

(Warning: This story contains female muscle, male muscle, muscle growth, graphic sexual content, and taboo subjects. Everyone's ages are 18 or older)

Kiri descended down the stairs with a hurried step and an excited grin on his lips, heeding his mother's call about his package having arrived. The middle of the Uzaki children had worked his butt off to purchase every single piece of equipment needed for his plans, and now the last one had arrived at long last.

A room of the house had been turned into their own personal gym, with a fair assortment of weights and machines. Oh, it had taken countless hours of work and grinding through the day-to-day through winter and summer jobs, but perseverance and determination rewarded him in the end.

That and his mother paying for half of the things, but still!

When he arrived at the dinner table, he saw his mother set down a moderately sized box. His grin grew wider as he knew what lay inside. "Oh, *finally* it's here!"

His mother Tsuki giggled with her ever-present smile and signature closed eyes expression. "My, you're like a kid on the night of Christmas"

"More like a puppy who heard the mailman," Kiri's eyebrow twitched at his sister Hana's mocking comment. She stood by the entrance to the kitchen, sporting her typical fanged smile with the smarmiest and most insufferable look ever. "He was pretty much waiting by the door every day wagging his tail~"

"Hey!"

Hana was not alone in her mocking, as usual, Yanagi stood by her side with a pleasant faint smile that would look serene on most people, but Kiri knew what fiendish wits and scathing remarks were *waiting* to come out from those lips. "It's true, brother jumped out of his seat whenever the doorbell rang"

"That's not true!"

"You forgot the time you ran out of the shower, completely soaked and naked then?"

His cheeks *burned* at the reminder. Okay, maybe that wasn't his finest moment but he was really excited! Inside the box were the contents that would *finally* help him on his journey to turn into a real man.

"Now now girls" Ever the peacekeeper, their mother gently chided them. "You know how much your brother has been waiting for these," She said as cut the lids open with a box cutter. "It's not fair to mock him when all he wants to do is improve his health"

She opened the lids, and Kiri almost jumped with joy at the sight of the multiple pill bottles.

The *best* workout supplements money could buy, excellent for strength and stamina training, and from the comments he read online; Exceptionally good for building muscle mass. This was the final ingredient to turn his body into an irresistible lady-killer machine. He could already envision himself with the body of an Olympian athlete who could make girls swoon with the simplest flex of his muscles.

Kiri always had issues with his relatively short stature and lean build, which was why he had worked so hard to purchase a home gym set and these wonderful pills.

Of course, Hana was quick to deride him. "You know you could have just joined a gym, right? You didn't have to buy one for home" She idly picked up one of the pill bottles, looking it over. "And how expensive were these? They must have cost an eye and then some"

He quickly snatched it from her hands, "None of your business! Besides, it's much better to have a home gym!" And because he didn't want to go to a public one and see how much better other guys' bodies were compared to his own... He was trying to build his self-esteem not drag it through the mud, seeing all those ripped guys would have robbed him of *any* motivation to work out.

"Hmm, interesting components," Yanagi said as she quizzically tilted her head, reading the back of another bottle.

"Give me that!" He quickly snatched that one from her hand too. "These are mine!"

"Actually" He froze when hearing the dangerous hint coming from his mother. The kind that promised months of grounding if her children didn't get along. "You paid for half of everything,

remember? The home gym, the pills. I paid for the other half, which makes me just as much the owner” Her eyes opened ever so slightly. “And I would like for them to be shared with the family”

The siblings all gave a collective ‘huh’ as they stared at their mother in confusion.

“I applaud your efforts to be fit” Tsuki continued. “I think this family could learn a thing or two from it, so I would like you two” She pointed at her daughters, “Join me and your brother on a regular training regime”

“What?!” Kiri was the first to snap. “Y-You want to take these too?!”

“I wouldn’t have helped you buy them otherwise,” She said as though it was the simplest thing.

“B-But why us too?!” Hana called out.

“Because you girls have been slacking when it comes to your own health,” Tsuki said in that practiced motherly reproaching tone all mothers had. “Don’t think I missed how much time you spend playing games and eating snacks on the couch”

The sisters had the decency to look guilty, shuffling and avoiding their mother’s stare.

