

(**Warning:** This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, muscle worship, dominating attitude, graphic sexual content, and taboo subjects)

Even though he lacked any other frame of reference, Dai was confident that living in the countryside was a very boring place for a young man his age to live. It wasn't a bad place, it was calm and peaceful. But perhaps too much so.

At eighteen years old he yearned for excitement, for something new and thrilling to happen in his life rather than live out his best years in the complacency of banality.

Dai groaned as he stretched, walking outside to the front yard in his t-shirt and slacks, wearing sandals over his socks. The gravel pavement that led to the porch crackled under his footsteps, he yawned as he ran a hand over his messy black hair, and opened the mailbox in front of his house.

He grinned when he spotted an envelope with his name on it. "Finally," He muttered excitedly as he grabbed the envelope and went inside, taking off his shoes and closing the sliding door behind him.

His house was a mixture of traditional and modern styles with an old-fashioned layout that divided the house into multiple areas separated by thin walls, and various pieces of modern furniture and decorations displayed around the house, along with electronics like the flat-screen TV hanging by the wall in front of the dining room.

He spotted his mother Yui preparing breakfast, boiling rice, and cutting some vegetables to go along with it while meat sizzled on the frying pan. His mother always preferred to dress more traditionally; it was part of her upbringing to wear a light blue yukata with a thin obi belt fastened around her waist, along with a white apron while she cooked. Her medium-length brown hair was very wavy, with various bangs stylishly framing her face while the rest was done in a bun against her nape.

Soft warm eyes looked over at him and his envelope and smiled. "It finally arrived I see"

"Yup," He opened the package and pulled out an *omamori*. The traditional charm of good luck was old, the brocade bag around it was so old it almost looked like it was made from a potato sack. The prayer on it was almost worn away and hard to read.

“Oh my,” Yui smiled as she approached, cleaning her hands with a towel. “Looks very authentic”

“Wouldn’t have spent money on it otherwise” Dai brightly said. His hobby of collecting old artifacts, including those that were believed to be supernatural or have ties to local legends was a result of his life in the countryside and a desire for something more. It fascinated him that even remote places like this where nothing ever seemed to happen still held their own local legends. Made him hope that something exciting was waiting to be discovered right around the corner. “This was actually a strength charm worn by an onna-musha who came from this village actually”

Her eyes lit up excitedly, happy to recall knowledge from their town. “Oh I know that story” She walked out to the backyard, the one that faced the mountains and had quite the large gathering of trees as the forest was nearby, which often necessitated them chopping the wood. His mother pointed at the mountain shrouded in threes. “It’s a very old tale, about an onna-musha who guarded her home up there in the mountains and was called to fight in the war when all the men of her family were too old or too frail. They say she was mightier than any men and with the temper of a demon who made her enemies flee”

He walked up to her, dangling the charm in his hand. “And this was her charm, the one she used for luck at home and strength on the battlefield”

“Oh, darling that’s an old legend” Yui giggled. “We don’t even know the woman’s name”

“I know I know,” He said, looking at the omamori. “But this thing is old, really old. So I know it’s real, and it came from this region. So, I just... like to believe it’s really from a piece of legend” That there was something special and fantastical in this place he lived in, so he wouldn’t long for the big city.

She smiled gently at him. “Well, if you believe it then so do I” Yui patted his shoulder. “We can find a good place for it later. Now it’s time for breakfast”

Dai nodded, pocketing the charm in his pants. Who knows, maybe the charm would change his fortune and make something really exciting happen.

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Dai woke up in the middle of the night to the sound of dry thuds, almost like a banging. He groaned and rubbed his eyes, standing up from his futon and walking out of his room. The lights in the living room were on, and the banging sound became louder. Wearing only his nightshirt, pants, and sandals, he felt chilly but investigated regardless.

He noticed the lights to the backyard were also on, and saw his mother wearing her nighttime yukata standing outside. Dai watched as she swung an axe over a stump, chopping a log of wood perfectly in half.

Being this close to the forest meant chopping one was a common enough household chore, but usually handled by the day, and by him ever since he got old and strong enough to do it. So to see his mother not only take up the task again but to do it in the middle of the night, flooded his mind with confusion and bewilderment.

She looked so focused, so dedicated to her task. She was chopping the wood with vigor and intensity like it was her life's mission to split the logs. There were already two piles of perfectly split wood laying at the sides of the stump, the number increasing with each new log. She'd run out of wood at this point.

