

[This story is a work of taboo fiction. It does not describe nor reference any real persons, places, things, or ideas. For adults to enjoy responsibly.]

“Mark, there’s something I need to tell you. You’re different.”

Nolan stared at himself in the bathroom mirror first thing in the morning. Six o’clock. The sun was just about to come up. He was already in costume, but he was lingering in front of the silver mirror and wetting his mustache and his hair with his hands, running them through and sighing.

This wasn’t like him. He never hesitated. He was Viltrum. But, for the first time in his life he was struggling with his emotions. Mark was a sweet boy. And that was the whole problem.

He had no idea what the results of breeding with that woman was going to be. It was entirely possible that his offspring would be unrecognizable. However, Mark was perfect. He was perfectly human. He had his mother’s gentle eyes. It wasn’t a polite thing to say, but that made him sick.

Mark was going to be strong. Nolan told himself that over and over again until he believed it. But, he had doubts. Mark was nothing like him in the ways that mattered. That was to say, he was not indestructible. He could feel it. The boy's skin was soft and malleable. He was a cute little baby. A silky swish of black hair swept across his face. It was undeniable that he was different from his father. He was so very human.

“Honey?” his wife crowed at the bathroom door. “Aren’t you heading out?”

He opened the door, looking down at the woman he married with something resembling tenderness and gave her a kiss. “Remember,” she said. “I’m going to my sister’s house for the weekend. I’m leaving straight from work.”

Nolan’s face fell. “But--- Mark needs you!”

She rested her hand on his cheek. “I can tell you’re worried about him,” she said.

He avoided her gaze. “I don’t actually know what will become of him. What if he suffers because I wanted to be selfish and have a son?”

She sighed. “Mark bit me today while I was feeding him. I tried to ease him off and it felt like he was a thousand pounds.”

Nolan’s attention quickly snapped into the conversation. He looked her in the eyes and used his real voice when he asked, “Really?”

His wife nodded with a relaxed smile. “That boy is your son. He just needs time, Nolan. One day, he’s going to be flying around just like you,” she said.”

But, his mind was already far away. Sure, he could wait until the boy matured. But what was the point of surrendering to time like that? Nolan wasn’t a human being. He didn’t have human values or perspectives. The prospect that Mark might be strong was enough. His mind was rushing with ideas as to how he could help his son’s Viltrumite DNA come to the forefront of his human physiology. The more time he had to train him, the more time he had to mold him into his very own prodigy.

Omni-Man was out of the neighborhood like a shooting star peeling off into the sky. The locals were more than accustomed to the leaves blowing straight off the trees when he passed through. Today, there was a little extra wind in

his trail. For the first time since his son was born, he was feeling excited for the future.

The ocean kaiju terrorizing the western seaboard had several international organizations' worth of naval officers holding it in a gridlock. A squid the size of the Eiffel Tower was batting waves up over military cruiser ships and sinking them to the bottom of the ocean with vicious whirlpools. Just as it looked like they were about to take a massive blow to their numbers, their leaders started calling for an organized retreat. The squid kaiju roared something from its enormous gnashing maw of razor-sharp mottled gray teeth, causing the radio operators to take their headsets off as they recoiled in pain. There was only one reason an organized retreat was going to be called. Someone finally decided to show up for work.

Nolan confidently flew into the head of the orange beast as if he meant to fly straight through. He knocked it over and caused it to come crashing down to the surface of the water. Navy ships scattered as he admired his own work. "Not bad," he said. He was feeling good today.

He came down on the stomach of the beast with his foot at full strength. A massive, green hiccup of seawater came out of the monster's mouth and blew straight into the air. It rained down on the creature's body, causing Nolan to cover his face with his arm. Just as he was about to deliver a vicious punch, he felt his phone ringing in his suit pocket.

"Hello?" he said, answering his phone.

"Hi, honey," his wife said. "It's me."

The squid kaiju wrapped him up with eight massive, undulating tentacles that raised him up into the sky in a coffin of pure muscular strength. It was enough to crush several tons of scrap metal into a solid diamond. "I'm a little busy," Omni-Man said from inside before tearing out straight through the cluster of tentacles.

The kaiju roared again with significantly less strength. It was suffering dearly from that one, and it wasn't over. Nolan took that limp cluster of weakening tentacle meat and swung the creature by it straight into the open air. "I know," Debbie continued. "But the babysitter just called and she can't make it. Can you hurry home after work and start watching Mark? I'll

make that thing you like from that eatery in Berlin when I get back!”

Nolan sighed. “Alright,” he conceded. Though, it was more for his benefit. He was going to be thinking about Mark all day if he didn’t wrap things up here. “Guess that means no showboating!”

