

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

## *Chapter 5: Climax* (formerly titled *Resolution*)

A full day had passed since Yusuke's most recent visit to the Toyohara home. He'd happened to pass by Yoshio while walking back to his apartment that night; they'd only exchanged greetings, but he could easily tell that Yoshio was even more exasperated than the last time he saw him. Not only was he obviously still bent up over Reina wanting Yusuke to tutor her—possibly, even probably, unaware that had only been a cover story—but seeing Yusuke *two* big lipstick marks on his face just annoyed him even more. Yusuke couldn't help that Mitsuki and Reina *both* lusted after him and had been fighting over who would get to call him their boyfriend like their lives depended on it.

After Yusuke got home and, reluctantly, washed their lipstick off his cheeks, he sat down on his futon<sup>1</sup> and just thought for a while, contemplating his situation. Each of the Toyohara women—each of his lovers, at present—obviously wanted him to choose her over the other, but he had a feeling that neither Reina nor Mitsuki would ever accept it if he said no and chose the other woman. Occasionally, he'd go to the mirror in his bathroom and look at his reflection, at his own hazel eyes and black hair, as if expecting the Yusuke staring back at him to just tell him what he should do. Every time he went to the mirror, he noticed the new bags that had formed under his eyes. All this sex in such a short time was beginning to wear on him—even cram school hadn't done that to him.

About half the times he went to contemplate his reflection, his imagination would conjure up visions of Reina or Mitsuki, and sometimes both of them, walking up behind him wearing little or nothing and draping their arms across his shoulders as they lovingly kissed him on the neck and cheek. Every time that happened, Yusuke wondered how he could possibly pick one of them over the other. Reina was his own age and was just somebody he could relate to, while Mitsuki had years of experience under her belt and was more stable, both financially and sexually. He'd taken both of them several times now but wasn't sure he could decide based just on how good sex with them was. As time went by, images of them kept filling his mind, and that just made it even more difficult to decide who would be his constant partner and maybe even his wife. He had to keep fighting images of both women lying in bed with him, fellating him, riding him all the way to the hilt, walking down the aisle with him, beaming at him with bellies swollen with his children.

*Whoa, slow down, Yusuke. One thing at a time,* he told himself when those thoughts came to him. He had to keep himself on track and his priorities straight. Concentrating on his classes the next day proved next to impossible—he found himself drawing doodles of Reina and Mitsuki instead of writing notes without even realizing it, and when he *wasn't* doing that he was kicking himself almost constantly for being so indecisive, and for being uncommitted enough that he couldn't resist seduction by *either* of them. He was so distracted that he barely got his assignments for the week written down. As he left campus, closing up his jacket over a blue T-shirt and gray slacks in the cold weather, he found himself mentally rehearsing acceptance and rejection for both women, but was half-hoping that they would just decide *for* him. He hated that they were at each other's throats over who had the right to have sex with him, and wished their feud was over and done with as much as they did. Yusuke cursed himself for his selfishness, but

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

he felt that, if the previous few days were any indicator, he would be satisfied no matter who won the contest.

Another thought kept coming to mind: the wish that he didn't have to choose at all. He'd made love with both of the Toyohara women several times so far, most of them on the same day and in front of the other. It gave him a good idea of how talented both of them were as lovers: Mitsuki had honed her sexual skills over many years, while Reina's energy and eagerness more than made up for her lack of experience. But even so, he wished he could just go on having *both* of them as his lovers.

All these thoughts came back to him over the course of the day. He was so deeply immersed in them as he walked back home that he wasn't watching where he was walking and bumped into someone as he rounded a corner. He yelled in surprise but managed to stay standing; the other person wasn't so lucky. As soon as he regained his senses, he said, "Oh! Sorry, I—Reina?"

Sure enough, it was Reina that he'd accidentally knocked over just now. Her hand was pressed to her auburn bob cut, wincing as she rubbed where her head had hit Yusuke's. She was wearing the same cream-colored parka that she wore on the day they'd met, but in place of jeans she had on a thick wool skirt longer than he'd seen her wear before and thigh-high knee socks. Her purse, plaid with a brown base and handles, was slung over her shoulder, but threatening to slip off at a moment's notice from the fall. Even under her coat, he could tell that she was wearing a bra—there were different expectations out here than in the bedroom. She'd washed off the makeup from yesterday; honestly, Yusuke believed she was just as beautiful without it, even if it made her seem a little plain. That in itself was a bit of a contradiction considering how unusual Reina was for a Japanese woman: besides having some of the biggest natural knockers Yusuke had ever seen, her skin tone and her hair color nearly made her look Caucasian, and she was well above the average women's height, about as tall as Yusuke himself.

"Oh, Yusuke! I'm sorry!" Reina exclaimed, looking up after she stopped rubbing her head. Yusuke glanced down, and just barely caught a glimpse of her panties under her skirt.

"No, *I'm* sorry," Yusuke insisted, "I wasn't watching where I was going." He reached down to help her up and asked, "What are you doing here?" Reina gladly took his hand and stood. As she dusted herself off, he couldn't resist admiring her beauty as she brushed her hands over her hips and then her GG-cup breasts.

When she was satisfied that she was clean, Reina looked at Yusuke with those pretty amber eyes of hers. An adoring expression formed on her face as she took a few steps closer, "Actually, Yusuke, I was lookin' for you." She looked around to double-check that they were alone, then put her hands to his shoulders, fondly, and said, "I wanted ta see if I could convince you ta pick me over Mama...in my own way." Before Yusuke could do anything, she leaned in and their lips met. His eyes widened a bit; this was the first time they'd kissed in public, or shown *any* kind of affection where anyone other than Mitsuki could see them even considering that there was no one who could.

Yusuke himself wasn't a stranger to this, having kissed and even made out with some of his previous girlfriends in public before. This was different, though: his heart began racing, and he was compelled to embrace her back. He held Reina, pulling her closer to him, his chest pressing against her bountiful bosom, and they moaned together. This was like nothing he'd ever felt before. Maybe Reina was the one after all?

After a minute that seemed like a millennium, Reina pulled back, ending their kiss. She looked into his eyes, reflected in his like he was in hers, and said, "I love you, Yusuke. From the moment I first set eyes on you, I've loved you, and I will for the rest of my life. Even after we

die, I'll find you and fall in love all over again, even if we're reincarnated on different continents." She leaned in again and whispered in his ear, "Run away with me, Yusuke. I'll get everythin' out of my bank accounts and we can go anywhere we want. Somewhere Mama won't find us, and we can be together for the rest of our lives. Paris, Prague, Cairo, Chicago, *anywhere* as long as it's with you." Yusuke's eyes widened again: was she serious? Would she truly give up everything she'd ever known to be with him?

Reina giggled a bit and said, "And if *that's* not enough, then how about *this*?" and, as if to give him even more incentive, she opened her parka a bit. Yusuke's eyes bugged out: he could see every inch of her cleavage, all the way down to the middle of the green, lacy, floral-designed bra that she was wearing. It was all she had on under her coat. Before he could comment on it, she closed her parka again, winked, and said, "That's all you're gettin,'" then draped her arms across his shoulders again and continued, "unless, of course, you pick me righ' now."

