**Neon Genesis Evangelion: Ways and Means**

by **NullWriter**

**Summary**

Shinji Ikari is on the verge of manhood in all its various forms, and Misato Katsuragi, his commanding officer and guardian, is uniquely placed to help educate him in adulthood.

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Chapter 1

Major Katsuragi took a seat on a bench and, taking off her red uniform beret, began fanning herself with it. Even here, on the upper surface of the Geofront, the heat of perpetual summer was a hot, humid blanket hanging on everything. Wearing her red uniform jacket over her black dress, Misato could feel the sweat pouring down her cleavage and across her scar, dripping down her back to make her panties uncomfortable. The prices one had to pay for Second Impact, even this much time after it had happened. Misato kept her fanning up, leaning her head back to look at the vast, yawning distance between where she sat and the bottom of Tokyo-3.

She could see the faint black lines denoting the locks and portals connecting the city center with the ceiling of the Geofront. In an Angel attack, the ceiling would become cave-like, with glittering steel and glass stalactites. Misato had been amazed at the engineering required of it the first time she saw it happen, and even now was still impressed at that, and at the Geofront as a whole.

As one of the surface to Geofront trains began tracing its way down the track, suspended in mid-air in ways that recalled a trapeze artist at the weightless peak of his jump, Misato let out a respectful phew. Ritsuko had tried to explain the engineering behind the Geofront, once, her first day arriving in Tokyo-3. For Misato, who had just gotten there from Germany, and had been buried under a thousand necessary training sessions, authorization packages, task group training recommendations, and more, it had flown over her head utterly and completely.

Misato didn't try to analyze the Geofront, she just took it as it was – a monument of human ingenuity. The ceiling, littered with fiber optic strands, kept enough light coming through to make the massive half-dome feel like it was on the surface itself. It was big enough to have its own wind and rain. Bringing her head back, Misato watched the trees shift with the wind, and the lake glittering in the distance.

She could see other NERV workers walking on the footpaths, talking to each other, laughing. It was not such a bad thing, working here, even if it had been quiet. In fact, the fact it had been quiet was probably why the men and women in Misato's sight were so light and easy in their bearing. For 2 months, there had been no Angel attack, no rogue robots, nothing that threatened all life on Earth. For Misato, it was both a welcoming respite and a strange interlude.

Had the Angels, in some fashion, decided that they didn't want to fight anymore? Makoto Hyuuga, Misato's subordinate, had wondered something similar. “Maybe we scared them off with that positron rifle thing?” He had thrown it out off-handed, but Misato hadn't taken it the best, just walking away without responding.

For others, the lack of Angels was a blessing. A time to put away terror and fear, a time to think about the normal problems of life. Who do I date? Should we have a child? Should I move for the new job? It gave them that taste of normalcy that had been so rudely shattered by the arrival of the giant walking Angel and its attack on Tokyo-3. They didn't have to worry about late-night alarms, the feeling of creeping doom as the sensor signal dragged itself closer to Tokyo-3 on the monitor, the anxiety that this time the Evangelions wouldn't be enough to succeed. Misato could understand why people took advantage of the lull, then.

But what was she supposed to do, without Angels to fight? She'd joined NERV in order to fight the Angels, to avenge her own personal wounds, to fight for all the people who had died in Second Impact. She refused to believe that the diamond Angel had been the last of them. No matter what
happened, no matter how long it took, she would stay ready to fight, stay ready to beat the Angels. Until the day she died she'd be ready to fight.

Checking her watch and seeing that she'd spent her lunch break daydreaming, Misato jogged to the nearest elevator and went back down into the base proper. The mess of corridors, service tunnels, restricted access machine works, it had been overwhelming to her at first. But with time, familiarity had begun to sink in. She knew which halls curved toward her destination, where the nearest bathrooms always were, and how to get from her office to the bridge in the shortest time.

When she got to the bridge, she refused to be surprised at the sheer paucity of staff on station. She had to remind herself that NERV was technically para-military, and the staff wasn't under the same kinds of restrictions on duty hours that she had been as part of the U.N. military. So when she saw that Shigeru Aoba was at his console, his ears plugged with earphones, she didn't chew him out for not being aware while on duty. She just grabbed a magazine left on Makoto's desk, rolled it up, and whacked the lieutenant over the head with it.

“Agk!” Aoba whirled around, and went just a little sheepish seeing his commanding officer standing behind him, the magazine still rolled up in her hand. His headphones were so loud Misato could hear the hard rock blasting out of them, tinny and distorted at her distance. He saluted her, as sloppily as one could. “Afternoon, Major.”

Misato shot him a salute in return, just as sloppy. “Anything show up on sensors? Anything from the Magi?” She looked up at the huge screen, currently displaying a topographic map of the Tokyo-3 area.


Misato sighed as she turned away. “I get it, lieutenant.”

As she walked away, Aoba kept speaking at her back. “Rien! Wala! Nimic!”

His voice was cut out by the door sliding shut behind her, and Misato shook her head. There were times she really disliked that man, but he was undoubtedly skilled at his job in interpreting signals. Misato could put up with annoying characters if it meant the job was done as well as it possibly could be done. Heading away from the bridge, she heard familiar voices in a nearby break room, and decided to saunter over to them.

Outside the doorway, Misato heard snippets of a conversation – “exemplar copying,” “psychological processing models,” “heuristic switching.” She poked her head in to see Makoto Hyuuga and Maya Ibuki deep in conversation, sitting at one of the lunch desks near the row of vending machines against the wall. They didn't even notice she was there as she sauntered over to them.

“You guys are talking about data interchange, aren't you?” Misato said, leaning her knuckles on the metal surface of the table.

Ibuki smiled and nodded, her short brown bangs of hair waving over her eyes temporarily. She was always relaxed around her colleagues, sometimes even a little too familiar with her superiors, like Ritsuko. Makoto, on the other hand, was sitting stock straight, saluting like a robot. “Good afternoon, Major!” he yelled out in the empty cafeteria, prompting a laugh from Maya and a gentle smile from Misato.

“At ease, lieutenant,” Misato told him. Among the other lower ranks, Makoto could be friendly and
engaged. But when Misato came around he fell into a parody of military stiffness, something that did not fit his civilian training at all. Misato saw it sometimes in other situations – where some of those employed by NERV weren’t serious enough about its paramilitary status, some took it over-seriously, pretending they were on the front lines.

In some sense they were, but not like the front lines Misato had been on. Fighting the Angels was very different from fighting other human beings.

“That’s right, Misato,” Maya said, “myself and Hyuuga were just discussing the projected upgrade to the Magi systems. It’s meant to help the Magi interpret the material it receives better, by switching between internal viewpoints and assumptions that differ from one core to another.” Maya began diving deeper, but it went way over Misato's head, who put up her hand to slow Maya down.

“H-hold on there, Ibuki,” Misato said, a sheepish smile on her lips, “that’s a bit beyond me, to be honest.”

“How’d you know about the data interchange connection then?” Hyuuga said, before screwing his eyes shut like he just realized he’d left his oven on for hours and his home was burning down.

Misato shrugged. “Room with Ritz for a little while, and you pick up all sorts of random stuff about computers.”

Maya perked up at that. “You lived with Senpai?”

Misato nodded. “Yup, back in college, mid-aughts or so.”

“That’s amazing!” the smaller woman jumped to her feet, slamming her palms on the table. “What was it like? Did everyone know Senpai was a genius then? Did you see her when she figured out the divarication problem?” Maya leaned in very close to Misato, uncomfortably close for the latter.

“Wait!” Maya stopped. “You lived with Senpai. You… you must have seen her after showering! Eeek!” Maya clutched at her chest, and fell back onto the bench with a clatter.

“Maya!” Makoto said, a little worried. But Maya was fine, merely mumbling about Ritsuko in the shower.

Misato nodded slowly. “You know where Ritz is, anyway?”

Hyuuga let out a breath at Maya. “I think there's a sync test for the kids.”

Shinji Ikari, Third Child and pilot of Evangelion Unit 01, sat back in his pilot's seat, and tried not to think. It should have been easy. The sync tests, the weekly ordeals wherein he was subjected to mind-numbing nothingness in order to see how well he can connect his mind with the movements of his Eva, were not events conducive to frequent attention-hopping. The tests were calibrated in such a way that he couldn't even think about his schoolwork, lest it confuse his mental connection to the immense computers simulating his Evangelion.

But as much as he tried today, Shinji just couldn't keep his mind from wandering around.

If the testers, including Dr. Akagi, had looked at him through the video feed, things wouldn't seem terribly different. As always, Shinji had a somewhat thoughtful look on his face, far superior to the look of terror he gave his first few days. As a young man, he was beginning to fill out his plugsuit – his muscles were gaining definition, there were times his voice cracked involuntarily, his limbs
stretching into awkward and sore lengths.

But in his mind, Shinji couldn't keep his thoughts stuck on any one thing, let alone stay mindful of the test machine.

Shinji was stuck thinking about girls, and it confused and bewildered him. For the majority of his life, the only real female connection he could remember was the brief snippets of memories he had with his mother, and those were indistinct and incapable of parsing. Until he reached Tokyo-3, women were like any other person to Shinji – a mass he couldn't understand or connect to. In that regards they weren't separate from the mass of men.