"Mom?" Dai asked, his voice a bit hoarse from being woken up so suddenly. "What are you doing?"

Her reply was curt and to the point. "Chopping wood" She muttered, putting another log on the stump and raising the axe overhead. The movement made the sleeves fall back and reveal her forearms, which looked a touch... wider than usual.

"But... why?" He questioned in disbelief. "It's the middle of the night!"

"Had to do it" She grunted as she chopped another log in half. "I felt... restless like I had too much energy. Before I knew it I was walking around, then I saw the axe outside, and I..." She stopped her task, looking at the tool in her hand with a gaze he'd seen in her whenever they looked at old photos.

It was nostalgia.

"I saw this weapon" She muttered distantly, "and I had to use it"

It was very odd for her to refer to the axe as a weapon, which okay it was but it wasn't really meant to fight. This whole situation was strange.

"Why don't we go inside?" He put a hand on her shoulder. "I'll make you some tea, that'll calm you-"

"No!" She shook him off and stabbed the axe on the stub so deep he'd have trouble removing it if he tried.

Dai stepped back startled at her sudden outburst, her expression was one of annoyance and frustration, her brow furrowed and her jaw set. "I need to... I just need to do this"

She went to pick up one of the logs.

"Do what? What's the point of this?" He was wrecking his head trying to understand.

Yui's fingers *dug* into the upper part of the log. Her teeth gritted as her expression darkened with a twitching scowl. Dai stared slack-jawed as the wood creaked and started splintering under her grip.

He felt another sound, something akin to leather stretch, but it was wet. In the poorly illuminated darkness, he thought he saw his mother's forearm muscles ripple and develop, becoming firmer and taut.

"Gah!" She let out a cry as the wooden log *split*, pulled apart by her hands and sending dust and splinters flying in every direction.

Dai jumped back startled, arms raised in shock as he stared in disbelief at the insane feat his mother had pulled. "Holy shit!"

She stood there panting, letting the broken pieces fall from her grasp as she stared at her hands which were dirty yet unharmed.

"Mom..." He muttered, tentatively approaching. "How did you do that?"

Her brown eyes slowly looked at him, a mixture of shock and elation shined in them. "I don't know. I just..." She grabbed the end of her sleeve and slowly pulled it back, the cloth rustled as she did so. "Used my strength"

She unveiled her arm, and Dai's eyes almost jumped out of his skull at the sight of the *bicep*. His mother had always been a lithe woman, with no muscle to speak of, yet now he was staring at a sinewy bump the size of an apple, with a decent definition that showcased a few muscle groups around the ball of muscle.

That was the arm of someone who regularly worked out or did a lot of physical labor. Not a housewife in her forties like her.

"What's happening to me?" She asked, and though there was desperation in her voice... there was no hiding the *glee* in her eyes.

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Dai started to regret his desire for something exciting to happen. Even if he was a fan of the occult, of local legends and mysteries, having no explanation for what was happening to his mother... perturbed him in many ways.

The rapid growth in muscle mass, the bouts of boundless energy, the... *shift* in her personality. The sweet soft woman he'd known all his life was slowly transitioning into something fiery, bold, outspoken, and fierce.

Ever since that night, things have been escalating. He'd found her at different hours of the day training, doing pushups on the floor, sit-ups, and lifting rocks and large wooden logs as they lacked proper weights.

Her eating habits were a thing to behold as well, she was eating twice as much as before, feeding herself lots of protein. She clearly had the intention of getting bigger, and Dai didn't know how to feel about that.

He stared at his mother kneeling in the backyard, witting a long piece of wood with a large sharp knife. Her bun was poorly done, with multiple wild strands of curly brown hair framing her face erratically, a few getting in front of her face but she didn't care. To him, it looked like she was making a wooden sword...

"What's this for now?" He tentatively asked, walking up behind her.

Yui didn't turn to reply. "A proper weapon"

"I see" He slowly replied. "Is it something you need?"

Her answer was decisive. "Yes, very much so"

His worry only grew. "Mom, something is happening to you. We need to find out what" He stammered for a bit. "This... isn't normal. We should go to a doctor and get you the attention you need-"

"What I *need!*" Her shout startled him, much more when she stabbed her knife into the floor. Her chest inflated and deflated with a steady breath. "Is for you to support me, you understand?"

She stood up, and Dai couldn't help but notice she was at the same height as him now. Perhaps a tiny bit taller.

