



Art by [TheMarvelousFan!!!](#)

Today marked a very interesting day for the media. Recently, Kaede Akamatsu had made the sudden announcement that she would be retiring from her career as a pianist.

It came as a shock to the nation. In some people's eyes, she was just as beloved as Ultimate Idol Sayaka Maizono. To hear that such a bright and beautiful young lady would give up her supposed dream shattered the hearts of millions.

But Kaede never explained *why* she intended to give up her dream. Speculation ran rampant and all sorts of ridiculous theories spawned...

The general public demanded an apology. Kaede did not owe them a single thing in her own mind but it would be best to dispel the rumors. So she may live in peace, if for nothing else.

An appearance on the nation's most famous talk show was agreed upon. Kaede would be dealt some hard-hitting questions no doubt, especially since the host was an Ultimate herself.

A Hope's Peak alumni would surely be intrigued to hear why a girl gave up on her own talent. Kaede Akamatsu donned her uniform for the last time as she walked out on stage. From the cutesy musical note hair-slides to her pretty pink sweater, her outfit *itself* was iconic. As Kaede walked onto the stage, the crowd cheered over the chance to see their sweetheart again. Kind as she is, she couldn't resist waving to everyone. Blowing a few kisses, giving a few winks, as if she had never truly left.

Finally parking down on the couch next to the host with a visible *creak* of the entire piece of furniture, Kaede faced the slightly older woman with a beaming smile. It was Kimiko Hoshizawa, a woman just as cheery as her and renowned for her interviewing prowess and ability to brighten anyone's day.

Curly shoulder-length hair colored jet black and a striking blood red framed around her soft and rounded face. Her eyes were a glittery golden, and a beauty mark was placed just above the left side of her lip. Hoshizawa seemed to have dug into her closet to wear her old Hope's Peak uniform. It consisted of a white dress shirt and a black skirt lined red at the hem, the usual blazer replaced by a suit jacket colored similarly to the skirt.

A gorgeous uniform, but she didn't quite fit into it at *all* after a few years.

Then again, neither did Kaede, despite only being in her senior year.

"Akamatsu-chan!" The woman smiled, reaching out to give her hand a shake. "So lovely to have you here with us on Hopeful Morning today~!"

"And I'm very happy to be here, Hoshizawa-san!" Kaede replied.

Kaede agreed to star on Kimiko Hoshizawa's talk-show for a reason. There may have been some dirt the girl had on her that... well. It will *all* be revealed in due time.

"Well, I won't beat around the bush, Akamatsu-chan! You've certainly rocked the nation with your claims of retirement. Ah, it was like you only just came onto the scene, too! So much potential that'll go wasted..."

The crowd looked as gloomy as Hoshizawa did. Perhaps not too depressed, but that many sad faces only amplified things. Kaede was steadfast in her beliefs however, and it was going to take much more than that to shake her.

"I know! I'm a little disappointed over it myself, I can't really lie. But sometimes... there are some things in life that are much, much more important than anything else. We all have our dreams, and I'm sure many in the audience can relate to having to give up

something they love for a greater purpose. That's just life! If what I'm doing is for *her* sake, then I'll pull myself through this!"

At the mention of this mystery lady, Hoshizawa perked right up, as did the audience.

"Oh!? *Her*, you say? Might there be some mystery person that has captured your heart, Akamatsu-chan? I assume that whoever this is, they must also be the reason for your retirement. We're aching with anticipation over here, Kaede-chan!" Hoshizawa smiled and extended the large microphone she held Kaede's way.

A shy reaction came from the former pianist at first, rubbing her neck with a red coloring to her face. "S-Something like that, ahahah! It's just kind of embarrassing having to talk about it in front of so many people!"

Hoshizawa nodded and replied "I'm sure! I've tangled with a few scandals like that myself in the past. But! Just dropping that bomb and not explaining is going to bring forth even *more* nasty rumors, don't you know?"

"You might be right, Hoshizawa-san. Hmm... I'm confident many of us here know about the Ultimate Maid, Tojo Kirumi, correct?"

"Ahhh, Tojo-san!" Hoshizawa leaned back with an excited expression, eyes flickering towards the audience to gauge their reactions.

Kaede did the same and surprise seemed to be the most common thing. And jealousy, amongst a few girls~! But for those who hadn't expected such a development, they'd soon learn just *why* Kaede fell for the woman in the first place.

Hoshizawa moved back in, invading Kaede's personal space a little as she probed deeper. "That is only half of the story, though. We now know Tojo-san to be your lover, but not *why* you would give up your talent for her! Being an Ultimate herself, I can't see why she would ask that of you - or why you would decide to do so yourself."

