(**Warning**: This work contains taboo subjects and graphic sexual content)

Shouko Komi wasn’t the most… sociable of people. And that was the understatement of the century. Her severe anxiety kept her completely isolated from other people as she did not ever speak a word to anyone. It prevented her from taking part in any activity that would require proper socialization. It had cultivated the mistaken assumption among her peers in school that she was something of a diva, a ‘madonna’ they had called her, someone who just did not see socializing with anyone at the school as worthy of her attention.

Which couldn’t be further from the truth. Shouko desired nothing more than to form honest relationships with people, to be a social butterfly, to have a hundred friends, that was her goal. Yet her crippling anxiety and fear of deception kept her from uttering a peep in public. Even with her family, she remained quiet at all times.

But unlike most people, her family did have a way to understand her. They were aware of her plight and tried to take measures to help her. Her mother specifically. Shuuko Komi was the absolute polar opposite of her daughter, her ‘forever 17’ attitude was all smiles and energetic talks with everyone. Truly, she could speak on behalf of the whole family. The most communicative of them all… that is to say rarely anybody but her talked at all in their house.

This led to her mother developing an instinctive way of communicating with her children even if neither said a word. She always was coming up with ways in which Shouko could overcome her anxiety and lead the social life she always wanted.

Among the attempts to boost her confidence and deal with her anxiety, is trying acting or extra-curricular courses, which of course require *less* social anxiety to actually be able to perform in them. And though admittedly those were on the normal side, some of those ways bordered on the ridiculous that could only make sense in her mother’s mind, such as hiking a mountain or going to an abandoned house rumored to be haunted to boost her courage.

Shouko felt they didn’t really ‘tackle’ the issue of her anxiety in the first place…

Her latest idea wasn’t… the worst? But neither did Shouko feel it’d work in the long term.

“Tada!” Her energetic mother waved a hand at the place before them.

It was a gym, a rather sparsely populated gym, she could only spot a few people in various rows of machines and equipment. It looked like a decent enough place, not top-of-the-line but had the required stuff to serve as a pretty functional gym.

Wearing a set of clothes she often reserved for PE at school, Shouko merely stood with her hands folded in front of her hand as she looked at her mother in curiosity.

“I read that working out is *great* for managing stress and anxiety!” The shorter-haired woman said, pumping an arm. She was wearing the same type of attire as her daughter, a plain white shirt and workout shorts. “The perfect place to boost confidence!”

Shouko wasn’t exactly thrilled about the idea. Physical education in school was one thing, but to train here in front of a bunch of strangers?

Well at the very least there were so few people there was barely anybody who’d be watching her, perhaps it was why her mother had picked up this place. That much she could appreciate. But still, there had to be more to managing anxiety than working out.

“We’ll start slow!” Shuuko cheerfully said, “I’ll accompany you all the way, and together we’ll break you out of your shell!”

The younger Komi also valued the fact her mother was willing to do this with her if nothing else. Shouko looked down at a set of small dumbbells in front of her, ideal for beginners. Hmm, a workout routine would be good for her physical health, god knows her mental health was in the drain. Maybe her mother was unto something, and hey, this wasn’t some hair-brained scheme. Working her issues through physical training could be a way to-

“Hmg!” Shouko let out a muffled yelp as she felt something long and sharp pierce her derriere. She turned around with shock in her eyes to see her mother standing there with a needle in her hand.

“I also heard this will do wonders to boost your attitude!”

Did her mother just *drug* her?!

“Oh don’t worry, honey! It’s just a little steroid!”

…What?!

Shuuko was all smiles, as though she hadn’t just doped her daughter. “Have you seen those athletes? They’re confidence incarnate! I just gave you a boost so you can reach that level!”

There was so much wrong with that sentence…

But as much Shouko wanted to protest the *insanity* of it all, she felt the substance begin to do its work. A rush of energy came up unbidden, spreading through her body. From the tip of her toes to the back of her neck, it was like a jolt of electricity coursed through every tendon.

It was overwhelming, and she felt she might explode. She needed to do something, anything, to burn that energy lest it overwhelmed her.

Her mother just waved at the dumbbells, and Shouko had no choice. She quickly picked them up and huffed silently as she brought them up and down in tandem. Slowly the excess energy began to fizzle out, and… she had to be honest with herself, the way she was spending it with physical exertion felt oddly pleasant.

