

Without even knowing it, Makoto and Toriumi's relationship deepened immensely. Or rather, Tatsuya and Maya's, as they knew each other. The moment they were able to talk more easily off of the game, the sexting happened nonstop.

Makoto had a way with words that drove his online friend crazy, and her getting as worked up as she did over it excited him right back. Off days were spent getting off together, and they tried to sneak in some more time after school whenever possible.

It was to the point where Toriumi began to think of Makoto himself less and less, and Tatsuya so much more. She didn't lose attraction to the boy. In fact, he came up a lot during her sessions with Tatsuya. Toriumi just paid attention to what she already had instead of what she may risk everything trying to get her hands on, that was all.

At one point, some illicit images were exchanged along with the text. Bare photos of Makoto's wobblewagon and entire videos of Toriumi pumping her cock empty. Neither of them ever dared to show much beyond their assets, otherwise they would have discovered each other's true identities much faster.

Sure, Toriumi got a little suspicious for a second that Tatsuya's ass seemed very familiar, but it's not like there could only be *one* boy with a rear as fine as that out there. Not like she ever saw Makoto's naked butt either, so she couldn't confirm anything.

Makoto had a similar feeling about Maya's moans and a similar thought process was used. He hadn't a single clue what his own teacher's squealing may sound like.

Time passed, and they continued to exchange images and videos. Both of them must have felt the same amount of unbridled lust, because they comically typed up and sent a message about a meet-up at the very same time.

They were really doing this, huh...?

By some miracle, the two were close. Dangerously close. A shocking turn of events that roused suspicions again, although they were put to rest even quicker. It wouldn't be wise for them to set up such expectations, only to have them shattered completely.

The pair discussed for some time how exactly to set up this meeting. Toriumi was a teacher and she already knew that Tatsuya was still a student. Getting caught together might end up being a very bad look.

Eventually they had it all figured out. They'd meet on Saturday night at the Seaside Clamshell Inn, and probably go at it 'til morning. Makoto would enter the room first

and get ready while waiting for Maya to arrive. Whenever they're done, he'd leave first and she'd wait a while before doing the same.

Makoto did some shopping ahead of time for some special clothes for the occasion. Some generic dark blue lingerie with a window to the ass for easy access. He'd also wear some similarly lacy colored thigh highs and arm sleeves, with high heels to top it all off. Maya asked if it was possible he could get some lipstick. He sent a close-up of his blue coated lips the very next day.

The room was booked ahead of time, Maya was sent the number, and all there was left to do was *wait*. Excitement had them in a chokehold for the rest of the week.

If only either of them knew just how better everything was going to get.

Makoto sighed in relief after he finished dressing up. As expected, a look in the mirror confirmed he was hot as hell right now.

"Hm." He chuckled, gently wobbling his thighs around. Goodness, they were *squishy*. There was one thing left to do, make his way over to the bed and lay down. He grabbed a nearby pillow and pushed his face into it. Enough of it was left uncovered so that he may peek at Maya out the corner of his eye when she walks in.

Funny, he just realized they never asked for each other's real names. It'll probably be much more special learning it tonight anyway...

His hips tilted a little to the side so his posterior would be pointed right at her when she walks in. No doubt that she was going to love this. He could even hear some footsteps approaching from the other side of the door!

Maya, or rather Toriumi, was fast approaching. Finally... she'd finally get herself some fucking *action* again! She didn't have any qualms with taking dick, but most guys would get intimidated upon learning she's packing something much bigger than most of them.

CLAP-WHAP-CLAP!

Even if all the cakes she eats keep making the right places so much fatter. Getting a man who actually took dick was just as rough, one as plump as Tatsuya anyway. Her

dreams were finally coming true. She was going to **FUCK** that boy, make him into her **BITCH!**

Her hand clutched the knob... and she hesitated. Was she nervous? A little bit. Scared? Not at all! It was like the excitement was holding her back. Everything might be too good to be true. What if- what if it's some kind of trick or something!?

Toriumi shook her head.

'No. Tatsuya... Tatsuya wouldn't trick me like that. He's such a kind and genuine person. I trust him. Heh, and I sure trust him to make me bust my brains out!'

Toriumi giggled a bit. *'M-Maybe I'll make him into my boyfriend for real when this is all said and done! Hmmh. Never got to bang that bitch of a student though. Maybe I can convince Tatsuya to join a threesome if it's possible~!'*

Her pure love of Tatsuya was overflowing. He had a surprise for her in there, didn't he? Why not try and give him one right back!

Her idea was risky. She took a glance down the hallway to make sure nobody could see and started undressing as quickly as she took. Toriumi stood in the nude, holding her pile of clothes in one hand.

Toriumi's thirteen incher throbbed. No time to waste. The door was flung open, she shoved herself inside, and she not-so-gently tossed the pile aside and stepped towards the bed.

