

BLACKMAILED: CHEERLEADER'S MOM

silkstockingslover

He forces the Cheerleader's Mom to be his eager ass-slut too.

Reluctance

4.6

7.1k words

Summary: Unprincipled Principal also forces the Cheerleader's Mom to become his eager ass slut.

Note 1: Although not completely necessary, I recommend you read **Blackmailed: Cheerleader's Cherry** first, as it explains how Principal Stanford blackmails the popular head cheerleader into becoming his personal ass slut.

Note 2: As always, I would like to thank Estragon for his copy-editing expertise, and LaRascasse for plot suggestions.

Note 3: Updated with a new epilogue December 2012.

Note 4: Updated by Tex Beethoven August 2022.

Blackmailed: Cheerleader's Mom

Prom was on a Friday and as usual, in the late afternoon Dallas, the head cheerleader, was in my office taking my cock in her ass. Her training had been completed for over a month, so now she could easily take all nine inches of my cock up her backdoor, and she was in love with my cock... with me not so much, but at least she willingly did whatever I told her to... what can I say?

Having caught her in a compromising situation a few months ago, I'd blackmailed her into becoming my little anal cheerleading slut, and I'd weaned her away from her diva princess personality.

She'd dumped her football player boyfriend as I'd instructed, and started dating a geek named Markus, the other participant in the compromising situation that had ensnared Dallas for me. He was average looking, a genius who'd already been accepted into Harvard, and was very, very well-endowed. Dallas was so popular that instead of being shunned for dating a geek, she became even more popular, as did Markus. They came across like the leads in an eighties teen comedy, or a real life version of Revenge of the Nerds.

I saw in Markus a bit of myself back when I was a teenager, since I didn't come into my own until college. So I enjoyed assisting him in reaping his newfound glory.

Dallas had become a perfect little ass slut, and her nasty talk always got me revved up. Dallas was currently bent over my desk, still wearing her cheerleader's outfit with my pole buried in her ass, begging, "Harder, Mr. Stanford, fuck your slutty cheerleader's ass harder."

She'd become such an ass slut that she always needed to be hammered. She didn't want to be made love to, she wanted to be ass fucked... hard. She was the perfect fuck: drop dead gorgeous, a great cocksucker who loved to swallow (after we'd completed her training of course), she had a tight cunt, even though it was well used, and her perfect ass could take all nine inches of my big cock. Added to that, she was submissive deep down once we'd you gotten past her diva persona,

she had the filthiest mouth of any chick I'd ever fucked, and well... like I said, she was the perfect fuck. Her graduating in less than a month was disappointing, since she'd really livened up all my Friday evenings.

She begged, "Fuck me on the floor, sir, I need your cock deeper inside me!"

We tried a new position last week that she'd found online for maximum anal penetration, and it got her off like gangbusters. I pulled out of her ass, and she quickly repositioned herself onto her back on the floor. Being a cheerleader, Dallas was ridiculously flexible, and she stuck her feet up in the air and even behind her head. I'm not shitting you, it was the fucking hottest thing ever!

Looking down at my sexy human pretzel, I was treated to a perfect view of her gaped asshole. She looked up at me, her hunger for my cock obvious, as she moaned with her hand somehow managing to reach her pussy, "Please fuck my ass, Mr. Stanford, I need to get home and get ready for prom soon."

I asked, "Are you saying that prom is more important than being my ass-slut?"

She quickly apologized, her tone seeming sincere, "Sorry, sir, nothing is more important than pleasing you."

"I was just kidding," I smiled, "you only get one prom in your life. However, I'd like a favour in return."

"Sure! Name it."

Well, I noticed your mother's name on the list of volunteer chaperones, so I'd like you to introduce me to her."

"Sure, I can do that. But why?"

"Because I want to fuck her."

"WHAT? I can't promise THAT!"

"No, no, I'll do the seducing, you just need to introduce us."

"Okay, sure. That sounds like fun! But now I'd like a favour."

"Which is?"

"I want to spend my prom with your cum in my ass," she said, her nastiness never lacking for material.

"Okay, then let's make your prom wish come true right now," I offered, bending down to fill her in the most satisfying way possible.

My cock easily filled her gaping ass, and she let out a glass-shattering scream, as all my nine inches filled her. "Aaaaaaaahhhhhh fuuuuuck," she screamed, "it feels so good!"