“Love you, honey!” his wife chirped before hanging up. Nolan’s massive biceps rippled as he took hold of that cluster of tentacles and whipped it high into the sky. He smiled a cocky grin as the newscasting helicopters got as close as they possibly could with all of that demon squid meat getting thrown around. Omni-Man was doing his classic move of throwing his opponent into outer space. A finishing move known for getting the hero home to his family faster than anything else!

Then, the squid creature swung its weight to spin around in the air and chomped its teeth down around Omni-Man.

“Big mistake,” Omni-Man said from inside its mouth. With only his hands, he shredded that maw of jagged teeth until it looked like a broken window. Not only that, he shot into the sky with his body fully embedded into the

squid. He was approaching the boundary of the atmosphere. Nolan tore out of those glittering, gray mottled teeth and delivered a vicious kick that sent the monster directly out of the Earth's orbit. It was gone.

Nolan gave the press an excellent shot of him turning around to face the people he had just saved. The navy soldiers were on the decks of their ships clapping, waving, and shouting up at him. He regarded the crowd with indifference, but he smiled anyway before darting across the sky, crimson red cape flapping in the wind.

He made it back home before it was even time for brunch. Debbie was floundering in the kitchen, on her laptop and the phone at the same time trying to talk her way out of being thirty minutes late to showing a house on the other side of the city. As soon as she saw Nolan coming in the back door, she started packing up her purse and getting ready to leave.

"I'll see you on Monday, honey," Debbie said. "Formula is in the fridge. Bottles labeled with dates. You can't mess it up!"

He resisted the urge to roll his eyes. Despite his misgivings, the thought of a human

seeing him as less able was irritating. Nevertheless, he gave her a kiss and watched her get in her car and drive away. Mark was lying in his white wooden crib next to the table, wearing a yellow onesie with blue padding on the slippers.

The television on the wall was showing the morning news covering Omni-Man's battle with the creature they were calling The Hydra. The shot of him being devoured only to force the monster into the sky was already going viral. He wasn't even out of his costume yet and people were already making memes out of that nasty roundhouse kick.

He looked over at Mark. He was hardly able to hold his own head up, but his big eyes were wide watching his father on the news. His chubby cheeks broke out into a genuine smile, and it was in that moment that Nolan knew how much he loved his son. He was still learning about the experience of human emotions, but the way he felt about his son surpassed even his wife. He didn't quite understand the full meaning of love, but he was starting to every time he looked at his son.

"Oh, Mark," he sighed as he walked over to the crib and picked up his son in his arms. He

tried to imagine what the boy must be experiencing. The son of Omni-Man. The sole heir to the might of Viltrum on Earth. The future prince of this outpost of the Empire. And he was going to be the king. He raised his son into the air, trying out a genuine smile for the first time. When his wife was away. When they were alone.

“Come along, son,” Nolan said to his boy.

His first instinct was to bring him to his room. However, his wife was long gone for the weekend. His cock throbbed as he stopped in the guest bathroom where the boy’s bath toys were. Rubber duckies and plastic rings. He offered Mark his ducky with a soft smile. The boy was so excited just for a little toy. It made Nolan realize how small Mark’s world was.

He held his son close to his chest as he entered the bedroom and locked the door behind himself. Nolan only ever felt vulnerable when he was holding his son. Mark was so fragile. His wife was telling him that. He looked at himself in the mirror as he supported the boy’s bum and the back of his head, holding him against his chest and giving him a gentle rock and sway.

He still wasn't used to seeing himself as a father. He was still in his super suit. The red and white pulled taught on his massive pecs and biceps, making him look like he just stepped out of a comic book. His hair was still perfectly coiffed even after all of that violence, black locks flowing up in clean waves. His face was hardened, but at peace with his one-year-old son in his arms cradling him against his muscular chest. He cradled the boy's bum, feeling how soft and delicate his skin was through his onesie. Mark buried his face into his father's chest and made a silly face. "Sorry, buddy," Nolan said. "Why don't we take a bath?"

He set the boy down on the tile floor. Mark looked up at his father like he was a great titan. All six-foot-two of him loomed over the boy as he unzipped the back of his costume and peeled it off of his large, masculine body. Nolan slowly peeled the lycra off of himself, revealing his lightly-furred muscular chest and beefy biceps. He gave them a little flex, indulging in his unearthly physique and giving his son a show.

Baby Mark watched his father disrobe with huge, wide eyes. Nolan was like a god to him. He was the epitome of all things masculine. His shoulders were spaced far apart, giving his body an imposing silhouette. His hips were

narrower, but his abs were viciously cut. Few men had an eight-pack, but Omni-Man was one of them of course. His pale skin was covered in thin, short black hairs that were sparse. It had been a couple of weeks since his last shave. He hadn't had sex with his wife since his son was born, so facetious things like that fell by the wayside as their lives revolved around Mark.

