In the past, after taking a shower, Mom would always wash her intimate garments and hang them on the balcony to dry. But these past few days, likely due to the Mingshuo Liankou incident, she would rush back to her room to handle work right after her bath, leaving the laundry for the next day. Every evening when I followed her into the bathroom, I could see her bras hanging on the steel rack.

To be honest, I've never been particularly interested in mother-son incest, nor am I repulsed by it. My feelings for Mom have always been purely familial. But lately, I've started to notice something truly beautiful about her. These alluring, intimate garments—things I normally never see—have awakened a part of me that was once tightly shut. They've stirred a strange longing for Mom within me.

I don't know exactly what this longing is or how to define it. All I know is that ever since it emerged, I've found myself blushing and my heart racing inexplicably whenever I'm around her. Her full breasts, slender waist, long and delicate legs, and all the sexy accessories like her office attire, stockings, and high heels—everything seems to ignite a kind of maddening impulse deep inside me.

I attend Shanghai's top high school, which boasts excellent faculty and a comprehensive educational system. The school provides thorough sex education, so I'm well aware of what masturbation is. I do masturbate occasionally, but it's not something I feel a strong urge for—maybe once every couple of weeks at most. Usually, I don't even entertain such thoughts.

After all, I carry a heavy burden. Mom and I rely on each other, and my focus is entirely on my studies and protecting her. There's simply no room for wild fantasies.

But these past few nights, I've been using Mom's stockings and bras to get off.

Mom's lingerie—stockings, bras, and the like—are made from high-quality materials, costing thousands for a set. The stockings, in particular, are smooth and sheer, almost like cicada wings. Holding them in my hands, it feels as though a gentle breeze could carry them away.

Tonight, just like before, I locked the bathroom door, stripped off my clothes, and stood naked in the room. Then, with trembling reverence, I took down the nude-colored pantyhose from the steel rack and brought it to my nose, inhaling deeply. In that instant, it felt as if my soul was ascending. A rich, fragrant scent rushed from my nostrils straight to my brain, causing my body to shudder uncontrollably. Like an addict craving a fix, I frantically located the gusset of the stockings—a section made from a soft, opaque material, different from the rest. I pressed it against my already erect penis, wrapped the remaining fabric tightly around my thick shaft, and began stroking vigorously.

"Ah..." I couldn't help but moan, tilting my head back. The sensation was absolutely electrifying. The head of my penis rubbing against the gusset felt as though I were grinding against Mom's most intimate place. My mind involunt conjured images of her standing naked before me—her snow-white breasts, rosy nipples like flower buds, her soft mound, and those long,

straight legs. It didn't take long before I came, ejaculating with a series of wet spurts into the stockings.

As a wave of emptiness washed over me, I suddenly realized:

"Oh no! I've soiled the stockings!"

I produce a considerable amount—my semen is a healthy, cloudy white. The entire gusset of the stockings was soaked. If Mom finds out, I'm finished.

My mind raced as I quickly thought it over, and I decided to wash the stockings. Even though Mom would be angry at me for taking matters into my own hands, it was far better than her discovering I had used her stockings to masturbate. The former was nowhere near as unforgivable as the latter.

With that thought, I held the stockings under the faucet and wet them. Just as I was about to apply soap, the sound of footsteps I least wanted to hear at that moment echoed from outside.

Mom was coming!

My mind went blank with a "boom," and I froze in place. Before long, the bathroom door was knocked on. "Mingming, I left something in there. Can you hand it to me?"

"I... Mom, I'm taking a shower. Just wait a moment!"

I quickly turned on the showerhead, using the sound of the water to fake the illusion of showering.

"It's fine. Stop for a moment and hand me the thing first. You can continue showering afterward. It won't take more than a few minutes."

"I..." I knew that using the same excuse again would definitely arouse Mom's suspicion. I could only hope that the water on the stockings would mask the smell of semen. But I knew I was deceiving myself—the smell of semen couldn't be covered by water at all. Besides, I had been abstaining for over ten days, and the semen of a teenage boy was naturally strong-smelling. Nine times out of ten, I was doomed this time.

