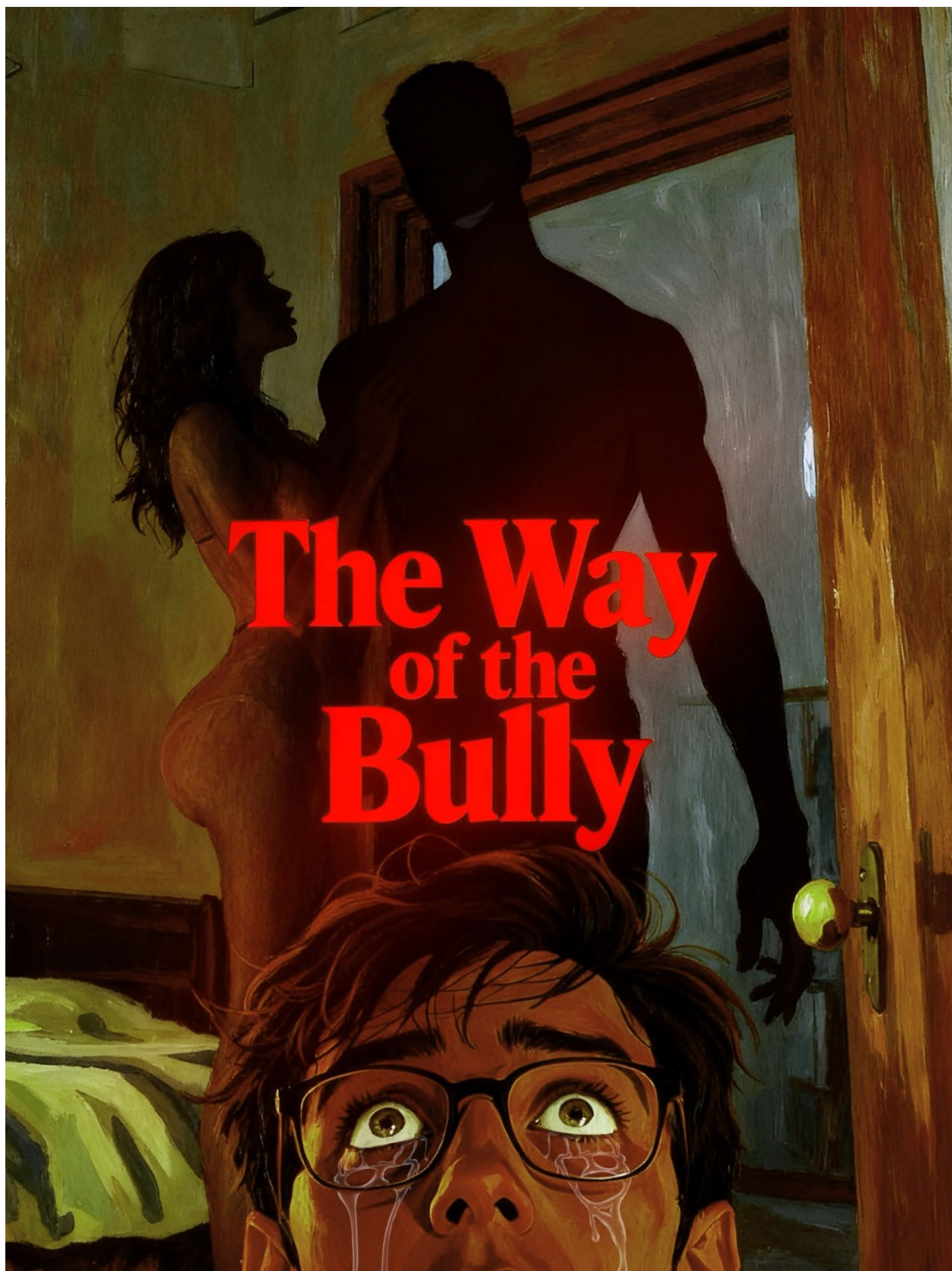




*This is a work of fiction intended for adult audiences only. All characters depicted in sexual situations are **18 years of age or older**. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. The events, locations, and individuals portrayed in this book are products of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously. This material contains explicit content and is not intended for readers under the age of 18. Reader discretion is advised.*

The Way
of the
Bully

by
Jack the Monkey

The game controller felt like an extension of his will, the digital carnage onscreen a satisfying symphony of his own making. Headshot after headshot, each kill a tiny, meaningless victory that fed the hungry thing inside him. Chad didn't just win; he owned.

