
母と娘のトリプルプレイ
カノママは
初恋のひと。
人気作家
美少女堕ち！
カノママ&カノジョ、
独占してもいいですよ？
サエキヨウスケオルタ
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illustration
美少女
文庫



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カノジョに知られた禁断関係
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カノママもカノジョも
独り占め!

Prologue: Caught Between Two Women

One cannot resist their desires, and a relationship that has crossed the threshold of carnal union is hard to turn back from.

In a dimly lit room, the air was thick with heat, humidity, the sound of ragged breathing, and the sticky, wet noises of intimacy. There, on a bed, a man knelt, utterly at the mercy of two women who swarmed around him.

"Nfuu, muu… nnh, chupu…"

With unfocused eyes, her obsidian-black hair swaying wildly, Kaoru Sei was fervently kissing the man's lips and tongue, consumed by her task. Unsatisfied with merely clinging to him, she pressed her voluptuous, ripened body against his, as if trying to meld into him entirely.

"Nmuuu, hobu, juruu, npaa, nbuuu…"

Kneeling at the man's groin, her face buried there, Sae Sei was greedily taking his erect *thing* into her mouth. Beneath her flaxen hair, her eyes were half-rolled back in ecstasy as she wrapped her arms around his hips, completely engrossed in her oral devotion. In contrast to the other woman, her body—soft and ripe like a fruit—pressed pliantly against the man's firm legs, yielding endlessly.

"Nfuu… chupaa," "Nmuu—nhaa."

Simultaneously, both women released their mouths from the man's lips and shaft. Their lustful, ragged breaths mingled with his, resonating in a triple harmony.

"*—Gulp.*"

The man's gaze fell upon the two voluptuous female forms, both undeniably bountiful. As if by some unspoken agreement, the two women positioned themselves side by side on all fours, presenting their buttocks to him. Their secret places, glistening with ample moisture, were shamelessly exposed. Their ripe, almost bursting forms—two contrasting yet massive fruits—swayed enticingly before his eyes, their dripping slits on full display, moving back and forth, side to side, without a shred of modesty or decorum.

The women, with voices laced with pleading and seduction, beckoned to the man.

“Ahaa, Junsuke-san. Please, fill my lewd hole with your cock. My body can handle it, no matter how roughly you thrust, driven by your desires! ♡”

“Kouki-senpai… Please, bury your sturdy penis in my shamelessly soaked vagina. My pussy’s so tight, it’ll definitely feel good—♡”

As if competing, they begged. They even spread their innermost depths with their fingers, displaying themselves brazenly. And, as their shared surname implied, these two women vying for the same man’s member were family—mother and daughter.

Casting aside any semblance of a normal mother-daughter bond, they sought the man’s favor.

(How did it come to this…?)

The man—Junsuke Kouki—gazed at the two glistening, open orifices before him, his mind clouded by the heat as he recalled how it all began. The lust, the fluids, the infidelity that had entangled him with this mother and daughter.



Chapter 1: A Sudden Reunion—Kano-Mama Was My First!?

For third-year students whose futures were already decided, life was, to put it bluntly, absurdly idle.

Junsuke Kouki was one such boy, with a job lined up at an acquaintance's office after graduation.

"It's awkward hanging around school… Sure, getting my path set early was lucky, but it's not all roses."

It was a little past the end of summer break. Most of his peers were in the thick of exam prep, even those aiming for recommendation admissions still had a ways to go. Naturally, Junsuke's carefree presence amid their tense atmosphere wasn't exactly welcome. With barely any need to attend classes, he only showed up for the minimum required to graduate, spending the rest of his days in boredom.

"All I've got going on is online gaming."

He had to burn through his surplus of time somehow. Sure, there was some studying for his future job, but…

"I've been working part-time there forever, so… And the other thing I'm obsessed with?"

As Junsuke thought of *that*, his destination came into view.

"Get those voices out! It's morning—where's your spirit, you lot?!"

"Yaaaah!!"

A single voice, stronger than the collective shouts of the other club members, rang out. That voice belonged to the very *thing* Junsuke sought. As he approached, the spirited shouts continued.

"That's it for morning practice! Stand tall, bow to the dojo!"

“Thank you very much!”

By the time he reached the kendo dojo, the closing chants echoed. Through the open door, he saw the girls’ kendo team finishing cleanup and heading to the changing room. Then—

“Kouki-senpai.”

A girl in a kendo uniform turned, her sweat-glistened face catching his eye. Junsuke responded with a broad grin.

“Kaoru! Morning!”

“Good morning, Kouki-senpai. You’re full of energy as always.”

Her glossy, long black hair was tied back in a ponytail, giving her a refined, almost androgynous beauty that radiated purity. But what drew the eye even more was her extraordinary figure. Her ample bust strained against the thick kendo uniform, her waist was taut, and her hips flared out, ballooning the hakama in a way that seemed almost fictional.

(I come this early just to see Kaoru in her kendo gear.)

Kaoru Sei, Junsuke’s junior, was not only the captain of the girls’ kendo team but also, despite being a second-year, the student council president—a testament to her widespread respect.

“If I seem that way, it’s because I got to see you first thing, Kaoru.”

And she was, in a manner of speaking, Junsuke’s girlfriend.

“That’s flattering, Kouki-senpai. You’re always so direct—it feels good. Wait for me; I’ll wipe off the sweat and change. Let’s walk to school together.”

In short, she was totally his type.

A year and a half ago, when Kaoru enrolled, Junsuke was smitten at first sight and pursued her relentlessly. It took nearly six months to win her over.

(Saying it's just her looks feels a bit wrong, and I do love her straightforward, pristine personality too, but…)

He was a healthy teenage boy, after all. Carnal desires were hard to resist. They'd been together over a year, and with her in the throes of puberty…

(I can't help but imagine doing this or that with her body…)

Waiting outside the changing room, Junsuke indulged in fantasies. However, Kaoru Sei was not one to permit such physical intimacy. The reason being—

"Kouki-senpai. Have you thought about what we discussed?"

Kaoru, now in her school uniform, approached him.

"Huh? Oh, you mean meeting your mom?"

"Exactly. With our future in mind, I'd like to introduce you to her. A proper relationship should follow proper steps."

That was the deal. Her upright, pristine nature extended to their relationship. The most physical contact they'd had was holding hands. As she put it:

"School rules prohibit frivolous relationships that disrupt decorum. Sexual acts are for married couples, Kouki-senpai."

(What kind of pure upbringing did she have…?)

Junsuke wasn't entirely against thinking about a future with Kaoru, but marriage at their age felt daunting. Moreover, he had one nagging doubt about such a "proper" relationship.

(If we get married without even having sex, what if our kinks don't match or our bodies aren't compatible?)

Of course, he couldn't voice such blunt thoughts to Kaoru. That's why he'd been hesitating.

(But staying stuck like this is torture in its own way.)

Maybe taking a step forward would shift their dynamic, softening Kaoru's stance. That thought was beginning to take root—alongside, of course, his burgeoning teenage lust.

So, Junsuke decided to take the plunge.

"Alright. I'll come over."

"Really?! Then how about this weekend? Mother should be free then."

Kaoru's face lit up with a radiant smile at his agreement.

(Damn… I really do love her smile too.)

Reassured that his feelings weren't solely driven by lust, Junsuke conveniently ignored the fact that those feelings were still rooted in his desires.

○

After a school day with little to do, Junsuke returned to his seaside home a few stations away. Kaoru, busy with kendo and student council, rarely had time for after-school dates. He powered on his gaming console and logged into an online RPG. With so much free time, gaming was the perfect pastime.

He grabbed his smartphone, opening an SNS site linked to the game. There was a community exclusive to residents of Tozue City, and Junsuke mainly played with its members.

"Nowadays, my social circle's more here than at school."

The group ranged from students to working adults and even retirees, including some overseas. While some members knew each other in real life, Junsuke didn't, but he was close enough with a few to share light personal matters. He entered their private chatroom.

cogy: Yo, what's good?

It'sme: Hey, what's up, exam warrior?

FTO: Didn't he say he's not doing exams? lol

The usual crew responded. They were supposedly working adults, but Junsuke felt more at ease here than at school, typing away.

cogy: Going to my girlfriend's place.

It'sme: Oh, big deal!

FTO: Heading there for some naughty fun, huh, kid?

With a wry smile, Junsuke typed out his dilemma.

cogy: Thing is, she won't even let me kiss her. Hoping for some progress there.

FTO: Oof... That's rough at your age.

It'sme: It's fine to keep it platonic for a while, but...

cogy: Am I expecting too much dirty stuff?

FTO: Nah, nah. Simple fact: more physical contact, stronger the bond.

It'sme: Like how dating beats just talking on the phone.

FTO: If you love each other, sex makes you even closer... if you don't screw it up.

It'sme: Fun fact: sexless relationships can be grounds for divorce, depending. I know from doing infidelity investigations.

Huh, Junsuke thought. Mismatched kinks, disliking sex itself—whatever the reason...

(I don't want that with Kaoru. If possible, I'd want to do it every day.)

As he'd said, he loved her body, her personality, her face—everything.

It'sme: Got a bit crude there, but I'm rooting for you.

FTO: Yeah, same. I've been through a breakup or two. Happy to listen if you need.

It'sme: Says the one who traveled abroad to mend a broken heart.

FTO: We agreed not to bring that up!

cogy: Thanks, guys. I'll hit you up if I need to talk.

○

The weekend arrived faster than the usual slog of Junsuke's days.

(I'm way too nervous…)

From what he'd heard, Kaoru had lost her father three years ago and lived with her mother. The father's life insurance had lapsed at an unfortunate time, but his legacy—a trading company, stocks, and assets—ensured they wanted for nothing. Kaoru's mother was described as the epitome of virtue, raising her daughter with strict, upright values, even more so after her husband's death. The result was Kaoru, a rare modern-day Yamato Nadeshiko who declared, "No kissing until marriage," excelling in both academics and martial arts.

Yet, Kaoru herself had no complaints.

"Mother loves me. She always puts me first, and I can feel it. I respect her."

Junsuke couldn't help but feel intimidated.

"The house is pretty huge…"

The gated, garden-surrounded estate hinted at the wealth her late father left behind. With mounting nerves, Junsuke pressed the intercom. Kaoru appeared at the door almost instantly.

"I've been waiting, Kouki-senpai!"

She really had been.

"Come, Mother's waiting too. Come in."

Grabbing his hand, Kaoru pulled him inside before he could mentally prepare. He slipped off his shoes (he'd researched "meeting the parents" and neatly aligned them) and was led to the living room.

“Mother, I’ve brought Kouki-senpai.”

“Please, come in.”

The voice from beyond the door was the essence of elegance. But…

(Have I heard that voice before…?)

A faint sense of familiarity struck him as Kaoru ushered him through the door.

“Welcome.”

A woman with flaxen hair rose from the sofa, offering a gentle bow and a soft greeting. She was like Kaoru grown taller, her curves softened. The blouse she wore was pushed up by her ample chest, exuding the same commanding presence as her daughter.

“Junsu… ke…”

Her overwhelming proportions left no doubt they were mother and daughter. But that wasn’t what stunned Junsuke.

Sae Sei. Her voice. Her body. He *knew* them—not just the silhouette, but what lay beneath.

“—!”

The shock was mutual. Sae’s breath caught, tension flashing in her eyes.

“Kouki-senpai? What’s wrong?”

Kaoru’s puzzled voice seemed distant. Junsuke—and Sae—were lost in memories, their minds racing back to a beach from years past.

○

Five summers ago.

Back then, Junsuke preferred playing by the nearby sea or forest over trips to the city. During summer break, he’d spend his days outdoors, tanning his skin pitch-black, reveling in the lively bustle of tourists at the beach or campsites. That day, he’d emerged

from diving, carrying a basket of abalone and sazae, walking home in wet sandals on a scorching path.

"*...sniff... sob...*"

A muffled voice came from the woods across the coastal road. The area was dotted with rental villas, a retreat for the city's well-to-do. Crossing the road, Junsuke peered into the trees.

The source was a woman slumped against a tree, her face downcast.

"—!"

Young Junsuke's heart skipped. Her striking figure, elegant hat, and pale legs peeking from a light summer dress were rare in this quiet seaside village—a beautiful, mature woman.

"A-Are you okay? What's wrong?"

Before he knew it, he'd called out. The woman lifted her tear-streaked face.

(She's gorgeous...)

That was his first thought. A refined nose, slightly full lips, and shimmering, tear-filled eyes that reflected him in their watery sheen.

"You're—a local?"

"!"

Her response startled him. In his impulsiveness, he hadn't thought past calling out. Reflexively, he'd been unable to ignore this sad, beautiful woman.

(I couldn't just walk away.)

His sun-darkened face flushed redder as he scrambled for words.

"N-No, I mean! I heard a sad sound, and then, uh, you were—"

Her calm gaze seemed to steady her as she watched his flustered state.

“Fufu, sorry. I’m not exactly an ‘onee-san’ anymore, but… I’m flattered.”

Brushing off her skirt, she stood, her height surpassing the still-growing Junsuke. Her still-damp eyes locked onto his.

“~~~! U-Uh, here! If you want!”

Panicked by her gaze, Junsuke thrust the bucket of seafood at her.

“S-See ya!”

“Hey, wait—?”

Ignoring her call, he fled. Back home, ignoring his family’s questions about the missing bucket, he dove under his blanket.

(Stupid, stupid, STUPID! I’m such an idiot… I must’ve looked like a total creep!)

He spent the night cursing himself.

The next day, Junsuke was back near the same woods.

“Ughhh…”

He’d come to retrieve the bucket, but now he paced aimlessly between the villa grounds and the public road. A local kid could get away with it, but an older person would’ve been downright suspicious.

(Come to think of it, I didn’t even get her name. I don’t even know if she’s staying here.)

Despair crept in. Truthfully, the bucket was the least of his concerns. He just wanted to see that beautiful woman again—

“Oh, it’s you—”

The voice came from behind, from the sea.

“!?”

It was her. The dress was gone, replaced by a swimsuit that bared her body, glistening with seawater. Her curves—bountiful breasts, a softly rounded yet cinched waist, and full hips and thighs—were beyond anything he'd seen in magazines or movies.

Gulp. Junsuke swallowed hard.

"Oh—" She glanced down at herself, hastily covering up with her arms. "S-Sorry, I came straight from the sea, thought it'd be fine… Showing off this old lady's embarrassing body."

"N-No, it's not!" Junsuke averted his eyes. "It's not embarrassing… It's beautiful, really!"

"Eh…?"

He instantly regretted his blurted words.

(What am I SAYING?! I'm a total pervert!)

His original purpose was forgotten. To the flustered boy, she said:

"Um, would you like to come to the villa I'm staying at? I need to return your bucket."

It was an unexpected offer. Junsuke answered instantly.

"Y-Yes! Sorry about yesterday, just handing it over like that…!"

"I didn't even introduce myself yesterday. I'm Sae Sei."

"K-K-Kouki Junsuke!"

Thus, Sae led him to a secluded villa.

"I'm going to take a quick shower. Help yourself to juice in the fridge."

Before he could respond, she disappeared into the bathroom. Junsuke stood awkwardly before stepping inside, slipping off his sandals.

"Excuse me…"

Inside, the air-conditioned room was cool, but his head spun hotly. He was in a villa with an older woman he'd just met, who was currently showering. As a teen, he'd heard plenty from precocious friends about *such things*. His imagination ran wild.

"No, no way. That's not happening."

Her left ring finger bore a wedding band. She was likely married.

"I'll just grab a drink like she said and cool off…"

He wandered to the fridge. Then—

"What's this?"

Beside the fridge, in the sink, was his bucket, still filled with seawater and live abalone.

"…"

Glancing between the fridge and the bucket, he nodded.

The sizzle of oil and the savory aroma greeted Sae as she emerged, towel-drying her hair.

"Huh—?"

Dressed in a loose shirt and shorts, she found Junsuke at the stove, a frying pan sizzling under a lid.

"Junsuke-kun?"

He was cooking abalone—abalone butter steak, to be precise. Deftly, he plated the cooked abalone, slicing it and using the pan juices to make a sauce.

"Just making the sauce now. Have a seat."

Growing up by the sea, such dishes were second nature to him.

"Sorry for using your butter. Thought you might be hungry after swimming."

"N-No, that's fine, but…"

Sae blinked at the gourmet dish before her, something that would easily cost a fortune in a city restaurant.

“Is this okay? This is something fishermen catch…”

“My family’s got quasi-fishing rights, so it’s fine.”

He grinned proudly.

“If you don’t dislike it, eat up. It’s yours.”

“Oh, well then… Itadakimasu—”

Sae speared a piece of abalone, its tender resistance giving way under her fork.

“—! Delicious…!”

The rich flavor, buttery aroma, and the smooth, liver-infused sauce were divine. Junsuke smiled, relieved.

“Good. I don’t cook for others much, so…”

“This is amazing, Junsuke-kun. You can make something like this?!”

Leaning forward excitedly, her chest bounced, unrestrained by a bra. Junsuke’s smile froze.

“S-Sorry, getting carried away like a kid…”

“N-No, it’s fine… Really.”

Blushing, he looked down at his plate, turning to the kitchen to hide his embarrassment.

“There’s more, so if you want, for your family—”

He stopped. The shoes and belongings in the villa were clearly for one person.

“There was supposed to be someone with me, but… I got dumped.”

Sae smiled sadly.

"—!"

Junsuke's breath caught. After a tense pause, he asked.

"Uh, how long are you staying here?"

"Till the end of the week, I think. But alone, there's not much to do besides walk or swim. I was thinking of leaving yesterday… So, honestly, I was glad you spoke to me."

Her lonely smile spurred him to action, summoning all his courage.

"If—if it's okay, I could come back tomorrow to cook again."

This time, it was Sae who caught her breath.

—

For the next few days until Sunday, Junsuke visited Sae's villa daily. Beyond cooking, he showed her the local sights—scenic spots, summer festivals, river play areas. They watched sunsets, shared festival food, laughed as river water splashed their feet. Sae's smiles made him smile too.

It felt like a dream.

So, Junsuke didn't notice.

At times, Sae's eyes, for just a moment, watched him with a wet, intense gaze.

And so, the final day arrived.

"Sae-san, I'm coming in…"

Using the spare key she'd given him, Junsuke entered the villa. Over the past few days, the two had grown as close as siblings, and he was free to come and go as he pleased.

At that moment, a certain atmosphere—or perhaps a scent—pervaded the villa. But Junsuke, unaware, only vaguely sensed something unusual. There was no response from Sae.

(Her shoes are here, so she must be around…)

Then he remembered what Sae had said the other day: “If I’m asleep, wake me up. I love spending time with you, Junsuke-kun.”

Quietly, he peered into the bedroom. The sound of steady, rhythmic breathing reached his ears.

(Sae-san was pretty excited at the river yesterday, wasn’t she?)

But waking her was no small task. For a virgin boy, entering a woman’s bedroom was a daunting hurdle.

Gulp.

Telling himself it was her request, he stepped into the secret garden.

The moment he entered, a dense, feminine fragrance overwhelmed his senses, numbing his brain. Had he any experience with women, he might have recognized it—the lingering scent of a woman’s lascivious self-indulgence.

Sae, in the faintly air-conditioned room, lay with her back to him, draped in a thin blanket.

(Good, I can approach from behind—)

But just then—

“Uun, ffu…—”

With a voice dripping with sultry allure, she rolled over, her upper body turning toward him.

Boing… Her unbound breasts, covered only by a thin shirt, swayed and jiggled atop her, unrestrained by a bra.

“—!”

Junsuke nearly yelped. Then, the blanket slipped, revealing her lower body clad only in panties. Despite the summer heat, her pale, soft buttocks and thighs captivated his gaze.

"—!!!"

His pulse pounded, his blood vessels throbbing loudly. Junsuke didn't know Sae's age—he'd never asked, fearing it might be rude. But in these few days, she had become the most enchanting woman he'd ever met.

His trembling right hand reached out, ostensibly to adjust the blanket and shake her shoulder. But now, he wasn't so sure he could stick to that plan.

"Ha, ha, ha…"

Was his hand reaching for the blanket or the body before him? He didn't know. It drew closer.

"Nn… haa, Junsu… ke-kun…"

Her voice was the final blow. Whatever dream she was having, her tone was irresistibly seductive, exhaling fiery breath.

"Ha, ha—!"

Stop, don't! his rationality screamed. But his body refused to obey, and—

Gush.

His fingers sank into the flesh of her buttocks.

For a few seconds, he stayed like that, his groin aching with tension.

(I've done it…)

Despite his despair, the sensation under his fingers was impossibly pleasurable. Unbelievable softness.

"Nkuu, aha—"

Her voice, laced with immense allure, made him flinch. Her eyes remained closed.

(No, I can still fix this. Stop, stop now!)

Even as he commanded himself, his body was beyond control. His left hand grabbed one of her massive breasts, its large areola peeking through the fabric, yielding lewdly under his grip. The softness was even more overwhelming than her buttocks, the hardened nipple teasing his palm through the cloth, heightening the sensation.

“Nn… ufuun…”

Gush, gush. Her breasts, her buttocks, her thighs—each responded to his fingers, molding to deliver endless pleasure.

“Ha, ha… ngu, haa!”

Gush, squish, squeeze, mush…!

He was lost in it—the softness, the dampness of her skin.

Then, suddenly, he looked up from her chest. There—

“…Fuu… fuu… fu… haa…”

Sae’s breathing, once steady, had turned ragged. Her eyes, now open, locked onto Junsuke.

His arousal cooled instantly.

“Ah, ah…”

It was over. Everything. The warm, fragile bond they’d built. Despair flooded his mind.

“—Junsuke-kun.”

Her voice, calling his name amidst her heavy breaths, sounded like a death sentence.

“It’s your fault.”

“S-Sorry, I—”

His apology was cut short. Before he knew it, he was enveloped in her soft flesh.

“!?”

Pulled onto the bed, Sae’s arms captured his boyish frame, her breasts and thighs engulfing him in their softness.

“Nmuu…!?”

Before he could process, her full lips sealed his. She devoured his mouth, her long tongue ravaging his.

“Nbuuu, chuu, juuu…! Ppa, nmuuu!”

A dizzying exchange of saliva and scent. Junsuke was overwhelmed by euphoria, as if their minds were melting together.

“Nchupaa… Ah, ahh! It’s you, you! If you’d just woken me normally, I wouldn’t have… done this!”

“S-Sae-san—!”

She silenced his protest with another kiss, refusing any rebuttal.

“Nfuu, njuu… I was at my limit! Today was supposed to be the end, but I can’t anymore!”

With a swift motion, she bent over his groin, yanking down his pants.

“I’ve been holding back with my fingers every day! Every time I saw you, I’d think of you, every single day! And yet…!”

“S-Sae-san!? What are you—!?”

Snapping out of his trance, Junsuke tried to stop her. But—

Boing…! His penis sprang free, standing tall as if defying any excuse.

“Ha, haa…! This, this! You, Junsuke-kun, reeking of this masculine scent, touching my ass and breasts…!”

Gulp. Sae's mouth engulfed his sensitive member, unable to hold back. For a moment, he thought she was literally eating him. Then—

"U-Uwaa!?"

The heat and tightness enveloping his core, the shock—it was a pleasure unlike anything he'd felt from masturbation. It scorched his spine, searing his brain.

For the inexperienced Junsuke, lasting even a moment was impossible.

Spurt! Splatter! Throb!

"Nbuuu—! Nguu, gokyu, gok!"

His hips twitched pathetically as she swallowed every drop. Even as her lips pulled away with a *slurp*, his erection stood undiminished.

"Ah, haa—Amazing… Junsuke-kun's…"

For a fleeting moment, sanity flickered in Sae's eyes. But it was quickly overtaken by renewed heat.

Rustle. A piece of cloth fell beside his head. His dazed mind registered it.

(Those… panties…)

"Sorry—sorry, I… I'm an adult, and yet…!"

Before he could grasp the meaning, her body straddled his. Guiding his member with her fingers, it was sucked into her dripping, ready womanhood.

"!? !! !?"

He didn't immediately comprehend that this was the moment he lost his virginity.

"Naa, ahaa…! Oh, this is… amazing…"

The overwhelming heat, the writhing softness, the pleasure.

"Sae-san, Sae-san! U-Uh, uwaaa!"

“Ahh, nffu! It’s okay, Junsuke-kun, don’t move, it’s fine… nha!”

Her hips, grinding atop him, churned out slick lubrication.

Her shameless movements brought him to his limit quickly.

Throb, splatter! Spurttt!

Even his second release was ferocious, catching both of them off guard.

“Nhi!? Nhoo, amazing…! A second time, and still so intense!?”

Jiggle, jiggle. Her massive breasts bounced.

“Ah, oh, nho! I’m going, I’m—nkuuu…! Aha, I’m—cumming!”

Shudder! With one final, powerful climax, Sae’s body went limp. She looked at the sin she’d committed before her.

Junsuke, lost in ecstasy, drooled as he grappled with the overwhelming transformation.

“Ah, ah…! Junsuke-kun… I’m sorry, so sorry…”

Regaining herself, Sae apologized mournfully. She’d succumbed to desire, seduced him, and devoured a young boy’s innocence. The guilt shook her.

“Ah—!”

Slurp. His spent member slid out of her.