"It's clear I'm here because I would love to finally explain everything, Hoshizawa-san. It feels unfair to leave everyone in the dark when they're as curious as they are. In fact, I actually have a video I can show to go along with this explanation!" Kaede whipped out a little USB, waving around until one of the staff accepted it from her to go get it ready backstage.

"A video, eh? What might this be, Akamatsu-chan- *gasp!* Perhaps it could be one final performance for the fans as a proper farewell!?" Hoshizawa squealed with excitement with a bounce even closer.

Getting a good look at Hoshizawa now, Kaede could see why her fans adored her so much. All of that thick and juicy **WAGYU WOBBLEMEAT** that jerked around from the slightest of movements, and Kaede assumed the attire that clung even tighter to her curves was done for another reason today. Dolling herself up like some kind of bitch so she can sway the audience even easier, the clever girl...~

Or maybe it was just Kaede's true nature of a **SKANK** revealing itself. The blonde PAAG licked along her lips with an *extra* sensual gaze into Hoshizawa's eyes, who leaned back a little flustered and tried to pretend she hadn't noticed that.

"Err, haha, a-anyway! I hear they've just about got the video ready, so what might this be about, Akamatsu-san?"

Kaede bit into lips and manipulated her eyes so they dipped into the sluttiest *squint* possible, all the raw lust she felt for her beloved Kirumi seeping out when her crowd-shocking answer escaped her.

"I suppose you could call it a performance in a sense, yes. You see... it's a recording of the first time my **Daddy** Kirumi pinned my **PORNPHAT GHETTOBOOTY** to the ground so she could **RAPE MY BUTTMUFF INTO SUBMISSION WITH HER VIRILE DADDYDICK AND MAKE THIS PIANIST GIVE UP EVERYTHING SO SHE COULD BE HER LIVE-IN PUMPSLEEVE~** 

"... E-E-Eh...?" Adorable. Hoshizawa could only muster that confused stutter out, but the video feed started playing anyway. Through the small microphone in one of her ears, her staff asked if they should stop playing the video.

Whether out of shock or a strange intrigue, Hoshizawa never gave the go-ahead. And the crew was explicitly told to *not* do something without her permission first.

A few in the crowd were plain shocked. Some could even feel a little excited. Kaede was pleased to have caught this, giggling before she spoke again.

"Before **Daddy Kirumi** turned me into her **jizzpumping ass-slave** right in front of my ex-boyfriend Shuichi Saihara, I used to be the Ultimate Pianist! What a *useless* fucking talent for a **stud** like Kirumi! I like to consider myself Daddy Kirumi's girlfriend, but come on... a woman with a cock as thick as my arm doesn't need a *girlfriend*, she needs her own personal **wankaid** to call on whenever her **BOILING SPERMVATS** need to be emptied!"

Kaede clasped her hands together and held it to her cheek, swooning with the deepest love she had ever felt. "Oh, I can just *feel* how much she adores me whenever she bends me over the nearest object in her womb and craters my dumptruck in until I'm

squirting out her **GIRLSPUNK** for *HOURS!* I always feel heartbroken when she has to leave for some hours to do her maidly duties, but she recently bought me a custom-made dildo molded after her own! When I'm passed out, she even has it pumped full of her own nut for me to wring out! Isn't she just the sweetest!?"

Hoshizawa was utterly speechless. She didn't even know what to say. Why did Kaede act like all of this w-was so normal? *And why were her legs buckling and naturally trying to intertwine around something?*

She tried to ignore this, and turned her head slowly to face the large monitor behind her like everybody else already had.

"Oh, look everybody! It's starting! Once you see the way Kirumi fucked me like an animal and beat the shit out of my hole with her horsecock, you'll understand why I have to retire! I could ramble about how fuckdrunk I get off of her stretching me all that I want, but there's no guarantee it might make you get it!"

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The monitor flickered and revealed a camera feed of Hope's Peak's gymnasium, switching between perspectives on occasion. Right now it focused on Kaede dipping into some low *thotsquats* as Kirumi watched, palming her **GIRLGAPING FUCKBEEF** as she 'spotted' her. Kaede couldn't see Kirumi's expression, but everyone else could.

Even her twink boyfriend in the back Shuichi could. That wasn't the face of a woman who insisted she just wanted to make sure the girl was doing it right, but the face of a lecherous sexpest who wanted to unsubtly stroke along herself as she admired the bitchbodied PAAG unknowingly *twerk it* for her.