"There is this force inside of me, pushing me to do these things. To get... stronger" She looked at the rough wooden sword she had crafted in her hand. "And if I don't, I feel I'll lose control and explode"

Her eyes met his, and he almost backed away from the sheer intensity in them.

"And you're going to help, my son" Her tone was strangely formal, commanding. It was an order, not a request. "You're going to help me on my journey to become what I'm meant to be"

He almost gulped, feeling he had no strength to argue. "And what should I do?"

She pondered for a second. "Record me. Take pictures, videos, let me check my progress" She put the sword on the ground and proceeded to get out of the yukata's upper vestments. Right in front of her son, she bared her torso without any hesitation. If not for the bra she'd be

almost half-naked, he could see every detail of her upper form. Her muscles were slightly larger than that night, her tone more pronounced. His mother looked like a regular gym-goer.

It was... astonishing.

She picked up the sword once again and got into a stance he'd seen on kendo practitioners before giving him a side glare. "Dai"

"Y-Yeah?"

"The *phone*"

"R-Right!" He hurried back into the house to grab his phone with shaky hands and began to record his mother. "For how long should I-?"

"Five minutes" She replied and began to swing the wooden blade in downward motions. The movements looked practiced, familiar, like she knew what she was doing. "Enough so I can see my technique"

As he recorded, he couldn't help but stare at her sinewy arms, the way they rippled and flexed. Deltoids twisted every time she lifted the weapon overhead, forearms tightening with her tight grip and biceps swelled with each swing.

For reasons beyond himself, he kept filming after the set time. Taking pictures and videos of her actions. Yui did not object as she transitioned from the kendo practice to more workouts. She had tied a bunch of rocks together in bags and tied those to metal rods to make make-shift weights. Her huffing and controlled breaths were making him feel strange, more so when those muscles seemed to slowly get stronger before his very eyes, faint veins pulsing over the skin as the flesh rippled with tightened definition.

He had to admit his mother cut an impressive figure. Gone was the demure traditional woman, she was turning into a... a warrior.

When she was done, she took a few moments to catch her breath. Her form glistened with sweat as she slowly rose her arms and flexed. The pose caused her biceps to rise notably, her back muscles straining against each other, pulling the straps of her bra tighter along with the rise of her traps and breasts, which even those appeared larger still.

Dai gulped, cheeks flashing hot, as he took more pictures.

His mother demanded to see them, and he had a hard trouble discerning her thoughts behind that frowning steely expression.

“Not enough,” She said, before turning around and picking up the wooden sword again.  
“There’s dinner on the fridge,” Yui said, looking over a strong shoulder at him. “Don’t wait up”

Before he could stop her, she ran into the woods with surprising speed.

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She returned later that night, caked in sweat, dirt, and full of scratches and blood.

It wasn’t her blood she said, but from a wolf she had killed.

Dai felt he was losing his mind trying to understand what was going on. This wasn’t her mother, it felt like she was possessed by something that had overwritten her entire personality. This strength-obsessed woman who trained day in and day out, picking up fights with dangerous wild animals was like a stranger in his mother’s body.

She stared at herself in the mirror, her gaze hazy and lost. Dai witnessed as she took a deep breath and slowly exhaled, her torso inflated and deflated repeatedly. The breathing became faster, more strained. Then her expression shifted into a deep scowl and she brought her arms down, shaking and pulling her muscles taut.

“Hgn!” Yui grunted, and the sound of leather stretching was heard once more as her muscles rippled with greater intensity, stretching the fibers, deepening the lines. Her upper body inflated and widened at the lats before his very eyes. Beads of sweat rolled down paths of clearer skin as they washed away the dirt.

She looked like a crossfit athlete, or a bodybuilder now. Her muscles were brawny and undeniably toned, yet still possessed feminine curves and allure. She removed her yukata fully this time, wearing only her tight bras and panties that showcased her full physique. Those legs were fantastically ripped, with wide quads from where corded cables jumped under the skin in

a vigorous display of control, and sharp heart-shaped calves widening past her shins coated in thin veins.

Full shapely breasts rested upon the strong slabs of muscles that were her chest, pushing against her strained bra. It felt like all she had to do was flex her pecs and a breast would pop out.

Dai was horrified to realize he had been describing his mother's body with such... unfitting thoughts for a son to have.

"Perfection" Yui muttered, "Strength... almost there"

She took a deep breath and slowly flexed her arms. The pose was practiced and experienced, Dai didn't know where she was getting all these skills...

