

Being fifteen was not easy. Especially when your dad was the most famous superhero in the world.

Mark was sitting on the back of the school bus with his arms folded as it rose up, up, up into the sky next to Metropolis Falls. All of his fellow students were rushing to the windows to gasp and coo over the sight of the rushing water appearing in reverse. Just moments ago, their entire ninth grade class was on the way to the paleontology exhibit at the museum.

Just as they were careening out onto the narrow two-lane bridge crossing the massive gap between the Falls, an ongoing police chase made its way onto the bridge going over one hundred miles-per-hour. Three black cars with men in ski masks hanging out the windows were taking shots at a row of police cruisers that were hot on their trail. All of the kids ran to the back of the bus to look at the spectacle despite the gruff, middle-aged bus driver shouting at them to stay in their seats for their own safety. The cries fell on deaf ears except for Mark. While his best friend William was begging him to go to the back of the bus and check out the drama, Mark just sat there and continued to read his comic book. He didn't need to have a look to know what was about to happen next.

The argument over the breakfast table that very morning revolved around Mark going on this field trip. He was excitedly telling his mother about the

exhibit he was most interested in viewing and the one he was writing his report about.

“What’s that?” Nolan asked, looking over his shoulder as he came through the kitchen in his super suit. He was holding a hot cup of coffee and peering over Mark’s shoulder to look at the newspaper which featured the exhibit on ancient Chinese artwork he was showing to his mother. His face fell. “Oh. It’s just a painting,” he said.

He looked over at his wife, who was sitting at the table and had her thick-rimmed brown reading glasses low on her nose. She scowled at him, making that disapproving face like she was a kindergarten teacher every time Nolan struggled with understanding human emotions. Even after all these years, he struggled to understand why humans did the things that they did. It was even worse when it came to children, and Mark was no exception.

Mark beat his fist on the kitchen table. All of the dishes and food on the table jumped a foot in the air as the boy shoved the newspaper into his bright red backpack and threw it over his shoulder. “Forget it. I’m gonna miss the bus,” Mark said, shoulders tensing up toward his ears as he stomped out the front door.

Debbie looked at her husband and sighed. Not only was he still struggling after fifteen years to be sensitive to Mark’s feelings, but he was grinning like a goon after all of it. He couldn’t hide his excitement.

“Did you see that?” Nolan said, inflection in his voice rising. “I think his powers are going to come in any day now.”

“Honey...” she sighed, walked around the table to him and putting her hands on his shoulders. She stood up on her toes and gave him a kiss on his strong cheek. To the world, he was Omni-Man. The strongest man alive. His perfect muscles filled out his costume in every metric, big bulging pecs and biceps strained against the fabric. Even his ass was big, round and bubbly as he walked around in just a few inches of lycra. Everything about him was super, but that was his very weakness. “I know you want Mark to be just like you, but he’s not. He’s like both of us. He has a human heart.”

Nolan suppressed the urge to gag. It was difficult to pretend he was hopeful that Mark was going to be anything other than pure Viltrumite. However, his current wife was correct in her appraisal. Mark had his moments where he was strong, but he had his head in those comic books far too much for a boy who the comics were going to be written about. Mark had a destiny of power, and it was his job alone to make sure he was prepared for that. He gave his wife a kiss to soothe her tense emotions and promised to bring her home a bottle of sake from Kyoto after he got off work. He ran out the front door and took off into the sky hard enough to break the sound barrier. By the time anyone was looking toward the sky to see what was going on, he was gone.

Mark stayed in his seat, arms folded as the bus started careening toward the guard rail of the bridge going across the enormous circle made by the Falls. It was hundreds of feet to the bottom, a rock quarry submerged by the man-made reservoir. As the black cars filled with gunmen whizzed past the school bus, they pushed the bus right up against the steel rail. The kids went flying into the windows, piling up between the sides in clumps of children that were now screaming like they were on a roller coaster.

Mark waited. Two more cars went by. One pushed them into the railing so hard that the entire bus shook. It was an enormous steel death trap. The only person who was safe was the bus driver buckled into his seat and screaming at the kids to sit down and not to move. A third black car went by, dashing into them and causing the wheels to bend the guard metal and start leaning over the edge.

“Oh, shit,” Will said from the top of a pile of teenage boys as they all fought to free themselves from the cluster of limbs and wailing heads. Everyone was in shock when they looked out the window and realized the bus was now fully on its side with nothing to stop it from falling right off the edge of the bridge.

Screams filled the bus. Mark looked out the window. His heart fell for a second. Maybe he wasn't going to come. Maybe he already forgot. Maybe he was on the other side of the world fighting a sea

monster that was pushing Omni-Man to the very limits of his strength. As the possibility of his father leaving him to die entered his mind, Mark saw the twinkle of a shooting star coming across the horizon.

Omni-Man appeared faster than a speeding jet. The pure force of the tailwind he was carrying was enough to lift all three black cars off their center of gravity and have them spinning across the black asphalt near the end of the bridge. They lost control as their cars began to flip and gave the police ample time to catch up to them and surround them. While the officers liberated the criminals from their cars and slapped them into handcuffs, Omni-Man was busy darting over the edge of the bridge and going straight down. He swung around under the falling bus just as it was reaching maximum velocity and made sure to match his speed so that he didn't harm any of the kids inside. It was not in his nature to go so far to prevent injury to the humans, but his frail little son was inside and the last thing he needed was to chance him suffering a permanent injury before he got his powers. It would be complicated.

He wasn't a bad guy, but Nolan had his reasons.

He chuckled at the thought of the kids splattering on the inside of the windows. "Alright," he said. "Maybe I am a bad guy."