Once I was deep inside her, I began pounding her ass, my body slamming into her forcefully with each hard, deep thrust. Her breathing increased, as I literally fucked the shit out of her. "Fuck, your ass is so tight," I grunted, knowing I wouldn't last very long in this position and at this pace.

She rubbed her clit frantically, and while she orgasmed from getting her ass reamed, her anal muscles tightened around my cock, milking my bone. The intensity became too much for me, and while her cum exploded from one of her holes, I blasted my cum into the other one.

Once we'd both recovered, she weakly got up, with her make-up a mess. She looked into her compact mirror and joked, "I look exactly how I feel."

"Until next week," I said, getting dressed.

"I'll be here," she promised giddily, before leaving to get ready for prom, where she would no doubt win prom queen. The only question was whether she'd made Markus popular enough to become prom king as well.

I cleaned up, and went home to shower before I needed to be back at the school in a couple of hours.

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As expected, Dallas was the prom queen, and she looked like a princess in her bright pink gown. I smiled, knowing that beneath that innocent-looking exterior was an ass slut who still had my cum in her ass from this afternoon.

After the prom's king and queen dance (with Markus being the king, by the way), which really showcased Dallas's popularity, Dallas took me aside and introduced me to her Mom.

My cock swelled instantly, since her Mom was the spitting image of Dallas. In other words, her Mom didn't look a day older than her daughter, and they could have passed for identical twins. Dallas said formally, "Mr. Stanford, I'm pleased to introduce to you my mother, Devon Allen."

I extended my hand, recalling she was a widow, my brain already scheming about how to fuck her, "It's very pleasant to meet you, Mrs. Allen."

"Please call me Devon, Mr. Stanford," she replied politely, her Texas accent enhancing my fantasy about fucking her.

"Well, if you're willing for us to relate on a first name basis, then I'll be grateful if you call me Warren," I smiled back, already plotting my blackmail scheme.

"Well, Warren," she smiled, clearly accustomed to using her charm for winning over any man (her beauty always giving her a tremendous head start), "Dallas tells me you've completely changed her outlook about school."

"Well..." I shrugged nonchalantly, glancing at Dallas, who had a devious grin on her face.

"No, I'm serious. Dallas was a real handful, but since you kept her after school that day a few months ago, she's become a totally different person. I can't thank you enough," the naïve mother gushed, unaware that she was thanking me for fucking her daughter's ass.

I kept the inside joke going between Dallas and myself by replying, "Oh trust me, the pleasure was all mine. Once I got past her diva-ish resistance, she became quite the eager learner."

Dallas was almost unable to restrain herself from bursting out laughing, but she managed to add with a straight face, "Yes Principal Stanford, thanks to you, I've become an enthusiastic student!"

I added, "And she never holds back until she's mastered all her objectives."

This time Dallas couldn't hold back from laughing as she added, her innuendo dripping as she stressed the word 'coming', "Yes, I just keep *coming* again and again."

Mom, oblivious to the innuendo, suggested, "Well Warren, if there's ever anything I can do to thank you, just let me know."

Certain I was going to fuck her tonight, I smiled, "Actually, now that you mention it, I was hoping you might help with some PR for the school. Maybe you could publish a piece about our various achievements?"

Her eyes lit up. "What a great idea! What do you have in mind?"

I glanced briefly at Dallas before turning back to her motherly twin and asking, "Do you have a few minutes right now?"

Looking to her daughter, she asked, "Dallas, do you mind?"

Dallas said, "Oh no, go right ahead. Markus wants to dance some more, and then we're leaving for the all-nighter, and I'll be getting home sometime tomorrow morning. So go ahead and discuss those PR matters with Principal Stanford by all means; I've learned he's very thorough whenever he's working on a piece."

Did she mean whenever I was working on a piece... of ass? Okay, the subtlety was gone, especially since she'd just made it clear she'd be waking up tomorrow morning next to Markus, probably in a hotel room. I was pretty sure her mother had also gotten the obvious innuendo about me that her daughter had just tossed at her, but instead of saying anything motherly or prudish, she just gave her daughter a hug, then turned to me and said, her dazzling smile succeeding wonderfully in charming me, "Lead the way, Warren."

I gulped, astonished I hadn't been busted right then and there, and I said smoothly, "Right this way, Devon."

I glanced back to Dallas, who mouthed, "Good luck in fucking my Mom!"

I just smiled and led my MILF to her impending servitude.

Once we arrived in my office, I closed and silently locked the door before sitting down at my desk.

