that far, besides, you know I'd do anything to help you out, right Julie?" He grinned at her and she smiled warmly back.

"Why didn't you call me?" I asked her.

"I thought you didn't drive?" Stanley said as he turned toward me, one eyebrow raised in challenge.

"Still though," I continued, not answering him. "I could've taken a cab or something."

"And what would you have done exactly, Kyle?" Mom asked me. "It's not like you know how to change a tire."

She was right of course but it stung nonetheless. Noticing my mopey expression, she rolled her eyes.

"You know, you could show Stanley a little appreciation for helping your mother out. Otherwise, I'd still be stuck on the side of the road in the dark."

"It's ok, Julie, your grateful smile is thanks enough," he told her with a wink.

I rolled my eyes as she grinned back at him.

"Well, why don't you stay for some pizza? If you haven't eaten already, that is."

Outraged, my mouth dropped open, Stanley speaking before I could protest.

"Are you sure there's enough?"

"Of course there is," she reassured him. "It's the least I could do after you came to my rescue."

"Alright then, I'm not one to turn down free pizza." He smirked at me from the kitchen.

"I think there's still some beer left in the fridge if you'd like one?"

"That'd be perfect Julie, thank you."

I piped up as she rooted around in the fridge.

"Mom, I thought we were gonna watch a movie soon?"

"We still can. Stanley, you're more than welcome to join us."

She handed him his beer and he smiled at her invitation.

I practically deflated on the couch, hurt that she would allow him to intrude on our night together and angry with myself for inducing it.

"I'm always up for a movie night," he replied, popping the cap off and taking a swig.

My heart sank as the two of them came into the living room with the pizza and beer. They sat together on the other couch, only a few inches of space between them, before we decided on what to watch. I voted for a Marvel film but got outvoted in favor of some banal Adam Sandler comedy.

I huffed to myself, laying back down as mom switched off the lights and Stanley hit the play button. The movie was ok, both Stanley and my mom enjoying it much more than me. I tried to keep an eye on them as they sat close together, but eventually the darkness of the room along

with my lack of sleep caused me to drift off.

I awoke sometime later, unsure of how long I was asleep for. The movie had ended, several empty beer bottles littered the table along with the pizza box, and the room was unoccupied except for me.

Dim light shone from the kitchen where hushed voices also spoke. Straining to listen, I could just make out the conversation transpiring.

"I just don't know what to do with him," mom was saying. "All he does is sleep in late and play video games all day."

"And he hasn't been looking for another job since he got fired from that ice cream place?"

With a jolt, I realized they were discussing me.

Mom sighed. "Nope, not at all. Whenever I ask about it, he just gets upset. I know it was rough for him to lose his job like that, but it's been several weeks and the only interest he's shown in absolutely anything involves his Switch."

"What does Tim say about it?"

"Just to let him be, he'll come around eventually," she says in a frustrated voice.

Stanley only hmped in response.

"What?" She asked him.

"Nothing."

"No, you look like you want to say something."

"Yeah, but I don't want to cause another fight like last time, so..."

"Go ahead, Stanley. I won't get mad, I promise."

"Ok, fine. If I'm being honest, I think the reason he's so mopey and passive all the damn time is because there's no strong, male role model around here."

"That's not true, Tim - "

"Is never home," Stanley interrupts her. "Christ Julie, you claim he's so dedicated and reliable but who was the one that was changing your tire on the side of the road tonight? Because it certainly wasn't him, that's for sure, just like it hasn't been him who's fixed and revamped shit around this house."

When mom didn't say anything, he continued. "His job seems to be the only thing he's dedicated to because he's never here to provide a good example for absolutely anything. So of course Kyle behaves the way he does, there's no man to teach him otherwise."

I wait for mom to jump in and defend Tim, but she doesn't say anything to counter Stanley's slanderous remarks against him, and my stomach drops out from underneath me.

"There, I've said my piece and we can talk about something else, cause I can see by the look on

your face that you're really wrestling with this."

"It's just a lot to consider," she tells him.

"I know it is, baby, it can be hard to digest the truth. Come here."

The sounds of soft kisses reach my ears along with a sigh of contentment from mom. Their kissing slowly grows in passion and frequency, and soon muffled moans join the lip smacking noises of them making out.

I hear them break off before mom says, "Stanley, we can't, Kyle's asleep right there."

"So, he won't wake up. Come on, we can slip into the laundry room and make it a quick one. Feel how hard I am for you."

Their vigorous kissing resumes for another minute and then mom speaks again.

"Ok, but we have to be real quiet."

"Fuck yeah, I'm gonna tear that pussy up."

I hear the pocket door to the laundry room gently slide open and closed. Laying on the couch with a hard on, I wait a few minutes before sitting up and creeping toward the door. As I approach, I can just make out the muted sounds of them in the throes of enthusiastic sex.

Kneeling, I carefully slide the door open a couple of inches, creating a small gap to peek through. Inside, both of them are facing away from me. Mom stands naked with her legs spread, bracing herself against the washing machine as she bends forward while Stanley takes her from behind. Naked except for the white slides on his feet, I have a clear shot of his hairy ass and heavy, low hanging balls swinging back and forth as he grips her waist tightly in order to rapidly thrust into her.

The small room echoes with wet, slapping noises from his hips repeatedly making contact with her luscious ass cheeks as he drives his thick cock into her dripping cunt over and over. However, it's not loud enough to cover their low pants and grunts of pleasure.

Turning around, I reach to grab several napkins off the kitchen table before looking back through the cracked door at their vivid boning. I unzip my shorts, easing my pulsing erection out before I promptly begin jerking off.

Mom pushes back to meet the stiff cock invading her, desperate to get as much of his thick meat inside her as she can and Stanley's more than happy to oblige, sliding himself past her folds into the tight tunnel of her warm, wet cunt.

"Such a soaked little pussy, and so eager to take my cock," Stanley whispers. "You like getting railed while your son's asleep in the next room?"

"Fuck yes, it's so raunchy and wrong."

"What a naughty little slut you are. Look how much you enjoy being unfaithful."

"Ugh, I love it, I love it so much."

"Of course you do, you fucking whore. You love sneaking off to take your twenty year old

neighbor's dick. It gets you hot cheating on your fiancé with me, doesn't it?"

"Oh God, yes! You're such a goddamn stud. He can't compare to you, not at all. Ohhhh!"

She starts to squeal as Stanley excitedly begins pounding her pussy. He reaches to cover her mouth with his right hand, muffling her wails of pleasure, while his left moves to the front of her groin, nimbly stimulating her clit with his long fingers.

"Ugh, take my cock like the slutty bitch you are! I own this cunt, you nasty fucking whore!"

Mom can only squeal delightedly into his palm as his fingers and cock assault her pussy while he hurls vulgar insults at her. She writhes underneath his touch, grinding her ass back into his groin in a determined effort to hasten their impending orgasms.

I furiously jerk my cock, completely engrossed in what I'm watching. The sexual magnetism between them is so profound and the way they fuck can only be described as raw and instinctual. Their bodies meet in perfect unison, both of them reduced to their base, animal desire to mate with one another.

Despite wherever they might stand in their personal relationship, it's clear that mom and Stanley were physically made for each other, and the intense sexual intercourse they have is simply a natural outcome of when two people's perfectly fitted body chemistry brings them together to engage in their primitive urges.

The realization that my mom was biologically destined to be the sexual mate of the man who made my existence throughout most of high school hellish sends a jolt of intense arousal and revulsion through me. It's so obvious to me now that there was nothing that either I or they could have done to stop it, that nature always intended to unite them purely through the powerful sexual energy that they shared with each other.

Cum boils in my balls, hastened by this newfound revelation. In front of me, Stanley brings mom to the culmination of their nasty, torrid rutting. Her head lolls forward, eyes practically glazed over, and a shudder rips through her body as she cums hard on his massive dick.

"Fuck, I'm about fill you with my seed. Ugh, ugh, uuuuugh!"

Stanley's eyes squeeze shut, grunting like an ape through clenched teeth as he roughly jabs his shaft into her half a dozen times, depositing load after load of semen deep inside the tight hole clenching him repeatedly.

Trying to keep my breathing from becoming too loud, I shoot into the napkins I grabbed from the table, soaking them with my cum.

As he finishes ejaculating into my mom, Stanley grabs her shoulders and pulls her up so her back is against his chest. Turning her head to the side, he shoves his tongue into her mouth, which she eagerly accepts. They moan heavily into each other's mouths as they kiss deeply, pushing their tongues firmly together. Both of his hands grip and manipulate her large breasts as he gives shallow pumps of his cock, ensuring every last little bit of his baby makers dribble into her warm, snug pussy.

After I've finished squeezing out the last drops, I quietly shut the door on the embracing couple before zipping up and tossing the napkins into the trash. Hurrying back to the couch, I lay down and shut my eyes, slowing my breathing down to give the appearance of sleep.

A few minutes later, I hear the pocket door open slightly.

"He's still passed out on the couch," I hear mom whisper.

"I told you," Stanley whispers back.

The back door quietly opens and shuts as he leaves to go home and mom shuts the lights in the kitchen before creeping upstairs.

Rolling onto my back, I open my eyes to stare into the darkness. Mom and Stanley's conversation disturbed me and I can't stop thinking about what he said about Tim or how she hadn't tried very hard to defend him. She hadn't outright agreed with Stanley either, which provided some measure of comfort, but he'd definitely planted seeds of doubt in her mind. The fact that he had managed to do so though spoke of how skillfully Stanley had ingrained himself with her, at least enough so that she was considering what he had said.

I think that was what unsettled me the most, especially since I hadn't noticed. Their affair was beginning to go beyond just sex now, slowly bleeding into their personal relationship with one another as well her relationship with Tim. I felt myself begin to cry, unsure of what this would mean going forward or what I should do, but something told me that if I didn't figure it out soon, then the consequences would be dire.

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The following day we went to pick Tim up from the airport. Mom was quieter than she normally was, both on the way there and back. We pulled into the driveway and I noticed Stanley working on his truck next door, the hood popped as he poked around underneath it. As we all got out of the car, Tim took notice of the spare tire.

"What happened? You get a flat?"

"Yeah, last night."

"Were you able to get it changed alright?"

"I managed, though it would have been nice if you were there."

"Don't know how much help I would've been, I can't change a tire."

Mom frowned at the back of his head as he lugged his suitcase toward the back door. She turned to look at Stanley who stood with his grease smeared hands braced on either side of the front of his truck, a smirk on his face as if to say, "I told you so." When they made eye contact, he winked.

She swallowed before following Tim inside. Stanley stared after her before finally noticing me watching him. His smirk turned into a sneer and he gave me the middle finger.

"Fuck off, bitch boy," he said in a low voice then resumed working on his truck.

I looked at him a few more seconds before heading in the back door.

The week that Tim is home passes by slowly. Every now and again I'd catch mom watching him carefully, almost as if she were evaluating him. They had a huge fight on his fifth night back. Their last meeting with the wedding planner had led to a tentative date in March of next year for the wedding. But Tim had recently been told by his boss that he would need to be available to

attend an annual conference that was held in Memphis.

"I don't understand why you just can't tell him no!" Mom angrily shouted at him.

It was almost midnight and I was laying in bed listening as they argued in her room down the hall.

"Julie, he's my boss. I can't just refuse when he asks this of me."

"Why not? Is it really so hard to say 'I'm sorry, but I'll be unavailable during those dates?'"

"It's an important conference and they really need me there, I can't risk telling him no like that."

"My God, when did you become such a feeble little man?"

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

"You know exactly what it means. Do you ever think the reason that they always ask you to do all this shit is because they know you'll never refuse?"

"That's not true!"

"Oh, isn't it?"

"No, it's not and I can't believe that you'd say otherwise, especially about something as crucial as this."

"It's just a fucking job, Tim! This is our wedding we're talking about! You're ALWAYS flying out where they need you and I thought that just this once you'd be able to insist on having some time for your family but I guess not."

"It's not even a definitive date for Christ's sake!"

"Well it certainly isn't now, huh? God, I knew this would happen!"

"Oh stop being so overdramatic!"

"Excuse me? I'm not the one treating a fucking conference in Memphis like it's a delegation at the UN!"

"You know what, I'm done talking about this. It is what it is, so you're just going to have to pick another date."

"If only you had enough of a backbone to stand up to your boss the way you do to me, then we wouldn't have to pick another date, now would we?"

"Jesus, I'm starting to get really tired of how you're talking to me, Julie."

"And I'm starting to get tired of having a fiancé who never keeps his word. Are you actually going to stop taking all these work trips once we're married or is that another promise that you'll go back on?"

"Go to Hell!"

I hear the door open then slam shut as Tim storms downstairs. Worry clutches at my heart.

They'd had arguments before of course, but never one as big as this. Mom seemed really angry, her voice full of vitriol. It was hours before I was able to fall asleep, and even then, it was a restless slumber.

Tim was sleeping on the couch when I went down to the kitchen early the next morning, having given up on going back to sleep after having woken up half an hour earlier. I quietly made myself cereal and was nearly finished when mom came downstairs, barely glancing in Tim's direction as she ambled past.

They didn't say anything to each other when he finally woke up. Just shuffled into the kitchen to grab some coffee while mom sipped at hers, eyes studiously fixed on her phone. That's how it was for most of the day, the house full of their deadened silence.

By dinner that evening though, I think they had tentatively made up, speaking a little at dinner and sleeping in the same bed that night. All seemed to be well over the next couple of days as they slowly returned to their normal conduct, though I don't think they actually resolved any of the issues that they had fought over.

The day before Tim was supposed to leave on another work trip, mom found a mouse in one of the bottom cabinets in the kitchen. Both Tim and I jumped in our seats at the table when she yelled, and he looked alarmed when she told him there was a mouse after he'd asked what was wrong.

"Quick, quick, kill it," she yelled frantically.

"I'm not killing that thing," Tim said in defiance. "Blood would splatter everywhere. Besides, mice are vermin."

"I know that," she replied, annoyance coloring her voice. "That's why I don't want it roaming the kitchen and getting into our food!"

"So, we'll call an exterminator, they'd do a much better job catching that damn thing than I will."

He shuddered at the thought of attempting to trap the mouse himself.

Mom huffed in contempt and stalked out of the room. Tim finished up his lunch, saying "Better go look up some exterminators," as he went into the living room.

The house was quiet for the rest of the day, and an hour after we got back from taking Tim to the airport the following morning, Stanley came striding through our back door carrying mouse traps.

"Alright, let's catch this fucker," he said, grinning.

Mom smiled affectionately back at him. "There's my big, strong exterminator."

He winked at her. "At your service, ma'am."

I wish I could say I was surprised to see him, but I truly wasn't. In fact, by this point, I had almost expected him to show up, which only made me want to cry.

Stanley set multiple no kill traps throughout the kitchen.

"Don't want to hurt the little guy," he explained to mom, "just get him to where he belongs."

"You're so compassionate, Stanley. I can't tell you how grateful I am for your help."

"Anything for you, gorgeous." He smirked at her and she held his gaze while smiling back.

Stanley was over for pretty much the entire day, "to keep an eye on the traps," he said. Although most of the time his eyes were focused on mom, her face, thighs, breasts. They laughed and flirted on the couch all day, her mood a complete change from the day before.

Late in the afternoon, the mouse made an appearance and got itself snagged in one of the traps. Stanley held it up as he peered inside.

"Got you, you wrigly bastard. Can probably set him loose in the park a couple blocks away. Shouldn't take me very long."

"Perfect, I'll get started on dinner while you're gone. I bought some steaks to grill up as a thank you."

"Your beautiful smile is all the thanks I need." He winked at her as he passed on his way out and she giggled.

Mom started preparing the meal and when Stanley came back about half an hour later, he was carrying beer with him.

I ate dinner quietly, sulking as I watched them at the other end of the table. Mom seemed to be a completely different person than the one she had been the entire week Tim had been home. It's like she came alive when Stanley was over, which disturbed me to no end. Like a snake in a garden, he was quickly slithering his way deeper into her life, much quicker than I had anticipated and I felt helpless to stop it.

After dinner was over, they said their goodbyes, although I knew it was only for a few hours. Despite all my misgivings, I still planned on watching them have sex. Their time apart always made them especially horny for each other, so the first night they had sex was always the hottest.

With shame, apprehension, and arousal, I snuck down to the basement for my nightly viewing of my mom being railed by my bully when the time came. They showed up not too long later, both of them eager for what they had missed out on the past week. I already had my cock out, lightly stroking it as they began their ritual.

Mom wore a new nightie for Stanley. It was black satin, backless with a low cut v-neck and thin sheer lace straps that barely hid the nipples on her breasts, which practically spilled out, although I think that was the point because Stanley couldn't take his eyes off them.

His large hands groped her tits while they kneeled close together on the couch, his eyes full of mischievous wonder as he squeezed and pulled at them. Mom had removed his tank top pretty much the second they had reached the landing and so her hands roamed his muscular chest, admiring the firm muscles underneath her touch. Eventually, she made her way down to the tent in his mesh shorts and he grunted in approval as her right hand encased his cloth covered pole.

Stanley slid the straps of her nightie to the sides, exposing mom's pink, erect nipples. Even from my viewpoint through the gap in the boxes, I could see how prominently they stuck out, completely hard from how turned on she was by him. Her hand lightly tugged at his shaft through his shorts as he leaned in and took the nipple of her left breast into his mouth. She gasped, letting go of his shaft so she could arch her back and push her chest into his face.

He sucked vigorously at her tit, making a dull, wet, smacking noise every time his lips battered the skin around the nipple he was inhaling.

He raised his right hand to cup her pussy underneath her nightie and she spread her knees further apart to give him better access to her aching mound. She let out a low moan as he repeatedly slid his fingers along her slit, teasing her for several minutes before slowly inserting one of his long fingers inside her.

"Oh my god," she gasped, clutching his shoulders as he pushed past her folds, only stopping once he reached the knuckle on his hand. He smiled around her nipple as she quivered from his intrusion, then lightly bit down on it, forcing a quick yelp out of her before he resumed his suckling, although a bit more forcefully than before.

She dug her nails into him as he began to finger fuck her, his thumb stimulating her clit as he slid his index finger in and out of her opening. He used his left hand to tweak the nipple on her right breast while he sucked on the other, making use of his nimble fingers and mouth to heighten her arousal.

Eventually, his middle finger joined his index finger inside her, causing her to go from panting deeply to groaning as the width of what had been filling her doubled. Stanley's lips pulled back as he captured her erect nipple between his teeth, grazing it as he slowly moved them side to side. His left hand snaked its way from her breast down to her ass, clasping her cheek roughly before winding his open palm up and bringing down in a harsh smack.

Mom cries out, her head tilted back, eyes shut tight, barely able to stand the triple onslaught of his mouth on her nipple, his fingers deep inside her, and his hand delivering powerful whacks to her ass.

"Ugh, Stanley, yes," she calls out excitedly.

He brings his hand down in another slap, this time much harder and she practically screams.

Stanley pulls off her nipple, a malicious smile on his face and a harsh tone in his voice when he tells her, "What a vile little slut you are, and you know what happens to vile little sluts? They get punished."

A shiver of exhilaration wracks her body as she gasps at his words.

"Yes, I'm a depraved whore, a shameless nympho for your big dick, and I need you to punish me!"

He smacks her ass again and she lets out another wail of pain and pleasure.

"Fucking slut, you love this obscene behavior, running around your fiancé's back to take my dick. Gets you so goddamn wet."

He thrusts his fingers into her faster, as if to prove his point, and she lets out a series of quick, successive moans.

"Oh God, I do! I love being your whore, Stanley. My body belongs to you, forever!"

He slaps her ass harshly several times in a row, his large hand making her plump ass cheek jiggle repeatedly, the creamy, pale skin turning bright red from his many smacks.

"Don't. You. Ever. Forget. It." Each word slips out from his clenched teeth with every smack he

gives her. She cries out with each blow, a look of unimaginable bliss on her face.

As he withdraws his fingers, he says to her, "Turn around, brace position."

He sticks both his fingers into his mouth, sucking her juices off before quickly shucking his shorts and underwear in one move. His cock throbs in front of him, thick veins snaking up toward the head that partially sticks out of his foreskin.

Mom promptly places her hands against the armrest as she gets into position, arching her back forward as she presents her ass and pussy to Stanley for his use. I can see how wet she is, her silky folds glossy from arousal, her left ass cheek bright red from his paddling.

Stanley takes both her ass cheeks in his hands, kneading them roughly before spreading them apart. Leaning in, he buries his face in her pussy, hungrily eating her out. She gasps, her eyes shutting tight as she desperately pushes back to meet his invading tongue.

Stanley lets out a series of low moans and I can see his thick tongue lapping at her cunt, driving her crazy. He spends the next few minutes sloppily eating her wet pussy as she emits high pitched moans. Eventually, he pulls back, his mouth and the area around it glistening from her juices.

Sitting up, he grips his hard cock and guides it between her folds, pressing the head against her opening. She lets out a long whine as he slides himself slowly inside her, filling her up with his long, girthy dick. Stanley lets out a satisfactory sigh once he's burrowed his way in, his bushy pubes scraping against her pussy lips.

"Ugh, I missed your cunt so much," he says, gratified.

"I missed your cock, my pussy was aching for it all week."

"Don't worry, baby, you're gonna get your fill of it tonight, and tomorrow, and the night after." He trails off, rotating his hips as he roots around inside her. Mom squeals softly in delight, whether from his promise of several nights of ardent fucking or him shifting his large tool in circles as if testing the tightness of her tunnel, I couldn't tell, perhaps a mix of both.

Stanley starts off with long, slow strokes, withdrawing his cock almost all the way before carefully pushing back in, each time forcing a groan from mom, who hung her head, eyes squeezed shut, and arms quivering as she relished in being stuffed full by Stanley's donkey dick over and over.

He leans over her, laying his chest against her back, fitting into the curve off her body. Bracing his right foot on the floor, he begins pumping into her, bottoming out before partially withdrawing his cock only to push all the way back in.

"Oh fuck, you're going so deep," mom said, elation and disbelief in her voice.

"Jesus, you're so tight and warm. And I love this ass, so thick and curvy." He holds himself all the way inside her for several seconds, reveling in her round ass cheeks as they press tightly against his hips and groin.

"Ugh, I could stay buried inside you all night," he tells her as he resumes fucking.

"Please, I need it, I need you inside me," she pleads.

My excitement becomes elevated watching them fuck like this. Stanley's hips closing in around her luscious ass as he humps her repeatedly while crouching over her bent body heightens my arousal. I absolutely love the sight of it, this massive, swarthy beast mounting the delicate, alabaster creature, his large cock violating and corrupting her, transforming her into his submissive concubine.

I nearly cum watching them, managing to hold my orgasm off at the last second. Once I regain control, I grip the base of my cock, occasionally stroking it to keep myself hard while I renew my attention to their coupling.

Stanley grunts while he stuffs mom full of his cock and she squeals each time he pushes deep inside her. His left hand grips her shoulder and with his right, he turns her head to the side so he can shove his tongue into her mouth.

She eagerly accepts it, kissing him back passionately, both of them moaning into each other's mouths as their tongues lock together. Stanley's hairy ass continues to rise and fall as he fucks her, picking up speed slightly to pummel her wet cunt. The squishing sounds her pussy makes as he enters her repeatedly makes my cock throb. She's so hot for him that she's practically soaking his cock.

Mom starts to squeal into his mouth. Stanley's hand holds her head in place as her squeals become more frequent and louder, his tongue shoved deep into her mouth as she approaches her orgasm. Her fingers dig into the armrest and her body constricts, then ripples and I know she's cumming all over his shaft.

She sighs deeply into Stanley's mouth as she comes down from her peak, refocusing on meeting his tongue with hers as they resume their long, sensual kissing.

After about a minute, Stanley breaks their kiss and sits up, slowly withdrawing his cock from inside her. Mom moans as she's emptied of his thick meat. Having not cum, his cock is still rock hard. It sticks out in front of him, throbbing and covered in her juices.

"Clean it up," he orders, sitting back on his calves and spreading his knees apart.

Mom turns around, coming face to face with his enormous erection. She takes his gleaming rod into her mouth without hesitation and begins sucking him in earnest. He grunts, tilting his head back and shutting his eyes.

"Aw yeah, that's right, get it all," he tells her. "You like tasting your pussy on my big cock?"

"Mmmmm," she moans enthusiastically and starts slurping his dick faster.

My cock pulses in my hand and it feels like the wind is knocked out of me as my heart skips a beat. I start jerking faster, my arousal intensified by the lewdness of mom cleaning her own cream off Stanley's shaft and enjoying it.

"Fuck, what a dirty girl you are," he says in husky voice. "Keep going, I'm gonna bust soon."

He starts to pump his hips, meeting her mouth as she begins to swallow his cock in large, wet gulps.

"Jesus Christ, your mouth is astounding. Don't swallow when I cum."

Their bodies worked in tandem, her head bobbing forward to meet his dick as he thrust his groin

forward, getting as much of it down her throat as possible so she could milk his babies from him.

Stanley's mouth slowly falls open as more and more of his dick disappears into mom. Her plump lips stretch tightly around the base of his cock and she uses them to grip his shaft as she drags her mouth back and forth, making guttural suctioning noises as she does so.

"Oh shit, motherfucker, here it comes," he says in a strained voice.

He hunches over, his body shuddering as he shoots into her mouth.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh," he grunts repeatedly as he fills her mouth with generous amounts of his thick sperm. Mom's lips gently tug at his shaft, coaxing as much of his load out of him as she can.

Stanley's grunts turn into heavy breaths as he finishes cumming. He cups the side of her face with his right hand, her cheeks puffing out slightly from holding so much of his jizz in her mouth. Pulling her off his shaft, he guides her head up to his before leaning in and pressing his lips to hers. Their kiss quickly deepens, their mouths opening wide as she begins to share his cum with him.

Inhaling sharply, my cock lurches as it starts to spew all over the box in front of me while I watch mom and Stanley use their tongues to pass his sperm back and forth in a series of persistent, erotic kisses.

I attempt to gain control of my breathing as I finish shooting, watching the last of my cum dripping out of the tip of my head and onto the floor.

Hearing soft moans, I look back up to see them kissing normally again, one or both of them having swallowed his load while I was preoccupied with emptying mine.

Stanley carefully eases them both backwards from their kneeling positions on the couch so that he's on his back with mom on top of him, her head turned towards me as she lays pressed against his muscular chest. She shut her eyes and sighs happily, a blissful look on her face. Stanley rubs her back with his right hand while his left cups her right ass cheek, giving it the occasional squeeze.

Minutes pass in silence, both of them content to cuddle on the couch before mom lifts her head up to kiss his chest several times.

"Thank you for helping out with the mouse today," she tells him.

He smiles then inclines his head to kiss her.

"No problem baby. It's nice having someone to take care of you, huh?"

Mom lays her head back down on his chest and shuts her eyes again.

"Mhm, it really is," she replies, snuggling into him tighter.

"I wish I could've been there for you after that argument a few days ago."

Shock hits me as I register that he's referring to that awful fight she had with Tim. I hadn't heard her mention it any of the times he was over so I don't know when she would have told him. She must've done so while messaging him on Snapchat.

"Me too," she answers, "but you're here now and that's all that matters."

His large arms encircle her, holding her tightly against him.

"You make everything better," she whispers.

Hearing this, Stanley smirks to himself, a gleam in his eye. I sit there watching them, wanting to cry over her attitude and behavior. This asshole has his hooks into her and I'm scared of what that means.

Eventually, their cuddling turns into heavy petting and kissing. My self-loathing burns strong as I feel my cock harden while they engage in foreplay, marking the start of their second round.

They fuck two more times that night. During the first, mom rides him while he lays down, pinching and groping her tits, as they jostle from her bouncing on his dick. The second time, he takes her missionary style, on her back with her legs wrapped tightly around his waist as he pounds her hard and fast, forcing deep grunts out of her mouth.

I cum two more times, one for each of their fucks. By the end, I'm just as spent as they are. Sleep comes quickly once I'm in bed, and I fall into it completely unaware of what the next day holds in store for me.

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Stanley didn't show up at our house until the afternoon the following day. I was up in my room playing video games, waiting for mom to finish work. She said she would drive me to a Mortal Kombat tournament across town and I had been practicing all day.

I paused my game upon hearing the sounds of conversation from the first floor and I could just make out Stanley's obnoxious laughter. Frowning, I checked the time on my phone before resuming my game. I tried my best to ignore them, focusing on the screen in front of me, hoping she would get rid of him as it got closer and closer to when she was supposed to take me.

Finally, I shut the game off in frustration. It was five minutes past when we had to leave so I could make it there in time to get set up and scope out the competition. Huffing to myself, I walk downstairs to confront her. Both of them are sitting at the kitchen table, Stanley in Tim's seat of course, and mom to his left.

I approach the table, interrupting their animated conversation.

"Mom, it's time to take me to the tournament."

They both turn to me, mom letting out a frustrated sigh as Stanley narrows his eyes.

"Kyle, it's rude to interrupt our conversation like that," she scolds.

"But you promised and we're already late!"

"It doesn't start for another forty five minutes and it only takes twenty to get there."

I frown and cross my arms, about to argue back but Stanley speaks before I have a chance to.

"Kyle, don't you ever get tired of relying on your mom to drive you everywhere?"

I shrug. "Not really."

"Ok, do you ever think she might be tired of having to drive you everywhere? You are eighteen after all."

"So?"

"So, don't you think it's time you got your license?"

When I don't respond after a few seconds, mom answers for me.

"He's afraid of driving," she tells Stanley.

"So what're you gonna do to get around when you're in college in the fall?"

I shrug again, starting to feel unnerved from being the focus of his intense gaze.

"I dunno, take the bus I guess."

"And you're gonna do that all four years of college? When you need to go grocery shopping or see a doctor, you're just going to take the bus?"

Mom looks back and forth between us, carefully observing our interaction as it plays out.

"I'll learn how to drive eventually," I tell him. I want to look away but I feel trapped by his stare.

"No one's ever taught you before?"

"Tim tried last year but it didn't go very well," mom explains.

Stanley scoffs in derision. "Of course," he mutters.

"Well," he continues as he stands up, "if you want something done right, you gotta do it yourself."

"What do you mean?" I ask wearily.

He steps forward, towering over me.

"It means there's no time like the present to learn how to do something."

He reaches out and clamps a large hand on my shoulder, guiding me toward the back door. We pass mom, who has a surprised but impressed look on her face.

"You sure you're up for this?"

I turned to answer her, only to see she was talking to Stanley, not me.

"I got this," he answers her firmly. "We'll be back."

He pushes me through the door before I can say anything. Panic seizes me as Stanley leads me to his pickup next door, a black mid-2000s Dodge. Opening the passenger door, he shoves me inside.

"Buckle up, bitch." He grins sadistically before shutting the door and coming around to the driver's

side. Starting the car, he backs out of the driveway and peels off.

He pulls out his cell phone and makes a call.

"Yo," he says once the person on the other end answers. "I need a favor."

I watch out of the corner of my eye as he speaks into the phone.

"Nah, driving lessons."

The person on the other end says something I can't make out.

"Yeah, right now," Stanley tells him. Silence as the other person responds.

"Bet, I'll pull up in a few." He hangs up, tossing his phone into one of the cup holders.

It's quiet for the next few minutes as Stanley drives. I'm too anxious to speak but I wouldn't even know what to say if I wasn't.

"Listen," he eventually says and I turn to look at him. He stares out the windshield with a steely look in his eye, long legs casually splayed out in front of him. His right hand rests casually on top of the steering wheel while he props his left arm up on the inside of the car door.

"There's gonna be some changes going on soon."

"Wha-what kind of changes?" I stammer. My heart slams in my chest.

"Your mom needs a real man around the house. Someone to take charge, satisfy her. And keep you in line."

"But she already has Tim," I say, alarmed.

"That loser isn't capable of taking care of her or her needs. He's too much of a beta, and your moms the type of woman that belongs with a strong, alpha male. She's built for it, it's in her nature."

"So what are you saying?"

"That I got plans for your mom and me, big plans, plans I want to go off without a hitch."

Glancing down, my eyes widen as I see his half-hard cock tenting out of his mesh shorts. The horrifying realization that he's getting off on asserting his dominance over my mom hits me heavily, leaving a bitter aftertaste in my mouth.

"So, I just want to ensure that you're not going to be a problem, but you're not going to be, are you?"

We stop at a red light, and he turns his head toward me when I don't answer right away. There's a cold look in his eyes that feels like it could pierce my soul.

"You're not going to be, are you?" He repeats, his voice more forceful this time, undercut by a subtle, threatening tone.

"No, sir," I force out in fear.

"Good," he responds, pleased at my submission. "From now on, whenever I make a suggestion or ask you to do something, you're gonna happily comply, understood?"

The authoritarian tone in his voice suggests this isn't a request so much as a command.

I nod my head hurriedly.

"Answer me when I speak to you," he says, angrily.

"Yes, sir," I tell him.

"That's better." He turns his head forward again as the light turns green, driving off. "I don't need to remind you of what'll happen if you disobey me, right?"

"No, sir," I reply meekly, my cheeks burning at the memory of him threatening me after the sucker punch to my gut in the backyard all those weeks ago.

"Glad we're on the same page then. You're such a good son, so devoted to your mom's happiness. It's quite touching." He smirks as he mocks me, adjusting the hard on in his shorts.

I sit silently for the rest of the drive, a storm of humiliation, resentment, and despair crashing inside me. Not too long later, we pull into the driveway of an unfamiliar house. As we get out, a man approaches us from the garage.

He's just as tall as Stanley and shares his same naturally tanned complexion. The resemblance ends there though; where Stanley is muscular and strong, this guy is heavysset, with tattoo sleeves on each arm, and several years older.

"What's up, bro?" Stanley greets the large man by dapping him up.

"Not much, cuz. Just chillin, you know how it be."

"I hear that."

"This him?" The man nods his head toward me.

"Sure is." Stanley loops his arm around neck, roughly pulling me against him.

"My cousin Steve here is your driving instructor for the day," he tells me.

I stare at the smirk on Steve's face, the same one I usually see on Stanley's, before I turn to look up at him, incredulously.

"What?" He asks me, sneering. "You didn't think I'd waste my time on you, did ya?"

He laughs cruelly before shoving me away. I stumble forward toward Steve.

"Don't worry, I'm an excellent teacher," he says to me. "And I bet you're an excellent student." He reaches out, sliding his thumb down my lips, making me shiver.

They both laugh at my reaction.

"You have a good time with him, man," Stanley says, a smirk on his face as he backs up toward his truck.

"You don't wanna stick around?" Steve calls after him.

"Nah, I just hit up this girl, Tara. Gonna spend a few hours buried inside her. I'll check in eventually."

"Alright brotha, have fun."

Stanley pulls out of the driveway and takes off, leaving me alone with Steve.

I look up at him, swallowing nervously as he grins back at me.

"Ready to get started?"

He leads me to his car, an old Cadillac, before taking us to an empty parking lot a few miles away where, for the next few hours, he has me practice driving. I was petrified getting behind the wheel, and Steve made the entire experience even worse. Always calling me a good boy, placing his hand over mine to help me guide the steering wheel, and grasping my lower thigh when giving out compliments for doing something right. I could see him constantly looking at me from the corner of my eye too.

I was so uncomfortable being around him that I pushed past my fear of driving and actually made an effort to learn, wanting our first driving lesson together to be our last.

By the time Stanley pulled into the parking lot a few hours later, I felt like I had the hang of it and Steve deemed me competent enough to pass a driving test.

"Well at least that's something," Stanley said. "Hope he wasn't too much of a pain in the ass."

"Nah, we had a great time, didn't we, Kyle?" He smiles at me as he strokes my lower back. I shudder and they both laughed.

"Alright, well thanks man. I owe you one," Stanley says, dapping him up.

"You bet your ass you fucking do," Steve replies with a grin. "I'll see you later, cuz. Bye, Kyle." He wags his fingers at me as I walk toward the truck and Stanley smirks as we get in.

We start on our way back home, sitting in dead silence the entire time. Mom sits up from the couch as we come in through the back door.

"So?" She asks tentatively.

"I'm not gonna lie, it was more of a challenge than I originally anticipated, but I was able to get him to pick it up."

"Really?" She turns toward me, a hopeful expression on her face.

"Yeah," I tell her, then notice Stanley raise his eyebrows expectantly at me. "Stanley's a great teacher," I add. "I couldn't have learned without him."

"That's wonderful!" Mom was ecstatic. She turns toward Stanley, a fake bashful smile plastered across his face.

"Aw, well what's a good teacher without a good student, huh Kyle?"

His stupid grin makes me want to cry. It pained me lying to mom like that, especially because it made this asshole look even better in her eyes.

"So, you think he could pass his driving test then?"

"Definitely, in fact, he told me he wanted to take it this weekend. Isn't that right?"

They both turn toward me, an expectant look on Stanley's face and an anticipatory one on mom's.

"Uh-huh," I croak.

"That's great, sweetheart! Stanley, I don't know how to thank you!"

Mom throws her arms around him and he reciprocates, his left hand pressing against her lower back while his right arm encircles her shoulders, pulling her body against his.

"Oh, I'm sure we can think of something."

He smiles sadistically at me over mom's shoulder while I stand there, despondent, as they press their bodies securely together in a tight embrace.

## **Bully Moves in Next Door Pt. 04**

I shift around on the bin underneath me, trying to find a more comfortable position. Checking the clock on my phone, it tells me it's been almost two hours since I had climbed down to the basement. Waiting so long for mom and Stanley to show up had left my butt sore from sitting on the hard plastic of the bin.

It was the first time I'd snuck down to watch them since my driving lesson with Stanley's cousin two days ago. I had been too ashamed and angry with myself over my small part in Stanley's blatant assertion and manipulation of my mom to consider it the previous couple of nights.

In bed, I had tossed and turned replaying the conversation I had with Stanley earlier in his truck, apprehension gripping my chest. He'd already managed to coerce me into making mom think he'd successfully taught me how to drive, so I could only imagine how many other ways he'd exert his growing influence in our home.

I spent most of the next day in my room, playing video games to distract myself from the anxiety that had made my sleep restless. But eventually, hunger got the best of me, and I was forced to venture downstairs for something to eat. I knew Stanley was probably over, so I decided to get in and out of the kitchen as fast as possible.

He and my mom were sitting at the kitchen table as I quietly padded into the room, trying not to disturb their conversation and draw attention to myself.

"Hello, sweetheart, where've you been all day?" Mom turned toward me as I approached the refrigerator.

"Oh, just up in my room," I replied, fishing material for a sandwich out of the fridge.

"Working hard studying for the written portion of the driving test I hope?"

I moved toward the counter, arms full, unsure of how to respond. She definitely wouldn't be happy to hear I've done nothing but play video games all day.

"Your mother asked you a question," Stanley addressed me, making my heart leap.

I slowly turned to face him as I set everything down on the counter in a heap.

"You been studying for the written portion of the test?" We made eye contact as he repeated mom's unanswered question.

"I, uhhh...", I break away from his intense gaze, looking down at the counter before continuing, "I haven't quite gotten to it yet."

"So what have you been doing the whole morning then?"

"Playing video games," I say quietly, still not looking up.

"Are you sure that's the best use of your time?"

I shake my head, briefly forgetting to answer verbally before uttering a quickly, "No."

"Then maybe that's not what you should be doing. Why not get it done now?"

I looked up again, meeting his leveled gaze, the look in eyes a reminder of our discussion.

"Better to get it out of the way, isn't it," he prompted again.

"You're right," I finally told him and a self-satisfied smirk appeared on his face. "I'll go start on it now."

Mom had quietly watched the interaction between us unfold, taking notice of how firmly Stanley handled the situation. This was the first test of what he'd said to me in the car yesterday and both of us had evidently passed; me by complying with Stanley's "suggestion" and him by effectively getting me to comply, earning a look of admiration and approval from mom.

"Well," he said, a bit more friendly now, "you don't have to get started right away. I think there's some time for you to eat your lunch. Need that brain food to study, right?"

He gave a stupid smirk and mom smiled at his banal joke.

"You'll have the rest of the afternoon to study," he continued. "Then you can tell us all about what you covered during dinner tonight."

I stared back at him, his expectations of me crystal clear. For a brief second, anger surged through me and I wanted to tell him to fuck off. But Stanley must've seen the glint of aggravation behind my glare, because his eyes narrowed slightly and his gaze hardened, almost daring me to confront him and find out the consequences of doing so.

Just as quickly as my fury rose, it faltered, and my whole body deflated from his intimidating stare. No matter how much I wanted or tried to stand up to him, part of me knew I'd never be able to, years of his bullying cowing me into being docile. Stanley evidently knew this as well, his lips pulling back in a triumphant, knowing smile before looking toward my mom.

"Speaking of dinner, what's on the menu for tonight, gorgeous?"

I turned back to the counter, quickly assembling my lunch.

"Roast chicken and garlic mashed potatoes," mom told him.

"Excellent. Now about tomorrow night, how about I bring some lamb chops from the shop and you cook it up for us? Sound good?"

"Absolutely, I can do that!"

"Perfect."

I brought my lunch up to my room, wanting to be in Stanley's presence as little as possible. Sure enough, at dinner, he made sure to inquire about how my studying had gone and I answered hoping to have read enough to satisfy him.

He seemed appeased, which relieved me until he said, "We'll see how far you've gotten by dinner tomorrow," making it clear that he not only expected regular updates on my progress but that he'd be around to ask for it.

I ate in silence, thinking that I could quietly escape back to my room once I was done, but Stanley made another show of his authority as I thanked mom for dinner and prepared to leave the table.

"How often do you do the dishes, Kyle?"

I paused, looking from my phone up to him. He raised his eyebrows in a questioning manner as he stared at me.

"Um, sometimes," I answered, looking away.

"Really? Because I don't think I've seen you clean up the table more than once in all the time I've had dinner over here."

I shrugged my shoulders, tentatively looking at him.

"Don't you think your mom deserves some help? After all, she does so much for you, doesn't she?"

"She does," I agreed.

"Good, it's nice of you to finally help her out then," he said as he stood up.

He led mom into the living room, leaving me to clean up the table and the cookware.

"Thank you, sweetheart," she called me to, a cheerful expression on her face.

I saw her squeeze his bicep in appreciation as she leaned into him. He smirked back at her, pleased with himself.

My cheeks burned red in humiliation as I gathered up plates and utensils from the table. I hated how guilty he made me feel for not helping mom to clean up more often and how he coerced me into doing so, especially because of how obvious of a move it was to establish control. Yet mom ate it up.

I ground my teeth as I rinsed and washed at the sink, sulking up to my room when I was finished and ignoring Stanley's mockingly cheerful call of "Goodnight, bud," as I passed him and mom on

the couch. She had her hand on his arm, lightly stroking along his bicep.

The next night at dinner was the same. I gave a recount of my study session while we ate, explaining what I had read about that morning. Satisfied, Stanley took a swig from his wine glass before tearing back into the lamb.

When he was finished, he let out a belch and clasped his hands behind his head, spreading his long legs out wide as he relaxed back in Tim's chair.

"Fuck yeah," he said. "What a great dinner. You outdid yourself, gorgeous."

Mom smiled back at him. "I'm glad you liked it. The meat turned out so tender."

"Wait until you taste the duck I'm bringing for you to cook tomorrow. Best you'll ever taste."

I frowned at the way he had declared for us what we were having for dinner tomorrow instead of asking like he had yesterday. Mom saw no problem in it apparently.

"That sounds wonderful," she enthused. "I haven't had duck in so long. Tim's not much of an adventurous eater."

"Color me surprised," Stanley deadpanned, rolling his eyes. "You like exotic meat though, right, gorgeous?"

He smirked at her and she blushed, bashfully smiling up at him.

"I do, and lucky for me that my neighbor has the best kind," she told him confidently.

His smirk grew wider. "The best kind for sure. You can get your fill anytime, we're always happy to provide."

I squirmed in my chair as I felt my dick begin to harden at their veiled comments about her taking his dick, a swift reminder of the several days that had elapsed since I last watched them fuck.

Mom finished off her wine, briefly breaking her intense eye contact with Stanley to swallow what was left at the bottom of her glass.

"Why don't we move to the couch and crack open another bottle," Stanley suggested as he stood up.

"That sounds great," mom agreed.

"Take care of the dishes for your mom, all right, bud," he said to me as he moved toward his left. He didn't even wait for a response this time. Snatching another bottle off the wine rack and the opener from the counter, he guides mom out of the kitchen.

"Oh, and there's still some laundry that needs finishing up too, when you're done with that."

"Thank you so much, sweetheart," mom told me, a light glaze over her eyes as she clutches the glasses in one hand while Stanley leads her by the other.

While washing the dishes, my mind couldn't help but wander to what they'd be doing later on tonight. Despite my misgivings about Stanley's newfound authority around our house, I felt myself become aroused as I imagined the new ways he'd probably managed to sexually

dominate my mother since announcing his intention to claim her a few days ago.

I turned my head slightly, watching them out of the corner of my eye. They sat facing each other on the couch in the living room. Mom leaned toward him, a sly smile on her face as her right arm extended down and out in front of her, blocked from the elbow down by the back of the couch. Based on the look on Stanley's face, it wasn't hard to guess where her hand was or what it was doing there.

A shudder ripped through me and my dick pulsed in my pants as I faced the sink again, eyes widening. I couldn't believe how brazen she was being, touching him like that with me right in the next room. The wine had clearly emboldened her, which excited me and enflamed my fantasies of what they would get up to when they were alone tonight, while at the same time making me feel ashamed of her trappy behavior.

When I passed by them on the couch while carrying the folded laundry upstairs, her hand had been removed from his crotch, but I could still see a hard lump in Stanley's mesh shorts, residual evidence of where it had been minutes before. It was then that I had decided on a nightly viewing of their carnal exploits, my pent up arousal once again overriding the shame and humiliation I felt from watching them as well as agitation over Stanley's growing dominion within our house.

Which is what led me here, seated in my usual spot in the basement waiting in vain for them to show up. So much time had elapsed that I finally gave up. Rising from the bin, I maneuver my way out from behind the stacked boxes, a strange mix of relief and disappointment rolling around inside me.

I wondered what had kept them from meeting up as I climbed the stairs to the kitchen. Maybe he couldn't make it tonight? Or had she gone over to his house this time?

Passing quietly through the first floor, I was so lost in thought over all the possible reasons they hadn't come down to the basement that I almost missed the actual reason they hadn't. As I reached the landing at the top of the stairs to the second floor, I paused, finally noticing a small, squeaking noises coming from behind mom's closed bedroom door just to my left.

I stepped toward her room, leaning in close to listen carefully, and recognized the squeaking as coming from her box spring just as I was able to discern the heavy, low pants accompanying it.

Realization startled me. They're having sex in her room! That's why they hadn't come down to the basement, she brought him upstairs to fuck in her bed.

My dick began to inflate like a balloon as I tried to process this bold new step they had taken. Was she so confident that they wouldn't be heard that she decided to risk it or was this Stanley's way of asserting more dominance and control over her?

The thought that Stanley might have impelled her into fucking in her room and that she had relented excited me unexpectedly, causing my dick to throb against the fabric constraining.

Just then, I heard a small, quiet moan come from within the room.

"Fuck yeah, here's that meat you enjoy so much, slut," Stanley whispered quietly.

"Oh, yes. Stuff me with it, fill me up with your thick meat, Stanley," mom responded in kind.

I yank down the top of my pajama bottoms, freeing my stiff cock. Quickly, I began to jerk it, closing my eyes and using the sounds of Stanley and mom fucking to illustrate in my mind what I

desperately wished to see in person.

The soft, wet slapping noises of their bodies colliding repeatedly joined the sounds of low grunts and pants uttered with carnal pleasure and the small squeals of a bed put to good use as they gave in to the deep sexual desire for one another that they had built between them over the course of the day.

I imagined their bodies writhing furiously on the bed as they fucked each other's brains out, their attempts to keep their sex quiet thrilling them only in the way that depraved fornication can.

"God damn, bitch, your pussy is so hot. I'm about to fill you with my seed," whispered Stanley.

I heard them begin to kiss, muffling mom's squeals as the thwapping of their bodies clashing against one another became heavier.

Jerking my cock rapidly, I orgasms to the soft sounds of my mom being fucked by my bully. My cum shoots onto the hardwood floor of the hallway as I release a two day pent up load.

The squeaking of the box spring becomes temporarily erratic and a few low, guttural grunts indicate Stanley is releasing deep inside my mother.

Taking off my shirt, I use it to wipe my cum off the floor as the soft sounds of kissing can be heard from inside mom's room. Quietly creeping down the hall, I leave them to bask in their post-coitus afterglow, silently shutting my bedroom door behind me.

I toss my sticky shirt into the hamper before pulling on a fresh one. Climbing into bed, I ponder my new discovery as I slowly begin to drift off.

Have they been fucking in her room these past two nights? I don't recall hearing anything. But then again, her room is down the hall and they did make an effort to be quiet.

Shutting my eyes, I recalled how aroused I had become with the idea that Stanley had managed to get mom to let him into her bed at night to fuck her. He was beginning to assert himself over her in other ways now, and the idea of him taking control over my mom like that aroused and frightened me. They're quickly moving beyond just a sexual relationship, Stanley making good on his promise to claim her.

I fell asleep as these thoughts settled into my mind. Several hours later, I awoke with a start. Confused, I noticed the sun was just beginning to rise as I tried to discern if the small noise that had woken me up was real or had been dreamt.

Laying still, I heard the slight creak of the steps as someone climbed them, realization it was most likely Stanley creeping out and back over to his place. A minute later I heard the front door open and shut lightly, confirming it was him.

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The next day had played out just as the other ones preceding it had. Mom gave no indication that Stanley had spent the night and neither did he. No smirk or veiled references.

He had brought a duck for her to cook for dinner, just like he said he would and I was asked about what I had studied that day before being tasked with cleaning up.

That night, I laid awake in bed listening for sounds that indicated Stanley was back for another

night of fervent fucking in mom's bed. Finally, I heard the slight creak of mom's door opening before she quietly descended the stairs. I had expected her to at least check to see if I was asleep, and I had been prepared to quickly close my eyes if I heard my door beginning to open, but to my surprise, she hadn't bothered.

A few minutes later, I heard the squeaking of heavy feet on the stairs. I knew it was Stanley, his large frame making more noise than mom's smaller one had.

They quickly and quietly shut themselves in her room and I waited until I was sure that they were in the throes of sex so they wouldn't hear me creep down the hallway to listen.

While not as stimulating as watching them, I beat my meat to the sounds of their hushed, lustful mating, cumming all over the floor outside her bedroom just as I had the night before. After cleaning up, I fell asleep, waking up to the soft thuds of Stanley climbing down the stairs some odd hours later.

All of the next day I dedicated myself to studying for my driving test the following morning. I was anxious, more about what would happen if I failed rather than failing itself. Despite needing a good night's rest, I still waited up to listen to mom and Stanley have sex, silently wanking outside her bedroom door for the third night in a row.

My alarm woke me up at nine in the morning. I ambled down the stairs, thinking that I had missed Stanley sneaking out earlier when the scent of pancake batter caught my attention. Heading to the kitchen, I quickly realized why I hadn't heard Stanley sneaking out.

He sat at the kitchen table, in Tim's seat of course, finishing off a pancake as mom stood at the stove in her bathrobe, her hair piled high on top of her head. She noticed me standing in the doorway and smiled.

"Good morning, sweetheart. Would you like some pancakes?"

"Yeah..." I watched as she took the frying pan with a finished pancake on top over to Stanley and plopped it down on his empty plate.

"I wanted to make a special breakfast for your driving test and figured I'd invite Stanley over since he helped teach you and all," mom offered in explanation.

Stanley gave me a shit eating grin before taking a bite of his pancake. He was dressed like he normally was, tank top, mesh shorts, and those fucking white slides. There was no indication he had spent the night, but I knew that she had just lied to me, making it seem like he'd just come from his place when I knew he'd really come from her bed after fucking her last night.

"S'more coffee, gorgeous?"

He held his cup out to her and she set the pan down on the stove before fetching the pot for his refill. I sat down at the other end of the table as she filled his cup for him. He flashed her a smile when she finished and she beamed back at him.

Watching them, it seemed obvious what was happening. Taking charge of dinner, supervising my studying, directing me to complete chores, spending the night in mom's bed, his appearance at breakfast this morning; Stanley was establishing himself as the man of the house. And mom was letting him. In fact, she seemed to relish in it. Doting on him during meals, letting him into the bed she shares with Tim. It's clear that she's developed romantic feelings for him, I can tell by the way she acts in his presence, by the way she gazes at him adoringly.

I think Stanley knew this too, taking advantage of it by asserting more dominance and control over her and in their growing relationship.

I sat there, turning over all this in my mind before mom places a plate of pancakes in front of me and sits down next to Stanley at the opposite end of the table, who had just finished with his breakfast.

"Eat up, sweetheart. You'll need it for the test today."

"What time does it start?" Stanley asked.

"10:30."

"We should probably leave here around 10 o'clock, then," he replied.

"We?" I asked hesitantly.

"Stanley's coming with us," mom said to me. "He told me how happy and proud he was of you, so of course I told him he should be there when you pass."

My gaze shifted from her to Stanley, who smirked back at me.

"Plus, he did such an amazing job teaching you to drive, I knew he'd want to see all his hard work pay off," she continued, smiling wide at him.

"Just want to be as supportive as possible," he shrugged.

Mom placed her hand on his and squeezed. They held eye contact for a few seconds before both of them looked away. I ate a few bites of my pancake but I suddenly didn't have much of an appetite.

A little while later, the three of us left out the back door. Stanley turned his head as we walked down the driveway.

"I'll drive us," he told mom, holding out his hand for her keys.

She handed them to him and we all got in mom's car, me in the back and both of them up front.

"Are you nervous, sweetheart," mom asked me once we'd left.

"Kind of," I told her.

"Well, just try your best. That's all that matters."

"Yeah, don't sweat it, Kyle," Stanley said. "We'll just have ourselves another driving lesson or two if things don't work out today."

I saw him quickly glance at me in the rearview mirror, a small smirk on his face. It began to grow wider as he noticed my look of panic at the prospect of another encounter with Steve. I prayed I did ok.

Stanley's phone vibrated in his pocket and he answered it.

"Yo," he answered.

There was silence as the person on the other end spoke.

"Excellent," Stanley said. "Yeah, eight is perfect and it'll be for two."

The person on the other end said something before Stanley hung up, "Alright, thanks a lot man. Peace."

He tossed his phone into the cup holder.

"What was all that about," mom asked him.

"Well, I wanted it to be a surprise, but, fuck it. I'm taking you out next Saturday night."

"Taking me out?" mom asked, raising her eyebrows at him.

"Dinner and dancing, just me and you," he winked at her.

"That's so sweet but you don't have to do anything special, Stanley. It's nice just hanging out at the house."

"Aw, come on. It'll be a nice change of pace. When was the last time someone took you out to dinner instead of you cooking it for them, huh?"

Mom sat staring off, trying to remember the last time Tim had taken her out to dinner.

"You're right," she said eventually, realization heavy in her voice when she couldn't recall.

A smirk appeared on Stanley's face as he watched her frown in disappointment.

"I can't remember the last time Tim and I went out to dinner, or went out anywhere, for that matter. Not just the two of us."

"A gorgeous woman like you deserves to be taken out and shown off, don't you think? Besides, I made reservations at Urbane."

Mom's head turns toward him, her mouth hanging open in disbelief.

"Urbane? I've been dying to eat there for months. Tim always says he'll take me eventually but he hasn't yet. They book up weeks in advance, how did you manage to get reservations for next weekend?"

Stanley shrugged. "We supply a lot of their meat, so I made a call and pulled some strings to get a table for two at eight."

"That's incredible," mom said enthusiastically.

"It's no big deal," he replied with a false sense of modesty, a small, satisfied smile on his face. He turns and winks at her, while mom grins back at him.

"So, it's a date then?"

"Absolutely," she responds enthusiastically. "I can't wait!"

"Excellent," he said with a shit eating grin. He reaches out and places his right hand on her bare thigh, squeezing it firmly before his fingers start slowly stroking along the inside.

I look back and forth between them, uneasy with their behavior, as if they've forgotten I was in the car too. I feel alarmed by the prospect of Stanley taking her out. Not only because he referred to it as a date but also because of how eager mom was for him to wine and dine her, no doubt in part because of her burgeoning feelings for him.

We got to the DMV not too long later. I breathed in deeply as we got up to the counter.

"Good luck, sweetheart." Mom gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheek. "We'll be right here waiting for you when you're done. And remember, just do your best."

Stanley said nothing, only stood just behind my mother, the sneer on his face a reminder of what the consequences would be if my best wasn't good enough.

Ultimately, I did fairly well. My nerves were shot by the end of it all but I passed. When I came back into the DMV, I scanned the waiting room and spotted mom and Stanley in the corner.

They were leaning in close together, smiling and talking quietly. Stanley had his hand on her knee while mom had hers on his forearm. She noticed me out of the corner of her eye and stood up, a hesitant smile on her face.

I smiled back and nodded slightly, and she broke out in a wide grin.

"Congratulations, sweetheart! I'm so happy for you," she told me before wrapping me in a tight hug.

"I always knew you could do it," Stanley shot me a mocking smile behind mom's back.

"Well, he certainly couldn't have done it without you, Stanley. We're both so grateful for all of your help."

Stanley smiled down at her, "You know me, always the man to help out." He winked as she smiled back at him affectionately.

"That's exactly the kind of man you are," she told him soundly.

After receiving my license we piled back into the car to drive home.

"How does it feel to be able to drive now," mom asked me from the front.

I shrugged. "It's ok. I won't need you to take me everywhere like before."

"Mhm, you can go to tournaments on your own, drive yourself to the mall - "

"Apply for jobs in person," Stanley interjected.

"That's a good idea! I'm sure it'll be a lot easier to find a job now if you can go talk to the manager during the day while I'm working."

"Or they'll just turn me down to my face instead through an email," I said, a sour note in my voice.

"Aw, honey, you just need to keep at it. You'll find something eventually."

"There's always a spot for you down at the shop," Stanley said. He made eye contact with me in the rear view mirror and I felt my heart drop.

"You don't have to do that, Stanley," mom told him.

"It's no big deal. If he has trouble finding a job, we'll get him straightened out down there."

We made eye contact again, the implication in his gaze clear. There's no way I could handle working with him, it'd be the end of me.

"Well it's definitely something to consider, that's for sure," mom enthused.

"Yeah, we'll talk about it again if he hasn't found something in a couple of weeks," Stanley replied firmly, marking my deadline to find a job.

I had to force myself to control my breathing. I better start looking as soon as I get the chance.

Not too long later, we pulled onto our street.

"We'll have just enough time to swing by the airport to pick up Tim," mom said.

Parking the car, Stanley got out as mom headed around the front to take his place.

"I'm really looking forward to next weekend," mom said as she stopped in front of him.

"Me too," he responded. "Make sure to wear something killer. I want to feel how envious every other man is of me for having you as my date." He winked at her and she beamed back at him. I felt uneasy with him referring to her as his date.

"I'll see you soon, gorgeous." He winked at her again before heading next door.