Omni-Man returned the bus of kids to the bridge where they had previously gone over. A van from Channel 6 News was already on the scene taking

statements from the police and trying to turn the whole thing into a circus. He gave the kids a wave as he set their bus down on the road gently before flying off.

While everyone was cheering about being saved by the local hero, Mark was the only one brooding. He thought his father might say something to him. It went against his nature. His internal teenage angst over being the son of a celebrity in the worst way possible, but he wanted that tender moment where his father regarded him with happiness. He wanted him to be happy he saved him, but he was already gone.

Mark arrived home in the most foul mood of his life.

“Hi, honey,” his mother said from the couch, eyes on the television watching a nature documentary. “How was school?”

“Great,” Mark said sarcastically, “Everyone talked about Dad the whole entire field trip.”

“Aww,” Debbie cooed, pursing her lips. “I’m making your favorite tonight. Spicy chili.”

“I’m not hungry,” Mark said, kicking off his brown leather school shoes by the front door and marching upstairs with enough force to crack the steps. He slammed his door and proceeded to do his homework in complete silence.

As Nolan came flying in with a brown paper bag in his hand, he was pleasantly surprised to find his wife standing by the door in anticipation for him. He pecked her on the cheek as he walked by. “Hi, honey. How’s the real estate... thing?” he said, putting the ceramic white bottle of sake into the fridge and tossing the bag in the recycling bin under the kitchen sink.

“We need to talk,” she insisted, standing in the middle of the kitchen with her hands on her hips.

“Can I shower first?” Nolan asked. “I kind of stink wearing this thing all day,” he motioned at the costume. She rolled her eyes and motioned with her hand for him to turn around.

She did him the favor of pulling the zipper halfway down his back, exposing Nolan’s massive, muscular shoulder blades. He was dripping with sweat, which was normal for him after a long day at work. “I think you should have a talk with Mark,” she said in her gentle voice that could diffuse a bomb.

“About what?” Nolan asked. His confusion was genuine, which was partially what endeared him to her.

His wife sighed, turning him around and resting her hands on his chest. “Honey, Mark is living in your shadow. He compares himself to you.”

“That’s ridiculous,” Nolan said, smiling in a way that caused his fluffy mustache to curve upward at the ends. “He could never compare to me.”

Debbie just rolled her eyes and chuckled. “Honey, I think it might be time to tell him the truth.”

“The truth?” Nolan cocked his head.

“About you,” she continued, eyes searching back and forth in his. “About what he will become.”

“You think he’s going to believe me?” Nolan asked.

“I think so,” she said. “He needs to feel close to you, Nolan. Right now, you’re pushing him away by being so far ahead. Come down to his level. The same way you did when you first met me.”

The man smiled. He flexed his arm, showing off the vein in his bicep. It was like a boulder. “I am pretty far ahead, huh?” he said with a cocky smile. The two of them burst out into laughter, their infectious joy carrying all the way upstairs and down the hall. Mark tried to tell himself that he didn’t care about what they were talking about, but he did. His teenage mind was telling him that he needed to be the main character of the house, but all he wanted was to be accepted. For his father to look on him with pride instead of disappointment. Having a superhero for a father was not easy when your achievements amounted to the science fair and the

regional TCG tournament. He wanted to feel super next to someone who was incomparably super in every single way.

He heard his father before he saw him like always. Nolan couldn't hold back his weight even if he wanted to. He was two-hundred and twenty pounds of pure muscle, shredded from his broad shoulders to his thick calves and everywhere in between. He was still wearing his suit when he knocked on his son's door and did his best impression of his wife's careful and mousy demeanor as he asked, "Mark? Can I come in?"

There was no response. He knocked one more time, but Mark was not answering. He heard his father at the door through his headphones, but he pretended that he didn't in the hopes that he was just going to go away. No such luck. Nolan pushed on the boy's door and found it was not locked. He opened it softly and repeated, "Mark?" He saw the boy sitting at his desk and working hard on his Algebra; a sight that would have brought any loving father pride. For Nolan, it was unsettling. He wanted Mark to take after him. To be strong, but here he was with his nose in some book written by a human. Debbie told him time and time again that school was important, but it really wasn't if he was going to become a Viltrumite like him someday. He needed to learn to be strong. He needed to learn to be just like Nolan.

Mark sat at his desk in his white polo shirt and a red pair of shorts that stopped above the knee. His sneakers were nice and expensive for a boy who always had a D in gym class. His fluffy black hair parted far to the side, swooping across his forehead. He was pretty, like his mother. Handsome in the face now that he started puberty and his jaw and brow were becoming more fine. The Grayson family heir had wonderful bone structure, though it made his father feel a little uncomfortable to notice that.

“Mark,” Nolan said as he put his massive, gloved hand on his teenage son’s shoulder.

The boy took off his headphones and looked up at his father. “Hi, Dad,” he said.

“Mind if we have a chat?” his father asked.

Mark tried to control the sour look on his face. It would have been easier if his dad was just an asshole, but he wasn’t. He was genuinely confused. Mark had his theories as to why, but it always caught him off guard when his father came to him in earnest. He was showing his true emotions, something he rarely did. Mark sat on his bed with his feet tucked into the backs of his knees, soft white socks rubbing against his skin.

He was braced for a lecture, but Nolan sat down beside him with his wrists on his knees. Mark’s bedroom was relatively unchanged over the years. He still had his participation trophies from when he

played soccer because his parents told him to. They thought it would be good for him, but it only made him realize that he wasn't interested in athletics. He liked comic books, video games, and superheroes. He even had a photo album of signed cards from the Guardians of the Globe. He loved heroes. Fictional heroes. Heroes who weren't his dad.

“Mark, I'm not from Earth.”

“What?” Mark said. He laughed reflexively. It was a nervous laughter. No way his dad just said that he wasn't human. “That's not funny, Dad.”

