

His Legacy

by *Newmigrant*

Warning for: This is an alternate universe drabble based on the third season of Invincible. TW for highly incendiary language!

“I-Is that really safe?”

Cecil arrived at the Grayson household in time to catch Ollie on his knees, one-year-old head bobbing in his father's lap. Nolan's head is back, big hairy hand around the kid's neck as that magic tongue swirls around the head of his musky pedophile cock. The kid has stray pubes on his face, cheeks hollowed as he feels the thick head of his biological father's cock pushed its way into his deeper throat. It tasted good. A day's worth of work dried on his shaft and glistening on his pubes. “That's good, Ollie,” Nolan said in a deep, masculine voice. “Don't forget to look into the camera,” he said, tapping the kid's forehead gently.

His big brother Mark was sitting on the couch, naked with a shiny spent cock between his legs. He held his phone sideways to capture Nolan's perfect muscular body splayed out. His arms were up on the back of the couch, exposing his dark bushy armpits that dripped sweat down the side of

his big round pecs. His abs were shiny. He just finished saving the world, again, a few hours ago and it always left him fucking horny. He threw his head back and sighed as Ollie dragged his tongue along the underside of that huge white pedophile cock. The child's narrow eyes flitted open, looking sideways into the camera as he licked up the side of his father's cock lustfully.

“Am I doing a good job?” Ollie asked as he looked into the lens. He was still a bit shy and timid having sex with his family members on camera. He was wearing a tiny pair of tightie-whities with a cute little tented boner pushing out the front. His purple body looked so small between Nolan's huge hairy legs, just like Mark when he was a child. Ollie looked like him, but he didn't have Mark's fire. He was a gentle kid, and he needed more guidance from his papa.

“Grab Dad's nuts, kiddo,” Nolan instructed him. Ollie took one of the small hands circling his father's large pubic bush and cupped it around the man's huge hairy pink nuts. Nolan sighed happily as the talented little faggot started kneading his big saggy balls. It felt good to receive a little respect around here, and who better to receive it from than his newest son?

Having Ollie was one of the most genius ideas he ever had. Having a son on a faraway planet where pedophilia was accepted meant that Ollie spent his nights on that alien world as a newborn nursing away on his father's heart. It warmed his heart to relive those memories on the big screen, his sons stroking their young cock on either side of

him as they each laid in one of his armpits and they relived Ollie's infancy together. Nolan's massive juicy white dad cock taking up almost the entire frame with Ollie's angelic purple face staring up at him. The baby had his lips around his father's erect penis, morning musk still fresh on his hung bushy ten inches. His foreskin retracted around the head which Ollie was nursing on like a bottle. Nolan's heavy breathing and the soft gentle nursing were the only sounds to be heard, filling the living room through the surround sound speakers. Tuk. Tuk. Tuk. The baby's eyes bored into the camera silently. His hollowed cheeks and purple lips ran with his father's precum. Nolan's wiry black pubes somehow had found their way under his lips, but the baby didn't mind.

“Oh, son, Daddy is going to feed you now,” Nolan said with a sigh. His massive veiny hard cock went hard as steel, standing up straight as the baby formula bubbled up inside his balls.

One of Nolan's guards entered the room without warning. You could hear his loud footsteps entering the room and then stopping. “Oh! Your Grace!” the young soldier said from off-screen. Ollie's big black eyes flitted over to the male soldier as he interrupted their feeding time, but Nolan didn't so much as budge. No, far from it. He was about to feed his newborn baby boy with his cum.

“On your knees, young man,” Nolan said to the soldier, mustache looking gruff and stern. “You're about to witness the holy union between a man and his son,” Nolan said,

reprimanding yet kind. His big pink ballsack was tightening. His long greasy cock was throbbing. His head swelled. He was going to feed his semen to the baby.

The young soldier collapsed to his knees, forehead touching the floor as Nolan plugged his fat pink head into the baby's mouth firmly. He kept his entire cock and bush in the frame as a noticeable clump of cum traveled down the length of his cock, compelled up from his nuts by his newborn son's insatiable desire to feed on his father's penis. It was an easy matter convincing the people of this world that pedophilia was not only natural; it was holy. This young soldier felt the presence of divinity in the room as Nolan's eyes rolled back and his tongue lolled out of his head. He was in goon heaven. Ollie just kept sucking greedily as the first hot salty jets of semen fired out of his head and into the boy's mouth.

“Oh FUCK,” Nolan whimpered, free hand going to his nipple to stroke it gently as he pumped his adult male cum explode down the infant's throat. “I'm a proud fucking pedophile,” Nolan announced to the room, his manly voice carrying across the room as his two sons watched him sharing a profoundly intimate moment with Ollie.