I watched her smile at his retreating figure, before climbing into the driver's seat. We were quiet for the first few minutes on the way to the airport. Mom stared forward, lost in thought, a small smile on her face as she no doubt daydreamed about her evening with Stanley next weekend.

"Uh, mom?"

"Hmm?"

"Why did Stanley call you his date?" I asked her hesitantly.

She glanced at me, pulled from her reverie. "Oh, it's just a figure of speech," she dismissed. "You know Stanley and I are just friends."

"Yeah, but doesn't it seem kind of..."

"Kind of what?"

"Inappropriate," I finished after a second.

"Hardly. He didn't mean it that way. Like I said, it's just a figure of speech."

Of course I didn't believe her. But I left it alone, too afraid to push her about. I knew she would

continue to maintain her relationship with Stanley was purely platonic, however, if she became suspicious of what I knew, there was always a chance she'd mention it to him, which I certainly didn't want.

She became silent again, and I assumed she had returned to thinking about Stanley for the rest of the drive.

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Mom was on cloud nine in the week leading up to her date with Stanley. Even Tim noticed, inquiring about her jubilant mood.

"Just having a good week," she replied with a casual shrug of her shoulders and Tim readily accepted her simple explanation, which angered me. I badly wanted to just blurt out the real reason she was so happy, that she was going out with the twenty year old asshole from next door who she's been fucking.

I didn't, of course. Even my anger wasn't strong enough to override my fear of Stanley. If I wanted to avoid his wrath, I'd had to think carefully and find some creative way to get him out of our lives, no matter how much she liked to fuck him.

Speaking of, I could tell she was excited for her outing with Stanley. She snapchatted him quite a lot throughout the week, although she tried to be discreet about it. I even caught her browsing cocktail dresses online.

Early one morning, while Tim was in the shower, I was laying in bed, my door partially open, when I saw mom pass by on the way to her room. She was clutching a small, pink bag to her side. I could hear the closet door in her bedroom opening followed by a rustling noise that lasted about a minute. She crept back downstairs after shutting the closet door.

Curious, I searched through her closet later on in the day when she and Tim were finishing up dinner downstairs. At first I couldn't find anything. It took some digging, but I eventually found the Victoria's Secret bag carefully hidden toward the back.

Setting it down on the floor, I opened it and pulled out a tiny, black lace thong. I held it up, turning the small bit of fabric over. It seemed barely capable of covering her private area but I guess that was the point. The fact that she'd hidden it from Tim made it clear who she had intended to wear it for.

As I was placing the thing back into the small bag, I realized there had been no bra with it, which puzzled me. Did she already have one that matched? Or was it in a different bag that I missed?

The scraping of chairs from downstairs snapped me back to reality. I quickly placed the bag back where I had found it, shut the closet door, and headed to my room.

The day before Tim was supposed to leave on another work trip, I noticed mom was a bit quieter than she had been the whole week, not as joyous. I'd catch her looking at Tim randomly throughout the day.

Finally, early in the evening, she turned to him from her laptop at the desk in the living room.

"Tim, why don't we go out anymore?"

"What do you mean?" He looked up at her from his tablet. "We go out all the time."

"I meant out, like to dinner or the movies. We used to go all the time when we had started dating."

Tim set his tablet down next on the couch cushion beside him, thinking carefully.

"You know, it has been quite a while since we last did something. I guess I've just been so busy with work recently that we haven't kept up like we used to."

He paused, then said, "Well how about we go out tonight?"

"Really?" Excitement and surprise colored mom's voice.

"Yeah, it'll be a nice break and it really has been a long time since we went out."

"That sounds great! How about we try that new Thai place that opened up a few blocks away?"

"Hmmm," Tim said, frowning. "I don't know, Thai might be too much for me, sensitive stomach and all." He patted his abdomen as if to reinforce his point.

"I was actually thinking we'd go to Sammy's," he suggested.

Mom's face fell. "Sammy's? But we always go there."

"No, not always. We usually get the pizza as take out. We haven't been there in a while."

"But - "

"What do you say, Kyle? Up for going to Sammy's tonight?"

"Uh, sure," I answered from the kitchen table.

"Great, how about we head out around six then, yeah?"

Mom didn't answer as Tim picked up his tablet again. I could tell by the look on her face that Sammy's wasn't what she had in mind. Neither was me joining them. She was quiet on the ride over and ended up sulking throughout dinner, not saying much then or the rest of the night when we got home.

"Hmm, she must be on her period," I heard Tim say to himself as mom stalked upstairs.

The next day, she treated Tim with casual indifference, barely giving him more than a one syllable answer whenever he asked her something. Late in the afternoon, she drove him to the airport to catch his flight. He wasn't going to be away very long, only three days before he was back again.

As soon as she came home, she showered and began getting ready for her date with Stanley. I was in my room playing video games when I heard her phone ring. She answered it from her room and I paused the game to better hear her conversation.

"Hi, honey, how was your flight?"

Tim must've just gotten to the hotel.

"That's good, you going to get something to eat later?"

Silence as Tim spoke on the other end of the phone.

"Nope, I'm going to bed early tonight," she told him plainly. My heart sank hearing how plainly she lied to him.

"I'll talk to you tomorrow, goodnight."

As they hung up, I realized she hadn't said "I love you" like she normally did when saying goodbye, which made me nervous.

About an hour later, there was a knock at the front door, and my head turned toward the hallway as mom emerged from her room to answer it.

When she did, I very quickly realized why I had found no bra with the pair of panties she had hidden away in her closet.

As she passed by my open bedroom door, I saw she was wearing a backless maroon velvet dress. Form fitting against her body, the hem ended just above her knee, showing off her curvaceous figure and large, firm breasts. Her long blonde hair cascaded down her back and her black stiletto pumps added an extra five inches to her height.

Pausing my game, I got up and walked into the hallway. Creeping up against the wall outside my room, I peek around the corner and can see the front hall below just as she reaches the landing of the stairs.

Smoothing out her dress, she straightens her back and thrusts her chest forward before answering the door, a large smile on her face to greet Stanley on the other end. He had on dark slacks and a matching blazer, both of which were cut slim to show off his lean, muscular body, and the white dress shirt underneath had the first three buttons undone, showing off the top of his sculpted chest. Stepping over the threshold, his black dress shoes made a scuffling noise on hardwood floors of the hallway as he pivoted to face her.

"God damn," he said, his eyes raking over her body in admiration. "You look fucking incredible!"

"Thank you," she happily smiled up at him.

He held out his hand and she placed hers in his before he brought her arm up so she could twirl slowly for him. Letting out a deep breath, he eyed her hungrily as she turned about, showing off how well the dress hugged her body.

As she came to a stop and faced him again, he reached out and slid his large hands down the sides of her body, coming to a stop at her waist which he gripped tightly. Pulling her gently but firmly toward him, she threw her arms around his neck.

Stanley inclined his head, looking into her eyes.

"Miss me?" He asked, a grin on his face.

"More than you know," mom told him.

She leans in toward him but stops, turning her head to look up toward the second floor hallway. Pressed against the wall in the shadows of the dim light, she can't see me the way I can see them.

Assuring herself that they're alone, she turns back to Stanley and presses her lips against his. They kiss deeply and Stanley's hands move from her waist to her ass, squeezing her cheeks tightly as he pulls her body against his.

After a long kiss, Stanley rests his forehead against hers and they stare into each other's eyes.

"You ready to get the fuck out of here?"

"God, yes," she tells him with deep sincerity.

Leaning up, Stanley guides her through the front door by the small of her back, checking out her swaying ass as she walks in front.

I take a half step out into the hall as Stanley reaches out to grip the front door. Noticing me out of the corner of his eye, he turns his head and looks up at me. A large smirk stretches across his face as we make eye contact.

"Don't wait up," he tells me quietly, then begins to laugh as he shuts the door behind him.

I climb down the stairs and watch from a window in the living room, saddened, as he leads her to his truck, opening the door for her before getting in on the driver's side and taking off. I pace the living room, trying to wrap my mind around the fact that my mom was out on a date with the guy that bullied me.

I couldn't quite figure out why it bothered me so much. They had spent a lot of time together at our house, so it's not like that's anything new. Maybe that was it though. They had taken their relationship further by going out together. It was another move by Stanley to claim her, which seemed to be occurring rapidly. I had erroneously assumed mom wouldn't have been as easily won over as she actually had been, a testament to how much power Stanley held over her or how poor her relationship with Tim actually was. Possibly both.

Too antsy to sit around, I went up to my room to continue playing video games to pass the time. I had intended to wait up until they got home, despite what Stanley had told me, but laying on my bed in my darkened room for several hours led to me dozing off at some point.

I woke up to the glare of the television still on, the controller having slipped from my hand to the floor. Bleary eyed, I looked at the clock on my nightstand. It was half past one in the morning. I tried to remember if I had heard them come in, but I couldn't recall.

Getting up, I open my door quietly and peek out into the hall. Mom's door is open and the lights inside are off. I pad down to her room, her empty bed confirming that she hasn't returned from her date with Stanley yet.

Back in my room, I part the blinds of the window overlooking our driveway and the Pachis'. Gazing out, I see Stanley's truck parked in the driveway of his house next door, leaving me confused and wondering where they are.

Returning to the hall, I listen for any noises coming from some other part of the house. Hearing nothing but silence, I quietly descend the stairs and enter the living room.

I approach one of the windows on the side of the house. Tentatively, I take hold of the edge of the curtain and pull it back slightly to peer out.

Stanley's truck is in full view, and even though it's dark out, the street lamp provides just enough

light for me to see him sitting in the driver' seat with his eyes closed and hands clasped behind his head, long legs spread wide as his large, erect cock sticks straight up out of his open fly while mom leans across the bench to slobber all over it.

Surprise fills me as I watch mom brazenly pleasure Stanley with her mouth in his truck, not quite able to believe they're doing something like this so out in the open. It's dark, sure, but he didn't pull his truck very far into the driveway, and the streetlight makes it easy enough for anyone passing by to see what they're doing if they look hard enough.

Yet, mom appears completely unconcerned by this, hungrily devouring his cock, his shaft disappearing into her mouth as she swiftly bobs up and down on it.

The depravity of the situation, how willing she is to pleasure him so openly, sends anguish through me, but also, arousal. My cock becomes rock hard, excited by her clear desire to submit to his cock when and where he pleases, uncaring who sees.

Just as I'm about to free my erection from my shorts, I notice that the windows on his truck are partially rolled down, allowing anyone passing by to hear them as well as see them.

My heart thuds in my chest, knowing that any one of our neighbors can give a cursory glance outside their home and learn what a slut my mother is for her twenty year old neighbor.

I grip the edges of the window and gently begin to pull, slowly sliding it open. The truck is close enough that I'm immediately greeted by the sounds of a wet, vigorous blowjob.

Pulling out my erection, I slowly start to jerk off, ashamed with myself for relishing that I get to witness them getting off together after the last few days of just listening to it.

"Fuck yeah," Stanley muttered, then opened his eyes before looked down at her. "Tell me how good that dick tastes."

Mom takes one long, final slurp of his firm, upright shaft before pulling off it.

"It's the best damn thing I've tasted all night," she tells him, out of breath.

Leaning in, she begins to lick along his pole which throbs as her tongue slides against it. Precum oozes out of his slit and her full lips gently close around his head to clean it up.

"Can't miss out on all that protein," Stanley tells her as he begins thrust up into her mouth, sighing heavily as her lips grip his shaft tightly as it disappears down her throat.

After a minute of face fucking, mom sits up, disengaging from his dick before she kicks off her shoes, sitting on her knees in order to better access his cock as she leans over his crotch and resumes emphatically pleasuring him. Stanley lets out a low, deep moan as she's able to take more of his thick meat into her mouth, her plump lips reaching the base of his shaft before gripping tightly and pulling back. Her head moves up and down in quick, steady movements as she skillfully stimulates his cock with her mouth and throat muscles.

"That's right, keep worshipping my giant dick you fucking slut," he instructs her firmly before delivering a strong smack to her ass.

Mom squeals in delight, sucking his cock harder and faster in clear excitement. Stanley's right hand roughly kneads her ass through her dress, eventually pulling the hem up to get underneath it.

With his shaft still filling her mouth, she lets out a series of high pitched moans and a smirk appears on his face as he presumably reaches her cunt. I can see him begin to thrust his hand back and forth underneath her dress as she parts her legs a bit to give him more room to finger her pussy.

Her ass starts to push back on his invading fingers and the blowjob she's giving becomes sloppier the deeper he pushes into her tunnel. The loud moans she's emitting are muffled by the hefty member stuffing her mouth full.

"So warm," he marvels. "And I love how wet you are for me. Needy little skank, aren't you?"

With his left hand, he takes her hair in his grip, pulling her off his shaft and up to his face. He sticks his tongue down her throat as his mouth quickly captures hers. She responds enthusiastically, receiving his tongue with her own and pushing back against it while writhing in pleasure from the sharp thrusting of his long, thick fingers in and out of her.

Their intense kiss breaks and she pants, "Please, I need your cock inside me. I need to feel your cock so bad, Stanley."

She gasps and shuts her eyes as his fingers push deep inside her and slowly probe around.

"Who does this pussy belong to?" There's a firmness in his voice when he asks this.

"You," she whispers in response.

"I said who does this pussy belong to?" He asks louder this time and with a tinge of anger.

"You, Stanley! My pussy belongs to you and only you!"

"That's fucking right it does, bitch, and I'll decide when you get the privilege of being violated by my cock! Understand?"

He pushes his fingers deep inside her again, holding them there to reinforce his point. Mom groans and nods her head.

"Answer me, cunt," Stanley yells, twisting his fingers around.

"Oh God! Yes, Stanley! My body is yours! Use me like the slut I am!"

He grins sadistically, and with his left hand still gripping her hair, he brings her head down to his crotch while thrusting upward, smearing his saliva covered cock along her face.

"Nasty fucking whore," he mutters, holding her head steady while slowly and purposefully grinding the underside of his fat dick against her nose and forehead several times.

Sitting back down, he opens his legs wider, then reaches into his pants to free his large balls from within. Bringing her head down to press against them, her tongue darts out of her mouth and she begins to lap at the large, fuzzy nutsack resting against her lips.

He continues to tenderly finger her pussy, encouraging her oral exploration of his scrotum with long, steady strokes deep within her folds.

"That's right, make sure you get all the sweat clinging to my fat nads."

Mom presses her face tightly against his hairy pouch, opening her mouth to suck on his nuts, her luscious lips encircling each one in order to bathe them with her tongue.

With her face buried in Stanley's crotch, mom's nose is pressed against the base of his erect cock, the shaft of which rests against the side of her face while her mouth provides his balls with a thorough cleaning.

"Aww yeah, you smell that shit? You smell where my cock and balls have been?"

Mom moans deeply, her mouth full of his furry nuts.

He chuckles while looking down at her. "Go ahead and take a whiff of that strong musk you love so much."

A beat of silence, then he says, "That's a good slut," as she presumably inhales the scent of his sweat soaked ballsack.

As mom continues to suck on his nuts, her head gently moves back and forth. Stanley's fingers are still buried inside her and they slowly explore deep within the tight walls that surround them.

"Fuuuuuck, your mouth and tongue feel so good! Bet you're getting a nice taste of all my ball sweat, huh?"

Mom answers him with a muffled murmur, her mouth full of his pouch.

"Go back to lapping at my nuts, run your tongue along them. Slowly."

She opens her mouth wide, freeing his ballsack. Looking up at him, she stares deep into his eyes before sticking her tongue out to start dragging it across his low hanging sack. Mom adopts a look of submission as her tongue finds the perfect rhythm to firmly massage his hairy balls.

"Feel how fucking full they are? Engorged from all my babies? I can't wait to unload them deep in your pussy."

His fingers begin to increase in speed and force as he plunders her hole relentlessly, excited by the prospect of flooding her tight tunnel with extensive amounts of his sperm.

Mom begins to whimper in response and he slowly withdraws from inside her.

"Take your fucking clothes off," he tells her in a husky voice.

She eagerly sits back on her behind, lifting her legs up so she can reach under her dress and slide her panties off.

Stanley kicks off his shoes before nimbly removing his pants and blazer, tossing both onto the floor of the passenger's seat. Mom gently peels off her dress, throwing it into the back seat. Stanley's eyes greedily take on her body as he scoots to the middle of the truck's bench.

After spreading his long legs wide, mom maneuvers herself onto his lap. With her knees braced on either side of his muscular, hairy thighs, she slowly sinks down onto his large cock.

Both of them let out moans of pleasure as his tool disappears inside her. Once she's fully impaled on his dick, she rotates her hips slightly, shutting her eyes and tilting her head back while getting a feel for the large tool penetrating her.

Stanley smirks in satisfaction as he watches her gently grind against his stiff cock, his fingers swiftly unbuttoning his dress shirt from the top down. Leaning forward, he pulls his arms from the sleeves before grasping the collar of the shirt.

Mom opens her eyes, watching him as he tosses the shirt aside. Sitting forward, her hands move immediately to his well defined chest, gripping his firm pecs. He smirks at her as she marvels at his powerful body, her hands squeezing and pressing against all the muscles she can find there.

He slowly begins to thrust his hips forward, pressing his large dick further up inside her. Mom lets out a gasp and her hands grip his shoulders.

Taking her cue, the lower half of her body slowly starts to move up and down, pushing onto the heavy cock fitted tightly against the walls of her pussy as she starts to ride him earnestly.

As her ass descends onto his lap, Stanley thrusts up to meet it, causing her cheeks to smack loudly against his muscular thighs repeatedly, their bodies work in perfect in unison to fuck one another

I can hear their lustful pants over the wet slapping noises of their bodies colliding over and over. Stanley's big hands grip her hips tightly and he starts to use them to move mom's body more rapidly along his cock, making her cry out in pleasure.

The truck begins to rock in place, their clashing forms shaking the cab of the truck as they fuck in unabashed ferocity. Neither of them appear to care as they openly engage in torrid, public sex, their fierce coupling on display for anyone to easily witness. Something that's also apparent to Stanley.

"Christ, you're so wet. You like riding my dick out in the open?"

"Ugh, oh fuck, I do!"

"You want everyone to see how much of a slut you are for my big cock?"

"God yes, I want them all to know who own's this pussy, that it's yours to fuck whenever you want!"

Stanley delivers a hard slap to her ass, making it jiggle and causing mom to yelp in excitement.

"Fuck yes, they can watch you submit to me like the whore you are!" He slaps her ass again, even harder.

My cock pulses in my hand as I listen to my mother proudly submit to Stanley in front of the entire neighborhood. Her blatant willingness to whore herself out to him so publicly brings me close to cumming.

"Ride me harder you fucking skank, ride me harder," he shouts at her while delivering quick, successive whacks to her ass.

"Take my donkey dick you stupid slut, take it deep in your twat!"

Mom complies with his crude demands, arching her back in order to bounce harder on his cock while wailing in pain and pleasure as his large hands deliver blow after blow to her luscious ass and his degrading words wash over her.

"Oh God, Stanley, I love it! I love your big dick!"

Her large breasts sway back and forth as she tenaciously fucks herself on Stanley's cock. He takes notice of them, desire in his eyes as they swing back and forth right in front of his face.

He takes her right breast in his left hand and leans in, his mouth enclosing around her erect nipple. Mom squeals as he hungrily suckles at her tit and his right hand grips her other breast, squeezing it tightly while she continues to slam herself down onto his cock.

Mom's squeals become higher pitched, her head is thrown back and her eyes are squeezed shut as Stanley mauls her tits.

"I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum," she babbles repeatedly as her bouncing starts to become even more fierce.

Stanley's hands return to her ass, gripping them tightly, as he pulls off her nipples with a loud slurp.

"Oh fuck yes, get ready to take my load, slut," he tells her. Tilting his head back, his mouth falls open and he begins to grunt as hands squeeze her ass cheeks, roughly pulling them down onto his shaft repeatedly.

Mom leans forward against his muscular chest, her face buried in his neck which muffles her cries of pleasure. Large shudders rack her body, indicating that she's cumming hard on his cock.

With a jolt, I empty my balls onto the living room floor, shooting rope after rope of cum onto the hardwood. I'm so aroused by mom's brazen and slutty public romp with Stanley that I end up having one of the most powerful orgasms I've had in a while.

Stanley's deep grunting turns into heavy pants as he finishes pumping her full of his sperm. He gives a couple of shallow final thrusts before laying back against the bench with a sigh.

Mom lays slumped against his chest, breathing deeply into his neck. Both of their bodies are covered in sweat from their rabid fucking in the warm cab of his truck.

After a few minutes of laying together, mom begins to nuzzle Stanley's neck, giving small, tender kisses. He slowly strokes her long blonde hair in encouragement, and she starts to lick at his neck, tasting the sweat coated there.

"Good way to end a date, huh?"

"Mmhmm," mom murmurs into the side of his neck. She pulls back to look him in the eye.

"It's the only way to end such a perfect date," she tells him. "You're such an amazing man, Stanley."

He grins at her and she presses her lips to his.

They kiss deeply, both of Stanley's hands lightly cup the sides of her face as he turns his head sideways in order to gently probe her mouth with his tongue. Mom slides her hands up his chest before taking a hold of his broad shoulder as she returns the kiss.

Their heavy, ardent tonguing lasts several minutes, lips locked tightly together as they softly

moan into each other's mouths.

My flaccid penis hangs limply in my hand and a pool of cum lays before me. Struggling off my shirt, I kneel down to quickly wipe it up before returning to my feet.

Out in the truck, I see them break apart and Stanley gently lifts mom off of his lap before placing her on the bench beside him.

"There's some tissues in the glove box," he tells her. She opens it, removing a small packet of tissues from within. Stanley sits further in his seat, the lower half of his body splayed out in front of him.

"What a great fuck," he says as mom begins to clean the fluid leaking from her slit.

About a minute or so later, Stanley sits back up.

"I gotta take a wicked piss," he mutters. Throwing open the door, he steps out of the truck. Other than his dress socks, he's completely naked. His hefty, flaccid cock, shiny from their combined juices, dangles low as he ambles unhurriedly around the front of the truck, completely unconcerned with being seen naked in public.

Approaching the side of his house, he takes a wide's stance before he lets loose a stream of piss.

"Aww, fuck yeah," he sighs, contently. Mom giggles from inside of the car and he turns his head back toward her, a questioning smile on his face.

"What?"

"You're a savage," she tells him with a laugh.

"Damn right, ain't nothing civil about what we just did in there," he responds, gesturing toward the truck with his head. "I pillaged that pussy."

"I didn't mean it in a bad way," she says, reassuringly. "You actually look really sexy like that, pissing naked in public. It's so... primal, turns me on."

"Oh, yeah?" He finishes pissing, then turns around and starts waving his large dick at her.

"You like seeing how heavy I hang, huh?" He grinned stupidly at her while she smiled back.

"I could never get tired of seeing any part of you," she tells him as he strides toward her. Reaching the passenger side door, he places his hands on the half open window, leaning in to kiss her.

"Hand me my clothes," he tells her after they break apart. Mom complies and hands him each piece of clothing one by one.

Stanley takes his time getting dressed, indifferent to anyone seeing him doing so. Once he's fully dressed, she hands him his shoes before she reaches into the back seat for her dress. After slipping it and her shoes back on, she hops out of the truck and Stanley wraps her in his big arms.

He pushes her up against the side of the truck, kissing her deeply and hard. Mom moans into his mouth, her lips molding to his as she holds onto him tightly. They kiss like this for several minutes before he pulls away.

"I haven't had such a great time in I don't know how long," she says.

"I'm glad, you deserved it."

"I'm sad to be saying goodnight."

"Don't be, baby. You'll see me tomorrow."

He leans in to kiss her again and I take that as my cue to head upstairs. It's not long after I'm back in bed that I hear the front door open and close quietly, then soft steps on the stairs as mom creeps up to her room.

As I lay in bed, my mind turns over the date my mom just had with Stanley. It clearly went well, their raunchy sex in his truck was proof enough of that. But even afterward, she was very direct about her feelings about their night out as well as for him. The way she had delighted in how barbaric he was turned my stomach sour. She seems so enamored with him, even when he behaves in a crude and brutish manner. Hell, she admitted it aroused her, and now Stanley was using those same traits to win her over and edge Tim out of the picture.

I needed to do something. Stanley was moving fast. I couldn't do anything directly for fear of retribution. I just had to hope that an opportunity to make a subtle maneuver presented itself soon, before it's too late.

## **Bully Moves in Next Door Pt. 05**

My heavy breaths come out in quick huffs, the only sound in my otherwise quiet room. Light from the mid morning sun is filtered by the tightly shut blinds of my window, leaving the bedroom dimly lit. Lying in bed with the covers hastily pushed off, my morning wood tightly enclosed by my fist, I pump my shaft rapidly as images of mom riding Stanley in his truck the previous night flood my mind.

My head rolls back against the pillow as I arch my hips forward, roughly beating my stiff meat as I recall how her ass jiggled as it repeatedly slapped against Stanley's muscular thighs, his large hands tightly gripping her waist as he greedily sucked on the erect, pink nipple of her sizeable breasts.

God, they had been so sweaty by the end of it, the smell must have been amazing. I gasp and my cock throbs in my hand as I attempt to conceptualize the musky odor produced by their wet, colliding bodies during their raunchy, public fucking in the warm cab of his truck.

I feel the familiar strong tingling deep in my groin and know I'm close, pumping my shaft faster before I become overwhelmed with the incredible feeling of arousal as I unload all over my stomach.

My breathing becomes slow just as the last drop of cum falls onto the pool I made on my abdomen. Reaching toward the night table, I rip several tissues from the box that sits there and proceed to clean myself up.

I wasn't sure how much time had passed before I heard mom digging around in the hall closet just outside my room. Still laying in bed, I stare up at the ceiling while a strong sense of self-loathing washes over me, listening to mom sigh and curse to herself as she looks for something she clearly can't find.

Climbing out of bed, I open the door and walk into the hall to find her standing on her toes as she

roots through the cloth bag that sits on the top shelf of the closet.

She turns her head toward me as I appear in her peripheral vision.

"Good morning, sweetheart," she says to me before turning forward again.

"Morning mom. What're you looking for?"

"Our beach towels. I thought they were in here but I guess not."

"Tim moved them to the closet in the front hall to make room for some of his stuff," I gesture toward the boxes on the bottom shelves.

Mom lets out an exasperated sigh. "Of course he did," she mutters. "Gotta make room for his collection of crap from college."

She steps back and shuts the doors.

"I think he moved them because we don't really use any of those towels a whole lot." I tried to come to his defense but she wasn't having any of it.

"Still would have been nice if he asked. Or at the very least told me."

Turning about face, she starts to march downstairs and I follow her, finally noticing the blue straps of her bikini peeking out from the collar of her oversized t-shirt.

"What do you need the beach towels for anyway?" I ask her.

"Stanley is taking me to the lake." She shoots me a big, excited smile as she approaches the front hall closet. "His family has a small cabin up there with its own dock and everything."

My heart sank in my chest.

"Wha... what? You just had dinner with him last night, and now you're off to his lake house together?"

"Uh-huh," she confirmed as she began looking for the beach towels. "I mentioned last night how I hadn't been to the beach this summer yet and he offered to take me up to the lake."

"And you decided on going up today?"

"Well the weathers supposed to be great so why not?"

"Guess that means you guys had a good time last night then?" I watch her carefully as she moves blankets and coats around in the closet.

"We did, the restaurant was fabulous. Stanley really knows how to treat a woman right." I didn't miss the implication that Tim didn't.

I caught the hint of a small, secretive smile on her face right before she pulled out two large towels from behind a large box. "Ugh, here they are. He really hid these fucking things."

Just then, I heard the sound of the back door opening.

"Yo, you almost ready to go, Julie?" Stanley shouted from the kitchen. That asshole had just strolled in without bothering to knock.

"Just about," she answered before shutting the door and heading toward the kitchen, me in tow.

Stanley stood by the back door, a bathing suit in place of the mesh shorts he normally wore, and Ray Bans perched on his face, obscuring any lethal gaze he might employ.

Mom scoops up her tote bag as she clutches the towels under her left arm.

"We'll be back sometime tonight. There's leftovers for dinner in the fridge," she told me.

"You're gonna be gone the whole day?"

"Yeah, she is," Stanley answered for her, his face stony behind his sunglasses. "Your mom works hard all week, she's earned at least one day to enjoy herself, hasn't she, Kyle?"

Even though I couldn't see his eyes, the stern tone of his voice clued me in on what kind of gaze he'd be leveling me with if his sunglasses weren't obscuring his line of sight.

"Y.. yes, of course. I wasn't implying -"

"Speaking of working hard," he cut me off. "How's the job hunt coming?"

His sudden pivot to my search for employment makes me freeze up. I had been applying for jobs all week but had yet to receive so much as a rejection email from anywhere I had applied to.

Stanley took my silence as confirmation that it wasn't coming along well at all.

"Hmm, that's what I thought. Well seeing as your mom will be spending the whole day with me up at the lake, this'll be the perfect chance for you to use her car to look for a job, don't ya think?"

"Yeah, I guess so," I mutter, looking at my reflection in his sunglasses.

"Speak up when you answer me," he replies sternly, taking a step forward. "That's not a habit that will do you any favors in an interview."

I glance at mom and she inclines her head toward me, "He's right, sweetheart. You should learn how to speak properly when someone is addressing you."

Looking back at Stanley, a smirk stretches across his face, clearly taking pleasure in mom agreeing with him as well as the subsequent look of hurt on mine, which I see reflected in the lenses of his sunglasses.

"Make sure to remember that when you're out looking for a job today. I expect a rundown of how it all went when your mom and I get home tonight."

There was a sense of finality in his words, signaling the conversation was over.

"Let's go, Julie," he turned and headed out the back door, knowing she would follow.

"Good luck, sweetheart," mom told me before placing a quick peck on my cheek and following Stanley.

I stood in the kitchen, eyes watering as they left to spend the day together up at his lake cabin. The fact that she had agreed with him made my heart sink. I was losing her to that asshole more and more each day.

After standing around feeling sorry for myself, I went upstairs and showered before getting ready to spend the next several hours job hunting.

By late afternoon, I had driven to at least a dozen different businesses and spoke to whoever was in charge, yet all I had to show for my efforts were polite "Thank you for your interest," responses.

I slunk through the back door, despondent from such a fruitless day, and reheated leftover meatloaf from two nights ago. After eating, I stood at the sink, washing the plates and utensils, when I heard Stanley and mom coming up the driveway.

My breath hitched in my throat at the thought of reporting my failed job search to Stanley. They came in the back door, one after the other, smiles on their faces after spending the day together.

"Hello, sweetheart. How was your day?"

I paused as I took in her tanned complexion. She'd certainly made the most out of their trip to the lake.

"It was ok," I shrugged, returning to scrubbing the plate in my hands. "How was yours?"

"Oh, it was a great day, wasn't it, Julie?"

Glancing out of the corner of my eye, I see Stanley shoot mom a knowing grin as he plops down in Tim's chair.

"We had all sorts of fun in the sun," he continued, his smile growing wider as mom returned one of her own.

My mind immediately conjured up an image of their naked bodies intertwined on a beach towel in the sand, writhing furiously under the blue sky. A shiver went down my spine and I felt my dick begin to stiffen. I angled myself away from them as I continued washing dishes at the sink.

"How did your search for employment go, Kyle?"

I was hoping I'd luck out and he'd forget to ask, but clearly luck wasn't on my side today.

"Oh, it went alright," I told him vaguely. "I stopped by a lot of places throughout the day."

"And?" I could hear the expectation in his voice, unsatisfied with my evasiveness.

"And I put in a lot of applications. Talked to every manager on duty."

"But still no actual job," he stated plainly.

I let out a small sigh. "No."

"Did you at least get an interview?"

"Well, not exactly a formal one, but I did talk to a couple of managers for a while."

"So, that's a no then," he said flatly.

"Yeah," I reluctantly confirmed. "No one was hiring."

"That's ok, sweetheart," mom said in sympathy, stepping forward to pat me on the back. "You'll find the right job eventually, but I'm proud of you for putting yourself out there like that."

I turned my head and gave her a small smile before noticing Stanley smirking at me from his seat.

"Yeah, you never know what's around the corner," he told me, holding eye contact.

I swallowed and looked away, knowing what was around my corner if I didn't find a job and soon.

"Alright, it's time for me to get going," Stanley said as he stood up. He yawned and stretched, causing his tank top to ride up and reveal his toned stomach.

"You can't stay for a bit longer?" Mom frowned, disappointment coloring her voice.

"Nah, I gotta get up early for work tomorrow. Dad needs help with a particularly large order. Besides, I'm beat. You really wore me out today, you little sand bunny." He smirked at her and she smiled playfully back.

"I'll walk you out then," she told him. They left out the back as I switched off the water and reached for a dish rag to dry my hands.

Walking into the living room, I carefully looked out the window facing the driveway, watching as mom and Stanley came to a stop toward the end. They embraced, their mouths quickly finding each other as they kissed deeply, two lovers parting after a day spent together. After a minute, they pull away and Stanley rounds the corner before heading up the steps to his front door. Mom stared after him as he retreated, a dreamy, doe eyed look plastered across her tanned face the entire time.

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The next day was largely free of Stanley. I had spent the morning sending out applications online and most of the afternoon on the couch, watching anime. By the time evening had rolled around and he still hadn't dropped by, I assumed he wouldn't be coming around, as Tim was due home the next day.

But shortly after six, the sound of the back door opening made me turn my head toward the kitchen from my spot on the couch in the living room. I could feel my entire body deflate as I watched Stanley shuffle into our house.

Mom, who was busy on her laptop, lit up when she saw him cross the threshold, and practically leapt from her seat at the nearby desk to greet him.

"Stanley," she greeted him enthusiastically, "how was work?"

"What a fucking day," he said in an exasperated voice, running a hand down his face. "Shit took so long."

She reached up and gave him a hug, which he reciprocated. The long, white sundress she was wearing stood out against her newly tanned complexion, and despite how much it flowed from

the waist down, I still managed to catch a glimpse of his hand quickly cupping her ass as they embraced.

"Sorry it turned out so rough," she told him sympathetically, running her hand along his arm in a comforting way as they pulled apart.

"Eh, fuck it. My day's a lot better now that I'm here with you." He smirked and gave her a wink. Mom blushed and smiled back, delighted.

"Well, I'm about to check on dinner. It should be ready soon."

"Excellent. Grab me a beer while you're in there," he tossed over his shoulder as he strode into the living room.

He plopped down in the center of the couch opposite me, stretching before putting his feet up on the coffee table and crossing them at the ankles.

I frowned at the way he'd waltzed in and made himself comfortable, as if he owned the place, another sign of his intention to displace Tim in our home. The asshole hadn't even taken off his slides.

He looked up at the TV and sneered.

"The fuck are you watching?"

Before I could reply, mom came in carrying Stanley's beer. She'd started keeping his favorite brand stocked in our house, something which bugged me.

"Sweetheart, why don't you give Stanley the remote and let him watch something?"

Stanley shot me a grin as he took the bottle from mom.

I became flushed with anger and annoyance.

"Or he could go back to his own house and watch whatever he wants over there."

Stanley narrowed his eyes at me, but it was mom's heated response that caught my attention.

"Enough, Kyle! I didn't raise you to be so rude!"

"He's the rude one," I hurled back. "Strutting in here all cocky, putting his feet up all over the coffee table like a jerk."

"Stanley's our guest, and he's had a long, hard day at work, something you don't really know too much about, huh?"

I recoiled as if she'd slapped me, but she continued.

"Now you've been watching this damn show all afternoon, so maybe you could try being considerate of someone else for a change?"

Her words hung in the air as she looked at me expectantly. Without another word, I handed the remote to Stanley.

"Thank you," mom said and returned to the kitchen to check on dinner.

I fully expected Stanley to say something, but the cocky smile on his face as he flipped through different shows made it clear he thought mom had said enough for the both of them.

Eventually he settled on some obnoxious animated comedy, tossing the remote to the side before taking a long swig of beer. I slid further down into the couch, sulking as he laughed at the show's excessive gross out humor.

He belched loudly and scratched his balls with his free hand, any veneer of the polite behavior he used to maintain gone as he relaxed into his relationship with mom and his growing role as the man of our house.

Yet, mom was completely enamored, finding something in her relationship with him that was apparently lacking in the one she had with Tim. One that seemed to be disintegrating little by little.

Mom returned to the living room just then, announcing that dinner would be ready in about fifteen minutes. She curled up next to Stanley on the couch, and he immediately placed his hand on her thigh, almost as a reflex.

He squeezed it tightly for a second before beginning a slow, gentle stroke. Mom's hand came to rest on his bicep as she angled her body towards him. Their intimate behavior made me want to cry, especially since I couldn't remember the last time I saw her interact with Tim in the same manner.

They both laughed at some joke from the show and I got up from the couch before heading to my room, unable to watch them any longer.

I spent the next hour or so playing video games in my room. They didn't call me when dinner was ready and I didn't go down when I knew it would be. Even though I was mad at how mom had spoken to me, it still hurt that she'd chosen to have dinner alone with Stanley that night.

Eventually, my anger had faded enough that hunger got the best of me, and I opened the door to go downstairs and pilfer the leftovers. As I walked into the darkened hallway, I heard low giggles coming from downstairs.

Slowing down, I continued toward the landing while listening carefully. Mom giggled once more before speaking.

"Stanley, stop we can't," she said in a quiet but playful voice.

I heard the rustle of couch cushions followed by another round of giggles from mom. Sitting down on the top of the stairs, I slowly inch my way down step by step until I can just see through the archway into the living room.

Mom's sitting in Stanley's lap, her hand covering her mouth to try and stifle her laughter as his lips move along her neck in long sensual kisses. Her eyes are shut and her head is tilted back to give him better access. Despite her hand covering her mouth, I can still see the content smile beneath it.

Stanley slowly kisses his way down to her chest, his right hand pushing the strap of her dress aside so he can free her left breast. He pulls back to gaze at it with a satisfied smirk, admiring the way her hard nipple protrudes from her golden lobe. It's then that I realize her tan extends to

her breasts as well, meaning she probably spent the entire day at the lake without a top on.

I shudder and can feel my cock start to harden in my shorts. Stanley leans in and takes a long lick of her nipple, using the tip of his tongue to flick it repeatedly. Mom inhales sharply and grips both of his shoulders.

He takes several more long licks of her erect nipple before taking it into his mouth, moaning in pleasure as he begins relentlessly sucking on it. Mom's mouth opens slightly as his lips pull and tug her nipple as far into his mouth as he can get it.

"Oh... Stanley, we can't - "

She interrupts herself with a gasp as he bites down lightly on her nipple.

"Oh fuck," she murmurs, her nails digging into his shoulders as he assaults her breast.

"Stanley, we can't do this here," she finally manages to force out.

"Why not?" He murmurs into her chest. His left hand slides the other strap off her shoulder and he moves his mouth to her right breast as the cloth encasing it slips down.

"Because Kyle's right up stairs."

This does not deter him from taking her other nipple in his mouth to suck on, causing her breath to come out in shallow pants.

"Ugh, Stanley, please." She brings her hand to his head, gently pushing him off her breast.

"Let's go upstairs to your room then." I can hear the frustration in his voice.

"It's too early, he'll hear us."

"So what? Let him listen."

My dick jumps at Stanley's brazen suggestion and I can't deny how much it arouses me.

"I don't want him to hear us! It's too risky."

Despite the firm rejection in her voice, her face tells a different story as she fights the pleasure of Stanley continuing to alternatively lick her full breasts.

"Then let's go to my place," he suggests, still focusing on lapping at her nipples like a kid does with a lollipop.

"I don't know...," she said hesitantly.

I could tell how unsure she was, but whatever apprehension that appeared to be etched into her face vanished as Stanley's mouth enclosed around her right nipple, and soon she exuded nothing but the pleasure she was being given by his lips and tongue.

"Come on, I know you can feel how hard I am for you," he murmured against her breasts.

I can see him grind himself against her ass, which rests against his groin.

"Let me take you over to my place so you can scream as loud as you want while I fuck your brains out." He ended his suggestion by resuming suckling her tits, alternating between both of them.

Pushed beyond her limits and desperately needing his dick inside her, mom relents.

"Ok, let's go."

Stanley gives a triumphant smile as mom tucks her breasts back into her dress, slipping the straps back onto her shoulders. They untangle themselves and stand up. Mom grabs him by the hand and hurriedly leads him into the kitchen.

"Fuck yeah," he says as he follows her, his eyes trained on her ass while his erection pushes against the fabric of his mess shorts, bulging out in front of him.

They disappear from my line of sight and I hear the back door open and shut a few seconds later. Alone, I sit in the abrupt silence that has just enveloped the house, my cock twitching in my shorts.

The fact that she'd been so desperate to get his dick inside her that she couldn't even wait a few hours to bring him up to her room had left me both aroused and worried. Her craving for him, in sexual as well as non-sexual ways, appears to increase every day.

As my erection begins to subside, I stand up and make my way to the kitchen, stopping when I come upon the table, still strewn with their dirty dishes in addition to the leftover food. Even when eating without me, I was still expected to clean everything up.

I shake my head and make myself a plate of what was left over. It's about an hour later, when I'm just finishing up washing all the dishes, that mom returns.

My head turns to the side just as she walks in through the back door.

"Hello, sweetheart," she greets me, her anger over our confrontation earlier having apparently dissipated, no doubt a result of Stanley pounding her for the past sixty minutes.

"Hey, mom," I reply as she stops by the counter. Glancing at her, I sense no indication of what she had been doing the last hour other than her hair, which was pulled back into a messy bun.

"You finished what was left of dinner?"

"Mhm," I nodded my head.

"Good, good...," she trails off.

A minute of silence passes and I continue to focus on finishing up washing the dishes. Eventually, she addresses me again.

"Listen, I'm sorry about earlier. I didn't mean what I said. It just upsets me to see you behave that way because I know I taught you to be polite, especially to those who are guests in our home."

I place the last plate onto the rack next to the sink and turn off the faucet, drying my hands with a dish towel.

"I know, sometimes I just lose my temper is all," I tell her while staring at the floor.

I so badly wanted to tell her all about how horrible Stanley was, but after she'd defended him today, I wondered if she'd even believe me. Are her feelings for him strong enough to blind her to any criticism of his personality or is he just that good of a manipulator so as to appear as if there isn't anything to criticize at all?

"That's understandable, but it still isn't an excuse for your behavior. Next time, try talking to Stanley if he does something that bothers you. He's an amiable person, I'm sure he'd be open to what you have to say."

I knew that certainly wasn't true. He might act good natured and open in front of her, but there'd be hell to pay for challenging his authority.

"Ok, mom," I appease her, hoping to just make up and put this behind us. We didn't fight often and when we did, it always bothers me until we reconcile.

"That's my good boy," she breaks out in a wide grin and opens her arms for a hug. When we embrace, I catch a hint of the musky scent of sex that still clings to her from her recent entanglement with Stanley.

We pull away and she tucks a loose strand of hair behind her ear.

"Sorry, I'm all sweaty from my walk with Stanley," she says. "I think I'm going to shower. Thank you for taking care of the dishes, I really appreciate it."

Mom heads upstairs while I dry the dishes and put them away. I hear the sound of the shower running as I climb the steps, stopping as I pass the partially closed door of her bedroom.

The clothing she wore today is piled on the floor inside, and what I had just barely glimpsed on top catches my attention. Turning my head toward the bathroom door, I pause for several seconds before making a decision and slipping inside her room.

Taking a few steps in, I bend down and examine her clothing, confirming what I had seen from the hallway. On top of her dress was the light blue satin panties she had been wearing. In the center was a large, thick pool of Stanley's cum, no doubt mixed with mom's own juices, having leaked out of her after leaving his place full of his sperm.

Hesitantly, I reached out and used my fingertips to pick up her panties by the sides. Standing back up, I bring them to my nose, inhaling the strong scent of their mixed fluids, realizing it had probably been collecting there the entire time she'd been talking to me.

I exhale sharply as I feel my cock become rock hard. I had gone from being flaccid to completely aroused in seconds, and it hit me so strongly that I think nothing of what I do next.

Hurriedly, I unbutton my shorts and pull out my erect cock, wrapping it in my mom's cum laden panties. I breathe heavily, my dick straining in my fist as I pump my shaft, using their warm fluids as lube to jack off.

I don't realize how much cum is in her panties until I feel it spread out across my cock. The thought that what Stanley had very recently pumped inside my mom, and had mixed with her own juices, was now smeared all over my erection only turns me on even more.

The smoothness of her satin panties and the warm feeling of their cum sliding along my shaft only further heightens my arousal, and after a minute of furiously jerking my cock, I feel my orgasm beginning to approach.

With a few last pumps of my fist, I feel myself begin to shoot, and I bring my hand up towards the head of my cock, catching all of my cum in the panties that I gripped tightly.

Breathing heavily, I give one final jerk of my deflating cock to ensure that no semen remains before gently returning them to where they were found.

I made a hasty retreat to my room, shutting myself inside. Crawling under the covers, I bury my face in the pillow as the shame of what I had just done washes over me, greater than I'd ever felt it before.

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It was late in the afternoon and I carefully maneuvered the car into the right lane before slowing down to take the exit. I let out a breath I hadn't realized I'd been holding once I'm finally off the freeway.

This was only my second time driving on it, the first being over a week ago when I'd been tasked with picking Tim up from the airport. I had left earlier than I really needed to, knowing how slow I'd probably end up going while on the way there. This time, however, I'd managed to drive a bit faster when taking him to be dropped off. He'd needled me that he didn't want to get there too late, so I reluctantly pushed myself to press down on the pedal just a little more.

Now that I was back on regular city streets, I relaxed a little bit. The freeway might freak me out, but I'd gotten used to driving around the city. Mostly.

I had spent enough time driving around applying for jobs and talking to managers that my fear had dissipated quite a bit. Despite trying my hardest, I still hadn't managed to find another job, something that brought about an immediate surge of anxiety. I was past the two week deadline Stanley had set for me to find employment. With Tim being home, Stanley hadn't been around to say anything about it. But having just dropped him off at the airport for another week away, I fully expected Stanley to revisit the idea of me working in his dad's deli and butcher shop, the thought of which tore at my insides with anguish.

The worst part was, I knew mom would agree with Stanley if he suggested such a thing again. She had been pretty open minded about the prospect when he had brought it up several weeks ago, and now she's even more under his spell than she had been then.

The entire time that Tim had been back, she snapped him constantly. He'd even come over while Tim was still asleep or in the shower just to flirt with her. I came downstairs one morning a couple days after Tim had gotten home and found mom and Stanley standing close together in the back doorway.

Stanley had evidently just finished a workout, his shirtless torso covered in a light layer of sweat. From the angle of their bodies, it was clear they were flirting heavily. Mom's eyes wandered along his sculpted chest as he leaned against the door frame.

They were close enough that they could have easily kissed, and they might have, but the flushing of the toilet from upstairs signaled that Tim had awakened and they quickly parted. But they continued to daringly flirt with one another throughout the week, right under Tim's nose. Stanley seemed to enjoy pushing mom's boundaries, treating it almost like a game which she happily played.

The more enraptured they became with one another, the more her relationship with Tim appeared

to sour. She was short with him more often than she used to be, becoming annoyed by habits and traits that never used to bother her that much before.

They fought more frequently as well, about the wedding, his constant traveling, their future. None of it led to a huge blowout or anything, but there's no denying that the splinter in their relationship was growing, and that Stanley was the primary cause.

I pulled the car into the driveway and breathed a sigh of relief once it was in park. Getting out, I climbed up the stairs and entered the back door, fully expecting to see Stanley's shit eating grin as he sat at the table while mom prepared dinner.

To my surprise, he was nowhere to be found, and neither was she. Odd, as it was late in the evening when she normally would be starting on dinner. I stopped and listened carefully, half expecting to hear the excited noises of passionate sex coming from upstairs, but the house was silent.

Walking through the kitchen and living room, I climbed the stairs on my way up to my room. At the top of the landing, I could see the door to mom's bedroom on the left was shut, and headed right toward mine. After taking a few steps, I heard mom's door open behind me, and turned to greet her.

I froze, my eyes going wide, as Stanley stood in the doorway of mom's bedroom, completely naked. My eyes shifted from his hulking form to the bed behind him, on which I could see mom asleep on her stomach, the sheets covering her naked body from the waist down.

My gaze returned to Stanley, and as we made eye contact, a sadistic smile slowly spread across his face. He held his index finger up to his mouth, indicating silence so as to not wake my sleeping mother, then chuckled darkly as he strode forward.

I stood motionless from shock as Stanley struts down the hall toward me, his flaccid cock dangling heavily in front of him, perfectly at ease in what he clearly sees as his domain.

He stops in front of me, giving me an expectant look as I block his path. I can smell the strong musky scent radiating off him, produced from the fervent sex he no doubt had with my mother the moment Tim and I left for the airport. Withering under his dark stare, I break eye contact and shuffle aside, a smirk appearing on his face as he continues past me.

Entering the bathroom, he doesn't even bother to shut the door as he starts to take a piss, his stream creating a loud and heavy splash as he relieves himself. After finishing, he lumbers back out into the hall, leaving the toilet unflushed, another sign of confidence as the dominant male in our home.

"I left before you got home, understood?" He looked at me with a hard edge in his gaze.

I nodded, "Yeah, I understand."

"Good, now go to your room like a good little boy and wait for mommy to wake up."

He sauntered back into mom's room as I turned around and headed to mine in a daze. A few minutes later, I heard him quietly shut mom's door before leaving.

I sat absentmindedly on my bed, replaying the last few minutes repeatedly in my head. The way mom had looked when I saw her in bed, passed out with her hair mussed and her mouth hanging half open, had me imagining the fierce fucking down she must've received from Stanley while I

was taking Tim to the airport.

Once again, I found myself with my erection in hand, beating it furiously while picturing my bully fucking my mother intensely after a week and half of pent up sexual frustration. It took barely a minute for me to blow my load, spewing cum all over the lower half of my stomach.

After cleaning up, I pushed my shame down as best I could, right alongside the panic of catching Stanley's bold exhibition of his relationship with my mom.

Queuing up my switch, I become engrossed in playing a game, which is what mom found doing when she emerged from her bedroom an hour later.

Hitting pause, I face her as she stands in the doorway of my room, now fully dressed.

"Hello, sweetheart," she greets me.

"Hey mom, you just get up?"

"Yeah, I was feeling kind of tired and went to lie down. I ended up falling asleep for longer than I expected."

"I figured as much when you weren't cooking when I got back."

"Sorry about that. Did you eat yet?"

"Not yet, I was going to heat up some leftovers in a bit."

"How about we order a pizza instead?"

"Sounds good."

She turned to leave and I resumed playing my game. I didn't mention seeing Stanley emerge from her bedroom earlier nor did she seem at all concerned that I had. His remark about me arriving home after he'd left had me pondering how far he was taking his manipulation of her and what he had planned.

We had dinner together when the pizza arrived, and I spent the rest of the evening playing video games in my room before going to bed.

However, something startled me awake just after one in the morning. I thought for a second that I'd dreamt it and groggily sat up to check on my suspicions of what it was.

Cracking open my door, I stuck my head out into the hallway. It was dark and empty, and I eased the door open far enough to slip through. Tip toeing down toward mom's room, I got close enough to hear the heavy breathing accompanying the smacking of bodies from behind her door.

My cock quickly expanded as I listened to the desperate gasps of pleasure escape from my mom's mouth as she received her second pounding within a twelve hour span from Stanley.

His light grunts joined her barely concealed gasps as he fed her his thick meat, their interlocked bodies rustling against the sheets. I freed my erection to rub one out while listening to the soft noises of passionate sex.

After cumming on the floor and cleaning it up, I crept back to bed, leaving Stanley to continue

fucking my mother.

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The next day was largely spent driving around applying for jobs, partly to avoid Stanley, but it never amounted to anything.

At dinner that night, the conversation I had been dreading had finally come up. I had sat in my chair, eyes cast down on my plate while I ate, studiously avoiding any glance in Stanley's direction at the opposite end of the table. Not that he would have even noticed, he and mom were completely preoccupied with one another, leaning in close to talk and flirt while they were eating.

After half an hour, I thought I could slip away unnoticed and avoid any contact entirely. But before I could make a move, Stanley addressed me from the opposite end of the table.

"So, Kyle," he began. My heart seized in my chest and I froze.

"I think it's time we start talking about finding a place for you down at the shop."

I slowly raised my eyes to look at him across the table. He sat back in Tim's chair, both hands placed on the table as he stared me down, a slight smirk stretched across his face. Mom sat next to him, one hand gently caressing his forearm while the other held a glass of red wine that she occasionally sipped.

It was the first time we'd made eye contact since yesterday, and I squirmed under his gaze, reminded of how he'd asserted his dominance.

"Since you haven't found any work in the time frame I gave you, correct?" He continued when I didn't respond.

"Um, I - I," I stuttered, my heart racing. His gaze felt like it was penetrating my soul. I could tell he was enjoying watching me sweat, all a part of the sick game he was playing by taking control in our home.

"You, you?" He lightly mocked, raising his eyebrows.

I broke my gaze, shifting my eyes back down to my empty plate.

"It's settled then. We'll put you to work down at the shop. Real work too. Not that shit you were doing with the ice cream. Help make a man out of you, like it did me."

I looked back up at him and he had his hands clasped behind his head, showing off his muscular biceps, long legs wide open and stretched out in front of him.

Mom looked at him in open admiration. She's enjoying this, I realized. She actually likes that he's taking a commanding presence in our lives.

"Mom?" I asked questioningly. Her head swiveled from him to me and I could see her eyes were glazed over from the wine.

"It'll be a good experience for you, sweetheart. You'll build lots of character working a job like that. I trust Stanley to watch over you. We're lucky he's around to offer you a good opportunity like this, don't you think?"

She smiled widely at him, and he smiled back, pleased to have her agreeing with him so ardently. It felt like my heart was breaking into pieces.

"Good, you'll come in with me for my next shift in a few days," he said, his smirk returning as he looked at me while standing.

"Sounds like a plan," mom agreed, rising alongside him.

"Excellent," he grinned while casually looping his arm around her shoulder to guide her to the living room.

"Oh, when you're done with the dishes, bring me a beer on your way upstairs, Kyle," he called back.

I could feel the tears burning behind my eyes, and I let them fall while I did the dishes, the sound of the running water covering up my sniffles. I couldn't tell what I was more upset about, working with Stanley or how mom had so readily agreed with them. By this point, I didn't know if there really was anything he'd tell her to do that she wouldn't agree to.

After finishing up the dishes, I brought Stanley his beer before heading to my room. He and mom were watching TV together, his feet propped up on the coffee table and his left arm casually draped around her shoulder. Mom was curled up next to him, her body leaning against his as they laughed at something on screen.

I silently handed him his beer before quietly disappearing up the stairs. Shutting the door behind me, I shucked my clothes and crawled under the covers of my bed in my underwear. With my head buried in my pillow, I laid in the dark as a storm of misery roiled within.

Stanley fucked mom hard that night. I could faintly hear the rough slapping of their bodies in time with his heavy, gruff grunts from down the hall. I tried to ignore them at first, as well as my stiffening cock, but eventually the sound of a smack followed by a small yelp of pain mixed with pleasure reluctantly drove me from bed.

With my cock straining against my underwear, I crept down the hall toward mom's closed bedroom door, becoming more aroused as I began to make out the sounds her barely contained gasps and groans of excitement.

I massaged my erection through my underwear, feeling it jerk once he started speaking to her.

"Enjoying my dick, bitch?" he spit out, making a poor attempt at keeping his voice quiet.

"God yes, I love it!" mom told him in response, somehow managing to keep her voice quiet enough despite the severe pounding she was receiving.

"Of course you do, whores always need a big dick inside them."

"Ohhh, I do, I need it so bad, Stanley. You fuck me like a man should!"

"Fuck yeah, I love when my sluts know how good this dick is."

"It's fucking amazing! You're a god on Earth, Stanley!"

Sincerity was heavy in her voice, and I could tell that, at least in this moment, she truly believed what she was saying. Her reaction to his derogatory comments by praising his prowess as a

lover makes my cock jump and I yank it out of my underwear to begin pumping.

"Then you better worship me like one, skank!"

There was another loud smack and again mom moaned in pain and pleasure, this time less quietly than she had before.

"Always, Stanley. I'm yours to use forever!"

"That's right, cunt, you belong to me!"

I could hear him smack her several more times and her yelp in response, their capacity to remain quiet diminishing rapidly as their sex grew in passion.

I furiously jerked my cock, listening as Stanley continuously hurled insult after insult at mom while she praised him and stroked his ego in return.

"Fuck, I'm about to shoot my load," Stanley grunted.

"Yes, give it to me, fill me up with your seed," mom pleaded in response.

I hit my climax just as they did, breathlessly cumming on the floor while Stanley's hips slapped heavily against mom's skin as he pumped his sperm into her with a dull roar.

Not taking much time to recover, I stepped out of my underwear and used it to mop up the puddle of cum at my feet while the sounds of lips smacking together echoed from inside mom's room.

Hurrying quietly down the hall, I toss my soaked underwear into the hamper before sliding on a new pair and crawling into bed, too exhausted to reflect on how indiscreet mom and Stanley had been tonight.

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I spent the next morning in bed, wallowing in misery. If I was being strong armed into working with Stanley down at his dad's butcher and deli shop, then I was allowing myself the courtesy of doing nothing all day, everyday until it began.

However, just after noon, I heard my phone vibrate on the nightstand. Turning over, I reached out and lifted it up, not recognizing the number that was calling.

"Hello?" I answered blearily.

"Yes, hi, I'm trying to reach Kyle Finnegan."

"I'm Kyle Finnegan," I told the man on the other end.

"Good afternoon, Kyle. My name is Andrew Fraser, I'm the assistant manager at Office Depot. I'm reaching out to you about an application you submitted for an Associate position."

I bolted upright, suddenly alert with energy.

"I'd like to set up an interview for tomorrow if you're available?" He continued.

"I am, I'm completely available," I said, without hesitation.

"Would two o'clock work for you?"

"Yes, two is perfect!" I could barely contain my enthusiasm.

"Ok, just ask for me at customer service and they'll let me know you've arrived. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Thank you so much!"

I hung up the phone before tossing it on the bed and letting out a shout of delight. It was as if the sun finally broke through a cluster of dark clouds. The prospect of not having to work with Stanley filled me with a renewed sense of energy and joy.

Flinging the covers off, I leapt out of bed, tore open the door, and hurried down the stairs to tell mom the good news. But when I entered the living room, I found it empty.

I stood in the middle of the room puzzled. It was a weekday, and she should be down here working, unless she was on her lunch break, but the kitchen was empty also.

Peeking out the living room window, I can see her car still in the driveway, so she hasn't gone out somewhere.

Moving into the kitchen, I come to a stop by the sink and look out the window into the backyard, which is also empty. Part of me expected to find her talking to Stanley, who usually works out around this time.

But despite the garage door being wide open, no one appeared to be inside, although I can't quite tell for sure from the angle of my view. I venture out back, padding down our driveway and then up the Pachis', keeping my eyes and ears open for mom.

Approaching the garage, I confirm that it's empty except for the various work out equipment. I stood there puzzled for a moment as to where she could be before turning around to head back home.

