

Anyone You Can Do...I Can Do Better!

Chapter 4: The Battle of the Busts

(formerly titled The Contest)

Yusuke didn't dare even think of returning to the Toyohara home until an entire day had passed. It was a little hard for the black-haired man to believe everything that had happened in just four days. First, he'd been dumped by his girlfriend after he lost control of his impulses, only to be introduced to Reina within the hour and agree to tutor her—of course, he knew now that she'd had her own ulterior motive. The day after that, he went to the Toyohara home as requested and learned that she basically didn't *need* a tutor, but *did* need Yusuke himself. The day after *that*, her mother Mitsuki seduced him and became the first woman he ever made love to. That just complicated things when *Reina* all but seduced him, too, triggering a feud between the two women.

Yusuke was still conflicted over everything that had happened over those two days—now, he had just about everything that he thought he'd ever wanted, and didn't know if he wanted it anymore considering what had come of it. As far as he knew, Reina and Mitsuki were still fighting over who had the right to have sex with him. Even that troubled state of mind couldn't stop his mind from conjuring up images of Mitsuki and Reina, both of them naked, of course.

He'd mostly stayed in his apartment in the few days since then—the university had a long weekend and he was between jobs at the moment, so it wasn't like there was anywhere he needed to be—to avoid bumping into either of his lovers on the street. Who knew what would happen if he did? Though he couldn't help wondering why, so far, *they* hadn't tried to contact *him*. He'd given his phone number to Reina the day they met, so there was nothing stopping them. Presently, he was sitting in his apartment, contemplating what to do, but thoughts of the two buxom women kept distracting him.

Just then, his phone began ringing. He was so startled by it that he fell out of his chair and tumbled to the floor. He sat up, wincing as he rubbed where his head had hit the floor. Once he recovered a second or two later, he fixed his hazel eyes on the phone. He didn't have caller ID, so he just stared at it, almost too afraid to answer. It could be Reina, or Mitsuki, or it could be both of them, or *neither* of them—he got calls from telemarketers daily. Hell, it could even be his parents calling to patch up their relationship with him.

The phone stopped ringing, and Yusuke let out a sigh of relief. Then, there was a dial tone and he held his breath again; whoever it was, they were leaving a message. After just a second, he heard his own voice on the answering machine say, “Hello. It's Yusuke. I'm not here right now, so please leave a message after the beep and I'll get back to you as soon as possible.” *Beeeeep!*

There was silence for a moment. For a second, he wondered if it was just a prank call. He *hoped* it was a prank call.

Then, he heard the sound of breathing, and the familiar voice of Reina came over the phone, “Yusuke? It's Reina.” Even through the answering machine, she sounded sexy. “Look, Mom and I are sorry about what happened the other day. We want ta make things righ'. Could you come by sometime soon? Like today? Hope ta see you soon.” For a second, it sounded like her message had ended, then he heard her whisper, “And I love you!” He heard the sound of a commotion and Mitsuki's husky voice, “I love you more, Yusuke!” “Mom, shut up!” “Don't y'all tell me to—” *Beeeeep!*

Yusuke gulped. They *were* still fighting over him, even without seeing him for almost four days and even over just a little token of endearment like an ‘I love you.’ Was it wise to go back to such a volatile place? They were obviously still at each other’s throats over who wanted him more. He could see the two of them still fighting over the phone in his mind’s eye, even if they hadn’t realized it had been cut off. He could see Mitsuki’s long hair whipping around as she and Reina struggled, their matching amber eyes glaring. He imagined Reina pulling at her mother’s light brown mane in the struggle, while Mitsuki did the same to her daughter’s auburn bob cut. The imaginary struggle grew more and more violent, both of them getting scuffed up with Mitsuki receiving a black eye and Reina getting a bloody lip in it all. Mitsuki pinned Reina to the wall, restraining her wrists with her hands, and he saw both of them seething with hatred as they looked into their rival’s eyes. Then, he imagined Mitsuki lunging in to lock lips with the lovely lady before her in an impassioned, incestuous embrace; Reina’s eyes initially widened with horror, but then she moaned as she kissed her mother back and they wrapped their arms around each other, running their fingers through each other’s hair and rubbing each other’s backs and shoulders.

Yusuke brought himself back to reality, pounding on his own head with both hands. “Argh, what are you *doing*, thinking about that?! This is serious!” he scolded himself aloud. The image of Mitsuki and Reina doing what he doubted they would ever do cleared from his mind. Pulling his mind out of the gutter, Yusuke laid down on his futon.¹ Gazing at the ceiling, he wondered just what in the blue hell he was going to do about all this.

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DING-dong-bing-BONG! Yusuke rang the doorbell to the Toyohara home; it had taken him a while to come to a decision, but in the end, his urges got the best of him: how could he resist *two* buxom beauties who *both* wanted him?!? He pulled his coat around himself a bit tighter; it was colder than it had been lately today, enough that a tiny bit of snow was falling. Under his jacket, he wore an olive green T-shirt and khaki pants. He hadn’t bothered bringing his bookbag with him this time—there was no pretense of tutoring Reina to try and get into her or Mitsuki’s pants today.

No one answered door. Were they not home? After just a second, he saw that that couldn’t be—Mitsuki’s Mercedes-Benz was still parked where he’d always seen it, and he’d called to let them know that he was coming over. He’d heard them curse at each other over the phone again, so things were still a bit heated between them. Yusuke rang the doorbell again, and this time he heard Mitsuki’s voice call from inside, “Come in!”

Yusuke took a deep breath. He knew they wouldn’t be happy to learn that he hadn’t made a decision, as if either of them would be if he didn’t choose her. He warily opened the door and walked in, “Hello?” he said, looking around and he shut the door behind him, and was vaguely aware of some enticing scents in the air. His eyes locked on a junction between the main foyer and a hallway near the back of the house; he could almost sense that that was where he needed to be looking. As soon as the door shut, the two Toyohara women walked into view, Reina from the left and Mitsuki from the right. His eyes widened a bit at each of them. Both were dressed far differently than he’d ever seen them before, but both were just as beautiful as always.

