

Yes to Awesome, Rocking Changes

By: Firingwall

Commission done for Anonymous

Kevin Lungstrum let out a long yawn, stretching and rolling his arms. *What came today? Something good, something exciting? Something not a bill?*

The young man unlocked his mailbox in the apartment complex. Inside, he was greeted not by the sight of a letter or envelope. Instead, he found just a key, one that went to one of the cubby package holders next to the mailboxes.

Weird... He took the key out, reading “#1” on the tag. *Didn't think I had anything being delivered right now...*

He plugged the key into the #1 slot and unlocked it. Inside, he found a large envelope. *Okay... getting stranger.*

He took it out and looked it over. He nearly did a double take reading who it was addressed to. *Megumi?! N-no way.*

Megumi Haruba was his ex-girlfriend. It had been over a week since they had broken up. He had been trying his best not to let it get to him much, but this sudden appearance brought back a lot of uncomfortableness to him.

He had thought their relationship had been going fairly well. He could remember clearly when they first met. It was at a bar during an open mic night. Kevin had finished doing a set on the guitar he brought, sitting down at the counter when Megumi approached with a drink.

She was a beautiful young woman with lovely dark hair and enchanting aura about her. She was incredibly nice and full of life when she talked. So, when he didn't end up liking the drink, it didn't really matter. The two had hit it off.

That night was a lot of fun. They talked a lot, venting mostly. Megumi vented about her overbearing mother, having quite a bit to say about her. They tried performing on stage together at one point. She borrowed a keyboard to play alongside his guitar. It didn't go particularly well, but they had a blast.

Later nights were just as good. They didn't do anything physical, just hanging out at various places. They saw a few movies, had a few dinners, and talked a lot more. Again, Megumi

vented and dished about her mom over and over. She could go on for hours about her if Kevin didn't step in at some points to interrupt her.

It was a bit annoying, but from everything she said, he could totally understand. She sounded like an absolute nightmare.

And then, that nightmare struck. Ageha Haruba, Megumi's mother, had found out about them. He didn't know how she did, but she did and forbade them from being together. Megumi was twenty-one, a consenting, mature adult, but her mother had a hold on her. Between holding the purse strings and having some psychological control from being together for years, Megumi ended up being pushed into dumping him.

The worst of it was that he partially couldn't even blame the mom for wanting them to split. At twenty-six, he wasn't as mature as he should've probably been. He didn't have a stable, fulfilling job, spent most of his time practicing guitar and music and never getting far with them, and slacked off on everything else.

He wanted Megumi to stay and even tried to express that, but he couldn't do or say anything. And, in the end, he felt he shouldn't even bother to try.

Kevin smacked his forehead, giving his noggin a good shake. *Stop that. Let's not go down this road.*

What was done was done. He shouldn't dwell on it. What he should do is probably get this package to its proper owner.

Despite everything, he still had Megumi's number. He wasn't willing to let that go just yet. He quickly texted her, *Hey! Package 4 u came What should I do?*

He closed the cubby and was about to pocket his phone when it buzzed. *That was quick.*

Sure enough, a text came in. *Sorry! Had to send 2 u Didn't want mom to 2 find out*

Another text came. *It'll help me settle things for good! Bring it to me ASAP!!!!*

Settle things? Kevin gave the package a look and a quick shake. He could hear something rattle around in it. It wasn't particularly heavy or big, that much he could tell.

One last text came in. *Open it up and come bring it to me!*

Suddenly, this felt like a lot all at once. Kevin hadn't talked or seen Megumi since the break up. If she was desperate enough to order something and send it to him just to get it to her safely, this must've been important.

What the heck is this? Kevin opened up the envelope and dumped its small item into his free hand.

Of all things, it was a gold ring. It was faded, suggesting it was fairly old, and curiously warm to the touch. The outside was still smoothish, but on the inside, there was texture. Looking closely, he could just make out an inscription of all things.

Change the World. Change the Others. Make It Better.

Weird. That was all Kevin could really think in regards to this. This wasn't what he was expecting to find, but to be fair, he wasn't sure what the solution to Megumi's mom problems would've been. Such a curious warm ring with quite the odd phrasing.

However, despite it, he wasn't going to question it. If this is what Megumi wanted, it's what she wanted. He still wanted her to be happy and if bringing this to her made her happy, then he'd do it, even if it's the last thing he could do for her.

He texted her back, telling her what he found and what to do next...