Glancing at the Pachis' back door, I freeze, suddenly recalling their tryst at his house over a week ago after messing around on our couch first.

I stood there for a minute, contemplating whether or not they're in there now, and if I should check or not. Eventually, my curiosity gets the better of me, and I slowly make my way up the Pachis' back porch.

Pausing outside the door, I grip the handle and gently turn it, easing the door open a few inches. Immediately I'm greeted by the sounds of intense and passionate sex coming from somewhere inside.

Feeling a sharp jerk from my cock, I push open the door a bit more, just enough to peer into the house. On the other side of the kitchen, opposite the back door, I can see through the archway directly into the living room, where mom is naked and bent over the arm of a couch while Stanley pounds into her from behind.

Facing away from me, I watch as Stanley's hairy ass moves back and forth rapidly as his hips slam into mom's round and luscious ass cheeks which ripple in time with the slapping sounds made by their colliding bodies.

My breathing hitches in excitement and my cock slowly starts to become erect as I watch them fornicate like animals. Their lust filled cries of pleasure echo throughout the house as they fuck with abandon, two people completely uninhibited by the thought that no one else is present to hear or see them succumbing to their carnal desire for one another by engaging in lewd and vulgar sex.

Now completely aroused, I began massaging my erection through my pajama bottoms. My cock jumps in response, reminding of how long it's been since I've gotten to watch them fuck like this.

In front of me, Stanley's low hanging balls, big and fuzzy, swing back and forth as he violates my mother with quick, sharp thrusts of his huge dick.

"UGH, UGH, UGH, UGH, UGH," she repeats in desperate, high pitched shrieks as he breaches her from behind.

She grips the couch cushions tightly in a determined effort to maintain her current position bent over the arm of the couch, her back arched so her ass slopes upward to present Stanley with the perfect view of her soft, creamy cheeks as he pummels her pussy, stretching her tight walls with his thick shaft.

"Fuck, such a nasty little slut," Stanley utters deeply, a touch of venom in his voice.

He places his large left hand on mom's shoulder, sliding it down her back before coming to a rest on her left ass cheek which he crushes with a strong grip.

It's only then that I finally notice the phone in his right hand. I was so enraptured by their lewd rutting, that I completely missed it before. Now aware, I can see he has it aimed down at mom's ass, recording his long, rigid cock disappearing inside her over and over.

"UGH, YES, USE ME LIKE THE WHORE THAT I AM!" Mom screams at him in response.

Using the back of his hand, Stanley delivers a sharp smack to her ass, causing mom to cry out.

"Did I say you could speak, you stupid bitch?"

Grabbing a fistful of her long, blonde hair, Stanley pulls her head roughly back towards him, pausing his assault on her pussy.

"Remember who owns your skanky ass before you speak without permission!"

He releases her with a rough shove forward and she barely has time to catch herself before he resumes fucking her, this time with more intensity and power than before.

"Worthless fucking cunt!"

He smacks her ass several more times in anger, almost as a punishment.

His hips jab forward in quick, powerful strokes as he shoves his dick deep inside her, grunting heavily through clenched teeth with every thrust. Mom eagerly begins to push back against his invading cock once she regains her bearings, clearly excited by the rough treatment she's receiving from him, causing her large breasts to sway underneath her.

Stanley continues to film their sordid encounter on his phone, capturing his pelvis slamming harshly into her plump rear end as he uses her for his own pleasure. The wet smacking noise

created by his hips meeting her ass repeatedly is almost drowned out by mom's high pitched wails of pleasure.

"God fucking damn, it's so wet," Stanley says in disbelief. "You love being roughed up like a cheap slut, don't you?"

"I do, I fucking love it!" She responds earnestly.

"Good girl. Fuck, I can't wait to show all my friends how I turned Kyle Finnegan's mom into my own personal whore."

I gasp, and feel my cock give a sharp jerk just as a shiver racks mom's body. She only moans in response.

"Who's pussy is this?"

"It's yours, Stanley! My pussy is yours!" She declares without hesitation.

He laughs with dark, twisted pleasure, reveling in the power he holds over her.

"Maybe if they ask nicely, I'll let them run a train on you," he ponders aloud. "Does that sound good to my little slut?"

"Yes, I'll do whatever you want. My body belongs to you!"

My dick is so hard, it could cut glass. The thought of Stanley letting his douchebag friends use my mother the way he does sends burning shame and sharp arousal coursing through my blood. He truly does own her. I stuff my hand down my pajama bottoms, grabbing my erection to start jerking it.

"Or maybe I'll just post this on Pornhub instead, let the whole world watch you getting fucked like the nasty, cheating skank you are."

The threatening tone in his voice is crystal clear, yet that does not deter mom in the slightest from heartily agreeing with him.

"Do it, let me all see that I'm yours, that I'm your filthy whore!"

"Fuck yes, you're finally learning your place," Stanley tells her with lust filled excitement in his voice.

From my angle I can see mom's head bent down, eyes shut and mouth wide open, barely able to withstand the pleasure of being penetrated by his large cock and vulgar words.

"You love my cock that much, huh, slut?"

"God, yes, it's perfect. So big and thick!"

"Bigger than your limp dick fiancé?"

"Much bigger, he isn't half the man you are."

"Say it again, cunt!"

"He's nothing compared to you! You're a real man, Stanley!"

"That's fucking right!"

For the next few minutes, they fornicate like dogs in heat. Mom grinds her round ass against Stanley's pelvis, seeking as much of his big dick as she can get, which he's more than happy to oblige her with, shoving his cock so deep inside her that his bushy pubes rake against her pussy lips. All the while he's capturing their sordid mating on film, his phone aimed at where both of their bodies meet in erotic bliss.

"Holy shit, I'm about to cum," mom says suddenly.

"Fuck yeah, I love when you cream all over my dick."

Stanley begins excitedly thrusting into her even harder, forcing squeals of delight from mom.

"Oh God," she somehow manages to utter.

He raises his left hand and begins slapping her ass, driving it against her cheeks so hard, red marks immediately begin appearing along her alabaster skin.

"Scream for me, cunt, scream for me," he shouts while beating her ass with the strength of a father disciplining his child.

Mom screams in a mixture of pain and pleasure as an orgasm rockets through her, the look on her face a clear indication that she loves everything about what she's experiencing, from Stanley's cock pushing deep inside her to his large hands cracking against the delicate skin of her ass.

"Fuuuck, I can feel your pussy milking my dick!"

Stanley stops the recording, then tosses his phone onto the other couch before grabbing mom's ass with both of his hands.

"Get ready to feel my cum flood your tunnel," he tells her, pulling her ass roughly back to meet his pelvis as he thrusts forward.

"Yes, Stanley, give me your babies!"

"Here they come, ahh they're about to move in to their new home. UGHHHH," he grunts loudly as he begins unloading inside my mother.

He gives several deep jabs before pushing as far inside her as he can go. Closing his eyes, he tilts his head back slightly as his mouth falls open.

"Oh, fuck," he mutters, breathing deeply as he seeds mom's pussy.

"UGH," mom lets out a sharp moan, arching her back even more as she savors the feeling of Stanley pumping her full of copious amounts of his thick sperm.

They stay like this for the next few minutes as they come down from their respective orgasms, their bodies joined together by each of their sexes.

Eventually, Stanley slowly withdraws from inside mom, his half hard dick completely covered in

fluid as he eases it out of her, cum trailing out from between her glistening pussy lips.

Kneeling down, Stanley uses his index finger to scoop up the cum dripping down her ass before pushing it back inside her.

Mom gasps as Stanley inserts his finger into her pussy. He probes around inside her, forcing moans from her mouth. Eventually, he pulls his finger out and quickly replaces it with his mouth.

Just before his lips touch hers, I see his tongue dart out, seeking to search around inside her just like his finger did.

Mom groans in response, pushing back to meet his invading tongue. Stanley takes both of her ass cheeks in his big hands, squeezing and kneading them tightly as he explores her hole with his tongue.

I watch in rapt attention as Stanley delves into the same tunnel he just finished filling with his cum, making deep slurping noises as his mouth moves with purpose against mom's folds.

It takes me almost a minute to work out exactly what he's doing, and when I do, I nearly bust in my pajama bottoms. With a sharp inhale, I finally realize he's collecting all the cum he just dumped inside her.

When he stands back up and leans over mom's bent over body to press his mouth to hers, I actually do bust in pajamas, the sight of mom willingly accepting cum from Stanley's mouth sending me over the edge.

Gripping the door frame with my left hand, I hold on tight as I squirt all over the inside of my underwear while watching Stanley feed mom the same cum he just collected from inside her.

As my orgasm winds down, I become acutely aware that I'm standing at the back door of Stanley's house watching him and my mom pass his load back and forth while fresh cum soaks through the front of my underwear and pajama bottoms.

I begin to shut the door as slowly and quietly as possible. Neither Stanley or mom take notice, both of them too caught up in moaning into one another's mouth as they continue to swap his cum.

The door shuts with a soft click, and I silently hurry down the stairs before speed walking down the Pachis' driveway and up ours.

Once inside the house, I head upstairs, stripping off my pajama bottoms and underwear once I'm inside my room. My now flaccid cock as well as my groin are covered in cum and I grab a handful of tissues to clean myself off after burying my clothes in the hamper.

As I'm pulling on a fresh pair of underwear, I hear what sounds like a door closing downstairs. Pulling on a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, I walk down to the first floor, remembering the reason I'd originally gone to look for mom in the first place.

I found her in the kitchen, rummaging through the fridge.

"Oh, hello, sweetheart," she greets me after shutting the fridge door.

"What's up?" She asks when I don't respond.

I debate internally on what to say before opening my mouth to speak.

"I came down looking for you earlier."

"I just popped over to Stanley's for a bit to help him out with something."

She avoids my gaze as she pours dressing over her salad.

"Right..." I trail off.

"Was there something you needed from me?"

"Oh, I uh, got a call not too long ago for an interview."

"Really?" Her eyebrows shoot up in surprise as she turns her head toward me.

"Yeah, for an associate position down at Office Depot."

"That's wonderful, Kyle. I'm so happy for you!"

She sets down the bottle of dressing and steps toward me with her arms held out wide. We embrace, and she hugs me tightly. As we start to pull away, I turn my head just as she leans in to press a quick peck to my cheek, accidentally getting my lips instead.

"Whoops, sorry, sweetheart."

Even though it was only for a moment, it was still enough for me to get a small taste of Stanley's cum still lingering on her lips.

I cover my mouth as I gag, attempting to hold it back as much as possible. Thankfully mom doesn't appear to notice.

"When's the interview?"

"Thursday," I answer after regaining control of myself.

"Great, I can't wait to tell Stanley. He'll be so happy for you, although I know how much he was looking forward to you going to work for him and his dad."

"Yeah, so was I," I mutter.

"Well, I'm sure the offer still stands if things don't work out on Thursday."

I smile weakly in response.

"We should do interview preparation tomorrow. What do you say?"

I nod my head, no longer thinking about the interview so much as what happens if I blow it, the knot in my stomach that had disappeared after hanging up the phone having re-emerged.

"Wonderful! Oh, I'm so happy for you, Kyle!"

She shoots me a bright smile before taking her lunch to the desk in the living room.

I walk back upstairs, turning the interview and its prospects over in my mind. As I sit down on my bed, I absentmindedly run my tongue along my bottom lip, sparking my recollection of what I witnessed over at Stanley's house not too long ago.

I can't believe she let him film them having sex like that, especially after he threatened to show his friends, or worse, post it online. The thought of an amateur video of Stanley fucking my mom being posted online fills with shame and embarrassment, but also, arousal.

My cock becomes rock hard as I imagine my mother declaring herself Stanley's slut for everyone on the internet to witness.

Despite having cum not too long ago, I have my erection out in an instant, pumping it furiously, fueled by the familiar cocktail of embarrassment and lust I feel at the thought of my bully fucking my mom.

## **Bully Moves in Next Door Pt. 06**

The water falls steadily from the faucet of the kitchen sink as I stand in front of it, humming contently to myself while washing remnants from tonight's dinner off plates.

My mood the past few days could only be described as jubilant, a byproduct of my new job at Office Depot. The interview had gone well, much to my relief, and thanks, in no small part, to all the practice I'd done preparing for it.

I had downloaded dozens of questions off the internet, rehearsing my answers as well the delivery of them in the mirror over and over until I was exhausted.

It had all paid off in the end, with the assistant manager, Andrew, offering me the job right at the end of the interview. I was ecstatic, the grim reality of working under Stanley evaporating immediately along with the self doubt I had been feeling since the previous night, self doubt that existed no thanks to him.

Stanley had come over for dinner like usual, something I no longer questioned, but simply accepted. Mom broke the news to him while we were eating as I watched warily from the opposite end of the table.

"Well even a blind squirrel finds the nut eventually," he had responded dryly.

"Still though," mom continued, ignoring his slight against me, "isn't it great?"

"Eh, it's just an interview," he dismissed before taking a quick swig of beer. "Let's wait and see if he blows it before we start to get at all excited."

"I'm not gonna blow it," I said defensively.

"You don't exactly have a good track record though, do you?" He cocked his head to the side, eyebrows rising questioningly.

I stared at him, my eyes opening wide in unexpected shame as he referenced the poor interview I had with Mr. Gottlieb.

"Careful, Kyle. I don't think your mom will be able to convince Office Depot to just give you a chance this time around."

My cheeks burned red, ripe in embarrassment. How could she have told him that? I turned toward

her.

"Stanley's right, sweetheart. I won't be able to convince the assistant manager to hire you if there's a repeat of the last interview you went on."

She appeared unashamed at having revealed my faux pas, as well as her subsequent need to correct it, to Stanley.

"But you're still going to help me practice answering questions, aren't you?"

"Of course, sweetheart."

That relaxed me a little, although the self doubt he had sown still needled at me as I cleaned up the dinner table later, amplifying the insecurity I already had about my social abilities. After I had finished, I downloaded and printed common interview questions off the internet.

"Mom, I'm ready to practice now," I declared, standing a few feet away from her and Stanley laughing and flirting on the couch.

"Mhm, I'll be up in a few minutes, Kyle," she said, not even bothering to pause from making googily eyes at Stanley to look in my direction.

I frowned in annoyance, and headed up to my room, stomping on the steps until Stanley's voice cut through me.

"Stop clomping on the stairs!" He chastised loudly. "You're not a child, don't act like one!"

I paused, glancing to my right and saw a harsh, reproachful look on his face as he turned his head to look at me from his place beside mom on the couch.

Averting my gaze, I quietly continued on my way. Shutting the door behind me, I stepped up to the mirror to begin. When I checked my phone a bit later, I saw that twenty minutes had passed and mom still hadn't come to help me.

I headed back out into the hall, slowing as I approached the landing and their conversation reached my ears.

"I can never get over how high your sex drive is."

"I'm a fucking machine, baby," Stanley replied cockily.

Sitting on the top step, I eased my way down until I was spying on them from the darkened stairway.

Mom sat perched on Stanley's knee, his big paw groping her ass cheeks while she massaged the bulge in his mesh shorts, a look of admiration in her eyes.

"You're telling me," she mumbled.

"I take it Tim's a one and done kinda guy?"

"Yeah," she sighed disappointedly. "He needs a long recharge."

"How disappointing."

"Ugh I know. I never noticed how little my needs were being met until we started hooking up. Tim just isn't around enough and when he is, his stamina is too low to fulfill me."

"Well mine isn't," he emphasized heavily. "So let's get you on your back with your legs in the air so I can remind you how sluts are supposed to be fucked."

He squeezed her ass harshly, causing mom to gasp. His other hand grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her lips to his in a rough, sloppy kiss.

Mom quickly and eagerly opened her mouth for him, and she moaned lightly during the thirty seconds he had his tongue jammed down her throat.

When their kiss ended and she leaned back, there was a strong hunger in her eyes. Without a word, she hopped off his knee and the two of them rose from the couch.

My heart sank as I watched her lean into him as he threw an arm around her shoulder and led her confidently away, a large triumphant smirk plastered across his face.

I sat on the steps for minutes after they'd gone, a small part of me hoping she'd remember her promise and return. When it was clear that she wouldn't, I resigned myself to practicing alone and returned to my room.

Mom didn't return home for hours, long after I had finished practicing and gone to bed.

In the end, it didn't affect my performance. I still got the job and the joy and sense of accomplishment it had brought me had kept up in the days since. Not even Stanley's presence or his snide comments had been enough to deter how I felt.

Shutting off the water, I dried my hands on the dish towel. With my first day set to begin tomorrow, I wanted to spend the last couple hours reviewing the hand book before getting a good night's rest.

As thoughts of what topics I needed to read over circled my mind, I opened the fridge and grabbed a beer, popping the cap off before carrying it into the living room to deliver to Stanley.

I had been so distracted absentmindedly tidying up the kitchen that I hadn't taken notice of what mom or Stanley were up to. But now, standing a few feet away, it stopped me dead in my tracks.

Stanley sat on the couch with his long legs spread wide and mom comfortably seated into his lap. His left hand was situated on her lower back, just above her ass, while his right sensually stroked along the inside of her thigh, pushing well past the moderate hemline of her blue sundress.

Leaning close together, he whispered seductively in her ear while she giggled with half shut, glazed over eyes, her delicate hands placed firmly against his broad chest in an effort to keep upright, the empty wine glass on the coffee table, her fourth tonight, an indication of the need in doing so.

Noticing me in his peripheral vision, Stanley turns his head until we make eye contact, a look of challenge on his face, daring me to say something to him as he holds my mother possessively.

I look away first, unable to muster any semblance of courage to call out their behavior. Stanley grins, another win in his game of domination over mom and in our house.

"Aw, is that for me, Kyle?" He asks, referencing the beer bottle in my hand.

"How considerate of you," he continued. "We love seeing our young man behaving politely, don't we, Julie?"

I grind my teeth together, his condescension and use of plural pronouns grating on my nerves. Mom sees no problem in it, however.

"That's very thoughtful of you, sweetheart," she enthuses, slurring her words slightly. "And thank you for clearing the dishes, I really appreciate it."

"You're welcome," I reply listlessly.

I set the beer down on the coffee table next to two empty ones, ignoring Stanley's broad grin of satisfaction at my subservience.

"Good luck tomorrow, sweetheart."

"Yeah, break a leg."

I'm sure he wouldn't mind if I actually broke my leg. I shuffle up the stairs, determined not to let that asshole ruin the good mood I had been in since Tuesday.

As I approach my bedroom, I can't get the image of them together on the couch out of my mind, their bodies pressed close together as they not so subtly feel each other up. The familiar stirring inside my pants makes me pause outside the door and I ponder just how far they'd go with me right upstairs.

I open the door and shut it a few seconds later, slamming it a little harder than normal to ensure the sound carries downstairs as I continue to stand outside it.

The conversation in the living room continues immediately, no longer in hushed tones. I creep back toward the staircase, their exact words coming into focus.

"I'm so glad he finally found a job," mom says, relief in her voice. "I was beginning to question if he was even trying or if he was just saying he was."

Sitting down on the top step, I begin a slow and quiet descent down.

"That's why I wanted him to come work down at the shop with me. There's no way he could've wiggled out of that."

"I know. But at least he found something on his own and I have you to thank for that."

My heart begins to pound with a dull ache in my chest as I listen to her credit him for my job. I'm finally far enough down that I can peer at them still sitting together on the couch in the living room.

"Seriously," she continues. "If you hadn't pushed him, there's no way he would have taken the initiative on his own. He's too diffident, not confident or bold like you. He'd have wasted the days away playing video games in his room."

I watch her stroke his large bicep as she thanks him in earnest, a confident look of stoicism

etched into his strong, handsome features as his large hands continue to caress the intimate parts of her body.

Tears began to well up in my eyes as her true feelings are revealed to me in secret, each sentence punching an ever growing hole in my chest.

"I told you, baby. There needs to be a real man in this house, one with a firm hand who knows how to use it and takes charge. And Tim just ain't fucking it."

"You're right, I see that now. Everything has just gotten so much better in our lives since you entered it. You've improved this house so much and Kyle's behavior too. Not even just the job thing. He's more respectful and appreciative. I mean, he's even doing chores now without having to be told, like cleaning the dishes."

A bolt of realization hits me. I have been doing the dishes without Stanley telling me. Just like I brought him his beer without being prompted. What the fuck? When did that start happening?

"He knows how he's expected to behave now because a man's taught him so," he says matter of factly. "Now you know what I meant when I kept telling you he needed a strong, male role model around here."

"I do and I freely admit I was wrong. You've instilled in him what Tim never could. Hell, he never even thought to try."

She leans in close to him, her eyes soulfully conveying the depth of her gratitude as she stares into his.

"But you, you recognized what was needed in our lives. A real man, a strong one who can take care of me and push my son to be more than a timid boy."

My bottom lip begins to quiver as silent tears roll down my cheeks. I know how she feels about him, their sex and intimate behavior an obvious indicator. But this is different, this is her acknowledging that she thinks I'm defective, something that needed to be improved.

"God, I think I'm falling for you," she admits in a rush of passion before crushing her mouth to his.

They eagerly begin making out, soft moans escaping from the back of their throats as their lips move quickly and urgently in unison. Both of them run their hands along the other's body, pulling themselves as close as they can get to one another, hungrily submitting to their depthless desire.

I feel utterly broken inside. Hearing mom admit what she truly thinks of me and our life, as well as her feelings for Stanley, leaves me shattered. Yet despite all of that, my body still can't help responding to what I see before me, making me hate myself even more than I already do as I feel my dick become completely erect by the sight of my mother and my bully engaged in a fiery, lust filled kiss.

Without unlocking their lips, Stanley quickly leans forward and lays mom down on her back where she instinctively parts her legs for him to crawl between, the hem of her dress sliding up to the middle of her thighs as he presses the dirty bottoms of slides against the arm of the couch for leverage.

They continue to make out with fevered passion, their moans muffled by their mouths pressing tightly together as well as the sounds of their tongues wetly uniting within.

Mom's hands roam Stanley's strong, muscular build with purposeful desire, alternating between grasping his large, round biceps and clutching at his vast, well defined shoulders. Meanwhile, Stanley paws the outside of her exposed thighs, his thick fingers firmly clasping her delicate skin while he continues turning his head side to side as he wrestles her tongue with his own.

Stanley begins grinding his crotch against mom's, causing her to reciprocate, and they spend the next few minutes dry humping each other while their mouths and hands amplify the heated sexual tension between them.

Eventually, Stanley stops the thrusting of his groin to sit up ever so slightly, just enough to allow his right hand to disappear underneath the front of mom's partially bunched up dress.

A couple of seconds later, her face tenses up and she lets out a long groan of pleasure into Stanley's mouth as his long fingers find her entrance and push their way inside.

His hand moves underneath the fabric of her dress, slowly at first, before gradually building in speed until he's fingering her with deft precision. As he increases the steady pace of his penetration, mom finds it more and more difficult to keep up with his incessant French kisses, ultimately relenting and allowing Stanley's tongue to invade and prowl around inside her mouth as she gives herself over to the pleasure she's receiving, holding onto him so hard, her nails nearly pierce his bronze skin.

Soon, she's practically gasping into his mouth, unable to focus on anything else but his fingers pushing deep inside of her, until he comes to an abrupt halt, drawing a whine of complaint from mom.

His hand remains underneath her dress as he ends their one sided kiss, emitting a low snarl over the soft sound of tearing fabric. Mom lets out a small yelp of surprise and Stanley's hand quickly darts out to the right as he unceremoniously tosses the tattered remains of her purple lace panties onto the ground.

Bracing his right foot against the floor and planting his left knee into the cushion, Stanley grips the front waistband of his mesh shorts, yanking them down to free his lengthy, rigid erection while mom hastily pulls the hem of her dress up even further.

Lowering onto her, Stanley maneuvers himself into position as mom's hands grip the back waistband of his shorts, pushing until it rests just under the curve of his hairy ass, which she clasps in excited anticipation of a rough but pleasurable ride. She places her right foot on top of the couch's back and her left on his meaty thigh, affording him better access to her moistened pussy.

With a sharp thrust, Stanley enters her, drawing an abrupt and somewhat loud cry of pleasure from mom. Moving his mouth to cover hers, Stanley stifles any further howls of joy as he quickly pushes the substantial length of his girthy, uncut cock past her inflamed folds.

Once she's impaled on his large shaft, he begins a rapid bucking of his hips, taking her with fast, hard strokes in an impatient frenzy. Mom immediately starts to push back against his invading cock, both of them swiftly forming a natural rhythm honed from dozens of fierce and passionate sexual encounters.

Breaking their kiss, they stare intently into each other's eyes, conveying all the deep carnal desires and feelings they have for one another as the low, husky pants of lust filled gratification leave their mouths.

I pull my pulsing erection from pants after hurriedly undoing them, incomprehensibly aroused by how they unquestioningly surrendered to their desperate need to fuck, uncaring that it's occurring right on the living room couch where they might be discovered.

The rustling of the couch cushions in conjunction with the sounds of wet penetration only further heightens the erotic scene unfolding before me.

"Oh God, Stanley," mom says in a low voice. "You're so big."

"Damn right," he responds in kind. "You love my big dick, don't you?"

"I do, no man has ever made me feel so full."

"Not even your fiancé?"

"Especially him, you touch places he can only dream of."

Mom bites down on her lip as Stanley drives himself into her with a particularly hard thrust, excited by her praises as the better lover.

"Your pussy is soaked," he mutters through gritted teeth, slowing his pace.

"I'm so horny right now."

"I know, it feels incredible."

He closes his eyes, momentarily relishing the warm, wet tightness surrounding his engorged cock as he stretches mom's walls with deep, steady strokes, before opening them once again, looking into her eyes before resuming his verbal titillation.

"You love being fucked out in the open like this, don't you? With Kyle right upstairs?"

"Yes! It's reckless and wrong, but feels so good!"

The clear candor in her voice proves a powerful truth to her words, matching the wanton expression plastered across her face as well as the extensive wetness between her legs.

"He could come down at any moment. Find his loving mom on her back, legs wide open, and the man he went to high school with in between them," he spoke gruffly, plunging his throbbing shaft in and out of her with deliberately restrained but powerful thrusts.

Mom gasps, shutting her eyes as a powerful shudder runs through her body, leaving goosebumps along her exposed skin. A slow, sadistic grin spreads across Stanley's face as he looks down at her.

"He'll see you cheating on your dumbass fiancé with his big dick classmate and finally realize how huge a slut his mother is."

"Holy fuck," mom utters, letting go of Stanley's ass and grabbing onto his arm with her right hand while biting down on the knuckle of her left.

"Would you want me to stop?" I could sense the tentative, lustful thrill in his voice as he poses the question.

"Answer me, slut," he hisses with impatience.

"No," she whispers back.

There's a spark of sudden excitement in his eyes as he registers her answer and he pauses his thrusts.

"What's that?"

No," she says louder and with a hint of defiance. "Don't stop, let him watch you take what's yours!"

Stanley immediately begins hammering into her cunt, pounding away harder and faster than he had at any point that night.

"Fuck yes, bitch," he said, no longer bothering to speak quietly. "He's gonna watch and know that his mom's my personal whore!"

"Yes, I want him to find out, to know that I belong to you and you alone!"

Mom covers her mouth with her hand in an attempt to suppress her screams of pleasure, only partially succeeding in doing so. But from the look of transparent bliss on her face, she clearly wants to vocalize fully just how much she's savoring the feeling of being speared by Stanley's colossal pole.

My fist moves rapidly up and down as I furiously jerk my raging, tightly enclosed erection. Watching Stanley continuously pushing my mother towards total abandonment of any sense of morality in order to fully embrace her role as his sexual slave takes me to brink of cumming.

"Fucking... slut!" Stanley grunts between fast and hard thrusts. I can tell by the strain in his voice that he's close to filling her up with his seed.

Mom's body jostles almost violently in response to his uninhibited pulverization of her well stretched cunt. The look of unfathomable euphoria on her face as well as the curling of her toes makes it clear that she's experiencing a powerful orgasm, covering his huge shaft with her fluids. With one final slam, Stanley presses as much of his engorged cock into mom's tunnel as he can, unloading an abundant amount of sperm deep inside her.

"Awww yeah," he murmurs, eyes shut tight, a small smirk on his face while he deposits his babies into her canal.

Mom lets out a loud gasp as she uncovers her mouth, clutching at Stanley's large, muscular arms in desperation, her legs encircling his lower back in an unconscious effort to ensure he fills her up as much as possible.

Biting down on my lip, rope after rope of cum spills out of my cock, dousing the front of my shirt as I attempt to keep from coating the steps in my sticky fluid. I nearly end up sliding down the stairs squirming from the intense pleasure of such a powerful orgasm. The smell of my own seed fills my nostrils as I milk the last of it from the tip of my deflating dick.

Stanley and mom maintain their position on the couch as they come down from their peaks, breathing heavily while they finish sharing bodily fluids with one another. Eventually, he lowers his face to hers, their mouths and tongues meeting in satiated moans.

Mom's hands glide up Stanley's shoulders before she begins running her fingers through his dark,

shoulder length hair, her legs unwrapping from around his lower back to slide against his muscular, hairy thighs and well defined calves.

Watching them twist their heads to kiss deeply and sensually, it's clear they have no intention of uncoiling themselves anytime soon in order to break their post-coital haze, apparently unconcerned with cleaning up or returning to a modest state.

With tear stained cheeks and fresh cum splattered across my shirt, I get up and leave mom and Stanley to bask in their intimate comedown, quietly returning to my room to change into my pajamas before climbing into bed.

Once I'm underneath the sheets, I let the numbness spread to every part of my body, the elation that had persisted the last few days gone, vaporized by mom's candid revelations. Her lack of discretion and concern while engaging so openly in crude and obscene sex with Stanley on our living room couch immediately afterward only added salt to the wound.

Sleep proved to be an unreachable escape at first, with mom's words replaying in my head over and over keeping me awake and in a constant state of misery.

Eventually, my exhaustion got the better of me, and it seemed like very little time had passed before my alarm was screaming at me to get up. After getting dressed, I headed downstairs to the kitchen, pausing in the living room. The pattern from the bottom of Stanley's slides are imprinted along the arm of the couch, while a large, dried stain, no doubt from his cum, is centered in the middle cushion.

The misery from last night bubbles back to the surface as I stare at the residual evidence of their passionate, heedless fornication. I finally break my gaze as the memories of what was said come flooding back, causing my eyes to begin watering, and head into the kitchen.

I try to clear my head as I make myself breakfast. My first shift starts in only a few hours, and I desperately want to start on the right foot, too fearful of what happened the last time I let thoughts of mom and Stanley cloud my mind while on the job.

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It's a quarter to nine when I wake up bleary eyed and drowsy, momentarily confused about the time of day before checking the clock on my nightstand. I hadn't meant to nap for as long as I did, but the lack of sleep from the night before combined with a grueling first day had left me exhausted.

Outside, it's well past sundown, and my stomach rumbles in protest due to lack of sustenance. I sit up and attempt to rub the sleep from my eyes. While not a bad first day overall, my training had largely consisted of a huge information dump throughout a busy day in the store.

Compared to working with Mr. Gottlieb, Office Depot was a completely different environment, and I frequently found myself overwhelmed by every difference, big or small. Luckily, the girl training me, Sarah, was nice enough. Her patience with my lack of experience made me feel a bit better. She reassured me that when she started working there the year prior, she was just as overwhelmed as I was.

Despite my three hour nap, I was still pretty tired, and I knew I'd be back in bed after eating what was leftover from dinner and then showering.

I get to my feet and stretch, cracking my back as the tension in my muscles is released. Opening

the bedroom door, I slowly pad out into the hallway while yawning. As I approach the top of the stairs, a familiar noise catches my attention and I come to a sudden halt.

From down below, a steady rhythm of slurping sounds drifts up, reaching me only moments before recognition sets in, causing my heart to sink and my cock to twitch.

In my drowsy state, I had momentarily forgotten about mom and Stanley, who I'd left in the kitchen together when I came upstairs to lie down after arriving home from work.

My absence had allowed them to not only enjoy dinner just the two of them, another realization that cut deeply, but also to proceed with a second night of devious sexual behavior.

Even though I desperately wanted to return to my room and ignore what I know is occurring on the couch below, my cock would not let me, slowly inflating in response to the wet noises produced from expertly performed fellatio instead.

I close my eyes and let out a long, sorrowful sigh of defeat as my erection strains against the fabric of my underwear and shorts. Gripping the banister, I silently lower myself onto the top step before beginning my slow, crab-like movement down the stairs until the living room comes into view.

Stanley sits in the center of the couch, slide clad feet planted far apart from one another so that his long legs are spread wide as he leans back, his arms extended out on either side of him as they rest along the top of the back of the couch. With the absence of shorts, his rigid shaft, lengthy and thick, rises out of dark, coarse pubic hair and throbs commandingly while mom diligently stimulates it with her soft, plush lips.

On her knees with her hair tied back, she swiftly raises and lowers her head repeatedly, taking most of his hefty meat into her mouth and applying a robust amount of suction, blowing him with the skill and expertise of a consummate professional. Both of her hands are placed on each of his hairy thighs, lightly caressing them while she focuses all her attention on swallowing his pole.

Stanley has his head tilted back and eyes shut, a small, cocky smile adorning his face. His entire demeanor exuded the natural authority of a king being served in his castle.

"Ahhhh," he utters in satisfaction. Mom moans deeply in response, never breaking stride as her mouth moves along his cock at a persistent pace.

The enthusiasm she has for pleasuring him shows in how ardently she sucks him, her lips gripping his shaft tightly as they glide from base to tip and back again, urging him to reward her with cum.

I unzip my shorts and pull my cock out from underneath the waistband of my underwear to begin masturbating. It takes effort not to jerk it too fast, shame and arousal burning within me as I realized I want to watch mom swallow Stanley's load before blowing my own.

On the floor, mom's head surges forward, her nose nearly burying itself in his thick pubes as she takes him deep into her throat, producing loud gulping sounds while milking his dick. For several seconds, her throat muscles constrict around his tool before she releases him with a gasp, repeating this pattern several times as Stanley's mouth drops open in bliss.

"Oh shit," he says. "You skanky fucking hoe, I love it when you deep throat my cock."

Mom quickly pulls off his twitching shaft.

"It's what you deserve," she tells him sincerely before taking a gentle lick of his head.

"You're goddamn right it is." He opens his eyes to stare directly into hers. "A donkey dick like mine gives me the right to your mouth and pussy."

"No, not the right to, but ownership of," she corrects. His cock pulses in response to her words and she begins swirling her tongue around the tip while holding his gaze.

"Congratulations, you passed the fucking test."

He leans forward and takes a firm hold of the base of mom's ponytail with his right hand, his cockhead placed against her lips which automatically form an O in preparation for the forthcoming invasion of her mouth.

"Only a true whore recognizes her holes as property for a real man to use," he finishes, then lifts himself up and roughly begins to jab his meat pole into her mouth repeatedly.

I watch as he holds mom's head steady, allowing him to effortlessly stuff her mouth full of his cock over and over, his left hand planted on the cushion beside him in order to maintain a raised position.

Mom adjusts her lips in an effort to form the perfect opening for him to fuck, just wide enough to allow his girthy shaft to pass through but still narrow so that the pleasurable tautness stimulates him as much as possible.

Her accommodating endeavor has its desired effect. Stanley emits a series of low grunts as he spears her mouth in a quickened pace. His massive, low hanging balls swing heavily back and forth underneath him, reverberating from every sharp lunge of his hips.

"Fucking...whore," he snarls through gritted teeth. They both maintain intense eye contact as he uses her mouth for his own crude pleasure, betraying the deep, tethered sexual bond that exists between them.

I increase the pace of my own jerking in anticipation of Stanley busting in mom's mouth at any moment, only to be disappointed when he yanks her off his dick, letting go of her head before collapsing back onto the couch.

His engorged cock protrudes straight out, gleaming from mom's saliva as it pulses menacingly in her face, threatening to dowse her with thick streams of dense cum.

Stanley's breathes come out heavy, his body attempting to recover from the physical exertion of face fucking my mother, who looks him dead in the eyes while she sticks her tongue out and rakes it along the underside of his shaft.

She reverses course once she reaches the tip and spends the next minute repeating this pattern of subtle titillation, allowing him to recover from almost cumming while still enjoying some attention.

As her tongue finishes its ascent, she uses the end of it to tease the base of his cockhead, causing his breathing to hitch and his cock to twitch. Precum begins to ooze out and her plush lips immediately enclose around the spongy head, gently massaging it as she moans with gratification.

"Greedy little cum guzzling cunt," he hurls at her. "You'll get it all in due time."

Mom just bats her eyelashes at him while she wrings the precum from his spigot.

"Fuck, I have you going from cooking me dinner to worshipping my cock. Seems like it's your natural born role in life to serve me."

He sneered down at her as she took several quick gulps of his dick.

"It is," she confirms after pulling off his shaft. "A man like you is entitled to have someone take care of his every need, and I thank God every day that it's me."

She places her lips against his cockhead in a sensual kiss before tilting her head to slowly glide her tongue down each side of his pole, caressing the hard ridges etched into it.

"These balls need some attention," he announces.

Mom removes her mouth from his cock and Stanley slides down lower on the couch, propping his feet up on either end of the coffee table to give her access to the furry sack now dangling lazily above the cushion. He hadn't bothered taking off his slides first, feeling comfortable enough to act in any manner he saw fit, regardless of whether or not it was considered rude or uncouth behavior. Something told me he reveled in that, in mom being so enraptured by him that he could do whatever he wanted without any repercussions. He certainly had the twisted personality to feel that way. Unfortunately for me, I found mom's unadulterated devotion to him both arousing and alarming.

Bringing her face in close, mom begins to lap eagerly at his nuts, giving them a nice, thorough bath. She turns her head to the side as her tongue darts out to taste the salty sweat that clings to the dark, wiry hair covering his heavy sack.

"Aw yeah, I know how much you love the taste of my unwashed balls."

"I do, so much. It's the potent flavor of virile perspiration that drives me wild."

"Such a foul slut, savoring the ball sweat of a 20 year old stud."

He chuckles darkly, watching as she lovingly nuzzles his bristly scrotum before shutting his eyes and locking his fingers together behind his head, then tilting it back in relaxation. A small sigh of content escapes his lips when she takes one of his testicles into her mouth to suck on.

My dick aches to be satisfied as I slowly pump it. I'm so turned on by mom's enjoyment of Stanley's sweat soaked nuts that I consider busting my nut right then and there. Yet, my sinful, fucked up desire to see her drink his babies staves off any burst of arousal, and I persist in edging myself carefully while watching their debased deviancy continue on.

Mom alternates between both of Stanley's balls, paying each one special attention by noisily slurping on them.

"Ugh, that feels great," he mutters. Mom only moans in response.

Suddenly, a buzzing noise cuts through the wet sounds of oral sex, and I see mom's phone light up on the coffee table, although I can't make out the name of who's calling from this distance.

Mom completely ignores the buzzing sound coming from behind her, as does Stanley, letting the

call roll to voicemail. Not once does she pause what she's doing to even so much as glance backwards to see who's calling, focusing all her attention on washing Stanley's balls with her mouth and tongue.

Her phone begins vibrating again a few minutes later, and this time an annoyed look crosses Stanley's face, angry at having bath time interrupted.

"Who the fuck keeps calling you?"

"Probably Tim," mom answers casually after freeing her mouth.

"Fucking idiot," he dismisses scornfully.

"Do you want me to silence it?"

He opens his mouth to reply but stops before any words come out, then opens his eyes to look down at her.

"Actually, answer it. And put it on speaker."

They both share a knowing look before she turns around and plucks the phone off the coffee table.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Julie," came Tim's pleasant voice. A sinister grin slowly spreads across Stanley's face.

"How are you?" He continues.

"Oh, I'm doing fine. Just another night at home." She smirks up at Stanley.

"Not doing anything interesting, then?"

"You know me, I always find something to keep me occupied." She wraps her free hand around his erection and slowly starts pumping it.

"That's good, I'd hate to think you were just sitting at home bored."

"No, never."

Her and Stanley grin at each other before he gestures toward his cock and then reaches to grab his phone off the arm of the couch.

Mom begins taking small licks of his cockhead as he brings up the camera app and starts recording a video.

"You didn't answer the first time I called."

She rolls her eyes. "I was busy with something important."

"More important than a call from your loving fiancé?" He attempts to ask the question with a light, teasing tone but fails, unable to mask the hurt underneath.

"Yep," she tells him bluntly and without hesitation before sucking lightly on the end of Stanley's

penis.

"Oh," his voice drops. "Well, was it a work thing?"

"Something like that," she responds, barely pulling her mouth off his cock.

"Ah, I get it. I wouldn't want to get in the way of your duties."

Stanley's wolfish grin widens and mom is forced to stifle a snicker.

"So, my meeting with Jenkins went well today. I had to wait longer than anticipated to see him but..."

For the next fifteen minutes, Tim talks about work while mom sucks Stanley's dick as quietly as she can, occasionally pulling off to murmur a quick "mhm" or "uh-huh" before she resumes sliding her plump lips up and down his long, meaty pole in silent invigoration.

All the while, Stanley continues to film their secret, insidious encounter, a look of spiteful malevolence embossed on his face the entire time.

At a certain point, she doesn't even trouble herself with extracting Stanley's dick to answer him, giving semi-garbled responses with her mouth stuffed full of his rod.

"I just thought it was completely inappropriate, you know?"

"Mmhmm," comes her muffled reply, too busy pleasuring Stanley to give a proper response.

"Are you eating something? It sounds like your mouth is full."

Mom slowly pulls off his shaft with a soft plop before answering, "Just a light snack."

"Anything good?"

"A nice piece of meat." She puts slight emphasis on the word meat, causing her and Stanley to share a devious smile, his wet, bulbous cockhead just inches from her lips, dribbling precum on the cushions.

"Oh yeah? Something from the deli of that guy who lives next door? What was his name again, Scotty?"

"Stanley," she corrects. "And yes, I got it from him."

"Well it must be pretty good because it sounds like you're really enjoying it."

"I am and it is," she smirks. "I can for sure say it's the best meat I've ever had."

"Speaking of, did I tell you about this steak I had the other night? Now I know you don't like when it's cooked well done, but..."

Mom resumes enthusiastically blowing Stanley, excited by the double entendres of her conversation with Tim. Her eyes are aflame with searing passion, conveying to him how much she enjoyed what had just occurred by holding his gaze while inhaling his cock.

Not too long later, Stanley starts to squirm in his seat, appearing almost antsy. He twirls his index

finger at her and she mutes the phone call before disengaging from his cock.

"Wrap it up, I wanna blow my load soon," he tells her.

She nods her head, then unmutes the call.

"...and I said, 'see here, this isn't how we do it back where I'm from - "

"Uh, Tim," she interrupts.

"Yes?"

"I hate to cut you off, but there's something that needs my attention."

"It can't wait until the end of this story?"

Stanley rolls his eyes heavily before rubbing his boner against mom's face, smearing it with her own saliva.

"No, it's a really pressing issue, can't be ignored."

With a smirk, he grips the base of his hard on with his thumb and index finger and starts lightly slapping her lips.

"Alright, well, I guess I can finish it during our call tomorrow night." Once again, disappointment clouds his voice.

"Sure thing, goodnight." she responds before sticking out her tongue to receive the beatings of his heavy tool.

"Goodnight, my darling. I love you so - "

She hangs up the phone on him mid-goodbye, tossing it indifferently onto the cushion beside Stanley before swallowing his shaft with a long sigh of relief.

"What a brainless loser," Stanley laughs cruelly, ending the recording on his phone and placing it on the arm of the couch. "No wonder you were so desperate when I met you, being with a guy like that."

Mom moans deeply in response, wrapping her hand around the base of his cock to begin pumping as her full lips retract firmly against his shaft with each motion of her head. Without Tim to distract her, she's now completely focused on giving Stanley head. The powerful sloshing noises that are growing in volume indicate just how much forceful suction she's applying, while the quick and exuberant twists of her hand up and down the base of his erection attempt to hasten the extraction of her white, liquid prize from deep within him.

"Ohh fuck," he bursts out in delightful surprise. "You're just going for it, aren't you? Such a desperate cum slut. Well, you're gonna get a mouthful soon, and then some. Just keep working my donkey dick like that, whore." His words taper off in strain as it becomes evident he's preparing to blow his load, shutting his eyes in concentration.

I begin excitedly pumping my own erection, feeling the cum churning in my balls as Stanley approaches his orgasm.

"Ohhhh get ready, you cheating skank. Desserts on its way." He clenches his teeth and uses his

large, muscular arms to push up off the couch slightly.

Mom lets out a desperate whine while continuing to swallow his shaft, as if she'd cry from being deprived of the taste of his seed a moment longer.

"Open up wide, bitch!" Stanley's hips begin jutting forward, face fucking mom's mouth in an effort to stimulate a faster and more powerful orgasm

Argghhhh!" He grunts obscenely, giving a last few powerful, deep thrusts as his cock begins feeding her an ample volume of semen.

Stanley leaves half of his cock shoved into her mouth, allowing me to glimpse the bottom half of it pulsing savagely with every spurt of cum being discharged.

Mom lets out a long satisfied moan, looking quite content as she begins gulping down, in loud swallows, the dense sperm being fed to her by his hose.

"Aw yeah, you like the feeling of my warm baby batter sliding down your throat?" Stanley smirks at her while giving small, shallow thrusts.

Mom barely nods, not wanting to risk losing any of his precious seed. Her lips gently begin tugging at his shaft in an urgent plea to receive as much of his creamy jizz as she can get.

"What a perfect cum dump you are," he tells her as she gives his dick several quick pumps.

The sight and sounds of mom swallowing heavy amounts of Stanley's thick splooge overwhelms my already overstimulated cock, and with one final yank, I shoot rope after rope of cum onto the front of my shirt.

The first couple of spurts release so powerfully, I almost cry out, barely managing to stop myself by clamping my free hand over my mouth as my cock spasms in the other. After what feels like an eternity, my orgasm subsides, slowly fading away with my erection and leaving me with a cum soaked shirt.

On the couch in the living room, Stanley appears to also be coming down from his orgasm, watching in fascination as mom milks his half deflated cock for every last drop of his cum, releasing it with a long, wet slurp before swallowing the remains of his load which she has stored in her mouth.

"Fucking hell, I think that was the best bj you've ever given me," he compliments.

Mom sits up on her knees, licking her lips while giving him a sly smile.

"I always aim to improve," she winks in response.

"Good, you know the right way to keep your man satisfied then."

I want to cry hearing him refer to himself as her man.

"How'd you fair while you were blowing me?" He tilts his chin in a gesture towards her. "You sopping wet?"

"Do you even have to ask?"

"Cunt check," he tells her.

Climbing to her feet, she moves between his long legs while he scoots forward, lowering his feet from the coffee table to the ground.

Grabbing the front of her white sundress, he lifts the hem just enough to reach under and cup her pussy with his large hand, causing mom to emit a sharp groan.

"Oh yeah, you are soaked."

He grins, clearly pleased that blowing him could get her so wet. After a few more seconds of pressing himself against her soft mound, he pulls away and lets go of her dress.

"How about I get a taste of all the juices you were cooking up for me while my dick was in your mouth," he tells her while standing up. "Get on your knees and bend over the arm of the couch." This was not a request.

Mom hurriedly gets into position facing away from me while Stanley searches for his shorts, finding them in a heap on the floor.

"Show me those glistening pussy lips," he commands, hastily dressing.

Mom lifts the hem of her dress up to her waist, arching her back in proper form and revealing her wet, inflamed folds.

Stanley kneels down and places both of his big hands on each of her ass cheeks, giving them a strong squeeze before leaning in close and inhaling deeply.

"Ahhh," he exclaims loudly. "The only thing better than the smell of a wet cunt is the taste."

And with that, he buries his mouth in her pink, velvety opening. Mom lets out a short cry of pleasure as Stanley's lips and tongue begin their much desired assault.

With my arousal satiated, anymore of their sexual antics will only leave me feeling worse than I already do, so I decide to make my retreat back to my room, zipping my pants before slowly sitting up and then carefully climbing the steps.

After shutting the door behind me, I tug off my shirt, tossing it onto the floor and grabbing another. My stomach lets out a loud growl of hunger, and I strongly resent mom and Stanley's continued sexual escapades downstairs despite having only finished jerking off to it a few minutes prior.

Hopping onto my bed, I stare up at the ceiling wondering how long they're gonna be. Glancing at the clock on the bedside table, I see it's been almost an hour since I woke up from my nap. My stomach gives another shout of complaint and I place my hand over it in comfort. Surely they can't take that long?

Yet, time stretches on, and the occasional faint sound of mom crying out in pleasure, presumably from Stanley's wriggling tongue, keeps me from venturing out for food.

Eventually, without intending to, I fall asleep, all the reserve energy I gained from my nap having been drained by my prolonged jerk off session on the stairs while watching mom swallow Stanley's dick.

I woke up even more confused than I had been the previous evening, the dim early morning sun conflicted with the last memory I had of laying in bed last night.

"Fuck," I half shouted, catching sight of the time displayed on the digital clock beside me. I had woken up late.

I launched myself out of bed, my brain moving a mile a minute, scrambling my thoughts in an attempt to process what to do next.

Needing to shower but calculating that there isn't enough time to do so, I quickly change into my work clothes and brush my teeth before heading downstairs, only to find mom serving Stanley breakfast at the kitchen table.

"Good morning, sweetheart," mom greets me while pouring Stanley a cup of coffee. He's wearing the same clothes from yesterday, relaxing in Tim's chair with his long legs stretched out in front of him and crossing at the ankles.

"Morning," I mumble back with a frown.

Ambling to the opposite end of the table, I sit down without even bothering to question why Stanley is here, knowing he'd most likely spent the night, though neither of them will admit it, instead finding some lame excuse or another to explain his presence.

I catch Stanley eyeing me with disgust from across the table as I reach forward to grab some rye toast from a plate in the center.

"Is that how you're going into work?" He asks, unable to keep his lip from curling upward in contempt. "It looks like you didn't even shower."

"I accidentally overslept and didn't have time."

He tsksed while shaking his head. "You need to do a better job managing your time, Kyle. This is not a great impression to make on only your second day."

In my peripheral vision, I notice mom nodding her head in agreement as she places a plate and silverware in front of me, and I turn to face her as my mouth drops open in indignation.

"Don't give me that look," she lightly chastises. "You were the one that decided to take a nap without setting an alarm."

"Yeah, and your mother ended up having to clean up the dinner table last night," Stanley interjects.

"I didn't even have dinner," I argue, raising my arm in exasperation. "I was so exhausted after work I -"

"That's no excuse," he interrupts sharply. "You don't think your mother is tired at the end of the day? Huh?"

"No," I mutter.

"Exactly, she works and then takes care of what needs to be done, and the same is expected of you. Is that understood?"

When I don't respond, he sits up and leans forward in his seat, a dark, menacing look on his face.

"Is that understood?" He repeats, this time slower and in a low voice.

"Yeah," I mutter.

"What was that?"

"Yes, it's understood," I say louder.

"Good."

He lets out a sigh of frustration and leans back in his seat. Mom, who had stepped to the side during our exchange, now moves behind him and begins to soothingly rub his shoulders.

My cheeks burn in rage and humiliation, and I look down, watching as the toast slowly disappears with every bite I take of it, grabbing another once it's all gone.

"Kyle, since you went to bed so early last night, I didn't get to ask you about how your first day of work went."

I chew slowly, swallowing it all before answering her.

"Actually, I was thinking maybe you could take me to work and we could talk about it on the drive over?"

I glance up hopefully at her, my face falling when I see the look of regret on her face.

"Oh, I'm sorry sweetheart. I have a video conference early this morning, or else I'd love to."

I look back down again, but not before noticing the small, secretive smirk on Stanley's face.

"But hey, you can tell me all about it at dinner tonight. How does that sound?"

"That sounds great mom," I tell her before taking another bite of toast.

"It's a plan! And why don't you go ahead and take the car to work yourself. You'll get in some more driving practice that way and you won't be late."

I bob my head slightly, "Ok."

"Speaking of being late," she glances at the clock on the wall. "I better go get ready before I am."

She lets go of Stanley's shoulders, coming around the table to give me a quick kiss before saying goodbye and heading upstairs, the echo of the bathroom door closing following a minute later.

I finish eating my toast, studiously avoiding making eye contact with Stanley as he silently sips his coffee while staring at me from across the table.

"I gotta get going," I mumble once I'm done, standing up to brush the crumbs from my shirt before heading into the laundry room.

I dig through the piles of folded clothes in the laundry bin that sits on top of the dryer, pulling out a fresh pair of socks once I locate them. After slipping them on, I turn to leave but stop once I

notice Stanley's large, imposing frame blocking the doorway.

He takes a few steps forward in an attempt to intimidate me with his size.

"You need to do better around here, Kyle. I don't need you making me look bad in front of your mother."

"What does that mean?"

"I've put a lot of work into making her my bitch, and for the most part, it's gone pretty smoothly. So I'm not gonna let your incompetence create any bumps in the road for me. Not now, not during the homestretch."

I felt the anger from earlier rising up inside me, uncontrollable, like bile, attempting to reach the surface.

"So, what? Are you afraid I'll ruin it all for you, then? Tell my mom what a psychotic asshole you really are so that she'll stop fucking you and send you back to your trashy, dipshit family?"

I practically spit at the end of the last sentence. I'm so angry my vision is blurred around the edges, and I only see a flash of his right hand the moment before his palm strikes the left side of my face in a slap so powerful that I slam into the dryer.

He sighs as I scramble to remain upright, frantically trying to grab hold of the machine while my head spins and a burning sensation begins to settle over my cheek.

"You know, for someone who acted like they were so much smarter than everyone else in high school, you really are a fucking idiot."

He slowly moves toward me, the bottom of his slides scraping lazily against the linoleum, as if I wasn't worth the energy to lift his feet entirely off the floor while he drifts closer. As my vision swims back into focus, I can see a look of calm intensity on his face, which surprises and scares me. I had expected searing anger, but somehow this is worse.

"You really think I'm afraid of you? You?"

Reaching his big paw out, he grips the front of my shirt tightly, pulling me toward him while bending forward. I can feel the heels of my feet lift off the ground as we come face to face, my toes straining against the floor. Eyes growing wide, the beating of my heart becomes rapid, intensifying the throbbing sting I feel against my cheek.

"What exactly am I supposed to be afraid of, hm? Your little threats?" The smell of his coffee breath makes me wince slightly. "We both know they're just that. You're too fucking pathetic to do anything other than shoot your whiny mouth off."

I begin to squirm, truly fearing what he might do now. But this only makes him tighten his grip. His dark eyes feel as if they're trying to bore a hole through me.

"The thing is, Kyle, you might have been good at school, but you're a complete fuck up in real life. I know it, you know it, even your mom knows it."

Tears begin welling up in my eyes, and I fight the urge not to cry in front of him. Later, but please God, not now.

"You can't do anything right, not on your own and not without being pushed or told to. So I don't want your mother thinking I can't keep you in line because you haven't realized your new place in this house yet, your place under me."

Returning to his full height, he uses all of his strength to lift me fully into the air, bringing me so close that our noses almost touch while my feet dangle helplessly above the ground.

"Now you're not going to make what's happening between me and your mom any more difficult, are you?"

"N-no," my voice barely comes out in a whisper.

"Cause you know what's gonna happen if you do, and it ain't gonna be fun."

Stanley lowers me back down to the ground and releases me with a shove. I stumble backwards a few steps, managing to catch myself on the dryer. Blinking rapidly, I just manage to fend off the flow of tears before looking up at him, arms crossed against his well defined, muscular chest while sneering down at me.

Chuckling, he shakes his head. "I can't believe you thought I was afraid you'd spill the beans to your mom. As if she'd fucking believe you at this point."

He pauses a moment, appearing to momentarily ponder something before his sneer grows, and he opens his mouth to tear my heart to shreds.

"You know she doesn't actually have a video conference this morning, right? She just said that because she didn't want to waste her time before work listening to you prattle on about your stupid job instead of letting me ride her like a cheap, dime store pony."

A look of disbelieving horror crosses my face, and Stanley lets out a deep, sinister laugh once he sees my expression.

"Th-that's not true," I stammer out in denial.

"Of course it's fucking true," he says, still laughing. "Why wouldn't it be? She can't get enough of me, or my dick."

He makes a few obscene thrusts of his hips to reinforce his point, a sadistic grin stretching from ear to ear.

"Shit, she's probably waiting for me up in bed right now," he continues. "Naked, legs splayed open, fingering that sweet pussy to prepare it for taking my hog."

"No, no, I don't believe you!"

Like a dam bursting, tears come flooding out. I fling myself forward, squeezing past his huge body on my way into the kitchen. I hurriedly stuff my feet into my shoes, grab the keys off the counter, and fling the door open. Sobs begin to burst from my chest the moment I'm outside and I hurry to the car, unlocking it before I climb inside.

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I spent nearly fifteen minutes crying in the car before I calmed down enough to drive, arriving at work two minutes before I'm supposed to clock in. The whole morning passed by in a haze, and

there were times where I felt like I barely knew what I was doing.

Luckily, everyone chalked up my actions to not having completed my training, and Sarah was kind of enough to guide me along.

I felt my phone buzz in my pocket at a certain point, but was too busy to check it until I was on break. Leaning against a shelf in the storeroom, I pull my phone out of my pocket, not recognizing the number the text was sent from. My heart skips a beat when I see there's a video attached to the following message, "In case you still don't believe me."

I immediately move to delete it, but pause, my finger hovering over the trash can icon, the familiar stirring deep in my loins returning along with the immense shame that accompanies it.

Quickly looking around, I bolt into the employee bathroom, locking it behind me. I sit down on the toilet and unlock my phone, staring at the text before tapping play on the video.

The sounds of grunting, moaning, and the colliding of wet flesh, comes blaring out of the speakers, and I nearly drop the phone trying to lower the volume.

Once it's down to a respectable level, I can see from the video that the camera is being aimed down at a creamy, lusciously round ass, sticking up from the unmade sheets of a bed, the bubbly cheeks jiggling every time a pair of hips slams into them to deliver a huge, uncut cock pass the delicate, pink folds underneath.

"Ugh, ugh, oh God, ugh, yes, fuck me, Stanley," mom yells.

"Fucking take my dick, bitch!"

Stanley's large hand comes down in a smack against mom's left ass cheek, causing her to cry out. I flinch, the memory of my own smack too recent.

"Again, hit me again," she desperately pleads.

He obliges, beating her ass several more times and with greater ferocity.

"You fucking skank, you love being roughed you like a cheap whore, don't you?"

"I do, I love it, I love when you treat me like the dirty slut that I am!"

She begins to push her ass back, meeting his hips and causing his cock to push deep inside her. I feel my erection throbbing in my pants. As salacious as this is, it isn't proof it happened this morning, I think with hope.

As if reading my mind, the view suddenly switches from rear-facing to front-facing, and I'm greeted by the sight of Stanley peering down at the camera, hair damp and a shit eating grin plastered across his face.

He raises the phone up and uses his long arm to hold it out and back to the right, giving me a view of his muscular body as he pounds into mom, who's resting on her knees and elbows with her ass perched in the air while her head and chest are pressed down on the bed.