Shuuko smiled happily at the way her daughter quickly worked the weights, with a vigor and intensity she had never openly displayed before. It was like she didn’t even realize she was in a public space, sparse as it was. Her heart bloomed with motherly joy as she saw Shouko take the first steps to a better self.

“Well, what kind of mother would I be if I didn’t join her~?” She said to herself, looking for another dose in her bag before injecting it right into her arm…

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One would be hard-pressed to recognize Komi these days, for the once elegant and dainty-looking young woman now sported muscles of quite the prominent size, worthy of the most seasoned gym-goer or crossfit athlete.

She shouldn’t have been able to develop this sort of musculature in such a short time, but her mother’s insistence on the steroids could not be denied. Not matter how hard she tried.

…Although, that was a complete lie. Komi in all honesty had not tried to dissuade her mother. She knew Shuuko could understand her intentions and wants, she knew she could ‘communicate’ with her mother as it were without speaking a word. But she hadn’t. Komi had welcomed the jab without any resistance other than a small mumble and whine.

So why hadn’t Komi denied the use of the substance?

Well, the image reflected in her mirror was the reason.

Komi hadn’t really thought about fitness before she started all this. But there was a primal allure to this level of tone and muscle in her frame that invoked feelings of pleasure and, most importantly, confidence.

It was true what they said, working out was a good way to handle anxiety. That is not to say Komi was suddenly a social butterfly, but… she found her issues more manageable ever since she started training regularly with her mother.

She started training at home even, with a set of dumbbells her mother had purchased for them. In the privacy of her room, she was always able to let loose, more so now that she was putting her body through its paces.

She wore her usual workout clothes, a simple white shirt and red shorts, panting gently as she brought the bells up and down, savoring the sight of her biceps swelling as her arms bent, coupled with the slow throb and rise of her veins. Her shirt was much tighter now than it used to be, almost fittingly contorting around the curves of her ample breasts, showing the outline of her nipples. To say nothing of her shorts as they were now barely covering half of her derriere, starting to rip up something fierce over the strong glutes.

Her shoulders were larger, straining the fabric of her sleeves while her back stretched the rest of the material over its ample surface. Her large quads helped the shorts hike up, splitting into different groups with notable lines of definition, while her calves had developed a heart-shaped mass.

Komi felt strong, beautiful, confident. More than she ever had in her life before. And it was thanks to this body. She dropped the dumbbells and struck a double biceps pose, making the shirt groan in protest.

She finally could foresee her dream of making so many friends as a possibility. All she needed to do was keep training, grow stronger and bigger… and for that, she had to keep taking the steroids…

She had not questioned her mother for their constant use, nor had she questioned her when she left a box of syringes in her bedroom. She knelt by her bed and retrieved a box, the box contained the liquid which promised greatness.

She flexed her arm, making a vein stand out, and jabbed the needle. She let out a soft huff as the liquid entered her system. It was like the veins in her arms began pumping larger, filled out by the extra liquid. But the truth was they were already reacting to the chemicals.

She and her mother, they were reacting very strongly to the steroids. Far more than a regular person should…

As she watched the muscles in her arm solidify further, she wondered what she would become…

Then, her door was opened, and a gentle voice with a regal quality to it made itself known. “Komi-san, excuse me”

Komi froze, her body shivering.

“Your mother let me in, it’s time to work on our project”

How could she have forgotten?!

A young woman of the same age entered, her looks bore a striking resemblance to Komi’s, with the exception of the eye-catching silver hair to contrast her dark locks. Her school uniform was adorned with the academy’s logo etched on her left breast pocket, giving her a professional air about her.

Kawai Rami looked at Komi, stopping in her tracks for a moment as the two girls looked at each other. Her surprise was subdued, yet evident all the same. “You… You have really grown a lot” She muttered, closing the door behind her.

Komi, of course, did not make a sound. She merely watched nervously as the young woman who often made her feel a touch inadequate by comparison walked closer. Though she considered Rami a good friend, she could never shake off the feeling of things being… complicated between them, considering their relationship with Tadano. And Rami’s admitted feelings for him… and her.

So seeing her so fascinated with her body was sending her poor heart into overdrive, not helped by the recent dose she had taken, working its way through all corners of her body.

“It never ceases to amaze me how far you’ve come…” Rami mutters, looking at Komi’s arms with adoration. “May I?”

