

Disclaimer: This story is purely fiction. All characters in this story are adults over 18.

There is R-18 at the end of this chapter.

Chapter 152: Mage Exams End. The Fox, the Dragon, and the Fairy.

– Haru –

The walk back toward the exam grounds was the kind of quiet I had learned to treasure, mostly because it never lasted long.

Kunou trotted along beside me with the box of fresh cookies clutched to her chest, her nine tails fanning out behind her in a swishing golden curtain that knocked dew off the tall grass with every step. She had insisted on carrying the box. I had pointed out that she had already eaten roughly a third of the dough before it ever saw the oven.

She had informed me, with the unshakable confidence of a ten-year-old, that quality control was a very important job and she was simply being thorough. She wanted to deliver these cookies that she “helped make” herself, and if a few went missing, well that was just how things went.

I could not argue with that.

Mostly because Kunou was upset about how much of the “magical tournament” she missed so far and I felt bad about it.

Kunou had also been pouting for eleven straight minutes.

Her cheeks were puffed out so much she looked like she was storing emergency mochi in them, her tiny arms were crossed tight against her chest, all nine of her golden tails were dragging behind her like wilted sunflowers, and every few steps she made this tiny little offended noise in the back of her throat.

"Hmph." Three steps. "Hmph." Five steps. "Hmmmmmph!" That last one had extra force behind it.

I glanced down at her as we walked along the road toward Serie's exam grounds.

The floating door to the Fox Hole shimmered closed behind us, vanishing into a swirl of blue starlight and faintly annoyed moonlight. Ranni had opened it closer for us after I sent her a polite request, which was code for me saying, *"My little sister wants to watch a magical tournament and I am too weak to say no."*

Ranni had not answered in words. She had simply opened the door, then dropped a small wooden sign at my feet that read: *'Thou art doomed to never escape her infernal cute clutches...'*

Kunou made another offended sound. "Hmmpf." She turned her face away from me so hard her hair whipped across her cheek. "I am mad at you, Niichan."

"I noticed."

"You did not invite me to watch the magical tournament! And now it's almost over!" She spun on me mid-step, jabbing the cookie box in my direction like an accusation.

I felt my resolve developing cracks. "I didn't forget you," I said, and that part was true. "I just didn't think the first stages were something you'd enjoy."

Kunou's golden eyes narrowed immediately.

A dangerous thing, a suspicious ten-year-old with fox instincts. People underestimated children far too often. Especially supernatural children. Especially supernatural children who had recently become worthy enough to lift a divine hammer, fight giant robots, and accidentally traumatize half of SHIELD.

I looked ahead at the winding path through the hills and pretended the distant exam grounds were fascinating.

Also, somewhere ahead, a terrifying blonde elf with the emotional openness of a locked bankvault was probably preparing to make mages fight each other for professional certification.

Which brought me back to the immediate problem. And the fact that I was absolutely not letting my little sister watch a tournament where the contestants were allowed to kill each other.

Kunou tugged on my sleeve. "Niichan."

"Yes, my adorable little prosecutor?"

"You are doing the thing where your ears go flat because you are thinking about serious stuff but you pretend you are not because you think I am too little to understand."

I stopped walking.

Kunou stopped too, her sandals scuffing softly against the dirt path. A breeze rolled over the hills, carrying the scent of grass, distant stone, old magic, and the faintest trace of smoke from somewhere far ahead.

Probably Natsu.

Definitely Natsu.

I crouched in front of my sister. She tried to keep pouting, but her ears betrayed her, twitching forward because she liked when I came down to her level instead of talking over her.

I reached out and poked one of her puffed cheeks.

Poke.

Air leaked out of her mouth with a tiny "pfft." Her eyes widened in betrayal. "Niichan!"

"Sorry. I couldn't help it."

"You poked my pout! Who does that!?"

I guess I do now. "It was getting too powerful. I had to act before it evolved into an **Ultimate Skill**."

Her lips wobbled. From trying not to laugh. She lost. "Kihhi."

I smiled and brushed a stray lock of golden hair away from her face. "Listen, Kunou. The first parts of the exam were rough. People died even when I tried to prevent it, which was why I didn't want you watching."

Kunou's ears lowered a little. "Oh." She looked down at her sandals, then back up at me with those bright golden eyes that made my protective instincts curl around my heart. Then her entire face scrunched. "That is stupid. Why would they kill people in a tournament?"

"Because adults are very dumb."

She nodded solemnly, immediately accepting this as the most reasonable explanation. "Serie-san is dumb?" she asked.

"Serie-san is complicated," I replied.

"Is that grown-up talk for dumb?"

"Sometimes..."

Kunou considered this, then nodded again. "Okay. Then you should tell Serie-san no killing."

"That was the plan. And if she says no, then I bribe her with cookies!"

Kunou's eyes snapped to the basket she was holding. "Good plan!"

...The first two stages had taken place across the forest and dungeon complex, but the third stage had been moved to what looked like a compact stone stadium nestled in a natural bowl between three hills.

It was not large by supernatural standards, maybe big enough to seat a few thousand people at most, but it had the clean, severe elegance of old magical architecture. Pale stone seats rose in circular tiers around a central fighting stage. The stage itself was a flat round platform of dark

grey stone, carved with layered reinforcement sigils that glowed faintly blue beneath the surface. Barrier posts stood at equal intervals around it, each one capped by a crystal that hummed with contained mana.

A fighting stage.

The surviving examinees from the second stage stood in a loose group beside the platform. Fewer than before. A lot fewer. Some leaned on staffs. Some had bandaged arms or torn robes. A few had the hollow-eyed look of people who had just crawled out of a dungeon and discovered the prize for survival was more bullshit.

Serie stood at the center of the platform. She was in the middle of explaining something to the candidates when her eyes flicked toward the ridge.

She saw me.

Serie stared for one full second, then exhaled through her nose in the tired, ancient way of a woman who had known war, demons, empires, betrayal, and, worst of all, me. "You are late..." Her voice carried effortlessly across the stadium.

Kunou leaned closer to me and whispered, "She sounds mad."

"She always sounds mad."

"I heard that," Serie said. Her long ears twitched adorably.

"Good," I called back. "Your hearing still works. Excellent sign for someone your age..."

A few candidates flinched.

Frieren blinked slowly.

Fern's expression tightened with the faintest hint of horror, like she was watching someone poke a sleeping dragon with a decorative spoon.

I might have gone too far with that one.

"Hoh..." Serie's eyes narrowed. The air pressure dipped.

I lifted both hands in surrender before she could decide the third stage was now "disintegrate Haru until morale improves." "Sorry, that was too far and my mom raised me better than that," I admitted. "But I made cookies to make up for it!"

Serie's gaze moved to the box. Then to Kunou holding the box like a treasure she didn't want to part with just yet.

Kunou's gaze moved to Serie.

