

*Synopsis - Harry Osborn received the Green Serum from his father to cure his illness. He got cured, but a Goblin was born. More secretive, sharper, and more hidden... too hidden.*

*Harry hatched a plan to ruin Miles Morales, Spider-Man, by using Rio Morales. But as weeks turned into months, the plan took a shape he could have never imagined.*

*Tags: Milf, breeding, and a strangely sweet and comical ending.*

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The doorbell chimed as Harry Osborn wore his best smile.

It took a few seconds before the lock clicked and the door swung open, and there she was. Rio Morales, Councilwoman of Harlem, in a white top and dark blue jeans that clung to her hips like they were painted on. A warm yellow cardigan hung open over it. Her hair was pulled back in a neat bun, and her face was bare of makeup except for a touch of lip gloss.

She smiled when she saw him. That genuine, full-faced smile that reached her eyes and made the lines around them deepen in a way he found, despite himself, attractive.

He'd been with Rio for weeks now, meeting her at her office, fundraisers, food kitchens, and he'd even taken her on a few fine dinners.

"Harry! Come in, come in."

He stepped inside. The apartment was small by his standards, modest by anyone's, but it was warm. Christmas lights were strung across the windows, and a small tree sat in the corner of the living room, half-decorated. Candles flickered on the dinner table.

*Charming. Like a postcard for the poor.*

"Rio." He opened his arms and pulled her into a hug before she could offer a handshake. He wrapped his arms firmly around her soft waist and squeezed until she lifted slightly on her toes, her body pressing flush against his. Her breasts were warm and full against his chest. He felt her stiffen for half a second, then relax, her arms looping around his neck.

*I'll have it all soon... soon.*

He breathed her in. Vanilla and cooking spices. He let her go before it became too much and turned to find Miles standing by the kitchen doorway, arms crossed, watching.

Harry extended a hand, "Miles, good to see you."

Miles shook it.

*And I know exactly what you do in that suit, boy.*

"Yeah, you too, Harry. Mom's been cooking all day."

"I can tell." Harry looked back at Rio, who was already heading for the kitchen. His eyes dropped to her hips, the way the jeans stretched across her backside as she walked. "Are you good at everything, Rio? Hope some of those talents rub off on me."

She laughed over her shoulder. "Stop the compliments, Harry. Come, sit. I'll set up the table."

He sat at the table and watched the kid move around, helping his mother, carrying plates, and folding napkins. Awkward. He could feel the tension in the boy, as if he would jump at the drop of a hat. He reckoned the boy knew something was happening between him and his mother.

*I will ruin you. You and Spider-Man both.*

Harry shook the thought away and leaned back in his chair, watching Rio bend to pull something from the oven. The jeans pulled tight across her thighs, the high boots adding an inch to her height. That mature image, the responsible mother, the public servant, somehow made it worse.

*She'll be a fine treat for tolerating that insufferable attitude of hers.*

"How's everything going at the City Council?" Harry asked Rio from his seat.

"Great, Harry. The fundraiser you helped organize last time helped the community a lot. Really, thank you for all the help."

Harry waved a hand, "It's nothing. You should share when you've got too much of something. In my case, it's money. Besides, the real heavy work was your job. I just showed my face."

"And brought your friends along."

"And they left happy," Harry added.

Rio then focused on dinner and soon brought the food to the table. "Dinner's ready."

A Puerto Rican spread, arroz con gandules, pernil, tostones. She took the seat beside him, not across, and shifted her chair until her knee brushed his under the table. He waited for her to pull away.

She didn't.

He kept it there and ate. He asked Miles about Visions Academy, and the kid gave clipped answers about classes and projects, not that Harry cared. He asked out of formality.

Harry kept his focus on Rio as he kept complimenting her. He knew exactly what to say to her to impress her, to get her in a good mood, and to get her emotional. Each compliment made her sit a little taller, made her eyes shine a little brighter.

A deep dive into her internet history had told him everything. In her free time, she liked to read articles written about her, she liked to read discussions on Reddit about her. There was a clear pattern, and before long, he knew what it was.