"Dai" She commanded firmly. "Photo, now"

And Dai did, awkwardly shifting around and snapping pictures with his phone. Over and over, from multiple angles he captured his mother shifting through various poses, showcasing her beautiful musculature like a professional. Dai gulped, cheeks flushing, when she rested her fists on her hips and flared her lats, widening her impressively long back and bulging shoulders. It almost looked like the bra wanted to snap...

And a part of Dai wanted it to.

Finally, Yui sighed in exhaustion. "Need a shower"

Dai watched her go to the bathroom, hearing the water turn and steam slowly emerge. The door wasn't fully closed, which allowed him to hear the soft sighs of satisfaction and pleasure coming from there.

He was walking there before he knew it, phone held up in shaky hands. He had... to record this, it was important to figure out what was happening to his mother. That's what he told himself.

He sneaked his phone through the half-closed door, aiming at the mirror's surface to glimpse at the shower. His heart skipped a beat to see the curtains too were only haphazardly closed,

meaning he saw every detail of his mother. Ripped, tall, wet, *naked* slowly cleaning herself and fondling her muscles with great care and pleasure, moaning softly and throwing her head back when her arms grasped her heavy breasts before one hand descended and-

When Dai felt a tug in his pants, he swiftly turned around and bolted back to his room, knowing he was crossing a line there was no coming back.

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Dai couldn't sleep, his mind was plagued by images unbidden. Memories of his mother, seen from a perspective unbecoming of a *son*.

The *power* in those limbs. The strained level of fiber coating her every inch, muscles unbound in every movement of her thick body, feminine beauty elevated *because* of said muscles and not despite them.

"Noooo" Dai groaned into his hands, feeling he was losing his mind. "No no no, fuck please..."

He couldn't, he shouldn't *feel* this way. Not about *her*.

And yet he still thought about her, and the harder he fought to keep those impure thoughts away... the harder his erection got.

This amazon woman, this warrior his mother had become.

Often undressing herself to him so he'd witness her muscles and record them in photos and video, unknowingly fueling taboo fantasies in his hormone-addled mind.

He could relieve that tension, but he knew he'd truly be lost if he did. No more excuses nor lies, no way to deny he found his mother Yui sexually attractive, that he dreamt of being carried in her arms, feeling those steely muscles under his fingertips and enjoying every bit of that strained sweaty skin.

Perhaps... Perhaps if he could look at her like that again and resist, he knew he'd be safe. That he'd have the willpower to forgo such sickening needs.

Another lie he told himself, one he fully believed. Such that he didn't even question why he took his phone with him and got the camera ready.

He silently approached his mother's room, freezing when he heard her grunting and panting. Opening the door slightly revealed she had taken her makeshift weights inside, lifting the large bags full of rocks up and down at an angle with her arms. The motions made her shredded back broaden even more, then split into a labyrinth of muscle when her arms pulled up again, ridged shoulders cascading with sinewy flesh over her wide dorsal groups.

She was naked, and sweaty, those steely buns of muscular flesh stood out proudly on her rear, while her hamstrings rippled in mesmerizing waves.

Dai was shaking, overcome with feelings he could not hold back no matter how hard he tried.

His pants lifted a tent on his crotch, and his cock grew rock hard at the sight of his muscular mother.

Dai bolted out of there, his pace uncomfortable by the erection. He locked himself in the bathroom and panted, desperation etched into his sweating face as he held onto the sink. He looked at himself and was disgusted by the sight of this *freak* in love with his mother's body.

In his deluded mind, he made excuses; It couldn't be him, he'd never do that. Therefore that wasn't his mother, that was *whoever* was possessing his mother.

His eyes widened, an epiphany striking him like thunderbolt.

Possession. Spirits. Curses.

*Charms.*

The *omamori*, the charm of the village's mythological warrior woman.

It was real, its power was real. There was a spirit *possessing his mother*.

It explained everything, her personality change, her developing muscles. His mother was taken over by the warrior woman!

Which meant... Which meant...!

Dai didn't know exactly what this meant, in truth... but he convinced himself it was fine to feel like this. After all, that gorgeous, sexy, outstanding amazon there *wasn't* his mother, was she?

He took out his phone and put the countless photos and videos he had taken to play on a reel.

Then he took his penis out of his pants, grunting as he grasped the thick mast, and began masturbating right there over the sink.

He gasped, panting in euphoria as waves of pleasure washed over his every pore. He stared down at the phone as the images shifted. Biceps, triceps, abs, pecs. Pure display of muscularity in magnificent poses, feats of strength, and skill. All the desires he kept hidden for so long, unleashed at last. He squeezed his eyes shut and masturbated with incredible vigor, needing to use both hands as he pumped himself back and forth.

