

**TAGS/CW: INCEST (IMPLIED/INSINUATED) ,
CUCKOLDING/NTR. , HEAVY EXHIBITIONISM, BREEDING,
ROUGH SEX, HATE SEX, MILD PLOT.**

Debbie, for her part, was full of worry for her darling son. Word of what had happened...what he'd *done* to that poor Todd boy had spread quickly, and before she knew it her mind was a mess of possibilities for all the ways Mark's life could spiral out of control from here, she'd heard about the Williams' influence on the school board, and she'd had enough encounters with that frigid bitch Francine to know damn well there was no amount of cookies she could bake or apologies she could make that would stop her from having it out for Mark in the wake of this incident.

"God, why aren't you taking this more seriously, Nolan? Your son *just* got his powers and he nearly *killed someone* with them." She admonished her husband for smirking as Mrs. Winslow played one of MANY gathered clips of Todd's thrashing in front of the family.

"Well...I mean, he *did* do it to defend someone, right? This...*Todd* seems like a bit of a...excuse my language here madame Principle, but a real dick. You can't expect me not to have a little pride seeing my son kick some dude's ass for hitting a defenseless girl, can't just pretend that I disapprove when I don't." Nolan asserted, crossing his arms and leaning back in his chair, his gigantic bulk making the seat look like a goddamn kiddie stool as his enormous muscles put even his son's shredded physique to some shame. Mrs. Winslow couldn't help but watch the finger-thick veins mapping his broad biceps as they bulged against his polo shirt, nor the crop of thick chest hairs adorning his powerful pecs which were partly exposed by his undone top buttons.

He seemed to notice her noticing, and gave her a wink, leaving her flushed with embarrassment as she rushed to play the next clip.

"It's not a *single* incident, Mr. Grayson. Just look at your son openly bullying a senior student, Rick Sheridan, from the moment he enters school! Today your son has shown nothing but vile, aggressive behavior befitting of some...some animal in heat! And I can only wonder where he has learned such behaviors." She remarked, shooting a look at Nolan that was meant to be disapproving but came off as more of an attention seeking pout, which he ignored as he whispered to Debbie.

"NEVERMIND THAT, THIS IS...NORMAL ON VILTRUM. FIRST MATE ATTACHMENTS ARE...INCREDIBLY STRONG, SOMETIMES PEOPLE GET KILLED OVER ENCROACHING ON ANOTHER MALE'S MATE."

"THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE NORMAL TO YOU, NOLAN?"

"NOT SAYING IT'S RIGHT, JUST SAYING IT'S...WELL, UNDERSTANDABLE. HE LET OFF THAT RICK KID WITH ONE RIB THAT'S GONNA HEAL IN...WHAT, A MONTH? AND I'D SAY THE OTHER GUY PROBABLY NEEDED SOMEONE TO GIVE HIM A REALITY CHECK BEFORE HE ENDED UP EVEN WORSE, CAN'T REALLY SEE THAT MUCH OF A PROBLEM, FRANKLY."

"Uhhhh, look, if we're gonna have this conversation, can I maybe get some pants or something?"

"Oh? Committing such blatant public indecency in **MY SCHOOL** and having the gall to demand modesty now? Save it, Grayson, you'll have to deal with every inch of you being *exposed* since you seem to love showing off so much!" The Principal huffed, raking her eyes across the solid bulk of Mark's meaty muscles and feasting on the double serving of eye candy with both Grayson men as covertly as she possibly could...which wasn't very covert at all, given how both of them could clearly tell she was loving what she saw, and could *smell* that the slut hadn't been fucked down in **YEARS**.

"Please, Principal Winslow. Mark's been going through some changes, and clearly, it's been affecting his judgment." Debbie said, hoping that just a little flattery and compliance would be enough to smooth things over.

Of course, she was dead wrong. When word of Mark's beatdown on Rick finally got back to his parents, they made sure to give Denise an earful, and she was already in a sour mood over that. Just imagining the massive hissy fit Francine Williams would throw over finding out her son was beaten to a bloody pulp was enough to turn her small headache into a splitting migraine. With all their connections and influence, they may even get the local media involved! That's just what Denise needs! Her school winding up on the six o'clock news because Mark Gray decided to become some unruly hooligan!

"You think, Mrs. Grayson? No, no, no. A simple apology isn't enough here. Regardless of Mark's intentions, he clearly took things too far."

"I strongly disagree." Nolan interjected as Principal Winslow rolled her eyes.

"Nolan. You're not helping!"

“I refuse to let our son be railroaded because of these *insignificant...*”

“*Excuse me?! And just whom, may I ask, are you calling insignificant?*” Principal stood up from her red leather desk chair, slamming her hands down on the desk, as she leaned forward and unintentionally gave the Grayson men a glorious view of her unimaginably heavy, wobbly, oversized udders sloshing away in her tight blouse.

“He didn’t mean that, Principal Winslow. Isn’t that right, Nolan?”

Nolan let out a long, exasperated sigh, pinching the bridge of his nose like he was fighting off a massive headache of his very own, as he eventually nodded in agreement.

“Bottom line here, Mr. and Mrs. Grayson, Mark’s behavior is out of control. He’s always had such a spotless record, never been a problem, and certainly never caused trouble like this. *His...*” She briefly looked over at Mark’s naked, massively sculpted body, and was immediately caught red-handed, Mark’s dark, imposing stare meeting her skittish blue eyes, as he playfully popped his enormous pecs, and she instantly looked away. “*D—Drastic change in behavior is unsettling and frankly makes him a danger to the rest of the student body.*”

“I don’t think Mark’s *dangerous*. He’s just a kid.” Debbie’s words were filled with such motherly love and warmth. Despite his overnight transformation into this almost unrecognizable HUNK of pure, powerful Viltrumite bulk, she still saw him as the sweet, young man that she’s raised all these years.

“This is a waste of our time. *Mark’s a...*” Nolan groaned, as if it was almost painful to bite his tongue at this point. “*A... Young man*, and this is how men where I’m from settle their disagreements. *He’s doing exactly what I taught him.*”

“Well here, at least at my school, Mark is going to keep his hands off the other students. And he had better hope the Sheridans or the Williams aren’t thinking about pressing charges against him for assault!”

Nolan snarled, eyes narrowing on the obviously horny piece of finely-aged pussy standing before him, as she shivered in anticipation, as if she could almost sense the animalistic hunger emanating from the shockingly enormous, powerfully built salt-and-peppered DILF staring her down.

“Why don’t I take Mark home, and we just let everyone cool down a bit? I can speak to the Sheridans and Williams myself, and we can get this all sorted out.” Debbie insisted, rising from her seat and taking Mark’s bigger, burlier hand, while Nolan remained perfectly seated, arm-crossed, and still having a silent staredown with that busybody old hag.

“Nolan! We’re leaving.”

“You two go on ahead. Denise and I...” Nolan slowly stood, his intimidating size making the wide-eyed, trembling, obscenely voluptuous GILF feel so small and submissive. *“Are going to keep hashing things out.”*

“You’re sure that’s a good idea...?”

“H—He’s right, Mrs. Grayson. Your husband and I have a lot more to get sorted out. Best if Mark leaves.” Principal Winslow walked from behind her desk and stood right in front of Nolan’s monumental frame; those sloshing, creamy-white udders bouncing right in front of his face and making the **MAMMOTH-SIZED BULGE** in his pants grow harder.

“Fine. We’ll meet you at home.” Debbie sighed. **“Just try not to get Mark expelled while you’re at it!”** She whispered in his ear before she and Mark finally left.

“You and your son are exactly alike. A couple of big, meat-headed brutes that think they can get away with anything just because they’ve got the biggest muscles.” Principal Winslow scoffed, as another button popped on her overstuffed blouse. “Well, not here. Those muscles and good looks aren’t getting you or your son out of this one, Mr. Grayson. If the parents support it, I’m fully on board with filing charges against Mark. It’s a real shame. With a father that wasn’t so ‘aggressive’, perhaps he could’ve had a better shot at not winding up some abominable **THUG!**”

‘This uppity old hag...’ Something inside Nolan had finally snapped. His muscles tightened, fists clenched, blood boiled, as he suddenly reached his enormous hand out and **CHOKED** the mouthy piece of neglected, dried-up old cunt-meat flapping her gums at him.

“W—What’re you—!” She gasped, clawing at his iron fist, as he hoisted her body up off the ground, before tearing her blouse clean off her body, unveiling those colossal, naked old knockers she’s been flaunting like a teasing whore this entire time.

“You think some fat-titted old bitch like you can just threaten my family and get away with it?” Nolan’s voice darkened, cold and dripping with malicious intent, **“Let me show you what real aggression looks like.”**

“PLAPPP!” “PLAPPP!” “PLAPPP!” “PLAPPP!” “PLAPPP!” “PLAPPP!”

“O—OH MY FUGGHHHING LORDDD ♥♥♥ DEEPER! DEEPER! DEEP! DEEP! SOOO FUGGHHHING DEEPPP! O—OH MY GODDDD!!! SLAM IT HARDER! SLAM THAT FAT FUGGHHHING MONSTER BREEDER SO FUGGHHHING DEEP INSIDE MY TIGHT FUGGHHHING GUTSSSS! SOOO FUGGHHHING HUGEEEE! K—KEEP RAPING IT! RAPE THAT FAT FUGGHHHING WHORE CUNT WITH THAT PERFECT, GORGEOUS COCKKKK!” Denise’s desk was crumbling underneath them, wood splintering and legs shattering to pieces, as she and Nolan laid on top of it; his burly, overgrown build pressed on top of her, pumping that gut-wrenching cut of womb-wrecking Viltrumite breed-meat in and out of her extra-gushy, mind-numbingly tight old cunt!

His lips were wrapped around one of her giant, juicy nipples, suckling down as much sweet, nourishing breast milk as he possibly could, while he kept both his super-strong hands strangling around her darkly bruised throat! He watched as all that willfulness and bitter, surly stubbornness faded away from her dazed, heart-shaped eyes, as he reshaped her dusty old womb and blasted pints of bubbling hot pre-seed deep inside her! Her long, voluptuous legs locked even tighter around him, as she wrapped her arms around the massiveness of his powerful, sculpted back, nails clawing away and slowly scraping across every inch, while she squirted violently, drenching Nolan’s mind-shattering monster cock in wave after wave of her slick, sloppy fuck-lust until the entire surface of her desk was glazed in her slutty pussy-slop!

“I—I’M SOOO FUGGHHHING SORRYYYY! S—SORRY FOR BEING SUCH A LOUD-MOUTHED OLD HAG, WHEN I SHOULD’VE BEEN SPREADING MY LEGS AND TAKING THIS LONG, THICK, JUICY PIECE OF GOD-COCK ♥♥♥ SO, SO, SOOO FUGGHHHING SORRYYYY, SIR!!! DON’T STOP! DON’T STOP FUGGHHHING SCRAPING MY WHORE PUSSY! RUIN IT! DESTROY IT! WRECK IT TILL YOU’RE SATISFIED! FUGGHHHING CHOKE ME TILL FUCKING UNCONSCIOUS! DO WHATEVER YOU WANT! J—JUST DON’T STOP RAPING ME STUPID, YOU SEXY FUGGHHHING HORSE-HUNG STUDDDD ♥♥♥”

“SMACK!!!” “SMACK!!!” “SMACK!!!” “SMACK!!!” “SMACK!!!” “SMACK!!!”

Nolan's fat, pulsing balls were swinging at near supersonic speeds as his buck naked, superhumanly strong body pinned Denise down completely, trapping her underneath a prison of hairy, sweaty, ultra-powerful Viltrumite **BULK** that powered his every rutting pump and sent shockwaves rolling through the entire goddamn building!