Nolan's suit pooled around his feet. He picked it up and threw it onto the bed, reminding himself to hang it up after. He turned on the bath and got it nice and warm for the two of them, setting Mark's rubber ducky on the surface of the water and letting the boy watch as it slowly rose. While they waited, he decided it was time for the two of them to get naked. He was only wearing a pair of gray briefs under his suit. His juicy, thick cock laid along his hip like a tube of salami. He couldn't help himself. He knew what he was about to do. He was thinking about it ever since he spoke with his wife this morning. Mark's strength seemed to come out when he was passionate. Not only that, but it bothered him that his wife was still breastfeeding the boy. What if her weak, human milk was poisoning him? He had to do something to balance the scales.

Forget balancing the scales. He had to completely eradicate any influence his wife may have had on Mark before it was too late.

He dropped trousers and let Mark take in all of what his father was. Nine inches of smooth, hard uncut cock. Six around, thick enough to have any Earth woman pretending to be tired when really, she was in danger of splitting open. Nolan had a gorgeous cock. His bush was short and nicely groomed. The foreskin retracted evenly and attractively, revealing a large and pointed pink cock head that shined under the bathroom lights. Mark looked up at his father from below with the shadow of the man's cock splitting his face down the middle. "Baba?" Mark said, reaching his hands up for his father's thick cock as it lengthened and squeezing his fingers.

Nolan smiled, mustache spreading across his face. He gave his long, fat cock a casual pump, wagging it at the kid. "Yes, son. That's your baba," he said.

He removed Mark's onesie until he was in just his diaper. Nolan was careful to undo the sticky parts and take it off before depositing the clean cotton in the trash. The boy wiggled his toes as his bare bottom and tiny penis were

exposed, no bigger than a button. His tiny marble-sized balls were sight in their sack, sticking close to his skin as he was exposed to the cool air of the bathroom. Nolan swung a singular, massive leg over the side of their large, white marble bathtub and sat with his legs out in the water. The level rose as he got in, going nearly up to his hips as he sat down Mark in the space between his legs close to his body. The baby sighed happily as his bare bottom, smooth as two scoops of ice cream, touched down in the warm water.

It felt nice. He added some of the rose-and-lavender medicinal salts that were safe for the baby, causing the water to take on a hazy white tint. The room filled with the sweet scent of flowers. It was relaxing to Nolan. His own little piece of peace after facing the horrors that never stopped plaguing the world. Not only that, but he had his son here with him. His one and only heir. The one who he was going to raise to be just like him. That all started with making sure that Mark was invincible.

The baby fit between his legs nicely. Nolan had massive, chiseled thighs that Mark rested his chubby little fingers on. He fiddled with his father's short leg hairs as his eyes came to rest on his big, hard dick. It was so large to him. It

was almost as long as Mark himself. It crested out of the water with a gentle upward curve, his dark pubic hair forming a marsh of warm water at the base where his heavy, round balls were floating in the water. Mark's chubby little hands rested on either side of Nolan's cock and for a minute a breath caught in his throat.

Mark looked beautiful between his legs. He was looking up at his father with gentle, cautious eyes. He was so forward in resting his palms on either side of the base of his father's cock, but there was uncertainty. He was hesitating. In that moment when he looked up at his father for approval, Nolan felt himself smiling. Mark was a beautiful boy. And he was all his.

He rested his elbow on the side of the tub and put his chin on top of his knuckles. "Go on, Mark. Suck your baba," he invited. His voice was low and husky. His free hand wrapped around the back of his son's head, supporting his neck while Mark leaned forward and opened his mouth like he was going for his mother's breast. Only this was his father's big hairy manly dick. His chubby baby cheeks looked like a chipmunk as he wrapped his mouth around Nolan's sticky tip and began to suck. The man sighed as he felt his precum

getting vacuumed up into his baby's throat as the boy suckled on his tip, digging his tongue into the foreskin with wide eyes. Nolan's cock tasted good. His son's eyes focused on the head of his father's dick as his hands pressed down on the base and caused the skin to retract just enough to expose the tip.

“Ohh,” Nolan sighed. He couldn't remember the last time he received a blowjob. The last time his supposed life partner actually was in the mood to have sex with him was long before her pregnancy. So much so that it felt like it was happening for the first time. His brow instantly relaxed as baby Mark closed his mouth around the head of his father's cock and began to suckle. No teeth. Those gums were like the inner plastic bands of a fleshlight closing around the head of his cock. Mark's tongue was tiny, but that was what made it so wonderful. It scoured around the ridge of his glans with ease and insistence. Mark wasn't at all put off by the taste of a man's cock. In fact, he seemed to like it. He suckled, hummed, and made sweet baby sounds all while gnashing on the end of his father's big dick.