In contrast to the turtlenecks and longer skirts he’d seen her in before, Mitsuki was wearing a dress like she was about to go to an exclusive nightclub. It was form-fitting, strapless, and showed so much cleavage that she might’ve only been able to show *more* if she

¹ *futon*: traditional Japanese bedding, consisting of a padded mattress and duvet that can easily be folded up for storage

were topless; the hem was so far down her chest that it seemed like her JJ-cups could spill out at a moment's notice. The black fabric, almost shining under the ceiling lights, was just thin enough that, aside from obviously being braless, Yusuke could tell that she didn't have any other kind of underwear on, either. Though provocative, the dress covered everything, but even so it seemed a bit too small, just slightly stretching around her luscious hips and her MILF pudge, looking like it might tear if went under too much casual stress. Further down, he could see that most of her legs were covered, but only in the strictest definition of 'covered'—she was wearing fishnet stockings that complemented her dress.

Reina, on the other hand, was dressed more modestly in contrast to the skimpy outfits she'd worn around him both times he come here before. She was wearing a yellow off-shoulder sweater with elbow-length sleeves that showed off only the very top of her own cleavage, and a dark green denim miniskirt. While she was showing less skin than her mother, her top still stretched tightly around her GG-cup melons, and Yusuke's expert eye for reading women's chests could see that she didn't have a bra on, either.

“Welcome back!” the two Toyohara women said in unison, beaming at him.

Yusuke was dumbstruck, “Wha...? What the—what? Wh-what happened?”

“Well, Reina and I yelled at each other so much the other day that we both lost our voices for a while,” Mitsuki explained; Reina interjected, “Twice!” and held up two fingers for emphasis. Mitsuki gave her daughter a simpering look, then continued, “Not being able to talk for a while gave us time to think, and just yesterday we calmed down enough and talked it over.” Neither of them mentioned what else had happened the day before; they didn't want him to worry about what Mitsuki's state of mind after she'd gotten so furious with Reina the last time he was here. “We decided that fightin' over you wasn't the best way for *either* of us to win you over.” She spoke with her acquired Kyūshū accent rather than that of her native Nagoya, and her voice had a husky quality to it.

Reina chimed in, “Mama's righ'. I mean, just look at what happened! We made you pass out for *hours* and then scared you off, *and* we lost our voices!” then she coughed a little, “It still hurts,” and she felt at her throat. She regained her composure after a second and walked up to Yusuke, smiling. “So why don't we take it slow today?” She gave him a sultry look as she put her arm around his shoulder, drawing a circle over his heart with her other hand, and suggested, “How 'bout a nice cold drink? I've got a bunch of saké² and beer and—”

Yusuke started a bit as, without warning, Mitsuki pressed herself against him from the other side; he was so focused on Reina that he hadn't noticed her. With a lustful expression on her face, she interrupted with a counter-offer, “Or would you like somethin' a bit more personal? Say, *my milk?*” and her hand casually went into her dress to pull out her right breast, pointing it up at him; the loss of support from one made the other side slip down, showing off both of her boobs. Yusuke blushed at the sight of her endowment and the light brown areolas that tipped each tit. Dipping back into her hometown's dialect, she rasped, “I know how much ya like my boobs, Yusuke. I have some here for ya, if'n ya want it.” She gave an aside glance to her daughter, “Can y'all say the same, *little girl?*” Yusuke scarcely heard that last part—he was staring intently at Mitsuki's nipple. She was stroking it with two of her fingers and his eyes went wide as he saw a drop of sweet liquid form at the very tip of her tit. He began drooling a bit at the prospect of tasting Mitsuki's milk.

Reina, meanwhile, was giving Mitsuki a harsh expression. She looked back at Yusuke, turning his head to force his gaze away from her mother, and inquired, “Are you hungry,

² saké: Japanese rice wine, though made by brewing like beer rather than fermenting like wine

Yusuke? I can make you a nice—” Mitsuki cut her off again, imitating Reina and turning him towards her, “No, let *me* treat ya to dinner, Yusuke. I’ve spent *years* perfectin’ my favorite recipes n’ I’d *love* to share them with ya.”

“Uh, yeah. Sure, I guess,” Yusuke muttered, his eyes darting between them. He was still a little stunned by all this. Their outfits weren’t helping—in their own ways, they made the two of them even more attractive than they already were. Mitsuki, of course, was going for pure sex appeal, flaunting her cleavage and offering herself up to him. Reina, on the other hand, was dressed in a more dignified way while still appealing to Yusuke’s base desires, meaning to sell herself as a lifelong partner who would stay with him even after their sex drive wore down.

Reina growled at Mitsuki; she *refused* to let her mother win! In just a few quick moves, she took hold of Yusuke’s shoulders, stepped away—pulling him out of Mitsuki’s grasp as she did—and pushed his face into her clothed cleavage. Grinning, she cheerfully asked, “Do my breasts feel good, Yusuke?”

Just as suddenly, Mitsuki grabbed Yusuke to push him into her own bare bosom, “No, mine feel *much* better than Reina’s, right?” Still holding him to her chest, she smirked at Reina, “But y’all already knew that from that *great* tit-fuck I gave ya before, didn’t ya? Not like the one Mosquito Bites here did after *I* got ya goin’.” Yusuke shuddered, feeling the skin of Mitsuki’s bare breasts against his face; her strategy of playing to his lust was working. He smelled a pleasant aroma coming off her, but was too focused on what she was doing to him to try identifying it.

Reina growled again at the insults to both her sexual skill *and* her bust size, and walked over to confront her mother again. She got in her mother’s face, shoving her bust against Yusuke’s head as she barked, “Oh, there you go again with that! He’s *my* boyfriend!” “Quiet, ya brat!” Mitsuki shot back. Beneath the two arguing women and with their tits enclosing his head, Yusuke was ecstatic. Had he died and gone to Heaven?