But now, Shinji had unknowingly started to connect with others, and it was scaring him. Opening his eyes, he looked at the viewscreen showing Rei Ayanami. She had her eyes closed, and Shinji couldn't tell she was breathing in the LCL. Which wasn't necessarily a problem, as technically he wasn't breathing either.

She was so calm all the time. Even when she thought she was going to die defending him from the Angel so he could get his shot with the positron rifle off, she hadn't shown any fear he could see. But the smile she'd given him… it had been real, hadn't it? She had shown what was really in her head then, hadn't she? She'd been happy to survive, happy that he'd been able to help her after she'd helped him. It had been such a nice smile.

Was there supposed to be something after it? Had Shinji missed an opportunity for something, not even realizing it was there in the first place? Or was that the end of that story, and he could go think about something else from now on?

He didn't like the ambiguity. When she slapped him – that he could understand. If it had ended there he would have been fine. “She just doesn't like me,” he would have told himself. But the story hadn't ended there. She was still in his life, confusing him.

And if Rei Ayanami was confusing Shinji, Misato was confusing him even more.

At least with Rei, he could get away from her for a little while, when he got away from classes and NERV. Misato was there both at NERV and at home with him.

But what confused him was how she bridged that divide. If her knew her only in one circumstance, she would make sense to him. At NERV, she was no-nonsense, professional, cool and collected. But then most evenings he watched her get utterly plastered and howl at some game-show rerun on the TV, before passing out with Pen-Pen's head shoved down her shirt. OK then, so she liked to get drunk and relax – but it was such a clash with her other persona.

Which was the real one?

Ever since the Jet Alone incident, Shinji knew that Misato was brave, brave enough to risk her life in the same way he did in the Evangelion. It reassured him that she was in charge of ordering him around. But seeing her passed out on the couch put a bit of a dent in that vision of personal daring.

And Shinji had to admit, if Rei smelled clean, Misato… smelled earthy. Living with her, the apartment was slowly taking imprints of the inhabitants. He could walk past her room, and just smell the shampoo she used.

Shinji had never told Kensuke and Touji of the picture that Misato had attached to Shinji's summons
to Tokyo-3. They would have flipped out on him, and probably try to take the photo from Shinji, or beg Misato for a copy for themselves. Instead, Shinji kept it in his desk, taking it out now and then to look at it and try and figure it out. Which Misato sent it? What had she been trying to tell him with it?

Was it just a joke, or a mistake?

The more Shinji thought about the photo, the curve of Misato's breasts falling into her shirt, her cleavage proudly on view, he shivered, and tried to swallow with all the LCL around him. He could feel his erection growing, and it was just a tad uncomfortable in his plugsuit. Pulling his legs together, Shinji tried to get his body to calm down. “I don't need this now!” he admonished his pecker.

But his dick had other ideas, and Shinji couldn't help but connect the photo of Misato with what he saw at home, where Misato would lounge around, in clothing that barely covered her privates. Shinji did his best not to gawk at her when she did so, but it was hard to avoid seeing the skin she practically flaunted.

Hard, Shinji’s dick pushed against the crotch of his plugsuit painfully. “Relax. Just relax,” he repeated in his mind, going still.

In the control room, Ritsuko took a long drag on her cigarette, staring at Shinji's monitor. He was doing very poorly today, compared to usual. Clicking a few buttons on another monitor, she brought up various graphs and numberings. A histogram of his psychological states came up, and Ritsuko began clicking through them. Destrudo was low, lower than it was when he'd arrived, which was a good sign. But when she got to Libido, her eyebrow raised a little.

Shinji's Libido was through the roof. Compared to other weeks, it seemed like the only thing he could think about today was sex. Ritsuko smirked, but not unkindly. He was a teenage boy after all, and the horniness of that cohort was proverbial. But anything that got in the way of Shinji's syncing with the Evangelion could be life-threatening, she knew, and it cut through the knowing amusement in her mind.

“Shinji,” she said to him over the intercom, “I don't mean to call you out, but I need you to focus on sync test, please. Just relax and try connecting to the Eva core.”

She saw Shinji freeze up in the viewscreen, but then his shoulders dropped and he nodded. She took a sip of coffee from her mug. “He's like his old man,” she thought, mentally comparing Shinji's face with that of his father. “He doesn't know how to show what he needs.” She took another long drink, only realizing as the coffee settled on her tongue that it was cold by now. “Then again, who does?”

In his seat, Shinji tried to ignore his erection, and refocus on the sync test. But he was distracted by a small blinking light on his HUD. Clicking it, Shinji saw a small private message to him from Rei. “Don't try to relax,” it said, “just let go.”

Looking at her profile, Shinji saw she wasn't forcing herself to relax. She just was. It was how she went through life. How could he be more like that?

After another half an hour, Shinji and Rei were allowed to leave their test plugs. Coughing up the LCL from his lungs and stomach into a yellow mop bucket, Shinji saw Rei out of the corner of his eyes. He waved to her, trying to get her attention as he was bent over. She stopped and watched him impassively as he spat up the last bits of orange liquid, coughing a few times to make sure his throat was clear.
“T-thanks for the tip,” Shinji said, scratching his arm through his plugsuit. Rei stared at him, before nodding with the slightest movement. “I… I don't find it easy to just let the tide take me.”

Shinji thought Rei was about to speak when Ritsuko arrived. Coughing, she double-checked the tablet in her hands. “Rei,” she started, “your score was your usual – hanging just over 55 percent.” Her voice had an undercurrent to it, as if she'd once tried to get Rei to work her scores up, but had given up after a while. Her eyes moved from the tablet to Shinji, and the young man felt like she was examining him like a dead frog.

“Shinji,” she said, sighing. “You need to pay attention during the test. I know it can be boring, but they’re important to make sure that the Eva will actually move when you need it to, alright?” Shinji nodded. “Alright then, you're both free to go for today.”

Rei disappeared down the corridor to the female lockers before Shinji had a chance to stop her. Shrugging, he went to the men's lockers, and washed off the slightly-salty LCL from his body, getting it out of his hair, scrubbing it off of his skin. It always smelled a little too much like blood for his liking.

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“Dinner's ready!” Shinji yelled out. He swished the pot full of spaghetti a few times, nearly getting a face-full of steam. Taking it off the stove top, he put it onto an oven mitt on the counter, next to the skillet with meatballs and tomato sauce, sitting on a cutting board. The smell was nice, with just enough garlic to show it was there, without overwhelming his nose.

Shinji reached up to grab two plates when he felt two hands grab his shoulders. He instinctively tensed up, but didn't try to escape like a trapped rabbit the way he had his first few weeks in Tokyo-3. Misato leaned over his shoulder, her breasts, soft and smooth under her thin shirt, squished against the back of his head.

“Mmm, looks great, Shinji!” Misato said, only dimly aware of where her chest was. She drummed on Shinji's shoulders with her palms a few times. “Thanks for making dinner!”

Shinji smiled at the compliment. Not that he wouldn't make it if she didn't thank him (there was no chance in hell he was going to allow himself and Misato to live off of instant noodles and other junk food), but the validation touched something in his core that he couldn't quite put his finger on. But whatever it was, he enjoyed it.

Plopping herself down in her seat, Misato cracked open a new bottle of Yebisu beer one-handed, and started chugging. When Shinji sat down across the table from her, she suddenly felt self-conscious. It wasn't as if he was giving her a disapproving look, but even so, she slowed down her drinking a little, putting the can down half-finished. “Phew!” she let out the sound from her chest. “Gotta say, Shinji, you sure know how to pick the right meals to go with the beers I've got on hand!”

Shinji shrugged. “Well, I wouldn't know…”

From the living room, the sounds of a rerun of some pre-Impact television show could be heard. Shinji could see the traces of Misato's discarded uniform hanging on the couch's back. Now, instead of her buttoned-up daytime appearance, Misato was laid back and relaxed, much more relaxed than usual. So relaxed, even, that she had barely buttoned her jean short shorts, so that now the zipper slowly opened downward, exposing glimpses of Misato's purple panties.

Misato leaned forward. In her think yellow tanktop, her cleavage was perfectly visible to Shinji, a
fact she knew perfectly well. She wasn't sure why she did it, but teasing the young man was just so much fun. Seeing him try to avert his eyes, before they crept back towards the sensual valley – knowing that she was attractive to Shinji gave Misato a thrill. Not that she thought herself unattractive, or that men her age weren't looking at her, the exact opposite, but with Shinji it was a little different.

For Shinji's part, he tried to keep his eyes on Misato's. But the curving of her breasts, subtly shifting as she leaned a little bit more, shaking as she went left or right, showing the barest pink patch of her areola… Sure, Shinji had seen naked women – he'd seen Rei, and Kensuke had an extensive photo collection he'd shared with Shinji and Touji.

But Misato was very different from Rei, and the fact she was living and breathing blew the photos out of the water. If he wanted to, he could just reach out and touch her.

“Well, maybe you don't know now, but if you ever want a taste of adulthood, and breaking the law, you can just let me know, hmm?” Misato winked at Shinji, leaning back in her chair and draining her beer. Good god, what was she saying? Her mind raced. Had she just propositioned Shinji? It hadn't been what she meant, but that sure as hell sounded like what she had just said. Had he caught on to it?