Mark lifted his fathers' huge meaty baseball bat cock up off his hairy thigh. Ollie watched in amazement as his older brother ran his nose along their father's thick, meaty cock. Nolan was lost in the bate, legs spread and knees bent with his hairy cock and hole exposed. His biceps were flexed, which is why the boys were laying in his pits watching home

movies. Nolan was making the same face he was in the video, if you could have seen it. Tongue out. Eyes back. He was deep in the pedophile goon, and the only way out was through. Though he was still new to Earth, understanding his father's needs and pleasure was part of being Nolan Grayson's son. Without needing to be asked, Ollie got down at eye level with his big brother and stuck out his tongue for Dad's big musky perverted cock. The smell of it was going up his tiny child nose right away.

Dad was musky. Dad was manly. Dad was masculine. His natural pheromones lifted off of him like an expensive perfume. Ollie's alien eyes saw it like a wine red fine gas that wafted up off of his father's hairy abs and sweaty pubes. He understood why his mother fell for Nolan. His natural scent was so alluring. It was enough to turn Ollie into a talented cocksucker for the grown man even as an infant. Mark offered his dad's big dick to his little brother, allowing the child to inhale the smell of dried cum and piss of his hood before wrapping his soft young lips around the head of that cock and nursing just like he was in the video.

Nolan played with his hairy nips as he watched himself on-screen facefucking his newborn son. The gentleness he showed in the beginning of the clip was gone. He had his hand on the back of the newborn Ollie's head like a vice as he viciously fucked his cumming cock into the infant's hollow cheeks. "Oh fuck yeah! Oh fuck yeah!" Nolan groaned in the video. "I'm a proud fucking pedophile!" he announced as his big hairy balls ground into his infant son's tiny purple chin. His huge soaking wet man bush swallowed

the baby's face, leaving only those big eyes staring up at him as he brutally skullfucked the new crown prince right in front of the royal guard sworn to protect him. It was a moment of ultimate pride for Nolan, a conquest that got the Viltrumite blood boiling in his veins.

He started the video again from the beginning the second it was over. He was on the edge. As he looked down at his sons, he saw Mark swirling his tongue around his huge saggy ballsack while Ollie was slowly plunging his lips down the length of the cock that made him. The cock he had been getting facefucked since he was still in diapers. He caressed his father's shaft, young eyes looking up at the man as he made his big pedo cock disappear like his throat was bottomless.

Nolan threw his head back, hands on his tits and pulling his nipples. "Guuuuhhhh," he groaned, tongue wagging as he lost himself in the pleasure as his children devoured his huge gooner cock. Ollie was a special boy. That half-insectoid throat was like a rubbed fleshlight constantly undulating on his cock. "Fffffuuuhhhhckkkkk," he sighed as Ollie twisted his head on the base of that big dick. His tongue inched out of his tiny lips, mashed into Dad's pubes. He was in a trance. Nolan vastly underestimated the cocklust of this boy. Something about his Viltrumite DNA melded with his insectoid genetics. He looked human, but he was anything but. He had a natural chemical connection to Nolan's cock, the cock that birthed him into the world. It was like he couldn't get enough of it, he was seeing red and

all of that frenzy was being let go straight onto his father's big hairy man dick.

Cecil stood with his back against the door, hand over his own mouth. He was about to charge into that room and ask Nolan and Mark what the fuck they were doing. He left that boy in their charge because he thought that the safest place for a half-Viltrumite kid was going to be in the household of two Viltrumite warriors under the purview of the U.S. government. Far from it, it seemed. The bastard was in there filming pornography with his new one-year-old son! He may have had the body of a twelve-year-old, but by God... the child was no more than a single rotation around the sun! He was a fucking baby for Christ's sake!

The sounds coming out of that living room were unholy. Mark and Nolan were sitting on the couch side-by-side now as the one-year-old boy settled on his knees between his father's thighs, and he was hardly being demure about what he was doing to him anymore. Nolan sounded like a man possessed, howling like a monkey as his pre-teen son bobbed his head up and down his musky damp ten inches like it was the last meal he was ever going to have. His palms were pressed into his father's thighs as his innocent face slobbered up and down Nolan's big fat juicy cock.

Another one of Ollie's home movies was on the screen. He looked bigger than he did before. The size of a one-year old human infant. He was just a week old at this point, but he was growing fast off of his father's nut milk. He was

laying on his back on his father's throne with his small purple head hanging off the edge. The audience hall was open only to men, soldiers and citizens of all ages were encouraged to see their sovereign delivering divinity to the crown prince. Nolan's phone was on the floor pointing up from far enough away to show Nolan, naked save for his large crimson cape that was pulled to one side. He squatted on the throne, huge hairy dad feet on either side of the infant's head as his massive musky pedo cock loomed above the boy's head. It was impossible not to notice his huge fat muscular ass cheeks bouncing and twerking in the air as he slowly lowered his long veiny man pole down to his newborn son's face.