Nolan smiled. “You like that, don't'cha little guy?” For someone who chastised his wife for baby talk, his voice sure entered the upper

register of a preschool teacher when he talked his newborn son through sucking his big, hairy cock. Mark held the base gently as his lips clamped down around his father's bulbous cock head. He fondled his balls curiously. They were too big for a boy of only one to cup, but Mark did so anyway and found he liked how soft and hairy they were.

“Ohhhhhh,” Nolan moaned wantonly, letting his full male voice boom across the room. Thank god the neighbors were at work, or they would have heard the unmistakable sound of Omni-Man getting his cock sucked. Little did they know it was by the sweet baby he was always carrying to and from the car. That baby boy had a perverted side. A desire to suck men's cocks.

Mark was feeding. Nursing. Trying to pull the milk up out of his father's nuts. Digging his tongue into his soft, spongy glans and wrapping it all around. It was too small to properly swirl around him, but the intent was there. Not the intent to pleasure, but the intent to feed. It was the most primal experience he had ever known in the world of intimacy. Mark bobbed his little head up and down, taking another few inches of that big cock into his mouth and feeling it itch against the back of his throat. His little

nostrils flared as he inhaled the scent of his father's erection. His dick throbbed as he spewed hot ropes of precum down Mark's throat.

The baby gulped. He looked up at Nolan with huge, watering eyes. It was satisfying, but not enough. He swallowed Omni-Man's precum, but he was hungry for much, much more. At only one year old and seventeen inches long, his baby son was sucking his cock better than his wife had ever done before. Mark bobbed his head on the tip, swallowing another inch and squeezing the base of his dad's cock with hunger and need. Nolan was in utter disbelief. He never thought Mark would be such a dedicated cocksucker, but he was going at his father's nine inches harder than he ever sucked his mom's nipple. On the contrary. Mark closed his eyes in utter bliss as he wrapped his lips around the man's cock and swirled his tongue around the hood. He loved cock. Nolan leaned back in the tub and relaxed, sighing with pleasure as his baby son slurped and gagged on Dad's big dick.

Nolan sighed. He was close already, but he didn't want to cum. He enjoyed the sight of his newborn son devouring his cock. The top half of his dick was shiny, disappearing between

baby lips and causing Mark's mouth to stretch open wider and wider. He put his massive hand on the back of his baby's head, easing Mark down past the halfway point and pushing his face toward the base of his cock. His nuts rose up in their sack as he felt his baby gagging on his dick, but he pushed forward regardless. Nolan sighed. This was the kind of service he deserved. Mark spat up a thick glob of throat slime all over the shaft of his dad's dick, making a mess all over his nose and cheeks. No matter how much he struggled on that big dick, Nolan kept him held firmly in place and enjoyed the hot depths of his son's tight throat. Deeper. Just a few more inches. Mark resisted, but his strength was nothing against his father. Even his fledgling super strength, which was a surprise to Nolan, couldn't make his father's big hand even budge. Mark was firmly impaled down on that huge, hard man cock.

“Come on, son,” Nolan guided him. He pushed his newborn son down on his cock a little further, easing his short black pubes toward Mark's nostrils another inch or two. Mark was gagging and choking on his father's big dick, but he wasn't resisting. He cried thin, water tears from the corners of his eyes, but his hands remained firm around the base of the

man's big dick. It was snaking down his tiny throat, curving downward as the baby was impaled on eight and some inches of rock hard man cock.

“Fuck,” he cursed, biting his lower lip. He was beside himself. Nolan closed his eyes, nose crinkling as Mark chowed down on his cock. His newborn son was deepthroating him like it was no problem, only it was. He was too small to handle being throat fucked. He tried to free himself from the big, hairy dad cock tunneling down his tiny throat. Nolan didn't seem too concerned for the boy's comfort. He threw his head back and sighed as his tongue lolled out of his mouth. “Oh, wow, Mark. You really know how to—aaawwwhhhh.”

His pink nuts drew up in their sack. Thick jets of hot semen fired down his newborn son's twitching throat. Nolan's face was flushed, red down to his chest as he felt each spurt of cum gushing out of his dick. Mark stared up at him with big, watery eyes. Tears stained his chubby cheeks. Nolan felt a surge of pride. This was his son. The enduring. The invincible.