The heavy tread of footsteps on the carpet behind him didn't break his concentration. He knew who it was.

"Hey, Chad, can I, uh, can I say something?"

Chad's thumbs moved with a final, brutal flick, securing one last kill before he punched the pause button. The screen froze on a spray of pixelated blood. He took his time, turning around to face the interruption. Dave stood there, shoulders slightly hunched, his rough, calloused hands fidgeting.

Normally, Chad would have let him stew in silence, but today was different. He could feel it. He'd been expecting this. "Yes, Dave. What is it?"

Dave's eyes darted around the room, anywhere but at Chad. "Hey, I just want to say I'm just really sorry about how I've been treating you and, uh, just being kind of disrespectful to you and you, uh, it's not what you deserve and, um, I just want to say that, um, I'm, uh, I'm owning it and I am going to correct my, uh, my attitude and, um, yeah, and that's it. I just wanted to, I just wanted to let you know that, Chad."

The words were halting, scripted yet utterly sincere. A perfect, groveling little speech. Chad let the silence hang for a beat, two beats, watching the older man sweat. He smiled, a slow, easy curl of his lips that didn't reach his eyes. "Ok. You can leave now, Dave."

Dave blinked, his face flushing a deep red. "Oh, um, okay, yeah, um, I'll see you later." He turned on his heel, a marionette with cut strings, and shuffled awkwardly toward the stairs, his confusion a palpable cloud around him.

From the corner of his eye, Chad had seen her. A shadow in the kitchen doorway. Now, she moved.

Barbara glided into the living room, and it was a different kind of movement entirely. Her hips swayed in a slow, hypnotic rhythm, left and right, a pendulum of intent. Her hands didn't just hang at her sides; they drifted up her own waist, then smoothed down over the curve of her hips, a constant, unconscious caress of her own body. She wasn't walking; she was floating on a current of her own making, her breath coming in soft, audible sighs. Her tongue darted out, wetting her lips.

"I did it for you, baby." Her voice was a throaty whisper, laden with a pride that was almost sexual. "I learned how to do it from that website, The Way."

Chad just watched. *I should feel guilty*, he thought. *For doing what he was doing to her.* His own mother. But he didn't; he felt pride. Raw pride.

"It took me all night, but I did it." She was close now, leaning over the back of the couch, her perfume enveloping him. "And then I woke him up this morning, Dave, and I told him that I needed to show him something." A low, wicked chuckle escaped her. "I mean, I kind of already have him wrapped around my finger. Let's be honest. Once I put out, he basically gave me all this. This lifestyle. Why do you think I married him?" She paused, looking around the room, indicating the whole house with a wave of her hand.

"But, baby," she continued, snapping her attention back to Chad. "I put him *under*. Hypnosis. I preyed on his fears of being inferior, not being a real man. I put him down a peg or two. I told him maybe he should treat you a little better."

Her hand came up, fingers tracing the line of Chad's jaw. "And, baby, I saw it in his eyes. I saw him *click*." She shuddered, a full-body tremor of ecstasy. "Oh, it made my pussy throb, Chad. And I did it for you."

The raw, vulgar word in his mother's mouth sent a jolt straight through him. She was leaning closer, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "But I'm sorry, I couldn't go much farther, though, baby. He's not finished." Her eyes narrowed, a predator's gaze. "Oh, baby, when I'm finished with him, he's going to be a pathetic little fucking worm. He'll be your dog. Or... whatever you want."

The image was vivid, wickedly perfect. Chad reached up and cupped her cheek, a gesture of possession. "Good girl, Mom." His voice was rough with approval. "Here, come give me a kiss."