Yusuke was about to answer when she kissed him again. After seconds that only seemed like a few centuries, Yusuke ended their kiss. When Reina moved to start it up again, he put a finger to her lips. Somehow managing to resist his urges, using every ounce of his willpower, he objected, "Now, that wouldn't be fair to Mitsuki, would it?" but he continued in his mind, *Or to me. I want to make sure I pick the right one between you two before I have to make up my mind.* His more rational and respectful side came through again and he scolded himself, *Seriously, how many times do I have to say it? You sound like the villain in a bad hentai. What the hell is wrong with you?*

Reina pouted, but didn't take her arms away from him. "Yusuke, Mama's *old*! Don't you want someone who'll grow old *with* you?"

Yusuke changed the subject, "Look, how about I just give you my address? Maybe you or Mitsuki can drop by sometime." That might not have been the best thing to say at the moment, but it was the first thing that had popped into his head.

Still pouting a bit, Reina said, "Fine. Thanks." Little did Yusuke know, in her mind she was saying, *Perfect!* This could work!

"Good," Yusuke said with a smile. "Uh, could you let me go? I need to write it down for you."

"Oh! R-righ'," she said, removing her arms from him and standing back. She held her hands behind her as Yusuke took out a piece of paper and scribbled down the name and address of the building he lived in and the room number on it. The two of them looked each other over again before Yusuke handed the paper to her. He didn't let go immediately when Reina tried to take it, saying, "Reina, I'm trusting you to share this with Mitsuki, okay? It *really* wouldn't be fair if you kept this to yourself."

"Don't worry, Yusuke! I'm not goin' ta cheat Mama out of this!" she assured him. She gave him a final peck on the cheek, then waved goodbye as he left. Yusuke returned the gesture as he crossed the street, and he was out of sight in just a little while. Once he was gone, Reina reached into her purse and took out a cell phone. She flipped it open and her thumb nearly danced over the buttons as she entered a number, then she listened for the tone.

After a few seconds, the other end was picked up and she heard her mother say, "Hello."

"It's me, Mama. I have Yusuke's address!" Reina said, then gave Mitsuki her location.

"I'll—*hic!*—I'll be right there!" Mitsuki replied, and hung up. Reina wondered what brought on that hiccup, but ignored it. In more time than she would have liked, Mitsuki drove around the corner, the tires of her Benz squealing on the asphalt. Reina yelped and jumped back

with alarm as her mother skidded to a stop in front of her, the right front tire running up on the curb a bit.

Mitsuki rolled down the window and leaned out a bit, “Hi, Reina!” she said, more cheerfully than Reina was expecting, “I’m *heeeere!*” she said with an almost theatrical motion in the husky voice that came with her years of enthusiastic drinking. Reina ignored that, too, as she walked around the car to climb into the passenger seat. She hadn’t even fastened her seatbelt before Mitsuki stepped on the gas; Reina shrieked as her mother floored it.

“Mom! Why are you drivin’ so fast?!” she demanded, forcing the seatbelt over her GG-cups and into its lock.

“Y’all wanna—*hic!*—git there, right?” Mitsuki replied, peering at Reina.

“Mama, we’re goin’ the wrong way! Yusuke’s apartment is in the other direction!”

“Huh?” Mitsuki asked, “Oh! Gimme a sec.” Reina yelled with fright as Mitsuki made a very sudden and very illegal U-turn. Several other cars blared their horns, stopping just in time to avoid crashing into Mitsuki’s car and each other. Reina’s eyes were wide as dinner plates for a second, but she managed to calm down quickly. Regaining her composure, she said, “Remember, we have ta get there righ’ after Yusuke does for this ta work. And no cheatin’ this time, Mama. I promise I won’t—” she stopped talking when she noticed that Mitsuki’s driving was a little unstable. “Is somethin’ wrong, Mama?”

Still driving, Mitsuki looked at her and slurred, “Oh, ain’t nothin’, Reina. Every—*hic!*—everythin’s *ffffiiiine.*” Reina’s eyes widened again when she got a better look at her mother. The whites around the eyes that matched her own were reddened, nearly half-closed, and there was a large flush across her face. Her long, light brown hair was a bit disheveled, with more of it drooping down her front than the usual two locks that went down either side of her head to the top of her chest. Her clothes were only slightly better-off—she was wearing a form-fitting khaki trench coat that, the last time Reina had seen her, had been completely closed up; she would have been dressed more modestly than Reina was if not for one other factor. Now, though, the topmost part of the coat had been opened up a bit, showing off some of the cleavage of her presently-sagging bust.

That was part of their plan for today: both of the Toyohara women had agreed to try to find Yusuke, Reina on foot and Mitsuki by car, and both of them were dressed for the occasion. While Reina was dressed almost entirely as she normally would have been for the cold November weather except for wearing only a bra under her parka, she knew that Mitsuki had taken it to the next level for her part in the plan. The scene that could have occurred had Mitsuki found Yusuke first went through her head: Mitsuki calling to Yusuke from her car window, parking in the nearest available spot to talk to him, kissing and caressing him just like Reina had, and then giving him her own incentive just like Reina had: opening her coat to beguile her boyfriend with her bare-skinned beauty. Except for her socks and shoes, that trench coat was the only thing Mitsuki was wearing right now.

As the imaginary seduction of Yusuke by her mother faded from her mind, she realized she could smell Mitsuki’s breath: it reeked of rice wine, strongly enough that Reina practically felt a little tipsy herself just at the scent. Reina looked in the back seat and saw a bottle of undiluted saké in a bag, which had already been opened and the cap replaced.

“Mama, were you drinkin’?”

“Yep!” Mitsuki answered, as if the obviously intoxicated woman needed to, now slumped towards the steering wheel. “Yep yep yep yep yep! Got bored n’ thirsty drivin’ around all over

the place. *Hic!* Funniest thang, I asked fer an ice coffee but they gemme this instead!” she said, then suddenly straightened up, “Millionth customer or somethin’! *Whooo!*”

Reina didn’t believe that for a second, but didn’t bring it up, or ask why her normally responsible mother had gotten herself sloshed. Instead, she zeroed in on the more immediate concern, “Um...m-maybe *I* should drive.”

“Don’t worry about it!” Mitsuki insisted, completely taking her muddled gaze off the road to look at her daughter, “I’m a—*hic!*—I’m a great driver!”

“*Mom, you’re in the wrong lane!*” Reina shouted, grabbing the wheel and turning it, swerving out of the way of an oncoming car and into the correct lane.

“Whoo, rollercoaster!” Mitsuki giggled. The momentum of swerving nearly threw Mitsuki into Reina. The older woman looked at her daughter again and, in her stupor, said, “Say, Reina, y’all’re lookin’ *real* pretty today...”

Reina hardly heard her, “*Mom, keep your eyes on the road!*”

### ファイブ

A while later, Yusuke was panting bit as he climbed the stairs of his apartment building. His room was on one of the upper floors and he always took the stairs if he could help it—it was good exercise, and often faster than the elevator, anyway. He rounded a corner on the stairwell just in time to miss the Benz rather dangerously pulling into the building’s garage far below him. Mitsuki thankfully got into a space without crashing into anything; somehow, she’d avoided so much as bumping anything the whole way here. Reina was still in shock over the experience, frozen in place with her heart pounding like a speaker with the bass turned up to eleven, and her face had practically turned blue. She recovered soon enough and got out of the car, followed by Mitsuki. The sight of them, along with Mitsuki’s reckless driving, drew the attention of a man looking for his own car.