He withdrew a few inches of cock, feeling the hot breath escaping his baby's mouth as the boy finally got a clear breath. He pulled out his

fat dick until only the head was in his son's mouth, foreskin retracted to just outside the boy's lip line. He waited for Mark to scream and cry, but the boy simply fluttered his lashes closed and stifled a sob. He wasn't fussy because his father just reamed him in the throat. He wanted his milk.

Nolan's mouth dropped into a circle. He watched in surprise, eyebrows raised as Mark suckled on the head of his cock like he was nursing from his mother. Silently. Those tears were nearly dry now that the little cum gutter was gulping down his man milk.

He was unsure why, but Nolan felt his heart beat a little faster. Not from being horny. That feeling that his wife called 'love'. He was experiencing it fully for the first time since involving himself with these humans. Mark was half them, but he was also half Nolan. The part of him that was invincible could drown out his weak, sensitive human parts. This half-baked idea to feed his newborn son his pure semen was working. He felt the grip in Mark's hands and his jaw. Barely there, but by god if his damned wife wasn't right when she said that Mark was going to be strong. He was going to be just like his father.

Nolan watched peacefully as Mark finished the last of his cum. He fondled the man's balls like he was looking for more, but that was about as much cock cream he had in him for now.

Unless they kept going.

The boy wanted it, that much was clear. But, did Nolan want it? Part of him did. Part of him felt true pleasure for the first time since he descended on this strange and fragile planet. Sex with Mark... Sex with Mark for the sake of having sex. This wasn't about ensuring the power of his prodigy. This was about fucking his newborn son in the ass. It was heinous and forbidden and he wanted it. He wanted Mark's newborn ass creaming around his big daddy dick. Nolan licked his lips, causing his mustache to roll like a wave.

"Want to get out, Mark?" Nolan said, picking up his boy under the armpits and lifting him out of the water. His son was visibly disturbed by his bottle being taken from him, but he didn't complain as the man put his boy on his muscular, chiseled hip and carried him back to bed. With the utmost care, he laid Mark down on his back in the middle of the bed.

The boy immediately grabbed the bottoms of his feet. His legs were naturally pulled into a spread position as he rolled back and forth while making happy babbling sounds. Nolan gulped as the boy exposed his perfectly smooth asshole to him, a tiny slit in the middle of his rosy pink trench. His cheeks were small and round and looked like they would ripple wonderfully when he slapped his hips against them. The thought of plowing into Marks' ass was in his head before he even seriously considered it. Hurting him was not his concern. Rather, he wondered what it meant for them both to be doing this. On the one hand, Mark was his property and fucking him was his right. On the other, Nolan had never considered himself gay up until now much less a pedophile. And yet, it made so much sense.

His rock hard cock led the way. Nine by six. Balls bouncing in their sack. He needed to recharge his load, but his cock was firm as steel. That battering ram dad dick didn't need any time at all. As Nolan climbed onto the bed on his knees, he realized just how utterly enormous he was compared to his baby son's tiny little body.

Mark's fluffy black hair flopped back and forth on top of his head as he rolled onto his

back even farther, pointing his untouched dark pink hole to his father. Nolan gulped. It looked better than his wife's. Much. Mark's tiny little coinpurse nuts were pulled tight against his body and his one-inch boy nail was hard as a steel spike. Against his urge to hesitate, Nolan licked the tips of his first two fingers and used them to grip the boy's little penis with his thumb. It turned out that a baby boy's penis wasn't much different from what he was used to. The short nub throbbed as it was rubbed by his father's wet fingers.

“Mmm,” Nolan sighed. He lowered his chest to the mattress and put his head between Mark's open thighs. The boy looked so sweet and helpless holding his feet, keeping his legs in the air for his papa as the stern-faced man approached his son's cock. He needed to prepare Mark if he was going to fuck him, and that included giving the boy a little attention down here. He did want him to grow up to be assertive after all.

He looked up at his baby boy as he stuck out his tongue and dragged a long, wet lick up the shaft. “Look at this big dick,” Nolan said with a smirk, pumping up his boy's ego. He closed his lips around that little pin prick dick, forming a tube with his lips and sucking his

son's penis right up into it. His face elongated as he sucked the boy's cock to the root, tongue slipping out and traveling in a circular motion around the boy's penis. It tasted like nothing. It was like sucking on his thumb, only it had a tiny foreskin wrinkle at the top. Nolan wagged the tip of his tongue back and forth in the opening, causing Mark's cheeks to burn bright red as he babbled happy baby talk.

“Mmmhm,” Nolan moaned, spreading his son's cheeks with only his thumbs. He felt the saliva and drool running down Mark's little ballsack and over his taint, down to his pink hole where it was getting stuck between the ass lips. He ran his tongue down the crack of Mark's ass with the boy's boner still in his mouth. It was amazing to have access to all of him like this. He was so small, but so strong.