“And you are going to share it all with your sisters,” She said to Kiri with a commanding tone. “The gym, the pills, everything. Understood?” Tsuki said in a tone that said ‘You will say yes, and that’s that’

“Alright, alright! Yeeesh” The silver-haired young man said, sighing deeply. “Why do you want to work out anyway?” His mother still looked very youthful and in great shape. He honestly couldn’t fathom why she’d want in on it too.

Then her gaze turned... troubled, as though she suffered from a great burden. “You may not understand this, my son,” She said with a distant, solemn tone. “But the women of this family suffer terribly from back pains” She looked down at her... prominent bosom.

His sisters did the same, all three of them wore the same defeated and pained expression.

“Building some back strength might relieve us of that burden at long last”

Kiri sweatdropped at the sheer dramatic tone.

Well... guess he could deal with it. What's the harm?

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Why Kiri had wanted to bulk up? Well, a number of reasons really. The confidence and strength that came from building his body with muscles were at the core of it all. It was a reflection of his own self-esteem as a man regarding his own body image. Another reason was his desire to attract women, he remembered how some time ago Hana's co-worker Ami mentioned she was into muscular guys, and that stuck with him since then. A lot of women were into guys who projected an aura of strength and resilience and were partial to them being ripped. Combine the two and he'd turn into a panty dropper~.

Okay yeah, he had a lot of issues tied to his appearance. Be it his average height or his... below-average equipment (the memory Sakurai's haunted his dreams to this day)

So he had enough and took matters into his own hands. And those supplements were the key.

Not only that, they were a fucking *miracle*.

When he first started a regular training regime accompanied by a good dose of supplements, Kiri struggled to lift the 10kg dumbbells. A single session would leave him drenched in sweat, panting heavily, and feeling like his soul would leave his body and take his arms with it.

He would stare at his reflection in the mirror, see the lithe limbs and flat chest and stomach staring back at him, and all it did was fill him with raging determination. He refused to remain a squalid dweeb.

Look at him now, Kiri thought with an overwhelming sense of pride.

He was *ripped*. Gone were the stick limbs and toneless canvas of his body, they had been replaced with prominent muscles and a topographic map of lines and crevices. His biceps swelled nicely with the pump of his reps, lifting the *40kg* dumbbells much more easily than ever before. He thought back to the sheer struggle he faced with the lighter weights and smiled widely at how much he had progressed in a single *month*.

He looked *amazing*, like a regular gym-goer, an amateur bodybuilder even! He didn't doubt he could enter any physique competition and stand out as one of the top competitors. His abs were the shit, perfectly shaped cobblestones of flesh, numbering six in total with the beginnings of two more slowly taking shape in his busy midsection. His pecs were firm and stood out from his chest with a good amount of mass and definition, framed by the strong spherical deltoids on his shoulders, and rising traps at the base of his neck.

To say nothing of his legs, while not as built as his upper body, the striations in his quads and the mass surging from his thighs and calves could not be denied. He looked at his own muscular physique gently shining with a thin sheet of sweat, enjoying the way his biceps bulged and the edges of his pectorals rippled with each definition. Kiri was not afraid of advertising his body in his own home. Hell, he was certain he had even gotten a bit taller as well!

Though there was one aspect he kept hidden, one that really made his ego soar like a hawk. Underneath his shorts, stuffed firmly and a bit tightly inside his underwear, his 'pride and joy' had truly become his 'pride and joy'. His junk too had gone through an increase in size and length!

Another thing he was keeping secret was the fact that *maaaybe* he'd be taking a bit more of the recommended pill dosage...

But hey, no drawbacks so it was all a-ok!

"You finished your reps 5 minutes ago!" Hana's exasperated voice broke him out of his reverie. "When are you going to spot me?!"

He shook his head, looking sheepishly at his older sister, who suddenly stood at his side, looking crossed at him. "Sorry, got in the 'zone' there," He said, putting the dumbbells on the floor and shaking his arms.

"I'll say," She gave him that fanged smirk of hers as she put a hand on his bicep, giving it a good squeeze. "You've been blasting those guns of yours all day~"

Trying to ignore the pleasantly warmth sensation from her touch, Kiri cleared his throat and walked over to the weight bench. "S-So, 20kg today?"

"Yup!" She replied, moving to sit on the bench.

Like his mother promised, she and his sisters had joined him in his training regime. Only theirs was still lighter than his own as they had not bulked up on the same level as he did.

Though that did not mean they lacked muscle, the tone in their limbs was clear as day, with a decent amount of mass. They looked like fitness models, and they loved it. They certainly weren't complaining about back pains anymore...