"Yeah, does that feel good, you naughty bitch?" He ceases thrusting, letting mom fuck herself on his long, thick pole.

"Fuck yes, it's amazing," she cries out.

"Glad you lied to your son so you could stay here?" I gasp and feel my cock give a sharp jerk.

"God, yes," she responds truthfully.

"You'd rather be taking my dick than driving around, talking to him, huh?"

"Yes, yes, this is so much better," she admits.

Stanley gives the middle finger to the camera and sticks out his tongue, then he resumes battering mom's pussy with his rigid cock.

I quickly undo my pants and pull out my erection, furiously stroking it while the video plays on. I'm so turned on, I know it won't be long before I bust. In the video, mom announces that she's close.

"Cream my dick, bitch, and you'll get my seed faster," Stanley shouts at her.

"Oh shit, I'm cumming, I'm cumming!"

With a grunt, I begin to shoot semen all over the floor of the employee bathroom, while at the same time on screen, my mother cums all over the big dick of the man who bullies me.

## **Bully Moves in Next Door Pt. 07**

A soft thud from downstairs wakes me from my slumber. Squinting at the digital clock, I see that it's a quarter past two in the morning. I had a pretty good idea of who had made that noise, even if the quiet giggles that followed hadn't confirmed it.

When I had arrived home from work earlier that evening, I found Stanley sitting by himself on the couch in the living room. He was dressed all in black, my own personal grim reaper. A long sleeve button down shirt clung to his muscular chest while his form fitting slacks ended at a pair of dress shoes.

He smirked at me as I walked into the room, his long legs spread wide as he relaxed into the couch, both of his elbows propped up besides him.

"What up, bitch? How was work? You enjoy my little home movie?"

His smirk grew into a vicious grin as I stood there uncomfortably, my cheeks turning red in shame and embarrassment.

"Aw, didn't you like it? Cause I sure enjoyed making it."

I squirmed in place, avoiding eye contact with him as I fought against the dull pulsing I felt deep in my groin. The last thing I wanted was for him to see that I did, in fact, like it, so much so that I'd beaten off to it again on my afternoon break. Luckily, mom came down the stairs just then, saving me from any more of Stanley's mockery.

As she came through the archway, I nearly did a double take when I saw her. She was wearing an electric blue mini dress, the bodice of which hugged her chest tightly, putting her ample cleavage on display while the short hem offered plentiful amounts of bare thigh. The black stiletto heels on her feet added an extra five inches of height, and her long, blonde hair spilled down her back in waves.

"Hello, sweetheart," she greeted me.

"H-hi mom," I replied. "What's going on? You're not going out, are you?"

"Yes, actually. Stanley is taking me to dinner and then we're going dancing," she enthused.

"But, I thought we were gonna talk about my first few days of work while we had dinner tonight."

"Aw, I'm sorry sweetheart. It's just there's this new Asian fusion place that just opened up and Stanley managed to pull some strings to get us a reservation last minute."

I glanced at Stanley seated on the couch and he just smirked back at me.

"Not to mention I haven't been dancing in ages," she went on.

"Is that why you're wearing that dress?"

"Don't you like it? Stanley picked it out when we went shopping on my lunch break today."

"It's very... small," I finished.

Stanley hopped off the couch and came to stand next to her.

"Well it would be hard to dance with a lot of clothing in the way."

He slid his arm around mom's waist before pulling her close to him.

"Besides," he continued, looking down at her, "why cover up when there's plenty of assets to show off."

His hand snakes down to her ass to give it a quick squeeze, causing mom to giggle and playfully push him away.

"Anyway, we're going to be heading out soon. I think there's some leftover pizza in the fridge."

"When will you be back?"

"Dunno, sometime after you're in bed I imagine."

"So, are we gonna talk tomorrow then?" I ask as they headed toward the front door.

"Sure, sounds good, sweetheart. I'll see you tomorrow. Goodnight!" With a quick wave of her hand, she was gone, pulled out the door by Stanley.

I had spent the rest of the night alone and had gone to bed with the intention of getting a full night's sleep. But now I was tossing and turning under the sheets, searching for the increasingly elusive tug of unconsciousness while simultaneously trying to ignore the occasional faint giggle that drifted up from the front hall downstairs.

My cock, already semi-erect when I woke up, was attempting to reach full capacity, any hint of feminine laughter making it twitch from the array of naughty possibilities occurring below. I fought against it with great effort, but it was a losing battle, and soon my shaft was throbbing against the confines of the underwear encasing it.

I held out for as long as I could, even though I knew I'd give in eventually. With a sigh, I push the covers off me and climb from bed, reluctantly allowing my erection to guide me into the hallway.

The light from the front hall casts a dim glow, bathing the hall in shadows which I use to conceal my presence as I peer down while pressing against the wall.

Mom and Stanley stood close together kissing passionately, their arms encircling one another tightly to allow their hands to roam each other's body, pulling and grabbing as their heads rotated from side to side. Occasionally, I could see a flash of Stanley's tongue as he explored her mouth, imploring her to submit to him.

They swayed for a brief second as she began guiding him backwards, not stopping until he had his back up against the wall and her body pressed to his. Lifting her left leg up, she places her knee beside his waist, and they both softly moan into each other's mouth as their kissing intensifies, the sound of tongues urgently entwining echoing dully off the walls.

Stanley's large hands glide down to her ass, taking a hold of each cheek in a tight grip and kneading them firmly as he pulls their bodies even closer. Mom breaks their kiss with a sharp inhale before moving her lips to his neck and he tilts his head in the opposite direction, allowing her to kiss and lick along his skin unobstructed.

He shuts his eyes and lets out a sigh of satisfaction when mom's right hand begins massaging the growing bulge in his pants, enjoying the dual tantalizing effects of her mouth sensually nipping at his neck while rallying his cock to full readiness.

"Ugh, I can't believe you want some more dick."

"I'm gonna get as much as I can before Tim gets home later today," she said between kisses.

"Still, I thought that pounding I gave you in the bathroom back at the club would have been enough."

I gasped and my cock pulsed in my underwear.

"Mmm," mom smiled into his neck, "that was hot. You gave it to me with such ferocity in that stall."

She slowly slid to her knees, her hands moving up to his belt.

"How could I not? You got me so hard grinding that sexy ass against my crotch."

His breathing deepened as her fingers nimbly undid his buckle. She quickly unsnapped the button and pulled down the zipper before easing his weapon out the small opening of his pants.

Mom leaned her head back a bit, openly admiring Stanley's large, pulsating erection. Lengthy and thick, his uncut cock extended straight out from a tuft of dark, bushy pubic hair. A gleaming pearl of precum decorates the opening of his spongy head.

Stanley smirks as he watches her marvel at his tool, betraying a look of arrogant pride at the gift God had bestowed upon him.

"It's so perfect," mom mutters in awe before engulfing his shaft with impatient haste. Stanley sighs and leans his head back against the wall as she takes several fast and deep swallows of his cock before pulling off.

"I can still taste myself on you," she tells him, then starts kissing and licking his tip.

Pulling down my pajama bottoms and underwear, I free my erection before beginning to dutifully pump it.

"Well you covered me in your cream when I pumped my load into your pussy." He bites his bottom lip as she begins gently inhaling the precum from his cockhead, her full lips attempting to caress some more out of him.

He adjusts the position of his body once she resumes enthusiastically blowing him, widening his stance for a more comfortable position while being pleased by her eager mouth.

Mom's head moves forward and backward steadily, skillfully applying robust suction to his meaty pole with her soft, plush lips.

"God damn, do you know the proper respect to give my cock," he sighs, placing his hands on the back of her head before pumping into her mouth several times.

She moans as he fills her mouth with his rod, pressing forward to take him down her throat, her nose sinking into his voluminous bush.

"Aw, fuuuuuuck," Stanley moans quietly as mom begins making deep, gulping noises, milking his cock with her throat muscles. "You want it so bad don't you, slut?"

She continues deep throating him for another few seconds before slowly dragging her lips back, keeping them sheathed tightly around his shaft, before pulling off with a wet slurp.

"I always want your cock inside me," she replies, looking up at him while taking sensual, teasing licks of his bulbous head.

"Then let's go up stairs so you can ride me hard and fast while I lay back and enjoy those nice titties bouncing in my face."

Mom rose and leaned forward, grabbing his face with both hands so she could kiss him hard on the mouth. Stanley's paws shot out, and he began mauling her big tits over her dress while she stuck her tongue down his throat.

I hurriedly stuffed my aching cock back into my shorts before making a hasty retreat to my room. After quietly shutting the door behind me I lean against it, hearing the sounds of them climbing the stairs a few seconds later. A minute goes by after they shut mom's bedroom behind them before I tiptoe back out into the hall, my erection having softened a bit during the short interval.

However, it quickly returns to its former state as the noises coming from mom's room become clearer the closer I get to her door. By the time I'm standing outside, my cock is once again throbbing in my underwear, and I waste no time in freeing it to continue my jerk session from earlier while listening to my mom bouncing on Stanley's dick.

Her breaths come out deep and heavy alongside the fast but gentle squeaking of the box spring, indicating how much effort she's putting into riding him. Occasionally, a low moan of pleasure escapes from her mouth.

"You love sitting on my big dick, don't you, slut?"

"Yes," she huffs out. "It fills me all the way up."

"Damn right it does!"

A slap rings out from inside followed by a short yelp, and the squeaking increases in volume and acceleration.

"Fuck yeah, ride me as hard as you can, bitch. Take my cock far up your slutty hole."

I continue to beat my meat while listening to Stanley degrade my mom, driving her to fuck him with all the speed and strength she can muster until we're both ready to cum.

"Oh God, I'm cumming, Stanley, I'm cumming!"

"Ugh, yeah, squeeze a load out of me with that sopping cunt."

I hear him grunt several times a few seconds later just as mom emits a few high pitched whines of her own, and just like that, I too am spilling cum all over the floor of the hallway.

The sounds of heavy, satisfied breathing fills the room on the other side of the door, occasionally being interrupted by affectionate kisses. I pull off my shirt to mop up the mess I created, softly padding back down the hall once I've finished.

After tossing the soiled shirt into the hamper and retrieving a fresh one, I find it easier to return to sleep now that my dirty, sinful craving has been fulfilled, letting unconsciousness overtake me before shamefulness has the chance to.

In the morning, I rise when the alarm tells me too, shutting it off and shuffling through my morning routine before work. It's Saturday, so mom remains tucked away in bed, most likely with Stanley beside her. I'm finishing up breakfast when I hear the bathroom shutting from upstairs, and whoever is using it hasn't finished by the time I leave for work a few minutes later.

I'm only a few houses away when I remember I left my ID badge on the dresser in my room. Cursing to myself, I turn and jog back up the street, not wanting to miss my bus and risk being late.

I shut the front door quietly behind me, so as not to wake mom up, and ascend the stairs in the same manner. Once I get to the top, however, I see that her bedroom door is now open.

On the bed inside, Stanley lays flat on his back, staring up at the ceiling with half shut eyes. The sheets that cover him from the chest down protrude with a human-like shape, the head of which bobs up and down over where Stanley's crotch would be.

"Fuck, this is how I should be woken up every day," he mumbles, "With your slutty lips wrapped around my morning wood."

Mom lets out a sensuous moan as she gorges on Stanley's dick below the covers. She had barely waited for me to leave before seeking out more of his cock.

I stand frozen, trying to decide whether to just leave without my ID or attempt to grab it without being noticed. Meanwhile, my cock slowly starts to come alive from the wet slurping noises produced by mom's vigorous consumption of Stanley's pole underneath the blankets.

Suddenly, his head turns toward me from his spot on the bed, finally noticing me hovering on the

landing of the stairs just outside the door. We make eye contact, and a slow, sadistic smile spreads across his groggy face.

He reaches a hand underneath the covers and a second later, mom's head starts moving up and down his dick at a much faster rate.

"You gotta work harder for your breakfast, bitch."

Mom begins gagging, caught off guard by the sudden, forceful change in pace.

"Aww yeah, gonna be a big one today. All that protein'll do you good."

I stood there horrified and aroused as Stanley forced mom to choke on his meat, all the while staring at me with an evil grin. After a few seconds, I finally forced myself to turn and walk back downstairs, abandoning my ID for the day.

The crass sounds of mom's brutal face fucking only got louder the further away I got, and Stanley makes sure I hear him crudely insult her once more before I shut the front door behind me and leave them to their morning sexual escapades.

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Tim was in the living room when I got home from work that evening.

"Hey, kiddo," he greeted me from the couch after glancing up from his iPad.

Mom stood at the stove in the kitchen, finishing up cooking dinner.

"Hey," I said back.

"Dinner will be ready in a few minutes," mom announced as I headed toward the stairs.

We sat down at the table not too long later, after I had changed out of my work clothes.

"How was your flight?" I asked Tim.

"Oh, it was fine. Totally uneventful. Arrival was a nightmare though."

"How come?"

"It took forever to get off the plane and then the airline lost my luggage. Plus your mom was late picking me up."

"Yeah, sorry again about that. Lost track of time."

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw her smile softly to herself. I could pretty much guess what, or rather who, had made her late to the airport.

"It's fine, I figured you must've been busy with something," he dismisses.

Mom takes a sip of wine while Tim shovels pasta into his mouth.

"Mm, Kyle, how's your new job?" He mumbles, his mouth still half full. "I'm sure you've told your mom all about it but I want to hear how it's going."

I perk up and launch into all the details about work; what it's like being employed by a big box store, my many coworkers, the different departments, etc.

Talking to Tim reminds me of how nice it is having someone who's interested in what you have to say. Mom starts out listening, occasionally nodding or offering a small smile, but I notice her slowly start to zone out, leaving me feeling disappointed. So I end up turning all of my focus on Tim, who occasionally asks questions in between bites of his dinner.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see mom glance down at the phone in her lap when it lights up with a notification. The slight, pleasant smile that briefly appears a few seconds later when she checks it gives me an idea of the cause.

She types something and receives a quick response, snorting quietly to herself. Tim doesn't appear to notice, too busy twirling pasta on his fork while regaling me with a story of his first job, but I do, and I know it's Stanley that she's messaging.

Her renewed spirit, directed completely at her phone, occupies her throughout dinner. It's only when I get up to clear the table that she finally returns it to her lap, smiling as if she'd been listening the entire time.

"That's nice of you to clear the table for you mother, Kyle," Tim compliments pleasantly.

I pause briefly before continuing to collect the plates and silverware.

"When did you start doing that?"

"Oh, a little while ago," I mumble, not meeting his gaze. Mom swallows the rest of her wine to hide her smile.

"Huh, can't believe I just noticed."

"Well, a lot can change when you aren't here often," mom says.

"That's true, and I know I've been absent a lot. But I'm going to make more of an effort to not fly off so much, I promise."

Mom only offers a tight smile in response and I debate internally about the truthfulness of his words as I wash the dishes for the next twenty minutes.

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It's three days later when I finally have my first day off. I'm getting a better handle of how things run at Office Depot, thanks in large part to Sarah. She's only a couple of years older than me but she knows so much about how everything works, telling me during my training one day that she hopes to make supervisor soon.

I think she'd do a great job, she's really good with the customer's as well as our co-workers, even though I've heard a few of them cracking jokes about her weight, which pisses me off. Sarah's so nice, we've become work buddies, and it makes me mad to overhear some of the others being jerks behind her back.

At home, mom seems to be becoming distant from Tim. She doesn't outright ignore him, but her level of engagement has definitely been minimal, and I think he's finally starting to notice

something is up.

Stanley hasn't been around, pulling his vanishing act like usual when Tim is home, but I do catch mom messaging more often than she normally does when Tim comes back.

Despite not having to get up early for work, my internal clock still wakes me up around the time I usually set my alarm for. The sun is barely creeping up above the horizon, and a faint pinkish light filters through the blinds into my room.

I can hear Tim's muffled snoring from down the hall as I attempt to fall back asleep, the only real noise in our otherwise quiet house. My eyes are shut tight in concentration when suddenly his snores get briefly louder before returning to their muffled volume again.

Opening my eyes, I look up at the ceiling in confusion, wondering if I had just imagined it in my fatigued stupor. However, a few seconds later, I hear the soft squeak of the staircases in between Tim's snoring.

Sitting up, I listen carefully before getting out of bed and heading toward my door. Turning the knob, I slowly inch it open a bit. I don't see anyone out in the hall, but Tim quiets down briefly enough for me to hear the soft, mechanical click of the front door closing.

My mind races as I turn around and stride toward the window that overlooks our backyard. I push a small section of the blinds up and peer through. Next door, I see Stanley standing in front of his garage in nothing but slides and a pair of light purple boxer briefs that cling tightly to him.

He looks up from his phone and a few seconds later, mom comes into view, walking quickly toward him. Her long, blonde hair flows down the back of her short, light pink satin nightie, the front of which displays a good portion of the large, full breasts, that she presses against Stanley's bare chest when they embrace tightly, locking their lips together in a passionate kiss.

I watch as they press their bodies close to one another, their mouths molded together and moving in a lust filled wrestle. Mom's left hand moves to the front of Stanley's underwear and she begins to softly grope at his bulge. At the same time, he slips his right hand up the back of her nightie, taking one of her ass cheeks in his firm grip.

My cock begins to respond as they throw caution to the wind by putting their depravity on display for anyone to see. After a minute of making out and grappling with each other, they break apart, and as Stanley takes a step back, his erection comes into view, practically sticking out the top of his boxer briefs, so large I can notice it even from my vantage point on the second floor. He turns around, then crouches to lift open the garage door. Mom steps inside and he follows, lowering the door once he's inside.

Despite the dread of catching mom sneaking out to have sex with Stanley while Tim is still asleep, my erection aches in my shorts, and deep down I knew my fucked up excitement stems from seeing her so desperate to take his dick that she couldn't possibly go more than a few days before running off to get some.

But more than anything, I knew that imagining all the filthy things they could be doing inside wouldn't be enough to satiate my shameful desire to see them in the throes of depraved fornication, which is why I stared at the dirty window on the side of the Pachis' garage for several minutes, contemplating the risk of getting caught playing voyeur to their illicit sex.

Eventually, like always, my libido overrides any other logical sense and I turn to slip on a pair of flip flops before exiting my room and quietly descending down the stairs, using Tim's intermittent

snores to cover any squeaky steps along the way.

After shutting the front door softly behind me, I make my way down the sidewalk and up the Pachis' driveway, slowing down as I approach the garage. I pause just outside, listening for any noises made on the other side of the door but unable to hear any.

Moving to the left, I slip into the narrow opening between the side of the garage and the chain link fence separating our driveway from theirs. I've almost reached the window when the jagged sound of it being wrenched open makes me freeze. A pair of large hands manages to yank it halfway up, fighting against years of dirt and neglect.

"There, that should let a bit of cool air in," I hear Stanley say, and his hands disappear as he presumably returns to mom.

The sound of the blinds knocking against the glass of the window seems louder than it should be in the quiet of the morning, yet not loud enough to drown out the pounding of my heart. I stand completely still, breathing heavily while waiting for my heart rate to return to normal.

Only a few minutes pass before I hear a soft moan come through the half open window. My cock, which deflated rather quickly after nearly being caught, starts to re-inflate as the moaning deepens and increases in volume.

Once it's fully erect again, I inch closer to the window while crouching low. The blinds that cover it are old and broken on the ends in several places, affording me the ability to look through them and into the garage.

Inside, opposite the window, mom lays completely naked on the bench press where Stanley does his weightlifting, the nightie she was wearing now casually strewn on the floor. Her arms rest above her head and she has her eyes shut tight. Stanley, crouching low on the ground in front of her, clutches the inside of her thighs, parting them while he feasts on her mound.

I can hear him wetly lapping at her pussy in between mom's moans of pleasure. His head gently rocks forward and backward, focusing intently on exploring the depths of her tunnel with his tongue, and from the expression on mom's face, it's clear that he knows where to search.

Her chest rises with every sharp inhale of breath, thrusting her breasts into the air. Stanley peers over the top of her pelvis as he continues to eat her out, training his eyes on her heavy, round tits as they repeatedly heave upward.

Without stopping his tactful assault on her pussy, he lets go of her thighs and reaches forward to take both of her breasts in each hand. Mom's back immediately arches as she pushes her tits into his grip while letting out a groan of pleasure.

Stanley uses his thumbs to stimulate her rock hard nipples, heightening her sexual gratification. He spends the next few minutes alternating between squeezing her tits while flicking her nipples and rolling each one tightly between his index finger and thumb, driving mom to emit high pitched moans. At the same time, his tongue and lips continue moving, with acute determination, against her wet opening, pushing as far into her cunt as he can go and teasing her clit with light licks and strokes.

Like a trap ready to be sprung, Mom's body becomes tense in response to Stanley's titillation of her breasts and pussy, signaling the approach of a powerful orgasm. This is apparently right where Stanley wants her to be as he pulls his mouth and tongue away from her mound, drawing a whine of complaint from mom.

"You ready for this dick?"

"God, yes. I want to cum all over your huge cock."

Stanley smirks at her enthusiastic response, his mouth and chin shiny from her pussy juices. Standing up, he pushes his underwear down past his erection to the floor. He steps out of them, and then kicks them away with the toe of one of his slides before squatting to become level with mom's body.

Reaching forward, he grips her hips and slides her towards him until her ass is resting right along the edge of the bench. Stanley takes his large erection in his right hand and begins rubbing it along her slit, coating the underside of his shaft with her excess fluid. Mom groans in response, clearly desperate to be filled by him.

"You just couldn't wait to get more of my dick, could you?"

Mom bit her lip and shook her head fiercely.

"Sex with Tim was that awful?"

"It was so unsatisfying. I need to be fucked by a real man who knows what he's doing."

I inhaled and felt my dick give a sharp jerk in my pajama bottoms. Reaching inside, I freed my erection and slowly began to pump it.

"And who would that be?" He asks, pushing her response further.

"You, Stanley. You're a goddamn stud, every woman's dream. You fuck like every man should."

He smirks down at her and stops rubbing his cock along her pussy.

"What do you want then?"

"Your cock, I need your cock inside me," she pleads.

"Beg me for it, like the fucking slut you are."

"Please fuck me, Stanley! Stick your big cock inside me and fuck me senseless! My pussy is yours to use!"

"Fuck yeah it is! You're my own personal whore! I own you, you cheating skank!"

With that final statement, Stanley places the head of his huge dick at the entrance to her tunnel, then slowly begins to push inside.

"UGH, FUCK YES!" Mom cries in excitement as she's penetrated. She emits a long, high pitched wail of intense pleasure as Stanley slowly sinks his cock deep inside her.

Once his bushy pubes graze her swollen pussy lips, he widens his stance in order to fuck her more easily, and reaches underneath her parted thighs to grab onto them from the top, his long fingers digging into the creamy, alabaster skin of her legs as he holds them open for himself.

Withdrawing his long, thick cock from inside her, he pushes steadily back in, repeating this

pattern for the first few minutes they have sex. Mom's breathing deepens substantially every time he unhurriedly reenters her, stretching the walls of her tight cunt around his engorged shaft.

Stanley gradually builds up speed until he's fucking her with fast, even strokes, spearing her deeply with his massive pole. With every smooth thrust of his cock, mom's shapely thighs ripple from the impact of his hips slapping against them, creating a smacking noise that fills the garage along with the sounds of wet penetration, almost drowning out their lust filled grunts and pants.

I watch in rapt attention as Stanley gives mom the pounding she so desperately craved, beating my stiff cock with hurried excitement. Part of me still can't believe she actually snuck out of the bed she shares with Tim to let Stanley fuck her, boldly crossing a new line as she descends further into the submissive role of a whore serving her master. But at the same time, I also knew this was what was responsible for my aroused state.

Inside the garage, Stanley continues to fuck mom fast and hard, a barbaric savage ravishing it's willing victim. His hulking, muscular form squats low as he holds her soft, delicate figure in place, releasing primitive carnal grunts while reaming her pussy with the large uncut weapon protruding obscenely from the wild, untamed bush of pubic hair that covers his crotch.

Mom's body rocks in response to being pounded so thoroughly. She grips her jiggling breasts in her hands, squeezing them while making eye contact with Stanley. The intensity and depth of her gaze conveys to him the extent of just how much she needed his dick as well as her gratification from receiving it.

However, this was not enough for Stanley, who evidently preferred to hear her admit it to him out loud.

"This is what you needed, isn't it? A hard pounding from my big cock?" He huffs out between thrusts.

"Ugh, yes," mom manages to answer. "I couldn't go another day without it."

"You couldn't get it from your fiancé either."

"No," she confirms. "He has no idea what he's doing."

"And that's why you messaged me?"

"Yes, because you fuck incredibly. I'm not satisfied by any cock but yours!"

"Fuck, yes!"

Excited by her words, Stanley increases the speed and intensity of this thrusts, fucking mom harder and deeper than before.

"Here's the cock you miss so much you fucking skank!"

Mom lets out euphoric wails, her eyes shut tight as he mercilessly drives his cock in and out of her, almost animalistic in nature. A fine layer of sweat coats the muscles of his large frame, produced from working her over so completely in the modest, poorly ventilated space.

"Who owns this pussy?"

"You do, Stanley! My body belongs to you! I'm yours forever!"

"You nasty, cheating slut," he snarls out before pausing his assault on her pussy and withdrawing his cock. The entire length of his shaft is drenched in her juices.

"Look at the mess you made of my cock, you stupid bitch. I'm gonna have to punish you for it."

He throws her legs over his shoulder, then leans forward and grips the weightless bar resting on the rack opposite him. Standing up a bit, he readjusts his stance until his body is stretched out above hers, his slide clad feet planted solidly on the concrete floor.

Mom inhales sharply as her knees become tucked by her head, which tilts her ass up and exposes her wet cunt. I can see her legs shaking in anticipation for what's about to happen.

"Put me back inside you," Stanley commands firmly.

Mom complies, reaching out and feeling for his rigid cock before taking a hold of it and guiding it to her opening. She struggles a bit due to the new position of her body, but she's determined to have what she's been craving the last few days firmly planted inside her.

They both let out lustful noises when his cock finally broaches the walls of her mound. Mom releases his shaft, letting Stanley take over as he slowly sinks down deep inside her, and takes a hold of his taut biceps in preparation for the harsh fucking she's no doubt about to receive.

Once he's fully inside her again, he rotates his hips, getting a feel for the warm, wet snugness enveloping his pole.

"Ahhh fuck yeah," he sighs, content with the tight feeling surrounding his shaft. "You ready, slut? I'm gonna give you a pounding you won't soon forget."

"Yes, fuck me hard, Stanley! Remind me why I came over here."

With that, Stanley slowly withdraws his cock until just the tip is left inside before dropping his hips and shoving back into her. Mom unleashes a scream of pleasure, her nails digging into the bronze skin of his arms.

"Scream louder, cunt, wake your pathetic fiancé next door and let him hear you being fucked by a real man!"

Stanley once again withdraws his large, rigid erection before slamming back in, causing mom to let out another scream.

"Give it to me, Stanley! Take what belongs to you and make me scream so everybody knows I'm your whore!"

Needing no further encouragement, Stanley begins hammering into mom, using his grip on the bar and the placement of his feet for leverage in hoisting his hips up and dropping them back down, forcing a good portion of his huge dick into her soaked pussy.

His deep grunts are nearly drowned out by mom's screams of delirious pleasure. She barely manages to cling to his arms, her folded up body quivering from the powerful thrusting of his behemoth cock past her folds and down her chute.

I can tell neither of them will last very long, both too overwhelmed by the feral lust of their illicit fornication. My own orgasm slowly approaches, the tingling deep in my groin growing more and

more pronounced as I watch them mate like animals.

Stanley's strong arms and firm footing gives him the ability of pistoning his large, uncut cock in and out mom's exposed cunt with ease.

"Ugh, I'm gonna cum, you're gonna make me cum," mom cries out, almost incoherent.

Stanley grunts through tightly gritted teeth, not even bothering to respond as he focuses on achieving his own orgasm. The muscles in his body begin to become taut from tension and he arches his back, pushing more of his dick into mom.

"Ohhh fuck," mom squeaks, her mouth dropping open as her eyes slam shut.

"I. Fucking. Own. You," Stanley says, more to himself than to her. With one final slam, he holds his meaty cock deep inside her, letting out a low roar as he overwhelms her cervix with copious amounts of semen.

Mom lets out another cry of pleasure and their bodies stay locked together as they both revel in the peak of their respective orgasms. As they start to wind down, they automatically move in sync with one another; Stanley lowers himself down onto mom while she slides her legs from his shoulder to wrap around his waist.

I glimpse a flash of tongue before he crushes his mouth to her, moaning greedily as mom reciprocates with eagerness. She tightens her legs around his waist, pulling him firmly against her as he finishes emptying his morning load inside the warm depths of her pussy.

With a final tug, I blow my load all over the vinyl siding of Stanley's garage. My left hand shoots out to steady myself against the windowsill as I spray cum along the wall underneath.

I return my attention to the couple inside as the last drops of cum dribble from my rapidly deflating cock. Stanley's mouth is around the nipple of mom's right breast, suckling it while he gropes the left one. She sighs in contentment, enjoying the attention he's paying to her tits and stroking his hair in encouragement.

He alternates back and forth between sucking on each of her heavy, round globes while I stuff my cock back into my pajama bottoms. The cum I shot all over the garage has dripped down the side. Hopefully, it won't leave too much of a stain.

Shuffling noises from inside the garage catches my attention, and I look through the window to see mom and Stanley getting up off the bench to get dressed.

I quickly duck out down, paralyzed as I try and decide whether to make a break for it down the driveway and risk getting caught or hiding until they both go back inside.

The decision is ultimately made for me when I hear the sound of the garage door being lifted up, and I dart in the opposite direction before slipping around the back corner.

After the garage door is pulled back down a few seconds later, I hear Stanley speak to mom.

"That was really hot."

"It was, these past few days have left me feeling so pent up."

"I could tell, you came so hard on my cock."

Mom giggles and then I hear the sounds of kissing before Stanley speaks again.

"I want more of that pussy while he's here," he tells her. The tone of his voice makes it clear that he's not asking.

"And you can have it," she replies immediately. "I don't think I can go days without seeing you anymore. Especially after how disappointing sex has become with Tim."

"Guess I'm just too good." I could practically hear the smirk in his voice.

"You definitely are," she tells him before they start kissing again.

"I gotta get back," she says after they finish. "I'll message you later."

"Sounds good, baby."

I listen as their footsteps retreat, mom's down the driveway and Stanley up the steps of his back porch. After he shuts the door, I wait another few minutes to ensure mom is inside our house and won't catch me sneaking back in before venturing out.

The sun is higher now than it was when I first crept out here, and the sounds of the neighborhood waking up are just beginning. I gently crack open the front door, checking for any movement or sound from inside before slipping through and climbing the stairs.

At the top, I see the door to the bathroom is shut, and can hear the sound of the shower running inside. Guess mom is washing away all the evidence of her fuck with Stanley.

I shut my bedroom door behind me before crawling back into bed. My mind briefly ponders what other ways mom will find to meet up with Stanley throughout the rest of Tim's time here before sleep pulls me under a blanket of unconsciousness.

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Turns out, I didn't need to wait long to find out.

The next evening after dinner, mom casually mentioned she was going out for a jog.

"I thought you only jogged on the weekends?" Tim asked, not looking up from his tablet.

"Normally yes, but I've put on a bit of weight recently that I'm trying to lose."

I glanced at her from the corner of my eye as I cleared the table, guessing what she'd actually be doing to burn off calories.

"You know I thought so, but I didn't want to say anything in case I was wrong."

Mom narrowed her eyes and gave him a tight smile.

"Glad you were so concerned," she deadpanned.

Her tone makes Tim look up, and he realizes how rude his comment had sounded.

"I just meant I thought that's why you would go out jogging when you normally don't," he

attempted to explain. "Not that I thought you gained weight."

"Right," she dismisses before standing up. "I'm gonna get changed and head out."

She left the room before Tim could say anything else. He sighs in frustration before turning back to his tablet. The front door slams a few minutes later, signaling mom's irate exit.

"I swear, she can be so petulant sometimes," Tim mutters to himself.

I don't say anything as I stand at the sink washing dishes and he eventually makes his way to the couch. Mom returns about forty five minutes later, sweaty, out of breath, and with her ponytail askew.

"Did you have a good run?" Tim asks, glancing away from the TV as she shuts the front door behind her.

"Yup," she throws over her shoulder before climbing the stairs. The sound of the bathroom door shutting reaches us shortly afterward. When I head up to my room ten minutes later, I hear the shower running just like it was yesterday after mom had finished having sex with Stanley in his garage.

I could tell that she continued to meet up with him the rest of the week. One night, I came downstairs to grab a drink and noticed she wasn't around.

"She had to run to the store," Tim tells me when I inquire after her whereabouts. I frown and go back upstairs.

Looking out my bedroom window, I see that mom's car is gone while Stanley's truck still sits in his driveway, making me wonder if she actually had gone out to the store.

But later on, once she had gotten back, my curiosity got the better of me, and I snuck downstairs to snag her keys off the table.

I wasn't sure what I was expecting to find as I approached her car, but I definitely wasn't prepared for it to reek of sex when I opened the door. The scent of sweat and cum overwhelmed my nostrils, causing my cock to begin to stir in my pants.

The backseat had a wet stain in the middle, and when I leaned in to inhale deeply, I noticed something peeking out from under the front passenger seat. Reaching under, I grab the edge and pull it out, holding up a hand towel sticky with the combined fluids of mom and Stanley.

Tentatively, I bring it closer to my face to get a whiff of the strong salty scent of cum, which brings my erection to full mast. Soon, I have my pants hastily yanked down and my cock in my hand as I furiously jerk off while inhaling the fresh scent of sex that permeates the car, perversely created by mom and Stanley not too long ago.

When I cum about two minutes later, I blow my load into the hand towel, adding my jizz to the fluid that's already there. After the last drops dribble out, I stuff the towel back where I found it before silently creeping retreating into the house.

As her need for Stanley deepens, mom's inhibitions lower in response, and she boldly begins engaging in much riskier sex with him.

A few nights later, when I finish getting ready for bed, I head downstairs for a glass of water. The bathroom door is shut tight as I pass, the shower running full blast behind it, Tim having gone in

just a few minutes prior.

After taking a long gulp of water, I place the glass in the sink, and out of the corner of my eye, I notice the trash can is filled to the brim. Sighing, I walk over and tie the top of the garbage bag closed before yanking it out.

Exiting the back door, I head to the right and stop at the trash bin by the back corner of the house. Dropping the bag in, I shut the lid and am about to go head inside when a creaking noise catches my attention. Listening more closely, I can make out that it's mechanical in nature.

Looking around the corner of the house, I see Stanley's truck, parked farther up his driveway, rocking in place. Inside the cab, mom rides Stanley's cock with complete abandon. Her naked body jostles as she raises and lowers her round ass with quick precision.

Stanley's large hands roughly knead her round tits, squeezing them and pulling tightly on her erect nipples while mom slides along his thick pole trying to make them both cum.

I stand there in shock, unable to fathom how they could mate so brazenly like this. Mom seems to care less and less about being discrete, either wanting to be caught or getting off on the danger of fucking Stanley so openly while Tim is home. Perhaps both.

Despite how much it worries me that he possessed so much control over her now, I found it completely arousing to see her engage outright in illicit fornication right behind Tim's back, and I think it turned me on just as much as it turned her on, as evident by the raging erection in my pajama bottoms.

After jerking off in my bedroom not long after catching them in Stanley's truck, I wondered how much more bold they would get before Tim left for another work trip.

It was a few days later when I would find out. I had mixed up the days when I was supposed to stay late for inventory, so I ended up getting off work at my normal time instead of a couple hours later like I had anticipated.

I came in through the back door and was greeted by the sound of Tim snoring as he napped on the couch. He was splayed out, glasses askew and his tablet half gripped in one hand. Walking through the kitchen, I pass the closed door to the laundry but pause when I hear what sounds like a faint groan coming from the other side. I slowly turn around and move closer, leaning in to try and hear anything over Tim's loud snores.

"Aw, fuck yeah."

I recognize Stanley's cocky, arrogant voice, and I can feel my cock inflating in anticipation as I gently slide open the pocket door a crack to look inside.

On the opposite end of the room, Stanley leans against the washing machine with his eyes shut tight while bracing his hands on either side of him, his legs spread apart and the waistband of his mesh shorts tucked underneath his large, hairy balls as mom kneels on the ground in front of him, feverishly sucking his thick meat.

"Mmm that right, slobber on my cock," he mumbles, prompting a low moan of pleasure from mom. I watch the back of her head move as she eagerly engulfs his rod in her mouth repeatedly.

"What a slutty little bitch you are, blowing me with your fiancé asleep in the next room."

Mom moans again, excitedly sucking him faster. Her left hand pushes under his tank top, caressing his taut abs, while her right grips the thick muscle of this thigh.

"You were put on this fucking Earth to serve me," he says, voice tense.

His head tilts back and I can see the strain in the muscles of his neck as he clenches his jaw in response to an impending orgasm.

"Fuck, I'm gonna fill your mouth with cream," he grunts, then grabs the back of her head with both hands, spearing her mouth with his thick pole over and over as he unloads down her throat.

I quietly shut the door before he finishes, not wanting to get caught, then sneak out the back. To avoid Stanley as he sneaks out, I take a long walk around the block before approaching the back door.

Inside, I can see mom moving around the kitchen and know it's safe.

"Hello, sweetheart," mom greets me in surprise after I walk in. "I thought you were working late doing inventory?"

"I got the dates mixed up."

"Oh, well it must've been nice to find out you didn't have to stay late."

"Yeah, I guess it was."

"If you had let me know, I probably would've started dinner a bit sooner."

I looked at her a few seconds before answering, "I'll make sure to do that next time."

"Good," she said, nodding her head.

"Anyway, I'm gonna go ahead and get changed."

"Alright, sweetheart, I'll probably start cooking now that you're home."

She moved toward the fridge and yanked it open. As I left the kitchen, I glanced back at her, noticing the relief on her face as stared at the contents of the refrigerator.

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I stand at the kitchen sink, looking out the window at the small crowd gathered in Stanley's backyard. Smoke was rising from the grill and a table set up nearby had an assortment of side dishes, chips, drinks, and desserts. Music was playing from a speaker somewhere as people laughed while mingling.

"I can't believe we're going over there," I mutter, mostly to myself.

"Come on, Kyle, don't act so miserable," mom tells me as she finishes applying her lipstick. "It'll be a lot of fun, and I think some of your old classmates might be there."

I turn away from her, sulking in protest. Tim had left for another week long work trip only a couple of days after I found mom blowing Stanley in the laundry room. It was not long after his return that she had announced Stanley had invited us all to his family's barbecue.

"I'm sorry, what?" I asked incredulously.

"He invited us to his family barbecue," mom repeated.

"When?"

"This Saturday, it starts at two."

"And you want to go?"

"Why not? It was nice of him to consider us, wasn't it?"

"It was," Tim interjects. "I think it'll be a lot of fun."

"So shall I tell him we'll go?"

"Why not. I don't have another trip until the Monday after anyways."

"Great, I'll let him know."

I had been dreading today all week. It was bad enough that I was forced to deal with Stanley when Tim was away, now I'll have to spend the rest of today surrounded by him and his asshole friends. Not to mention I have no idea how he would behave with mom while Tim is right there.

The way they both had so freely engaged in sex while he had been home revealed a new depth to their relationship with each other as well as added a new risk component to their fucking, something they both clearly enjoyed and didn't give up once Tim had left on his work trip.

I came home from work about ten minutes early one day, having gotten a ride from Sarah and avoided taking my usual bus. The second I pushed open the back door, mom's high pitched squeals of pleasure reached my ears, and the first thing I saw was Stanley's hairy ass rapidly rising and falling above the top of the back of the couch as he pumped into mom, who's dainty feet were on either side of him while she dug her fingers into his ass cheeks.

Their clothes were strewn haphazardly around the room, hanging off of furniture or slung across the floor. Neither of them heard me come in, too busy having loud, passionate sex to notice, and I stood there watching them for about a minute, out of surprise and arousal, when mom speaks.

"Ugh, he's gonna be home soon!" She tells Stanley.

"Fucking good, I want him to know this is my house now, and your skanky ass belongs to me!"

"Oh God, you're gonna make me cum, Stanley!"

"That's right, let your son walk in and see you cumming on my big dick. Maybe he'll learn how to satisfy a woman."

"Fuck, I'm cumming, Stanley, I'm cumming!"

I watched her toes curl as an orgasm overtook her, and not long after Stanley began grunting loudly, signaling his own impending orgasm was near. Grabbing the doorknob, I shut the door just as he began shooting his load deep inside mom, and waited a good fifteen minutes before daring to venture back inside, feeling somewhat relieved to find them both upright and dressed.

I had studiously avoided making any eye contact with them, and shut myself up in my room as quickly as possible. That wasn't the only time that week that I had caught them fucking so brazenly either, waking up late one night to pee, only to see their figures pressed together behind the frosted glass of the shower as I stood in the open doorway of the bathroom. Mom's soft giggles echoed off the walls as they touched each other under the water. I ended up jerking off right there in the doorway while watching them before returning to bed.

Since Tim had gotten back on Tuesday, I hadn't caught her sneaking around with Stanley, but I was unsure if that was because they weren't messing around as much or they had simply just put more effort into being discreet about it.

I pondered this as I watched mom touch up her makeup. She's wearing a white sundress today and platform sandals, her hair tied back in a loose ponytail.

"Tim, we're waiting on you," she called upstairs, then rolled her eyes.

"Sorry," he said, bounding down the stairs. "I was just finishing ironing my shorts."

Mom grabbed the plate of brownies she had baked off the counter, and then we proceeded out the back door to head next door.

As we walked up the Pachis' driveway, I scanned the crowd of people milling about the backyard. Most of the people I didn't know, but off to the side near the porch, was a group of guys I went to school with, among them was Stanley and his brother, Wade.

Wade was two years younger than me, he'll be starting his junior year soon. He was almost as tall as Stanley, but instead of being muscular like him, he was thin; a beanpole with hair down to his shoulder blades.

Stanley finally noticed us as we approached the edge of the crowd. He smirked before taking a swig of the beer in his hand, then made some comment to his group of friends that made them all laugh and turn in our direction.

Mom made eye contact with him and waved. He gave a nod and swallowed the rest of his beer, chucking it into a nearby trash can as he strutted over.

"Well, look what the cat dragged in," he greeted us.

I badly wanted to point out we weren't actually inside but I held my tongue.

"Hi, Stanley," mom greeted him pleasantly. "Thank you so much for inviting us, we're thrilled to be here."

"Of course, what kind of neighbor would I be if I didn't?" He smirked again before turning to mom's right.

"You must be Tim," he stuck out his hand and Tim shook it, wincing slightly as Stanley took a firm grasp of his hand. Stanley's smirk grew wider. "I've just heard so much about you," he continued.

"How nice," Tim said, letting go. "I'm afraid I can't say the same, although you're quite different from what I imagined."

"Oh?" Stanley said, raising his eyebrows. "How so?"

"Just that when Julie said the neighbor's son was doing odd jobs around the house, I thought it was one of your younger brothers that I see occasionally."

"Well, my brothers don't exactly have the muscles to be able to do some of those repairs," he said pointedly, flexing both of his arms. It wasn't lost on me that he was implying that Tim didn't either.

"I know what you mean, now that I think about it. Some of those pipes that got replaced were mighty old, they must've been a bitch to wrench out of there."

"Eh, they didn't put up as much of a fight as you imagine. But that's to be expected, they were so old they were practically useless. It's only a shame they weren't replaced sooner."

"It was on the list of things we were gonna tackle once we had gotten married."

"Guess I saved you the trouble then."

The conversation lapsed in silence for a few seconds before mom spoke up.

"Oh, I've brought some dessert, don't know where you want me to put it."

"That's very kind of you, Julie. You didn't have to bring anything, though, just your lovely self." He smiled at her.

"Here, I'll show you where you can drop those off and where you guys can get a drink if you want."

Stanley led us through the crowd of people to a table stacked with food and drinks. Mom set the brownies down on the end with several other desserts.

"There's plenty to drink, so help yourselves to whatever--"

"Stanley!" A voice barked loudly, and a large, burly man in an apron emerged from the crowd beside us. Tall, he had short hair and a five o'clock shadow. A thick midsection offset the muscles in his chest and arms.

"Did you stack all the empty boxes over on the side of the house?"

"Yeah, Dad, I did."

"Good." Stanley's father gave us all a once over. "And who the hell are you all?"

"Dad, these are the neighbors. Remember, I told you I invited them?"

"Ohhhh, that's right," he said, recollection in his voice. "Apologies, I've had a few beers already. Stuart Pachis," he held out his hand.

"Nice to meet you, I'm Tim, and this is Julie and Kyle."

"Ah, good to be able to put a, uh, face to the name," Stuart says to mom, a knowing smile stretching across his face. "My sons been helping you out in all sorts of ways, hasn't he?"

"He definitely has," mom replied with a smile of her own.

"Always told him in order to be a proper man, he needs to know how to take care of business

around the house, aye son?" He thumped Stanley on the back and gave him a wink.

"Yeah I seem to recall you saying something to that effect," Stanley answers with a smirk.

"Anyway, either of you get yourselves a drink yet? There's plenty here."

"We haven't had the chance," mom said.

"Well let's get you situated with some alcohol then. Tim, what're you drinking today?"

"Oh, something light, maybe a wine cooler."

"A wine cooler? Why don't you leave that for your fiancé to drink. The fellas and I are knocking back some Jameson."

"Ohh I'm not so sure about that," Tim held up his hands in protest. "I'm not that big of a drinker."

"Nonsense, whiskey is always the right move. Come join us, we'll fix you up right."

With that, Stuart guided Tim away.

"What about you, gorgeous? See anything that you're thirsty for?" Stanley spoke in a low tone as he offered mom a seductive smile.

"I think I have something in mind," she flirted back.

Placing his hand on her lower back, he led her over to the drinks down at the either end of the table, leaving me by myself. I looked around the backyard at the unfamiliar faces, spotting a few familiar ones I wanted to avoid.

The next several hours went by painfully slow. Tim stood around with Stuart and his friends, looking very out of place as they forced drink after drink down his throat, ribbing him whenever he tried to politely decline until he eventually gave in and reluctantly accepted another.

Mom stood just off to his side, sipping at sangria and occasionally joining in the conversation, although I noticed her making eye contact with Stanley from across the yard on more than one occasion. He would offer a smirk or a wink in return, then say something to his friends which would cause them all to laugh and holler in response.

I avoided them all as best as possible, spending most of the time wandering through the crowd or standing by the table. Eventually, I found a quiet place by the side of the garage where I could sit down on my phone without being disturbed.

Not long after six, I got bored of scrolling through the various apps on my phone. The sun was just starting to set, and I figured we'd spent enough time here and could finally go home. Scanning the backyard, I spot Tim still standing amongst Stuart and his friends, although looking quite drunk by this point. I couldn't imagine how much he'd drank by now.

However, I noticed mom was not by his side anymore. Moving through the backyard, I attempted to spot her white sundress amongst the crowd. After several minutes of searching and no luck, I decided to check inside the house, figuring she might have gone to use the bathroom or something.

As I shut the back door behind, most of the noise becomes muffled and I can finally hear myself

think. The setting sun casts an orange and pink glow inside the kitchen. Moving into the living room, I look to the right and see through the open door that the bathroom is empty.

Throwing my hands up, I decide to just head home myself, unwilling to go back outside and search through the crowd for her. I exit through the front door and step outside. The noise from the crowd in the back is faint up here, and as I begin to walk down the steps of the front porch, I'm able to make out hushed voices coming from around the side of the house.

Moving to the left, I approach several large bushes that block the entrance to the small space between the side of the Pachis' house and the fence of the house next door. The volume of the voices become clear enough that I can tell they belong to a man and a woman.

I step forward and carefully part a portion of the bushes to be able to look through. The setting sun provides enough dim light to illuminate the small space, and further down, barely concealed by some stacked cardboard boxes, is mom pinned against the side of the house while Stanley holds her aloft.

Her legs are wrapped tightly around his waist while he holds her up by the bottom of the thighs. The waistband of his mesh shorts are tucked underneath the curve of his hairy ass, exploding his thick, uncut cock, which he hurriedly saws in and out of her pussy.

Mom holds herself steady by gripping the large biceps of his arms, the hem of her sundress pulled up to make it easier for him to ram his dick in and out of her over and over. It takes me a few seconds to finally notice her red panties dangling from the ankle of her right foot.

The way their bodies writhe together in perfect unison is incredibly erotic, mom pushing against the cock that's invading her cunt with every quick thrust of Stanley's hips. Adding to it is the fact that this is all taking place a few feet away from a large crowd of people, which includes Tim, in a small alcove that just barely manages to hide their fucking. My cock comes alive instantly.

"Fuck, you're so strong," mom tells Stanley in breathless huffs.

"Stronger than your wimpy fiancé?"

"Yes, he's so weak, he could never fuck me like this."

"Like what?"

"Up against the house like a whore."

"Good slut, you know your fucking place," he tells her roughly. "Fucking hell, your cunt is soaked. You love getting off on being fucked with all these people right here, don't you?"

"I do, I love sneaking away to take your big cock."

"And with your fiancé a few feet away?"

"Yes, too drunk to notice I've left his side to get fucked by a 20 year old stud."

Stanley starts hammering into her cunt harder, spurred by their degrading conversation. The muscles in his ass contract with every sharp jab of his meat inside her slick opening.

"A stronger, better looking, man," mom continues. "One that puts him to shame with such a huge cock."

"This is why you came, isn't it? So I can fuck you with him right around the corner."

"It is, I wanted to feel you inside me while he stands around like a fool."

"Oh you fucking dirty skank," Stanley grunts out. "I'm gonna fill you with my seed and send you back to his side."

"Yes, I want to feel it dripping down my legs while holding onto his arm."

"He's gonna stick his sad, tiny prick inside you later and know a real man's already been there."

"If he's not too drunk to get it up."

"He's so fucking pathetic, not realizing his fiancé is being fucked like a cheap whore by a younger bull right behind his back."

"I fucking love it, it's so hot taking your dick with him right there. Oh fuck, oh fuck, I'm about to cum," she announces.

"Yeah, cream my shaft bitch!" He covers her mouth with his and her moans become muffled by his lips and tongue as her body shudders from an orgasm.

She goes limp against the side of the house just as Stanley's orgasm approaches. He grunts loudly, burying his face into the side of her necks as his thrusts become erratic from emptying his balls inside of her.

He kisses the side of her neck and makes his way up to her face, his tongue entering her mouth while he gives several shallow thrusts of his deflating cock, ensuring the last of his load is safely deposited in her tunnel.

Mom moans and reciprocates by feeding him her tongue, and they spend the next few minutes making out while he still holds her up, his thick fingers digging harshly into the skin of her thighs.

I step back from the bushes, wiping a few leaves off my arms. My hard on is still raging in my pants and I desperately want to find somewhere quiet to relieve the ache of arousal that's fueling it. I ascend the steps of the front porch and head back inside. The bathroom is still unoccupied, and I quickly stride toward it, closing the door behind me.

With my pants around my ankles and my hard on enclosed around my fist, I shut my eyes and quickly begin beating my meat. The fresh memories of Stanley plowing mom along the side of the house quickly fill my mind, and soon I'm shooting cum into the water of the toilet.

Squeezing out the last drops, I grab a handful of tissues to wipe up before tossing them into the bowl and flushing. The familiar sense of shame and embarrassment begins to course through me and now, with my arousal satisfied, I really do want to go home.

I exit the bathroom and head to the backyard. Once out on the porch, I can see mom is back by Tim's side and Stanley has returned to his circle of friends, animatedly engaged in conversation with them. At a certain point, he looks toward her, and they make eye contact, sharing a knowing smile.

Tim doesn't appear to catch this, too drunk to really notice, but Stuart does, and he offers a small nod of approval to Stanley when mom turns around to get another drink, and Stanley nods back, a strange look that I'm unable to decipher passing between them.

## Bully Moves in Next Door Pt. 08

I hear the faint bang of the back door around nine. Pausing my game, the muffled noises of conversation penetrate my shut door.

It's been several hours since I fled the Pachis' barbecue after catching Stanley fucking mom up against the side of his house. Whether either her or Tim had noticed my absence remains somewhat of a question. Neither of them had come looking for me or even sent so much as an inquiring text of my whereabouts.

So, I'd settled in and queued up my console, immersing myself in Skyrim in order to drown out the noise from next door as well as the memories of the last few hours, continuing uninterrupted until now.

Getting up, I ease open the door and step into the hallway to make my way toward the staircase, hearing Stanley's deep baritone voice from below.

"Where do you want him?"

"Just on the couch," mom replies.

Squatting on the landing, I press myself against the wall and take a few gentle steps down, peering into the living room just in time to see Stanley walking toward the couch with an unconscious Tim slung over his shoulder.

He unceremoniously dumps him face up onto the cushions. Tim is completely out, his left arm dangling off the side of the couch while his mouth is ajar. Stanley towers above him, a mildly derisive look plastered across his face as he stares down at Tim.

"Thanks for bringing him in," mom says.

"Sure thing."

Stanley watches as Tim's head flops over to the side, partially hanging over the edge. He gives a quick shake of his head in disgust before being replaced with an evil smile.

"Hey, watch this," he says, moving around to the front of the couch.

Widening his stance, he pulls down the waistband of his mesh shorts extracts his large cock and balls. Stepping forward, his scrotum hovers just above Tim's face for a few seconds before he begins a series of squats, teabagging him.

Stanley's heavy, hairy nuts repeatedly drop onto Tim's face and in his mouth as he gives mom a stupid grin. She slaps a hand over her mouth, attempting to cover her laughter as she watches nearby.

"Quick, snap a pic," he prompts, tossing his phone at her.

Mom holds it up, taking a picture of Stanley squatting over Tim, his fat, fuzzy nads resting against his open mouth and nose while he sticks his tongue out at the camera and gives the middle finger.

"Got it," she said.

"Show me."

She walks toward him and holds out her phone for him to see.

He gives a big laugh, "I'm gonna make that shit my wallpaper."

Looking down, he grins at his ballsack still laying against Tim.

"His face is gonna smell like my sweaty nuts tomorrow morning," he gives a few gentle thrusts, dragging his sack from Tim's chin up to his forehead and back down again.

"Mmm, I love when you assert your dominance," mom says seductively, reaching out with her left hand and taking Stanley's long dick in her grip. "It's so primitive and sexy."

She begins slowly jerking his cock, looking into his eyes which seem to smolder with intense desire and possession, a small, cruel smile on his face.

"That's how a real man behaves," he tells her huskily, reaching up and roughly grasping both of her tits through her dress. "I'm not only reminding you of his place in my house but of your place as well, slut."

He begins kneading her tits as she jerks his cock until it's throbbing in her hand. I can see some precum leak out of the tip and dribble onto Tim's face.

"Suck it," Stanley commands.

Mom squats down until she's level with his tool and quickly engulfs it in her mouth. Stanley inhales deeply as she takes several deep swallows of his cock.

My own cock is throbbing my shorts from picturing Tim waking up to Stanley's balls draped across his face and mom hovering above, inhaling his thick meat, leaving me with the urge to bust right then and there.

Stanley has his head tilted back and his eyes closed as mom vigorously works his pole with her mouth, sliding her plump lips tightly around his girthy shaft as it slides down her throat.

"Fuck yeah," he mutters. "You serve me so well, skank."

Mom just moans along his cock, slowing down to suck him with long swallows, savoring the taste and feel of his donkey dick in her mouth. Releasing him, she gently licks the underside of his head with the tip of her tongue, teasing him until a harsh shiver wracks his body.

"God damn, come here," he grabs her arm roughly and marches her to the couch opposite the one Tim is passed out on. He quickly pushes down his mesh shorts and kicks them away.

Sitting down in the center of the couch, he strips off his tank top and tosses it aside, leaving him completely naked except for the slides on his feet. Stanley beckons mom with one of his hands as he spreads his legs, leaving his big dick protruding straight up out of the thick bushel of dark pubic hair that covers his groin.

Stepping forward, he grabs her by the waist and turns her around so that she's facing Tim's unconscious body and pushes the hem of her dress up, revealing her bare, curvy ass. Stanley runs his large hand down her left cheek, giving it a sharp whack before gripping it tightly.

"You ready to be violated by my dick, bitch?"

"God, yes!"

"Second time today, and in front of your fiancé too," Stanley's cock twitches as he slowly lowers her to meet his cock, pausing when the head is placed at the opening to her entrance.

"You dirty fucking whore," he spits out, and pulls her down onto his dick.

They both let out moans of pleasure as mom slowly becomes impaled on Stanley's rod, sinking lower and lower until the curves of her luscious ass rest against the thick muscles of his hairy thighs.

"Oh, fuck," mom mutters with her eyes shut tight.

She slowly rotates her hips, her mouth hanging half open in wonder, as she gets a feel for the giant dick stretching her inner walls. Stanley impatiently delivers a loud smack to her ass cheek.

"Get to fucking work, you stupid cunt," he growls.

Mom whimpers and slowly starts to ride him, reverse cowgirl style, bouncing up and down his shaft. She quickly builds to a fast but steady pace, her round ass cheeks slapping against his thighs as his thick meat plunges into her tunnel over and over.

"Yeah, work that dick," Stanley mutters.

He stares, mesmerized, at her bubbly, round ass cheeks rippling each time they collide against his muscular thighs. Closing his eyes, Stanley leans back and places his hands behind his head before sighing, letting mom do all the work to fuck herself on his cock while he relaxes and enjoys the tight, visceral grip of her pussy muscles milking his shaft.

The clapping sound her ass makes as it slams against his legs makes my dick twitch in my pants and I quickly extract it, pulling the zipper down just enough to free my hard on.

Gripping it tightly, I start jerking off while observing mom gleefully riding Stanley on the couch. She has the hem of her dress bunched up in her hands, removing it as an obstacle in order to make it easier to slide along Stanley's monster cock. Her hips move with skillful and deft precision, pushing the lower half of her body up and down onto his thick shaft repeatedly in a quick but steady rhythm.

Mom bites her lip in unbridled pleasure as she takes more and more of Stanley inside her. Her scrunched up eyes and deep, low groans indicate she's building to an orgasm. Stanley realizes this also and leans forward to take a rough hold of her hips with his large, strong hands, slowing her down.

"I didn't give you permission to cum yet," he admonishes in a stern voice.

"Oh, please," she begs breathlessly. "Please let me cum, Stanley."

"Not until I'm ready to fill you with my seed."

Taking control, he uses his grip to move her along his cock at a slower pace, causing mom to release a long moan of desperation.

"Feel my thick cock stretching you?"

"God, yes, I'm so fucking full. Ohhhh, your dick is amazing!"

Stanley chuckles to himself and begins to thrust his hips forward in the same slow manner in which he's pushing and pulling mom along his cock. Tentatively, he releases her hips, his hands hovering slightly off her waist until he's sure she would continue to ride him at the slow pace he had set. Once he sees that she is, he leans forward and slides his hands along the inside of her smooth thighs, placing his chin on top of her left shoulder.