Barbara moaned, a sound of pure want, and leaned over the couch. Her kiss was wet and sloppy, hungry, her tongue roaming his mouth. The weight of her breasts pressed against the top of his head, soft and warm through the thin fabric of her shirt. He reached up, his

hand groping one, squeezing the ample flesh. It was a good handful, solid. But not ideal, in his opinion.

He broke the kiss, “Mom, I need to do something for me tomorrow. A little mission.”

“Of course, honey.”

He looked at her tits and ass with a critical, appraising eye. “Hey, Mom,” he said, changing the subject, his tone was casual, almost offhand. “What, uh, what do you think about plastic surgery?”

Barbara’s breath caught. Her eyes, still glazed with the aftermath of the kiss and her own victory, widened slightly. She looked down at her chest, then back at him, cocking an eyebrow.

“Make an appointment.”

* * *

The cool morning air did little to soothe the heat radiating from Susan’s skin. She peeled the damp sheet away from her body, a faint, musky scent lingering in the air.

A small, dark wet patch stained the fabric between her legs, and she was sweating... a lot. She pressed the back of her hand to her forehead. No fever. Just a low, simmering warmth that had nothing to do with illness and everything to do with her dreams in the night, images still flickering behind her eyes. They were about Chad. All of them, about Chad. One of them, he’d been in her kitchen, his powerful body bending her over the cold granite island. The memory was so visceral she could almost feel the hard press of the counter against her hips, the phantom sting of his palm slapping her ass. *He’d been fucking me while I tried to cook for him*, she thought, a fresh wave of warmth flooding her core. *His big, thick cock...*

Shaking her head, she stumbled out of bed and into the shower, letting the water wash away the physical evidence but doing nothing for the need coiling tight in her belly. Dressed in soft sweats and a t-shirt, she padded into the kitchen. She poured cereal and tried to focus on her phone. The morning news articles were a blur of meaningless words.

Her gaze drifted to the island. The polished granite seemed to shimmer, transforming into a stage for her private theater. She could see it all so clearly now. In her dream, she wasn't just being taken; she was being *claimed*. Her spoon clattered into the bowl as she closed her eyes, giving in to the fantasy fully.

He's behind me, his heat searing through my clothes. His hands are on my hips, pulling me back onto him. I can feel every inch of him, so hard and demanding. I'm trying to stir the cookie dough, but my arm is weak, useless. All I can do is feel. He pulls out, and the cool air teases my wetness, making me gasp. The tip of his cock is slick with me, and he rubs it against my swollen lips, teasing, before driving back into me with a force that makes my teeth rattle. The sound... God, the sound of our bodies slapping together echoes right here in this room.

A soft moan escaped her lips. Her breathing was shallow now, coming in little pants. Without conscious thought, her right hand slipped beneath the waistband of her sweatpants, her fingers finding the soaked fabric of her panties beneath. She was dripping, an absolute mess... for him.

He's pulling my hair, wrapping it around his fist, using it to guide my movements. His other hand gropes my breast, pinching my nipple through my shirt until it's a hard peak. He's fucking me so good, so deep, filling me up completely.

Her fingers pushed the panties aside, finding her clit. It was swollen, throbbing with a frantic pulse. She circled it slowly at first, then faster, mirroring the rhythm of her imaginary violation.

A tiny, rational voice tried to pipe up. *This is wrong. You're in the kitchen. James could walk in.* But the voice was smothered by a much stronger, more reasonable one. *It's just a fantasy. No one is getting hurt. It's okay to feel good. It's okay to feel horny.* It felt true, and it allowed her to continue doing what she was doing, so she clung to it.

She was his girl, touching herself because he made her feel this way... so good. Her hips began to rock against her own hand, her fingers working her clit in frantic circles while two others slid inside her, fucking herself in time with the phantom thrusts in her mind. *Oh God, oh God, he's so big. It feels so good. I'm gonna cum. I'm gonna cum all over his cock.*

Her head fell back, her mouth open in a silent scream of pleasure. The orgasm was close, a terrifying, glorious pressure about to shatter her into a million pieces. She was right on the edge, her entire body tensed, her toes curling inside her socks.