Kiri was... rather conflicted. Sure it was cool that they wanted to be healthier and all but...

Hana panted as she proceeded with her reps, her *very* tight tank top was already wet with sweat from her previous workout, making the fabric darker and highlighting the curves of her enormous breasts. And the way those small arm muscles flexed every time she lifted the bar.

Kiri gulped, feeling a familiar pressure build-up. He grabbed the bar and put it back on the rack, "H-Hey sorry to cut this short but I gotta go to the bathroom. We'll continue when I get back!" He hurriedly said stepping away from the bench, and his sister, as fast as he could.

Hana let out an annoyed breath, "Don't take too long!"

Kiri swiftly made his way to the bathroom and locked the door behind him. He let out an explosive breath, turning on the faucet and splashing his face with water, hoping it'd help with the 'heat'.

He looked down with shame and disgust at the erection that had quickly formed on his shorts.

"Shit..."

Okay, there was one 'side-effect' of so many pills at once. Lately, he'd been a bit more... um that is to say.

Ugh, there was no easy way to say this. He'd been uncomfortably horny lately. Sure any young man wakes up with a morning wood, they watch porn, the jack off. It was natural.

What wasn't natural was that he was getting *hard* over the sight of his *mother and sisters* working out.

Fuck, those pills were messing with his head. Did-Did he like muscles on women? M-Maybe, that was a new development for him, the pics he found online and his reaction to them certainly pointed to it. But he shouldn't be feeling like that at all about his relatives!

His uncomfortably attractive relatives. He couldn't help himself, it was like his own body betrayed him every time he saw Hana's biceps, or Yanagi's legs, or mom's abs and toned rear.

And their large, *fat* breasts...

Kiri grunted, feeling his erection throb painfully under his pants.

"Fuck..." He needed to get rid of it, or it'd be a while before it went down on its own.

He pulled his pants down and let the cock spring free. It was hard (no pun intended) for him to feel proud at the sight of his tool this big considering the cause.

"Ami," He muttered to himself, closing his eyes as he focused on the mental image of that beautiful young woman he was *not* related to in the least. "Ami, Ami, Ami..." He chanted as he slowly began to pump his dick up and down. Here in the privacy of the bathroom, his secret was safe.

Unbeknownst to him, Hana lay against the doorframe outside the bathroom, an ear planted over the wooden door. She licked her lips as she heard what was going on inside.

Her nipples got painfully hard, imagining her hunk of a brother working his no doubt impressive meat. She licked her lips and smiled deviously at the mental image of all those wonderful muscles rippling as he did so.

Her mind sprung images that had become all too familiar for her. That of her brother getting even *bigger*.

“Soon, little big bro” She muttered huskily as her fingers played with a large breast. “Soon~”

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Dinner time came, and Kiri walked by the living room on his way to the dining table. He noticed Yanagi was lying belly down on the couch with a game console in her hands, the denim shorts allowed him to glimpse her nicely toned rear and calves. He gulped, swallowing down those impure thoughts and trying to will them away. He hurried to the kitchen where he was once more tempted by a similar sight; it took all of his efforts not to stare at his mother as she prepared the finishing touches to their meal. The apron’s tassels were neatly knotted right above a pear-shaped butt that was toned to perfection; he could tell thanks to the tight yoga pants she was wearing.

Shuddering, he sat down on the table where he was soon joined by his sisters. Their mother set down four bowls, filled with steaming rice and delicious-looking meat. His skin burned when she put her hand on his strong shoulder, giving him her usual smile.

“Lots of protein for a growing family,” She said, and her tone had a quality to it he couldn’t really place. “Especially for an athlete in training like you, look how big you’ve gotten!” She squeezed his shoulder.

Kiri gulped and gave her crooked smile. “W-Well, I said I was committed!”

“You sure are,” She opened her eyes ever so slightly. “Can’t wait to see the final results”

Why did that sound so weird?

And why were Hana and Yanagi giving him those strange smiles?

Ugh, whatever. He’d rather focus on his dinner and go back to his room lest he got any more of those uncomfortable runaway thoughts.

It was delicious, as her meals always were. Nutritious and filling. He ordered seconds, he needed the protein after all. And once he finished his plate he was full, his belly was warming and soon spreading the heat to the rest of his torso.