Komi let out a soft squeal as Rami did not wait for permission to touch her arms. Prodding to test the hardness. “They’ve yet to reach their peak, haven’t they?” She muttered huskily, and Komi’s cheeks were burning. Her whole body felt on fire. “You can still grow even more, you’re… growing right now?”

And indeed, she was.

The steroid’s effect continued unabated, making her body swell with each passing second. Veins throbbed and pulsated over the enlarging biceps, which increased in volume and mass, deepening the definition between them.

Her breasts were pushing *out*, stretching the fabric of her shirt more and more as the seams were groaning under the push of her ballooning shoulders. She let out a muffled gasp as the back of her shirt tore down.

Komi was mortified, realizing she could not stop herself from growing before this young woman whose relationship could be classified as ‘complicated’ at the best of times. Who looked upon her muscles with fascination and worship, who even as she grew licked her lips in anticipation at what the unraveling of her shirt might real.

And Komi loved that feeling.

Her shorts rode up higher, she had to bite her lip to keep herself from moaning as the fabric rubbed against her wet sex. A tear appeared down the middle of the shirt, right over her breasts, her thickening pecs lifting her bosom even higher as the widening lats began making openings in between the seams.

Komi felt she was going to explode, she had surpassed her previous size in a matter of seconds. Her body clamored for release, for attention, for *touch*.

The growth hit its apex, and Komi moaned when her shirt exploded into confetti.

Rami watched and marveled as Komi’s muscular torso flared with each breath, the pants were music to her ears. The way the beads of sweat traversed down Komi’s impressive level of beef was too tantalizing, too tempting for her to remain idle.

Komi let out a choked gasp, followed by a gentle moan as Rami’s hands wandered over her torso, grasping at her lats and tracing the lines of her deep abdominals, fondling biceps and shoulders, sensually massaging her pecs until her nipples were painfully hard.

“Oh Komi-san…” Rami muttered, her mouth-watering. “What shall I do to you…?”

“…Kiss”

The reply was so soft, so small, and so *surprising*, that it took them a moment to realize it had come from Komi.

The two women looked at each other with varying shock,

“…Yes,” Rami said after a moment, hypnotized.

And so she did, she pucked her lips and kissed Komi’s body, she planted peck after peck over the bulging mounds of her arms, the thick slops of her pectoral muscles. The bountiful softness of her breasts and… and the hard peaks of her nipples…!

Komi bit her lip, moaning as she felt pleasure like never before. She had… She had spoken to someone, she had made her voice known, her *desires* known. And they were being fulfilled in a way beyond her wildest imagination.

The chemicals in her body, the confidence and allure of her body, had driven her to do something she had considered impossible before.

And she needed more.

For what came next, Komi did not speak, nor did she need to make her intentions clear. For she *ripped* Rami’s uniform off her body, leaving her dainty and curvy female form bare before her amazonian bulk. She then kissed her fully on the lips, savoring her completely, Rami passionately responding in kind as their tongues probed each other.

Then, Komi threw her down on the bed and climbed after her, setting her on her side as she lifted Rami’s leg over a muscular shoulder… and lined up their sex together.

Komi did not speak she gyrated her hips over and over, the only sounds coming from her mouth were groans and moans. Rami did all the speaking required, by loudly calling out her name.

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***(Warning: Taboo here)***

Shuuko could not be any happier, her darling girl was coming out of her shell and showed herself as the pearl she truly was. Shouko would engage in a demanding workout and perform admirably, even under the gazes of others, something that would have made her a shivering wreck in the past, like she was the only person in the world. Shuuko was so proud of her beautiful daughter’s progress.

And what a progress it was! The elder Komi watched her daughter flex in front of the locker room’s mirror, absorbed by her out powerful visage. The steroids had done a *marvelous* work at bringing her dear Shouko to the level of a seasoned bodybuilder in but a few months. She was wearing a thinly strapped blue one-piece over very tight shorts, the line of fabric swallowed by her two striated glutes as her shoulder blades and trap muscles strained the upper straps. She hit pose after pose, rolling her muscles with rippling waves under the skin as rivers of veins came forth.

Shouko was *magnificent*.

And Shuuko wasn’t far behind.