It was a sort of praise kink. While Rio was truly motivated to help the community and stop Roxxon, she also indulged in the dopamine rush of being liked, valued, and being successful in helping others.

That was how he got so close to her. Praising her, helping her projects, and being the reason she got to 'help' the community so well. He had pretty much funded her entire campaign. And tonight, he might finally reap the rewards.

*I'm her backbone. Without me, all her dreams and efforts will fall apart. Mm... She better pay for it.*

Soon, the dinner ended. And right on cue, Miles' phone buzzed.

*Ah. Must be them.*

He watched Miles' expression change as he stood up fast. "Mom, gotta go. Ganke needs help with a project."

Rio sighed but nodded. "Be careful, mijo."

*She knows, doesn't she?*

"Nice meeting you, Harry."

"Likewise."

Miles grabbed a bag from his room and was out the door within a minute. Harry listened to his footsteps fade down the hallway.

He knew exactly where Miles was going. He'd arranged the distraction himself. Something to keep Spider-Man busy swinging across the city for a few hours.

*Plenty of time now.*

Rio stood up and gathered the plates, "I should get these dishes done. I have an important meeting tomorrow."

"I'll help."

He followed her to the kitchen and stood beside her as she had her back to him. She ran water over the plates, and he dried each dish she handed him. Standing side by side, shoulders nearly touching.

"You know what, I like this. We have servants at the mansion, so I never got to do things like this. Makes it feel like home."

She smiled without looking up. "You're always welcome here, Harry. I won't deny free help."

They talked. She asked about Oscorp, and he told her about the board meetings and new responsibilities, keeping it light and focusing on her when he could. He stepped closer, pressing his shoulder more firmly against hers, only to find that she kept her smile and didn't move away.

When she finished and pulled off the rubber gloves, he placed his hand on the small of her back. She turned her head and found his face inches from hers.

"Take it easy, alright? I've been hearing your name come up in high society circles. Roxxon seems out to destroy your reputation."

The warmth left her face as she flinched a bit at the news. Her brow creased, then she turned fully to face him. She didn't care that his hand was still on her waist.

"What do you mean?"

"Media campaigns and smear pieces. They're trying to take away your support."

Harry saw her frowning a bit as he smiled, his other hand coming up and brushing a loose strand of hair from her forehead, tucking it behind her ear.

"Don't worry, while I won't unfairly influence anyone to support you, I'll make damn sure they don't lie."

"Harry..." Her eyes went glassy. Her hand reached up and cupped his cheek. "What would I do without you. All this progress, you have no idea how important it's been."

*It's working. Too easy a woman.*

He shamelessly kept his hand on her waist, inching closer to her body. "Don't say that, Rio. Working with you gave me a new purpose beyond board meetings."

"Oh, Harry."

He saw the hesitation, but he made the first move and pulled her in for a hug. She came in easily, sliding against his chest, her arms wrapped around his neck. His arms curled around her waist, his fingers resting just above the swell of her ass.

*This is it! The moment I've been waiting for.*

He squeezed her tighter and leaned his face down. He breathed on her neck for a short moment and then kissed her there.

"Mm..."

*I can hear that moan, you insufferable woman.*

She flinched in his arms and looked up at his face. An inch between their mouths. Silence except for their breathing. Her eyes searched his, shimmering with emotion. Both her palms cradled his face.

His hands daringly slid down and settled on her feathery soft, wide ass. But he didn't squeeze; he didn't want to break the moment. Instead, he leaned down again.

*Surrender, Rio Morales. Become my pawn to destroy your own son.*

Just then, he watched her eyes close, and taking the cue, he kissed.

Soft at first. Just lips brushing, a peck, another peck. She tasted like the wine they'd had at dinner. Her mouth was warm, full, and giving. He pecked her lower lip and felt her sigh against him, and that was when he squeezed.

Both hands clamped down on her ass, fingers sinking deep into the soft flesh through her jeans, pulling her hips tightly against him as her tits pressed into his chest. She gasped into his mouth, and he swallowed the sound, his tongue pushing past her lips.