Devon sat down demurely across the desk from me, the same way I imagined she always did. She asked innocently, "So what... exactly... do you do with the students on Friday afternoons?"

"Actually, I only work with your daughter," I admitted.

"Really?" she asked, "nobody else needs the extra help?"

"Oh. I'm sure there are many other students who could use my expertise, but I limit my tutelage to a rare few. Truth be told, your daughter is my first and only private pupil so far," I answered cryptically.

"How so?" she asked, intrigued by my non-answer.

"I could explain, but I think showing you something will be much more informative," I said, standing up and going to my DVD player. I selected a disk labelled Motivation #14, and popped it into the player. Before pressing 'Play', I explained, "There are several different issues that can motivate a student to excel in their studies. Some students will work hard at their schoolwork simply because they enjoy learning, others do it because they need high marks to obtain scholarships, others work hard to pad their resumé's, and a very few others require quite unique motivations to reach their potential."

The pretty MILF said, "Well whatever you've been doing to motivate Dallas has really been successful. Her marks are averaging in the eighties for the first time since middle school."

I smiled, "Well, I simply made it clear to her from the beginning that if she didn't get her marks up and keep them up, I'd discontinue her training."

"Her training?" she repeated, surprised by my choice of words.

Pressing 'Play', I stood close to where the mother was sitting, and placed a hand on the back of her neck. She asked, "What are you doing?"

"Just watch, and you'll see," I ordered, massaging her neck while a close-up of her daughter sucking cock began playing. From the camera angle, it was obvious that Dallas was doing the sucking, but the cock could be just about any guy's.

"What the hell is going on here?" she demanded, her typical self control vanished, and she attempted to stand up.

I held her in place and ordered, "Sit back down, and I'll explain."

She sat back down, but started ranting, "What's the meaning of this? I'll have your job!"

I chuckled, "Devon, your daughter is a nasty ass-slut, and she's been one for some time... since long before I entered her life. She was caught having sex with Markus in a janitor's closet, so near the end of a lengthy discussion, I put her in her place."

"In her place? What the hell does that sexist bullshit mean?"

"Well, your daughter was a stuck up, ignorant bitch who thought she ran the school, so I gave her an object lesson about who really runs the school," I explained, cool as a cucumber.

"So in other words you're admitting you had sex with my daughter?" she asked, shocked by this sudden turn of events. We'd started with her flirting me into a position around her little finger, but now she had no control over me at all. The player had been played.

"Yes, and not just once. We've been fucking every Friday afternoon for a few months now," I admitted, "but that isn't the point."

Surprising me by quickly leaning forward and escaping my grip, she snapped, "I don't know what *your* point is, but *mine* is that I'll get you fired forthwith, you fucker!"

I chuckled smugly. "I don't think so."

"Just watch me," she threatened, accustomed to her bitchy threats always succeeding.

"Just get on your knees, slut," I countered.

"What?" she replied, shocked.

"I think that was a simple demand. Get on your knees..." I repeated, then added for emphasis, "...slut."

"How *dare* you speak to me that way?" she rallied back, wounded but still game, as if I'd just slapped her face in public.

"Just kneel. I don't have all night," I sighed, showing my impatience at her disobedience.

"I'm out of here," she said, so angry that smoke was almost shooting out of her ears.

"As you wish," I said, stepping out of her way so she could leave, before tossing out my ace of spades threat. "But if you do, this video of your daughter goes viral."

She stopped at the door, then paused for a brief moment before turning around and asking with a glare, "Are you blackmailing me?"

"Yes, I'd say that's the perfect term for what I'm doing," I replied.

Her strong persona seemed to deflate a bit, as she shifted from dignified to bargaining. "Maybe we can make a deal."

"Sounds good to me," I replied, setting her up perfectly.

"Okay, how much?" she asked.

I laughed. "Oh, I don't want your money."

"You don't?" she said, her face again registering surprise.

"Nope, I want your ass," I revealed.

"What?" she asked, hoping she'd heard me wrong.

"Well, I love fucking your daughter's ass; it's amazingly luscious and tight, but she'll be graduating soon and going away to Harvard with Markus, so I'm going to need a new ass. You look a lot like your slut daughter, your personality is as bitchy as your slut daughter's used to be before I began training her, and I can see that you're a stuck-up bitch who uses her looks to get what she wants, just like your slut daughter used to be," I explained, humiliating her even more.

"How dare you insult my daughter and me like that?" she countered, totally affronted by my assessment.