She was mere moments away from claiming this woman. Her 'boyfriend' back there would do absolutely nothing, Kirumi was certain. Shuichi knew it was coming himself, but how was he going to stop Kirumi? Her maid dress always hid it, but her workout gear left all her muscles completely exposed.

Kirumi could snap him like the twig he was. The demeaning glare Kirumi met him with got that message across and Shuichi turned his head so he didn't disturb them by peeping on the lady getting hard over *his* girl.

"Hmph!" She huffed, and Shuichi recoiled from it like he'd been hit.

Her thoughts were made very clear: she was wondering how in the world this boy nabbed her in the first place! Kirumi would no doubt have tried to steal Kaede no

matter who she was dating, but she could at least have a proper fight if it were a *real* man she attempted to take the girl from.

Shuichi's dumb twink ass hardly qualified. In fact, another look at him in gymwear showed he was rather curvaceous himself, enough to give Kaede a run for her money. More like a *sprint* for her money...

All a man with a girl's curves deserved was to be treated just like his woman, but that was a different matter for another day. The first part of Kirumi's conquest would be to nab this fuckdoll.

**FHRRRIPPP**— Kirumi's first part of the plan was to rip at the open part of her yoga pants, allowing twenty-four inches of **MUSKY FOGSHROUDED DADDYCOCK** to flop out freely. The entire gym was immediately enveloped in a pungent fog, and of course *Shuichi* was the one to huff it in, that little **faggot**.

Kirumi's hands were on her hips, waiting for Kaede to realize the sudden change. An evil grin crept across her face when noticing a most arousing detail: Kaede's cheekhugging yoga pants had been *immediately* soaked by a gallon of **COCKGREEDY CUNTSLOP**, an obvious signal she was greedy for some meat in her.

"Wh... h-huh?" She murmured confusedly, head tilting around the now misty room. Kaede threw herself back up into a standing position so she may turn around and ask the other two what was going on.

At least, that was what she *tried* to do.

**CLAP~** 

A thick and sweaty *obtrusion* blocked Kaede, those hefty pale chaircreakers of hers **SMACKING** up against the object instead. Kaede whipped her head right around to see what could possibly be doing that and opened her mouth to *scream*, but her voice didn't come out. Only her whorish, dickhungry gruelthick saliva.

Why was... W-WHY WAS KIRUMI'S LOGTHICK **BITCHBREAKER** S-SMACKING DOWN ON HER **DICKHUGGING MEATBUNS~!?!?!?!?**

"KI...KIRUMIIII~?!?!?!? WHAT ARE YOU... D-DOING? MY B-BOYFRIEND IS RIGHT **THEEEERE**, Y-YOU CAN'T JUST BEAT Y-YOUR GIRLCAWWWKK ON MY ASS LIKE THAT~"

Kirumi glowered down at her, raising a hand high up into the air. Kaede knew what was coming. She made no effort to stop it. With the force of a wrecking ball, Kirumi

smashed her hand down with one spank to send Kaede's fat left cheek bouncing for an *entire* minute, a stinging red-hand print immediately left upon it.

“**hOOugfhHHFUCKFUCKIRRUUMMIIII~**💖💖💖💖💖💖” Kaede had been so turned on by that one swatting to the ass it made her **SQUIRT BUCKETS**, instinctively throwing those cheeks back on Kirumi's cock to hot-dog it like a proper whore should know how to.

“I'm sorry, Kaede. But a boyfriend? All I see over there is a *girl* who just doesn't know they are one yet. I'm sure that if we put Shuichi in a dress and gave him a fuckpole to gag on, he would be renouncing his masculinity and decide to live as a *slut* from here on. Am I right... Saihara-sama?”

The title she would call him by when working as his maid was like dumping a bag of salt into a hopelessly bleeding wound. He didn't confirm it, but he didn't deny such a thing either. He just sat his fat ass down on a bench and watched with a throbbing little erection. But he should have known that reaching back to play with his ass instead of his dick was basically confirming Kirumi's accusations.

“Hmh. You see, Kaede? You have a girlfriend when you need a *boyfriend*, and I'm clearly a wonderful replacement for him. I cannot just sit by and watch this any longer! You need a real stud to give you the backbreaking poundings you deserve - someone who will fuck you day in and day out until you faint from how hard you've been fucked! Don't tell me I am not correct, Kaede. Be mine, and I'll make you the happiest woman-no. Happiest **COCKADDICT** in the world.”

“C-C-Cockaddiiict? But Kirumi, I- mmnph... **OOUHH~** mMNHHhmhHH **W-WHY DOES YOUR COCK SMELL SO STROOONG! SNIFF-SNIFF...** m-maybe a little bit. Okaaaay? Just... for a little whiiiile~?”

