

The Boy King

Chapter 2: Royal Anointment

Leo took a moment to regard his two foster parents. Cynthia looked like she was completely drunk after having her mouth and throat violated by his cock, still with his thick, mutant spooge licking down her lips shamefully. Jamie, who had come home so sure that he was going to prove himself, with his clothes soaked through with more of Leo's heavy, almost tacky jizz. He looked utterly cowed, like the sissy beta he was and had always been. In a way, that was the best thing about Leo finally deciding to flex his proverbial muscle.

The boy looked down at his massive cock, raising one slender childish hand to stroke the incongruously large, swarthy bitch-breaking prick. With him here, everyone could finally start acting how they wanted, and not have to pretend anymore. His foster dad was a closet trap and had never left that behind after his college years, and Cynthia was a big-titted hoe who had thought being a housewife would make her happier.

Still, that didn't mean he had to be nice about it while the two of them came to these obvious conclusions. He was in charge, after all.

Leo cleared his throat and Jamie and Cynthia both looked to him quickly, arousal and attention written on their features. For Cynthia, adoration beamed in her eyes, and with Jamie there was only the slightest hint of the shame he had felt so strongly and recently.

"Like I said, I need a shower. Let's go." He said, his voice slightly shrill in that impatient way young boys had. To think Jamie had once thought he could tell this boy, this virile, monstrously hung boy, what to do. What a fool he'd been!

Leo led the way and Cynthia and Jamie soon followed, with Cynthia's heels clacking on the floor. Leo stopped Jamie with one outstretched hand, looking like some obscene parody of a holy figure about to make a solemn proclamation.

"Not like that dad. Mom can walk-if she won't fall in those slutty stripper heels-but you should crawl behind us. Serves you right for trying to boss me around before."

Jamie gulped, embarrassed by this but knowing it would be foolish to try and resist. To his even greater shame, he really didn't even want to. If Leo commanded him to

crawl-and it was a command, with all the weight of an authority beyond his years coming with it-then that was just the way of things and Jamie really didn't have a choice.

Jamie got on all fours, crawling behind his wife and foster son. Leo graciously permitted Cynthia to take his hand as they walked, and he laughed a bit at the sight of Jamie bringing up the rear behind them.

“What a sissy you are, dad! I can see you like shaking your big little faggot ass even like this!”

He wasn't wrong and as Jamie crawled he made sure to pop his ass even more, making a real spectacle out of himself. Aside from the glaze of young boy ball-batter all over his clothes, the fact was he'd done worse than this before, selling pictures and even sending videos and live streams of himself in all sorts of compromising poses and outfits before. The only real surprise wasn't that Jamie was acting this way, it was that Cynthia hadn't found out sooner-it wasn't like he had ever gone to much trouble to keep this side of him hidden.

But then, Cynthia, her head bobbing drunkenly on her neck, long lithe legs almost tripping over each other as she click-clacked her way down the hall in heels, hadn't been the most observant person. Mostly because she'd been withdrawn into herself for too long, burying her slutty nature under her wife and mother persona. Well, not any more.

When they got to the master bathroom, which was connected to Jamie and Cynthia's bedroom, Leo just stood before them, pointing to the large glass shower booth.

“Get moving, and you can just take off your dirty clothes. Dad will clean them later, isn't that right dad?”

It was very obviously not an actual question, but it still required a response and Jamie knew exactly what he was meant to say.

“Yes, of course Leo. You know your mother doesn't like to do laundry.” It was true, though Jamie felt a sudden sensation in his gut telling him that Cynthia wouldn't be doing even the few household chores she found acceptable now for much longer. And any thought of asking Leo to pitch in to pick up the slack never even entered the sissy beta's head.

Slowly the pair of them got undressed, joining Leo's nakedness, which somehow seemed to give him more authority. With that massive cock between his legs like a scepter of office, he seemed more primal and irresistible than Cynthia or Jamie, the so-called adults feeling very out of sorts confronted with someone who had his own set of rules to play by, rules that ensured he always won.

Her tank top had already been torn and stained by Leo's cock, so it was easy for Cynthia to take it off and toss it in a corner. Leo stared at her massive, all natural breasts, which sat high on her chest, nearly touching each other they were so large and yet wide enough to be seen from her back as well, making the whole rest of her body look positively petite in comparison, which wasn't easy for a woman who was over six feet tall in heels. Then she peeled herself out of her mini-skirt, revealing that she wasn't wearing panties, her pussy completely shaved and dripping wet, the source of many dark spots on her purple skirt. To Jamie it looked like she'd shaved very recently, and he knew full well she had long since fallen out of the habit of shaving every day. She'd told him once that she really didn't see the point any longer.

