

Beomint A Milt

BY SUNSHINE STORIES




Man, will you
calm down for a bit?
You're just wearing
lingerie, it's not like
you're naked or
anything.

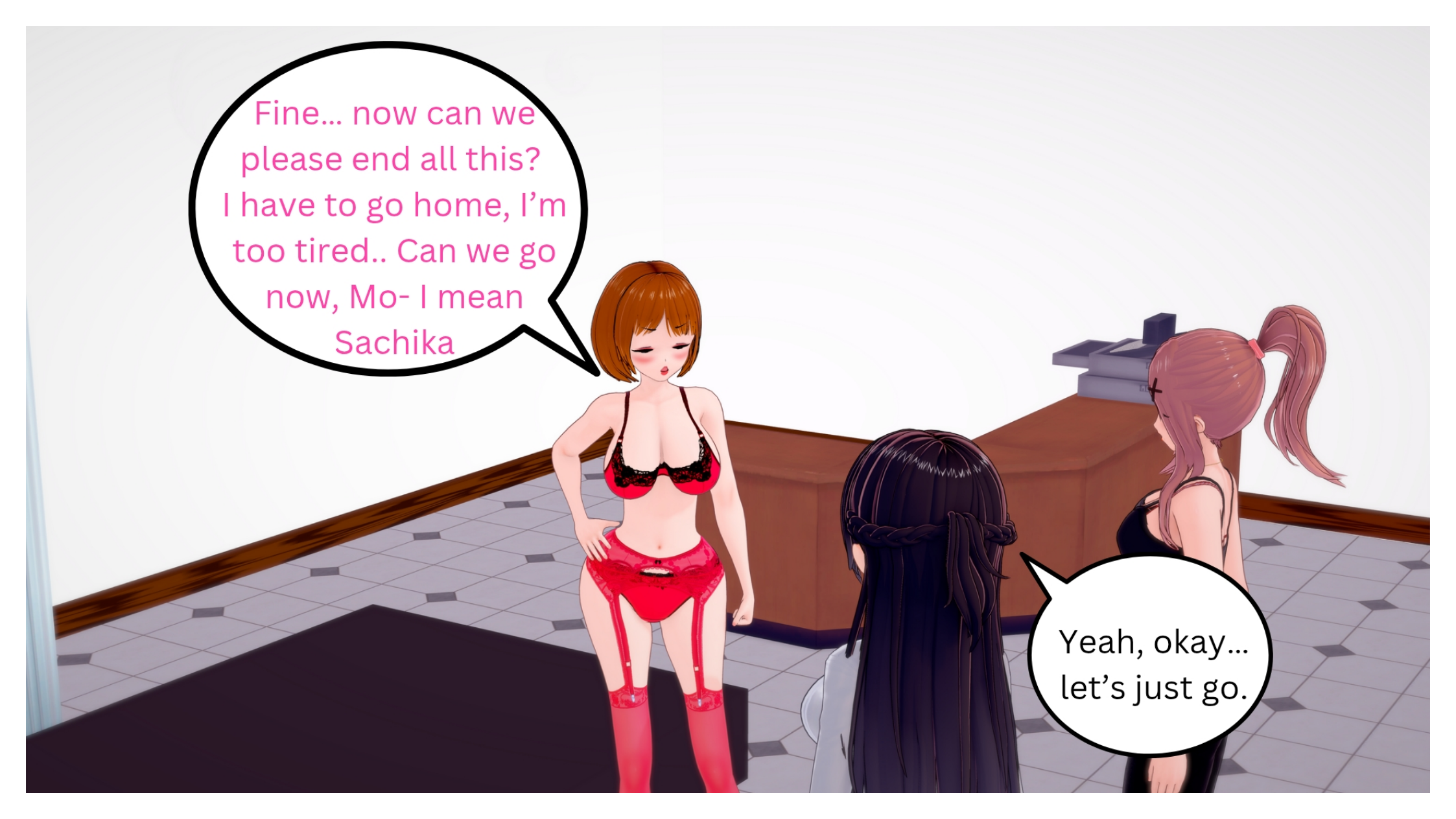


Well, for me...
being naked is
better than
this!