Two very different creatures assessed each other across the distance. One was an ancient elven archmage whose knowledge of magic dwarfed entire civilizations. The other was my adorable little sister, who had once renamed Mjolnir and called it Sparking Hammer-chan.

I was not entirely sure who would win that standoff.

Nearby, Irene Belserion snickered.

I turned my head and spotted her standing off to the side of the platform beside Daenerys. Daenerys saw me looking and smiled. My tails betrayed me immediately, swaying behind me in slow golden arcs.

We descended into the stadium, and the attention of half the surviving candidates followed us. It was not every day a ten-tailed fox demon lord walked in with a nine tailed kitsune carrying baked goods like sacred treasure.

Though given how often the Fox Hole had connected to strange worlds, that sentence was probably less impressive than it should have been.

As I approached the platform, I let my gaze pass over the remaining examinees.

Frieren had passed, obviously. She stood with her usual sleepy expression, staff in hand, looking like she had wandered through the dungeon by accident and mildly inconvenienced everything inside. Fern stood beside her, robes scuffed but posture perfect, her face calm in the way that suggested she had absolutely judged everyone in the dungeon and found most of them disappointing.

Stark was not there, of course. He was back at the Fox Hole, probably three ales deep and being adopted by the Companions as their newest little brother in trauma.

Erza had passed too. She stood near the front of the group. A few scratches marked the edges of her breastplate, and one strand of crimson hair had escaped from behind her ear. She looked composed, dignified, and battle-ready.

Then she saw me looking at her. Her cheeks went pink.

Ah. There she was. Titania, queen of the fairies, conqueror of dark guilds, slayer of monsters, destroyer of entire building codes, reduced to blushing because I smiled at her. My heart did something embarrassingly soft. "Congratulations, Erza," I said as I drew close. "I knew you could do it."

Her blush deepened instantly. "Thank you, Haru," she said, voice steady only because she had apparently beaten her vocal cords into submission. "It was a challenging stage, but not beyond what Fairy Tail has endured."

Irene's smile became lethal. "My daughter was magnificent," she said.

"Mother..." Erza hissed.

"She crushed three separate ambushes, broke a binding array with brute force, and intimidated one examiner so badly he apologized for existing!"

"MOTHER!"

"I nearly wept with pride."

"Mother, please..."

Daenerys hid a laugh behind her hand.

Serie looked deeply unimpressed by the family moment, which probably meant she was secretly cataloguing Erza's performance with reluctant approval.

I glanced past Erza and noticed Natsu standing a little farther away. He had passed too, because of course he had. But what caught my attention was the girl standing next to him.

Green hair. Dangerous eyes. A smile that sat on her face like a knife pretending to be a ribbon. Übel, if I remembered correctly.

She stood suspiciously close to Natsu, close enough that her shoulder almost brushed his arm. Natsu, being Natsu, seemed completely unaware of the concept of suspiciously close. He was grinning with soot on his cheek and bandages around one forearm, talking animatedly about something while gesturing with both fists.

Übel watched him with an expression I recognized. I wouldn't call it affection exactly. Interest. Dangerous interest. The kind of interest that led to either romance, murder, or a concerning combination of both depending on the people involved.

I stared for a second longer. *Had Natsu made a possible crazy girlfriend during the exam? No. Surely not...*

Then again, Natsu acquiring a mildly homicidal green-haired mage girlfriend during a certification exam was not even top twenty on the weirdness board.

I glanced toward the spectator seats and found the rest of Fairy Tail's disaster squad.

Lucy sat in the front row with Happy perched beside her, and Gray sat a few seats down, shirtless, arms crossed, looking annoyed in the way only a man who had failed an exam and lost his shirt could manage.

I blinked. *Gray had failed?* That was surprising.

Gray caught my eye and scowled.

Happy raised one paw. "Gray got lost in the dungeon! That made him fail!"

I snorted. *Was he trying to imitate Zorro?*

"I did not get lost!" Gray sputtered indignantly .

Then I noticed Lucy was not really listening to gray or Happy right next to her. She was instead glaring past them into the arena. She was glaring at Übel. Specifically, at Übel standing suspiciously close to Natsu.

Oh, that was interesting.

Natsu, meanwhile, had the situational awareness of a brick. He leaned closer to Übel and said something that made her laugh softly.

Lucy's smile twitched.

I slowly looked away. That was not my battlefield. I was not stepping into whatever emotional minefield was forming between a dragon slayer, a celestial mage, and a girl who looked like she collected red flags as a hobby.

Serie cleared her throat. "Now that our late co-examiner has deigned to return," she said, "we may continue."

Kunou leaned against my side and whispered, "She talks fancy when she's annoyed."

I glanced down at Kunou in agreement. "She talks fancy always."

"Is she always annoyed?"

"Probably."

Serie's eyes flicked to me.

I smiled.

She did not smile back.

Eh, we started the next stage anyways...

Kunou had fun watching the magical and mostly non-violent fights.

A few hours later, the exam was finally over.

No one had died, which meant I was counting it as a personal victory, even if Serie looked like she wanted to strangle me with my own tails for changing the final stage at the last possible moment. The tournament portion had gone about as expected once murder was taken off the table. There had been broken ribs, cracked barriers, three shattered staves, one candidate launched clean through the upper spectator seats, and Natsu setting himself on fire twice despite no one asking him to do that.

So, a normal exam, really.

The part after that had been stranger.

Serie had interviewed every mage who survived the earlier stages and passed the combat test. Individually. Privately. Close enough to stare directly into their souls or whatever terrifying elf nonsense she did when deciding whether someone deserved to be called a First Class Mage.

I had technically been co-examiner.

Technically.

In practice, Serie had done most of the questioning while I sat nearby, ate one of the cookies Kunou had failed to hide from me, and watched the candidates go into the interview chamber looking exhausted and come back out looking like they had been judged by the concept of disappointment wearing bare feet.

Now we were in Serie's flower room.

That was the only name I had for it, because calling it a study felt wrong and calling it a garden felt incomplete. It was an enclosed sunlit chamber near the top of her tower, shaped in a wide crescent with pale stone floors, tall windows, and shelves of old books tucked between flowering vines that climbed the walls like they had decided academia needed better decoration.

The air smelled like petals, warm stone, parchment, and the faint magical ting of spellwork old enough to have opinions.

Serie sat in the corner on a cushioned chair that looked like it had been arranged specifically to catch the best light in the room.

She was eating my cookies with a kind of focused, possessive intensity that made it very clear she had already decided the remaining cookies were hers by ancient right.

Kunou sat beside Daenerys on a low bench near the center of the room, leaning forward with both hands on her knees. She had somehow wormed her way into Daenerys's private magic lesson, which would surprise absolutely no one who had met my imouto.

"Again," Serie said.

Daenerys stood in the sunlight with one palm raised. A small flame hovered above her fingers, no larger than a candle at first. She inhaled slowly, silver hair slipping over her shoulder, violet eyes focused with intense concentration.

