

Eun Ha's POV:

Su Ah came back around twenty minutes later, bringing her breakfast, and after ensuring her mother was fed and well, excused herself with the promise to check up on her later. As for Eun Ha, she ate everything to the point of feeling overly full, and took her medicine too.

Everything passed in relative tranquility; she checked her phone, and saw Jae-il's text

Jae-il: *Just letting you know, I'm heading out to practice. Stay hydrated. See you soon.*

That was sent roughly an hour before she first woke up.

Jae-il: *Here if you need anything <3*

This one, instead, was more recent.

He didn't send her any texts afterwards, or made a call either.

Maybe he thought she needed some more rest. Maybe he was busy training.

She kept looking at it as if the more times she glanced over at it, something new would magically pop up, as though a single additional text might trigger some epiphany to surge forth and wipe away every damn mental image of him between her legs.

Nothing came.

She didn't text him back, simply placed her phone back on the nightstand and watched television. It didn't work as well as she thought. She tried to keep herself occupied, in a dull sense. She got drowsy halfway through an episode, then laid in bed, eyes on the picture on her nightstand.

Eun Ha managed to nap. Then she woke up. Then she slept. Then she woke up. All of this in short bursts, before she finally forced her uncooperative, lazy bones out of bed in order to draw herself a hot bath, mainly for a semblance of physical cleanliness and her sanity.

She stood slowly. The room tilted once, then steadied.

Progress.

She walked the three steps that separated her bedroom mirror and stared at herself.

Pale skin with a rosy, post-fever glow, slightly reddish cheeks, hair still damp with sweat, a mess.

How unsexy of her.

Good.

Let her have this moment of normality back.

Her journey to the bathroom was made of small, shuffling steps, her hand sliding along the wall for balance.

She flicked the switch on, and turned on the tap. As she waited for the water temperature to rise, heat already seemed to swirl in the steam that began to fill the space.

Bending to remove her sleep clothes became a ridiculous negotiation with her aching joints. Each movement seemed to take twice the effort it normally would.

When she finally stepped into the tub, the spray hit her like a physical blow—too intense. She flinched, a sharp hiss escaping her lips, and spun the dial until warmth settled somewhere between too hot and hot but comfortable.

As steam billowed around her, she closed her eyes, water steadily coursing down her face. What should have been a therapeutic moment of spiritual and physical cleansing soon turned into more than that.

Scenes from last night's dream threatened to surface.

Jae-il, the starship commander, materializing before her. On the bridge. Between her legs again. As Eun Ha herself urged him with a commanding tone, to eat out her—

It felt wrong to entertain the memories in an even mildly sensuous fashion, or acknowledge the possibility they might inspire. The fever had driven her crazy. She'd not be revisiting any of the things she remembered having dreamt, for sure.

But the tingle between her legs said differently.

"Aaah~..." She groaned in frustration. "Snap out of it, you damn pervert!"

'Just do it... you'll feel better.'

Ah, Phantom Jae-il had returned, spewing vile things only she could hear.

'You're not committing any crime. No one will know. And you'll distress yourself nicely. Perhaps that's what you need to recover faster... and look at you, you're a horny dog right now. If you don't care of it now, then you'll be tense all day, and probably grumpy too. Do you really want him to see you like that?'

Oh, that little devil bastard made a compelling case.

It didn't help that the door was locked. The water felt so good around her. Her mind was a confused mess, and the only path to clarity, as the devil on her shoulder proposed, seemed to be through giving in.

Her soapy fingers glided over her skin, the slickness of the lather allowing them to slide with almost no friction. She traced the familiar landscape of her own body, the curve of her hip, the swell of her stomach, the slight softness at her thighs.

Her hand seemed to move of its own accord, following instinct before rational thought. Not that there was any shred of rationality left in the fevered woman.

The showerhead sprayer nozzle hung nearby, and on impulse she unhooked it. Changing settings, she adjusted the water to one of those pulsing jets she'd once tried out of curiosity. She aimed that vibrating stream at herself, experimentally at first, then more deliberately, finding that sensitive spot just above her entrance.