“…Eh?”

Her confusion stemmed from the lingering pleasure it gave her even as it withdrew.



(It's… not soft…)

A shiver ran through her. Junsuke hadn't spoken since his second release, not even responding to her apologies.

"Junsuke… kun…"

The answer stood before her. His desire, coated in semen and her fluids, still erect, cast a shadow over her face. Standing on the bed, Junsuke thrust it toward her.

"Ha, ah—No way, still…?"

The male's silent demand was met by the female's response. With half-ecstatic eyes, she reverently kissed it, licking every drop clean.

Then, she turned, presenting her plump buttocks.

"Haa… haa… haa…!"

Junsuke's beastly breathing. He pounced, mounting the ripe, dripping peach before him, thrusting himself inside.

Zubu…!

"Nnhaaaooo…"

Pierced from behind, Sae writhed at the pleasure shooting from her hips to her brain.

Though smaller than the tall Sae, the young male now dominated her entirely, gripping her body.

Then the motion began. No technique, just a primal drive to bury himself deeper.

"Sae-san, Sae-san, Sae-san…!"

Relentlessly thrusting, he called her name.

"Ahaa… Junsuke-kun, Junsuke-kun…!"

She, too, called back, enamored by the young male claiming her.

Until yesterday, theirs was a pure, joyful bond.

Now, in a dim room, drenched in sweat, fluids, and saliva, they were beasts grinding against each other.

“Aaa… Amazing, I’m going, haa, again… nngh! ♡”

And so, the villa’s room became a space filled with wet sounds and moans.

When the boy awoke, the sun was high the next day. The bedroom bore no trace of the previous night’s passion, and he’d been changed into fresh clothes.

It felt like a dream, but the vivid sensation of unloading his desires into her body lingered.

And so, Sae Sei vanished from Junsuke Kouki’s life, leaving him with the spare key and an indelible kink in his desires.

(There’s no mistake—she’s *that* woman.)

That summer. The woman who took his virginity. The one who shaped his sexual preferences. The first woman he ever loved.

And she was his girlfriend’s mother.

“Kouki-senpai? Why’re you spacing out? Mother, too—”

Kaoru’s voice snapped him back to reality. The vivid memory had consumed him, but only a few seconds had passed. Still, staring silently at each other was odd enough to make Kaoru curious. He scrambled for an excuse.

“S-Sorry, I was just… Kaoru’s mother is so beautiful, it caught me off guard.”

“—! Oh, my, you’re quite the charmer. But I was surprised too, seeing Kaoru bring such a dashing boy.”

Sae was in the same boat, recalling the same memories. Junsuke had grown, his voice and build changed, but his features and eyes matched her memory perfectly.

“Wow, Kouki-senpai and Mother get along so well. I’m almost jealous.”

Kaoru pouted cutely, oblivious to the cold sweat both felt. If their past came to light, it wouldn’t just be jealousy—it’d be a family crisis.

Tense, Junsuke sat beside Kaoru on the sofa across from Sae. Coffee and pastries were set out, but he couldn’t bring himself to touch them. Sae’s gaze seemed to carry countless questions.

“—I’m Kouki Junsuke. I’m dating Kaoru-san.”

“I’m Sei Sae. Nice to meet you, Junsuke-kun. I’m glad you’re so polite.”

They exchanged introductions, both aware of their shared history, wary of letting emotions slip.

(What do we even talk about now…!?)

Junsuke had a mountain of things he wanted to say to Sae, but not a word could reach Kaoru’s ears. Just then—

A ringtone sounded from Kaoru’s pocket.

“Oh, sorry, both of you.”

She quickly pulled out her smartphone and silenced it.

“A call? You should check it.”

“But with guests here—”

“It’s fine by me.”

Junsuke smiled lightly, glancing at Sae, who nodded slightly.

“It’s the weekend. It might be urgent. Go ahead, Kaoru.”

“Yes—thank you. Please, enjoy yourselves!”

Taking their kindness, Kaoru stood and left the room.

The door closed, her footsteps fading. Junsuke exhaled.

"…"

Their hesitant gazes met.

"I'm so sorry, Junsuke-kun…!"

Sae's apology came instantly, bowing so deeply her head nearly touched the floor, apologizing to her daughter's boyfriend.

"S-Sae-san!?"

Flustered, Junsuke watched as she continued, still bowed.

"What I did that day, and leaving like I fled… I did something awful. I'm so sorry—"

Junsuke was stunned. Sae saw that day as a mistake. Of course, from her perspective, it made sense, but—

"Don't apologize, Sae-san. That summer is a dreamlike memory for me."

"Junsuke-kun…"

Sae looked up, her eyes glistening with tears, evoking the same impression as that day in the woods.

"I don't regret it, and I could never resent you. My first time was with someone I admired."

"… Someone like me, so much older—"

Her cheeks flushed as she recalled that day, despite her protest.

"Well, uh…"

Junsuke pressed his brow.

"To think Sae-san is Kaoru-san's mother…"

“And that Kaoru’s boyfriend is you, Junsuke-kun…”

Sae sighed, touching her temple. Kaoru had only said, “I’m bringing my boyfriend tomorrow,” without mentioning his name.

But Kaoru wasn’t to blame.

“Junsuke-kun, about us—”

“Of course. It’s absolutely a secret. But, wow, Sae-san, you had a kid.”

He’d noticed her wedding ring and assumed she was married, but a daughter just a year younger than him was beyond imagination.

Sae’s face tightened with pain.

“I’m a shameful woman. You might’ve heard—my husband passed three years ago. It’s just Kaoru and me now.”

“Uh, remarriage or… a new partner?”

Hesitantly, he asked. She shook her head.

“No. Not once, except that day.”

Her words hit him with unexpected weight.

(So that day was special for Sae-san too, even if it was an affair…)

His voice grew heated.

“Sae-san—”

“Junsuke-kun…”

Their gazes locked, names intertwining. He feared what he might blurt out.

“Sorry, Mother, Kouki-senpai. There’s trouble with the student council, and I have to go…!”

Kaoru burst back in, startling them both.

“I’m so sorry, both of you…! You made time for this, and I—”

Bowing deeply, she apologized. The two, hiding their secret, rushed to reassure her.

“It’s fine, Kaoru! We’re already getting along great!”

“Yes, exactly! I’m relieved you have such a great boyfriend.”

“Oh, such kind words…! Thank you, Mother, Kouki-senpai! I’ll be back!”

With another deep bow, Kaoru hurried out.

They sighed heavily again.

“So—how did you and Kaoru…?”

Sae broke the silence, offering coffee and pastries, sipping her now-cold coffee.

“I saw her when she enrolled,” Junsuke said, embarrassed. He couldn’t avoid this with Sae.

“When I saw her, it was like lightning. Love at first sight.”

As he spoke, he recognized his own preferences.

Until then, he’d never been attracted to girls his age. His fantasies relied on busty AV actresses or exaggerated manga and illustrations. Now he understood why.

“She looked so much like you, Sae-san.”

Kaoru’s unreal proportions were unmistakably inherited. Junsuke had been chasing Sae’s shadow all along. She gasped.

“Eh—”

“Of course, now I love her straightforward personality and manners too. But—”

Overwhelmed, Sae listened as he continued.

“You were my first love, Sae-san.”

Her refined face, so like Kaoru's, flushed.

"You're just as beautiful now—more than back then."

"No!"

Sae cut him off sharply.

"You can't say that, Junsuke-kun. You're Kaoru's boyfriend."

Her averted gaze carried a sensual allure, something Kaoru, untouched by sexual experience, lacked.

(Uh, her nape's flushed. This is bad—)

Yet, like that day, he couldn't stop. He moved to sit beside her.

"…"

Her shoulders jumped.

"I've never even kissed Kaoru. She says that's for after marriage. That's your upbringing, right, Sae-san?"

"I-I didn't want Kaoru to… end up like me—"

"I agreed to meet her mother today hoping it'd move things forward."

He grasped her turned shoulder.

"Ha, ah—"

Her breath escaped. He leaned close, his breath grazing her ear.

"I never imagined a reunion like this."

"No, no—"

"What's 'ending up like you' mean, Sae-san?"

He whispered, evoking that day.

“Nn, u…”

Her breath grew heated, as if infected by his. No wonder—she hadn’t had sex since her husband’s death, despite knowing its taste.

(With a body like this, knowing sex but craving it…)

Junsuke understood. He, too, was parched with desire.

“Please, I’m in my mid-thirties… An old woman like me—”

“I said it before. You’re more beautiful now.”

He cut in swiftly. She let out a tearful cry.

“Ahh, please, forgive me, Junsuke-kun…!”

Yet she felt euphoria spreading within her. The sensation of being desired as a woman. A sweet heat after five years.

He pressed further into that vulnerability.

“Sae-san, I care for Kaoru. I won’t push her without her consent.”

He grabbed her hand, trying to pull away, intertwining their fingers.

(What a scumbag I am.)

He mocked himself. His words were a cruel trap, knowing her love for her daughter and her own desires.

“I—I’ll—”

Instead.

She couldn’t finish. Junsuke, as if waiting, sealed her lips with his.

“!? Nmu, uunmu!?”

Thud. Her lush body, its curves evident even through her clothes, collapsed onto the sofa.

A beast loomed over her, savoring the exquisite flesh beneath.

“N, naa! No, we can’t!”

“Ah, wait, please, wait…!”

“Ahaa, ha, nnuu, aaaaaa—!”

The mother vanished from the house.

In a home now filled only with a female and a beast, the moans of that day echoed once more.

Interlude: Kaoru Sei

Kaoru Sei, the student council president of Tozue High School, holds two people in deep reverence.

The first is her mother, Sae Sei.

Her mother, the epitome of a refined lady, never wavered in her love and education of Kaoru, even after losing her husband—Kaoru's father—three years ago. Though Sae was understandably disheartened at first, her devotion to her daughter remained steadfast.

(Now that I think about it, it feels like Mother became even more dedicated to my education after Father passed away.)

Kaoru has never had a tutor or attended cram school. Everything beyond regular school lessons was taught by her mother. Sae, who never attended university, had acquired enough knowledge through self-study to guide Kaoru, a top student at a competitive high school, with remarkable skill.

While pouring her all into Kaoru's education, Sae never neglected her own feminine beauty. No matter how many women's magazines Kaoru flipped through, she found no model who surpassed her mother's style and allure. If Sae chose to seek remarriage and frequented the right circles, dozens of suitors would surely vie for her hand.

(Mother is truly an incredible woman.)

Though raised strictly, Kaoru clearly understood the love behind it. Birthdays, Christmases—every memory had her mother by her side. Sae's choice to forgo remarriage was, Kaoru believed, out of consideration for her daughter. Even after learning of great historical figures, if asked whom she admired most, Kaoru would unhesitatingly name Sae Sei, now and forever.

The other person she revered was her senior and boyfriend, Junsuke Kouki.

His grades were average, and though his seaside upbringing gave him a solid build, he lacked notable achievements in sports or clubs, as he wasn't part of any. Yet, Kaoru respected him for his character.

(Kouki-senpai is truly an honest person.)

Their first meeting was right after Kaoru's enrollment. Tasked with giving the freshman representative speech at the entrance ceremony, she noticed a fervent gaze fixed on her. Kaoru was aware her appearance—her figure included—drew attention. She was used to curious stares and typically brushed them off with a resolute attitude, knowing such people would eventually back off.

But this upperclassman—Junsuke Kouki—was different. When their eyes met from a distance, she returned his intense stare as usual. Yet, he strode straight toward her, undeterred.

"Sei-san. I'm interested in you. Can we talk?"

His bluntness caught her off guard. But his eyes, burning with sincerity, conveyed genuine intent—as if letting her slip away would be his life's greatest regret.

(I ended up agreeing without thinking.)

Recalling that moment, even now, over a year later, Kaoru couldn't help but smile.

After morning kendo practice, in the hallways, at a diner after school, or in a park on the way home, Kaoru and Junsuke began talking. During the kendo club's summer training camp near his hometown by the sea, they met again.

"Sei Kaoru-san. I love your looks and your personality. Go out with me."

In the fall of her first year, he said this behind the school building. He was an utterly forthright, straightforward man.

Kaoru had no reason to refuse. By then, she, too, had developed feelings for this boy who pursued her so earnestly.

(Mother, Kouki-senpai—I really let you both down today.)

On a Saturday in the student council room, Kaoru reflected. She had arranged for the two people she admired most to meet, only to leave them alone due to her own obligations.

(I hope to be with Kouki-senpai in the future, so I hope they get along…)

With a pure heart, Kaoru thought as much.

Chapter 2: Unquenchable Thirst—The Forbidden Passion of Kano-Mama and Her Daughter's Boyfriend

That day. The day he reunited with his first love.

Junsuke fled the room, filled with ragged breathing, as if escaping. He sent Kaoru an email apologizing for leaving before her return, claiming it felt awkward with just her mother. Her reply, tinged with her own apologies, only deepened his guilt.

(I really messed up…)

He'd lost control.

It was almost like rape. Knowing Sae's restraint, he deliberately tipped the scales. He unleashed years of pent-up desire on her without coherent words.

The worst part? It felt incredible. The pleasure from five years ago wasn't just a first-time fluke.

"This can't go on…"

Obviously. What kind of idiot visits his girlfriend's mother for a greeting and ends up violating her?

Fortunately—or unfortunately—it was a day he didn't need to attend school.

"I should apologize, at least…"

Even if she didn't forgive him, that was a bridge to cross later. He dragged himself out of bed.

—

Sae Sei spent the afternoon in a daze.

A few days ago, she'd succumbed to carnal desire after years, soaring to ecstasy. Her body burned from within, her brain flickering with sparks of light. It was a true climax, something she hadn't achieved in years with masturbation or toys.

She still hadn't recovered from the shock. Though she'd managed to clean up, her responses to her daughter upon her return were half-hearted. Alone, memories flooded back, stalling household chores. Lunch was untouched, last night's laundry still sat in the washing machine.

But more than that—

"What have I done…?"

Covering her face, Sae lamented her sin.

To preserve Kaoru's purity until marriage, she'd taken it upon herself to sate her daughter's boyfriend's desires.

A ridiculous proposition. Yet she'd fallen for it.

(Even if it's been years since I've had sex…)

Married in her teens to her late husband, she bore Kaoru and lived seventeen years as a virtuous, upright mother, strict in her daughter's upbringing—save for that one summer tryst. They say a woman's libido peaks past thirty. Whether true or not, Sae fit the mold. She occasionally relieved herself, and—absolute secret from Kaoru—her locked bedroom drawer held certain toys.

"Junsuke-kun…"

She murmured his name. Her daughter's boyfriend. The boy from that summer memory. The man who plunged her into a crucible of pleasure.

Shaking her head, she banished his image. Her hand, drifting toward her secret place, stopped.

"No, no…! I can't betray Kaoru like that. Never again."

She tried to force the words out when—

Ding-dong. The doorbell chimed, making her jump.

“D-Delivery, maybe?”

Knowing it was a hollow thought, she checked the intercom monitor.

“—!”

Her throat tightened.

There was the face she’d seen days ago.

Minutes later, they sat across from each other, a repeat of their prior encounter.

“I’m so sorry!”

This time, Junsuke bowed first, his head low.

“Doing something like that so suddenly… Even if you’re my unforgettable woman, Sae-san…”

“N-No, it’s…”

Sae had planned to say something to him, but his preemptive apology threw her off. And his words—

(U-Unforgettable woman… Me…)

Glancing back hesitantly, she saw him still bowing deeply. She sighed.

“Raise your head, please. Let’s pretend it didn’t happen. Considering five years ago, we’re even… And above all, I’m her mother, and you’re her boyfriend…”

“Yes…”

Junsuke lifted his head, his expression heavy. Their eyes met, lingering.

Both reflected on their reunion after five years.

(Sae-san’s still so beautiful… Like Kaoru, but her slightly downturned eyes give her a softer air.)

(Junsuke-kun's grown so much… Back then, he was more cute, but now he's so masculine.)

Awkwardly, they sipped their tea, searching for something to say. Inevitably, the topic turned to their common ground.

"H-How's Kaoru at school?"

"She's incredibly reliable. Students and teachers alike depend on her."

As Junsuke spoke of his girlfriend, memories surfaced.

"She's always so busy. We've been together over a year, but lately, when it's just us, she lets her guard down."

He recalled an evening when Kaoru called him to the student council room, saying, "You're the only one I can ask for this, Kouki-senpai," and requested a lap pillow. Exhausted, she fell asleep in minutes, and he watched over her until closing time.

"I see. She's always so spirited… Knowing she has someone like you to lean on at school eases my mind."

"I thought she seemed a bit younger at home than at school. She can relax here, right?"

"I hope so. I've been a strict parent, after all."

"She said you love her the most. Your feelings are getting through."

Sae's eyes glistened slightly. She was touched by her daughter's words and heartened by the reliable boy she trusted enough to share them with.

For a moment, they both thought of Kaoru.

Resolute, upright, just, unyielding to the strong, compassionate to the weak. A brilliant, beautiful, and driven girl, seemingly untouched by the world's impurities. Despite their different perspectives, their admiration for her was the same.

They couldn't defile such a being with selfish desires.

"Junsuke-kun, with her, that kind of thing…"

“That kind of thing” could only mean one thing to them. Junsuke nodded instantly.

“I know. Unless she asks for it.”

Sae exhaled in relief, but—

(He did it with me without me asking… Was it because he couldn’t hold back with me?)

Realizing her base thoughts, she recoiled in self-loathing. A tingling ache sparked at her chest’s peaks.

“Uh… Can you hold back?”

The words slipped out, born from that ache.

Junsuke’s cheeks flushed red, confusion swirling.

(Why would Sae-san suddenly ask that?)

He looked down, unable to say he couldn’t.

“…I’ll manage, uh, by myself.”

As he spoke, he mentally reviewed his collection. As mentioned, only women with exceptionally large busts and hips, with perfect proportions, aroused him. Rotating his videos and manga was fine, but—

(Maybe I’ll buy something new… Manga, with my budget.)

It’s a cheap thought, he admitted, but typical for a high schooler’s finances.

“Um, Junsuke-kun…”

He looked up to find Sae blushing, averting her eyes.

“What happened the other day can’t happen again, but… with just hands, maybe…”

“—!”

Junsuke nearly lost his balance.

“I-It’s just! To prevent mistakes like last time… It’s because you’re pent-up, right? So…”

Her excuses poured out, but Junsuke’s eyes were glued to her. Her graceful fingers fidgeted nervously before her chest.

(With those fingers…)

Gulp. He stood, driven by desire.

“W-Would that be… okay—!?”

Sae, looking away, hadn’t noticed his movement. Her gaze returned to find his hips filling her vision.

Gulp. Now her throat tightened. Hesitantly, her hands reached for his belt.

Zip. As the zipper lowered, the bulge beneath his jeans, now just a layer of fabric, was blatant. Her slender fingers undid the front button of his boxers, and—

“U-Uah!”

With Junsuke’s pained groan, *boing*…! his restrained member sprang free, pointing skyward with violent force.

“Kyaa…!”

Sae, hand over her mouth, stared at the towering flesh before her. Last time, swept away by chaos and pleasure, she hadn’t truly seen it.

(It’s… so big now…? It was slimmer five years ago.)

And its angle—nearly vertical, the head swollen taut—spoke of his pent-up desire. But it wasn’t just that.

(Sae-san’s hands…! Kaoru’s mother…)

The depravity of the situation fueled his erection further.

A soft inhale. Sae's right hand slowly wrapped around it.

"It's… hot."

Gripped between pain and pleasure, his cock was slowly stroked.

"Ugh, ku…"

Junsuke groaned as the sensation built. Her gentle touch wasn't intense, but the fact that his girlfriend's mother knelt before him, gripping his core, was electrifying.

"…"

Sae didn't ask if it hurt or stop her movements. She knew exactly how to handle a man's organ.

(As expected of a… widow, not a wife.)

Her strokes grew faster, more skillful. She noticed her own breathing quickening.

(Ah… It's so hard. This…)

Her left hand rubbed the base, massaging his balls. The combined motions drew a bead of precum to the tip.

"Does it feel good, Junsuke-kun?"

His trembling hips answered. Feeling a touch of pride, her hands moved even faster.

"Ugh, ah! Sae-san, at this rate, it'll… mess up the room…"

Junsuke, nearly consumed by pleasure, tried to pull back, but Sae didn't stop.

"Ffu, it's fine… Just let it out…"

Her face, flushed with sadistic thrill at his responsive cock, quickened her pace further.

"Ku! Ah! I-I'm gonna… cum!"

At his warning, her left hand swiftly cupped the tip, both hands sheathing the flesh blade for the final stroke.

Throb! Spurt!

"—…!"

A torrential release struck her palm.

Spurt…! Throb, splat…

After several intense pulses, her hands were thoroughly coated in thick white, the sheer volume telling.

"Haa, haa, haa…"

"Well done, Junsuke-kun."

Gush. Her palms, slick with semen, spoke of the copious release as she stood, careful not to spill.

"I'll wash up. Junsuke-kun, there's wet wipes on the chest—use them to clean yourself."

"Uh, right… Thanks…"

Stunned by post-climax lethargy, he replied. By the time he found the wipes, Sae was gone.

"Haa, haa, ha, aa—!"

The moment she left the living room, Sae's steps quickened to a jog. Reaching the bathroom, she opened her semen-drenched palms.

Whoosh. The potent scent of a virile young man's seed intoxicated her.

"Nku, haa, fu, fuu…"

She stared at the sticky mess with heated eyes.

Five years ago, she'd swallowed it greedily.

Having knelt at his hips for minutes, her own groin now radiated heat and moisture.

"…Haa, haa, ha…"

Her trembling tongue nearly reached for the pleasure's remnants—

"No—!"

At the last moment, she regained her senses, slamming the faucet lever. Water rushed out, washing the semen away as she glared at it like an enemy.

(No, I can't. How could I lose myself? This is for Kaoru—)

Yet, she keenly felt her own desire. Days ago, her body had been "awakened" after five years.

Both Sae and Junsuke knew it was wrong.

Yet both burned with desire.

And both had compromised.

This was the result.

(I'm the worst…)

Hours later, facing her daughter's return, she struggled to meet her eyes.

Two days later.

"Already… pent up again?"

"Sorry…"

Sae, arms crossed under her ample chest, sighed in exasperation but let her daughter's boyfriend into the house on a weekday afternoon.

Hearing his timid footsteps behind her, she sighed again.

(Such a hopeless boy… Can't even last a few days. Does he really want an old woman like me that badly?)

On paper, she seemed exasperated, but—

Her face, unseen, betrayed excitement and a faint smile.

Junsuke felt perverse thrill as his girlfriend's mother knelt at his groin. Staring at her brownish hair, he spoke.

"Uh, Sae-san."

"What?" She looked up. Despite her sensual features, her skin retained a youthful firmness.

"Could you… use your mouth?"

"Eh—"

Her heart thumped loudly.

Her hands, still moving, freed his groin, and his rigid member sprang out, its tip aimed at her face.

"This…"

Staring at his now far larger organ, Sae recalled how she'd once taken it. Thicker, longer, surpassing the average Japanese man, its pulsing veins conveyed its heat.

"Well, you know, if it's not sex, it's okay, right…?"

Of course, Junsuke vividly remembered her ravenous mouth from five years ago.

(I thought she might like it…)

(He probably thinks I do… I was out of my mind back then.)

In a strange moment of mutual understanding, Sae tucked her hair back.

"God, you're really hopeless."

Then, she took his red, sweat-tinged glans into her mouth.

“N… amuu.”

She pressed her face as far as it could go, unhesitatingly deep-throating, unflinching as the tip hit her throat, gazing up at Junsuke.

“Ugh, kuaaa…”

(He’s making such pleasured sounds… The smell of a man… It’s numbing my mind.)

The dizzying sensation returned after five years. Holding the essence of maleness in her mouth was like consuming him entirely. The overpowering scent invaded her taste, her senses, her brain.

“N, jupu, bero, zozozozo…”

Her tongue, unable to resist, danced, lapping meticulously from the ridge to the shaft, cleaning the day’s grime.

“U, uoo…”

For Junsuke, this was only his second blowjob. Unlike the overwhelming shock of the first, he now felt every sensation—her soft and firm tongue, the tight suction of her lips and mouth, the endless wetness.

(This is insane! Some guys prefer this over sex, and I get why!)

Slurp, slosh, pop! Juuu!

Sae’s oral skill grew increasingly deft, as if rediscovering her rhythm.

“Njuu, ppa, come on, hurry, nchuu, zozoo, cum already… nbguuu!”

“S-Sae-san, that’s too much…”

Her free hand kneaded his balls, adding to the stimulation.

Junsuke stood on tiptoes, resisting release, but the dam would soon break. Then—

Clank.

The front door's sound echoed into the living room.

"—!?"

Their eyes darted to the door leading to the entrance. Only one person, besides Sae, would enter the Sei household without ringing the bell.

"I'm home, Mother."

Kaoru's clear, resonant voice struck their ears.

"Oh? These shoes—Kouki-senpai! You're here?"

(This is bad…!)

The obvious move was to pull out, tidy up, and greet Kaoru.

"N, nmuu?"

But, lost in arousal and panic, Junsuke grabbed Sae's sides, moving her—still sucking—half-crouched.