"O-Oh my..." She couldn't help but blurt out. What a sight to behold. Pillars of luscious thighmeat hugged tightly by night blue straps, and two mounds of rotund cheeklard. Door-stopping hips that'd be much more at home on a woman... and her eyefucking continued, moving her eyes higher up his body.

"M-Mmpph..~" Makoto *purred*, eyes stuck to the long slab of bussybeating **LADYCOCK** before him. It had to be the most impressive set he'd ever seen. Curved with a few veins running along it, wide and tall enough to compete with a horse. Her low-hanging balls seemed to be packed full of swimmers, if their size was anything to go off of. Maya's meat wasn't particularly hairy, but it was just enough to perhaps leave a strand or to after plowing him. The rest of her was pretty nice eye-candy, too. She was kind of chubby, but most of the weight was distributed into her most important assets. He, too, trailed his eyes up farther...

Then their eyes locked.

'Wait- that... hair..' Toriumi thought.

'I-Is... is that..?' Makoto's exposed eye widened.

Then the both of them screamed.

"MUH.. MAH.. M-M-MAKOTO!?" Toriumi leaped back, barely able to believe who was lying right before her.

Makoto recoiled similarly and sat up with a bewildered expression. "Toriumi... I-"

Both wondered what the *hell* the other was doing right in front of them. Tatsuya was supposed to be in that bed. Maya was supposed to be walking through that door. So why- why is it *them*!?

Recognition flashed in both of their eyes, burying away the uncertainty. They realized that this wasn't some trick. This wasn't some kind of mix-up. Makoto was Tatsuya. Toriumi was Maya.

"Am I dreaming?" Toriumi muttered. "Mh... M-Makoto? You- *you're* Tatsuya?"

He didn't know how to answer. It was a 'Yes', of course, but...

"And you're Maya." He replied, hands laid flat in his lap.

They didn't say much after that. All of that was pretty frazzling to learn at once.

Makoto moved to sit at the edge of bed. Toriumi joined him pretty quickly.

"S-So all of that time I spent ranting s-so shamelessly about one of my students. And the whole time..."

"He was the one you were explaining all of that too." He finished for her once again. They didn't dare to look at each other, as much as they wanted to. Mostly from the embarrassment.

"And everything else. All that time we spent together. H-Heh. Godddd, I just want to curl into a ball and fucking *die* right now. Ughhhh...!"

"Please don't. You'd just be wasting all the money I spent on this."

"Such a j-jokester." Toriumi sniffled. "Unnh... I'm fine! I-I'll be fine. Small world, huh? It's a little funny, too. I have to be honest."

“Toriumi–”

“Isako.” She interrupted. “I don’t mind you calling me that.”

“I-Isako.” He continued. “You don’t feel discouraged, do you? I mean it, we don’t have to go through with this if you don’t want to anymore.”

“Are you crazy!? Of *course* I want to go through with this, idiot, you saw the way I’d rant about you! It’s shocking, that’s all. Besides,” Isako paused, gesturing towards her crotch. Despite the circumstances, she was still hard as steel. In fact, her dick swelled up even more. Makoto and Tatsuya were one in the same... she got to fulfill her love *and* her lust. It was a great night.

“W-Wow. You really are a monster, Isako.” Makoto whispered. He reached out to give the head a poke, drawing a rumble out of Isako. “Any particular way you’d like to begin?”

The woman hummed, eyeing him up another time. “We know your ass drives me crazy. Your lips look so pretty with that shade, and I may have blasted a lot of nuts before to the thought of using your thighs. Heh! We really might be fucking into the morning with everything that I wanna do. Shower sex sounds like a good time too.”

“Whatever you want, I’m more than ready to bear it all.” Makoto winked.

“Think you can handle me using your legs like a dumb pumpslut, then?” Isako asked, moving to her feet. She held her hand out to offer helping him up. Makoto accepted happily, joining Isako and moving off to the side a little bit.

The couple stood right in front of one another. Makoto hugged around her chest, and Isako held him at the waist. He was taller than her, albeit not by much. Domming a bigger boy would no doubt bring a certain rush of power later on... for now, it was pretty convenient that she didn’t need to do much adjusting for her cock to easily poke into his thighs.

Isako grabbed a nearby bottle of oil, pouring large drops of it onto Makoto’s legs. For good measure, she applied more to her hands and massaged it onto his haunch.

“I’m about to have sex with my own student’s oiled up thighs. Eheheh, i-is this heaven?”

“If this is your idea of heaven, I wonder what getting to stick it up my butt is supposed to be.”

There was a hum of amusement between them. A soft whining sound came from Makoto as Isako's hands *gripped* at his cheeks and her chunky shaft slid between his thighs. She was surrounded by soft flesh on all sides, closing in to give it as firm a squeeze as Makoto could manage.