Jamie found it a bit more difficult to get undressed, as his clothes actually covered his body, unlike Cynthia's, and they were also splattered with sperm. Leo's issue was almost semi-solid, like liquid cement, and finally Jamie had to tug his shirt off without actually unbuttoning, shimmying out of his pants the same way. He nearly slipped, and so ended up on his hands and knees again.

When he looked up, Leo was still fixated on Cynthia, who he directed to turn on the shower for him. She stepped in, bending over to deal with the water temperature, completely unnecessarily, the better to show off her big, full tan ass for Leo. Once she'd gotten the shower running, she made to take her heels off but as before Leo stopped anything he didn't like his so-called parents doing with minimal effort.

"Keep them on." He said softly, almost playfully.

"They make your legs look better and help push that big fat ass out. Besides, isn't this the kind of woman you've always wanted to be? Strutting around naked and in heels for a real man's pleasure?"

A sort of full body tremor coursed through Cynthia, and she nodded dumbly, her strawberry blonde hair in its elegant ringlets bouncing around her head.

“Ye-yes, Leo.” She said, utterly cowed by the boy. As before, their height difference seemed both comical and completely inconsequential. It was clear who was in charge.

As Jamie finished getting undressed, Leo finally paid him some attention.

“Look, mommy!” The word came out lewd and completely unwholesome from his lips, dripping with condescension.

“It looks like dad’s enjoying watching you parade your slutty bimbo body around like a cheap whore for me.”

It was true. Naked and crouched, Jamie’s body was revealed in its slender, supple attractiveness, his pale body a contrast to Cynthia’s. While he wasn’t the type to work out, he was somewhat naturally fit, with little body fat anywhere on his body, except for his butt which stuck out in a way which would make any teenage girl jealous. Jamie’s legs had the barest wisps of light brown hair on them, and below his stubbly brown pubes his penis was hard as a rock. While not tiny, it would never be called anything but average.

And in the same room as Leo, an average penis was very nearly the same thing as no penis at all.

“Well, if you like it so much, you can just stay there and watch, dad.” Leo went on, walking into the shower with Cynthia.

“Watch me do what you never could and breed mom like a real man should.” He looked at Cynthia, taking in every inch of her naked, almost impossibly fertile looking form, like some ancient statue primitives would worship to be blessed with a child.

Leo stepped under the water, steam rising from his boyish body as Cynthia leaned back against the tiled shower wall, at once eager and somewhat apprehensive. She wanted this, more than she’d wanted anything before, more than she knew she *could* want something, but still, looking down at Leo’s magnificent, downright terrifyingly large cock, she knew she simply wasn’t ready for this. How could she be after so many years with Jamie’s painfully pedestrian prick?

“Here, like this.” Leo commanded, reaching out to touch Cynthia’s full, toned thigh. She bit her lip even at this meager treatment and followed his hand’s insistent urging, lifting her leg up. He pushed forward, his cock sandwiched between their bodies, the

thick column-like shaft rubbing up against her soaking wet pussy as Cynthia's leg pointed straight up, toes nearly touching the ceiling. Steam filled the shower but Jamie could see everything happening quite plainly, partly because he crawled closer, until he ended up squatting at the edge of the large shower, hand firmly clamped on his own penis. Pre-come drooled from his tip at the sight of his foster son and that huge cock of his about to penetrate his wife.

My god, he's going to absolutely ruin her! She won't be able to walk right when he's done with her!

It took all of Jamie's non-impressive willpower to keep from spilling his seed along the shower right then just from those shameful thoughts alone. His mind and body both acknowledged Leo as his clear superior, by far more manly and virile. In a way it was actually relieving, like many men Jamie had worried sometimes about pleasing his wife and 'measuring up.' Well he didn't have to worry about his wife being satisfied ever again, even if he wasn't the one doing it.

Leo had to take a step back, his lithe arms grabbing a firm and crude hold of Cynthia's tits as he lined his dick up with her wet pussy. Even with all her natural lubrication and the constant stream of nasty pre-come leaking out of his overflowing piss-slit, it was clear it was going to be a tight fit. Cynthia bit her lip, hands reaching out to grab the base of Leo's cock-she couldn't fit her hand even half around it, but she helped steady the mighty organ.

"Oh Leo," She said softly, eyes fixated on his pulsing cock. The tip looked so impossibly large, swelling out into a grotesque mushroom shape that she could tell would leave her split open and gaping.

She couldn't fucking wait.