Shinji ate a few bites of his dinner, unaware of Misato's inner turmoil. Pen-Pen took the lull to pop out of his room and grab his dinner, before closing himself back into his little refrigerator.

Finishing up in silence, Misato cracked open another beer and set her cheek against her knee, drawn up to her chest. “So what was your day like, Shinji?” she asked, sipping her Yebisu.

“Oh, nothing too crazy,” Shinji responded, “just… a sync test, as usual.”

“Ritsuko told me about your score on it today,” Misato said. Shinji grimaced a little. “Don't worry about it! It's just one test. But she did say you were a little distracted by other things.” Shinji opened his mouth to say something, but Misato cut him off. “Just relax, Shinji! You gotta learn to take it easy, you know?”

“You mean relax like you?” Shinji said, with just a little bit of teenage churlishness in his voice.

Misato grinned like a wolf. “That's right, relax like me!” With more beers in her, she felt less anxious, less restrained. “Lemme show you!”

“Uhh,” Shinji noised, as Misato got up out of her chair. She sauntered over to him, and he could see the front of her panties through her open shorts. She leaned down, her face right in front of his, and he couldn't help but breathe in her scent, warm and womanly. His dick began to grow hard, knowing what was about to happen.

Before he realized it, Shinji was in a headlock, and Misato was giving him the noogie of a lifetime. “Relax! Relax, darn you!” she yelled at him, as he cried out in anguish as her knuckles ran across his head. “You don't need to worry so much!”

“Agh! OK! OK! I won't worry!” Shinji's arms flailed above and behind him, with the back of his head firmly between Misato's breasts. He blushed, but he enjoyed the feeling of them around his ears.

“I don't believe you!” Misato roared, doubling her attack. Shinji howled in response, his arms flailing
around, trying to attack back at Misato. The pair tottered away from the dining room, until Shinji was able to push Misato back over the couch, where she pulled him along on top of her.

“Wah!” they cried out as they toppled over, but Shinji got his wits about him first. On top of Misato, straddling her back, he thrust his hands to her armpits and began tickling her. Misato screamed and started laughing at the same time. “St-stop, Shinji! Stop!” she begged, bucking and kicking, trying to knock him off of her. She could feel something big between his legs, and even as she tried to knock him off, she was a little surprised by it.

Shinji kept going, leaning over Misato to better leverage his smaller size against her, until Misato twisted herself around halfway. Shinji grabbed at her breast and, realizing what he'd done pulled it back like he'd touched a hot iron. He was about to apologize when Misato hit him in the face with a pillow, and she began to tickle him instead. “I'll make you regret tickling me, Shinji!” And she did.

Later that night, as Misato lay in her bed, she couldn't sleep. “Oh my God, he'd sleep with me if he could,” she said to herself. It gave her that thrill, but was that what she wanted? Hadn't she wanted to be an older sister to him before, and provide a good, stable home life for him? Which did he want? Which did she want?

Shinji himself was confused by his feelings that night. His dick was hard to the feeling of Misato's breast in his hand – he could still feel the nipple, small and stiff, pressed against his palm. “Why can't she be just one thing?” he asked himself. “It would make my life easier.”

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Misato spent her morning at NERV distracted and tired. She hadn't slept that much the night before, only passing out some time after 2 in the morning. The bags under her eyes were extensive, and her hair was tangled and stuck together. She yawned as she brought up yet another cup of coffee to her mouth. The coffee was good, and Misato kept telling herself that she needed to thank Makoto for making it.

As she tapped away at her computer, trying to think of a way to keep the readiness at the Geofront from collapsing completely, she was surprised by the sound of knuckles rapping on her door frame. Turning around, she saw Ritsuko standing there, her glasses having slid just a tad down her nose. She entered Misato's office without a word, sliding the door closed behind her.

The doctor rested her butt on the edge of Misato's desk, gently pushing a stack of papers that reached up behind her back, almost knocking them over. “Slow day for you too, Ritz?” Misato asked.

Ritsuko took a deep breath, and Misato could see the tired lines of crow's feet at Ritsuko's eyes. “Long, so far, but that's not why I'm here. Misato, Shinji needs some kind of erotic relief.”

Misato nearly fell out of her chair, holding onto her desk to stay upright. “Uhhmm, wha-what?”

Ritsuko rolled her eyes. “Shinji, being a young man, is getting distracted by his hormones and is thinking about sex all the time.”

Misato pointed at herself. “And why are you telling me this?!”

Ritsuko rubbed at her temple. “Because you are his commanding officer! His sync ratio – that is, how he pilots the Eva that's kept us from getting killed more than once – is dropping because of it! And furthermore, you are his guardian, a position – need I remind you – you volunteered for! These are things you need to know!”
Misato opened and closed her mouth a few times like a fish.

Ritsuko ignored her. “He needs to get his mind off his dick somehow, or at least learn how to take care of it!”

Misato crossed her arms under her breasts, pouting. “I don't believe you. It hasn't been a problem at home, let me tell you!” Misato pointed at Ritsuko, even if her protestations rang hollow in her own ears.

Ritsuko slapped a piece of paper down in front of Misato. “Medical area 2. Half an hour from now, you'll go into Room 11-A, and you will SIT DOWN and WATCH.”

Misato was a little surprised at the vehemence of her friend, but knew that when Ritz didn't have a cigarette for a while, she got nasty. As Ritsuko left the Major's office, Misato made a mental note to buy a pack from the vending machines and give it to Ritz.

Misato followed Ritz's instructions, and in half an hour she found herself in a clean, anti-septic observation room, with a few seats facing an empty wall. Misato sat down, and when she did the lights turned off, and the wall disappeared to show an examination room. Shinji was sitting on a padded table, wearing a hospital gown.

Shinji himself had been a little confused, but when he'd gotten a text message from Dr. Akagi saying that she needed him for an examination, he couldn't really say no. So he'd put on the gown in the room, and neatly piled his clothes on the seat near him. When Dr. Akagi came in, he blushed a little, even though he knew he wasn't nude.

“Good afternoon, Dr. Akagi,” he said, only to be greeted with a light smile from the Doctor.

“You too, Shinji. Thanks for coming in on such short notice, but I realized I needed some updated information for your personal file.” Ritsuko grabbed a stethoscope and wrapped it around her neck.

“Uhhm,” Shinji noised, unsure of what to say. “I didn't realize you were a medical doctor, Dr. Akagi.”

“She isn't!” Misato said from behind the one-way mirror.

Ritsuko smiled. “Well, you know. Many hats and all that!”

“What are you doing, Ritz?” Misato asked, “show me what you want to show.”

Quickly enough, Ritsuko went though some basic physical tests with Shinji. Blood pressure, breathing, reflexes. Writing down his numbers on her chart, she was very, very thankful she'd taken that nursing prerequisite class in college.

“Now, Shinji,” she said, “could you hold your gown up for me?”

Shinji blushed, his cheeks visibly red even to Misato's eyes. He stood up, facing the wall behind which Misato watched, and only slowly began to pull it up.

“Now, now, don't worry Shinji. You're a growing young man, and it's part of your health now that you're becoming an adult.”
Shinji nodded, and pulled the gown up around his waist.

Misato's mouth opened wide when she saw what Shinji was carrying between his legs. He'd grown from his first day with her, exceptionally so. Between his legs a thick pale cock flopped, his balls hanging behind it.

Misato was personally impressed by it. Long gone was the boyish member she'd seen when he'd been surprised by Pen-Pen, now he had a man's package. Even flaccid, she figured she might have a hard time getting it all in her mouth. Her eyes widened when she realized what she'd just thought of, but once she'd recognized it she couldn't get it out of her head.

Ritsuko got to her knees and wrapped her hand around Shinji's cock. Her fingers circled it, but only just. She lifted it, and gave Misato a good look at Shinji's testicles. Her chest rose and fell with her breaths, panting as she licked her lips. Misato found herself leaning forward unconsciously, wondering what it would be like to fill her nose with the scent of them.

Misato could even see the few curly black strands of Shinji's pubic hair, beginning to fill out. But what caught her eye was the tip of Shinji's cock. His head was hidden by a thick layer of foreskin, but what got Misato's attention was the stuff she could see under the foreskin.

Ritsuko seemed to read Misato's mind, and gingerly peeled back Shinji's foreskin, revealing a fat mat of discolored smegma. Misato was shocked at just how much there was.

Shinji, too, was a little embarrassed by what he saw. He just never really took notice of what was there before, and the look on Ritsuko's face made that seem like it was a bad course of action.

"Now Shinji," she said, "you should start cleaning under your foreskin when you bathe. At your age, you produce a lot of smegma, and you don't want to let it build up like this."

Shinji nodded. He had no idea that was a thing he had to do before.

Misato played with the zipper of her skirt, running it up and down nervously. She'd remind Shinji tonight about it. It was just part of her responsibility as his guardian, wasn't it?

Ritsuko pulled up a small circular seat and sat down next to Shinji, letting him drop his gown.

"Shinji," Ritsuko said, "I also wanted to talk to you about something else, not just with your hygiene. Have you masturbated before, Shinji?"