*Haha! Surrender! Total surrender!*

She opened up for him. Her tongue met his, wet, slow, and then it wasn't slow anymore. Her fingers combed through his hair, her nails scraped his scalp. The kiss turned messy, mouths sliding, spit glossing their lips. He ground his hips against her and let her feel how hard he was through his pants.

"Mmm!"

But then she tried to pull back.

At first, he didn't want to let go, but then her palm pushed against his shoulder, and only then did he stop kissing and make an upset face.

"Ah, I..." She was panting, not meeting his eyes. "Harry, we shouldn't. I'm..."

"Older?" He stopped kneading her ass. He touched her face instead, gently. "If you expect me to be turned off by that, I'm afraid it's doing the absolute opposite, Rio."

She was seventeen years older than him. Early forties. He knew that, and he didn't give a damn. He'd fucked older women if he fancied them enough. And, Rio... she was still attractive and her personality, while grating, came packaged in a body he intended to use.

*A few praises will break her...*

He pressed his forehead against hers. "Rio, I tried. I really tried to ignore these feelings. This tension between us. I tried dating, and it felt wrong. There's only one Rio. The driven councilwoman who helps countless, who walked into the crumbling City Hall when no one else would. I can't lie to myself anymore... I want you."

"Oh... Harry." She nearly melted against him.

Seeing her melt, he leaned down and kissed her lips again as his hands started mauling her ass again.

This time, it was truer as there was no hesitation from her. He felt her mouth move on his; her tongue probed, and she was doing it willingly. He pushed her backward until her hips hit the kitchen counter. His hands stopped clawing her ass and slid under her white top, fingers climbing the warm skin of her belly.

*No bra? This will be easier.*

His hands cupped her breasts. They were heavy, full, and the moment his fingers sank in, her flesh spilled between his digits. Her nipples were stiff against his palms. He pushed her top up, bunching it above her chest. He broke the kiss and stared down.

Tanned skin in the dim kitchen light. Large breasts with the slightest sag, which made them look real and lived-in, dark nipples, and wide areolae. All of the things that excited him.

*At least her body won't be insufferable.*

"Harry, I'm..."

"Beautiful." He leaned down and kissed the swell of her breast, then took her right nipple into his mouth.

"Aaah..."

While he sucked, his right hand slid down. He popped the button of her jeans, dragged the zipper, and slid his hand inside. She was warm and slick as he felt her pussy with two of his fingers.

*Warm and wet. You want this just as badly, don't you, Rio Morales?*

His middle finger parted her petals and dipped inside.

"Aaaah! Harry..."

He felt her hands come up and cradled his head as he suckled, her back arching off the counter, her hips rocking against his hand. He pumped his finger slowly, curling it in the most warmth, feeling her tighten around him.

"Wait..." She pushed his head away.

That stunned him for a moment, but her eyes were clearly hungry.

Before she could speak, he pushed her cardigan, pulled her top off completely, and tossed it aside, leaving her bare from the waist up.

When he reached for her jeans, she grabbed his wrist, shaking her head. Then she pressed a palm flat on his chest and pushed.

He let her. She backed him out of the kitchen, step by step, through the living room, until his legs hit the couch and he fell down hard.

"I can't hold back either, Harry."

She turned around, her ass toward him. She kicked off her boots first and then peeled the jeans down inch by inch, bending forward, her ass straight towards him, as she went. The denim rolled over the curve of her hips and down her thighs.

He watched intently, mouth dry. *She's... gorgeous.*

Her ass was wide and round, the tanned skin smooth, and as the jeans came lower, he could see the white cotton panties stretched across it, a visible damp spot darkening the fabric between her thighs. He couldn't help wanting her to remove even that, the urge already pulling on his balls.

But instead, Rio left her panties on. She turned and knelt between his legs as she started to work on his belt and pants. She looked up at him with that hunger plain on her face, lust in her watery eyes.

He helped, pushing his pants down until his cock sprang free, hard and straining already.

"Mm..." She leaned in instantly, but instead of taking him in her mouth, she smiled cutely as she pressed his thick length between her breasts and squeezed them together, trying to engulf his thick cock.

"Rio..." He cupped her chin, tilted her face up, and kissed her before she could kiss his cock. "I dreamt of this for so long."