The flame trembled.

Kunou trembled too, but with excitement.

"Do not feed it with emotion," Serie said, taking another bite of cookie. ***"Emotion wakes the door. Discipline decides what walks through."***

That was actually a damn good line.

That was like some ancient martial arts advice, but for magic. And instead of a wrinkly old chinese guy, it was a cute (never call her that to her face) immortal elf girl saying it.

Daenerys adjusted her breathing. The little flame steadied, then stretched upward into a twisting ribbon of gold and crimson. It curled around her wrist without burning her skin, responding to the smallest movement of her fingers. Her eyes widened, but she did not lose focus this time.

"Good," Serie complimented her apprentice, and told her what she needed to do to improve.

Daenerys beamed and listened to her advice intensely.

Kunou raised one hand. She obviously expected it was her turn to learn next.

Serie ignored her.

Kunou raised both hands.

Serie continued ignoring her.

Kunou stood on the bench and raised one foot. She used her tails to keep balance.

"Small fox girl," Serie said without looking away from Daenerys. "If you ask whether you can try fire magic while standing on my expensive furniture, I will turn you into a potted fern."

Kunou gasped. "Can you really?"

"No."

Kunou's ears drooped.

"I mean I could... probably," Serie added.

"I already know fire magic!" Kunou's ears perked right back up. "Teach me the fern magic instead!"

"Absolutely not."

"But I want to be a fern!"

"WHAT? Why? No, you do not."

"I could be a magical fox-fern!"

"Sit down."

Kunou sat down immediately, but only because Daenerys gently tugged on the back of her kimono and whispered something that made her giggle.

Across the room, Frieren sat on a smaller chair near a flower-covered window. She looked sad. For Frieren, that meant her mouth was maybe one millimeter flatter than usual and her eyes were slightly less sleepy.

Most people would have missed it.

Fern stood beside her master. "Master Frieren," Fern said softly, "are you all right?"

Frieren looked down at her hands. "I failed..."

Fern's face scrunched up in confusion. "I don't know how. You're more talented and powerful than all of us. Serie-sama was unreasonable."

Frieren let out a sigh. "She was always going to be."

"That does not make it acceptable."

Frieren blinked slowly. "I knew she would not pass me."

Fern stared at her. "You knew?"

Frieren nodded. "Serie does not like the way I use magic."

From the corner, Serie's ear twitched. She kept eating her cookie and pretended not to listen.

Frieren continued, "To her, magic is the privilege of those who pursue power. A First Class Mage should seek strength, supremacy, and endless advancement. I like magic that makes grapes sour. I like magic that cleans bronze statues. I like magic that helps people on roads they will forget before winter." Her gaze lowered again. "She has never liked that."

Fern's expression softened. "Master Frieren..."

"I am used to it," Frieren said.

Serie turned another page of whatever lesson notes she had open beside her, though I noticed she had not taken a bite since Frieren started talking.

Ancient emotionally constipated elf drama.

I pushed off the wall and walked toward Frieren.

Fern noticed first. Her eyes shifted to me, wary and hopeful in equal measure.

Frieren looked up when I stopped in front of her.

"Well," I said.

Frieren blinked. "Well?"

I leaned closer. A slow smile spread across my face. "Then it is a good thing Serie forgot to revoke my status as co-examiner." I lifted one hand with all the solemn authority of a man who had absolutely no idea whether this was legally valid and did not care even a little. "Frieren," I said, "as co-examiner of this First Class Mage Exam, officially appointed by Serie herself in what I assume was a moment of severe emotional weakness, I hereby declare that you pass."

The room went silent.

Kunou's eyes went huge.

Daenerys's flame sputtered out with a soft puff.

Serie slowly turned her head.

Frieren's expression changed. Actually changed. Her eyes widened. Her lips parted slightly. Her usual sleepy mask cracked just enough that I saw something naked and startled underneath it.

Hope, maybe. Or disbelief.

"You cannot do that," Serie called out.

I turned to her. "You said I was co-examiner."

"I did not say you could overrule me!"

"You did not say I could not!"

Her golden eyes narrowed. "That is not how authority works."

"That is exactly how authority works when paperwork is vague!"

Fern made a tiny sound. It might have been a laugh.

Frieren stood abruptly. For Frieren, abruptly meant she rose at a normal speed instead of like a sleepy ghost remembering legs existed.

"Fern," she said quickly.

"Yes, Master Frieren?"

"We should go." Frieren grabbed Fern's sleeve and began walking toward the door. "Before Serie finds out what Haru just did and takes it back!"

"I already found out!" Serie snapped.

Frieren did not stop. "Before she does anything about it, then."

Fern let herself be pulled along, though she looked back at me with gratitude in her eyes. "Thank you, Haru-sama."

"Good luck," I said. "And you can pick up your third companion at the Fox Hole."

Frieren paused halfway through the doorway. "Stark?"

"Stark may or may not currently be blackout drunk..." I told them with a shrug.

Fern's expression turned into a scowl. Her aura darkened.

Uh oh, I could sense that Stark was not going to enjoy whatever punishment his purple haired possible mage girlfriend gives him later...

The two of them left at a speed that, by Frieren standards, was basically a sprint.

Serie stared after them. Then she stared at me.

I smiled.

She pointed one cookie at me like a weapon. "You are the most infuriating creature I have met in the last thousand years! And it infuriates me even more that you are more powerful than me and can make these addictive sweets that won't get out of my head!"

I nodded sagely. "That's high praise."

"It was not praise!" Her eye twitched.

Kunou leaned toward Daenerys and whispered, "Niichan is winning. I don't know what he's winning, but he is..."

Daenerys whispered back playfully to my little sister, "I think he is about to be turned into a fern..."

Serie took another bite of cookie with the air of a woman chewing through both pastry and rage. For one brief moment, her expression shifted. Not softened exactly. That would have been too much. But something old and complicated moved behind her eyes, then vanished under a layer of pride thick enough to stop artillery. "Fine, I won't revoke Frieren's status as a first class mage... But you owe me another spar sometime in the future!"

I could agree to that. Fighting was actually a lot more fun for me when we were just sparring and not trying to kill each other. Well, Serie might actually try to kill me, but I was pretty sure that was her way of magical flirting.

I smiled at her softly. She was such a tsundere elf wasn't she?

Serie glared at me. The tips of her ears went slightly pink. "I don't know what thought just went through your head, fox, but ignore it!" She then startled Daenerys when she turned back around and told Daenerys to keep practising.

I turned toward the only other people still lingering besides Serie, Daenerys, and Kunou.

Irene and Erza stood near a wall of flowering vines.

The rest of the Fairy Tail mages had already left, taking Übel and another guy with them, surprisingly. Land, if I remembered right. The projection guy. Natsu had apparently decided Übel was weird in the fun way and Land was weird in the creepy way, which meant one of them was immediately invited to Fairy Tail and the other was placed on probation pending proof he could show up in person like a normal person.