"**FUCKIN' NASTY LITTLE PIECE OF WORN-OUT HAG-PUSSY.** You're goddamn *lucky* I'm even **PUMPING THIS DICK INSIDE SUCH A USELESS PIECE OF FUCKMEAT LIKE YOU.** Better damn well promise to make sure my son *never* gets in trouble here again, you little slut, and maybe I **MIGHT** be generous enough to feed this sow-cunt like this again." Nolan hissed, *grabbing* her wrinkled face with a dominant grip that felt like it could very well shatter her jaw with the slightest clench, gathering spittle and phlegm in his mouth and ruthlessly hawking it into her mouth with a loud, wet **PTOOEY~!**

Thousands of dollars worth of imported oak was **CRUSHED** beneath their bodies, with his thick, low-hanging nuts swinging in his hefty sack until her upturned GILF-shelf of an ass was scarlet red with the blistering smacks of those ostrich-egg sized cum-kegs beating into her pale, pillowy fuck-flanks! Nolan didn't *seduce* the fat-teated whore, he could barely even see the point, the moment Debbie was out of hearing range, he'd ripped that silver-haired fuck-doll's undersized dress, slammed her onto the table, poised his feet atop her desk and began cleaving through her soft, glistening cunnyfolds without a single ounce of hesitation.

Really, at this point he was moreso using her as little other than a cheap, disposable onahole to be skewered on his throbbing fucklog until he was satisfied, but Mrs. Winslow was *smitten* with his utter brutality all the same. The fingers of his right hand clenched over her neck as Nolan's groans began to rise in volume and frequency, making the silver-haired slut's cunt quiver and squirt all over him from the sensual sound of those bullish, primal grunts of an **OTHERWORLDLY BREEDING BULL DEAD-SET ON PROVING HER OBSTETRICIAN'S DIAGNOSIS WRONG AND PUMPING HER WOMB FULL OF A MASSIVE LITTER OF HIS POWERFUL SPAWN!**

"**FUGGHIN' GONNA NUT INSIDE THIS SLIPPERY WHORE CUNT, YOU GODDAMN SOW! TAKE EVERY GODDAMN DROP~!!!**" The booming growl of release Nolan let loose was tinted with the edge of a Viltrumite warrior cry, a thundering rumble spreading through the floor that made the secretary listening in on the scene trip and fall on her face from the sheer power of it, while he dug his enormous, two-foot bitchbreaker **BALLS DEEP** into that slimy hagpussy right as his nuts throbbed with his impending load.

The fucking **SOUND** of his ejaculation was almost as fearsome and powerful as the jet-engine like boom his takeoffs into flight were. A nasty, nutty, greasy discharge like the pump of a malfunctioning, half-clogged sewage pipe unleashing its plentiful contents by the gallon.

SPLRCH! SPLATTTCHHHHHH! SPRULLLLLOTCHHHHHHH!!!

Nolan made sure to stare **DEEP** into the voluptuous GILF bitch's eyes the entire time, his eyes twitching ever so lightly with the weight of his orgasm, his heavy nuts

bloating and twitching as an endless wave of slimy, sticky, sperm-saturated spunk, lined with hgiant tadpole swimmers so goddamn huge you could practically **SEE** them swimming through each rope of seed he unleashed, filling her womb to the brim.

"Goddamn...at least that cunt could help me get a good nut off. Now, are you gonna *leave my son alone?* Or am I gonna have to keep beating this pussy in till you learn your lesson?"

Almost the entire Administration Office had its ear pressed against Principal Winslow's door. Hell, they practically didn't need to, not with every sordid, downright disturbing sound blasting out at **FULL VOLUME** for all of them to hear! The secretaries, those dull-eyed drones that kept a close eye on "troublemakers" like Mark, were frigging their needy, neglected pussies till their eyes rolled into the back of their skulls, each of them fantasizing about gagging on that **HEAVY, HULKING, CUNT-STRETCHING BREEDING BAT** swinging between Nolan's powerful legs and slurping every last drop of sweat and grime clean from it! They seethed with pure jealousy, as a couple of them even considered barging right inside, tearing Denise's half-conscious body away from that swaggering, musclebound **BRUTE-STUD**, and letting him split their dried-up, old hag cunts in half too!

The few pin-dicked beta males that shuffled paperwork around the office and scurried like rats when in the presence of a **REAL MAN** like Nolan or Mark, tried to act like the pathetic little pin-pricks in their pants were rock-hard and blasting whatever watered-down excuse for "seed" the lesser so-called "males" of this planet possessed. But even while rearranging the screeching old hag-sow's greedily squeezing pussy, Nolan could sense the way their hearts raced and blood pressure rose, like any pitiful example of a "male" specimen would when in the presence of **SUPERIOR VILTRUMITE BREEDING**. Soon, they'd all be able to witness it. Nolan, however, could already feel his patience wearing thin. He's spent too long here already... He could feel himself... Changing.

His eyes hardened on the dazed and drooling piece of thoroughly-abused human pussy laid out before him; his boiling hot, tar-thick seed still slowly seeping from that gaping, tunneled-out hag cunt, as her blown-out, sloshing belly made the barely breathing, silver-haired GILF look like she was already deep into her third trimester.

Fucking disgusting. Even the mere sound of his deep, gravelly voice had the mind-broken human fuck-sow gushing like a bitch in heat; creaming herself and pumping the floor in even more of the sloppy, white-hot mixture of sugary fem-cum and chunky, womb-clogging Viltrumite seed spilling out of her.

“N—NOT...” Denise’s incredibly hoarse voice eventually came creaking out of her.

“I—I YOU DON’T KEEP F—UCKING ME TILL THO—E... B—BIG ♥... —AT ♥... H—HEAVY ♥... N—NUT ARE F—UGGHHHING EMPTY...” She grunted out, while the scowl on Nolan’s devilishly handsome face only filled with even more malice.

“Pathetic.” His cold, hard, unfeeling voice echoed in Denise’s ears. In an instant, she was in Nolan’s musclebound arms, her slender back pressed against his furry barrel chest, while his enormous, cunt-busting cockhead prodded right up against her nastily leaking, battered pussy-lips.

“Then you’d better be ready for it, you fuckin’ cock-sleeve.” He snarled deep into her ear, before skewering every last inch of his gut-wrenching womb-wrecker balls-deep inside Denise’s gushy, gooey, cum-flooded pussy!

“I’M READY! I’M F—UGGHHHING READY! PUMP YOUR F—UGGHHHING BABIE IN—IDE MEEE! MAKE ME YOUR F—UGGHHHING CUM-DUMP WHOREEE! PLEEEA—E! DE—TROY ME WITH THAT BIG —AT F—UGGHHHING MON—TER COOCCKKK ♥♥♥”

While Nolan was busy with his “negotiations” with Mark’s Principal, Mark and Debbie were making the awkward trip back home. Teenage hormones were one thing, Debbie could deal with that, but super-powered teenage hormones? They didn’t make parenting books on that.

The silent tension in the car had been going on for far too long at this point, and Debbie was desperate to finally break it.

“Ahem,” She cleared her throat, flashing Mark a gentle smile.

“So... You got into a fight with William’s boyfriend, huh?” She hoped that didn’t come out as judgmental as it might’ve sounded.

“Want to explain what that’s about? I thought you liked Rick? Said he was ‘nice’ to William? Something... Change there?”

Mark didn’t answer, didn’t even glance over to acknowledge her. He just kept looking out the window, hoping his nosey mother would get the hint and stop asking questions.

“Mark... When you were little, I told you that there were some things that couldn’t be solved with just brute force. Your father, he doesn’t get that. It’s been challenging for him to understand that humans are complex, a little irrational at times. You, Mark, you take after me. We’re both complex and irrational. Just because you’re strong like your father now doesn’t give you permission to use your strength on others like that. Got it? You’re not an alien from another world, you’re my son, and my son doesn’t go hurting people.” Debbie sighed. That sounded a lot more like a scolding than she intended it to.

“Listen... I’m not upset. Well, I am a little, but mostly, I’m worried. I don’t want you to become someone you don’t even recognize. The kind of person who thinks just because they’re stronger, they’re always right. As you get older, the decisions you make carry more weight. You need to make a conscious effort to shape the kind of

person you want to be. That's all." Debbie slowly stroked her fingers through Mark's thick, silky hair, as a gentle, wistful expression softened her alluring face.

"That's just what being a complex human being is all about. Oh! And if you're interested in William, leave poor Rick out of it. Now, that Todd asshole? I can't really blame you for that one, but next time, control yourself a little more, please? At least try not to put him in the hospital."

Mark had a look of deep discontentment on his face, his hot, pulsing cunt-wrecker of a cock violently spraying as it flared with desperate need from being denied its climax for so long. The mention of Rick made the veins on his neck stand out as he stared out of the window, scowling ever-so-slightly before finally speaking back to her.

"I just...*ugh*, I dunno what it is, I got so...*mad* just seeing him like that, and it...it scared me a little, cause it didn't feel *bad* throwing him around like that, felt good, actually. *Really* good...I don't wanna be...like that, that would make me just like that dickhead Todd, and that'd be awful." Mark ruminated, a sullen sigh leaving his lips for a moment as he clenched his fist against the car window.

"I know...I know I'm not like...like *him*, I wanted to be for so long and I guess I thought after I got my powers, everything would just change. But I'm still just me, but with this other *side* of me I guess...it's hard to explain, mom. But I'm *trying* here, I guess I could...apologize to Rick and his mom, maybe, but I just...I don't know if I can really even trust myself with all this power, now that I've got it." He continued, looking back at his mother as she gently stroked his hair and mustering some remnants of a smile to meet her expression with, before blushing a bit at her comment about William.

"William is...*complicated*, okay? I'd rather...*not* talk about that right now, besides, there's Amber too...gave her my number and everything after teaching that asshole Todd a lesson. Not to brag, but I bet you'd think I was prettyyyy smoothe there, must have got my charm from your side of the family." He joked, his cock twitching a bit as he thought back to that moment with his years-long crush that was so woefully interrupted by Mrs. Denise and her busybody tendencies.

Debbie knew it was wrong, but she couldn't help but ogle at the rippling, perfectly muscles of her son's newly transformed body. She'd never say it out loud, but it truly was a night and day difference! If she hadn't known about alien origins, she might've even guessed he started abusing steroids!

And it wasn't just those massive, bulging muscles that were massive... It was the heavy, twitching, jizz-pumping pillar of grade-A Viltrumite breed-meat throbbing between those enormous, tree-trunk legs! Those subtle, fleeting glances she gave had quickly turned into outright stares as she watched Mark's hypervirile monster cock grow, pulse, and leak ounce after ounce of bubbling hot, ovary-clogging pre-seed all over the floor of her SUV!

The outrageously **STACKED** Korean MILF quietly licked her pillowy pink lips, and her hands tightened around the steering wheel, as she tried (and failed) to clear her mind and focus on anything other than her son's god-like physique or his cunt-splitting fuck-slab. She almost wondered if Mark could even pick up on the rapid beating of her heart, like his father always did. Could he tell she was nervous? Excited? That her panties were already getting soaked in her sugary-sweet juices?

"Heh... With a body like that, Mark. Amber would have to be crazy not to be impressed. She's a sweet girl. I've seen her a couple of times down at the community center." Debbie's smile sweetened. She was genuinely happy for her son, even if she was almost wishing the only woman in his life would always end up being her.

"But don't start getting an ego over all this attention now, Casanova. When your father and I first started dating, he had women just throwing themselves at him. Things must work differently on Viltrum, because he was loving every minute of it, and it put a real strain on our relationship." Debbie looked proud, a smug smirk brightening up her alluring face. "Of course, I made sure he only ever had eyes for me, heh! I'm just telling you, sweetheart, all this attention you're getting is new and exciting, and you're allowed to be interested back, just don't lead these girls, or boys, on, okay? That's not very nice, and I didn't raise my son to be some cruel playboy." Of course, Debbie had to close their conversation out with one last piece of motherly advice, right as they pulled into the driveway.

"I should go pick something up for dinner. You go put some clothes on, young man. Before we have a whole crowd of horny housewives knocking on our door!" Debbie teased, as she planted a soft kiss on Mark's cheek and waved goodbye as she drove off towards the grocery store.

Finally, Mark had some much-needed alone time. Time to get dressed, relax, and maybe even deal with the aching of his incredibly swollen balls while he was at it!

DING-DONG!

There was no way someone was ringing his doorbell right now!

DING-DONG!

‘Maybe if I ignore them, they’ll just go away...’

DING-DONG! DING-DONG! DING-DONG! DING-DONG!

“Fuuuccckkk.” Mark groaned as he walked back downstairs and opened the front door, only to be greeted by some scowling blonde MILF in a hot-pink Lululemon outfit!