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**PLAP! SMACK! SMACK!! PLAP! SMACK! SMACK!**

“**OOoH!! NYAH.. OOoH.. OOuhHH FUCKK DADDYYYY~!!!**💖💖💖💖💖💖”

The crowd couldn't tear their heads away from the screen. It only took four seconds before Kaede had been pinned down by Kirumi, the maid pounding her shecock in and out of her at *violent* speeds. Hoshizawa assumed that the woman may have been trying to **BREAK** her asshole like that...! Oh, and she *was* trying to.

It was a little scary how Kirumi kept her cool throughout all of it, a cold and unfeeling gaze meeting Kaede's slutty look. It displayed just how much dominance the woman held over her new jerkfuel...

Kaede watched herself get **FUCKED BRAINDEAD** so giddy, like all of this was *nothing* to her.

“A-Akamatsu-chan... h... h-how can you stomach this right now?” Hoshizawa asked what they were all wondering and folded her hands above her crotch to hide the pool of bitchslop that formed.

“Daddy Kirumi fucks me waaaay harder nowadays! This is like, totally nothing, ehehe~! But at the time... this sure meant the *world* to me!” Kaede clapped her hands as she pointed to the screen, stealing the role of host away from Hoshizawa.

“Ah, this is her *favorite* position you know~❤️ Pinning me down in an **ASSPUSSY-RAPING PILEDRIIVER**, pulverizing my **HUGE FUCKING DICKBAIT ASS** in a way Shuichi was *never* able to~! It was love at first sight the moment Daddy dragged her two-footer **pussysmasher** out of her pants and proceeded to make me her exclusive **PAAG ANAL-SLUTSLEEVE!** I immediately gave up the piano and became the **ULTIMATE FUTA FUCKSLAVE CUMDUMPSTER~!**”

Hoshizawa gulped, hyperfocusing on the show and missing the way Kaede pulled in dangerously close to her. She... she was getting rammed in so hard, squeaking so *loud* with every deep thrust of Kirumi’s wombkissing dick.

**PLAP-CLAP-CLAP-PLAP-PLAP-SHMACK-THWOP-THWAP~**

“HhoOLY FUuUCCCKK K-KEEP FUCKING THE SHIT OUT OF MY ASSSHHH WHILE MY F-FAGGY EX-BOYFRIEND FINGERS TO IT **DADDYYYY~**❤️❤️❤️ MMHHHMM, K-KAEDE ASSKAMATSU IS G-GONNA TEND TO YOUR BURLY RECTUMBEATING GIRLBREAKER E-EVERY DAAAY...~”

Kirumi showed the girl a genuine smile despite her rough downward poundings that seemed to be fueled by pure *hatred* with the force put into them. It was love, actually, this was simply how Kirumi showed it. If you don’t molest your girl’s thick porcelain pornheft booty so hard she thinks she may pass out if she keeps enduring it, do you *truly* love her?

Her spermfilled balls beat off her asscheeks and left their own marks, absolutely swollen with breedgunk to pour into this dickpit hole. Kaede was *made* to take a girl’s cock with an ass like this, of course this was all going to happen sooner or later.

Kirumi tasted many holes in her time, most of them spunkbank assholes like this, but none of them were nearly as perfect. Kaede’s hole could be compared to her as a person: warm, welcoming, comforting and it made you want to **BREED IT UNTIL**



**YOUR HIPS GAVE OUT**~ Not just that, but it felt *just* like a pussy. Certainly better than any pussy she's ever tasted, though.

Her oily buttsweat was not the same as a true pussy's fluids, but it was so thick it could have fucking fooled her. It was so hot. It squeezed her so much it was so fucking cushiony so fucking **COMFY IT MADE HER WANT TO JUST POUNDPOUNDPOUNDPOUNDPOUNDPOUND**—

A swifter **CUNTCRUSHING** from Kirumi's **slutmaker** didn't allow Kaede to think similar thoughts of how she appreciated that perfect phallus. It was just- just that, *perfect*, what else needed to be said? It hit her walls just right and made sure her hole would never want to hug onto anything smaller again. Every punch of it within made her orgasm yet again, her cum-count now in the *triple digits* from only ten minutes of slamming so far.