Somehow, both had followed them anyway.

Fairy Tail recruitment standards were less a process and more a natural disaster.

That left Erza. And Irene. A mother and daughter pair of absurdly powerful redheads, both beautiful enough to make artists reconsider their career choices, both standing beneath a curtain of flowering vines like the room had arranged itself to frame them properly.

Erza looked softer than usual there, with late afternoon sunlight catching in her crimson hair and turning the scratches on her armor into thin silver lines. She had removed her gauntlets at some point, and her hands were clasped neatly in front of her like she was trying very hard to look composed after the exhausting bullshit marathon that had been Serie's exam.

Irene, on the other hand, looked like she had not been exhausted by anything in several centuries. She lounged beside her daughter with one hip cocked, arms folded beneath her generous chest, wearing a smile that told me she had already planned three different ways to make Erza blush before dinner.

I approached them slowly, mostly because Erza's gaze kept flicking to mine and then away again.

I smiled. "Congratulations on becoming a First Class Mage."

Her shoulders relaxed by a fraction. "Thank you, Haru."

"A title," I added, "that will mean absolutely nothing on any world but this one..."

For half a second, she stared at me. Then she laughed.

My tails swayed.

Erza covered her mouth with one hand. "That is... technically true."

"Technically true is the best kind of true."

"It still matters," Irene said. Irene's smile was pure draconic satisfaction. "It matters to me, darling. The *loli elf* was forced to acknowledge that my daughter was superior to her world's mages."

In the corner, Serie's ears twitched.

Kunou, who had been watching the magic lesson with Daenerys, leaned sideways and whispered, "Serie-san's ears get fidgety a lot don't they. I wonder if they are like my tails?"

Daenerys, bless her, tried not to laugh and failed silently.

Irene's smile widened.

Erza went crimson. "Mother, please do not call Serie-sama that."

"Why not? She is short, ancient, blonde, barefoot, and rude. I am merely being descriptive."

Serie's mana rose by one degree.

I held up a hand. "Let us not start a dragon versus elf rematch in the flower room."

I turned back to Erza, whose blush had not faded. If anything, it had deepened under the combined weight of her mother's pride and my attention.

She deserved more than jokes. So I let the humor settle and looked at her properly. "You really did well," I said quietly. "I mean it. You kicked a whole lot of ass, which I was expecting, but you were also beautiful while doing it."

Erza swallowed. Erza's mouth opened. No sound came out.

I decided to save her. My idea of saving her was, admittedly, questionable.

I stepped closer.

Her eyes lifted to mine. "Har..."

I leaned in and kissed her. Her eyes went wide against mine. For one heartbeat, she froze completely.

Then her breath caught. "Mmn..."

It was a tiny sound, barely there, soft and shocked against my mouth, but it went straight through my ears, down my spine, and into every tail I had. I kept the kiss gentle. Warm. No pressure beyond the invitation. One hand rose to touch her cheek, my thumb brushing the edge of her chin, and I felt the tension in her body tremble beneath her armor. Her lips were soft. Her hand rose halfway, stopped, then gripped the front of my shirt like she needed something to anchor herself.

Behind us, Irene chuckled.

I broke the kiss before Erza overheated and fainted in Serie's flower room, because I was learning. Slowly.

Erza stared at me, eyes wide, cheeks flushed so red they almost matched her hair. Her fingers still clutched my shirt.

I smiled at her. "We should go on a date," I said. "To celebrate."

Her lips parted. A sound came out. "Ah."

Not a word. Progress anyway.

Irene sighed happily beside us. "What a wonderful idea."

I glanced at her. That was my mistake.

One moment she was beside Erza. The next, her fingers had curled around my jaw, nails light against my skin, and she was pulling my face toward hers.

"Irene—" I started. That was all I got.

Her mouth claimed mine.

Where Erza's kiss had been shy, trembling, and careful, Irene's was a conquest. Her lips parted mine without hesitation, tongue sliding in hot and slow, tasting me with a pleased hum that vibrated against my mouth.

"Mmm..." Her other hand slid to my chest, palm flattening there as she pressed herself close enough for me to feel the heat of her body through the thin fabric of my shirt.

I heard Erza make a strangled noise beside us.

I heard Daenerys's soft laugh from across the room.

I heard Serie mutter something that sounded suspiciously like, "Slutty dragons..."

Irene did not care. She deepened the kiss just long enough to make my tails lift behind me. My hand found her waist on instinct, and the instant my fingers settled there, she made another pleased sound against my lips. "Mmhmm..."

The woman was shameless. When she finally pulled back, she did so slowly, teeth catching my lower lip for a brief tug before releasing it. Her eyes were half-lidded and bright with draconic satisfaction. "There," she said, voice warm and smug. "Now the invitation has been properly accepted."

Erza looked like her brain had been struck by lightning and was trying to reboot in a language it did not speak. "Mother," she whispered.

Irene turned to her daughter with an expression of angelic innocence that no one in the room believed. "Yes, darling?"

"You cannot simply... That is not..." Erza looked at me for help.

I considered the situation. I made the only intelligent choice available. "I think a celebratory date with both of you sounds lovely."

Erza's face did something spectacular.

(R-18 ahead)

– Erza –

A few hours later after Haru took Erza and Irene out on a date.

It was the second time.

The second time she had been in this exact situation. Sitting on Haru's bed. Her mother nearby. Haru somewhere within striking distance of taking her clothes off.

Erza's cheeks burned so hot she was certain her face was the same shade as her hair, and she pressed her palms flat against her thighs to keep them from trembling. The last time had ended with her fainting before anything could happen.

She had relived that moment in her head approximately four hundred times over the following weeks, each replay more humiliating than the last, and she had promised herself, swore on her name and on Titania herself, that if she ever got another chance she would not faint.

She would not faint.

She would not faint.

Across the room, near the tall windows where late afternoon light spilled in like molten gold, Haru and Irene were kissing.

Not the way Haru had kissed Erza in the flower room. That had been gentle, soft, careful, an invitation. This was something else entirely. Irene had both hands buried in Haru's hair, her fingers curled tight enough to pull, and Haru's hands were everywhere at once. One palm splayed flat against the small of her back. The other gripping the back of her thigh through the dark fabric of her dress.

Their mouths moved together with the kind of lust and familiarity that came from people who had already done this and intended to do it many more times.

"Mmmnh..." Irene's pleased hum slipped out between kisses, low and unashamed.

Erza's stomach did something complicated. She told herself to look away. She did not. She could not.

Her mother was kissing the man Erza had been trying to work up the courage to be intimate with for weeks, and instead of feeling jealous or embarrassed or scandalized, Erza found her eyes locked on the way Haru's tail brushed against the curve of Irene's hip.

The way Irene leaned into him without a single shred of hesitation. The confidence of it. The knowing.