“Tada!” Shuuko finished putting on her new ‘outfit’, a hot pink bikini piece that displayed all the muscles in her frame. From the outrageously shredded quads, the deep lines of abdominal muscles, and the most powerful pectorals that raised her breasts better than any bra could.

Shouko made a surprised sound, looking at her mother through the reflection.

“Well if we’re going to be Olympians, we need to dress the part beyond looking the part!” Shuuko cheerfully said, standing at her daughter’s side, basking in the sight of their muscular bodies next to one another. “So we gotta show off as much as we can!”

And show off she did, she placed her fists at the sides of her core, right under the strap, and flexed her whole body. Arching one foot forward and *flexing* with all her strength, she let out a soft groan with a smile as the muscles in her legs *expanded*, competing against each other for space as veins spread, emerging from her crotch like writhing snakes, crawling up to her abs in chaotic patterns until both the entirety of her thighs and the lower regions of her abs were crowded with them.

She felt so beautiful, so strong, so *sensual*.

Shuuko let out a short gasp as her bikini bottom couldn’t take it anymore, and it snapped away, revealing her wet sex.

Shouko let out a startled sound, blushing and unable to look away.

“Oh my~” Shuuko giggled, “Flexed too hard I think” She straightened her arms and held them at the sides of her body. “Oh well, should even things out!” And with a mighty flex of her limbs, thrusting her chest outwards, her bikini top too was split in two.

Shuuko didn’t mind her naked state, in fact, she relished it, humming as she ran her hands over her striated muscles. “Oh don’t be ashamed, Shouko-chan” She huskily told her daughter. “It’s natural to enjoy our looks, we’ve become such *outstanding* sights haven’t we?”

Shouko gulped, her face growing redder by the second.

Shuuko closed the gap between them, placing one hand over her hip to bring her closer, making their shredded frames touch. “You should show your beautiful muscles too, honey~” Shuuko muttered huskily, her emotions into overdrive and her inhibitions destroyed by the use of the chemicals. “Flex, would you?”

Shouko could only stare… and slowly did so, holding one wrist as she brought her arm into a side chest, the motion inflating not just her limb, but also her traps and shoulders. The material began to strain audibly.

“That’s it…” Shuuko licked her lips. “More”

Shouko closed her eyes as the strength of her flex intensified, veins throbbing so hard towards the surface as the straps of her outfit thinned.

“Harder…” Shuuko’s crotch was *burning*.

A small dragged-out groan emerged from the younger Komi’s lips, the flesh was making a leather-stretching sound, deepening the lines of her muscles as the veins *pulsated*. The fabric began to rip around her shorts, and tears between her breasts.

Shuuko was almost panting, “*Fuck…*” She muttered. “More, just a bit more, show me *everything*”

And she got her wish, as the clothes exploded from Shouko’s frame, unveiling the gloriously muscular body that put veterans of female bodybuilding to shame. Her daughter was such a beast, a shredding, pulsating, *sexy* beast.

“Ohhh look at you…” Shuuko muttered, her hands shamelessly trailing over her body. “So hard, and so strong,” Her daughter stifled a moan as her mother groped a breast, “You’re so lovely now, you and I are becoming the strongest and *most erotic* mother-daughter duo, wouldn’t you say~?” Shuuko pressed their bodies closer, making the voluminous breasts squish against each other, hard nipples digging into the other. Her other hand descended to Shouko’s innermost region, where the elder Komi’s fingers decisively yet slowly buried themselves upon finding her entrance.

Shouko moaned, it was such a *beautiful* sound. Shuuko was eager to hear more, to hear her daughter’s voice as pleasure invaded her…

Only a few strokes and she was already gushing, Shuuko proudly removed the wet fingers, stained with liquid pleasure, and slowly suckled them clean, grinning as she tasted her daughter. “Delicious~”

The elder Komi grasped her daughter’s rear, lifting her up as she squeezed those tight muscles, pushing her against a locker and denting the material with the impact. “Even if you got that big, I can still lift you…” She muttered, looking up at her equally musclebound child, her chi resting over her breasts.

Shouko was panting, looking at her mother with unbridled desire as her legs slowly locked around her waist.

Shuuko took a deep breath, inhaling the fragrance of Shouko’s sweaty aroma coming from those hardened muscles. “You’re delicious,” And ran her tongue over her pectorals.