Mom groans as Stanley roughly paws at her thighs with his large hands, never breaking stride as she slowly moves her hips to meet his as he thrusts forward, his cock repeatedly disappearing deep inside her.

"God damn nasty skank," Stanley says into her ear, a deep huskiness in his voice. "Riding my donkey dick in front of your passed out fiancé."

"Ugh, I can't help it," she barely manages to get out in between deeply inhaled breaths of pleasure. "You're the dominant male, it's instinct to mate with you."

"Fuck yeah I am. I'm a true alpha, and you were created to serve a real man like me, not the pathetic cuck in front of you. Look at him, too drunk to realize the love of his life is being taken by a stronger, younger stud."

"Yes," she cries, her eyes shut tight. "I'm yours to take whenever you want. I belong to you and only you!"

"And don't you forget it," he growls in response.

Stanley slides his hands up her body, gripping her breasts through her dress before freeing them. He roughly squeezes and kneads her bare tits as they continue fuck slowly, occasionally tweaking her nipples which causes mom to writhe and call out his name in pleasure.

Watching them fuck slowly like this in front of a passed out Tim is almost intoxicating. The slow movement of their bodies against one another as Stanley greedily mauls her large tits with his big hands brings me closer to cumming, as it evidently does them.

"You like fucking me in front of your little bitch of a fiancé?"

"Yes, yes, I want him to wake up and see what's it like for a real man to fuck me."

"Do you want to cum on my dick like the filthy whore you are?"

"I do, badly!"

The earnestness of her voice is matched by the tension in her body. It's clear that she wants to ride him faster and finally bring herself to orgasm. But she knows better than to defy him and break the pace that he's set. Stanley has trained her well.

"Beg me," he commands before licking and nipping at the side of her neck.

"Please let me cum, Stanley! I need it so bad! Please allow me to cum on your cock and cover it with my cream!"

Without a word, Stanley's left hand leaves her breast and slides back down her body. Slipping between her legs, he uses his fingers to stimulate her clit as she continues to push back against his cock at the same slow pace.

"Oh God," she cries out.

Stanley begins to thrust harder into her mound, grunting beast-like into her neck.

"Get ready to receive my load, slut."

Mom can't even offer a response, only emit low whines in short bursts. Stanley's right hand moves to her head, quickly titling it to the left to allow him to lean in and shove his tongue into her open mouth. She barely registers the invasion as deep shudders rack her body as Stanley roughly pulls her ass against his groin, holding her there in a signal that he's depositing his semen deep inside her.

With a final burst, cum explodes out of my cock, splashing all over the front of my shirt. I brace my feet against the steps until I'm finished emptying myself, slowly releasing my deflating hard on as my body relaxes.

On the couch, mom finally recovers her senses, moaning as she begins to kiss Stanley back, moving her tongue against his in a deeply passionate post-coital kiss, a reward for making her cum as hard as she did.

After they break apart, she rests her forehead against his, taking deep breaths with her eyes shut before she slowly starts to untangle herself. Upon standing up, Stanley's thick cum begins to seep out from her slit in small drips, landing on the hardwood floor with light plops.

"Shit," she mutters, quickly making her way to the kitchen.

Stanley leans back against the couch, resting his hands behind his head once more. He looks completely at ease relaxing on the couch, his sculpted body glistening with sweat, long legs splayed out wide in front of him, exposing his flaccid cock completely covered in my mother's juices.

It's clear to me that he considers this house his now, and mom his woman, here to serve him in any way he wishes. The question though, the one that sends fear racing into my heart, is how long before he decides to make it official and get rid of the only man who ever acted like some semblance of a father to me.

As if on cue, Tim lets out a small but deep snore, and Stanley's gaze shifts to him, a cruel smirk etched into his face.

"Are you heading back to your place soon?" mom asks from the kitchen.

"Fuck no," Stanley says, as if it were obvious. "I wanna take you again in the morning."

"Really?"

"Yeah, I'll spend the night, plough you when I wake up, then hopefully beat it before this dipshit pulls himself out of his coma," he nods his head towards Tim's unconscious body.

"You think he'll wake up before you have a chance to leave?" Mom walks back into the living room.

Stanley gives a nonchalant shrug of his shoulders, "Probably not. He drank enough to be passed out til noon. If he doesn't though," he shrugs again. "No big deal, bout time he learned his place in this house. And mine." He said this last part with conviction.

"I love when you assert yourself," mom says adoringly.

Stanley smirks, putting his slide covered feet up on the coffee table and crossing them at the ankles.

"I know, baby. It's why you belong to me now and not him. Now finish cleaning that pussy up so we can get to bed. I'm fucking beat."

Mom blew him a kiss and disappeared back into the kitchen while Stanley stretched and then rested his elbows on either side of him, closing his eyes.

I used this as my opportunity to quietly slip up the stairs and into my room, where I shuck my shirt off and clamber into a fresh one before sinking under the bed covers in the dark.

It isn't much later when I hear the sounds of multiple feet moving up the stairs, a pair of them falling particularly harder than the other, before the soft squeak of mom's door shutting.

In the silence that follows, I fall asleep quicker than I anticipate, waking up the next morning before my alarm has the chance to go off. I'm working a short shift today, so I lay in bed for a few minutes, slowly coming awake before getting up to get dressed.

Opening my bedroom door, I creep into the hallway, nervous about disturbing the tentative early morning silence. As I reach the top of the landing on the other side of the hall, I can hear a mixture of heavy breathing, quiet moans, and the soft slapping of flesh coming from behind mom's closed bedroom door.

Stanley appears to be making good on his promised intentions from last night. My cock gives a twitch as I pause briefly to listen to their hushed, sordid rutting before continuing downstairs, careful not to make too much noise lest I alert them to my presence.

Tim is still sprawled out on the couch downstairs, completely unconscious, his mouth open and emitting deep snores as a patch of drool clings to the side of his chin.

I fix myself breakfast in the kitchen, sitting down at the table and scrolling through my phone as I slowly consume the bowl of cereal I prepared. The sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs causes me to look up and see Stanley, fully dressed, plodding down them on his way to the front door.

He looks into the living room as he reaches for the handle, smirking when he sees Tim's sleeping form, then notices me sitting at the kitchen table. Pausing, we make eye contact as his smirk morphs into a genuine grin, and he winks at me before wrenching open the door to step outside, shutting it with a slight thump behind him.

I stare after him for a few seconds before returning to my cereal. I'm just about finished with it when Tim lets out a snore so loud he startles himself awake, sitting up in confusion.

"Wuh..." he mumbles, bleary eyed as his head turns back and forth, taking stock of his surroundings.

"Oh," recognition finally dawns on him. He puts his head in his hands, gently massaging his

temples for the next minute or so before muttering, "Jesus Christ."

Standing slowly, he walks toward the kitchen, greeting me once he crosses the threshold of the archway.

"Morning," I mumble back.

He fills a glass with water from the sink before taking a few tentative sips, then drinks a mouthful and burps, moaning a little afterward.

"I drank way too much yesterday," he says more to himself than me. "I can barely remember anything after the first couple of hours we were at that barbecue."

"Yeah, sounds about right," I offer, staring down at the bottom of my empty bowl.

"Your mother still asleep?"

I nod my head in response.

"Might need to do some more of that later," he chuckles softly, but I don't respond to his attempt at lightening the situation.

My phone buzzes on the table. Sarah's picking me up for our shift today, and she's only a few minutes out.

"I gotta head off to work," I pick up the bowl and quickly wash it, leaving it to dry on the rack beside the sink and head upstairs as Tim goes through the robotic motions of making toast.

Mom's door is still shut as I pass it and I'm curious about the state in which Tim will find her in if he pokes his head inside. The image of him peering into the dimly lit room to find her naked and passed out with Stanley's cum oozing from her pussy causes my cock to rapidly harden in my pants. I try and shake it off as I brush my teeth in the bathroom, leaving me with sad thoughts that he might really find her like that one day soon, or even worse, catch them in the middle having sex, a very real possibility considering how daring and uncaring they've become. Then any semblance of the happy home life I imagined when they first got engaged will truly be gone.

Sarah pulls up to the curb outside not too long later, interrupting my melancholic ruminations, and I bound down the stairs and out the front door, crossing the small yard before lowering myself into her car.

"Hi," she greets me with a small smile.

"Hey," I reply back.

She frowns slightly, looking more closely at my face, detecting traces of my unhappy thoughts from earlier etched there.

"Is everything ok?"

I look back at my house, staring at its facade for a bit before I feel the soft, pudginess of her hand as it slips gently into mine. Squeezing it gently, I face her and finally smile back.

"Yeah."

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Our day at work together helps ease the sour mood I was in when I left the house that morning. Spending time with Sarah always seems to brighten my day, even if we're slaving away in the sad off white interior of Office Depot.

However, whatever good condition she creates for me, disappears the moment she drops me off back at home. The kitchen is empty and quiet when I come in through the back door early in the evening, and I can see that the living room is as well.

I'm about to call out for either mom or Tim when I hear a small, feminine giggle from behind the closed laundry room door. My heart sinks as I immediately guess who's making it and what the likely cause is.

The giggle is followed a few seconds later by a quiet moan of pleasure, confirming what I already know is occurring.

Yet, I can't help myself. Despite how much despair it brings me, I feel my legs carry me forward, following the direction my hardened cock points in as it bulges out through the pants I'm wearing.

I can hear heavy breathing along with the faint sound of wet, smacking bodies as I approach the laundry room door, and my hands nimbly ease it to the side, just a crack, creating a personal peephole for me to glimpse the perversion occurring inside.

Across from the door, mom is sitting on the dryer while Stanley stands ood between her spread legs, briskly pumping away at her pussy. Slide clad feet planted firmly apart, I have a direct view of his furry ass, with the waistband of his mesh shorts tucked just underneath his cheeks, straining with every shove of his cock deep inside her.

Mom has her legs pulled up on either side of him, offering her pussy for him to use. Her arms were locked around the back of his neck, pulling his head toward hers so they could kiss sloppily while he took her with lustful purpose.

The dryer rocked gently in time with Stanley's thrusts into mom's body and I could see her clutching to him tightly, barely able to withstand the great pleasure she was receiving from his thick, uncut cock.

She eventually broke their kiss, unable to focus on anything else other than his large meat pummeling her, and tilted her head back with her eyes closed.

"Two times in one day, huh, slut?"

"Mmm, I needed it so bad," mom replies

"You could barely wait for your fiancé's head to hit the pillow before you're begging for my cock."

"I suggested it because I wanted your dick inside me again."

Stanley let out a groan as he increased the pace of his thrusting.

"You deceitful fucking whore," he growls lustily.

Mom's legs encircle his waist, clutching him tightly. Her body jostles up and down as he gleefully humps her brains out.

"God damn, you're fucking squeezing me good," he says in a strained voice.

"Uhh, yes, I'm so close," mom's nails dig into her shoulder blades as she bites her lip to stop herself from screaming.

Stanley's orgasm hits him quickly.

"Fucking... shit," he gasps, his body jerking as he gives several quick pumps deep inside her cunt, his mouth falling open and his eyes squeezed shut.

Mom lets out a gasp and her body shudders as she cums all over Stanley's hard and heavy cock, slumping forward against his broad chest once she's through being wracked by indescribable pleasure. Stanley sighs heavily, still giving small thrusts to ensure she's milked him for all the cum his balls will release.

I shut the door quietly on them, my dick raging inside my underwear, and hurry upstairs. Passing by mom's room, I can see Tim asleep on the bed inside, snoring heavily.

Safely inside my room, I undress quickly before standing naked and jerking my cock desperately. It doesn't take me very long until I shoot my load all over the clothes scattered on the floor in front of me.

Breathing heavily, I stare down at the mess I made before glumly gathering all the clothes up to shove deep into the hamper.

I hear mom coming up the stairs a few minutes later, shutting the door to the bathroom before starting up the shower. Guess she had to wash off the stank of her sweaty sex with Stanley before Tim woke up, which he finally did not long before we sat down to dinner that night.

"God, I hope I never feel like this again."

"Well, it was your mistake for drinking so much that led to it," mom chastises from her seat next to him.

"I didn't intend to drink so much, Julie. Stuart and his friends kept egging me on, refilling my glass when it was empty. I couldn't just say no."

"You definitely could have. All you had to do was stand up for yourself."

"It's not that easy."

"Of course it is! You're not twelve."

Tim sighed heavily and shut his eyes before punching the bridge of his nose.

"Can we just forget about this already?"

"Fine," mom replied evenly.

She shook her head softly and I could sense her disapproval from across the table. I knew she was internally comparing him to Stanley. It seemed like she was becoming more and more fed up with Tim with each passing day.

We ate the rest of dinner in relative silence, and I excused myself to go upstairs after I was done clearing and clearing the dishes.

Tim was leaving for another work trip the next day, this time a bit of a longer one, and I was fully prepared for Stanley to be here twenty four seven the minute Tim left the house.

Sure enough, when I came home from work the next evening, I walked through the back door to be greeted by his stupid smirk as he sat on the couch.

"Hey, Kyle. Long time no see."

I slowly padded into the living room, mumbling a greeting in response, and took in the scene. Stanley lay across the couch, knocking back a beer, while mom sat on the other end, giving him a foot massage.

"Hello, sweetheart," she greets me with a quick smile before returning to pressing firmly on the soles of Stanley's feet.

"Fuck, that feels good," Stanley finishes the rest of his beer and belches loudly, casually tossing the empty can onto the coffee table next to several others. He stretches his upper body, the muscles of his biceps bulging out as mom watches him with adoration in her eyes.

"You know how to treat a man right, baby," he tells her, a drunken grin on his face.

"Well, I know how hard you work all day."

"Damn right. A real man's work too, on his feet and using his hands. Not buttoned up in some shitty office somewhere."

He says this last part disdainfully, and it's not lost on me who he's referring to. Nor is it lost on mom either, who gives Stanley a coy look from under her eyelashes. He winks in return.

"I'm gonna head upstairs to get changed," I tell them.

"Get Stanley another beer before you go," mom tells me, and I frown before trudging to the fridge and back.

"Here," I grumble as I hand it to him.

"Thanks, pal," he takes it from me, a stupid smirk plastered across his face.

I saunter out of the living and toward the stairs, pausing toward the landing at the top. With one hand on the banister, I look to my right and glance into the living room below.

Stanley was laying back with his eyes closed, slowly sipping beer and enjoying mom's foot rub. She looked completely content, happy I'd dare say, in what she was doing. Watching them was a stark reminder of just how much control he'd established over her and a prelude of what the next few weeks would be like.

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"Ohh... yes, ohhh, Stanley," mom cries, head thrown back, eyes shut.

Her arms encircle the back of his broad, well defined shoulders, holding on tight as her body

jostles on the bed in response to him thrusting his long, thick uncut cock in and out of her. She bites her lip in pleasure, tightening her visceral grip on his waist with her legs as he pushes against the slippery walls of her cunt, filling her completely with every buck of his hips forward.

His long, muscular legs are planted firmly apart, giving him plenty of leverage to shove himself roughly into her over and over, causing her stiff, pink nipples to scrape against his chest with every bounce of her large tits.

"Tell me how much you like this dick, slut," he commands.

"I fucking love it, stretching and filling me up. You're such a fucking stud, so big and strong," she praises.

I watch from the dark shadows of the closet, my erection enclosed around my fist, as their bodies writhe together in a fluid rhythm on top of the mussed sheets. The bi-fold doors are open just a crack, allowing a small cavity for me to peer through and observe my mother and my bully engaging in a heated, frenzied fucking.

"Fuck yeah, I am," he tells her gruffly. "I'm your fucking God. You were put on this earth to serve me, to be a hole for my cock to use."

"Yes, I was made to be your whore," mom replies eagerly. "You own me, in every way. I'm yours to take whenever, wherever!"

The dim, bedside lamp illuminates their naked, intertwined bodies, writhing furiously as they succumb to the intense pleasure derived from an instinctive need to mate. Stanley, large, hairy, and muscular, takes up a large portion of the bed, his long limbs planted securely at all four corners, trapping mom beneath him. He emits deep, gorilla grunts while thrusting into her soft, delicate body with the movements of a feral beast, roughly taking its prey for his own grotesque pleasure.

Mom revels in being taken so savagely, her face the picture of euphoria as she clings to his body, her legs wrapped tightly around his waist. She pushes back enthusiastically against his thrusts, desperate to meet the large, thick shaft crudely invading her. His ass rapidly rises and falls as he repeatedly stuffs his hog inside her.

They both fuck like fanatic animals, the unhinged movements of their interlocked bodies borders on obscene as they take their carnal pleasure from one another. It's both sickening and incredibly arousing at the same time, observing their overt mating taking place on mom's bed.

Their lust filled grunts and groans fill the room along with the quick, hard, and wet slapping of skin against skin. Stanley stares intensely into mom's eyes, conveying his ownership of her with a penetrating look.

"You're fucking soaked," he tells her, slowing his movements down. "You love this shit, don't you, whore? Cuckolding your dumbass fiancé by being defiled by my donkey dick?"

"Yes, it's what he gets for being so weak! You're the better man, a real man. My pussy is what you deserve!"

"It's fucking mine," he snarls. "I own you, slut!"

"You do, since the first time you stuck your dick in my pussy and claimed me, I was yours! Mmmm!"

Her moans are muffled as Stanley shoves his tongue into her mouth, covering her lips with his own. His thrusts are now slow and steady but deep and purposeful, ensuring she feels every inch of his meat as he pushes himself all the way inside her.

Mom unwraps her legs from around his waist, sliding them along his firm, hairy calves and thighs while moving to grab onto his large arms, clutching his bulging biceps tightly as they flex from holding his large body just above hers.

My eyes focus on his large, uncut cock, long and girthy, as it disappears past the swollen pink folds of her pussy, reemerging covered in her juices, an indication of just how aroused she is.

Leaning forward slightly, I inhale deeply, collecting the strong, musky scent of their nasty sex that permeates the enclosed room. My cock swells and I shudder from the pleasure of it all.

Mom begins to emit high pitched squeals into Stanley's mouth and her appendages begin to tighten around his body as she feverishly pushes back against the cock that's invading her.

"Scream for my cock, bitch, scream for it," Stanley snarls at her.

"Yes, yes, fuck me with your huge cock, Stanley! Blow your load deep inside your cunt!"

Stanley begins grunting deeply, pressing forward until his hairy bush tickles her pussy lips and holds his dick deep inside her. He exhales sharply, a look of deep concentration on his face as his hips give short, sharp jabs, firing thick semen into her cervix.

Mom's fingernails dig into his arms as she gasps from being filled with his large cock, and promptly cums hard all over it as it blasts inside her.

Unable to hold back any longer, I shoot my own load against the closet doors, watching as it immediately begins to dribble down to the floor. Quickly, I grip the hem of my shirt and use it to wipe up my cum before it drips all over.

My gaze returns to mom and Stanley kissing on the bed as I reign my heavy breathing in. Now that my lustful desire has been satisfied, I want nothing more than to make a swift exit, cursing myself for not thinking in advance when I made the snap decision to hide out in here earlier.

The night ended up playing out differently than it was supposed to. I originally made plans to hang out with Sarah, something that had been occurring frequently since Tim had left on his business trip almost two weeks ago.

Predictably, mom and Stanley's relationship had resumed under the guise of their "friendship", and he was over every minute he wasn't at work or exercising, flirting with mom and issuing commands.

The bastard had even come up with a chore schedule for me, introducing it a couple of days after Tim left, after we'd finished eating dinner.

"What is this?" I furrowed my brow down at the calendar that Stanley had placed on the table as I was clearing the dishes.

"It's everything you're expected to complete from now on," Stanley told me firmly from his seat at the head of the table.

Mom sat in his lap, her right arm hooked around the back of his neck while she sipped from a glass of wine. Stanley slowly caressed the inside of her thigh, pushing up the hem of her red sundress to gain access.

I stared unbelievably down at the calendar, my eyes scanning the contents found there.

Monday: clean the bathroom

Tuesday: laundry - sheets and towels

Wednesday: mop the kitchen floor

So on and so forth it went, listing the various household chores that needed to be completed in a well organized monthly system.

I looked up at Stanley, my mouth open slightly in disbelief and he stared back at me with a stern look on his face, raising his chin slightly in challenge.

"But... but, I work most days," I tell him.

"So do your mother and I. That doesn't stop her cooking and cleaning or me from fixing shit around here."

Mom sipped causally at her wine, her fingertips softly grazing affectionately across the top of Stanley's chest.

"It's time you did more around here to help your mother out," he continued. "Besides, it'll help prepare you for when you go away to college."

"He's right, sweetheart," mom added. "You've always relied on me to take care of you, and with the start of the semester coming up soon, I don't think you're really prepared to take care of your own place. Even if it is just a dorm room."

I glanced back at Stanley and he had a satisfied smirk on his face, pleased with mom supporting him. Despite feeling defeated, anger bubbled deep inside me. I'm not sure I resented his presence and influence more than I did at that moment.

Stanley narrowed his eyes slightly as his smile was wiped away, seemingly having sensed the rage boiling in the pit of my stomach.

"Oh, and you won't be allowed to play any video games or do anything recreational until you've finished your chores for the day."

Mom briefly glanced at Stanley from the corner of her eye and something gave me the impression that this hadn't been a part of their discussion about the matter. Still, she said nothing, keeping firm in her support of Stanley.

"It will be a good reward system," he added.

I stared down at the table in frustration, knowing if I spoke out negatively there'd be some sort of consequence I'd have to deal with. Stanley gave mom a couple quick pats on the butt and she hopped off his lap just before he stood up, signaling an end to the conversation.

"Don't be too upset, sweetheart," mom tried to comfort. "I'll still be taking care of some of the

housework too, like cleaning the kitchen."

I looked up at them, my heart tugging at the patient kindness on her face.

"Stanley just thought it'd be a good idea to teach you some responsibility is all," she finished.

My gaze shifted to him and he offered me a small, nefarious smirk in response before leading mom into the living room, leaving me with a table full of dirty dishes and a new list of chores.

After that, I had tried to spend as little time at the house as possible, completing the housework I'd been assigned with efficiency each day before usually hanging out with Sarah, who'd become my solace from my new home life.

We spent so much time together now and had grown close. She was kind and listened to all the problems I had at home, although I spared her the nefarious details of it all. And the other night, after we had gotten out of a movie, she kissed me. I was so nervous, I almost forgot to move my lips against hers, and I'm sure she felt how sweaty my hands were when I gently touched her arms. Still, it was wonderful.

Sarah was an angel, and it was looking forward to being with her everyday that got me through living at home and dealing with Stanley's smug grin every time he saw me following the chore schedule he set up, which never failed to make me clench my jaw in anger. I think what pissed me off the most though, was how quick mom was to give Stanley credit for it all after noticing how diligent I was about getting the work done, praising him after dinner a few nights later.

"It's nothing," he dismissed with a wave of his hand and a false sense of modesty. "I'm just trying to prepare him for real life."

I saw his lips lift in a small smile.

"Maybe he should start calling me 'dad' from now on. Seems like I'm the only one behaving as such around here."

He laughed it off as a joke, and mom joined in, but out of the corner of my eye, I saw her squeeze his thigh in approval.

The thought of referring to that asshole as "dad" made my stomach heave, even more so than usual.

So I've tried to avoid him as much as possible, not being able to stand his domineering presence or the way mom fawns all over him.

As such, I hadn't been around to engage in any covert jerk sessions while watching their illicit sex, and despite how much better it was not being around the house, a deep, sick part of me missed watching them fuck.

But it wasn't until they had gotten home tonight that I realized how much I had missed it, and how much I'd been craving it.

Sarah had canceled our plans not long after mom and Stanley left to go out to dinner, so I'd ended up playing video games for most of the evening until I heard them come in.

I'd paused the game and gotten up to shut the door when I saw across the hall that mom's closet doors were slightly ajar. I paused as a twisted idea flashed through my mind, the sounds of

giggling and kissing drifted up from below.

Mom and Stanley didn't know I was home. They'd left before my plans for the night got canceled and I hadn't bothered to inform them, figuring they wouldn't really care.

Frozen with my hand on the door knob, I felt a tug deep in my groin as I listened to the noises of lustful, suppressed moans and wet tongue kisses. My brain furiously calculated all the factors of what I was considering, the biggest of which was my deep seated desire to watch my bully fuck my mother while she screamed for his cock.

I was still hotly debating what to do when I heard Stanley speak from below.

"You ready to take my dick, bitch?"

Mom only moaned in response, but it was enough to make my cock harden to full mast and ultimately settled my internal dilemma.

I quickly slipped out into the hall, shutting the door quietly behind me, and crept into mom's room before hiding away in her closet, leaving the bi-fold doors slightly open a crack, just how I'd found it.

So here I was, wiping up the last of my cum off the closet doors while Stanley rolled off my mother. She snuggled up against his broad chest looking content while he basked in the afterglow of hot sex.

"Fuck, I gotta take a piss," Stanley said after about ten minutes of silence.

He moved languidly off the bed, stretching once his feet are off the ground.

"Go and get the mousse we brought back from the restaurant. I want to eat some off your tits when I'm done."

I shivered and felt a brief but strong pulse in my groin despite having just cum.

Stanley scratched his balls as he walked out of the room, his big, flaccid cock, shiny from being covered in mom's fluids, dangled heavily against his leg.

Mom eagerly followed him and I saw this as my opportunity to hightail it back to my room. Parting the doors just enough to slip through, I left them slightly ajar and stepped out into the hall, crossing it silently, using the sound of Stanley's loud piss stream to cover any noise I might make.

I managed to make it into my room without being detected and soon heard both mom and Stanley returning to their room, the door shutting firmly behind them.

Over the next few days, I found myself craving to watch them again, my spur of the moment voyeuristic episode having reignited the deeply ingrained lust I had for watching my bully fuck my mother. The other night was the first time in a while I remember cumming as hard as I did, and despite the intense shame I felt from it, I desperately wanted to feel that pleasure again after having gone weeks without it.

About three nights later, a golden opportunity fell in my lap when I arrived home. It was well past midnight when I came in through the back door, having just gotten back from hanging out with Sarah.

The house was dark and quiet, so I assumed that mom and Stanley had already fallen asleep after their ritualistic fucking.

I silently passed through the living, using the flashlight on my phone to guide me, when something on the coffee table caught my eye. It was a cell phone. Stanley's I realized, recognizing his case as I snagged it. He must've left it down here.

The screen lit up, prompting me to enter a passcode, which sparked a memory. About a week ago, Stanley told me to bring him another beer before I went upstairs. When I came up behind him and leaned over the back of the couch to hand it over, I saw him unlock his phone and couldn't help but roll my eyes at how stupidly simple and childlike the passcode was.

Gingerly, I typed in "1122" and just like that, I was staring at Stanley Pachis' home screen. Standing there, my mind raced with all the possibilities of what this access might provide me with before my eyes grew wide as I recalled the several times he filmed him and mom while they were having sex.

My dick began to swell up at the thought that I held a treasure trove of nasty, dirty videos of Stanley and mom engaging in various lewd and sordid sex acts, growing fully hard in a matter of seconds.

I quickly make my way up to my room, stopping only briefly to ensure there was nothing but silence from behind mom's door. Once inside, I strip naked and lay down in bed before popping my headphones in and plugging them into Stanley's phone.

My dick throbs as I eagerly pull up the photos app and I'm surprised to see that he has numerous albums, all titled with different women's names, each of which contains photos and videos of them engaged in some type of sex act.

I find mom's, opening it to see dozens of nudes and a number of videos among them, several of which I'm already familiar with, such as the one of her sucking his dick while on the phone with Tim and the one of him pounding her from behind that he sent me while I was at work.

But there are plenty of others to choose from, ones that I haven't been privy to, and I randomly chose one.

The video starts in front facing camera mode. A shirtless, sweaty Stanley sits on the bench press in his garage, his dark, shoulder length hair tied back behind his ears. The camera suddenly shifts to rear facing mode, showing his long, muscular legs planted apart on the concrete floor, while mom kneels shirtless between them, her face pressed into the sweaty crotch of his mesh shorts, inhaling deeply.

I felt my dick give a sharp jerk and I reached down with my free hand to take a hold of it and slowly start pumping my hand up and down.

Light streams in from behind mom through the open garage door and the sounds of midday traffic play faintly in the background. Mom's eyes are shut tight, a content look on her face as she inhales the scent of Stanley's sweat soaked groin.

"That shit smell good?" Stanley asks.

Mom opens her eyes and looks up at him, offering a smile as she nods her head in agreement.

"Take my dick out so you can get it from the source."

Mom tucks her fingers into the waistband of his shorts and begins to pull them down along with his underwear. Stanley raises his butt off the bench briefly to allow her to pull everything down to his ankles.

Stanley's big dick rises from his thick bush, already hard from mom gathering his scents. Leaning in, she nestles her nose against the pubes that surround the base of his sweaty cock. The sound of her inhaling deeply fills my ears as I watch her tongue dart out and begin lapping at his large, low hanging, hairy nads.

"Awww fuck yeah, you want a taste of what I've worked up, don't t ya?"

Mom could only moan in response as she takes long licks of his salty nuts while breathing in the strong musk produced from his unwashed cock and pubes. After several minutes of bathing his balls, her tongue gradually begins to move upwards, sliding along the shaft of his hard dick.

"Better get my dick nice and clean, bitch. I don't want you leaving any sweat behind."

He reaches out with his left hand, taking the hardened nipple of her right breast between his thumb and index finger, and begins tweaking it. Spurred on, mom's mouth encloses around the top half of his cock and she starts enthusiastically sucking him.

Stanley lets out a low groan, alternating between pinching her nipple and taking her entire tit in his large hand to squeeze and play with.

"Go ahead and slide my dick in between those big, soft titties," Stanley commands.

Mom pulls off his cock and sits up. Leaning forward she takes each of her tits in her hands and mashes them around his spit covered cock.

"Fuuuuck," Stanley utters under his breath.

Mom's large, round tits envelop his long, thick pole, her hands manipulating them to squeeze and jerk his shaft while staring alluring at the camera.

Starting off with slow, gentle caresses, she gradually builds up speed and pressure until Stanley's thrusting his hips upward, sliding his cock between the velvety firmness of her creamy globes in a glorious titty fuck.

Stanley begins huffing heavily, his voice strained as he announces his impending orgasm. With a final thrust, he begins unloading heavy amounts of thick semen all across the top of her chest.

He gives several more shallow thrusts, emptying his balls of cum. Thick rivets of sperm quickly start running down her chest, covering her luscious tits and dripping off her perky nipples.

Letting out a sigh of satisfaction, Stanley lets his softening cock slide out from between her cum soaked tits and zooms the camera in for a close up of her chest and face. I can just make out a smudge of his splooge stuck to her chin.

"Yeah, that's what I like to see," he tells her. "My little cock hungry slut covered in my seed."

Mom smiles seductively up at the camera and winks. With his left hand, Stanley scoops some cum off her tits with his fingers and holds them out to her. Still looking into the camera, she leans in and takes his cum covered fingers into her mouth before gently sucking on them.

"Mmm, you like the taste of my babies?"

She nods her head gently, still cleaning off his fingers. The rest of the video proceeds with Stanley slowly feeding her his cum that he gathers off of her chest until the majority of it is gone, settling at the bottom of her stomach.

Mom giggles and begins to stand as the video ends. I swipe out, returning to the album to find another. My dick is hard as a rock from wanting to cum so badly, but I resist, slowly edging myself to build up to an amazing orgasm.

The next video I pull up is shorter than the first and begins with the rear facing camera showing mom's naked ass rising and falling as she rides Stanley's cock reverse cowgirl style while he lays slumped down in a lounge chair on what appears to be the end of dock overlooking a lake. This must've been taken when they went up to his family's cabin.

Stanley's long legs hang off the sides of the lounge chair while mom's bubbly ass cheeks softly slap against his muscular thighs, her hips moving with slow but deliberately robust momentum. Their bathing suits lay in a wet pile on the dock next to them.

Both of them are panting low, and mom lets out a little moan as she squeezes her naked tits. Stanley's left hand reaches out and slides along her ass cheek, gripping it tightly as it bounces against his thigh.

"Ahh, two perfect views," Stanley mumbles.

In the background, a small boat begins to chug by with what looks to be like a bunch of teenage boys aboard.

At first they appear not to notice mom and Stanley fucking out in the open, but eventually one of them points and says, "Holy shit, are they fucking?"

This causes the rest of them to turn and look, yelling and jeering.

"What a stud!"

"Show us your tits!"

"Yeaaaah, ride him harder!"

Stanley gives mom's ass a sharp whack.

"You heard them, slut," he says, heavy amounts of lust in his voice.

Mom begins riding Stanley with more ferocity, rapidly jostling her hips up and down, her ass making quick, loud smacking noises as it descends onto his thighs over and over. She thrusts her chest out, proudly showing off her tits as she fucks herself against Stanley's cock.

The teenagers cheer and begin a series of crude cat calls, yelling out all the nasty things they want to do to her before their boat drifts out of view and their voices start to fade.

By this point, mom's emitting high pitched whines, clearly excited by fucking Stanley openly in front of others.

"Fuck yeah," Stanley says huskily, "didn't realize I had an exhibitionist for a whore."

He smacks her ass hard, causing her to cry out.

"Let them hear you scream, bitch!"

Stanley begins delivering harsh whacks to her ass, making mom scream out in pain and pleasure. The video ends abruptly, leaving me slightly frustrated.

Quickly pulling up the next, it begins in front facing mode. Mom holds the phone out in front of her, capturing the back of Stanley's head as he sucks on her bare tits.

Shifting the phone, she holds it out to the right, away from her body, and I can see that they're both naked on the couch. Stanley's in the center with his long legs spread open while mom sits in his lap, each of her knees planted on the outside of his muscular thighs. His large, erect cock sticks straight up and rests against her ass crack.

Mom leans to the right, gently placing the phone on the end table and propping it up against a lamp while Stanley moves to take a hold of her waist with both hands.

He eagerly resumes lapping at her breasts once she's facing him again, his head moving from side to side as he sucks on her engorged nipples. Occasionally his thick tongue darts out, taking large licks of her pink nipples before his lips close around them again, tugging firmly as he suckles her.

Mom moans softly, running her hands along his well defined biceps and broad shoulders. With prompting from Stanley, she begins to grind her ass against his hard cock. Precum slowly leaks out of the tip, smearing all over her round, bubbly cheeks.

Stanley moans as he feasts on mom's big tits, alternating between taking each of her perky nipples into his mouth to vigorously suck on. She runs her fingers through his hair, taking a hold of his dark locks to encourage him to keep tasting her breasts.

Eventually, he lets go of her nipple and takes a firm hold of her ass, raising her up in order to position the head of his thick meat at her slick entrance.

He slowly lowers her down onto his twitching rod, his long, girthy shaft stretching her pussy lips as he invades her channel, causing mom to gasp deeply in pleasure.

Once she's fully impaled on his cock, Stanley places both of his hands behind his head and leans back against the couch. He watches with a cocky smirk on his face as mom rotates her hips, enjoying the feeling of his pole lodged deep inside her, putting immense pleasurable pressure on the inner walls of her cunt.

"Glad you sent Kyle to pick up Tim from the airport?"

"Oh God yes," mom groans in response. Her eyes are shut tight in concentration as she slowly maneuvers up and down Stanley's sizable tool.

"Yeah, you'd rather be here riding me, wouldn't you?"

Mom bit her lip as she nods her head, "I want as much of your dick as I can get!"

"So ride me then, slut!"

He gives her ass a sharp smack like a jockey gives a horse to urge it on. She yelps and starts to move her hips faster, thrusting them up and forward to take all of his cock inside her. His hands move back to her tits again, grabbing them and pinching her nipples.

Mom thrusts her chest into his touch as she bounces on his cock, repeatedly fucking herself on his long, thick shaft.

"Uh, uh, it feels so good," she wails uncontrollably.

"You fucking love my dick, don't you, whore?"

"I do! I love how big it is!"

Their back and forth continues as she rides him, with mom praising how big his dick is and his prowess as a lover, until she declares that she's about to cum.

"Cum all over my huge cock, bitch," Stanley tells her as he takes her nipple into his mouth again.

Mom's wails reach a crescendo as she stiffens, clutching his pecs tightly, before shudders rack her body as she cums all over the thick shaft filling her up.

Stanley releases her nipple, "Oh, fuck, here it comes!"

He begins grunting as he jabs his cock upward sharply, delivering a monstrous amount of semen deep inside her pussy.

Mom slumps against his sculpted chest, panting as she tries to catch her breath. Stanley leans his head back and shuts his eyes, both of his hands kneading her ass cheeks softly as he comes down from an intense peak.

"Grab the phone," he tells her eventually. She pushes off from his chest and leans over to grab the phone, ending the video.

I'm fighting hard to keep myself from cumming, slowly stroking myself despite the desperate urge to beat my stiff meat with ferocity.

I scroll down and find the most recent video, another short one. When it starts, the camera is angled down at what appears to be mom's ass hanging off the edge of a bed while Stanley repeatedly rams her with his throbbing cock from behind.

Watching in rapt attention, the video focuses on his enormous erection, rigid and veiny, as it pushes its way past her pink, inflamed folds over and over, stuffing her tiny hole full of his girthy meat.

"Shit, you were right about her mouth, Stanley," a man says off camera. "This bitch could suck the chrome off a bumper!"

The camera pans upward, revealing mom in the doggy position on the bed while Stanley's father, Stuart, kneels naked in front of her. His hairy, unclothed body displays his beefy frame; well muscled with a slightly protruding belly. Hands attached to strong, thick arms grip the back of mom's head, moving her up and down his cock, which sticks out from dark pubic hair that almost seems to crawl up his shaft.

I inhale sharply, almost cumming, and let go of my hard on until I've stepped back from the precipice of an orgasm. Carefully, I grip the base, giving my shaft the occasional stroke to keep it hard while being keenly aware not to go overboard lest I nut all over my chest.

In the video, Stuart pulls mom roughly off his cock, displaying it proudly for the camera.

"Look how hard she's got me. You found yourself a real whore, didn't you?"

Unlike Stanley, Stuart's cock is shorter, but much thicker; the head of which is quite large and flares out like a mushroom cap.

"Didn't take much convincing to let both of us tap her at the same time," Stanley says without stopping his assault of her pussy.

"Oh yeah?" Stuart smears the underside of his wet shaft up against mom's face.

"Uh-huh, this bitch will do anything I say. I own her skanky fucking ass. Isn't that right, slut?"

He gives her ass a harsh smack, causing mom to moan in response.

"Yes, Stanley," she agrees, her voice heavily laden with lust. "I love being used by you. And your big cock."

She pushes her ass back against his invading dick, trying to stuff as much of his hog inside her pussy as she can fit.

"Oh fuck," Stuart chuckles, moving her head down to his fat, hairy balls. "You're getting double the taste then."

Mom begins enthusiastically licking and sucking on his nuts, which hang between his thick, wide thighs.

"You're gonna be a hole for the Pachis men to use," he continues, a dark edge in his voice.

"Watch it," Stanley warns. "She belongs to me, and you'll only get to use her if I let you."

Stuart holds his hands up in surrender before taking a hold of mom's hair to return her mouth to his cock. She inhales it and immediately begins sucking him in earnest, moaning along his shaft as Stanley pumps into her from behind.

The next several minutes of the video records father and son using mom from both ends, her body jostling from being stuffed full of Stanley's cock. The only sounds are the low pants and grunts from Stuart and Stanley while mom moans and slurps all over Stuart's cock.

"You having a good time, dad?"

"Fuck yeah. Nothing like some quality father-son time with my eldest boy. What better way to bond than by plugging some nasty whore from each end?"

"Can't think of anything better. You want to get a bit more rough with her?"

"Really?"

"Definitely. Don't hold back, she loves being roughed up, like a true slut."

As if to prove his point, he brings his hand up and delivers a resounding smack against her ass so hard that it not only jiggles but leaves a big, red hand print across her round, alabaster skin.

Mom squeals loudly, her mouth full of Stuart's fat dick, gripping the mussed sheets of the bed tightly.

"Shit, I don't need to be told twice," Stuart replies happily.

Bringing his hands to the back of mom's head, he holds her in place before he starts pummeling her mouth at a rapid pace. She immediately starts gagging from the sudden onset of him harshly face fucking her, instinctively reaching out to grab his hips in an attempt to slow him down.

Stuart slaps her hands away.

"Stupid fucking bitch," he spits out. His breathing becomes heavy as he focuses his gaze down on her while she chokes on his shaft, a look of disdain in his eyes.

"Remember your place, cunt," Stanley growls at her, giving her ass several more beatings as punishment.

Mom's wails of intense pleasure and pain are muffled by Stuart's cock being shoveled down her throat repeatedly.

"Your purpose is to be used by men like us," he continues.

"It's a privilege to choke on my fat dick," Stuart snarls, pressing his hips forward until his pubes brush against her lips and his entire cock is in her mouth.

Mom gags for a few seconds before he removes it and resumes jabbing at her mouth.

"Fuck, your slutty lips loves my cock."

"Just like her cunt loves mine," Stanley adds.

On and on they continue hurling out insults and degrading comments either at her or about her, finding a very rough rhythm to use her body for their pleasure; Stanley slamming her aching pussy and Stuart her well worn throat.

And mom loves it all. In between their vile and humiliating statements, her moans can be occasionally heard, muted slightly from her mouth being full of dick. Slowly, she loses the ability to keep up with both of them, going limp at one point.

"Mmmm, she's fucking cumming on my dick," Stanley announces.

"God damn, she really loves this shit, huh?"

"Oh yeah, she loves being pegged by Pachis men from both ends. You bout ready to finish using her?"

"I am," he grunts in response.

"Bet, let's fill two of her holes with Pachis family cream."

With that, they both begin to fuck her merciless, no longer holding back as they strive to achieve their long sought climaxes.

By this point, mom's mostly recovered from her orgasm and resumes her form, allowing them both easier and better access to her body for their pleasure.

Both of them grunt deeply in unison, huffing out air as they let their primal instincts as men take over to prepare them for depositing their semen inside mom. Their rutting is near animalistic, barely a degree away from how ancient barbaric cavemen took their women in fits of carnal lust.

They approach their orgasms at nearly the same time, with Stuart reaching his first, shouting loudly as he jams his dick into mom's mouth, blasting ropes of thick cum down her throat. Stanley isn't far behind, practically roaring with manly triumph as he bangs his hips harshly against her luscious, creamy ass, making her cheeks jiggle with every thrust, while he hoses down the inside of her walls with his babies.

Both of them pant heavily as they finish emptying themselves in mom, using her respective holes to drain their softening shafts of every last bit of their family seed until she's full of not only their cocks but the very essence of what brought them both into existence.

"Ahhhh," Stuart sighs as he slides his meat from between mom's lips. "You did a good job. Didn't bite down even once," he pats her head approvingly, like an owner praising his puppy.

"Glad you enjoyed it so much," Stanley says cockily, easing his cock out of her cunt. "Maybe next time I'll let you have a crack at her pussy."

"Huh, that'd be fucking something," Stuart replies as he ambles offscreen.

"Come clean me off," Stanley taps mom on her behind. She turns around and scoots forward, taking his flaccid penis into her mouth to tenderly cleanse it of her juices.

The sound of piss hitting water can be heard in the background as mom finishes cleaning off Stanley's cock, gently releasing it before smiling up at the camera.

The video ends, and I'm left slowly jerking myself, once again on the verge of cumming. This had been the hottest video of the bunch and I'd almost busted several times throughout.

With a flick of my thumb, I'm back to the photo album, cycling through to find more. Unfortunately for me, the only other videos left are from interactions that I bore witness to firsthand, and while I can appreciate experiencing them again from a different perspective, I'm really more interested in the sex acts I haven't been privy too.

I close the photos app and pull up his text messages, thinking maybe they'd have exchanged some other videos that she had or some that have since been deleted. Disappointingly, I found nothing, not even any texts between them.

I'm about to return to videos he has saved when I remember that they never text, only Snapchat. I'm so desperately horny I can't think straight apparently.

I pull up the app, quickly find her name and tap on it. Once again, I'm left disappointed. Scrolling backward through their history, there's only some saved chats, and while dirty, they aren't what I'm looking for.

Because I'm just casually skimming their conversations, I almost miss it, the words registering only once I've scrolled past. Pausing, I scramble back down using my thumb, hastily looking for

the conversation to ensure I hadn't misread something.

Finally finding it again, I slowly begin to read through from the beginning, my eyes growing wider the further I get.

"You were pretty damn furious last night when we fucked," Stanley wrote. "Tim piss you off?"

"Yeah," she replied. "We had another fight?"

"What'd he do this time? Blow off the wedding planner again?"

"No, it's a bit more serious than that. We've sort of been having this same fight since we've been engaged."

"Which is?"

"It's ok, I'll spare you the boring details of our relationship issues."

"No, tell me. I want to know."

"Well, I've always wanted to have another child, for years now, and I thought I'd finally get the chance to when Tim and I got engaged, but he told me not long after that his sperm count is a bit on the low side. That didn't really bother me, I figured we might have a bit of a tougher time anyway, given my age, and I told him it was ok, that we'd look into fertility treatments. But he didn't seem very keen about the idea."

"How so?"

"He went on about how expensive it is and how even after spending all that money, there's no guarantee. Plus he said he wasn't totally sure if he wanted to have a kid anymore, that he thought he might be too old. It just left me so devastated. Watching Kyle getting older each year just makes me want another baby more and more, so we've been arguing about it ever since, although we seem to be at an impasse. He hasn't changed his mind and neither have I."

"Shit, didn't realize you wanted another kid so bad. You should've said something sooner, I'd give you a baby in a heartbeat."

"Stanley, stop it."

"What?"

"I'm being serious."

"So am I."

"Having another child is really important to me, it's not something to be taken lightly."

"I'm being deadass about this. Go off your birth control and see what happens. I dare you."

"Oh my god, you really aren't kidding are you?"

"I told you I wasn't. Plus, you've seen how many siblings I've got, so you know I'd be able to knock you up in no time too."

"I can't decide if this is incredibly sweet or completely crazy."

"What's so crazy about it? You said you wanted to have another kid, so I'll put a baby in you, make you a mommy again, and you'll give me a little Stanley Jr. Simple as that."

Cum starts unexpectedly blasting out of my cock like a cannon, the thought of Stanley impregnating mom too overwhelming for my already heightened arousal. The first shot forces a surprised gasp from my mouth as warm semen hits the right side of my face.

"Ugh," I whimper meagerly, my toes curling as I douse my bare upper torso with cum. Spurt after spurt brings the most intense pleasure I think I've ever felt, and it seems almost endless. I never knew I could cum so much or so powerfully, my skinny body wriggling on the bed in euphoria as I pump sperm all over myself while thoughts of my mother carrying my bully's child run amok inside my head, fueling the near fugue state I currently lay waste in.

Eventually, my groin runs out of cum to eject, leaving with me a softening cock, an incredibly high heart rate, and a chest full of so much splooge, a mop is needed to clean it all up.

My arms are weak from cumming so hard and they tremble slightly, causing me to almost drop Stanley's phone.

Removing my headphones, I place the phone on the bed and very carefully stand up before moving quickly to grab the towel hanging from the hook on the back of my door.

I race to wipe all the cum off myself before it runs too far down my body or hits the floor. Once most of it has been cleaned, my thoughts return to the conversation I just read, causing my heart to race in anxiety at the same thought that had only a few minutes ago made me orgasm.

Dumping the towel into the hamper, I pulled on underwear and pajamas before crawling into bed to continue reading the conversation that had been interrupted, picking up right where I left off.

"It's cute to picture a baby version of you," mom wrote, "but I don't think so, Stanley. I like you and all but I don't know you well enough to consider having your baby. Not to mention Tim and I will hopefully be getting married later this year, so that'd be an issue lol."

I sighed in great relief seeing her turn his offer down. Even though imagining it while jerking off was hot, the thought of Stanley getting mom pregnant was a nightmare I couldn't even fathom.

"I get it," he responded. "But the door's always open. You never know what changes the future will bring."

"I'll keep that in mind haha."

My stomach sinks again, the brief alleviation I felt dispersing with his ominous statement.

I checked the date the conversation took place, my despair deepening when I see that it was a while ago, not long after they had first started sleeping together but before she had become so enamored by him and he had started trying to displace Tim from our home.

Exiting out of Snapchat, I sat in bed contemplating everything that had happened since the start of summer; mom's growing relationship with Stanley, the apparent breakdown her's and Tim's, Stanley's domineering presence in our household, and I tried to reconcile it all with mom's strong desire to have a baby as well as Stanley's previous offer to give her one.

It all seemed incredibly grim in context and I put my head in my hands out of frustration, ultimately deciding it was too late and I was too tired to process anymore.

I unplug my headphones and am about to stand when I stare down at the photos app. Despite how shitty I'm feeling, a small part of me knows I'll be craving those videos again at some point, not being able to resist now that I'm aware of what's available.

So I quickly find all the videos Stanley has of him and mom fucking and airdrop them to my own phone, saving them in a hidden, password protected album.

Finally, I return Stanley's phone to where I found it before getting back into my bed to let sleep be my escape from the harsh reality I face.

## **Bully Moves in Next Door Pt. 09**

The warm summer night air washes over my skin as I step out of the ice cold interior of Sarah's car and onto the driveway. Waving goodbye, I watch as she backs out and pulls off, disappearing down the street. I let out a long happy sigh. We had recently made our relationship official and I couldn't be happier.

I turn and walk up the driveway, approaching the back door and opening it carefully. It's pitch black inside and I hear nothing but silence. Mom and Stanley must already be in bed.

After shutting the door behind me, I flick on the lights to discover the dirty dishes from dinner still left scattered on the table as well as the pots and pans used to cook the meal on top of the stove.

My mouth falls open in disbelief. I had texted mom earlier, letting her know that I wouldn't be home for dinner, going straight to Sarah's place once we left work. She'd responded that it was ok, but evidently, Stanley had decided that didn't mean I could skip out on my chores.

I stare at the mess, taking it all in. Suddenly, I felt very tired. My phone tells me it's just past midnight, and I debate whether to leave this all for tomorrow morning but quickly decide against it, fearing Stanley's reaction when he discovers I haven't done what he's expected of me.

Sighing, I roll up my sleeves and begin running the hot water before moving everything into the sink. If I hustle I can get this done in under half an hour. I truly hate washing the dishes, but I fear Stanley too much to risk disobeying him. He's capable of more than I can even comprehend.

My thoughts start to wander as I fall into the usual rhythm of doing the dishes. I hadn't needed to do them yesterday since mom and Stanley went out to dinner. I overheard him telling her it was a reward for "putting up with that dipshit for a week", meaning Tim.

When I'd taken him to the airport yesterday morning before work, he asked me if there was anything wrong with mom.

"What do you mean?" I asked nervously, caught off guard by his sudden inquiry.

"She just seems so distant lately," he pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose as he stared out at the highway. "Is she still upset that we had to push back the wedding?"

"I'm not sure," I said carefully. "She hasn't said anything to me about it."

"Well I can't think of any other reason other than that, can you?"

I offered a casual shrug, my eyes focused intently on the road ahead of me.

"You know, I've been so busy with work and hanging out with Sarah, I haven't been home a lot," I answered, desperately trying to evade his questions and too afraid to answer any other way.

As much as I hate what mom is doing to him, I'm more worried about what the repercussions will be if he finds out.

"Well, I get why she's upset then, I really do. But I'm just trying to get everything squared away at work, that way I won't have to travel as much once we actually do get married."

"Right," I told him, internally worrying if they'll even get that far.

"Maybe when I get back I'll do something to lift her mood. Take her out to a movie or a nice brunch."

He sat next to me quietly pondering to himself until we arrived at the airport. As I watched him go, I couldn't help but think just how in over his head he was, and that it'd take more than just brunch to unhook Stanley's claws from mom.

With the last of the dishes clean, I shut the water off and head upstairs for bed, leaving behind my thoughts on Tim, mom, and Stanley.

Mom's door is still shut when I leave for work the following day and when I get home early that evening I'm surprised to find the house silent and empty.

A note on the table catches my attention and I lift it up to read.

"Kyle,

Stanley and I are spending the day up at the lake. We probably won't be back until tonight, so I took some leftovers out of the freezer to defrost in the fridge. See you later.

Love, Mom"

Frowning, I crumble the note and throw it into the trash can before opening the fridge. The lasagna she had taken out of the freezer was still half frozen, making a loud thunk when I drop it onto the counter.

I text Sarah to see if she wanted to come over and hang out, but she already has plans with some of her friends to go out to dinner and then a movie afterward. So I ended up spending the evening by myself, playing video games after heating up and choking down the lasagna, which is a bit freezer burnt.

When I go to bed shortly after eleven, mom and Stanley still aren't home yet, but the last time they went to the lake they hadn't gotten back until late at night, and after finding the video of them having sex on the dock up there, I understood why. So I don't think too much of it as I fall asleep.

The sound of my phone buzzing on the nightstand wakes me groggily from my sleep. Bleary eyed and confused, I glance at the clock to see it's very early in the morning, the soft glow of pink sunlight filtering in through the blinds.

My phone stops buzzing and I turn over, resenting whoever had called and woken me up. Today's my day off and I definitely don't want to be awake this early when I don't have to be. A few

minutes later, just as I'm on the cusp of falling back to sleep, my phone starts vibrating again.

Letting out an annoyed groan, I reach behind me, fumbling to grab it and not bothering to check who's calling before I answer.

"Hello," I mumble a bit angry.

"Kyle?" It's Tim. "I'm so sorry for calling you this early, but your mom's not picking up."

"What?" I sit up and run my eyes, trying hard to keep the annoyance out of my voice.

"Your mom. I tried calling her last night like usual but she didn't answer, nor did she a few minutes ago. I just wanted to check if she's ok."

I sigh heavily, "I'm sure she's fine."

"What do you mean? Isn't she there?"

I pause, realizing I slipped up in my half awake state of annoyance.

"Um..."

"Can you just put her on the phone please?"

I try and fail to remember if I heard her come in last night, then reach over to part the blinds and look out the window. Stanley's truck is still absent from his driveway.

"Uh, Tim, I think she might be slee--"

"Just wake her up if that's what you're worried about."

I open my mouth but no words come out.

"Hello? Kyle? Can you just give her the phone, please?"

His incessant impatience leaks into his voice and suddenly it's all too much. My resentment of everything finally boils over; mom's carelessness, her relationship with Stanley, his behavior, even Tim's naivety, all of it, combined with the fatigue of having been woken up so early and forced to try and cover for mom and Stanley, makes my blood simmer.

Anger rockets through me, and in my fed up state, it eclipses all other logic and emotions in addition to emboldening my recklessness.

So, enraged, I open my mouth and carelessly blurt out, "She's not here!"

"What? Where is--"

"With Stanley, she went to the lake with him yesterday and hasn't come back."

"Stanley? That guy from next door?"

"Yes!" I practically shout in exasperation.

"But why--?"

"Ask her," I cut him off harshly. "I'm fucking tired of this shit. Stop pestering me with questions so I can get back to sleep!"

I end the phone call in anger and turn off my phone before tossing it back onto the nightstand. Rolling over, I pull the covers up to my chin and angrily shut my eyes, but any attempt to fall back asleep fails, my anger too great to let unconsciousness tug me back under.

But my anger gradually starts to fade, being replaced with a slow boiling dread over my actions, and soon I'm on the verge of panic as I imagine the consequences of what I said to Tim emerging.

What did I do? What the fuck did I do?!

My mind races with all the possible outcomes of this situation now that I've thrown a bunch of cards out onto the table. Will Tim confront mom now? Or Stanley? What would they say? Admit it? Deny it? Then what?

I feel overwhelmed, too many scenarios flashing by and too many conflicting emotions battling inside my chest. Small tears roll gently down my cheeks as I sniffle softly. I feel better letting it out, so much so, that I inadvertently fall asleep at some point after shutting my eyes.

My dreamless sleep is interrupted by the sound of the back door shutting, startling me awake. I sit up quickly and glance at the clock. It's mid morning, and I've been asleep for almost two hours.

Getting out of bed, I open the door and walk into the hall. I can hear mom moving around in the kitchen, so I tentatively climb down the stairs, cautious of what she might say to me when I approach her.

"Morning, sweetheart," she says after spying me creeping around the corner.

"Hey, mom," I say gently. "Where've you been?"

"Didn't you get my note?"

"I did, but you said you'd be back by last night."

"Oh, well there was a terrible storm that rolled in right before we were set to leave, so we thought it best to wait it out in the cabin. It lasted so long that we ended up falling asleep. I would have texted but my phone died and I forgot to bring a charger."

"Uh-huh," I reply skeptically.

"I should get this on a charger, actually," she holds up her phone. "And I really need to shower."

She gathers up her belongings and heads upstairs. I watch her leave, pondering what was waiting for her on that phone once she plugs it in and expect the worst.

To my surprise, however, there is no explosion. The rest of the day, I wait, anxiety gnawing at my insides, expecting the shoe to drop at some point but it strangely never does.

I hear mom on the phone with Tim at one point not long after she gets back home, but their conversation is normal, and he appears to not say anything about what I blurted out earlier.

Despite this, I feel no relief. In fact, this only makes me more anxious that something bad is coming. There's no way that Tim could ignore what I told him, even he's not that daft.

These thoughts occupy my mind in the days preceding his arrival home. The day his flight is due to get in, I practically shake with nervousness, not to mention I'm entirely distracted while working, so much so that Sarah even comments on it.

"Are you ok? You've been jittery for days but it's kinda bad today?"

"Oh," I mumble, "I'm just nervous about Tim coming home. I think he and mom might be fighting."

"About what?"

"Um, I'm not sure," I lie. "Maybe about him traveling so much?"

"You shouldn't make yourself so nervous. Couples fight, I'm sure it'll all be ok."

She places her hand over mine in encouragement and support. I smile softly at her even though I know very well that things surely might not be ok.

That evening when I get home, I hesitantly push through the back door into the kitchen, not knowing what to expect, and find everything completely normal.

Mom is by the counter, preparing dinner, and she looks up and smiles in greeting briefly before returning to chopping vegetables.

"Hey there, kiddo," Tim calls from his seat on the couch and glances at me over his tablet.

"Hey," I offer back, a bit unsure. Standing in the doorway for several seconds, I silently observe them, looking for signs of any cracks in their facade but there doesn't appear to be any.

After changing, I hang out downstairs until dinner is ready to continue studying the dynamic between. When we sit down to eat, I begin to question if I'd maybe dreamed the entire conversation with Tim the other morning. Maybe my fears manifested in some crazy but authentic nightmare that I'd come to believe as the truth.

I've almost convinced myself of this, pondering it throughout most of dinner, when I finally notice Tim, oh so subtly, watching mom from under his eye lashes as she sits next to him, alternating between taking bites of her food and typing on her phone.

My heart thuds heavily in my chest as I carefully peek at him from across the table, attempting to appear nonchalant as possible. His gaze is casual but attentive, carefully tracking her facial expressions whenever she focuses on her phone. When mom's lips briefly turn up in a small but wry smile, my eyes quickly dart quickly to Tim's face and I just manage to catch the slight narrowing of his eyes as he zeroes in on it.