I sighed. "We could play this game all night, but I have a prom to get back to. So either leave and start figuring out how to get me fired without demolishing Dallas's reputation, or get on your knees and get my cock ready for your ass. And don't worry about confidentiality; I haven't outed your daughter to anyone but you, and I sincerely doubt you're going to go around telling anyone else."

This was the moment of truth. I was risking my entire career on the premise that she'd choose to protect her daughter and her family's reputation instead of doing the right thing and putting a stop to my sexual predation. I found the few seconds of silence exhilarating, as I awaited the news of my victory.

As expected, I won, although she still tried to manipulate me. Tears beginning to stream down her face (the same crocodile ploy her daughter had attempted at first), she pleaded, "Please! Can't we work something out?"

"We already have," I chuckled, "you've agreed to be a good little fuck-toy just like your daughter, and in return I won't out either of you."

"But if you release the video, you'll out yourself too, and then get fired," she pointed out.

"But I'm not in this video," I rebutted, "how dumb do you think I am? This is your daughter with Markus."

"Oh," she said, crestfallen.

"So I'll ask you only once more: will you get your ass over here and get on your knees?" I demanded, my patience waning.

She began slowly walking towards me, tears still rolling down her face. "If I do this, will you give me the DVD?"

"Sure," I said, "if you do everything I say, like a good slut."

Her face went crimson, and she stared at me for a few seconds before finally falling to her knees. Her hands were shaking as she unbuckled my belt, pulled down my pants and underwear, and then just froze, staring at my nine-inch cock.

I could tell by the surprise on her face that she was impressed. "I know; it's very impressive, isn't it?"

Keeping her bitch persona in place, she shrugged dismissively, "I've seen bigger."

"Good," I countered, "then you'll be able to get the whole thing down your cocksucking throat."

She glared at me once more before opening her perfect lips and taking my cock into her mouth. Very quickly I realized she'd already sucked a lot of cock, since she was doing something with her saliva that I can't explain. It was as if her mouth had actually been transformed into a wet pussy.

I moaned, "You're a great cocksucker, Devon." She ignored my compliment as she continued bobbing back and forth like the experienced MILF slut that she obviously was.

Not wanting to shoot my load yet, I pulled out and ordered, "Get up and bend over my desk, slut."

Her eyes went wide, "You said I only had to blow you!"

"No, I said that if you did *everything* I told you to like a good slut, I'd give you the DVD. I guess you listen just like a high schooler, only hearing whatever you choose to hear. Now do as you're told."

Her glare returned, but she reluctantly stood up and bent over my desk. I was pretty sure that although she was acting all high and mighty on the outside, she was secretly enjoying her submission. Checking whether I was right, I pulled down her skirt to learn whether her cunt was wet. She was wearing pantyhose, so I ripped them open at the crotch.

She turned her head around and snapped, "Those are... or they *were*... twenty-five dollar pantyhose, you asshole."

I threw my own attitude right back at her. "If you wore thigh-highs like a proper slut... or better yet went commando, I wouldn't need to rip open your pantyhose for access, bitch. Now let's see whether your cunt is all wet from thinking about my big cock."

I used my hand to feel her very damp panties. "Your panties are soaked, Devon. Why's that?"

"Not because of you," she threw back weakly, still in denial of the power I was already wielding over her. She was like so many bitches I'd fucked over the years: a dirty slut hiding behind the façade of a pretentious bitch.

"Really?" I asked and countered, "If I didn't cause this swamp, then it must be from watching your daughter sucking cock."

"That's ludicrous," she protested, although with a soft moan as my finger parted her wet pussy lips.

As I slipped a finger inside her pussy, I asked, "So, Devon, have you ever had your back door filled?"

She turned to look at me. Her eyes wide, she responded with her last bit of dignity, "God no, that would be disgusting!"

"Interesting. That's what Dallas said before I trained her to be a perfect ass-slut," I said.

"Please stop talking about my daughter so disrespectfully," she said, her tone angry, yet my finger in her cunt clearly distracting her.

"Sorry," I shrugged, "I was just pointing out your obvious similarities. With training, she's come to enjoy a cock inside her ass more than inside her cunt."

"Please stop," she pleaded.

I obliged... kinda... by pulling my finger out of her cunt and progressing to her virgin ass.

"Please no," she begged.

"That's a rather humorous oxymoron," I quipped, my finger teasing her puckered bud.