Reina was starting to run to the stairwell until she realized she Mitsuki wasn’t following her. She turned back and saw her mother stuck halfway into the driver side window of her car, her hips wiggling a bit as she reached into the backseat. “Come on, Mom! What’re you doin’?!” Reina yelled, running back to her.

“My-my-my-my-my alcohol,” Mitsuki stuttered drunkenly, as she climbed back out with the bottle of saké in hand. “*There* ya are!” She held the bottle close, stroking it like it was a cat, “Did ya miss me? I missed *yoouuuu*...”

“Mama, we don’t have time for this!” Reina pleaded, seizing her mother by the arm and pulling her away from the car. Just before they got to the stairs, a man in a security guard’s uniform stepped in front of them—a parking attendant.

“Miss, you and your sister need to pay for parkin’ first, unless you have a permit.”

Reina sputtered for a second, “She’s not my—*AUGH! We don’t have time for this!*” She sprinted back to the car and got Mitsuki’s wallet from the glove compartment, pulling out a few ¥10,000<sup>2</sup> banknotes as she ran back to where mother was, threatening to fall over at any moment as she took a swig from the bottle of saké. In seconds, Reina had shoved Mitsuki’s wallet into the pocket of her parka, grasping her mother’s arm with her empty hand, and threw the money at the attendant and shouted, “Here! Keep the change!” The man was astounded to see so much money being spent so casually, and would have questioned it were the two women still there—Reina was climbing the stairs as fast as she could, taking Mitsuki with her.

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<sup>2</sup> ¥10,000 = ~US\$100

Meanwhile, Yusuke had gotten to his floor, calmly walking down the long walkway to his apartment. As Reina raced up the stairs two or three steps at a time, nearly dragging Mitsuki along as the older woman tried to take another drink, Yusuke got to his apartment door and swiped his keycard. The light buzzed red and he groaned in annoyance. He'd told the building super that he thought something was wrong with his key or lock but they hadn't done anything about it yet. He trying for about a minute before, realizing the obvious, he turned the key around. It beeped green at last. Yusuke rolled his eyes and walked in; he'd told the super that the keycards were poorly-designed, too. He pulled at the doorknob just slightly as he entered and tossed his bag onto a chair and began walking to the bathroom for a shower, expecting the door to completely close in a few seconds like it always did.

Rather than a little click, Yusuke heard a slam as the door was thrown wide open. He spun around in shock, expecting to see some kind of home invasion in progress. In a way, that was exactly what was happening. "Reina?!" he shouted, more an exclamation than a question. She was standing there, breathing heavily and sweating; her titanic chest heaved with each inhale and exhale.

"Yusuke—*huff...huff...*—it's time," she said, looking up at him. Just then, Mitsuki staggered into view behind Reina, who started a bit as her mother grabbed onto her shoulder to keep herself from walking further and to stay standing. Reina took a few steps into the apartment and, occasionally pausing for air, continued, "Yusuke! You...you've had...*both* of us... You've been...*oh God, I'm thirsty*...you've been holdin' out on us long enough!" Reina fully regained her composure as Mitsuki, giggling and hiccupping, pressing her JJ-cup tits against her daughter's shoulders; to Yusuke's surprise, Mitsuki appeared to be trying to grope her daughter. The door finally closed behind them as Reina declared, "You've had a week, Yusuke! We've waited long enough!" She indicated herself, two fingers on her right hand pointing at her collarbone in a dramatic pose, "*I've* waited long enough. No more delays and no more excuses, Yusuke! You're goin' ta pick one of us *right now!*"

Yusuke tried to find something, *anything* that he could use to keep whatever was happening now from escalating and stammered, "Reina, i-it's not that simp—" but she cut him off him, "We're goin' ta *make* it simple! Mama and I decided how we'll figure out who gets you! Whichever of us gets off by you first today wins! You see?! *Easy!*"

In an attempt to dodge the proposal, Yusuke tilted his head a bit and, looking behind Reina, asked, "Um, is something wrong with Mitsuki?"

"Huh?" Reina looked back at her mother, "Oh, no, she's fine. She's just drunk."

"What? Why? How?" Yusuke asked, confounded.

"Half a bottle of saké," Reina explained, then said with a grin, "and I think that improves my chances." She walked forward, Mitsuki still clinging to her, and she bluntly said, "Now, then Yusuke: before Mama sobers up, let's *do it*," and she started to unzip her parka. "Let's fuck 'til we faint!" she pulled her coat open to show him her breasts. "After that, we can make all the love we want, *whenever* we want, and Mama won't be able ta stop us! We can get our own place, go on—" but then she was abruptly cut off by Mitsuki.

It seemed to happen in slow motion. Yusuke saw Mitsuki's hand reach out over Reina's breast and come in to make contact. He could see her soft, supple flesh ripple when her mother's hand hit it. Reina got a look of shock on her face when her mother's hand met her bare skin, cupping around her endowment, and got an even more shocked expression when Mitsuki's fingers clenched, squeezing the luscious feminine orb between them. Reina's eyes nearly popped out of her skull and her hair stood on end as she shrieked, "*Eeeeeek!! Mom, what are you doin'?!?!?*"

“C’mon, Reina! Live a little!” Mitsuki slurred, releasing her daughter’s tit and shoving the end of the bottle of saké into Reina’s mouth instead. Reina felt like her gag reflex could kick in at any second as Mitsuki used her free hand to tip her head back. “Ya said y’all’re thirsty, so drink up!” she said. Reina squealed and struggled helplessly as Yusuke watched the undiluted rice wine pour down her throat, every last drop that was left in the bottle. Mitsuki finally lost her balance and fell to the floor, landing on her behind and taking the bottle with her—thankfully, it didn’t break. She brought it to her own lips, but found that it was empty. She peered into the bottle and slurred, “Heeey, who took all my saké?”

Reina stumbled away from where she was standing, grasping the counter in Yusuke’s small kitchen to steady herself. “R-reina?” Yusuke asked, taking a wary step forward. “Reina, are you okay?”

“Oh, God...” Reina sounded like she was sick, “Oh God...I’ve never had that much before...” she groaned. She panted, almost able to feel the alcohol being absorbed into her bloodstream. She *really* wished her mother hadn’t just force-fed her all that saké. Reina wasn’t a drinker—she’d gotten buzzed just from the small amount she got the other day when Yusuke was at the Toyohara home, and she hadn’t even actually been drinking any. It was so easy for her to get sauced that she even avoided foods that used alcohol as an ingredient—she’d learned that the hard way when she had rum cake once while on a vacation.

“Reina?” Yusuke said, coming up to her. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Mitsuki struggling to stand up again. The younger Toyohara woman, slumped over the counter, looked up at him. Yusuke could see that Reina had an alcohol flush across her face now, too.

“Hey th—*hic!*—hey there, Yusuke,” Reina slurred, straightening up a bit and taking a wobbly step towards him as she hiccupped again.

“Oh, great! Now *you’re* drunk!” Yusuke was getting exasperated with this situation faster than he thought was possible.

Reina stumbled towards him, laughing like her mother had, until she fell into Yusuke’s arms. She looked up at him with half-closed eyes and said, “Oh, hi, Yusuke! What’re you doin’ here?”