She had a blunt cut, shoulder-length bob, dyed an extremely striking platinum blonde, with intense, cerulean blue eyes, and a youthful, lily-white complexion that didn’t give away her age at all. She had on an incredibly low-cut, strappy pink sports bra, which could still barely contain those colossal, heaving, milky-white udders jutting from her slender, delicate chest. Her waist was tightly cinched, shaped into a stunning hourglass, as her wide, juicy, childbearing hips flared out obscenely. It led down to her long, voluptuous legs, massive, marshmallowy thighs, and the humongously fat, extra-bubbly shelf of twerk-meat filling out her skintight pink yoga pants; the remarkably thin, nearly see-through material showing off every inch of the rippling, wobbly ass-fat bouncing and clapping away on Mark’s doorstep.

For the briefest moment, the vicious, hateful scowl on her sharp, angular face softened as she slowly licked her incredibly plump, pouty, overly-injected lips, and her eyes widened at the sight of Mark’s unbelievably massive, magnificently muscled body filling the entire doorframe! Of course, the second she caught herself doing it, she snapped back to her senses, eyes hardening, scowl deepening, as she cleared her throat and started in on her hateful, venom-filled tirade towards Mark!

“SO! You must be the violent neanderthal that so viciously attacked my precious baby boy, Todd!” She growled as she slammed her finger right into Mark’s enormous chest and wondered if she sprained it!

“Ow! W—What the hell...?” She whispered under her breath before turning her attention right back onto Mark’s gloriously naked physique.

“Boys from low-class families like yours might not understand this, but my Todd’s got a bright future, and I’d never allow some musclebound THUG to get away with laying a single finger on him! Especially not one who doesn’t even have the decency to hide that... B—Big... B—Beefy... P—Piece of... A—Ahem! C—Cover yourself up already, my goodness!”

Francine Williams, President of the PTA and a genuine nightmare for anyone who wasn’t groveling at her feet like one of her little sycophants. She knew all about Todd’s vicious bullying and the numerous other allegations against him, but that didn’t stop her from constantly barging into the principal’s office and making a fuss whenever Todd finally managed to get himself into trouble. Principal Winslow, hell, even the entire School Board, knew the best way to deal with her was just to give her whatever it was she wanted, unless they wanted to have her sic her brigade of overpaid lawyers on them.

“You put my precious Todd in the hospital! He has a broken jaw, a broken hand, and broken ribs! He might not be able to play Basketball again for the rest of the season because of you!” Francine hissed as she slowly rubbed her temples to keep her impending migraine at bay.

“There’s no point in talking to a child! Where the hell are your parents? They’re the ones I’m going to sue for everything they’re worth! And you! Don’t even think I’m not pressing charges against you! You’re getting locked up like the violent CRIMINAL you are!”

Mark was barely in a state to listen to a word of Francine’s complaints and crude insults tossed his way, each one rolling off him as easily as a flying bullet would likely crush itself against his impenetrable skin. He bit his lip and grimaced at the sight in front of him, cursing whatever God there might have been for making Todd Williams’ nasty, angry, insufferably annoying helicopter mom that he’d heard so many legends of so goddamn **SEXY**.

His giant, churning cum-kegs pulsed and *hissed* audibly in reaction to her proximity, a sound like a sizzling flame burning through every ounce of Mark's self-control as his hormone-flooded body ached with an entire days' worth of unreleased, primal desire that begged for an outlet for him to unleash his domineering Viltrumite instincts onto. Mark's grimace turned to a soft, cheeky smirk as Francine stared up at him, the width of his brawny figure threatening to break through the doorframe as he stepped forward into her, shutting her up as she gasped in shock at being made aware of the overwhelming *enormity* of the brute that had possibly permanently disfigured her son!

"Oh...you're *Todd's* mom, right? I'm gonna be honest with you lady...I don't really *regret* teaching that dumbfuck kid of yours a lesson, he's a loudmouthed pinhead who thinks he can do whatever he wants, and frankly, I'm tired of proving people like that right." Mark's baritone voice was calm and assertive, making Francine's shuddering heart clench and pump at rapid-fire speeds...how long was it since anyone, since any *man* had so easily brushed aside her complaints, disregarded her money, her connections and her uppity sense of absolute self-assuredness to stamp his foot down and flat out *refuse* her even the slightest apology?

"But...I will admit, it pains me to know I might have made a pretty piece of ass--I mean, a lovely lady like you so distraught. Let's not be rash about this, why don't you come inside, Mrs. Williams? See if we can't...work something out, just the two of us?" Mark's strong, but gentle voice was a whisper in her ear as his arm slid around her waist and pulled her in through the door, making it clear that his words were *not* a request as he slammed it shut behind them, his buck-naked bulk dwarfing her soft, MILFy figure as her eyes now took in the totally unveiled glory of ***TWO ENORMOUS FEET OF CUNT-CLUBBING ALIEN STUD-COCK, ALREADY PRIMED AND DRIPPING WITH SWEAT AS MASSIVE, PULSING, FINGER-SIZED VEINS TRACED ITS GIRTH AND TWITCHED WITH HER PRESENCE.***

"Wouldn't you like to at least...*understand* why I might have *tore your dumbfuck kid a new one*? Maybe if you understand how to make him stay out of my way, things might get better for him...I'm not a violent guy, Mrs. Williams, I could definitely be...*persuaded* to leave him be, with the right incentive, that is."

That stench... From the second Francine met Mark, she could pick up on that intoxicating aroma. So powerful. So masculine. So completely mind-numbing. She almost wanted to ask him what cologne he was wearing, but the answer would've been obvious: None. He didn't need any, not with the natural scent of his irresistible, utterly addictive Alpha musk bombarding her senses and launching her brain into a lust-fueled frenzy.

He was oddly charming for such a “violent brute”, that suave, devilishly handsome smile on his face making the massive-teated old hag’s heart almost skip a beat, while his deep, rumbling voice, like something she had only ever heard in her nastiest, wettest dreams, sent shivers rolling down her spine.

Once he had his massive, musclebound arm around her, deep down, she knew it was over. She was blushing like a love-sick schoolgirl, unable to even form a complete sentence, as his enormous hand lingered on the small of her back while he guided her inside. There was no going back now. He had her exactly where he wanted her, but she certainly wasn’t going to make it easy for him!

Even with that **HUMONGOUS, HULKING CUT OF VEIN-RIDDLLED MONSTER COCK** swinging out like a giant, hefty breeding bat for her to **DROOL** over as hard as she pleased, Francine Williams wasn’t a woman who could be easily distracted when she had her mind set on something!

“Y—You...” She stammered quietly, as she slowly mustered up the brainpower to actually open up her mouth and speak again. “A—A foul-mouthed little BRUTE like you thinks he can pummel my boy like that, and a simple ‘apology’ is going to make it all better! Well, you’ve got another thing coming! I don’t care how... B—Big... T—That THING between your legs is! I—I’m not going to rest until your whole family is completely penniless!” Francine’s flapping gums were saying one thing, but her body was telling a completely different story. Her slender, finely manicured hands slowly glided down the hulking, steel-hard surface of Mark’s flawlessly chiseled chest, marveling over those enormous pecs and his finely carved, diamond-hard abs. Her French-tipped nails carefully grazed over the huge, mountain-like peaks of his outrageously oversized biceps, worshipping every inch, while Mark not-so-subtly flexed for her amusement.

She whimpered softly, nibbling on her pillowy bottom lip, her incredibly hungry eyes as wide as saucers, before Mark, who was quickly growing impatient, grabbed one of Francine’s dainty hands and wrapped it around the unimaginably thick, cunt-busting slab of Viltrumite breed-meat leaking like a loose faucet all over the hardwood floor.

“I—I love my Todd, but...” Her incredibly soft, shaky voice had just barely creaked out, while she pulled her other hand around Mark’s heavy, twitching breeder. She firmly squeezed, wrapping both hands around that enormous, fatly-veined girth, and slowly pumped her tight, kneading fists back and forth; stroking all the way down to the

absurdly beefy base of Mark's bonafide womb-wrecker, and guiding them all the way back up to Mark's insanely beefy, overblown cockhead.

"I—I know he can be a little rough around the edges... B—But he didn't deserve that... W—What kind of reason could you have even had for doing all that to him...?" Francine questioned, as stunned gasps and quiet moans slowly spilling from those incredibly luscious DSLs.

"□—□ *O THICK... I—I CAN BARELY WRAP BOTH AROUND IT...*" She muttered under her breath as she watched wads of bubbling hot pre-seed splash across her suffocatingly thick thunder-thighs. She couldn't believe how much **HARDER** and **LONGER** Mark's brain-breaking monster cock was growing by the second! How had he not even reached full mast yet!

"Y—You can't be Mark Grayson... T—Todd always talked about how 'puny' you were... I—I just... M—Maybe you should go put on some clothes..." Francine said as she tried to pull away, but Mark dragged her back in closer, her massively fat, squishy cow-tits smothered against his powerful barrel chest, while he forced her to stare even deeper into those dark, intimidating eyes of his.

"I—I mean it, young man... Y—You really need to go put something on..."

Mark's finely carved features stared into the cool blue pools of Francine's eyes as she looked up at him in awe, her manicured fingernails tracing across every fine, steely sinew of muscle stitched across his barrel-chested frame that felt tougher than tungsten and made her feel even more hopelessly weak and submissive in his presence. He chuckled at her attempts to play up how unaffected she was by his naked member, one hand snaking around her waist and digging into the slutty whale-tail left hanging open from her painted-on yoga pants, jiggling her ass-cleavage by tugging at the waistband of her thong before his wide, beefy paw sunk into that sloshing smack-fat and grabbed it like it was his *possession*.

"Oh yeah? Why haven't you stopped staring at it yet then, Francine?" Mark laughed, dropping the honorifics entirely, grunting with approval as her hands slowly slid further down and began to stroke his hulking monstercock, his hungry glare burning into her skin as his rough, powerful palm **SQUEEZED** that shelf-like wobble-wagon while he hissed down at her.

"You wanna know why I put your son in the hospital? Maybe cause he touched what's mine, and I wanted to teach him a lesson, maybe cause I don't like seeing little creeps like him put their hands on women when I can stop it...or maybe just *cause I fuckin' wanted to, and that weak little bitch wasn't gonna stop me*. You're not gonna stop me either, Francine...maybe you came here to try and pull that bitchy little Karen act, but don't try and act like that's what you're here for anymore." He

spat down at her, sliding both hands beneath her leggings and grunting with approval as his palms appraised every inch of the soft, pale, squishy MILF-meat beneath it, touching her in ways her husband hadn't **DARED** to in...*forever*.

"Goddamn, that's some phat fuckin' assmeat...how'd a juicy piece of pussy like you pop out that genetic waste of a kid? Dad must be a major league limp dick...look, I'm not even gonna *try* to act like I'm gonna apologize to your kid, or that I'm sorry for what I did. But if he learns a lesson from getting tossed around for once this time, I *might* leave him be...you've got all the power to decide if it ends here, or if I make his life a *lot* worse, cause trust me, if I wanted to, I could snap him like a *toothpick*." He growled, every word of his filled with unrepentant honesty in his cruel, vicious words against her own son, mocking him in ways that should have made any decent mother in the right state of mind appalled and enraged with motherly fury. And yet...she couldn't bring herself to slap him, or scream at him, or do much more than lean into his strapping arms and coo in pleasure from his powerful grip, her mind already succumbing to the strength of those Viltrumite pheromones permeating her frontal lobe as he talked down to her.

“SMACK!” “SMACK!” “SMACK!”

Each time Mark's massive, muscly hand came careening down onto the humongous, jello-y globes of double-decker smack-padding devouring Francine's ass-squeezing yoga pants, it was like her entire body began to convulse, as wave after wave of pure, unadulterated excitement completely overwhelmed her. Suddenly, all that ferocious bark she had in her voice just a few minutes earlier had all but vanished, leaving behind nothing but soft, stammering whimpers and whines, as Mark's greedy fist sank deep into the quaking spheres of doughy-soft, extra-bubbly twerk-fat hanging off the slobbering blonde hag's homegrown rear end; palming the entire porcelain moon, watching it wobble and ripple as he dribbled it back and forth, while the incessant **“PAP!” “PAP!” “PAP!”** of all that marshmallowy cheek-meat clapping for his amusement filled Mark's ear.