The younger Komi moaned, and from her lips emerged the word Shuuko was aching to hear. “More…”

Shuuko smiled, looking directly into her eyes as she began to grind her hips. Waves of pleasure flowed through their frames as the tempo increased in this taboo union, the two desperately grasping each other’s vast muscles before their lips locked in a messy kiss.

X~X~X~X~X

It wasn’t enough to go to the gym anymore, not the Komi ladies. So Shuuko made sure to purchase their own weights, bars, and other assortment of equipment. All were placed into a repurposed room of the house that had become their home gym. The largest piece of equipment was a multi-purpose machine designed for lat pulldowns, low row, chest press, and leg extensions, the latter of which Shuuko was using right now.

She huffed, her bountiful breasts heaving as droplets of sweat traversed down to the middle of her rack. Her triceps were *bulging massively* as gripped the handles with all her strength, making the corded muscles striate magnificently. With each breath, her cobblestone abs tightened and coiled, showing the superior tone in all its majesty thanks to her workout top revealing rows of abdominals and obliques.

Her quads were *bursting* with size as the undoubtedly meaty muscles rippled, audibly straining the skin-tight yoga pants, making the fabric paste itself so closely to the flesh they showed every nook and cranny of the fibrous thighs and calves.

She almost thought it was a shame, to deprave the gym goers of this fascinating show. To fuel the dreams and fantasies of men and women alike with images of peak female muscle and sensuality combined.

Although she did have an audience today in her home.

A certain youthful young man of cute looks shuffled awkwardly in his seat, his legs pressed together with his hands folded over his knees, hunched over ever so slightly as to keep *something* from being noticed perhaps.

“I-If Shouko-san isn’t coming back yet I can come back later,” Tadano weekly tried to argue, doing his best to not directly look at his crush’s mother.

“Nonsense!” Shuuko cheerfully said, “I like having you around!” And she was enjoying his reactions to her workout. It was such an adorable sight to see him so flustered. He had looked so entranced when she opened the door, literally looming over him by a head and almost twice his width.

Yes, she and Shouko had become *that* big.

“T-Thank you,” He replied, sounding unsure of what to say really.

“Besides, I wanted to ask you something” She huffed as she finished the ends of her reps, the fabric was struggling more as her legs *grew*.

“What is it?” He timidly asked.

“Hang on, hng!” And with a final pull of her legs, the fabric of her pants *shredded*. Large gashes spread all over their surface, threads snapping, patches of skin showing everywhere as the material came undone.

Tadano’s jaw went slack as he witnessed the bare muscles of her legs, staring in amazement at the creamy white skin tightly wrapped around the densely packed meat, with veins so thick spreading from her crotch to the vastus muscles and her abs. Quads so large they were as thick as his entire torso…

“Phew…” Shuuko let out a breath of relief, both at finishing her set and her pulsating legs finally getting some air. She looked at Tadano with a beaming smile. “Do you like my muscles?”

Tadano felt his throat crack dry. “Huh?”

“My muscles, do you like them?” She repeated as she stood up, idly going over to a backpack and pulling out a syringe, unashamedly jobbing it into her arm in front of him, the vein throbbing larger as she squeezed every last drop of the steroid into her arm. She threw the needle into the bag and walked closer to him, making sure his attention was on her bare legs. “Are they appealing to you?”

“W-W-Why do you want to know?” His face was burning red.

“Well, Shouko is as buff as I am, so I wanted to know if you liked her as she looks now” He choked at how casually she called out his crush for her daughter. “I want to know you’ll accept her. These muscles make her very happy after all” She angled one foot forward, making the quad ripple with controlled flexes. “And I’d like to make sure they make you happy too!”

How was he supposed to reply to that?

Shuuko turned around and spread her massive back. “So, do you like big, strong women like us?” She coyly asked, making the dorsal muscles strain the fabric of her top so much it began to strain. “Do you think these muscles are beautiful, *sexy~*?”

Tadano gulped, his gaze was lost on those innumerable muscle groups, the great slopes, and ravines. The sensuality of her curves and strong glutes. The sheer tightness of it all, the massive *girth* and sheer meat packed in amazonian frames. His pants were painfully tight…

“Would you give Shouko’s body the attention it deserves?” The elder Komi’s voice dropped to a sensual octave. “Would you worship muscles like *these?*” She grunted at the last word, bringing up her arms to a powerful double bicep flex, causing the top to split apart.

The young man gasped, his erection lurching at the sight of her almost naked body.

