



Hell Village

Maverick 14

Story: Frank Romano

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Milf and Adultery

DAYS AFTER MAVERICK'S LAST TIME WITH LEOPOLDA, THEY HAD NO MORE LIMITS. AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY, LEOPOLDA AND HER SON WOULD RUB AGAINST EACH OTHER, CARESS, AND TOUCH EACH OTHER INTIMATELY. THE ACT WAS CONSCIOUS; LEOPOLDA AND MURIEL WERE NO LONGER UNDER THE EFFECT OF THE CURSED RING.






SO, MOM. WHAT'S GOOD FOR LUNCH? I'M DYING TO EAT SOMETHING JUICY AND HOT.



AH... MY SON. THE ONLY THING JUICY AND HOT AROUND HERE IS MY FLESHY LITTLE PUSSY, WHICH YOU ALREADY FUCK ALMOST EVERY DAY.


WELL THEN, MOM, TODAY
YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE
MAIN COURSE.

NEAR THEM, ROMULO SITS IN THE LIVING ROOM WATCHING TV, BUT SOMEWHAT BOTHERED BY THE WHISPERS AND LAUGHTER COMING FROM THE KITCHEN.




UNABLE TO FOCUS ON THE SOAP OPERA, HE PRETENDS TO WATCH AND STARTS OBSERVING THE TWO IN THE KITCHEN.

LEOPOLDA AND MAVERICK DON'T NOTICE THE HUSBAND'S SUSPICIOUS GLANCES.

A man with dark hair, wearing a light grey long-sleeved shirt and dark pants, is sitting on a dark grey outdoor sofa with white pillows. He is looking out a large glass window at a cityscape with green trees and buildings. A thought bubble is above him.

STRANGE, HOW CLOSE
THOSE TWO ARE. IF THEY WEREN'T
MOTHER AND SON, I'D BE
SUSPICIOUS.

BUT OF COURSE THERE CAN'T
BE ANYTHING WRONG... BUT...
BUT... THIS "IS" WEIRD.

A man with dark hair, wearing a light grey long-sleeved shirt and dark blue pants, is sitting on a dark grey couch. He has a serious, slightly angry expression. Behind him is a white tufted sofa and a brown door with horizontal glass panels. A thought bubble is positioned above his head, containing text.

COULD THEY THEY BE
HAVING AN AFFAIR? A HELLISH,
INCESTUOUS AFFAIR? IT CAN'T BE. THAT
WOULD BE A SIN, AN UNFORGIVABLE
IMMORALITY.

BOTHERED BY THE EXCESSIVE INTIMACY BETWEEN THE TWO, ROMULO GOES TO THE COUNTER THAT DIVIDED THE KITCHEN FROM THE LIVING ROOM AND COMPLAINS ABOUT THEIR BEHAVIOR.

A man with dark hair, wearing a grey long-sleeved Henley shirt and dark pants, stands in a modern room with white tufted walls. He has a stern, angry expression. To his right is a white, egg-shaped chair on a grey rug. In the background, there is a black and white side table with a laptop and a framed picture on the wall. A speech bubble above him contains the text: LEOPOLDA... DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE OVERDOING THIS CLOSENESS?


LEOPOLDA... DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE OVERDOING THIS CLOSENESS?

A man with dark hair, wearing a grey long-sleeved shirt, stands in a modern living room. He is pointing his right hand towards the camera with a serious expression. The room features a dark leather sofa with a white pillow, a wooden door with horizontal glass panels, and large glass doors leading to a green lawn. A speech bubble is positioned above him.

ALL THIS GROPING ISN'T
APPROPRIATE BEHAVIOR BETWEEN A
MOTHER AND SON.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO IMPLY?
MAVERICK IS MY SON, YOU IDIOT.

DAMN IT, DAD... WHAT A DIRTY, SICK MIND YOU HAVE. I'M JUST TREATING MY MOTHER WITH AFFECTION. WHAT A FILTHY, PERVERTED LOOK THAT IS ON YOUR FACE.



IT'S NOT LIKE
THAT... IT'S JUST...
I... I JUST...

I'M SORRY... I GOT A LITTLE
JEALOUS. YOU TWO HAVE BEEN SO
CLOSE LATELY THAT I... I'M SORRY.

WEREN'T YOU THE ONE WHO ALWAYS SAID I HAD TO BE KINDER TO OUR SON? AND NOW THAT I AM, YOU HAVE PERVERTED THOUGHTS?

ROMULO GOES BACK TO THE SOFA,
ASHAMED FOR HAVING HAD PERVERTED
THOUGHTS ABOUT THE TWO.