There was no more hiding it. Not when Mark could smell the cherry-tinged sweetness radiating from between her incredibly voluptuous legs, completely soaking through her lacy thong and her skintight yoga pants. She wasn't here for her son or any of the other bullshit she was spewing. She was here because a fat-assed, cow-titted, dried-up old hag like her hasn't been touched in years and needed to come see the **ALPHA MALE** that knocked her smug, spoiled son around like the pathetic little pin-pricked soon-to-be cuck that he truly was.

All she could do was nod hopelessly at Mark's every word, only mustering up the brainpower to speak when spoken to, as his ravenous hands dipped underneath her leggings and mauled on her colossal globes of mind-bogglingly thick, jiggly twerk-fat.

“SMACK!” “SMACK!” “SMACK!”

He painted her porcelain ass-cheeks bright red with big, blistering handprints, each ear-splitting ***“SLAP!”*** ringing throughout every corner of the house, while the vicious teenage stallion spat his demands right in Francine's drooling little face.

“P—PLEA□E...” She groaned softly as she Mark's big, beefy fingers inching dangerously close to her incredibly fat, puffy pussy-folds. *“I—I’LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT, JU□T DON’T HURT MY TODD.”* Francine's perfectly plush, pouty lips slowly pressed against Mark's. She slowly pelted his lips with soft, sensual kisses again and again, until it eventually deepened into a full-blown tongue-kiss; her tongue carefully pushed in further, coiling around his, as she desperately lapped, licked, and worshipped every inch of it!

“I—I KNOW YOU’RE BIG AND □TRONG AND COULD BREAK HIM IN HAL□, I’VE □EEN THE VIDEO□, BUT... P—PLEA□E JU□T TAKE IT OUT ON ME...” Francine begged, as she coaxed Mark's massive tongue out into the open air and suckled on it hungrily.

While Francine's perfectly formed facade of an unyielding helicopter parent who would stop at nothing to make the lives of anyone who dared lay a finger on her precious baby boy's head crumbled to dust before Mark's all-consuming Viltrumite allure, her son was a few miles away, his crushed right arm kept contained in a cast which hid how much the limb had truly been demolished into a weak, jello-like imitation of itself, while an ice pack was laid over half of his horrendously swollen face, and every movement of his was met with unspeakable agony.

He was in more pain than he'd ever felt in his life, cursing Mark Grayson's name with his only solace being the knowledge that his mom and her lawyers would almost certainly score a legendary payout on a civil suit to make damn sure that piece of shit knew not to mess with him again. He awkwardly used his non-dominant hand to scroll idly on his phone, ignoring the edits and reactions to the clip of his brutal beatdown at Mark's hands circulating all over social media, at least until a text came in on the basketball team group chat that instantly had him maneuvering to the bastard's tiktok account.

MARK GRAYSON GOING LIVE: ADDRESSING TODD WILLIAMS

This was gonna be fucking *rich*, his mom had clearly given Mark's fat-ass mom or his (admittedly, intimidatingly jacked) dad enough of a scare to get them to make that pig-headed fuck-face do a public apology. Of course, that wouldn't be nearly enough to forgive them without taking them to the fucking cleaner's in court, but with how grievously harmed his pride was in the last 24 hours, even the slightest scar to Mark's growing reputation as the new "big man on campus" would be enough to ease Todd's pain for a moment...

His wicked smile, however, soon turned to a disappointed, confused frown as the live began...and the sound of...*slurping*? No, some loud, nasty, animalistically hungry SMACKING AND SUCKLING LIKE A PREDATOR SCRAPING THE BONES CLEAN OFF ITS PREY boomed into his one good ear through his airpods, followed by a booming **SMACK!** that made him flinch in fear at the memory of Mark's palm destroying half of his face.

The phone shuffled noisily for a minute, showcasing a room littered with Seance Dog and Guardians of the Globe posters that almost certainly belonged to that dweeby freak Mark, but Todd's eyes widened with shock and horror as the camera refocused and panned outwards to unveil the tiniest hint of the Grayson bastard's face **BURIED BENEATH A MASSIVE, DOUBLE-DECKER SET OF SQUISHY SOFT MILF-ASS THAT WOULD'VE CHOKED ANY HUMAN BENEATH IT'S OVERWHELMING WEIGHT THAT COULD'VE ONLY BELONGED TO...**

"*W-aaah e e e o...?*" Todd whispered to himself, a strangled, creaking voice unbecoming of his usual loud, crass, boorish persona, a sinking sensation gathering in his heart as he heard the unmistakable **SCHLRRRRRPPPPSCHHHH~** of a thick, beefy tongue (that likely dwarfed his impotent little weenie) sliding through his mom's squishy cuntfolds and sampling the fruity flavors of her pussy juices before dragging back as a voice that could only have been Mark's spoke.

"Fughhhhhh, that's some juicy old hag-pussy, bitch. Can practically taste that your limp-dick hubby hasn't touched this cunt in YEARS, good, just means he's gonna have to watch and understand that he's never getting a piece of it again~"

"O—Oh my fughhhing godddddd ♥♥♥" Todd couldn't even recognize the sound of his own mother's voice. Never in his life had he heard her sound so... Soft. Needy. Hungry. The way her voice hitched, desperate gasps spilling out everytime a long, drawn-out growl rumbled deep from within Mark's core, it all made the egotistical blowhard want to tear himself out of his skin and die right then and there.

'No way... No fucking way this is real. It's got to be some kind of sick joke!' He told himself, hopelessly trying to convince himself that what he, and the hundreds and soon thousands of others online, were watching wasn't true.

All the while, Francine's cries of primal pleasure were only growing even louder. She threw her head back, as her entire body writhed viciously, and Mark's massive hand came **CRASHING** down on her incredibly bright, blistering ass-cheek once again!

"D—DON'T TOP! H—HARDER! —LURP THAT ON AT UGGHHHING PU Y EVEN HARDER, PLEEEA E! O—OH DEAR GOD, I NEED THI! I—I NEED YOUR PERFECT LIP LOBBERING ALL OVER THI THICK JUICY CUNNY, MARK ♥♥♥ —UCKLING ON MY WOLLEN CLIT! J—JUST LIKE THAT! O—OH MY UGGHHHING—! LORD YE, PLEA E ♥♥♥ PLEA E! PLEA E! PLEEEA E ♥♥♥"

Beads of sweat glistened along the supple, jiggly slopes of Francine's unimaginably voluptuous curves, as she squatted her naked body, desperately grinding her deliciously thick, puffy, achy pussy back and forth across Mark's slick, glazed face! She slowly bounced up and down, pressing more and more of her weight down on top of the irresistible teenage breeding bull, while Mark's lips sealed completely over Francine's sopping wet pussy and sent the brainless, babbling MILF into a whole new world!

The pressure on her agonizingly sensitive clit, the feeling of that big burly tongue pushing past her thick, juicy folds and sliding deep the sweetly-sugared depths of her drooling pink pussy, the tight grip his powerful hands on her massively thick thighs and mouthwateringly fat ass-cheeks, it was like everything about Mark, right down to the way his lips smacked as he slurped down the cherry-flavored sweetness dripping down his neck, was designed to make this poor, neglected busybody PTA Mom as **SOAKING WET AND NEEDY AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE!**

"O—OH GODDDDDD I NEED OME AT UGGHHHING COCK O BADDDDDD ♥♥♥ B—BURIED O UGGHHHING DEEP IN IDE ME I'LL NEVER EEL THE SAME WAY AGAIN! —CRAPING OUT THI UGGHHHING LOPPY HAG PU Y TILL IT' NOTHING BUT A GAPING GODDAMN TUNNEL! B—BUILT JUST FOR TAKING YOUR LONG THICK HEAVY MONSTER COCK, MARK ♥♥♥ I—IT' ALL YOUR! A—ALL UGGHHHING YOUR! A—ALL—! O—OH HHHIIITTT ♥♥♥ RIGHT THERE! RIGHT THERE! RIGHT UCKING THERE! I—I'M GONNA CUM! I—I'M GONNA CUM! I—I'M O GONNA UGGHHHING CUMMM ♥♥♥" Francine squealed uncontrollably, before she forced her entire weight down on Mark, suffocating him beneath that mountain of unbelievably bubbly, doughy-soft wobble-fat!

[WAIT IS THAT TODD'S MOM?]

**[NO WAY! I KNEW THAT BITCH WAS THICCC, BUT THIS IS CRAZY!] **

[IS THAT MARK GRAYSON? HOLY FUCK! ALL THE GOSSIP WAS ACTUALLY TRUE?!]

**[HE'S HUNG LIKE A FUCKING HORSE!] **

[NO WONDER TODD GOT HIS ASS BEAT! LOOK AT HOW HUGE MARK IS! THAT BED LOOKS LIKE IT'S TO SNAP INTO PIECES!]

Before Todd could fully process what was happening, the entire school was watching as his mother shivered and seized, her humongously thick twerk-spheres filling the entire live stream with the heavy, wet **“PLAP!” “PLAP!” “PLAP!”** of her wildly wobbling ass-clapping, while she squirted all over Mark's face; gushing her slick, sweet, cherry-sugared cunny-juices all down Mark's cheeks and neck, while the excess flowed down his enormous chest and soaked into his Seance Dog themed sheets.

“O—Oh my fuggghhing god yessss... ♥♥♥” Francine huffed, as she slowly lifted herself up and turned around to face the camera. Her hair was matted to sweaty face, her eyes were glazed over, pupils dialated into the shape of big, wide, adorable hearts, her tongue was out, hanging down past her chin, as she smiled stupidly at the camera, a big, dumb, empty-headed grin, and slowly opened up that piping hot mouth.

“S--Sooo fuggghhing hugeee ♥♥♥” She giggled like the dumbiest little ditz, drooling and groaning, as she wrapped both hands around Mark's jaw-breaking fuck-slab and spat all over it; drenching every last inch in every ounce of slick, steamy drool she possibly could, until it was perfectly glazed and glistening irresistibly for the camera.

[WHO KNEW SHE WAS SUCH A FUCKING SLUT!]

[GODDAMN! I SHOULD'VE BEEN FUCKING THIS BIG-TITTY BITCH INSTEAD!]

[JESUS CHRIST, GRAYSON'S COCK IS GIGANTIC!]

[NO WAY! IT'S GOT TO BE AI OR SOMETHING!]

[BREAK HER FUCKING THROAT ALREADY!]

Francine dragged her squishy, dripping tongue down from the base of Mark's mammoth-sized breeding bat, all the way up to that huge, beefy, fist-sized tip; the golden haired MILF hungrily lapped around that massive, oozing knob like the jizz-hungry whore she was, before she finally stretched open her jaw and swallowed it up. She groaned desperately, as her cheeks hollowed out and her eyes rolled back, while she pumped Mark's giant mushroom cockhead and inch after inch of his heavy, gut-punching monster cock deep inside her squishy, squeezing gullet!

[FUCK! SHE'S A HUNGRY FUCKING SLUT!]

[HOLLOW THAT STUPID BITCH'S THROAT OUT, GRAYSON!]

[OH MY GOD! I'LL JOIN IN! PLEASE, MARK! DESTROY MY PUSSY ONCE YOUR DONE WITH HERS!]

"SCCCLLLRRRRPPP!!!" Suddenly, Francine pulled back, purring at the sight of Mark's veiny breeder drenched in even more of her slobbery throat-slime, as thick ropes of cummy drool still connected her fat, puffy DSLs to Mark's jailbait fuck-bat.

"TODD, HONEY ♥~" She cooed softly, the motherliness of her voice drowned out by her lips nastily slurping around Mark's jizz-pumping cockhead.

"JU□T KNOW MOMMY'□ DOING THI□ □OR YOU, BABY. ALL □OR YOU, I □WEAR. I'LL MAKE □URE THI□ BIG MEAN □EXY BRU□IER DOE□N'T EVER LAY A □INGER ON YOU AGAIN! I PROMI□E I WILL ♥~ HE'LL TAKE EVERYTHING OUT ON MOMMY'□ PU□□Y □O YOU DON'T HAVE TO □U□□ER. I□N'T THAT □O □WEET O□ DADDY— I MEAN, MARK ♥♥♥~ HE'LL PUMP IT ALL OUT INTO MOMMY'□ CUNNY, EVERY LA□T DROP ♥♥♥~"

Francine took one last big breath, before impaling her sloppy, squeezing throat right back down on Mark's twitching monster cock; her vise-like gullet pushed down deeper and deeper, until over half of Mark's insanely girthy rod was shoveled inside her spasming, quivering, steaming hot esophagus.