Woof, he was feeling hotter than he ought to. The meat didn't really have any spicy stuff or anything like that. He quickly gulped down his glass of water swiped the sweat gathering on his forehead, letting out a soft pant. Fuck it did not make him feel any better.

His limbs felt heavy, and his heart rate was accelerating at a slow yet steady pace. He must have looked terrible because his family were all giving him concerned looks.

"Are you okay, honey?" His mother asked with worry.

"You're looking hot," Yanagi muttered. "Are you developing a fever?"

"I-I don't know" Kiri panted, his chest rising and falling under his tank top. "Feels like I just did three hours of training just now!" Everything felt... *tight*.

Tsuki stood up from her chair and walked over to him, putting a hand on his forehead and wincing when she felt the heat coming from his skin. "You... Have you been taking *more* than the recommended dosage perhaps?"

He let out a startled laugh, his gaze shifting nervously while panting. "N-No! Of course not!"

"Kiri..."

He had no defense against that motherly tone.

He let out a deep sigh, "Okay, fine maaaaybe I was taking... a few extra" His limbs were starting to twitch.

His mother's brow furrowed and her expression turned... guilty? "Oh no"

"Shhhhhhooot!" Hana let out a long hiss. "Um, uh... maybe I should confess I put three of those pills in your water today?" She squared her shoulders and tried to sink in her seat.

“What?!”

Yanagi held up a hand, as though she was answering a question in the classroom. “I too put three pills in your breakfast”

Kiri let out a choking sound. “The hell?! T-That’s already like... ten pills in one day in total!” Combined with the four he took already today.

“Seventeen”

They turned to their mother. “Huh?”

“Seventeen” She repeated, cupping her cheek and looking *very* embarrassed. “With the seven I put in your food...”

The only sound in the room was Kiri’s panting.

“WHY?!”

“Y-You looked so happy! You were talking about getting bigger I-I just wanted to help you get there!” She stammered. “S-So I gave you a little boost!”

“A little?! You put *seven* muscle mass boosters in my food!” He shouted, “Hell you ALL put more drugs into me!”

“We were just trying to help!” Hana quickly said, to which Yanagi nodded frantically.

He could feel a buzzing in his ears mixing with the drumming of his heart.

“Maybe it’s best we take you to the hospital” His mother put a hand on his shoulder again.

Before she could say anything else, Kiri *bolted* out of his chair, knocking it back a good distance and taking a few steps backward. His blue eyes were quivering, his gaze was unfocused, he merely stood there frozen like a statue, the only sign that he was moving was his rapidly expanding and deflating chest from his breathing.

Nobody dared move.

“Kiri... honey?”

Then Kiri groaned, his body twitching as his hands slowly balled into fists. The sound of leather stretching filled the room as his muscles began *growing*. Veins surged to the surface of his skin, as it pushed out by the expanding fibers and ligaments.

Already strong and firm muscles tore down at a fundamental level and rebuilt themselves *even stronger* with lightning speed. Cells multiplied at an unnatural rate, creating more fibers and muscle textures in every inch of his body.

His legs expanded, turning into tree trunks of striated flesh, making his shorts rip at the seams and hike the fabric further up the monumental quads. His calves expanded beyond the width of his shins, while his feet tore through socks and shoes alike, bursting free.

His six-pack was *jutting* out of his midsection, with greater mass and a solid presence that dwarfed their previous volume, and soon evolved into a full-on eight-pack with rows of obliques creating steps that led to the widening lats.

His tank top was shrinking and wrinkling under the strain, the traps became two thin lines as his pectorals pushed outward, becoming thick slabs of concrete, almost square in their shape, making his nipples point down. His shoulders inflated until they were as big as pumpkins, while his back widened to unreal volumes, deepening the prodigious levels of striations to deep ravines created from each muscle competing for room against each other.

Instinctively, he raised his arms as these swelled even further to staggering proportions. Every magazine, every website, every fitness article and photo he’s seen... none of the athletes in those pictures could even *compare* to the sheer size of his biceps, exploding with girth and becoming small mountains with rivers of veins coursing through them.

Yet it still wasn’t over, he could feel one last *surge* about to come, one last monumental burst of power roaring to be set free.

And roar he did, Kiri roared with pain and pleasure in equal measure as he brought down his arms into a massive flex that made his entire body swell one last time, blasting the poor struggling top in all directions in a shower of confetti.