"Here it comes, mommy." Leo smirked, pushing against her lightly. Her pussy lips ached at even this light contact, a series of electric jolts of pleasure running through Cynthia's spine. She leaned her head back, the water trickling down her slender neck and collarbone, running off her perfectly formed, enormous breasts like small waterfalls.

He did this a few times, letting the weight of his dick push her pussy lips inward even as her cunt struggled to dilate enough to prepare for this monstrous invader. Leo

didn't really care about making sure his mother was adequately prepped, to him this was just a diverting little game.

And like many prodigiously gifted children playing at games they couldn't possibly lose, he soon got bored.

Leo's grip tightened on Cynthia's breasts, his small hands puffing out her flesh as he left clear imprints on her tan skin-Cynthia had only the smallest of tan lines, tiny pale triangles around her swollen pink nipples along with the tiniest lines that ran up to her shoulders, indicating the small string bikinis she wore whenever she decided to get some sun. Cynthia spent more attention on her tan than she did on her work, as she did with the rest of her beauty regimen. Both Jamie and even Leo, who had only the slightest idea (and even less interest) in all the effort Cynthia spent enhancing her already world-class looks, would have agreed it was time well spent.

With a yet splurching, squishing sound, Leo's cock began to tunnel into Cynthia, forcing her wide open like a tiny hole, barely the width of a finger, being opened up by a gas powered post driver, spearing into her like some medieval lance. Leo had no sense of patience, or letting Cynthia's body adjust, and he pushed further still, forcing a full foot of bicep-thick cock deep inside his mother's cunt in the space of a few seconds.

"Ohhh gaawwwd!" Cynthia moaned, her mouth tilting open from the overwhelming sensation. She was being torn open by her son's young, pre-teen cock and she fucking loved it! She was nothing more than a statuesque bimbo slut who was being driven crazy by a young boy's dick.

She sputtered and coughed as the shower water filled her mouth, the sounds of her brutal impalement filling the shower and echoing in the wet enclosed space. Leo moaned, his grip on his mother's breasts reflexively tightening at how good the sensations were, which drew a few squeaks and gasps from her. He was treating her so roughly, and yet Cynthia could tell that he wasn't even really trying to, he was just being inconsiderate in a child's way instead of actively cruel.

That thought, along with a quick glance down at her pulverized pussy and the sheer intimidating length of cock still outside her body drove her over the edge.

*He could break me without even **trying!** God, I can't wait for him to really give it to me, pound my head through this fucking tile like the whore that I am!*

She didn't have long to wait. Leo looked over his shoulder, motioning for Jamie to crawl closer. Like an obedient lapdog, he complied, until he had a proverbial front-row seat to watch his wife's destruction at the hands of a cock thicker than one of Leo's legs-nearly as thick as one of Jamie's when it came to that. The fact that Cynthia probably had quite a deal more muscle on her frame than her husband was just another sign of what a mismatched couple they had been. At least now they'd found someone more compatible for them both.

"Unhh, fuck she's tight." Leo grunted, his feet almost slipping on the wet shower floor. Cynthia just thrashed her head and groaned like a stuck beast as another few inches of the massive cock slid inside her.

My god, I can see it! Jamie thought, eyes on the bulge that appeared in Cynthia's mid-section. Her normally flat tummy, the product of a well disciplined diet and constant exercise, seemed to nearly double in size as Leo forced nearly half of his cock in and out of his foster mother with each jerking, rough, wall-shaking thrust.

"I need your help, daddy." Leo said, something dark in his eyes.

Jamie babbled, unsure of what to do. His cock was hard as a rock, though he hadn't even stroked himself off at all-watching this obscenely and undeniably arousing spectacle, he didn't need to.

Again, Leo guided his elder, by taking one of his hands off his mother's breast, revealing a bright red handmark, and placing it lightly on his hip.

"Hold me here, Jamie. And push."

Jamie slowly stood up hands on Leo's slender hips, which formed an alluring 'v' down to his downy pubic hair and monstrous cock and balls hanging beneath them. It was hard for Jamie to keep his eyes on one location, he kept glancing between Leo's balls, Cynthia's wide-spread pussy, or her heaving trembling wet breasts as the three of them grew closer in a sordid incestuous pile of naked, trembling flesh.

"Ohh, god, I'm coming!" Cynthia screeched, her fingernails digging lightly into Leo's shoulders, leaving little red crescent scratch marks as she was pushed well and truly over the edge. Her juices rushed out past the air-tight seal that had been formed by

Leo's cock, the flared head acting like a plug deep inside her and causing her orgasmic fluids to shoot out at high pressure, squirting onto the floor.