"N-no!" Shinji blurted out. He just wanted to be gone, out the door, zooming out into the distance, just be anywhere rather than there.

Misato couldn't get what she'd seen out of her mind, and the thought of Shinji jerking his cock in front of her brought a blush to her own sexually jaded cheeks.

"It's ok, Shinji," Ritsuko said, using her most reassuring tone of voice. "It's something young men your age learn how to do. It's a way for you to let off steam, become acquainted with your own sexuality and, speaking as a member of NERV now, can help you clear your mind so you can focus on your sync tests."

Shinji nodded. "I'll keep that in mind, Dr. Akagi," he said, his body stiff as a board. His hands grasped his gown tightly, balling it up in his fists.
“It's just something you should think about, alright Shinji?” Ritsuko said, trying to relax Shinji. “Anyway, beyond that, everything seems to look great, alright Shinji?”

Shinji nodded, and Misato watched as Ritsuko left, and Shinji took off his gown to put his clothed back on. When he bent over, she watched as his balls, hanging at least an inch from his crotch, dangled and jigged. She could practically see the pent up cum inside of them.

“I've gotta help him out,” Misato thought to herself. Her nipples pressed against her bra, and her pussy was hot and humid in her moist panties.

Shinji lay in bed that night, one arm behind his head and under his pillow, feeling the cool material. He shivered when he thought about that evening. Misato had been way too specific about what he should clean while in the bath, even mimicking pulling foreskin back and getting soap underneath his skin there.

Shinji heard a sound outside his door, and he quickly turned onto his side, his back to the door. He tried to slow his breathing, hoping that his music player would be loud enough to drown out any taunting Misato might have for him.

Misato slid open his door, and slid it closed behind her. She swallowed nervously. She wore her usual after-work attire, her jean shorts and her tank top, her nipples tenting the fabric. “I know you're awake Shinji,” she said, her voice calm and benevolent.

Shinji felt the footsteps get closer. He turned onto his back, to see Misato standing over him. In the darkness of his room, lit only by the full moon out his window, she seemed like a ghost or an angel. Even the clothes she wore, which he saw almost every day, seemed to sit on Misato differently.

Without bidding, Shinji took the earbuds out, turning off his music player. Misato climbed onto his bed, and sat up with her back against the headboard. Shinji too sat up, sitting against his pillow.

Misato played with her hands in her lap, entwining and pulling her fingers, flexing them, squeezing them. “Ritsuko told me about your problem, Shinji.”

Shinji's heart started beating like a drum. He could feel the cold sweat begin to appear on his forehead. “No no no, Misato wasn't supposed to know about this!” he thought.

Misato saw Shinji's worry, and smiled at him. “Let me help you,” she whispered, her hand slipping down underneath his shorts and below his shorts. Shinji was about to grab her hand to stop her when he felt her breath on his ear. It calmed him.

Misato's fingers pushed through his growing pubes, and felt Shinji's cock, now slowly getting hard. “God, Shinji, I haven't had a dick like yours in my hand my entire life,” she whispered, delicately running her fingers up and down his shaft. She slowly tightened her grip as Shinji got harder, tenting his shorts and pulling his foreskin back. Misato began to jerk Shinji in long, sensual strokes.

Reluctantly letting go of his cock, Misato pushed down Shinji's shorts and flung off his sheets to reveal his cock standing up, a pillar of flesh. Misato could see the shiny precum, already dribbling out of Shinji's cocktip, to roll down his length.

Shinji was breathing heavily, too overwhelmed to know what to focus on. Misato's hand was softer than he expected, and she jacked him off with a strength and grace he had no idea was possible, let alone that Misato had it. But then her breasts were right there, almost right under his nose. And then
her post-bath smell wrapped around him like incense. For someone who'd never masturbated on his own before, it was too much to handle. He'd never felt the kind of sensations that were jolting through his cock now.

“M-Misato…!” Shinji grunted.

Misato rubbed her palm over Shinji's cockhead, getting her hand slick with his precum. She could feel the veins and blood vessels underneath his skin, and the hard erect core beneath that. Her pussy was dripping with her arousal, as her outer lips grew red with blood coursing through them. “Are you going to cum for me, Shinji?” she asked him, her lips just fractions of an inch from his ear. “It's ok. You can cum for me. I want you to cum for me, Shinji.”

That was the tipping point for Shinji. He bucked his hips, and let out a strangled cry, as the pent up sperm in his body spurted out. Thick, yellow, unhealthy-looking semen erupted from his cock, slathering Misato's hand with heavy loads of the stuff. Misato could feel every spurt as it moved through his cock, the pressure bulging against her fingers. Misato was amazed at the strength of Shinji's orgasm – she'd never been with anyone who came that powerfully.

By the time Shinji was done, he had covered Misato's hand and part of her forearm in his sticky orgasm. The smell of his cum filled the room, tickling Misato's nose. She could feel the cloying stench in the back of her throat, and she felt her heart beating like it would explode out of her chest. A trail of pussy juice leaked out of her shorts onto Shinji's bed.

Leaning over, Misato kissed Shinji on the cheek. “Let me know if you need help again, ok Shinji?”

Shinji barely heard her, only nodded dumbly. Had she just kissed him?

Misato slipped out of Shinji's room, her hand still covered in his cum. In her own room, she flopped onto her futon, and held her semen-splattered hand in front of her. Bringing it up to her nose, Misato took a deep breath, breathing the scent in deep. She coughed, as it was so strong, but it made her pussy itch like mad. Shimmying her shorts and panties off, Misato took her hand and began to furiously masturbate, rubbing the thick yellow cum on her fingers onto her clitoris and her pussy mound. It didn't take long for Misato to start quietly moaning and grunting, her orgasms coming fast and furiously, stronger than she'd felt them in years.

Shinji, still dazed, pulled his shorts back up and laid down. He turned towards his door, and smelled the wet patch on his bed that had been under Misato. It was a womanly smell he'd never experienced before. He had no idea how to react to what just happened to him. He wasn't even sure exactly what had just happened to him.

But he couldn't stop himself from smiling a little bit. Misato had kissed him! “That was nice of her,” Shinji thought, before drifting off to sleep.
Chapter 2

The sound of cicadas chirping outside his open window woke up Shinji. For a few moments, with his eyes closed, he listened to them, their polyphonic cacophony erupting from the trees. Then he remembered what had happened.

Shinji's eyes flew open, to stare at his ceiling above him. Familiar to him now, it wasn't the room which confused him, but what had happened in it. Raising his head from his pillow, Shinji threw off his thin sheet. His boxers were tented with his usual morning wood, and when he stuck his fingers under the waistband and pulled, he could feel the fabric sticking to his skin, the glue of his dried semen from the night thicker and tougher than he could have imagined. “Yowch…!” Shinji yelped as he yanked the boxers from his skin. He could feel the dried cum in the boxers, leaving flat and stiff patches of material. It was something Shinji had never really had experience with before, having to deal with the aftermath of cumming like this. His nose wrinkled at the smell in the air. The ever-present summer heat made the air, tinged with his sweat and the last vestiges of Misato's scent, mix with the smell of his cum.

Shinji dropped his head back on his pillow, rolling his head over to look at his alarm clock. Like usual he woke up before his alarm went off. It gave him a few minutes to try and collect his thoughts before he had to prepare for another normal day. And he needed to.

Why had Misato jerked him off the night before? Shinji couldn't deny that it had felt good, that the orgasm he'd felt had been something he'd never experienced in his life before. But where had it come from? The Major? The Roommate? Had Misato done it because it would help him relax and sync better with the Eva? Or had she honestly wanted him to feel good? He let the breath out of his chest like a deflating balloon, listening to the sound the air made sighing past his lips. Sure, there had been ambiguity between Shinji and Misato before, but now it was even more pronounced.

Turning off his alarm right before it went off, Shinji left his bed. He had to get breakfast ready before Misato woke up, anyway.

Misato herself only began to stir when she smelled eggs being cooked. Her bleary eyes blinked a few times, and she pushed herself to a seated position in her dark room, the only light being a thin beam of sunlight coming out from below her heavy blinds. Misato flexed her fingers, and when she felt the crusty sperm on her skin the memories of the night before slammed into her.

Misato was speechless at her own conduct. She'd… pounced on Shinji. It was the only word for it. Like a tiger she'd jumped on her prey. She hadn't felt that thirsty for years. “That's fine,” she told herself, “it's only because I've been in a dry spell the past few months.” When she told herself that, the knot in her stomach relaxed. That was true. The last man she'd fucked had been back in Germany, before she'd even been sent back to Japan. Hell, she'd been Asuka's officer at that point.

She could remember the night though. Seemingly decent when it happened, and then sliding toward underwhelming as she picked at the memory more thoroughly. The man had been another U.N. solder, a Hungarian, and he'd been buff enough that Misato had been interested in seeing what lay in his pants. He'd fucked her pretty roughly, and while Misato's pussy had been sore, it hadn't been very satisfying, and she hadn't even cum.

But when her hand had been on Shinji's cock… it had filled her palm. Misato couldn't help but wonder just how it would fill her up. She had decent-sized dildos, sure. But compared to a living,
breathing man? The difference was night and day.