“Reina, you’re drunk, and so are you, Mitsuki,” he said, looking over at the other woman. “I don’t care what you two were planning, you’re going home and getting some rest.” He didn’t precisely know how he would get them home, but he didn’t even want to consider having sex with either of them at the moment. It wasn’t just the moral dilemma of having sex with them while they were totally plastered, even considering that he’d already made love to both of them many times and they both *wanted* to ride him again right this very second. Who knew what could happen with them under the influence like this?

Giggling, Reina suddenly lost the feeling in her legs and dropped to her knees. She gazed up, her head leaning to the side, and slurred, “When’d you get so tall, Yusuke?” Her head flopped in the other direction, “I think I like tall guys.” She looked directly in front of her to see her almost entirely exposed endowment pressed against Yusuke’s waist. “Whuh-oh, look where my boobies got ta,” she slurred.

As that was happening, Mitsuki got back to her feet. She was so wasted that she hardly knew where she was. When she saw Yusuke, she beamed, “Oh, look, it’s Yusuke! Hi, Yusuke!” and she waved a greeting with her entire arm, as if Yusuke were far away. She took a few steps forward before stumbling, spinning around to land on her back. Not even noticing the pain in her plastered state, she saw Reina on her knees in front of Yusuke, “Oh, look, it’s Reina! Hi, Reina!” she waved again, still on the floor.

“Ugh, this is impossible!” Yusuke groaned, and leaned over to help Mitsuki up. He ended up looking down her cleavage as she stood up again, but tried to ignore it. Seeing that there was little he could do otherwise, he said, “Okay, you two aren’t going anywhere for a while. Just lie down for now.” He managed to get both of the Toyohara women to their feet and began guiding them to his futon, which he’d forgotten to put away this morning. “You two try to get some rest, I’ll make some coffee and—”

Somehow, a moment of clarity came through their buzz. Mitsuki pointed at the futon and remarked, “Hey, look, Reina! Yusuke’s takin’ us to bed!”

“At the same time?” Reina slurred, “You must be *reeeal* horny, Yusuke!” She gave her mother an aside look, “Hey, Mama, you remember our deal, righ’?”

Mitsuki got a vaguely contemplative expression, then rasped, “Oh, yeah! I get off first, I win n’ Yusuke’s mine forever!” She looked at Yusuke, who glanced back. Reina spoke up, “Not if I cum first, Mama!” Yusuke looked at her, too, and a single bead of sweat rolled down his face.

At once, both women lunged up and planted an enormous kiss on either side of Yusuke’s face. They jumped him, abruptly taking over and dragging *him* to the futon. They threw him onto the bedding and began to undress. Yusuke watched, almost awestruck, as the blitzed buxom beauties pulled their clothes off: Reina ripped off her bra and skirt, then pulled off her panties as fast as she could, while Mitsuki struggled with the buttons of her coat. Reina finished first, leaving on only her kneesocks since those wouldn’t get in her way, but it was only a few more seconds before Mitsuki gave up on her coat and just pulled it open with all her strength, sending buttons flying. Yusuke had always wanted to have a naked woman in his apartment, but now he was worried, since they were both still hiccupping drunkenly.

Before he could react, Reina and Mitsuki pounced on him and were almost tearing his clothes off. “Whoa, hey, slow down! I can undress myself!” Yusuke insisted, resigning himself to the wishes of his intoxicated partners, but they didn’t listen as they pulled off his pants and boxers. They didn’t even let Yusuke make any suggestion for how to see who would cum first for this final challenge in their contest—Mitsuki and Reina pushed him back down to the futon whenever he tried to get up. They’d nearly forgotten the contest again by the time they saw his manhood, which stiffened to its full length of 18cm<sup>3</sup> in a flash, and he started moaning as both women tried to fellate him, their faces rubbing together as they licked and kissed his manhood from base to tip, alternating directions whenever they got to one end. Soon, Yusuke yelled out as he was sent over the edge, and his load shot out onto both their faces and in their hair.

Even in their intoxicated trance, the Toyohara women knew what had happened and managed to remember what they were here for. The two of them pushed and shoved, each moving to get onto Yusuke’s cock before he went limp. After a minute or two of fighting for dominance, Reina forced her way onto him and gasped as he went from half-flaccid to fully-erect inside her. As Yusuke watched Reina begin moving up and down his dick, her boobs bouncing, he thought to himself, *I guess that’s that, then. Sorry, Mitsuki, but I guess Reina’s going to be my girlf—*

Yusuke never got to finish that thought. His eyes widened as he saw Mitsuki’s ass and pussy lowering onto his face. The older woman was frantically clutching at her hooters to keep up with Reina in their race to climax; a bit of breast milk, which she’d made herself start lactating again for their previous meeting, began to leak from her nipples. Facing Reina, Mitsuki’s petals came down over Yusuke’s mouth and nose and her backside over his eyes and

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<sup>3</sup> 18cm = ~7in



forehead; as almost the full weight of her body coming down on his head, Yusuke brought up his hands to lift her a bit, just enough to get the pressure off him. Mitsuki panted louder when she felt his hands on her backside.

“*Oh, Yusuke! That feels good! More, Yusuke! More!!*” Mitsuki slurred. With few other options and a good helping of his own lust, Yusuke did what she wanted and stuck his tongue in her twat. Part of him figured that it was only fair to help her since Reina had gotten onto his cock first, and his selfish side said that if this was the last time he would get to have sex with one of them no matter who actually won then he might as well make the most of it. Mitsuki moaned louder as the most muscular part of Yusuke’s body caressed the most sensitive part of hers. The act of eating her out turned Yusuke on even more, and he got even harder as Reina rode him—he almost felt like he was penetrating straight through to her womb!—and he began squeezing Mitsuki’s rear and hips. Reina’s GG-cups bounced up and down as she rode Yusuke, opposite Mitsuki’s JJ-cups moving erratically as she groped herself.

Without leaving much time for the passion of sex, the two women went faster and faster, racing to the climax to win the right to sex with the man they were so infatuated with. As she slid up and down his shaft, Reina squealed, “I’m gonna cum first! *I’m gonna cum first!! Yusuke’s mine!!*” Her face grew even redder as she yelled, “*Oh, God!! Oh, fuck!!!*”

“No, me!! *Me!!! AAhhhhnn!!!*” Mitsuki shrieked as she kneaded her own knockers. She was squeezing them so hard that she started squirting milk again. Reina was scarcely aware of the hot, sweet liquid landing on her own chest and face.

“*I’m...I’m gon...I’m gonna cum!!!*” Reina shrieked as she began climaxing.

“*Me too!! Ah!! Ahh!! Ahhhh!!!*” Mitsuki cried out as the same sensations coursed through her like electricity.

“*AAHHHHHHNNN!!!!*” the two women screamed in ecstasy as they climaxed at the same instant. Yusuke felt feminine fluids from Mitsuki fill his cheeks and run down the sides of his mouth as Reina’s soaked his dick while his own nearly exploded into her as he came inside her.