**"ILUVVHYEWILUVVHYEW I LUVVHH MY DADDY KIRUMIIII EHEHEHEHE~❤️❤️  
F-FUCK BEING A PIANISSHTT, I-I'LL GIVE UP MY TALENT SO I CAN BE YOUR  
WITTLE WANKAID EVERY DAY! P-PLEASEE KEEP ME IN Y-YOUR WOMB SO  
YHEWW CAN BUST ME UP WITH YOUR *MEATPUMPER* wheneURR YOU WANT!!!  
I'M S-SHO PENT UPP AND YOUR *DADDYGRAVY SPEWING FAUCET* IS WHAT I  
NEED TO BE SATISFlieiEEeeDDDDHH~"**

Kirumi smiled. "Such a good girl for me, Kaede. Daddy is going to make sure you are well rewarded..."

**SPANK-SHMACK-SHPANK-SHLAP.** "Hm, I'll even spoil you with some bootylashings, too. You like when Daddy makes you **cream** just from having your ass beaten up, don't you?"

**SQRTT-SHLURTTSSH~💦💦**

**"FUCKfuckFUCKFufckKYESHYEESSSSHHH~"**

Her *daddy* hummed, pleased to see her slut be broken in so well already. It might be crude, but she might compare fucking her to playing a piano – bump her dick along the right grooves, and she'll repeat a specific sound of utter sluttery.

"Ahhh, I haven't had a slut *this* good in **ages**. Our blonde friend Miu was nice enough, but she isn't exactly trophy slut material. I'll be needing a pretty face to show off in the future at important events, hugging onto my arm the entire night as my palms grip onto her **doughy clapcake**, showing everybody that you are mine alone. *Phew!* Back on topic, would you like for Daddy to make your rear into a proper **cumbucket SLAMHOLE**, or shall I hold off for a while and continue to slam into you dry?"

**“cumcuMCUMCUMCUMMMM I WANNA GET MY BUTTCHUTE *KNOCKED UP* WITH YOUR CUMBATTER DADDYY, MAKE ME A MOMMY THROUGH MY RICECAKE BOOTY~❤️💕💕💕💕”**

The ***SPLORTSCCHH*** of Kaede’s hole being flooded was so *loud* several in the audience had to cover their ears. Kaede clapped along to it and bobbed her head, like the sordid meatsmacks and pumpdumping was a *song*. In her slutty twisted mind, she indeed viewed it to be like a performance.

Hoshizawa didn’t notice it, but she was even licking her lips to it. She’d never seen a girl scream so *loudly* from an assfucking or cum so many damned times either! S-She... she needed to pull the plug on this RIGHT NOW! This was dangerous.

She could see the spirit of absolute degeneracy had even spread to the crowd. Everyone stayed in their seats and either tried a sneaky reach into their pants or straight up stripped to masturbate with no care in the world. Some people were even pleasuring each other but kept their attention glued to the screen.

Hoshizawa attempted to stand but just like Kirumi stopped Kaede earlier with **COCK**, Kaede stopped her with her middle and forefinger diving between her legs and *jabbing* against her puffy wet pussy.

“MMmm**MMPH**~ A-Akamat...su-chaAAaaNNN~? What are you **doOIIINGGHH!?!?!?**”

Kaede wrapped her other arm tightly around Hoshizawa’s frame, her two fingers jamming under the older girl’s panties and pushing right into her tight cunt. Emphasis on *tight*, for a bitch with such a slutty body, she hasn’t gotten fucked in a while! She was even thicker than Kaede, **somehow!** Their tits pressed together, and Kaede nudged Hoshizawa so she was staring at the screen again.

“What am I doing!?! You’re the only one here not enjoying the show, **Hoeshizawa**, and I’d hate to come on here and damper the mood. So let me help you out! You clearly *LOVE* watching me get my fat glutes get trained by Daddy, so you just need some encouragement to really get into it!”

Kaede snickered. Hoshizawa was just like how she used to be... she recognized she was built like a total bitch and put her curves to use *sometimes*, but she was too hesitant to really accept her status as a whore. A cumdump. A jiggly hoe made for **SEX** and **SEX** alone!

Stupid redhead got fingerbanged like she never had before. Kaede even pushed a bunch of hickey-marking smooches against her cheek and neck, forcing her to spread

her legs and *moan* for the audience that definitely respected her, and didn't always want to see her get abused like the **FUCKDOLL** she is one day!

“NoOUHH I-I'M NOT A **SLUUUTTT!!! PLEASEEHE... STAHP,**  
**A-AKAMATSU-CHAAN.. I'M... I CAN'T JUS- MMPHH!?!?! MM... SHLORRRP...**  
**SHLURFSSHHH~💋💋💋”**

Kaede ignored what she was saying to mash their lips together, bringing Hoshizawa into a round of **SAPPHIC TONGUESUCKING** to make her pussy clearly soak up even *more* for the audience. Two shows at once may have been a little overwhelming for them, but that was just what Kaede wanted.