This is it. Kevin looked at the house before him. It was a nice-looking, two-story place out in the suburbs. There was no way he could ever afford a home like it.

Kevin had arrived at Megumi... or, it would be more fair to say, her mother's place. Even though she said she wouldn't be around and that the older lady had never seen him before, he still parked a full two blocks away. Just to be safe naturally.

Still, he couldn't help but be nervous. Even if she wasn't around, it still felt he was in grave danger. He needed to deliver this ring and fast.

Walking onto the lawn, he looked up to the second floor, finding that one of the windows didn't have its curtains drawn. *Must be her room.* He took out his phone and quickly texted her he was there. *Okay... now we wait.*

It was a bit silly. Megumi could just meet him downstairs if her mom wasn't home, and he could just hand her the ring that way. However, she wanted him to toss it up to her through the

window. She might've been too paranoid, but he wasn't going to argue. Besides, he had a decent arm so it shouldn't be hard.

Kevin stood there for a little bit, waiting to see her beautiful face in the window or his phone to buzz again. He hoped she'd be there soon. He felt like a bit of a creep standing out on the lawn of some house at sunset.

The front door creaked, opening up. For a moment, Kevin thought it was Megumi. She decided on the sensible solution for getting the ring, he hoped.

However, it was all very wrong. There stood Megumi's mother. He had never seen her before, but she looked like a much older version of Megumi with wrinkles, graying hair, and glasses. Bunched up behind the latter was a very crinkled, angry-looking face. It was the kind of look that said Kevin was screwed.

"Thought you could try to get one over me, huh?" Ageha spoke, her tone so venomous and vile that Kevin feared he could die from it.

She held up Megumi's phone. Kevin flinched. How long had he been communicating with her instead of Megumi? "I found out about whatever plan you're having. It will not happen. I will not allow my daughter to interact with you in any way or manner."

Kevin gulped gently. "L-I-listen... I just have--"

"Let me make myself clear. You leave now before I call the cops." Kevin flinched at that. She was serious. It was a bit terrifying.

Yet, he still pushed back a little. "I-I understand, but I want to give--"

"You don't understand!" Ageha snapped at him, her voice piercing the evening light to his very heart. "I will not allow you to ruin the perfect family life that I've sacrificed and given everything to create and maintain for Megumi. I will not let another worthless man ruin her."

And there, the terror changed in him. He was still a bit put off by her forcefulness, but that tone? That remark? The way she framed all of that. It did not sit well with him at all.

Kevin frowned. He definitely understood better why Megumi always ranted and went on about her mom in their talks. To live with a woman like that all of your life? It was soul-draining. It was hard enough dealing with crabby managers at his job.

He decided what he needed to do right there and then. This would probably be the last chance he would ever get to do anything for Megumi. He needed to fulfill this last little request, no matter how little it seemed or how little he got it. He owed it to her.

Kevin cleared his throat. “Look, you don't want me here, that's fine. I just need to give something back to Megumi that s-she accidentally left with me. Let me do that and I'll go.”

“I don't want you here, so just **go**.” Ageha didn't seem like she was listening at all, or was just actively ignoring him.

He could feel a rush of anger in him, but Kevin held it back. The last thing he needed was to lose his temper. The situation was volatile enough.

It was best to be as nice and calm as possible. Kevin cleared his throat. “Could I just come in for a sec?”

The moment he said it, he felt something odd. It was a tingle on his back, as if something brushed against it. It was gone as soon as he felt it.

There was also a little bit of warmth, rising from his pocket where he had put the ring. He reached for it casually.

But then, he forgot all about it.

“You... you may come in.” Ageha spoke with a sudden, soft tone that nearly gave him whiplash. Instead, he merely flinched, blinking several times. Looking at her, her face seemed less stern. Stern still for sure, but not as much as it was seconds ago.

“Could...” Kevin nervously asked, “Could you repeat that?”

“I said, you may come in.” It looked like she wanted to also add a “Do it now before I change my mind” but didn't.

He wasn't going to take that chance, despite how much this suddenly felt like a trap. Kevin walked over and headed through the door. He glanced at Ageha several times, especially as he passed. He just had to be sure she wasn't going to shiv him or something similar.

Looking around, he found a pristine home. The house was very clean and very well organized, family photos and art on the walls. Furniture looked immaculate, and intellectual books that looked well beyond him were laid on tables. He had only stepped into the foyer and could see through a doorway, but everything made a loud and clear message.

“Take off your shoes!” Ageha snapped, causing him to flinch.