I look back down to my near empty plate, no longer hungry as anxiety settles back into my stomach. How could I have been so stupid as to think, even for a second, that I might've imagined that conversation? It's not that Tim didn't know or wasn't doing anything about it, he just didn't immediately confront her about what I'd said, which means he will at some point, especially if he keeps observing her as he's doing now. The question is when.

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Over the next several days, I keep catching Tim subtly watching mom whenever I'm home, keenly observing her actions when she thinks he isn't looking. He's quite discreet about it, much more than I thought him capable of. If I'm not actively looking, I won't notice his eyes discreetly moving from his tablet to her sitting by her desk as she types out on her phone.

Since I work every day, I only see what happens when I'm home and have no idea what Tim observes mom getting up to during the day when I'm not there.

Besides this, they continue on as normal, just with Tim carefully keeping track of mom's actions now that his feelers are up.

My nerves are practically shot and I'm wracked by anxiety as the impending sense of doom looms over me. I have no idea what or when something is going to happen, so my insides remain coiled like a spring loaded trap, ready and waiting.

Nearly a week after Tim has been home, Sarah drops me off in front of the house shortly after 11 at night. I had intended to stay over at her place but she had gotten a call from our boss who needed her to cover for someone the next day. Since I didn't have to work, I decided I'd rather sleep at home than get up early with her so she could drop me off.

I wave goodbye as she drives away, then turn and head up the driveway. As I approach the back door, I hear the faint muffled voices of shouting coming from the other side.

Slowing down, I slowly creep up to the back door and listen carefully. The voices are louder now, though still not clear enough for me to hear what they're saying, though I have a pretty good idea of who's arguing and what they're arguing about.

Is this finally it? My heart begins to beat fast and nervously, careening around the inside of my chest. I take a few steps back and attempt to peer through the window into the kitchen and can just barely see the back of mom's head and nothing else.

Frowning, I stand in the dark of the backyard, unsure of what to do, until an idea crosses my mind. I quickly hurry back down the driveway and around to the front of the house, climbing up the steps to the front porch.

Facing the front door, I grip the doorknob in one hand while sliding my key into the lock with the other. The lock clicks as the key rotates and I gently turn the handle before slowly and quietly pushing open the door just wide enough for me to slip inside.

The pitch black of the front hall cloaks me as I enter and quickly shut the door, the shouting voices no longer muffled by the thick walls.

"You're never here half the time," mom yells.

I crouch and dart toward the staircase, trying to make as little noise as possible.

"And that's your excuse?" Tim yells back incredulously.

He's standing in the living room and even though he has his back to me, I practically see the anger pouring out of him. His body is tense, neck straining as he yells with his hands balled into fists at his side.

I climb the first couple of steps before settling deep into the shadows and looking through the

large gaps in the bannister at the spectacle unfolding before me.

Mom stands with her arms crossed under the archway that leads to the kitchen from the living room. She's partially obscured by Tim so I can't see her face but I can definitely sense how she's feeling by her tone.

"No," she answers emphatically, frustration leaking into her voice. "But it's what led us here. What don't you get about that?"

"What I don't get is how! How did it go from just sex to this?! My God, Julie, are you really doing this? Throwing our relationship, our future together, away? For some twenty year old punk you barely know?"

Just then, an unseen voice sound off, carrying a warning tinged with authority, "Watch it!"

Even though I can't see him, I recognize Stanley's voice immediately. He must be lurking in the kitchen, somewhere behind mom.

"No one was talking to you," Tim says through gritted teeth, his head turning slightly to the left as he addresses Stanley.

"I don't give a shit! You were the one that initiated this big confrontation, not the other way around, so I'll speak whenever I damn well please to whoever the fuck I want!"

"I don't know who you think you are--"

"I don't know who you think you are!"

Stanley steps forward, striding purposefully out of the kitchen to stand in front of mom, closely facing Tim. Arms crossed, he wears an expression of disdain on his face, his large, muscular frame towering intimidatingly over Tim. He's close enough that I can see his eyes practically burning with contempt as he stares down at the smaller man.

"I'm tired of this bullshit back and forth," Stanley practically spits in his face. "You can't seem to get it through your thick fucking skull so let me make it clear for you; Julie is with me now and all your questioning of 'how' and 'why' won't change that. Do you finally understand now?"

Throughout his little speech, mom had slowly moved to stand just to the right of and slightly behind Stanley, leaning into him and reaching out to gently stroke his bicep in support. Her touch causes a small smile of triumph to cross Stanley's face, a smile that seems to convey confirmation of everything he just said. Finally, he raises his chin slightly in challenge, daring Tim to say otherwise and contradict him in some way.

Tim's face turns a light shade of red as he looks up angrily at Stanley for several silent seconds before letting out a frustrated yell. Turning he quickly storms toward the front hall and I crouch as low as possible, pressing myself against the wall as he walks by the stairs, wrenches the door open and slams it shut behind him.

Stanley and mom stand together in the living room, watching him leave and then turn to face each other as soon as the door rattles closed.

"You good?" Stanley asks her.

Mom doesn't respond but simply leans in and wraps her arms around him, closing the distance

between her lips and his. Stanley's big hands grip her waist before sliding down to squeeze her ass as she kisses him deeply. She moans lightly, pressing her body tightly against his as their lips urgently mold together.

After several seconds, she pulls away, looking up at him adoringly.

"Shit, I'll take that as a yes," he says, offering her a cocky grin.

"The way you stepped in and asserted yourself was just..." she trails off, unable to finish her thought. "It reminded me exactly why I chose you over him and quashed any feelings of doubt I might've had if he'd kept going on."

Her hands run up and down his bare arms, lovingly caressing his round biceps.

"Good. Remember, you're mine now," he tells her firmly, squeezing her ass possessively in order to reinforce his words.

"Always," she brings her mouth back to his and they resume kissing, which quickly deepens to a heavy make out session.

Their heads turn to the side as their lips fight one another. The sounds of wet tongues interlocking mixes with deep moans of pleasure as they pull each other closer, their hands searching and finding different body parts to grab and hold onto.

Mom's hand eventually finds its way down to Stanley's crotch, massaging the bulge in his mesh shorts and causing him to grunt in a mixture of approval and encouragement. Soon, his monster is free, sprouting obscenely from the dark, thick pubic hair that covers his groin and large balls, which hang heavily against the waistband of his shorts.

Mom jerks him fast, her delicate manicured fingers wrapped tightly around his thick shaft, forming a tight fist that pumps his tool firmly and with a determined, steady pace.

Stanley breaks their kiss and tilts his head back, a look of concentration on his face as he begins to buck his hips against her persistent strokes. He emits a deep, guttural grunt from the back of his throat and clenches his teeth as mom increases her pace, rapidly moving her hand up and down his hog, coating it with the precum leaking from his tip.

"Fuck," Stanley pulls away from her touch. "Hands against the couch."

Without waiting, he grabs mom by the waist and pushes her towards the back of the couch, pressing down on her lower back to force her ass up and out. Mom quickly scrambles to brace herself, placing her hands along the top of the back of the couch for purchase.

Stanley gathers the lower half of her mid-length yellow sundress in his right hand, hurriedly bunching it up around her waist as she moves her feet apart, widening her stance and presenting her panty clad ass and pussy to him.

His index and middle fingers gently trace along the soft, lacy surface of her cream colored panties, teasing her folds through the thin material. Mom's soft moans are replaced by a surprised yelp and the sound of tearing fabric as Stanley wrenches the thong roughly from her body.

He flings the tattered remains of her underwear off to the side, forgotten the second they leave his grip, and transfers the bundle of fabric that is mom's dress from his right hand to his left before placing his palm along her round ass cheek.

Stanley rubs it softly, marveling at the smooth, pale skin underneath his touch. Then, without any warning, he raises his hand and swiftly brings his palm down hard, making contact with her ass cheek in a loud and vicious smack.

Mom's cries are a mix of pain and pleasure, and they get louder and more intense with every fierce slap delivered to her right ass cheek. Stanley doesn't stop until she's panting heavily and a large, bright red hand print marks her as his territory.

"Fuck yeah," he mutters, admiring his handy work with a sadistic smile.

Without another word, he takes his throbbing cock in his hand and places the head at her entrance, making mom gasp in anticipation. Slowly, he pushes past the pink folds of her pussy, the wide girth of his shaft stretching her inner walls as he fills her completely with his manhood, not stopping until his scraggly pubes tickle her opening.

"Ohhh fuck, you're so wet. God damn," Stanley mutters in wonder.

Mom barely manages to muster up a low moan as a response, her face scrunched up in intense pleasure as she hangs her head, her grip on the couch tight.

"You liked that I put Tim in his place, huh?"

He slowly withdraws his cock from inside her, causing mom to issue a series of needy and frustrated groans, until the tip of his fat cockhead is positioned at her entrance.

"Answer me, slut," he rubs his cockhead teasingly along her slit.

"I did, I love that you finally proved to him that I belong to you!"

"Damn right, showed him how a true man behaves when claiming his bitch."

With that, he reinserts his dick back inside her.

"God, yes," mom cries.

"Yeah, you're my fucking slut," Stanley mutters as he begins sawing his cock in and out of her at a leisurely pace, enjoying free reign of lands now wholly his.

Just then, the front door swings open. My heart nearly stops as Tim quickly crosses the threshold with a determined stride. I go completely still, ready for his eyes to land on me, but he's so angry and singularly focused that he quickly moves past the foot of the staircase, leaving me still unnoticed and lurking in the darkness of the front hall.

"Alright, asshole, I'm not just gonna leave without a--"

His words are cut off by a soft gurgle when he rounds the corner and comes to a screeching halt under the archway leading to the living room.

Leaning to the left, I can just make out the aghast look on his face as he takes in the sight of mom bent over with her dress bunched up around her waist while Stanley takes her from behind.

Stanley pauses his thrusting and turns his head towards Tim as he comes into view under the archway. They both stare at each other for several seconds; Tim, stunned and horrified, and

Stanley with a mischievous grin, his huge cock half inside mom, who raises her head at the interruption. There's a glint of defiance in her eyes when Tim's stare briefly meets hers.

Eventually, Stanley resumes fucking mom, slowly pushing the rest of his cock inside her before withdrawing it from deep within, never breaking eye contact with Tim. His mischievous smile turns malicious as he notices Tim's gaze shift to focus on his donkey dick disappearing into mom's body before reappearing.

As he slides himself back out of mom's pussy, Stanley pauses for several seconds, putting his cock on display by showing off its substantial length and girth as well as the copious amounts of juices from mom's pussy that cling to his shaft.

"You see this shit? You see how fucking wet she is? This is the real reason you lost her. This right here, my big dick." His cock throbs as he addresses Tim, practically twitching in the dim light of the living room.

"You couldn't keep her satisfied you pathetic fuck," he continues, "so she had to go out and get some dick from a real man, a true alpha that knew how to give her exactly what she needed, and now she can't get enough. Isn't that right, slut?"

Stanley slowly pushes his cock back inside mom, burying it up to the hilt.

"Ohhhhhhhh," she moans in lust filled confirmation as he stuffs her full of his heavy meat.

"Yeah, that's right. Tell him, tell him what you are," Stanley increases his pace slightly as he starts fucking her.

"I'm your whore," mom mutters, her mouth falling open from the intense pleasure of Stanley's cock filling her up.

"Louder," he commands in a stern voice.

"I'm your whore, Stanley," mom declares.

"Fuck yeah you are," his hips begin to move faster, thrusting into her to create a small slapping sound.

Tim continues to stare at them in abject horror, frozen in place as he begins to finally comprehend the full extent of mom's descent into Stanley's cock obsessed slut.

"And what's he?" Stanley prompts.

"He's a loser," mom states without hesitation. "A weakling who doesn't know how to please a woman. Uhhhh!"

Stanley's fucking her hard and fast now, his hips slapping against her ass cheeks, which jiggle as he pummels her pussy with his engorged cock.

Tears begin to prickle in Tim's eyes, his anger and shock long gone. It breaks my heart seeing the anguish so clear on his face as he watches the love of his life degrade him while being violated by the dick of a douchebag twenty years younger than him.

He turns around to flee just as the first set of tears start to roll down his face.

"Yeah, get lost you miserable cuck," Stanley yells after him before descending into a fit of hateful laughter.

Tim stalks out the front door, not even bothering to shut it behind him. I watch as the kindest man my mom has ever been with disappears into the black of the night.

A dull, hopeless ache settles in the center of my chest while a small amount of tears gather in the corners of my eyes. I don't know how long I stare mutely out into the darkness for, but the cracking sound of a palm against bountiful bare flesh brings me back to reality, and I close my eyes as the noise of fervent, animal sex once again fills my ears.

"That's it, you're officially mine now, slut. There's no going back," there's an intensity into Stanley's deep voice that's crystal clear even over the sounds of his thick pole wetly penetrating her and his hips crashing into her ass repeatedly.

"Uh, uh, yes Stanley, ugh, I'm yours, hgh, forever!"

Despite how hurt I am over Tim's departure, my cock still rages hard in my pants. I shake my head even though I know what comes next.

Forcing my eyes I open, I turn my head to take in the sight of Stanley and mom rutting like dogs in heat. I can't help but marvel at how he takes her so forcefully, a stern, almost angry look on his face as he grips her shoulder with his right hand, pulling her back roughly every time he thrusts his cock sharply inside her.

"You're fucking mine, skank, do you hear me? You're mine now that I've pushed out that dumbass and taken his place. You're my fucking property, bitch!"

"Yes, yes, Stanley, you own me! I'm yours for the rest of my life!"

My cock is out and in my hand as I furiously jerk it. At the rate that they're going, they aren't going to last long. And neither will I.

Stanley grunts deeply while swiftly pumping into mom, his thick cock slamming past her folds and cramming into her tight hole over and over.

"Mine. You're mine," he repeats under his breath, eyes ablaze with power.

"Uh, Stanley, I'm gonna cum! Cum with me, cum inside me, please!"

Mom gasps as her body tightens and then shudders, waves of pleasure coursing through her. She opens and closes her mouth, riding out an orgasm against his shaft.

"Ugh, you're squeezing me so tight, I'm gonna blow my load! Oh shit, god damn it! Arghhh!"

Stanley shoves his entire cock all the way inside her, holding his groin tightly against her ass while hosing down her inner walls with his seed.

Mom groans from the feeling of his cock spasming deep within her, flooding the entrance to her cervix with thick amounts of sperm.

My own cock bursts as they begin to come down for their peaks, spurting white fluid all over my shirt. I squeeze my eyes shut tight, concentrating on controlling my breathing as I empty my balls.

Once they're well drained, I release my half limp cock and open my eyes. Stanley is in the process of disengaging his cock from mom's hole, causing her baby batter to leak out and down her crevice.

"Fuck yeah," he utters, letting go of her dress before pulling his tank top over his head.

Mom stands up, her legs shaking in the aftermath of a powerful orgasm as well as from being bent over. She watches Stanley toss his tank top off to the side and then push his shorts and underwear down the rest of the way down, stepping out of them along with his slides before ambling around the side of the couch and collapsing on top of it completely naked.

His large frame occupies both cushions, his long limbs splayed out, and he half gestures for her to come to him.

Mom quickly lifts her dress up, stripping naked and then joining him by laying her body across his. She slides her left hand up along his well defined torso while he wraps his muscular arms around her delicate body, holding her possessively against him. They don't say anything, just merely hold each other for several minutes before beginning to kiss.

I watch for several minutes as they press their bodies closely together, hands freely exploring while their kissing persists with a subtle yet intense passion. Eventually, I decide I've seen enough and begin to climb the stairs as silently as possible.

After my bedroom door clicks closed behind me, I change out of my cum covered clothes and into my pajamas. I feel very tired and almost devoid of emotion as I crawl into bed, greatly looking forward to a long, deadened sleep.

Laying in the dark not too long later, the last thing that I hear before unconsciousness tugs me under is the faint sound of high pitched moaning coming from downstairs.

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When I wake up early the next day, memories of the previous night instantly come flooding back, and I close my eyes in a vain attempt at falling back to sleep. Eventually, I get up and head downstairs to find mom and Stanley still naked on the couch, bodies pressed together and limbs interlocked as they sleep soundly, never having bothered to go upstairs. Guess now there's no real need to hide anymore.

I return to my room to get dressed before leaving with a strong desire to be anywhere but there. With no real idea of where to go, I hop on the bus, riding it aimlessly until I spot a diner across the street from one of the stops. My stomach rumbles loudly and I quickly disembark before heading inside for breakfast.

I spend the next several hours just wandering around from place to place; the library, the arcade, the movies, anywhere where I can occupy my time and take my mind off of home.

By early evening, I've exhausted every idea I had to keep myself busy, and since Sarah is going directly to her cousin's place after work to have dinner, I have no other option but to return home.

Mom's alone and cooking when I come in through the back door. She greets me when I walk in and tells me dinner will be ready soon. I stand in the kitchen expecting her to say something about Tim but she doesn't. It's only when we're just about finished eating that she finally tells me they broke up.

"We just couldn't make it work, sweetheart," she says gently, a small, remorseful look on her face, which I know is really more for my benefit than because she's actually regretful.

"Are you ok?" She tilts her head slightly to the side. "I know how much you and Tim got along and liked each other."

"I guess," I stare at my plate, avoiding eye contact with her.

"You sure? You don't see all that surprised or upset even?"

I shrug, "Kinda figured you guys were having problems."

"Well, if you want, you can always talk to me about it."

"I know," I say, pushing the last bits of food around with my fork.

"Ok," she says after several seconds, returning to her food.

And that was that. We didn't discuss it any further. Mom and Tim officially weren't together anymore. A few days later, I'm walking home from the bus stop after work when I spot a small U-Haul trailer attached to the back of a car in our driveway.

I stop right there on the sidewalk, watching as Tim emerges from within and pulls down the grate. He walks around to the driver's side then opens the door, and just before he sinks down into the seat, his head turns and he sees me.

We both stand perfectly still looking at one another, the sorrowful expression on his face surely a reflection of mine. He gives a small wave goodbye before getting in the car, starting it, and driving away. I watch the taillights slowly get smaller the further away he drives until they disappear around a turn.

Sighing, I trudge inside, taking notice of the small absences of Tim's belongings around the house as I head up to my room. Mom's nowhere to be found, probably somewhere else avoiding Tim while he gathered his things.

When I come down to the kitchen to get some water a bit later, movement out the window catches my eye. Next door, I can see mom and Stanley kissing goodbye on his back porch. Her hair is a bit ruffled and he's wearing nothing but a pair of boxer-briefs. Guess I know how she spent her time while Tim was moving out.

Watching them, I wonder how long it'll be before they finally come clean about their relationship. Turns out, I don't have to wait very long to find out.

The next day after work, I come home and find mom and Stanley laughing together on the couch, his arm around her.

"Hello, sweetheart," mom greets me with a smile as I slowly walk into the living room. "How was work?"

"Uh, good," I tell her.

"Why don't you have a seat? We want to talk to you about something."

Stanley grins at me while I settle down across from them. I can already tell what's coming, having sensed a completely different, more relaxed atmosphere around the two of them as soon as I walked in.

It's quiet for several seconds, none of us really know what to say, before Stanley gives mom a small nudge and she finally addresses me.

"As you know, sweetheart, Stanley and I have gotten to know each other quite well this past summer and we have become close. He's spent a lot of time here and it was during all that time together that we realized we had feelings for each other, and when Tim and I separated we decided to explore those feelings. So, Stanley and I are now together, as a couple."

She leans into him and he places his free hand on her knee while tightening his arm around her, his wicked grin growing.

Even though I've been expecting this, her words still make my body go numb. No matter how hard I tried to prepare myself, a small part of me had still been in denial that this would happen. But now with mom openly declaring that she's dating my bully, cold hard reality washes over me.

I swallow hard and try to maintain a neutral face, apparently not doing a very good job, however.

"Oh, sweetheart," mom says, empathetically, "I know you're probably still upset about Tim, but I promise you, Stanley is the right man for me and I'm sure that in time you'll come to see him as the right fit for our family."

She smiles earnestly at me and I manage to smile weakly back while resisting the urge to vomit. A quick glance at Stanley tells me he's clearly enjoying the situation as it's unfolding.

"Well, that's all we really wanted to talk to you about, so..."

I nod and start to stand up, wanting more than anything to just go up to my room.

"Oh, by the way," she says suddenly, "Stanley and I are going out to dinner tonight, sort of our first official date together as a couple, so you'll be on your own."

"Ok," I tell her, a bit relieved. At least I'll have the house alone to myself tonight.

I leave them sitting on the couch together and head upstairs. Once I'm safely in my room, I'm finally able to release some of the tension in my body, having managed to have made it through a conversation I knew was coming but still wasn't prepared for and absolutely dreaded.

I take several deep breaths, trying to get my heart rate under control. The next several weeks will be tough, but the silver lining is that I'll be off at college soon and then I won't have to deal with this except for when I'm home occasionally. I keep telling myself that until I finally calm down enough to relax and play some video games to distract myself until they're gone.

A couple of hours later, I hear mom call for me from the living room. Hitting pause, I toss the controller aside and head downstairs where I find mom and Stanley standing together.

Mom's wearing a dark green mini dress with a small slit along the thigh, held up by thin straps. Her black stilettos add several inches to her height while her blond hair cascades loosely down her back. Stanley's rich blue button down shirt clings tightly to his muscular chest and his dark slacks, form fitting against his long legs, end at a pair of black dress shoes.

"Sweetheart, would you mind taking a picture of us?" She holds out her phone to me with an eager smile.

I look from the phone to her and back before silently taking it. Stanley wraps his left arm around mom's waist and pulls her close enough for her to place her hand on his chest while leaning against it. I snap a quick picture of the two of them, mom with a stupidly happy grin on her face and Stanley with a shit eating one on his.

"Thank you," she says as I hand her back her phone.

"Ready?" She asks Stanley.

"Almost, go wait for me in the car, I wanna talk to Kyle here about something real quick."

My heart drops in my chest as mom takes the keys from Stanley and walks out the back door, saying goodbye to me on the way. Stanley stares at the door after it closes behind mom for what feels like 10 minutes even though it's more like one.

But then he slowly turns his head towards me, and the dark, steely look on his face is enough for my body to tense up in anticipation.

"You know," he begins calmly, "I was really hoping after the last couple of times that you would get the hint not to fuck with me."

"Wha-what do you mean?"

"Don't play dumb with me. You don't think I know it was you who told Tim about your mom staying up in the cabin with me that weekend?"

"I-I... it was a mistake, I didn't mean--"

"Oh, you bet your ass it was a mistake, a grave one." He takes a step toward me and I take one back.

"You opened your big mouth and wrecked what I had planned," he continues. "All those months of set up, ruined."

My heart is racing now, the blood having drained from my face. Of all the scenarios I had considered after talking to Tim, Stanley confronting me about it had somehow not crossed my mind.

"I warned you not to interfere and cause any more problems with me and your mom. You didn't listen, so now, you'll have to be punished."

I turn and make a move to run, but before I could get anywhere, Stanley lunges forward and snags the back of my collar. He drags me back toward him while I fight, fruitlessly, against his incredible strength, my socks sliding against the lacquered wood of the floor.

His large hands clamp onto my shoulders and shoves me roughly onto my knees, maneuvering my body until I'm crouched with my chest and face pressed against the living room floor and my ass turned upwards.

Kneeling horizontally next to me, Stanley uses his land hand to hold me down while his right takes a hold of the waistband of my shorts and begins yanking them down to expose my ass.

I go deadly still as I hear the clink of his belt being undone, then my eyes widen in alarm as realization rushes through me.

"No, please Stanley, don't! I'm sorry, I'm sorry," I beg.

"Too late for apologies, faggot. You need to be taught a lesson, one you won't soon forget."

With that he raises his hand high then brings it down fast and his looped leather belt cracks across the bare skin of my ass.

My scream echoes off the walls of the living room. Stanley lets the pain settle in for several seconds before bringing the belt down against my ass again.

"This is your punishment, faggot!"

\*whack\*

"Having your ass beat like a child!"

\*whack\*

"I fucking own you now!"

\*whack\*

"You and your bitch mother!"

\*whack\*

Over and over he brings the belt down, the leather biting sharply into the flesh of my skin. I beg and plead for him to stop, apologizing profusely in between yells of pain, but this does not deter him.

After what feels like an eternity, he finally ceases his beating. We're both panting heavily as he removes the hand keeping me pinned down against the floor. I slowly turn over to gently lay on my side and curl up in the fetal position, tears silently running down my cheeks. My ass cheeks throb with a burning pain and I swear I can feel the welts beginning to form already.

Stanley leans in closer, "From now on, anytime you even so much as ponder stepping out of line, I want your ass to throb with the memory of the spanking I just gave you. Do you understand me?"

I nod my head in acquiescence. He stands back up, towering over me. I hear the sound of a zipper being lowered and a few seconds later, a warm, thick stream of yellow liquid hits the side of my face.

"Ahhhhh," Stanley sighs heavily as he begins relieving himself all over me.

My mouth opens in surprise, causing some of his piss to trickle inside. I sputter, turning my face away and holding up my hand in a weak attempt to shield myself, but he continues swinging his big dick back and forth like a fireman wielding a hose, dousing my entire upper body in his urine.

His stream finally begins to wane after almost two minutes, dissipating slowly to small drips until he's finally done emptying himself of a large quantity of piss. He gives several shakes of his cock, loosening a few last droplets before tucking his shaft back inside his pants and zipping up.

My entire upper body is soaked as I lay in a puddle of his piss. I can smell it radiating off of me, saturating the hair matted against my forehead. I shift my neck to look up at him as he puts his belt back on.

"Make sure this is cleaned up before your mother and I come home tonight. And shower too, you fucking reek."

His twisted smile bears down on me as he finishes inserting the belt through the buckle, "You know, you scream just like your mom does when I beat her ass too."

He chuckles darkly as he walks around me and proceeds out the back door. The slam of it closing behind him leaves the house silent except for my small sniffles.

I don't know how long I lay there in Stanley's piss, waiting for the throbbing on the surface of my ass to calm down a bit before I attempt to stand. When I eventually climb to my feet, I'm already partially dry, his urine baked into my skin.

Shuffling slowly toward the kitchen, I fill a bucket with soap and water before grabbing a sponge. I spend the next fifteen minutes on my knees, scrubbing the floor clean of Stanley's piss, small, silent tears rolling down my cheeks.

Once I'm finished, I dump the contents of the bucket down the kitchen sink and rinse it out, then head upstairs to scrub the smell of his urine off me.

I stand under the warm water of the shower for a long time, just letting the soft jets pummel my face and body, before I finally begin lathering myself with soap.

I wash myself thoroughly to ensure that I'm completely devoid of any essence of him. The burn of humiliation in my cheeks matches the burning of my ass from his spanking as the whole thing replays in my head over and over.

Stanley had wasted absolutely no time establishing his dominance in our household, setting himself up for complete control by putting me in my place and ensuring that I knew where that was within the new hierarchy.

I didn't dare tell mom about this, shuddering at the thought of what he'd do if I did. He'd finally beaten me into submission, and I'll stay there until I have to leave for college.

I begin repeating my mantra from earlier, but it doesn't have the same effect in the aftermath of what just happened. Once the water starts to go cold, I slam the handle down and step out of the shower. In my room, I dress quickly and slip between the sheets of my bed, gently laying on my side to avoid the irritating sting of my ass making contact with the mattress.

Sleep comes very quickly and a bit unexpectedly. Guess being held down and spanked really takes the energy out of you.

However, I'm woken up several hours later by noises coming downstairs. Glancing at the clock, I see that it's quite late. Thuds on the stairs and quiet giggling let me know exactly who's making those noises.

I can hear lips smacking together once mom and Stanley reach the top of the stairs.

"We can't be too loud," mom drunkenly slurs in a poor attempt at whispering. "He might be

sleeping."

"Let's see if you still feel that way once my dick's inside you," Stanley replies in a normal tone of voice.

Mom giggles and her door shuts with a thud several seconds later. It isn't long before the gentle squeaking of her box spring echoes from down the hall along with quiet, restrained moans from mom.

But as the squeaking increases in volume, so does she.

"Ohhhh," comes a constrained moan.

"Just fucking let it out, already," Stanley huffs.

He makes no attempts to quiet his voice. The wet slapping of bodies begins to join the other noises coming from their bedroom as their sex intensifies.

"Oh, yes, Stanley," mom says, her will to keep quiet slowly breaking down as the pleasure she's receiving from his cock builds.

"Tell me how much you love it," he prompts.

"I love it so much," she tells him immediately, her voice rising a bit in volume.

"What do you love?"

"Your cock," she says, louder still.

"And what else?"

"You," she proclaims at full volume. "Oh God, I love you, Stanley!" Her voice rings out, tinged with the freedom of doing so.

"Ugh, say it louder, ugh."

"I love you, Stanley," she practically yells. "I love you so much!"

He's fucking her fast and hard now, the box spring squeaking incessantly while the clapping from their colliding bodies is rapid. Her loud words are clearly a driving source of pleasure for him.

"Fuck yeah you do, bitch! Ugh, say it again!"

I reach down to free my cock from my pajama bottoms and take a hold of it. Tears silently roll down my cheeks as I jerk off while listening to my mother loudly declare her undying love for my bully while he fucks her.

Their cries of passion and love quickly reach their crescendo, signaling that both of them have achieved their respective orgasm. Mine is not far behind.

Once they're finished, silence finally descends on the house. As I lay in bed, mom's words continue echo inside my head, unable to be quieted. What she had not said to Tim in such a long time escaped her tonight, directed toward the asshole that had made my life miserable throughout most of high school while his prick was buried deep inside her.

The worst part was, I detected nothing but the truth from her. Even if forced out of her by his cock, I knew she meant every word she had said, and from the way Stanley urged her on, so did he.

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I wake up the next morning unaware of having fallen asleep. Glancing at the clock, I see that it's almost half past eight and stretch.

My stomach rumbles and I move to get out of bed. Opening the door, I step out into the hall and walk quietly to the stairs. When I reach the top landing, I can see mom's bedroom door is wide open. Either her or Stanley must've gotten up in the middle of the night to use the bathroom or something and not shut it upon returning.

Inside, both of them are fast asleep as they lay completely naked in bed, the thin sheets covering them just around the waist. Mom has her head resting on Stanley's well sculpted upper torso, her smooth legs intertwined with his thick, hairy ones. With every slow breath, her chest rises and falls causing her bare tits to push up against his defined abs.

I swallow hard and wonder if this will be the new normal for them, unashamedly displaying their relationship around the house now that they longer have to hide it. Their loud, passionate sex last night seemed to indicate so, almost as if they were emboldened from no longer having to suppress their strong desire for one another, even if they were barely managing to do so before.

Continuing downstairs, I made myself a bowl of cereal, wincing as I carefully sat down at the table. My butt cheeks were still sore from Stanley's spanking last night, and the pain brought back the memory of it, causing shame and humiliation to flood through me. I no longer felt any rage or anger about the situation, having had it beaten out of me as a consequence for letting it influence my actions in the first place.

I'm only a few bites in when I hear the loud thuds of someone coming down the stairs and my heart begins to speed up knowing who it is.

Stanley comes striding into the kitchen wearing only a pair of purple boxer briefs that cling tightly to his groin, the bulge from his large, flaccid cock evident.

"Sup, faggot?" He thumps me hard on the head as he passes by, causing me to spill the contents of my spoon into my lap.

He laughs as I stare down at the stain on the front of my pajama bottoms. Taking some napkins from the holder, I begin cleaning off the milk and cereal. Behind me, Stanley fiddles with the coffee maker before plopping down into what is now his seat at the head of the table.

The noise of the percolating coffee fills the silence of the room as Stanley gets comfortable in his seat, stretching his legs out in front of him and spreading them wide, displaying the bulge in his underwear from his large, flaccid cock, while clasping both of his hands behind his head, making his muscles stand out.

"What a great night's sleep. Your mom was eager to make sure I was well taken care of before I passed out, especially now that she no longer has to worry about that wimpy prick."

Out of the corner of my eye I could see him looking intently at me and I knew he was asserting his dominance, proudly displaying, not just the fact that he'd conquered my mother, but the cock

and body he'd used to do it.

Avoiding eye contact, I resumed eating and Stanley snorted in derision and cockiness, looking away once he was assured that I'd understood him.

Mom came into the kitchen a few minutes later wearing a pink satin nightie, the hem of which ended at the tops of her thighs. She went straight to Stanley, her eyes fixed on him adoringly.

"Good morning, darling," she greets him with a deep kiss that lasts several seconds.

"Sup, baby? Sleep well?" He gives her a cocky grin as he eyes her body scantily covered by the nightie.

"It was the best night's sleep I've had in a long time," she says sincerely before giving him another kiss, this time slower and more passionate.

"That's what I like to hear. You're gonna be sleeping like that from now on with me around permanently."

"Nothing sounds better," she smiles affectionately at him, lightly grazing the top of his chest.

"How about you get that fine ass over to the stove and cook me up some breakfast, hm?"

"Of course! Any requests?"

"Three eggs, sunny side up, four slices of bacon, and some rye toast. Oh, and a cup of coffee when it's done."

"Anything for you," she kisses him one final time before rounding the table.

"Good morning, sweetheart."

"Morning," I mumble back.

"You want any eggs since I'm making Stanley some?"

"Sure, why not."

"Scrambled, right?"

I nod at her and soon the kitchen is filled with the smell of bacon grease and toasted bread. Mom places Stanley's large plate down in front of him before handing me mine, and he digs in as she refills his mug with more coffee.

"How is it?" She asks, climbing into his lap upon returning to the table.

"Fucking amazing," he tells her with his mouth full.

"I'm glad you're enjoying it. I'll cook you a full breakfast just like this every morning if you want."

"That's exactly what I want," he wraps his large arms around her as he leans in for a kiss, his left hand palming one of her ass cheeks while his right caresses her inner thigh.

She giggles as he gently kisses her neck. Pulling away he gestures with his head toward the plate

and she takes his cue, picking up a slice of bacon to bring to his open mouth. He bites down on it, chewing loudly while smiling up at her.

Mom alternates between feeding him pieces of bacon and forkfuls of egg, occasionally taking bites herself, looking the happiest I've ever seen her. I have to force myself not to gawk at them. She never treated Tim this way, waiting on him hand and foot like this. I knew she enjoyed the domestic aspect of her relationship with Stanley but this was complete subservience. Is this how she'd wanted to be him the entire time? Holding herself back from this behavior under the guise that they were merely friends?

This was never a phase or some deception he's tricked her into. Deep down she truly desired a gruff, commanding, brutish man to serve, and somehow Stanley had recognized that in her, then used his cock as bait to reel her in before revealing himself to be just the sort of man she craved to be with; no, to be possessed by.

This revelation about my mother has me reevaluating everything about this past summer, making my head spin. It all makes sense now, and I finally understand that there ultimately wasn't anything I could have done to change the trajectory of what had occurred.

I realize I've just been sitting here staring down at my eggs as my mind attempts to process all of this. My arm begins to move again, mechanically shoveling the now cold eggs into my mouth. I don't really taste them but I chew and swallow anyway.

Neither Stanley or mom had noticed me just sitting here, eyeing my plate. She was too focused on giving him tender kisses in between bites of food. Out of the corner of my eye, I finally notice her free hand has disappeared underneath the table, the arm attached to it moving gently as she attempts to discreetly massage the bulge in his underwear.

I return to eating my food, simultaneously aroused and repulsed by their behavior. My fork scrapes the empty plate just as mom and Stanley stand. His cock pushes out against the fabric of his boxer-briefs even more than they did when he first came down, no doubt from mom's handling of his package.

"Good timing," he notes. "Make sure to wipe down the stovetop when you're done with the dishes. You know how greasy bacon gets while it cooks."

With that, he leads mom into the living room, easing them both down onto the couch as he turns on the TV. I get to work collecting all the plates and cookware, washing them in the sink before setting them to dry on the rack.

Before switching off the water, I realize I missed a bowl by the stove and walk over to grab it. In my periphery, I notice some movement on the couch in the living room. Turning in that direction, I see the back of mom's head bobbing up and down over Stanley's crotch as she leans over from her spot on the couch next to him. His large body blocks me from seeing anything further as he relaxes back, legs spread wide open while he stretches his muscular arms along the top of the back of the couch.

I stare frozen by the stove with my arm outstretched, the glass bowl clenched tightly in my grip. She really isn't holding back now that she doesn't have to. My cock begins to stir watching her blonde hair cascading around her shoulders with every rise and fall of her head.

Suddenly, Stanley turns and glances over his shoulder, making eye contact with me as mom continues to go down on him, oblivious to anything but the thick cock she's swallowing. My breath hitches in my throat from being caught watching them, fear causes the growing hardon in my

pants to shrivel back up.

A slow, sadistic smile slowly spreads across Stanley's face and he winks at me before facing forward again, spreading his legs wider to provide mom with better access to his cock.

I stare after him for almost a minute, my mouth hanging half open as I anxiously contemplate if he saw how aroused I was becoming through the thin material of my pajama bottoms.

Slowly, I made my way back to the sink, watching the water slosh around inside. Eventually I clean the last bowl before scrubbing the stovetop, taking my time before making my way into the living room to go back upstairs.

As I approach, mom's back to sitting in an upright position on the couch. But next to her, Stanley sits with his legs wide open, his full erection on display as it strains against the front of his underwear, which has a wet spot on it, while the head of his cock just manages to poke out from the top.

He looks completely unashamed, not caring in the slightest bitt how indecent he appears, his eyes focused on the tv in front of him and nothing else. Mom has the decency to at least appear sheepish as she avoids eye contact with me. But she doesn't say anything or even attempt to offer any type of explanation, no longer feeling the need to pretend she isn't completely sexually enamored with him.

I hurry up the stairs and shut the door behind me. It isn't very long after when I hear the sounds of mom and Stanley's feet as they follow in my path, closing themselves away in her room.

They spend the rest of the morning having passionate sex, again unable to control their volume. I jerk off twice while listening before getting dressed and texting Sarah to come pick me up. She pulls up to the curb just as the shower starts in the bathroom, their giggles from inside almost seeming to follow me as I bound down the stairs and out the front door.

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Stanley moved in with us not longer after that, assuming his rightful place as man of the house. He didn't have much stuff to bring, just some clothes and his Xbox. He left his workout equipment in his dad's garage since there wasn't a space for it all in our house.

It was more difficult adjusting to his presence than I initially thought it'd be. He was spending so much time at our house beforehand that I figured it wouldn't be that different from how we were already living, but alas, I was wrong. Being home was tolerable, pleasant even, when he was exercising or at work. But when he wasn't, it was awful. I'd come home from work to find him staring idly at the screen, splayed out on the couch in nothing but his underwear and slides, beer cans littering the coffee table from hours of drinking while watching tv or playing Call of Duty.

Mom completely enabled his behavior too, stopping whatever she was doing when he would call out, "Julie, get me another beer."

I'd often catch her checking him out, eyeing his almost naked body from behind the computer at her desk, drinking in his rippling muscles and smiling to herself whenever he let out a burp or scratched his balls. He'd catch her sometimes and smile drunkenly at her before gesturing to join him on the couch. She'd happily skip over, laying herself across his body before engaging in a heavy make out session which eventually led to them going upstairs to fuck, which they did constantly and without any inhibition. Multiple times a day, loud and passionate.

If this was the extent of his behavior, then I could deal with it. But it went beyond that. He made every decision in our house. Not just what we had for dinner but what we bought or didn't buy, where we would be going and at what time. He seemed to relish in making all our decisions for us, particularly since mom ceded complete authority to him and deferred to whatever he decided, unwavering in her support of him as the head of the household.

If I hadn't heard her declare her love for him, I'd be able to tell just by the actions she took; constantly doting on him, doing what he told her too, serving him like the king she saw him as.

She also began dressing up a lot whenever they went anywhere together, regardless of the occasion. So much effort went into doing her hair and make-up as well as putting together outfits that were sexy and showed off all her assets. Her wardrobe was replaced over the course of several large shopping trips. The modest, flowing sundresses she normally preferred were discarded in favor of tight miniskirts, form fitting dresses, and halter tops that showed plenty of cleavage; clothes carefully picked out to put her body on display for him, never showing enough to be outright slutty but just the right amount to let everyone know all the goods she was packing underneath.

In public, they looked almost mismatched, this gorgeous older blonde all dressed up walking with a twenty year old muscle headed douchebag wearing mesh shorts, a tank top, and slides. Mom would stand tall and strut with her chest thrust out, proudly showing off her body and that it belonged to Stanley. I could see it in her face when I was with them. She enjoyed the looks of desire other men gave her, leaning into Stanley to indicate that only he had the pleasure of enjoying her. I'd watch their looks turn from desire to envy as each one of them took in the arm casually draped around her shoulder, a sign of Stanley's ownership that said, "You can look but I get to fuck her." He reveled in their envious glares, happily plastering a sleazy grin across his face as they strolled around together.

I was often made to tag along with them on their outings. "Family time," Stanley would call it. But I think he really just wanted me to see him showing off mom as his whore.

Once, on a trip to the mall, we ran into a group of people that Stanley and I went to high school with. Neither of us were really friends with any of them but we all were well acquainted with each other.

The three of us were in the center of the mall where it branched out into four separate wings. Stanley sat on a low half wall, his feet planted firmly apart, while mom stood in between his legs with her arms encircling his neck. Victoria's Secret bags were on the floor next to them as they kissed, Stanley's large hands slid down her back and came to rest on her ass over the material of her tight skirt.

I sat on the same half wall a few feet away, trying my hardest not to appear associated with them. The mall was filled with passerbyers who would raise their brow quizzically as they took in the sight of my mother and Stanley making out.

They broke apart to take a breather, mom resting her forehead against his.

"I can't wait to put on that little lace teddy I just bought for you," she told him, biting his lower lip.

"Good, I love having you all dressed when you present yourself to me."

"It's what you deserve," she tells him before pressing her lips to his again.

I shudder from embarrassment and arousal as they resume kissing. A few minutes later is when I recognize the group of people heading in our direction and quickly whip out my phone to stare down at, watching them out of the corner of my eye and praying they don't notice me or Stanley.

No such luck. As they passed by I heard one of the guys, Drew, greet Stanley, who reluctantly pulled away from mom to look over at them.

"Sup?" He greeted him back. Mom gingerly took a seat on his lap and one of Stanley's hands automatically started caressing her inner thigh, the other sliding around her waist. She threw her right arm around his neck and begins gently stroking his bicep possessively.

"How've you been, man? Haven't seen you since Aaron's rager after graduation."

"I'm good, been keeping myself busy. You know how it is."

He offers Drew a knowing smile.

"Yeah, I see you went and caught yourself a milf," Drew answered, finally taking notice of mom, scanning her up and down.

"Sure did," mom answered confidently.

One of the other guys says, "Damn Pachis, so which of our classmates are you playing step daddy to?"

The group laughed, clearly taking the rhetorical question as the joke it was meant as. My hands went numb and I turned my head toward Stanley in fear, a desperate, pleading look in my eyes. We made eye contact, and for a couple of seconds, his face was expressionless, giving me a flutter of hope that he wouldn't say anything. But then a large smile slowly spread across his face, and he nodded in my direction.

"Kyle Finnegan," he answered with clear distinction.

Eight heads suddenly snapped in rotation to look at me. Some mouths dropped open while others eyes grew wide. There was a heartbeat of silence as they all processed what he'd said along with my presence only a few feet away, then the collective outburst ensued.

"No way!"

"Oh shit, didn't see you there, Kyle."

"Is that actually his mom?"

"And are you really dating her?"

"Let's go, stud!"

My cheeks burned hot in humiliation as I stared back at the kids I went to highschool with, some of whom still went there. Two girls at the back exchanged astonished glances as they attempted to hold back laughter, covering their mouths with their hands.

"I actually just moved in with them," Stanley continued. "You all should come by to chill sometime."

"Oh, that'd be so nice," mom interjected. "It's been so long since Kyle had any friends over."

I finally looked away, unable to bear their mixed looks of surprise, amusement, and pity. The humiliation of it all was just too much.

They chatted only a minute or so longer, then left with a few of the guys promising to hit Stanley up on Snapchat soon. Drew mockingly called out goodbye to me, his voice tinged with hilarity. I held out my hand in a small wave, not even bothering to look their way.

Once they were gone, mom said, "What a nice group. You really should invite them over soon. Wouldn't that be nice, Kyle? Seeing some of your school friends again?"

I merely nodded, not wanting to drag this conversation out any longer than need be.

"We'll see about it," Stanley told her. "I haven't had a chance to show you off to any of my friends yet."

He grinned at her and she giggled before leaning in for more kisses.

I wanted to get out of there so badly, but Stanley declared he was hungry and led us to the food court. I sat down opposite them at a table and watched them eat their lunch; mom had a salad while Stanley tore into a double bacon cheeseburger. My appetite had long ago left me and the space on the plastic table in front of me remained empty.

The group of people we knew from school showed up on the opposite end of the food court a bit later, and I saw them looking over at us and whispering. I stared down at the table, taking occasional glances up to see if they were still there.

"You have a bit of dressing on your mouth," Stanley said to mom.

He reached out and wiped off the glob of ranch that clung to the edge of her lips with the tip of his index finger. When he didn't make a move to clean it off with a napkin, mom leaned in and took his finger in her mouth, slowly sucking it clean while making eye contact with him. Stanley smirked back at her.

"Good girl," he complimented.

Glancing up again, I saw several people in the group with their phones out, pointed in our direction. I hurriedly looked away, feeling my cheeks redden again. Stanley returned to his burger, smiling to himself, and I wondered if he had done that on purpose, to give them all a show.

Thankfully we had left after that and managed to avoid that group on our way out. I was quiet and sullen the entire ride home and neither mom nor Stanley paid me any mind. They both disappeared upstairs as soon as we got home, to "put our stuff away", but the sounds of their sensuous rutting started up not long after the bedroom door shut behind them.

Alone in my room, I listened as the noise of their sex picked up; the moaning, grunting, and thudding of the headboard clear even through their closed door and mine. My erection popped up just as they began, but I only pulled it out to jerk off when the talking began.

"Fuck, you were all over me in the mall," Stanley grunted out. "You like touching me like that in front of people I went to school with?"

"Yes, I wanted them all to know I was yours!"

"You want me to fuck you in front of them too?"

"I do, I do! They'll watch and see you taking what belongs to you!"

"God damn, you skanky hoe!"

I beat my cock faster, their talk about him fucking her in front of people we knew driving my arousal further and further until I blew my load.

A few hours later, I'm playing video games when my phone buzzes in my pocket. Mom and Stanley still hadn't come out of their room, having sex once more about forty five minutes ago.

I pause the game to retrieve it and see that it's a text message from Patrick, my old chemistry lab partner. The text read, "Is that your mom?", and attached was a video.

My heart sinks, and when I click on it, I see that it's a screen recording of a Snapchat which shows mom sucking on Stanley's finger during lunch this afternoon at the mall. The Snapchat is captioned, "Stanley Pachis out here having his finger sucked on by Kyle Finnegan's mom!"

It's zoomed in, having been recorded from afar, but it's clear enough to tell that it's Stanley in the Snapchat. Both him and mom take up the entire frame, obscuring me from view.

I delete the text and block Patrick's number, then decide to turn my phone off altogether, but not before I text Sarah to ask if we can hang out. Once I get the ok from her, I shut off my switch and head out front to wait for her, not really wanting to be here any longer. Feminine giggles echo from behind mom and Stanley's door as I hurry down the stairs.

As abhorrent as it was to be around them now that they were officially together, the silver lining that I initially clung to was that I'd be away at college soon enough, and then I could finally find the peace I so desperately wanted. But, just like everything else in my life save my relationship with Sarah, that proved to also fall apart.

With the breakup and Stanley moving in, it had completely slipped my mind, and it wasn't until I was speaking to one of the admissions advisors that it finally surfaced.

"So your move-in date is next week," she was saying, "and after that, there will be freshman orientation."

"Sounds great, I'm really looking forward to it."

"Now, the payment for room and board is due on the same day as your tuition. What kind of payment method are you using?"

I open my mouth automatically, ready to say that my soon-to-be stepfather was paying by check, when it finally hit me. My eyes grow wide, and I feel the breath leave my lungs as a sudden wave of panic slams into my chest.

No. How could I have overlooked this? Had I gotten so used to the idea that college was set to be paid for that it didn't even register when Tim and mom broke up that he'd no longer pay for it?

It was only when I heard the woman on the other end say, "Hello? Hello? Are you still there?", that I realized I hadn't responded, my mind going blank with blind panic.

"I... uh, I need to double check on that," I whisper hoarsely. My vision starts to swim.

"Ok, well the payment date is coming up quite soon, so keep that in mind and get back to us as soon as you can."

"I will," I tell her before hanging up. I feel the phone slip out of my hand and fall with a soft whomp onto the bed.

I run my hands through my hair out of stress, my mind racing a mile a minute as I try to simultaneously comprehend the entire situation and come up with potential solutions.

This can't be happening. I have to do something. I can't let everything slip away like this, I just can't.

Pulling out my laptop, I quickly switch it on to do some research; on loans, financial aid, bank robberies, anything. When mom calls me down for dinner several hours later, I'm exhausted and my eyes are bleary from staring at a screen up close for so long.

I must be wearing my emotions on my face when I sit down at the table because mom asks what's wrong.

"I was talking to the school today. They reminded me that payment for everything is due soon and I'd completely forgotten about it."

"How do you forget about paying for school?" Stanley asks.

"Well... Tim was going to pay for it," I say gently.

"Ah," is his response.

"Yeah, so I've been frantically trying to figure out how to come up with the money last minute."

"Can't imagine it's going well," he says, taking a swig of beer.

"It isn't."

Mom gives me a sympathetic look. "I'm so sorry, sweetheart. You know if we had the money that I would help you out."

"I know," I tell her. "But, there might be something else you could help me with."

I see Stanley's eyes narrow slightly across the table.

"What is it?" She asks.

"Well, it's too late to apply for financial aid, the deadline has long since passed. But I still might be able to take out a loan in time."

I pause, steeling myself before forcing out the next part.

"I just need someone to cosign the loan for me."

There's a beat of silence as what I said hangs in the air and I hold my breath in anticipation of what she'll say. She finally opens her mouth to speak but Stanley cuts in before she can say

anything.

"I don't think that's such a good idea," he says firmly.

I stare at him despondently.

"How come?"

"Why should your mother be saddled with your debt? Is that fair to her?"

"But I'll pay it back, every cent. I swear!"

"How? It took you ages to finally get the job you have now. What makes you think you'll be able to find a decent paying job after graduating to help pay off a loan like that?"

I'm hot with humiliation, and I try my hardest to hold back tears.

"Please," I beg him, my voice cracking. "I need this."

"Well we won't always get what we want. It's about time you learned that. You've been handed everything your whole life, never had to work for any of it. If you really want this that much, then you'll have to work hard for it, just like everyone else. So the answer is no."

He took another swig of beer while I turned desperately toward mom, hoping she can rectify this in some way. I'm met with the same sympathetic look but I can see the resolve in her eyes too. She's sticking by Stanley and his decision.

I stare down at my plate in despair, tears pricking in the corner of my eyes.

"Oh, don't cry," Stanley says dismissively, thumping his beer down. "It's not like you won't ever get to go. You'll just have to earn it, and it will actually mean something when you do. You should be thanking me really."

I look up at him sniffing and he stares intently back. Pushing the chair away, I get up and stalk out of the room. The sound of a chair scraping across the floor behind me is cut off when Stanley speaks.

"Don't follow him. He needs to start taking care of himself."

The chair softly scrapes back into place, which only makes everything worse. I shove my feet into my shoes and slam the front door behind me as I clomp down the steps.

Sarah pulls up to the curb about fifteen minutes later and I climb in before burying my head in her shoulder to ball my eyes out.

I can feel her soft hands caressing the back of head as she comforts me while I cry. We go back to her place and talk for hours. She listens while I tell her about what happened and calms me down when I keep getting upset.

She knows all the right things to say to make me feel better, telling me how I can always start during the spring semester and how she'll help me apply for financial aid.

By the time we go to sleep, I'm still upset but I feel much better than I did whenever she first picked me up. We cuddle together on her bed and the last thing I remember thinking about before

passing out is just how lucky I am to have someone like Sarah in my life. I really don't know how I'd get by without her.

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Stanley celebrated his 21st birthday a few weeks after moving in with us. He threw a small party early in the afternoon and invited over some of his friends as well as his dad and brother, Wade.

Sarah's car is parked on the curb outside of our house and I sit in the passenger's seat staring out the window at Stanley and his friends crowded around his truck at the far end of the driveway. Both doors were open and rap music was blasting out of the speakers. I can feel the thud of the bass in my chest even from this far away.

"You sure you don't want me to be there with you?"

I turn and look at Sarah, an imploring look etched into her face, and offer her a small smile.

"Yes, I'm sure. Meeting Stanley is one thing but while he's with his dipshit friends is a different story. I couldn't subject you to that."

"I know, I just hope to meet your mom one day soon. Even if her boyfriend is a terrible person, she's still your mom."

"Yeah," I nod my head. "Maybe one day when he's at work, you can come over for lunch or something."

"I can deal with him, Kyle. I've been dealing with assholes like that my whole life, you don't need to shield me or whatever."

"It's just embarrassing more than anything else. This whole summer has been crazy and it's still super weird to have my mom dating some douchebag I went to school with. Especially with how quickly their relationship has moved."

"Well, whenever you're ready, I'll be there for you. You know you can always count on me."

She took my hand in hers and gave it a squeeze. I smile at her again, then lean in for a kiss.

"Text me and let me know how it goes, ok?"

"I will."

I open the car door and step out onto the sidewalk. Sarah pulls away as I wave to her, then I slowly turn toward the driveway, inhaling deeply as I steel myself. Today is going to be so obnoxious. Mom and Stanley had gone out to dinner last night to celebrate his birthday, so I spent the night at Sarah's. However, both of them made sure to let me know that attendance today was mandatory.

"It's our first celebration as a family," mom had said. "We should all be together, sweetheart."

That she had referred to all three of us as a family had made me shudder, and it still did. I don't care how much she loves him, I would never consider Stanley Pachis as anything remotely close to a member of our family.

I slowly walk up the driveway, getting closer to Stanley and his friends. They are all drinking beer while laughing and joking around. I'm hoping to slip by them without being noticed but one of his

friends sees me approaching and thumps Stanley on the shoulder before nodding in my direction. He reaches into his truck to turn down the music and my ears pop at the sudden reduction of noise.

"Yo, faggot," he calls out, a grin on his face. "Come check out the birthday present your mom got me."

They all snicker as I frown and walk up to them. Off to the side was a large, white cardboard box, the side of which displays the image of a deluxe sound system.

"Check this shit out," he gestures toward the inside door of his truck. The metallic glint of new speakers shine in the late summer light.

Stanley reaches back into the truck, turning up the music again. The vehicle's frame practically rattles from how deep the bass is and I fight the urge to cover my ears. He turns it down after about thirty seconds.

"That's a crazy fucking system," his friend Brock compliments.

"Hell yeah it is," Stanley answers.

"I can't believe she got you that on top of the watch, too."

"Don't forget about the chain," Stanley hooks his index finger around the thick gold chain adorning his neck and holds it out to show off. They all emit various sounds of approval.

"Shit, she must've dropped a chunk of change on all that."

"You bet your ass she did. She went out and sold the engagement ring that cuck bought to pay for it all. Can't believe how much that loser spent on a ring for a whore that left him for some better dick."

I stare silently down at the ground, fuming as I thought back to when mom told me she didn't have the money to help me pay for college. Now she sells her engagement ring to buy gifts for this douchebag.

"You lucky bastard. Sounds like you got it made here."

"I really fucking do," he leans back casually against his truck before continuing. "She woke me up this morning with a blowjob before making me breakfast in bed. Then after I opened her gifts, she asked me to fuck her in front of the mirror wearing nothing but the chain and the watch she bought me."

"Shit bro," his friend Darryl smiles while shaking his head. "You're a legend for this. You really got this bitch obsessed with you."

"She really knows the right way to treat me," he says arrogantly. "I think I'll be setting up shop here for a while now that I got her to kick that little twerp to the curb."

"Seriously?"

"Absolutely. She does anything I tell her to, gives me complete control, and treats me like a fucking god. That's every man's dream right there."

"Damn, never thought I'd see the day when Stanley Pachis hitches himself to just one woman."

"Who said anything about just one woman? Shit, I had Lacy Graham licking my balls just the other day. Julie's my at home whore, but I got plenty of others to play with on the side."

"You're a fucking animal, bro," Brock says, laughing.

"Yo, aren't you worried about him saying anything?" Darryl gestures with his head in my direction.

"Who? The fairy? Nah, he's been beaten into submission. Knows his place now. He won't say shit," Stanley gives me a dark look before finishing off his beer and tossing it into the trash can a few feet away.

"Go get me and the boys another round," he commands me. "And tell your mom she should be getting the steaks ready to be grilled up soon."

Turning, I slowly trudge inside as his friends snicker behind me. Today is going to be a long day, and it is. Mom runs around preparing an array of food for everyone while I'm made to fetch beers for Stanley and his friends as they stand around, get drunk, and have the most banal conversations.

Eventually, Stanley's brother Wade and their dad wander over. Every time I see him, I can't help but recall the image of him throat fucking mom from the video Stanley made of them tag teaming her. His eyes greedily drink in mom's form whenever she steps outside and I can't help but shiver.

"You did good with that one," I hear him tell Stanley quietly at one point. "You played your cards right and now you've got her waiting on you hand and foot."

"Just like you taught me. You're the man, pops," Stanley clamps him on the shoulder and Stuart responds in kind.

The rest of the day ticks by slowly, but everyone eventually peels away to go home, leaving mom and me to clean up the mess left in their wake.

I'm at the sink washing dishes, scrubbing the grease off a pan, when I hear the sound of glass breaking outside. I look up and out the window. Mom has a handful of empty beer bottles she's collected from around the yard, one of which fell and shattered on the ground.

She sets them down on the table next to her before grabbing the dustpan and hand broom, bending down to begin sweeping it up. As she does, her halter top rides up revealing the bare skin of her lower back.

I squint, noticing some kind of marking there, and stand on my toes to lean forward for a better look. Her body moves as she sweeps up the glass, making it hard to see, but when she pauses long enough, I can finally make out that it's two small letters inked across the center of her lower back just above the tailbone which reads, "S.P."

I gasp and nearly drop the pan that I'm holding. My brain scrambles trying to comprehend if what I'm seeing is true. Mom abhors tattoos, there's no possible way she'd get his initials permanently embossed onto her skin.

A large presence appears behind me just as a heavy arm is thrown casually around my neck. Stanley's face hovers over my left shoulder, a stupid, drunken grin etched into his features as he stares out the window with me.

"That was her real birthday present to me," he slurs, the smell of beer washing over me.

"I wanted something permanent," he pauses and burps before continuing, "something permanent to show she belongs to me. For the rest of her life, everybody will see that I've marked her; no, branded her, as mine."

I shudder at his words. The way he speaks about it makes mom seem like a piece of cattle. It's sickening and arousing at the same time.