She glanced nervously at the door after the kiss, then back at his cock. She kissed the head of his pre-cum dripping knob with a sense of urgency and let her tongue swirl around it. Covering his throbbing tip with her saliva.

"As have I, Harry. I never thought I would... feel things again. But then I met you, and you're so... kind and sweet and... close to me. I..."

"Love you," he finished.

*Hah. No stopping now, is there? Go down. Suck it.*

Rio smiled softly and lowered her face to the base of his shaft, and she kissed. "I love you too."

*Easy to say with my cock in your hand.*

Rio rested her chin below, right against his balls. His shaft sat flat against the bridge of her nose, the tip reaching past her hairline. She looked up at him along the length of it with those warm brown eyes. Then she stuck her tongue out, flat, and dragged it from the base to the tip in one long, slow lick.

"Ugh.." He groaned.

She took the head into her mouth. Warm, wet, her lips sealing tight around the ridge. She sucked gently, her cheeks hollowing, eyes closing, and then she sank lower, taking more of him until he felt the back of her throat. She gagged once, pulled back, and went down again, settling into a rhythm.

But she wasn't done with the show.

Rio pulled him free from her mouth, a string of spit still connecting her lower lip to his tip, and pressed him back between her tits.

This time she squeezed harder, her fingers digging into the outer curves, and she bounced. The wet from her mouth made the slide slick and noisy, a soft squelching each time his shaft dragged through her cleavage. Every few strokes, his head would push past her tits, and she'd catch it with her mouth, a quick suck, a swirl of tongue around the ridge, then let him slip back between.

She was alternating. Tits, mouth, tits, mouth. Sloppy and eager and making a mess of herself, glossy trails down the inside curve of both breasts, pooling where his shaft met her skin.

"Mmm..." She hummed around him, and he felt the vibration travel down his length.

Harry was close. Too close. He could feel it building at the base of his spine, his thighs tensing. She must have felt it too because he suddenly felt her squeeze her breasts tighter and moved faster, her tongue catching him on every upstroke, nudging his sensitive spots even harder.

*Not like this, you're my prize, not the other way around...*

"My turn."

Harry got up, pulled her up, and spun her. He pushed her forward onto the couch.

She landed face-down on the cushion, her knees settled on the seat, ankles crossed behind her over the edge. Her ass rose high, her face pressed sideways into the seat.

He smirked at the sinful sight. He stood behind her and grabbed the waistband of her panties and pulled them down to her ankles in one swift tug.

And then he stopped.

For a long moment, he couldn't stop gawking at her wide, marvelous ass. He immediately placed his palms over her skin and rubbed it, feeling its smoothness and softness. He knew she was meant for this, to be fucked senselessly, and that evaluation was unchanged since the first time he saw her.

He spread her cheeks open, fingers sinking into the doughiness, and stared at her hairless pussy, drenched, the lips flushed a deeper shade against her tanned skin. Her puckered hole above it winked at him. Everything about her was soft, thick, and inviting.

"Guess the real dinner is this one."

*Dammit! I can't say my thoughts out loud. She has to want it!*

He leaned down from his waist, kneading her cheeks wide with both hands, and buried his face between them with no shame.

The sweet and clean scent of her hit him first. He pressed the softness against his face and groaned into her, then dragged his tongue flat and slow from her clit all the way up through her slit. She was soaked, he could taste it, her juices coating his tongue on the first stroke.

"Oh... Harry... Dios mío..."

He licked her like he was starving. Long, sloppy strokes, his tongue sliding through her folds, pressing inside her, pulling back to flick her clit. His superhuman jaw didn't tire. He ate her without pause, without mercy, sloshing, drooling, leaving long wet trails that ran from her clit to the crease of her heavenly ass.

He spread her wider eagerly and pushed his tongue deeper, eating her up, giving attention to not just her pussy but the tight hole above. He crossed all boundaries knowingly.

"Aaaaaah... Oh, Harry..." Rio moaned into the couch cushion, her fingers clawing at the fabric.

Harry kept going, teasing her pussy with slithering circles of his tongue. Flicking her opening with the tip of his boneless flesh until it quivered. His face was completely buried in her ass until he felt her cunt start to clench, those small rhythmic pulses that meant she was close.