Oh, right. This was all going on live television, too!

Hoshizawa cooed into Kaede's mouth, rocking her hips into her hands as she basically pleaded for more. The pianist-turned-skank did exactly that, thrusting her digits in deeper but pulling away from the smooch.

“Mmph, no way you're *not* a slut when you **taste** just like one, Hoshizawa. Oooh, fucking look at you, riding my fingers like I ride Daddy's **COCK!** Speaking of, you can thirst with it alongside me, Hoshizawa! The next round of analrutting is about to start, so watch closely! Kaede-chan is going to keep pounding your pussy through it all~! Okay, sweetheart?”

“... Mmh.. O-Okaaaay...💕” Hoshizawa whimpered, allowing Kaede to cup her cheek and tilt it over towards the screen again.

Kirumi had just swapped the position, laying Kaede down onto her stomach. Kirumi stood right between Kaede's legs and dipped down to grab at her ankles, lifting her lower-half and jabbing her spermcoated shaft back into her sleeve's meathole.

The pounding returned with a **steely** vengeance. Her Daddy's crotchmeat felt so erect and solid it felt like metal, and if that was the case then Kaede's bunghole was the most durable one in the world. So much pasty femspunk shoved inside of her meant Kirumi could slamfuck her with so much ease.

Kaede's fingers dipped into Hoshizawa's folds with the same tempo Kirumi used her hole on screen. **GOUGING** her cheetah-fast thruster(s) all the way in and *immediately* tugging back out, not making any time to rest whatsoever. Despite seeming so primally wild on surface level, it was like there was some tempo or tune put into the sex as well.

Seeing as her talent was musically inclined, Kaede eventually figured it was yet another way of establishing dominance. Constant clapping that formed a song by itself – the mewls of Kaede and now Hoshizawa providing the vocals. One could understand many messages through music, and Kaede quickly caught onto it being a demand for herself to let it all go and *truly* become bitchmeat.

Hoshizawa making this into a duet was something she hoped for, and was *very* glad to now see it be made reality. Kaede giggled, speaking out to the audience to continue her explanation of it all.

“**GAWWWD**, DADDY KIRUMI IS *SOOOOOOOO* **DREAAAMYYYY~**~♥♥♥♥♥ WHAT A POWERFUL **STUD**, USING MY **FAT-FILLED FUCKDUMPER** AS HER OWN PERSONAL CHAIR AS SHE BOUNCES HER MANLY FUCKING ASS UP AND DOWN MY **THROBBING SHITTER~!**♥ SHE *LOVES* WORKING OUT THIS STUPIDLY ABSURD **GIGA-ASS** WITH EVERYTHING SHE HAS AS HER **PROPERTY**, AND I'M *SOOOOOO* HAPPY~♥♥ WHAT A GOOD FUCKING **BOYFRIEND MY MAID-DADDY IS~**~♥”

The recording was focused squarely on Kaede’s abused body, eyes rolling back into her head as she obsessed over how *godly* this **DADDY LADYDICK WAS, SODOMIZING HER COCKTUNNEL OF A SPHINCTER UNTIL SHE COULD ONLY CUM FROM HAVING HER THICK SHAKY GHETTOBOOTY ABUSED~**♥♥♥♥♥

Every **SMACK** of Kirumi’s muscular glutes off her **FATTY PLAPBEEF** may as well have been another set of **SPANKS**, her two moons both colored a **glowing** red.

Kaede’s mouth pumped out so much sordid **HOEBABBLE**, much of it things she forgot she even said because her brain had been so overwhelmed by lust. Some things were... a little dicey, but good thing she retired! Gosh, she won’t have to worry whatsoever about a scandal! ✨

"*nNYOOUHH.. AGGHH.. AHIIHHEEEFH***FUCKCKKK~ ANNHMMFH!!! FUCK ME DISABLED DADDYYY~!!! P-POUND ME SO FHUCKING HARD I CAN'T FEEL A THING FROM THE WAIST DOWN BESIDES YOUR FAT FUCKING GIRLDADDY-DONG BASHING MY GUTS UP~**♥♥♥♥♥”

That pretty head of hers lay right against the ground, tongue propped out and leaking with what appeared to be a deadly amount of drool. Her face’s cheeks were tinted the same as her backside, tears streaming down constantly with the occasional bubble forming from her nose. It was no longer the face of a woman, but the face of a **BREATHING ONA HOLE FOR GIRLCOCK, BARELY ABLE TO BREATHE, NOT ABLE TO THINK AND ONLY ABLE TO SAY THE NASTIEST SHIT TO GET HER FUCKING DADDY OFF SO SHE CAN BE RAPED BY HER EGGINVADING SWIMMERS ALL OVER AGAIN~**

Poor things won't get anything to fertilize, but walls to **DESECRATE** as Kirumi does some **INTERIOR DICKORATING**~💕💕

The frustrations of Asskamatsu were taken out on her new fellow slut. Hoshizawa was on the fast track to climaxing as many times from *one* fingerfucking as Kaede did from the dicking. Kaede pulled her fingers away occasionally to *slurp* those foamy fingers. Fucking hoe's cunt was *delicious*, she'd be a real muffdiver right now if she didn't have something to watch.