"N, pufu, nmuuu!"

The motion shoved his cock deeper, making Sae gag slightly.

"Excuse me, Mother?"

Click. The living room door opened. Kaoru, in her uniform, stepped in lightly, looking toward the presence.

"H-Hey. Just visiting."

Junsuke stood beyond the kitchen, adjacent to the living room.

"Oh? Kouki-senpai, you're here after all. Why're you over there?"

"Sorry, just having some tea."

Sae, hidden by the kitchen counter, remained at his feet, her mouth still on him.

“I heard you were off today and got worried. I didn’t expect you at my house.”

“I don’t have many classes left, you know. I thought it was a day off by mistake… So I dropped by, but you weren’t here, and Sae-san told me to stay till you got back.”

His flimsy excuse made Kaoru laugh, exasperated but trusting.

“You’re hopeless, Kouki-senpai. That doesn’t set a good example for me. You said yesterday we’d go home together.”

She trusted him completely. Sae’s eyes, looking up, flashed with slight anger.

(You stood up my daughter?)

Her meaning clear, Junsuke apologized with his eyes.

(Finish it already, and keep quiet…!)

Despite her glare, Sae’s refusal to stop spoke to her own lapse in judgment. Her eyes dropped, and her head moved rapidly.

Unlike before, her motions were now silent but intense.

(U-Uoo, her mouth’s like a storm! How!?)

Junsuke couldn’t fathom how she managed it. Her writhing tongue and silent suction toyed with his flesh.

(I’m… gonna cum, Sae-san!)

(Cum… Hurry, shoot your semen from your cock!)

“—!”

With a stifled groan, his release surged through.

Throb, throb! The pulses poured directly into her mouth, never touching the air.



(Ah! Such force… So thick… The smell's making me faint!)

She didn't let a drop escape.

Gulp, gokyu, nkyu, gukyu…!

(It's fine, it's fine…! I can't let it spill, not outside! I didn't *want* to drink your semen, Kaoru…!)

Swallowing the thick flow, tears in her eyes, Sae didn't let a single moan slip, consuming his climax entirely.

(Ah—Haa! ♡)

Shudder. Her hips trembled faintly, unnoticed. Her panties now bore a clear stain of her arousal.

Feigning composure, she wiped her tears, mouth full of his scent, and stood from his feet.

"Oh? Mother, you were there too?"

"Just cleaning up. Junsuke-kun spilled some tea."

Her cool demeanor belied the ecstasy and torment of moments ago.

"S-Sorry…"

Zipping up behind the counter, Junsuke answered, sweating profusely.

★

That night, after fleeing the Sei household, Junsuke reflected. That was too close.

"No good… I'm sinking deeper and deeper…"

Even he knew the situation was abnormal.

"What should I do… Talk to someone? But who could I even… Oh!"

Clap. He snapped his fingers and launched an online game.

cogy: …So that's the situation.

It'sme: Hahahahahahahahaha! Seriously!? For real!?

FTO: What kind of ero-manga are you living in?

Minutes later, after hearing his predicament—carefully anonymized with no names, ages, or addresses—his online gaming buddies erupted in laughter in the chatroom.

cogy: Yeah, yeah, I know it sounds ridiculous.

They were the only ones Junsuke could confide in. Real-life friends were busy with exams, and the risk of exposure was too high. These disconnected online pals were perfect.

It'sme: Man, though, your first love and your current girlfriend being mother and daughter… Honestly, it's hilarious to hear about.

FTO: Yep.

cogy: Come on, don't just laugh. What should I do?

It'sme: What to do? It's not like you're breaking any laws.

FTO: Except you're "breaking" a widow.

It'sme: Yep.

cogy: Ughhh.

It'sme: Well, if it gets out, you'll have a hell of a fight with your girlfriend. Worst case, just marry the first love, right?

cogy: What!?

FTO: I mean, sure, but cogy genuinely likes his girlfriend too, yeah?

cogy: I feel like a scumbag admitting it, but… yeah.

Deep down, Junsuke couldn't deny a fleeting thought: *If I could do it with Kaoru, it'd solve everything without burdening Sae-san.*

It'sme: Honestly, though, the mom's a bit twisted too… Or rather, she wants it, doesn't she?

FTO: Yeah, feels like it. Otherwise, who'd do that?

cogy: You think so? Not just pity for me?

It'sme: It's not just that. You know women have libidos too, right?

FTO: A widow who hasn't had it in years? Probably pent up.

It'sme: And women's escort services aren't exactly common in a small city like this. Takes guts to try. I could recommend a place I know, though.

cogy: Uh, ughhh…

Sae's desire was undeniable—Junsuke had experienced it five years ago.

(But Sae-san going to an escort… I don't like that idea.)

He recognized his selfish possessiveness. If his actions could satisfy her too…

(That's exactly why this situation's messed up and I'm asking for advice.)

It'sme: Look, why not ask her directly about it?

Junsuke blinked at It'sme's suggestion on the screen.

cogy: Ask what…?

It'sme: What were the circumstances when you two first hooked up, and what's happened since then?

FTO: Yeah. Sounds like her own issues are part of this. That old-fashioned sex education for her daughter, too.

It made sense. This whole abnormal relationship stemmed from Kaoru's outdated views on chastity. If that could be resolved, it might fix everything.

cogy: I see… Yeah, maybe.

It'sme: Let me know how it goes! ♡ It's the juiciest drama in a while.

FTO: Good luck.

The next afternoon, Junsuke was back at the Sei household.

Kaoru was tied up with student council and kendo club duties, returning late. Junsuke had offered to pick her up, ensuring no surprise visits.

"You want to know about my past…?" Sae started, then caught herself. "No, I'm sorry. You're right. You deserve to know, Junsuke-kun…"

Junsuke had asked about her history. Sae, reflecting on her actions, reconsidered her initial hesitation. It all began with her assaulting him five years ago. While Junsuke didn't see it as her sin, to Sae, it was unforgivable.

"You've forgiven me, Junsuke-kun, but… for another child, it could've been a deep trauma. It was a sinful act. You deserve to hear about my… life of mistakes."

Straightening her posture, she began.

Sae Sei, née Sae Otsuki, had lived a reckless, promiscuous life since middle school.

"Promiscuous…?"

"I don't know if they still say it, but I was called a 'bitch gyaru.' It's silly, but back then, I was proud of it."

Her behavior didn't change in high school; if anything, she indulged further, sleeping with men outside of relationships purely for pleasure.

To Junsuke, this was shocking. He half-wondered if she was lying.

"Actual sex?"

“I had more partners than I could count on both hands… You must despise me now. That kind of woman.”

“N-No, it’s…”

Her past clashed so starkly with her present that Junsuke struggled to respond. With a faint smile, Sae continued.

“The turning point was meeting him—my husband.”

Her late husband, Kataro Sei, started as a transactional, physical relationship.

“It began as a money thing. But he was easy to talk to, cared about me. It wasn’t just sex—we went to dinners, dates.”

As they spent time together without money involved, they fell in love. Sae was seventeen, pregnant during school, married right after graduation, and gave birth to Kaoru.

“That’s… kind of a happy ending, right?”

Despite the complex feelings her story stirred, Junsuke felt relief at her resolution.

“It should’ve been.”

Determined to atone for her wild past, Sae vowed to be a good wife and mother, ensuring Kaoru wouldn’t follow her path.

“The first few years were truly happy—”

But after Sae turned twenty, her intimate life with Kataro dwindled rapidly.

“That’s…”

“It’s silly, I know, but when someone you love stops… desiring you sexually, it’s… painful.”

Her voice broke, arms wrapping around herself.

Junsuke recalled It'sme’s words: *Sexlessness can be grounds for divorce.*

Could love persist without physical intimacy after such a connection? Especially for someone like Sae, who once reveled in sex. Some couples manage platonic relationships, and elderly couples may outlast physical desire. But could a relationship survive one partner unilaterally denying the other's needs?

Junsuke had no answer.

(I'm in this mess because of that very issue.)

"Still, I thought it was my penance for my reckless youth. I deserved it."

Despite their sexless marriage, Sae poured love into raising Kaoru into an upright, virtuous girl.

About ten years into their marriage, she discovered Kataro's affair.

"What…!?"

Junsuke half-rose, stunned. He'd assumed Kataro was impotent.

"I hired a detective, got proof. It was undeniable. He was cheating… with a teenage girl."

"…"

Junsuke felt anger toward the late Sei patriarch. (If he couldn't, maybe it's understandable. But to neglect Sae-san and do that…)

Sae's focus had shifted to Kaoru by then. Divorce wasn't an option for her daughter's sake.

"I pretended not to know. I locked the evidence away in a drawer and my heart."

"That's—"

Sae worked hard. She exercised, honed her body, elevating her already exceptional figure to near-miraculous levels to recapture her husband's attention.

"Then came that summer, five years ago."

"!"

Junsuke broke into a cold sweat at the timeline, recalling their first encounter—her crying alone in the woods.

“My parents were watching Kaoru in the countryside. They suggested we take a trip, just the two of us. I kept our issues hidden from them.”

It was a gamble for Sae. A few days away, showing off her perfected body to her husband. If he responded…

“But you were…”

He remembered her, crouched and weeping.

“He said he had work… He turned me down.”

Sae forced a weak smile, but it looked anything but happy to Junsuke.

(I’m making her relive painful things…)

Later, she learned his “work” was another rendezvous with his mistress.

“I was at my limit.”

Covering her face, Sae doubled over.

Junsuke understood. Spending most of her twenties in abstinence, neglected by her husband, who then cheated and rejected her heartfelt effort—it was unbearable. Yet she endured, alone, without lashing out.

(Could I do that? For a child’s sake…)

At that abyss of despair, Sae met Junsuke. She spent days with a boy who innocently admired her.

And that day, she devoured him.

“I’m sorry, Junsuke-kun…”

Recalling her sin mid-confession, Sae wept harder.

(This is bad.)

Junsuke realized he couldn't leave her alone anymore, mother or not.

Wordlessly, he moved to her side. The vibration of his sitting made her shoulders flinch, her face still covered.

"…"

Silently, he pulled her close with his right arm, his left hand prying hers from her face.

"Junsuke-kun… Nmu?"

Without hesitation, he pressed his lips to hers, thrusting his tongue into her startled, half-open mouth.

"Muu!? Npuku, nn, nfu…"

Shock, confusion, resistance—then surrender. Her tongue met his invader.

Slurp, smack, slosh, chuu.

"Ah… Haa…"

When their lips parted, Sae's face, brows furrowed in distress, was flushed. Junsuke spoke decisively.

"Sae-san, let's go to the bedroom."

"W-What!?"

He lifted her in his arms.

"N-No, Junsuke-kun, we can't!"

"I'm going to have sex with you, Sae-san."

"—!"

His blunt declaration drained her strength. She let him carry her to the bedroom.

Thud. Her ample hips landed on the bed. As Junsuke stripped, he asked, “Sae-san, got any condoms?”

“Th-There’s… some from when my husband was alive.”

She stammered. In truth, she’d bought them after his last assault, anticipating this.

He took one from the drawer she indicated, sheathing his already rigid cock.

“Sae-san.”

“B-But, no… I’m Kaoru’s mother… This is just to relieve your desires, for her sake—”

Her frail pretext was cut off.

“I want to fuck you, Sae-san.”

Stunned, she looked up at her daughter’s boyfriend.

“…Haa, haa, haa, haa…”

The widow’s breathing grew ragged. Prompted by his gaze, she lowered her arms, the last of her resistance. She didn’t undress herself.

“That’s fine.”

Gently, he began peeling her clothes away.

(In the end… I’m sorry, Kaoru.)

Sae apologized inwardly to her daughter. The worst part?

(Some part of me wanted this… I’m a terrible mother.)

Her blouse and bra were lifted, *plop*—her slimy breasts spilled out. Junsuke’s mouth claimed a nipple instantly.

“Ah, ah!”

Her body trembled at the warm, sweet sensation. He wedged himself between her legs.

With no plans to go out, she wore no tights. His rough fingers slid under her skirt, pulling her panties aside.

Schlick. A wet sound.

“Pardon me.”

With that, he buried his face in her groin.

“Eh—N-No! Junsuke-kun!? Stop—Nhi!?”

Snapped from her daze, Sae tried to stop him, only to arch back as his tongue worked.

Slurp, smack… Gruu! His tongue teased her clit, traced her lips.

(This is a woman’s… A bit sour?)

Tracing her vagina with a stiffened tongue, Junsuke marveled. He’d heard some could smell bad, but Sae’s was a faint, musky scent, more fragrance than odor.

“Ah, ah… No, no… My daughter’s boyfriend… licking me there…?”

Twitch, twitch. Her body shook with pleasure and shock, thoughts spilling out. Then—

“Hi—!?”

His tongue probed inside, confirming her wetness.

“A, ka… Haa…”

Her body relaxed after a light climax, legs splayed in an M-shape. Junsuke raised his head, aiming his still-erect cock.

“Here I go.”

Resigned, Sae closed her eyes and nodded faintly.

Nupu. With little resistance, his sheathed cock slid in, her insides writhing as if welcoming him.

“Nfu… Nn!”

“Uo, kku!”

Both arched at the pleasure assaulting their cores. This, their third time, was different—they were fully aware, choosing to fuck the mother of a girlfriend, the boyfriend of a daughter.

The first time, Sae lost herself to lust. The second, Junsuke did. Now, they retained rationality, knowing what they were about to do.

Even if that rationality would soon vanish, this was distinct from their past encounters.

Steadying his breath, Junsuke pushed deeper, parting her folds until his tip pressed her womb with a *gush*.

“Hi… Gu, ahh!”

Her inner thighs quivered, feeling him deep inside.

(He’s… in… so deep… so big…)

His cock, even compared to her wild youth, was exceptional.

“Moving now…!”

Her plea to wait came too late. He pulled back and thrust hard.

Zurooo, dochun! Zuru, guchu!

“N, nhiiii, ugyu, o, ohoo!?”

Animalistic cries burst from Sae as the relentless impacts hit. She scrambled to cover her face, clinging to fading rationality.

But that couldn't stop his pistoning. The meaty stake accelerated, ravaging her from entrance to depths.

"No, haaa, nuuuuu!"

Shuddering, Sae endured the pleasure. Her covered face gritted teeth, holding onto sanity.

(So strong, too strong!? Junsuke-kun's cock…!? The force…!)

Zakuzaku. Buried pleasure veins were unearthed. Each thrust awakened her body further.

"Nkuhi, akyu, hiuha, nguuuu!"

Her voluptuous body writhed desperately under his young frame, but—

(I won't let you escape…!)

His grip molded her soft breasts, thighs, and ass obscenely, amplifying the sensory contact between their bodies.

(No, no, no… Why, of all people, does sex with Junsuke-kun feel *this* good!?)

Gaku gaku. Despite her shock, her body eagerly accepted the pleasure.

But it had been prepared. A teenage life steeped in sex, a decade of neglect in her maturing years, a young male awakening her, the sensation of cock and semen rekindled by one encounter, hand, and mouth. Now, a body fully primed met this deliberate act.

Dochu! Guchun! Supan!

"—! Hi! Ao!?"

This wasn't her youthful or five-year-ago body. It was Sae's current body, matured to devour sexual pleasure.

(I can't… My body's fully accepted him…)

As his glans crashed into her womb, her hands left her face, wrapping around his back to anchor her soaring pleasure. In exchange, her lustful expression—half-rolled eyes, a mix of laughter and agony, tongue lolling—was bared to him.

“Sae-san…!”

“Don’t look, don’t—Nnuuu… Ah! Ahaa—! Haa, noo, oguu, nohoo!”

“It’s such an erotic, ahegao face…!”

(No—My heart, too…!)

The widow, mother, and woman’s heart broke to lust, turning beastly.

Glancing down, Junsuke saw her breasts swaying wildly with his thrusts.

Haa, haa… N, hapu.

He timed his thrust, catching her light-brown right nipple in his mouth, nipping lightly and pulling upward.

“Hiiii—! No, no, my nipple! Not with that—Ngihi!”

The sweet pain shredded her sanity further, revealing a weakness.

Gnyuri. His hands grabbed both ripe fruits.



“U, uwa, incredible…!”

His fingers sank endlessly into the pliable mounds, stopping his thrusts momentarily. Struggling, he found her nipples and pinched them together.

“Ah… Ka! Kkhi—! O♡”

The tight squeeze made her vagina clench, pushing Junsuke to his limit.

“Gu, I’m… cumming…!”

(Cum! Hurry and shoot! Don’t drive me crazier!)

In her wordless climax, Sae nodded frantically.

“—!”

One final thrust. The condom caught his pulsing release.

Dogu! Dobyuru! Byuru, bobiyu…!

“O… Oo! On! Higuu, it’s… resonating inside…! N! Ohoo♡”

Her body quaked at the impact hitting her womb, her ample flesh trembling with the internal climax.

“Higu, ihii, ahao! Iu, noo, it’s hitting… Semen…”

It was a long release. When it stopped, Sae’s unfocused eyes gasped raggedly. Junsuke’s cock, pulling out, left the semen-filled condom inside.

“…”

Grabbing the condom’s tail, he extracted it, the sensation making Sae moan softly, her toes lifting her hips in a shrimp-like arch, spraying a squirt from her open groin. A soaked bed and a sweat-drenched, ripe female body remained.

(There’s no going back now…)

Physically and mentally, Junsuke thought, post-climax clarity settling in.

“Sae-san… I don’t regret this.”

No response. She covered her face again.

But he knew it was inevitable. From the moment he reunited with his first love.

“Kouki-senpai, have you made plans for next month’s long weekend?”

Days later, on a holiday morning still tinged with summer’s remnants, Kaoru, fresh from kendo practice, spread out a bento for Junsuke, who’d come to eat with her behind the gym.

“Not really, nothing yet…”

Tozue High had a long weekend in late October for its founding anniversary. Most seniors studied, but Junsuke’s schedule was, as usual, empty.

(There’s been no contact from Sae-san since…)

That weighed heavier on his mind. Given what happened, he’d kept his distance.

(I want to see her, but I don’t know how she feels…)

“Kouki-senpai, why’re you spacing out?”

A piece of katsu chicken on a toothpick snapped him back. An “ahh” moment. Embarrassing in public, but fine here.

“Oh, thanks… *Munch*. Tasty.”

“Good! Waking up early to make it was worth it!”

Kaoru beamed. She’d managed practice and made lunch for two.

“Sorry, Kaoru. I casually suggested eating together, but you made my share too.”

“No big deal! I always make you wait with my club and council duties. This surprise lunch date has my heart racing!”

Her smile stung his conscience.

(I'm sleeping with her mother behind this sweet girl's back. What a bastard I am…)

As he wallowed in self-loathing—

"Back to the topic, would you mind if I visited your home during the long weekend?"

"!"

Her sudden proposal startled him.

"Oh… Sure, but it's kinda thrilling. Just a plain house and parents, though."

Flustered, he answered as she popped katsu into her mouth, nodding at her handiwork.

"Right. I'd like to greet your parents. Also, I heard my family used to have a villa near your hometown."

Junsuke's heart skipped. That villa—where he and Sae first crossed that line.

"Y-Yeah? A villa? Your family's fancy… Haha…"

"So, I thought Mother and I could take a short trip there. With you around, it won't be boring."

Late next month. Maybe by then, his situation with Sae would shift. As they finished eating—

Buzz. His phone vibrated in his back pocket.

"!"

"I want Mother to relax a bit, since I'm always troubling her. The mountains there are close, the air's fresh—"

Ignoring Kaoru's filial musings, he checked the screen.

Can you come this afternoon?

A simple message, but unmistakably from Sae. He handed Kaoru her empty bento box.

“Sorry, Kaoru, something came up at home this afternoon.”

Her home, technically. Mocking his growing ease with lies, he stood.

“Huh? Oh, okay. Then next month—”

“Of course! You’re welcome! Keep at it this afternoon!”

Smiling, unaware her boyfriend was off to see her mother—his affair partner—Kaoru waved him off.

No answer came from the intercom, but the front door was unlocked.

Click. Junsuke entered the Sei household, a familiar act these past weeks.

“Excuse me…”

No reply. But he knew Sae was there. Not just her shoes, but a dense, primal scent filled the house.

(I’ve smelled this before… I didn’t understand it then, but—)

Walking the hallway, he passed the living room. He knew exactly where this scent originated.

“…”

Opening the bedroom door, the aroma thickened.

The nest of an aroused female. A pheromone from a body writhing in desperate need for a male. It permeated the house.

The same scent Junsuke, as a boy, had inhaled at that villa.

“Sae-san.”

Like that day, a lone female lay in the bedroom.

Clad in a provocative negligee, her plump, half-exposed ass faced him. Wordlessly, he stood by the bed, within reach of her body.

“Hey, Junsuke-kun.”

A difference. Without turning, Sae spoke.

“When you wanted me last time… I came harder than ever in my life.”

Her thighs shifted, impossibly alluring.

“You’re turning me back into a woman, Junsuke-kun.”

Her voice was accusatory.

“I told you how wild I was in my youth. Do you still want the wreckage of that woman?”

“Yes.”

His instant reply made her white shoulders flinch.

“You’ll be disillusioned…”

“I won’t. I know you’re a strong, kind woman, Sae-san.”

“That’s a facade. To keep Kaoru from becoming like me—”

“Facade or not,” Junsuke cut in, “if you’ve maintained it for over a decade, it’s part of you.”

Everyone wears different faces for different people.

“There’s nothing strange about your everyday face differing from your sex face. Go wild with me.”

“…”

Sae fell silent, her sobs leaking out.

“U… Ku, is it okay? If I… give in to my desires?”

Tears of a woman who, for over a decade, played the mother despite her husband’s neglect.

“It’s unforgivable… Me, loving my daughter’s boyfriend…”

Her ethics rightfully rejected her desires.

“Yes. It’s wrong and unforgivable.”

Her tearful face turned to him as he acknowledged it.

“So let’s be wrong together. Let’s sin as one.”

A sharp intake of breath. The silence stretched, but Junsuke waited.

“…It’s your fault.”

Words he’d heard before.

“Yes.”

“And mine too.”

“Yes.”

At his second affirmation, Sae sat up, spreading her legs, hooking her right leg and lifting it high.

“U, uoo…?”

A pose requiring extraordinary flexibility, exposing her petals and rear hole.

“…Hehe, old habits die hard.”

Her sultry smile accentuated the sagging breasts and ass, radiating obscene allure.

“I get it. You said you won’t be disillusioned, Junsuke-kun. When we have sex, I’ll be a woman again. I’ll go wild—so ravish me fully.”

Honey dripped from her flower in response.

The beast reached for the enticing flesh.

How long had they been entwined?

“Ohoo! Naoo! Hon♡”

In the dim room, wet skin slapped and beastly moans echoed.

Kneeling, Sae’s arms were pulled back like reins by Junsuke, her massive breasts swaying with each thrust.

“Ohon! O, oo♡ I’m, I’m cumming again!”

Her face, screaming skyward, was shamelessly distorted, expressing raw pleasure.

Bachun! A powerful thrust from behind froze her momentarily.

“Ah…! ! ~~! Guuu~~! Oho! Noo♡”

Her convulsing climax was fiercer than Junsuke’s memory from five years ago.

“Haa, haa... You came again, Sae-san?”

Panting, he asked. Sae replied pitifully.

“Ah, hi, haa~~, o, hi… It’s been so long… This real, filthy sex…♡”

Having bared everything, even her speech shifted, closer to her pre-marriage self.

(No... This is probably the real Sae-san from before her marriage.)

Despite years as a proper wife, Junsuke pulled out, freeing her.

“Haa, haa♡ Haa—Ahh~~”

Thud. Sae collapsed forward, ass up, trembling thighs quaking with lingering pleasure.

“Nfuuun.”

Spurt! A delayed climax sprayed, her knees giving out, her splayed hips hitting the soaked sheets.

“Aha, ahaha, feels… so good…♡”

Seemingly exhausted, yet—

“Ah, haa~~♡ Please, put it in… Fill me, ram it in… Junsuke-kun’s cock…”

Spreading her ass cheeks, she begged. No trace of her usual refinement remained.

(What an erotic ass... If I showed a video of this to the neighbors, no one would recognize her...)

Answering her plea, Junsuke mounted her prone form, entering in a sleeping back position.

“O, oa, ahaaa...”

She moaned as he penetrated. The position maximized skin contact, his arms sliding under to grasp her crushed breasts.

“Here I go.”

Zuchu, guryu! Bachun, zuryuu!

“Noo, higu, nfuuu, hii, deep♡ O, oho!”

(I could knead these ridiculous tits forever...!)

Her oversized breasts, part of his fetishized ideal, spilled from his grip, a cycle of endless fondling intensifying her pleasure.

(U, Junsuke-kun! Too much… My breasts, they’ll change shape…♡)

Pinned, pounded, and groped, Sae had no escape. Each thrust struck her womb directly.

Guchun! Dochuu! Juuurupan!

“Hooo, hii! Shi, shikyu! Your cock’s breaking me…! Noo~~”

Ignoring her ecstatic screams, Junsuke savored her soft flesh, accelerating toward release.

“Sae-san, Sae-san, Sae-san…!”

Her name, repeated, briefly restored her rationality. She recalled the boy who once clung to her.