“My god,” Mark said, kicking back with his arm going across the back of the couch behind his father's neck. “Look at you. Conquering a world without violence,” he said as he looked his father in the eyes. Nolan was in a trance. Ollie was still throat-GOATing his big musky pedophile penis while they watched back some of their precious family films. He felt so blessed to have two sons who were such perfectly molded vessels for their father. Mark tickled his big hairy pecs with his fingers while Ollie scratched his big saggy pedophile nuts as his little purple nose vanished in his father's huge curly pubes.

Nolan turned his head to the side as Mark leaned in and placed a kiss on his lips. Just as Nolan's cock in the video was kissing one-week-old baby Ollie's glossy purple lips in the video currently playing on their widescreen television. Nolan arched his back, leaning forward to expose

his bright pink asshole to the entire room of curious male insectoids. Nolan was the picture of a real man. His back was wide, carved like mountains glistening with a fresh morning dew of sweat. His big bubble ass was several times over the size of her baby's head per cheek, and his porn star-level ten inches of rock hard meaty pedophile penis was slowly slid down along Ollie's chubby little infant face.

There was something breathtaking about that moment, where masculine virile father deepened his bond with his newborn son. About ten inches deep in this case. His hairy pink butthole twitched between sweating cheeks just over the boy's soft little chin. Nolan's nuts were swollen to the maximum, hanging low and pink as his penis pressed against his son's face. He was showing the camera how far down it was going to go when he played Gag The Fag with his infant cocksucking son. He flexed his biceps as he gently inserted his big uncut tip into Ollie's velvety soft baby lips. "Watch and learn, boys," Nolan's voice said in the video. "This is how a proud pedophile raises his sons."

Mark smiled as he pressed a kiss onto his exasperated father's lips. "I'm a proud pedophile," the boy said as he tweaked his dad's big muscular pec.

"Me too!" Ollie said, holding his Dad's big meaty baseball bat cock by the base. It was bigger than his head still, that hadn't changed since he was a baby. He smiled up at Nolan and Mark as he slapped his soft purple cheek with his father's huge tower of rock hard man dick. "I'm a pedophile kid!" he announced, looking over his shoulder to

watch his father's massive hairy natural cock slide straight down his infant throat in front of a thousand onlookers. To everyone's awe and amazement, baby Ollie's throat was able to accommodate the big muscular man's huge throbbing cock like a knife sliding into butter.

Nolan's huge pink nuts slotted against his newborn son's nostrils as he hilted a length his own wife struggled to handle. Nolan wiggled his huge sweaty dad ass in the air as his ballsack closed his one-week-old baby-sized son's nostrils. He wagged his hips back and forth, biceps flexed for the camera as he showed what a real man was all about. His cock only made it about three inches out of the baby's lips, greasy pubic hairs stuck to Ollie's little face. Then, the baby's eyes went half-lidded as he stared into the camera. His cheeks went hollow and that sopping wet infant throat started nursing. "Ohhhhhh fuuuuuuck, Ollie~" Nolan cooed on camera as he ground his big sweaty nuts against his baby's nose again. Ollie being half-insectoid meant that the inside of his throat was ribbed. It was partially the reason Nolan's cock had been in his son's throat since the day he was born. Ollie wasn't just addicted to his father's man musk. His body was literally made for dick, and Nolan didn't hesitate to teach him that.

He dug in the baby's throat viciously, as if trying to prove just how much he liked it. Ollie's throat GLUK GLUK GLUKed on his father's pedophile dong. If he didn't like sucking cock as a baby, he sure had a funny way of showing it. His cheeks were hollow, lips cupping his father's huge sweaty monster cock tightly. Nolan's big fat hairy ass began

fucking his infant sons at a breakneck pace, big shiny pale ass cheeks fucking down into the boy's hungry suckling lips. He began fucking Ollie's sweet little face like he was trying to break it, big dick slamming straight down until his nuts were bouncing off the tot's nose.

“Fuuuuuuhhhhckkk,” Nolan sighed, big hairy man feet in the air as Oliver made his huge shiny hog disappear straight down his insatiable one-year-old boy throat. “That's it, Ollie!” Nolan said, nodding his head as he stared his youngest straight in the eyes as the boy slithered that entire massive hairy pedophile cock down his throat like his jaw was detachable. He suckled like a baby, nose deep in his father's pubes and TUK TUK TUKing on his father's huge sensitive manly-smelling boner. “NURSE ON DADDY'S PEDO BABY BOTTLE, OLLIE!” Nolan shouted at the top of his lungs. His massive musky monster dong couldn't take it anymore. Ollie looked at him with those sleepy bedroom eyes he used to give him as a baby. Those sultry dark eyes he was giving the man since the day he was born. He dropped his jaw and let out an especially high-pitched moan, voice cracking as his balls began to suddenly spew hot salty man jizz straight down his youngest son's throat.