His father looked at him with a stern glare. He was being serious. This wasn't his father's inept sense of comedy. The two of them shifted uncomfortably in the warm orange glow of the sunset. The sky was painted swaths of pink and purple through the open windows behind them. Birds crowed their final calls of the day as the world went to sleep and Nolan looked his son in the eyes and told him the truth about his lineage. “Someday, son, you're going to have powers like I do. At least, I hope you will.”

Mark crossed his arms. “I don't want to be like you!”

Nolan jumped to his feet. “Why not?!” he shouted. He reigned in his anger. He was so much more than a man. He could palm the ceiling of Mark's bedroom with ease. His shoulders were the

width of a doorway. His pecs were big and round, and his muscle bulged out of every inch of his suit. He wasn't just in the best shape of his life. His body was better looking than every single man on Earth. Nolan was used to people throwing themselves at his feet. Humans were beneath him. Now, here he was meeting his match. Every human threw themselves at him except for Mark. His own son. His flesh and blood. He peeled off the top of his suit and let it hang down around his waist. He was naked under the suit, broad pecs covered in a dusting of short, curly black hairs. He had dark bushes under his armpits and his biceps shook with power. He was a masculine god, and even Mark was in awe.

“Look at me, Mark,” he said. “Someday, you’re going to look just like me.”

Mark was quiet. He was thinking. Seeing his father's bare body took on a different tone now. He didn't look like an alien. He looked just as human as anybody else. But, here he was confessing to being a character in one of his comic books. “You’re... Really not human?”

“Nope,” Nolan said, flexing his biceps and blowing steam out of his nostrils as he made every inch of his upper body from his abs to his collar bones ripple with pure power. “I’m from a planet far away called Viltrum. We’re a race of heroes.”

The boy's face fell. “But, I don't go to the gym. I'm weak,” Mark said, looking down at his skinny

little arms in disappointment. Nolan was starting to realize what made his son tick. There was a word for boys like Mark on his home planet. Most of them didn't make it beyond puberty. He pitied Mark, but he also loved him. He was his. He could display incredible strength when he was in the heat of the moment. "Mark," Nolan said. "You are going to be just like me. You are going to be strong."

His son was waffling. He wanted to ask for something, but he didn't know how to put it into words. "Can I..." Mark murmured. "Feel them?"

Nolan blushed, something he hadn't done in the entire course of his life. His son wanted to feel his muscles? He never considered that. It wasn't a strange request to him. In fact, men comparing themselves to one another was very common on his home planet. He had plenty of experience with other Viltrumites admiring his physique as proof of his raw physical power. The more he thought about it, the more okay he was with it. After all, his wife did tell him to connect with his son. "Okay," Nolan said, striking a pose with both of his arms up and his fists clenched as he flexed. "You can feel my muscles, son."

Mark approached tepidly. It wasn't the first time it was on his mind. How could anyone not notice their father's body was perfect? Nolan looked like a man out of a magazine. He had volume. Bulk. His body was sweaty, probably from a long day of saving the world. It was making the room fill with a rich, musky smell. Their smell. The Grayson male

pheromones. Mark didn't consider himself anywhere near the level of his father, but he was contributing to it as well. His natural boy musk. He took a step toward his father, who still stood several heads taller than him. He reached out for his father's perfect eight-pack of abs and ran his hand down them like a washboard. "I'm going to look like this someday?" the boy said in amazement.

Nolan put his hands behind his head, showing off his dark pits and flexing his abs, oblique muscles and shredded himself from his pecs to his back. "Why don't you start coming to the gym with me?" he said, hissing as he breathed out a sharp stream of air and forced all of the extra fat out of the way of his muscles. This was his physique. The form of a championship bodybuilder in the absolute peak of his career. The truth was it took very little exercise outside of his job to maintain his body. He ate what he wanted and he didn't think very much about being healthy. Working out was about putting every other man in the gym to shame, not reaching for perfection. He already was perfect, that was what Mark decided in that moment with his soft young hand feeling his father's abs. Nolan Grayson was the perfect man.

He walked around behind his father and reached out around his sides with open palms. Nolan straightened his back and relaxed his arms so that his son was able to get two hands full of his juicy, bouncy pec meat. It was still damp with sweat. His father had a manly smell that was kind of

intoxicating. Mark never considered experiencing another man with his senses like this before. He liked girls. At least, he thought he did. But, Dad was different. He was a work of art come to life right there in his bedroom. It would have been wrong not to take advantage of his father's moment of vulnerability to explore the inheritance that was being promised to him now. "I'm going to have big pecs like this?" Mark said in disbelief, massaging his insistent hands in circles around his father's hairy chest.

Nolan cleared his throat. "That's right, son," he said with a grunt. "Ah, Mark, your hands..."

He was touching his nipples. Nolan's nips were dark pink and stretched out in a wide oval at the outside of his pecs. They weren't too large, but they were wide enough for the boy to get his thumb and forefinger around and squeeze them, massaging down and outward as he managed to feel his father's impressively large and hefty chest from top to bottom. That included pulling on the ends of his nipples until he let them go and they twitched like little door stoppers. The way his son was touching him was making him feel funny. Horny. He looked down in shock as the front of his suit started growing a tent in the crotch. He tried to hide it with the top of his suit, but it was pointless. Nolan Grayson had a nine-inch cock thick as a baseball bat.

"Son, uhhhh," Nolan moaned. Mark was just playing with his chest now. His hands wandered

through his father's hairy armpits, around the smooth boulders of his biceps, and up over his rippling shoulders. They always came back to his chest, though. Mark was obsessed. His father's pecs were so big. So strong. He patted them with the palms of his hands, causing them to tense up and tremble. He moaned again, unable to control his voice as his son attacked his nipples and stroked them like little dicks.