“U, Uru, Junsuke-san…”

Her rationality teetered. Desperately, she called to the boy who saved her, now a grown man.

“Ca, call me… without honorifics… Junsuke-san…”

His thrusts hesitated momentarily.

“Sae… Sae! Sae, Sae, Sae…!”

“Ah, Junsuke, Junsuke…! Aa—! Higi, oho, nooo♡”

His pace surpassed its prior intensity.

Desired and claimed by a male, the pleasure overwhelmed her.

“Ha, hage, intense…! N! Ahii, noo♡ Ohii!”

“Haa, ha… I’m cumming…! Where, where do you want it, Sae… Mbu!?”

Her lips, biting his in response, silenced his crude question.

(Cum! Inside my pussy! Pour your semen, your cum, flood my womb!♡)

Her last shred of rationality kept her silent. With one final thrust, Junsuke broke their kiss.

“Sae, I love you…!”

“!?”

Dogu…! Dopyururu! Gobu, bobiyu…!

“—!? ! Nbuuu~~♡”

Her last rationality shattered. His unexpected words and release rolled her eyes back in a ravenous kiss.

(! I’m cumming, I’m cumming! Hii, I’ll die, die from cumming too much!♡)

Her mind felt electrocuted.

Dobu, dogudogu! Zubyururu!

Her bowlegged hips spasmed repeatedly, her petals spraying, the sheets drenched like a bucket had spilled.

“U, oaa.”

His long release ended, Junsuke propped himself on his elbows to avoid collapsing on her. Sitting up, he pulled out.

“Haa, haa… Seriously?”

His central pillar, despite exhaustion, stood defiant.

“U, Junsuke… Can you help me up…?”

Sae’s voice emerged, surfacing from deep ecstasy.

Her tone had changed, but she seemed lost in bliss. Junsuke didn’t question it, lifting her from behind as requested.

“Your back’s against me… Your hard thing… Hehe.”

“S-Sorry.”

She laughed through her fatigue, and he flushed.

“Hey, Junsuke… Interested in my back hole?”

“!?”

He froze. He’d be lying if he said her twitching anus during their rear encounters hadn’t intrigued him.

“Anal sex… I’ve never done it, but… I’ve stretched it alone, embarrassingly. I cleaned it today, so… if you want.”

Lifting her hips slightly, she spread her chrysanthemum with her fingers, its clean pink flesh pulsing invitingly. *Gulp*. Junsuke swallowed.

“A, ahaa…♡”

Schlick. His tip touched her anus, her ass trembling in delight.

Zunu, michi, nubu… Zunuuu…!

“O, iuauaa, oo, nooo…”

Slowly, the foreign intrusion filled her, a shock unlike her wild past, her mouth gaping with involuntary moans.

(Such tightness… This is anal sex…)

Junsuke squinted at the new sensation.

His cock vanished into her dense ass flesh.

“O… Ofu, uu… Aa, incredible…♡”

Her voice held no pain, only strain. Recognizing this, Junsuke rocked his hips gently.

“A♡ No, oo, hin, ofuu!”

In a rear-seated position, her rectum was excavated. Like pioneering an uncharted path, Junsuke, despite his lax views on virginity, glimpsed its allure.

Sae, devoured entirely by a man, felt unparalleled euphoria—the happiness found after years of neglect.

“Incredible, oo, anus, cock, feels… good… Nhioho♡”

Thus, Junsuke was enraptured.

His first love, entrusting her entirety to him.

Sae was intoxicated.

A man, decades younger, accepting her light and shadow.

So they missed the approaching footsteps, the presence beyond the wall, the opening bedroom door.

“What… are you two doing…?”

Kaoru Sei stood there.

Interlude: Kaoru Sei

That day's club activities ended much earlier than planned. An urgent matter had come up for the club advisor, making it impossible to keep the school open on a weekend.

(Hmm, getting home at this hour... perhaps I could cook something with Mother? Maybe I could have Kouki-senpai try it again?)

Kaoru thought of her lover, with whom she had spent the afternoon. Their relationship had begun with his confession, but now Kaoru deeply cherished Junsuke. Though raised strictly, she was still a modern schoolgirl. She wasn't entirely ignorant about matters of romance and desire. She understood that she attracted lustful gazes.

(Kouki-senpai... I'm making him hold back, aren't I?)

She knew Junsuke desired her but restrained himself. She admired his strong will. And yet, Kaoru herself wasn't without desire. She had experienced masturbation and had felt lust for her lover. In her lascivious fantasies, it was always Junsuke—roughly grabbing her ample breasts, devouring her lips, and stirring her insides.

(Would the real Kouki-senpai hold me so fiercely like that...?)

A shiver ran down her spine, even as she walked along the public road. If possible, she wanted to be united with him immediately. Still, the teachings of her beloved mother, whom she respected deeply, were something she felt compelled to uphold.

She arrived home. Passing through the unlocked front door, she noticed something.

(Kouki-senpai's... shoes?)

This time, Kaoru hadn't called Junsuke over as she had before. She wasn't entirely sure why. But the faint, feminine scent of her mother lingering throughout the house likely played a role.

(What is this feeling...? It's strangely unsettling.)

Her heartbeat quickened. Her cheeks flushed. Unconsciously, she moved with the silent steps she used in club practice. Passing through the living room and down the hallway, she followed the growing presence.

(Mother's bedroom… why…?)

"…Ngh… ah…!"

A faint, pained voice reached her ears. By now, it was clear someone was there.

(Whose voice is that?)

Even as the voice became clearer, Kaoru didn't consider her mother as a possibility. In her memories, her mother was always refined, rarely raising her voice—an embodiment of elegance.

"Ohh! Nngh, I'm—cumming again! Ohh, hngh!?"

"!?"

No way. Her mother would never let out such animalistic cries.

(What… what's happening? Inside there, something like that…?)

She could now imagine what was taking place. The question was—who.

The answer lay beyond the bedroom door, which she opened as quietly as possible and peered through.

"Sae… Sae! Sae, Sae, Sae…!"

"Oh, Junsuke-san, Junsuke-san…! Ahh—! Hngh, ohh! ♡"

It was her mother. Sae Sei, with an indecent expression unimaginable from her usual demeanor, was calling out Kaoru's lover's name. Her lover—Junsuke Kouki—was also repeating her mother's name.

(What… what is this?)

Junsuke was atop Sae, who lay on her back, thrusting his hips relentlessly. Though their faces were turned toward the door, their eyes saw nothing else. It was clear this wasn't forced.

(No way… Mother, like that… and Kouki-senpai…)

Her lover and her mother were having sex.

"Ha, so intense…! Nngh! Ahh, ohh! ♡ Ohhh!"

The movements grew fiercer, and Sae writhed without a shred of shame.

(Like that… like a crazed beast. That's Mother…?)

Unbeknownst to her, Kaoru's hands had slipped under her skirt. Her fingers parted her already-soaked panties, teasing her sensitive flesh.

"Ngh… ah, Kouki-senpai… why, why… nngh!"

Junsuke gripped Sae's breasts forcefully, slamming his hips against her buttocks with reckless abandon. The powerful sex surpassed even Kaoru's wildest fantasies. Yet, it was her mother, not her, being embraced.

(Why, why, Kouki-senpai, Mother…!?)

Her fingers made wet sounds as they worked her drenched folds. As she watched, the two reached their climax. Sae bit into Junsuke's lips with a kiss.

"Ah, ah… ngh—!"

Watching her lover and mother reach their peak, Kaoru, too, climaxed.

Chapter 3: The Growth of a Lover Girl—Taking Her Virginity

A few dozen minutes later.

Junsuke Kouki sat in seiza in his lover's—Kaoru Sei's—room. It was his first time in her room. The calm decor was accented with stuffed animals he'd given her and manga he'd lent her, perfectly reflecting her image. But…

(My stomach… it hurts…)

Having been caught having sex with Sae, Kaoru's mother, both Junsuke and Sae had stumbled through explanations. However—

"You two are saying contradictory things, so I don't understand. I'll hear you out one at a time. Kouki-senpai, wait in my room."

And so, here he was.

"Both Kaoru and Sae-san must be suffering… and it's all my fault."

After all, he was the lover who had cheated with her mother. Both parties must feel unbearable shame. Still, given the situation, he had no choice but to comply.

"Sorry to keep you waiting."

The door clicked open, and Kaoru entered.

(What's she planning?)

Junsuke had assumed this would lead to an immediate breakup.

"Kouki-senpai, could you stand?"

He silently obeyed his (tentative) lover's request. His legs, numb from sitting in seiza, made his stance embarrassingly unsteady.

“For now, clench your teeth.”

(First, punishment, huh? Fair enough. Maybe a punch.)

Prepared to accept anything, Junsuke closed his eyes, tensing his face.

“—Hff!”

In a fluid motion, Kaoru sank low and drove her elbow into his solar plexus.

“—Ngh!? Ogh…!”

The full-force blow to his unguarded core sent Junsuke stumbling, collapsing pathetically onto the floor, writhing in pain.

“That was for my maiden heart. Accept it, Kouki-senpai.”

“Guh… of course…!”

After writhing for a dozen seconds, Junsuke managed a response. Kaoru nodded, sitting on the floor. Ten seconds later, Junsuke recovered enough to sit up.

“Let me say this first, Kouki-senpai. Even someone as mild-mannered as me is, naturally, angry.”

Junsuke hung his head. *Of course*. She was remarkably composed, all things considered.

“I’ve already spoken with Mother. Now it’s your turn.”

“S-so, what did you hear from Sae… san?”

Clutching his stomach, Junsuke asked. Kaoru took a deep breath before speaking.

“Five years ago, you met Mother for the first time, seduced her, and committed infidelity. Then, after I introduced you, you resumed the relationship.”

She averted her eyes, hearing the creak of her own heart. Junsuke sensed it and lowered his head further.

“Sorry… for making you say something painful.”

As he apologized, he thought.

(So Sae-san didn't mention her husband's cheating or my excuse about satisfying my urges…)

Sae had taken all the blame. Why? Junsuke put himself in her shoes.

(It's simple. Telling Kaoru about her father's infidelity would only hurt her. Same with my reasons. Sae-san is trying to take all the blame to protect Kaoru and me.)

If that was the case, he would respect her choice.

"That's mostly correct. But—"

"But?"

Junsuke wasn't about to let Sae shoulder all the guilt.

"Sae-san didn't intend to restart our relationship. I pushed her, using the excuse of satisfying my urges until I could marry you."

"…!"

This was news to Kaoru. Her face twisted in pain.

"I'm sorry, again. At least recently, I'm the one at fault."

Kaoru looked at her lover, now prostrating himself.

(Is it… my fault? I've been making Kouki-senpai hold back—)

Refusing intimacy until marriage—could that be the cause? Her heart was in turmoil.

But, fortunately or not, Kaoru Sei wasn't so simple as to explode in anger or blindly accept their words.

(Thank goodness for martial arts. Otherwise, I might be crying and screaming pathetically.)

With a deep exhale, Kaoru calmed her heart.

“Mother and Kouki-senpai are hiding something from me.”

Her voice was strained. Junsuke’s bowed face froze in shock.

“There’s something unnatural about your stories—neither of you mentioned Father even once.”

(She noticed that…? Damn, that’s Kaoru for you.)

It was the hallmark of a girl excelling in both academics and martial arts.

“Even if we set aside the present, after Father’s passing, it’s strange that there’s no mention of him in Mother’s infidelity five years ago. You’re deliberately hiding something, aren’t you, Kouki-senpai?”

Kaoru grabbed his shoulders, forcing him to look up.

“Kaoru, that’s—”

“Don’t hide it! You two were intimate behind my back! I’m your lover and her daughter!”

Junsuke met the tear-filled eyes of the girl who still called herself his lover and froze.

“Don’t treat me like an outsider anymore…!”

Her voice was choked. Junsuke looked to the heavens, raising a white flag in his heart.

(Sorry, Sae-san. This is as far as I go.)

To him, Kaoru was still his lover. He couldn’t disregard her any longer.

“Alright. But we haven’t been lying.”

With that preface, Junsuke spoke. Sae had been in a sexless marriage with her husband—Kaoru’s father—for over a decade and had been cheated on. Five years ago, during that summer, she had been rejected by her husband’s mistress.

“N-no… Father…?”

Kaoru's face paled. To her, her father was a proud man who ran a trading company, providing a comfortable life for the family.

"He was always kind to me… he loved fishing. He even took me fishing once. In the end, he went out to sea on his yacht… only the yacht was found…"

"Knowing it would hurt you, Sae-san kept it from you."

Junsuke prostrated himself again.

"I couldn't abandon her. I just couldn't—"

"Kouki-senpai… Mother, you…"

Amid her confusion and grief, Kaoru found a strange sense of understanding.

(Even I, with my limited experience, feel lust sometimes. If Mother felt the same, and her partner—Father—turned his back on her for over a decade while she raised me, hiding her pain…)

Yet, she couldn't fully accept it. She looked at Junsuke.

(And then she met a man like Kouki-senpai…)

Was she foolish? Kaoru was utterly smitten with him.

"Kaoru, I know it's hard to hear, but try not to let it get to you…"

Junsuke supported her slumped shoulders. Having just revealed both parents' infidelity, all he could do was offer comfort. So, when Kaoru suddenly clung to him, he couldn't react.

"!?"

Her arms wrapped tightly around his back, her volleyball-like breasts pressing against his stomach.

"I'm… struggling right now," Kaoru said, her face buried in his chest. "Your relationship with Mother… it was a shock. But even so, I love Mother, and I don't want to leave you."

“Kaoru…”

“I made a promise with Mother… no intimacy until marriage. But seeing you and Mother… having sex… I was so jealous, so envious…!”

Tears welled as her emotions—love for her mother and lover, and her anger—clashed. Both stemmed from her attachment to them. She couldn’t let go.

(Even in this situation, she’s trying to honor Sae-san’s teachings…)

Junsuke closed his eyes. This was his fault. His lover was suffering because of him.

“Ugh, sorry for this pathetic display, Kouki-senpai…! But, but…!”

Holding her sobbing head, Junsuke thought.

(I have to fix this. Something to ease at least one of her emotions.)

His guilt suggested he should leave both mother and daughter. But knowing their circumstances, that wasn’t an option.

(Plus, selfishly, I love them both.)

Continuing as is would only hurt them further.

(What do I do, you reckless, cheating bastard? What… wait.)

Amid his self-reproach, an epiphany struck. It was a bold move, one he’d avoided due to his youth since starting to date Kaoru.

(If I do this, Kaoru might… All I need is resolve.)

He nodded, no longer hesitating. Lifting her face by her cheeks, he spoke.

“Let’s get married.”

“Eh?”

Her eyes blinked in surprise.

“Well, not right now, so an engagement, I guess. If we’re set to marry in the future, that’s fine, right?”

“En…gagement?”

Her gaze made him look away sheepishly.

“I mean, if you’re not fed up with a jerk like me.”

“Engagement… with Kouki-senpai—”

Kaoru lowered her face. Love, affection, obsession, respect, jealousy, lust, possessiveness—emotions swirled within her. When she looked up, a dark glint shone in her eyes.

(Her eyes are scary… Is this too much to hope for…?)

As Junsuke grew anxious, Kaoru spoke.

“I have conditions.”

“Anything.”

“Everything you did with Mother, do it with me.”

Her eyes burned with a dim resolve. Junsuke felt overwhelmed.

“Everything?”

“Everything. You did a lot, didn’t you?”

Her intense stare made him relent.

“…Alright.”

The moment he nodded, Kaoru grabbed his cheeks and kissed him, biting into his lips.

“N… ngh.”

“Nn, mwah. Does that answer your proposal, Kouki-senpai?”

She smiled—a smile unlike anything she'd shown an hour ago. A woman's smile.

"We're engaged now, so no more holding back… Kouki-senpai!"

"W-wait, Kaoru, Sae-san's still in the house… and we should report—"

Kaoru pounced, undoing her ponytail. Her long hair swayed as she grinned devilishly.

"No worries. I told her to stay quiet for three hours, no matter what."

(A three-hour break, huh…?)

Resigned, Junsuke steeled himself.

"Alright, then… you're sure?"

"Yes. Kouki-senpai, embrace me."

Holding her face close, Junsuke kissed her.

"Let's start with a deep kiss… *nch*."

"Ah, ngh… *mgh, nchu*."

His tongue knocked at her teeth, which parted, her breath flooding his senses.

(A hint of mint… slightly sweet.)

Slurp, smack, slosh…

"Nf, mmm… Kouki-senpai… *nchu*."

Kaoru's eyes soon lost focus, melting into the exchange of fluids.

(Amazing… my head's foggy. Our tongues tangling makes everything else fade… I love kissing. Kouki-senpai's saliva has a strange, delicious scent…)

Drooling from their joined mouths, Kaoru focused solely on his tongue. Meanwhile, experienced from Sae, Junsuke moved. He carried his dazed lover to the bed. Sitting her

down, he slipped his hand under her skirt. The heat was palpable, her thighs already wet.

(She's soaked… does Kaoru masturbate a lot?)

"Nn, ngh, nfu…!"

His fingers rubbed her through her panties, pressing her entrance. Surprise flickered in her dazed eyes, some clarity returning.

(My labia are being traced, making lewd sounds. My sex… we're doing it. Sex with Kouki-senpai.)

Her virgin heart pounded. Unsure beyond kissing and clinging, she relied on Junsuke. He found her inexperience endearing yet challenging.

(Right, she's a virgin… unlike Sae-san.)

Unzipping his pants, he freed his erection, positioning it against her crotch.

"Hya!?"

The sudden heat through her thin panties made Kaoru gasp, their lips parting with a thread of saliva.

"Kouki-senpai, is this your—"

"You're wet enough to take it. Ready?"

Her mind was overheating, but she nodded.

"Please. Have sex with me."

He answered with action. Pushing her soaked panties aside, he pressed his tip to her entrance. Her folds enveloped him.

"Here I go. If it hurts, hold onto me."

She nodded against his shoulder. He lifted his hips and thrust.

"…!"

Znuuu, guchu…

Resistance was minimal. A brief snag, then his shaft pierced through, opening her fully.

“Ngh, guh, uaa…!”

To Junsuke, it was smooth. But Kaoru reacted intensely to the fifteen centimeters suddenly inside her. Blood seeped from her crotch.

“Kaoru, I’m all the way in. I’ll pause, so breathe and relax.”

Clinging tightly, she nodded, enduring the pain and unfamiliar sensation. Her self-exploration had never gone this deep. It was entirely new.

“Ah… Kouki-senpai’s penis is inside me. It hurts a bit, feels heavy, and aches strangely…”

(She’s the type to vocalize, huh? But it doesn’t seem excruciating, so that’s a relief.)

Even still, his erection throbbed painfully, finally joined with his lover. He rocked his hips slightly to keep her passage pliant.

“Let’s get your uniform off.”

“Ngh, ah… Kouki-senpai, I’m scared. Don’t leave me…”

“It’s fine. Arms up.”

Like a child, she clung to him. He lifted her arms, removing her top.

Boing…!

Her sports bra revealed breasts that seemed made of pure elasticity.

(Huge…! Different from Sae-san’s…)

Her mother’s were ripe fruit; Kaoru’s were taut, bursting with firmness.

“Nn… should I take off my bra? Would that excite you, Kouki-senpai?”

He nodded instantly. Her trembling hands unhooked the bra, freeing her breasts. They bounced, revealing their true size, rivaling Sae's.

(Incredible… so big, and her nipples point upward…)

The twin orbs were heavy with elasticity. Her areolas were modest, but her nipples stood firm, asserting themselves.

"It's… embarrassing, being stared at like that…"

"That's not something you say during sex, is it?"

She blushed under his gaze, and he teased her.

"? …! Heh, maybe not."

He cupped her breasts, marveling at their weight and bounce.

"Ngh—haha, you're obsessed."

She smiled happily, eyes narrowing.

"Touching me reminds me of when I fell for you, Kouki-senpai."

"Huh…?"

"First-year summer, at the club's training camp by your hometown's beach, right?"

"Yeah, I remember."

That was when he'd mustered the courage to confess.

"When we were playing in the sea during free time, I got a cramp and couldn't swim. You saved me."

"You were floating on your back, said you got a cramp and had no choice. I thought you were so calm."

The shore was dozens of meters away. He'd told her to hold on and swam her back.

“Your heartbeat was so loud, holding me with one arm. It echoed in my chest, your face all red, and my heart raced too.”

Junsuke gave a wry smile. Back then, he was enthralled by Kaoru, who matched his type perfectly, especially after five years since Sae. Saving her in the sea, reminding him of Sae, felt like fate.

The reality of both mother and daughter was even more fateful.

“You didn’t even glance at the other kendo girls in their swimsuits. I knew then you really only had eyes for me.”

(True, I’m only attracted to women like Kaoru and Sae-san…)

He hadn’t realized his preferences had worked in his favor. Kaoru had vaguely sensed his tastes.

“I thought even my old-fashioned chastity wouldn’t lead to cheating…”

“Sorry…”

He bowed immediately. She looked at his head buried in her chest and gave a bittersweet smile.

“But now, I’m glad I inherited Mother’s body that captivates you.”

Her generosity matched her bust. She whispered in his ear.

“It doesn’t hurt much anymore. Go ahead, Kouki-senpai.”

They kissed again, tongues entwining.

“N… Kouki-senpai, I love your tongue…”

“Ngh, I’m moving, Kaoru.”

She nodded silently. He laid her on the bed, gripping her firm thighs.

Zuchu, nuchu, bachu, znuyuu…!

Wet sounds echoed as he thrust.

“Ngh, ah, un! It’s… amazing, Kouki-senpai’s penis! In and out of my vagina! Ahh, uhh!”

Kaoru narrated, staring at their joined bodies. Her exquisite form produced more lubrication, eagerly accepting him.

(They’re mother and daughter alright… their bodies are too perfect for sex…!)

Junsuke’s trembling penis registered the sensation of Kaoru’s vagina softening, writhing, and countless fleshy folds clinging to him. With each thrust, the motion grew smoother, and the sounds of their pelvises colliding—*pan! Smack*!—echoed through the room.

“Ah! Nn-ah! It’s thrilling…! The pleasure… my womanhood feels itchy, gouged, burning! Au-an! Hia, incredible!”

“…Ngh, what a grip…!”

Sae’s vagina had layers of varying tightness, but Kaoru’s was like a bite, fiercely constricting as if chewing his shaft, relentlessly squeezing him.

(And then there’s these breasts.)

In sync with Junsuke’s thrusts, Kaoru’s spherical breasts bounced violently up and down, reminiscent of a volleyball caught in a net.

“Kaoru…!”

The allure was overwhelming. Unable to resist, he buried his face in the steamy space between those orbs, his hands shifting from her thighs to them.

“Ahn! Kouki-senpai! Nff, uh!? No, don’t pinch or suck my nipples!”

The new stimulation to her breasts overwhelmed Kaoru with pleasure from multiple points. She gazed at her lover, engrossed in her chest.

(Kouki-senpai—that dignified man, like a baby at my breasts. What a fulfilling feeling…)

Love, affection, protectiveness, pride, superiority, validation—mixed desires sent shivers through her heart and mind. The forceful push and pull at her core, the roaring flesh that kept her body ablaze, the explosive pleasure in her lower half.

(This is… sex!? What Mother forbade…! Indeed! This… it's no good! It'll drive me mad, ruin everything!)

"Kaoru, Kaoru…!"

For Junsuke, the sex—buried in this exquisitel blazing, youthful flesh—was an entirely new pleasure. No matter how he embraced or kneaded her, her body pushed back with relentless elasticity. To dominate it, he thrust even harder.

"Aha! Ah! Hi!?"

The deepest part of her virgin vagina, penetrated just minutes ago, was gouged. The shock erased her thoughts.

"Hia!? I… haaa! ♡"

Her body convulsed, her back arching as pleasure shot through her brain. Her hips trembled, squirting as the sudden climax overwhelmed her.

"Ah… are you okay, Kaoru!?"

Her eyes rolled back, head tilted skyward.

"This… this is sexual climax…! Kouki-senpai, no, you can't…! You can't just… have sex so casually. If other girls felt this… they'd be hooked instantly… driven mad…! ♡"

Her back arched involuntarily, her breasts quivering. Relieved it wasn't pain, Junsuke lifted her into a face-to-face sitting position.

"Nn! ♡"

His shaft pierced deeper, stabilizing her. He embraced her soft, elastic body.

"Let's calm your body a bit. I went too hard too soon. Sorry."

“Hoo… haa… really, Kouki-senpai… if it wasn’t me, I’d be a nymphomaniac by now… haa, nn! ♡ It’s… dangerous, sex…”

Her words made him chuckle wryly. It wasn’t some magical penis—just their compatibility and mutual love.

(And her body. To be this good on her first time… she’s a natural.)

Combing her long, loose hair, he licked her side.

“Nn, more… stroke me, lick me, Kouki-senpai… I love your touch. Since that day at the beach…”

“First I’m hearing of it.”

“It’s… embarrassing to say… nfu.”

For minutes, he caressed her hair and skin. She spoke first.

“You haven’t come yet, right, Kouki-senpai? I’m ready… you can go harder.”

His hips resumed their rhythm. Gravity drove his stake deeper than before.