But I had no choice other than to hand the stockings to Mom.

I opened the door, handed her the stockings, bra, and other items, then closed the door, waiting for my impending doom.

In my mind, I had already envisioned Mom's furious reaction later. Though I knew some of it would be an act, I didn't want to see her like that.

Sure enough, after Mom took the clothes, she didn't leave immediately. She made a questioning sound, probably having noticed that the stockings were wet. They had been dry when she left, and the rack was too high for them to get wet from my shower. So, it had to be my doing.

A few more seconds passed, and it was still quiet outside, but I could feel a bone-chilling cold piercing through the bathroom's glass door, making me shiver involuntarily.

Mom had found out!

But the expected outburst never came. She was silent for a few seconds, then left.

God only knows what I went through in those brief moments. After Mom left, I collapsed onto the bathroom floor, the hard tiles bruising my butt, but I paid it no mind. My thoughts were entirely consumed by how Mom would react once she knew I had used her stockings to masturbate.

Would she hit me? Would she never speak to me again?

These didn't seem to be the scariest possibilities. What I feared most was her disappointment in me. I didn't want to let her down.

But I had committed such an unforgivable act, and she would likely connect it to the previous nights when I must have done the same. She would definitely be disappointed in me!

That night, I let the shower spray hot water over my head, unmoving, like a wooden puppet. I don't even remember how I finished showering or made it back to my room to sleep.

The next morning, as usual, I got up under Mom's supervision to eat breakfast. She was always up earlier than me, waking me every morning. Even on weekends, she wouldn't let me sleep in, insisting I get up early. Even if I wasn't studying, I shouldn't waste time sleeping. Ten hours of sleep a day was enough, she said.

I sat at the dining table outside the kitchen on the first floor, eating the toast my mother had made. She sat across from me, sipping oatmeal as

usual—neither scolding nor treating me with excessive coldness. It made me wonder if what had happened last night was just a dream.

I wanted to say something, but I didn't know what. I was still in the punishment phase, forbidden from speaking to her.

Not a single word passed between us until the meal ended. I followed her out the door and got into her million-yuan Audi.

Along the way, the highly modern steel-and-concrete structures of the city flashed by. Mom dropped me off at school, reminded me to study hard, and then drove off to her company.

I started school in 2009 and was placed in Class 0923. Now in my first year of high school, our grade alone has a hundred classes. The school is massive, equipped with everything—labs, an indoor sports hall, a soccer field, and even an astronomy room, among other facilities.

I'm somewhat of a celebrity at school. For one, I'm the son of the chairman of Xiasheng Company, one of the top three firms in the city. For another, I have some standout qualities of my own.

My grades are excellent, my performance in school sports meets is impressive, and I'm the student council president.

Normally, only second-year students are eligible to run for student council president. But due to my work performance and overwhelming popularity among the female students—who voted for me enthusiastically—the school made an exception under pressure.

I never dare boast about these things to my mother. Though others might see each of these achievements as dazzling accolades, I know exactly how she'd react if I tried to show off: she'd coldly shut me down, saying, "Is that all you're satisfied with? Life is long, and these little accomplishments are nothing."

So I keep pushing myself, never daring to slack off even a little.

On my way to the classroom, I gradually noticed something off. Many students around me were chatting as they walked, and the snippets of conversation I overheard, when pieced together, left me puzzled.

Their criticism seemed directed at a particular girl—one I happened to know. It was Chen Xixuan from Class 0922, the girl my mother blamed for my slipping grades after she confessed her feelings to me.

"Damn it, that slut Chen Xiluan, how dare she try to seduce my crush? And she confessed to Xia Ming in public? What gives her the right? Is it because her pussy stinks? Haha!"

"Hey, don't say that. She's the core player of the tennis team. We only won the city championship thanks to her. But no matter how well she plays, it doesn't change how much I hate her. Hehe, who told her to go after my crush?"