No words could describe how good this was. It was why Isako yelled like she was already slamming some bussy instead. The oil dripped down his skin and onto all of her inches, his body basically screaming at her to start moving already...

And his moans, too. Isako obliged. *Happily*.

SCHLAP... PLAP... CLOP... PLOPH... PLASHP... CLUSHPH... SHLAP.. SHMACK~

There was no word in any human tongue that was capable of describing the pure bliss she felt sliding in there. It was so slimy and wet and damp and dank and like a fucking **swamp**, if being swampy had any good connotations anyway. Her dick felt unbelievably wet with all the oil, boysweat and pre-cum that was already seeping out.

So much liquid drenched onto something so fucking soft. Isako thought levels of pleasure like this to only be possible in trashy hentai and doujinshi, but here she was, balls-deep in it.

She buried her face into the crook of Makoto's neck, groaning indignantly. There's no way he can really feel so good, it honestly kind of made her mad that she never went for it sooner. She knew that she definitely could have bent this bitchbodied cocksleeve of a man over his desk at any time, and he'd clap it on her *happily!*

"Muhkoouhhtou~" Isako kissed against his skin. Because of the curve, it wasn't even strictly his thighs she was pounding. The glans were dipping into his valley of assphat a little bit. Maybe not terribly deep, but deep enough for her to go '*HOLY FUCKKK MY COCK IS REACHING UP TO HIS AsssHSSHHHHH~?!?!?!?!'* and use him to masturbate a little faster.

Random flings happened a few times in Isako's past. Nothing ever serious. The feel of a warm hole wasn't something foreign to her. Those memories came back to her briefly, only so that she may acknowledge that *HOLY FUCK THIS BOYS CLAMPED LEGS FELT SO MUCH BETTER TO SLAM INTO—*

Makoto softly cried out with glee every few moments. Pleasuring as this was, his inner thighs weren't much of an erogenous zone for him. It felt good but maybe not to the point of driving him to an eventual orgasm.

Instead of being disappointed over such a setback he was instead thankful, so it may as well have not been one at all.

The bluenette boy's lips curled upwards as a more devious side to him came out. Isako was far too adorable and hot using him like this. He wondered how much he could push her buttons to make that worse.

Height was another advantage he held over her right now. She might've been heavier, but his stature could still be put to use and he rushed to capitalize on it.

Firstly, his dainty fingers wrapped around each of her hips and began some inward tugging so she may drive that dick in faster.

“M-MY HIIIIIPS! T-THEY'RE MOVING EVEN **FASTER** ON THEIR OOOWWHNN~” Isako was so cumbrained she didn't notice the truth of what was happening.

Secondly, his tongue. That perfect long snake-like appendage was curling against Isako's right ear so he may lick and smooch at it to his heart's content. One, to make her quiver that much more. Two, so the lewd sounds of body entangling goodness was so much louder for her.

Drenched thighfucking noises and boyish whinnies going through one ear and- well, *not* going out the other because of the tonguing assault. Speaking of thighs, since they couldn't get any tighter he settled with *loosening* the hold before closing in again.

Isako was only half a minute from blasting her seed all over Makoto's thighmeat. To seal the deal, he'd throw in some hushed and honeyed words with the earlicking.

“Show me how badly you want to *plaster* every bit of me with your seed, Isako.”

“Please... I want you to mark me with your scent. Your flavor. Your batter.”

“I~sa~ko. *Cum... cum... cum...*”

She wished she knew where he learned to be so fucking **hot** or if this was all just somehow so natural to him. Trying not to bust so soon out of instinct had her gritting her teeth, but her hips really were moving on their own now to prepare to unload onto him.

'S-StupidfuckingprettyboygodiloveyousomuchIMGONNAMARRYYOUANDGETYOURBUSSY FUCKINGPREGNANTWHENYOUGRADUAAAATE~'

Those were her *thoughts*, but her mouth could only spit out a messy stream of “Whuh.. hUNNFH.. HUOOUH! HIUEEH! HWAHH! HOoouh.” Unsurprisingly.

Makoto’s next actions hammered the nail into his- oops, *the* coffin. His finger curled up another her chin to force it upwards. His lips embracing hers in a deep energy-sapping kiss, finally making a move himself by smacking his hips all the way forward.

Isako’s poor feeble brain went through some sort of hard-reboot during those actions. Her legs felt like they turned to jelly and nearly collapsed, but Makoto’s support (and firm hold on her cock) helped her remain upright.

In a pathetic display of arousal, Isako shot out what must be a week’s worth of fuckgravy all over his legs.

SPLORRTSCCHH!! SPLURTTSPURspuRTTLSPLUROOortSCCHH~💧💧

Raspy and hoggish yelps left Isako’s lips, the pleasure she was feeling soaring up to the zenith. In her mind, she continuously repeated how perfectly erotic it was that she got to creampie her student’s thighpussy like that, and it was a feeling her cock was likely never going to forget.