Nolan slid his tongue into Mark's hole and explored around in circular motions. There was no flavor and the only real aroma was the faintness of baby powder from this morning. It was a clean smell like linen sheets, mixed with the tiniest bit of sweat. His cock throbbed at the thought of fouling such a pure and innocent place with his cock of all things. Cocks were unsightly. They were hairy. They stretched things open dangerously wide. But, Mark was

not going to tear. He had the body of a warrior. That thought alone made Nolan excited. He pictured the two of them taking over the Earth together someday and felt his erection twitch between his legs.

Mark mewled in pleasure. His eyes closed as he felt his father's massive, wet tongue carving out the inside of his ass cheeks. Nolan stroked the underside of his bum with care as he ran his tongue up and down the boy's crack before sliding it inside to the root again and again. He spit on Mark's hole and then used his tongue to fuck it inside deeper and deeper. Mark cried out in pleasure, tiny boner throbbing as he experiences his first dry orgasm. Nolan smiled up at his boy. He was proud of him. He was starting to become a man.

He fetched two things from the bedside table. One was a baby blue and electric yellow pacifier they kept on hand and the other was a tall bottle of lube. He had to fish for it behind the telephone book. It was practically full. He sighed as he thought about putting this thing to good use for once and returned to the middle of the bed where Mark was still laying on his back and rolling around eagerly. "Don't worry," Nolan said as he crawled back over on top of him and relaxed on his knees. He laid his cock

down on Mark, the massive towering penis stretching all the way past the boy's chin and rubbing precum on the side of his face. "Daddy's going to make it all better."

Mark shivered as he felt his father's middle finger move across his hole. He only had a second to prepare himself before Nolan slid the tip of his finger inside his son's one-year-old ass and moved it back and forth just a little. Wet squelching sounds filled the room as he fingered his boy, using his other hand to squirt clear lubricant directly from the bottle and down along his shaft. The cool, sticky substance drizzled down on his cock like candy before dripping onto Mark's belly. They were both soaked in the shiny stuff before they knew it, but there was more than enough time to run the laundry before his wife came back. He didn't bring Mark into his private bed not to make a mess.

His cock looked so massive laying between his newborn son's nipples, jabbing him in the face and causing the boy to finally let go of his feet and grasp onto his father's cock. He pressed sloppy kisses along the frenulum while Nolan doused the shaft in lubricant. The baby giggled as daddy slapped his thick, hairy cock against his belly like a pudgy little drum. Nolan

smiled, feeling himself opening up the more he played with his son. He never felt quite so close to the boy until now. He wanted to spend quality time like this every day. Alone together just the two of them.

Nolan picked up his cock and dropped it on his son's belly. The boy giggled, staring sweetly at his father's cock with wide eyes. It was like he was starting to understand where this was going, though that was impossible. Still, Nolan liked to think his son was feeling a little bit of fear at taking the cock that made him. His cock was properly massive and thick as far as men were concerned anywhere in the universe. His wife regarded it as painful.

But, Mark was different. He was formed from Nolan's own DNA. He was strong. He could take his father's dick like no one on Earth. Nolan's middle finger dug deep into Mark's ass until...

Splash. Clear, watery boy pee shot out of Mark's dick and hit him in the face. "Atta' boy," Nolan cooed. "There it is. Daddy's going to hit that for you." He continued fingering his newborn son's bitch switch gently as he smoothed the sticky lube down his cock. Mark watched in awe as his father took his chubby

little ankles in his hands and nestled his throbbing man cock in between the boy's cheeks.

Nolan licked his lips. His muscular pecs bounced as he took in the sight of baby Mark on his back with his legs in the air. His big dad cock dripped precum down toward the boy's face, threatening to paint his face if he didn't get that slick shaft deep inside some baby boy hole.

The inside of Mark's hole was like velvet. Nolan closed his eyes and dropped his jaw, but not a sound came out. His thick cock pointed straight down as he slid the very end into Mark's newborn hole. For a second, he was worried it was too much. Mark started to whine. He quickly fed the boy his pacifier and watched as the boy began nursing on his comfort toy. He held it there in his son's lips as he pushed the rest of his cock head into Mark's little asshole.

“Oooooouuuuuuhhhh,” Nolan sighed. Holy fuck. He was having sex with his newborn son in the bed he shared with his wife. Their baby boy was sitting on the end of his cock, eight inches of uncut man meat looming outside with the promise of being fucked. He fell forward and pushed himself up on his knuckles like a

gorilla while using his body weight on the baby to keep Mark's legs over his head. Mark turned his head to the side, eyes closed and wincing around his pacifier. His father's cock was so big. It was filling him up as the big, strong hero captured his son in a hot, sweaty mating press. "M-Mark, I think I'm a pedophile."