Erza had none of that knowing.

Irene broke the kiss long enough to murmur something against Haru's mouth, her voice too soft to carry, and Haru's answering smile was slow and pleased and made Erza's thighs press together involuntarily.

Then Haru began to kiss his way down.

His lips trailed along Irene's jaw first, slow and deliberate, then her neck, where Irene tilted her head back with a soft "Aah..." that made Erza's breath catch.

His hands moved to the laces at the front of her dress, working them open one at a time, each movement unhurried and confident, the way he might have prepared an ingredient he had handled a thousand times before. The fabric parted. Irene's breath came faster. She watched him with half-lidded eyes that glowed faintly with draconic heat, and when his mouth reached her neck, she made another sound, lower this time.

"Mmmh, that's it, darling..."

Haru pulled the dress down off her shoulders.

It slid in a slow rush of fabric, pooling around her waist, then her hips, then the floor, and Erza, who had seen her mother in countless states of undress over the months since they had been reunited, was completely unprepared.

Irene was beautiful.

Erza's face went hotter than her hair.

Her mother stood there in nothing but a thin pair of black panties, her body framed in the gold of the afternoon light, and Erza could not stop herself from looking.

Irene's breasts were full and heavy, her nipples already stiff from Haru's mouth, her stomach softly toned in the way of a woman who had lived through centuries of casual physical mastery. Her hips flared into thighs that were thick and powerful, the kind of legs that had crushed enemy mages between them more than once in a very different context. Her skin was flushed pink.

She was magnificent.

Erza realized, with a fresh wave of mortification, that she was staring at her own mother and feeling something extremely complicated about it.

Irene turned her head and caught her looking.

A slow, knowing smirk curled across her mouth. "Erza, darling," she purred, voice low and warm, "do not be so shy. Look all you like."

"M-Mother..." Erza managed.

"You are about to see far more than this, sweet girl."

Erza's mouth opened. No sound came out. Her brain made a noise like a kettle boiling.

Haru chose that moment to hook his fingers into the waistband of Irene's panties and pull them down.

Erza's eyes followed the motion before she could tell them not to. The black fabric slid down those generous thighs, past her mother's knees, and then Irene was stepping out of them, completely naked, and Erza saw everything.

Irene's pussy was right there, only a few feet away, her outer lips lightly dusted with neatly trimmed crimson hair, already glistening with how badly she wanted what was about to happen.

Erza's hand flew up to cover her mouth. "Hnng..."

"Hkhkhk." Irene laughed, a soft satisfied sound. "There, you see? Nothing to be afraid of."

Erza could not have spoken even if her vocal cords had been working. She managed a tiny, jerky nod.

Haru, still on his feet, glanced over at Erza. His eyes were warm, dark, and steady. He did not say anything. He simply gave her a small, reassuring smile, the kind that said you can leave any time you want, but I hope you don't.

Then he sank to his knees.

Erza's breath stopped.

Irene parted her thighs without being asked.

Haru's hands slid up the backs of his lover's legs, gripping the thick of her thighs, and he leaned in and pressed a slow kiss to her inner thigh first. Then higher. Then higher.

Irene's breath shuddered out of her in a soft "Haaa..." and her hand came down to bury itself in his golden hair, her fingers curling near the base of one of his fox ears.

Erza watched, helpless, as Haru's thumbs spread her mother's pussy lips open and revealed the slick pink within, and then he leaned forward and dragged his tongue up the full length of her.

"Aaahn~!" Irene's hips bucked forward against his mouth.

Erza made a tiny, strangled sound and dug her fingers into the sheets.

Haru did not stop. He worked his tongue between his lover's folds with the same focused, unhurried care he brought to everything else, and Erza could see his jaw moving, could hear the wet sound of his mouth against her mother's flushed pussy.

He licked her slowly at first, long lazy strokes from her entrance to her clit, and Irene's free hand came up to cup one of her own breasts, pinching her nipple as she rocked against his face.

"Mmmh, fuck, darling, just like that, yesss..."

Erza had never heard her mother make that sound before. Her ears were on fire. Her thighs pressed together hard enough to ache. She was so wet she could feel it through her smallclothes, and she had not been touched once.

Then Irene snapped the fingers of her free hand.

Haru's clothes simply ceased to exist.

A small swirl of dragon magic dispersed them in a flicker of golden motes, and there he was, kneeling between her mother's spread thighs, completely naked.

Erza's brain stopped working.

She had seen him naked once before. She had blamed her fainting on shock, on her own inexperience, on the simple physical impossibility of what she had been looking at. She had told herself, in the weeks since, that she had been imagining things. That her memory had exaggerated. That no man could actually be that.

She had been wrong.

He was still perfect. His shoulders flexed as he worked. His arms were corded with the kind of muscle that came from a lifetime of disciplined movement, not vanity. And lower, between his thighs, his cock hung heavy and thick and so hard it was already curved up against his stomach, slick at the tip with precum.

Even from where she sat, she could see how big he was. How much bigger he was than any reasonable woman should have to take.

Erza made a tiny, helpless noise.

She did not faint.

She was very proud of herself for not fainting.

Haru kept eating Irene out. He was relentless about it. His tongue worked her clit in tight focused circles now, and two of his fingers had slid up inside her, curling against something that made Irene's whole body jerk. She gripped his hair tighter, her toes curling against the carpet, and her voice was climbing higher with each ragged breath.

"Aah, aah, ohhh, Haru, right there, mmmh, don't stop, don't you fucking dare stop..."

Erza's mouth had gone dry. She licked her lips. She could not look away.

Irene came **hard**.

"Aaaahn, AAAHN, FUCK, YESSS!"

Her thighs clamped around Haru's head, her back arched, and Erza watched her mother's entire body lock up in pleasure, watched the way Haru held her steady through it with his strong hands gripping her ass, watched the way her mother's hips ground down against his mouth as she rode out the orgasm in shuddering, gasping waves.

Erza's own panties were ruined under her armored skirt.

Irene was still trembling when Haru rose to his feet. His mouth and chin were wet with her, and he did not bother to wipe it away. He simply caught Irene around the waist before her legs could give out, lifted her like she weighed nothing, and turned toward the bed.

Toward Erza.

Erza scrambled sideways on instinct, making room, and Haru laid her mother down on the silk sheets beside her.

Right beside her. Close enough that Erza could feel the heat radiating off Irene's flushed skin. Close enough to see the slick mess between her thighs as Haru gripped them and spread her open again.

Irene laughed, breathless and ruined. "Hkhk, my, you are not going to give me a moment to recover, are you, darling?"

"No." Haru's voice was low, rough, lustful in a way Erza had never heard before besides that one night.

He climbed onto the bed between Irene's thighs. He took his cock in his hand, dragged the swollen head through Irene's slick folds once, twice, gathering her wetness along the length of him. Irene's eyes rolled back. Her hands fisted in the sheets next to Erza's leg.