How was she *ever* going to use her hand or some sort of toy again when this sort of pleasure was so much BETTER!?

And to think, she hasn’t even felt one of his holes yet. That was scary.

“My gaaWWWHDDD~ mmMNH! Guh.. good thing I’ve been saving up! If I let it all out *that* much every time, then..” She snickered, taking a look below at all the glop left over.

She’d never seen so much dense, bubbly, slimy and *writhing* jizz in one place before. Makoto was gawking at it even harder than she was.

“Isako...”

“Ah, yes?”

“Allow me to clean all this up. You can lay on the bed and wait for me... or sit on the edge to watch~”

Makoto peeled himself away and got on all fours. Isako took the latter suggestion, sitting with some wide eyes and keenly watching as he... oh. Oooh, *ooh dear fucking LORD* he was lapping it all off the ground like a **DOG!**

Shaking his hips around while he snorted it all up, too, giving Isako as much teasing as possible.

CLAP! SHHLUORRP. CLAP! SHLURFFFP~ CLAP! MMHLURSHRFKKK~ CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

The fact that she was not jerking off to this right now was a strong display of will indeed. It was for the best, because the show wouldn't last long at all. It went on just enough to get Isako rock-solid and prepared for another round.

Makoto stood back up and licked along his lips, cleaning whatever drops of sperm were left.

"So..." He gasped, burping a little from everything he just drank down. "How are you going to be plowing your *boyfriend* tonight?"

Isako could still hardly believe it. He was her boyfriend. She had a BOYFRIEND now! Ensuring he got fucked completely senseless is the least she could possibly do for him.

"I've got an idea. Quite a few." After flashing a smile, Isako leaned to lay down on her back. Her legs were lifted into the air, her arms looping around her thighs. She knew exactly what she wanted.

Something she saw in the porn she browses online. Basically, just a regular mating press with the positions swapped.

"E-Ever heard of an Amazonian mating press?" She voiced her desires, cock twitching rapidly in the air.

Much to her delight, Makoto nodded. "Someone must have *really* liked letting her boy take control over her. Don't you feel a little embarrassed, at least?"

"N-No, not at all!" Her cheeks were flushed, which signified she might've been lying a teensy bit. "There's no reason to be ashamed about letting your lover take the reins!"

"Maybe you're right."

Makoto hovered over Isako for a few seconds, seeming to just be taking in her visage. He moved to assume the position right after, straddling her and grabbing his hands back at her ankles. Before he started the insertion, he was sure to spread and direct

some of the oil towards his aching hole. He was ready for this, and he had never been so sure of *anything* in his life.

Makoto lowered down slowly to the head, prodding it against his hole. A slow and steady pace seemed like it may be fun for a moment. Tonight was a rather sensual one, and it'll behoove them to cherish every second of it. *However...*

The first part of this position's name bounced around in his head. *Amazonian*. It made sense to assume Isako would be very okay with Makoto riding him like he was one of the amazons. Which meant he was going to *fucking break her meat beyond repair*.

Without so much as a warning he threw himself down and bottomed out with one cheekripping drop, gritting his teeth so he could avoid squealing on her. If he was going to be in charge, he'd make sure that Isako was the only one barking for more.

Already, she was, further deepening the steamy atmosphere of the room. In the literal sense, the pungent smog of sex had the entire room enshrouded. The air itself had an aphrodisiac-like property, pushing the happy couple into the deepest depths of sexual paradise.

CLAP!! THUDH!! PLAP!! SHMACK!! WHACK!! WHAM!! CCRSSLAP!!
CREAAAK~CREAAAK~CREAAAK~CREAAAK...

So one could easily imagine just how damned rough Makoto was bouncing. Anybody who knew the truth behind S.E.E.S. would be well aware he's a surprisingly strong one, and that much of his workout routine consisted of deep ass-to-grass *squats*. The bed probably shouldn't be creaking to such absurd levels, but he didn't care or pay it any mind.

Breaking in his new **meatdildo** was his one and only concern. Isako's head laid flat against the pillows, drooling all over herself through the bouncing. His cumbersome doughphat smothered her nuts and clapped off her own cheeks with every deep pump downwards, each screeching of the bed and bouncing of their assets harder than the last.

"W-WAAaallITT~!!" Isako couldn't handle all of this! It was- *hhgoufhhhfuckfuckFUCK* how was she supposed to bear all of THIS? His rigid dank cocktunnel of a hole almost appeared to move like a mind of its own, reshaping and manipulating itself to be the pinnacle of boypussy.

"You're like s-some kind of deevhUUULLL~ **GHnnhWOUAHHH** t-these rooms better be *EXTRA SOUNDPROOFED W-WITH T-THE WAY I SOoundd..*" Isako's voice dropped into a shrill and low whine at the end.

