Fingers flipped every switch in the room until pockets of light illuminate the mansion. Whatever darkness remained found itself outside, where nobody dared to lurk. A tall, wrinkled man tightened his suit as he peered out a nearby window. He’s never been one to miss the arrival of his mistress, much less when she returned home from a day of work. Yet as Matthew breathed in the sight of the spotless, marble mansion interior he himself shone so seamlessly, a smile stretched across the sides of his face. It’s the happiest he’s been in ages.

Not that he minded cleaning up others' messes on a regular basis. Standing somewhere close to six-foot-four with a receding gray hairline and creases beside his nose, the sixty-year old butler of the Watanabe estate enjoyed a life of leisure whenever he had the house to himself. Having to attend to the needs of one girl helped already. With her parents no longer living alongside them in favor of a nearby town (one far busier than either he or their daughter could handle), Matthew spent his days occasionally talking to others or ensuring the scent of lillies ran rampant in the house.

Which was why he winced at the strong man smell of musk radiating heavily from the bathroom. Matthew opened the door, dragging the collar of his vest to his nose. What little he sniffed of the air led to him the toilet that he sprayed moments ago. He peered inside; hands shielded by two pairs of latex gloves underneath. From there, he brandished a bottle of disinfectant spray and furiously wiped at the inner bowl. No stain would be safe.

Muffled curses and harsh gasps could be heard underneath Matthew's breath. He always prided himself on catering to all of the needs in the house, yet when the blame fell on his shoulders, he cracked. Not so much when it came to cleaning up after his meals, he wasn't an animal. Rather, his faults lied in a medical condition the family learned of since he first applied. One that the daughter hadn't realized even after becoming older.

“Hell-OOOHH? Matthew? What are you doing in the bathroom, silly?”

And he intended to keep it that way.

Matthew's brow shot to the roof. He glanced his head to the right and found an apple-shaped shadow on the other side. Two long, stocky legs casted it upon him. They led to a hefty set of breasts held together by a turquoise-tinted sweater vest. The buttons bobbed and occasionally popped as the figure approached him. Under normal circumstances, Matthew would reach for the revolver strapped to his knee, yet he knew better than to act. His new visitor happened to be the most important person in his life.

Rising to his feet, Matthew kept his gloved palms to the side in the wake of his master. She pushed her dark bangs aside, allowing him to see her hazel eyes once more. A warm complexion beset her short bob-cut. She stood thin at the waist down in spite of her enormous breasts. Yet it's her thin, pink lips that caught Matthew's attention first. The instant he saw them purse, the chills running up his spine intensified further.

“M-Mistress Sadie! I'm sorry, you've caught me at a bad time. I just need to finish cleaning the bathroom.”

Matthew gestured to the toilet as Sadie sniffed the air. It didn't take long for her to clamp one hand over her nose. Tears formed in her eyes and were blinked away the moment they appeared.

“It smells like you've been cleaning it all day! What hit the air in there?!”

“That would be bleach, mistress.”

Sadie's bosom wobbled on her way outside. In turn, Matthew crossed his legs together and gnawed at his lip. The space between his thighs led to the cause of the calamity that claimed the carsey. Stroking it every so often throughout the day did little to settle the blood that poured in. Not even tightening his belt worked. And seeing another one of Sadie's buttons pop didn't help either.

At that moment, his secret throbbed itself in her direction. It pulsed and quivered whenever Sadie so much as squeezed one of her breasts. Beneath her outfit lied no bra whatsoever and Matthew groaned at that knowledge. While Sadie's mother fared the same in regards to her cup size when she lived at the estate, even she knew to have something guard her treasures lest an accident occured. Not Sadie herself, however. Each of her melons were larger than Matthew's aging abdomen. Together, they could easily crush it in two, yet she preferred to poke at them rather than pay any mind. All the better so that he might wipe his shame away in silence.

“Er, perhaps it’d be best if you returned to your room and went to sleep. I'm sure you're exhausted after golfing all day.”

Sadie coughed as Matthew stayed by the door frame. He hugged the side, refusing to budge until she disappeared. The lump in his pants stretched to his thigh every passing minute. A deep amount of cleavage bared itself before him and swelled whenever Sadie so much as stepped.

“Oh, you wouldn't believe it! Did you know golfers are so rich they can afford shoes?”