“Ah! ♡ Deep! Kouki-senpai’s penis is crushing my womb!”

Zuchu, dochu, nyugu!

Their bodies pressed close, her breasts squashed, his hands gripping her buttocks, shaking her hips.

“Hin! Amazing, incredible! This position’s too much! The impact on my womb…! ♡”

As she moaned, Junsuke felt a different shock.

(This sensation…! Being this close to her body feels incredible! Her breasts, her ass—my girlfriend’s too erotic…!)

Unable to resist, he sealed her moaning lips with his own.

“Nnmu! ♡ Mmm, nfu!”

For Kaoru, who loved oral play, this was devastatingly effective. Her tongue and womanhood burned simultaneously.

(His penis and tongue…! Sparks behind my eyelids…!)

Her melting eyes rolled back as his thrusts hit her core.

Dochun!

"Nauu! ♡"

Her melted gaze turned upward, whites showing. The cycle repeated—sweet pleasure melting her brain, sharp pleasure piercing her vagina.

(My brain cells… they're breaking with every thrust… is this okay… this pleasure…!? ♡)

Her body had climaxed multiple times, sensing a tidal wave approaching.

"Nbu, paha, Kouki-sen…! Mmm!"

Her plea was cut off by another kiss. Her limbs trembled in the air, overwhelmed.

(No… this is…! ♡)

Dochu, dochun, znuyu!

Junsuke was lost in the act, his thrusts and arms moving her body with the same intensity as with Sae, heedless of her virginity.

"Paha… I'm coming, Kaoru!"

He freed her tongue, declaring to his now-limp lover.

"—…! ♡"

She nodded wordlessly, her tongue lolling, desperate to end this pleasure hell.

Gochun…!

His final thrust aimed to pierce her womb.

"—!"

Dobu! Dobyu! Dogudogu!

"Aaaaa! It's coming! Semen! Kouki-senpai's semen…!"

Her dazed mind snapped back as his essence filled her.

"Aha!? Incredible! Your semen's filling me!? A-aha, I'm coming! My vagina's drenched in semen, climaxing! ♡"

Despite having released with Sae earlier, the intensity of their first time and holding back for her made his ejaculation massive.

"Ngh… what a grip…!"

Dogu, byuru! Dobuu…



“A-aha, I came, but… it’s still coming…”

Tears streamed as she absorbed the torrent. Her womb and mind were one, her thoughts blank, swept away by the sweet, numbing vaginal pleasure.

“Naa… hahi, higu, s-sex feels… so good… ♡”

Her climaxing contractions faded, her limp crotch squirting faintly, wetting Junsuke’s stomach. With a *thud*, she collapsed backward onto the bed, twitching and unconscious.

“Whoa, Kaoru… she’s asleep—passed out, huh? I overdid it. Sorry.”

Even Junsuke felt remorse. As he withdrew, *zuru*…

“Aun! ♡”

A small moan and a final climax, then she began to breathe softly.

○

Some time later, Junsuke descended the stairs to the living room, where Sae sat waiting. It had been just over an hour since he’d spoken with Kaoru and finished.

(Was she really going to wait three hours…?)

Sae looked up, startled, as he entered.

“Junsuke-san—”

“You’re still calling me that?”

He gave a wry smile, and she smiled back.

“You’ve fulfilled me completely. How’s Kaoru?”

“She’s asleep.” He bowed. “Sorry, Sae-san. I had sex with Kaoru.”

“…I figured.”

In the quiet house, the moans and vibrations from upstairs were faintly audible. Sae knew of their intimacy. Yet, hearing it from Junsuke stirred complex emotions—acceptance, loss, disappointment, relief, joy, jealousy. She couldn't pin them down. Closing her eyes, she processed them. Junsuke sat opposite, waiting.

Finally, she opened her eyes. He nodded.

"Kaoru cherished her promise with you—no sex until marriage."

"That girl…"

Sae felt anguish knowing her daughter had clung to the rule she'd imposed to protect her, even after witnessing her mother's infidelity.

"So, I proposed to Kaoru. It's a gray area, I guess."

"What…?"

Sae covered her mouth. Junsuke bowed again.

"I'm going to marry Kaoru, Sae-san. It's after the fact, but will you approve?"

Shock erased Sae's expression, but she quickly composed herself. Kneeling on the floor, she prostrated herself.

"Sae-san!?"

"Junsuke-san, I have no right to say this after betraying my daughter, but… please, make Kaoru happy. If I'm in the way, cast me aside…"

Her plea was desperate.

"Sae-san, we promised—"

She shook her head, interrupting him.

"It's enough. Forget about me and be happy together. Of course, I'll support you as her mother-in-law."

"Sae-san, like I said—"

Their circular argument was cut off by a voice.

“It’s fine if it’s Mother.”

“!?”

They turned to see Kaoru, wearing only a shirt.

“Kaoru—”

“You two are close. I’m a bit jealous,” she said with a smile, making them blush. “If it’s Mother, I don’t mind.”

“What are you saying, Kaoru—”

“I heard about Mother’s situation. And Father’s.”

Sae fell silent.

“Sorry… she pressed me,” Junsuke whispered.

“You never remarried for my sake, didn’t you, Mother? Then your affair with Kouki-senpai is partly my fault.”

“No, it’s—”

“Be quiet for now, Kouki-senpai.”

“Yes.”

He clamped his mouth shut, having no say in this matter.

“Don’t be foolish, Kaoru. Sharing Junsuke-san… that’s too twisted—”

But Kaoru shook her head.

“Mother’s pain came from the rift with Father.”

“!”

“If so, a twisted relationship might heal it. Your affair with Kouki-senpai healed you, didn’t it?”

“I…”

Sae bowed her head, unable to respond. Kaoru knelt and embraced her.

“I love Kouki-senpai. And I respect you, Mother. That hasn’t changed.”

Sae’s shoulders trembled, as did Junsuke’s. Kaoru continued.

“If it’s Mother, and if it’s Kouki-senpai, I’m okay with it if it heals your heart.”

She boldly declared her acceptance of their twisted bond.

(Kaoru…)

Junsuke, slightly shocked, stayed silent. He had no right to object.

“Kaoru… you forgive this filthy, cowardly mother…?”

“I’ve realized I’m quite greedy,” Kaoru said, tears in Sae’s eyes (and Junsuke’s). She raised her hands as if lifting something. “I can’t bear losing either of you. Breaking up with Kouki-senpai or losing Mother is unthinkable. And I won’t be left out by you two.”

Junsuke’s stomach twinged, recalling her earlier elbow.

“So—”

Kaoru buried her face in her mother’s ample chest, her expression hidden.

A few seconds of silence passed—the moment a girl became a woman.

“…Don’t leave me… Mama.”

Sae gasped.

“…! Ah, aaah…! I’m sorry, so sorry…! Kaoru, my Kaoru…!”

Overwhelmed with guilt, Sae embraced her daughter.

(To force such a twisted choice on her… a child who only followed my selfish rules…)

She couldn't refuse her daughter's wish.

(I'll never leave her again.)

Watching them, Junsuke knew his love for Kaoru wasn't just her resemblance to Sae. Their shared moments were real.

Interlude: Sae Sei

“Now that it’s come to this, Junsuke-san, we need to talk.”

That night, after dinner with the three of them, only Sae and Junsuke remained in the living room. Kaoru had fallen asleep early, exhausted from her first time.

“A secret from Kaoru, even now?”

“As you guessed. This is something she mustn’t know… about her father.”

Junsuke held his breath.

“I know the gist… he went fishing and…”

“It was his habit to go fishing on weekends. Sometimes he took Kaoru or friends, but usually alone, from morning.”

Junsuke’s brow twitched. He realized Sae’s husband had done this even during their marriage—and his affairs.

“The day before that day three years ago, he asked me to check on something at the yacht while I was out.”

Junsuke understood immediately.

“I checked the supplies, and though he didn’t ask, I noticed the fuel.”

Her expression darkened. A confession of guilt was coming.

“Yachts are fuel-efficient, so maybe that’s why… the tank was quite low. No spare fuel either.”

Junsuke swallowed hard.

“From vague memories of fishing with him, I thought there was barely enough fuel for a one-way trip to his favorite spot.”

A weary sigh. Her gaze drifted.

“I didn’t tell him when I got home.”

She waited for Junsuke to process her words.

“You… left him to… the sea?” He shook his head. “No, that wouldn’t…”

“I know. He could’ve checked the fuel himself. My knowledge was shaky—maybe there was enough. Even stranded, cell phones or radios work at sea. He could’ve called for help. It was just petty revenge, a foolish woman’s prank I didn’t think would work.”

She laughed bitterly. Foolish whims can breed sin.

“He left without noticing. His smartphone was left on the desk.”

“…!”

Junsuke tensed.

“I got worried. But I thought a search would find him quickly, even if it caused a fuss. I’d checked the food and water—he’d be fine.”

Or so she thought.

“But the police said, ‘Clothing fibers were found on the railing.’ ‘He likely fell into the sea.’”

Silence gripped the room. Sae couldn’t face Junsuke, the man who loved her, as a sinner.

“It’s not your fault. You didn’t cause his fall.”

“Maybe. But the fuel issue might’ve rattled him.”

“That’s not a crime—”

Her desperate defense touched her shameful heart. This was her sin.

“It’s not a legal crime, perhaps. But if there was even a chance he was in danger and I ignored it, that’s on me.”

She raised a hand to silence Junsuke's protests.

"Don't worry. It's not about that."

"Huh…?"

"Since that day, raising Kaoru has been my atonement. Her happiness is my only purpose."

She gripped his hand.

"Junsuke-san, if you'll make Kaoru happy, remember my sin. Together, let's atone for our wrongs and heal her wounds."

His hand gently squeezed back. Beyond atoning for Kaoru's pain…

"If you have any love left, please… love me too—"

Chapter 4: A Bond of Mother-Daughter Threesome – A Decadent Three-Way Conference with Mama and Girlfriend

And so, Junsuke returns from the opening reminiscence of this story to reality. Before him sway two large, glistening buttocks side by side—Sae and Kaoru, the mother and daughter who decided to share him. He accepted their choice, which inevitably meant…

(I'll take them… both at once.)

A week after Kaoru's proposal, on a weekend afternoon, the lascivious feast unfolded. A mother-daughter threesome.

"We've come this far, so we must do it," Kaoru had declared. As student council president, once she decided, there was no hesitation.

Sae, the mother, hesitated at the idea of a threesome with her daughter, but given the circumstances, she couldn't oppose Kaoru's wishes. Junsuke felt the same. Though their last encounter was raw in the heat of the moment, this time they used protection.

"Hurry, Junsuke-san! Have mercy on this lewd woman, please!" Sae pleaded.

"Ah, that's unfair, Mother! Kouki-senpai, me! Put your penis in me!" Kaoru urged.

The act began awkwardly, but before starting, as Sae undressed, she whispered to Junsuke, "If this is what Kaoru wants, I'll act as shamelessly as I did in my youth. Please, Junsuke-san, be bold so she can join in without reservation."

Following her intent, Junsuke, positioned between the mother-daughter duo, threw himself into foreplay—literally acting as lubricant—melting them completely. He took a deep breath.

"Kaoru, didn't we study terms before? That's not what you say during sex."

Kaoru, gazing at him from her doggy-style position, twisted her face in regret and embarrassment.

“Ahh... I'm so sorry, Kouki-senpai, please put your dick, in my pussy.”!”

“Well done. But as a penalty, you’re next.”

The condom-wrapped spear plunged deeply into Sae’s ripe fruit with a *slurp*...

“Ohhh! ♡ It’s… in!” Sae cried, while Kaoru groaned in frustration.

“For you, Kaoru, I’ll serve like this.”

Junsuke twisted two fingers into her young bud, stirring vigorously.

“Ugh, ahh! Kouki-senpai’s rough fingers! Thicker than mine!”

A duet of moans began, accompanied by the sounds of their dripping honey pots being pounded and stirred.

Smack!! Smack! slurp, slurp...!

“Ohhh! ♡ Hard…! It’s slamming in! Deep, crushing!” Sae wailed.

“Higu, ahh! Merciless! Deeper than my masturbation! ♡ Kouki-senpai’s finger dick is stirring me!” Kaoru gasped.

The mother and daughter, on all fours like dogs, howled under the pleasure from behind.

(Kaoru, a virgin until recently, huh? She’s got Sae-san’s perfect sex-ready body.)

His thrusting fingers, though drenched, were gripped tightly by her vaginal walls.

“Ever... ever since last time! I’ve been craving it! Sex with Kouki-senpai! It’s driving me mad...! I’m, I’m... cumming!” Kaoru cried.

“Ahh! Ha, Kaoru! It’s incredible! Junsuke-san’s… ♡ dick… it’s insane! Piercing from my pussy to my brain!” Sae moaned.

Sae’s shameless cries, as planned, fueled Kaoru’s greed. The sounds of hips slapping buttocks and fingers stirring slits grew wetter. Their twin peaches trembled violently.

“Alright… come once, both of you!”

With a *gochun*!, Junsuke thrust harder while twisting his fingers 180 degrees.

“Ohhh!” “Ahaun!?”

They screamed like beasts, climaxing together. Mirroring each other, their green and ripe buttocks jumped and fell. Sprawled face-down with legs spread, they left gaping holes around his fingers and penis, their quivering flesh squirting in unison.

“Haa…!” “Hii, nku, nfu, agu…”

Gasping for air, Sae and Kaoru turned to see Junsuke’s still-rigid member.

“Ha, Junsuke-san, still hard… next, Kaoru…” Sae panted.

Kaoru gazed at her lover’s slick, condom-clad shaft, fresh from her mother.

(It was just inside Mother… Kouki-senpai’s…)

Swallowing hard, she said, “Kouki-senpai, lie down… I want it now.”

“Sure. Don’t need to wipe it?”

“No… I want it with Mother’s juices.”

With a sly smile, Kaoru straddled him, her legs trembling from her climax. She lowered herself onto his upright shaft.

“Ah, ahaa… it’s going in. Kouki-senpai’s dick, soaked with Mother’s juices…”

Blushing at the vulgarity, she felt perverse joy as her mother’s fluids entered her.

(Ahh, both of them are inside me… unbearable…)

A dark, sensual shiver crawled up her spine.

“Kaoru, feels good…?” Sae asked, straddling Junsuke’s face. “Junsuke-san, excuse me.”

“Nnpu… juru, zuchu.”

Committed to serving, he felt her ample buttocks on his face, gripped her thighs, and licked the petals his shaft had just penetrated.

“Nfu, Kaoru, show me your face. The face you make with Junsuke-san’s dick inside.”

“Anu, Mother, it’s embarrassing… nnu!”

“Don’t be shy, Kaoru. I’ll teach you how to move your hips.”

Supporting each other under their arms, mother and daughter locked eyes. Their massive breasts brushed, stimulating them further.

“Ahh, nnu, Junsuke-san’s tongue is intense! ♡” Sae moaned.

“Un, nku! So long… it fills me deep!” Kaoru gasped.

Amid new pleasures, their hazy gazes fixed on their beloved kin.

“Ah, Kaoru, such a cute face… come closer,” Sae urged.

“Mother… Kouki-senpai’s dick that was in you feels so good…!” Kaoru cried.

Sharing the same man forged a clearly warped mother-daughter bond.

(They both seem happy… is this okay?)

Caught beneath their buttocks, Junsuke sensed their fulfillment. Emboldened, he latched onto Sae’s slit and bucked his hips.

“Nhi!?” “Uah! Deep!?”

The sudden intensity made them shudder.

Dochu! Goryun, guchupan!

“Hii, auu! So strong! ♡” Kaoru cried.

Leaning forward, she kissed her mother’s lips.

“Nchu, ffu, chupa… haa, Kaoru…?” Sae gasped.

“Fuu, nmu… ufu…”



Intense lower-body pleasure and dizzying oral contact intoxicated them.

(Amazing! Up and down, devoured by Kaoru and Junsuke-san's tongue! My brain's burning…! ♡) Sae thought.

(Mother's lips… Kouki-senpai's penis…! No, this perverse pleasure… I'll go mad! ♡) Kaoru thought.

Bushi, pusha! Junsuke was drenched in their climaxes. Watching each other's orgasmic faces, Sae and Kaoru felt their own sensations peak.

Slurp slurp slurp!! It's sooooooooooooooooooooooo!

"Mmmmmm, mmmmmmmm! Mmmmmm♡"

"Mmmmm! Ommm, mmmmmmmm!"

(Come, both of you...!)

Junsuke's arousal peaked. He twisted his thumb into Sae's anus and thrust upward, releasing.

Splat————! Splat, splat, splat!

The raging ejaculation, trapped in the condom, struck Kaoru's vagina with double force.

"—Nhaa! Hia! I'm cumming! ♡" Kaoru screamed.

"Ohhho! I'm cumming, cumming! ♡" Sae wailed.

They parted lips, screaming skyward. Junsuke dug deeper into Sae's anus and let his ejaculating shaft rage.

"Ohhho! I'm cumming! ♡ Junsuke-san, I'm—hii, cumming again!" Sae cried.

"Aaa! ♡ My pussy's stretched! Pounded against my womb… cumming…! ♡" Kaoru moaned.

After a prolonged climax, Kaoru's eyes rolled back as she collapsed onto the bed.

"Ah… ha…"

Junsuke and Sae, sitting up, smiled at her dreamlike state.

"Did we satisfy her…?" Junsuke asked.

"Aha… un, nku… surely. I'm still lightly cumming," Sae replied, retaining her senses despite her trembling hips.

Her climax-fueled eyes fell on Junsuke's half-erect member, the condom bulging with semen.

"Nn… Kaoru's juices and Junsuke-san's semen… ♡"

She leaned down, taking the condom in her mouth.

"Sae-san, that's dirty."

"'"No——mmmm, slurp, squish, ngghhh…"

Deftly removing the condom with her mouth, she drank the contents and licked every trace of her daughter's fluids from his shaft.

"Aha, delicious… ♡ Hehe, I'm such a lewd woman. Please take care of us both, mother and daughter."

The future mother-in-law displayed the emptied condom on her tongue to her future son-in-law, revealing the wantonness of her youth, no longer hidden from her daughter.

○

'cogy: Still, it feels too perverse. Like it's too good for me…'

The next day, Junsuke typed into the usual chatroom. Though Sae and Kaoru were content, guilt lingered—his infidelity started this, making him feel he was the only one benefiting.

‘It'sme: Damn, a real mother-daughter threesome… it actually happens.’

‘FTO: Straight out of an eroge. What are you, cogy? Did you save the world in a past life?’

‘cogy: Stop teasing, seriously… I’m wondering how it came to this.’

He’d only told them he cheated with his girlfriend’s widowed mother, got caught, but their bond was so strong they both agreed to share him. His online friends responded lightly.

‘It'sme: Well, it’s not a crime, right? You’re marrying the daughter?’

‘cogy: Yeah.’

‘FTO: If they’re okay with it, what’s the issue? Though I’d say explode, cogy.’

‘It'sme: It’s just about your resolve now. You decided to take care of both, right?’

Their blunt advice made Junsuke pause. It was extreme, not something parents, teachers, or real-life friends would say. But their logic offered clarity.

(Was I swept up in Sae-san and Kaoru’s intense love?)

He was the one who drove them to this.

(I can’t forget that. I have to commit fully.)

‘cogy: Thanks, you two. I was getting weak.’

‘It'sme: No prob.’

‘FTO: I get it. It’s like an ero manga world. Normal people would freak lol.’

Exiting the chat, Junsuke searched his smartphone: the date from three years ago, the local area, “maritime accident,” “yacht.”

“…Found it.”

He located an article about a missing person case from three years ago in the city.

“On the afternoon of the 30th, a man who went fishing on a yacht off Chihama, Tozue City, has gone missing, and the Coast Guard is searching, considering the possibility of a fall into the sea. The missing man, in his 40s, lives in the city. He left home that morning, telling his family he was going fishing and hasn’t returned…”

Another article followed.

“On the afternoon of the 1st, an unmanned yacht was found off Chihama, Tozue City. It’s believed to belong to Tarou Sei (43), reported missing earlier. Police are searching, considering he may have fallen…”

No further updates were found.

“So, he was never found.”

Tarou Sei—Kaoru’s father, Sae’s husband—had a death certificate issued and a funeral held. Junsuke pondered Sae’s lingering guilt.

(If I could somehow lighten her heart…)

He sat at his PC, initiating a private chat with It'sme.

‘It'sme: Yo, what’s up? Secret talk?’

‘cogy: You mentioned doing infidelity investigations before, right?’

A pause, then a reply.

‘It'sme: Real-life me, huh? You got a job for me?’

○

In real life, Junsuke’s resolve was set: dedicate his life to this mother and daughter.

(That’s fine, but Sae-san’s reverting to her old, wild self, and Kaoru…)

The backlash from suppressing their desires, he figured. Since that day, Kaoru had grown increasingly bold. He realized this fully today.

“Second-year parent-teacher conferences, huh?” he said.

“Indeed. Mother will come this afternoon,” Kaoru replied.

They were eating her homemade bento behind the school during lunch break.

“The kinpira’s flavor is perfect… thanks for the meal.”

“Haha, thank you. It’s my specialty… So,” Kaoru said, finishing her bento and sidling closer, “with club activities, we won’t have time after school. How about some dessert, Kouki-senpai?”

“Kaoru…?”

Her sultry gaze made him realize her intent.

“Last time, Mother… used her mouth, right? I got jealous.”

The model student’s tongue peeked out seductively.

“Hey, we’re at school! And discipline matters—”

“It’s just a little intimacy between future spouses. I’m not that strict.”

“That’s just kissing or—”

Before he could finish, Kaoru pressed her heavy breasts against his thigh, leaning toward his crotch.

“It Philistine: A kiss, just not lip-to-lip.”

Jijiji. Her slender, bamboo-sword-wielding fingers unzipped him.

- “Hehe, Kouki-senpai’s dick is honest. Already swelling, so hot…”

“Ugh, damn, you’re really doing this?”

Checking their surroundings, he noted the secluded, shadowed spot she’d chosen, unlikely to be seen. Still, outdoor sex made him nervous.

“Nha!”

“Kuh!”

A sudden shift from cool air to her warm, wet mouth enveloped his sensitive part.

“Fmu… hehe, the hair’s ticklish… namu, u.”

“No hesitation, huh…! Hey, don’t just—”

“!? Nmu, ubu!”

Sucking his half-erect member deeply, her eyes widened at its sudden swell, choking briefly before pulling back.

“Eho, kef… wow, Kouki-senpai’s dick feels so powerful in my mouth…”

Ecstatic, she admired the saliva-slicked tower.

“So strong… chu, Kouki-senpai’s sword… nchu, hanmu.”

She kissed its side, her light sucking teasing his senses.

“Fu, nn… Kaoru, the tip’s sensitive…”

“Haha, dick’s leaking… shall I taste it?”

The fellatio novice engulfed him again.

“Kaoru, how do you… say dick so easily…?”

(Ahh, Kouki-senpai’s penis…! Salty, the scent, the heat…! This sword that drove Mother and me mad, so hard, so strong… it conquers me…!)

To her, his member was the symbol that shattered and rebuilt her discipline and her mother. Her body and heart surrendered to it, a warped reverence.

Zuju, fubo, nfu, chubo…

She mimicked learned tongue movements with fervor.

“Ugh…! Kaoru, when did you get so good?”

(Fellatio's amazing…! Taste, smell, touch—all overwhelming! My brain's ruled by dick… I love this! ♡)

Already fond of kissing, she was destined to indulge in oral pleasure once freed from restraint.

"Haa, fubo, nslurp, nfu~"

Half-lidded, she bobbed her head, her nose flaring. No one would believe she was a virgin a week ago. Junsuke's hesitance gave way to arousal.

"Kaoru… can you show your breasts?"

"Nfu~… chu, hehe, like this?"

She pulled out her bursting breasts, unbuttoning her uniform to expose them.

"Goddamn… what a view."

He lifted them, guiding them to his shaft. Smiling, she understood.

"Hehe, Titty fuck, right? I know about it."

Her taut, glistening breasts enveloped his wet member.

"Guh, so tight…"

Unlike Sae's endlessly soft and yielding breasts, Kaoru's maintained their spherical elasticity no matter how much force was applied. Eagerly, she took the tip peeking from the valley of her breasts into her mouth.

"Nfuuu~! Fmuu, jubu, jurooo! ♡"

Her talent in academics and martial arts adapted to sexual techniques, her oral movements quickly becoming fluid. The smooth friction of her fluid-drenched breasts combined with her mouth, a skill far beyond a first attempt.

Juppu, slurp, nuppu, zurooo…!

It relentlessly stoked Junsuke's urge to ejaculate.

“Ugh, Kaoru, I’m gonna come…! Let go, or your uniform…!?”

His warning met her sticky, upward gaze, making him widen his eyes.

‘Let me drink it.’

Her eyes spoke eloquently.

“—Fine…! It’s coming in your throat, don’t choke!”

Fingers buried in her black ponytail, he gripped her head. After a few more thrusts, he drove his penis deep into her mouth, unleashing his ferocity.

“Gu!”

Dogu…! Dobyururu! Byuru!

“! —Ngu, nguu, ngyuu, ngu!”