Then Haru pushed inside. Slowly. Steadily. Inch by thick inch, his hips pressing forward, his jaw clenched with the effort of going gentle.

Irene's mouth fell open in a long, drawn out moan that Erza felt all the way down her spine. "Aaaahhhh, fffuck, yes, yes, all of it, darling, give me all of it..."

He bottomed out inside her. His hips met hers with a soft wet sound. Irene shuddered, eyes glassy and wide and unfocused.

Then he began to fuck her.

Slow at first. Long, deliberate strokes that drew himself almost all the way out before sliding back in to the hilt, each thrust pulling another helpless sound out of Irene's throat.

The bed shifted beneath Erza with the rhythm of it. She could feel every rock of the mattress in her own body. She could smell the heat of them. She could hear the wet slap of Haru's hips meeting Irene's, the soft creak of the bedframe, her mother's breath catching higher and higher with each thrust.

"Mmh, mmh, ahhn, yes, harder, harder, fuck me harder..."

Haru gave her what she asked for. His thrusts sharpened, his hips snapping forward now with real force, and Irene's breasts bounced with every impact. One of his hands gripped her hip hard enough to leave marks. The other braced beside her head on the mattress, and his head dropped low, his mouth finding her throat, biting down just hard enough to make Irene cry out.

"AAHN!"

Erza sat frozen beside them, her hands clenched in her lap, her thighs pressed together so tight they ached, watching her mother get fucked thoroughly and completely by the man she herself was trying so desperately to be worthy of.

She did not faint.

She could not have looked away if her life had depended on it.

The bed rocked beneath Erza with every thrust, and she could not move. She could not breathe. She could only watch.

Haru was fucking her mother with the focused intensity of a man who had decided to ruin a woman thoroughly, and Irene was letting him do it.

The dragon witch's body bounced with every snap of his hips, her full breasts swaying heavy on her chest, her nipples flushed dark and stiff. A flush had spread down from her throat to the tops of her breasts in a soft pink wash, and her hair had come loose from however it had been pinned, spilling crimson across the silk sheets like spilled wine.

"Aah, aah, aahn, fuck, darling, just like that, mmmh..."

Each thrust drove a fresh moan out of Irene's throat. Each impact made her tits shake. Erza's eyes followed the motion before she could stop them, watching her mother's body absorb every brutal stroke, watching the strong lines of Haru's back flex as he worked himself into her again and again.

Then Erza's gaze drifted lower.

She could not help it.

She could see where they were joined.

Erza's eyes locked on the place where Haru's thick cock kept disappearing inside her mother's pussy, again and again, slick and shining with Irene's wetness, the dark crimson curls at the base of his shaft pressing flush against Irene's spread folds on every full stroke. Each time he pulled back, the head of his cock emerged glistening and angry red, and each time he drove forward, Erza watched her mother's body take him to the hilt with a wet, obscene sound.

She could not look away.

Her mouth had fallen open. Her breath came shallow and fast. She was aware of her own pussy throbbing in her ruined smallclothes, of how wet she was, of how badly her body wanted what she was watching.

Irene turned her head on the sheets and locked eyes with her. Her mother smirked. Even fucked stupid, even with her hair wild and her breasts shaking and her mouth slack from pleasure, Irene managed a slow, knowing smirk that promised mischief. She snapped her fingers.

"Eep!" Erza's yelp came out high and surprised. A flicker of golden dragon magic swept across her body, and the warm cotton of her dress, her smallclothes, every scrap of fabric she had been wearing, simply ceased to be. The air of the bedroom was cool against skin that had not been exposed in weeks, and Erza was suddenly, completely, helplessly naked. "Mother!"

"Mmhh, you were overdressed for the occasion, darling..." Irene's voice was breathless and warm, her body still rocking with each of Haru's thrusts.

Erza's hands flew up on instinct, one arm crossing her chest, the other dropping to cover the soft red curls between her thighs. Her face was so hot she was certain her ears were glowing.

Haru did not stop fucking Irene. His hips kept their punishing rhythm, his cock kept driving deep into her mother with each rocking stroke, but his eyes had moved.

His eyes had moved to Erza.

Slitted gold caught the late afternoon light. His pupils had narrowed to thin vertical lines, and the heat in them was unmistakable. He was admiring her. Even buried to the hilt inside Irene, even with her mother moaning his name beneath him, his attention had locked onto Erza's naked body with the same focused hunger he had been using on Irene.

Erza's heart slammed against her ribs.

He had seen her before. She knew that. The first time. The time she did not want to think about. She had stripped for him in this same room with shaking hands and trembling courage, and she had straddled him, and she had looked down at what she was about to take, and her brain had simply stopped working.

She did not want to faint again.

She would not faint again.

She held his gaze. Her own breath came shallow and fast. He kept fucking her mother in long, hard strokes, his shoulders flexing, his jaw tight, but his eyes stayed on Erza. Watching her. Waiting.

She swallowed hard. Her arm trembled where it shielded her chest.

Slowly, with the same disciplined courage she had used a thousand times in battle, she lowered her arm.

She uncovered her breasts.

The cool air kissed her stiff pink nipples and she shuddered. She had always thought her breasts were a little too full for a warrior, that they got in the way in armor, that they made fitting cuirasses a nightmare. The way Haru's eyes darkened and dropped to them made her think, just for a moment, that maybe they were not too anything at all.

He let out a slow breath. "Beautiful."

Erza's whole body flushed. "Hnnng..."

Then Haru did something that broke her entirely.

He pulled out of Irene.

His cock slid free with a wet, obscene sound, slick and shining with her mother's wetness, the swollen head almost angry red. Irene's hips jerked up after him on instinct, a high, frustrated whine spilling from her throat. "Aahn, Haaru, no, fuck, get back here, I was so close..."

He did not get back. He turned. He turned to Erza.

Her breath stopped.

Haru's hands found her shoulders and pushed her gently but firmly down onto her naked back, right beside her mother on the silk sheets.

"Aah!" Erza yelped, eyes wide. Her back hit the cool silk sheets. Her hair fanned out around her head in a crimson halo, and before she could even process the sensation of being naked on his bed for the second time in her life, his hands had found her knees and pushed them apart.

She did not resist. Her thighs spread for him without permission from her brain, and the air kissed parts of her that had never been kissed by anything, ever.

Haru leaned over her. He braced one strong arm beside her head. The other gripped her thigh, holding her open. His golden eyes hovered above her, slitted and almost glassy with lust, his pupils so blown that the slits had widened into something more wolf than fox.

The man she had known as a chef, as a friend, as a careful gentle person who made cookies for little sisters and heart-shaped rice balls for shy redheads, was nowhere in the room right now.

The Demon Lord was looking down at her.

Her breath shuddered out. "Haru..."

He did not answer. He shifted his hips. She felt the broad blunt head of his cock drag through the slick mess of her folds, gathering her wetness, finding her entrance. He was still slick with Irene. She could feel her mother on him.