He panted, making his enormous thorax flare with each intake of air. He felt... *amazing*. It was an unreal experience, to have suddenly grown *so much* in just mere *seconds*. He felt like a modern-day Adonis, an Olympian with the body of a *god*.

“Oh my god...” He laughed, flexing his arms and enjoying the sheer size of their flex. “I’m enormous!”

He nearly began posing right then and there, before remembering he wasn’t alone. His mother and sisters were looking at him with utterly astonished eyes, their mouths hanging open in shock.

Kiri flushed at the reminder that he was half naked in front of them... and soon took notice of the immensely stuffed package in the remnants of his shorts, which looked more like briefs at this point.

He was lifting a *high* tent.

“I-I need to go!” He quickly ran up the stairs, his muscular legs making him run faster than ever before.

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Kiri couldn’t believe the sort of *beast* he turned into. His muscles were enormous, the biggest he’d ever seen in his life. He felt *powerful* like he could curl a weight made for *deadlifting* in multiple reps. Oh, he’d have to put that to the test one day.

He growled as he flexed with a savage smile on his lips, enjoying the sight of the young hulk he’d become, how his muscles rippled furiously and pumped uncountable veins thick enough to be garden hoses. He even got taller! He wasn’t a shrimp anymore!

Fuck, it was making him so damn hot. He wasn't even surprised when his erection finished ripping the remnants of his shorts, leaving him completely naked at long last. He would no longer feel inferior before any other guy, especially Sakurai, not with the strong manhood he'd been blessed with.

His initial feelings of shock and apprehension at his family's drugging him without his knowledge were cast away, now all he felt was immense gratitude.

He gripped the pole with both hands, standing before his full-length mirror as he started pumping. He moaned and grunted with pleasure as waves of heat washed over his frame from his groin, Kiri enjoyed the way his arms and chest flexed with each movement of his self-pleasuring.

Too engrossed he was, he didn't even remember he had left the door unlocked.

"Honey, I wanted to apologize... for..."

And at that moment, his mother showed up.

Kiri froze, staring in utter horror at his mom who stood by the doorframe, similarly turned into a statue before the sight in front of her. That of her son naked, his member at full mast and his hands wrapped around it. Her eyes were, wider than he's ever seen them, and her jaw went slack.

Kiri blushed with an embarrassment so strong he felt he would die as he was caught in the worst nightmare any son could go through.

"I... I..." There were no words he could say to alleviate this situation.

Then his mother... closed the door.

But she didn't leave, no.

She walked *toward him*.

“Mom?” He muttered, doing his best to his hands over his erection in a vain attempt to hide it.

“I wanted” Her voice was so dry, “to say sorry for tricking you like this. I scolded you sisters, and myself, enough for it”

She stood in front of him, both of them noting how he was also superior in height along with width, previously he was half a head taller than his mother, now her head was perfectly poised between his thick pectorals.

“You wanted to get bigger, and I wanted to see my boy happy. So I figured a small boost would do wonders” She stared at him so... transfixed by his appearance, her blue eyes shone with something he couldn't describe. “I didn't imagine it'd do... this”

She put a hand on his chest, and Kiri shuddered in pleasure.

“That my boy would turn into such a man”

Her fingers prodded over the hardness, tracing the deep striations.

“You're so strong, so... so *big*” She was *purring*.

Kiri's breaths picked up, looking down at his mother with those forbidden feelings he tried to keep at bay. His cock was *throbbing*.

Tsuki brazenly put her head between his slabs of concrete-hard muscle and gave them a good long *lick*.

Kiri moaned, throwing his head back in satisfaction. His mother did not stop, she kissed his chest, fondled his powerful biceps as he slowly flexed them for her, spreading her fingers over the rising mound of flesh. He couldn't believe this was happening, that one of his fantasies would come alive... that it'd be brought to reality by his *mother*.

But Kiri was finding it harder to care the longer her ministrations continued.

She stood on her tippy toes, giggling as her lips could only reach his collarbone. "Darling, you gotta meet me halfway ~," She said with clear intentions. And Kiri followed through, bending his head down so his lips were closer to hers.

The two kissed, slowly and passionately. An intimate gesture of loving taboo that sent shocks down their spines. He held her shoulders and firm muscled arms, keeping her in place as his tongue explored that succulent mouth.