"Hey mom, are you in there?"

The voice sliced through the fantasy like a shard of ice. James.

Susan's eyes flew open. She yanked her hand from her pants as if burned, a fresh wave of slickness coating her fingers. She fumbled, pulling up her sweatpants, wiping her hand frantically on her pants. Her heart hammered against her ribs, a frantic drum of panic and shame. She grabbed her spoon, shoved a too-large bite of soggy cereal into her mouth, and tried to look casual.

"Mom?" He was in the doorway now, looking at her with that familiar, slightly confused expression.

She swallowed the tasteless mush, her voice coming out sharper than she intended. "Can you please not just bolt in here? I mean, it's a bit much."

He blinked. "It's the kitchen. What else am I supposed to do?"

"I'm just saying, just... *please*." The defensiveness was a shield, flimsy and transparent. She felt a stab of guilt, sharp and unwelcome. She was the one masturbating in the common area; he was just getting breakfast. But the irritation, the need to snap, felt justified in the moment. *He deserves it for interrupting*, a new, foreign part of her hissed. She pushed the bowl away, her appetite gone, replaced by a throbbing, unfulfilled ache.

She kept her eyes fixed on the table, but they kept darting back to the island. The granite was just granite again. But the memory of the fantasy, the ghost of the pleasure, clung to the air like a perfume. Her body still hummed with it, desperate for the climax that was stolen.

* * *

The final bell's ring was a distant echo, a dismissal James barely registered. He remained in his seat, the professor's words looping in his mind.

He finally stood, his movements slow and robotic, and strapped his backpack over his shoulders. The classroom was empty now.

"James?"

He turned. Dr. Evans stood by his desk, stacking papers. The professor's usual warm, slightly distracted demeanor was gone, replaced by a stiff formality.

"Yeah? What is it?" James asked, his voice tighter than he intended.

Dr. Evans gestured for him to come closer. James complied.

"I'm just, um..." The professor began, not quite meeting James's eyes. He adjusted his glasses. "You know, I just wanted to talk to you about some of your papers recently."

A cold knot tightened in James's stomach. "Okay."

"Now, I know you're really focusing on your grade. You're targeting that scholarship for Harvard, right?"

James nodded, a flicker of hope igniting. "Yes. Yes, I am."

"Well, I just... I can't put my finger on it," Dr. Evans said, his gaze drifting to the window, "but I have this feeling that you're not putting your heart into it." He finally looked at James.

"Some of these papers... they don't feel like your caliber of work. They lack... conviction."

"But I studied for twelve hours for the last one," James protested, the words tumbling out. "I knew every concept backward and forward."

"Knowing and executing are two different things," the professor replied, his tone unnervingly sympathetic. It felt like a mask. "I have to say, I haven't given it back to you yet, but this last one you just turned in... well, frankly, I gave it a D."

"What?" The word was a puff of air, all the breath punched from his lungs.

Dr. Evans nodded, a quick, brittle motion. "The thesis was weak. The analysis, superficial. It's just not up to snuff, James. I'd like to see you kick it into gear, okay? Maybe get back on the horse and do some *good* work for me from now on."

James could only stare, his mind reeling. This wasn't right. None of it was right. "Oh... okay," he muttered, the response utterly inadequate.

"Oh, and one more thing," Dr. Evans added, his voice dropping into a conspiratorial register that felt entirely wrong coming from him. He leaned in slightly. "There's been some rumors. About a cheating circuit in this class."

James's confusion deepened. "A what?"

"I'm not saying it has anything to do with you," the professor said quickly, holding up a hand. The gesture felt rehearsed. "Of course not. But I just... I'm going to keep my eye out."

I've heard from a very reliable source that it's happening. I'm on the case. So I just want you to be careful, okay? Stay above the fray."