He pulled back, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and stood up straight behind her.

*Time you pay me for tolerating you.*

He straightened up behind her and rubbed his cockhead along the slippery crease of her, slow, up and down, coating his little goblin. He looked down at her face. She was watching him sideways over her shoulder, flushed, lips parted, eyes heavy. Then, he noticed, she gave a faint nod.

*Such acceptance. So easy. Hah!*

Without another word, he pushed in.

"Fuck." The word left him before he could catch it. He'd expected her to be loose after a kid, but she wasn't. He felt it around his phallus, that grip tight and hot, her walls squeezing around him as he slowly sank in.

"Aaah... mi amor... yes..." Her voice was soft, breathy, sweet. Genuine.

*Such sweet moans from the mouth that gave all those useless, high-sounding speeches...*

He sank deeper, fervently wanting to hear more, the voice of a woman who meant every sound she made. She wasn't performing; she loved him, or at least she believed she did. And that excited him even more; he had her wrapped around her finger. Or in this case, his rabid cock.

Harry ground in with a final, brutal thrust, ramming all the way to the hilt. He stayed there, reveling in the sensations. He could feel her walls breathing around him, pulsing, adjusting to the stretch. Struggling around him, as every twitch and throb milked his shaft.

"Aaaahhh!" Rio finally cried out louder.

He looked down at her face and smirked.

Pa!

He slapped her ass. The flesh rippled in a slow wave across both cheeks, her wet pink walls tightening in reaction.

Pa!

"Aaaaaah! Harry... Yes!"

Plap! Plap!

He pulled to the tip and started pounding her with intent. Steady, hard pumps that splayed her petals around his cock. His hands gripped her asscheeks the entire time, fingers sinking into the warmth of her flesh with no care for her pain, spreading them so he could watch his cock disappear into her cunt on every plunge.

"Ah! Ah! Ahhhh! Yess! Yes!! Ha–Harry!" Her moans stayed sweet, a roller coaster of pitches with spoiled little whines.

Harry hated how much it affected him; he wasn't doing this to indulge her. This was his form of control, the leash he was going to hold over her. This wasn't a reward for this newly broken-in pet.

He felt it building in her. Her walls tightened around him in quick, fluttering contractions. And then, her body locked up.

He saw her back arched, her fingers twisted into the cushion, and her pussy clenched around him so hard it nearly pushed his cock out. A hot rush of wet flooded around his flesh rod, soaking the base of his cock and running in warm lines down both their thighs.

"Ugh... tight!"

Harry didn't stop. He drove through her orgasm, letting her nectar sputter out of her soaked pussy as he plunged harder and harder. He leaned forward over her back and buried his cock as deep as her body would allow and let go.

The release hit him in thick, heavy throbs. His cock pumped his virile ointment into her in long pulses, filling her, each one pushing more heat deep inside. He filled every inch of her pussy with his cream, drowning her core in white.

He could feel the mess building, too much for her to hold. It started leaking around him before he'd even finished, dripping and running down toward the couch cushion.

*Should we give our Spider friend a few siblings?*

A dark smile spread across his face as he said nothing.

Rio said nothing either, just trembled beneath him, panting into the cushion.

Harry pulled out slowly. A thick strand stretched between them and broke, dripping. He stared at the mess leaking from her and felt himself twitch, still hard. The serum had its benefits.

But then he glanced at Miles' bedroom door mischievously.

"Rio... not done yet. I can't stop... You're too amazing."

A bit of praise, and she lifted her head, dazed, flushed, smiling despite the trembling in her legs, her pussy leaking his thick batter.

"I can't feel my... legs, Harry."

He smirked and leaned down, turning her to sit normally facing him. He then slid his arms under her knees. "Let me help, Rio."

He threw his forearms under her thighs, curled his palms beneath her ass, and lifted her entirely off the couch.

She yelped, grabbing his neck. "Ooooh! I'm... heavy, Harry!"

"Not for me... Never."

He held her easily, her soft legs spread over his elbows, her wide ass dangling, her arms locked around his neck. She was naked, warm, and pressed flush against him. He was still in his shirt, which annoyed him, but there was no time to fix it.