SEE, MOM? DAD REALLY IS AN IDIOT.
HE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE THAT, WHILE WE
WERE SCOLDING HIM FOR HIS ACCUSATION, I
WAS TOUCHING YOUR ASS THE WHOLE
TIME.

MY HUSBAND REALLY IS A CUCKOLD. YES, I FELT YOUR HAND SQUEEZING MY ASS. WHILE YOU WERE GIVING MY BUTTOCKS A MASSAGE, I WAS SQUEEZING YOUR DELICIOUS COCK AND HE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE.

NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY ABOUT
FINISHING THAT MASSAGE ON MY
BIG, SOFT ASS?

ONLY IF IT'S RIGHT NOW, MY
NAUGHTY GIRL.

POLICE

MY GOD, SON. YOU SURE KNOW HOW
TO GET MY PUSSY SOAKING WET.

AH

AH

AH

AH

AH

AH

YEAH, YOU'RE AN INSATIABLE BITCH. YOU AND AUNT MURIEL.

AH... IT'S SO GOOD TO HAVE YOU ALL TO MYSELF. I HATE HAVING TO SHARE YOU WITH THAT SLUT.

AH

AH

AH

AH

AH

AH

BUT THE PROBLEM IS SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH AND COULD END UP TELLING EVERYTHING TO HER BROTHER. YOUR CUCKOLD OF A FATHER.



BUT IT'S FINE, IF THAT'S THE PRICE I HAVE TO PAY TO HAVE YOU BETWEEN MY LEGS.

AH

AH

AH

DAMN... WHAT SHAME... I
ACCUSED MY SAINTLY WIFE OF DOING
SOMETHING TERRIBLE.

AH

AH

AH

I DON'T EVEN HAVE THE COURAGE TO LOOK HER IN THE FACE, I'M SO ASHAMED.

AH

AH


AH



A FEW HOURS AFTER LUNCH-
LEOPOLDA AND MAVERICK WERE
LOCKED IN THE BATHROOM, DOING
WHAT ROMULO COULD NEVER FIND OUT
ABOUT.

IT'S SO ANNOYING WHEN DAD IS HOME. WE HAVE TO FUCK IN SECRET. DAMN IT... FUCKING IN THE BATHROOM ISN'T AS GOOD AS IT WOULD BE IN A COMFORTABLE BED.

YES, SON, BUT I DON'T MIND, AS LONG AS IT'S YOU WHO'S FUCKING ME.



MOM, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I
DON'T MIND EITHER.

AND THIS SITUATION IS WAY TOO EXCITING. I'M FUCKING YOU WITH MY DAD IN THE HOUSE.

MAVERICK HAS TO BE CAREFUL NOT TO GET CAUGHT. SINCE THE RING LOST ITS POWER WHEN LEOPOLDA DEVELOPED SEXUAL FEELINGS FOR HER OWN SON, HE CAN NO LONGER USE THE RING'S POWER TO MANIPULATE HIS FATHER'S THOUGHTS.



SCHLURP
SCHLURP
MH...

LEOPOLDA, ON HER KNEES AND ALREADY COMPLETELY NAKED, CONSUMED BY LUST, SUCKS HER SON WITHOUT A SHRED OF REMORSE. WITH HER HUSBAND IN THE HOUSE, LOCKED IN THE BATHROOM, SHE SATISFIES THE DEPRAVED INSTINCT GROWING WITHIN HER DAY BY DAY.

SCHLURP
SCHLURP
MH...

SCHLURP
SCHLURP
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MH...
SCHLURP
SCHLURP

SCHLURP
SCHLURP
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MH...
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MH...

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AH...

AH...

SWISH



AH...

AH...

SWISH



AH...
AH...

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AH...

AH...

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AH...

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AH...

AH...

SWISH

ROMULO, WALKING DOWN THE HALLWAY, HEARS LEOPOLDA MOANING IN THE BATHROOM. THE MOANS WERE LOUD AND CONTINUOUS, AND A WAVE OF CONCERN WASHED OVER HIM.

WHY WOULD LEOPOLDA BE MOANING SO MUCH? WHAT COULD BE HAPPENING IN THERE?

AH...

AH...

AH...





AH...

AH...

FLOP

FLOPPP

FLOPP

AH...

FLOPP

FLOPPP

FLOP

AH...

AH...

AH...

FLOPP


FLOPPPP

FLOP

AH...

AH...

AH...




LEOPOLDA, ARE YOU OKAY? ARE YOU
FEELING SICK? WAS IT SOMETHING
YOU ATE?

DAMN IT... I CAN'T EVEN
HAVE A MOMENT OF PEACE
IN THE BATHROOM.