"Fuck, I'm not even inside her all the way and she's coming like crazy." Leo remarked, while Cynthia continued to tremble and shake, her one taut leg twitching and tensing, thigh spasmodic as aftershocks burned through her body.

Of course she's coming! Jamie's mind whirled at the insane yet undeniable reality of the situation. *She's got more than a foot of the thickest, fattest, heaviest cock ever shoved inside her pussy!*

Grunting with the effort, Leo drew his cock back and then thrust forward, his thin muscles tense. Jamie took a firm grip on his hips and **shoved**, helping to spear his own wife full of ungodly boy cock until her pussy was stuffed and hopelessly distended. This time, Leo clearly wasn't going to stop until he'd managed to bury the entire length inside her, and with the help of his hapless foster father, it looked like that would be sooner rather than later.

Thwack!

There was a heavy wet sound as Leo's cock came to a rest deep inside Cynthia, her womb stretched out and wrapped around his cocktip like a living condom. Her entire body was being used as a cocksleeve for the enormously endowed boy, and his balls were mashed against her body, grinding into her soaking body, his slender pelvis flush with Cynthia's engorged clit. Her hands slapped weakly at his slick shoulders, but it was clear that with whatever strength left in her, she was only trying to pull the boy closer to herself.

"Thanks for the help, dear old dad." Leo said cockily, fingers idly playing with Cynthia's nipples, more for his own amusement and pleasure than hers.

"Now why don't you get down there and put your mouth to use on my balls? You've been staring at them long enough."

Jamie dropped to his knees so fast he almost sprained something, colliding with the wet tile in his hurry to obey. Leo dismissed him from his attention by returning his gaze to Cynthia, her leg now hopelessly pinned between their two bodies as she somehow managed to stay upright on one foot. It probably had something to do with Leo's cock, strong as an anchor and rooted deep inside her.

This close, Jamie realized how massive Leo's balls truly were, a huge satchel of flesh, wrinkled and dark, utterly stinking of sperm. His veins seemed to pulse around the heaving testicles, and he could almost hear the sound of jizz churning inside those massive spooge tanks, just waiting to be unloaded.

"I don't have all day." Leo called above him, almost mocking him in a sing-song tone of voice.

It was tricky, because the more Leo rutted and thrust into Cynthia's battered, delirious body, the more his balls swung and shook. They were hitting Jamie in the face like some sweaty boxing glove over and over. The faster Leo railed Cynthia, the more savagely Jamie's face was beaten by the musky ballsack-at this rate he'd end up with swollen lips and red marks all over his face. But soon enough, Jamie found a rhythm, moving his head in time with Leo's thrusts, licking, kissing and slurping at every inch he could.

"Ahh, that feels *good*." Leo said, water trickling down from his crotch to splash into Jamie's face every time he thrust into the moaning, wailing Cynthia.

"I bet you've wanted to suck on a pair of big fat sweaty balls since you were my age, dad. Probably used to fantasize about it when you used to play dress up!" Leo laughed, shoving into Cynthia's body harshly, making her wheeze and groan, body creaking under the onslaught.

Jamie's cheeks burned with embarrassment at this reminder of his youthful days as a sissy crossdresser cam-boy, but the simple fact was that Leo wasn't wrong. Cynthia had never really known about that time of his life, but apparently Leo had found it out without much trouble, and found it hilarity itself to bring up to mock his limpduck of a foster dad.

Cynthia leaned her head forward, mostly because she simply couldn't keep it upright anymore, her hair flattened by the water. Dripping wet and sweaty, she looked utterly exhausted but still exquisitely beautiful as she kissed and nibbled gently at Leo's neck. Every time he thrust into her, her whole body would shake and she would groan and grunt like a guttural beast, caught in the throes of near continuous orgasms. The floor itself seemed to vanish from beneath her feet and there was nothing else but her body and the massive cock that was currently tearing her to pieces. That and the boy, the wonderful, masterful, monstrous boy, who was beating her insides with that

dick, his cock like a hammer inside her depths, those fat balls swinging beneath his thighs to bludgeon against her just as they were being rubbed fiercely into her wimpy husband's stupid faggot face.

Leo leaned forward, widening his stance and thrusting roughly upwards into Cynthia's pussy, his bulge almost tenting her body outwards as the angle of his fucking changed. In this way, Jamie was brought right next to his cute, boy bubble butt, dripping with sweat and water from the shower.

"Don't stop now, dad. Be a good little faggot and get that tongue up my ass!"

It was clear there was no level of depravity Leo wouldn't force his parents to sink to, and even clearer that they'd happily accept whatever command he gave them. Jamie didn't hesitate to stick his tongue out, tasting the acrid sweaty taste of Leo's asshole, swiping around the rim of the pretty pink rosebud.