Yui, the warrior, his mother, whoever she was, the mental images kept showing that *unbelievable* beast of a woman he desired so much, driving him to the breaking point just by existing.

He shuddered, letting out a choked grunt as he finally came loose, spurting shot after shot of hot white seed over the sink. His body seized and shook with the aftershocks, dripping his load and watching it flow down the sink. Dai sighed in utter relief and satisfaction, smiling drunkenly having given himself the best wank of his life.

Yet the moment the door opened, that ecstasy was swiftly replaced by mortification and shame.

Yui was standing there, her sweaty form clad in her tight underwear as she stood there, bathed in the bathroom light that made her heavysset body glisten. She looked so hot, so beautiful... yet that deep frown marred her features as she stared at him with his cock on his hand.

And the pictures and videos of her playing on a loop.

Dai felt he could die, he wished for the earth to open up and swallow him. “I... I...” There was no excuse, no lie to save himself from her.

He had seen Yui lift large sacks full of heavy rocks, break wood with her bare hands, and display martial skill befitting warriors of old. With her fiercer personality he had no doubt she’d *end him* for such an unforgivable act.

“You were pleasuring yourself” She started, voice low and raspy, “to pictures of myself?” There was a sharp edge to her voice.

Her fists slowly clenched, making her knuckles pop. The veins in her arms *pulsated* from wrist to shoulder, shrouding large mounds of muscle in thick rivers that carried molten magma inside. The striation in her figure deepened as her abs tightened around her core, rows of smaller muscles decorating each side and leading up to widening lats.

Fibres ripped, mended and duplicated almost instantly, causing her muscles to swell. Her marvelous legs became as thick as his torso, while those arms were large enough that he could hide his whole head behind their fully flexed size. The low dangerous growl coming from her bulking throat made him quiver in fright, or perhaps that was the arousal from watching his mother grow even more right before his eyes.

The Olympic figure she had achieved had evolved to an amazon of myth. Taller than him, wider than him, filled to the brim with outstandingly toned and beautifully-sized muscles.

Dai felt his penis do a jolt when her underwear, already straining from her muscular and still expanding figure, *snapped* and fly away from her figure. It was not the first time he had seen her naked, but it did not make the display any less arousing.

“Masturbating to pictures of your mother” Her voice was filled with reproach as she took a step closer. There was nowhere for him to go she lifted him from the ground with her hands on his waist, his feet dangled and his half-mast pointed at her stomach, while his chest was dangerously close to touching her naked bosom. “You thought I’d allow that?!”

“I’m sorry!” He almost squeaked. “I swear it won’t ever happen again! I shouldn’t have done it in the first place!”

“Damn right it shouldn’t” She growled. “Do you have any idea the shame this brings me? That my own son was performing such an act with mere images instead of the real thing?!”

...What?

Was she... Was she implying?

“Next time, do not be a coward and bring your desires to *me*” She ordered. “As it should be”

He could only blink slowly in return, “I... what do you-?”

He gasped when her arms pulled him tightly against her figure, his penis brushed over his abs, the ample bust squeezed against his chest. He grunted, letting out gasps of pleasure as his erection grinded over the muscular blocks, while soft mounds of flesh molded against his flat chest.

Her lips was so tantalizing close to his own.

“Do I have to repeat myself?” She said with a gutturally husky tone as drew in for a kiss.

Dai could feel his spirit leave his body, thoughts derailing like an out-of-control locomotive as he struggled to comprehend what was happening.

Yui, glorious, tall, muscular, perfect, was *kissing him*. It was such a slow yet sensuous gesture that fulfilled so many fantasies by keeping him pressed against her Olympic body.

She pulled away the moment he was finally coherent enough to return the kiss. His disappointed was brief, yelping as he was held in her mighty arms bridal style.

To her room.

He stared at her with enamored eyes, heart thundering inside his chest. Her large breasts rested over most of his torso while she carried him as though he weighed nothing. They entered her room where the many scented candles mildly covered the smell of sweet and

musk. He barely paid attention to the littered makeshift weights and weapons scattered around, his focus was fully on her.

Yui set him down on her futon, and went to retrieve something from the closet.