“A body that looks like this,” She muttered, dropping her pose and bending over to pick up a stray weight plate, “That can do *this*” She grunted, her arm muscles tensing and bulging as a myriad of veins spread. The metal was *groaning*, it *dented* and then it began to *bend*.

The plate was being *folded* by Shuuko’s raw strength.

The woman grunted, moaning as she indulged in this newfound superhuman aspect of her body, one she and Shouko had started to experiment with thoroughly, knowing it’d give the boy the push he needed.

She gasped, sweating and aroused as she dropped the folded plate and turned around, her heaving bosom and erect nipples in plain view of him. “Do you *love*… these muscles, Tadano-kun~?”

His reply was a desperate and very eager: “*Yes*”

Shuuko smiled. It was a *hungr*y gesture. “Good… Because I also need to make sure of something else”

She walked closer and closer to him, looming over his much smaller sitting frame, showing just how superiorly sized she was.

“If you’re the type of man… who can please her”

Tadano didn’t know how things had gotten to this point. Where he blatantly watched his crush’s mother work out and get naked before him, flexing those sexy beastly muscles proudly. When she leaned closer to him and captured his lips with an all-consuming kiss. His mind drifted away as she held him up in those powerful arms, with him desperately grasping and touching all the muscles he could reach...

All he knew now was that he had ended up in her bed, laying back on the mattress, his clothes torn from his body.

And a goddess was straddling his waist, her massive torso standing up as a towering figure that dwarfed him, reminding him of his pitifully small frame compared to this sheer perfection over him. His erection was throbbing, he was pumping it up and down in desperate need of release, showering her stomach with his seed in a token of appreciation.

But Shuuko would not waste his stamina. She still needed to test him.

“Show me...” She lifted herself slightly, positioning her naked entrance over his phallus, “that you’re worthy of her”

And impaled herself upon his throbbing cock.

Tanado gasped, throwing his head back in absolute pleasure as the walls tightened around him, he held on to her enormous legs for dear life as she began to bounce up and down.

“Hnng!” She moaned, her hands reaching over to the wooded headboard for support. She was *pleasantly* surprised at the hardness of his manhood; at the way he endured and still gyrated his hips to meet hers in tandem. “Oh, you’re a *virile* young man~” She moaned in appreciation, approving of the man Shouko had chosen.

He would make her so happy one day.

But Shuuko was not done with her testing.

Her his slammed down upon his, the sound of meat smacking joining the cacophony of moans, groans, and grunts. Tanado’s world flashed white as this beautiful mature woman rode him like a wild horse, giving him a world of pleasure he had never experienced before. As he drowned in the pleasure this amazon goddess provided, he too thought of Komi, how her beauty dazzled him, her spirit enticed him, and now this Olympic body fueled his every fantasy. His hips thrust upwards with great vigor, imagining he was carnally joining with her and her mother both.

Shuuko groaned, throwing her head back and squeezing the board so tight the wood quickly began breaking, unable to withstand the arms that had bent solid metal. “You’re so fucking hard~!” She growled gutturally. “Such a strong man…!”

Harder and harder she slammed down upon him, her body *swelling* with increased mass. She was growing even further, making the small Tadano underneath be reduced to almost half her own height, to say nothing of her outstanding wideness and girth.

The bed groaned in protest under the weight, the sheer force of Shuuko’s thrusts was weakening the legs’ foundations as the whole structure kept rocking back and forth, trembling under the amazon’s might.

The bed was crushed, crumbling apart as the mattress hit the floor, yet Shuuko never stopped, she clamped down tightly around Tadano’s throbbing manhood, milking him in earnest. The young man had done an admirable job at resisting this long, but he found himself at the threshold of pleasure, electricity shot up his spine as a wave of pleasure spread from his balls and through his legs. He loudly moaned as he shot his load into Shuuko.

The Komi matriarch moaned victoriously as she felt his essence rush in, she flexed her arms in a mighty pose as she rode out a powerful orgasm that coated his already-drenched manhood, their juices combining as they trickled out of her and down his shaft.

As they enjoyed the afterglow, Shuuko smiled proudly at the young man underneath her, struggling to catch his breath yet still managing to remain ramrod straight while inside her. “Oh, my Shouko, you’re such a lucky girl~” She giggled, leaning over to give him a thankful kiss on his cheek.