“Is everything okay up there?!” Debbie called from the bottom of the stairs.

“We're fine, Mom!” Mark said, hands attached to his father's chest and seeking more wanton moans out of him. “Right, Dad?” Mark asked. He was so hard in his shorts. He was past the point of pretense and arriving at the point of horny. His hard little cock was pressing a tent straight into his father's big, round muscle ass. It was clear that Mark was in control now. His feelings for his father were still in flux. He still felt inferior to him, which drove his desire to cultivate this sacred, taboo flame that was burning between them now. His hands wandered down to the massive tent in his dad's pants. “Can we compare here, too?” the boy asked in a deep, husky tone.

Nolan was waffling. Biting his lip as a bead of sweat was dripping down his temple. This had gone too far. Mark's young hands were wandering. He wanted to be accepted by his son as badly as he wanted his son to accept him. Mark was beyond him.

He was human. He had these base desires that his father knew very little about. He watched porn online after school and spent many a night jerking off at his desk after he finished his homework. In a way, his son was more experienced than he was when it came to male sexuality. Sex was purely necessary as far as Nolan was concerned until now. That was how he found himself in a situation where his teenage son was feeling up his rock hard cock through the rubbery fabric of his super suit. “We shouldn’t,” Nolan said. His upper lip was shaking. For the first time in his life, he was displaying fear.

Mark was good. His hands were just the right size to worship his big cock. He held Nolan’s throbbing erection from behind with one hand near the base and the other cupping the top with the glans in the palm of his hand. He was curious. He saw a chance to explore with someone who was never going to tell on him and he took it. He was a horny boy in the throes of adolescence.

His father’s cock was nice. Longer than his and wider around the base than the head. His hands were inexperienced, but so was Nolan. The last time he had sex with his wife was a few years after Mark was born. She was feeling frisky and he went along with it. After the fact, he decided with certainty that his wife was more like a pet than a partner.

Mark was different. He gripped his father’s cock through his clothes firmly. He was interested in it. He was in awe of the size and girth as he mentally

compared it to his own. “Wow,” Mark whispered from behind his father. “It’s so big.”

Nolan arched his back as the boy’s hands moved up and down his shaft. “That feels nice,” Nolan said, rolling his neck as he realized that he wanted more. “Mind if I sit down, son?”

The boy had no problem with that. He stood to the side and watched intensely as his father peeled the remains of his suit off. Nolan Grayson had a flawless male physique, with just the right amount of dark black hair from his thighs to his ankles. His cock was thick, nine inches and six around. The base of his dick was naturally sparse with a short bush of curly black pubic hair. His balls were dark pink and hung low in their sack, lower than usual on account of the heat. It was jumping several degrees in the room.

Mark remained clothed out of modesty while his father completely stripped down and sat his bare, hairy man ass down on his sons’ bed. This was officially too far, but he didn’t care nearly as much as his human counterparts. In fact, he was starting to recall fond memories from his home planet in which the men would often satisfy each other after a long training session. It was an efficient way to keep them from being distracted by the opposite sex. Sex between males was not uncommon on Viltrum, though Nolan had not messed around like that in a long time. It was about efficiency. You blow your

load, you clear your mind. He really wanted Mark to help him clear his mind right now.

His son was bringing his desires out of him. The boy knelt before his father in excitement. He didn't seem very shy anymore. He was so impressed by his father's cock. He picked up Dad's cock between his soft hands and held it by the base so it was standing straight up. "So cool. I'm gonna be this big someday, right?" Mark said.

Nolan nodded. He splayed his arms out behind himself on the bed and leaned back just enough to curve his chest inward. "We're well-endowed in this family," he said to the boy. Mark looked so gentle holding onto his cock, and something else he had only ever thought about the boy's mother at one point in time. He looked pretty. His male son was surprisingly fair on the eyes. That was to say, he enjoyed watching his son picking up his cock and handling it like it was a religious experience. "Let me see yours. That way I can tell how much you have to grow," the man said.

His son blushed. He stood up and pulled his shorts down along with his underwear. His cock was smooth, as were his adorable pink balls. It looked like a smaller version of the cock between his father's legs. Only a little bit of peach fuzz at the base of his cock, but it was growing in! His cock was six inches fully hard and average in girth, if not a bit thin. Still, it suited him for his age and his father made sure not to dash his confidence. "Oh, wow,"

Nolan said, eyebrows raised. “You’re bigger than I was at your age!”

“Really?!” Mark said. He showed a genuine smile to his father, something the man hadn’t seen in a long time. Nolan reached out and helped the boy out of his shirt so they could both be naked. As soon as he was liberated from the thin chemise, he pulled the boy into his arms and laid Mark’s head down in the middle of his hairy chest. “Woah! Dad?”

He put his hand on his son’s back and moved it in slow circles. It was big enough to reach both of his shoulder blades. The feeling of his father’s strong grip on his back and the massive wall of muscle in front of him was strangely soothing to Mark. He was too old to be treated like a baby, but this felt nice. It was tender. Something he didn’t expect from his dad. “Where I’m from, it’s usually the mothers who raise the daughters and the fathers who raise the sons. We’re separated for...” Don’t say productivity. Don’t make it sound like a cult, he chided himself. “For parenting,” he said. “My father used to hold me like this when I was in training.”

The apprehensive feeling in Mark faded a little bit at a time until he finally closed his eyes and relinquished himself to the sensation of being naked in his bed with his father. It felt nice. Their hard cocks were frothing up against each other. They were both equally erect, but it wasn’t a sexual act. It was a male experience. Sharing body heat with your father. Learning the ways of the men who came before. This

was the moment Mark finally started to believe his father that he was from another planet. Perhaps even a better planet. He had no idea that he could feel so loved and safe in another man's arms.