“Okay, I will.” He didn't want to cause a fuss, so he quickly slipped them off and placed them next to the front door.

Looking at her, that didn't seem to change her foul mood. Looking down, he realized how dirty-looking his socks were too. That he couldn't help.

Man, she's wound up. That opinion didn't change as she passed by after closing the door, muttering about him having no respect for her home, her daughter, or anything she did.

Ageha motioned for him to follow, which he did without a word. They stepped through the door he saw, stopping to stand in the middle of a pleasant living room. Ageha stared at him, folding her arms. Her gaze was piercing and was clear: tell me whatever you want to say now.

“Where's Megumi?” Kevin started by asking.

Ageha responded bluntly, “She's next door, helping an older neighbor with her chores like a good girl.” She snorted. “It'll teach her some responsibility and respect for her elders and community.”

He wasn't sure if he believed her mother or not, but he decided not to push it. Instead, he continued. “I have something that belongs to Megumi. I would like to give it back to her.”

“I'll take it. You can go.” She said it as bluntly and as cold as last time. He didn't trust her one bit not to throw out this ring or hide it from Megumi. Again, he still didn't know what exactly it was supposed to do, but he certainly wouldn't let her take it.

Kevin took a quick breath and slowly released it, bracing himself for what would be a probably disastrous answer. As polite and firm as he could, he asked, “May I stay here until Megumi gets back?”

He held his breath, but it wasn't needed. She answered right away and, once again, nearly threw him for a loop. “I suppose you can stay until she returns.”

Guess I'm lucky today? That was the only thing he could think of. She was surprisingly agreeable and willing to listen when she wanted to be. The only thing more surprising was that odd, warm feeling in his pocket from that ring again, but he quickly forgot it.

Maybe she always had this side to her? He never got that impression from what Megumi had told him before. She was always so stubborn and wanted everything her way, forcing her to do whatever she thought was necessary to be on the right path in life. It felt unlikely.

Still, whatever the reason was, Kevin continued to be nice. “Thank you for letting me stay. Once I give Megumi her thing back, I’ll be out of your hair.” Ageha frowned. It looked as if she wanted to take back that invitation but didn’t.

So, she instead started to rant. “You can’t get out of my hair soon enough!” She huffed, shooting him the dirtiest look yet. “I heard all about you. Such a damn slacker... I don’t know where my daughter got such a poor taste in men from.”

She looked off to the side, spitting fire. “When I was young, my parents knew what was best and pushed me to be the best, the best with everything. I taught Megumi the same lessons and did she understand them like I did? No! Now, she’s acting like such a failure. Skipping classes, hanging out with terrible people, going to bars, and-”

At this point, Kevin couldn’t hold back. He was doing his best to be cool, but he couldn’t stand hearing a mom talk about their own kid like that. “Can you lay off your daughter?”

“She just-” Ageha suddenly stopped. He felt his pocket warm again, but he was far more curious about the mom. She looked blank, like she lost her train of thought.

After a moment, she cleared her throat. “I am though. I give her plenty of space for her to do her own thing and find her way.” She folded her arms. “I’m just thinking of what’s best for her.”

Kevin blinked. That seemed to run counter to everything Megumi had told him. All the stories of how controlling she was, limiting what she could do or who she could hang out with. She was held on such a tight leash that it was suffocating.

Then, Ageha’s comments also seemed true. He remembered Megumi saying she does let her go out and experience things, like checking out bars or going through a goth phase. She still pressed her hard and was unbearable at times, but not as hard.

It was weird. Both things seemed and felt true to him. However, the latter bit about Megumi having some room to experience life seemed truest. He couldn’t quite understand it.

So, Kevin decided not to think about it anymore. He instead listened as Ageha continued to talk. “I’ve been trying my best to keep everything together and from falling apart after that no

good, “perfect” husband ran away. I tried to keep the house as best as it can be, maintain a proper image for the neighborhood and our family.”

Ageha sighed, rubbing her face. “Everything I've done and sacrificed... and Megumi doesn't get it or understand! I should've been more strict! She thinks because she tries a more "unconventional" side of life that it's better than the life I gave her? Doesn't she realize that things don't work out the right way if she just goes out with some chump tracking dirt through our house!”

My socks aren't that dirty. Kevin frowned. Okay, perhaps she was just as bad and frustrating as Megumi said she was... most of the time. She was starting to get on his nerves once again, despite his best efforts.