She stomped her sandal-clad feet on the floor to prove her point. It's the first time Matthew stared at something other than her tits in four minutes.

“I'm confident you can afford shoes too, mistress.” Matthew took small breaths between grunts. Locking gazes again twisted his legs together. Simply knowing that her hefty headlights rested inches away hurt too much. “We can check to see if your mother left some when she and your father moved.”

“But Mattheeeeew, my next paycheck doesn't come until this Wednesday. If I spend anything now, how am I gonna help Banny get a blue car to compliment her green one?”

There's a pause where Matthew hid his face behind his hand, although then it lied more in him choking back a smile than anything else. When Sadie inherited the house, her parents elected to have her find a regular job in the wake of the recession. It helped whenever he needed time to work or relieve himself, yet that droll tone of hers coupled alongside putting her arms on her body hips never ceased to amaze him. He expected worse considering the family's namesake.

Irony aside, Matthew reaffirmed his stance sporting a stone-faced expression. The edges of his cheeks quivered as another button of hers flew past his ear. Cleavage pooled off to the sides, yet Sadie didn't bat an eye whatsoever.

“Then I suggest you should consider… saving money?”

Matthew's quip found itself met by Sadie snapping a finger at him. The moment her middle finger hit the palm of her hand, a fourth button grazed his shoulder and the color in Matthew's face vanished. Smooth layers of beige skin drooped over her torso. Peering further revealed two tawny outlined waiting to be seen. It required Sadie's own booming voice to bring his attention back to her; legs shaking at her pitch rising.

“You *know* I can't do that! I already bought a Pomeranian so that her Pomeranian can also have one!” Sadie folded her arms as Matthew's bulge reached a fever pitch. He braced himself for whatever she might say next - whatever reason she had in regards to why she chose to spend the money she earned like the rest of the ninety-nine percent on another friend rather than towards anything else.

Instead, Matthew found himself met by total silence. It pervaded the room as Sadie broke her gaze. She looked down at something around the level of their legs and still kept quiet. Matthew followed what her shrunken pupils stared at until his eyes couldn't go further. He quickly found what she saw to the tune of pulses ringing in his ears.

His guard had been let down. Not a single thing protected his privates from her other than the black jeans Matthew wore. A girthy outline adorned by a small crown ran to his left thigh and stopped. Putting one leg in front of the other wouldn't work. The image of his secret burned itself into Sadie's mind. Even as she stared back at him, the sight of two swollen balls beneath the shaft remained present.

“M-M-M-Mistresssssssss…”

Matthew recoiled back to the bathroom. Tremors raced across his entire body, forcing him to kneel in front of Sadie who still stayed speechless in his wake. Having seen a menagerie of men naked countless times, the sight of his bulge was enough to put them to shame. The length alone extended past her forearm. However, it's the way that it beat against his clothes that drew her further. It pulsed twice in three seconds, not helped by her partly-exposed tits shedding her top.

“Oh my god… I was *wondering* why it reeked of that stuff in there! And I thought old people stopped doing that at some point.”

Matthew blushed and pinched his brow tight. “Th- I- what I do in my spare time isn't your concern!”

“What are you talking about? It totally is if the whole bathroom stinks so bad.”

Without warning, Sadie approached Matthew and inhaled sharply. The hairs on her neck arose. A salty flavor graced her tastebuds by sniffing the air. The tint of red on Matthew's face intensified, reaching his ears once Sadie leaned back. A soft crack of cleavage laid before him and tickled his forearm throughout.

“Weird, it doesn't smell like you've been just doing it in the toilet. Did you let loose on the floor or in the shower or something?”

Breath. The one thought that crossed Matthew's mind as he pushed Sadie aside. Turning on his heel, he approached the nearby stairway and held onto the railing. Never at any point did he look at her on his way up.

“I said it already, but it truly isn't… your concern mistress. Please, get to bed and forget what you saw. It will do us all a favor if you do.”

“Would you tell me if I let you fuck my tits?”

Matthew froze. He felt Sadie's smile without glancing at her. The muscles in his body tensed, unable to take another step or even shift in place. Did he hear her right? Or did that mark the sign of him drifting towards senility?

“Excuse me…?”