Fumbling with his phone, Todd eventually managed to type out a message.

[TODD WILLIAMS: FUCK YOU, GRAYSON! I'LL FUCKING DESTROY YOU IF YOU LAY A HAND ON MY MOM! MOM, GET THE FUCK OUT OF THERE ALREADY! THIS IS INSANE! EVERYBODY REPORT THIS BULLSHIT! PLEASE!]

[LMAOOO! NOT TODD **CRASHING** OUT!]

[SERIOUSLY! FUUUCCKKKK... LOOK AT THE WAY SHE'S THROATING THAT SHIT!]

[FUCK OFF, TODD! BEFORE WE REPORT YOUR ASS FOR BEING SUCH A WHINY LITTLE PUSSY!]

[TODD WILLIAMS: WHAT THE FUCK!? MARK! PLEASE, MAN! C'MON! DON'T DO THIS! NOT MY MOM, PLEASE BRO! I'LL DO ANYTHING! I'LL GIVE YOU WHATEVER THE FUCK YOU WANT! YOU WANT MONEY??? I'LL GIVE YOU WHATEVER I GOT! JUST DON'T FUCKING PLOW MY MOM!]

“GLLLRRRKKK!” “SCCCLLLUUURRRPPP” “GLLLRRRKKK!”
“SCCCLLLUUURRRPPP” “GLLLRRRKKK!” “—o UGGHHING AT AND
WEATY ♥♥♥ BIG AT MEATY TUD-DICK TA TE o UGGHHING INCREDIBLE!
MORE! MORE! MORRREE ♥♥♥ NEED MORE DICK! DEEPER! DEEPER! DEEPER! EVERY
UGGHHING INCH DOWN MY LUTTY LITTLE THROAT ♥♥♥”

“GLUCCCKKKK!” “GLUCCCKKKK!” “GLUCCCKKKK!”

“SLLCCCKKKK!” “SLLCCCKKKK!” “SLLCCCKKKK!”

Meanwhile, Francine arched her back and pointed those colossal mounds of quaking, doughy ass-fat right in front of Mark's sloppy face, her needy, achy, trembling pussy quivering and drooling for more of his tongue's abuse, as her throat stretched around that cunt-breaking breed-meat; her windpipe bulging out, but never once easing up on its vicious, vacuum-tight grip on Mark's monster cock!

[TODD WILLIAMS: C'MON DUDE, DON'T BE LIKE THIS! HERE, HERE! HOW'S THIS! YOU WANT SOME OF THIS?!

[TODD WILLIAMS DONATED **\$500!!!**]

[TODD WILLIAMS: THAT GOOD?! THAT ENOUGH! JUST FUCKING STOP! I'LL SEND MORE, MAN! ANYTHING YOU WANT! I SWEAR! JUST DON'T FUCKING DO THIS!]

The bedside monitor hooked up to Todd's body was beeping at a rapidly accelerating rate, creating a mechanical symphony of terror driven by his heart's frantic pumping against his ribcage while he sat up on his bed with a wince, watching in agony as Mark...**THE** Mark Grayson he was pushing around like a fucking wimp just a few months ago, had his **COLOSSAL VILTRUMITE COCK-CLUB DEVoured AND SMOTHERED BY HIS MOTHER'S SLOBBERING SLUT-MAW AS SHE INHALED THAT MEAT LIKE IT WAS MORE PRECIOUS TO HER THAN OXYGEN!**

With a gravelly, baritone groan that made every last female Reginald Vel high student (and a couple of simpering sissies) clench their thighs and swoon, Mark made sure to raise both his burly arms and **WHAP!!!** his palms into either flank of Francine's fat, juicy, mammoth-sized asscheeks, digging his fingers into the crevice where those planetary PAWG-cakes came together and spreading them apart so the camera caught every last detail of that mature, MILF pussy in 4K quality as he looked right into it and began to **FEAST ON THAT SLOPPY, SPASMING PUSSY LIKE A STARVING MAN ON THE BRINK OF TOTAL COLLAPSE!**

Even as he had his face buried in a sea of sloshing smackfat while Francine gyrated and mewled for more on top of him, it was more than clear that he was totally in control here, his tongue **BURROWING** deep into the plump walls of her pussy while his lips greedily wrapped around the outer borders of her cunt and sucked **DEEP AND HARD**, wringing the juices out from her slit like he was draining the essence of a ripe fruit into his mouth, while his free hand tossed through the air and **PUNISHED** Mrs. Williams ripe, doughy fuckpadding cheeks with smack after rippling smack leaving her **MARKED** by his touch.

He barely bothered to acknowledge the stream, his eyes rolling back for a moment as Francine greedily gargled as much of his **HYPER-VIRILE TEEN STUDCOCK AS SHE COULD FIT DOWN HER THROAT ALL AT ONCE**, helped by his hand reaching into her hair and taking control to **SLAM HER ALONG HIS TURGID, THROBBING LENGTH UNTIL HER NOSTRILS WERE FORCED FULL OF THE BRAIN-ERODING SOUP OF VILTRUMITE HORMONES AND STUDLY SWEAT RADIATING OFF HIS NUTSACK!** It was only when Francine finally **CAME HER FUCKING BRAINS OUT ALL OVER HIS FACE AND TURNED AROUND TO GREEDILY WORSHIP HIS HYPER HUNG BULLMEAT** and the text to speech that came with Todd's pathetic donation *pleading* for Mark to show the kind of mercy he never would have, that he finally turned his attention to the captured audience growing quickly into the tens of thousands, *laughing* at the poor sop before laying another vicious **SMACK!** to Francine's jiggly ass-spheres and hissing down to her.

"Well, wouldn't you know. Looks like your kid really *is* watching, poor guy must be going through the ringer, watching his mommy *choke on the same cock of the guy who permanently ruined his basketball career*. DON'T STOP SUCKING, SLUT. KEEP THAT THROAT NICE AND TIGHT FOR ME...GOD YEAH...looks like the lil bitch wants us to stop though...mother knows best, right? You think we should *stop*, Mrs. Williams?" Mark mockingly asked the woman, grabbing her hair at the root and yanking it back so his sloppy fuckpillar fell free from her lips and **THWACKED** into the side of her face, the spit-slimed length sliding along her pretty features as he angled the camera to perfectly capture the look of totally devoted **COCKLUST** that consumed her eyes and made her look like an entirely different person to Todd.

If the nurses had been paying any attention to Todd's condition, they would've thought he was having a full-blown heart attack at the ripe old age of 17! Unfortunately for him, even they were tuned into the amateur porno starring the jailbait teenage heartthrob, Mark Grayson, and Todd's own **MOTHER!** They ducked back behind the Nurses' Station, pulled down their scrub-pants and hopelessly rubbed their fat aching clits RAW, watching enviously as Mark forced every last inch of his steel-hard breeding bat balls-deep down Francine's steamy, sloppy, viciously-squeezing throat-cunt; pummeling the back of her fat pink esophagus like a wild bull out to stud, as the nastiest, wettest sounds of animalistic throat-rape played out for all those nasty old hag-nurses to frig their swollen pussies to!

Todd was completely helpless, trapped in his own broken body, unable to stop himself from staring down at his phone screen, like he was trying to sear the image of his mother's nasty, sloppy, cum-glazed throat stretching like something right out of the most disgusting, degrading throat-abuse pornos you could find online; nasty, sludge-like pre-jizz dribbling down from the corners of her tightly-sealed lips, stretched paper-thin around the ungodly size of Mark's pussy-brutalizing breeder, and out from her violently flaring nostrils, as inky-black mascara-soaked tears streamed down her deep hollows of her cheeks. He shivered in terror as Mark's enormous hand grabbed the back of his mother's skull, fingers lacing her through her slick, sweaty hair, as he gripped it into a tight ponytail and used her gorgeous blonde locks like a leash.

"GLLLLRRRRKKKK!" "GLUCKGLRKKKSLLLUUURRRPPP!"

"SCLURPSCLURPSCLURP!" The sounds of Francine's incredibly squishy, cock-melting throat-pussy being viciously scraped across every inch of Mark's gut-wrenching monster cock were only growing even more violent, while the ferociously howling Viltrumite Adonis paddled those colossal, clomping wobble-spheres till his handprints were permanently seared across them, and buried her nasty, slobbery, jizz-glazed face into his enormous, cum-churning nuts as his hulking bitch-breaker reamed out the back of Francine's belly!

"CUMMINGGG ♥♥♥ OHHHH MY ☐ UGGHHING GODDD, CUMMINGGGG HARDERR ♥♥♥"

The platinum-blond piece of needy, gushy, cock-addicted hag pussy **SQUIRTED** all over Mark's face again and again, drenching Mark relentlessly in the sweetness of her neglected cheating cunt, before that **HUGE, HEAVY, SKULL-RATTLING FUCK-SLAB** was torn right out from vise-like pocket-pussy that was her slobbery, steaming hot windpipe!

"SSCCLLLLLUUURRRPPP ♥♥♥" Every braindead, squirting slut watching, from Mark's cock-addled "best friend" who was hopelessly reaming out his tight little

fag-cunny on the biggest, fattest dildo he had (and it still wasn't enough!), to the insanely fat-assed chocolate drop burying her fingers, right past the knuckles, inside her unimaginably wet, trembling pussy, and even the fiery-haired super-heroine shamelessly rubbing her incredibly puffy, drooling pussy-lips through her costume in the middle of a Teen Team briefing, collectively came in unison as Mark's **MIND-BOGGLINGLY FAT, MEATY, VEIN-RIDDLED RAPE-ROD completely FILLED THE SCREEN, as it SMACKED AND BOUNCED AND GRINDED MERCILESSLY AGAINST FRANCINE'S DELIRIOUS LITTLE FACE!**

The mindless, twerking, pillowy-lipped piece of dried-up old hag cunt slowly shook her head, gasping and giggling and spitting all over Mark's lipstick-smeared horsecock, as she locked eyes with the cameras and blew her precious baby boy some nasty, cummy, sloppy kisses!

"UH-UH, NO [] TOPPING, HEHEHE ♥♥♥~ N—NOT TILL MY LITTLE TODDY I [] COMPLETELY [] A [] E ♥♥♥~" She insisted, before wrapping those extra-cushiony cock-pillows around Mark's giant, juicy cockhead and letting out the sweet, sluttiest moans. **"A—AND HE WON'T BE—! Mmmppphhhmmm... ♥♥♥ [] UGGHHHING [] A [] E UNTIL—! SLLRRRRPPP ♥♥♥ I DRAIN EVERY—! SSSLLRRRRKKKK ♥♥♥ [] UGGHHHING DROP O [] NA [] TY BACKED-UP NUT-[] LUDGE [] ROM THI [] [] AT [] WEATY MU [] KY [] ACK ♥♥♥~ UNTIL I [] EEL MARK' [] BABIE [] [] WIMMING DOWN THE BACK O [] MY [] UGGHHHING THROAT AND WRIGGLING DEEP IN [] IDE MY WOMB ♥♥♥~"** Francine pulled her lips back, as she double-fisted Mark's jizz-pissing breeder as hard as she could; she pulled his ragingly rigid fuck-slab right up to the camera, giving all the girls (and those pouty-lipped sissies) a real close-up, as she spat and licked and stroked it all over!

[TODD WILLIAMS: PLEASE, MARK! YOU MADE YOUR FUCKING POINT, MAN! I'M A RAGING ASSHOLE! OKAY!? I GET IT! JUST PLEASE STOP THIS! THAT'S MY FUCKING MOM, MAN!]

Todd was pressing the Call button on his hospital bed like a madman, hoping somebody, **ANYBODY** would come in here and save him from watching this nightmare! He'd give anything to make it stop! **ANYTHING** to take today back!

[TODD WILLIAMS DONATED \$1500!]