He couldn't stop himself. He was already in. His cock was so greasy, it just started sliding deeper into Mark. It wasn't cruel. Mark wasn't in any pain. In fact, as the thickest part of Nolan's dick plunged into his newborn son's ass cheeks, he heard his son begin to moan around his pacifier. Moaning. Who even knew a baby would make such a filthy sound? His massive cock was halfway inside his newborn son, pulsing and twitching as Mark's little asshole tried to close around it.

"Fuuuck," Nolan groaned. He felt his forehead drip sweat as he braced himself on his muscular arms. He looked down at his son to see him wiggling his toes and rocking his hips back and forth. The little slut was grinding his prostate against Nolan's big dick. He was in shock. His newborn son loved riding his dad's cock!

Nolan's huge, muscular ass cheeks clenched as he tried to control himself. He rolled his hips like a porn star, plunging over half of his fat cock into his newborn son's ass. Mark whined against his pacifier as the bulge traveled up from between his legs all the way to his stomach. Nolan's cock head pushed a clear bump into his son's stomach as his big, pink nuts dangled low in their sack.

"Oh, son," Nolan huffed. "I love you so, so much." Then, he plunged his big, hairy cock into his infant son's asshole balls deep. He felt his giant, saggy sack squish against the boy's ass, hanging down his lower back as they rose up in their sack. Nolan closed his eyes and stuck out his tongue as Mark took his cock to the pubes, fully hilted on the cock that gave him life like a little moaning kebab. "M-Mark!" he gasped.

All six-foot-two of Mr. Grayson was doing push-ups on top of little Mark. His huge, muscular back shone with sweat as he slapped his nuts against his newborn son's ass cheeks gently. He pulled back, flexing his calf muscles and withdrawing inch after inch of his thick dad dick with a satisfying wet pop. Nolan spread his knees on the mattress and arched his back so that his juicy bubble butt was on display, pink hole winking. He put his palms on

the bed over Mark's head and threw his head back. It felt so animalistic to expose himself like this, but it was the best angle for fucking into his son. He drove his cock back into the boy until his balls were slapping his cheeks again, relishing in the sight of his stomach bulge going up to his nipples.

It looked downright diabolical to watch a grown man pile drive a newborn baby. What was worse was that it was entirely to Mark's benefit. The boy was babbling nonsense, pacifier hanging out of his mouth as his eyes rolled back in pleasure. Nolan had never seen an infant experience being horny, but Mark had the look of a pleasure demon on his face. He was grinding his hips downward at the same time as his father was thrusting deeper, making sure to itch his bitch switch against his father's fat pole. He was loving it.

Nolan raised his upper body so that he could properly watch his son taking his cock. This was a better way to insert his genetic material into his son. To ensure his power and his strength. He puffed out his muscular chest as he admired how massive his big dick looked as he pulled it out of his newborn son. He picked Mark up and sat down on his ass with his legs extended. Nolan eased back against the

pillow so he could sit down comfortably with Mark in his lap, big hairy dad dick stuck halfway in him.

“Mark, I love you,” he said, closing his eyes as he sat the boy’s jiggly little baby butt back down on his cock to the nuts. His fists closed around the boy’s ribcage like he was holding a flashlight. Mark’s eyes rolled back again, tongue flopping out of his mouth as his head went back. To his surprise, he was able to let go of his son’s sides and the boy managed to stay sitting upright on his own. He was perched on his father’s big cock.

“Fuuuck,” Nolan sighed, putting his hands behind his head and exposing his muscular fuzzy armpits. His feet rose up into the air, knees bent and exposing his furry pink dad hole as he bounced Mark on his big pedo cock down to the nuts. “Euuugh. I’m a pedophile, Mark! I’m a baby-raping pedophile!” he announced as he entered a state of pure ecstasy laying on his back exposing his feet and his armpits on the bed.

Mark was balancing on top of him, chubby legs going down his father’s rippling, muscled sides as he bounced his soft baby butt down on the base of the man’s cock. Big, round nuts

flapped up and down as the boy's smooth newborn cheeks clapped around his father's cock again and again. His palms were down flat against his father's pubic bush as he held himself steady and continued to buck his butt up and down. It wasn't riding like some practiced bottom would perform. It was carnal and instinctive. Nolan must have been hitting Mark's prostate just right, because the boy was humping his butt down onto him like he was riding his green plastic horse toy.