"I'll do anything else, just please not that," she begged, her assertive personality having fled and gone.

"Agreed," I said, then paused just long enough for her to think I was agreeing with her, before I pushed my finger even further inside her and added, "Yes, I agree that you'll do anything to prevent your slutty daughter's porn scene from going public. And to be clear, I'm not calling her a slut as an insult; she always loves when I call her that."

"Aaaaah," she whimpered from my penetration of her ass. "Please... stop!"

Ignoring her pleas, I pushed my forefinger deeper inside. "Sweetheart, trust me when I say you *want* me to do this."

"I'll never want it," she whimpered, grimacing.

I laughed, "You want it because if I don't loosen your ass like this first, then the pain when my *cock* slides inside will be excruciating."

"Then please just fuck me?" she begged. "In my pussy?"

I smiled to myself at her begging me to fuck her cunt. I wiggled my finger inside her ass, working the slow gaping process. "Oh don't worry, I plan to fuck you in *all* your holes. Maybe not tonight, but soon."

"You're such a sick bastard," she whimpered through clenched teeth.

"That's what my exes usually told me," I smirked, "but eventually they all came back for another go at my cock," I replied, recalling Jessie, who called me up just last month, two years after we broke up, just to get laid again.

I pulled out my finger and warned her, "This next stage may sting a bit, but not for long." I added a second finger and slowly pushed both of them in. She tightened her ass muscles, so I recommended, "I wouldn't do that if I were you. It only makes it worse. Now just relax and trust me."

"Trust you? You're raping me!" she snapped.

Deciding to play her game, I pulled out my fingers and said, "I'm not raping you. Did I force you into my office?"

"No, but...."

I cut her explanation short. "Did I force you to bend over my desk?"

"Well no, but...."

"But nothing," I snapped. "You chose to bend over my desk like some cheap whore. If you want to blame anyone, blame yourself. You're also the mother who allowed your daughter to become such a bitch that she needed to be disciplined. All I did was the job you didn't." I knew this was cold, considering she was a widow, and Dallas's loss of her father figure wasn't Devon's fault.

I went around and sat down at my desk, now facing her. Tears were once again welling in her eyes.

Sticking with my coldness, I asked, "Weren't you about to leave?"

"Do you mean you're giving me the DVD after all?" she asked, a glimmer of hope in her eyes.

"Certainly not. We made a deal about that, and you haven't fulfilled your side of our arrangement," I answered, struggling not to smirk at my own cleverness.

"But I really need that disc," she said, her eyes begging.

"I'd love to help you with that, but I refuse to rape you," I answered. "That would be insufferably rude of me."

"Sorry I misunderstood," she whispered, avoiding eye contact. "Then please fuck me."

"If that's what you really want, I'll be happy to oblige. So to be clear: exactly where do you want me to fuck you?" I asked, forcing her to say the words.

"In my ass," she admitted, although her tone was screaming the opposite... she'd clearly prefer to have her pussy filled.

"Then beg for it," I ordered, standing back up, my erect cock staring directly into her face.

The sight of my cock seemed to encourage her, and I even saw a glimmer of lust awakening inside her. His time her voice was more believable when she begged, "Please, Mr. Stanford, fuck my ass."

"Gladly," I agreed. "But first, would you be so kind as to strip naked for me? I'd love to see if your body is as spectacular as your daughter's, which I suspect it is."

"Well, since we're about to have sex... and at my request... then I guess I really should," she agreed with a sensual smile.

And then she did, and her naked body was almost identical to her daughter's, and just as sexy.

"You're absolutely gorgeous," I told her sincerely. "And now there's an upcoming duty for my cock to perform, so next you should get it rock hard, slut," I ordered, shoving it into her mouth.

She bobbed on it awkwardly for a minute or two, before I pulled out and returned to prepping her fine ass.

I inserted two fingers to continue the gaping process, while my other hand began playing with her pussy. I explained, "You see Devon, your ass was made for fucking, but first it needs to be properly prepped before you can enjoy it. And then once you've experienced how overwhelmingly good it is, you'll start craving it as much as your daughter does, and you'll be begging me for anal over and over."

She tried to pay attention to my words, but I could tell she was distracted by her enjoyment of my fingers on her pussy and the burn in her behind. Her breathing began deepening. Once both of my fingers were deep inside her rectum, I began slowly twisting my hand right and then left. More whimpers escaped the increasingly horny MILF's mouth. I explained, "As you can see Devon, or rather feel, your ass is getting accustomed to being penetrated. It doesn't hurt as much now, does it?"