Misato stood up, stretching her arms to the ceiling as she got to her feet. She glanced at her calendar hanging on the wall, and saw that she was on second shift today. She smiled. She could grab breakfast and then go back to sleep. She turned her head when she passed by her full-length mirror. In the darkness of her room, she could make out her own outline, wearing the clothes from the night before. Feeling a little imp on her shoulder, Misato licked her lips. She had told Shinji that he should ask her for help if he needed it, maybe she could reiterate that to him today?

Her fingers worked at her shorts, unbuttoning them, and her fingers slowly drew down her zipper, revealing her almost sheer purple panties. She could make out the dark patch of her pubic hair through the material. There wasn't anything wrong with being comfortable around Shinji, was there?

Slowly sliding her door open, Misato could see into the Kitchen, where Shinji had his back turned to her, working on something on the stove-top. Misato decided to be a little sneaky, and crept forward, slowly shifting her weight on each foot in order to stay silent. Getting behind Shinji, she leaned forward and breathed into his ear. “Smells good, Shinji.”

Shinji nearly jumped out of his own skin, and almost flung the frying pan into the air. His cock, flaccid since his morning wood had gone down, twitched at the stimulation of his ear. He was very glad he was wearing his pants, so his bulge wouldn't be noticed. “G-good morning, Misato,” he answered, smiling at her weakly.

Misato pressed her hands on his shoulders and leaned over his head, pressing the back of his head against her breasts. “Looks good too!” She kissed the top of his head lightly. “Want to do my lunch as well today?”

Shinji made a show of sighing, but nodded anyway. It wasn't that much extra work to throw a bento together for Misato as well as himself.

Instead of sitting in the chair at the table, Misato sat on the table itself while Shinji did his magic. She had no idea how to cook, not really, but she'd also never really watched Shinji when he did it either. Watching him cut through vegetables, portion out various parts of their meals, all while juggling their breakfast as well, made her smile.

Shinji, for his part, tried not to notice Misato staring at him. “What is going through her mind,” he wondered. When he turned toward her, he couldn't help but notice her unbuttoned shorts, or the flash of purple between the blue denim. Were those her panties? Had she just forgotten to button up? It took all of Shinji's concentration not to accidentally cut his fingers while he sliced up some sausages for their lunch.

Soon enough Shinji had finished breakfast, and put Misato's portion on a plate. She dug in with relish, barely stopping to breathe in between vast swallowings. Almost before Shinji could take a bite of his own bit of eggs, Misato patted her stomach, her plate empty.

“Mm-MM!” Misato grunted. “Shinji, have I ever told you how great your cooking is?”

Shinji smiled. “Ah, well, I think I could be better, but…”

Misato leaned over the table and rapped her knuckles on Shinji's forehead, giving Shinji a good look at the valley between her breasts as she did so. “Shinji! You need to learn to take a compliment some time!”
Shinji rubbed his head. “Achii… Ok! Thank you!” He smiled as Misato flashed her own smile at him. But who was speaking to him? The big sister, or the woman who had grasped his dick with such ease the night before?

Shinji finished making their lunches, and Misato stopped him before he opened the front door to leave. Turning him around, Misato hugged him tightly, squeezing her breasts against his shoulders. She bent down and kissed him on the corner of his mouth, close enough to make him wonder if she meant to kiss him on the lips rather than on the cheek. “I'll see you at NERV after school, okay?”

Shinji nodded dumbly, before walking out of the apartment in a half-daze, the smell of Misato's body surrounding his head.

About twenty minutes later, Shinji ran into Toji and Kensuke on the way to school. Toji was quiet as Kensuke eagerly went into the details as to why the latest episode of “Galactic Defender Zardo” was the worst thing to ever be broadcast, but he waved his hand and yelled when Shinji came into sight. “Yo! Shinji!” he yelled across the street.

Shinji waited for the street to empty before crossing, awkwardly high-fiving Toji's outstretched hand. “What's happening, Shinji? You look a little lost this morning!”

“He probably forgot to study for the quiz we have in math today,” Kensuke replied. Toji froze. “Wait… that's TODAY?!” he yelled, grabbing Kensuke by his shirt. Kensuke nodded. Toji grasped his head in his hands. “Awww, crap! I coulda sworn I had more time! Quick, Shinji! You gotta help me before the quiz!”

Shinji laughed at Toji's theatrical desperation. Quickly enough, his thoughts and confusion over Misato dissipated, replaced with the trials and travails of a normal student – an oasis of normality in a life that needed some.

In class, Shinji threw himself into the lessons with a zeal he rarely showed. Ayanami was missing from class again, and Shinji supposed it had something to do with NERV, before putting it out of mind. But try as he might, he still couldn't get the thought of Misato's hand around his dick out of his mind, or the feeling of her lips near his own. What would she do if he kissed her, as an adult? Did she still think of him as a kid? Was this all just a game to her?

From a strong start, Shinji's mind fell further and further into a rabbit hole of confusion. He barely noticed when the algebra quiz came and went in front of him, and he didn't answer a single question. Come lunch, he knew he had to ask for advice, but he couldn't mention that it was Misato he was having problems with.

On the roof of the school, Shinji picked away at his bento lunch, his appetite nearly gone. Toji and Kensuke were looking through some racy photographs Kensuke had taken, alternately rating them and asking Shinji his opinion on the various girls of their school. He had to ask, and didn't Toji and Kensuke brag about their skills with women?

“Hey guys, I need your advice…” Shinji started.

Toji and Kensuke stopped their bickering and looked to Shinji. “What's the matter, Shinji?” Kensuke asked. The two sat down on either side of Shinji, their backs to the fence surrounding the perimeter of the roof.
“It's, uhhh… I'm having trouble with a girl, you know?”

Toji had stolen one of Shinji's sausages, and nearly choked on it when he heard what Shinji said. “Girl trouble?!?” the pair cried out. Toji's arm wrapped around Shinji's shoulder. “Ohhh, don't you worry, buddy. Me'n Kensuke here will help sort you out!”

“That's right!” Kensuke added. “You'll have her in the palm of your hand in no time!”

Shinji laughed. “Well… where do I start?” He closed up his bento before Toji could steal another bite, and leaned his head back against the fence, to watch the clouds drift by far above him. “I see this girl every day. We li- we practically live next to each other. Most of the time she's… well she's not strict, but she can be pushy. She asks me to do things for her.”

Toji and Kensuke listened intently, nodding their heads at various points. “You gotta stand up to her, Shin!” Toji said. “Yeah! You can't let her run all over you!” Kensuke added.

“But it's not like that! She's not ungrateful! She thanks me, she helps me out here and there in her own way. And for a while I thought that was what our relationship was. But now it feels like something's changed.”

Shinji's friends leaned in. Shinji began to blush, unsure of what to say, or how to continue his modified story. “W-well… she kissed me yesterday.”

“Just kissed you?” Kensuke interrogated, “you sure she didn't throw you a little tongue as well?”

“N-no!” Shinji exclaimed.

“Doesn't matter, she was still the one who initiated it, right?” Toji continued. Shinji nodded.

Toji and Kensuke looked at each other for a moment, then nodded as they grunted in agreement. The two of them grasped Shinji's shoulders and squeezed.

“Congratulations, Shinji…” Toji began.

 “…she wants your dick.” Kensuke concluded.

“Wha- what? Now wait a second,” Shinji said, tensing up. He hadn't given away that much, had he? “Just because she kissed me doesn't mean she wants to have sex, does it?”

Toji nodded thoughtfully. “He does have a point there, Ken.”

Kensuke adjusted his glasses. “Maybe, but I think it's still pretty likely. Maybe she wants to do other stuff first.”

Toji brought his fist down into his open palm. “That's it! Shinji, you gotta make her suck your dick first.”

Shinji nearly choked. “WHAT?”

“Toji's got a good idea, Shinji,” Kensuke said. “If you just let her have sex with you, you'll just be a boy toy to her, just a booty call she can use and forget. You can't allow that, you gotta make sure this
relationship is on your terms. And you gotta believe me, the best way to make a woman know you won't take any guff from her is to shove your dick down her throat and make her choke on it.”

“That's right,” Toji said, “we read about this a lot, so we've got the knowledge. It's even better if you make it clear to her what you're doing. 'I'm gonna fuck your brains out of your skull!' or 'You love choking on my cock!' would be appropriate to tell her.”

Shinji blushed so hard he thought his head would catch aflame. He couldn't… he couldn't do that to Misato, could he?

“Look, I've even got some reference literature here,” Kensuke said, reaching into his bag to pull out a thick magazine with a busty and scantily-clad teacher drawn on the cover. Opening up to a specific page, Kensuke laid the magazine on Shinji's lap. There a schoolboy was fucking his teacher in the ass, each bead of sweat on their entwined bodies lovingly drawn. The woman’s ass was huge, and almost swallowed up the young man's body as it did his cock.

“I'm not your teacher! I'm just a sow! Use me!” the woman pleaded. The student had a triumphant look on his face, fulfilling a long-held dream.

“See, Shin! Be like this guy, Maeda. He's forced his teacher to become his sex-slave, by blackmailing her with lewd pictures of herself. You gotta get the upper hand in the relationship first, or she's just gonna use you!” Toji said.