In fact, he couldn't hold his tongue. “Look, could you chill out about everything?” he said in a flat tone, “All of that is just putting way too much pressure on Megumi... and ya know what? You too! Could you just relax and let some things just go?”

The moment he said all of that, he regretted it. *Crap, she's gonna throw me out, isn't she?*

However, after another odd bit of warmth below (something he was barely noticing now), Ageha had another blank look on her face. It seemed like her mind had wandered off again to who knows where.

Kevin held his breath, waiting for the shoe to drop. He could feel and notice each blink as the tension in him rose. One blink. Two blinks. Three blinks.

Weirdly, as tense as he was, his eyes wandered away and took in the room again. There was no real reason for it, but after they did wander, something felt off.

The room seemed a lot less tidy than he remembered it. Things were out of order and laid out, such as the music collection laying on the ground or on the big music player. The windows and sills looked dirty and haven't been dusted in a long while. There were plenty of cups and snacks scattered out, some not even finished or empty.

The bookshelf near him, the one he casually glanced at on the way in was different. He was sure there were a lot more history books and classic literature on them. Now there were some more mainstream novels, pop culture and modern music related books there.

Things have changed, he could tell that much. Yet, in a way, it feels like they were always there. It felt like a normal house; a normal, regular, not uptight home. It felt like **this** family somehow. As such, despite the weirdness of before, he remained calm and not too perturbed.

“I am perfectly relaxed and “chill”,” Ageha spoke once more, Kevin focusing back on her and forgetting everything. “I’m not bent out of shape.”

Then, for the first time, her anger seemed to fade. Not much, a bit of tiredness slipping onto her face. She let out a long sigh, arms falling to her side. “Look, it may seem like I’m some harsh, strict, overbearing mom, but I’m not. I stopped being harsh after my husband left.”

She looked to the side and muttered a fierce “that stupid bastard” under her breath. He could still hear it, flinching. There was a lot of ice in those three words.

Anger faded a little more again. “After that, it made me think about a lot of things, how I shouldn’t fret over so much like I did. I’m just concerned about Megumi. I’m worried she’s going to make some mistakes in life... like I did. I’m trying my best to keep her on the right path.”

At that moment, Kevin started to relax himself. He never expected this. Megumi’s strict but not strict, stern but not too stern mom was opening up. She didn’t seem so horrible. She seemed like a normal person, one that has been through a lot. It may not justify everything she did... may have done or said, but he seemed to finally understand her a little.

He gave her a small nod. “I understand. It seems like things have been difficult. You’ve been trying your best to look out for Megumi. I truly get that. However, I do think it’s making things difficult for her as well. I think you need to also consider what she’s been feeling too.”

“Excuse me?” The icy anger began to rise again, Ageha shooting him a nasty look that made him tense right back up. ““You understand”? “I should consider what she’s been feeling”?”

She snorted and sneered. “You don’t. You haven’t the faintest idea how difficult it has been for me trying to maintain this household and keep my precious daughter from screwing up her life all by myself!”

Crap. He stepped on a landmine, or at least pressed a very wrong button. He had been trying his best to avoid this, especially since he seemed to be making some headway with calming her down and getting her to open up.

“Could you **relax** some more?” he asked, gulping a little, “I’m not trying to upset you. I just want to talk. Could you **just** chill out?”

Ageha’s dirty look softened, an eyebrow raising. Again, there was a pause from her, like she wanted to say something. However, it didn’t seem like she had forgotten anything this time. It almost seemed like she considered what he said.

It seemed almost unlikely that was possible in Kevin's mind. He blinked once, twice again, trying to make sure he was seeing that look correctly.

He was... though, was he really seeing everything right? Ageha's hair was down. She had it in a tight hair bun earlier, but now, it had cascaded onto her shoulders. Also, her clothing looked more wrinkled and her blouse was untucked.

He was seeing that, right? She did have her hair up and her clothing much neater only a second ago. He was sure, but also rather unsure.

"I..." Ageha started, Kevin instantly forgetting that uncertainty. "I understand... what you mean. I am chill, I am relaxed."

The mom placed her hands on her hips, cocking them gently to the side and sighed. Then, she let out an exhausted groan. This was certainly taking a turn. He wasn't expecting her to act this casual or relaxed around him.

She gave him a look, one that wasn't fierce or icy. One that was more annoyed, like she viewed him as a troublesome puppy yipping and yapping at her feet. "You just don't understand a thing! I'm sure you're probably a "nice" guy, but I want what's best for Megumi.