However, the lust still remained.

Mark was horny. He humped his hips gently as he enjoyed the feeling of his teenage cock rubbing up against his father's big hairy man dick. They looked down in unison as their cocks began to precum all over each other. "Getting sticky down there," Nolan said with a smirk.

"Heh," Mark chuckled, pushing himself up on his father's chest with his hands so he could admire his handiwork. His cute little uncut cock was spitting up slime all over his father's bush and his hairy abs. "You're so hard, Dad."

"Why don't you help me out?" his father requested. He was looking him in the eyes now. He was serious. He had to know that the boy had no prior experience whatsoever with this kind of thing, but he asked him anyway. He was offering to teach Mark how to suck a cock and so much more if the boy was willing. The fact that the two of them were rolling around naked in his bed told him that Mark was most definitely ready to take a step that was going to define his sexuality for the rest of his life. He just never thought that his first time was going to be with his dad.

He crawled between his father's legs. Mark was by no means short for his age, but he felt exceptionally small with the two pieces of chiseled stone on either side of his head that were his father's thighs. They were so big and strong and hairy. He rested one hand on them while the other was using to wrap around the base of Nolan's big bushy cock and hold it up. He looked up at the man for approval. "Take your time son. Kiss it," his father instructed.

Mark pressed his lips to the underside of that juicy cock. He inhaled. It smelled sweaty, but that was to be expected. He was a man, after all. He found his dad's natural body odor to be enticing. It was masculine and exciting. It made his cock twitch between his legs. He placed little kisses around the bulbous cock head as the hood of foreskin slowly retracted until half of that gorgeous pink glans was peeking out and waiting for a big wet kiss from his son. Mark looked up as he planted his lips on the end of his father's dick. He slowly expanded the circle of his lips as he pushed them downward, forming a seal around the outside of his cock. He did it. He managed to get it in his mouth.

Nolan relaxed with his hands on top of his head, breathing a sigh of relief as he felt the end of his big dick getting warmed by a fiery hot mouth. Not just any mouth, though. His son. His darling boy. He had no idea when his son grew up so fast, but it was undoubted that he was becoming a man right before Nolan's eyes. The boy squeezed his father's balls in a gentle fist as he swirled his tongue around the ridge

of his prominent cock head. He peeled his foreskin back as to nurse on the end of the man's dick in reverent bliss. His cock tasted nice. Salty, sweaty, and a bit like his aftershave. Not unpleasant. The gentle flavor of an older man coated Mark's taste buds as he found himself swallowing a puddle of Dad's precum. "Mmnn," Mark hummed with a mouthful of cock.

"Sorry," Nolan offered. "Dad's a leaker."

"Mhm!" his son moaned affirmatively, taking hold of the middle of the shaft while he popped the head out of his mouth. He stuck his agile tongue out and traced the big vein going down the shaft all the way down to his big balls. "What about here?" he asked without waiting for an answer. Mark closed his lips around his father's heavy nuts and began to gently bob his head back and forth. They were so big and round. His mouth felt warm just having them inside. He thought sucking hairy balls would be gross, but Nolan only had a little fuzz across his sack. It was smooth and stretchy as the boy found out chewing on the man's sack.

"O-oh wow," Nolan said as his eyes rolled up. "Your mother never did that for me."

Mark smirked. He had his father hook, line, and sinker. As long as Nolan felt this roiling inadequacy about his inability to connect with him, he was putty in the palm of his hand. It did feel a little wrong manipulating him in this way, but as far as he was

concerned it was tit-for-tat. Dad never pulled his punches when it came to shooting down things that his son enjoyed. In fact, he didn't even feel sorry for it. It was so clueless sometimes, it made Mark want to scream. This was balancing the scales. This was right. This was something they were going to be doing from now on.

“This is where I came from,” Mark said in admiration as he planted more wet kisses on his father's balls. He sucked them, slurped on them, and fondled them until they were shiny and damp with his saliva. Nolan was a wreck. He didn't know where to put his hands, so he kept them on Mark's head and shoulder.

“That's right,” Nolan said. What else could he say? He was lost in pleasure. What little he had of his dignity disappeared when Mark began blowing his nuts. His only form of communication beyond a few words here and there was the constant stream of deep moans rolling out of his chest and off of his tongue. He was purring like a tom cat as Mark pumped his wet cock up and down. Up and down. Mark held his father's gaze as he dragged his tongue away from those dripping pink balls and back up the length of his father's cock until he was sucking on the uncut tip like a big juicy lollipop again. He pursed his lips and hollowed his cheeks as he reached the tip. He was perfecting his technique. Mark had a knack for sucking cock.

He wanted to swallow it. Mark sank his lips downward, causing his to spread open in a lewd manner. Dad's cock was so big. This was Omni-Man's super cock. Of course it was going to be large. What he didn't expect was the thickness of it. It almost hurt his jaw to open his mouth that wide. He slobbered up and down as he practiced having just the right amount of fit and pressure to feed Dad's cock into his mouth and down toward the back of his throat. He wasn't sure about deepthroating, but he gave it his best. He still wanted to do something his father was going to be proud of, even if he didn't want to admit it. Mark sighed, blowing air out his nostrils as he stared down Dad's big dick with fierce eyes, brows furrowing in concentration. He was going to defeat this big dick!

Nolan chuckled. "Easy, son," he said, putting his hand on the back of the boy's neck and stroking it. He wanted his cock ate just as bad as Mark wanted to eat it, but it was his duty to offer a little parental guidance in these moments where his son was struggling against a difficult obstacle. "Relax your jaw. Cover your teeth. Take a deep breath. Then, just sink."