Shinji's head reeled. The thought of fucking Misato, not just in her pussy, but her ass… it was too much for him. He could feel his erection growing, and he couldn't stand to stay there any longer. “I'm sorry guys, I gotta run!” he spat out, before running away from the duo.

Getting down into the corridors of the school, Shinji caught his breath, leaning against a wall. “That's too much. I can't do that!” he said to himself.

“Can't do what?” he heard a voice ask.

Spinning around, Shinji was met by the sight of Hikari Horaki, the class representative. She had an inquisitive look on her face, wondering what had Shinji in such a state. A light bulb went on in Shinji's mind.

“Hikari!” he cried out, grabbing her hands, surprising her. “I need to ask you something!”

Taking her to an empty classroom, Shinji repeated his modified story. Hikari smiled like a spoiled cat at Shinji. “I knew you had a crush on her!”

“Who?” Shinji asked.

Hikari laughed. “Why, Ayanami of course!”

Shinji stopped for a moment. Should he play along with it, or correct Hikari? Would she tell other people in class? Would she talk to Ayanami about it? If he corrected her, would she push him to try and figure out who he was interested in?

Shinji gave an awkward smile and scratched his neck. “Haha, guess you found me out!”

Hikari pumped her arm in victory. “Hah! But really, that's what Ayanami's like outside of school? I
guess she really puts on a different face outside of here.”

“Ohh yeah, you wouldn't believe the change there,” Shinji nodded.

Hikari smiled, but soon put on an expression of intense thought. “If you want my advice…”

“I do!”

“Well, I think if I were in her position, I think you shouldn't assume anything. A kiss can mean a lot of things, and you said she kind of kissed you on your cheek? I think she's wondering how far your relationship should go as well. Do… do you want to go further with it?”

Shinji leaned back in his chair. “I think so. I just don't know what that means, or what kind of commitment it requires.”

Hikari laughed. “Shinji, you're an Eva pilot. And so is she. I think you both have more experience with responsibility than you're giving yourself credit for.” She smoothed out her skirt over her legs. “Take it slow, if you need to. Take the time to talk to her and ask her about things. Compliment her. Tell her what parts of her personality and appearance you like. Focus more on the former than the latter, please. I wouldn't open up with ‘Do you want to be my girlfriend?’ just yet, as that could scare her away if it's not already in her mind.”

Shinji nodded. Concrete steps he could use with Misato that day. “Thanks, Hikari! You're a real life-saver. Way better advice than Toji and Kensuke, that's for sure.”

Hikari's eyes widened. “Oh no. Whatever they told you to do, don't do it!”

Misato sat at her desk, absentmindedly twirling a pencil in her fingers. Her red jacket was draped over the back of her chair, the computer in front of her having put the monitor on sleep mode for at least ten minutes. There just wasn't that much for her to do that day. The U.N. Council overseeing NERV was still debating whether to concentrate the Evangelions in one place, or keep them dispersed across the world.

Misato thought it was an easy enough problem to solve – keep them all together. Better to need to take the time to deploy them as a group if needed outside of Japan (a situation that still hadn't come up yet), than to have them in small groups that could be defeated piecemeal if an Angel did appear.

But Misato wasn't the one in charge of the whole NERV program then, was she.

Misato popped open her bento, and began taking bites out of it. It tasted even better than Shinji's usual work. Misato let out a moan with her mouth full of rice, slouching forward a little. How did Shinji make it taste so good? Was there some secret ingredient he added to it that Misato had just never heard of? As she took another bite, chewing on a piece of hot dog, she considered it possible. It wasn't as if Misato had ever really looked in the cupboards after Shinji stocked them up. Maybe his secret was kept in there…

Misato was making another noise of pleasure, a muted “Mmmm!” when she felt the hands on her shoulders. She looked up, to see Ritsuko looking at her, the chief science officer looking a little less haggard than the day before.

“Enjoying our mid-afternoon snack, are we?” Ritsuko said, smiling a little.
Misato swallowed, then grinned. “I don't know what he does, but Shinji makes this stuff amazing!”

Ritsuko began kneading her fingers into Misato's shoulders, something which made Misato think back to their college days, when they'd take turns massaging each other. In some ways she missed those days, but if she were honest, she wouldn't go back. She had drank far too much, slept with too many random guys (and maybe a girl or two? She couldn't remember), and kept everyone, including Ritsuko, at an emotional arm's length.

Not that she still didn't do that last part, but at least now she realized she was even doing it. It had been an unconscious action in college, as her therapy had broken through only the most obvious mental problems Misato had been left with because of Second Impact.

Ritsuko, her eyes looking down at Misato through her glasses, smiled before her hand swept down to grab a little bite and plopped it in her mouth. “Hey! That's mine!” Misato protested. But Ritsuko only chewed and swallowed.

“You're right, that is good,” Ritsuko said. “But I didn't come here just to steal your food. How are things with your 'ward'?”

Misato shoveled the last of the bento into her mouth before Ritsuko could steal any more. She leaned back in her chair. “Well, I can kind of see what you were saying with his needing something to jack off to. I think he's been backed up since forever, and that can't be healthy. His cum's almost yellow! That's not normal, is it?” Misato stared up at Ritsuko's face, hanging between her and the overhead light.

Ritsuko blinked a few times. “And how did you see what the pilot's ejaculation was like?” Her hands tightened on Misato's shoulders.

Misato's heart nearly exploded out of her chest. She'd said a little too much. And by a little, she meant a lot. She couldn't let it out that she'd given Shinji quite the handy-j the night before. She'd be a dead woman!

“Ahhh. Well.” Misato quickly put the lid on the bento box and slid it onto her desk. “I saw some tissues in the bathroom! He came a lot, but it was all yellow and smelled really gross. I talked to him about masturbating like you asked and I guess he took the advice. Though I didn't see any dirty mags in the bathroom! Ha. Ha ha.” Misato laughed nervously.

Ritsuko nodded, her hands relaxed. “Mmmhmmm. Boys will be boys, I suppose. I'll be having him do another check-up after the sync test in an hour, can you join us?”

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Ritsuko nodded, her hands relaxing. “Mmmhmmm. Boys will be boys, I suppose. I'll be having him do another check-up after the sync test in an hour, can you join us?”

Misato's eyes widened. Was she supposed to be in the room with them? “Uhhmm. As an observer…?”

Ritsuko looked at Misato quizzically. “Well yes, just like last time.”

A part of Misato felt relief, that Shinji wouldn't see her watching him, but another part of her almost wished she was visible to him. What would he think if she were the one to show up in the medical room, dressed up in the sluttiest nurse's outfit possible, there to ask him all about his sexual history, and maybe if he wanted to write a few new chapters in it? Misato squeezed her legs together involuntarily.

“I can do that,” Misato squeaked.
Ritsuko smiled. “Good! I'll text you when the sync test is over.”

Shinji found himself in his test plug again. The test had been sprung on him, but he couldn't find it in himself to be mad about it. Who knew what was going on behind the scenes when it came to piloting the Evangelions? He’d tried, once, to ask Ritsuko about how the sync ratio translated into movement.

Once.

The fuzzy memory of those dozens of interconnected flowcharts, representing different programs, inputs and outputs, and more technical and scientific jargon than Shinji had learned in his entire life, still drew shivers down his spine.

But more than that, Shinji was still struggling with what to say to Misato. Hikari had recommended being open with her, but would that work? Would Misato just laugh at him, look down on him because he was younger than her? She hadn't done anything like that before, but who knew what could happen. The thought of Misato blowing him off, telling him not to worry so much about things came to his mind, and it made his heart hurt. He didn't want to hear that from her.

“Shinji,” came Ritsuko's voice over the radio again, “you're dropping again.”

Shinji grit his teeth. He knew he needed to pay attention to this. But it all seemed so irrelevant now. When was the last time he'd seen an Angel? Compared to the fact that Misato had kissed him after making him spurt all over her hand the night before, the Angels were the smaller problem in his mind.

Shinji squeezed his hands on the controls a few times. All of a sudden he felt supremely uncomfortable in his plugsuit, in a way he hadn't since the first time he'd put it on, months ago now. Shaking his head in the LCL, he wished he could sigh. But with his lungs full of the oxygenated liquid, he couldn't use his diaphragm like that.

Shinji was frustrated. At himself, at Ritsuko, and finally at Misato. Why had she done this to him? Was this what women do to men? Was this how things were supposed to be, confusing?


Shinji’s head snapped over to the display that showed Rei on it. Did she know? Her face was the same as always, seemingly impassive. He knew it wasn't the entirety of her personality, that there was more beneath the surface. But it didn't look as though she had knowledge about what was going through his mind. Rei was just trying to help him.

Work with it? Shinji closed his eyes, and let his mind wander over the memories he had of the night before. He thought of how Misato looked, and how she smelled. How she looked at him with eyes he'd never seen before. In the LCL he could almost taste the faintly sweet mark her lips left. Underneath his plugsuit, his cock grew hard as he let his mind wander where it would.

In the control room, Ritsuko saw something bulging in Shinji's crotch, beneath the tight covering of his plugsuit. She smirked, but didn't say anything about it. No need to embarrass him, not that he had anything to be embarrassed about. Most women would be happy with what he had under there.