Her hand traversed down, playfully tracing his abdominals before reaching the sharp v-line of his waist... and finally going further to *grab him*.

Kiri groaned, pulling back from the kiss as he held his mother firmly grasping his manhood. Slowly pumping him up and down.

"I interrupted your 'private time'" She grinned in that loving motherly way of hers, but it carried a devious edge to it. "Let me make it up to you~"

Kiri panted with wide eyes as she knelt in front of him, looking at his erection with *hunger*. Her fingers tweaked the mast and kept pumping him.

"So hard..." She murmured. "So thick"

A manhood so filled with strength and virility. The tip swollen red and starting to drip white.

Tsuki panted, desire overriding all of her senses and rationality, the little part of her mind that screamed '*wrong*' drowned by the myriad lewd thoughts filling her mind.

Kiri's eyes widened as he saw his mother open her lips wide, and plunge his cock inside her mouth.

He gasped, overwhelmed by the sudden pleasure erupting from his core. Her lips brushed over the shaft and left a trail of saliva as her head bobbed back and forth, her skilled tongue lapped at the underside of his dick and rolled all over his head.

Kiri was getting sucked by his own mother, and she was *so fucking good*. He let go of any apprehension he still felt, and enjoyed his first ever sexual experience. Heh, a tiny part of him laughed, wondering if this counted as losing his virginity.

Tsuki let out muffled sounds of ecstasy, enjoying the *taste* of her son's virility in the warm depths of her mouth. The salty drips of his seeds and the musky taste of his shaft were pure delight to her. Her hand worked his swollen sack, while the other kept fondling a titanic thigh, she was determined to give Kiri the greatest first time of all.

Kiri grunted, clenching his jaw shut and throwing his head back, unable to contain himself.

Tsuki's eyes rolled back at the sudden influx of cum in her tongue. So hot, so delicious~

She licked him clean, not wanting to waste a single drop, and pulled back with a satisfying 'pop'. She looked up at her son's incredulous lustful stare with a smile.

She swallowed and sighed with satisfaction.

"My, that was *so much*" She playfully said, tweaking his member. "Perhaps you'd like to share a bit more with your dear mother" Her eyes glistened dangerously. "I'm sure a *man* of your caliber has another in the chamber~"

Kiri wasn't certain what happened then. It all became... a blur. It was like a force had suddenly taken possession of his body, pure instinct guiding his every movement. He heard his mother squeal as he easily tore the clothes off her body, panting with pleasure as her *beautifully* slender and fit frame hit the bed.

Her legs spread for him, surrendering herself to *him*.

Kiri grabbed a hold of her legs... and *plunged* himself deep.

The pleasure of his own hand. The *intensity* of her blowjob, his very first.... They paled compared to the sheer *warmth* and *wetness* of her walls tightening around his length. He grunted like an animal, and his hips moved back and forth with the intensity of a jackhammer, pushing himself deeper still as the sound of meat slapping together joined the cacophony of his grunts and her moans.

Her head twisted from side to side, “K-Kiri!” How she squealed his name was *music* to his ears. “O-Oh, darling! Don’t stop!” She begged him, feeling his steely pole ravage her to high heaven and enjoying *every second of it*. “T-T-That’s it. G-Give your mother... your all!”

And he did, he thrust in and out of her with ferocity. Inexperience and lack of practice were not an issue, not when he had *such vigor* and energy making up for it.

He was fucking his mother to kingdom come, a beast of herculean build and supreme raw virility, pleasuring her, making her moan and writhe in absolute ecstasy. And Kiri *loved it*.

Her back arched, her moans before more frequent, higher pitched. He felt her clenching harder around his throbbing cock, the juices flowing more to ease the friction.

Then she unraveled, gasping in climactic pleasure and coating him with the most wonderful love juices.

Kiri grunted, holding onto her hips firmly and pushing himself to the limit. Each thrust stoked an inferno, burying himself to the base and desperately seeking release.

He let out a growl through clenched teeth, spit flying and trailing down the corners of his mouth. He let loose shot after shot of white-hot seed inside her, filling his mother and mixing their essences together.

She panted, her hair a mess and drenched in sweat, but smiling oh so lovingly at him. “That’s... my boy” She giggled drunkenly. “My *man~*”

Kiri looked down at her for a moment, before lowering himself, pressing his much larger frame against her own, smooshing her soft large breasts against his hardened pectorals, and gave her a deep and slow kiss.