The water was a different kind of touch. Not gentle like a caress, but a powerful, targeted stimulation. She pressed the nozzle closer, letting it focus directly on her clit. She bit back a moan, the sharp intake of air instead hissing between her teeth. She arched into it, leaning against the tile for support, spreading her legs wider.

If there was a mirror in front of her, she'd definitely see it now; her body had lost all inhibitions, driven by base, bestial urges. It had no interest in the shame or the potential consequences. There was nothing in this moment other than the way it felt, and the climax building within her.

'Relax. You're all alone here...'

Yes, no one would know.

'Think of... him.'

Oh. Fuck.

Jae-il sucking so enthusiastically. Her wetness on his perfect tongue and his delicious, divine lips. *Oh, oh, oh~*

His breath hot and warm against her folds.

And all the while, as she squeezed and groped herself, imagining he was the one behind that nozzle, his lips wrapped around her clit instead, she wasn't satisfied.

And to think this used to bring her to a satisfying conclusion when she was a young, carefree, and unmarried gal. Now it had merely whetted her appetite. She abandoned the nozzle and decided instead to go for a more familiar method.

Her fingers dipped and explored with intent, drawing out all the sensations that the fever dream had inspired.

Those flashes of pleasure hit her like a spark; instantaneous, brilliant, and short-lived. Each time her fingertips swept over her clit, she shuddered, hips bucking upward and toes curling.

'Oh no...'

Eun Ha gritted her teeth, eyes closed, as her imagination soared like a bird taking flight. It wasn't his tongue that she was imagining any longer.

'He'll feel so much better than fingers.'

...no.

'He'll penetrate you far better.'

'No.'

'He'll be very careful, won't he? A virgin with a massive rod—'

Oh.

Just.

Shut. Up!

The more Eun Ha denied him, the worse she imagined, and the more her mind betrayed her, conjuring more and more explicit and dirty and immoral fantasies involving her son.

She was aware of every part of her, so intimately so, as she stroked, teased, and kneaded herself. She pictured his big hand on her breast.

Yes. He could manage just fine without the lacy garment of a bra. He'd push it aside and cup it and tease it the same way she did.

He'd be curious, aroused, but tentative, afraid of doing something she didn't enjoy, even though he didn't have the faintest idea about female anatomy. But somehow, he'd learn fast—he *always* did—and his fingers would not stay as shy as hers were.

It would start out clumsy at first, yes, he was just a virgin, a complete novice, and had no idea whatsoever about how to pleasure a woman, but he would gain experience by trying all different ways of fingering, licking, and *fucking* her.

Eun Ha heard herself sob, each puff of breath an agonized sigh as her fingers curled inside.

"Ah... nghh~"

One palm cupped a swollen mound, thumb circling the sensitive nipple. With her other, her forefinger worked her clit, back and forth.

She didn't need the spaceship or the Empress title. All she wanted to imagine was that they were alone in her bathroom together, and she'd guide him through, teaching and sharing pleasure.

The thought of Jae-il's undoubtedly well-endowed cock splitting her in half only accelerated her climax. It didn't even matter. It wasn't about the size of the tool he'd be using, it was all about him.

The tight bundle of nerves throbbed and ached from overstimulation, yet she kept pressing two fingers of her opposite hand deep.

More pressure, more depth, more pace.

Her voice reached new highs; stifled moans and whines of increasing desperation as her thoughts jumped to a totally different situation.

One where she wasn't his mother. One where they were man and woman.

Just how perfectly, tightly she'd feel, taking the entire length. His long, thick—

"Oh, fuck!"

Eun Ha climaxed, writhing against the tile, biting her bottom lip until her teeth punctured the sensitive skin and she tasted the iron tang of blood. The aftershock shuddered through her entire body, making her feel weak and empty.

Once the storm passed, she found herself crying out of embarrassment and regret, overwhelmed by shame.