Mitsuki abruptly raised her hand in a call for peace, “No. No, let’s not do this again.” She stepped away from Yusuke, leaving her rival leaning on him a bit, her hands and humongous hooters on his shoulders. She had more reason to fear getting too fired up than Reina did—she didn’t know if she’d ever be able to forgive herself for nearly strangling her daughter to death on the day their feud had begun.

“You’re righ’, Mama,” Reina agreed as Mitsuki pulled her dress back up over her tits. Each of the women took one of Yusuke’s hands began leading him into the dining room, “Come on, Yusuke.” As they led him around the corner into the dining room, he could still hardly believe that this was happening to him—he’d fantasized about it more than once, but Yusuke never really believed he’d genuinely have two sexy women competing for him like this.

The dining room table came into view right then. “Whoa!” Yusuke exclaimed at the sight before him: every inch of the table was covered with trays, bowls, and plates of delicious-looking food! Homemade tempura, Kobe beef cooked to perfection, bunches of grapes that almost seemed like rubies, sliced melon mixed in a scooped-out rind, and a humble but delicious-looking bowl of *miso* soup were just a few of the dishes that caught his eye. In fact, just about the only luxury food that he *didn’t* see on the table was *fugu*.³

³ *fugu*: a type of pufferfish considered a delicacy in Japan and some other eastern Asian cultures, but very dangerous because of its tetrodotxin content such that three or more years of training are required to prepare it

“Here, Yusuke. Sit down,” Reina said, guiding Yusuke to the middle of three chairs on one side of the table. Mitsuki and Reina each took a seat next to him, on his right and left, respectively. He got a closer look at all the food spread out before him; about half of it was Japanese cuisine, but there were lots of foreign foods as well, from French dishes to gourmet hamburgers. Had the two of them spent all day making this on the chance that he would come over? And *how* had they cooked everything in such a short time with only one oven? Had they purchased restaurant food and disguised it as their own cooking?

“Well, Yusuke? What do you like?” Mitsuki asked affectionately. Yusuke looked to each of the women next to him. He hadn’t noticed before that they were both wearing just the right amount of makeup to make them even sexier while not overdoing it. He looked at Reina first, who was wearing a warm pinkish-orange lipstick and a reddish-purple eye shadow that made her amber irises really stand out. Then he turned to Mitsuki, who had a darker and richer red on her lips and stark red eye shadow that almost made her seem primal and exotic, like a tribal woman from an old pulp magazine, although it contrasted with her very modern clothing. Their fingernails were painted, too, the same rich, golden orange; they must have shared nail polish. With such lovely ladies on either side and all this food laid out before him, he felt like he was at luxurious club with the two most beautiful hostesses in the world serving him.

Then, he smelled it: what they’d used to clean themselves before this contest between them. The smell of their shampoo and scented soap nearly overpowered the delicious smells of the food. The chrysanthemum, he knew, came from Reina; he’d smelled it on her the first time they had sex. Mitsuki’s was different, though—he smelled plum blossoms in her hair, and could imagine himself pulling one of the locks that fell to the top of her chest toward him so that he could take it in. Their scents were so enthralling that he was certain they’d put on perfume as well. It wouldn’t surprise him, given how dedicated they both were to winning him for themselves.

Yusuke was so drawn in by their makeup and the lovely scents coming off them that he hardly noticed that both of the Toyohara women had moved their nearest hand to his lap. They each made to quietly reach for his groin, inching their way to his dick. Instead, their hands touched each other just over Yusuke’s cock, and both women started a little; they hadn’t been expecting that. Reina and Mitsuki locked eyes for a moment, and their expressions rapidly changed from angry to confused to affectionate to embarrassed and then they both pointed their eyes away, retracting their hands.

Finally, Yusuke pointed at a plate of spaghetti with just the right amount of sauce and parmesan cheese on top. “Can’t go wrong with that.”

“Ooh, good choice, Yusuke. That’s one of mine,” Reina said, picking up the plate and a fork. She lowered the fork into the pasta and turned it, latching on to the noodles and sauce, and guided it to Yusuke’s mouth. He opened wide and she put it in, pulling the fork back when he closed his mouth. Yusuke chewed slowly, savoring it; it was good.

“What next, Yusuke?” Reina asked. Yusuke scanned the table again, still chewing, and pointed to some *mentaiko*.⁴ Reina gave a short laugh, her eyes darting over to Mitsuki for a second as she did; apparently, this was something else she had made. She guided the food to his mouth again, this time with chopsticks. “Well? What do you think?” she inquired, her eyes shining with the hope that he would pick her.

“It’s all so good. You really made all this?”

⁴ *mentaiko*: spicy fish eggs, made from the roe of Alaskan pollock

Reina leveled her eyes at him and, both of them ignoring Mitsuki saying that *she'd* made half the food on the table, she said, "Are you tryin' ta make fun of me? For your information, I'm a *great* homemaker!" *I learned from the best, after all*, Reina added in her mind, glancing at Mitsuki again. Reaching for another *mentaiko*, she still had trouble believing that she was competing for Yusuke's affections with her own mother. She fought back her conflicting emotions again and continued, "Here, have another. I was thinkin' of you the whole time I was cookin', so all the food is packed with my love for you."

Mitsuki scoffed, "How corny is that?" They turned to look at her. Reina glared at her contemptuously while Yusuke shifted his attention to a small cake covered in snowy white cream and accented with deep red strawberries, which Mitsuki was holding up to him on a plate. With a cake knife in her other hand, she began cutting a piece and rasped, "So Reina made her food with love? Well I made *mine* with *sex*," she put the piece of cake on another plate, "like this cake here. I baked it with my own milk. It took a lotta work, but I finally got myself lactatin' again. It'll be worth it when ya pick *me*." Indeed, when Yusuke looked down, he could see little wet spots on her dress where they hadn't been before. Maybe the excitement of feeding him with food made so personally was turning her on and made her leak a little? Yusuke was getting harder than before just at the thought of it.