"It still hurts," she said.

"But as much as before?" I asked.

"No," she admitted, "now it's more of a burn."

"Good," I said, "Because believe it or not, I really do want you to enjoy your first ass fucking." My fingers lingering at her pussy, I slipped them inside to distract her from the other fingers in her ass.

Again her breathing increased as she attempted to respond, still defiant till the bitter end. "I will never, never, ever enjoy such a... such a... such a wretched penetration."

"Never say never," I replied. "Your daughter once said those exact same words, and now she's addicted to getting reamed from behind."

"Oohooohoo," she whimpered as both of my hands played her like an instrument I was fine tuning.

"Your ass is adjusting itself to being filled. So the pain is dulling now, and a new pleasure you've never experienced before is building slowly," I explained, my fingers continuing to gape her virgin ass, preparing it for my cock.

Her breathing was slowly deepening, and her earlier objections had ceased as she moaned quietly, just passively allowing me to play with her two holes. My cock, now rock hard, was begging for action, and after another minute of gaping her ass, I decided it was time to step things up. By now she was obviously horny, and an orgasm couldn't be too far behind.

I pulled my fingers out of both her cunt and ass, and as I expected from a slut (although she was dressed as a professional), she moaned, "Nooooooooo!"

"No what?" I asked, my cock now positioned between her snow-white ass cheeks.

Realizing the time had come for me to fuck her ass, she begged, "My pussy, please fuck my pussy."

Deciding to give her some false hope, but also to see how good a fuck she was, I sat down in my desk chair and ordered calmly, "Come here and straddle me, Devon."

Given her desire to come, and I imagine her hope that she'd get me off with just her cunt, she quickly stood up and backed up to me. Straddling my legs, her red cheeks and stiff nipples betraying her excitement, she slowly lowered herself onto my erect missile. I watched my cock slowly disappearing into her cunt, and leaned way back in my chair, watching her riding my cock. It was easily the best vaginal fuck I'd ever had. She rode me recklessly, her pussy muscles able to grip my cock in ways I can't describe, but which had me in ecstasy.

Her words and moans increased as well, as she got more and more animated. "Fuck, does your cock feel good in my cunt. Your big cock is filling me up so completely." Her breathing increased, and knowing she was close to an orgasm, I lifted her up and sat her onto my desk, my cock still inside her.

As I began fucking her ever harder, any hint of propriety she'd had disappeared as she screamed, "Fuck yes, fuck me, harder, harder, fuck yes."

Knowing she was seconds away, I pulled out and demanded, "Now beg me to fuck your ass."

"No, my *cunt*, fuck my *cunt*, shove that big snake in my *cunt*," she whined, her desperation to come obvious.

I gave her one final hard thrust into her cunt, and then backed out. She moaned like a bitch in heat. "Yeeees...nooooo."

I smiled to myself, knowing I was seconds away from getting what I wanted, this sexy MILF begging me to fuck her ass.

"Oh please," she whined.

"Please what?" I asked, my cock sliding up and down her ass crack.

"Please, I need it so bad," she moaned, her ass attempting to pull my cock back inside her, her face that of a woman desperate to come.

"Exactly what do you need?" I pushed.

"I need to come, dammit," she answered, her frustration growing. One thing I've learned about women over the years is that when they're close to orgasm, most of them will do things they'd never do just a few moments sooner.

"No problem! I'll make you come like you've never come before... right after you beg me to fuck your ass," I promised, my confidence brimming over.

"Fuck, dammit, fine then, *please* fuck my ass!" she begged, giving me permission to deflower her ass, her desire for an orgasm overriding her stubbornness.

The instant she said the words I'd been dying to hear, I pushed forward and said, "Glad to hear it, baby. Now just relax; my cock is bigger than two fingers, so for your own comfort, it's important that you relax."

"Kkkkk," she grimaced as my cock slowly broke through her final wall of resistance.

"Rub your clit, baby, it'll distract you from the burning," I suggested.

She obeyed immediately, her left hand shooting to her pussy.

I gradually soldiered on, my cock slowly venturing into this beautiful woman's ass. Her whimpers became moans as she masturbated herself.

"Don't come yet, sexy," I ordered, "the orgasm will be much more powerful if you can hold it back for a while."

"Kkkk," she moaned, asking tensely, "are you all the way inside yet?"

"Six inches," I answered, "which is all an anal virgin like you should be able to handle."