“N-Not to mention my asscheeks clapping like a stadium. Haah. *Haah...* **HAAAH**. Hang in there, Isako. You can hold off, right? You won’t let my sodden and greasy **pussy** make you a quickshot all over again, would you~?”

Bratty boy was smug as shit, grinning wide and completely silent. He didn’t offer a single noise to the cacophony of sex besides his bedquaking phatclapping. It’d be inaccurate to say that Makoto wasn’t deriving as much pleasure as Isako from this. He absolutely was, maybe even more, the iron will to make her submit was just stronger than any other desire.

The button he called a prostate that *should* result in ten moans and a ‘**FUCK ME, MOMMY!**’ with each press had to be one more well-timed bounce away from popping or something, he swore to it. He was the real one attempting to not be such a quickshot here, for his prick had been vibrating so hard and so **hot** you could fry an egg on it.

Isako finally replied by shaking her head. But her toes were curled up so intensely and her nails poked a few holes into the sheets she just might have to end up paying for. Her groin’s rapid jolting was a sign she had to do something and she had to do it quickly.

“Maybe *you* s-should be worried. Yeah... I-I know what kind of reactions y-you had to my dick when we were just trading pictures! You w-would even say that if I just bent you over and took you, you’d be like a *b-b-BANSHEE* if I kept careening into your hole just right!”

“Hm. But look where we are nooow..” Makoto giggled, hips swerving side-to-side. He stirred his insides up with her hog like a spoon and pasta, the sounds of it squishy enough to sound so similar. “You’ll jizz if I make... thirty more bounces, tops. *Nnnnh*, and just look at how many I make per second~ Come on, Isako. Inside. For me? **Inside, now.**”

Tempting as it was, Isako couldn’t let herself get pushed down here. If she sat on her ass and didn’t establish dominance at crucial moments, she’d become a *complete* pushover.

She considered for a moment that it might actually be kinda hot before refusing the concept and jumping into action. His remarkable heft made things difficult, not to mention the surprising muscular strength of his arms.

Isako was, uh. Kinda... tubby? She had that going for her!

Whether through a sudden burst of raw strength or Makoto deciding to take pity on her, Isako grabbed on and twisted the both of them around until they were in a prone bone – miraculously her cock never left him the entire way!

Now it was all of *her* chunk holding him in submission, and she made the best of it. Makoto's back was arched and his hind rearing a little higher so he wouldn't painfully grind his length against the bed, a contrast with his upper half smushing into the bed.

His lover's arms held him in a headlock, her sloshing udders planted against his back.

All of her weight was thrown into every buried thrust. Isako had turned completely **FUCKDRUNK**, even more than she was before. The bed? On its last legs. Their moans? Probably discordant enough to break the glass mirrors around them. And Makoto? Ohoh, his clamoring was something to behold.

For a guy who had his mouth muffled by the pillows, he sure had a way to make some very explosive babbling.

"MMNFFPFHHFH!? IISAKKOOoooOOO~💕💕💕💕💕 D-DON'T YHEWW FHINK THIS IS A BIT TOOoou roOUGHGHH!?!? mmNLHHHHH HaWWHH NOoonoONONOOOOUHH~💕💕"

"TOO R-R-ROUGH!?" Isako echoed. Just for that, he more than earned a much more punishing **CLAP-PLAP-CLAP-PLAP-CLAP-SHLAP** to his portly pumpcakes. "DON'T A-ACT LIKE YOU DON'T DESERVE THIS AS PAYBACK, **BOYSLUT!** I-IF YOU GET TO SODOMIZE YOURSELF WITH MY COCK *THAT HARD*, I MORE THAN DESERVE TOoooOOO **BUST YOUR BOYCUNT** OPEN L-LIKE THIS! SO BE A GOOD **CATAMITE** AND BITE INTO THAT PILLOW *HaaAARRDHURRR!*"

She was *finally* letting all of those untapped emotions and unbridled **lust** run wild. All those months she'd spent jerking herself over his desk and gooning into an onahole at night while thinking of him — it all led to this singular moment.

Makoto was already cumming his brains out, squeaking out his girlfriend's name between groans. The sheets were rapidly painted to be a sticky off-white. Unfortunately for Makoto, one orgasm wasn't all. It was two. Then three. *Four, five, six...*

You try not to cum so much and so hard all at once when you're practically getting rammed in by a freight train. Chain orgasms meant chain convulsions of his boyhole, sending tremors of pleasure through him *and* her.

Worst of all, he couldn't even really tell if Isako was even close to cumming, he could only hope. "**WEEHHhHHH.. OOHNHFFH!! MPFHHCOCCKK, M-MY GIRLFRIENDSH CAWWWK IS D-DA BESSHTT~**" Hope, while he degraded into a total bimboi.