"I've let her run wild and free, sure. Life experience is good. But, at some point, as a mom, I have to put my foot down on what she does so she doesn't make the same mistakes I've made." She looked off to the side again, her expression softening.

Well, strained was more like it, concern more than annoyance. "I just don't want her to hook up with some random music guy like you... and get knocked up young."

Those last words were quiet, low and empty. It was almost as if she spoke them to herself more than to him.

It said more than enough to him though. The gears began turning in his head, putting together everything.

Then, he spoke without thinking. "Is that how you had Megumi?"

It felt like he could hear glass being shattered in his mind. *SHIT! Why did I say that?! Oh crap, oh crap, oh crap!*

Ageha gave him a sharp look. *Crraaaaaaap! Me and stupid big mouth! UGGGH! I ruined everything! Of course Megumi was planned. Why would I say otherwise? She's the kind of woman that would've done that. Strict, controlling, planning, demanding... ish?*

For a moment, something felt off. Again, it was the thought of that being true... but also not being true.

“Y-yes...” Kevin did a double take. The mom's sharp look had crumbled. It looked sad, her gaze looking out into the distance in a reflective manner. “I... I like to believe it was planned. ...but Megumi's dad wasn't...”

She gritted her teeth, looking like every word was a struggle to admit, “Wasn't the man I was engaged to at the time. It was such.... such a stupid decision on my part!”

So many questions flooded into Kevin's mind. This revelation felt so counter to just about everything Megumi had said. All those long, angry rants... which also seemed softer and more akin to annoyed gripes?

Her mom was controlling. Her mom **could** be controlling. Her mom got on her about everything. Her mom **could** be so chill on one thing but then get hung up on other particular things. All of these conflicting thoughts and memories were giving him a headache.

How could something feel off while also not being so?

Kevin took a breath and thought. He felt compelled to ask more. It seemed like he was starting to see a different side to Megumi's mom than he could've ever imagined. It fascinated him, feeling like it was also warming her up by being more open.

He decided to ask her another question. It felt risky to do so, but he did it anyway. “Were you pretty wild back in the day?”

There was that heat again, rising from his pocket. It only lasted a moment, but it was expected. It was almost normal.

Then, he blinked and forgot all about it. Ageha was different again. Her dress pants and blouse were gone, replaced by a rather casual tank top and tight yoga pants. Very tight yoga pants at that, hugging her rather curvy, fitter form.

Kevin gulped. He probably shouldn't be focused on that. This was his ex's mom after all.

Ageha didn't even seem to notice his staring. "Yeah... I was pretty wild back then," she admitted. She said it so casually now. There seemed to be some annoyance in her telling him that, but nothing that would make her stop talking either.

"I used to hit the party scene back in college a lot," Ageha said, looking off into the distance, as if remembering it fondly, "I attended so many concerts and shows back then. It was pretty nice." She chuckled softly. "I liked it so much that I worked in a few clubs and a strip... specialized place for a little while.

"But all of that was for Megumi!" she quickly added, as if trying to come up with excuses. "It was fun, sure, but also hard work. It was so difficult to support her, go to class, and keep a roof over our heads. Sure as hell couldn't ask my less-than supporting parents and, well, who knew who Megumi's dad was..."

She smiled softly. "Still, I don't really regret it. It helped pay for things and allowed me to have some fun as well."

Kevin nodded gently, though in his mind, he was taken aback. Megumi's mom... Ageha had led such an interesting life, way more than expected. He thought she was some strict, no-nonsense, no-fun kind of woman, but he saw her in a new light now. He had a newfound respect for her, coming out so strong after that.

"I bet!" Kevin chuckled. Then, with a half-joking tone, he asked, "Are you still going hard today?"

He was about to regret saying that. Ageha gave him a look, one that said, "You serious, bro?" Then, she amusedly smiled, her stance getting even more casual. She chuckled, brushing some of rather wild, stylish hair back. He relaxed.

"Oh, you know it!" Ageha spoke smugly, smoothly adjusting her striking black halter top. "After havin' a kid, you lose a bit of steam in the engine, but I'm still young at heart and pretty damn wild!"

Kevin nodded. His eyes looked to the side for the moment, but that moment was enough to pull his attention away. The room was a lot messier than he remembered it. Jackets and shirts were hanging over the sides of the sofa and chairs. Cans and bottles littered the table, the carpet beneath it stained. There was a very expensive wide-screen TV on the wall and a huge sound system that looked brand-new in contrast to how dirty or old everything else looked.