FLOP
FLOPPP
FLOPP

I'M FINE... WHAT DO YOU WANT?

FLOP
FLOPPP
FLOPP



I'M LOOKING FOR OUR SON.
HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?

A woman with dark hair and blue eyes is sitting in a bathtub, looking distressed. She is being held from behind by a large, muscular man whose chest and arms are visible. The background consists of vertical grey panels.

HE MUST BE IN HERE FUCKING ME. WHAT DO YOU THINK? NO, I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM. NOW LEAVE ME ALONE.



OH MY GOD, I REALLY PISSED
HER OFF WITH THAT RASH
ACCUSATION.

AH...

FINALLY, SOME PEACE. GO ON, MY SON. LET'S TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR CUCKOLD FATHER BEING GONE AND FUCK ME HARD.

AH...

AH...

FLOP

FLOPPP

FLOPP

LEOPOLDA CONTINUES FUCKING HER SON IN THE BATHROOM. CAREFREE, SHE MOANED, LAUGHED, AND INSULTED HER HUSBAND WITH EVERY THRUST FROM MAVERICK.



FLOP

FLOPPP

FLOPP

AH...

AH...

AH...



AH...

AH...

FLOPP

FLOPPP

FLOPP

THAT'S IT, MY SON. YOU KNOW HOW TO FUCK A WOMAN, UNLIKE THAT USELESS FATHER OF YOURS.

AH...

RAM THAT THICK COCK INTO YOUR MOMMY, MY SON. SHOW YOUR FATHER HOW IT'S DONE. THAT CUCKOLD ONLY HAS THAT DICK TO PISS WITH. DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO USE IT ON ME.

FLOPP

FLOPPP

FLOP



FLOPP

FLOPPP

FLOP

AH... FUCK ME... AH... MAKE ME YOUR WHORE... FUCK ME GOOD, YOU NAUGHTY BOY.



AH

AH

FLOPP

FLOPPP

FLOP



AH

AH

FLOPP

FLOPPP

FLOP

AH

AH

FLOPP

FLOPPP

FLOP



AH

AH

FLOPP

FLOPPP

FLOPP

AH

AH

FLOPP

FLOPPP

FLOP

AH

AH

FLOP

FLOPP

FLOPPP

FUCK... THIS FEELS TOO GOOD...

FLOPP

FLOPPP

FLOP

HOLY SHIT... YES...
RIGHT THERE...

FLOP

FLOPPP

FLOPP

OH MY GOD... THAT'S IT...
THAT'S IT... JUST LIKE THAT...
FUCK...

FLOP

FLOPPP

FLOPP

YES, FUCK... JUST LIKE THAT,
FUCK... THAT'S EXACTLY IT... SO
GOOD...

FLOP

FLOPPP

FLOPP

THIS IS TOO GOOD, GODDAMN
IT... FEELS SO FUCKING GOOD...

FLOPP

FLOPPP

FLOP

AHHH...

AHHH...

FLOPP

FLOPPP

FLOP

WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT NOISE
IN THERE!

BANG

BANG

BANG

FLOPP

AHHH...

FLOP

AHHH...

FLOPPP

FUCK... LEOPOLDA... ARE
YOU IN THERE FUCKING MY SON...
GODDAMN IT!

BANG

BANG

BANG

OPEN THIS DOOR RIGHT NOW,
YOU WHORE! THAT'S INCEST, YOU
FUCKING TRAITOROUS BITCH!

BANG

BANG

BANG



MOM, DAD'S NOT LEAVING UNTIL YOU OPEN THIS DOOR. IT IT'S RISKY; HE MIGHT BREAK IT DOWN.


BANG

BANG

BANG

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YES. PUT YOUR CLOTHES ON
AND JUMP OUT THE WINDOW.
LET'S FOOL THIS CUCKOLD SON
OF A BITCH.

ROMULO IS STARTLED WHEN HIS SON APPEARS BEHIND HIM, ASKING WHAT ALL THAT RACKET WAS ABOUT.





DAD... WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY ALL THIS
YELLING AT THE BATHROOM DOOR?



WHERE WERE YOU?



I WAS OUTSIDE IN THE BACKYARD,
PRACTICING MY MAGIC TRICKS. WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

FUCK... I REALLY FUCKED UP
WITH HER. SHE'S NEVER GOING
TO FORGIVE ME.

WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS,
ROMULO? WHAT DID YOU JUST
ACCUSE ME OF?

LEOPOLDA, FORGIVE
ME. I... I...

DID YOU JUST IMPLY I WAS FUCKING
MY OWN SON? YOU PERVERT! GET OUT OF
THIS HOUSE RIGHT NOW!

END

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT EPISODE.