"TODDY, BABY ♥♥♥~ THAT' [] [] O [] WEET O [] YOU TO DONATE TO MARK LIKE THAT! DOE [] N'T EVERYBODY WANT TO [] EE MARK DE [] TROY MY GREEDY [] UGGHHHING PU [] Y? WANT TO [] EE HOW MUCH MY PU [] Y CAN [] TRETCH AROUND THAT [] AT PIECE O [] GRADE-A DONKEY DICK? HM? HEHEHE! JU [] T KEEP DONATING! LET' [] HIT \$5000 [] OR TOTAL PUSSY DESTRUCTION!" Francine smiled deviously, almost like she could tell Todd was fighting back tears on the other side of the screen.

[WILLIAM CLOCKWELL DONATED \$100!]

****[AMBER BENNETT DONATED \$150!] ****

[EVE WILKINS DONATED \$300!]

[TODD WILLIAMS: WHAT THE FUCK, CLOCKWELL!? GRAYSON BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF YOUR BOYFRIEND TODAY! WHY THE HELL ARE YOU DONATING?!]

[WILLIAM CLOCKWELL: BECAUSE ASSHOLE, MARK DIDN'T FINISH FEEDING ME THAT HOT THICK NASTY NUT BECAUSE OF THE BULLSHIT YOU WERE PULLING WITH AMBER! THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS SIT THERE LIKE A BITCH WHILE HE BREAKS YOUR MOM'S CHEAP PUSSY!]

[WILLIAM CLOCKWELL DONATED \$150!]

[WILLIAM CLOCKWELL: I'M GETTING A RIDE NEXT, MARK! I'M GONNA DRAIN THOSE NUTS SO HARD, YOU'LL FUCKING PASS OUT!]

[TODD WILLIAMS: MARK! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, MAN! PLEASE! YOU'RE A BETTER GUY THAN THIS, RIGHT?! YOU'RE, LIKE, GOOD AND SHIT! COME ON, DUDE! DON'T MAKE ME WATCH MY MOM GET CREAMPIED, MAN!]

[AMBER BENNETT DONATED \$100!]

[TODD WILLIAMS: AMBER!?! WHAT THE FUCK! YOU DUMB BITCH!]

[AMBER BENNETT: FULL NELSON THAT DUMB FUCKING COW ALREADY, MARK! FLOOD THAT RACIST WHITE CUNT WITH ALL THAT BACKED-UP BULL-SEED!]

[TODD WILLIAMS DONATED \$2000!]

[TODD WILLIAMS: I'LL PAY YOU MY DAD'S FUCKING LIFE SAVINGS, BRO! JUST DON'T DO IT! PLEASE MARK, OH MY FUCKING GOD, DON'T DO THIS TO ME, MAN!]

"Holy fuckkkkk Todd, your mom's got a goddamn S-class mouthpussy on her, might just fuckin' bust a gallon in her stupid slut-throat instead...would probably turn out better for you than me ***KNOCKING UP THIS FAT FUGGHIN' PUSSY AND GIVING YOU A NEW SIBLING TO SHOW YOU WHO'S BOSS, WOULDN'T IT?***" The sweat-soaked stud cackled, grabbing both of Francine's cheeks and lewdly spreading them open in view of the camera as her cunt-juices spilled endlessly from her molten core, his shit-eating grin filling Todd with despair as he desperately emptied out the very generous funds his parents were happy to spoil him with in a vain attempt to preserve the slightest sliver of his already destroyed reputation.

"Oh, well goddamn...would you look at that? All those donations coming in are looking *sweet*, lots of requests for me to pump open some hungry sluts on here...sorry about that ladies, but I consider myself a gentleman...'cept when it comes to uppity little hag-sluts who need some fat dick to teach 'em a lesson." Mark joked again as he finally grabbed the phone to watch the surging donations pouring in with the view count tripling a good five times over in the course of *minutes*!

"Looks like TODD is our top donator too! Wow man, you into seeing your mom get her holes scraped open by a dude your age who put you in the hospital? That's mad weird...but thanks man, this blows my burger mart paycheck outta the fuckin' water, maybe after I'm done **DRAINING MY NUTS IN YOUR MOM'S TIGHT FUGGIN' PUSSY** I can finally treat myself for once." His words were cold and callous, leaving the half of Todd's face that wasn't swollen and discolored a bright, steaming red as he shook with fury and sadness, countless memories of his childish tantrums and pleas for attention, which were only ever met by his mother as she coddled him to her bosom and treated him like he was her *everything* flooded his mind, and shattered instantly as he saw, from the look in her eyes, that he'd been dethroned as the most important man in his mother's life.

With one hand *yanking* her up into him, making Francine's soft, sloshing MILF udders bounce against his steel hard pecs as he slithered his tongue between her lips and treated the audience to a furiously passionate makeout session that made Todd's open eye glaze over with an oncoming flood of tears, while Amber Bennett flicked to her notes app on a second screen throughout the entire affair and furiously typed.

-# Note to self: Mark Grayson is fucking INCREDIBLE with his tongue and I NEED those lips...

When their lips separated, he growled up at her, his free hand **WHAPPING!** against one of her asscheeks before he demanded her in that strong, unyielding voice of his that was impossible for her to deny.

"On all fours bitch, I want that fat ass nice and high with that pussy open to take this meat."

Mark's viltrumite hormones sinking into her brain and destroying any resistance she might have had made his requests feel like the word of **GOD**. And of course, she scrambled to meet them, dragging her fat teats against his soaked sheets as hepoised himself behind her, smacking his throbbing monstercock onto the crevice of her enormous ass and making it even more clear how absurdly **HUNG** he was from the angle he held his cock at to show its full mast, its length traveling up nearly to between her fucking *shoulderblades* and making it all too clear that he would **DEMOLISH** that pussy the second he got a crack at it.

"Mnmmmm...you *sure* you want me to plow this pussy, Mrs. Williams? I could always bust on those **FAT, HEAVY MILF-TITS ON STREAM INSTEAD....** I'll tell you right now, when I pump a prime piece of ass like you, I **DON'T FUCKIN' PULL OUT.** So unless you want your kid to watch me make him a new little brother to whoop his ass for me, I'd give you some time to reconsider." Mark spoke again, giving Mrs. Williams a final, heavensent out that Todd **BEGGED** her to take as though it was his final salvation from God himself, barely seeing the screen through his salty tears as he clenched his one good hand into a fist and **PRAYED** his mother would come to her senses!

Francine melted in Mark's arms, just like any other hopelessly needy bitch in heat ~~GOONING~~ themselves stupid to this XXX-Rated live stream would have! She clung to his massive, rippling sculpted frame as tightly as she could, as he pulled her into a deep, sloppy, tongue-rolling kiss, drool dribbling down both their chins as their swapped spit and shuddered as each other's tongues writhed and coiled together desperately.

William, Amber, and even Eve couldn't deny how incredibly jealous they were watching that stud-chasing old hag get exactly what they wanted! They would've given **ANYTHING** to feel Mark's big thick tongue forcing its way down their throats! But watching as Todd Williams has a full-blown mental breakdown in Mark's comment section? That **ALMOST** made up for it!

Their lips parted with the sloppiest **"POP!"**, and before Todd knew it, his mom was on all-fours, face down, with that colossal, clapping shelf of twerk-fat hoisted high up into the air; bouncing and shaking and smacking feverishly, while she spread open her incredibly fat pussy-folds and gave Mark's cock-hungry audience a full view of her needy, quivering cunny's perfectly pink center.

[TODD WILLIAMS: MOM, PLEASE! DON'T DO THIS! WHAT ABOUT ME?! WHAT ABOUT DAD?! YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO DESTROY YOUR OWN FAMILY FOR SOME DICK?! THINK ABOUT THIS FOR A SECOND! PLEASE! YOU'RE BETTER THAN THIS MOM!] Todd thought that his desperate pleas would somehow reach her, but of course, there was no chance in him fighting against the almighty power of Mark's Viltrumite pheromones! Francine's brain was practically non-existent at this point, a dark, empty void that wanted nothing more than Mark's hyper-virile seed clogging her ovaries as he flooded her womb to the absolute brim!

She arched her slender back even deeper, wobbling those heavy, quaking twerk-spheres back and forth at the camera like an expertly trained stripper, as a long, husky groan and chuckle loudly rang from the half-conscious MILF.

“OH TODDY, MOMMY’
PU^Y. I BLAME YOUR ^{ATHER}, ALWAYS ^{POILING} YOU, ^{EEDING} YOUR EGO, LETTING YOU BELIEVE YOU WERE ^{OOO} MUCH BETTER THAN EVERYONE EL^E, WHEN REALLY? YOU’RE NOTHING. JU^T A DADDY’^{BOY} WITH DADDY’^{MONEY}. MAYBE NOW, MOMMY CAN TRY OVER. RAI^E A **REAL SON WITH A REAL MAN’S GENES!** WOULDN’T THAT BE ^{OOO} NICE, BABY? A BIG ^{TRONG} BROTHER THAT’^{THE} ^{PITTING} IMAGE O^{MARK}? ^{OMEONE} WHO WILL INHERIT THI^{AT} ^{UGGHHHHING} PIECE O^{GRADE-A} ^{UCK-BEE} RIGHT HERE! GOD I NEED IT! I NEED MARK’^{BABY} IN^{IDE} ME! **BREED ME! SLAM EVERY FUGGHHHHING INCH OF THAT MASSIVE COCK INSIDE ME! STRETCH MY WHORE PUSSY AND PUMP ME FULL OF YOUR BUBBLING HOT JIZZ, DADDYYY ♡♡♡ GIVE ME A REAL BOY! A REAL SON! NOTHING LIKE THIS FUGGHHHHING LOSERRR! PATHETIC AND PUNY, JUST LIKE HIS LIMP-DICK FATHER! A REAL STUD SON, WHO CAN KNOCK ME AROUND AND KNOCK ME UP JUST LIKE HIS BIG STRONG SEXY DADDYYY ♡♡♡**” Francine screeched at the top of her lungs, while Todd’s heart shattered into a million little pieces.

There was no stopping this. There was no looking away. All he could do was sit there, shut his mouth, and watch, as his shamefully puny prick sprayed its watery, sterile “seed” all over his sheets.

Mark's laugh, powerful, assertive and booming with sadistic joy in each chuckle was like a wicked metronome timing the pace of the missed pulses of Todd's heart that made him feel like he was on the verge of full blown heart failure! Francine's disavowal of her son's pitiful existence was a mere cherry on top of his absolute victory that would guarantee that that stuck-up prick **NEVER** dared to get in his way again, and he felt *good* teaching him that lesson...wasn't that what being a hero was all about? Putting down the bad guys and making sure they could never hurt anyone again without doing...well, the obvious? If breaking Todd physically was out of the question, then breaking his spirit was an even better alternative, especially if he got to do it like *this*.

"Well fuck, ain't *that* the goddamn truth. You must be one helluva little shit if your own *mom's* gonna talk that much shit about what a miserable lil weenie-dick you are, *yeah*, keep shakin' that fat jiggly fuck-meat all over the place, that's the fuckin' shit... looks like you ain't winning any mother of the year awards either though, loaning out this juicy, cheating

slut-cunt for me to breed after wringing your dumb bitch kid dry? Nasty lil bitch" Mark smiled, viciously beating his palms against Francine's perky poundcakes one after another over and over and over again, each ruthless **THWACK!!** met with a girly coo of raw cocklust from Todd's mother that only further stomped on the shattered pieces of his heart.

"Nah...*nahhhhhh*, on second thought, this moment's *too good* for me to breed this pussy from behind, isn't it? Don't you think you deserve a more *intimate* look at how your new little sibling's gonna be made, tiny Todd?" Mark hummed to the camera, smiling and flashing a peace sign to the audience before he grabbed the phone, his other hand grasping onto Francine's thick, creamy thigh and tossing her around so she lied flat on her back with her legs spread wide. Mark placed the phone against the nightstand, propped up on the wall so it had the perfect shot of his broad, burly back and perfectly chiseled, powerful glutes clenching as he prepared to **DESTROY FRANCINE'S SQUISHY HAG-CUNT FOR ALL IT WAS FUCKING WORTH!**

He stretched one leg out wide and stomped it onto the bed, leaning over with his **GIANT, THICKLY-VEINED ALIEN STUD-COCK PRIMED TO PUSH INTO HER PUSSY WITH HIS JUICY, SPERM-STUFFED, SWINGING SEED-SACK FULLY IN VIEW OF THE CAMERA!** His hand grabbed onto her skull, tangling his fingers **DEEP** into the roots of her hair and forcing her neck to bend forwards so her eyes gravitated to the humungous length of his monstrous meat pulsing against her pussy, making her a witness to her own soon-coming defilement as he grunted down at her in hoarse, demeaning words.