"Meg gets that wild streak from me," Ageha went on, "Personally, don't mind that, but I do hope she avoids some of my blunders."

Kevin looked back, nodding again. Looking at her, he noticed other things about her that he couldn't believe he missed. She had such great, striking makeup with her dark eyeshadow, red lipstick, and just the right hint of blush on her cheeks. It all made her look more than just young at heart like she said.

It was then, he had to admit something to himself, as embarrassing as it was. He found her attractive. She was beautiful, wild, fit, and so youthful. She had to be in her mid-forties, but she appeared much younger. She was almost like an older sister to Megumi in a way.

He couldn't help himself here. He wanted... he wanted to know more about her. Ageha was so intriguing and exciting the more he learned. He was being drawn into her, but he couldn't explain why. Megumi would probably chew him out, or at least make fun of him, but that didn't stop him.

"If I'm not being too nosy," Kevin asked, feeling a little daring, "Did you have some work done?" Ageha flinched. Kevin quickly added, while also meaning it one hundred percent, "You look incredible!"

Her surprise instantly turned into a delighted, bemused grin. "Damn straight I did!" She placed her arms around her head and playfully pushed out her chest. Her halter top seemed to stretch and stretch, her breasts looking far larger when she did so.

"Thank you for noticing. I used to be smaller, but as a treat for my fortieth birthday, I decided to go up another cup or two." When she stopped pushing her chest out, her breasts remained impressively large. "I also decided on a few more *treatments*." She licked her lips slowly, highlighting their rich plumpness.

Keith couldn't help but tremble. She was so very, very attractive. He shouldn't be feeling this way for sure, but he couldn't deny it. She was hot as hell.

Probably should steer us away from this topic. Might be getting too personal. Part of him agreed with that, but a larger part disagreed. It wanted to move in closer, know her more.

"Oh!" Suddenly, Ageha gasped, looking downward and pulling his attention back to her. "That a Iron Maiden Shirt?"

Kevin looked down, realizing he was wearing a black tee with the band's logo on it. He forgot he was wearing that. He was surprised she didn't mention it until now or called him out for listening to such "ugly", "trashy" music.

Though, why would he think that? She was pretty cool and chill.

“Yeah!” Kevin looked up at her with a smile. “Are you a fan?”

The moment he finished saying that, his head throbbed. He clenched his eyes shut for a moment, rubbing his forehead. When he reopened, the room was different. It was trashier, painted black, coated with metal band posters, and the music player had a huge collection of records and albums beside it.

Though most striking, and somehow most important to him, was Ageha. She was so entrancing, her hair longer and trashier. Her lipstick was a glossy blood red, her skin paler. Her pants were now black leather, still hugging her curvy form. Upon her shoulder, an Iron Maiden tattoo in the darkest of inks.

“Hell yeah I am!” She grinned proudly. “Been a fan forever. Saw them, like, dozens of times! You're lookin' at one of their biggest, sexiest groupies ever, hun.” She leaned in, teasingly adding, “Probably could even teach a guy like you a thing or two about them.”

“Yeah... probably.” Kevin quivered. He was being drawn further and further into Ageha. She was positively hypnotizing, like a siren to a seafarer. He couldn't look away from her.

It almost seemed like she noticed how he looked at her. She chuckled softly, smiling, “Ya know, they're gonna be passing through our area next month. Maybe we should see them live, and I can show you how to rock like a real fan does.”

He quivered again. There was something so lustful, so enticing in how she spoke. There was also this glint in her eye, one that said she was playing with him. She had to be, right? She was the mom of his ex.

Yet, his mind felt so overwhelmed by it all. He had to ask, even if it seemed like a bad idea. “Are you... are you hitting on me?”

Ageha went quiet then. An eyebrow arched, her head tilting. She gave him a hard stare, but one that was also curious, like if she was wondering why he would ask such a thing.

Then, the mom laughed, shaking her head. *Of course*, Kevin thought, almost feeling a bit relieved. *She's not interested. She's just messing with-*

“Well, perhaps I am!” Kevin nearly did a double take. It felt as if his heart was going to burst out of his chest or just abruptly stop.

Those words? There was no teasing, no playfulness, no nothing that could make what was said misinterpreted. She was serious.

Ageha had a smug, pleased smile on her full, plush lips. "I do like my guys handsome and young, if that's alright with you." She moved in closer, placing a hand on his shoulder. It slowly traced up his neck, to his face, and rested on his cheek. "You are just so cute. I have to have a little fun with somebody like you."