"**OMIOGSHYESYESYESYeEEssS D-DO YA WANT ALLA M-MY GIRLSPUNK IN YOU!? OF.. O-OF COURSE YHEW DO~!! RIGHT DOWN THE HATCH, TATSUYA. I'M GHUNNA DEFY BIOLOGY 'N GET YA PREGGERS, SLUT!!!**"

She *was* close, thankfully. Well, 'close'.

PLAPPLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPPLAP!!!

Isako actually took about five more minutes of straight, raw meatstirring before she actually climaxed. Things weren't very pretty for Makoto... at least it ended at *all* eventually.

Another round of frenzied cumshots from Isako arrived, alongside the trademark **SPPLORRTSSCHH~** albeit a little suppressed by the trenches of his cheeks. Two sets of eyes were glossy with tears, put through more trouble than they could have ever hoped to handle.

Isako's dick flexed once, twice and then thrice. She collapsed atop Makoto into a cuddling position instead, trying to bring the air back into her lungs. Her better half looked like he'd just completely given up on life.

She had to ask. "Y-You... alive?" She *didn't* have to add a tap to his prostate along with it.

If he somehow passed out instantly, it was that action which stirred him awake. "Nnh. B-Barely. You literally fucked t-the soul out of me."

"I had to! I wasn't gonna just sit back and let you make me your bitch permanently! You would have done the same."

"After sex *that* dangerous, I'm inclined to agree."

Snuggling and keeping her dick warm inside of him was a comforting idea. In fact, they kept at it for...

... an entire hour. Not what they had in mind, it was a *break* from the expected nonstop fucking. A brief rest wouldn't hurt, not when there were so many more hours ahead before their leave anyway.

When they were finally ready, there was one thing to take care of before continuing.

“I could use some cleaning down there. Still so sticky.” Isako said.

“Me too.” Makoto replied flatly. “Mmh, sixty-nine? If we can pull off of each other. Your gluey cum has been inside of me for so long it might have just gone solid.”

“That’s kinda hot.” Isako blurted. “B-But also a horrifying thought. Let’s just pry away now.”

Fortunately, the two were able to tear away after all. It was indeed a little hard as anticipated albeit not too bad. Popping that dick out drew a small mewl out of the couple.

Makoto’s backdoor should have been *seeping* with jizz. His intentional clenching of the donuthole halted it, perhaps not wanting a single drop of it to not go into Isako’s throat.

“Isako?” He called out to her, laying atop her on his tummy, face in front of her dick and his ass nearly pressing into her own. “Grab behind the pillows. I had an idea.”

“An idea?” Isako wondered whatever it could be. She did as instructed, a little surprised to see lipstick he planted there earlier. They came in two colors: the same shade of blue that colored his lips, and a contrasting pink that was the same as Isako’s usual suit.

She assumed Makoto wanted her to apply pink to herself, but his lips are still fine, right?

He must’ve sensed her confusion and spoke up quickly. “I want you to put some on my anal lips before you start to snog me back there. Can you do that for me, hon?”

“Eh? L-Like... you really want it on your butthole like that? If you say so. Hm. It’d look pretty messy after.”

“That’s the plan~”

It wasn’t a bad idea. A little weird at first, but what were they if not completely strange? Isako easily coated her own lips, and proceeded to finish the job with Makoto’s puffy bung-hole. She never applied lipstick to something like this before. Having a little trouble was only natural.

It ended up being a botched job but ultimately, he was going to look like a disaster back there soon enough no matter what happened.

She gripped his meat a little harder, staring into the twitching entrance. Fucking *winking* at her, just begging to get jabbed into again.

Makoto eyed her cockhelm similarly, still leaking with cum like it never finished extracting a fat helping from those nuts more than an hour later...

This was a situation where they should absolutely not idle around, yet it went down that path nonetheless. Right now, a silent question floated in their head that demanded answers. Who would break this stand-off? Who would be the first to submit to their pleasure and gobble up their partner's succulent, ripe aroma as if it is their very last meal?

Would it be Makoto? Would it be Makoto? What wa-

"GLURRP! Shlrp.. **SHLRFFSHP..** GLRGH. HMMH~ **SHLUROOSP'TTHH."**

"MWAH! Mmnhwhuh.. **SHHLORTSCCHH..** HHWOUYYYHH. MMHMM~
MHLURRSHLURRPSHLOFSHHP."

Turns out, the correct answer would be for both of them to go down at once. Makoto finally relaxed his hole. It was like a dam holding back all of that gloopy girlgunk, which now all was pouring right into Isako. As addicted to fapping and all things sex as she was, she never got so deep that she was inclined to do something like chugging down her own semen.

"GLUG.. GLUG... GLUG... GLUG..." Part of her now wished she had! Maybe it was because all of her cream was marinating within Makoto's snug hole, the flavor enhanced tenfold. Maybe she was just naturally that delicious.

What mattered was that it was highly addictive. She became enslaved to the reek and taste of herself *and* Makoto, fingers pulling Makoto deeper onto her face so she may drive her tongue deeper inside of him to lap up more.