"GRAB THAT DICK AND PUSH IT IN YOUR PUSSY, SLUT. I WANT TINY TODD HERE TO SEE HOW MUCH YOU WANT ME TO BREED YOUR JUICY FUCKIN' WHORE HOLE, GONNA PUMP YOU TILL YOU'RE STUFFED HARDER THAN A THANKSGIVING TURKEY."

Todd was nothing but an empty husk. He simply couldn't stop staring. Couldn't tear his eyes away from the horrific spectacle happening before him. Hell, seemed like the entire city couldn't look away either, as he watched the viewer count skyrocket. Shares, likes, gifts, they were all pouring in so fast that it looked completely unreal.

Eventually, he worked up the strength to close his eyes, squeeze them shut as tightly as he could, but the simpering squeal of his mother's needy, cock-hungry voice eventually coaxed him into opening them up once again.

There she was, on display for all of Mark's fuck-starved, Alpha-worshipping fanatics to be oh-so-envious of, as the humongous, cunt-breaking cockhead of the irresistibly glistening half-Viltrumite Adonis pressed against the incredibly thick, juicy, drooling lips of Francine's needy, quivering pussy.

Seeing the sheer size of that **MIND-BOGGLINGLY MONSTROUS MONOLITH** prodding hungrily against the hungrily drooling folds of his mother's plump, extra-puffy cunny **BROKE** something inside Todd's brain. Even he started to wonder how in the **HELL** something that **HUGE** could ever fit inside her. Shamefully, he pulled his phone closer, like the tiniest, most disgusting shred of himself was silently wishing he was right there with them, as Mark snarled and spat down at his mother like she was nothing but the cheapest, nastiest pocket-pussy.

Mark's muscly hand held her tight, craning her neck forward, as her eyes grew so wide that they looked like they might just come popping right out of her skull! That unbelievably heavy, pulsing, jizz-pissing breeding bat furiously painted her tummy and her pussy in an incredibly thick coat of steaming hot precum, as the mind-numbing heat sent her ravenous, neglected pussy into yet another cock-thirsty orgasm; drenching Mark's vein-riddled fuck-slab in a slick, sugary deluge of her delectably sweet juices, while she nodded like the obedient little living Fleshlight she was put on this planet to become!

Slowly, Francine lowered her hips, forcing herself down as she impaled her squishy, squeezing pussy down on inch after inch of Mark's cunt-splitting teenage rod!

"OH MY... — UGGHHHING GODDD ♥♥♥ IT" O UGGHHHING HUGEEE ♥♥♥" The stacked blonde fuck-doll howled at the top of her lungs, gritting her teeth and convulsing uncontrollably, while she squirted like a gushing faucet! There was no stopping her, her body simply kept dropping her pussy down on Mark's gut-rearing behemoth, as her belly bulged out around his gargantuan size and her pussy was slowly reshaped around him!

She tightly gripped that fatly-veined pillar of **RAW, TWITCHING, JAILBAIT BREED-MEAT** with both hands, keeping it steady as she forced it even deeper inside her thick, juicy, spasming cunny; her fleshy, trembling walls **CLENCHING** around Mark's hulking monster-meat with all their might, while she sprayed him down in her sweet femme-cum over and over and over again!

**“O—OH MY GODDD TODDY ♥♥♥ IT □EEL□ □O □UGGHHING GOOD!!! THANK YOU ♥♥♥
THANK YOU ♥♥♥ THANK YOUUU ♥♥♥ I□ YOU HADN’T BEEN □UCH AN IN□U□□ERABLE
LITTLE LO□ERRR ALL THE□E YEAR□, I NEVER WOULD’VE GOTTEN TO HAVE THI□!”**

Francine groaned so deeply, throwing her head back and babbling like the stupidest little meat-toilet, as Mark’s humongous mushroom tip mashed relentlessly against her fat, achy G-Spot. She slowly gyrated her wide, luscious hips, slowly grinding the throbbing pleasure point against his massive, leaking cockhead, as she clenched up as tight as she could with every surge of mind-altering ecstasy that shot down her outrageously voluptuous body.

[AMBER BENNETT: HE’S NOT EVEN HALF WAY IN, AND SHE’S ALREADY LOSING IT! NEVER WOULD’VE GUESSED YOUR MOM WOULD BE SUCH A COCK-THIRSTY LITTLE WHORE, TODD. MAYBE YOU SHOULD BE THANKING MARK TOO. HE’S FINALLY GIVING HER THE THING SHE’S ALWAYS WANTED MOST. A REAL DEEP, NASTY, BRAIN-SHATTERING FUCK!]

**“DEEPER ♥♥♥ □UGGHHING DEEPER, MARK! PLEEEA□E! GIMME A BABY! A BIG
□TRONG BOY I CAN RAI□E TO BE JU□T LIKE YOU ♥♥♥ I’LL DO ANYTHING! JU□T □HOVE
EVERY □UGGHHING INCH O□ THAT MON□TER COCK IN□IDE ME! DE□TROY ME! RUIN
ME! BREAK ME TILL YOU’RE □ATI□□IED ♥♥♥ MAKE ME YOUR BRAINDEAD
POCKET-PU□□Y, PLEEEA□E! I’M BEGGING YOU, DADDYYY ♥♥♥”**

Even with the camera angle afforded by the positioning of Mark's phone, Todd felt like he could see that oppressively dark, dominant grin of ironclad superiority on the Wasian **STUD'S** face in his mind's eye as his mother let out an ear piercing groan of pure pleasure, her already wide-spread legs arched out even **FURTHER** by Mark's titanium-strong grip as he placed his other foot on the edge of the bed and mounted the wide-hipped MILF bitch in a truly mating-worthy position that made his gloriously carved, sweat-soaked body look even *hotter* from behind! The text to speech on Mark's stream was practically a garbled mess of schizophrenic ramblings from an endless horde of jealous bitches across the entire city absolutely **ACHING TO BE THE NEXT WHORE SPLIT OPEN BY THAT GIGANTIC SLAB OF JAILBAIT BREEDER-BEEF!**

Even so, he remained unperturbed by them, consumed by his own animal instincts as he dragged his pulsing pussy-wrecker back through Francine's cunt, leaving nothing but his oversized, pre-pissing cock-knob spasming away inside her before **RUTHLESSLY SLAMMING THE WHOLE HEFTY HORSE-COCK DOWN TO THE BASE OF HER PUSSY, HIS MASSIVE SACK BRUTALLY SMACKING INTO HER ASS LIKE A DEATH-KNELL TO ANY WHISPER OF THE FRANCINE TODD ONCE KNEW AND CHRISTENING HER AS NOTHING BUT HIS NEW BITCH!**

"DIDN'T HAVE TO FUGGHIN' TELL ME TWICE! FUCKIN' HELL YOU'RE A TIGHT PIECE OF WASHED UP HAG-PUSSY, WHAT'S UP WITH THAT, HUH? YOUR HUSBAND JUST AS MUCH OF A PIN-DICK AS THAT LOSER KID OF YOURS WATCHING ME BREED THIS PRETTY PINK COCK-SOCKET?" He cackled, each word emphasized by a wet, sticky, sensual ****PLAP!!**** that saw a sticky torrent of ripe, fruity pussy-juice splash out from the corners of Francine's pussy as every last jiggly curve on her figure bounced and wobbled with Mark's every thrust!

Tears streamed down Todd's eyes as he remained frozen in place, unable to turn off the stream or even close his eyes as a stream of sobs clouded his vision. He hoped against all hopes that he could fight against his own body, as though this last, final act would somehow fully cement his new place as nothing but a weak, pitiful, worm-dicked cuck...but his body seemed to naturally fall into the role required of him, as though even his instincts couldn't help but to submit to Mark's will as he winced to himself, his tiny trooper shuddering at the sight of his mother being subjected to the most **BRUTAL, BALL-SLAPPING, PREGNANCY-GUARANTEERING MATING-RUT HE'D EVER SEEN OR EVER WOULD SEE**, and shooting wimpy, watery dribbles of "seed" that were barely even worth mentioning compared to the custard thick spillage of pre-nut from Mark's heavy alpha-cock.

And yet, Mark's desire to humiliate his former bully was still not satisfied, his thrusts ceasing as his steel-hard asscheeks clenched together and his hips brutally **CRASHED** into Francine and buried his cock to the fucking **HILT** inside her, one hand reaching out to grab her by her chubby cheeks and pry her mouth open to hawk a fat, gooey wad of his druglike saliva onto her tongue like she was his personal fucking spitoon!

"NAH...NAH, I CHANGED MY MIND, BITCH. YOU REALLY WANNA GET PUMPED FULL OF ALL THE HOT, GREASY NUT THAT PUSSY CAN TAKE? THEN DO YOUR KID A FAVOR AND TELL HIM EXACTLY WHAT HE'S GONNA EXPECT WHEN HIS MOMMA'S GOT HER OWN LITTLE GRAYSON RUNNING AROUND THE HOUSE...TELL HIM HOW HIS WORTHLESS WIMP ASS ISN'T GONNA BE GETTING A DIME FROM YOU ANYMORE, AND IF HE EVEN THINKS OF TOUCHING WHAT'S MINE AGAIN, HE MIGHT AS WELL SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE SCRUBBING TOILETS AT BURGER MART. TELL HIM THAT IF HE'S A GOOD LITTLE BITCH AND STAYS OUTTA MY WAY, I MIGHT JUST TEACH MY KID TO GO EASY ON HIS BITCH ASS...TELL ME HOW YOU WANT ME TO TREAT YOUR LIMP DICK KID ONCE I'M DONE PUMPING MY KID IN THIS PUSSY~" Mark powerfully grunted deep and slow into Francine's ear, grinding his cockhead **RIGHT** against her cervix just to relish in the squeal of euphoric bliss she gave in return, before looking back at the camera for a moment and tossing a sly wink to the audience.

Francine slurped down Mark's pheromone-laced saliva like a braindead junkie desperate for her next fix, swirling the sloppy, slightly chunky loogie across her fat,

drooling tongue and coating her taste buds in that mind-altering flavor, before finally swallowing it up and happily showing off her spotless tongue like the obedient little piece of adulterous pussy she was!

Her dainty, worshipping hands pumped even harder up and down the heavy, twitching cunt-breaker, coaxing even bigger, thicker, nastier wads of steaming hot pre-seed free from his enormous, cum-churning sack, while the incredibly wet **“PAP!!!” “PAP!!!” “PAP!!!”** of Mark’s massive, swollen balls **SMACKING** relentlessly against the fat, wobbly, doughy-thick softness of Francine’s feverishly clapping ass-cheeks felt like a drill boring straight through Todd’s broken mind.

His mother was nearly unrecognizable to him. The strong-willed, overprotective woman who raised him all these years was reduced to nothing but a drooling, grunting, mindlessly squirting cum-dump begging for Mark Grayson’s hulking breed-meat like just the nastiest little **SLUT**. The more Mark degraded her, humiliated her, and treated her like nothing but a pair of wet, greedy holes for him to **DRILL AND DESTROY** to his heart’s content, the hungrier, needier, and more sex-crazed that piece of fat-assed, overprivileged lily-white pussy became!

And once Mark gave her permission to unleash everything she’s kept bottled up all these years, it was like she opened the floodgates! The unimaginable, mind-shattering pleasure of his alien cunt-splitter reshaping the furthest reaches of her neglected pussy had that slobbering, convulsing, half-conscious cow nearly speaking in tongues, but every unintelligible word that escaped from her lips reached Todd’s ears crystal-clear.

“T—THAT □ UGGHHHING LO□ERRR’□ NOT MY KID! That spoiled little brat’s been nothing but a fuggghhing pain in my ass since the day he was born! H—He’s completely worthless, just like that sniveling shrimp-dick perma-cuck father of his! I—It was a miracle he could even get me pregnant! The motherfucker was practically sterile, but somehow, I got knocked up and saddled with this whiny little piece of pampered douchey pussy! **O—OH MY GODDD ♥♥♥ R—RIGHT THEREEE! R—RIGHT □ UGGHHHING THERE ♥♥♥ I—IN□IDE MY □ UGGHHHING WOMBBB! □—□ O DEEPPP ♥♥♥ G—GOD I LOVE THI□ BIG FAT FUGGHHHING MONSTER DICKKK SO MUCHHH ♥♥♥”** Francine squirted even more furiously than before, while Mark’s hand wrapped firmly around her throat; squeezing it with just enough pressure to coax even more heartbreaking confessions out of her delirious, cock-addicted mind!