The boy drained him while Mark wrapped his arm around Nolan's back and played with his nipples. Oliver had this glazed look in his big eyes that he always had when he sucked cock. He gave Mark the look when he was still baby sized. He and his father often shared the boy's throat when

he was small, and it turned him into the cocksucker he was today.

Cecil finally knocked on the front door. He had to put an end to this somehow. He rapped on the front door noisily, hoping to startle Nolan and his adult son into coming up with an explanation for what he saw. What he heard. However, his knocks fell on deaf ears. Literally. Nolan played the next video, a compilation of over one dozen adult men skullfucking Ollie when he was still a toddler. Gimp hooded. Nose hooked. Men younger and older had their hour in Ollie's throat unencumbered. If they wanted to make him spit up on their cock the whole time, his brother and father did not interfere. The only requirement was that they did it on camera.

The truth was, the stuffy government official was going to be lingering on their stoop for a long time. Ollie's face flew by, each time with a different dick. Young, black, and hung. Older, white, and a massive bush. Asian with straight pubes. A native American man who spit down Ollie's throat. A 55-year-old construction worker who had sex with Ollie's mouth like a pussy. Mark and Nolan sat back on the couch as Ollie crouched with his feet on the couch cushions, one tiny little boy foot in between each of their legs. The house music was bumping. The gay club music was shaking the walls. They were bumping that beat, and Ollie was doing a fine job of twerking his soft little boy buttcheeks in the two men's faces.

He slid down on Mark's cock, one-year-old waist and body so small next to his nineteen-year-old brother's muscular superhero frame. As soon as Mark's cock, a seveninch near-replica of Nolan's, entered Oliver's tiny purple butthole, both boys moaned in unison. His tiny purple nuts, underdeveloped and pre-pubescent, dangled and bounced as he clapped his cheeks up and down that thick greasy teen dick. Oliver bit his lip, tongue hanging out of his mouth as he looked over his shoulder. It felt so good, only breathy underage moans escaped from his lips. He was bumping that pedophile cock. Fucking to the beat. Clapping kid cheeks on man dong. Riding. Bouncing. Moaning. Hitting his tiny prostate again and again.

Nolan was invested in the video. The club music was making his big white dick hard. He raised his poppers to his nose and underhand-stroked his big bushy pedophile dick in his strong shiny fist. He remembered each and every one of the men who skullfucked Ollie for this video. They were heroes and perverts one and all. Men who wanted to feel that magic insectoid throat that was just out of this world. A man with a big hairy belly laid back on a motel bed while Ollie laid on his belly with the man's cock in his face. Ollie smiled at the camera and gave a thumbs-up. The music swelled, beat dropped, and suddenly Ollie was blindfolded and being held down on eight inches of fat musky pedophile dick.

Ollie's nostrils were red and gaping, webs of saliva clinging from his nose to that big shiny man dick pumping up into his face violently. The boy was gagging and spitting

with tears running down his cheeks, but the anonymous man just held Ollie's head between his palms and pounded the toddler's throat like a pocket pussy. No matter how much he wretched, coughed, and gagged, the man did not show him any mercy. He pulled Oliver's underaged chin down to his big hairy sweaty balls again and again.

It was Nolan's turn to get ridden. His youngest son crawling into his lap always made him feel so romantic. The boy took his father's cock out of his hand. Nolan sat up and wrapped his big strong hairy arms around his one-year-old sized one. He gave the boy a peck on the lips, smiling as he felt that ultra-silky asshole swallow him up and start massaging him. It was ribbed, just like his throat. He held the bottle of poppers up to the boy's nose and closed his other nostril for him. Ollie sighed as he inhaled deep and then exhaled as he sat down on his father's big dick. He felt so close to his Dad when they were like this. "Give Daddy that pussy," Nolan whispered into the kid's ear as he cleared ring after ring inside his hole. It was nice and slick, just the way his father liked it.

"Yes, Daddy," Oliver whispered, biting his lip as he said those two words that drove him crazy. Nolan fucked up into the boy gently, only to find himself struggling to resist just slamming up into that sloppy wet kid hole. Ollie was a slut, and that was just how his father liked it. As the compilation continued and the music blasted, Oliver took hold of his brother's cock and pumped it up and down in his tiny hand as he did his butt dance right in his father's lap. "I'mma proud pedophile!" Oliver said as he began itching his little

purple butt up and down his Dad's big dick. The video just devolved into fast cuts now. Oliver learning to swallow so many dicks he could tell them apart by smell and flavor alone. Having his little pussy throat pounded into the mattress by one big hairy man ass after the other. The music got louder. The boys fucked harder. Their eyes were fixed on the screen where a dozen different dicks pounded out Oliver's throat. Again and again. Up and down. Until the sounds of their father's orgasm, a ceremonious shouting of perverse glee as he bred his youngest son's tiny ass cheeks so small they fit in the palms of his hands.