"I thought it was gonna be much harder than it was to convince her. But she agreed almost immediately after I brought it up. I could tell she loved the idea of having my initials engraved on her. We went to the shop after dinner last night to have it done. I couldn't believe she actually went through with it. It turned me on so much, seeing my initials appear across her skin. I took her to the alley out back afterward and fucked her from behind while she braced herself against the wall. Just plowed away while staring at my initials above her jiggling ass. Best fuck I've had in a while."

I swallow hard as he recounts everything to me. He clearly takes sadistic pleasure in demonstrating the extent of her fixation on him and how far he's willing to push her to show it.

Mom comes in and dumps the glass from the dustpan into the garbage before noticing me and Stanley.

"Look at my men, getting along so well," she smiles broadly at us. "What are you two plotting over there?"

Stanley turns his sleazy, drunken grin on her. "Just how to thank you for such an amazing birthday."

He removes his arm from around my neck and takes two big strides over to her before taking ahold of her waist. His lips quickly find hers as he pulls her body close to his. He plants a big kiss on her before pulling away.

"I can think of one way you can thank me," she tells him enticingly before pushing her lips against his again.

Their heads tilt to the side, deepening their kiss, and mom moans into his mouth. I continue silently washing dishes for the next few minutes as they make out a few feet away. They break apart and stare into each other's eyes, passion and arousal burning between them.

"Make sure that everything down here and outside gets cleaned up," Stanley tells me, not looking away. "You're mom and I have to go upstairs for a bit."

With that, he leads her out of the kitchen by the hand. I can hear her giggles echo from the hall as they climb the stairs.

They spend the rest of the evening having sex while I scrub the kitchen and make sure the backyard is returned to the same state it was in before the party. Finally, I'm finished and I tiredly climb up to my room.

At the top of the stairs, I can hear their ongoing rutting from behind the closed door; groans and grunts of pleasure accompany the fast squeak of the bed's box spring.

"Here's the thank you you wanted, slut!"

A sharp, fleshy whack makes mom cry out in pain and pleasure.

"Yes, yes, thank me again!"

Several more smacks are delivered in quick and powerful succession, and mom's subsequent squeals of delight are her answer of "You're welcome."

## **Bully Moves in Next Door Pt. 10**

It was late in the morning when I woke up. Having worked until closing the previous day, it wasn't that surprising that I had slept so long.

Stretching as I sat up, I cracked my neck and grabbed my phone off the bedside table. Sarah had texted me about an hour ago to confirm that she was coming to pick me up once her shift was over this evening. I smiled to myself and quickly replied with a confirmation.

We had different schedules this week, so I hadn't seen her in a few days and was looking forward to hanging out with her, especially since we'd been fooling around more and more recently. It hadn't progressed to sex yet but we were slowly inching our way there. I was pretty eager for it and to finally shed my status as a virgin, even though I was a bit apprehensive about actually performing. I sometimes found it difficult to maintain my erection with Sarah when we were messing around and had to concentrate to keep it up.

I had read about death grip before but never really understood how it could be a problem until I experienced it firsthand. I had vowed to cut back on masturbating frequently but that was much easier said than done, especially with how often, and how loudly, mom and Stanley had sex.

Still, I had been managing to hold myself back while they fucked raucously during all hours of the day, and I was proud of myself for doing so.

I climbed out of bed when my stomach began rumbling loudly and headed downstairs in search of food. Grocery bags were scattered across the countertops in the kitchen and I observed mom reaching up on her toes to shove a bag of flour onto the top shelf in one of the open cabinets.

As she did so, her halter top rode up, revealing her tattoo of Stanley's initials on her lower back just above the waistband of her denim cutoff shorts. Even though it had been two weeks since Stanley's birthday when she had gotten it, seeing the small "S.P." branded onto her in dark, black ink never failed to make me feel just a tad despondent, or to make my cock leap.

Just then, Stanley comes bounding through the backdoor into the kitchen, both of his hands full of grocery bags and a self satisfied smirk on his face. He caught me frowning as I stared at mom's tattoo and didn't waste the opportunity to feel smug about convincing her to have it done, something he reminded me of by grinning like an asshole as we made eye contact. I looked away, embarrassed at being caught as well as him taking pleasure in the whole thing.

"These are the last of the groceries," Stanley says, dropping the bags onto the counter.

"Thank you, baby."

Stanley reaches over and gives her a smack on the ass. Mom's yelp quickly turns into a teasing laugh as she puts her arms around his neck and kisses him deeply in return.

I move into the kitchen, ignoring them as they kiss and giggle. Mom finally notices my presence

when I open the fridge to grab the milk.

"Oh, good morning, sweetheart," she smiles as she turns her head toward me.

"Morning," I mumble back, maneuvering around them to grab a bowl and spoon.

"There's an unopened box of cereal in one of the bags," she stifles a giggle while trying to ignore Stanley's imploring lips as they move along her neck.

"Tell him now," he says in her ear.

My eyes shift from her face to his then back again.

"Tell me what," I ask warily.

"Sweetheart, why don't we sit down."

She unlocks her arms from around Stanley and pulls a chair out. I sit down, watching as she grabs something from inside her purse and moves to take the seat opposite me. Elation seems to exude from her as Stanley plops down in the chair to her right.

I shift nervously in my seat, unsure of what to expect. The last time this happened, they told me that they were officially together.

I glance back and forth between them as they sit across from me. Mom is practically glowing, a beaming smile on her face while Stanley leans back casually with his arms behind his head, his legs spread wide open. He wears a small smirk as he watches me, as if he's in on a joke that I'm not aware of.

"Sooo..." I trail off pensively. "What's this all about?"

Mom glances sideways at Stanley, still smiling. She looks as if she's about to burst.

"Well sweetheart, we found something out a little while ago, something incredibly exciting. But we didn't want to share it with you until we got confirmation and knew for sure. And, well, we did, early this morning while you were asleep."

It's then that I finally get a glimpse of the item she's been clutching tightly in both hands as her fingers unfurl, revealing something small and square. It almost looks like the back of a Polaroid picture.

My heart skips a beat as I process what she's holding along with her words. I can feel the blood slowly draining from my face and patches of black swim in my vision. No, please God, don't let it be what I think it is. In front of me, Stanley's smirk grows wider as he observes my reaction.

"Kyle, Stanley and I are going to have a baby. You're going to be a big brother!" She says this last part with a burst of enthusiasm and places what she's holding face up on the table.

My fears are confirmed as I stare down at a sonogram, the grainy black and white image of a small fetus burning itself into my brain. Printed at the bottom are the words, "Baby Pachis - 9 weeks," along with today's date.

She's nine weeks along. Her and Stanley have only been official together for five, meaning he got her pregnant a whole month before she broke up with Tim.

The memory of finding their conversation on Snapchat where he tells her to go off her birth control flashes quickly through my mind and I feel like I'm going to throw up. She had rejected the idea at the time but clearly must've come around to it at a later point.

My mouth opens as I attempt to speak. Mom stares hopefully back at me, waiting for my response, while Stanley continues to just smirk.

"Th- that's great, mom," I finally manage to force out along with a small smile. "That's really... great."

"Oh, I'm so happy you think so," she gleefully claps her hands before getting up to wrap me in a tight hug. "We finally have the family we always wanted!"

My arms mechanically move to hug her back as the happy image of mom, Tim, and I as a family is obliterated and replaced with this reality.

Mom kisses me on the cheek several times before pulling away.

"I'm going to call your grandmother. She'll be excited to hear the news as well."

She bounds off into the living room while I stare dully at nothing in particular, a hollow, empty feeling inside my chest. Stanley chortles softly as he slowly pushes his chair back from the table and stands. I look up at him when he moves to stand in front of me and see his smirk has transformed into a sadistic grin.

Leaning down, his face is only a few inches from mine when he says, "You can call me 'daddy' from now on."

His laughter is loud and obnoxious as I shudder from displeasure. He stalks out of the room, still laughing heartily while I sit and attempt to comprehend the last few minutes.

A baby. A fucking baby. That asshole, that piece of shit, stuck his prick inside my mother, my wonderful mother, and got her pregnant. This was much more permanent than any tattoo could ever be.

Slowly, I rise from the chair and walk, trance-like, to my room, no longer hungry. I pass mom talking excitedly on the phone while Stanley sits grinning next to her.

Once inside, I shut the door softly and lean against it. I still can't wrap my mind around mom's pregnancy. In just under seven months, a baby is going to come out of her looking just like Stanley. She willingly let him inside her unprotected, over and over, until they made a baby, one that would be my younger sibling and who would share DNA with both Stanley and I.

The idea of it filled me with existential dread and unbelieving despair, but also an intense and extreme arousal, and as I lean with my back against the door, an erection rages inside my pants, aching to burst free and be stimulated.

I quickly undo my button and zipper, pulling out my hardened cock. My hand starts moving rapidly along my shaft, a strong, almost numbing sensation deep in my groin, as I think of all the times mom and Stanley had fucked over two months ago, how he'd rammed his bare cock deep inside her newly unprotected cunt, fired copious amounts of his seed into her fertile womb, mixing their DNA to create a child together.

My hips push forward as I begin shooting all over the hardwood floor of my bedroom. Cum drenches the area in front of me as I grunt from the exertion of a powerful orgasm. When the last drop finally dribbles out, I practically collapse from exhaustion, panting heavily as I stare down at the mess I made.

I eventually mop it all up with the towel hanging on the back of my door before tossing it into the closet and laying face down on my bed. So much had changed in the last several weeks but this was the biggest of them all. A baby essentially ensured Stanley's presence in our lives forever, something I'm sure he was acutely aware of when he'd done the deed.

My mind swam with all the new possibilities of what was to come, and despite the appalling nature of the entire situation, as well as having just finished jerking off, I soon found myself masturbating again, the thought of my bully impregnating my cheating mother just too arousing to resist.

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Summer ended and fall commenced as things settled down in our house. We all fell into our routines and roles by a certain point, which helped a bit in dealing with everything but not by much. Mom's pregnancy progressed beyond her first trimester, and despite how much it hurt seeing her belly swell with Stanley's child, her impregnation by him became my go to fantasy when jerking off. I still watched the videos I had of them fucking but nothing turned me on more than picturing them mating for the first time.

This became a problem of sorts once Sarah and I started having sex. The first time we did it, I had trouble keeping my erection. I initially chalked it up to the nervousness of having sex, not just for the first time with her, but for the first time in general. When it happened the second time, I realized I needed to once again cut down on jerking off so much.

It proved to be more difficult than it was the first time, however. Especially since mom and Stanley continued to have very loud and passionate sex multiple times a day, her pregnancy seemingly having no effect on her libido. In fact, him impregnating her found its way into their conversations during sex, making it even harder to avoid jerking off.

Eventually, I realized that if I thought of the two of them fucking while I was having sex with Sarah, it made it much easier to keep my erection. I could even manage to cum if I was particularly horny.

Other than the awkwardness of first time sex, my relationship with Sarah was going great. She's what got me through the difficulty of living at home and dealing with Stanley as well as mom's pregnancy.

She even came over for dinner once in October, even though I tried my hardest to prevent it. Mom had noticed how much time I was spending out of the house and put two and two together once she saw me getting into Sarah's car. So she insisted on meeting her one night. I put it off as much as I could until Stanley finally forced me to set it up.

I was a nervous wreck for days leading up to it. Every possible scenario of what could happen with Stanley there ran through my mind and none of them ended well.

But it surprisingly went ok. Mom was very welcoming and Stanley was quiet most of the evening, silently watching our interactions throughout dinner. This made me nervous at first but I was able to tentatively relax after a while.

Even though dinner turned out better than expected, I was still relieved when Sarah told me she was going to be spending Thanksgiving with her family, who lived several hours away. I knew I couldn't count on Stanley having some type of subdued behavior regularly, so the more I could minimize them interacting, the better.

So, Thanksgiving dinner ended up just being me, mom, and Stanley. His dad left for Las Vegas with some of his friends while his brothers were with his mom, who he talked to in the morning.

Mom already had a decent sized bump by then which she displayed proudly and took joy in caressing. She was so happy being pregnant and I think a big part of it was that Stanley was the father.

She cooked a big meal and our table was practically overflowing. After we were finished, we all got up; mom and Stanley moved to relax on the couch while I cleaned up the table and packed away the leftovers, a duty that I performed automatically now.

As I moved empty dishes from the table to the sink, I could see mom and Stanley making out in the living room. She sat in his lap, her arms locked around his neck as they kissed fervently.

After twenty minutes of tongue wrestling, I heard her speak quietly to him while I silently put leftover food into Tupperware.

"You know you're what I'm most thankful for this year, right?"

"Am I?" Cockiness dripped from his voice.

"Absolutely. You made me yours and put a baby inside me. I couldn't have wanted anything more."

"Shit, I was just doing what came natural."

"I know, you were just following your instincts when you claimed me, and that's partly the reason I'm yours."

"You recognized a real man when you finally had one inside you. The rest just fell into place."

"God, I love you," she tells him with passion before clamping her mouth to his once more.

They resumed kissing with a new intensity and it wasn't long before they headed to their room. I made sure the kitchen was spotless before heading upstairs myself, the sounds of lewd and ravenous fucking coming from behind mom and Stanley's closed door. Thus, Thanksgiving ended with all three of us cumming; Stanley inside of mom, mom on Stanley's cock, and me all over my stomach as I jerked off while listening to them.

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The music playing from downstairs went perfectly with the smell of freshly baked cookies that hit me as soon as I opened the door. Christmas is several weeks away, but mom always goes crazy as soon as the calendar rolls over to the first of December. That's why she's baking cookies so early in the morning. Hopefully they've cooled enough so that I could snag some before I head into work.

Mom was bustling around the kitchen, her swollen belly jiggling as she moved from the table to the stove and back again. Stanley was in his usual spot at the head of the table, sipping coffee while scrolling through his phone. The colder weather apparently had little effect on him as he

was, typically, wearing very little, just boxer briefs and slides.

"Morning, sweetheart," mom greets me with a broad smile. The last several months have been the happiest I have ever seen her.

"Morning," I reply. "The cookies smell great mom."

"If you wait a few minutes, you can snag a couple on your way out."

"I think I can be a little late for some of your cookies."

I drop into a chair, eyeing the dozens of cookies laid out on metal sheets that cover half the table, and notice something off to the side. Reaching over, I grab the slick, rectangular edges and hold it up.

"Oh, that's a mock-up of our Christmas card this year," mom tells me. "What do you think? Cute isn't it?"

The front of the Christmas card is taken up by a large photo of mom and Stanley. They're both on the ground in front of our fully decorated Christmas tree, the soft, plush red skirt beneath them. Mom sits in between Stanley's long spread open legs and leans back against his chest. His arms encircle her and his hands overlay hers, which cradle her pregnant belly. Mom beams proudly at the camera, while Stanley offers a huge, shit eating grin, as if saying, "Yeah, I fucking did it. I knocked her up."

At the very bottom, underneath the photo, written in white cursive lettering against the blue background, is the message, "Seasons greeting and Merry Christmas, With much love, Stanley, Julie, and little S.J."

Mom just found out she was having a boy not too long ago. My mouth almost fell open when she told me they were going to name him Stanley Jr., S.J. for short.

I stare down unbelievably at the card for several seconds before looking up at her.

"What? You don't like it?"

"Wh-why didn't you include my name in the message?"

"You said you didn't want to be in the picture when we asked you, so it didn't seem to make any sense to include your name if you weren't going to be in the picture with us."

"But you could've asked. It's like I don't even exist anymore."

Out of the corner of my eye, I see a small smirk tug at the corner of Stanley's mouth.

"Oh, don't be ridiculous," she dismisses. "Who's going to forget that you're my son? Besides, you wouldn't have been in the picture anyway if you had moved out and gone to school."

"That's different, I'm still living here."

She sighed in frustration and turned toward the counter.

"Kyle, why are you getting all wound up over this? You said you didn't want to be in the picture, so you're not, and now you're upset because you're not in the picture but your name's not on the

card?"

I sat not saying anything with my mouth in a firm line. When she said it like that, it did sound childish and ridiculous.

"Look, I don't want to argue about this and ruin the morning. Here are your cookies," she set a bundle of warm cookies in front of me. "I have to go pee."

She walks off toward the bathroom and I quietly place the card back onto the table and reach for the cookies, which are wrapped in paper towels.

"Don't worry, fairy," Stanley finally speaks, not looking up from his phone. "No one's going to forget about you. I made sure that a bunch of people we went to school with are on the mailing list for one of our Christmas cards. Oh, and I made sure that cuck Tim got one as well."

I stare at him in horror for several seconds before he slowly looks up at me, a sadistic grin on his face.

"Why?" I finally say.

"Just trying to share the Christmas joy," he answers sarcastically before standing up. "Isn't that what Jesus would do?"

He laughs and stalks out of the room, the stairs thumping loudly as his large feet come down on them. I look back down at the picture of the two of them, taking in the Christmas card that will be greeting possibly dozens of kids I went to school with, letting them all know, if they didn't already, that my mom was carrying Stanley Pachis' son.

The cookies felt cold in my hands as I stood to go to work and I no longer wanted to eat them. So I left the bundle on the bus when I got off at my stop. Sarah wasn't working today, so I didn't have anyone at work to cheer me up.

Luckily, I was going shopping for her Christmas present after work and that alone was enough to lift my spirits a bit. I wanted to get her something really special. She's such an amazing person and has helped me out so much since I met her. She truly made my life better and I wanted something that would reflect that.

After some thinking and a bit of research, I decided on a little gold heart necklace to show how much I adored her. The jewelry store I went to was offering me a great deal, but even then, it still costs a decent chunk of what I'd saved up from working at Office Depot, but Sarah was worth it, and I couldn't wait to see the look on her face when she opened it on Christmas Day.

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Late one afternoon a few days before Christmas, I was cleaning the living room, trying to get my chores done before I went over to Sarah's. I pulled up the blinds of the bay window that looked out the front of the house. Dowsing the glass in Windex, I began carefully wiping it down, trying to not to leave any streaks.

I pause when I see mom standing on the sidewalk in front of our house. She's talking with our neighbor from across the street, Janet Meyer, who's out walking her dog. They're both talking animatedly and I see mom gesture to her stomach before rubbing it as they both laugh. She eventually removes her hands only for them to be replaced by Mrs. Meyer's, who appears to be talking to mom's stomach, waiting for a response from the baby. Mom looks overjoyed, grinning widely as she watches the older woman fawn over her pregnant belly.

A small bout of anxiety flutters through me. I still haven't quite come to terms with mom's pregnancy yet, a weird hodgepodge of emotions constantly battling one another whenever the thought crosses my mind.

On its own, the prospect of a little brother is actually exciting. For years I dreamed of having someone to play with and tell secrets to, someone with whom I could form that special bond that siblings so often share.

But any joy that I would normally feel about having a little brother is besieged by anguish when I remember who his father is, as well as a small but substantial fear that I would be displaced by the arrival of his offspring.

As if on cue, Stanley saddles up beside me, thumping the back of my head in greeting.

"Sup, faggot? You slacking off?"

He notices me looking out the window and turns his head, following my gaze.

"Aye, your fine ass mom is out there talking to that old biddy from across the street."

He slings a large muscular arm over my shoulder, weighing me down with sheer muscle and trapping me beside him as we both continue to stare out at mom and Mrs. Meyer.

"Ah, fairy, who would've thought all those years ago when I first dropped you on your ass in gym that we'd end up here; me, kickin it as your wannabe stepdad, and your mom knocked up with my kid. Look at that shit, look how fucking good she looks carrying my baby around inside her. She has the right genes for it, not to mention she was eager as fuck for me to get her pregnant."

A shiver runs through me as I can't help but imagine them fucking with the intention of breeding mom, her excited yells urging him to fertilize one of her eggs. I straighten up a bit, trying not to squirm as my cock begins to harden in my pants.

"After I finally convinced her to go off birth control, she was begging me to put a baby in her. The first time I fucked her unprotected was magical, easily one of the hottest things I've ever experienced; cucking another man is one thing, but to take his woman while she's ripe and fertile with nothing protecting her from being inseminated is a whole new kind of high."

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see he was hard in his mesh shorts, his bulge evident beneath the thin fabric. But unlike me, he made no attempts to hide his arousal, basking in the lust from sharing how he'd impregnated my mother.

"You should've heard how she pleaded for it the entire time, practically squealing with desperation for me to fill her unprotected cunt with my seed. It was so fucking hot. I put that shit up on Pornhub, just couldn't keep it to myself."

My breath came in short gasps and my eyes grew wide as I stared at my mother chatting with Mrs. Meyer while gently caressing her tummy. I could feel Stanley giving me a sideways glance.

"What? You think I'm lying?"

I realize I've been subconsciously shaking my head back and forth, refusing to acknowledge his words.

"Oh trust me, fag, that video is very much up and running. Your mom's a natural born pornstar, all the strangers commenting say so."

Tears prickle in my eyes knowing a video of my mom being fucked and bred by my bully is out floating around on the internet. Simultaneously, my cock presses stiffly against the inside of my underwear at the same thought.

"You know you really fucked with my plans. I was gonna wait and show that shit to Tim once my kid was born and they'd gotten married. You don't know how badly I wanted to see the look on his face when he realized the kid his wife bore him wasn't his."

A couple of tears made their way slowly down my cheeks. I had no doubts about the validity of anything he just told me. Stanley was just that cruel of a human being.

"But, shit happens, doesn't it? And now here we are. Funny thing is, if you hadn't opened up your big mouth, you'd have had Tim around for a bit longer. Certainly long enough for him to pay for college I imagine."

He grinned sadistically at me and laughed, unslinging his arm from around my neck.

"Get back to work, Cinderbitch. I'm gonna go get your mom to come take care of this," he grabbed his hardon crudely through his mesh shorts as he moved towards the front hall.

"Julie, get in here," he called out to her after cracking open the door.

I wiped the tears from my cheeks while watching mom say goodbye to Mrs. Meyers and head for the house. Stanley led her upstairs once she was inside and not too long later the sounds of sex drifted down to me as I finished up cleaning the windows.

When Sarah came to pick me up a few hours later, they were still up in their room. I couldn't stop thinking about what Stanley had told me all day. Thoughts of that video circulated through my mind while I finished my chores and hung out with Sarah, leaving me distraught and quiet, but most of all, horny.

Sarah kept asking me why I was so distracted, but I just told her I was tired and that Stanley had been a pain in the ass today. No way was I going to tell her about what had actually happened, she'd be horrified.

I was hoping the two of us would have sex. I'd been pent up the entire afternoon and evening, so some release would have been great. But she had unfortunately started her period this morning, so that was out of the question.

However, I knew I needed to cum at some point and the thought of waiting until I went home the next day seemed impossible. On top of it all, and despite how horrible I felt about it, I was anxious to find and watch the video online, and I knew I wouldn't have been able to clear my mind or concentrate on anything until I did so.

So, later that night, after Sarah had fallen asleep, I broke a rule that I had made when we had started dating; to never watch anything mom and Stanley related while I was with her. But the intense arousal that had been building the last several hours overrode all the logical reasons I shouldn't do it.

Yet, I still found myself creeping out of bed while Sarah breathed softly beside me. My cock was already completely hard with anticipation as I moved around the side of the bed to grab my

phone and headphones from the dresser.

I shut myself inside the bathroom, flicking on the light before shoving my pajama bottoms and underwear to the floor and taking a seat in the toilet. Hastily, I plug my headphones in and pull up the internet to begin my search.

Twenty fruitless minutes later and I'm still scrolling through PornHub. I've tried every possible search suggestion I can think of, yet I haven't found anything, much to my disappointment.

Frustrated both sexually and mentally, I decide to give up the search for now and just jerk off to one of the videos I have saved in the hidden album on my phone. I can continue to look at a different time, but right now, I desperately just want to satisfy my lustful desire of watching mom and Stanley fucking in some way, regardless of the context.

I pull up the video of them fucking on the couch, where the camera is resting against the lamp, filming as she sits in his lap riding him.

Capturing my rock hard cock in my hand, I quickly begin stroking, sighing with the relief of finally stimulating myself sexually. I know I'm not going to last very long, and I quickly build up to a moderate rhythm.

Not long into the video, the churning starts deep in my groin, signaling the beginning of an orgasm. My fisted hand excitedly pumps my shaft, and I'm so deeply engrossed in the video that when the door abruptly opens, I nearly fall off the toilet in surprise.

The phone slips in my sweaty palm and I scramble for several seconds trying to recover it while Sarah's shocked face stares at me from the doorway. In my panic, I'm unable to get a firm hold of it, and I watch in horror as the phone tumbles to the floor and slides across the tile to the center of the small room. The force of the fall causes the headphones to be yanked free from the phone's jack.

"Oh my god," she blurts. "I'm so sor--"

She stops as the sounds of raunchy sex fills the room; moaning, grunting, the wet slapping of flesh against flesh. I'm frozen in panic, unsure what to do, when clear voices come from the phone.

"Yeah, you like this big dick, slut?"

"Yes, I love it so much!"

"Are you my nasty little whore?"

"God, yes!"

I watch as Sarah's eyes grow big in recognition, and her head slowly moves down to look at the phone face up on the floor.

"Ugh, ugh, fucking cheating skank. Ride my cock, bitch!"

There's a rough slap and mom's wails of pleasure practically echo off the bathroom walls.

"Slap my ass again, Stanley. Slap it again!"

Sarah's mouth opens in disbelief before she covers it in one hand.

"Wait, Sarah, it's- it's not what you think, I swear," my voice comes out in a high pitched panic.

Her eyes shift from the phone back up to me and I can see there's tears in them just before her face transforms from a look of disbelieving horror to one of inherent revulsion.

She turns and flees from the doorway. I stand to run after her but stumble over the clothing bunched around my ankles and fall to the floor with a thud.

I climb to my feet, roughly pulling up my pants as I exit the bathroom. Sarah is pacing the living room when I walk in. Her back is to me but I can hear her crying.

"Sarah, I--"

"What the fuck was that?" She turns and yells at me, tears streaming down her face.

"It's not what it looks like, I swear!" I hold up my hands in defense.

"Not what it looks like?! You were jerking off while watching a video of your mom fucking her boyfriend!"

"No, I- I found the video, and- and... I was- I was..." I stammer incoherently trying to come up with some explanation, any explanation, that could make this all better, to no avail.

Sarah's shaking her head at me, her lips trembling. "That's so fucked up," she whispers, as her face crinkles in anguish.

Sarah, I beg. "Please--"

"Go."

"Wh-what?"

"Go, get out of my apartment," she points at the door.

"Sarah--"

"Kyle, stop! Just get your stuff and go."

I stare into her eyes, at the resolve there, and know that it's over. It feels like the air has left room. Mechanically, I move into the bedroom, only vaguely registering my actions as I collect the few things I have here. The video is still playing when I scoop my phone up off the bathroom floor. The ringing in my ears becomes louder when I close it out.

Sarah has her back to me when I shuffle into the living room and I stand there for several seconds, my mouth repeatedly opening and closing as I try to figure out something to say. Ultimately, I elect to say nothing at all, opening the door and shutting it behind me once I'm in the hall.

The walk to the bus stop and the ride home pass by in a daze, my body on autopilot as it carries me along. The house is dark and quiet when I push my way in through the front door. I stand in the unlit silence of the front hall before climbing the staircase on the way to my room, crawling into bed fully clothed once the door is shut behind me.

With the pillow pressed against my right cheek, I stare blankly at the wall a few inches from my face. Sarah got me through everything that had happened in the last several months. Now I lost her too, all because Stanley.

Deep down I knew I shared some, if not most, of the blame. But in this moment, wallowing in misery, I just wanted him to be at fault for everything. After all, this started at the beginning of summer when he moved in next door, waltzing into mine and mom's lives, wreaking reckless havoc in his wake. And all I have left is myself to count on. Nobody else.

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Snow falls hard on Christmas morning, adding to the cheer that mom exuberates. Opening presents is the first thing that we do in the morning after mom and I finish talking to grandma on the phone. We normally spend Christmas with her down in Florida since she doesn't like the cold. She moved down there five years ago after marrying her third husband, staying even after he left.

But Stanley didn't want to travel during the busy holiday season, so instead, I'm sitting sullenly on the couch watching Stanley greedily tear into his mound of gifts while mom stands off to the side, beaming.

Video games, a watch, designer clothes, a new iPhone; he opens each present before smugly showing off what's inside and declaring, with an incredible amount of false modesty, how he doesn't deserve to have so much money spent on him, prompting mom to enthusiastically reassure him that he indeed does. I look down at the package of socks and underwear in my lap, frowning.

"What's the matter, sweetheart? Didn't you need some new socks and underwear?"

I look up at her and open my mouth to answer, Stanley cutting me off before I even have a chance to speak.

"He's still moping about being dumped by that girl," he says with an eye roll.

"Oh, sweetie," mom coos, concern etched across her face. "I know how hard that must've been on you. You really liked her, huh?"

"I did," I said, getting choked up.

"Why though?" Stanley asks, mystified. "She was a complete cow. So damn dull."

He hoists himself to his feet and moves toward the kitchen as I shoot him a nasty glare that he either doesn't see or ignores.

"Listen," mom says as she perches on the coffee table, "It'll get better in time, and when you meet someone else, someone you love, nothing else will matter, trust me."

She places her hand on mine in comfort, and I feel a bit better, although that last bit about nothing else mattering when you find love rings a bit too true on her part. Still, it's a nice gesture.

"Ugh, enough with all the damn sulking," I hear from behind me. "Let's get back to the fucking joy."

Mom's eyes shift up from mine, catching sight of something that makes her gasp and her face light up. I turn to look as she gets to her feet. Stanley stands behind the couch, his large,

muscular arms carrying a light blue wooden bassinet.

"Merry Christmas, baby," he smirks.

And just like that, I'm forgotten.

"Oh my god," mom squeals, approaching him. "Stanley, I- it's..."

"You like it?"

He sets it down beside him and mom leans over, admiring it.

"I love it! It's beautiful," she reaches out, gently gliding her hands across the smooth, refined wood. "So much detail."

She traces the heart carved into the wood above where the baby's head would be. The words, "Stanley Jr.", are centered in the middle.

"Did you make this yourself?"

"It wasn't that big a deal," his voice drips with fall modestly. "Look, it rocks too."

He gives the bassinet a small push and it gently rocks side to side in response.

"Stanley, it's perfect. You're amazing." She throws her arms around his neck, planting several kisses on his lips, muttering in between each, "You're amazing, and perfect."

His hands slide around her waist and cup both ass cheeks.

"I love you so fucking much," she says in an adoring voice before kissing him.

Their head turns in opposite directions as their kiss deepens, low moans of satisfaction matching the sound of their tongues intertwining.

I stare at the bassinet as it continues to slowly sway next to them.

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Later that evening, mom and Stanley head out to have dinner at his mom's house with all his brothers. His dad flew out a couple of days ago to spend Christmas with his family.

I told them I'm not feeling well and didn't want to go, half expecting Stanley to tell me to stop being a pussy and deal with it. Instead, he just rolled his eyes and said, "Whatever."

I think he honestly just wanted a break from my sulking. Either way, I didn't have to spend the rest of Christmas around Stanley and his obnoxious brothers. Instead I got to spend it by myself in our quiet house. Mom promises to bring me back a plate as they leave, but I'm not very hungry.

Once they're gone, I change into my pajamas and settle in for a solemn night of playing video games before going to bed early. Several hours in, I just finish a round of Smash Bros. when I feel my phone buzz in my pocket.

I set down the controller and pull my phone out, the notification indicating I have a text from Stanley. Wary but curious, I open it and realize that it's a group text, sent to dozens of numbers

including mine. My eyes scan the brief message.

"Merry Christmas, here's to spreading joy the way Julie spreads her legs for me."

There's a link underneath the message and I spot the word "pornhub" at the beginning of the URL, making my heart skip a beat.

Tentatively, I click the link, bringing up the homepage of a Pornhub account. I swallow hard, seeing the name, "Stanley\_the\_Stallion", under the profile picture of a muscular man in a ski mask flexing. My mind flashes back to the conversation I had with Stanley a few days ago.

Thumbing down the page I see an assortment of videos have been uploaded, spanning back months. All of the thumbnails are of mom in various lewd sex positions, and I think of all the numbers in the group text he sent this link to. My cock pulses as a shudder rocks my body.

Scanning the page, my eyes go wide when they stop on the most recently uploaded video, the title of which reads, "Cheating Whore Impregnated by Young Stud".

My breathing becomes heavy as I stare down at the screen. Moving quickly, I grab my headphones off the nightstand and plug them in, my hands shaking in anticipation. Tentatively, I hit play and expand the video to full screen.

The video starts in an unfamiliar but well lit bedroom. Tacky posters of cars and women in bikinis cover the walls, while the floor is littered with a variety of dirty clothes and empty beer cans. The place looks gross and I imagine that it must have some type of musty smell to it.

The camera is nearly eye level with the simple bed that faces it; a mattress with rumped, unmade sheets atop a box spring pushed up against the wall opposite the camera. Naked and laying horizontally on her back is mom, her toned legs spread open while she sensually fingers herself. Her eyes are trained on something off screen, mouth slightly ajar, releasing deep, lust filled pants as she continuously plays with her pussy.

A man steps forward from the right hand side of the screen and comes into view. Despite being only visible from the neck down, I recognize Stanley immediately, and wonder if this was recorded in his room at the house next door. His large body, rippling with sheer muscle, is turned to the side, showing off his incredibly long and girthy uncut dick. Completely erect, it sticks straight out from a wild bush of dark, coarse pubic hair, pulsing energetically as he prepares to mount and impregnate my waiting mother. I can just make out the shine from some precum dotting the tip of his cockhead.

"Breeding position, slut," he declares in a deep, commanding voice.

Mom shuffles to reposition herself in the center of the bed, ruffling the already disheveled sheets before opening her legs and tucking them up above her body, exposing her small, pink, hairless pussy to the camera.

Stanley turns and approaches the end of the bed, greeting the lens with a full view of his hairy ass and fat, equally hairy, low hanging balls. He languidly climbs onto the bed and crawls in between mom's legs, deftly maneuvering his large body over her small, delicate one. Mom hooks the heels of her feet onto the back of his muscular thighs as he spreads them wide, giving himself plenty of space and purchase for thrusting while she simultaneously opens herself up for him to be able to enter her more easily. Her arms encircle his broad, well defined shoulders as he lowers himself down onto her, his big, strong arms planted on either side of her head. They spend the next several seconds settling into this position, enjoying the sensual feeling of

their bodies fitting together before proceeding. My cock is practically bursting out of the front of my pajama bottoms, having grown to its full length while they enjoyed their bodies.

I stare intensely at their limbs, tightly entangled, and fiercely clutching each other, completely aroused as they prepare to mate in the way that God intended when he created us.

On screen, Stanley shallowly moves his hips back and forth, sliding his engorged shaft along her slick entrance. Their low moans are a mix of both satisfaction and anticipation.

Once his cock is well lubed with her juices, he moves his hips back, his fuzzy ass rising in the air as he aligns the tip of his cockhead with the opening to her cunt. Slowly, he begins driving his hips forward, pushing his pole past her inflamed lips as he enters her and breaching the inner walls of her tunnel as he packs her full of his hefty meat.

"Oh God," she moans as if in a daze.

Stanley doesn't stop until he's completely inside her and his fat, scruffy nuts are pressed tightly against the soft, velvety smooth alabaster skin of her round ass.

"Oh fuck, I'm in you unprotected," Stanley utters, his voice a mix of disbelief, triumph, and lust. "Jesus fucking Christ. You feel that, slut? You feel how hard I am? That's the cock that's going to impregnate you."

"So big," mom pants, "I can't wait for you to breed me."

His mouth quickly finds hers in near exasperation and they both moan alongside the wet sounds of their tongues interlocking. They kiss for about a minute before Stanley ends it, his face hovering just a few inches above hers, watching as he slowly withdraws his cock until just the tip is left inside her and then pushing slowly back in.

Mom groans loudly as he fills her up again, her legs and arms clutching him tightly. Stanley breathes heavily as he repeatedly pulls his cock almost completely out before pushing it back in all the way, fucking her at a slow but steady pace.

I pull my cock out of my pajama bottoms and grip it tightly to start jerking while watching Stanley and my mom create my little brother. I'm mesmerized by the sight of Stanley's furry balls straining against mom's luscious pale ass cheeks every time he bottoms out inside her. They look so heavy and full, no doubt from containing ample amounts of sperm that he'll soon be flooding her cervix with.

"You're so fucking wet," Stanley grunts. "You excited for me to knock you up?"

"Yeeeesss," mom groans exuberantly. "I want you to put a baby inside me."

"Oh don't you worry, I have several days worth of my seed stored up to inseminate you with. Gonna saturate your insides with grade-A Pachis family spunk. Won't be long before you've got my kid planted in your womb."

Mom moans in intense pleasure and her breaths come out in excited gasps.

"Yeah, you like the sound of that, don't ya? My fucking baby growing inside you."

"I do, I want my stomach to get big and round with your child, feel it kick inside of me. I want to make you a daddy!"

Stanley's pace starts to quicken, pushing his meaty hog inside her at a faster rate, the lustful fervor produced from their conversation fuels his desire to breed her. Mom's hands slide from his shoulders down to his hairy ass, gripping it tightly as it rises and falls every time he plunges himself deep into the depths of her tight, slippery channel. The light refracts off the diamond of her engagement ring, drawing my attention to it as it glints brightly on her left hand.

"You wanna make me a daddy, huh? Not that cuck next door?"

"No," mom declares assuredly and without hesitation. "He can't get me pregnant, he's not a real man."

"That's why you snuck out to make a baby with the 20-year old stud next door, isn't it?"

"Yes, you're strong and virile. You're the man I want to father my children and reproduce with. You deserve to have my body carry your child inside it!"

As if responding automatically to her own words, mom's body begins to move against Stanley's. She deftly starts rolling her hips in time with his thrusts, driving her pelvis upward while pushing back against his cock every time he re-enters her pussy. Her hands tug hard on his furry ass in an attempt to get him as deep inside her as possible.

"Fuck yeah, you're gonna do your part to further the Pachis family line by pushing out a baby that looks just like me."

"I will," mom assures him confidently. "I'm gonna give you as many babies as you want. Let you fill up my womb with little Pachis'."

"That's goddamn right, you're gonna walk around barefoot and pregnant with my babies as soon as I finally baste your eggs with my cum."

"Do it, blow your big load inside my unprotected cunt and get me pregnant. I want to have your baby!"

"Ugh, say it again," he grunts.

He's fucking her fast and hard now, overcome by the natural and intensely pleasurable urge to inseminate her with his child. His balls thwack repeatedly against her ass, joining the sounds of wet, slapping flesh produced from their colliding pelvises as his shaft rapidly penetrates her soaked pussy.

"I want to have your baby, Stanley," she declares loudly. "I want to feel my belly stretching to accommodate your offspring in my womb."

My cock is so hard in my hand, I wonder if it will fall off. It just might, considering how intensely I'm jerking it. This is the hottest sex they've ever had. Their limbs are interlocked tightly as their bodies writhe manically on an unmade bed in Stanley's disgusting room in an feral attempt at conceiving a child.

It's a true mating, raw and primal. Just two animals enthusiastically embracing their natural, biological urge to create a new life with one other. And it's the most arousing thing I've ever witnessed. Their dirty talk about impregnating mom makes it even hotter.

"Fucking whore," he says, his voice tinged with excitement. "Gonna breed you well, pump you full

of babies over and over until your belly is fat and swollen with one."

"I want it. Give it to me, please," mom begs. "Make me a mommy again like you said you would!"

"I will, you're gonna be a mommy to plenty of Pachis babies. You're gonna spend the next several years giving me a whole fucking brood of kids."

"Yes, my new purpose in life is to give you as many kids as possible!"

"That's why God put you on this Earth, slut, for the privilege of bearing me a bunch of fucking babies!"

"Ohhh, I'm so lucky I get to make you a daddy! I'm going to give you so many children!"

"Ugh, fuck, get ready, bitch, here comes the first one. Here comes my seed. Ugh, gonna finally knock you up. Uggggghhhh!"

Stanley pushes himself deep inside the snug tightness surrounding his rod, making noises that can only be described as part snort and part grunt. His body begins to move erratically, signaling that he's unloading against the opening of my mother's cervix and sending his vast amounts of sperm off on their journey to conceive a child.

He pushes himself all the way to the hilt, his heavy balls, pressed firmly against the underside of her ass, twitch as his genes pour into her unprotected cunt.

"Oh God, I can feel it," mom cries. "I can feel your cum seeping into me!"

My cock starts spasming, cum shooting from the tip all over the front of my shirt. I grunt with every blast while on screen, mom gasps and begins to shudder, an orgasm rocking her body just like mine does to me. Her mouth falls open and she presses herself tightly against Stanley's body, creaming his cock while it continues dumping baby batter down her tunnel.

"Ahhhh," Stanley groans in satisfaction. "That's it, take it, take it all."

They bring their mouths together in a deep and sensuous kiss, moaning as their tongues battle within tightly sealed lips. The last of my cum sputters out like the closing of a faucet and I fall back in exhaustion.

"Oh God, we did it," mom exclaims exuberantly when they break apart. "We made a baby."

"Mmm, the first of many," Stanley replies gruffly.

He gives a series of short, shallow thrusts in an attempt to empty himself of all the semen he had saved up, ensuring that every last drop was inside her and doing its due diligence to impregnate her.

Once assured that he was completely devoid of any and all cum, he withdraws his cock from within her and shuffles backwards to stand up. He turns around and walks towards the camera, his large, muscular frame coated in a shiny layer of sweat while his half-hard cock sways heavily in front of him, practically dripping in mom's cream.

Reaching forward, he removes the camera from its apparent mount, holding it out in front of him as he walks back towards the bed.

"Let's see how it's lookin' down there," he tells mom.

She opens her legs wide for him and the camera zooms in on her cunt. Stanley's index and middle fingers reach out and probe her hole, causing mom to moan lightly as rivets of thick, creamy sperm leak out.

"Oh yeah, look at all that milk. You're gonna get knocked up for sure," he says cockily, before descending into a dark laugh just as the video ends.

As I sit staring at the screen, I can feel my shirt beginning to stick to my chest from all the cum I drenched it in. With my arousal momentarily satiated, the reality of the video finally hits me. Not only is there a video of my mother being impregnated by Stanley, it's also been broadcasted to the entire internet via PornHub, something I'm ashamed to admit had aroused me even further.

Dropping the phone onto the bed, I pulled off my T-shirt and tossed it into the hamper before pulling on a new one, wiping any excess splooge off my body in the process.

My eyes drift down to the view count below the video when I reach to pick up my phone again, a shudder running through me when I see that it's in the thousands. The comments I scroll through either praise Stanley for his conquest or decry mom using a variety of insults. Some do both.

I exit PornHub and toss my phone to the side, unable to stomach anymore. However, I can't stop thinking about the video. Months of watching my mom get bigger and bigger as Stanley's son grew inside her has left me fantasizing about when he had gotten her pregnant with my little brother, and now I could watch it over and over, satisfying all my sick thoughts and fantasies about the event itself.

So, it wasn't that much later when I was once again jerking my cock while watching Stanley seed my mother. The load I blew was almost as big as the first one.

I fall asleep before mom and Stanley get home, but the next morning when I come downstairs, I can't help but stare at mom's protruding bump as she makes breakfast, thinking of the act that caused it to swell outward with a baby.

Stanley catches me looking and gives me a knowing smile when we make eye contact. As I look into his dark eyes, I can tell he knows exactly what I'm thinking about.

## **Bully Moves in Next Door Pt. 11**

The sharp wind bites into my cheek as I stand outside the entrance to Office Depot. Despite how cold it is, I hesitate to go in, shivering in place while staring up at the large building.

This was the first time Sarah and I would be seeing each other since our break up and I didn't know what to expect.

Apprehension fluttered around inside my chest as the store loomed in front of me. Checking my phone, I see that I'm out of time and steel myself before crossing the threshold.

I walk slowly to the break room to clock in, watching discreetly for Sarah. After emerging from the back to take my spot up at the cash register, I finally spot her across the store talking to one of our co-workers.

Her eyes slide from his face to mine and I freeze. We make eye contact for a brief second before she looks away and even from the other end of the room, I can detect the faint look of disgust on her face. My cheeks flush in embarrassment and I scurry forward. I really hope the entire day

won't be like this.

"Hey, Leslie," I greet the other cashier working the register alongside me.

"Oh, uh, hey," she mumbles, avoiding eye contact.

I set up the register and the store opens not long later. The first half of my shift ends up being a bit bizarre. Leslie, who is usually very friendly and always engages in conversation, is uncharacteristically quiet the whole morning. I occasionally catch her peeking at me from the corner of her eye while I'm helping a customer or otherwise distracted, a look I can't quite make out on her face.

I also notice a few of my other coworkers glancing in my direction as they whisper quietly to one another while stacking shelves nearby.

By the time my break rolls around, I'm thoroughly aware that something is going on. I rack my brain as I head into the bathroom in the back. Maybe they all heard about Sarah and I breaking up? Several of them knew we were dating, which had caused a few whispers initially, so it'd make sense that they'd gossip about us not being together anymore.

I had just convinced myself this must be the reason when I emerge from the bathroom to hear several voices talking in hushed tones. Quietly, I ease along the wall and slowly approach the source of the chatter.

"...apparently caught him jerking off while watching some fucked up video."

My heart goes still. There's no way. Sarah wouldn't.

"What, like a weird kind of porn movie?"

"Worse. It was a video of his mom banging some guy he went to high school with."

"No fucking way! You're messing with me, I don't believe you."

"I swear to God, I'm not lying. Zoe said Sarah called her the night it happened. Told her everything while balling her eyes out."

"Whoa, that's fucking insane. I always thought he was a weird kid but this is next level fucked up!"

"Wait, it gets even crazier. Apparently this guy used to bully him real badly in high school. Then he moved into the house next door to theirs earlier this year and started sleeping with his mom while she was engaged to some other guy."

"Dude, stop, this is wild. It's like a Greek tragedy or some shit."

"I know right? I almost didn't believe it at first but who would make something like that up? It's just so specific and bizarre."

"You're not kidding. I almost wish you hadn't told me."

"Yeah right. You live for this kind of shit talking."

"Well, you're not wrong."

Their laughter fades as they leave to go back out front. I slide to the ground and put my head in my hands. I can't believe it. They all know.

I sit there feeling ashamed and embarrassed until my alarm goes off, signaling my break is over. Climbing unsteadily to my feet, I lean back against the wall and sigh deeply.

It's ok, I tell myself. You can do this. Just make it until the end of the day. Taking a large breath, I steady myself and head back out into the main area of the store.

The second half of my shift passes by much slower than the first half had now that I know everyone is talking about me. It is much harder than I thought it would be to deal with. Shame passes through me anytime I catch one of my coworkers whispering or casting a glance my way.

I'm so glad when my shift is finally over at the end of the day, but the prospect of facing it all again tomorrow seems so daunting. At the back of the store, I'm grabbing my stuff when a couple of people come in. I hear several of them giggle as they whisper amongst themselves, which makes me want to cry.

I call my manager on the way out and quit. He doesn't seem surprised nor asks for a reason why, giving me a good indication that he knows as well.

I glance back only briefly at the facade of the building as I make my way through the parking lot to the bus stop. Waiting in the cold as night settles around me, I see Sarah emerge, heading for her car.

As she stops to place some items in the trunk, she notices me watching her from the sidewalk. We make eye contact again, and we stand for a brief moment, staring at each other before she looks away and gets in her car.

I'm listless the entire bus ride home, staring out the window at the city as it passes by. Dinner is on the table by the time I push my way through the back door.

"Oh, just in time, sweetheart," mom greets me.

Her and Stanley were their usual selves throughout dinner and mom only addresses my sullen mood once she was done eating.

"I had to quit my job today," I tell her after she asks what was wrong.

Stanley rolls his eyes at the opposite end of the table before sighing loudly.

"What happened?" Mom asks.

"It just wasn't working out."

"How wasn't it 'working out'?" Stanley emphasizes heavily.

"My coworkers... were hard to get on with."

Stanley throws his hands up in frustration as mom leans toward me.

"Sweetheart, is this because of Sarah?"

"No, mom, it isn't," I say with conviction, but I could tell she doesn't believe me.

"That's two jobs in six months, Kyle," Stanley reminds me in a stern voice.

"I know," I say through gritted teeth. "I'll find another one."

"Well, clearly you aren't very good at finding jobs that you can hold onto, so now you'll be given one you can't fuck up."

"What does that mean?" Panic rises in my chest.

"Starting tomorrow, you'll be working with me down at the shop."

"No, I can't--"

"This is not up for discussion," he tells me sternly. "I don't think you've taken any of this as seriously as you should, so my dad and I will put you to work doing something that you will take seriously."

With that he rises from the table and mom follows suit. I know at this point not to even bother trying to get her to intervene. She'd just take Stanley's side.

"Be up and ready to go by six," he says before leading mom into the living room.

I wash the dishes in silence, taking all my anger and frustration out on the plates I'm scrubbing. I'm upset at myself more than anything else, having been so careless to admit I had quit my job to Stanley without considering how he'd react. If I hadn't been so out of it and thought through things a bit, I could have just lied, made them think I still had a job while looking for another. Instead, I'm going to be Stanley's work bitch for the foreseeable future. I could almost kick myself.

Upstairs, I chuck my clothes into the hamper and throw myself face down onto the bed in frustration. I really don't want to do this tomorrow, but I don't seem to have any choice.

The pressure of the mattress against my cock causes it to stir a little, reminding me that I haven't jerked off today. Slowly, I begin to hump my hardening shaft against the bed, until my cock is fully stiff and straining against my underwear.

Turning over, I grab my headphones and plug them into my phone before unlocking it. The webpage with the video of Stanley impregnating mom is quickly reloaded as I bring up the internet.

But just before I tap play, my thumb stops, hovering over the screen. Staring down at Stanley's username, I debate internally about whether to expose myself to the contents of his profile before clicking on it, my curiosity getting the better of me. Since discovering his Pornhub account, I haven't gone beyond just the video I've jerked off to repeatedly the past few days.

I can immediately see that he has eight other videos uploaded in addition to the one of him impregnating mom, the latest of which is dated a few weeks after his birthday and titled, "Father and son tag team bimbo slut".

My heart thuds heavily thinking that the video I saw of Stanley and his dad fucking mom has been posted as well, that is until I click on it and find that it's a completely different one.

This video begins with Stanley sitting in bed, his back against the headboard and his long legs

spread open wide, camera in hand, filming mom as her mouth bobs up and down on his long thick cock, which sticks straight up out of his bushy pubes.

Mom moans softly as her mouth envelops his dick slowly, her lips wrapped around his shaft in a tight grip as they move vigorously up and down. Her fingers dig into the skin of his muscular thighs as she clutches them tightly.

Stanley chuckles, capturing the look of enchantment on her face as she pleasures his meat with her mouth. Mom uses her left hand to reach down and cup his heavy balls, massaging them gently while sucking him noisily.

"Oh yeah, just like that," he mumbles as her lips tug ardently on his pole while sliding up and down his significant length.

Mom raises her head and looks up into the camera, only the soft head of Stanley's dick in her mouth. She stares intently into the lens and begins to suck gently on the end of his penis, her plush lips kneading the spongy tip. Occasionally, her tongue darts out to take a lick of the underside, lapping up any of the excess precum that spills steadily from within.

"Mmmm," he sighs contently when her mouth sinks back down his shaft again, stopping only when her nose is nearly touching his wild, untamed pubic hair.

Stanley leans forward and slowly runs his left hand down her back. He reaches her perky ass which is turned slightly upward as she leans over to choke on his dick. Eagerly grabbing at it, his large, calloused hand closes around her bubbly cheek, squeezing it tightly before letting go to deliver a loud smack.

Mom lets out a noise that's part yelp, part groan. Stanley gives her another whack, this one harder, before chuckling and leaning back against the headboard once more.

Just then, a man speaks off camera, "Whoa, you got started without me?"

"Couldn't wait forever," Stanley says dismissively, brushing some hair away from mom's face.

"Still."

There's the sound of a belt buckle being undone followed by the rustle of fabric, and then Stuart comes walking into view from the left side, completely naked.

Mom doesn't seem surprised at the sudden intrusion, not breaking stride as she continues pumping Stanley's dick with her mouth in a steady rhythm.

Stuart moves to stand at the foot of the bed, right behind mom's upturned ass, his fat, half hard cock wagging in front of him. His eyes greedily drink in the sight of her ass presented before him, and he smiles disgustingly as he reaches to grope her ass.

"Aw, yeah. That's what I'm talking about," Stuart mutters.

"Nice view, huh?"

"You're not kidding."

Stuart moves his right hand between her legs and mom groans around Stanley's cock a few seconds later.

"Shit, that's one wet pussy. You know how to get her worked up, son."

"She loves working my dick, don't you, slut?"

Stanley takes a fist full of mom's blonde hair and jerks her head back so she's looking directly at him.

"Mmmhmmm," she mumbles, her mouth obstructed by dick.

"Of course you do, you can't get enough of the taste of me," he roughly moves her mouth up and down his shaft at a slower pace, ensuring that his entire tool disappears down her throat.

"You ready to get a taste of that pussy, pop?"

"Oh, I've been ready to take a crack at this sweet cunt for a long time now."

Stuart climbs onto the end of the bed and settles on his knees right behind mom. His left hand grabs onto her waist while his right takes a hold of his cock. He adjusts himself as he lines up with her entrance.

"Ahhhhh," he sighs loudly, slowly sinking forward.

Mom groans deeply as she's breached from behind by Stuart, who plunges his cock deeper and deeper until his hips are pressed up against her ass cheeks.

"God damn, that's a tight fit," he huffs.

His protruding beer gut, decorated with a line of dark hair down the middle, rests along the curve of her ass. He wiggles his hips from side to side, getting a feel for the warm, snugness encasing his dick.

Mom groans once more, still slowly sucking Stanley's giant prick as he guides her head up and down by the hair, her lips working his shaft firmly.

"Here, put this on the shelf next to you. I want a better angle of us using her."

Stanley hands the camera off to Stuart who reaches out to his left and places the camera on top of the shelf next to the bed.

The new angle of the video shows the bed horizontally, giving me a view of the three bodies interconnected there. Stanley sits back against a stack of pillows, his long, muscular legs spread wide open, while mom kneels between them, eagerly feasting on his huge, pulsating dick, her ass sloping upwards for Stuart, who had his groin mashed tightly against the curves of her cheeks, knees planted apart.

His well muscled arms strain as he squeezes her round bubbly ass tightly, greedily drinking in the sight of it pressed against his hairy crotch.

"Fuck yeah," Stuart mutters. "I'm gonna pound this wet hole until it aches."

With that, he slowly withdraws his wide, fat dick almost completely before shoving it all the way back in, making mom moan with pleasure.

Stuart builds to a steady rhythm, breathing deeply as he fucks her over and over. His belly protrudes over her lower back, jiggling with every strong thrust into her slick pussy. The wet noises of his dick penetrating her repeatedly soon join her moans of ecstasy which are muffled by Stanley's cock in her mouth.

Mom continues sucking Stanley's dick, letting out intermittent moans while Stuart takes her roughly from behind. Her eyes are squeezed shut in pleasure, but she doesn't break her concentration, focusing all her efforts to maintain the ability to vigorously suck Stanley's huge shaft while also enjoying the feeling of Stuart's cock filling her up completely.

I watch, dick straining in my underwear, as both father and son take my mother for their carnal pleasure, using her body from both ends. Reaching down, I free my cock and grip it in my right hand to begin jerking as I continue to watch the threesome unfold onscreen.

Stuart smiles down, watching his cock repeatedly disappear inside my mother, marveling at the feeling surrounding his rod.

"God," he mutters before leaning his head back and shutting his eyes.

His heavy hips roll forward and backward in gruff, steady movements, smacking against her bubbly ass cheeks and making them bounce. He presses down heavily on her waist, his thick fingers digging into her skin, forcing her lower body further down onto the mattresses while simultaneously pushing her ass up higher.

Stuart takes mom in rough manner, fucking her cunt with deep and sharp thrusts. His eyes track her body as it moves beneath him and in response to his penetration, marveling at the round, bubbly ass that's perched upward for him to fuck.

Stanley watches his father from the other end of the bed, a sly smile on his face while he lays back lazily and enjoys getting his cock serviced.

"How does that pussy feel?"

"Aw, fucking great," Stuart replies earnestly. He looks up at Stanley, "Can I bust inside her?"

"Why not? She can't get knocked up twice."

A shit eating grin spreads across Stuart's face, "Excellent."

"You ready to take her to pound town?"

"You fucking bet."

With that, Stuart withdraws his cock from inside her.

"Get that ass up higher, bitch."

Stanley pulls mom off his cock, leaving it soaked and shiny from her saliva.

"Move it," Stuart shouts impatiently and smacks her ass hard.

Mom yelps, then backs up toward him and adjusts her body so that her back arches, pushing her ass and pussy higher in the air.

Stuart grabs a fistful of hair and roughly yanks her head back toward him. He leans in and says angrily, "When I tell you to do something, you do it immediately. You understand me you stupid fucking bitch?"

When she doesn't immediately agree, he slaps her ass again, this time even harder. She cries out and tells him she understands.

"Fucking cunt," he spits out, then beats her ass harshly several more times. A large, red hand print is already visible on her pale cheek.

Stuart lets go of her hair and lays his belly on her arched back, then reaches forward to take both her breasts into his hands. His hands greedily begin to grip her large tits, roughly squeezing and manipulating them.

"Oh, fuck yes," he mutters into her neck as mom softly moans.

Stanley slowly jerks himself while watching them.

"I'm gonna use your slutty hole real good," Stuart says. "Give you a ride you won't forget. You're just a hole for us to use, remember that."

Mom shivers as he licks the side of her neck. He momentarily lets go of one of her breasts to quickly turn her head towards him, returning to grip it once again as he shoves his thick tongue into her mouth.

Stuart's lips envelop hers in a series of sloppy, wet tongue kisses. Mom moans as his tongue lewdly pushes as far into her mouth as it can go while he continues to squeeze and pull on her heavy tits. He begins humping his hard cock along the crack of her ass, causing shiny precum to ooze out onto her lower back.

Unable to take anymore, he breaks their kiss and pushes her chest down so that just her ass, glistening from his precum, is in the air. After climbing to his feet, he moves his legs far apart, then gets into a squatting position behind mom.

He reaches down and aligns his pulsating dick with her slit, pushing it between her swollen, pink folds.

"Ohhh God," mom moans, burying her face in the mattress.

"Fuck, get ready, bitch. I'm about to take you hard and fast," Stuart utters to her through gritted teeth.

Once he's buried in her up to the hilt, he grabs her waist with both hands and begins to fuck her, quickly building up to a fast and hard pace, his hips slamming harshly into her from behind as his cock invades and pummels her cunt.

"UGH, AHHHHH, FUUUUCK!" Mom screams into the bed. She balls the edges of the sheets tightly in both her hands.

Stuart grunts with every sharp lunge of his hips, driving his cock deep into her pussy swiftly and without mercy, clearly enjoying treating her in such a rough manner. His thick, hairy fingers press into her waist tightly, leaving marks to join the handprint on her ass.

Stanley watches with dark fascination as mom is violated repeatedly by his father's cock, his

eyes trained intensely on the sight of her body thrashing in front of him from the pounding she was receiving.