“I—I never wanted to have another fucking loser with my husband. I was just so disappointed with what a worthless excuse for a man Toddy was that we stopped trying!

I—I only enabled him because it was easier than admitting how his father and I failed him...” She squealed excitedly as Mark lobbed another fat wad of spit straight down her gaping pink gullet.

“*Mmmppphhhmmm ♥♥♥~ But with our baby? Oh goddd, I’ll do so much better! Raise him right! T—The moment he’s born, Toddy’s out on his ass! F—Fugghhing loserrr can live out on the streets for all I care! Can’t have his pathetic genes polluting the air MY PRECIOUS SON BREATHS ♥♥♥ *G—Goddd he’ll be so GORGEOUS when he’s all grown up, I JUST KNOW IT! B—Big, strong, A TRUE STUD, just like his Daddy ♥♥♥~ I’LL DRAIN HI□ □UGGHHHING BALL□ EVERY CHANCE I GET! PAMPER HIM LIKE A REAL MAN □HOULD BE ♥♥♥ LOVE HIM AND WOR□HIP HIM LIKE THE AB□OLUTE ALPHA HE WA□ BORN TO BE! I don’t give a FUCK what happens to Toddy after this! You can beat him to pulp, crush him till there’s nothing left, I don’t CARE! **ALL I NEED I□ MY NEW BABY! ALL I WANT I□ EVERY DROP O□ JIZZ YOU’VE GOT □LOADING MY PU□□Y! GODDD, PLEEEA□E ♥♥♥ JU□T GET THAT □UCKING LO□ERRR OUT O□ MY LI□E ONCE AND □OR ALL! PLEEEA□E, DADDYYY ♥♥♥**”

Todd didn't have much of a heart left to break in the aftermath of all he'd heard, feeling nothing but his pathetic, shriveled up worm-dick softly pulsing and firing off blanks in his pants as his mother confessed her deepest, most shameful secret to the entire world, her eyes brimming with utter **BLISS** knowing that her womb was about to be baptized in the **HOT, CHUNKY, SUPERIOR STUD-SAUCE OF MARK GRAYSON'S OBSCENELY POWERFUL NUTSACK UNTIL ANY TRACE OF THE PATHETIC "MEN" SHE'D BEEN CHAINED TO FOR SO MANY YEARS WAS TOTALLY WASHED OUT AND REPLACED FROM THE DEEPEST DEPTHS OF HER SOUL~!**

Mark didn't even bother to *warn* her, his nostrils flared as the beat of his rutting hips became even more frenzied and irregular, letting loose sounds like a pent-up breeding bull who's **FAT, GREASY, HEIFER-BREEDING SACK HADN'T BEEN EMPTIED IN WEEKS BEING MILKED DRY** as he brutally long-dicked the bitch beneath him with fearsome efficiency! The folds of Francine's pussy desperately clung to **EVERY. FUCKING. INCH.** as those sloppy corners of bright pink fuck-flesh drooled across every inch of his spasming member, making the twitching, blood red head of his cock look even more incredibly delectable to the audience of nearly millions of women across the city watching the sordid display of the teenage hunk on the verge of permanently seeding his new bitch!

"RGHHHHHHHHHOUGHHHHHH!!! FUGGHIN'TAKE ALL THAT NUT IN THAT SLOPPY MILF PUSSY BITCH!! TAKE A LONG LOOK, TODD, PROBABLY GONN A BE THE LAST TIME YOU SEE YOUR MOMMA THIS CLOSE EVER AGAIN ONCE SHE KICKS YOUR ASS TO THE CURB~!" Mark's dull, baritone groans grew to a primal, beastly **ROAR** of pleasure that shook the entire neighborhood to its

core and made Debbie (who had ended her shopping trip early after getting news of what was happening in her home and sped back as quickly as she could), tense up and shiver beneath the wheel of her car, the adrenaline-enhanced cocktail of Mark's hybrid pheromones nearly proving stronger than the blend of his father's that she'd grown thoroughly addicted to over the years, and making her fight the primal urge to rip her clothes off and frig her fat, pillowy pussyfolds like crazy to the sound of her son viciously **KNOCKING UP** some uppity whore who had to be not far from her age in their own home!

SHPLLLLLLLACTTTTTTTCCHHHHHH!!! SCHUPLOOOOORTTTTTTAAAAATCHH
HHHH!! SCHRTTTTTTTT~!!!

The fucking **SOUND** of it was heavy, clumpy, and **THICK** like almost nothing Debbie had heard before, like cold oatmeal and grits loudly slapping onto a soft, unprepared surface that had no choice but to fucking **TAKE IT**, exposing Francine's unprepared, ovulating womb to **GALLONS UPON GALLONS OF WOMB-FILLING, BITCH-BREEDING, UNPASTEURIZED VILTRUMITE BREEDER-NUT THAT MADE HER FEEL MORE FULFILLED AND DESIRED THAN EITHER TODD OR HER HUSBAND HAD IN THE PAST 20 YEARS!** Thousands of donations streamed in marveling at the epic virility the Grayson stud displayed, as his cock remained locked **BALLS DEEP** for what felt like **AGES** and the thickness, strength and volume of each **HOT, POWERFUL NUT-ROPE HE WAS PISSING INSIDE OF FRANCINE SHOWED NO SIGNS OF ABATING AT ALL!** His broad, burly back flexed beautifully for the camera as his arse clenched and he groaned with each shot of hyper-virile spunk he pumped inside of her, bloating Francine's belly more and more by the minute until the bitch already looked six month pregnant, and with a triumphant grin, he finally yanked his throbbing shaft free, dragging her to the floor by her hair and stroking a few stray, excess cum-ropes onto her face before stuffing the crown of his monstrous member into her maw.

"THAT'S RIGHT YA LIL BITCH, THIS IS EXACTLY WHERE YOU BELONG. NOT YAPPING LIKE A STUPID SLUT FOR A DUMB LITTLE CUCK LIKE YOUR SON, JUST SLURPING UP all the dick you can FOR A REAL MAN. SUCK OFF ALL THAT PUSSY JUICE YOU COVERED ME IN, WHORE...GET IT NICEEE AND CLEAN~" Mark barked down at her, adding salt into the many wounds Todd was nursing before he picked up his phone and smiled to the audience.

"Sorry there fellas, but I'm gonna have to end it here. Wouldn't want this stream getting even *more* explicit. Hope you clipped that shit, Todd, probably the closest thing you're gonna have to getting any *real* pussy for a *longggg time...*"

Debbie truly thought she had seen and heard it all when she caught Mark and William red-handed last time, but **THIS** was getting a little excessive! She'd been parked outside in the driveway for over **THREE HOURS** at this point, as the

earsplitting screeches and primitive, animalistic howls spilling from her house and echoing across the entire neighborhood had turned her front lawn into a **TOTAL SIDESHOW!** Women gawked, drooled, some even shamelessly squirted right then and there, as they came up to the house in droves, while the pungently addictive aroma of Mark's extraterrestrial Alpha musk managed to seep out from the confines of his hot, muggy, musk-soaked bedroom and fill the fresh, clean air outside like an incredibly heavy, choking haze.

"CUMMMIIINNNGGG ♥♥♥ OH MY GODDD ♥♥♥ FLOOD MY PUSSY, DADDYYY! JUST LIKE THAT! KNOCK ME UPPP ♥♥♥" Debbie didn't know what was worse: the knowing that there was some predatory old hag upstairs defiling the sanctity of her home, or that she was getting the chance to break Mark in before she could! She immediately pushed those inappropriate thoughts into the back of her mind...

'Maybe I'm not as used to those pheromones as I thought I was...' She thought to herself, before her impatience finally got the best of her and she headed inside. Instantly, she was **SLAMMED** with an overpowering **WALL** of Mark's mind-frying musk, the studly, irresistible stench overwhelming her senses and making the deep, shameful ache of her needy, throbbing pussy grow even more intense. It took every ounce of willpower she had to keep from collapsing in a puddle of her own leaking cunny-slop and stop her trembling, twitchy hand from mercilessly frigging her angrily swollen clit.

Debbie stumbled upstairs, panting, whimpering, drooling, as the sounds of disgustingly slobbery, guttural choking viciously ripped throughout the entire house.

When she finally snuck a peek inside Mark's bedroom, she caught a glimpse of Francine Williams on her knees, a massively oversized baby-bump rounding out her enormous belly, as Mark grabbed her sweaty blonde hair like a leash and forced more and more of his heavy, throbbing breeding bat balls-deep down her tight, bulging gullet. Every single inch pushed all the way out of that dripping, squeezing throat-cunt, as Mark slapped the sloppy, glistening slab of addictive monster-meat against Francine's slutty, half-lidded expression, smearing hot, thick jizz into her cheeks and hair, before shoveling that unimaginably long wrecking rod right back down the back of her vise-like esophagus.

"**GLLLRRRKKK ♥♥♥**" "**GLLLRRRKKK ♥♥♥**" "**GLLLRRRKKK ♥♥♥**" Francine's cheeks hollowed out, her entire face incredibly gaunt and empty, as her jaws tightened and her throat clenched, squeezing around Mark's skull-rattling god-cock until Debbie could see the outline that mind-bogglingly monstrous piece of

gut-wrenching breed-meat boring deep into the center of Francine's belly; injecting the rest of that incredibly thick, chunky, backed-up nut-sludge brewing deep inside his heavy, gurgling sack straight into the brainless, squirting pocket-pussy hopelessly addicted to his teenage monster cock!

Debbie knew, deep down, that Mark completely knew she was spying on him; peeping in on her sweaty, naked, horse-hung son scraping out that cheating uppity whore's throat like some nasty, perverted voyeur. She knew he could smell the sweet, sugary fragrance of her endlessly leaking pussy, which only leaked even harder each time one of those deep, spine-chilling groans violently tore from his lips. He could hear the incessant pounding of her heart, practically skipping a beat like some lovestruck teenager whenever she heard the sound of Mark's dark, heavy voice demeaning that mind-broken blonde cow like the sniveling little fuck-sleeve she was.

"Debbie! Christ! What's that REEK!/? Don't tell me Mark is at it again!" And then came Nolan, right on time to save his wife from doing something she **KNEW** she'd regret. She let out a deep sigh of relief, clearing her throat, before finally revealing herself, not that Mark and Francine seemed to notice; his head thrown back, eyes squeezed shut, as the pleasure that radiated throughout his heavy, pulsating cunt-breaker sent shivers rolling down his spine. His hand cupped Francine's bloated throat even tighter, letting barely any oxygen enter that dark, empty brain of hers, while she bobbed her head back and forth so quickly that she looked like nothing but a speeding blur to Debbie!

"**AHEM!**" No response.

"Mark...?" Still no response!

"**MARK! HELLO!/?**" It took Debbie quite literally slapping some sense into him to bring her son back to his senses. He scowled at her, looking oddly handsome with that angry expression on his face, before his eyes softened once he realized just who she was.

"M—Mom?"

Debbie nodded, grabbing Francine by her hair and tearing her greedily-squeezing gullet away from Mark's lipstick-smeared, slobber-drenched, nastily-glazed monster cock with the loudest, most disgustingly sloppy "**SSLLLLUUURRRPPP!!!**" imaginable! All of that adrenaline and ecstasy inside her finally slowed, and Francine came crashing down **HARD**, collapsing from pure exhaustion right there on Mark's

bedroom floor, as his steaming hot, hyper-virile Viltrumite seed leaked endlessly from her gaping, tunneled-out cheating pussy.

Debbie was all alone with her naked, studly, irresistibly glistening **ADONIS** of a son. Their eyes locked, his muscles clenched, flexing unconsciously for her pleasure, while her small, shaky hands slowly reached out and gave the gigantic, fatly-veined pillar of meaty teenage fuck-meat a gentle squeeze.

“I think it’s time we have a family meeting.” She finally whispered after an incredibly tense and awkward silence.