The two plastered women somehow managed to stay upright, though the rest of their bodies went limp; Reina spasmed up and down Yusuke’s manhood a couple more times before stopping completely. They opened their eyes and regarded each other as they caught their breath. Seeing each other through half-closed eyes—naked, with Yusuke’s seed on their faces, slicked with sweat and shining with afterglow—something sparked between them. It wasn’t rage or hate or anything like that. Instead of Mitsuki just seeing her daughter or Reina just seeing her mother, or either of them seeing their rival for Yusuke’s affections, they each saw an amazingly beautiful woman before them. They saw the beads of sweat on each other’s faces, both of them flushed with alcohol and arousal. Coupled with their enormous endowments, it made each of them seem even sexier to each other.

At last, Mitsuki slurred, “Reina...”

“Mama...did you cum?”

“I did,” Mitsuki replied, “Yusuke’s tongue’s *amazin’*.” Her face turned even redder as she remarked, “Y’know, Reina...y’all got a *really* sexy moan.”

“You, too, Mama,” Reina agreed, her head flopping to the side again. Clearly, they’d come to the same conclusion.

“Reina...”

“Mama...”

The two Toyohara women leaned in close to kiss each other. The two of them began moaning again, still pinning Yusuke to the futon, but in a little while they rolled off him. Yusuke was scarcely aware of what was happening until he sat up a moment later.

He gazed at the sight before him and couldn't help but get a sense of *déjà vu* again. He'd fantasized about these two women having sex just the other day, and now here they were, making love right in front of him. Reina was on top of Mitsuki, missionary-style, as her mother held her waist as she pressed her vulva against hers. Mitsuki yelped with exhilaration as Reina licked and kissed her face and neck and knockers. Soon, she was in such pleasure that she began crying out, digging her fingernails into her daughter's back and moaning, "Oh, God!! Right there, Reina! *Right there!!* Oh, it feels *so good!!*"

"Oh, Mama! Mama, I love you!!" Reina moaned as she kissed her mother.

"More, Reina! More! Don't stop! *Don't stop!! I'm gonna cum!! Reina! Reina!! Reina!!! Aaaaaa!!!*" Mitsuki shoved Reina's face into her cleavage, calling out her daughter's name as they came together. Maybe, in her inebriated state, she found the fact that she was fucking her own daughter even *more* unbelievably sexy. Euphoric tears came from her eyes while Reina's fell to her face as well; they were in such ecstasy that it was making them cry. Mitsuki finally released Reina's head and her daughter rolled off her, panting with pleasure.

Soon, Reina was panting again as, for the first time, she felt another person's tongue sliding in and out and around her labia. Mitsuki moaned sensually as Reina began massaging her own melons. "*Ahn! Ohh!* Oh my *God!!* Mama! Mama, keep goin'!! Don't stop! *Don't stop!!* Mama! Mama!! Mama!!! I'm cummin'!! *I'm cummin'!!!*" she screeched as she climaxed again. Mitsuki sat up; Yusuke saw that her cheeks were filled, no doubt with a mouthful of Reina's fluids.

Mitsuki knocked her head back a bit as she gave one big gulp, tracing her throat with a finger as she swallowed every last drop of her daughter's fluids. She shuddered, then got a satisfied look on her face. She crawled on top of Reina, putting her endowment against her daughter's and, still slurring, said, "Mm...yummy. Yusuke's right—ya *do* taste sour. Just like candy." She sat up, straddling her daughter's waist, and put a hand over her stomach as she asked, "Whaddaya think, Reina, knowin' yer cum's inside me?"

"Oh, Mama..." Reina moaned, sitting up a bit as Mitsuki leaned in for another kiss.

Just then, Mitsuki gasped as she was penetrated from behind and felt her waist being gripped. She turned her head and saw, to no surprise at all, that it was Yusuke who had just stuck his tool in her twat. "Ooh, so my other lover wants in?" she rhetorically asked, and turned as far around as she could to try to kiss Yusuke. She gasped again as Reina seized her arms and pulled her back down to kiss *her* instead. This time, Yusuke cooperated and brought himself down, too, supporting his weight against the floor with both hands and pressing his front to Mitsuki's back, doing her doggy-style even as she still laid on top of Reina, pressing her against the younger Toyohara woman. Mitsuki's own moans were muffled as Reina snogged her, taking one of her mother's knockers in each hand as she did.

Even through the haze of alcohol in her mind, Mitsuki understood just how sexed up she felt. It had been years since she'd had a real threesome. This time, however, was even kinkier than any other she might have had. On top of all that, this wasn't a one-night thing with total strangers who she would almost never see again—it was with two people she loved, rather than just lusted for, more than anyone else in the world. Above and below her, similar thoughts were rushing through the minds of Yusuke and Reina.

Before long, Yusuke started kissing and licking Mitsuki's neck. That turned her on even more, and she cried out, "Ah! Oh! Yusuke! More! *More!! Give it to me, Yusuke!!*"

"Mitsuki! Mitsuki!!"

"Yes, Yusuke!! *Yes! Say my name! Say my name!* You, too, Reina! Fuck me! *Fuck yer mama harder!!*"

"*Ah! Yes! Mitsuki! Mitsuki! I'm cumming!! I'm cumming!!!*"

"*Anh! Me too!! I'm cummin'! Mama, I'm cummin'!! Yes! Yes!! Mama!! Mama!!!*" Reina shrieked along with her two partners as they all climaxed together. Soon, they were taking turns taking each other, and the rest of the day became a blur, even for the still-sober Yusuke.

## ファイブ

The next morning, at the crack of dawn, Reina's eyes fluttered open to a headache. "Ow...hangover..." she said to herself, feeling at her head. She was sore all over and, in the back of her mind, she knew that she was naked.

What had happened last night? Or was it yesterday? She distinctly remembered seeing Yusuke in the afternoon, and Mitsuki force-feeding unfettered saké to her. After that, she didn't remember anything—she must have blacked out. And where was she, anyway? She glanced around with eyes that were begging to be closed again, still too tired to move anything else. What little she could see was unfamiliar.

Suddenly, she remembered: she was in Yusuke's apartment! She and Mitsuki had managed to find out where he lived yesterday. That brought back another thing: the contest! Who had won? Was it her? Her mother? *What happened last night?*

Then, Reina finally regained enough of her senses to notice a pair of hands cupped over her breasts, holding them contentedly. She was lying halfway on top of someone who was still asleep. *Oh, it's Yusuke*, she thought to herself, smiling, *I must have cum first and won him*. But then, she noticed something was amiss: the hands holding her hooters had the same, almost Caucasian-looking skin tone as her, in contrast to Yusuke's, and the fingernails on them were manicured to near-perfection.

Reina's eyes widened a bit as she began to understand what this meant. She turned her head back to see who was really holding her so affectionately. Lying beneath her was her mother, also naked and sleeping soundly. She was smiling as she subconsciously felt her daughter's soft skin under her fingers.

Reina screamed.

Yusuke, who was less than a meter away, instantly woke up, "Fire! Murder! Police! What?!"

Reina scrambled away from her mother, dragging the bedsheets with her, and pointed a quivering finger at Mitsuki. With pure horror in her voice, she demanded, "Wh-what the fuck happened last night?!"

"Huh?" Yusuke asked, then saw where she was pointing, at the sleeping beauty before him. He just stared at Mitsuki for a moment, hardly noticing her nudity, and finally said, "I...I don't know." He put a hand to his head and groaned, "Ugh...I think you two were so drunk that I got wasted."