Mark stopped struggling and started meditating. He closed his eyes and took another deep breath with his father's cock in his mouth. It was easier to manage it when he wasn't trying so hard. His lips were actually able to get past the halfway point. He looked up with a big smile around his dad's cock. "I did it!" he said with his eyes. They twinkled with

pride as he gagged down over half of his father's cock. Nolan's hand on the back of his neck applied more pressure and he felt something pop in the back of his throat. Once he felt the pop, it became extremely easy to swallow the remainder of Nolan's cock. It was already wet and sticky from being licked up and down and from the boy's drool dripping down the corners of his mouth and all the way to the base of Nolan's big balls. His mouth slid down like it was greased with oil until he was kissing the furry base of Dad's big hairy dick. "Mmmph!" Mark grunted.

Nolan nodded. His eyes were closed. He couldn't speak. "Yeah..." he sighed. "Yeah," he repeated, rubbing the back of the boy's head as he felt his son's chin resting against his balls. "Ooooh hoooo," Nolan hissed, biting the inside of his cheek to stop himself from letting out the moan of all moans. His wife was downstairs watching television after all. He contained himself as best he could as he felt a mixture of pride and elation at the feeling of his son managing to devour his entire big cock.

This was the genesis of Mark's confidence as a cocksucker. He held his dad's hairy nuts in the palm of his hand as he corkscrewed his way up and down that big dick. Slorp. Slorp. Slorp. He was drooling more than he meant to, but it was helping him glide up and down from the shaft to the balls. It took some help from his father now and again, but he was doing a wonderful job sucking his juicy monster cock. Mark waved his hips back and forth, enticing and

tantalizing Nolan with the sight of his teenage son's perky bubble butt. The man sucked his teeth as he tried not to think about destroying it like a plastic toy. This was Mark's moment. He needed to feel like he was in control.

“Do you want to put it in my butt?” Mark asked, mouth right back on his father's cock as soon as he was done speaking. He read his mind, or perhaps Nolan wasn't as subtle as he thought.

Nolan's eyebrows went up. “And where did you learn about that?” he asked.

Mark shrugged. Slurp. “School.” Slurp. “The Internet.”

Dad just shook his head, laughing at how much he didn't know about his own son. Mark was supposed to be his pet project. They were supposed to rule this backwater world together. How could he feel anything but pride as his son propositioned him for anal sex while he was sucking on his cock like a lollipop? It was a satisfying moment for a father who wanted complete control over his son. “I don't have any condoms,” Nolan said. It was a silent declaration. Raw is law.

Mark shrugged. He giggled as he popped his mouth off of his father's cock and got covered in webs of saliva that were thicker than the rest. “So? It's not like I can get pregnant.” He wagged his hips again. His cheeks looked so round and inviting from

this angle. He could hardly imagine what it would feel like to get his dick inside of them, but he was. He was thinking about it already. Fucking Mark in his mind. It seemed cruel to deprive the boy of true skin-on-skin contact with his father. It was the ultimate form of closeness and something he was starting to think Mark was in need of. For his own good, he was going to fuck his son.

The boy laid down on the bed, wrapping his thin teenage arms around his pillow and nuzzling his cheek against it. He felt so small and frail offering himself up to his father like this. Nolan barely fit in his bed with him, but he made it work. The man knelt down between his son's legs and spread them wide enough for him to put his chest to the bed. Mark was shaped like his mother. More petite than most. He had little natural body hair, with no more than dark peach fuzz across the lips of his peachy pink hole. Nolan spread the boy's cheeks with his hands like he was parting waves of silk, soft skin under his callous fingers making him sigh. His son really did have a perfect ass. With a little time in the gym, it was going to be a perky gym butt with nothing to do but bounce on his cock. He stuck his tongue back in his mouth before his imagination ran away from him and gingerly kissed the lips of his son's hole. "Mmm," Nolan hummed.

He was so nervous waiting for the contact that he yelped when his father's lips touched him. Nolan pulled back for a second before continuing to plant butterfly kisses on the outside of his son's asshole.

Mark smelled nice. Fresh sheets and lavender. Some of those flowery soaps in the bathroom were his. Nolan immediately got hard at the thought of his son freshening up for him, preparing to offer his ass to his daddy. His cock pointed down over the edge of the mattress, his feet planted on the floor as he fully laid his head between Mark's cheeks and let them close around his nose. He took a deep breath, savoring the moment, before letting his tongue slither out and drag a long trail down the middle of the boy's smooth crack.

“Oooh,” Mark moaned. It was cooler than he expected, but not cold. Wetter than he expected, but not damp. Kind of slimy, but then the slime evaporated. Nolan licked him from end-to-end before going back across his hole in the opposite direction. His tongue was practiced and precise. He knew what he was doing. He traced the inside of one cheek and then the other. He flitted the tip of his tongue only when touching the hole. He was teasing Mark, showing the boy what it was going to mean to get fucked by him. Dad did things how he wanted to. There was no questioning that. He was going to go slow until he didn't. That was when he was really going to give it to his petulant son.

Nolan dove in. The face of Earth's most beloved hero contorted in devious expressions as he wormed his tongue as far into his son's ass as it was possible. Mark had to bury his head in his pillow not to scream. The moans that came out of him muffled went straight to his father's dick. That will teach him

to disobey his father, the man thought to himself as he drilled his tongue in and out of the boy's tight little ass. He spanked one cheek lightly, snickering as the kid yelped and then pushed his cheeks even further into his dad's face.

He sucked and licked on the boy's hole as Mark continued pushing his smooth little bubble butt into his father's face. "Easy," Nolan said, pressing his hand into the small of his son's lower back.