I hadn't meant that as a challenge, it was just the truth; but she took it as one and ordered, surprising me, "Then keep going, stud. I want it all."

"You're sure?" I asked, surprised by her sudden eagerness.

She asked, "Can Dallas take all of it?"

"Yes, easily," I admitted, "but for her first time, I prepped her ass more thoroughly than I did yours just now."

"Then go for it," she demanded, removing the hand from between her legs to grip the desk firmly.

"OK," I said, greatly turned on by this hot, suddenly eager, nympho-MILF. I explained, "My cock is longer than my fingers, so I'll be penetrating some unconquered territory."

"I know," she answered, now displaying a sexy mix of nervousness and eagerness through her gritted teeth as she prepared herself for the pain she anticipated.

"I'll do this slowly, my sexy pet," I explained, as I began slowly fucking her ass.

"Oh God," she moaned, the instant my cock began pumping back and forth.

"'Oh God' *good*... or 'oh God' *bad*?" I asked, unsure of the answer myself.

"Good, it's *fucking* good," she moaned as I continued my short strokes into her ass, each going slightly deeper than the prior one.

The next couple minutes were more of the same. Her moans increasing as my penetration into her ass continued drilling into new depths. Until finally all nine inches of my cock were buried inside her

ass.

I said, impressed, "Wow, even though you kept begging me not to fuck your ass at all, you've officially taken all of me inside you."

"Good! Now fuck it, fuck my ass, make me into an ass-slut just like my daughter is," she demanded, her words a desperate plea to make her come.

My balls ready to burst, I answered her plea, shifting from slow strokes into long, hard ones.

My first hard thrust slammed into her ass, once again reaching uncharted territory; and she screamed, "Oh my fucking God, it hurts so fucking good!"

"I could fuck your ass forever, beautiful," I grunted, her tightness milking my cock like nothing I'd ever felt.

Her hand returned to her pussy, and she frantically frigged herself as I continued pounding her ass.

She was insatiable as she begged, "Harder, ream my ass harder. I'm so fucking close!"

I tried to go faster, but I was already at warp speed, sweat dripping off my forehead.

Her moans increased, and her orgasm was the fuck heard around the world. "Oh Jesus Christ, oh fuck, oh God, yes, yes, yes, fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuk!"

The last syllable echoed through my office, ricocheting off of each wall. I continued my assault on her ass while her orgasm pulsed through her. Unable to hold back any longer, my balls burst and I, for the second time today, came inside the ass of an Allen woman. My cum shot out of me like a rocket, and the most exhilarating orgasm of my life electrified my very being! I collapsed on top of her until, both of us spent, I reluctantly pulled out of her perfect ass and fell back into my chair.

Except for her deep gasps for air, Devon didn't move a muscle at first, still in full recovery mode, and I had a perfect view of her gaping, just fucked ass, with my cum leaking out of it in slow, thin drips. They say a picture is worth a thousand words, so I reached slyly to my cell on the corner of my desk, and filched a few quick pictures.

Eventually mobile, she stood up, turned around, and surprised me by bending down and kissing me. When she finally broke the kiss, she smiled for the first time since my blackmail had started and said, "That was fucking amazing!"

"Agreed," I replied. I hated to break this intimate moment, but glancing at the clock, I freaked. We'd been at this for an hour. "Shit, time really flies when you're fucking a beautiful woman."

Her wit apparent, she quipped flirtatiously, "So now I'm a beautiful woman instead of a slut?"

"Can't you be both?" I countered. "I far prefer beautiful, sophisticated women who can also perform as wondrous fucking sluts."

"Aww, I bet you say that to all the mothers you fuck," she teased, her hand slowly stroking my cock.

Laughing, I admitted, "Actually, you're my first MILF."

"Really?" she asked, surprised. "Then I guess I should be honored."

We got dressed in silence, and once we were once again looking respectable I asked, "So this may be in very bad taste right after I've blackmailed you into having sex with me, but would you like to go out sometime?"

She responded, her face suddenly cold and her tone colder, and her volume a long crescendo until by the end she was bellowing, "Let me get this straight. *First* you blackmailed my daughter, *then* you used her for your personal fuck-toy for the *past few months*, then you blackmailed, and then you humiliated and violated me in ways I *can't believe* I even *allowed* you to do, and *now* you're asking me out on a fucking *date*. Is that about right?"