Shinji felt Misato's hand on his dick again, stroking, squeezing, playing. He should have done more, he should have kissed her as a lover, he should have touched her breasts, he should have shown
more initiative, shown that he enjoyed what she had done with him, and he wanted her to feel good as well.

Looking at the monitors showing various psychological states, Ritsuko saw Misato deep in memory, with his libido raging, and his erection about as strong as it could get. She double-checked the readout. Memory, not imagination. That hadn't been the case the day before. Looking around the room, she saw Maya resting her head on a pink pillow set on the console in front of her. Ritsuko could barely see the outline of the cute cat drawing, partially obscured by Maya's head. She was the only other person there today.

Ritsuko looked back at the readings, and tapped at her lips. Something had happened the night before, she could figure out that much. And Misato was a poor liar at the best of times. “Did she make some kind of move on Shinji?” she thought to herself. That was very bold, even for her. She bit her lip. A voice in her head told her she should bring it up with Misato or Shinji, tell them that this was beyond the pale. But as she looked at Shinji's sync ratio, slowly sliding back up, coming closer to his normal numbers, she wondered if it was necessary. If it didn't impair him, and if it helped him pilot, did she really need to step in?

Shinji smiled, thinking about Misato and the night before, not as a site of conflicting identities, but instead as her taking the time to help him. When he thought of it like that, being open with her like Hikari had told him to be seemed a lot easier. But when he thought about doing the same for her, he felt intimidated. Misato knew how to get Shinji off, but Shinji had no clue how to do the same for her. Again, a little worry crept in, but he ignored it. He would deal with it another time. At the moment, he would just let the sexy thoughts fill his mind.

“Shinji, whatever you're doing, keep it up,” Ritsuko finally said. And she meant it. Shinji's numbers had beaten his three-week average. “Also, I'll need you to head to the exam room again when you're done.” Shinji smiled and nodded.

Fifteen minutes later, his erection having grown flaccid again, Shinji stopped Rei before she could leave the area. “Ayanami! Ayanami,” he called out after her. He caught his breath, the air feeling strange in his chest after the LCL. “I just… I just wanted to really thank you. I think, I think I figured out what you meant yesterday, about going with the tide. That really helped me.”

Rei stared at Shinji, until she nodded a little. She then turned and walked away from him. But Shinji thought he saw just the hint of a smile on her face when she nodded at him. Had she been waiting for the moment when Shinji made a breakthrough that she'd made years earlier? The thought danced around his head as he changed out of his plugsuit and came into the exam room, where Ritsuko was already waiting for him.

Misato had another seat in the room that surrounded the examination room. Ritsuko had sat her down in a different seat this time, in front of a stall on the other side of the see-through mirror. Misato sat with her thighs tightly clapped together. Her pussy was slowly growing wet, and she wasn't sure if she liked it or not.

Ritsuko ran Shinji through much the same routine as she had before – checking blood pressure, reflexes, and the like. But she went to the cupboards and pulled out a small sample cup. Shinji raised an eyebrow. Was she going to ask him to pee in it?

“Shinji, I need a sample of your semen,” Ritsuko said, her manner totally and completely matter-of-fact. She held the cup in front of her, towards Shinji.
Shinji stared at it, then stared at Ritsuko. “You want me to what?”

“I need a sample of your sperm.” She motioned towards the stall. “If you could go in there and fill this cup please.”

Shinji’s mouth opened up. This was crazy. This… this couldn’t be normal, could it? Why would she need a sample of his sperm?

“Uhm, Doctor…” Shinji started, “how does my sperm have anything to do with my piloting the Eva?”

Ritsuko raised an eyebrow at Shinji. “It is needed for a complete understanding of your health, Shinji. Your fertility is important, though you may not think so right now.”

Shinji crossed his arms. “Not to be rude, Doctor, but no. I’m not doing it.”

Misato chuckled as she watched the two. Shinji was showing some backbone, and Ritsuko had clearly not expected him to do so. She blinked at Shinji a few times.

“Shinji,” she finally said, “I'm your doctor.” Her voice was flat, stentorian. Misato could see as Ritz fell into the bureaucratic tone of voice – “this is what we're going to do, and you better do it or else.”

Shinji’s lips flattened together. “I… I know, Doctor. But I'm just not sure I feel… comfortable. Doing that.”

Ritsuko put the cup in Shinji's hand. “You don't need to worry. It's perfectly normal to feel a little uncomfortable about it at first, but there's really no need for it. I'll be outside the exam room. Take all the time you need, there's no rush.”

A sigh escaped from Shinji's chest. He fingered the cup, his mouth contorting as emotions moved across his face. “Just let me know when you're done,” Ritsuko said, patting Shinji's shoulder before leaving him alone.

Misato watched as Shinji looked over his shoulder, to see Ritsuko leave the exam room. He sighed again, and Misato felt her throat dry out as he stepped over to the stall, closing the door behind him. He stood in front of Misato, licking his lips. When he lifted his gown, showing his large, floppy cock, Misato gasped again involuntarily. She put her hand over her mouth, hoping that Shinji hadn't heard her.

It seemed Shinji hadn't, as he placed the cup on the little ledge in front of him. Taking his cock in his right hand, he began slowly stroking it. Misato felt her pussy grow hot, and she shivered as she stared at his rod. He peeled back his foreskin, and Misato could see that just during the day his cock had already began to show patches of smegma under his thick skin. Shinji began stroking his cock back and forth, opening and closing his eyes slowly.

Misato crossed and uncrossed her legs, watching his hand squeeze his dick. She could tell quickly that Shinji was not really sure about what to do. He squeezed his cock too hard a few times, wasn't sure how to use his hand, and so on. Misato leaned forward, her chin on her hand. Her eyes were firmly locked on Shinji’s cock.

Misato watched as Shinji slowly grew harder, his breathing a little more labored. But what caught her eye was how he was using his hands in ways that looked like what she had done the night
before. He was rubbing his palm against the tip of his glans, pushing against it as his precum began
to dribble out. Misato licked her lips again, hungrily.

Shinji slowly but surely got his cock as hard as it could go. Aiming at the cup, his hands ran over his
dick, sliding and squeezing at different times. He panted, grunted. “M-Misato…!” he groaned.
Misato felt her chest constrict. One hand went down between her legs, feeling at her soaked panties,
gently pressing at her clitoris. She let out a quiet moan.

Shinji grit his teeth, and before Misato wanted it, he came. She watched as he spurted out over and
over again into the cup, the ropes splashing off the insides, little flecks dripping down the outside.
She flinched each time as his cock shot out sperm, more and more. Before she realized it, the cup
was full, nearly overflowing with Shinji’s hot semen.

Shinji caught his breath after cumming, and dropped his gown around his legs again, trying to hide
his weakening erection between his legs. Taking the cup, he stepped out of the stall and got Ritsuko’s
attention outside the room.

Ritsuko thanked Shinji, letting him know he could go home then. He nodded, and left the room.
After a minute, making sure Shinji had left the area around the exam room, Ritsuko motioned for
Misato to come inside.

Misato entered the exam room, and was hit by the stench of Shinji’s sperm, even from the doorway.
Ritsuko was examining the sample cup, turning it around in her hand, her hands covered in latex
gloves. The stuff, in thickened globs and threatening to spill out, wiggled with each movement.

“You were right about the color,” Ritsuko said, “this yellow doesn’t look right. I'll need to send this
to a lab and get it checked out if we want to make sure Shinji doesn't have something wrong with
him.”

Ritsuko handed Misato the cup. “Hold this for me for a second,” she said, turning to the desk and
began jotting down notes. Holding the cup, Misato was astounded by how heavy it was, and how
warm it still felt to her hands. Without gloves, she felt the little bits of sperm on the outside, sticking
to her fingers. How had Ritsuko held it so close to her face?, she wondered. Her nose felt like it was
on fire, the smell of cum was so strong in it. A perverse urge came upon Misato – what if she
downed it? Just lifted the cup to her lips and poured the whole thing down her throat?

Her heart beat faster. She could do it. Ritsuko was still writing on her desk. She could just throw her
head back and swallow the whole thing, feeling the massive load fill her mouth, slide down her
throat, and settle into her stomach. Wouldn't that be exciting?

Misato's hands trembled.

“-Misato?” Ritsuko said, jarring Misato out of her reverie. Misato shook her head and blinked a few
times. Ritsuko plucked the sample cup out of Misato's hands, taking the decision out of Misato's
hands as well. Ritsuko kept talking, but Misato wasn't really listening.

She was looking forward to that night.
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“Come watch TV with me, Shinji!” Misato yelled, splayed out on the couch. An awful game show
was on, the contestants loudly crying out as they attempted physical challenges, falling off rolling
logs into a pond.
Shinji, finishing the dishes, smiled. “If you want me to join you faster you could help with the dishes!” he yelled over his shoulder. He breathed deeply, wondering when, or if, he should talk to Misato about things.

Drying his hands on a towel, Shinji let out a yelp as he was grabbed from behind, under his armpits. Misato hooked him and, carrying his back against her chest, his legs kicking, brought him away from the chores. “H-hey! Put me down!” he cried.