Mitsuki handed him the cake and he dug in, taking a bite but just slightly unsure of what to think of eating cake made with breast milk. If anything, he was expecting something like a sweet birthday cake. Instead, he felt a sense of rapture when it touched his taste buds and he practically moaned with delight. He was scarcely aware of Reina growling at her mother, no doubt feeling cheated. Mitsuki gave her daughter a devilish smirk and went for a bottle of saké.

"Try this, too," she said, opening the bottle and slowly pouring into a finely-made saké cup⁵ as she went back to the local tongue. "I like ta think of myself as a connoisseur. I've tried every brand of saké that I can find and this is one of my favorites." Now Yusuke knew where that rasp in her voice came from. "Not the strongest, but I don't know how *you* like your saké yet." Filling the cup to the brim, she continued, "I'm lookin' forward ta findin' out *everythin'* about you when we become partners. Carnal knowledge just isn't enough for me, so let's start *right now*."

Once Yusuke had drained the cup, she shifted his attention to a bowl of pudding. Reina tried to interrupt, but Mitsuki shoved a hand into her face, going behind Yusuke's head to do so. Yusuke made to pick up a spoon, but Mitsuki stopped him, "No, not like that. Allow me," and she dipped the pointer, index, and ring fingers of her free hand into the cream-colored pudding. She dragged them through until her fingertips were completely covered with the delicious-looking custard. Mitsuki brought her ring finger to her mouth and sucked the pudding off it, moaning sensually as she did. "I can practically taste my milk in it." She fluttered her eyes at him, her wedding ring glinting on her hand again, and asked with a seductive tone, "Would ya like some?" Without waiting for an answer, she brought her other two fingers to Yusuke's lips and, obediently, he opened his mouth to let them in. She was right: along with the flavor from whatever she'd used to make most of the pudding, he detected a sweeter, milky taste that had been in the cake as well which, he instinctively knew, came directly from Mitsuki's chest. Once he was done, she scooped up some more pudding and fed it to him again. She tittered as he sucked on her fingers, "Y'know, y'all're real good with that tongue of yers, Yusuke. I can't wait find out to what else ya can do with it," she said with a suggestive tone, rubbing her knees together as she did.

⁵ originally, seashells were used to serve saké, and artificial saké cups adopted a shallow, saucer-like shape based on this

Reina finally forced her feminine foe's fingers from her face and frowned at her. She reached past Yusuke and took the still-open bottle of saké from Mitsuki's side of the table. Mitsuki's eyes widened as Reina brought the bottle's mouth to hers and tipped it back. "Reina! What're ya doin'!?" she objected, forgetting their competition for a second. She wasn't worried about losing some of this expensive liquor—she was rich enough that she could easily buy all the saké in the world if she liked—but was concerned for Reina herself. Her maternal instincts overrode her carnal desires in that instant.

Reina ignored her as she filled her mouth, swelling her cheeks outward to get as much as she could. Once she was done, she grabbed Yusuke's head and brought him in for a kiss. When their lips touched, she opened her mouth just a bit and pushed the liquor from her mouth to his, slowly relaxing her lips and transitioning from a hard pucker to a loving lip lock. Some of it dribbled down their faces, but neither of them cared. This close, Yusuke could see his reflection in Reina's eyes, and they moaned together as they shared this drink. Just knowing that Reina had done this somehow made it taste even better.

Finally, Reina released him. She swayed around a little in her seat, a small flush appearing in the middle of her face, "There. A b-bit more personal than sum food wi' *old milk* innit, iz'n'it?" she leaned over a bit to glare at her mother with a wicked smirk as she finished. Yusuke raised an eyebrow at her—was she tipsy? After just *one* mouthful of saké that she didn't even actually drink?

Mitsuki scowled at Reina and declared, "Two can play at that game!" She got a piece of fried fish with the nearest pair of chopsticks and brought it up to her own mouth, chewing it a bit before pulling Yusuke in to make out with her, instead, passing the food along with her tongue. Reina sneered back and grabbed a homemade hamburger, taking as big a bite as she could and pulling him away from her mother to kiss-feed him again. Where Yusuke felt like he could be some CEO or Yakuza boss being served by two beautiful hostesses before, now he felt more like a baby bird.

Halfway through Reina's attempted transfer, Yusuke had to push away. "Stop, both of you! You'll make me choke!" he protested, muffled with a mouthful of food. Reina looked offended for a second, but immediately understood the truth in his words and nodded. She chewed and swallowed the rest of the bite of burger in her mouth while she and Mitsuki patiently waited for Yusuke to finish as well; he picked up the bottle of saké himself and took a swig to wash down the food. After a minute, he inhaled deeply and gave a prolonged, relaxed exhale.

The Toyohara women took that as their cue to begin their little contest again. They picked up bowls and plates, shooting for his attention with different dishes and arguing with each other and trading insults the whole time. It wasn't as bad as before, but Yusuke was starting to get overwhelmed as one moment Mitsuki was offering him another drink then Reina was trying to spoon-feed him a bit of pie only for Mitsuki to horn in bringing a piece of steak up with chopsticks while Reina offered to peel a tangerine for him. It was when Mitsuki started drawing his attention to her cleavage that things took an interesting turn.

Seeing what her mother was doing, Reina said in as commanding a voice as she could, "Yusuke, over here!" That got both of the others to look at her, just in time to see her pull her sweater over her head. Mitsuki scowled again and Yusuke blushed as Reina's GG-cups bounced as they were freed from her clothing. Yusuke had been stiff before, but got even harder as he watched the now topless Reina shove a larger spoon into a bowl of thick cream and fruit as she said, "Try *this!*" and took the spoon and threw the sweet fruit and cream onto

her bust; some of it splattered off and landed on the table and on Yusuke and even Mitsuki's faces.

Reina clutched her cans, cream calmly coursing across her curves, and called coaxingly, "Go ahead, Yusuke. Enjoy yourself. It'll be *delicious*. I promise."

Yusuke drooled a little at the offer, and Mitsuki pouted as he lunged, seizing Reina's tits and began lapping up the cream and eating strawberries and grapes and banana slices and chunks of sweet melon. Reina moaned whenever his tongue touched her bare skin, and Yusuke tasted her body's pleasantly sour flavor alongside the cream and fruit when he did. It only made this meal she'd set up for him on her chest all the more erotic.