**“NnGHhh shiiiiITTT~ NHGHOGHOHHIIIEEEE...~~~💕💕 SHE ALWAYS ASSFUCKS ME SO STUPID I FORGET HOW TO EVEN SPEAK~ I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL SHE FLOODS MY HUNGRY ANALCUNT WITH HER BABIES~~~💕💕💕 Gawdd, look at me on screen now! NO WORDS, JUST MINDLESS SLUTGURGLES AND BITCHMEWLS, MY CONSCIOUSNESS CLEARLY FADING WITH EACH TIME SHE BOTTOMS OUT IN ME! KEEP WATCHING, HOESHIZAWA! I WANNA MAKE YOU CREAM ON MY FINGERS AS YOU SEE DADDY GUTFLOOD ME ON THE BIG SCREEN~”**

Hoshizawa was too into this now. Her orgasms were equal parts because of Kaede's teasing and because of her own bucking into her. Poor woman's face was honestly *very* similar to what Kaede had on in the recording, her eyes more focused so she could watch closely.

Kirumi spoke up now, putting more weight into her thrusts and speeding up with *inhuman* momentum.

**CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP~💥💕**

Kaede responded with another **SLUTGASM**, going cross-eyed with her hole contracting down the tightest it had so far.

“Quite impressive, Kaede. I never had the pleasure of owning a **COCKSOCK** that only squeezed me more the harder I fucked into her. Hmhm, if I were to give you a ranking like one of my past masters did, you would be an **S-CLASS ASSTOY**~💕 My love, all you need do is *beg* and I will drain the sloppy **GIRLGREASE** you could ask for into your lardbottomed **fuckpudge**. What will it be, dearest?”

**“oOORGUHMMFHH HMMFHH~ HUNFWUHH.. NWUHFOOGUFHCKKK~💕💕”**

“Ooohh? What's that? **SHOOT ALL OF MY MAGMATHICK FUCKSAUCE INTO YOUR STARFISH AND BLOAT YOUR BELLY WITH HOW MUCH BALLBATTER YOUR CHEEKS SWALLOW UP?** You didn't even need to ask, darling.”

The rest of Kirumi's **pipestirring pounds** didn't last terribly long, but it *was* terribly rough. Something in Kaede broke so suddenly during one of those deep-dipping **STUDSLAMS** that she forgot how to moan out entirely.

She let out little silent chirps like a bird's and mewled like a dumb kit but her deafening screams were no longer heard. A clear sign she had run out of steam, but it was fine. Kirumi could make do with the loud beating of her cheeks in the meantime. Kaede would no doubt perk back up when given a good cream filling, she was sure of that.

One final **SLAM** down and **DADDY** let her weeks worth of **CHUNKY NUTSLOP AND CLOG THAT THOT'S ANAL PIPE UP WITH ALL OF HER STICKY GLOOPY FLUID~**

Like she was anticipating, Kaede made the effort for a last whimper and a declaration of love.

***"III WUVVHHH DADDY'S FAT FUCKENNN  
GIRLCAWWWKKK~~♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥"***

The second round of porridge that poured into Kaede's hole managed to be twice as viscous. An **impossible** amount rushed inside. So impossible because with the angle Kirumi shoved it into Kaede, there is *no way* that **any** of it should be leaking out. But...

***DRIPP... DRRRIP... SPLAT-SPLURTT...***

So much pushed out of Kaede's sealed-tight hole, along her cheeks and down to the ground. Cumgreedy as she was, she clamored to suck the occasional drop of it off the ground when it would reach her.

***"SHLURRRP-SHLURRK-FHSLIRFSHK!!! SHLRGPP.. MMM CUUhmMM.. DADDY..  
CUMmmHHH~"***

Truly a shred of her former self! If it weren't so *hot*, it might just be sad.

Kirumi smiled, looking back at her dickbrained fuckslave with pride. "Heh. I do wonder how she'll react when I give her the worst I possibly can~"

The recording cut off there. It would have been nice for some sense of clarity to return to the room, but everybody was stuck in that sexual stupor.