Leo let out a deep-throated groan, his voice sounding positively sinful compared to his normal boyish tones.

"Ah, yeah just like that, eat my fucking ass dad! Come on, don't be shy, really stick your tongue up there!"

Jamie pushed forward on his knees, cramming his face between Leo's sweaty ass cheeks, rubbing his face up and down the crack of his ass like he was no better than a nasty rag used to wipe up filth. His hands grabbed hold of Leo's balls, and even with both hands he could scarcely do more than cup the monstrous orbs. His nose was pressed flat as he shoved his tongue forward, practically rubbing against Leo's prostate he was so deep.

"Fuck, you like that don't you? Well, get used to the taste, Jamie."

Leo reached back, grabbing Jamie's hair and rubbing him up and down along the length of his ass, even as he continued to rut into Cynthia's pussy. The sounds of their nasty fucking filled the shower, and could probably have been heard throughout the whole house.

With his cock surrounded by his mother's unspeakably tight pussy, his balls being massaged by Jamie's grasping hands and with a questing, greedy little hot tongue up

his ass, it all proved too much for Leo. With a gasp, he grabbed Cynthia by the neck, his hand compressing her swan-like throat as his orgasm overtook him.

“You know, hah-*fuck* that’s good! I, I always wanted a sibling! Time to pump one into you mom, get ready!”

With a cry of almost wicked, childlike delight, Leo’s cock stiffened, slammed so deep into Cynthia he was mashing her ovaries about, bludgeoning her insides like a mighty club.

Spllrt, spllrt, spllrt!

His semen, so thick, so viscous shot out deep inside her, hot and nasty. The stench of it filled the shower even then, buried inside her, and Jamie could feel the temperature rise, the scalding jizz stinking so badly his eyes watered. Leo’s spunk seemed to be made of almost nothing but raw sperm, as opposed to the more watery loads of someone like Jamie, and Cynthia could practically *feel* her eggs being fertilized as she came helplessly, her mind practically gone at that point.

“Oh godddd, you’re getting me pregnant! I’m being knocked up by a twelve year old, bred like a dirty bitch!” Her hands slapped the tile wall behind her as she continued to screech and babble, jizz bubbling up from outside the corners of her pussy like thick oil.

Content, for the moment, Leo pulled back, this simple action knocking Jamie over with his pert little ass, leaving Jamie sprawled on the floor, still hard as a rock.

“Don’t just sit there.” Leo said, his cock weeping precome but still looking as hard as ever, barely diminished at all by his monster orgasm.

“I wanna see you suck that cream pie right out of your wife’s snatch. Go on, I’ll help you.”

“Buh, whah!” Jamie sputtered, even as Leo grabbed his hair again with both hands in a white-knuckled grip. Jamie was shoved against Cynthia’s soaked, gaping pussy, utterly shocked by what he was seeing.

Dear god, you can practically see all the way back to her womb! And her cunt has been stretched so wide, I could probably force my arm inside her and not even touch the sides!

As Jamie licked happily away at Cynthia's pussy, sucking and gobbling down bits of jizz so thick he practically had to chew them, Leo leaned next to him, whispering into his ear.

"That's right, daddy, swallow it all down. I've got plenty more where that came from, all for you. From now on, you won't have to worry about cooking dinner for anyone but me, as you're gonna get your meals straight from my balls you little fag." He gave Jamie a push, practically wiping up the wet mess of Cynthia's pussy with his face.

It was all too much for Jamie and without even touching his cock he came, dick stiff as a board as his balls tightened. Six or seven hard shots of jizz, a paltry amount indeed compared to Leo's own massive issue, rocketed out and hit the wall between Cynthia's legs, dripping down the wall wetly. It was the hardest he'd ever come in his life, leaving his arms all a twitch and his cock feeling almost sore.

Slowly, Cynthia sunk to the floor, legs feeling boneless without Leo's cock holding her up.

"The whole point of a shower is to get clean, you know." Leo said, sarcastically waving at his dick, which was still covered in leftover jizz and Cynthia's pussy juices. Together, the pair crawled towards him, something unspoken passing between them as the married couple looked at each other. As one they acted, rubbing their faces along Leo's cock, tongues out and practically scrubbing him clean.

The boy leaned back against the shower wall, arms crossed. "Ahh, that's it. Get every inch, you fucking sluts."