I shrunk completely, suddenly feeling horrible for how I'd manipulated her into fucking me. "Well, when you put it that way, it sounds really bad."

Her glare was so cold it would freeze fire, although her volume was soft again, just making it scarier. "So you'd agree that sounds awful?"

I was silent, realizing I had nothing to say.

Suddenly she broke out in laughter. "Fuck, are you gullible!" Corralling me like the seductress she was well accustomed to being, she whispered, her voice sultry sweet, "Here's the deal, mister. You're taking me out for a drink or three once this prom is over. It's the least you can do for me after coming in my ass, don't you think?"

Playing along, my heart beating a mile a minute, "Yes, it certainly *is* the least I can do for such a wonderfully accommodating lady."

"And then," she added, going to my office door, "Dallas will be spending the all-nighter tonight with Markus, so I'll be home alone, and I hate being home alone."

Before I could formulate a reply, she was gone; but my cock was still responding, swelling quickly back to action size.

I returned to the dance and scanned the crowd, which was now much smaller. I caught Dallas' eye at the punch bowl, and she sauntered over to me with a knowing grin on her face.

"Did you fuck her?" she asked directly.

"I don't fuck and tell," I countered.

"Tell that to your face and your hair. You look like you just ran a marathon," she observed correctly.

"Maybe I did," I replied vaguely.

"You're a terrible liar, so there's no doubt that you fucked her," she said confidently, adding with a quizzical look, "so the only remaining question is, did you fuck her in the ass?"

I said nothing, but my face apparently spoke volumes

"You did! You fucked my Mom's ass, you dirty devil! I really hoped you two would hit it off," she said, throwing me for a loop.

"You *wanted* me to get together with your Mom?" I asked, stunned, realizing the player had just been played.

"Of course, that's why I talked her into signing up to be a chaperone tonight. Although she just thought she'd be supervising. And then... great minds think alike... you wanted to fuck her even before I introduced you, which was perfect. She needs a good man, and despite your blackmailing me and ass-fucking me over and over and over and over and over and over and over...."

"OK, OK, point made," I said, interrupting her endless commentary.

"But seriously, she needs a man who can look after her now that I'm leaving for Harvard, and you need a woman to replace me, and who better than my Mom, who looks just like me," she explained.

"No arguments here," I said, just as Devon joined us.

Dallas smiled at her, "I hear you two hit it off."

Mom replied cautiously, unsure of what her daughter knew, "I guess you could say that."

Dallas, guaranteeing that her Mom knew that she knew *all* about her, added, "I understand he also explained about my after-school program... very thoroughly."

Devon blushed at her daughter's frankness, and looked a question at me.

I shrugged, "Dallas has very keen journalistic instincts, and not many secrets ever get past her. I wonder where she got that from?"

Devon returned to addressing her daughter, now switching to mother mode. "Yes, and he showed me a video of you being... shall we say... *overly scholastic*. So you and I will discuss your after-school activities later, and I promise not to yell at you... much. Now go and enjoy the rest of the prom."

Dallas nodded and turned to leave, but she then turned back to her mother and advised her, "Don't worry Mom, you'll get used to it. As a matter of fact, I quite like it."

"I'll get used to what?" the beautiful mother asked, falling hook, line and sinker for the set-up.

"Walking around with hot, sticky, cum leaking out of your ass." Dallas snickered, before turning and leaving her mother standing motionless, her jaw fallen open.

Once Dallas was gone, I quipped slyly, "Like mother, like daughter."

With a laugh, Devon countered, "I think in this case it's more like daughter, like mother. After all, she fucked you before I did."

I laughed back, as my hand slyly grabbed hers.

Epilogue:

They say love can come when you least expect it, and for Devon and me, that was definitely the case.

Who would have thought blackmailing a cheerleader into becoming my ass slut would lead me also into blackmailing her Mother to be my ass slut, which would eventually lead to love?

I continued fucking Dallas every Friday afternoon for the rest of the school year, and I dated and fucked Devon pretty much every other day.

On Dallas's graduation day, her graduation present from me was a load of my cum in her ass, which she proudly wore while delivering her valedictorian address. And her mother had another of my loads in *her* ass, freshly deposited a few minutes before the ceremony.

I deposited another three loads that day, since Dallas's gift back to me was not one, not two, but three anal virgin senior cheerleaders' asses, but that's a story for another day.

And another story for another day is when Dallas returned home from Harvard for various holidays, and each time I took turns fucking each of them while the other one watched.

The End