The thought sent a hot, dirty pulse through her that she did not have time to examine.

Then he pushed in.

"AAHN!" Erza's cry split the air, high and shocked and absolutely helpless.

He was huge. He was so big! Her body should not have been able to take him, except her body did take him, inch by thick, hot, slick inch. She had been a virgin in every way that mattered, but her hymen had been gone since she was younger, broken by the brutal training that had built her body into what it was, and the only thing she felt now was a stretch so deep and so full it stole every thought she had.

"Aaah, oh, oh gods, oh..."

She moaned. She moaned loud. She could not help it. The sound poured out of her throat like something her body had been storing up for years, and her hands flew to the sheets, fisting them tight on either side of her hips, and her back arched up off the bed as Haru kept pushing, kept pushing, until his hips finally pressed flush against hers.

He was all the way inside her.

All of him.

Erza had never felt so full in her entire life.

"Mmmh..." Beside her, Irene let out a soft, breathless laugh. Her mother turned her head on the sheets, her crimson hair tangled around her flushed face, and reached over to brush her fingers gently along Erza's bare arm. "There, sweet girl... See? You are doing so well... Khkhk, look at you, taking him all the way in on the first push... that is my magnificent daughter..."

Erza could not answer. Her mouth was open. Her chest was heaving. Her pussy was clenching helplessly around the thick cock buried inside her, and she could feel Haru throbbing.

Then he pulled his hips back.

Slowly. Almost all the way out. She felt every inch of him sliding free of her, and a high, broken whine escaped her throat at the loss.

"Aaahn!" Erza had never, in all her years, in all her battles, in all her quests and dark guilds and S-Class trials and impossible odds, felt anything close to what Haru's cock was doing to her now.

Each thrust dragged the broad swollen head of him along the inside of her pussy, scraping a spot deep inside her she had not known existed, the kind of spot that had her gasping and arching and clutching at the bedding without conscious thought.

Her body was shivering. "Aah, aah, aahn, oh gods, oh, Haru..."

She could not stop the sounds. They poured out of her with every stroke, soft helpless cries that she would have been mortified to hear from her own mouth at any other moment of her life. Right now she did not care. She could not care. Her brain had been replaced by liquid tingles

and there was no room in it for anything except the slow, full, devastating slide of him in and out of her.

Above her, Haru's golden eyes burned down at her, his slitted pupils blown wide, his mouth slightly parted. A strand of his pale hair had fallen across his forehead, damp with sweat.

His shoulders flexed with each thrust. His fox ears twitched whenever she made a particularly loud sound, like he was cataloguing each one, learning which strokes pulled which noises out of her.

She was being fucked by him. By Haru. The handsome fox man she had wanted for so long, the man she had dreamed about in a thousand different ways and dismissed every single one as too embarrassing to ever say aloud. The man she had stripped naked for once and then fainted on, like a fool, like a coward. He was here, right here, looking at her like she was the only woman in the world, and he was fucking her like she was the only woman in the world, and her mother was lying naked next to her on the same bed.

Erza turned her head on the sheets.

Irene was watching her.

Her mother's cheeks still flushed pink from her own orgasm, her breasts rising and falling with quick shallow breaths. Her eyes were soft and warm and full of something that was not quite motherly and not quite anything else either. Her lips were parted. Slick. A little swollen from kissing.

Slowly, Irene leaned in.

Erza's breath caught. She did not pull away. She did not even think about pulling away. Her mother's mouth came closer, closer, and then Irene's lips brushed against hers in a kiss so soft it almost was not a kiss at all.

Then it became one.

Irene tilted her head and pressed her mouth fully against Erza's, slow and warm, and Erza's lips parted on instinct, on a small startled "Mmh..." that disappeared into Irene's mouth.

Her mother's tongue slid in to meet hers, gentle, exploring, almost lazy, the kind of kiss that took its time because there was no reason to hurry.

Erza could taste her.

She could taste the faint sweetness of her mother's tongue, the hint of wine from the cup of something she had sipped on the way to the bedroom, the warm dragon heat that seemed to live under Irene's skin.

It should have been strange. It should have been wrong.

Erza waited for shock or shame or any of the proper responses she should have had, and none of them came.

There was only the soft slow press of her mother's mouth and the slick wet drag of her tongue, and somewhere in the back of her mind a small awed voice realized that her mother kissed exactly the way she fucked. Without hesitation. Without apology. Like it was the easiest thing in the world.

"Mmnh..." Erza's hum spilled into Irene's mouth.

Irene smiled against her lips. "Mmmh, that is my good girl..."

Haru thrust deep, and Erza moaned helplessly into her mother's mouth, the sound vibrating between them. Irene swallowed it with another slow kiss and stroked her fingers gently along the side of Erza's throat, the touch a quiet promise that she was not going anywhere.

And then Haru pulled out.

"Hnnn, ahhn, no!" The cry tore out of Erza before she could stop it. Her pussy clenched around nothing, suddenly empty, suddenly cold, the swollen sensitive flesh of her insides clutching at the air where his cock had been only a second ago. Her hips lifted off the bed on instinct, chasing him, and her eyes flew open wide and almost wet with the loss.

"H-Haru, please," she gasped, voice thin and shaking and not at all like her own. "Please, put it back, put it back inside, oh gods, please..."

She could not believe the words coming out of her mouth. Titania, begging on her back with her thighs spread and her mother's spit still wet on her lips. She did not care. She did not care. Her body needed him back and her pride could yell at her about it later.

Beside her, Irene laughed, soft and breathless. "Khkhk, oh, look at you, darling..." The sound cut into a moan as Haru shifted his hips and slid himself smoothly back into Irene instead.

"Aaaahn..." Irene's voice climbed high and pleased, and her amber eyes rolled half closed.

"Mmmh, yes, that is more like it, darling, fffuck..."

Erza watched, panting, frustrated, achingly empty, as Haru gave her mother three slow deep strokes that made Irene's breasts shake. Then, just as Irene started to arch up to meet him, just as her hand began to fist in the sheets, Haru pulled out of her again and slid back into Erza.

"AAH!" The cry punched out of Erza's chest at the sudden return of him, the thick hot stretch of his cock filling her up in one smooth thrust. Her back bowed off the mattress. Her hands flew up and found his shoulders, gripping him tight, her fingernails leaving little white crescents in his skin. "Yes, yes, yes, oh, oh gods, yes..."

He fucked her with three of the same slow deep strokes. Just enough to remind her body what it was missing. Just enough to drive her right back to that trembling edge.

Then he pulled out and slid back into Irene.

Irene moaned, high and grateful. "Mmh, ah, yes, fuck me, fuck me, fffuck..."

Three thrusts.

Back to Erza.

"Aahn, Haru, please, please don't stop again, please..."

Three thrusts.

Back to Irene.

"Aaah, darling, you absolute beast, mmmh..."