"D-did...did I...did I have sex with Mama?!" Reina demanded.

Still clutching his head, Yusuke replied, “I can’t remember...wait...” Taking his hand away, he continued, “No, wait, I think I *do* remember.” His eyes widened as he looked straight at Reina, “I think you did.”

All the color drained from Reina’s face, “I—no, *no!* I wouldn’t fuck my mother! I *couldn’t!* It’s *wrong!!*”

As his memory of last night fully returned to him, “Reina...” Yusuke sighed, “You did. I don’t know how else to tell you, but you did. You and Mitsuki had sex, and you both had sex with me, too.”

“*Yusuke!!* This is a *huge* problem!! How can I live with myself after I had sex with *my mother?!?!?*”

“You don’t need to shout, Reina, I’m right here,” Yusuke said, rather nonchalantly, as he dug a bit of wax out of his ears.

“What the fuck am I *supposed* to be doin’, Yusuke?!?! *I had sex with my mother!!!*”

Right then, they heard a groan. Both Reina and Yusuke looked down at the futon to see Mitsuki waking up. The beautiful, naked woman stretched out and yawned as she returned from dreamland. Before either of them could say anything, Mitsuki’s eyes snapped open and she clasped her hands to her mouth. In an instant, she was running to the bathroom, not even closing the door before she ran to the toilet to vomit. After a few more nauseous moans, they heard her say, “Ugh...I’m never drinkin’ again.” There was a moment of silence before she said to herself, “Who am I kiddin’? Of course I will.”

Once she’d rinsed out her mouth at the sink, ridding herself of the awful taste of vomit, she walked back out into the main room of Yusuke’s apartment, stretching out and yawning again as she got closer to wakefulness. Yusuke started getting hard again at the sight of her lean, voluptuous body. As she took a deep breath, making her JJ-cup tits rise and fall, Reina crossed her arms and looked away in embarrassment. Mitsuki noticed them at last and inquired, “Yusuke? What’re ya doin’ here? I don’t remember y’all comin’ over again.” She spoke with her hometown’s accent rather than her acquired local one—maybe the aftereffects of intoxication still had her tongue looser than usual?

“Mitsuki, this is *my* apartment,” Yusuke said. As she looked around, he continued, “You must not remember coming in. You were *really* drunk when you showed up.”

“Well I remember *that*, at least,” Mitsuki groaned. She put a palm to her forehead. “Ow...I have *such* a headache. What in the hell was I thinkin’?” Looking at him with one eye, she asked, “What day is it anyway? The last thing I remember is gettin’ back into the car.”

“It’s Tuesday,” Yusuke said; he was the only one among them who didn’t actually have a hangover.

“Oh, God...” Mitsuki groaned, more in amazement at how much time had passed. “Last I knew, it was Monday afternoon. Ugh, I need a prairie oyster.” She looked around and found the now-empty bottle of saké; reading the label, she groaned, “Ugh, *this* brand. No wonder I got plastered.”

A look of realization suddenly formed on her face and she exclaimed, “Wait! The contest!” She ran to Yusuke and seized his shoulders, demanding, “Who won? Which of us came first?” Not even waiting for his answer, she looked at Reina with a smirk, “By the look on yer face, I guess it was *me*,” she shifted her gaze back to Yusuke, “Am I right, *lover?*”

Yusuke was silent, looking like he was trying to figure out what to say. Reina looked at him, too; she didn’t know, either, and joined her mother in giving him an expression that was

getting more frightening by the second. He was feeling intimidated by these two sexy women staring him down. He wracked his memory trying to recall what had happened the day before.

“Well, Yusuke?” the two of them finally asked in unison.

At that moment, it all came back to him. Yusuke answered, “Well...it’s *both* of you.”

“Huh?” they said, in unison again.

“You both came at the exact same time,” Yusuke explained. When the two women stared at him even more intently, he said, “Really! I’m not lying!” They stepped closer, analyzing every centimeter of his face for even the tiniest hint that he might be trying to trick them. After several seconds, they found nothing. He really *wasn’t* lying.

Stepping back, Reina finally asked Mitsuki, “Well...what do we do now?” She tried looking at her sideways, still embarrassed at the knowledge that she’d had sex with her own mother. Mitsuki was still unaware that she had *two* lovers in the room.

Putting a hand to her chin, crossing the other arm under her breasts, Mitsuki wondered aloud, “Well...if’n we *both* came at the same time...n’ since our deal was that whoever came first got Yusuke...then...we *both* won?”

The room fell silent for a bit, then Yusuke said, “Well, if you ask me, I think this couldn’t have ended better. I’m not sure you could’ve gotten a real decision out of me even if you put a gun to my head. And where did your feud get you, anyway? A mother and daughter fighting over the same guy? It sounds like something out of a bad hentai. I don’t mind having *two* girlfriends, if *you* don’t mind sharing me with each other. And besides, you two didn’t seem to mind, either.”

Yusuke instantly realized his mistake—he’d said a sentence too much and his eyes widened into an expression that said, “*Oh, shit!*”

“What’re ya talkin’ about, Yusuke?” Mitsuki asked. Yusuke didn’t want to give anything away, but his eyes darted over to Reina, trying to gauge her own reaction, for just a second. Mitsuki looked at Reina, who got a flustered expression on her face as she made to cover herself with her both arms. Mitsuki’s confusion at why Reina was acting like that led to understanding in less than a minute.

Mitsuki screamed.

There was a pounding on the wall and a voice shouted, “*Shut the fuck up in there!!! Some of us are trying to sleep!!!*”

The three of them ignored the angry neighbor. Mitsuki was too busy pacing back and forth, clutching at her head and saying to herself, “No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no... This can’t be happenin’. This can’t have happened!” She turned to Yusuke and quietly shouted, “*I had sex with my daughter!?!?*”

Reina gave a terrible, disgusted moan and buried her face in her hands at their mutual shame. Mitsuki joined her in moaning as if in pain at understanding that they couldn’t just go back to their lives like nothing happened. Standing off to the side, Yusuke kept trying to think of something to say, but everything that came to him sounded worse than the last. Finally, he gave up on that and decided to try something else in place of it. He managed to get enough of their attention and suggested, “Sit down, both of you. I’ll make some tea.” The Toyohara women regained a bit of their composure and did as he asked, covering themselves a bit—Mitsuki put her trench coat back on, but didn’t fully fasten it, while Reina wrapped one of the sheets of Yusuke’s futon around her. Yusuke put his pants back on, but nothing else, while he waited for the water to boil. In minutes, he brought them a cup of tea each. They both thanked him as he sat down.

Finally, after a few minutes and a few sips of their tea, Reina peered into her cup contemplatively and wondered aloud, “What the hell are we goin’ ta do?” Neither of them had wanted to commit incest.

“I don’t know...” Mitsuki replied. She looked at Reina, knowing that she would never be able to see her daughter the same way ever again. As Reina brought her cup to her lips again, the sheet she was wearing opened a bit and Mitsuki caught a glimpse of her cleavage. The same confused, lustful thoughts as before returned to her. This time, rather than silently pushing them aside, she all but smashed her palm into the middle of her face and yelled, “*Aargh!* Why in the hell can’t I stop thinkin’ ‘bout how sexy ya look?!” She needed to vent her frustrations.