When the door finally opened, it was a wonder Cecil was able to put his face back together in time. The three Grayson boys waltzed into the door frame like they were floating on clouds of air. The afterglow of an afternoon of rough sex was apparent on their faces. They were shirtless and sweating, which only so much as their boxers on to greet the man at the door. Oliver was shy in his tightie-whities, so he hid behind his father's big strong legs as the man addressed their visitor. "Hey, bud, what did you need?" Nolan asked, one arm around Mark and one around Oliver.

He couldn't believe this. Not only did the boys not seem distressed in any way. They seemed happy. They clung to their father in a way that would only seem off to someone who had just seen what was going on. Their arms were too low on Nolan's back. Their hands were too hard to see. Was Ollie's hand sneaking into the back of his father's plaid underwear? It was hard to tell without betraying himself

with a glance downward. “Uh, n-nevermind,” Cecil said, suddenly losing his nerve. What was he going to do? Rip the boys away from their father? One thing was ultimately clear when he saw the way that Mark and Oliver clung to Nolan after sharing such an intense and intimate moment together. These boys were family, and nothing was going to break them apart.

The following morning, Mark and Nolan were off to see about the potential invading members of Viltrum. It was far too risky to leave Ollie in their sights, so the two forced him to promise he would stay at home no matter what. The young hero in training begrudgingly agreed, but Nolan knew that there was a chance little Oliver was not going to listen to his dad and big brother. That's why he sent a very special babysitter to watch over his one-year-old son in case the boy tried to sneak out and follow them.

Ollie flew upstairs and quickly slipped into his costume: the tiniest black leather booty shorts that left absolutely nothing to the imagination. They clung to the twelve-year-old-shaped boy's tiny purple butt cheeks like he was a Playboy bunny. Total pedobait. The rest of the onesie was red and gold, a mirror of his father's suit but with no sleeves, exposing his perfectly smooth little boy armpits to the cool breeze. It looked like he was wearing a wrestling singlet, but this costume was outfitted with all kinds of secret features perfect for a heroic kid like Ollie! It even had a zipper between the cheeks for when he wanted some bank robbing dick before he carted the guy off to jail.

As he put on his mask, there was a knock at the door. He bounded down the stairs with excitable childlike glee, thinking Dad must have changed his mind about letting him come and meet his ancestors. He opened the door with a big smile on his face only to find over six-and-a-half feet of pure orange alien muscle standing on the threshold with his arms folded. He was wearing his own 'human costume', a white tank top with grey sweatpants that left absolutely nothing to the imagination. He had at least ten soft inches snaking down his thigh, and that was the first thing Oliver saw when he opened the door. Allen had a thick gold chain around his neck and a backwards baseball cap on his head. High-top sneakers completed his human look, with a thick-rimmed pair of black sunglasses on his face doing practically nothing to conceal his big singular eye. "Uncle Allen!" Ollie said with a big smile, oblivious to the fact that his father sent the man here as his babysitter. "What are you doing here?"

Allen grinned wide. "I heard a certain little boy was going to be all alone today," he said, scooping the kid up and sitting him on his waist. He had his huge orange hand digging in the space between Ollie's plush little underage ass cheeks. "So I thought I'd come over and play!" The boy was so enamored by his big strong masculine uncle. He had a muscular body just like his father, only he was much larger. The massive thickness of the man's pectorals and biceps only emphasized the size difference between them. It was even more dramatic because Ollie was considered small for his developmental stage.

“Dad and Mark are going to fight some bad guys,” Oliver pouted like a petulant child. “But they said I can't go.” He put his hand on the center of those huge orange pillows. He was enamored by that amazing powerful physique, and Allen sure didn't mind the little boy's hands copping a feel of his impressive new body. He was more virile than ever before, armpits sweating with pheromones that sent the one-year-old boy into a frenzy. Whatever escape plan he was concocting, he gave up on it when his Uncle Allen swooped him up in his arms.

“That stinks kid,” Allen said, gripping the little boy's ass even tighter. He was so sexy, looking like a pre-teen version of Mark. His soft purple cheeks and big dark eyes were full of wonder. “I know a special game we can play. Your Dad taught it to me,” the man said ominously, smirking like a devil as he walked the kid over to the couch and set him down on one of the cushions.