Once he'd licked the last bit of cream from her cleavage, Yusuke looked up at Reina's face; she'd become flushed with pleasure and was gasping for air. He couldn't control himself any longer, and rose up to kiss her as his hands worked their magic. He touched and squeezed her rack as Mitsuki crossed her arms with annoyance. Soon, Yusuke moved a hand from Reina's bosom to his own pants, unzipping them and letting his fully-erect cock spring out. Once it was out, he shoved the same hand down Reina's skirt, searching for her snatch and finding it with little trouble; apparently, she'd been anticipating this so much that she hadn't worn any panties. She panted and moaned more loudly than before, but was muffled by their continued kiss. She shrieked even louder as she felt a couple of Yusuke's fingers enter her.

The two of them held their position, to Mitsuki's continued annoyance the whole time, until Yusuke let go of Reina where he had her to grab her by the haunches instead. She yelped as Yusuke grunted with exertion, lifting her up and out of the chair. Mitsuki's eyes widened a bit at this show of strength, even if it was nothing extraordinary, and Reina exclaimed, "*Oh, Yusuke!*" as he sat her back down on the table. He hiked up her skirt next, and Reina immediately knew what he had planned. Getting a little short of breath with anticipation, she laid down backwards on almost a quarter of the food, ruining it, but neither she nor Yusuke cared.

Yusuke slid right into Reina and both of them cried out as they came almost instantly; both of them had been on the edge for a while, so Yusuke feeling her around him and Reina feeling him inside her sent both of them over it. Both of them felt tired from getting off so suddenly, but Yusuke refused to let this go to waste and started plowing her right there on the table, keeping himself from getting soft. Reina shrieked with exhilaration, her hooters bouncing along with his thrusts, and gripped the tablecloth, accidentally pulling a jello mold towards her and destroying it when her head came down on it a second later. She didn't care in the slightest: she was lying back in salads, sauces, soups, and sweets, there was gelatin in her hair, her elbow had landed in a bowl of teriyaki chicken, and she was loving every second of it because she was being ridden by the man she was so infatuated with. She shrieked in pleasure, "*It's! So!! Big!!! AAhhhn!!!*"

"Reina! Reina!"

"Oh, Yusuke! Yusuke!"

"Reina!! Reina, I'm cumming!! I'm cumming!!!"

"Me, too!! Yusuke! Yusuke!! I'm cummin'!! *I'm goin' ta cum!!!*" She and Yusuke gave wordless cries—long, loud, and lustful—as their fluids mingled together again. They both panted, refilling their lungs with life-giving oxygen as Yusuke leaned forward, lying down on Reina and resting his head against her rack. She brought her hands up and held him to her bosom, both of them only vaguely aware that his cock was still inside her, let alone that anything else was happening around them. Reina let out a contented sigh and whispered, "Oh,

Yusuke. I love you. I love you so much. If we could just stay like this forever, I could die right now and be happy.”

Reina’s wish was interrupted when they heard the dishes rattle just then. “Oh, Yusuke...” they heard Mitsuki calling his name with a lusty, sing-song voice, “Don’t let her win ya over like *that*.” Yusuke and Reina opened their eyes, coming back to reality as Mitsuki went on, “A *real* woman will let yer tongue go places that are *much* more sensitive than her boobs. She’ll let ya fuck her without even usin’ yer dick.” The two young lover looked at her, and both their eyes widened at the sight before them—Yusuke’s bugged out a bit and Reina gasped at what she saw.

Mitsuki had climbed onto the table, too, taking a sexy pose on her knees, and had pulled out her tits again and drawn the rest of the dress up, the black fabric only covering her middle, now. Milk slowly leaked out of her nipples in the center of the soft, light brown areolas that adorned her gigantic JJ-cups. Astonishingly, however, that wasn’t what got Yusuke *or* Reina’s attention, which fell on her waist instead. Like Reina had with her breasts, Mitsuki had covered her lap with cream and fruit, and had even stuck an entire banana, peeled and ready to eat, into her vagina—it poked out of her just a bit, visible even under the cream that had flowed down between her legs. She was sweating and blushing from having decorated her most sensitive regions for Yusuke like this.

“Eat, n’ then eat me out,” Mitsuki nearly commanded. “I shaved down there just for y’all, Yusuke.”

Yusuke had had many fantasies since he hit puberty, but giving a woman lip service wasn’t among them. Rather, he’d always been obsessed with their chests—the bigger the better, and Mitsuki was the biggest he’d ever seen. Now that she was making the offer, though, he couldn’t resist. Yusuke climbed off of Reina and, still on the table, crawled over to Mitsuki to hold her hips and began licking again. Mitsuki started moaning loudly and her hands shot to her tits, squeezing them with ecstasy.

Reina sat up on the table, still half-naked and half-covered with food. Now it was her turn to cross her arms with annoyance. She watched Yusuke licking her mother’s pussy and thought to herself, *I would’ve let you do that if you’d asked, Yusuke. I can do anythin’ Mama can, but better!* She looked down to where her legs met, but her own titanic chest blocked it from view. Even so, she didn’t need to see her own pussy to know that, unlike Mitsuki apparently had, she had a bit of a bush down there. *Is that why you didn’t ask, Yusuke?* she brooded, just slightly worried that this might have cost her victory in this competition against her mother. Her confidence came back after a second, *Well, fine! I’ll make sure ta do that from now on, too!* She looked over at Mitsuki, at her mother’s beautiful face adorned with its red eyeshadow and lipstick, perfectly complementing the blush on her face from the overwhelming pleasure that came from deep within her. *Yeah! I’ll show you, Mama! Yusuke will be mine! Just you wait!*