The scalding white torrent burned her throat. Tears welled in Kaoru’s eyes, but she swallowed it all. The pulsing ejaculation matched the gulping of her throat. After a dozen seconds…

Zuuu, juuu… npaa!

Kaoru flawlessly drank every drop. His member sprang free from her lips and breast valley.

“Fuu… smelly, bitter, clinging to my throat—the best dessert, Kouki-senpai… thank you for the meal.”

“Ugh, sucking even the leftovers… where’d you learn that?”

“From Mother.”

(What’s Sae-san teaching her?!)

As Junsuke, exasperated, tucked himself away, Kaoru wiped her glistening breasts and stood, brimming with energy.

Kaoru seized every chance to drain him, yet never faltered in academics, club activities, or student council duties. In fact…

“My time of love with Kouki-senpai mustn’t hinder my student duties. I can’t afford a single worry. Sex with Kouki-senpai requires overcoming all obstacles, or I’d lose my mind instantly.”

As a slacker student, Junsuke could only bow in awe.

“Now, I mustn’t be late for afternoon classes. Kouki-senpai, don’t skip just because you don’t need to attend.”

“Got it, got it… gargle properly.”

Waving her off, he leaned against the school wall.

“Parent-teacher conference, huh…”

Hours later, after school, Junsuke emerged from the library and spotted a woman in a tight skirt suit on the second-floor corridor, where the second-year classrooms were. Her hair was up, and she wore glasses, a departure from her usual look. Her alluring figure drew discreet glances from students and parents.

“Ah, Junsuke-sa… kun.”

The woman—Sei Sae—brightened upon seeing him, approaching quickly.

“Hello, Sae-san. Is the conference over?”

“Yes. Kaoru’s gone to club activities… I was wondering what to do.”

Junsuke glanced around. Parents were out of place at school, and though Sae’s beauty drew attention, the crowd of other parents kept it subtle. Lingering would change that.

“Sae-san, I know a good spot.”

Urging his lover’s mother along, he climbed to the next floor, stopping before a double wooden door and inserting a borrowed key.

“The student council room…”

“I’ve been helping Kaoru so much, I’m practically an unofficial member.”

As the busy student council president, Kaoru often needed help, and Junsuke’s frequent assistance earned him access to the room.

They entered, locking the door behind them.

“So, this is where Kaoru does her student council work,” Sae said, awed.

Unlike standard classrooms, the square room held an executive desk for the president, a meeting table, and a sofa.

“Impressive, isn’t it? Kaoru’s amazing. Nothing like my school days…”

She caressed the desk fondly, her own youth filled with indulgence and wealth.

“Thanks to your excellent upbringing, Sae-san.”

“I wonder. After what happened, I think it’s just Kaoru’s own strength. What could someone like me have done to influence her…?”

Junsuke sat beside her on the sofa, taking her hand.

“No, it’s definitely thanks to you.”

“Junsuke-san…”

Smiling at her daughter’s boyfriend, Sae’s lips met his in a sudden kiss.

“N! Mu… un…”

Her brief surprise and resistance faded, and she accepted the kiss. Soft, wet sounds leaked from their joined mouths.

“Nha… really, in a place like this, Junsuke-san… no…”

Even as she protested, his hands roamed to her chest and the gap between her skirt and the sofa.

“Ha, ufu… no, Junsuke-san…”

Her assertive bust and hips were kneaded through her underwear.

“It’s your fault, Sae-san. That outfit you never wear, your nape with your hair up…”

“Nha, ticklish, Junsuke-san…”

Blushing, she endured as he nuzzled her nape.

“The glasses suit you. Like a capable woman.”

“Stop with the flattery… n!”

Her nipples hardened, and her crotch warmed under his grip.

“No, no, not in a place like this…!”

“It’s fine. The door’s locked, thick enough to muffle sound. Most conferences are done, and the school’s nearly empty.”

“Nha, no, it’s wrong…”

Junsuke believed students fell into two types: those who’d had sex at school and those who hadn’t.

(Now’s the chance…! Sorry, Kaoru! I’ll do it with you next time!)

With illicit thoughts, he stood Sae up, guiding her to grip the president’s desk, her hips facing him as he hiked up her tight skirt.

“! W-Wait…!”

Her steamy lower body shivered in the open air. But what shook her most was the “Student Council President” nameplate on the desk.

(Right in front of… Kaoru’s work desk…!)

As a mother, she shouldn’t do this. The immorality chilled her spine. Yet, his fingers slipped between her buttocks, igniting her.

“N! Kuhii, aon!”

“You’re wet, Sae-san.”

slurp, guchi. Even through stockings and panties, the wet sounds were clear.

“W-Why, me…! Like this—nhaa, nn!”

His fingers pressed into her slit through her underwear, making her lower body quake.

“You came, didn’t you?”

“U, ua… no, that’s not…!”

Her trembling legs buckled, unable to stay straight. Despite her denial, the climax was obvious.

Carefully, Junsuke lowered her stockings and panties, her bare buttocks freed, resting atop the half-removed fabric.

“Your ass is soaked, Sae-san.”

“Aaa, it’s sweat, sweat…! It’s not, Kaoru…!”

Apologizing to her absent daughter, Sae’s loosened slit gaped invitingly.

Drawn in, Junsuke unbuckled his belt, his ready penis pressing against her entrance.

“Higu…!”

Feeling his tip, resignation filled Sae’s mind. She shouldn’t defile Kaoru’s workplace, should be a proper mother, shouldn’t drown in lust here.

(—It’s all… no good…)

Zunuuu…!

“Nohoooa!”

The moment he entered, carnal desire overwhelmed her mind. Rationality snapped, and pleasure sparked behind her eyelids.

“It went right in, Sae-san…! You’re so turned on!”

Her womb welcomed his deepest thrust, endless moisture flowing.

“Uguu… no, no, I’m not… nhao! ♡”

slurp, jupan!

Her denials never finished. One thrust, and her lower body surrendered.

(Ahh…! Lies, lies! I’m turned on! In the place where my daughter works diligently, I’m thrilled to be fucked by her boyfriend! ♡)

Pleasure melted her hips; without his support, she couldn’t maintain the standing doggy position. She leaned on the desk’s edge with her elbows and chest to avoid collapsing.

“Ah… aha, ahi! ♡ Ohohiii!”

Pan, Smack, gujun, paan!

Each thrust stole her composure, her legs trembling, forced into a bowlegged stance.

“What a lewd pose, Sae-san—so shameless, so erotic.”

“No, don’t say—nohoh, higu, I’m cumming! ♡ A—nhoo, cumming again!”

The taboo of debauchery in her daughter’s sacred space turned into perverse pleasure, fueling the flames of ecstasy. Each thought scorched her brain.

(Oh, awful, so awful. A shameless, lewd woman! ♡)

Her intelligent eyes behind glasses and her expression warped into slack pleasure, barely focused. No parent or teacher would dream the elegant woman who charmed the school earlier was now exposing a drooling, orgasmic face.

(Goddamn… her ass ripples with every thrust, so erotic.)

Junsuke was losing control, his climax surging.

“I’m cumming…! Where do you want it?”

“Oh, on! Don’t dirty my clothes…! Just—ngihoh, cum inside!”

Her desperate cry echoed in the room. He thrust deep to comply, digging in—

“Ohhh!? Hiu!?”

Dobyu… dogudoku! Zubyaa!

“Nhaohoo! Nhiii! ♡ Deep! Right inside!”



The ejaculation struck her womb like a direct shot, her vagina moving like a swallowing throat, squeezing him.

“Oh, it’s coming, nhoo! Cumming! Drinking and cumming! Nguuuhohoo…! ♡”

As the female Sae wailed in ecstasy, Junsuke smiled wryly at the puddle of her fluids beneath.

(Gotta find a mop… and ventilate before leaving.)

The next day, a first-year student council assistant entered the room, sniffing curiously.

“What’s that weird smell…? Just a hint. My imagination?”

—

Junsuke’s life was, sexually, utterly decadent. On days when both he and Kaoru had free time, their routine was set.

“Aha, nfu… Kouki-senpai, hehe, I cleaned it well. My anus… or, ass hole, that’s more exciting, right? Loosen it up… ♡”

“You don’t have to train for anal sex just because I did it with Sae-san.”

“No… n, you promised to do everything with me that you did with Mother, didn’t you?”

In the Sei home, Kaoru’s room. Straddling her chair backward, she exposed her perfect, childbearing hips to him.

“Still, you couldn’t wait until Sae-san got back?”

He gently massaged her twitching virgin anus, slipping one finger in and twisting slightly.

“Nuu… n! ♡ That’s… competing with Mother. No victory without training…! ♡ I need to master even one of her techniques… ahaa, stronger…!”

Her quivering buttocks, unlike Sae's, were taut with elasticity. Junsuke caressed them adoringly.

(Kaoru's ass is amazing too… anal sex would be insanely tight.)

Imagining future debauchery, his hands grew eager.

"Higuah, Kouki-senpai's finger…! Second knuckle, in my ass! A, ahaa… incredible, new sensation…! Hiii, two fingers! Don't add more suddenly! ♡"

Her trembling hips gradually adapted to sexual use. Her growing body responded eagerly to sex. The more he toyed, the more her buttocks reacted, fueling his excitement. Moving his other hand, he intensified the training.

"Hiii!? O, pussy…! Ahaa!? At the same time…!"

"Playing with this links pleasure to your ass hole. Soon, you'll feel good just from that."

His calm explanation belied his vigorous fingers.

"Ahaa! ♡ I see! That makes sense… ahii! Logical… nhaaa!"

As Kaoru began to feel anal pleasure, Junsuke, like a craftsman, earnestly drove her to climax.

"Sniff—no smell."

Washing his hands in the bathroom, Junsuke checked for odor. After intense anal training, Kaoru was lightly snoring.

"Water, maybe… hm?"

Entering the living room, he was greeted by the aroma of tea and a smile.

"Tea's ready. How was it?" Sae asked.

"Sae-san, you're back… oh, that means…"

He relaxed briefly, then realized Kaoru's anal screams had echoed while Sae was downstairs.

Sae's expression remained a refined smile.

"Uh... embarrassing...?"

Ten minutes later—

"Higuoo! Ao! ♡ Nohoo! D-Don't, Junsuke-san! Not in the daytime…! ♡ I-I've got housework… I can't…!"

She was being pounded on the sofa.

"You teased my dick with your foot under the table, Sae-san!"

"I-I just teased a little… higu! ♡ Not like this…! No foreplay, no undressing…! Just sliding my panties aside for sex is wrong…!"

"Yet it went in so easily... you were expecting it, you erotic mother-in-law...!"

From enjoying morning tea, they'd jumped straight to sex, clothes still on.

"Nuu! T-That… mother-in-law already…! ♡"

"Then—Sae-san...! Sae, Sae!"

"Hii, my name! Calling me like that while thrusting…! ♡ Nhoo, I'm done, cumming again…!"

Whenever he met Sae, he often lost himself in plowing her ripe depths.

And if one caught him with the other...

"You two, the moment I look away, this happens."

"Kaoru..." "Uh, it's, you know, the heat of the moment..."

The outcome was predictable.

“Haa… satisfied, both of you?”

“Oh, noh… higu… no more… my hips are shaking, I can’t do housework… ♡”

“Ahaa, my pussy’s gaping… ♡ Kouki-senpai’s dick is too brutal…”

Sae’s bedroom reeked of sex. Two exquisite bodies, coated in tears, drool, sweat, juices, and semen, lay sprawled, legs shamelessly spread, soaking the sheets.

Junsuke thoroughly ravaged them, overwriting their anxieties and guilt with pleasure. Seeing each other’s state, they recognized their own. Yet Sae always apologized to Kaoru.

“Oh, Kaoru, I’m sorry, so sorry… for being such an awful mother…”

“Don’t make me repeat it, Mother… I don’t regret this. You’re still my idol…”

Despite Kaoru’s reassurance, Sae’s guilt over her husband lingered.

(Even if I comfort Sae-san now, her growing guilt…)

The decadent rituals delayed her collapse, but Junsuke feared it might eventually break her mind. For Sae, himself, and Kaoru, he had to prevent it.

“That aside… they drained me again…”

Staggering home, Junsuke checked his email, his eyes catching a subject line.

“…!”

His lust-hazed face snapped alert. Clicking, he opened the message with an attachment:

‘Itomi Detective Agency [Investigation Report] Regarding Sei Tarou’s Maritime Accident’

Interlude: Itomi Manako

That's an interesting idea, thought Itomi Manako, alias *It'sme*. A request from her online gaming buddy for her real-world job as a private investigator.

"Didn't expect it to connect like this. Made it easy, though."

The request to investigate a deceased person wrapped up quickly. *The world is small*, she mused. Even within their regional SNS group, the coincidence felt near-miraculous. The client was shocked, too.

"To piece this together from so little… he should be a writer."

Her suspicion was correct, and the job was as simple as a phone call.

"Cogy's a student, so maybe I'll cut the fee… it was an entertaining story."

Plus, the person she found would cooperate for free.

"They won't refuse, after all."

Chuckling, the detective smirked. She'd been promised a front-row seat to the outcome—a spectacle worth more than the fee.

"Sounds fun~ Can't wait! ♡"

Muttering, Itomi hit the send button on her email.

Chapter 5: Liberation from the Past - Impregnating Both the Mother and the Girlfriend

It was right after thoroughly reading the report that Junsuke contacted Manako Itomi, known as "It'sme," from the Itomi Detective Agency.

And a few days later...

"What's going on, Junsuke-san?"

It was a weekday afternoon. The setting was the study once used by the head of the Sei family. Sae gazed at Junsuke with serious eyes as he made preparations.

Kaoru was at school, with club activities keeping her late that day. There was no chance of her returning home early.

What Sae and Junsuke were about to embark on was not their usual interaction. A tense atmosphere hung in the air.

"All right, it's ready... It's a bit old, but it was top-notch back then, so it'll do just fine."

Junsuke looked at the PC screen. It was the same computer once used by Sae's husband, Tarou Sei. He had installed a modern remote communication app, which was now running.

"What's this all about? Meeting with *that person*—with Tarou-san?"

"With all due respect, I made contact first. To cut to the chase, Tarou Sei-san is alive."

"---!"

Sae, struck by the revelation, staggered back, hitting the bookshelf. She had been informed in advance that she would "meet Tarou," so she had anticipated something. But still—

"Why... How..."

"It started with a slight sense of unease."

The Sei family had lived comfortably off the earnings from Tarou's trading company. Even after his passing, the stocks and inheritance left behind were substantial. At the very least, Kaoru wouldn't face financial hardship in her lifetime.

"But in the midst of all that, I heard from Kaoru that Tarou-san had canceled his life insurance."

And upon investigation, it was right before the accident.

"That's true, but... he said he was going to switch to a new policy..."

For a family with the Sei's wealth, insurance wasn't something to skimp on. Even if he had intended to switch to another policy, Kaoru and Sae's insurance remained untouched.

"And then, there was something you mentioned before—about the day before Tarou-san passed."

Sae flinched, her shoulders trembling. That day symbolized the guilt she carried.

But Junsuke's goal was to free her from that burden.

"Too many things lined up. Tarou-san not noticing the fuel issue, forgetting his phone, accidentally falling into the sea—it felt like too much for coincidence."

It could be dismissed as chance. But Junsuke, knowing it might be futile, decided to investigate. And the result was—

"Remote connection established."

"..."

Junsuke gestured for Sae to take the seat in front of the PC. Swallowing hard, she sat down in the chair. Soon, a man appeared on the screen.

"Uh... Can you see me? ---Ah."

The man on the screen, upon seeing Sae, showed a mix of relief and guilt.

He was a mild-mannered, bespectacled, slightly thin middle-aged man.

"It's been a while, Sae-san."

"Y-Y-You..."

Sae's voice trembled as she responded, then covered her face with both hands.

"Ugh... *sob*... *hic*..."

Her sobs were understandable. It wasn't just the fact that her husband was alive.

(I didn't kill Tarou-san... Kaoru, Kaoru isn't the daughter of a murderer...!)

Seeing her reaction, Tarou bowed his head on the screen.

"I'm sorry... I never imagined you were suffering so much because of me..."

He continued.

"I knew you were aware of my... indiscretions."

Junsuke understood he was referring to his infidelity.

"I knew that as a husband, I caused you, my wife, endless pain. So I thought, even if you heard I was dead, you wouldn't be *that* affected..."

"No way that's true!" Junsuke interrupted, unable to hold back. "Sae-san isn't that kind of person. You should have known that."

If they had loved each other enough to marry, he should have understood.

"...You're right. I'm sorry."

Tarou bowed again in response to Junsuke's strained rebuttal.

"Wh-What... What exactly happened? Where are you now?"

Sae, finally suppressing her tears and lifting her face, voiced the obvious question.

"Yeah... I suppose I should tell you everything. All of my pathetic story."

Tarou, staring into the void as if recalling the past, began.

"First, I'm alive because the fall was staged. I made it look that way. When you mentioned forgetting to check the fuel that day, I thought it was fine. If it eased your mind, I was okay with that. ...As he just scolded me, it was a shallow assumption."

"...!"

Sae recoiled as if struck by the revelation.

In short, it was the worst possible timing. Sae's small act of petty revenge and Tarou's staged disappearance had aligned perfectly.

"That day, I used a contact from work to smuggle myself overseas. I left my phone behind and didn't mention the fuel because none of it mattered."

Because that day, Tarou Sei was supposed to "die."

"Now, I'm living in another country under a different name."

Junsuke had already pieced that much together. Tarou Sei remained legally dead.

"And the reason... it ties back to what I did to you."

Sae held her breath. His betrayals—sexless marriage, infidelity.

With a sigh, Tarou confessed to her.

"The truth is... I can only feel sexual attraction to women in their late teens."

Silence gripped the study. It took time to process the weight of his words. Tarou continued.

"I didn't realize it at first. Things were good with you, Sae-san, in the beginning. Kaoru was born, and I thought everything was perfect. But..."

At some point, he could no longer feel desire for Sae. It started after she passed her twenties.

"I tried everything... but it was impossible. It became impossible."

Tarou averted his gaze from the screen. Sae was speechless.

Not because of her appearance, but simply because of her age—she was no longer a teenager.

(Sae-san said before that even training to make her body more attractive didn't work. It wasn't about looks.)

But this was, in fact, a known fetish. Among so-called "abnormal" fetishes, it was relatively mild. There are people attracted only to the elderly, or even to buildings.

Sexual desire is heavily influenced by "mood." No matter how attractive someone is, if the mood isn't right, it doesn't work.

"Why... Why would you..."

Sae, struggling to comprehend her ex-husband's confession, began to lament. Junsuke, however, couldn't bring himself to condemn Tarou.

(Even I have my own fetish—I'm only attracted to women with bodies like Kaoru or Sae-san. If I hadn't met Kaoru, who knows what would have happened.)

That said, Junsuke's preference for "exceptionally voluptuous and well-proportioned women" was relatively unproblematic. But if it were something else—

(Something that would be a crime just to act on...)

Pedophilia, incest, or fetishes involving harm or disability. For those with such urges, fiction and media are the only safe outlets.

But the path Tarou Sei chose was—

"So you cheated?"

Junsuke prompted in Sae's place.

"Yeah. With teenage girls... sometimes for money. The partners changed over time."

Their marriage had lasted about fifteen years. As his lovers aged, Tarou had to find new ones.

"I know it was selfish. I should have been satisfied with videos or books."

He let out a sigh.

"But I couldn't. In the end, I decided to 'kill' myself and leave this country."

"Why... Why would you..."

Sae repeated, her voice a groan. It seemed sudden, but Junsuke could understand. Tarou had betrayed Sae, but—

(He wasn't entirely okay with it.)

Continuing his life meant continuing to deceive himself, engaging in potentially criminal acts, and betraying his family.

"I was... tired."

Tired enough to start over from nothing in a new land.

"You might not believe me, but... I was worried about you and Kaoru. That's why I ensured all my inheritance went to you."

"You canceled the insurance because you felt guilty?"

Sae looked up at Junsuke's murmur. Tarou gave an awkward expression.

"Well, yeah. It would have been insurance fraud otherwise. I didn't want to cause you or Kaoru any trouble indirectly."

Ironically, that decision led Junsuke to investigate the accident.

"Where are you now?"

Sae, finally calming down, asked in a faint voice.

"Southeast Asia. I'm running a new business and keeping things legal."

"Meaning..."

Tarou gave a self-deprecating smile.

"I explained my situation upfront, and found someone who was okay with it. When she turns twenty, we'll part ways, and I'll give her enough money for her to remarry comfortably."

(Tarou-san's saying some pretty awful things...)

But Junsuke also thought this was Tarou's way of showing sincerity to his temporary partner.

"So, Sae-san, you don't need to feel guilty about anything. It's all my fault. Please, live your life without worrying about me."

Sae looked up at the ceiling once, taking a deep breath to swallow three years of torment, then exhaled slowly.

"...You're really... so selfish..."

There was no smile. But the shadow of guilt that had clung to Sae's face for three years was gone.

"Yeah. I'm sorry. Truly."

The two, now thousands of kilometers apart—farther than when they were married—were perhaps closer in heart than ever, having laid bare everything, including his fetish.

(Alright, then. Time for the finishing touch.)

Confirming this, Junsuke moved. Standing behind Sae's chair, he—

"Let's reassure your ex-husband, Sae-san."

He grasped her ample breasts from below. Sae's shoulders jolted.

"Ugh, Junsuke-san!?"

She hurriedly looked back at him.

"Y-You... Kouki-kun, was it? What are you—"

"You had a hunch, didn't you, Tarou-san?"

As he spoke, Junsuke's fingers didn't stop, kneading the prominent mounds asserting themselves under her sweater.

"Ugh... Ah, nngh, Junsuke-san, stop..."

Despite her words, Sae didn't resist strongly, her cheeks flushing as she endured the humiliation. Their relationship was clear even to a first-time observer.

"You're... Sae-san's current—"

"Her lover, more or less."

In truth, he was also her future son-in-law and Kaoru's lover, but—

"Look, I stayed quiet since it was an issue between you two, but I'm pretty pissed about how you treated Sae-san."

Tarou fell silent. Sae's guilt had been resolved, but his years of infidelity remained undeniable.

"So—right now, I'm going to prove how happy Sae-san is. Watch closely."

"W-Wait!? In front of him...!? Nngh!"

Her reflexive attempt to resist was silenced by Junsuke's deft fingers, which knew her body's weaknesses all too well.

"Wait, if Sae-san doesn't want—"

"Does it look like she doesn't want this?"

In an instant, Junsuke lifted Sae's top and bra, exposing her voluptuous breasts and hardened, light-brown tips to the air.

"Nngh, ohh... Ah...♡"

Pinching her sensitive nipples, Sae's cheeks flushed, her eyes ignited with lust, and she couldn't suppress her moans.

Tarou, on the screen, swallowed hard. Even for him, seeing his ex-wife in another man's hands was a first.

"No, no, Junsuke-san... That's too much..."

Her protests were sweet despite her words. Junsuke's skilled touch played a part, but Sae herself was growing aroused by the bizarre situation.

(No, no way... In front of Tarou-san, like this...)

"It's not too much, Sae-san. You've been neglected for over a decade. Now you're fulfilled as a woman, and we'll show him that. It'll put him at ease."

"B-But, but... Nngh!"

Junsuke's hand slipped under her skirt, and her plump thighs writhed on the chair.

A wet *squish* sounded. Realizing it was audible, Sae trembled again. Junsuke smirked triumphantly.

"See, Sae-san?"

"Ah, ahh!"

With a swift motion, he lifted Sae's knees while she sat, forcing her into a wide-legged position like a gym squat. Her skirt was hiked up, revealing her soaked red panties.

"!"

"No, no, it's embarrassing...!"

Even Tarou's eyes widened at the lascivious sight of his ex-wife. Sae covered her flushed face, but her nipples and clit throbbed painfully with arousal.

Junsuke, amused by the contrast between her words and her body, said,

"Time to show your usual self, Sae-san. Come on."

He grabbed her hands covering her face and kissed her from the side.

"Nmph! Mmf, mmm... *slurp, chu*..."

From Tarou's perspective, Sae's shocked wide eyes gradually melted, indulging in the dance of tongues, fully exposed.

"Sae-san..."

"Ah... Ha, nngh... Mmm...♡"

Under Tarou's gaze, she was assaulted in three places—mouth, nipples, and groin. The intense stimulation and abnormal situation rapidly eroded Sae's sanity.

Soon, her voluptuous breasts and lower body trembled, her panties visibly drenched.

"Phew... You came, didn't you, Sae-san?"

"Ah... Haa, nngh... F-Forgive me, please..."

Was she pleading with her young lover or apologizing to her former husband?

Either way, Junsuke's hands didn't stop, and Tarou couldn't look away.

Her top and bra were stripped off, and Sae was made to stand. She was positioned to lean forward, hands on the PC monitor.

"Haa...! Hii...!"

"!"

This put her face-to-face with Tarou on the screen. A cry escaped her as their eyes met. Her massive breasts swayed under gravity.

"Look, let him see you clearly!"

Zchuu!

"Nnngh!?"

Without warning, Junsuke thrust into her from behind, his rigid member piercing her slick valley in a standing doggy style.

On the screen, Sae's face twisted with shock and pleasure, her enormous breasts quaking lewdly. The intensity made Tarou lean back instinctively.