“Reallyyy?” Ollie asked, not yet convinced of staying home. He sat down with his elbows on his knees, chin in his hands as Allen walked right up in front of him. His need to get out of the house quickly dissipated as that big orange banana caught his attention. Allen had a massive tent in his gray sweatpants, cock so hard it was pushing the waistband away from his Adonis belt, causing the base of his huge meaty shaft to be exposed right in the kid's face. It was growing. Thick as a baseball bat and already fifteen inches of robust, thick alien man meat. The base was smooth like the rest of him. The pungent smell of a masculine man was

strong on him as Ollie sized up that enormous juicy stud cock.

“Hey,” Allen said as he removed his sunglasses. “My eye's up here.”

“Yes sir!” Ollie said, eyes up like an obedient dog. “What's the game sir?” he asked gingerly.

Allen just chuckled. “Not so fast, kid. First, ya gotta clean the equipment!” He took off his white tank top and flexed his huge orange muscles. The kid had stars in his eyes. He loved muscular men, his own father raising him on the cock of an in-shape pedophile hunk. Allen's hypertrophy was much more severe. His pecs were massive hanging orange tits, dark mandarin nips standing at attention just from the bit of attention he received from the boy. His biceps were at least thirty inches while flexed, the size of the kid's head and then some. Oliver's eyes were devouring him as he loomed closer to that giant upper body. Allen smelled like a real man. He could see the sheen of sweat across his huge pillowy pecs. It glistened like the thick gold chain sitting on the upper part of his tits.

The boy's face was looming closer and closer. The tension was strong. Ollie buried his nose in between Allen's pecs and began to inhale the strong manly scent on his skin. Allen watched him in a trance as the child began exploring his big meaty chest pillows with his nose. “Yes sir,” Ollie said. “Is this the 'equipment?’” he asked with a knowing smile. Allen couldn't believe his fortune. This kid was so groomed. He rested his hand on the boy's lower back,

feeling more comfortable letting his pedophilic urges out more and more. He didn't need to worry about being subtle. Those Viltrum dudes were bad news. Mark and Nolan were going to be gone a long time.

Allen tightened his fist next to his head, flexing his enormous bicep for the kid's amazed eyes. Oliver was clearly very comfortable with exploring men's bodies. He pressed his lips to that massive round muscle and sighed happily as he appreciated the man's perfect physique. It was more than any man he experienced before. Allen was a titan. He watched anxiously as he realized just how much of a slut this kid was. "You like that, kid?" Allen asked.

Ollie nodded, burying his face in that lighter-orange alien man pit and inhaling deep. It was so smooth, pale and almost white at the center where the sun never touched. Allen's body was coated in a thin watery sweat-like substance. It had the smell of a man, musky and powerful. But it wasn't unpleasant. It wasn't unclean, though the man was indeed unshowered. It was hard to explain the chemical differences of his alien biology. His sweat was almost sweet on Oliver's tongue. Perhaps it was the intersection of both of their inhuman compositions. Ollie ran his nose up and down that huge orange pit as Allen kept it flexed and just watched the child worship his body in a way no one ever had before. "I love pedophiles," the boy said in a voice too innocent and pre-pubescent for what he was saying. "They're so manly!"

“Oh fuuuck,” Allen said in awe as the kid started licking his armpit slowly and deep. It tickled a bit, but it also made his cock hard as fuck watching the boy's face under his arm. If Oliver was this horny off of the scent of his armpits, then he had something that was going to drive the kid into a faggot frenzy. He pushed Oliver down onto his knees, something the kid seemed all too accustomed to. He ran his big orange finger across that black mask with a smirk on his face. “What are ya'? Super Pedo Kid?”

Oliver just blushed as Allen's full twenty-three inch tent rubbed up against his small cheek. “Kid Omniman!” he corrected the big orange hunk as he nuzzled the bulge in his sweatpants. It smelled like his dad, he thought as he ran his nose along the edge of that massive protrusion and inhaled until his little underdeveloped lungs were full. “But you can call me whatever you want, Sir,” Ollie said in a musky daze as the smell of Allen's cock overwhelmed his senses. He couldn't wait anymore. He grabbed the hem of those sweats and yanked them down to free that gigantic slab of orange cock meat right in his face.

The head was the size of a grown man's fist and dark pink, just like Dad's. It was bigger and thicker than any dick he had ever taken, but his experience over the last year told him he could do this. He was taking big porn star dicks since he was fresh out of the womb. This was nothing, or so he was telling himself. The truth was he was scared his eyes might be a bit big for his asshole, but he was Kid Omniman! He had Nolan's incredible Viltrumite blood running through his veins. Even though that cock looked

like it might just bust him up, he had to be a brave boy and take it no matter what. But first, he had to clean the equipment.

Allen's cock was dripping sweat. It was a long flight. Musky male juices ran down the shaft of his giant pedo dick and along the side of his baseball-sized dark orange nuts. They were hot and steamy. Ollie looked up like a deer in the headlights as his tiny pink tongue carved a circle around the pendulum of that huge swinging ballsack. Allen's eyes rolled back as a cute sweet kid sucked on his nuts. "Shiiiiit, kid," Allen sighed as his balls were scratched with that warm, wet tongue. "How old are you again?"