She couldn't exactly see how irreparably disheveled their make-up had become but she knew her messy smooches could only have the worst of effects. Her long pink taster dug all the way into him as her lips were fixed to his hole. All she could hear was her own worship of that boy.

MWAH, MWAH, MWWAH~ 
SHLICK, SHLURRP, SSSLWAP~ 

Blotchy marks of pink and blue were spread all across the insides of his asscheeks, and Isako's face entirely. Her hair grew sticky with saliva, buttsweat and partially dried-up cum.

Superb amounts of butt-induced **brainrot** turned her into a boycrazy rimslut, whose thoughts consisted of absolutely nothing but her balltingling admiration for his body. Cheeks that can smother her entire head and let her get *lost* in. An asshole that never loosened up and gripped her tongue like it was her dick that got stuck within.

She loved scraping her tongue against his every crevice. The assddiction was so *bad* on her end that throughout it, she barely registered the creasy throatpassage fucking **gagging** all over her, not quite swallowing up much of semen permanently.

“**SHLRRRP, GLRRFHK- PTEW~💧**” No, he'd drink it all back into his mouth before spitting it right back up, building up a heavier coat of saliva with each regurgitation. He made sure her dick felt overwhelmingly slimy and runny, tingling her senses with every bit of liquid dripping down it.

It drove Isako fucking **mad**.

Throbthrobthrobthrob**OBTHROBTHROBBING** everywhere. Her heart, her head and her **COCK** that was on **FIRE** right now. He was tickling her balls, rolling his tongue everywhere, jumping upwards to press a fat smooch or two to her crown an-

“**GLHRRHSFKFMMRLFSRHRKK~💕**”

!?!?!?!?

*'no-nOOUHH WAYY HE JUST.. OOH THIS **COCKSTARVED WHORE** T-TOOK MY BALLS INTO HIS MOUFFHH WITH EVERYTHING ELSSEE!?!? Y-YOU.. AREN'T EVEN T-TRYING TO **CLEAN** ANYMORE, FUCKBOY 🤬'*

Just about the only thing Isako could do in retaliation is dish out a harsh cheek thwacking. She *tried* to up the ante with her holekissing, but it was hard to do much when your cock was so sensitive.

It was easy to believe that Makoto was once again dominantly putting the pressure on her and not feeling nearly as overworked as she was.

That wasn't true at all, however.

“**GLRRK! SHLURRK. GLRHFSKRLRLFPSP~💕💕💋💧💧**”

His feral squelching and suctioning were the only two things stopping him from sounding like a banshee. It was true, he didn't seem very worried about actually 'cleaning up' and turned this into a sudden vacuum blowjob splattered bodily fluids all across his woman's lap.

Not like he could help it. Her dick was perfect. Just the *best* in every possible way. He knew that from now on, there wasn't going to be a day where he didn't think of this ambrosial essence. Honestly? Part of why he didn't gargle down some of that cum was for his own safety.

Her spunky nutporridge had grown thick. **Thick**. Obscenely hard to swallow and slow to go down, he'd realistically be here for fucking ages. Not that he minded so much of this sticky syrup staying on her dick for the rest of their time together tonight. It was only gonna make it easier to pound his meathole in faster.

Much like Isako, he was reveling in their combined taste.

'Mmh.. oohh. I can taste my own hole on the head of her mast, savor my own ballsweat still mixing in with her own. A-Are you happy back there, Isako? Sampling the same tastes that I am? HHNNNhhnnhnnHH~ Y-You must be with those long strokes of your tooongueee..'

Isako's dick was practically entirely blue by now after his lipservice. What his behind might look like is something he shuddered at the prospect of. She could've been likened to a barn pig feeding on the best slop it was given in weeks, snorting and huffing his beefy buttocks up without a care for how inelegant she may look.

Makoto had honestly came a few times already, getting his spunk across Isako's tits that he was lodged deep inside of. The paizurimjob was an unexpected development and one he didn't think she was conscious of at all. Not like he was going to complain and potentially have it stripped away.

He came furiously and clenched up, she thrashed around more wildly to try and keep up with him. It was a vicious cycle. They wouldn't be able to handle much more of it. Constant slams of his face on dick had Makoto fearing he was gonna catch some kind of head trauma like this.

Even if it was an exaggeration, there was a similar effect going on: his brain's rapid decay. His lover was experiencing the very same turmoil.

All he could smell and taste was her **SPERMSAUCE**. Stray strands of pubic hairs were poking through his mouth, gagging with every tickle of her bush against his mouth's insides.

Isako might just lose her sense of identity if she spends another minute of it forgoing everything so she could sniff **BOICAKE**. Her face became a mess of several dark colors and it only got worse with each smooch of his asshole.

At a random point, something must've snapped in both of them. Isako bottomed out in Makoto's throat *and* asshole, sharing another round of cumming that saw the both of them going limp.