Hoshizawa perhaps had the worst of it. She was overcome with lust during the last seconds of it, and hopped onto Kaede's lap to drown her in her tits while slamming her

cheeks up and down her lap. Kaede was more than happy to lez the fuck out, slamming more fingers up Hoshizawa's butt to test how her ass felt.

... Daddy wouldn't mind Kaede bringing home a *girlfriend* as long as she gets to be used as a sleeve too. Right~?

Kaede's tongue curled against the host of the show. Her hands dug firmly into her ass now, lightly rubbing along while trailing kisses along her cleavage. "Now I can see why you always handle such a **fat** microphone, bitch. You were begging for someone to give you a sweet slab of cock this entire time! I'll be sure to tell Daddy about you, and then maybe we can bounce on her dick together sometime!"

"Y... Yesshh. I'd I-like that. Heh. Eheheheheh~ Mmmhh, m-my pussy feels **shooo nicccsheee~**"

Hoshizawa yelped as Kaede smacked at her buns, moving over to look at the camera to flash a peace sign with a toothy grin. "And that's all for today, everybody! I hope we've helped you have a **Hopeful Morning** with our special show, today! And... I hope you enjoyed Kaede Akamatsu's very last performance! Thank you very much for watching~!"

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Shuichi couldn't look Kirumi in the eye. The amazon of a woman approached him completely bare from the waist down, fat flaccid cock swinging around and still leaking with cum.

Perhaps it was the last act of bravery he may ever commit, but he looked up to lock eyes with her. His lips parted to make a little noise of surprise when she was looking at him almost apologetically.

"... I apologize for making your woman my own, Saihara-sama. I do hope such a thing won't get in the way of our friendship. You may not realize it just yet, but what I did *was* for the very best."

"I-It's... it's fine." Shuichi mumbled. He knew very well that it wasn't. "But I-I don't agree with you thinking I'm not right for Kaede."

Kirumi just laughed. Not mocking, but *genuinely*, like he just told her a joke. "Please, Saihara-sama. Just look at you. The entire time, you were fingering your buttcunt like a *girl* would, and dare I point out how much you're leaking?"

She looked down to his stained pants with a smirk. Shuichi quickly moved a hand to conceal that spot.

Kirumi leaned down, cupping Shuichi's cute face and gently running her fingers along it. Conflicted as this made the boy feel, he completely allowed it.

"You're quite pretty, Saihara-sama," Kirumi complimented, "and you've got the kind of body that the women in our class are all *envious* of. Honestly? Kaede even said the same to me, once. Girls tend to feel a little insecure about their own body when their **'boyfriend'** is thicker than they are."

Every word served to make him blush even redder. What was Kirumi's plan? What was she going to do? Why was... why was she here *flirting* with him after having sex with his girlfriend right in front of him?

'*Or ex, I guess.*' He lamented internally.

Finally, he was let go, his head drooping down so far it nearly pressed against his lap.

"Saihara-sama. I'll be meeting with you tomorrow to make sure you don't shirk your lessons because of what happened today. You won't develop into a fine detective if you let something as miniscule as *this* weigh you down. Hm... perhaps something Tenko told me one time might even have some weight to it."

"Huh? What did she tell you?" He asked, his curiosity piqued.

"You will learn in due time. But I am afraid I must keep myself busy for the rest of the day. Grieve all you can for tonight, Saihara-sama, because I won't allow you to distract yourself with your misery for long. It is as I told you: I did this for the very best. And in time..."

Kirumi tapped her fingers against his cheek, sensually massaging the tips along until they were fully dragged off of him. The entire time her tongue was trailing along her lips, her eyes notably trained on his broad hips.

"... I believe we will have to set aside some time for you to personally **thank** me. Until then, farewell. I left another pair of sweatpants and panties for you in your bag. If you wish to work out before leaving here, you may use those."

"P-Panties!? But I don't wear—"

"Hm, an honest mistake. I apologize, Saihara-sama~" Her big smile suggested it wasn't a mistake in the slightest.



Shuichi watched Kirumi pick up Kaede and drag her towards the women's lockers as he sat in the same spot, unaware what to feel or what to make of everything. If it turns out all of that *was* for the best, why would Kirumi break him and Kaede up in such a rude way?

... He had to just believe Kirumi. He didn't like that he had to, but what other choice did he have?

One thing she said stood out to him above everything else.

*"All I see over there is a girl who just doesn't know they are one yet."*

What did she mean by that? D-Does it have anything to do with that exchange right there?

And **why** did being called a girl make Shuichi's heart flutter like it did?