That took the other two a bit by surprise. Reina pinched the bridge of her nose and said, “Ugh, I know what you mean, Mama. I don’t know why, but I kept thinkin’ about *you* that way, too. What’s wrong with me?!”

Looking at her daughter again from between her fingers, Mitsuki asked, “Y’all been havin’ those thoughts, too?” Yusuke began looking back and forth between them, wondering just what had begun unfolding before him.

“I *really* don’t want ta admit it, but yeah. I can’t control it! Ever since we started fightin’ over Yusuke and I saw you naked—*really* naked, when it really *means* somethin’—it kept comin’ ta mind. What I wanted ta do ta you, and...and what I wanted you ta do ta *me*.”

Mitsuki groaned again, “I...I’ve been havin’ a lotta thoughts like that, too,” she admitted. “I think it started ‘round the same time it did fer y’all, too.”

“I...” Yusuke started to say, then thought better of it, “Nevermind.”

Both women looked at him. Mitsuki spoke first, “No, go ahead, Yusuke.” Then Reina asked, “What were you goin’ ta say?”

“I don’t think you want me to say it,” he objected, shaking his head.

Reina reached out and grabbed him by the chin with one hand, carefully keeping her tea from spilling. Looking straight into his eyes, “Whatever it is, tell us *right now*. I promise I won’t be mad.”

“Me, too,” Mitsuki interjected, moving closer to him.

Yusuke took a breath, “I still think you’re not going to like it, but...” He stopped for a second and started again, “I know you’re both freaked out over having sex with each other. You were both drunk—” Mitsuki got an embarrassed look on her face, knowing that it was her own fault that she and Reina had committed incest, “—but, honestly, you looked much happier fucking than fighting. You both looked as satisfied after having sex with each other as you did with *me*, even!”

Reina cocked her head a bit, “Really, Yusuke?”

“Does this look like the face of a liar?” he replied, his serious expression slightly smushed between Reina’s thumb and the rest of her fingers.

Reina released him, and both women looked at each other. Mitsuki glanced down and stared at Reina’s chest, her cleavage visible between the edges of the sheet that she was still wearing. Her daughter didn’t miss that, and pulled her ersatz clothing closer as she looked away in shame. Mitsuki’s heart began beating faster, and she became short of breath. Mitsuki downed the remainder of her tea in one go as if she was drinking from a shot glass and edged closer to her. Reina backed up from her, pulling the sheet even tighter and dropping her own teacup. Yusuke watched, frozen, wondering what Mitsuki was about to do.

Mitsuki was audibly panting as she raised her trembling hands. Reina looked at her again and asked, with a slightly fearful expression, “M-mom, what are you thinkin’...?” Before any of them knew what she was doing, Mitsuki had pulled her coat open, letting it fall to the floor again. In another second, she’d forced the sheet off of Reina; her daughter gave a quiet yelp of surprise. A lustful blush came to Mitsuki’s face as she admired Reina’s beauty, her nudity. When Reina made to cover herself with her arms, Mitsuki took hold of her wrists and gently stopped her. They looked straight into each other’s matching amber eyes, and Mitsuki asked, “Reina, what d’ya see?”

“I...I see *you*, Mama,” she replied.

“What *else* do you see?”

“A beautiful woman?”

“What *else*?”

“A...a *really* beautiful woman...” Reina stammered. Her tone slowly changed from fearful to adoring, “A lovin’ mom...a beautiful woman...a *really* sexy lady...my...my...” She couldn’t believe she was about to say what she was going to.

“Go on, Reina,” Mitsuki insisted, starting to understand why she couldn’t stop thinking about her daughter the way she did about Yusuke.

“M-m-my...my...m-my...”

Mitsuki’s hands went to Reina’s shoulders, holding her both firmly and softly, “If’n ya won’t say it, then *I* will.” She pulled Reina close, “*My lover.*” She pulled her daughter all the way in and their lips met. Reina’s eyes went so wide she thought they might fall out. Once Mitsuki had pulled her in, her right hand had left Reina’s shoulder and went to her breast instead, lovingly caressing her soft skin. Yusuke’s eyes widened, too, and he felt himself getting hard instantly as he watched this triple-forbidden love blooming before him.

Finally, after what seemed like forever, Mitsuki released her daughter. “I think I know why ya turn me on so much, Reina, why I can’t stop thinkin’ ‘bout ya like that.” She pulled her close again and said, “Y’all remind me of yer father. It’s not just yer hair. Y’all might be a woman, but I can’t help thinkin’ like y’all *really are* him.”

Now, *Reina* began panting with excitement. She was liking the idea more and more by the second. That kiss earlier had nearly made her cry out in horror again, but she’d stopped herself. Gazing into Mitsuki’s eyes, Reina was certain that this incredibly beautiful woman before her was more than just her mother. Something deep within her made her feel like she had known Mitsuki before, in another life, and that she loved her in more than just a familial way, and that she was as enamored with her as much as with Yusuke. Mitsuki kissing her and touching her tit earlier hadn’t feel wrong anymore. It felt good. It felt *right*.

Reina brought both hands to her mother’s head, delicately holding her at her jawline, and said in the most affectionate voice she could muster, “Yes, Mama. I love you, and I want you. Fightin’ was never goin’ ta get us anywhere. I want ta be with you forever, and for us ta be with Yusuke forever. I want ta make love ta both of you every day for the rest of my life.” She leaned in and pulled Mitsuki closer, and they moaned together as they pressed their tits together and kissed, long and lovingly. Yusuke smiled at the sight. As soon as the mother and daughter were done sealing their new love together, all three of them consummated their new relationship.

ファイブ

“Okay, on three. Ready?”

“Ready, Mama!”

“One...two...three!”

At the same time, Reina and Mitsuki jumped out of each other's rooms and into the upstairs hall, looking at each other. Both of them started giggling like children at the sight. Just for fun, and considering that they had become much, *much* closer lately, they were trying on each other's clothes. Mitsuki chuckled at the sight of Reina wearing one of her reddish-pink sleeveless turtlenecks and light tan skirts. The turtleneck went down a little further than it would have on Mitsuki: while it was intended for someone with a bigger overall frame, it fit around Mitsuki's giant rack just fine. The skirt was longer on her, too, falling below Reina's knees rather than to them since her hips weren't as wide as her mother's.

Then again, Mitsuki herself looked much sillier. For all the same reasons that her clothes seemed bigger on Reina, Reina's were too small for her. The pleated navy blue skirt, mini by Reina's standards to begin with, was reduced to micro on Mitsuki's hips, and Reina could see the pair of her own panties that Mitsuki had picked out 'under' the skirt without even meaning to. A white button undershirt was stretched tightly across Mitsuki's melons, and not even all of it, at that—like one of Reina's looser tops, it seemed more like a curtain over her chest, but one that had been hooked together in many places and two people were struggling to pull it apart. Knowing that her outfit was incomplete, Mitsuki said, “Sorry, Reina, but I couldn't fit your sweater over my tits.” Even amused like she was now, she spoke with her acquired local accent.

“That's okay, Mama,” Reina replied, reaching under the turtleneck and behind her back to pull out something else she was wearing. “Your bras don't fit me, either. This was the closest fit.”