When all this...madness had started, Cynthia thought she might be entering into a partnership of sorts with Leo. Him the obscenely young, hung alpha stud and her the beautiful attractive older woman, a perfect if lewd pair. But now she saw that in Leo's eyes, she was just another bitch like Jamie, her husband who she'd spent years building a loving relationship and a home with. And who was now joining her in cleaning up their foster son's dick with their mouths like they were nothing more than his concubine slaves. All in all, she didn't mind it as much as she thought she might've.

And Jamie? He was practically in heaven.

Once Leo was satisfied with the job they'd done, he left the shower, encouraging Cynthia to towel dry him by hand. Jamie moved to dry himself off, though he paused to see if Leo wanted his 'help' as well, but the boy simply waved him off.

"Why don't you dry off and head in, dad." Leo jerked a thumb at the door to the master bedroom.

"Mommy and I've got a surprise for you that I think you'll like."

He was actually wrong. Jamie **loved** it.

A few minutes later, Leo entered the room, still naked but with a towel wrapped around his shoulders while Cynthia walked behind him, her eyes obviously on his cute little ass. He directed her to the dresser, muttering for her to grab something and turn it on.

Only then did he turn his attention to Jamie, who was on the bed, on all fours, dressed in the 'surprise' that Leo and Cynthia had picked out for him.

"I saw some of the pictures you used to... 'pose' in, and I thought something like this might suit you." Leo said, his eyes roaming over Jamie's pale, vulnerable looking body.

"Besides, be honest, it's not like you really prefer wearing boring old suits and shirts, and all sorts of other boring *men's* clothes, do you?"

Jamie shook his head, wet hair plastered to his face. "Nuh-no."

He was wearing something reminiscent of his old camera-whore days: bright green stockings that came up to his creamy thighs, a pair of fuzzy-looking arm sleeves in green and black stripes, a mesh black shirt and the tiniest black skirt Cynthia could find, one that even she would have thought twice about wearing. It practically covered nothing and left the whole of Jamie's ass on display, and it also made it clear that his little cock was hard again.

Cynthia was by the bed now, holding her phone and from the way she was walking and holding it, she was clearly recording Jamie in all his crossdressing shameless slutty behavior.

“Aren’t you tired of having to pretend to be a regular guy all the time dad? Isn’t it **exhausting** pretending to be the *man* of the house? Wouldn’t you be much happier cooking, cleaning, and picking up after me all day?”

Jamie nodded so fast the bed shook underneath him, his dick nearly pushing the skirt up as he tented it out.

“Ye-yes! Yes!” He seemed so happy and pent up there were nearly tears in his eyes.

Leo walked forward, his cock bobbing into the phone’s frame and hovering tantalizingly close to Jamie’s lips. With just a bit of makeup combined with his natural sharp cheekbones, long eyelashes, bright blue eyes and overall delicate features, all it would have taken to make Jamie look like a girl was a skirt long enough to hide his throbbing dick.

“Well, that’s good then, cause you don’t have to worry about that any more. What do you want? Do you want this big fat cock? Do you want to suck on it, to wrap your pretty little lips around it? Do you want to feel it throbbing inside you, want this dick to tear your ass apart until I bred you like a little bitch?”

Leo punctuated his question by whacking Jamie in the face with his dicktip, smearing precome all over his cute face as the sissy moaned and gasped at the sudden sting as well as the dirty, wonderful feeling of having a real man’s cock rubbed all over his face.

“Yes, that’s what I want! Please, please, give me that cock! Give it to me, I’m begging you!”

Leo smirked, his eyes briefly going to the phone’s camera before he almost gently tapped Jamie’s lips again with the cock a few times.

“Well then, say ‘ah’, slut.”

“Ahh-agluugh!” Jamie gagged immediately as Leo shoved his cock inside his wide-stretched mouth, cheeks hollowed out as his body seemed to react instinctively.

Unlike Cynthia, Jamie had never sucked a cock before, and indeed had only played with the smallest most forgiving of toys-nothing that could possibly compare to Leo's monster. But he did his best anyway, sucking at the cock tightly with his lips, sliding his tongue up and down it like a snake, trying his best to open the back of his throat up.

Stil he gagged, retched, and drooled slobber all over the bed, knowing with great shame and arousal that whatever mess was made, he would be the one to have to clean it up later. But he didn't mind, that was simply his lot in life now.

Cynthia made sure to get the spectacle of Jamie's throat-fucking from a variety of angles and positions, watching in delight as her husband's throat bulged out from the massive cock pillaging his face. He was soon turning a reddish shade of purple, fat noodle-like strands of saliva connecting the fat prick to his lips, sputtering and drooly helplessly.

"That's good, Jamie, suck that fucking cock. Work my balls just like a good bitch, and stick your tongue out too slut."