He stared at her face and kissed her lips. She kissed him back, soft and trusting.

"You're not heavy at all, Rio."

The older woman blushed, shaking her head.

Harry reached down over the curve of her ass with one hand, nudged his cock back at her entrance, and lowered her slowly.

"Mmmmm... you're... big." She hummed as he sank her down until his cock was fully seated inside her again.

He started moving. Slow rolls at first, gentle, while he walked in lazy circles around the couch like a man who didn't know where he was going. He kept his strides easy, bouncing her lightly on each step.

She buried her face against his shoulder, eyes closed.

Using that chance, he walked toward Miles' bedroom. At the same time, he changed the pace as he fucked her harder.

Plap! Plap!

He lifted her high and dropped her down onto him, using her own weight to drive himself deep. He felt her hot breath as she gasped against his neck. He used the moment to reach behind her and push Miles' door open with his toe.

The room was empty. The computer was running, multiple monitors glowing with data and code.

*There must be cameras in here.*

He stepped inside and positioned himself sideways in front of the screens, angling so that her face, her body, and the spot where he entered her would all be visible to anyone watching.

"Oh!" She flinched. Her eyes had opened. She'd seen the screens.

*Finally noticed? Go on, watch helplessly as I fuck you in your son's room. You might even like it.*

He pounded harder. Not just dropping her by gravity now, but snapping his hips upward to meet her on every fall. The sound was obscene, wet and heavy, echoing off the walls of her son's bedroom.

Plap! Plap! Plap!

Her flesh rippled beautifully. Her hair started to become messy as strands loosened from the bun, stuck together by sweat.

Rio loved Harry. He had appeared in her life at her lowest. When she had no confidence, no drive, no one was standing beside her. Sure, she had her son, but Miles belonged more to the city than he belonged to her.

Harry had been the light at the end of a tunnel she'd been walking alone for years.

She had never met someone so kind. After learning he'd recently overcome a terminal illness, the compassion made sense. He didn't want others to suffer as he had.

At first, she kept her distance. She suspected a hidden hand. But over time, he stood with her against Roxxon. He funded her campaign. She never noticed when the wall she'd built fell apart, and she let him in.

His touch, his kisses, his passion emptied her mind. When he lifted her, she worried about his healing body. But he was so strong, and she couldn't help it. It felt too good, like being young again.

*No! Not this room!*

She panicked when she opened her eyes and saw the glow of Miles' monitors. But she couldn't get angry. Harry didn't know the apartment well enough to know which door was which. He was just as lost in the moment as she was.

"Aaaaah! Deep!" She yelped.

His hands gripped her so firmly, moved her so easily.

Rio's eyes threatened to roll back. She felt full, his thickness pressing against places inside her that made her vision blur.

"Mmm... Harry... I love you." She kissed him desperately, her tongue pushing past his lips. And right then, she felt the edge.

She shattered.

Her eyes rolled as her whole body seized around his cock. Her walls clamped down in hard, rapid pulses, and she felt herself gush against him, utterly soaking them both. She could hear it, small drips onto the carpet below. She was panicked about the room, but now, too far gone to care.

Her tongue slid sloppily against his. She came and came, wave after wave, her thick thighs shaking, her nails digging crescents into his shoulders. She moaned his name into his mouth and meant it more than she'd ever meant anything.

Plap! Plap!

Harry was close too, the stutter in his rhythm gave it away. He lowered her legs, letting her feet touch the floor, boneless, wobbling. He turned her around and pressed her forward against the computer desk. Her palms went flat on the surface, screens glowing in front of her face.

Rio felt him line up behind her.

"I love you too, Rio."

Those words... they melted everything. She never realized how much she wanted to hear them.

*Fuck. Just look at her.*

Harry was focused, standing behind her. Her ass was wide and heavy, her back arched, her hair falling loose in dark strands around her shoulders. Her pussy was swollen, flushed, and dripping with the mess of his first load. It ran in slow lines down the inside of her thighs.

*Birthing hips. Ripe. She'd take anything I give her.*

He sank back into her. The entry was effortless, slick, and creamy. He slid all the way in with one stroke.