Mitsuki grinned at the rather lacy piece of underwear, “That's actually what I wore when I wanted to be sexy with your father. My boobs were a little smaller back then.” She beamed lustfully and shifted back to her hometown's dialect, “In fact, I was wearin' that when he put y'all in my belly.”

Reina looked at the bra and nearly purred, rubbing it against her face, “No wonder it looks so sexy. If it turned Dad on, then it must turn *me* on, too.” The younger woman got an idea, “Why don't you try it on for me? Catch!” and she threw her mother's bra to her. It fell short and Mitsuki walked over to pick it up, chuckling again at the complete failure of the throw. As she bent over, she felt all of Reina's clothes that she was wearing release without warning; buttons flew everywhere as the shirt fell open and the skirt slipped down to her ankles, just slightly torn. Reina's heart started pounding again at the sight of her mother's statuesque, nearly naked body.

“Oops. Sorry, Reina,” Mitsuki said, genuinely regretful that she had damaged some of her daughter's clothes.

“Don't worry about it, Mama,” Reina waved her hand dismissively. “I'll sew those back on later. Just put that bra on! I want to see what Dad did when you two had sex!” Statements like that always reminded the two of them that they weren't just mother and daughter anymore: now, they were girlfriends as well, and they consummated their relationship almost every single day. In fact, they often took each other many times in a single day, and had knocked boots three times just since they woke up this morning.

Mitsuki grinned back at her daughter and shed Reina's shirt, deliberately being as sultry as possible for her darling, and then unhooked a bra that was a few sizes too small for her JJ-cups and slipped on her own. Reina drooled at the sight of it, holding up her favorite parts of her mother's body like that, making her even more attractive.



Standing there in just her bra and Reina's panties, Mitsuki struck a sexy pose and asked, "So, whaddaya think, lover?"

Reina dashed over to Mitsuki, grabbing her upper arms and pulling her close, blushing with desire; she'd lost count of how many times their enormous busts had been shoved together like this. Her voice dripping with desire, she said, "Oh, God, I want you, Mama. I *need* ta have you again!"

"Alre—" Mitsuki began, but was interrupted when Reina suddenly hugged her, pulling her in for a kiss. Mitsuki wrapped her arms around her daughter and kissed her back. They just stood there together for a few minutes, enjoying the feeling of each other again. Finally, they ended their kiss and Mitsuki got to finish what she was saying, "Y'all already wanna have sex again? We just did it twenty minutes ago!"

"I know, Mama—I was there. But I just can't get enough of you!"

Mitsuki smiled at her and remarked, "We haven't even been lovers fer a month n' I think we might've already had sex more than yer father n' I did back then." It was Mitsuki's start the snogging, now, pulling Reina back in. Their desires were so strong that they couldn't limit themselves to making out for very long. "Alright, Reina. You win. Let's go n'—" just then, the phone rang. The nearest was in Mitsuki's bedroom.

"I'll get it," Reina said. With a tone that almost sounded mischievous, she added, "Meet me in my room," and gave her mother a quick peck on the lips before they released each other, walking in opposite directions. She picked up the receiver from the nightstand and answered, "Hello."

"Hi, Reina. It's me."

"Oh, Yusuke! Good ta hear from you!" Reina said excitedly, and sat down on her mother's bed. The sheets were still messy from earlier—after banging on the dining table, they'd gone up here for the previous time they'd coupled.

"How have you two been?"

"We're doin' great, Yusuke, as if you needed ta ask." Reina spoke with a tone that made it sound like she was winking at him over the phone. In the short time since she and Mitsuki had ended their feud, Yusuke had visited the Toyohara home on several occasions and they'd all had sex each time, and Reina had gone to Yusuke's apartment by herself a few times as well. "We've gotten *so* much closer. You wouldn't believe *how* close."

"I think I *can* believe it. I believed it before *you* did, after all."

"Oh, really?" Reina took on a fake haughty tone, "Well for your information, I'm wearing Mama's clothes righ' now: her turtleneck, her skirt, her panties, and *no bra*," Reina said.

She heard Yusuke tremor lustfully and then say, "That *does* sound sexy, Reina." There was a moment's pause, then he asked, "I didn't...*interrupt* anything, did I?"

"No, no. Well, maybe a little. Mama and I were about ta have sex again. It'll be our fourth time today!"

"I wish I was there to see it," Yusuke said. Of course, the last time he'd been over they had each fucked him six times; it left him so tired that he ended up spending the night only to make love with both of them at once two more times in the morning. Reina giggled and, rubbing her knees together, offered, "Maybe you can come by later and watch me and Mama have our fun. And then *we* can have *our* fun—I've been *dyin'* ta taste your cock again."

“And I can’t wait to eat you out again,” Yusuke replied; his voice was so amorous that she could almost hear his lips curling into a lustful smile. “I’m too busy today, though, but I promise I’ll stop by tomorrow.”

“Okay, Yusuke. We’ll see you then. I love you!”

“I love you, too, Reina. And tell Mitsuki I love her, too.”

“Don’t worry, Yusuke, I will. I’ll *fuck* her for you, too. Bye!” Reina said, and she hung up the phone. Turning to the door, she said to herself, “Now where was I?”

Reina walked down the hall to her bedroom. She opened the door and saw that Mitsuki had already taken position on the bed; she was wearing only her bra, now, and gave her daughter a seductive look. Reina returned it and began pulling off her mother’s turtleneck, almost mimicking what Mitsuki herself had done on the first day of their feud in this very room. She noticed that Mitsuki had put on a CD of romantic music as she took off the skirt and panties.

Mitsuki beckoned to her and rasped, in her calm local accent, “Tell me again, Reina: how much do you love me?”

Reina walked over to her and answered, “Mom, I love you so much that I’d let you make *me* into a mom if you had the righ’ parts for it. And how much do you love *me*?”

“I love you so much that I’d let you give me *another* child if *you* could,” Mitsuki said as Reina walked up to her. She climbed under the covers next to her mother and they embraced, lying on their sides at first, holding and kissing each other fondly.

After only a few minutes, they stopped and looked into each other’s eyes. Grinning at each other, they exchanged a few nods and decided what they would do next. Reina climbed on top of Mitsuki, still under the covers. Mitsuki kept beaming up at her daughter, “Well, here we are again.” She reached up, placing a hand on Reina’s face, and said with utter sweetness, “Make love ta me, Reina.”

“I will, Mama,” Reina said with the same sweetness, and leaned in to kiss her mother again, quickly this time. Once that was done, they got to why they had truly gone to bed together.

The storm had passed. Yusuke, struggling with the decision for longer than he’d liked, had gained two lovers in place of one, as had each of the women he loved. But who knew where this newly-formed love triangle would go? What if they were found out? They could become pariahs, unable to see each other again undisturbed. They’d even already taken the precaution that Mitsuki would never be seen with Yusuke in public as his girlfriend, since it would be suspicious for such an older woman to be with him after it had become known that he and Reina were together. And could they even last in such a lustful life that all three of them had so abruptly been thrust into?

All three of them had decided that they would worry about that some other time. Mitsuki and Reina certainly didn’t care right now, as they both gave lustful screeches together in the privacy of their home. Reina climbed off of Mitsuki and laid down in bed with her, cuddling against her mother’s naked, curvaceous body. Mitsuki wrapped her arms around her beautiful daughter and, exhausted from having so much sex today, sleep overtook them.