I thought you'd
love this new set
we picked out, but
I guess I was
wrong.




Just look at you...
you look so sexy.
So let's all just
calm down,
okay?




Fine... now can we please end all this? I have to go home, I'm too tired.. Can we go now, Mo- I mean Sachika

Yeah, okay... let's just go.




Ok then, Akiko let's
meet tomorrow
night

Yep! Hope you
two had a good
time. Take care,
you two!



Hey Choso...
c'mon, why don't
you notice me? You
know how much
I love you,




Uhh, ma'am...
you know... I'm not
really into older
women and all,
hehe...




Oh c'mon, stop lying.
Everyone knows how
much you love MILFs
like me, isn't that
right?

Uhh Hehe yeah..
I mean.. haha they love
a stud like me since
their husband can't
satisfy them ehh
haha..


A 3D-rendered scene of a classroom. The room is filled with rows of yellow wooden desks and chairs on a light blue tiled floor. Sunlight streams in from a window on the right, casting long shadows across the floor. In the foreground, a young woman with short brown hair, wearing a black jacket over a white shirt, sits at a desk. She has a nervous expression. Standing in front of her is a woman with short brown hair, wearing a dark dress, who is leaning forward with her arms outstretched. A speech bubble originates from the student.

U-uhh, ma'am
uhh.. w-what are
you doing...?



Shhh... don't you
wanna taste
these mommy
milkers?

I-I mean... if
you really say
so,



Hehe Then Sure I'd
love to feel and
suck your tits
Madam..

Ohh Yes Come
Child.. These are
just for you my
Choso




Choso!
Choso!
Choso!

Umm... Such a heavenly view. Never saw something like this in my life.. wait are they talkin?


A character is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark purple blazer over an orange long-sleeved shirt. The blazer is unbuttoned, revealing the orange shirt underneath. The character is standing in a classroom with yellow desks and blue chairs. Two speech bubbles are present: one above the character's chest and one to the left.

Choso!

Umm They Really
Do Talk.. Wait!-




Ehh!?! Uhh...
Ms. Yamashita!?!

An anime-style illustration of a classroom. A female teacher with short brown hair, wearing a dark brown vest over a light brown long-sleeved shirt and a dark skirt, stands in the center. She has a slightly concerned or questioning expression. In the foreground, the back of a student's head with long brown hair is visible. The classroom is filled with rows of yellow desks and chairs. Large windows on the left side let in bright light, casting shadows on the blue floor. A green chalkboard is visible in the background.

U-uhh, nothing
ma'am... I-I'm
just... sick,
yeah...

What are you
doing? The class is
finished, everyone's
already gone.

A classroom scene. A teacher with short orange hair, wearing a dark vest over a light-colored long-sleeved shirt, stands with her back to the viewer. She is speaking to a student. The student, a young woman with shoulder-length brown hair, is sitting at a yellow desk. She is wearing a dark jacket over a white shirt and has a slightly nervous or shy expression. The classroom has wooden shelves in the background, a chalkboard, and a window with blue curtains. The floor is blue.

Fine. Go home
now, quickly.

Y-yeah,
ma'am...

Damn... they're
so big... I just
wanna squeeze
them...

These boys and
even grown men...
they think I don't
notice them staring
at my tits.




But how do I notice it so easily? I know exactly where their eyes wander... like I have the same experience of staring myself.



No... I should
stop thinking like
I'm one of them.
I'm better than
that.




トイレはきれいに
使いましょう




am I really that hot? Attractive enough that young boys think of me that way?

And yet... I know so much about Kaito. Every small detail. I still remember being... him.




God, who am I really?
Am I Ms. Yamashita...
or am I still Kaito deep
inside? I feel like most
of my memories are
of being... kaito

But then I look at
myself and remember-
I'm nearly forty-five
years old. A woman. A
mother. Maybe it's just
age catching up with
me.



The more I live like this, the more confused I become... questions piling up, and not a single answer.

No. I should just forget all of this. Yes. I'm a forty-four-year-old woman. A mother. That's who I am.



I should head home...
and get ready to go
out at night with Mo-
I mean... with Sachika
and the others...