Ollie's eyebrows went up at the sudden question. He swirled his gentle young tongue around those huge dangling balls, admiring their weight and pungent male flavor with his taste buds. He popped his mouth off those big balls as his little purple hand cupped the underside of that giant juicy shaft. "My dad says I'm about the size of a twelve-year-old," Ollie said as his hand began slowly pumping that big musky pedo dick, which Nolan recalled from experience. "But technically I'm just one. Year. Old."

Allen's great big alien shlong stood rock hard at attention when he said that. He tried to picture Ollie as a one-year-old baby nursing his giant boner for milk. The thought of this kid becoming such an experienced whore in his first year of life made Allen's hands go right to his big tits and start tweaking his nipples. He bucked his hips up to offer his dong to the professional dicksucking kid currently

taking up residence between his legs. Oliver was knowledgeable enough to know what that meant. The boy dragged his tongue up that big thick orange shaft and slipped his soft purple lips around the dripping pink tip of that fat nasty cock.

He sucked on it gingerly, cheeks hollow as his head began the slow descend in the direction of the base. Bobbing and slurping, twisting and moaning. Allen crossed his hands over his chest, flexing his forearms as a warning and a testament to the pure muscular force and power he was going to fuck the kid with. He continued rubbing his thumb over his nips as his hips moved in a wave, feeding Oliver exactly what he wanted. Big hunky pedophile meat. “Where'd you learn to eat dick, kid?” the man asked in a daze as he slowly fucked his giant orange hook deeper and deeper into Oliver's throat.

Like a true slut, the kid did not take one single inch of that big orange pedo dick out of his throat. He was thirteen inches deep now and he was not stopping. The inside of his neck was like a pussy made of velvet. Ollie picked up the remote and turned on the television to show Allen what the Grayson males were gooning to that day. They watched as Nolan set the camera down on the back of a toilet in a dingy low-light men's room. Their faces were bathed in crimson red light. It was a gay club, Ollie's first pride before he hit his growth spurt when he was still early-toddler-sized. He was only two months old, but he had already serviced hundreds of men as part of his father's training. He was the size of a three-year-old petite human boy, naked purple

body harnessed to his father's big hairy chest with his tiny boy hole speared on Nolan's big dick. He was waiting on his knees in a stall in front of a glory hole with his two-month old son just waiting for their guest.

“He's all ready for you,” Mark said from outside the stall. “My Dad is a pro. Don't go easy on him!”

A man entered the stall next to them. Olliver sucked on his big red pacifier excitedly. Nolan looked into the camera lens beside him with a mischievous grin as their deception unfolded. This guy had no idea what he was signing up for, perhaps he was even opposed to the concept of pedophilia. This had no bearing on Nolan whatsoever. His goal was to convert all the men of this planet into pedophiles so that they were prepared for the invasion and occupation of Viltrum, a society where men like him were considered natural, dominant, and successful. This guy was going to dig in his toddler's throat whether he liked it or not.

Nolan whistled, reaching his finger into that hole in the wall. He did not expect to see eleven inches of midnight black man meat to come sliding through that glory hole. “Goddamn,” Nolan said in admiration as he took that big shiny dark dick by the base and slapped it on his toddlersized son's tongue. Ollie immediately was magnetized to the enormous human penis, small young nose greeting the man's erection. “That's a big dick,” he said in awe, eager to shove it right down his two-month-old son's throat.

“Heard you suck good dick,” the black man said, sucking his teeth. “My bitch doesn't put out.”

“You can take out aaalll that frustration on me big boy,” Nolan said with a cocky chuckle at the camera, shaking his head as Oliver opened his mouth and sucked that giant plum cock head in between his tiny purple lips. The man hissed on the other side of the wall as his massive circumcised cock head was nursed on by the two-month-old boy with ravenous slurping sounds.

“Aw SHIT!” The man yelped from the other side of the glory hole as Nolan took hold of his toddler-sized son by the back of the head and started skullfucking him on that big dick like he was digging out a clogged pipe. No mercy, Ollie knew that by now. The kid practically unhinged his jaw when he was gobbling dick. Nolan was used to gooning in that professional throat, but this poor innocent human being stood no chance. Nolan winked at the camera, sticking his tongue out and making cocky hand signs for the recording. He was gloating. His tiny petite son was swallowing that cock like a pro while the man bucked his hips to the beat of the song. He was bumping that two-month-old throat with no idea he was slowly becoming a pedophile.