Mitsuki cried out, “Ahn! Oh! Oh, Yusuke! right there! *Right there! Ahh!!*” Reina was still glaring contemptuously at her mother, but then her gaze fell on her rival’s chest, at the gigantic jugs being squeezed between her slender fingers, a few beads of sweat rolling down them, and her painted nails digging into her soft, warm skin; they’d turned pink with heat as Yusuke touched her down below. After a moment, Reina found that she couldn’t take her eyes off those two huge, luscious spheres of feminine flesh. She was transfixed—the sight of her mother’s mountainous mammaries like this was nearly hypnotic. The spell was broken when, in her peripheral vision, she saw Mitsuki’s eyes open and she averted her own. Turning her head completely away from the other two, she almost started hyperventilating a bit as she

thought, *What am I doin'?! Why am I lookin' at Mama's boobs like...like they're nice?! Like they...look good ta touch...?*

Meanwhile, Yusuke licked the last bit of cream from Mitsuki's lap—there was less surface area to work with there compared to Reina's endowment, so he was done with it faster. Rather than stopping, he went for her pussy and she moaned even louder as Yusuke began licking her, teasing her with the tip of his tongue. She was yelping in pleasure as he touched the most sensitive part of her body with the most muscular part of his. Occasionally, he kissed and sucked on her, pulling the banana out of her bit by bit and slowly taking small bites of it. Even more rarely, he would touch her clitoris with his tongue, and every time he did it made her shout even louder with lust. He was doing his very best to keep her in this dreamy state as long as he could, to return the favor to her for bringing him into the world of sex. No matter which of the Toyohara women he ended up choosing, he'd decided that he wanted to treat them just as well as they treated him.

After a while, Yusuke felt Reina straddle him from behind. She curled forward, bringing her hands to the sides of his face even as he kept eating out her mother, and her bust touched the top of his head. She pleaded in an almost whining voice, "Come on, Yusuke! You're givin' her too much attention again!"

"Oh, sh-shut—*oh, God!!*—shut up, R-reina. Y'all're su—*aah!*—such a brat," Mitsuki panted and shuddered the whole time as Reina began glaring at her again, "Y-y'all're sayin'—*aaah!!*—he's gi-givin' *me* too much—*oh, Yusuke!!*—too much attention after e-everyth-thin' *y'all* got? He's gonna—*oh, God!!*—make me cum soon, n' it's gon-gonna be *better* than yers! *Oh, yes! More, Yusuke!! More!!*"

Despite having long since recovered from her apparent inebriation, Reina stopped thinking straight just then. Raising her hands and wiggling her fingers, she said suggestively, "Then why let *him* have all the fun?" She stretched them out to take hold of her titanic hooters. Now with *four* hands at her chest, Mitsuki shrieked in pleasure and some milk squirted from her teats. The hot, sweet liquid flew through the air and landed on Reina's own tits, ignored by her as a grin formed on her face.

"*AAaaahh!!* Reina, *stop!!* I'm yer mother!!" Mitsuki exclaimed. Before she could say anything else, she let out a dreamy, involuntary cry of "*Oh, God!!!*" as Reina massaged her mother's massive melons as much as she could, bringing on equal levels of pain and pleasure. Mitsuki was astonished at how good Reina's hands felt against her skin—she'd only rarely felt this good since she'd gone to the bars and clubs for release, and one of the few people who could do that was Yusuke himself.

"Shut up, Mama. I'm just tryin' ta make you cum sooner so that Yusuke can get back ta his *real* lover," Reina smirked as she kneaded her mother's breasts. Mitsuki began shrieking with rapture, her milk squirting out faster as she approached orgasm. Yusuke was all but oblivious to the girl-on-girl action happening directly above him. Reina's grin became a cruel-looking smirk as she cut into Mitsuki's time with Yusuke, hardly aware of the older woman's breast milk landing on her chest again and again. *Good! She'll cum soon and Yusuke will be mine again!* she thought to herself, *She'll cum soon and...and...* her expression softened a bit as she stared at her mother. Her whole face had turned red by now, a bit of drool came from the corner of her mouth, and she was almost dripping with sweat. euphoric tears rolled from her eyes, carrying some of her eyeshadow down to her jawline.

She'll...she'll cum and...and...she'll...why? Why do Mama's boobs feel so good? Reina wondered, staring at her mother's chest. Mitsuki's own hands had fallen away from her rack by now, and only Reina's were gripping them, but she seemed to be as aroused as if hers,

Reina's, and Yusuke's were groping her all at once. The soft flesh of the breasts that had been used to nurse her when she was a baby nearly burst from between Reina's fingers. Her eyes widened with recognition: *Why's this makin' me feel good?! Even as she continued kneading them, she began thinking, What am I doin'?! This is incest! Why am I still squeezin' them?!? Why can't I stop!?! Oh, it feels so good! Why does it feel good!?! Why can't I stop?!?! She couldn't stop where her mind was going, Oh, I wish I was the one lickin' Mama's pussy!! She's so sexy!! I—NO!!! No!!! What am I thinkin'?! What am I thinkin'?!? I can't have sex with my mother!!!*

Just then, Mitsuki gave a long, loud, lustful screech as she climaxed. Her jugs spurted milk, more than before, and Reina recoiled a bit with surprise as it landed on her face. Below, Mitsuki's cum flooded out of her vagina, carrying the rest of the banana with it into Yusuke's mouth. His eyes widened at that, more from half of a banana being pushed down his throat all at once than Mitsuki's fluids flooding in as well, though—like much of what had happened since he met the Toyoharas—it *was* also the first time this had happened to Yusuke. Somehow, Mitsuki's love juice tasted strange but good.

Even so, he instinctively spit out what was still in his mouth and sat up, startling Reina, who moved to let him get up again but yelped as she suddenly fell off the table to the floor. "Ow..." she groaned as Yusuke began pounding on his chest to try and keep himself from choking on such a big piece of food. He gave a relieved sigh as the pain eased.