Nolan was beside himself. He flexed his biceps as he exposed his armpits and feet to the ceiling. His big, strong legs framed Mark as the boy bounced up and down sitting at the base of his dad's fat cock. All feelings of doubt and regret melted away as he engaged in depraved nepiophile sex with his newborn son. Mark didn't even have a baby tooth to his name yet, but he was milking all nine inches of his dad's monster-sized penis like he loved it. And he did. He did love it. The pleasure on his face was pure and raw. Sometimes it was so intense it devolved into screaming. Mark's shrill infant cries pierced the room, but Nolan didn't find them annoying at all. He understood that Mark was feeling so much pleasure from his ass that it was actually becoming too much. And yet, he

never once fought his father to let him off. Nolan whispered sweet nothings to his son as he cried his eyes out, patting the boy's back and waiting for him to resume bouncing. After almost an hour it was clear that Mark was not close to done with him. On the contrary. Every time Nolan went to slide him off, Mark would fight him and wail like a banshee. This baby wanted his cock.

He grabbed his newborn son's bubble butt hard. Hard enough to make an impression on the boy's skin. Mark wasn't delicate at all. He was strong. Super strong. He was invincible. Nolan slowly levitated up into the air as he pounded his swollen, hard dick into his son's one-year-old hole with all his might. Wet, slapping sounds filled the room as his nuts bounced off the boy's sweat-soaked butt cheeks. It splashed down onto the bed with abandon, making a mess of it all. He was officially gone.

He floated up until Mark's back was against the ceiling. He had the little slut pinned, hips thrusting full force into his squirting and clapping baby boy butt. Their positions changed instantly. Now, Nolan was fucking his newborn son in the missionary position again. And he was fucking him hard. Mark moaned again as he felt his tiny penis having a dry

orgasm. His father gripped his hips as he pounded into him with all his might, looking more and more like the heroic Omni-Man with the serious look on his face. He was giving it all to Mark right in his tight little newborn ass. His big dig drew back, dripping a mixture of lube and precum down to the bed as he watched all nine inches of his cock sitting just outside his newborn son's asshole. Mark was so tiny. It was like fucking a fleshlight, only he was real. Mark was taking his dick better than his wife ever could. He didn't say no. He didn't say stop. He cried and moaned deviously as he begged his father to stop teasing him with the tip and fuck him. Nolan stiffened his jaw. He wasn't going to be outdone by his boy.

He slammed his hips forward hard enough to bruise. Mark's baby cheeks rippled and farted as he had nine inches of greasy dad dick slammed in his ass to the root. He felt his father's balls slapping his tiny marbles and his bush tickling his ass. The tables turned so quickly. Nolan was reaming his ass raw, cock punching a hole in his guts over and over again. Mark's tiny boy nail stiffened as another dry orgasm set all of his pleasure centers on fire.

Nolan leaned as close as he could as he fucked his son. "Cum for me, Mark. Cum on

your father's pedo cock." Slap, slap, slap, slap. Mark's tiny penis stiffened like it wanted to cum, baby boy balls rising up, but nothing was able to come out for a second time.

Nolan smirked. He may have been strong. But it was going to be a long time before he even held a candle to his father. Both on the battlefield and in bed. But, Nolan was ready. He was prepared to fuck this boy every single day. Mark was going to learn how to walk while riding cock. He was going to say his first words with a mouthful of dick. He was going to be riding his dad instead of riding a bike. And, one day, the two of them were going to take control of this world together. As a couple.

He gulped. His orgasm was building. He slapped Mark's ass hard, leaving a bright red handprint. The boy whined, but he kept his fat infant ass snug against his father. He was a good boy. It didn't matter how many times he came. His ass was Nolan's until he was done with it.

"Fuck, Mark," Nolan huffed, "I'm going to... Unngh... I'm going to cum!" He slapped his nuts against Mark over and over again, faster and faster as his big dick slammed inside of him. He felt the hot load of semen coursing up from his

balls and through his thick shaft. The head of his cock puffed up as he fired thick, white jets of cum inside of Mark's asshole. He filled the boy's belly up with cum with four, five, six jets of cum. Seven. Eight. Nolan shouted his moans, the bedroom walls shaking as he bred his son in the way only a Viltrumite could: while flying. Baby Mark pressed his cheek down onto his father's abs as he was filled with wave after wave of salty, thick Dad semen.

His balls twitched as the last drops of cum dribbled out. He slowly floated back down onto the bed until he collapsed in a sweaty pile of dad and son. Mark crawled up onto his father's chest and laid himself down, curling up as he relaxed to the sound of his daddy's heartbeat. It only took a few minutes for him to completely fall asleep. Nolan looked down at the boy, cupping his hand around his bum and sighing happily. He stroked the back of Mark's head until he heard the boy begin to snore.

The human value of love was starting to make more sense to him.