The entire conversation was sliding into the surreal. *A reliable source?* "Okay, well, I mean... that's not me," James said, his voice firmer now, a defense against the bizarre accusation. "I don't need to cheat. To be frank."

"Yeah, of course, James. Of course." Dr. Evans offered a thin, lifeless smile that didn't reach his eyes. "All right. I'll see you later."

Dismissed. James turned and walked out, his legs moving on autopilot. The hallway was a blur of retreating students, their laughter and chatter a distant hum. His mind was a riot of dissonant facts.

He was almost to the main door when he stopped, a final question surfacing through the fog of his bewilderment. He turned back to Dr. Evans.

"Professor?"

The man looked up, "Yes, James?"

"Where is Chad?" The question felt important, though he couldn't articulate why. "He hasn't been in class for a few days."

Dr. Evans's expression shifted, a flicker of something unreadable—annoyance?—crossing his features before the neutral mask slipped back into place. "Chad? Oh. He has a family emergency. His mother called in."

The answer was so mundane, so perfectly reasonable, that it should have settled things. But it didn't.

"Oh. Ok," James said lamely.

* * *

The steering wheel was slick under Susan's palms. Each stoplight on the drive to work was a personal affront, a stolen moment where her mind, traitorous and hungry, would wander.

It wasn't just a thought anymore; it was a constant, humming static in the background of everything she did.

At the red light by the old pharmacy, she glanced at the alleyway beside it, the dumpsters shadowed and private. *What would it be like if he fucked me there?* The thought wasn't a question. It was a memory she hadn't lived yet. She could almost feel the rough brick against her cheek, the hard press of his body pinning her, the thrilling fear of being caught warring with the desperate need to be taken.

She shook her head, gripping the wheel tighter. The light turned green. She accelerated, a little too fast.

At the next intersection, a construction crew was repairing a hydrant. One of the workers, shirtless and gleaming with sweat under the morning sun, hefted a jackhammer. Her eyes locked onto the powerful muscles in his back, the bunch and release of his shoulders. But it wasn't the worker she saw. It was Chad. *What would it be like if he bent me over and fucked me there?* Right there on the warm asphalt, with an audience of cat-calling laborers. The idea should have horrified her. It made her thighs squeeze together, a fresh pulse of heat blooming low in her pussy.

This is a problem, she thought, her knuckles white on the wheel. *But he's so fucking hot.* The crude language felt foreign and exhilarating in her own mind. It felt... right.

A flash of movement in the rearview mirror. She adjusted it, her eyes flicking up. For a heart-stopping second, he was there. Chad. In her backseat. Naked. His muscular torso was bronzed and perfect, one hand lazily stroking his thick, erect cock. His eyes, those piercing, confident eyes, locked onto hers in the reflection. He wasn't smiling. His expression was one of intense, possessive focus, watching her watch him.

She gasped, her foot jamming on the brake a fraction too hard, causing the car to lurch. She snapped her head around to look into the actual backseat.

Empty. Just her gym bag and a crumpled grocery bag.

Her heart hammered against her ribs. She was seeing things. The lack of release, the constant, simmering arousal was making her hallucinate. She took a deep, shuddering breath and focused on the road, on the familiar turn into the community center's parking lot. She just needed to get to her office, to her desk, to something normal.

But normal was rapidly evaporating. Every open space was taken. Volunteers, delivery trucks, clients—the lot was chaos. She circled once, twice, her frustration mounting with each pass. Finally, she spotted it—a reserved spot near the side entrance was free. Relief washed over her. A small piece of order in the madness.

She signaled and began to angle her car into the space.

A sleek, black sedan shot out of nowhere, cutting sharply in front of her and sliding neatly into her spot. The car stopped, its brake lights glowing like two triumphant red eyes.

Susan froze, her car idling in the middle of the lane. She stared, incredulous. *Did that just happen?* The driver's door of the sedan opened, and a woman with a severe blonde bob and a sharp pantsuit got out. She didn't even look at Susan. She just started walking toward the building.