"Daaaaadd," the boy sighed, knees bending inward as he struggled to hump his father's furry mustache. He never thought getting his ass licked might feel so good, but his father was digging him out with his tongue. It seemed Nolan was starved for ass. The pillar of justice Omni-Man was nothing more than a hungry dog when he was presented with a newer, shinier piece of ass. His own son was pulling that side of him out. He felt so devious laying in his son's bed, the mountain range of his back muscles glistening in sweat. He decided to do it, so why not do it? Nolan climbed up on top of his son like a gorilla walking on its knuckles and laid his body weight down on top of him.

Mark sighed as his father laid over two hundred pounds of his hairy body onto him. More like he had the wind knocked out of him. Dad was so heavy. His pecs alone nearly crushed Mark's head. The boy held his father's wrists for comfort as he felt his long, thick cock laying down between his cheeks. "Nngh," Mark moaned as his hole was used to warm the side

of his father's big dick. It was so wet, dripping throat slime pulled out of his own mouth as lube all across his smooth crack. He was worried about the pain, but Dad was taking it nice and slow for him.

“Just relax,” Nolan guided him, rubbing his lower back some more. He kissed the top of his son's fluffy black hair as he worked the tip of his cock inside the boy's asshole. He was slick and Mark was wet. It was the perfect combination. He was lucky he spent so much time in the boy's throat. Mark wiggled his hips back and forth until it felt like his butt was opening up and his dad's cock went in. “Hurt?” Nolan asked.

“N-no,” Mark replied. He was gritting his teeth, but it was only a little hot-feeling. That sharp pain was short-lived as his ass lips started treating the invading cock like it was still his tongue. He wanted to impress his father, even when he didn't admit it. What was more impressive than getting fucked by his giant cock and living to tell the tale?

“Ptew!” Nolan spat directly onto his cock. He bit his lower lip as he watched his delicate rhythm of thrusting guide it down into his son's asshole. That little ring of peach fuzz with a cherry center was swallowing up his cock. He was a natural. Just like his mother. Nolan smiled a cocky grin as he dug his fat dick halfway into his son's ass and heard a deeply-satisfied guttural groan come crawling out of his boy. The one he made. “That's your prostate,

Mark,” Nolan whispered in the boy’s ear as he rolled his hips and delivered him dedicated porn strokes.

Mark’s eyes closed, eyebrows upturned as his mouth curved into a perfect circle. “Awww,” he moaned as his father dug into his weak spot again and he felt the head of his cock scratching across the now itchiest part of his entire body. “Haaaaa fuck!”

He took his boy under the chin and said, “Language, mister,” as he rolled his hips again and delivered another shallow stroke that had the boy’s eyes rolling and tongue coming out of his mouth.

“S-S-Sorry, Dad,” Mark struggled to get out as his father continued scratching at his prostate with the end of his cock. Mark was rock hard and ready to explode at any moment, though that wasn’t going to change the fact that his dad was going to keep giving him the ultimate pleasure.

“Got any lube?” Nolan asked, pausing a moment. Mark pointed weakly at his side table drawer. Dad rifled through it without getting up into the back where the crushed receipts hid a small pile of free lube packets he must have gotten at school. The man smiled. “Dirty dog,” he said as he emptied four of them onto his cock and directly into Mark’s hole. The boy hissed from the coolness and sudden feeling of being empty. “Shh, shh,” Nolan hushed him before feeding his big dick back into the boy’s hole. His pink nuts throbbed as he felt the sweet embrace of a sloppy wet hole. “Daddy’s here,” he said as he laid

back down and wrapped his fist around his son's cock.

Mark was rolled onto his side as his father took the place of lying in his bed while his son was on top of him with one leg in the air. It was so seamless like he weighed nothing at all. Dad could have put him in any position he wanted. He hooked his hand under Mark's knee and kept the other on the boy's cock as sat him down on the end of his dick. It felt like he was flying, but that was just how strong his dad was. Nolan lifted his ass up and down all nine inches of hard Viltrumite cock as he gave the boy exactly what he wanted: that cute little ass pounded raw. Mark sighed in ecstasy, arching his back as he felt his father's sticky cock go tunneling into his hole again. There was so much less resistance. He felt himself sitting on his father's pubes in no time at all. He threw his head back and found Nolan's furry mustache brushing against his upper lip in a wet tongue kiss.

Oh! That was unexpected. Dad was digging into his mouth with his tongue to the point that Mark had no choice but to open up and accept. It felt like his throat was getting fucked by the tongue of the man who made him. He tasted his ass on Nolan's tongue. It was turning him on. More than he ever thought possible. His father wasn't just an expert lover. He was a professional when it came to gay sex! He stroked his son's hard cock up and down, spreading precum down to the base of his shaft and tickling the surface of his smooth boy balls with his fingers

before pumping upwards again. It was making Mark twitch. He was going to cum soon with all nine inches of Omni-Man's big dick buried to the nuts inside his bouncing bubble butt.

Clap! Clap! Clap! Nolan's balls slapped his son in the ass, pubes kissing cheeks as his greased-up uncut cock plowed into the boy's hole. Discretion was just not going to be possible. Mark was the best pussy he ever had. He was so gentle. So tight. Depraved but with a sugary coating. He felt the boy's cock pulsing like he was going to cum, so he slowed his strokes and earned more delicious moans out of his son's mouth while they kissed. Mark was so frustrated. He wanted to cum, but Dad was in control now. It was the exact opposite of how he felt during the blowjob! The ability to flip things on him was just so Dad.

"I love you, Dad," Mark murmured, feeling the drool from his father's mouth sliding down his throat.

"Hm?" Nolan hummed, slowing his strokes.
"Where'd that come from?"

The boy blushed. He wasn't expected to get put on the spot like that. Even the hand around his cock stopped. Grr. Dad knew exactly what he was doing, even when he was being sweet. "I'm sorry I've been such a dolt, Mark," Nolan said, pressing gentle kisses on his boy's upper lip. "Forgive me?" he asked.