Some boys chimed in too: "You girls are so petty. Chen Xixuan is a total beauty. How come you talk about her like she's worse than some streetwalker? If I could get with her, with that chest, those legs, that face—I'd

go at it for three days straight. Anything less would be a disservice to my little brother."

"Alright, enough! Chen Xixuan likes Xia Ming. What's it to you? With your build and grades, what makes you think you have a shot at her?"

Opinions were flying left and right.

Listening to their gossip, I couldn't help but frown. How had Chen Xixuan's reputation plummeted so drastically overnight? What on earth had happened?

Chen Xixuan had always ranked among the top three in the school's beauty list and was widely adored.

But that had nothing to do with me. Whether her reputation was good or bad, she was irrelevant to my life.

I headed straight back to the classroom, only to find that even our class had been swept up in this toxic atmosphere.

Many people were badmouthing Chen Xixuan, mostly girls. Several of them approached my desk as soon as I arrived, saying, "Xia Ming, that Chen Xixuan is just a slut. Please don't like her, okay?"

"Xia Ming, how is Chen Xixuan prettier than me? If you accept her, you have to accept me too!"

"Xia Ming, you must hate that bitch Chen Xixuan too, right? Don't worry, Xiao Lan, Xiao Yan, and I will beat her up after class. We'll do it in the restroom so the teachers won't find out and cause you trouble."

I felt a headache coming on. It seemed they were jealous because Chen Xixuan had confessed to me, assuming I would accept her, and that was why they were insulting her like this.

But was it really necessary to go this far?

I had a feeling there was more to the story.

After class, I went to the restroom. As I passed the girls' restroom, I spotted a familiar face.

Gao Tianjian, the son of Gao Tianxiang, CEO of Mingshuo Company.

Gao Tianjian was quite handsome and the rising star of the school's taekwondo club. As a freshman, he had defeated the senior-year club president. Though he couldn't become president himself as a freshman, he earned the title "Rookie King." He had probably been the taekwondo club president in middle school even before entering high school.

When he saw me, he froze for a moment, then gave a signal. Two others immediately blocked the entrance to the girls' restroom. I instinctively glanced inside and vaguely saw a girl in a school uniform skirt being held by two boys, unable to move.

This was nothing new. Gao Tianjian was arrogant and domineering, relying on his father's status as CEO of Mingshuo Company and his own title as the

taekwondo club's Rookie King to bully others at school. Even the teachers were hesitant to confront him.

Rumors often circulated about him sending someone to the hospital or sleeping with girls from various classes, with photos leaked on the school forum.

I didn't have a good impression of him, not only because of his terrible behavior but also because of the rivalry between our families.

Xia Shi and Mingshuo were sworn enemies. As sons of key figures in both companies, it was natural for us to treat each other with hostility.

I didn't intervene in his bullying. To be honest, I was a bit intimidated. If it came to a fight, I stood no chance against him.

I went into the men's restroom next door and could hear Gao Tianjian shouting and hitting the girl, accompanied by the sound of slaps. "Damn it, you like him but not me? Is he that much better? Am I really that inferior?"

"Fuck your mother!"

Slap!

"Fuck your mother!"

Slap!

"Fuck your mother!"

Slap!

"Fuck your mo—"

Listening to those loud sounds, I didn't need to see to know the girl was being brutally beaten. I felt a pang of sympathy, but there was nothing I could do to help her, nor did I want to get involved.

After using the restroom, I passed by the girls' restroom again. Gao Tianjian and his gang were gone. Because they had occupied it earlier, the restroom was mostly empty—the girls had gone to other floors to avoid them.

Just as I was about to leave the restroom entrance, a hand suddenly grabbed my ankle. Startled, I turned to look.

Clothes in disarray, face bruised and swollen, with countless purple and blue marks covering her body, Chen Xixuan looked at me with tear-filled eyes and pleaded, "Xia Ming, can you save me, please?"