Allen looked back down in awe as his enormous orange twenty-three inches had vanished. Ollie's nose was flush against the smooth base of that giant uncut alien cock. He had the man's nuts in his hands as he bobbed his head, making the same deep gurgling throat sounds as he was in

the video as he deepthroated that huge musky man meat. “Holy fuuuuckkkk,” Allen groaned, hands behind his head as he had sex with the little boy's mouth. Oliver was stroking his giant orange balls with both hands as he headbanged on the base of that big dick.

Oliver used both hands to massage his saliva up and down the bottom half of that cock while his hollow cheeks slurped up and down that giant juicy orange cock. It was like a great big orange lollipop. He bobbed his head and fluttered his eyes like a slut. There was nothing he loved more than a man's cock in his mouth. It was the first thing he ever knew, and now it was his happy place. The boy sucked his way back up off that cock and smiled confidently. “This is nothing!” Oliver said with hubris. “There's no way you could ever fuck me as hard as my Dad!”

He said it without thinking, but as soon as he did a dark shadow crossed Allen's expression. He picked the kid up and threw him down on his stomach on the edge of the couch. Oliver looked over his shoulder with a bemused half-grin. He was a little bit afraid of that super strength. It reminded him of his dad. Allen ripped open the black leather of his slut shorts, peeling them open to reveal the perfect window to those thick bubbly purple cheeks and the soft dark pink hole in between them. He took the lube off the coffee table and began drenching his big orange banana while also letting some of it squirt straight down into Oliver's asshole until it was soaking wet, his cock dripping

lube all over the carpet as he pumped his fist up and down his pole.

“We'll see about that.”

Nolan and Mark landed in the backyard over an hour later. Their suits were torn, Mark entirely shirtless and Nolan's big hairy chest popping out of the remains of the top half of his costume. Mark had a black eye. Nolan was covered in spatters of blood that were not his. They were exhausted, but not too worse for wear. Today was just a battle, not the war. They managed to repel the invader this time, but next time they might not have been so lucky.

As they approached the sliding glass door on the back porch, the sound of wet clapping cheeks caught their attention. They looked at each other, and the mischievous laugh that escaped his father's throat said it all. “I sent Allen to make sure Ollie didn't come after us,” Nolan said as he started trying to see into the house from the back door. He could see straight into the living room where the television was blasting porn and music. He smiled. Mark came over and joined him as they watched Allen absolutely drilling Oliver's tiny body into one of the couch cushions. Orange on purple never looked quite so good.

“PLEASE!” Ollie cried out in a panicked voice neither of them heard from him during sex. He was genuinely crying out in fear as Allen pummeled him in the ass like he was trying to beat the shit out of him with only his cock. He had both his hands around the little boy's tiny waist, big fat alien fingers overlapping. Oliver's asshole was completely

ruined, gaped open and taking on the shape of a donut as that massive monster pedophile penis was jackhammer fucked into his tiny tight little boy buttohole. CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! “I WANT MY DADDY!”

Allen just laughed. He was still seeing red from that one little comment. He spent the last hour fucking the sense back into this kid, and it sounded like he wasn't in his right mind again yet. “I thought you liked pedophiles?” Allen teased gruffly, hips swinging like a machine as his big fat orange nuts clapped against the kid's tiny petite thighs. He was fucking him like a slut, worse than a slut even. The walls were rattling from the force of his strokes. He had the kid in about every position this afternoon, big dick dumping load after load into his ruined boy cunt. He had all day to teach that little boy butt a lesson about respecting your elders.

“Holy shit,” Mark said in awe. “Should we go help him?”

He looked over to see Nolan already fishing his big hairy dick out of the tear in his suit next to his crotch. The old man was practically drooling, tongue-out gooning as he watched the giant muscular alien ravage his one-year-old son's preteen-sized asshole with long sloppy strokes. Mark got down on his knees and ran his long wet tongue along the edge of his father's shaft before taking his big hairy dad dick into his mouth and beginning to slurp on it. “Huh?” Nolan said in a daze as he suddenly snapped back to attention, looking to the side where his son previously was. His eyes

then went downward, to where his beautiful boy Mark was nursing on the end of his dick. He cupped his child's chin gently, guiding that mouth up and down the head of his big fat pedophile cock. "I love you so much, son," he said with a smile and nod.

Mark swallowed him down to the base, until his nose was buried in his father's long curly pubes. He stared at the man who made him in the eyes as he slowly dragged his lips back up the length of the man's penis, and in that moment his father never felt so proud to have created such beautiful children. No matter how many kids he had, Mark was always going to be his first. The first one who developed a relationship with his cock as an infant. The first one raised on cock. He put his hand on the back of Mark's head as they listened to Oliver's terrified screams melt into goony pleas of "PLEEEEEEASE DON'T STOP!" as his tiny boy penis dribbled watery cum all over the couch.

"I love you too, Dad."