Excitedly, he climbs to his knees and spreads them out wide until his still rock hard cock juts forward just above the back of mom's head. He runs his right hand through her long, blond hair, winding his fingers in between her golden locks to grab a fistful before pulling her head roughly back so his stiff, throbbing meat is aimed pointedly at her mouth, the tip of which brushes against her lips, making them sticky with his leaking precum.

Mom quickly licks her lips before using her tongue to lap at the soft underside of his spongy cockhead, forcing out more precum for her to taste.

Her mouth closes around his bulbous tip and she moans deeply, clearly enjoying the taste of him as well as the pounding she's receiving from Stuart's fat cock. Her head gently rocks forward with every quick, sharp thrust of Stuart's hips, which forces his dick deep inside her. "That's it, slut," Stanley mutters while looking down at her. "Don't forget your main priority, serving my cock first and foremost."

With his strong grip, he slowly forces more of his cock into her mouth, holding her head steady while her body is used and abused by his father. Mom's plump lips slide sensually along the length of his meaty pole as his shaft disappears inside.

A sleazy grin spreads across Stuart's face as he watches his son feed his donkey dick to the woman he's plowing into, and he excitedly begins to pump his cock into mom faster, creating a harsh, wet slapping sound.

Even though her squeals of delight are muffled by a mouthful of Stanley's dick, they can still be heard alongside the squelching of her pussy every time Stuart's cock pushes past her folds.

Holding her in place, the Pachis men roughly take my mother with an animal fervor, getting off on using a hole on each end of her voluptuous body. Their breathing is deep and comes out in huffs, exerting strength to repeatedly violate mom with their grotesquely large organs.

At a certain point, they make eye contact and smile maliciously at one another, reveling in their newly formed family tradition of fucking a beautiful woman together, one willing to do anything for them as long as they fill her with plentiful amounts of their meat.

"You gonna blow soon?" Stanley asks Stuart.

"Yeah, but I want her on her back when I do."

"Bet."

Stanley withdraws his cock from mom's mouth as Stuart does the same with her pussy. Together, they flip her onto her back before Stuart steps off the bed and onto the floor. Grabbing her waist, he pulls her toward him until her ass is hanging off the foot of the bed. Mom lets out a brief squeal as she's yanked down, surprise flashing in her eyes.

Stuart licks his lips as he greedily stares down at mom's body splayed out before him, taking in her voluminous figure and large breasts coated in a light layer of sweat.

"Mmmmm," he moans huskily as he begins roughly kneading her tits.

"Ugggh," mom groans, pushing her chest out and up into his touch.

His big hands manipulate her round globes, squeezing them tightly while tweaking her hardened, pink nipples with his fingers. Suddenly, as if unable to control himself, he leans forward and shoves his tongue into her mouth.

Mom moans as she accepts his tongue and feeds him hers in return, and they quickly begin kissing passionately. Their tonguing is loud, wet, and sloppy, and I watch in rapt attention, nearly cumming, as their mouths mash together in a desperate need to taste and lick one another.

Stanley watches quietly as he continues kneeling further up on the bed, slowly tugging on his still hard cock.

Stuart eventually pulls away, a thin trail of saliva connecting their mouths as he removes his lips from hers. He glances down her waist and grabs ahold of her inner thighs, forcing her legs open for him.

"Awww yeah," he mutters as he begins rubbing his fat dick along her slick entrance, coating the underside of his shaft with her juices.

"Gonna get myself nice and lubed up before letting my babies join my grandkid inside you," he tells her with a grin.

Stanley chuckles before knee walking forward on the bed, stopping when his large, hairy ballsack dangles above mom's face. Desire burns in her eyes before they become obstructed by Stanley lowering his nuts onto her mouth.

Without prompting, mom begins to eagerly lick at his fuzzy nads. Her tongue alternates caressing each of his balls as she places each of her hands along the top of his thighs, gripping the tight muscles she finds there.

"Damn, she really likes that shit, huh?" Stuart ponders aloud as he watches mom lap at his son's heavy hanging sack.

"Fuck yeah, she loves giving my balls a tongue bath. Especially when they haven't been washed in a day or so. Right, bitch?"

"Mmmmmm," mom moans lustfully, her mouth full of Stanley's fat, unwashed nuts.

"Haha, you can definitely tell she enjoys the salty taste of my sweaty ballsack," Stanley begins slowly jerking his cock, looking down between his legs at mom sucking his nads clean. "Bet her nostrils are filled with their nice, musky scent too."

Mom's head rocks gently as her plump lips tug each of his balls into her mouth, her tongue rolling them around inside.

"Ahh that feels fucking great," Stanley sighs.

"Just like this sweet cunt does," Stuart replies.

He forces the tip of his wide dick inside mom's hole, causing her to moan softly. Then, he lets go of her thighs and reaches underneath them to take a hold from the top, keeping her steady while pushing his dick completely inside her.

Stuart resumes fastly fucking mom, his hips quickly jabbing forward to force his cock deep

inside her tunnel over and over. Mom's squeals can be heard even while she continues to suck on Stanley's nuts.

"Fuck, she's squeezing me so good," Stuart huffs. "Won't last much longer."

"Yeah, let's bust at the same time," Stanley says, jerking his cock faster.

"We'll fill and cover her with Pachis seed," Stuart chuckles.

Just then, mom's squeals become more high pitched, and her body begins to lightly shudder as she digs her fingers into Stanley's thighs.

"God damn, I can feel her cumming all over my dick," Stuart says in a strained voice. "Fuck, she's gonna make me shoot!"

The familiar tingling deep within my groin begins and I move my hand faster, jacking my cock at a rapid pace to hasten the building pleasure.

"Fuck, almost there," Stanley huffs through gritted teeth.

He continues jerking his large dick as he aims it down at mom's chest.

"Here comes our family seed, slut."

The three of us cum at the same time; Stuart inside mom, Stanley on top of her, and me all over my chest.

"Argh... Ugghhhhh," Stuart elicits animal-like noises, his hips spasming as he thrust erratically into mom, his baby makers pouring out of his dick and filling her up.

Stanley huffs deeply and with one last twist of the wrist while tugging his shaft, he starts to spew thick jets of cum, coating mom's heavy tits with so much of it that large, white rivets begin to run down the sides.

Unable to withstand so much stimulation, I begin to shoot, blowing a big load all over myself. I can feel my toes curling as I cover myself in my own sperm, eyes shutting tight and small whimpers escaping my lips.

Once I'm finished, I open my eyes again, focusing back on the video still playing on my phone.

Stanley gently squeezes the last few drops of cum out of his cock to join the rest pooling all over mom's tits while Stuart's finishes unloading inside her, his hairy crotch straining against her pink opening, his cock as deep inside her tunnel as he can get it.

Finally, Stanley is finished milking himself and climbs down from the bed to stand beside his father, who lets go of mom's legs as he withdraws his cock from inside her.

Together, the Pachis men stand next to one another naked, bodies coated in sweat, their big dicks, now flaccid, hanging heavily between their hairy legs, admiring mom's spent body on the bed in front of them.

"We did some good work today, son," Stuart loops his arm over Stanley's shoulder. "Next time, maybe we'll fill her pussy with both of our cream."

"Maybe a little game of Russian roulette after she has the kid," Stanley muses. "We'll both take her multiple times one night, leave it up to chance who's kid she ends up knocked up with next."

"Ha, now you're talking," Stuart thumps his son back's in approval.

"Hand me the camera, will you," Stanley nods toward the screen.

Stuart reaches over and snags the camera from off the shelf it's sitting on, his hand obscuring any view until Stanley aims it down at mom, still lying on the bed in a post orgasm haze.

Noticing the camera, she offers a smile and sits up on her elbows before pushing her large breasts together, watching as Stanley's thick cum begins a slow drip from her still erect nipples down to her taut stomach.

The camera zooms in to focus on Stanley's seed as it runs along the underside of her round tits before slowing panning down to her pussy, where Stuart's thick, hairy fingers pry her folds apart to reveal his own spunk within.

The video ends with both men chuckling to themselves, leaving me with a sticky stomach and the disheartening feeling that always lingers once I've satisfied my urges.

I think back to what Stanley and Stuart discussed after they finished fucking mom and shudder. The thought of them both taking turns on her one night with disregard for which of them could get her pregnant makes my stomach swim.

This, combined with the looming thought of my new job working with Stanley, suddenly makes me feel very tired, and I plug my phone in before crawling under the covers to let sleep numb me.

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The din from the first floor grows louder as I climb up the stairs from the basement. When I emerge into the kitchen, I can see the small group of women scattered around the living room.

Despite spring still only being a week away, it's warm enough that the windows are open, letting in the cool air and exposing the bright sun set against a cloudless, blue sky; "The perfect day for a baby shower," mom had said.

My eyes slowly scan the room, moving from the faces of the various women to the assortment of opened gifts piled to one side, and I finally spot mom. She looks radiant in a light green, long sleeve dress, her long, blonde hair piled high on top of her head, sitting in the center of the couch.

With a little less than a month until the baby is due, she was the picture of maternity; her large, round stomach, which she softly strokes in a loving manner, is perfectly proportionate to her body, and juts out in front of her, a beautiful indication of the child growing inside, Stanley's child.

She is surrounded by several women, each fawning over her pregnant state, and one of whom is my grandmother, who'd flown up for the shower.

I'd never really been close to my grandmother, Eleanor, who'd moved down to Florida when I was little, after marrying her third husband. We usually visited once a year, either for Christmas or Thanksgiving, but she never seemed too keen on having us around for long.

She notices me out of the corner of her eye and turns away from mom to gesture an impatient hand in my direction.

"Bring over the pitcher of mimosa, Kyle, and top me off," she commands.

I sigh, snatch the glassware off the table and head towards her. This had been exactly what I was trying to avoid.

Grandma downs the last quarter of her drink before wordlessly sticking her glass out to me for a refill. I fill it to the brim, knowing she'd make a fuss if I pour any less.

"Thank you, sweetheart," mom smiles pleasantly at me, still stroking her stomach.

I turn to go, stopping short when grandma addresses me again.

"It'd be nice if you were considerate enough to offer refills to some of these other ladies, Kyle."

I could detect a note of exasperation in her voice as she reprimands me.

"That's what I've been trying to teach him, although it doesn't seem to be sticking."

All heads turned toward the source of the voice. Stanley stands in the archway to the kitchen wearing an old pair of jeans and a dirty white tank top. He was using a soiled rag to rub off some of the oil and grease that covers his hands and forearms.

"Oh, I'm sure it's not from a lack of trying on your part. He hasn't always been the best at picking up on these sorts of things," grandma offers him a wry smile and bats her eyes.

Stanley chuckles in response, "No, I guess not."

I frown and he makes eye contact with me.

"Well? You heard your grandmother, offer these ladies some refills!"

He shakes his head at her as if to say, "Can you believe this kid?"

I quickly move to the woman closest to me and hold up the pitcher, and she sticks her glass out for me to refill, her eyes never leaving Stanley. I pour the mimosa, then slowly make my way around to the other women in the group.

"Well, I didn't mean to intrude. I'm just on my way upstairs to get cleaned up."

"Oh, you couldn't possibly intrude on us," grandma says, eyeing his muscled arms and grease covered hands. "Busy day?"

"Just getting the carburetor on my truck fixed. Nothing too straining," he saunters into the room, approaching mom.

"How's everything going here, baby? We get anything good?"

He smirks down at her and she beams back up at him.

"We got all we needed and then some. Everyone here has been very generous."

"That's what I like to hear."

He bends down toward her, and when I glance up from pouring a drink, I see him slip his tongue into her mouth just before their lips touch.

His mouth covers hers in a passionate kiss, lasting several seconds. The woman who's glass I'm refilling lets out a small sigh of envy.

Stanley pulls away smirking, knowing full well that the other women present had been watching the little show he put on for them, displaying his sexual prowess.

"Alright, well I'll leave all you ladies to it."

I didn't miss the implication that I was included in that as well.

All the women watch as he turns and lumbers up the stairs, stretching his muscles as he goes.

"That is a fine specimen of man," one woman mutters once he was gone.

"Yeah, it's not hard to understand how you got pregnant," another snorts.

They all giggle at that, none of them saying anything to me when I come around to fill up their glasses.

"And he's handy too, right?"

"Yup," mom answers. "He fixed up everything around here. Just painted the baby's room last week, too."

That produces a mixture of "aww" and nods of approval.

"He's certainly a big step up from that other dolt, that's for sure," grandma says with a roll of her eyes.

Grandma had never really cared for Tim, she found him to be too needy and pedantic. But she warmed to Stanley immediately when meeting him for the first time a few days ago, verbally signaling her approval to mom several times since she's been here.

She gulps down the last of her drink and ushers me over by shaking the glass.

"What color did he paint the baby's room?"

"This beautiful light shade of bluish green. It goes perfectly with the bassinet he made."

They all gush as I refill grandma's glass.

"You'll have to show us later. It's Kyle's old room right?"

"The same," mom answers, and I grit my teeth.

Mom and Stanley had told me a month ago that they intended to turn my room into the nursery.

"And where the hell am I supposed to go?!" I asked, pausing halfway through cutting my steak.

"Well, sweetheart," mom said, dabbing her lips with a napkin, "we were thinking you could turn the basement in your new room."

"The basement?!" The fork and knife slipped from my hands, my meal forgotten. "You can't be serious."

"Of course we are, we wouldn't be talking to you about this if we weren't."

"Couldn't I just share the room with the baby?"

"There won't be enough space for both your stuff and the baby's," mom said. "You've talked before about it being cramped with all your gaming equipment in there and how you wish you had a larger room."

"Yes," I admitted reluctantly, "but the basement--"

"Is larger than the room you're already in," Stanley finished evenly.

I met his dark gaze from across the table.

"Think about it, sweetheart," mom continued. "You'll have the whole area to yourself, so more privacy. Plus you won't hear the baby if he starts fussing in the middle of the night."

"But... but," I sputtered, scrambling to come up with a good enough reason to keep my current room.

"It'll only be temporary," Stanley said. "You do still want to start college in the fall, right?"

"Yeah..."

"So then it's not that big a deal if you're only going to be living here for a few months," he flashed me a condescending smile.

"I... guess not," I muttered eventually, defeated.

"Good, we'll move the crap from the basement up to the attic this weekend."

I sat sullenly, poking at my uneaten dinner.

"Oh, don't worry, sweetheart. It's not that bad. The basement is well insulated so it won't be cold or anything. Plus, I'll help you decorate it anyway you like. Think of how it'll be once it's all finished and you're all moved in, a cool basement bedroom to relax in."

I smiled weakly at her, not at all thrilled about the prospect of it, no matter how much she tried to dress it up and make it seem better than it was.

So, that weekend, on our day off, Stanley and I cleared the basement by moving all the boxes and bins up to the attic.

"What the fuck is on the back of some of these boxes?" Stanley asked at one point.

I turned in panic and saw that he's looking down at the boxes and bins I used to hide behind when watching him and mom down here. Flashes of all the times I shot my load against the cardboard and plastic passed through my mind as I gaped at him.

"Probably just degradation," mom dismissed from the stairs. "Those boxes have been down here

almost as long as we've lived in the house."

"We should just chuck them then," he said in disgust.

I turned away from them, squatting down to take a hold of another box when the doorbell rang.

"That must be Goodwill," mom said, turning to head up.

"Shame to get rid of the couch. Holds a lot of good memories... I imagine."

Even with my back to him, I can still hear the smile in his voice. Mom's giggle echoed from the top of the staircase.

By noon, the basement was empty and after lunch we worked on getting all my things moved downstairs. That night was my first down in the basement. I laid in bed with my knees tucked up under my chin, all my belongings scattered haphazardly around the room, and cried myself to sleep.

It wasn't ever as bad as that first night, especially once I set up my furniture the way I wanted. It annoyed me to no end that Stanley had been right, the basement was bigger than my room and fit all of my things quite comfortably.

Still, I couldn't help feeling like I'd been exiled, something that still persisted to this day. I was also ashamed to admit that what I missed the most was listening to mom and Stanley have sex.

With a whole floor between us, I was cut off from their frequent sexual exploits such as the daily morning blowjob Stanley received and their nightly romp, something they managed to keep up quite frequently even in mom's third trimester.

Most of the time I made do by watching the various videos I'd collected as well as the ones posted on PornHub, although some nights, when I was particularly horny, I'd sneak upstairs and listen outside their door to treat myself to the real thing.

"That was sweet of you to give up your room like that, Kyle," one of mom's friends says to me.

"Kyle has been so great about the whole thing. He just can't wait until he meets his little brother, right Kyle?"

I offer a small smile and nod meekly.

"Come sit down and join us for a bit, sweetheart," mom pats the cushion next to her and I set the pitcher down on the coffee table before sitting beside her.

"Kyles been asking for a younger brother for as long as I can remember," mom gushes. "I'm so happy I finally get to give him one."

She cradles her tummy between both her hands, an enormous smile on her face.

"Sounds like you'll have yourself a built-in babysitter once S.J. is born," one woman says.

Mom laughs, nodding her head, "Well I won't want to rely on him too much. He just started working with Stanley a few months ago and he has just been so busy thriving there."

"Thriving" is not at all how I'd describe it. I was essentially Stanley's bitch whenever we were at

work together, which was almost all the time. Even though Stuart and several others worked there, I reported directly to Stanley, and he was in charge of me completely from when I clocked in to when I clocked out.

This usually meant he had me doing the most menial of tasks: scrubbing the bathroom, cleaning up the workstations, disposing of the excess animal flesh that isn't used. Every unpleasant aspect that came with working in a butchery and deli, I had to do.

Stanley totally got off on it all. Not just ordering me around, but what he made me do as well. He could never hide his grin whenever he assigned me something to work on, clearly reveling in the fact that he had mom and I under his thumb. We were both his to do with, there and at home, as he pleased, completely cementing him as the sole authority figure in our lives.

To make it even worse, mom was grateful to him for it. The first few days or so, I could tell from her body language that she was a bit apprehensive about me working there, but chose to defer to Stanley's judgment and authority as the man of the house, sending me off with him without a word each morning.

However, when I kept coming home exhausted, she took it as a sign that I had become dedicated to the job and was working hard, something that was probably reinforced by Stanley as well.

One evening, a couple of weeks after I'd started working with him, I emerged from the bathroom after showering and heard them talking in the living room. Creeping down the stairs, I spied them sitting close together on the couch. Mom's arm moved up and down, her hand down the front of Stanley's mesh shorts, stroking him.

"Once again, you were right," she was telling him. "I've never seen him work so hard before."

"See, this is why I make all the decisions," he said in a husky voice, his left hand casually playing with one of her tits. "I know what's best for the both of you."

"I know, and I'm sorry for doubting you. I'll know not to question what you decide again."

"It's ok, baby, so long as you remember that's why you wanted me in the first place."

"Well, partly why," she smiled coyly and stroked him faster.

"Yeah, why don't you go ahead and remind me of the other reason you wanted me around."

With his other hand, he pushes her head slowly toward his crotch, giving her enough time to free his hard cock for to take between her lips.

"That was a smart idea Stanley had," grandma was saying, her words slurring slightly.

"I think so. Oh! The baby is kicking again!"

"He sure does that a lot. Must be strong like his father," grandma said.

Mom sees me looking down at her stomach and reaches over to take my hand.

"Here, sweetheart, I don't think you've felt him kick yet."

Before I can say anything, she lays my right palm over stomach. I sit there dumbfounded, my mouth slightly ajar, as I feel a strong thump against my hand come from within.

Despite mom's pregnancy nearing its end, I still can't wrap my mind around the fact that the baby growing inside her is both my little brother and Stanley's son, that they had procreated together and the result was kicking at me from within her stomach.

For years I had wished for a younger brother, and either God or fate had cruelly decided to grant that wish by dumping my high school bully next door to be able to inseminate my mother in an illicit, lust filled copulation, which was the culmination of a torrid, fiery affair.

"So?" Mom prompts.

"It's, um... strong," I gently remove my hand.

"Bet he ends up tall and muscular, just like his daddy," someone says.

"He'll have good genes, that's for sure," grandma says, taking a sip of her drink.

"He's so energetic, always moving and bouncing in there. Definitely as tenacious as Stanley, I can tell that much already."

"That's my boy," Stanley comes bounding back down the stairs.

He's washed up and changed into his usual getup of a tank top and mesh shorts with his signature white slides on his feet.

The women laugh as Stanley throws himself down onto the couch on the other side of mom.

"Let's hope that's not all he gets from me," he puts his arm around mom and leans in to kiss her deeply.

"Oh, that reminds me," someone says as they break apart, "let me take a photo of the new family."

"That'd be wonderful," mom gushes. "Thanks, Siobhan."

Stanley saddles up close beside her and she automatically leans into him. I feel his large paw clamp onto the top of my shoulder, causing me to tense under his strong grip.

"One, two, three, say 'baby!'"

I manage a small smile in spite of the pain as the brunette named Siobhan snaps a photo of us with her phone.

"Alright, now just mommy and daddy."

Stanley releases me and I quickly stand up to move through the crowd of women, rolling my shoulder as I jostle through them. I'm going to have a bruise there tomorrow, I just know it.

Turning, I stop and look at mom and Stanley sitting on the couch together. He casually drapes his right over her shoulder while resting his left on top of her stomach, a sleazy, self satisfied smirk stretching wide across his face.

Mom's left hand grips his muscular thigh while her right holds onto the wrist of the hand draped over her shoulder, her smile as wide and happy as his.

Staring as they pose for the camera, I picture a little baby cradled between them, and can't help

the foreboding feeling that I'm slowly being pushed out.

----

Mom gave birth almost a month after the baby shower. She went into labor early one morning while both Stanley and I were home.

I spent the next twelve hours in the waiting room with Stanley's raucous family, his obnoxious brothers pestering me and his sleazy dad making passes at the nurses. Finally, later that night, I had a new little brother.

One of the nurses led me into mom's room and I stopped in the doorway. If there was ever any doubt that mom was carrying Stanley's child, they were instantly swept aside. The baby swaddled tightly in the blue blanket was dark and hairy, just like he was.

Mom laid in bed, cradling him softly in her arms, while Stanley sat next to her on the edge, his left arm hooked around her shoulder. They both stared down at the baby sleeping soundly.

"He's perfect," mom whispered in awe.

Despite how tired she looked, I could see a deep, adoring love in her eyes as she smiled softly down at my little brother.

Eventually I cleared my throat and shuffled in place, catching their attention.

"Hi, sweetheart," mom said. "Come meet your little brother."

I walked over and stood by the bed, looking down at the baby.

"S.J., this is your big brother, Kyle," mom gently cooed down at him. "Do you want to hold him?"

Without waiting for a response, she gingerly handed him over to me, explaining the proper way to support his head and such, and suddenly I'm staring down at my little brother, nestled in my arms.

Here he is, the culmination of my mother's affair with my high school bully. This baby ties them, and by extension me, together, for the rest of our lives.

----

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is my honor to present for the first time, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Pachis."

I watch from my seat as mom and Stanley turn toward the cheers and applause of the crowd. They hold hands, a smug look on Stanley's face and a beaming smile on mom's.

They decided to mark their two years together by marrying, or "getting hitched" as Stanley put it. Even though so much had happened between them in the last couple of years, it still came as a surprise when they told me.

I never figured Stanley would tie himself down like that. I knew from working alongside him that he still regularly fucked other women, but the more I thought about it, the more it made sense. Marriage was the ultimate form of submission on mom's part, legally tying herself to him as his woman, his property. I had shivered when they got to the part in the ceremony where she promised to honor and obey him, but Stanley had grinned wide at that, and I swore I saw him

chub up just a bit in his pants.

My heart had sunk when the officiant had finally declared them man and wife, and I watched hopelessly as they sealed their union with a deep, sensuous tongue kiss.

Now, sitting low in my chair, I watch as they walk back up the aisle, this time together and as husband and wife. The beaded bust of mom's wedding dress displays a generous amount of her ample cleavage while the slim bodice hugs her body tightly, showing off her curvaceous figure, before flaring out at the bottom.

Stanley had decided to forgo a traditional tux in favor of simple black dress pants and a matching jacket, the silver shirt unbuttoned at the top to reveal a portion of his sculpted chest underneath.

Stopping at the opposite end, they lean in to kiss one another and the crowd whoops and hollers while the photographer snaps several candid pictures.

The officiant invites the guests to the reception hall while Stanley and mom take pictures with their respective families.

I wait several minutes for the crowd of people to disperse before walking up the center aisle to join everyone else up there.

Stanley stops speaking with his father to turn and grin at me as I approach.

"So glad you could join us today, Kyle," he says in a condescending voice. I catch Stuart smirking slightly out of the corner of my eye.

"Thanks."

He raises his eyebrows expectantly and I inhale deeply, closing my eyes for a brief second before reopening them.

"Dad," I add, barely managing to get it out. His grin grows even wider.

Stanley had insisted that I start calling him dad once he and mom got engaged, something mom found absolutely charming, although I could hardly stand the idea. So, I tried to address him as little as possible, but that didn't stop mom from referring to him as "your dad" whenever she spoke about him to me.

"Alright folks, we're going to take a series of different pictures, some with the bride's family, some with the groom's, and then a few of just the happy couple."

The photographer ushers Stanley's large family in first, the whole lot of them clustering around mom and Stanley in the center. Mom looks so out of place surrounded by so many tall, bronzed skinned, hairy men.

When it's our turn, grandma and I stand on each end, her next to mom and me next to Stanley, who clasps his large hand on my shoulder in a tight grip.

"Smile wide, son," he emphasizes the last word and I can't help but shiver.

I try my hardest to muster a smile, knowing that, for me only, today wasn't the happiest of days.

Finally, the whole lot of us are crowded together for one big family photo. I feel incredibly uncomfortable sandwiched between two of Stanley's brothers, both of whom take turns jostling me while snickering, and hope that this is over as fast as possible. The photographer is blessedly quick about it, however, and soon I step away, sighing in relief.

"All right, these are great," he says, looking at the screen of his camera. "Now one last set just of the immediate family."

Stanley's mother, who's been holding S.J., steps forward to hand him over to mom. He instantly wraps his legs around her as she hoists him up onto her waist.

Almost one and a half years old, S.J. is already big for his age, just one of the many ways he takes after Stanley. In addition to having the same olive skin tone and dark mop of hair, he was just as rambunctious too. As soon as he could walk, he began storming around the house with an undeterred tenacity. Same now that he's learning to talk, mimicking Stanley's assertive and commanding style of speaking.

This of course pleased Stanley to no end, and he did what he could to encourage S.J.'s behavior whenever he could, a shit eating grin plastered on his face every time he noticed his son acting like him.

"He's a chip off the ole block," he'd declare proudly.

I move to join them but was blocked by Stanley's loud family, who failed to notice me trying to get through. Working my way around them, I stop, my face falling when I finally notice that the photographer has already started taking pictures.

Mom and Stanley stand close together, holding S.J. between them, as they smile at the camera; the picture of a happy family.

I could feel myself deflate. Neither of them had even thought to include me. Had they already forgotten about me in just a short month?

I had recently decided to move out. After S.J. was born, my life became unexpectedly hectic. Since mom was busy taking care of a newborn in addition to working, it became my responsibility to take care of all the chores around the house in addition to working full time at the butcher shop and deli that Stanley's family owned.

It became common to come home from an exhaustive shift only to immediately begin whatever chores I had to do that day, and now that there were four people living there, including a newborn, it became a lot.

I was so busy and overwhelmed that the days and weeks blended together, and I realized, too late of course, that I had missed my chance to apply for student loans, which meant that I had to put off college again for another year.

So I fell into my new routine as the year progressed, working as a housemaid in my own home while being Stanley's personal bitch at the shop. I even took on the role of babysitter several months after S.J. was born.

One day, Stanley informed me that he was taking mom out for the evening, that they deserved a break and would be going out to dinner before spending the night at a hotel for "some alone time."

Of course, I was expected to look after S.J. while they were gone, something I was given no choice in, and this became a semi-regular occurrence. Mom and Stanley would go out, sometimes spending the whole night or even a weekend away, and it was left to me to watch my little brother, who only got more rambunctious the older he grew.

Eventually, I was able to find a rhythm that made it all bearable. But a small part of me knew this would become my permanent station in life unless I pushed myself forward in some way, that I'd be a slave to Stanley in my own house and at work for the foreseeable future. So I decided to attend a local community college part time in the spring of the following year.

By that point, I had saved up enough money from working to be able to afford the two classes I was taking without having to worry about the cost of room and board.

Of course, I still had to keep up with the housework, my job, and "nanny duty", as Stanley called it, something that he had made abundantly clear. However, I was able to fit it all in despite the fact that I was exhausted even more than I had been the previous summer and by the end of the semester I thought I would drop dead from exhaustion.

Stanley wouldn't let up on any of my hours at the shop nor relent on any of the chores that I did, so I figured that if I wanted to continue going to school and not feel like a walking zombie, then I would have to make a major change to one or the other.

Luckily for me, an opportunity presented itself not too long into summer. I had been only looking for a new job for about a week before I stumbled upon a Chinese restaurant near campus that was looking to hire wait staff. I didn't have any experience working in a restaurant but I decided to shoot my shot anyway, figuring that maybe over a year's experience of working at the shop would count for something.

The owner was a stone faced old man who gave nothing away while his daughter interviewed me. Surprisingly, I didn't fumble any answers like I had at my first even interview with Mr. Gottlieb at his ice cream parlor. I guess a year of working under Stanley had steeled my nerves a bit.

After 30 minutes, they gave me a job as a busboy, promising that I'd move up to waiting tables quickly if I worked hard enough. The pay was decent but I was to be given a portion of the tips earned by the waiters.

That evening at dinner, I told Stanley that I would no longer be working at his family's shop, that I had found a new one elsewhere. I had expected the worst but he surprisingly didn't seem to care that much, shrugging his shoulders and telling me to keep up with the housework.

So I fell into my new job that summer, working hard like they said to be able to earn a spot waiting tables. Eventually, I was given the opportunity one night after a waiter quit unexpectedly, and I moved up from clearing tables.

Working as a waiter allowed me to earn more money from tips, and when I found out that the owner rented out rooms above the restaurant, I jumped at the chance when he said they had a vacancy. It was small and not in the greatest condition, but it was close to campus and affordable.

I moved in right away. Mom was sad to see me go. Stanley not so much. In fact, he seemed almost glad I would be gone.

"He finally got his shit together enough to move the fuck out," I heard him telling Stuart on the phone one day.

"With that little bitch gone, Julie can devote herself to being my full time slave," he chuckled darkly.

There was silence as Stuart said something.

"Nah, I'll just get her to quit her job if it takes away from serving me. I can always make some extra cash off of the videos we make if I need it."

I had shivered at that.

Mom was teary eyed the day I left, and promised to come visit when I had set everything up. But in the month since I moved out, she hadn't been over even once. I had suggested it several times, but she always had some excuse why she couldn't. She was either swamped with finishing up the wedding preparations or too busy "taking care of my boys".

In fact, it seemed like the only time I had any contact with her was when I initiated it, and even then, she took a while to respond to texts or started to sound impatient if I was on the phone with her for too long.

I tried not taking it personally, assuring myself that the isolation and exclusion I was feeling was all in my head. But now, looking at mom and Stanley happily posing with my little brother, I couldn't help those feelings bubbling up again, stronger than ever, and I'm suddenly reminded of the lonely nights spent in my shabby little room above the restaurant.

Even though the ceremony was small and filled with mostly family, the reception afterward was much larger, mostly due to Stanley's extended family as well as his douchebag friends, all of whom wasted no time in getting drunk and rowdy. Their lewd comments grew louder and more inappropriate as the night wore on and as the alcohol continued to flow.

I spent most of the night sulking at the table I shared with Stanley's obnoxious brothers, avoiding Stanley and his dipshit friends as much as possible. Although this meant I had to suffer through uncouth conversations that occurred amongst his brothers.

It was late into the night and I was sipping on some champagne when Stanley's brother Wade drunkenly plops down in his seat next to me. He had just finished a slow dance with mom and we both watched as she now danced with Stuart.

"God, your mom fucking hot," he slurs unexpectedly.

I narrow my eyes in his direction but don't say anything.

"You know Stanley let me fuck her for my 18th birthday, right?" He turns toward me.

I almost spit my champagne out and stare at him in wide eyed horror. He leans in closer, his breath smelling strongly of alcohol.

"He lets our dad fuck her occasionally, only when he hasn't gotten any poon in a while though, but he promised me I could have at her one night when I became legal," he drunkenly grins at me, proud of his sexual conquest of my mother and giddy from bragging about it to me.

"So I spent the night after my eighteenth fucking her brains out," he breaks out in laughter. "She was a little apprehensive at first but once she got my big dick inside her, she was screaming for it. We didn't sleep at all that night, I just boned her as much as I could until the sun came up. Lost

track of how many loads I dumped inside her."

He quickly downs his half empty glass of champagne, then burps loudly before continuing.

"I've been dreaming about fucking her again ever since, and tonight I'll get another shot. Stanley arranged an after hours gang bang, sort of an initiation into the family, with me, my dad, our grandpa," he nods his head towards the old man seated at the table next to us.

The eldest Pachis man had to be close to 70. Heavy set, with a thick gray mustache, he was completely bald except for tufts of hair on the sides, his olive skin tone dotted with liver spots.

I stared in disgust, not wanting to believe that this grody, old man would be between my mom's legs in a few hours, pumping away.

Wade must've noticed the disbelief on my face because he leans in closer to me.

"Traveled all the way from Greece just to get some of that sweet pussy. He gets first go, lucky bastard. Stanley thought we should all go in order from eldest to youngest, so I'm last. But it'll still be worth it though, even with her pussy full of cream from the other three."

I shudder, my stomach heaving from disgust and the champagne I've been drinking. But deep within my groin, I feel a strong pulse of pleasure, and my dick jerks sharply in response.

"Poor Mel, he's so pissed he doesn't get to participate," we both look at his younger brother, Melvin, sitting across from us.

Unlike the other Pachis men, Mel was criminally short, barely reaching 5 '5. He also had really bad acne and a perpetual chip on his shoulder, his face a constant mask of anger which was offset by his buzzed hair.

"He's jealous that I've gotten a piece of her and he hasn't, but Stanley says he has to wait until he's 18, just like I did. Those two years are gonna suck but he he'll make up for it when he gets to fuck her. Out of all of us, he's the most rough in bed. Gets all that anger out of his system during sex."

I cringe imagining this short, coarse teen having rough and nasty sex with my mother.

Just then, the music cuts out and Stanley steps into the middle of the dance floor. He holds up a mic to speak.

"I just wanted to quickly say thanks to everyone for coming out to celebrate us getting hitched."

The crowd hollers loudly in response.

"It really means a lot," he continues. "We've been hooked up for a few years now, and Julie already knows this," he turns to look at mom, "but it still feels good to say she's now, officially, mine."

Stanley says this last part with some emphasis, a wicked grin on his face as he stares intensely at mom, who winks and blows him a kiss before mouthing, "I love you".

The crowd cheers loudly again. Stanley breaks eye contact with mom and turns back to the crowd.

"All right, it's been real, but Julie and I are gonna call it a night and get ready for our two week honeymoon in the Caribbean where we'll start working on baby number two."

The cheer that goes up this time is the loudest, and people get to their feet to clap and holler as Stanley hands the microphone off before walking over to give mom a deep, sensual kiss.

I'm the only one who stays seated as the DJ asks everyone to wish the newlywed couple well as they make their exit from the hall.

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The next few weeks pass by quickly and in a blur as school starts up again. My work hours intensify as I transition to waiting tables full time. Throughout it all though, I can't stop thinking about what both Wade and Stanley said at the wedding. I've been resisting the urge to check Stanley's PornHub account, simultaneously afraid and aroused by what I would find there.

I've been so desperate to break my habit but time doesn't seem to be helping any, my mind constantly inundated with thoughts of Stanley, his brother, father, and grandfather taking turns on my mom, using her as their family cum dumpster.

I didn't hear from her until a week after she and Stanley got back from their honeymoon and it was a very brief phone call. I finally go over to their house over a month after they'd been home, realizing that it was the only way I'd ever see her, since it seemed like she wouldn't ever be coming over to my place.

I wish I could say I'm more happy than not about finally seeing mom again, but I'd be lying. Stepping back into that house makes me realize that she has developed a whole new life and family, one without me, where she was completely devoted to being a doting wife, mother, and servant to my high school bully and their son. Something that's filled her with an endless amount of joy. The entire time I'm there she's glowing from a perpetual state of bliss, completely fulfilled in her new role. She's even quit her job doing administrative work from home.

"Why?" I ask her.

"It was just taking too much time away from caring for Stanley and S.J. So I decided it was more important being a full time wife and mother, devoting myself fully to both my men."

She smiles adoringly at Stanley, who's rough housing with S.J. a few feet away in the living room.

"She knows what her real priorities are," Stanley says without looking over.

I catch the subtle implication that I was not a part of those priorities any longer.

"Besides," he continues, finally looking over, "she'll have her hands full with three of us to take care of next year."

My head snaps to the right, and I watch as mom's smile widens while she runs a hand softly over her flat stomach.

"You're..."

"Pregnant," she finishes enthusiastically. "It's still early but I'm so happy. I really want to give Stanley another son."

She beams at him, not even bothering to glance my way. It's all too much for me to handle and I leave not long after.

I'm in a daze as I slowly make my way home, my mind whirls as it processes that mom has built a new life without me, that it's with a man who bullied me throughout most of high school, and that she's bearing him multiple children.

But what keeps lurking at the back of my mind, as it has been since I heard it, is what Wade had said to me all those weeks ago, at the wedding.

By the time I push my way into my tiny room, I've already made up my mind, my will broken by sheer arousal, so dominant that my cock has been half hard for the last twenty minutes of my journey.

Plugging my headphones in, I pull up the webpage that's saved to my favorite but haven't visited in a while. I'm momentarily confused when I'm met with a paywall and then I remember the conversation I overheard with Stanley and his dad a few months ago. He must've followed through with it sometime since I stopped visiting the videos posted under his account.

Frustrated and horny, I sit staring at my screen for several minutes, fiercely debating with myself before giving in to my lustful desire and reach for my wallet. I input my debit card info, my thumb hovering over the submit button for a few seconds before pressing down. The receipt that follows confirms the \$24.99 a month subscription that I've signed up for, and I quickly dismiss it before loading Stanley's account.

Instantly, I spot the most recently uploaded video. It was posted two weeks after mom and Stanley got married and is titled, "Slut Takes Family Cock on Wedding Night".

My dick throbs as it reaches full mast, and I quickly free it from my pants after clicking on the video.

The video begins with Stanley and mom kissing deeply while standing in front of a large bed that's placed horizontally up against a wall on the right hand side of the screen. They appear to be in their room back at the house. Both of them are stripped down to their underwear. Stanley's large cock bulges out the front of his black boxer briefs while his big hands roam mom's body over her white bridal undergarments.

He unhooks her bra, which is heavy with thick lace, and it falls to the floor, freeing her breasts. The fingers of his left hand begin to tweak her already hardened nipples while he slides his right hand down under her garter belt and into her panties, eliciting a moan from deep within her throat.

His hand moves as he fingers her for a few minutes, before breaking their kiss. Pulling back, he looks her square in the eyes.

"You ready for this, slut?"

Mom nods her head eagerly, biting her lip as his fingers still work to stimulate her pussy.

"Yes, Stanley. I'm ready to serve you and your family."

"Good, my bitch knows her place."

He grins sadistically at her before removing his hand from inside her panties and unfastening her garter belt, stripping her of everything left except for the stockings.

"It's time to take Pachis family cock, in chronological order. On the bed, legs open."

Mom follows his commands and lays down in the center of the bed. She sensually spreads her legs open, presenting her glistening pussy to him.

He leans forward to swipe his index and middle fingers down her opening before putting them into his mouth to taste her juices.

"Mmm, nice and wet. Let's get this shit going. Papou," he calls out, moving to the left.

A door opens and closes offscreen, then Stanley's grandfather appears. He's wearing a pair of white boxer briefs and nothing else, his heavy gut hanging out over the top.

Stanley says something briefly to him in Greek and he responds in kind, then he's gone, the sound of the door closing as he leaves the room. Stanley's grandfather grins widely as he approaches mom, who stares up at him.

He swiftly pushes down his boxers, freeing his half hard cock. Just like his descendant, he possesses a large and thick dick, which sprouts from a wiry gray bush and juts out obscenely from under his large, overhanging stomach. My mouth falls open as I take in this old man, his heavy body covered in a thick matting of gray hair, wagging his large penis at my mother while cackling.

Her gaze locks onto his appendage and I see her eyes widen in astonishment while biting her lip. Stanley's grandfather begins to slowly stroke himself, his small, beady eyes greedily drinking in her naked form as a perverse smile stretches across his face.

Mom's right hand finds its way between her legs and she begins fingering herself. They both make eye contact as they pleasure themselves, and Stanley's grandfather makes kissing noises before flicking his tongue at her.

Once his dick grows completely hard in his hand, he gingerly climbs onto the bed and centers himself between her legs, wasting no time in lining his cock up with the entrance to her pussy.

Mom's groans of anticipated excitement fill my ears as he pushes his way inside her.

"Ahhhh," he sighs heavily after finally bottoming out.

He lowers himself onto her, and mom automatically wraps her toned legs around his large frame. His mouth finds hers in a forceful and dominant tongue kiss. Mom immediately responds, her mouth molding against his as passion overwhelms her. She locks her arms around his neck, moaning into his mouth. The wet sounds of their tongues pressing together fills the room. My eyes focus on his thick mustache as it moves roughly against her upper lip.

Their kiss ends with a wet pop as he removes his tongue from her mouth which hovers a few inches above hers. He lewdly begins flicking it at her and she eagerly meets it with her own. I grasp my erection and begin pumping it as I watch mom sensually push her tongue against Stanley's grandfather's.

Eventually, he begins to slowly buck his hips, moving them back and forth, fucking her with small thrusts. Mom moans quietly, clearly enjoying the feeling of his dick inside her.

He slowly increases the speed of his thrusts little by little, until he's built a moderate pace for himself, while mom begins to roll her hips in time with his movements, allowing his hard cock to

more easily push into her slick tunnel. Both of them would huff and breathe deeply in their efforts to fuck each other, holding an intense eye contact while their bodies writhed in unison.

Every now and again, Stanley's grandfather would push himself completely inside her, then capture her mouth in his. They'd then spend the next few minutes kissing passionately, their tongues wrestling together while keeping her fully impaled on his cock, their bodies unmoving. The sounds of suppressed moans filled my ears as I watch them turn their heads from side to side in an attempt to taste each other as much as possible. Mom would run her hands sensually through the coarse hair that covered his back or pull tightly his head to get more of his tongue inside her mouth.

Eventually, mom would begin to move the lower half of her body against his still cock, signaling to him that she was ready to continue their fuck and he'd resume the moderate pace he'd set for them earlier.

The stark contrast between the two of them as they have sex was simultaneously arousing and repulsive. Mom's supple and voluptuous body clung tightly to this balding, old man, his fat body covered in thick, gray hair. Yet, the sounds they were making indicated nothing but intense sexual pleasure between the two of them.

Stanley's grandfather moved his head down to begin licking and kissing her tits. His tongue eagerly raked against her round globes, and he made sure to take long sensual licks of her stiff, pink nipples.

Mom squealed in delight, her thighs tightening around his body as she slid her hands through the thick gray hair carpeting his ass, gripping each cheek hard before pulling on them in an effort to get more of his long, thick cock deeper inside her.

This had its desired effect; Stanley's grandfather began to buck into her harder, using his remaining strength and stamina to fuck her more roughly and at a faster pace. His lips clamped around the nipple of her right breast, sucking on it in a noisy and wet manner.

Mom's right hand immediately moved to the back of his balding head, rubbing it in encouragement.

"Oh God, oh God," mom cried in breathless wonder. "It's so big! So big and thick! UGH!"

Stanley's grandfather looked up at her and grinned before leaning for a quick, sloppy tongue kiss. He returned to feasting on her tits, greedily sucking on her engorged nipples while uttering deep, animal grunts.

The steady rhythm of his heavy body smacking into hers produced an intense clapping sound, matched only by mom's cries of delirium and the laborious grunts Stanley's grandfather let out with each movement of his lower body.

"Ugh, yes, ugh, just like that. Suck on my tits just like that!"

Stanley's grandfather didn't need to speak English to understand what she was saying, her body responding to both his mouth and cock.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum, ohhhh I'm about cum!" Her hips moved almost on their own, pushing up to meet his heavy thrusts, desperate to achieve an orgasm from the lengthy, thick cock of this lecherous old man.

She released several short gasps and clutched at Stanley's grandfather tightly. He removed his mouth from her nipples and spat something out in strained, garbled Greek, his own orgasm suddenly brought forth by mom's tight pussy clenching his meat.

After one last thrust, his large, heavy body began to spasm and he clenched his teeth while uttering guttural grunts as he fired jets of warm seed deep inside my mother.

"Ugh, yes, you're cumming so much," mom said, softly stroking his hairy back.

His body repeatedly pressed forward gently as he kept hosing down the tight walls of her soft, slippery channel.

After a minute or so of cumming, Stanley's grandfather released all the tension in his heavy body along with a large exhale of air. He laid on top of mom, trying to catch his breath while she softly stroked the back of his balding head. He had enough energy to move his head back and put his mouth to hers.

They kissed deeply and sensually for several minutes, basking in the afterglow of hot, passionate sex. Their bodies remained interlocked until he broke their kiss and slowly climbed off of her, revealing mom covered in sweat and little gray hairs.

Stanley's grandfather chuckled as he looked down at her while pulling on his boxers, satisfied with a job well done. He said something to her briefly in Greek before turning to leave.

Mom had no time to recover, as Stuart replaced his father as soon as he left the room. He grinned widely, walking with swagger toward the bed.

"Old man got you nice and warmed up for me."

He pulled his flaccid cock out the fly of his briefs, stroking it while looking down at mom, a twinkle of lust in his eye.

"Ohhh yeah, you're about to be filled with so much cum," he uttered, his cock hardening quickly in his hand.

"Can you feel it? Can you feel my dad's cum seeping out of you?"

"Yes," mom admittedly breathlessly. "He came so much. I can feel it dripping out."

She teased him by opening her legs and showing off all the semen his father had left inside her.

"Come add to it."

"Fuck," Stuart mumbled, then shoved his underwear down to his ankles and stepped out of them.

"Let's see who comes more, me or him," he leans forward and pulls her down to the edge of the bed.

Grabbing both her legs, he throws them over his shoulders. After taking a step back, he plants both feet squarely apart, bracing himself against the floor before leaning forward and placing both hands on either side of her head, holding himself up above her.

"Yeah, this is gonna be a nice fuck," he tells her, rubbing his cock along her slick entrance. "I'm gonna fuck you so hard, have you begging for my cock like the nasty fucking bitch you are."

He leans in and mashes his lips against hers in an aggressively domineering kiss. Mom responds eagerly and reaches up to grasp his muscled arms. Stuart continues sliding against her opening, smearing the underside of his shaft with a mixture of her pussy juices and his father's thick cum. His beer gut pushes against her taut stomach with every thrust.

Ready to get started, Stuart takes a hold of his dick to place his fat cockhead at her hole, placing his hand beside her head once he pushes his wide tip past her folds.

"Oh yeah, I can feel that warm cunt already. You're just aching for my fat dick, I just know it."

He watches the expression on her face transform from anticipation into pleasure, licking his lips as he sinks further and further into her cocksleeve, his giant prick stretching her tight walls.

"You dumb fucking whore," he grunts, bottoming out inside her. "Tell me how much you love this dick."

"Oh, Stuart, I love your cock so much! It's so big and stretches me out!"

"Hehe I know," he grins. "Shit, you weren't lying. My father did cum a lot," he flexes hips, getting a feel for the inside of her warm, wet tunnel. "Gonna use his cum as lube to pound the fuck out of you, skank."

With that, he began hammering into her cunt, showing her absolutely no mercy as he fucks her into oblivion. He uses his footing to brace his weight against the floor, raising his hips up and bringing them down fiercely.

"UH, UH, UH," mom repeats over and over in a high pitched voice, her body jostling under the weight of him slamming into her repeatedly.

Her mouth was open as she stares up at Stuart with desire, clearly enjoying the feeling of his large cock pummeling her pussy over and over, and he spits inside.

"Fucking skank," he snarls. "Taking the cock of your husband's father and grandfather. Letting us use your cunt to drop our thick loads in. Nasty little whore."

He smacks her hard across the face before grasping her tits, roughly squeezing them between his thick fingers. He's much more aggressive when he's alone with her than when he shares her with Stanley.

"You like it rough, I know you do. Like a true slut. You're just a hole for us to use now, nothing else. My son's property to fuck and breed like an animal."

"Yes," she whispered. "You can use my body however you want, treat me like the whore I am."

"Oh we will, slut, we will. Don't you worry."

He's fucking her faster now, clearly getting off by being rough and dominating her in addition sharing her body with his father and sons.

"Tell daddy how much you love him," he demands.

"I love you, daddy," she declares proudly.

"Beg for daddy's cock."

"Please give me your cock, daddy. Fuck me hard with that big daddy dick. I love feeling your huge meat inside me!"

"Oh, fuck yes, you slutty bitch. Go ahead and suck on this tongue."

Leaning forward, he sticks his thick tongue out and her lips close around it before she gently begins to suck on it. His furry hands continue to maw her tits, all the while his fat dick pistons in and out of her relentlessly.

Mom moans as she greedily sucks on his tongue. Overcome with lust, Stuart jams it into her mouth, covering her lips with his in a one side kiss. He raises his left hand up and brings it down hard against her ass cheek, causing a sharp crack to ring out.

Mom's cries are muffled by Stuart's mouth and tongue. He repeatedly smacks her ass over and over, using a greater force each time until she's practically screaming.

Stuart breaks their kiss and takes a hold of her throat with his right hand, then shoves the thumb of his left hand into her mouth. Wordlessly she begins to suck on it.

"You ready to get creamed?" he huffs. "You ready for me to fill you with daddy's cum?"

"Yes, give it to me, daddy! Mix your seed with your father's inside my cunt!"

"Oh fuck yes, here it comes, bitch!"

He bucks his hips even faster, power fucking the cum out of his dick.

"Take my load, slut," he grunts, jabbing his hairy groin sharply against her pelvis repeatedly.

Turning his head, he licks and nibbles at the inside of her thigh as he plows her hole with a thick helping of his spunk.

"Fuck, that was good," he mumbles, out of breathe.

Slowly, he withdraws his softening cock from inside her, dragging some of his and his father's cum out along with it. Mom looks absolutely spent.

"Shit," he laughs, looking down. "That's a lot of seed."

He picks her panties up from the floor and uses it to clean his dick off before tossing them aside.

"Welcome to the family," he chuckles, then exits the room.

My dick is so hard it could cut glass. I came so close to cumming several times, but managed to stop myself. Now I gently stroke myself often enough to keep me hard while avoiding busting my nut all together.

I watch as Stanley comes into the room and quickly sheds his underwear.

"Having a good time?"

Mom nods her head, scooting further up the bed until she's in the center.

Stanley moves to inspect her pussy as she presents herself to him. He tugs on his rapidly hardening cock as he observes all the cum seeping out of her.

"Oh this is going to be one messy ride," he chuckles darkly before climbing between her legs.

Mom impatiently tucks her legs up on either side of his waist as he aligns his cock with her pussy, her hands find their way to his hairy ass, imploring to begin fucking her.

"Anxious are we?"

"I missed you," is her only reply. He slowly starts rubbing the underside of his shaft against her folds.

"How does it feel now that you've had four generations of Pachis men inside you?"

"Incredible! I'm so lucky to have had so many big cocks inside me."

"And which one of them is the best?"

"Yours," she answers emphatically and without hesitation. "Your cock is still the best. You're the only one who can make me cum so hard and so often."

"That's why you belong to me," he says firmly. "And don't you ever forget it."

"I won't," she promises him. "I'll always be yours, Stanley."

"You're legally mine now," he reminds her. "You're my legal property for the rest of your life."

"Oh God," she shudders, overwhelmed by pleasure. "I love you, Stanley! I'm so glad that you own me. My life is completely dedicated to you!"

"You bet your ass it is. God you're so wet right now, I know how much this turns you on, declaring subservience to your master."

"Please fuck me, Stanley," she begs. "I want to cum on your dick so badly."

"Yeah? You want some of my dick?"

"I do! I want to scream from feeling your long, thick cock filling and stretching me!"

"Alright, slut, here's the meat you want so badly."

He stops sliding his shaft against her slick opening and begins to push past her lips.

"Yes, yes, yes," mom cries joyously, wrapping her legs tightly around his waist.

She grabs a hold of his muscular arms, pushing her hips forward to meet his invading cock.

Oh god, I love it," she gasps. "I love it, I love you."

"Ugh, even after two Pachis sized cocks, you're still a tight fit," Stanley grunts. "God, there's so much spunk."

"My hole was made for you, you and your fucking big dick!"

He slowly withdraws his cock before pushing it back inside, creating a squelching noise from mom's juices and all the cum inside her. Unlike his father, Stanley fucks her slowly, aware that she's on the edge of cumming and wanting to drive her crazy.

So he focuses on feeding her his big donkey dick at a leisurely but firm pace, ensuring that she enjoys the benefit of feeling his hard, meaty pole pushing against the flesh of her inner walls without achieving the satisfaction of having an orgasm just yet.

They stare intensely into each other's eyes, a deep penetrating look of carnal lust and ownership passing between them, recognizing how they were physically made for one another, a perfect fit.

"This is what you wanted isn't it? Being speared by my fat dick?"

"It is," mom answered in a breathy tone. "I've been thinking about it the whole time."

"But you fucked them all I instead? Because I told you too?"

"Yes, I did."

"You'll do anything I say?"

"I will, I'll do anything you command."

"Even let one of them knock you up?"

"Yes," she answered firmly, and shuddered.

Stanley began to increase his pace, fucking her a bit faster now in his excitement at her admission.

"You'd do that? Carry my brother, uncle, or nephew inside of you?"

"I would, I'll carry each of their children if you tell me too."

Stanley's hips were bucking quickly now, his froth covered shaft eagerly pushing past her folds to sink far inside her tight tunnel. Mom was moving the lower half of her body in time with Stanley's, meeting his every thrust with one of her own in order to receive as much of his cock as she could.

"But who's do you want to carry?" He's breathing heavily now, a mix of exertion and excitement.

"Yours," mom gasps. "I only ever want to bear your children, Stanley. Nothing makes me happier than carrying your babies inside me."

"Fuck yes," he grunts, thrusting harder. "We'll get you off the pill once we're on our honeymoon and then I'll put another baby inside of you. I'll breed you every fucking day until your fat and swollen with my son."

"Yes, yes," mom cries. "I want to feel your child growing inside me again, reminding me that my purpose is to give you as many kids as I can."

"Ugh, ugh, gonna cum," he says.

"Me... too," mom huffs, her breasts giggling rapidly from being fucked so hard.

"You're, ugh, mine!"

"I fucking love you!"

I'm unable to hold back any longer, their dirty talk about her doing absolutely anything he asks, including letting his various family members impregnate her, sends me over the edge. Giving my hard cock several last pumps, I begin to spray cum all over myself.

They both reach their peaks at the same time. Stanley grunts repeatedly as he gives several strong thrusts, cumming deep inside mom, who coils her entire body around Stanley's muscular frame as she's rocked by a large orgasm.

His lips mash into hers and they both moan deeply as they kiss with a searing passion, their tongues fighting within their sealed lips. Finally, they break apart, breathing heavily while recovering from intense and fulfilling sex.

Mom unwraps herself from around his body as he gets off the body. She looks spent. Stanley must think so too because he tells her, "Still got one more to go."

Mom wordlessly nods. Her body is now drenched in sweat and I can see even more little hairs clinging to her sticky skin. Cum oozes from her ravaged pussy and her breasts heave with every deep breath she takes trying to regain control of her breathing. Stanley pulls back on his underwear before leaving, letting in the last of the Pachis men.

Wade walks eagerly into the frame, his long hair hanging against his skinny body. He almost falls over while trying to pull his underwear off in a hurry, his large penis getting caught on the elastic waistband. His eyes never leave mom, the excitement shining clear.

Despite having just cum, my cock is already half hard from watching Wade enter the room and undress with an erotic sense of urgency. I softly pull on it, using a handful of cum as lube, and continue watching as the youngest Pachis man approaches my mom.

Unlike the other three, Wade's body is absent of the coarse hair that covers his brother, father, and grandfather. Except for his legs, he's as smooth as a baby's ass. Even his crotch is completely shaved, making his beast of a cock look even bigger.

"Move further up the bed," he tells her. "Prop the pillows up and lean against them."

Mom piles two pillows on top of one another and lays her upper body down on them.

Wade eagerly climbs onto the bed and moves toward her as she opens her legs for him. Sitting on his knees, he takes a hold of his hard cock and rubs the head along her opening.

Mom moans lightly as his bulbous tip gently stimulates her pussy. After several seconds, he begins to slowly push inside. Once his cockhead breaks through her hole, he quickly fills the rest of her up with his long, thick shaft.

"Ugh, yes," mom groans.

Wade leans over her and grabs ahold of her breasts, his eyes shining with elation as he begins to roughly knead and squeeze them. Unable to hold back, he start quickly fucking her, the hips of his skinny body moving back and forth excitedly as he thrusts his cock inside her repeatedly.

He pumps her pussy with the inexperienced enthusiasm of a teenage boy unconcerned with anything but the simple act of sex and getting his own nut. It's clear he won't last very long, but despite this, mom still enjoys the ride he's giving her.

She wraps her legs around his, placing her feet along the inside of his calves. Her hands sensually slide up his chest, stopping to take a hold of his shoulders. His hands continue to squeeze and pull on her tits, and she thrusts them into his touch, shutting her eyes as her mouth falls open in pleasure.

This catches Wade's attention, prying his gaze away from her big titties clasped in his hands to stare at her mouth hanging open. Leaning in, he shoves his tongue inside. Mom responds almost immediately, feeding him hers. Their tongue kissing is particularly wet and loud, the noises they make bordering on obscene.

All of this evidently too much for Wade, who starts moaning into mom's mouth. He breaks their kiss and begins panting with his eyes closed. Several deep, sharp thrusts indicate he's giving his own contribution to the collection of Pachis family seed currently pooling inside her channel.

Mom runs a hand softly through his long, dark hair as he finishes emptying himself of sperm. He opens his eyes and grins down at her, panting a bit. She gives him several more tongue kisses before he withdraws his cock from within her.

The video ends there and I immediately hit the replay button, furiously pounding my now raging erection as I again watch member's of Stanley's family take turns using my mother.

Somewhere at the back of my mind, underneath the haze of vulgar lust, I finally come to accept that this is my new reality. That I've been displaced from my home and family by my high school bully, who has bound my mother to him as his own personal servant and broodmare. And even though I am out and on my own, free of Stanley, I know I will forever remain on the outside looking in, trapped in lust filled fervor while watching my mom remain a vessel to receive his dick and give him sons, fulfilling both of our twisted desires.