"Uwah—"

"Hii, wait! Junsuke, wait...!"

Zchup, pachun, pang, jupu, pan!

Her cries for pause turned into screams of ecstasy with each thrust.

"Nnnh! Higuu! Ohh! Ohhh!♡"

With every thrust, the intelligence in Sae's face was stripped away, her eyes wild with pleasure, her voice reduced to animalistic howls.

"Nnnh! Higuu!♡ Too much! So deep!♡ Ohh, stop, stop, it'll break me!♡"

"Oh... Is this really Sae-san?"

Even Tarou, who knew Sae in her wild, promiscuous student days, had never seen her this unhinged.

"Let's blow everything away, shall we?"

Junsuke quickened his thrusts. As Sae's voice lost words, becoming near-animalistic moans, he—

"Oh! Ohh! Hia, haa! Nguu! Ohh...!"

"Go on, come!"

Gochun! A deep thrust, crushing her deepest parts.

"---!? Nnnh! I'm coming, coming!♡ Coming, coming, coming!♡"

At the peak, the final blow sent her trembling, eyes rolling back as she climaxed.

Tarou watched, overwhelmed by her intense orgasm.

Sae's body went limp. Junsuke caught her from behind.

"Up we go."

He pulled the chair back and sat, with Sae still impaled on him.

"Nguu!♡"

Her head tilted back at the deep sensation. Her sweat-glistened breasts, spread legs, and penetrated core were fully displayed to the monitor.

"Well? Should I stop?"

While asking, he grabbed her dazed chin and kissed her hungrily.

"Nmph, mmf!♡ *Slurp*, ha, nngh... No, don't stop...♡ Keep pounding me...♡"

"!"

Tarou was stunned by her transformation. Her earlier shame was gone, replaced by a woman consumed by lust, her eyes burning with desire.

"This is how she gets. The moment you start, she's like this."

Junsuke held her chin, showing her pleasure-twisted face to the monitor.

"Come on, Tarou-san knows you're happy now, so say something."

"Ah, y-yes! If I say it, you'll keep going, right!?"

All traces of propriety were gone. Only a woman reveling in her ripe body's pleasure remained.

"I'm sorry, Tarou-san... I'm happy now...♡ I'm going to focus on sex with him from now on!"

With a tearful smile, the fallen woman confessed to her former spouse.

"It's been so long, and I'm like this... I'm sorry...♡ I'm glad you're alive and well, but—Nngh!? Oh... It's moving!♡"

Mid-sentence, Junsuke's hips moved, and Sae bounced, losing herself again.

"Hii!♡ But, Tarou-san! Sex with Junsuke-san!♡ Hii!♡ Watch, watch me!♡ Watch me become a beast!♡"

Dchu, guchun, jupu!

Each thrust stripped away more of her sanity, revealing the raw "female" within.

"♡ Ohhh!♡ Hii, nnh!♡ So good! I'm coming!♡ Ohhh!♡ Everything I am belongs to this!♡"



Her breasts bounced with obscene allure, reflecting her frenzy.

"Sae-san... What a way to let go."

Tarou couldn't tear his eyes away from his ex-wife's declaration of debauchery.

Junsuke's movements shifted to lascivious circles, grinding deep inside her.

"Nnu,♡ Ohh!♡ It's crushing me!"

The end was near. The remote call timer showed three minutes left.

"Come on, Sae-san. Let's finish strong."

"Yes—yes, Junsuke-san...!"

With heartfelt joy, Sae placed her feet on the floor, leaning toward the monitor.

"Tarou-san... Watch me. Watch me come...♡ Watch me loved by a new man, brought to climax...♡"

"Ah... Sae-san, you..."

As if in response, Junsuke thrust hard.

Dchuu! Gochun! Zpaan!

"Nnnh!♡ It's here!♡ Ohh, ohhh!♡ Nguu, nnh!♡"

A primal scream of pleasure. Junsuke urged her on.

"Come on, Sae! Say your goodbyes properly!"

"Hii!♡ Ah, nnh!♡ Tarou-san! I'm going to come!♡ Inside me, it's pouring in!♡ I'm going to come from it!♡"

She struggled to hold on, delivering her final words.

"Look at my face..."

"Ah—ahh, Sae-san. Sae-san!"

The moment their words crossed as former spouses—

Dchunn!

The final stake was driven in.

"Gu—I'm coming!"

Dbyu! Dogu, doku, doku! Zbbya!

A torrent flooded her, filling her womb with white.

"~~~♡ Hii, nnh, ohhh!♡ It's coming!♡"

Pulse after pulse poured in, overwhelming her.

"Gu... Still coming..."

Dobu, dogu, bbyu!

"Nnh!♡ Ohh, hii!♡ Coming, coming!♡ It's gushing inside me!♡ I'm coming!♡"

Half-rolling her eyes, tears and drool streaming down her face, Sae desperately conveyed her happiness to her former husband.

"Oh!♡ Ohhh!♡ I'm getting pregnant! I'm coming while being impregnated!♡ Ah, ah, you!♡ I can't take it anymore!♡ I'm coming, falling apart!♡"

In her white-dazed vision, Sae, overwhelmed with euphoria, felt her mind filled with bliss as she expressed her climax.

(...Ah, with this, I've completely become Junsuke-san's woman, body and soul... I can offer everything, name and essence, to be his female...)

The pleasure exploded repeatedly in her brain, electric shocks sending her consciousness soaring.

What remained was the ended call, the blank communication screen, and—

"Oh… Haa, ohh, nnh…♡"

A peerless female body, convulsing and intermittently gushing a mix of semen and climax fluids from between her legs, unable to return from the peak of ecstasy.

"Well done, Sae-san," Junsuke said, his voice full of care, addressing the embodiment of lasciviousness and vulnerability before him.

"...From now on, you'll never have to fear the weight of guilt again. I promise."

○

That day, Junsuke cleaned the study, soaked with love juices, and carried an exhausted Sae to her bedroom.

The next day, visiting the dojo after the kendo club's morning practice, Kaoru confronted Junsuke immediately.

"Something happened with Mother the other day, didn't it, Kouki-senpai?"

"I'm starting to get used to how sharp you are, Kaoru, but what made you think that?" Junsuke asked, half-exasperated.

His ponytail-wearing lover snorted proudly.

"Hmph. Mother's been acting strange for days. But last night, she seemed... like a shadow had lifted, like she was at peace. It's easy to guess."

Junsuke raised his hands in surrender. Then he said,

"Yeah, there's something I'm keeping from you."

"As I thought. Am I being left out again, Kouki-senpai?" Kaoru asked, wiping sweat with a slightly sulky expression. Junsuke found her adorable.

"...No, it's more like a happy surprise. Sae-san and I decided I'd tell you after you graduate high school and we get married."

"M-Marriage... after graduation? That's exactly what I want!"

The accomplished, athletic, and scholarly girl blushed, never imagining her supposedly deceased father was alive.

"…You can't tell me now?"

"Not yet. Give Sae-san a bit more time to process things."

Even though a tentative reconciliation had been reached, the issue spanned over a decade. It would take time before Sae could share it with her daughter.

"…Could it be… pregnancy—?"

"No way!" Junsuke hurriedly denied.

"Hmm…"

Kaoru's expression suggested she was unconvinced but let it go. Then, with a sudden smile, she said,

"Well then, Kouki-senpai, I have one request."

Junsuke had no reason to refuse.

After school, at the time Kaoru specified, Junsuke left the library. She had summoned him to the kendo dojo. Peeking inside, he saw Kaoru, drenched in sweat in her kendo uniform, bowing to the dojo alone. Junsuke entered, giving a small bow.

"Kept you waiting, Kouki-senpai. Shall we go to the changing room?"

The kendo club's changing room and clubroom were adjacent to the dojo. They crossed a corridor to the girls' changing room.

"Is it okay for me to come in here?"

"I'm the last one today, and I'm in charge of cleanup and locking up. Don't worry."

As club captain and student council president, her reliability left the less-than-stellar student Junsuke in awe.

Locking the changing room door, Kaoru turned to face him.

"Now, about that ‘request,’ Kouki-senpai?"

With a *shuru*, she untied her waist cord. Her sweat-soaked hakama fell to the floor with a damp sound.

"Kaoru, that…"

She wore nothing under the hakama—no panties. Beneath her open kendo jacket was only a sarashi wrap.

"I’m always like this under my uniform," she said.

Is everyone like that? Junsuke wondered, gazing at her sweat-dripping body.

"…Here?"

"Yes. Can you handle me, all sweaty like this?"

As noted before, Kaoru Sei’s physique was extraordinary.

Her open jacket revealed a sarashi barely containing her voluminous breasts, protecting them from chafing. Her chiseled abs and waist flared into rounded hips and thighs. Sparse pubic hair adorned her uncovered groin.

Bathed in the evening light streaming through the window, her sweat-glistened body exuded a potent mix of sweat and pheromones.

"…Heh, what do you think, Kouki-senpai…!?"

Her question was cut off as Junsuke’s lips crashed into hers.

"Nnu… Fgu, *slurp*, njuu…"

His tongue ravaged her lips and mouth, licking the sweat from her face, its scent and taste thrilling his senses.

"Haa… Nfu, *chupa*…"

The kiss—more like an assault—ended, leaving Kaoru dazed, her tongue lolling out in the air.

"You're insanely erotic, Kaoru… Kaoru!"

Junsuke was already devouring her sweat-soaked abs.

"N… Nfu, so relentless…! Nn, nnuu!"

His tongue traced her drenched body, reaching the valley of her breasts. Unwinding the sarashi, he freed the steamy, ample flesh, inhaling its scent deeply.

"Haa… Honestly, you're incorrigible…! T-To go this far…!"

Junsuke grabbed her right arm, lifting it to expose her armpit, even more humid than her cleavage, and licked it without hesitation.

"Hii! M-My armpit… Being licked…! Nnnh!"

Blushing with shame and excitement, Kaoru surrendered to the violation. Her body grew hotter, sweat pouring out. Then—

"Nn, kuu…!"

Her lower abdomen quivered, a flood of fluid—not sweat—gushing from her groin.

(I… I came… Just from Kouki-senpai licking my body…!♡)

Her lover licking her sweat, something she'd normally wipe away, sent shivers of taboo pleasure through her.

"Kaoru, ready?"

Junsuke dropped his pants, revealing a throbbing, veined erection eager for its target.

"Ah, yes… Over there."

She pointed to a plastic bench in the room's center. As Junsuke sat, his spear stood skyward.

Kaoru swallowed hard, seeing it.

(It's… incredible… Kouki-senpai's… This, inside me…)

Fear of her impending "request" arose, but she recalled her promise: everything done to her mother, she wanted too.

"Haa… Kouki-senpai—can you… do it from behind?"

"! Kaoru…"

"I-I cleaned myself thoroughly before practice."

Meaning she'd prepared during school. Junsuke's throat audibly gulped, and Kaoru heard it too.

Facing away, she stood before him, bending forward to present her hips and groin.

After hours of practice and foreplay, her groin was a mess of sweat, heat, pheromones, and love juices steamed by her hakama.

"Is this okay, Kaoru?"

The musky, mind-numbing scent intensified as she spread her anus with her fingers.

"Y-Yes… It's embarrassing, so embarrassing…! But, Kouki-senpai… Take my… my virgin ass…♡"

Her halting use of taught lewd words made Junsuke's groin surge.

"Got it. Lower your hips."

Her plump hips descended cautiously. Junsuke gripped the base of his spear, aiming it at her anus, not her slit.

The tip touched her backdoor. Her hips trembled, but Junsuke steadied them.

"It's okay, you're open. You've been practicing more, haven't you?"

"Yes, Kouki-senpai's hands… so warm…"

Relief in her voice, she lowered further.

Znu. The tip entered, stretching the organ meant for expulsion.

"Higu… A-Ahaa…! Hii, ahh!"

Though she'd used fingers, this was uncharted territory. The alien sensation of anal penetration made Kaoru writhe.

(What pressure! So different from a kendo strike…! But…)

The hard, burning rod pierced her from anus to abdomen.

(Is it because it's closer to my spine than my vagina? I can feel Kouki-senpai's cock through my spine, to my brain…!)

Her hips met his. Full insertion.

"A-Aha, nnh, ahi…"

Unintentional moans escaped as she leaned back. Junsuke held her firmly.

"It's all in. It's slick inside too."

"Nnnh… Kouki-senpai… Nn, *chuu*…"

Her sweat-drenched body was embraced tightly. In that security, she whined for a kiss.

Junsuke, finding her adorable, kissed her while apologizing.

"*Chuu*… Sorry, Kaoru, for all the secrets."

"It's fine… this time," Kaoru said, smiling and shaking her head. "Mother… she's always carried a shadow. But last night, it was gone. Your secret must have freed her from it, right?"

Her smile pierced Junsuke's heart, and he looked away.

"Maybe… I hope so."

"It is. So it's fine. As long as Mother can smile. As long as you love me, Kouki-senpai."

Wordlessly, Junsuke hugged her tightly, overwhelmed by his love for her.

"You've said you like seeing me in my kendo uniform during morning practice, right? I've always been so focused on dealing with my sweat."

"Really?"

"Yes. What do you take a girl's modesty for, Kouki-senpai?"

Junsuke, who'd only thought Kaoru's kendo uniform is so cool and cute, hadn't realized he'd made her self-conscious.

"But… sometimes during our moments, you smell or lick me… I wondered if you liked that sort of thing."

She'd been too afraid of rejection to ask directly, so her "request" was her way of testing it.

"Thanks, Kaoru—I love you. Want to move yourself, or should I?"

To Junsuke, this was a lifeline question. But Kaoru's discipline exceeded his expectations.

"Heh, no need for concern, Kouki-senpai. Watch me."

She straightened, hands on her knees, and slowly lifted her hips.

"U-Uu, M-Kouki-senpai's… c-cock…! Scraping my insides…!♡"

She felt the glans drag through her rectum, pulling out until only the tip remained, then lowering again. Junsuke groaned in pleasure.

"Ku, uoah!"

"Ah, ahh!♡ It's going in…! My ass… stretching…! To your size, Kouki-senpai…!♡"

The sensation of her body being "reshaped" by her own will, the immorality of it, sent shivers through her.

Znuu, zoryu, bupu, nuchi, nubu!

The sounds of anal sex echoed in the changing room. Each movement, even a few centimeters, overwhelmed Kaoru with pleasure.

"U-Uguu, my insides… burning…! Nnh! I'm coming!"

Her limit came after a dozen strokes. As she lifted her hips, her strength gave out, and she collapsed forward onto her knees. The cock scraped out, triggering her climax.

"Hii! Uah! It's… out!♡ Hii, guu!♡"

Prostrate on the floor, her gaping anus exposed, Kaoru came, her vagina squirting and her sweat-soaked body trembling.

Her vulnerability inflamed Junsuke's lust.

"Kaoru…!"

He pounced on her raised hips, plunging back in.

Zchuuu!

"Nhaa!? S-Suddenly, so deep!?"

A bolt of pleasure struck her post-climax brain.

"Kaoru, Kaoru!"

"Ah! Ahh! Nnhi! Hii! Nnh!"

Relentless anal pistoning pounded down, as if staking her to the ground. Each thrust to her sigmoid colon made her vagina gush.

(What an assault! I'm coming with every thrust…! My ass is making my pussy come…!♡)

Her hips devoured from behind, Kaoru flopped like a fish, drooling and gazing skyward.

Junsuke didn't stop. Grabbing her hands, he pulled her up while sitting on the floor.

"Haa!! D-Deep...!"

The position maximized stimulation, eliciting a scream of pain and pleasure. Something snapped in Kaoru.

"K-Kouki... senpai..."

Drenched in tears, drool, and sweat, she turned with a half-mad smile.

"Do it harder… Break me… Love me…♡"

Like Mother.

"---!"

Her confession shattered Junsuke's restraint. Gripping her hands, he stood.

"Higu, uu!"

Her body was forced upright, and—

Dchunn! A merciless thrust.

"Ahaa! S-Strong!"

Her body slid forward, but he yanked her back by her arms.

"A-Gah! Nnha!♡ I-It's intense! Like a beast!♡ I'm being fucked! Coming!♡ So long, I'm coming again!"

Kaoru's legs wobbled, half-suspended, as her anus was ravaged.

Junsuke neared his limit. Her virgin rectum's tight grip urged his release.

The sounds of flesh and mucous grinding, hips smacking, grew incessant.

"Ku... Kaoru! I'm gonna come...!"

His hands released hers, seizing her breasts and pulling her forcefully to him.

"---Hii!?"

Her body shook with pain and pleasure. A final, deepest thrust followed.

"Ahaa!? D-Deep!?"

Her eyes rolled up, vision half-darkened, yet she keenly felt his impending release.

(I feel it… swelling! Come! Shoot it!♡)

As if their hearts synced, his semen erupted past her rectum into her sigmoid colon.

"---Haa!"

Bobiuuu! Dururu! Dobiu!

"Gu… Ah!"

Overwhelmed by pleasure and release, Junsuke's vision blurred. But he held her tightly, clutching her lascivious flesh.

"Nnnh! Strong, so strong!♡ My breasts, your cum!♡ It's exploding inside me!♡ Kouki-senpai's cum! Hitting my womb from behind…! Hii, I'm coming… Coming!♡"

Describing her body's state, her vagina climaxed endlessly, secreting fluids.

The ejaculation continued, pulsing five, six times.

"A-Ahaa, it's… still! Still coming, Kouki-senpai!♡ Save me, I'm stuck coming…! Hii!"

Dchunn! A final merciless thrust silenced her joyful cries.

"A-Ha---♡"

Basha! A gush like urination. A massive climax.

Kaoru's consciousness faded, leaving only her body's ecstatic convulsions.

"Phew..."

Junsuke withdrew his softened cock from her lax anus.

"A… Haa, nnh…♡"

Sprawled on the bench, her gaping anus burped semen, triggering one last unconscious climax.

Junsuke cleaned the girls' changing room, avoiding looking at various items.

"Your anal assault was intense, Kouki-senpai. If my hole doesn't close, you'll take care of me forever, right?♡" Kaoru teased as he escorted her home.

○

Back home, Junsuke started his game and opened an SNS chatroom. It was his first contact with Itomi—It'sme—since her help. Her handle was quite literal.

cogy: ...Thanks for your help, Itomi-san.

It'sme: No biggie. Barely did any work, just business. Call me It'sme here.

Two others were already in the chatroom, as planned.

cogy: Uh... might be bad to use real names. Hanataro-san, too.

FTO: No, no, I owe you big time.

Tarou Sei. That was the former real name of Junsuke's gaming buddy, FTO.

cogy: Glad it worked out. Really.

FTO: Yeah. It was a wild idea, but thanks for going along.

cogy: Seriously. I agonized all night over whether to do remote show-off sex...

Yes, the remote cuckolding display with Sae was Tarou's idea.

FTO: It had to be that extreme to help Sae-san move on. She felt guilty over a guy like me for so long—her frustrations needed to be cleared. Plus…

cogy: Plus?

FTO: Seeing how much Sae-san loves you, far more than she ever did me, put me at ease.

Junsuke stared at the text, dumbfounded.

(Kaoru's dad, alright. What a guy.)

It'sme: Man, that was a show. I was moved.

cogy: Hold up. Why were you watching, It'sme…?

It'sme: FTO asked, so I slipped into the connection.

FTO: Sorry, cogy. The situation was what it was, couldn't say no.

cogy: I'm mortified…

Junsuke covered his face, swearing never to tell Sae. He had no exhibitionist streak.

FTO: Here, we're just gaming buddies, so call me FTO. That other guy's dead, after all.

cogy: …Got it. By the way, what's FTO stand for?

FTO: Flower Tarou.

cogy: So literal.

It'sme: Lame as hell.

cogy: Speaking of literal… Me asking, you being asked, and the investigator being this group—it's wild how it's all us. What a coincidence…

FTO: Truly. I was shocked when It'sme contacted me.

It’sme: Not entirely coincidence, though. My connection with FTO started with Sae-san’s infidelity investigation.

cogy: Wait… that too!?

Junsuke recalled Sae mentioning hiring a detective for Tarou’s cheating. That detective was none other than Itomi, the start of their connection.

It’sme: One day, FTO reached out to me.

FTO: I suspected I was being investigated and that Sae-san was keeping quiet about it.

That was the final push for Tarou to abandon his identity as Tarou Sei, fed up with himself.

FTO: So I asked her to handle some things.

It’sme: We do all sorts. Helped him get to the mainland, too.

FTO: Our gaming friendship started there. It’sme helped a lot with my new life.

Junsuke ignored the layered implications of “some things.” His instincts screamed it wasn’t worth probing.

cogy: So the real coincidence is…

It’sme: You becoming gaming buddies with us and…

FTO: Meeting Sae-san and Kaoru, I suppose.

Junsuke sighed. *It’s all about connections, huh?*

It’sme: So, cogy boy, cherish the people around you. Don’t end up like this old man.

FTO: I’ve got no comeback for that.

cogy: I’ll keep it in mind.

The group disbanded. Junsuke sent a farewell emoji and left the chat. Then—

"A one-on-one call request? From FTO..."

Junsuke could guess why. It was as Tarou Sei.

Accepting, Tarou's face appeared on the PC monitor via remote call.

"Sorry for calling right after."

"No problem."

Junsuke switched back to polite speech.

"I'm grateful, truly. You saved Sae-san."

Junsuke swallowed the urge to say If you hadn't done all this...

(When it comes to fetishes, I can't judge others.)

"There's another reason for my actions. This is because you're here now."

Junsuke understood. They both had abnormal fetishes. If their desires harmed loved ones—

"You wanted to free Sae-san to find new love."

Tarou gave a wry smile, neither confirming nor denying. He thought affirming it would be too arrogant.

"I did wrong by Kaoru. I'll never deserve to call myself her father."

Junsuke recalled their conversation today.

"Kaoru's a strong girl. It might take time, but someday..."

"Are you... really dating Kaoru?"

"Well... yeah."

An awkward silence hung in the air.

Tarou harbored complex emotions, but he had no right to judge.

Swallowing his thoughts, he spoke.

"If you're willing… could you show me my grandchild someday?"

"Of course. …Though, it might be Kaoru's younger sibling first."

"What!?"

The two men looked at each other, laughter naturally spilling out.

"Haha!"

"Heh…"

One, a man who abandoned the woman he loved and fled.

The other, a man dating both his ex-wife and daughter.

They could easily hate each other, yet somehow, they couldn't bring themselves to.

"By the way, how's your sex life going over there?"

"Oh, I've been open with my current wife about my situation. When the time comes to part, I'll ensure she can live happily."

Would Tarou find a lifelong partner once his desires waned?

(I hope so…)

"Oh, by the way, about the other day—I made a new discovery."

"?"

Tarou clapped his hands excitedly, and Junsuke tilted his head. The only thing that came to mind was the show-off sex.

"Yeah. Watching Sae-san lose herself in you, it… really hit me."

"Huh?"

Junsuke's head tilted further.

"It's called cuckolding, right? Seeing Sae-san forget me entirely, engrossed in you—it was quite something. Really got me going."

Tarou Sei, it seemed, had awakened a new fetish.

"Uh… okay…"

Stunned, Junsuke watched as Tarou, hand on chin, made a proposal.

"So, I was thinking, when it's time to part with my current partner, maybe she could show me her with someone new. Two birds, one stone, right?"

"Are you kidding me!?"

Junsuke couldn't help but drop his polite speech and retort. *No way!*

○

In any case, the issue was resolved.

Through her conversation with her ex-husband, Sae began sorting through the myriad conflicts in her heart.

"…The guilt, the regrets—they've mostly faded. I haven't felt this way in years…"

She stood dazed, murmuring. Then—

"Thank you, Junsuke-san, truly. From now on, I can live not for atonement, but for you, Kaoru, and myself. That's how I feel."

Time passed. Midterms ended, and late October arrived.

It was time for the holiday trip Kaoru had mentioned—to introduce Junsuke to his parents and enjoy an off-season vacation at the villa.

"As expected of Kouki-senpai's parents. Truly honorable people…"

"Y-Yeah… glad you liked them."

Junsuke's parents were overwhelmed by Kaoru, the student council president and refined young lady from a good family, and the talk of marriage. Still, the conversation went smoothly.

And most importantly—

"They even gave permission for Kouki-senpai to stay at our villa during the holiday," Kaoru said with a sultry smile, unbefitting her seventeen years.

Junsuke swallowed hard. Sae, Kaoru, and him. At that villa. The place where it all began.

"… … …"

After turning from the road into the woods, the villa stood there, unchanged, matching the spare key Junsuke had kept for five years.

He inserted and turned it, the first time in five years.

"Mother! We're back!"

"Oh, you two. I've finished cleaning."

Sae, wearing an apron, greeted them with the windows open for ventilation.

"Shall we have dinner? Kaoru, help set the table?"

Dishes Sae and Kaoru had pre-prepared for the trip were warmed and arranged on the table.

"…It's the opposite of last time, isn't it?"

"Oh… hehe, you're right. Back then, Junsuke-san cooked for us."

"Wha…!? M-Mother, you've eaten Kouki-senpai's cooking!?"

Kaoru was shocked mid-meal, but—

"Thanks for the meal…"

After dinner, the windows and curtains were closed. Though it was evening, it was still slightly bright outside.