Rio let out a low, broken moan as her head dropped between her arms. "Aaahh!... Harryyyy!"

Harry leaned forward and curved his arms underneath her, capturing both heavy breasts in his hands, and squeezed hard. She cried out, and he squeezed harder, feeling the flesh bulge between his fingers, the tanned skin likely flushing red under his grip.

He eyed the nearest monitor. The webcam light was dark, but the screens were on, and he hoped something was recording.

*Merry Christmas, Miles. Hope you like my present, one of many... many more to come.*

He kissed along her spine, gently, while his hips did the opposite. He slammed into her in hard, fast snaps that rocked the desk and made the monitors shake on their stands. The keyboard rattled. Something fell off the edge and clattered to the floor.

Plap! Plap!

Rio's ass rippled with each impact. The soft folds of her belly pressed against the edge of the desk. Her moans were sweet and trusting.

Then, he felt it... he was there. He buried himself as deep as he could, ground his hips against the cushion of her ass, and burst.

*Take it, take it all! I can practically hear the pitter-patter of baby feet! Hah!*

The release flooded through him in heavy, thick throbs. He could feel the heat of it filling her, pooling around him inside, drowning his own cock in the mess. He felt her pussy scorching, clenching in weak aftershock pulses that milked each throb out of him.

Harry felt the overflow start almost immediately and knew how it looked. He pumped the final few deep strokes into her and pulled out entirely.

Rio stayed leaning over the desk, panting, her arms limp.

He watched his spill leak from the older woman in a slow, heavy pour, running down the soft inner curves of her creamy, thick thighs. A thick drop gathered at the lowest point and fell to the carpet. Then another. There was so much. He knew his conquest was complete.

*Can't let her clean it.*

"Rio..."

Harry turned her around. He let her lean against the desk as his one hand circled her waist, the other rested gently on the side of her neck. He pressed his forehead to hers.

"Please don't regret this," he whispered. "I don't want this to ever end."

*We crossed that line, woman. No backing out now.*

He kissed her lips, soft, sloppy, then lifted her in his arms and carried her out of the room. This time, to the right one. Her bedroom.

"Finally in the right place."

He set her on the bed and finally pulled his shirt off. He climbed on top of her, throwing her legs over his shoulder, and slid back inside her sore, soaked pussy like it was the most natural thing between them.

"Ooooooh... Harry..."

Rio cooed and moaned his name senselessly. That was all she could do, reduced to a mumbling, fucked, battered, sore sex doll.

They kissed like teenagers. And Harry enjoyed every moment of it, imagining Miles returning soon, finding the stench and the evidence in his room.

*Enjoy the show, Spider-Man.*

####

Six months later,

Harry was furious with himself.

For reasons he refused to understand, he kept postponing his plan. Instead, he spent time with this annoying woman. He had Rio whenever he desired, and with a few words of praise, she was always willing. His utterly obedient pet.

He'd had her suck him off before her speeches. Fucked her and made her deliver those same speeches with his batter still leaking into her underwear. They went at it like rabbits, and he... enjoyed it?

The number of times she said "I love you" enraged him. But for the plan, he always said it back.

He fucked her louder at her apartment. By now, his relationship with Rio was no secret to Miles. He kissed Rio in front of her son and groped her without shame. He pounded her hard enough to make her scream at night. Made her scream louder when Ganke was visiting.

But months passed, and he couldn't decide when to unleash his grand plan.

####

One year later,

"I'm pregnant."

"That's wonderful!" Harry hugged her so tight she nearly lost her breath. Kissed her a dozen times. "Let's get married."

*What? What am I doing? Oh, it'll make planning Spider-Man's fall easier. The closer I am to Rio, the better.*

He didn't care that she was in her forties and he was just twenty-six. What mattered was that she was Spiderman's mother, had a tight cunt, thick ass, large breasts, and a highly fuckable face.

"Are you sure?" Rio asked, worried. "I'm..."

"Old? Rio, who cares? I love you."

Three words he hated the most.

"Oh, Harry."

She climbed onto his lap, and by the end, Harry had fucked her senseless and spilled enough to last a few more pregnancies.