Sadie's smile stayed strong. She waltzed by Matthew's side and held his hand, keeping her boobs by his biceps. The longer she held him, the slower his shakes became. It reached a point where he went still, yet he couldn't bare to see her. After three years of living together and another nineteen knowing her, Matthew choked back a lump in his throat at the thought of what might come next. Hence why Sadie sat him down and rested her tits next to his crotch.

“You've been working hard since I first knew you and you deserve something special. It's true my boobs are big, but you definitely aren’t the first I've shared them with.” Sadie winked at him upon her revelation. That she also reddened at the end wasn't lost on him. “If you really need to let it out, then go right ahead. It'll be like our little secret.”

It must have been a minute before Matthew said anything. In that time, he cradled his cock, then mustered the strength to see Sadie grin at him. Her rosy cheeks stole the spotlight from her headlights. Dimples popped through at the ends, made brighter her pupils dilating furiously.

Regardless, there was no point in running. The two of them were in too deep and they witnessed too much to be forgotten. Times like these left Matthew wishing to scream. Instead, he unbuckled his belt and tossed it over the railing. It would be the least of his worries within the coming minutes spent alongside her.

“I trust that you'll help clean the stairs when we're done?” Matthew chuckled as Sadie arose only to seat herself in front of him.

“You expect me to wipe up a horny old man's cum because he can't stop gandering at *these*?” Sadie peeled off the remaining layers of her vest. Only one button needed to be freed before her tits collapsed onto Matthew's legs and sent goosebumps up his spine. Her areolas alone outsized her palms, let alone his cheeks. That the rest of her breasts curved outward as if they were teardrops was a bonus if anything else.

Matthew’s jaw went slack. Not to be outdone, he hooked his thumbs around his pants and pulled down. He revealed enough so that his lower half stayed clothed while his thick cock emerged unsheathed. With the railing as his support, Matthew rested one arm behind himself and kept the other on his lap. From there, Sadie got to knees while lifting her boobs before his dick. It’s a matter of cupping it between her breasts, then pouting her lip and squeezing her hands together, gasping when the top of his crown emerged on top.

“Yes, I certainly do expect you to help when we’re done.” Matthew's voice grew hushed amidst the empty space that surrounded them. He cupped his hands into fists as Sadie smiled and rattled her fingers beneath her tits. Waves trickled all the way above, inviting growls from Matthew who stomped on the steps profusely. The hand on his lap went to his mouth and clenched tightly. At first, he gazed upon Sadie’s exposed tits wobbling sporadically, then he turned to find her snickering at him. Watching her laugh had his chest tightening before he stared at the floor below them. The situation still failed to click in his mind. Even as the hard, linoleum stairs dug into his ass, Matthew’s shoulders trembled at how numb his cock felt when Sadie’s breasts began moving upward.

She wasted no time by lifting her breasts vertically all while chewing her lip at his cock. The thick vein pulsing on the side incited chuckles as it tickled her tits, yet it's the sheer size of how far it rose to the roof where Sadie couldn't look away. Everything down to the thick, curved crown on top outsized that of any cock she saw. It barely extended halfway past Matthew's thigh with no signs of losing blood. Even his balls were huge enough to fill the palms of her hand, however she left them alone. Aside from rubbing his dick using her tits, Sadie refused to touch any other part of Matthew's genitals as glancing at his face briefly presented a much younger, less wrinkled man than that of the one whose melting face reddened every passing second.

Knowing somebody her entire life only to have an affair later on already carried plenty of risks. That the drops of pre-cum on Sadie's chest came courtesy of her own butler added to the frantic momentum as she veered her head over her shoulder. She released her lip in favor of her tongue before Matthew's groaning rose in volume. It didn't matter that nobody else might be coming to the mansion tonight, one sight of them in action could serve as an instant social death sentence towards the entire Watanabe family. Hot gasps wafted against Sadie's neck before she stalled at the top of Matthew's cock. Her stomach cramped within itself, as if telling her to stop unless the imaginary people in her mind barged in unannounced.