His brain was completely static, his body overheating. The ring in his pocket was still hot, but it didn't register with him. All his attention and focus was on her.

He knew she was being serious, but... but it was still hard to even fathom. *Is she for real?* He gulped, a cold sweat breaking out. *Wh-why... why is this so... so exciting?*

Thinking that, an eagerness within began to rise. He acted on it, feeling the need to be more forward. "Do you like me?"

Ageha paused again before she just let out another laugh. "Of course I do, Kev." She wrapped her arms around his sides, pulling him closer. He felt her breasts brush against his chest, yet her words had all his attention. "How could I not like my cute, handsome man? It's like you don't believe me the hundred times I told you before."

*Hundred times before... *my* cute, handsome man... Of course I do...*

Those words ran through his mind, repeating over and over until something just clicked. She has said it so many times before, because it still feels just so hard to believe. It doesn't feel like it should be real. It should be more like he's with Megumi. He could even see, picture, hear, feel all the times he was with her daughter.

Yet, Ageha and him were clear and forefront in his mind. He was dating this hot cougar, forty-three and still young. They had met at a bar during an open mike night. She loved hearing him sing and play, approaching him after he was done to chat.

They talked for what felt like hours about music, Ageha at one point suggesting he should try bass instead of guitar. He said he'd consider it and that they should talk more again soon. From there, things just moved naturally. He never knew he could be into such a woman like her, but here he was now. It felt so unreal!

Kevin began to smile, now wrapping his arms around her waist. He stared long into her eyes, she stared hungrily and sweetly into his. He spoke, a little nervous at first before gaining a smooth, familiar tone. "Do you want to kiss?"

She gave him an amused look. He knew right away that it was a dumb question.

“Don't I always?” They pulled in and began to kiss... and kiss... and kiss some more. Their tongues wrapped and wrestled, their kissing turning into a full-fledged makeover.

Kevin felt so turned on, pushing more into Ageha and feeling those heaving breasts against his chest. She was incredible. He felt so silly asking for a kiss. It wasn't like he needed permission when they loved going hard like this.

As they kissed, a thought occurred to him. As great as it was to date such a hot MILF, he was concerned about one thing: Megumi. They met a few times and chatted, including one on one without Ageha around. For some reason, he got the feeling she liked him. It was a feeling so strong that this kissing almost felt wrong, like his bond was with Megumi, not Ageha.

It was certainly a strange thought to have, but it irked him nonetheless. He broke from Ageha for a moment and looked at her seriously. “Ah, Megumi is cool with us, right? I mean, you're her mom, I'm young, and-”

There wasn't even a pause or a weird look. He felt a warmth in his pocket again (or was it his crotch?) as Ageha laughed. “I keep tellin' you, babe, Megumi is totally cool with us. You keep askin', and I'm gonna start wonderin' if you want to make her jealous or somethin'.”

Kevin had to laugh at himself now. He felt stupid asking all of these dumb questions that he knew the answers too. He knew he had asked Megumi what she felt when he first started dating Ageha and what the answer was.

It was kind of wild, really. They had been friends for a year or so and was suddenly called in by her to see if he wanted to join her band as their bassist. When he tried out, he met Megumi's mom, who was also the band's manager. It was love at first sight for Ageha and after spending some time with each other, he ended up falling for her just as hard.

He was definitely concerned about telling Megumi about it at first. Who wouldn't? What would a twenty-two-year-old think if they found out their friend started dating their forty-one-year-old mother?

However, while she was certainly surprised, Megumi opened up to the idea fast. She was just happy her mom was getting out there and finally with a nice guy. Though, she certainly teased them about how there might be some favoritism with the manager sleeping with one of the band members.

Ageha laughed it off, saying she'll treat him normal while at work. Off the clock though? all bets were off, along with their pants.

“Done worryin’ about Meg, Kev?” Ageha chuckled. She leaned in up to her ear, cooing into it, “Shouldn't you have your attention on someone much more important?”

He shivered delightfully, toes clenching. Kevin snickered, looking deep into her eyes. “You really want me that bad?”

Ageha quivered, biting her bottom lip. He blinked and after, he found her somehow hotter than ever. Her makeup was darker, heavier without being too much. Her crop top was stretched far more open, making her cleavage look even bigger. Her hair was longer, black with streaks of blonde running through it.