Mitsuki sighed, too, as she wound down from her climax. "Ahh...that was *great*, Yusuke. Was it good fer y'all, too?" Yusuke was about to say something when Reina rose back up into view and yelled, "Are you kiddin', Mom?! He was spittin' your cum out! You taste *nasty!*" She folded her arms under her breasts and mockingly gloated, "Yusuke said that I taste like lemon candy. What do *you* taste like, Mama? Green tea? Bitter gourd? *Eggplant?*"

"That was just a reflex, *Mosquito Bites*," Mitsuki retorted, climbing off the table. She smirked again, "An' y'all should know that bitter foods are the ones that're good fer ya. Candy just rots yer teeth." Reina scowled at her mother as she extended a hand to Yusuke, who was still sitting on the table, and said, "Here, Yusuke. Let me help ya down from there."

Yusuke coughed a little, still recovering from what had just happened to him, and replied, "Th-thanks." Once he was on the floor and standing again, Mitsuki took him by the chin and turned his head to look at her. With lust in her eyes again, she said, "Now, then, help me show this amateur how a *real* woman pleases her man. Y'all will like it more the next time ya eat me out. But first—" she was abruptly cut off by Reina pushing her hand into her mother's face, catching her by surprise and making her fall to the floor with a shout as she declared, "*No! He's mine!*" and she reached down to grab the head of Yusuke's still-exposed, still-erect penis with her other hand. "You had your fun, Torpedo Tits! It's *my* turn again!" She all but embraced him from behind as she gripped his shaft, rubbing him vigorously.

"Ah! Reina, slow down!" Yusuke yelled, but she didn't listen—she started playing with him even more vigorously. Yusuke moaned and sank to his knees; feeling him beginning to fall, Reina went with him, not letting go for even a second. Mitsuki watched, as powerless as Reina had been the other day, as Yusuke panted faster and faster until he cried out in orgasm. She recoiled a little as his cum, coaxed out of his cock by her daughter's hand, shot through the air and landed on her face and chest.

Yusuke's entire body, except for his love muscle, went limp and he laid further back. Reina held him close, lovingly, as he laid his head against her bare bosom again. She calmly placed her left hand to the right side of his head, his chin resting on her wrist, while her right

hand went to his chest to feel his breathing and heartbeat. After a few seconds, she sighed and asked, “Was it good for you, Yusuke?”

A little dazed, all Yusuke could say in reply was, “Fuck yeah...”

Now it was Reina’s turn to smirk at Mitsuki, saying, “See, Mom? *I made him cum twice!* You haven’t done that at all today!” As Mitsuki properly righted herself again, Reina gazed up at the ceiling in an imitation of absentmindedness, “Let’s see, I made Yusuke cum once on our first day, three times on the second, and twice today.” Looking straight at her mother, “I think I’ve got more points than you.”

Mitsuki slinked over to them on her hands and knees, an expression of both contempt and cunning on her face. Reina couldn’t help noticing her mother’s curves again, especially with how she was crawling towards her and Yusuke. Her hooters swayed freely, completely unrestricted by her clothing and resting against nothing, not even her own torso. Reina hoped that Mitsuki didn’t see her blush a bit as she thought, *There it is again! Why does Mama look so sexy all of a sudden?!*

Yusuke’s eyes popped a bit as Mitsuki’s shoved her bosom against his face as she leaned in close to look straight into Reina’s eyes, saying, “This. Isn’t. Over.” Reina prayed that Mitsuki misread her somewhat fearful expression as being over possibly losing Yusuke to her rather than worrying that she might be lusting for her mother. Mitsuki moved back a bit and then leaned down to look up at Yusuke, resting her bosom on his lap as if she was about to tit-fuck him, and she asked in her soothing local’s accent, “Are you tired, lover? Or do you want me ta make you feel good again?” Still a little out of it, Yusuke just nodded. Mitsuki smirked and rose up to her knees, looking past Yusuke at Reina, and she said, “No interferin’ this time.”

Without warning, Mitsuki practically heaved Yusuke up and nearly threw him at Reina. Both of them yelled out in mixed surprise and pain as Yusuke’s momentum pushed Reina to the floor. Reina shouted, “*Ow!!* What are you doin’, Mama?! Yusuke, get off!! *You’re crushin’ me!!!*” He was about to do just that when Mitsuki stopped him, straddling his waist on her knees; her dress fell back down her legs, but her breasts stayed bare. She leaned over to give him a deep, passionate kiss as she slid her snatch over his spear, then rose back up to cowgirl position. Just like their first time together, Mitsuki rode him up and down, using her years of sexual experience to her advantage and trapping Reina on the floor beneath Yusuke as she fucked him. She took some pleasure in that beyond just the euphoria of sex, adding insult to injury as she got a step closer to winning Yusuke for herself.

Yusuke, meanwhile, was even more turned as he watched her gigantic breasts bouncing above him, and he could hear Mitsuki moan as he got even harder in her pussy. Squeezed between her and the struggling Reina beneath him, it was all too much for Yusuke and, after just a few more minutes, he yelled out as Mitsuki made him pump his seed into her again. She didn’t slow down for even a second, however, refusing to let him go limp and seizing her own tits to keep herself going. It wasn’t long before Mitsuki herself got off, and *still* she didn’t stop—she didn’t let up until she felt Yusuke cum inside her again. Nearly soaked with sweat, Mitsuki finally slowed down, spasming in place a bit, then rose up off him. Yusuke’s semen dripped from her snatch as his cock came out of her, and she stumbled a bit once she got to her feet, taking a light fall as she collapsed back to her knees. Finally freed, Yusuke rolled off of Reina, lying on his back on the floor. His peer gasped for breath, winded—after being trapped under her lover while her mother coupled with him twice in a row, her entire body was sore down to her bones.

A few minutes later, Yusuke moaned again as Mitsuki straddled him again, forcing his cock up her cunt again. She leaned down close and whispered to him, “You know, Yusuke, you really *are* a great lover. I’ve had more partners than I can remember, but I haven’t felt this good since Nobuyuki.”

Reina sat up and pounced from her position, “Hands off my boyfriend, Mama!!” shoving her off Yusuke and pinning her shoulders against the edge of the table. She glowered at Mitsuki again, their faces just inches away from each other. Confused feelings began taking over yet again as she thought, *I never realized how pretty Mama is...I want ta kiss her—NO! No! What’s wrong with me?! Why can’t I stop thinkin’ about that?!?*

Mitsuki just smirked at her, “By my count, we’re tied. I made Yusuke cum *four* times on our first day, and twice today. I’d say that puts me in the lead.”