Mark nodded. "Uh huh," he said. "Now fuck me. I want to cuuhuuuum," he whined.

Dad just chuckled. He teased Mark's tip, sliding his finger into the boy's foreskin as he resumed teasing his hole with the tip of that thick cock. He got in just enough to edge out his son's prostate while he was digging into his foreskin and causing him immense pleasure from both ends. Mark felt like he was a puppet on a string. He laid his head on Dad's shoulder and sighed, moving his hips in a circular motion as he fucked himself on the end of Nolan's dick. The man just laid back and enjoyed the fruits of his labor. In just one sitting, Mark learned to fuck back. His world was rocked by the discovery of the inside of his ass. It was like when he got the boy a new toy on Christmas Day.

Mark was just so happy to have his dad's cock lubed up and squelching in and out of his ass. It made him utterly pleased. The heavenly sighs coming from his boy's mouth gave Nolan pride as a father. This was right. This was father and son connecting. In only a few years' time, he was going to be ready to take hold of this world. All on his father's cock.

“Dad,” Mark sighed. “I'm going to cum.”

The words barely escaped his mouth before his cock went fully rigid and began firing hot pumps of sperm out of the tip of his rock hard boy dick. He and his father watched with wide eyes, amazed by the force and size of his ejaculation. He was cumming like an open geyser. He pelted both their

faces with ropes of slimy white teenage semen as he continued to grind his ass against the tip of his father's shiny, hard cock. Nolan stayed still, letting the boy fuck himself dry on his dad's big dick. He was a service pole, and sometimes that was all you needed to be when you had a horny son getting his nut with you acting as a dildo. It was alright. He was going to pound him into the bed soon enough.

Mark loved the feeling of Dad's strong chest acting as a cushion for him as he fired wet ropes of cum all over his chest and stomach. Nolan rotated his hand just under the head of his dick at the right pace to keep milking his balls dry. His breathing relaxed as his mighty cock finally relaxed and softened in Nolan's hand. He turned to his father and looked him in the eyes. "That. Was. Amazing," he said with a placid look on his face.

Nolan kissed him on his cheek. "Enough for you?"

The boy nodded. "Yeah," he said. "But what about you?"

Nolan flexed his cock, sending shivers up his son's spine. "Me?" he said.

"You didn't cum yet..." Mark said. He looked disappointed. The same look he had when his father shot down the idea for his anthropology report. He looked sad. He felt like he failed his dad. It set a fire alight under Nolan's balls. He needed to fuck the shit out of this boy until he was good and happy.

The man picked up his son and laid him back down in his bed. He lifted Mark's legs over his shoulders and laid down on top of him, letting their chests touch and their noses slide next to each other. He wrapped his arms around his father's neck, looking him in the eyes. He didn't know what to say, but sometimes there was nothing that needed to be said. Nolan went in for a kiss, instead dragging his tongue along the side of his son's neck up to his jawline. It gave Mark chills. Everything his dad was doing was just right. He felt that nine-inch cock lining up with his hole and then slowly slide back in. Just as Mark was readying himself for another pastoral fucking, Dad looked him dead in the eyes and said, "I am going to fuck you stupid."

Before he could respond, Nolan put his big hand over his son's mouth. Mark's eyes went wide as the man slammed his hips into him at full force. Hard enough to knock the wind out of Mark and then some. He felt light-headed. Was this what it felt like to get hit by Omni-Man? His father's super strength became all too real. Dad was pounding his big dick into him hard enough to shake the bed. What was Mom thinking? Oh, hell. Fuck her, with all due respect. She was probably glad the boys weren't fighting anymore. Things were going to get awkward if this became a thing, Mark thought to himself.

Oh, hell. It was definitely going to be a thing.

Nolan planted his arm next to Mark's bed and his toes on the mattress. He was slamming his cock into his son's ass full force. Hard. Fucking the boy the way he needed to be. Clapping his big, saggy balls against the boy's ass cheeks. Burying his cock to the hilt. Filling up his guts and making his stomach bulge. He didn't care. He was done going easy on the boy. Mark was not just a horny boy. He was a full-fledged bottom. A hungry bottom. A bottom with an ass that was not just satisfied with a little casual fucking. He wanted to shake the bed. He wanted to cum from his ass. He wanted to scream, but Dad's big hairy hand was clamped down over his mouth like he was a criminal being taken in for questioning. He was fucking him like a man. Like Omni-Man.

“Mmmmmpph!” Mark moaned against his father's hand. Nolan looked into his eyes to make sure he was okay. There was nothing but pure elation behind those twinkling eyes. The slut was enjoying it. God, did he just call his only son a slut? He did, and he fucking loved it. Mark's ass was squeezing on his cock just right. Noisy lube farts were escaping his hole and filling the room with the filthy sounds of wet, sloppy man-on-man sex. It was turning him on. Nolan felt the thick ropes of hot cum firing out of the end of his cock and filling the boy's ass with goopy, gushy semen. The same load that made the boy so many fateful years ago.

Mark sighed in relief as he felt the man slow down to deliver him his load. “Oh yeah, big guy,” he said with a cocky grin. He placed a kiss on his

father's lips, something he hadn't done in an insanely long time. How long has it been since he started to hate his father? It felt like he was always in his shadow. Now, the only time he wanted to be in Nolan's shadow was when his dad was fucking him balls deep.

“Nghhh,” the man groaned. “Fuck yeah. You're wearing that load to dinner.” Nolan smirked, kissing his son back and finding himself laughing of all things. He never laughed after sex. He felt so free and easy when he was in his son's arms.

Mark grinned. “Yes sir!”