So why then did the hairs on Sadie’s stand tall when she saw Matthew cover his mouth using his hands? Sweat beaded down his forehead before his cock grew light. Sadie pulled her head back by the way his penis pulsed in her breasts. How he already came so close to letting loose she didn’t understand, nor did she care. Her previous anxieties were clouded by the thought of what might arrive next should she continue to keep pleasuring him. The tip of Matthew’s dick leaked at the top, then gently pumped as thick shots of sperm fired into the air. From there, she could no longer afford to abandon the situation. Sadie kept her prize at literal arm’s length while the balcony above her and the floor below were coated in semen. He came in quick bursts that flung over the railings, spraying all that his cum could touch and drenching the wooden furnishings owned by his previous masters.

Yet the damage done around her failed to cross Sadie’s mind, even for a fleeting moment. Because when Matthew began to let loose, he never stopped. His cock remained motionless in her breasts as it fired clumps of cum nearby her. They grazed the edges of her head, though not her breasts nor her mouth. Sadie shuddered while craning her head towards her breasts and gnawing at her lip. Eyes widened the longer seconds dragged on with no sign of him stopping, let alone his dick softening in her hold. Matthew’s cries were joined by Sadie’s when the first drop hit her on the head. In turn, her shoulders hit the stairway as the image of Matthew cumming was pulled from Sadie and the cold, hard floor arrived to greet her.

The air in her lungs escaped in the form of a slow, dull groan upon reaching her destination. Sadie’s lips were pressed into the ground as her entire body writhed side-to-side. None of Matthew’s remaining seed hit her again, yet lifting her head up showed it glistening against the dim lights of the manor who also fell victim to being plastered. His semen seeped within the floor as Matthew himself took a deep breath through his mouth, then grabbed hold of his cock and shoved it back in his pants with his lips curled. He trudged down the stairs to Sadie as he kept his teeth clenched shut. That a girthy outline ran to leg even as he arrived added to the chills already encompassing him.

“M-mistress Sadie! I am so sorry! Please tell me you’re alright.” Matthew’s voice practically cracked at the first syllable. Locking his fingers with Sadie’s, he lifted her to her feet as her thighs locked together.

She simply took one whiff of the air until she plugged her nose soon after. Everything that surrounded Sadie and Matthew reeked of body odor, not helped by the mess hardening as time passed by. Nevertheless, her cheeks creased into a grin as Matthew’s brow perked. He watched Sadie absorb the view of the mess that they created before turning to him.

“Well, I do feel a little woozy…” she admitted as she chuckled. “But I also hit my head, so I dunno.”

“All the same, I’d advise you to return to your room now. I can’t risk having you hurt again.” Matthew yanked Sadie to the west before coming to a halt. He glanced over his shoulder to find her leading him to the closet and the smile she once had gone.

“Uhh, didn’t you say you wanted me to help you?” Sadie questioned. “And didn’t I technically cause you to… you know?”

His blush deepening further, Matthew stumbled through his words as he followed in Sadie’s direction. “Th-that doesn’t mean I’m going to let you work after you hurt yourself.”

“So showing you my boobs and getting you off is cool, but I can’t clean up my own mess?” Sadie cocked her brow at Matthew before stopping right at the door; hands twitching at the knob. “It’s not like I can’t take care of myself, Matthew. Do you know how many times I’ve hit my head on stuff?”

“Ugh, at least four times counting tonight.” Matthew let his arms fall to the side as he nodded in response. Perhaps this was his punishment for letting her take advantage of his condition. He’s known her since she went to his knees, in a sense it felt natural that seeing Sadie tower beside him came off as surreal. Even then, he couldn’t believe what they did just minutes prior.

However, he also knew that refusing to put the past behind would do nothing other than drag him behind. There was no chance in hell Matthew wanted to continue another night of degeneracy again, yet he certainly refused to forget. Hence why the two of them stared at each in silence until he huffed through his nose, then opened the door leading to a menagerie of cleaning supplies that were lined along the walls. Mop handles were aligned vertically in single file, spray bottles and mop heads cluttered the shelves in the wide bins. And a lone cart rested at his feet, with Sadie’s eyes going towards it.

“I… trust that you’ll take care of the stains on the ceiling? My back doesn’t have the strength to lift anything past my shoulders.” Matthew flashed a playful smirk at Sadie as she wheeled the cart out and snatched a handle off the wall.

“Alright, but I better see you on all fours scrubbing like you’ve never scrubbed before!” Sadie’s cackling echoed through the halls as she skirted off on the cart. She didn’t have a mop head to go alongside the cart, though Matthew kept grinning. At the very least, they were finally bonding again.