A hot, disbelieving laugh escaped Susan's lips. She rolled down her window. "Excuse me!" she called out, her voice tight. "That's my spot!"

The woman stopped, turned slowly, and looked at Susan as if she were a mildly interesting insect. She raised her hand, her middle finger extending in a crisp, deliberate gesture.

The audacity. The sheer, unmitigated gall. Susan felt a flush of anger heat her neck. She mimed an exasperated gesture, pointing at the 'RESERVED' sign, then pointing at herself, then making a shooing motion with her hand. *This is mine. Move.*

The woman's expression twisted from indifference to outright contempt. She strode back to Susan's car, her heels clicking. She leaned down, her face inches from Susan's.

"Fuck you, lady," the woman spat, her voice venomous. "Who the fuck do you think you are? Stupid bitch."

Susan recoiled, stunned. The words were so harsh, so unnecessarily vicious. She was just trying to park. Confusion warred with a rising tide of indignation. It felt targeted, personal, as if this woman had been waiting for her.

"What are you, retarded?" the woman continued, her voice dripping with scorn. "Look at you. You're all... darrrr. You stupid bitch. Stupid. How dumb are you? Look at you sitting in that car."

Susan's grip on the wheel tightened until her fingers ached. Something was boiling up inside her, a pressure cooker reaching its limit. Her breath came in short, sharp pants. This wasn't just about a parking spot anymore. This was an attack. A little voice, calm and familiar, surfaced through the rage. It sounded like... it sounded like Chad's voice.

Sometimes you need to snap at someone for being mean. The words echoed, clear as day. Sometimes mean people only know one language. You have to put them in their place. You have to be mean right back at them. Sometimes... it feels good.

The truth of it clicked into place. This woman was mean. She only understood one language.

The pressure cooker exploded.

Susan didn't think. She screamed, a raw, guttural sound of pure fury, and shoved her car door open. It slammed into the woman, who stumbled back with a surprised grunt. Susan was on her in an instant, getting right in her face, her finger jabbing the air an inch from the woman's nose.

"Listen, you stupid fucking cunt!" Susan roared, her voice unlike anything she'd ever heard from herself. "This is my spot! You see that? It says reserved. You fucking idiot. Reserved. That's for me!"

The woman's eyes widened, her aggressive posture faltering under the onslaught.

"You see that place?" Susan jabbed her finger toward the community center. "I work there. I run it. Those people in there, they're under me. They do what I say. You want me to get one of them to come out here and beat the fucking shit out of you, huh?" She leaned in closer, her voice dropping to a venomous whisper. "I'll punch the tits right off your body, you stupid cunt. I will fucking ruin you, you idiot."

Susan stopped, chest heaving, surprised by the vile words pouring from her mouth. But more surprising was the change in the other woman. Her face, twisted in anger just seconds before, had completely melted. The aggression was gone, replaced by a look of profound, cringing submission. Her shoulders hunched, her head bowed.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, ma'am," the woman whispered, her voice trembling. "I'm so sorry. You're right. You're absolutely right. I was in the wrong. I was completely in the wrong."

She was practically kneeling. The transformation was instantaneous and absolute.

Susan looked down at her, the rush of adrenaline still singing in her veins. The anger was gone, replaced by a different, warmer, more potent feeling. Power. A thrilling, addictive pulse of having dominated, of having put someone in their place. It felt... *incredible*.

The woman scurried back to her car, still muttering apologies. "I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry." She got in, gave a meek, apologetic wave through the windshield, and reversed out of the spot before speeding away.

Susan stood there for a moment, her heart still pounding, a slow, incredulous chuckle bubbling up in her throat. *Okay, then*. She felt electric, alive. She got back in her car, parked perfectly in her spot, and walked toward the building, her head held high.

She didn't see the black sedan slow to a stop just down the street. She didn't see the passenger window glide down. And she didn't see Chad, watching it all from across the street, a triumphant, wolfish grin on his face as he waved at the driver—at the woman with the severe blonde bob.

His mother, Barbara, smirked back at him, giving a quick thumbs-up before driving off, proud of her performance.