Jamie complied quickly, tongue flopping out of his mouth and massaging the heavy underside of Leo's dick, working on the veins and sweaty skin there. Propping himself up on his elbows, he massaged Leo's dick, happily gulping down the pre-come running down his throat like a constantly leaking faucet.

Leo clambered onto the bed, using this new angle to unleash a series of punishing thrusts on Jamie's throat, causing him to squawk and gag around the cock. Cynthia crouched low, showing the powerful thrusts of Leo's dick from this new angle, his cock practically stabbing in and out of Jamie's face, sheathing nearly twenty inches of dick inside his gullet, which still left plenty outside, his nuts swinging almost dangerously like a pair of monstrous wrecking balls.

"Fuck that's hot." Cynthia said, rubbing herself shamelessly as she recorded the further degradation of her husband and utter destruction of their once somewhat normal family unit.

"Ah, shit he sucks cock just as good as you, mom!" Leo groaned, grabbing Jamie's messy hair and thrusting forward in sharp, jerking thrusts. Cynthia would have been jealous if she wasn't certain she'd be getting plenty of time to practice swallowing that massive prick down to those fat, delicious, nasty balls in the future.

After nearly fifteen minutes, Leo slowly withdrew, leaving Jamie a gasping, choking mess, tears streaking down his eyes and cutting narrow tracks through the drool and spittle that had built up all over his face.

“What do you say, Jamie?” Leo asked, his voice dangerously quiet.

Not missing a beat, Jamie was happy to let out this side of himself, once repressed and now gladly out in the open. He looked right at Cynthia, or rather, at the phone that was recording every moment of this, and said. “Thank you Leo.”

Though that turned out to be not quite the right answer and Leo smacked him harshly across the face. Jamie’s head shook, drool flying from his face, but he didn’t so much as recoil. On the contrary, his dick nearly exploded just from being a twelve year old boy’s beaten bottom bitch.

“From now on, you can call me ‘daddy’, you got it bitch? Since I’m clearly the man of this house.”

Jamie nodded enthusiastically. “Ye-yes, daddy. I’m sorry.”

Jamie’s voice was much higher now, lilting and feminine, if a bit hoarse from the tonsil-tearing throat fuck he’d just endured. Cynthia was a little surprised, but the fact was Jamie had long ago perfected the perfect sissy voice for use on camera, and fell back into it like an old well-worn glove.

“Good, now turn around!” Leo barked, and Jamie was a bit unsure exactly where he wanted him to point himself, aside from shoving his bubble butt out at Leo’s fat prick, but then he realized.

As Leo hotdogged himself with Jamie’s ass cheeks, pushing up his skirt and revealing his shameful dick, Jamie was watching the whole thing unfold in the large mirror on the opposite side of the room. Cynthia’s side, as she insisted she needed such a big mirror to make sure she was ready for each day. And now it was going to give Jamie the perfect view to watching his foster son rip his anal virginity away.

Leo looked down at Jamie’s asshole, *hwwwaking* back in his mouth rudely before spitting in between his cheeks, rubbing the mess in with his dick.

“God you look like such a slutty little girl. Your ass is nice and smooth, your legs are practically hairless, you’re gonna make a perfect breeding bitch, just like your cow-titted wife.”

“Uh, thank yoooooh!” Jamie yelled, feeling that fat **cock** begin to slowly push its way inside his ass.

“Your hips are nice and wide, too.” Leo went on, grabbing a hold of Jamie’s midsection and using it to further lock himself into his tight, grasping ass.

“Just made for a real man to hold onto and”

Wham!

“Fuck!”

Wham!

“You!”

Wham!

“Stupid!”

From there, things swiftly got out of hand. Leo pounded into Jamie’s ass ruthlessly, showing him less restraint than he had with Cynthia. He was going to fuck every last drop of testosterone and masculinity right out of Jamie, and he didn’t care if he happened to bang a few dozen IQ points out of him on the way. Jamie’s ass bounced and rippled in an almost hypnotic fashion as Leo jammed and thrust his cock deeper inside of him, lodging it deep inside his guts as Jamie screamed and moaned.

“Ohhh gawwwd!!” Jamie bit the sheets, his fingers tangled up and desperately trying to hold on as Leo continued to ream his ass up, picking up speed. He seemed to only get faster and faster, his dick practically expanding Jamie’s entire stomach. As Jamie lowered his head slightly, face hidden from view, Leo smacked his ass harshly, tugging on his hair.