“Hell yeah, I am!” There was a new hunger in her eyes, stronger, more primal now. She pulled him in tighter, her breasts really mashing against his chest. “Let's get it on, babe. I'm feelin’ like I wanna get stuffed by you, stud.”

Kevin quivered. Ageha could be so wild sometimes, especially when it came to him. When she was this forward and pushy, he would really have to buckle in for the ride of his life. Not that he minded. He was more than happy to give her whatever she wanted.

They started making out again. His hands went from around her waist to her perky butt, squeezing it gently at first before really digging in. She moaned, her hands going down now. They went straight to his belt, undoing it, and then going lower. He could feel his crotch pulse, excitement surging.

Just as she got her hands onto his fly and started zipping it down, there was a long creak from behind. Afterwards, the door slammed. “Mom! You in? You ain't answerin’ your damn... ah shit, reeeally?”

Megumi had stepped into the living room. She was wearing something similar to her mom, though with a regular black top, tight jeans, and black heel boots. Her makeup was dark, but not lathered on.

She sighed, shaking her head at the couple. She looked like she was instantly struck exhausted by the scene before her. “Oh come on, get a room, you two!”

“But we already got a room, Meg!” Ageha winked.

Megumi's sigh became a groan and a rather loud one. "You're all cool and shit, but you still act like such a dorky mom when you say crap like that."

"Well, maybe you should knock first before barging into our apartment," huffed Ageha.

Kevin blinked and glanced around. The place was definitely an apartment. It was pretty spacious, roomy and also very unkempt and dingy, but it was their apartment. Sometimes it felt like he lived in a big house with Ageha, but only sometimes.

"Well, sor-RY!" Megumi huffed too, "Been calling you, hoping you could remind Kevin to get down to the studio. We're getting in some last minute practice." She turned her gaze to Kevin, eyes piercing through him. "Tour starts in three days, and we need to make sure you're good before we can perform live."

Kevin remembered. The big tour was coming up. He and the band were going cross country in the big bus again. This sadly meant he wouldn't have as much personal time with Ageha as he wanted, but this was important. He didn't want to let anyone down.

"Of course! I'll be there soon," he said, giving Megumi a nod.

She looked at her mom then. "You should be there too. You know, being the manager and all, you should be managing and making sure everyone is on point."

"Oh babe," Ageha laughed, "You do so well already. Do I reeeally need to be there?"

"Well, I feel like the manager already... one that's doing a far better job than you." Megumi glared at Ageha. Ageha glared back, scrunching her face. Kevin held his breath.

The mom and daughter burst into laughter. "Shiiit, like I want to do your job too!" Megumi laughed, "Just let the boytoy go for now and come watch, okay?"

"No problem! I'll just grab my purse." Ageha walked past Kevin. Though, as she did, she quickly whispered into his ear, "We'll get back to grinding later."

"Looking forward to it," Kevin whispered back. Ageha smiled and left the room.

Once she was gone, Megumi smirked looking at him. "Just focus on the strings and not the rod in your pants tonight, bub. We need you playing your best."

Kevin snorted. “That won't be a problem.” It wouldn't be either. He did care deeply about the band and the music. He would never half-ass his performance or give his playing anything less than one-hundred percent, even with sex on the mind.

“Oh! Did you get it to her yet?”

“What?”

“The ring, stupid!” Megumi rolled her eyes. “The one, the ring? The one I hinted you should get. The one you wanted to give my mom as a gift before the tour. That shit!”

Kevin flinched. How could he possibly forget? He patted his pocket, feeling the impression of the ring. It was oddly hot. He didn't get why or how, but it wasn't important. “Yeah, got it right here! I'll give it to her tonight!”

Ageha returned, a sharp leather purse in her hand. “Ready to go!”

“Good! Let's get this shit rolling!” Megumi headed back out, the couple following. Kevin glanced back at Ageha as she walked. She had such a sensual strut, one that let her breasts jiggle and bounce while she pushed her chest out.

Everything about her was so amazing; Kevin was just lucky to be with such a woman. He had the best job, the best girl, and the best life! He couldn't help but wonder how things turned out so lucky for him. It felt like he hit the jackpot with how everything turned out.

As he walked beside Ageha for the exit, he felt something in the back of his head. It was worry, anxiousness. It felt as if he had a problem about dealing with something earlier. He couldn't remember why or what caused that. It seemed important.

Ultimately, Kevin shrugged it away. It was probably just the pre-tour jitters. He was certain that some time jamming out with his bandmates and then riding the greatest MILF ever would clear that up for him.

THE END