He went back and forth between them like that, slow and steady and patient, his cock sliding from one wet pussy into the other, never lingering long enough for either of them to cum, never pulling away long enough for either of them to settle.

Erza could feel her mother on him every time he came back to her, slick and warm and unmistakable, and she could not bring herself to care. The two of them were lying naked side by side on Haru's silk sheets, hands brushing, breaths mingling, taking turns getting fucked by the same man, and her brain had stopped trying to find anything wrong with that picture several minutes ago.

Irene's hand found hers between them on the sheets. Their fingers tangled together. Her mother squeezed gently, a small grounding pressure, and Erza squeezed back without thinking.

Haru thrust into Irene. Irene moaned.

He thrust into Erza. Erza moaned.

Back and forth, again and again, the two redheads gasping in alternating rhythm beneath him, their joined hands clutching tighter every time he switched.

Haru did not stop. He moved between them, his cock sliding from one wet pussy into the other and back again, and through it all his voice rolled over them in a low warm rumble that made Erza's chest feel too tight.

"Look at the two of you," he murmured, hips rocking deep into Irene. "Spread out on my bed like this. Fuck, I am the luckiest man alive."

Irene laughed breathlessly. "Mmh, flatterer, ahhhn..."

"Not flattery." He pulled out of her and slid back into Erza in one smooth thrust. "Truth."

"Aahn!" Erza's cry caught in her throat as he filled her again. Her hand tightened on her mother's.

He leaned down over her. His golden eyes burned into hers as he ground his hips against her, the base of his cock pressing right against her clit, and his voice dropped to something quiet and reverent and only for her. "Look at you, Erza. So fucking beautiful. Mmh, your eyes, those big brown eyes looking up at me like that. Drives me crazy. You have no idea how long I have wanted to see your face like this."

"H-Haru..."

His hand slid down. He cupped one of her breasts, his thumb rolling slow and rough across her stiff nipple. "Perfect, Erza. Absolutely fucking perfect."

A whimper slipped out of her throat. Her heart was pounding so hard she could feel it in her temples. He was complimenting her. He was complimenting all of her. The shape of her mouth. The flush across her chest. The strength in her thighs where they wrapped helplessly around his hips. He named every part of her that she had ever felt insecure about and praised it like it was a gift she had given him.

Her heart fluttered against her ribs like something with wings.

He pulled out of her and slid back into Irene. Her mother's voice broke on a gasp.

"And you, my magnificent dragon..." His hands slid up Irene's flushed sides, finding her full breasts, palming them as he fucked her deep. "Mmh, this body. These hips. You feel so fucking good wrapped around me, Irene, fuck..."

"Aaahn, Haru, don't stop, mmmh, don't you dare stop..."

He did not stop. He fucked Irene through three more long strokes and then slid back into Erza, and somewhere in the middle of it Erza realized the pleasure that had been simmering low in her belly was building. Building. Each time he sank back inside her it climbed higher, a slow tight coil drawing tighter and tighter, a pressure that was not painful but was so close to overwhelming she almost could not breathe through it. Her thighs were trembling. Her fingers had tangled tight with her mother's on the sheets. Every nerve below her navel felt like it was humming.

He slid out of her. Slid into Irene.

Irene's voice cracked on the next stroke. "Aah, oh, oh fuck, darling, I am close, I am close, mmh, fuck me harder, fuck me harder..."

Haru gave her exactly what she asked for. His hips snapped forward, the wet slap of skin on skin sharp and obscene, and Irene's whole body shook with each thrust. Her breasts bounced. Her mouth fell open.

"Aah, AAAHN, FUCK, HARU..." She came with a high, broken cry that filled the bedroom. Her back arched off the silk. Her thighs clamped down around his hips.

And then Erza, lying right next to her, felt her mother's hand spasm tight in hers as Irene squirted around his cock, slick and hot and shameless, the silk sheets soaking under her ass as her orgasm wrung her body out in waves.

"Mmmh, mmmh, mmnh, fuck, oh fuck, darling, oh..." Irene's voice trailed off into ragged little moans, her chest heaving, her body twitching every time Haru rocked another shallow thrust into her.

Erza stared. She could not look away. Her mother had just come apart on this man's cock, right next to her, the silk dark and damp beneath them, and the heat coiling in Erza's own belly had pulled so tight that she felt like she was going to shatter.

Haru groaned low in his throat. "Fuck. That was sexy as fuck, Irene." His golden eyes turned. They turned on Erza. "I want you to cum just like that for me, Erza. Right now."

Her breath stopped. "Haru..."

He pulled out of her mother and slid back into her in one deep stroke. His hands came down hard on her waist. He gripped her there, his fingers strong and possessive against her flushed skin, and he started fucking her, really fucking her, the slow patient strokes finally gone. His hips snapped forward fast and hard, the head of his cock driving deep into her over and over, and Erza's whole body lit up.

"Aah, aah, aah, AAH, oh gods, OH GODS, HARU, AAAHN!" She squealed. She actually squealed, high and helpless and not at all dignified, and she did not care. She could not care.

He was holding her hips down and fucking her into the mattress and every single thrust was hitting that spot inside her that the slower strokes had only teased, and the pressure in her belly was tightening, tightening, tightening, until there was nowhere left for it to go.

"Cum for me, Erza," he rasped, his voice rough and ragged above her. "Let go. Right now."

She let go. "AAAHHHHN!"

It tore through her. Her orgasm ripped out of her with a force she had not been prepared for, a hot bright explosion that started behind her clit and surged outward through every nerve she had. Her thighs locked around his hips. Her back arched clean off the silk. Her pussy clenched down around him so hard she could feel her own heartbeat in it, and her vision whited out for one long shuddering second.

Above her Haru grunted, low and broken. "Fuck, Erza, FUCK..."

She felt him swell inside her. She felt him slam home one last time, his hips grinding flush against hers, the base of his cock pressed tight to her trembling clit. And then she felt him cum.

Hot. So hot.

The first thick spurt of his cum flooded deep inside her, and she sobbed at the sensation of it, the heat of it spreading through her in a place she had never felt heat before. Another spurt. Another. Load after thick load of his cum pumping into her in long pulsing bursts, and she could feel each one, could feel his cock twitching inside her clenching pussy, could feel his fingers digging into her hips hard enough to leave marks.

"Mmmh, oh, oh, oh..."

Her orgasm rolled on through it, drawn out and shaking, every fresh pulse of his cum somehow making it last a little longer. Her mother's hand was still clutched tight in hers. Her own moans had gone soft and breathless, little spent sounds that spilled out of her throat without permission.

Haru collapsed forward onto his elbows above her, his forehead dropping to rest against hers, his breath ragged and warm against her mouth.

"Beautiful," he murmured. "So fucking beautiful, Erza."

She could not speak. Her eyes were wet. Her body was trembling under his.

She had not fainted.

XXX