“Uh uh, don’t you look away slut! Look in the mirror and watch yourself get **fucked!**”

Jamie watched, his eyes fixed on the mirror, catching every sordid detail. The muscles on Leo's chest standing out on his thin body, his arms tense as he rammed himself deeper inside Jamie's ass, hands locked onto the sissy's hips. Jamie's own dick, bouncing and swaying madly from the onslaught on his body, his tear-streaked face, the sissy outfit he was wearing, skirt hiked up around his waist like a slutty prom date. All he was missing was some whorish makeup and a cheap collar and he'd be the perfect trap slut.

Jamie let out a high pitched moan, almost a hiss, as Leo's grasping, surprisingly strong hand, grabbed his cock.

"What's *this*? Is this your dirty little clit, slut?" Leo asked, exulting in his complete power over Jamie.

Jamie nodded, even the slightest touch feeling like it was too much to bear. He was scared to come though, a feeling he'd never experienced before, but he wasn't quite sure what Leo might do if he came again without permission. It seemed like the sort of thing he might punish, but then again so did everything else he might do without being told.

"Yes, that's my little sissy clit!" Jamie squeaked, still managing to find the effort to arch his back, pushing his ass back at Leo's conquering dick.

"Well don't worry about it sissy. A slut like you won't be getting much use out of this anymore!"

With a cry, Leo surged forward, his entire dick bottoming out in Jamie's body, pushing Jamie forward until his back was bowed, ass up and head down. He balanced himself on his forearms, this new angle shifting his gaze away from the mirror and giving him a from-below view of his own dick and balls and Leo's monstrous cock behind them, plunging in and out of his ass. It was, in a very clear and obscene way, a parallel much like any other one would see between a small child and a large adult, only reversed.

"That's it," Leo hissed, sweat beading on his brow. He bit his lip, expression screwed up in lust and pleasure, looking like some youthful avatar of raw sexuality. It was clear he was close to orgasm, but he was not to be first.

The moment Leo's balls came flush with his ass, beating them red and raw like drums, Jamie's whole body tensed, cock pulsing. Well aware of what was coming, Leo

grabbed Jamie's dick and gave it two quick, harsh yanks. Pointed square at his own face, Jamie moaned like a girl as his dick exploded all over his own face, painting him with several quick hard shots of his watery, almost clear jizz. He had just enough awareness left in his head to stick his tongue out, eagerly accepting this latest 'gift' from his new daddy, Leo.

"Ahh, you're such a fucking slut!" Leo shouted, balls colliding with Jamie's own, much smaller, and smoother orbs, pummeling his foster dad into a pile of sissy femme mush.

"Its too bad your ass can't get pregnant, you bitch!" He grunted, just as another orgasm erupted from his massive dick. Splattering deep inside Jamie's bowls, it threatened to back up into his stomach with much more pressure, even as Leo kept pushing himself downwards, determined not to stop until Jamie was well and truly wrecked.

Splllrt! Splllrt! Splllrt!

Cynthia was there to get a close up of her husband's ass filling up with the nasty, toxic waste like sludge that swam in Leo's balls, cooing at the sight.

"Damn, it is a shame he can't get pregnant." She whispered, already thinking she could feel her eggs being fertilized by Leo's potent jizz, her eggs probably fit to bursting. With such a nasty, hot heavy load, it was probably twins. At least.

Finally, Leo pulled out of Jamie's ass, leaving the sissy's legs high in the air and his ass horribly distended. With a sudden cry, there was a sick bubbling sound as the backed up jizz shot out as though from a hose, splattering down to coat Jamie's face. Cynthia got a few still shots of that and was already thinking of a few internet friends she could send them to. Selling her husband's slutty debauchery online to make a quick buck seemed like a far more lucrative idea than the passing interests she'd called 'jobs' before.

Leo staggered off the bed, finally seeming tired. His dick shrank a bit, still far more impressive flaccid than most men's could ever hope to be hard.

"I'll take that." He said, swiping the phone out of Cynthia's hand as he moved to head out of the room.

“When...if he wakes up,” Leo said, looking at the ruined, destroyed, come-covered two-hole slut that had once been his father figure with a mix of lust and contempt,

“Tell him I want pizza for dinner.”

With that, Leo sauntered out of the room, leaving Cynthia, whose legs still felt like jelly, to collapse into the jizz soaked bed next to her husband. As topsy-turvy as their lives had become in the span of these few short hours, they had no idea what was in store for them next. Even as they passed out, the absolute liters of jizz that Leo had filled them both with worked away inside their bodies, mutated sperm cells (with a shelf life far beyond the normal five days) altering their hosts to make sure they would only become better spunk receptacles as time went on.

As for Leo? He climbed into his bed and took a nap, soon falling into a deep, peaceful like a little angel.

The End.