SPLURT SSSSHH..~

“Glurk GLURGGG RLUG. SHLURRP. MMHWAH... HMMNHH!!”

‘I-IsakooOUHH.. I.. ISAKOOUHH’S GIRLCUMM!! M-MORE. PLEASSHEE.. DON’T SHTOP!’

SPurRRRTspURRTT~!!

“SHLORRRRP-MWAH-SHLORSFHKK. HLFRRSHFRR.. GMMFSRHRKKKFKFH??”

‘W-Why do my jugs feel shOOO WETTT!? IS.. OHH.. M-MUHKOTO’S CUMM!! EHEHEH.. C-C’MON, BABYBOY. A LITTLE M-MOARR FOR MAHMAA. PLEASSHE? SHE- SHE JUST WANTS TO BE BATHED IN YOUR NASTY SMELL FOREVER~’

... They might be here for a while. All this was intended to be was a warm-up. A way to clean each other. Degrading into sucking and fucking even *harder* wasn't on the itinerary.

Oh well. Their muffled moans rang out alongside the assortment of spanks, gargles and cumshots, letting the need to sink into debauchery take hold.

At least the lovers were happy. That was what mattered more than anything. Especially holding onto their braincells by the end of this...

“Did you really have to... haah. B-Blow me as desperately as you did, Makoto?”

“Did *you* have to eat my ass until my legs went numb?” Makoto shot back.

Out of shame, neither of them counted how many hours later it was. All they knew is that they were in that position for so much longer, and now taking a shower was a

definite *need*. Sure, sloppy and dirty and sweaty sex would've been fun, but Isako pointed out they would've been hazards to each other's health.

Makoto pointed out that this simply made it hotter while throwing it back on her lap.

She pounded his ass just one more time before they dragged each other into her.

Isako and Makoto's arms latched around each other securely, relying on the other to hold themselves up. Each held a bar of soap they massaged the other with, more so with the intent of groping than doing any actual cleaning up.

Isako couldn't keep her hands off his ass, as anyone would expect. Makoto did the same right back to her, giving it all the love he could when he had the chance. His teacher was honestly just as well-built as he was. Somewhat amusing that the thickest people in the school are now dating each other.

A sentimental mood was in the air and Makoto had to let himself get swept up. His lips suddenly pushed against his girlfriend's own, giving her a soft kissing that was a much needed break from every other he was giving before now.

Gentle. Loving. Slow. Passionate. Caring. He did what he could to get the sappy message across that he'd be with Isako every step of the way now. Makoto patiently listened to and helped her with anything she vented about as Maya, and he'd do the same thing with Isako.

Speak of the devil, she was very caught off guard. Quickly enough, she reciprocated. Standing on her tip-toes and holding harder onto the curvature of his ass, slipping a teasing bit of tongue one time before keeping it much gentler. Isako understood all the love put into this.

If she had to say the truth, her heart still felt a little bit heavy. Did he *really* want to be with an older woman like this? She was no hag or anything, but the generation gap was clear enough. And if anyone ever finds out...

No. She couldn't just let her anxieties win over. With a firmer smooch to close it out, they parted. Even if being with Makoto was something of a sin, she didn't care. Isako just wanted to be with him forever. Cherish him. Love him. Care for him.

And slam her cock into his ass until he passes the fuck out from several prostate orgasms. That'd be neat.

"I love you, Isako. Even if you're an obnoxious sexpest that's going to make sure I can never walk straight again." Makoto chirped out with a smile.

“W-Whuh- *obnoxious sexpest?* Somebody needs to wash your mouth out with some soap, young man! Or maybe something else...” Isako smirked evilly. “But, a-ah, I love you too. Very much.”

“What was that about washing my mouth out, actually? I’d rather not have it be soap, but there *is* something else in mind.”

Isako was just about to ask. Then Makoto gradually lowered himself into a squat, ass touching against the tub floor.

“**MWAH~**  **SHLURPP, SHLUP.**”

“**eEeeeEKK!** W-Who’s the real sexpest here, you dumb pervert? Ah! Right... there. YeahHH.. mmphh~”

Isako got the feeling there was more to this particular blowjob. It was his way of *really* showing all the adoration he held for his new girlfriend, and it might get that message across better than a hug or kiss could ever hope to.

Or he was just a bitchy whore hungry for more cum. She wouldn’t mind either way. There was little to do but stand against the wall, hold his cute hair and enjoy it, throwing her head back with repeated gasps all the while.

“YES! *OOUHhhH.* T-THAT THING YOU’RE DOING WITH YOUR TONGUE— **FHUUCKKK~**”

“**GLRRK! SHLURRP. SHLARSSHPP.. HLFRRFSHK~**  ”

Neither of them had realized that by now, the sun was already rising. Maybe they’ll need to extend this session to last all day...