"I was so confused at first" She said while removing a kimono. He'd never seen this one, it looked old, filled with flower motif. "I was remembering experiences that weren't mind, I knew things I never studied or trained for... and I knew where to find these clothes and *more*"

She put it on, using a simple cloth to tie the not around her waist. He was disappointed most of her body was hidden again, with ample cleavage revealed, one great leg stood out from the slit. Yui turned to face him fully, showing another item she had retrieved from the closet.

The charm.

"It felt like there was a stranger in mind. Filing my head with emotions and ideas so foreign to me. I was afraid" She muttered. "And yet I *enjoyed* it. It was like enjoying it was the only outcome, becoming stronger, growing larger. It... felt *amazing*" She shuddered while squeezing the talisman on her fist, her body lightly trembled. "I knew then it was that path I *had* to take. Not just a meek housewife anymore, but a willful woman, a *warrior* like the woman from our village who lived centuries ago"

Her lips parted in a smile. "And *my*, she lived. She fought, she trained, she mentored, she *fucked*... She lived a glorious life, such that her soul was able to fill this little charm with her power upon death merely because it was made to *honor her*"

There was a ruffling of fabric, the kimono tightened around her. Dai could see the chest muscles ripple and the ample leg writhe. The muscles were pulsating, expanding.

"This kimono was *hers*. The weapon I found were *hers*" She laughed. "She guided me to them, entrusted them to *me*... so I could lead the same life she led"

Her clenched fist shook, the arm muscles strained the sleeves to the point they became a second skin, the widening of her already impressively vast torso stretched the material to its limits.

Yui's teeth gnashed together, veins popped over her scowling forehead. "S-She gave me this gift, a blessing so I could become... like her!"

Her sleeve tore, her bicep jutted out.

"A mighty woman... *a warrior!*"

The back of the kimono snapped perfectly in half, the large tear kept widening at the expanse of mountainous muscles.

Dai kept looking up and up, watching in utter awe as his mother, whose physique had been on par with the greatest Olympic Athletes, now ascended to the realm of myth.

She was so tall, around eight feet in height, the sheer *breadth* from shoulder to shoulder made her almost three times as wide as him.

Yui laughed, she laughed and moaned as she rose so tall and huge, the laughter descended into a bestial growl. Bringing down her arms in a savage most muscular that made the kimono *explode* like confetti.

Dai grunted, feeling his erection renew itself with intensity and spurt a little white.

Yui panted, smiling in utter satisfaction, and slowly shifted her pose. She moved with grace and might, beauty in pure brawn as she twisted her spin and regaled her with an imposing labyrinthian back and the shredded look of her rear biceps.

"Perfection" She said, enamored with her body. "At long last" And gave her bicep a gentle kiss.

Yui grinned at him in a predatory way and stepped close, her footsteps so heavy they made the floor creak. "She had a brother, you know? He adored her, was in awe of her warrior spirit, worshipped her muscles. And she loved him in turn... he was *hers*, in body and soul. Only she could lay claim to him"

She knelt over him, squeezing his legs between giant quads. A simple tug and his shirt was torn from his torso.

“He surrendered himself to her fully, and made the most beautiful and passionate love” Her fingers trailed over his chest. “The most beautiful love, born from this connection at birth”

Dai was silent, he couldn't even speak.

Yui licked her lips. “Oh my darling... only / can claim you, my love”

She lifted herself up slightly, hovering over his stiff member.

“You can enjoy my muscles, my glory, as much as you desire” She lifted her arms, flexing in an imperious most muscular pose, corded muscles brought to bear and shrouded in throbbing veins. “Because you are *mine*”

She sharply descended, guiding his erection inside her.

Dai gasped, throwing his head back at the utter *deluge* of pleasure filling him. He had dreamt for so long, he had *hoped* for such a forbidden thing to happen so badly...

And now it was happening, this beautiful hulk of a woman, his mother, was *fucking* him to kingdom come.

Yui kept flexing with all her strength, moving up and down as she enveloped her son's stiffness inside her entrance with the intensity of a hydraulic hammer. “Hmm, yes, welcome home. *Darling~*”

So hard, so virile, truly her son was the man for her. Someone who could satisfy her, complete her, fulfill her.

She chuckled and moaned in pleasure when she felt his seed rush in bursts, filling her like a water hose. Such a large amount of release, all because of how much her magnificent body aroused him.

Yui's first victory as a warrior was not on the battlefield proper, but claiming her beloved son for herself.

As for Dai, his mind a jumbled mess of sounds and colors blending into each other, he gave thanks that his wish had come true. His life had become *far* more interesting and exciting.