Reina quickly did the math in her head, and questioned, “What are you talkin’ about? We’re *tied*, you said it yourself.”

Mitsuki’s smirk became even more malicious-looking as she replied, “But *I* took Yusuke’s virginity, remember?” Reina scowled at her—her mother *loved* throwing that in her face.

“Well *he* took *mine!* And *I* had sex with him *first!*” Reina retorted. “It doesn’t matter if I only tit-fucked him then, *it’s still sex!*” She looked over at her lover and said, demandingly, “Righ’, Yusuke?”

All Yusuke could say was, “Uh...” He wasn’t sure he wanted to play tie-breaker here.

Mitsuki shoved her hand into Reina’s face again, pushing her out of the way, and said with a deceptively calm voice, “I think that’s all we should do today. We don’t want you passin’ out again, do we?”

“Or *me*, you stupid cow!!” Reina yelled, genuinely angry as she remembered her predicament from just minutes ago and shoving Mitsuki a bit.

“*Quiet, brat!!!*” Mitsuki snarled back at her, her breasts bouncing as she did. Her expression instantly changed as she looked back at Yusuke. “Why don’t you go home and get some rest? We’ll try ta figure out what ta do tomorrow.”

Yusuke was about to answer, to explain that both he and Reina would have classes tomorrow and would be busy all day, but Reina cut in, getting Mitsuki’s hand out of her face and doing the same to her mother instead. “Unless, of course, you pick one of us righ’ now. And by ‘one of us,’ I mean *me.*” Mitsuki shot a venomous glare at Reina from between her daughter’s fingers.

As tempting as it was to convince them to have sex with him several more times each to help him decide, Yusuke waved his hand in a declining gesture, “I think I need another day or so to really decide. Give me that, at least,” he implored, and rose up. He casually pulled his boxers back up over his rod and zipped his pants, preparing to leave and having barely undressed at all for the sex.

Both of the Toyohara women stood up; Reina got to her feet first and walked over, saying, “Alrigh’, Yusuke,” before giving him a big kiss of pure affection on the cheek and leaving a soft pink lipstick mark. Mitsuki walked up next, “See you soon, lover,” and gave him a smooch on the opposite cheek, leaving her own deep red mark. Such a show of affection, rather than just sexual desire, made Yusuke feel all warm and fuzzy. Minutes later, as he walked down the driveway, he waved back to the Toyohara women as they calmly saw him off from the door, still half-naked and feeling a bit gross from all the food and fluids that

had ended up on them while they were shagging earlier. Yusuke beamed as he started walking down the sidewalk, knowing that he had a mark of their love on both cheeks.

Mitsuki closed the door and looked over her topless daughter from head to toe. After a second of silence, she said with a teasing tone in her Kansai accent, “As long as we’re still dressed like this, ya wanna have some fun?” and she gave Reina a fake wink of lust. She even brought her face closer to Reina’s like she was about to kiss her. The scent of her soap, perfume, sweat, and the food that had ended up on her skin mingled into an aroma that was almost intoxicating to the younger woman.

The same confusion from before welled up again, but Reina forced them out, “*M-mama!* I’m your daughter!” she practically shrieked, trying to put as much disgust into her voice as she could. A giant, embarrassed flush crossed her face.

Mitsuki scoffed, “That didn’t stop *you* before,” recalling how Reina had kneaded her knockers out of nowhere earlier. When she saw Reina glaring at her, she got her accent under control again and rasped, “Reina, I-I’m just kiddin’! Don’t be ridiculous! I-I don’t want ta...have sex with you...And besides, you know I’m only into men.” Even as she said that, she couldn’t deny that it had felt *really* good when Reina had groped her. Maybe as good as when Yusuke did...

Mitsuki started shedding her clothes completely and questioned, “So, *daughter*, how d’you think we should *really* settle this?”

Reina mulled it over a bit as she unfastened her skirt and took off her knee socks, but her eyes were drawn to Mitsuki as she undressed—her long legs, her luscious hips, her titanic chest, and every other inch of her curvaceous body. After a few seconds, Mitsuki realized that Reina hadn’t spoken yet and glanced at her. Reina averted her own gaze, hoping that her mother hadn’t caught her staring, and stammered a bit, “Well, w-we need ta make sure it’s fair, at least, but how?” Removing her second sock, she straightened up and ran her hands over her GG-cups, wiping away the last of Mitsuki’s milk that had sprayed onto them. “What do you think, Mama?”

“Huh?” Mitsuki asked. When Reina glanced over at her, she saw Mitsuki look away just like she had.

“I said, how can we make sure Yusuke makes a fair decision?” Reina repeated.

“Oh...” Mitsuki said, trying to hide the blush that had appeared on her own face, “I-I don’t know.” From the corner of her eye, she got a glimpse of her daughter’s cute face, her lipstick just a little smeared from kissing Yusuke earlier while her eyeshadow was virtually untouched. She couldn’t help gazing down at Reina’s bare bosom. quickly turning her eyes away again, she continued, “I’ll...I’ll try ta come up with somethin’ by tomorrow mornin’,” and she made for the bathroom upstairs, discarding her dress as she went. “I’ll be back down soon! I just need ta wash off Yusuke’s cum!” she hastily called.

Once she was in the bathroom, she locked the door behind her and leaned back on it, sinking to the floor. Mitsuki quaked a bit in a mix of fear and elation. She hadn’t *quite* been joking earlier when she asked if Reina wanted to fool around. She didn’t want to admit it, but whenever she wasn’t focused on Yusuke, she’d been gazing at Reina. Something about her daughter was just so *sexy* all of a sudden. She stared up at the ceiling, deep in thought: *Why? Why am I starin’ at my own daughter’s tits? An’ why is she turnin’ me on like this??*

She couldn’t shake the image of lying in bed with Reina, making sweet, incestuous love to her daughter.