Sae's gaze grew moist around then.

"Junsuke-san… I don't know how to thank you."

She gently took his left hand.

"That's not—"

Before he could deny it, Kaoru took his right hand.

"No, it is. You lifted Mother's pain and showed me the truth, Kouki-senpai."

"Kaoru…"

She glanced at her mother with a mischievous smile.

"Well, there was a bit of mischief, but since it all worked out, I'll let it slide."

Junsuke and Sae could only bow their heads in gratitude. This relationship existed because of Kaoru's love and generosity.

"Mother, what about bathing?"

"Uh, well… we'll probably need to bathe again before bed, so maybe later."

The villa had two bedrooms, each with two beds, designed for families.

"Then let's start thanking Kouki-senpai for bringing us mother and daughter closer in the truest sense."

Junsuke's hands were pulled by the eager pair.

"Come, Junsuke-san…"

"Let's go, Kouki-senpai…"

But this stay would use only one bedroom.

Haa, haa. The lustful breaths of females.

Junsuke let himself be led to the bedroom—the same one where, five years ago, he and Sae became beasts.

"Go easy on me, you two."

His words belied his arousal, evident through the hard fabric of his pants.

The bedroom door closed. His clothes were stripped by their hands.

"Now, lie down there."

Junsuke, in his underwear, lay in the bed's center, looking up at the mother and daughter standing at his sides.

They began undressing, sensually stripping—rubbing their breasts as they shed tops, flaunting their hips as skirts fell. A provocative strip show, planned meticulously by the pair.

"Ah… Haa…"

"Ufu… Nn…"

Blushing, they shed their clothes down to their underwear. Kaoru straddled his right leg, Sae his left, climbing onto the bed.

"Sae-san… Kaoru…"

Without a word, like devoted slaves, they reached for his waistband, pulling down his boxers.

His freed member sprang up like an unleashed beast.

"Haa…!"

"Ah, incredible…"

The throbbing, veined tower was the most impressive they'd seen in their shared encounters.

Their heavy breasts pressed against his legs as they leaned in, tongues extended, entranced.

"Ku, uah!"

Slurp. Two tongues licked from base to tip, nearly pushing him to release from that alone.

They kissed his shaft, lips and tongues alternating, swarming his groin.

"Nbu… Hachu, nmo, juru…"

"Kabo, mogo, juu, nbero…"

Sae swallowed the shaft while Kaoru teased his balls; Kaoru licked the tip while Sae worked the base.

"U-Uaah, that's too much, you two!"

Their eyes locked with his, their synchronized dual oral driving his pleasure to new heights.

Like a pack of felines devouring prey, they licked and sucked, eroding his endurance.

"Ku, damn, I can't hold it… I'm gonna come!"

Sae, possessed, sucked harder, while Kaoru's seductive gaze urged him on.

"Fuu, nn, oh, ngubuchu, hobu, nguchu!"

"Come, Kouki-senpai! Shower us with your hot, white semen!"

Their eyes burned with lust, hands stirring their own groins.

The widow stretched her face lewdly to keep the prized rod.

The lover extended her tongue vulgarly to lap it up.

"Ku…!"

Zuryun! The shaft slipped from Sae's cheek, swaying as it sprayed white torrents.

"Aah, hot!♡ Haa, drink, let me drink!♡"

"Kouki-senpai's sperm, semen!♡ Nnpu, bathing in it, coming!"

Their beautiful faces, stained white, twisted in pleasure. Casting aside dignity, they rubbed their cheeks against the pulsing flesh, trembling.

"Ku, ugh..."

After one ejaculation, Junsuke's mind cleared, while Sae and Kaoru quivered in climax.

(My turn now.)

He smirked.

"Noh, hii!♡ J-Junsuke-san, I can't take it… Nnho!"

"Ahn, kuh!♡ M-Kouki-senpai, even my legs can't handle this!"

Minutes later, at Junsuke's command, they stood on either side of him, hands behind heads, exposing armpits and breasts, legs spread.

Guchu, zuchu, kuchuguryu!

"Ah! Ah! Nn! M-My labia... stroked! S-So intense!?"

But that wasn't all. Junsuke's hands reached their groins.

"N, hii! Oh, guu!♡ M-My ass… suddenly!?"

They weren't allowed to collapse. Why?

"Hold on, both of you. The one who stands longest gets my cock first."

Their trembling knees bowed outward, their lewd, clumsy dance fueled by desperate efforts to stay upright.

"P-Please, Kouki-senpai! My pussy's aching since sucking you!♡"

"Tch, that's unfair, Kaoru! I want it too!♡ My pussy's at its limit!♡"

"S-Sorry, Mother, but I can't lose a challenge!♡ Forgive me!"

"No fighting, you two."

Junsuke sighed (despite orchestrating the competition), then—*Dchunn*!—his fingers pierced all four holes, petals and chrysanthemums.

"「……♡」"

Their jaws snapped back, and both collapsed onto the sheets, their primed flesh melting.

"Aha, a-ah… My pussy's gone stupid…♡"

"Oh, hii!♡ Oh, hoh, cruel, Junsuke-san!♡"

Trembling, they came repeatedly, leaking juices. Junsuke tilted his head, eyeing the dripping slits.

"Hmm... a tie, maybe?"

Two plump mounds of flesh lay stacked on the bed.

Sae lay atop Kaoru, face-to-face, their breasts and still-dripping slits touching.

"Ugh, I set this up, but what a sight."

"J-Junsuke-san..."

"Kouki-senpai..."

Like giant peaches stacked together. The mother and daughter glanced nervously at Junsuke, nodding on their rear side.

"It's a tie, so we'll do you both together. Keep your pussies pressed tight."

Sae's hips quivered, relaxing with a *kuchuri* as their slits merged.

"Nku, aau! Mother!"

"Nou, Hana..."

Their slits formed a single line, their breasts crushed together, amplifying their pleasure.

Junsuke gazed approvingly, then drove his rigid tip into the fused double flower.

"Nfuu... Nn!"

A heated moan from one or both.

Zuniuuu!

The burning mass advanced, blooming the flower.

"Uuunf!""Nkuu, m-my clit!"

They screamed, feeling the shaft rub their abdomens.

Kaoru, looking down at the glans peeking from their joined slits, gasped. The pseudo-threesome revealed insertion depths usually unseen.

"Haa... Really, no wonder our wombs get crushed."

Sae, too, stared at the rod's tip protruding from their union.

But their composure ended there.

"Here we go."

With his declaration, the pistoning began. Their jaws snapped back.

"Igii!? Higu, t-the stimulation!?"

"Nhi!? Noh, hoh!?"

The sudden, intense shock persisted.

Two women's genitals pressed together, a man's rod thrusting between. A rare position, it constantly rubbed their clits, the pressure amplified by their bodies' closeness.

"Ah! Aah!♡ T-The rubbing!?"

Compared to penetration, this clit-focused stimulation was even stronger.

"Nao, nn!♡ L-Let me rest… Higi!♡"

Sae tried to lift her hips, but Junsuke's hands pinned her, increasing the pressure on the shaft.

Zuchu, juchu, chubu!

"Un, aha!♡ Our… Kouki-senpai's cock! The sounds…!"

Their petals, spread like lips, drooled and clung to the shaft.

Sae's upper hips, pinned and distorted, quivered, her anus pulsing like it was breathing.

"Such poor control..."

Guchii! Junsuke's thumb twisted into her anus.

"Nohhh!? H-Higu, my ass!♡"

The sudden pressure sent Sae over the edge, her expression collapsing, eyes unfocused.

"Nn, ah...! M-Mother..."

Kaoru, staring at her mother's face up close, gasped in shock.

"Hii, guu!♡ D-Don't look, Kaoru! My ass-orgasm face… Nohhh!♡"

The thrusting and anal torment continued, forcing another climax without reprieve.

(Ah, Mother...! Such a shameless face. The female face she never showed living with me...)

In seventeen years, Kaoru had never seen her revered mother's dignity and reason so thoroughly stripped away.

Her heart raced. Then—

"Let's come together, Kaoru...!"

Junsuke's index finger plunged deep into her newly developed anus.

"Ik…!♡ Hiii!?"

Bushu! Hot fluids soaked the shaft.

Kaoru's eyes rolled, lids fluttering under pleasure's electric shocks, screaming.

(Ah, Kaoru... So lewd and cute... Her real climax face.)

In her lust-clouded mind, Sae gazed fondly at her daughter's depravity and kissed her lips.

"Nn… Chu… Let's come together… Hii, come…!♡"

Even as they climaxed together, Junsuke's hips kept moving, his own limit nearing.

"I'm coming, both of you!"

Matching the weight of their double hips, he slammed in a final thrust. *Paan*! Their four cheeks clapped.

Dogu! Dobiu! Zubyuru!

The shaft, clamped between their abdomens, sprayed white torrents.

"Ahaa! Hot!♡ So hot! Kouki-senpai's semen!""Noh, incredible!♡ The cock's jumping!♡ Semen, hii, oh, flying to my face…!♡"

Dobiu! Dogu, doku...

The teenage ejaculate shot through their cleavage, reaching their faces.

"Aha, such strong ejaculation..."

"Oh… Noh…♡"

Bururu... The twin bodies quivered, their lustful flesh, stained white from abdomen to face, basking in climax's afterglow.

○

From that night, the villa became a crucible of debauchery. Locked doors, drawn curtains, and poor ventilation trapped the lascivious air. Three writhing bodies sought each other endlessly.

"Haa... Haa... Gu, Sae-san, that's intense..."

Naked, Junsuke braced against a desk, hips thrust back. Sae buried her face in his rear, ecstatically licking his balls, perineum, and anus.

"Nbu, bujuru!♡ Haa, Junsuke-san, your ass… Njuu…!♡"

That wasn't all. His rigid, downward cock was enveloped by Kaoru, seated beneath, her breasts cradling it.

"Ei, ei…! I'll crush your cock with my breasts, Kouki-senpai!♡"

"Guahh, Kaoru, that's too much...!"

Both Sae and Kaoru, beaming with fulfillment, tormented their beloved man, reveling in serving him.

"Come on, come quick, Kouki-senpai…!♡ Then, pound my anus and pussy, make this cheeky girl cry!♡"

Her breasts, slick with precum, danced, deliberately making wet sounds.

"Juzu, habu!♡ Yes, I'll join you, Kaoru…♡ Then, you two can ravage me next."

Sae spoke of broken ethics with maternal love, unchallenged in this space.

"Kouki-senpai… Come!♡ Shoot your semen!♡"

Slurp. Kaoru licked his abs above her.

Dogu, byuru…! Byuku, dokun.

Her breasts triggered a white flood within her cleavage.

"Aha, it's trembling! Kouki-senpai's going wild in my breasts!"

"Gu… Ah, ngu!"

Semen and sweat mingled, bridging her cleavage.

"Hehe. So much…♡"

She gazed at the lascivious scene with a maternal smile.

Reason faded. Lover, mother—relationships blurred into male and female, a space of pure instinct.

"Hii! Uahii!♡ Senpai! Kouki-senpai! Mother! Too strong!♡ Too intense! I'm coming, my womb's coming again!♡ Igu, iguhii!♡"

Kaoru wept, mouth agape, relentlessly ravaged.

Her hips, gripped and moved forcefully, bore a condom, filled with semen, dangling from her anus like a plug.

In face-to-face sitting, Junsuke pounded her cervix, her black ponytail swaying.

"Ufufu, come, Kaoru. Let's make your breasts even more sensitive…♡ Let's make you come from your nipples."

Sae, embracing Kaoru from behind, toyed with her daughter's breasts, whispering lewd techniques.

"Uahi!? M-My nipples! Pinching them like that…!? It hurts, Mother!♡"

No one here took her words literally—her voice dripped with pleasure.

"Kaoru, you're too loud."

"Nnmu!♡"

Junsuke silenced his near-mad lover's mouth, then—*Gochun! Dchunn! Goryu!*

"Nmuu—! Nbuu! Funguu, nn—!♡"

The brutal thrusts drove her to madness, her eyes losing reason's light.

(It's crushing me! My womb!♡ Kouki-senpai's cock's breaking my pussy! I'll die!♡ His tongue… I'll die from coming too much!♡)

"Feels good, right, Kaoru? Your heart's racing, knees trembling… So lovely…"

Sae pressed her soft breasts against Kaoru's back, syncing their heartbeats, watching as Junsuke delivered a final, deep thrust, grinding her hips in circles.

"Nn—!!"

Bigun! Kaoru's body convulsed, a powerful squirt erupting. As she went limp, Junsuke pulled out, grabbed her head, and thrust into her mouth.

"Hii… Nohmu!?♡"

Standing, he pistoned into her throat for a final sprint.

"I'm coming, Kaoru!"

(Ohhh, cock! Only Kouki-senpai's cock in my head!♡ Choke me!♡ With your cock, your semen! Pierce my throat! Drown me!♡)

A meat puppet, yet this was her desire. Her brain burned with pleasure.

As wished, a torrent of semen flooded her throat.

Dobaaa! Dogu, byururu!

"Aho!♡ Nbuu—! Nguuu!♡"

Near-unconscious, her throat gulped down the semen, her groin squirting with each swallow, signaling her climax.

"Ku... Sucked dry..."

Grimacing, Junsuke withdrew.

"A—!♡ Aha, nn, ahyu…♡"

Kaoru, eyes vacant, tongue lolling, collapsed.

"Kaoru..."

Her lover and mother, finding her too adorable, kissed her cheeks from both sides.

Awakening, Kaoru began her retaliation on Sae.

"Nohoo!♡ Nn!♡ My ass! Anus! Don't be so rough!♡"

"Sorry? Your anus is gripping so tightly!"

"Nn, hii! H-Hana, Hanaoo!♡"

While Sae rode Junsuke, Kaoru's fingers suddenly invaded her anus.

Her kendo-honed fingers, nails neatly trimmed, posed no risk. She alternated and stacked fingers, delighting in her mother's anus.

"N-No! I'll lose it!♡ I can't keep a proper face or voice for my daughter!"

Sae, who'd already climaxed shamelessly before Kaoru, clung to a final boundary.

But the future couple exchanged a glance, and—Dchudchu! Guryuzuburyu!

"Nnohhh!♡ Nn!"

Their synchronized assault intensified.

"Gu! Igu!♡ Coming with one stroke! Nboh!♡ Egu, iuhigi!♡ Nohaa!"

Her moans turned beastly.

"How's that, Sae-san...!"

"Hahe, hiee!♡ Nn, igu, noh!♡ My ass and pussy coming!♡ Twice at once! Nohoo!♡"

Sae, lost in ecstasy, her breasts bouncing erratically, came repeatedly.

"Ah, Mother's breasts…♡"

Drawn in, Kaoru continued anal torment with her left hand while caressing and sucking Sae's breast with her right.

(No, no…! Fucked by my beloved man while my daughter sucks my breast…! It's driving me crazy!♡)

Sae, torn between lust and maternal love, felt her brain melt in blissful chaos.

As a woman and mother, the twisted fulfillment consumed her.

"Nn, noh, ha, hara!"

Her desires as woman and mother spilled out.

"Sae-san—?"

"Impregnate me!♡ Junsuke-san, nnoha!♡ Your child! Make Sae pregnant…!♡"

"Mother...!"

Kaoru, sucking her nipple, looked up. Sae's eyes regained clarity.

"Ha... A-Ah!? I'm sorry, Kaoru!"

Writhing, she apologized. That desire, voiced before Tarou, was her truth. But Junsuke had Kaoru. She meant to keep it secret.

"Forgive, nnoha!♡ Forgive me, Kaoru, I didn't mean to say—! Nn!?"

Kaoru's lips silenced her apology.

"U… Muu!? Nnchu, nmuchu…"

Sae's confused eyes met Kaoru's gentle gaze, embracing her mother.

(Mother… It's okay. We love the same man. It's natural.)

As Junsuke's lover, unable to bear his child until graduation, Kaoru felt jealousy but accepted her mother's feelings.

(Kaoru… Kaoru…!)

Sae's eyes conveyed guilt and gratitude.

But Kaoru's eyes smiled slyly. Pulling away, she whispered in Sae's ear.

"Then, for Mother's baby-making… let's go wild with pleasure.♡"

With a loving, jealous executioner's smile, Kaoru spoke. Junsuke grinned, in sync.

"Kaoru…!? Junsuke-sa—Nnohh!♡"

Her words were cut by a powerful thrust and Kaoru's resumed breast and anal assault, her teeth nibbling Sae's nipple.

"Nohoo!♡ Nn!♡ Coming from my daughter playing with my nipple and anus!♡ Nn, noh!♡"

Her fleeting clarity shattered.

"Here we go, Sae-sa… No, Sae! Coming inside!"

"Yesss!♡ Ha, hara! Impregnate me!♡ At this age, shamelessly by my daughter's lover! Nohoo!♡"

Sae roared, half-pleading, nodding.

Doboh! Dogu, dogubyuru!

A flood of semen exploded in her deepest core.

"Ka, hi…!? Nnhaoo! Coming! Nohoa, pouring out!♡ Hii, noha!?"

Her climaxing face snapped back with another thrust.

"Nn!♡ Ohh!♡ Coming while being fucked!♡ No, stop! My pussy's soaked in semen!♡ All filled! I'm getting pregnant!♡ Nnha, coming!♡"

The prolonged ejaculation carried her consciousness away. She collapsed onto Junsuke's chest.

"Nn, ah…♡"

Kaoru, legs splayed shamelessly, watched her mother—dripping semen, anus agape, trembling in climax—with an envious sigh.

"Ah… Mother. Such a disgraceful state… But so beautiful, filled with Kouki-senpai's seed…"



The carnal feast continued endlessly.

No more words of love were whispered; that stage had passed. They sought only raw, vulgar, pure connection.

"Ahh, aha!♡" Kaoru was taken on the sofa.

"Oh, nn!♡ Inside…!" Sae was filled in the bathroom before relieving herself.

"Hii, coming!♡" Kaoru was pierced against the fridge.

"Nnfu…♡ Nguu…" Beside Kaoru, convulsing with crushed breasts on the desk, Sae sucked the rod fresh from her daughter.

Meals, showers, naps—otherwise, they were always connected.

Now, on the bed, the three lay. Sleep schedules were chaotic, but Junsuke sensed night had fallen again.

(Still not soft...)

He'd lost count of his ejaculations. For his age, his stamina was astonishing.

(Did Sae-san spike the food with something?)

"Aha… Nfu, aha!♡"

"Nn!♡ Nno, ohh!♡"

Before him, two massive hips, trembling on quaking knees, dripped white from both holes.

"Aha… They said we'd take pills later, but this… I'm getting pregnant…♡"

"Haa…!♡ Nno, my anus, pussy, so full…♡"

Despite ravaging them, Junsuke's groin still stood tall, eyeing their leaking peaches.

(No… They're just too erotic.)

Blaming the mother and daughter, he approached again. Their hips twitched, open vaginas beckoning his glans.

Instinctive. The female urge to engulf his heat.

"Goddamn… such a lewd mother-daughter pair."

With a wry smile, he slapped both hips.

"Ahi!♡"

"Ohigi!♡"

Their joyful screams raised their hips, shame long gone.

"Me!♡ Fuck me, Kouki-senpai! My pussy and anus can still grip tight!♡"

"Please…!♡ Junsuke-san, my pussy or ass, either one! Fill me with semen!♡"

Their insatiable lust matched his, each fueling the others' desires endlessly.

"As you wish—this is the last for today. Go wild, both of you!"

Junsuke buried himself in their molten holes, slick with fluids.

"Nhaa!♡"

"It's here, cock's here!♡"

He couldn't tell whose hole or whose cries. Everything blurred as he filled Sae and Kaoru's holes—front, back, mouth—without distinction.

"Nnn!♡ Haa, ohh!♡ Happy… So happy…!♡"

Sae's holes welcomed him, quenching a decade's thirst, gushing anew with each thrust.

"Uhaa!♡ Raw sex!♡ No good, I'm addicted! I'm the student council president, but I can't go back to condoms!♡"

Kaoru, set on taking pills later, was hooked on raw sex. Her self-critical face was undeniably drenched in pleasure.

"Ngi!♡ Ohh!♡ Incredible! Pounding my womb!♡"

Sae, hips raised, legs held, squirted under vertical thrusts, bathing herself.

"Aaa!♡ Haa, nnu, hiu!♡ My anus… so deep, hitting my brain… I love it…!♡"

Kaoru's anus, now a pleasure zone, greedily swallowed him to her sigmoid colon, striking her womb from behind, sending her consciousness soaring.

Vagina, anus, mouth, breasts, armpits—Junsuke savored their myriad pleasure points, nearing his limit.

"Haa… Ku, soon…!"

The women sensed it from his thrusts.

"Come, Kouki-senpai! In my pussy, mouth, ass, anywhere!♡"

"Oh!♡ Womb!♡ Dye my womb! Flood it with semen!♡"

Screaming, they spread their slits.

Dchunn! Whose vagina was it? Junsuke unleashed his fury.

Dobiu! Dogu, dogu… Byuru!

"Ahaa!♡ It's pulsing! Kouki-senpai's semen!♡ Coming, hii, coming again!♡"

Dogu, dogu! Zubyuru!

"Ohii!♡ Ohh!♡ Coming, my pussy's coming!♡ Drinking Junsuke-san's semen, coming!♡ Nn, hips trembling… Ohh!♡"

Two exquisite female bodies, at their peak, squirted powerfully and collapsed.

Junsuke, confirming their dual cries of climax, staggered and fell, sinking into their soft, elastic flesh, drifting into sleep.

(Did I pull it off…? I'm done for…)

He vowed to hold these perfect women forever as he succumbed to slumber.

Epilogue: Love and Ravish Abundantly

A year and a half passed.

Junsuke, as planned, started his job, and he and Kaoru married upon her graduation. At his insistence, he entered her family as an adopted son-in-law. The reason was obvious.

Sae, despite aging, never lost her beauty—her allure only deepened, enchanting the shopping district.

Kaoru, now a freshman at Tozue City's national university, was already rumored as the "married college student."

And now, a significant change had come to them.

"Finally in the stable phase, it's sinking in. Your child is inside me."

"Yes. It's been since Kaoru… I'm remembering how it felt."

In the Sei family's living room, the mother, daughter, and son-in-law chatted.

Sae and Kaoru's abdomens were gently swollen—pregnant. The father, needless to say, was the same for both.

"Not like we planned it, but the timing lined up perfectly…"

"Indeed. Perhaps my body wanted to sync with Kaoru."

"Truly, Mother, even in pregnancy, you consider me!"

Kaoru's face lit up with genuine emotion, and Sae gazed at her with maternal love.

(My children, inside both mother and daughter…)

Junsuke felt a strange awe.

Officially, Sae's pregnancy was attributed to sperm donation.

"Seeing my daughter and son-in-law so happy, I thought, why not have another in my thirties…"

She said this casually to close acquaintances. Naturally, Junsuke intended to raise the child as his own.

"Ah…"

"Nn…"

His hands were now stroking their swollen bellies.

"Grow strong, okay? I'll help too."

He spoke to his unborn children. The mother and daughter exchanged glances, smiling seductively.

"Junsuke-san?"

"Hey, darling?"

Junsuke looked up, startled by the heat in their gazes.

"No way."

"I told you, we're finally stable."

"It's fine if we're gentle…"

Their pregnancy hadn't dulled their desire. Junsuke had assisted with self-pleasure, but now their patience had run dry.

"…Gulp."

He swallowed hard. Their swollen breasts and rounded bellies exuded a new allure.

In the bedroom, Sae slipped off her maternity dress with a *shururi*.

"We should introduce the baby to its father early."

Kaoru dropped her clothes to the floor, sensually rubbing her belly, rivaling her ample breasts.

"Hehe, right, Kaoru. They need to know how much this man torments us."

The mother and daughter, shedding their panties, exposed slits unused for months, already dripping onto the floor.

And more—their breasts, seemingly larger, glistened with leaking milk.

"Your breasts…"

"Hehe, maybe because it's been a while since you loved us. My body's thrilled."

"Want a taste before the baby, Junsuke-san?"

Their heavy breasts, lifted, shimmered with milk.

(Farewell, my groin's rest period.)

Junsuke sighed heavenward, then steeled himself. Their bodies, undeniably, reignited his desire.

(Pregnant bellies are a vibe too. My fetish…)

Their swollen figures altered their perfect forms, yet Junsuke was unfazed.

His fetish, which plagued him until meeting Kaoru, wasn't about "perfectly styled women" but Sae as the standard.

(I'm so glad I met these two.)

If it had to be them, and only them—

"I'll never let you two go. No matter how old we get, I'll hold you until you say no."

His sudden, bold declaration was met with lascivious smiles.

Flushed cheeks, heated eyes, glistening tongues, and dripping slits answered their master.

"Yes. Make us shameless females with your cock—"

Kaoru, seated on the bed, spread her thick thighs, revealing her secret place.

"This hopeless lewd mother-daughter pair—with our mouths, breasts, pussies, or asses—"

Sae flaunted her lascivious body with each word.

And together, they spoke to the man they offered their exquisite flesh to:

"“Love us, ravish us, make us cry, darling!♡”"


たっぷりと
愛して犯して
泣かせてください
ア・ナ・タ♡