#####

One more year later,

Same apartment. A baby was sleeping in the nearby crib. He was lying on the couch, his head in Rio's soft lap, her top pushed up, her heavy, round breasts spilling bare.

Yes, he was suckling her, drinking her milk, while she stroked his cock. It was the strangest thing, and yet it made him rock hard. He couldn't see her face from below her bosom, but he knew she was smiling.

*When will I ruin Spider-Man?*

"Close—" he warned.

Immediately, Rio leaned sideways and took him in her mouth and swallowed everything his balls could give. Then she sat back, and he resumed drinking. She was so warm, so soft, and her voice was so sweet that...

*What am I thinking? I must destroy her to get to Spider-Man.*

As he suckled, a new scheme formed.

*Why just a councilwoman? I'll make her the mayor. And then I'll release the videos. The greater she rises, the harder Spider-Man will fall.*

#####

One more year later,

He sat on the couch, watching Rio on her knees between his legs. She was still in her office clothes, skirt, shirt, and suit jacket. Officially, she was now Mayor Rio Osborn.

"Mmm..."

It was filthy. He was recording it all: her messy face, her untied hair sticking to her skin. He'd already finished once deep in her throat, and it had leaked from her nostrils, half her face glazed in a thick, creamy sheen.

"Almost there, Rio."

He gripped the back of her head and pushed her all the way down until her nose flattened against his pubes. He held her there, groaning, as another load pumped into her throat. Some leaked through her nose. Some from the corners of her mouth. The rest she swallowed with watery eyes, her makeup ruined. Only when he finished did he let her sit back and breathe.

And still, all she had was a smile on her gorgeous face. Love in her eyes.

Harry's jaw tightened. She looked incredible even in that mess. And she was pregnant again, and...

*What is wrong with me? I'm not supposed to think this. This woman! Miles doesn't even live here anymore.*

Yet, he planned to ruin her one day. So he continued to plot.

*Why stop here?*

#####

Two more years later,

*What a mess. This wasn't the plan. What am I doing here?*

He stood on the stage, his son and daughter in his arms, dressed in a fine suit. Beside him stood his father, a man he'd outmaneuvered and stripped of power using every underhanded trick available. Surprisingly, Norman had praised him for it.

He stared at his wife, Rio, standing at the podium in a tight pencil skirt. He knew what was underneath. The world's softest ass and a pussy still slick with what he'd unloaded into her before the event.

She flashed him a smile and blew a kiss.

He smiled back.

*No! I can't smile!*

But he did. And then Rio spoke to the massive crowd that had gathered.

"I, Rio Osborn, do solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States, and the Constitution of the State of New York, and that I will faithfully discharge the duties of the office of Governor, to the best of my ability."

*What has my life become?*

He stood there smiling while the crowd erupted in applause. He had now made her the Governor. Miles was nearby, clapping. Peter Parker, too, who he now knew was also Spider-Man.

*I'll ruin you all! I will destroy you...*

"Harry."

Rio walked over. She kissed their children on the cheek, then kissed his lips with a passion that belonged in a bedroom, not a stage.

"I love you, Harry. Thank you for supporting me all this time. To reach this far."

*No! Don't say it! I must no...*

"Love you too, Rio. And no, I should thank you for letting me be a part of this."

"Oh, Harry." She hugged him and the kids in one embrace.

Stiff, Harry locked eyes with Miles in the distance. Miles stared back with a guarded smile. Then Rio whispered in his ear that she wanted to see him in the bathroom in five minutes.

And just like that, something shifted in his body. He relaxed and grew hard. He handed the kids to his father and walked away.

Bam!

The door of the bathroom stall he was inside opened with a slam. Rio stood before him, passionate love in her eyes.

*I love her... don't I?*

Finally, even his inner voice had fallen. Trapped by this woman's hold on him and her love, which was too fucking genuine.

*Soon... One day... I will... destroy you... Spider-Man... ah.*

All thoughts scattered when she straddled him on the stall and claimed his mouth.

*One day... for sure.*

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A/N: Don't forget to drop your One-Shot ideas in the comments.