Misato laughed. He wasn't light, but she was pretty strong herself. Getting to the couch, she pushed him over the back, flopping him over. She followed him over, giggling. Shinji protested as she landed on top of him. “Oof!” he noised.

“Hey!” Misato said, baffing Shinji, “are you trying to say I'm fat?!’’ She wasn't being serious, being a few beers in, but her voice was full of wounded pride.

“Well, you're not exactly a feather!’’ Shinji groaned, trying to stifle his laughter.

“That's no way to talk to a lady!’’ Misato protested, poking at Shinji’s stomach hard, provoking flinches from him under her. “Say it!”

“Ahaha! Say what?’’ Shinji asked between laughs.

“Say I'm dainty!’’ Shinji tried to fend off Misato's poking, but he was hard-pressed. Misato was practically undressed, as she had been the entire evening since she got back from NERV. Her shorts were dropping down her hips, showing off her purple panties to him, and her shirt seemed even smaller than before, giving him plenty of views from different angles at her breasts.

“You're dainty, you're dainty!’’ Shinji laughed.

“Say I'm delicate!’’ Misato continued. She could feel Shinji's erection pressing against her thigh through his pants, and she wanted to feel it more. She wondered what it would be like in her pussy, how it would fill her.

“You're delicate!'’ Shinji howled. Misato pressed her luck a little too far, and Shinji threw her against the back of the sofa, rolling off the sofa. The two laughed, laying down, and Misato rolled onto her stomach, her arm dangling down to poke at Shinji, who had an arm over her eyes.

“You can't take those compliments back, you know,’’ she said, grinning.

Shinji moved his arm off his eyes, his chest rising and falling. He focused on Misato's face looking down on him, the slight smile on her face, and the look of ease in her eyes. He liked that. Gathering all the reserves of his courage he had, he tried to find the words to say.

“I wouldn't take them back. I think you're… I think you're a beautiful woman, Misato.’’

Time seemed to freeze. Misato's eyes widened, and at first Shinji thought she was going to take it badly. But soon enough her smile returned. Leaning off the couch, her breasts almost flopping out of her top, Misato kissed Shinji at the corner of his mouth. “That's really sweet of you, Shinji,’’ Misato whispered. “Thank you.’’

Shinji's dick tented in his pants. “I need to go take a bath now,’’ he said quickly, getting to his feet and almost running to his room and then to the bath.
In the bath, Shinji sat down by the wall, his cock standing straight up at him. “Wow,” he said to himself, feeling her lips on his skin like a burning mark, “that went well.”

Discreetly spurting a little bit of Misato's lotion into his hand, Shinji was about to begin masturbating when he heard the door open behind him. Looking in the mirror, he saw Misato behind him, barely covering her front with a towel held in her hand. He could see the side of her hips, and the swell of her breasts spill out around the pink fabric.

“M-M-Misato?!” Shinji said, squeezing his knees together.

Misato kneeled behind Shinji, gently pushing his head to look forward. “I need to make sure you clean your cock thoroughly, don't I?” she whispered. She then dumped a bucket of warm water over Shinji's head, laughing.

Shinji sputtered a bit, then sighed. He brushed the water out of his eyes, and relaxed as Misato took a sponge and began cleaning Shinji's back with it. He'd never had someone do this for him before. He knew it was something family did. Did this mean Misato and he really were that close?

Shinji hoped so.

“T-thanks for this, Misato,” Shinji said, his dick still aching hard.

“Mmm,” Misato hummed, “don't mention it!” She poured a little more water over Shinji's back, and rested her chin on his shoulder. Shinji couldn't feel the towel on Misato's breasts. Misato's hand reached around and grasped Shinji's dick. “Do you want me to help you with this?” she said, circling her palm against his veiny cock.

Shinji said nothing, and Misato kept going. For a few minutes, the bath was filled with Shinji's quiet breaths, as Misato slowly, sensuously ran her hand up and down his pole. Shinji shivered every now and then, though the heat from the bath kept the air warm.

“Why didn't you ask for help today?” Misato asked. It wasn't an accusation, but just a question.

“I…” Shinji spoke through his heavy breathing, “I wasn't sure you wanted to do more. I didn't want to presume.”

Shinji saw Misato smile in the mirror. “Shinji, I'm the one who offered. I know you're a young man, don't worry about asking me too often! I want to be close to you like this.”

The words took a moment to sink into Shinji's consciousness. So Misato did like this, maybe even as much as he did! A weight fell off of Shinji's consciousness. He smiled back at her in the mirror. “OK!” he said, even as her hand started moving faster and faster.

Shinji groaned, a strained “Uuurrgggkk!” coming out of his throat, and he came again. His thick, yellowish semen landed on the tile in front of him, filling up the drain so much that Misato had to turn on the faucet above it in order to force all the stuff down into the pipes.

After she did, she stood up and then kneeled in front of Shinji. Shinji's eyes bulged at the sight of Misato nude. Her breasts were perfectly formed, hanging almost in front of him, her nipples pink and standing out from her areolae. “M-Misato?” he asked, but Misato was too busy focusing on his cock, even though he'd already cum.
"You have to be very clean, Shinji," she breathed. Leaning down, she engulfed Shinji's cock in her mouth. Having cum so soon before, Shinji let out an almost pained groan. Her tongue swished around his glans, cleaning off the last bits of smegma and cum, fresh or dried, off of his cock. She then concentrated on his glans, sucking out the last bits of his ejaculation from his urethra.

"Ooowwwaaaaahh!" Shinji moaned, his body tensing terribly. He wasn't cumming again, but his body felt weirder than ever before.

Certain that Shinji was now totally clean, Misato pulled her lips off of Shinji's dick with a popping noise. "There!" she beamed at him. "Now you're all ready for the bath!"

Shinji was in a daze as Misato almost pushed him into the bath itself. He got a hold of his senses and didn't fall into the tub, but he watched Misato's back as she washed herself. He just wanted to see as much of her body as he could. The curve of her ass as she sat on the plastic chair, how it curved down into shadow underneath her. In the mirror he could see a scar running down her chest, under the curve of her breast to her stomach.

"What are you staring at?" Misato asked jokingly. "I bet it's nothing you haven't seen before, Shinji. Aren't all the girls at school throwing themselves at you?"

Shinji laughed. But when Misato got into the bath with him, a towel around her head, he tried not to stare.

Misato grabbed Shinji's hands under the water. "I meant what I said, Shinji. I… I want to… help you. You're a growing young man, and you deserve to have someone help you." She squeezed his hands in hers, and he squeezed back. "I'm just glad it can be me."
The apartment was quiet enough. Not that the walls were particularly thin, but the pair were trying their best to at least try to keep their relationship hidden. Both knew they were about to cross a line they couldn't return over, but they couldn't turn away. To turn away from the transgression would be to turn away from the other one. Neither Shinji nor Misato could bring themselves to do that.

Dinner had been tense – not because of worry, or problems, but only because Shinji and Misato had to restrain themselves from dumping their meal down their throats to get to the part of the evening they’d been waiting for. Even still the empty dishes sat on the table, uncleaned, as Shinji had pulled Misato from the table the instant the two were finished.

Now the apartment was quiet, except for heavy breathing coming from the couch. The lights were off, only the moonlight and aura from the lights of Tokyo-3 coming through the balcony window to light the room. The crouch groaned under the movement of the pair on it.

Straddling Shinji underneath her, Misato sat on her younger ward, purple panties rubbing against Shinji’s painfully hard erection through his shorts. Her breathing was short and labored, mixed with moans and hisses. Reaching behind and under her tanktop, Misato undid her bra, flinging the unneeded garment somewhere into the apartment. She gasped as Shinji took one of her nipples in his mouth. He bit down on the stiff nub, flicking his tongue up and down over it, then left to right. His teeth bit down too hard, and Misato let out a sharp hiss.

Shinji's mouth let go of Misato's nipple. Before he even had a chance to breathe, Misato brought her forehead to his. Her hair draped over his face, blocking out all vision except for her. “Don't stop,” she said, her voice husky and low. Shinji nodded, and took Misato's other nipple in his mouth. He didn't want to hurt her by being too forceful, but he didn't know what was too much and what was too little.

Misato purred like a tiger as she felt his teeth pinch at her nipple. Her panties were hot, damp from her arousal. She could barely think, her mind concentrating on the myriad sensations worming their ways through her body. The feel of his lips on her breast, his hands haltingly, slowly, working their way down her back. His fingers were smooth, smoother than most of the men she'd been with. But she could feel the lean muscles forming on his body, her own hands feeling at his sides. Her nails left gentle marks on Shinji's flanks.

Shinji rolled Misato's nipple between his teeth, and Misato buried her mouth in his hair to try and stop from moaning. She kissed the top of his head again and again, as she gently whispered encouragement to him. “Yes, yes, yes.”

Shinji was practically deaf and dumb, unable to speak. His erection was hard as iron, and his tented boxers pressed up against Misato's panties. His hips moved on their own. He didn't know it, but something instinctual was working in his body. Being so close to a woman, smelling her arousal, feeling her heat and desire, it was all setting him on fire. His cock pushed against her panties, desperate to get past the thin barrier, and fulfill the desire of both.

“Oh Shinji, oh Shinji,” Misato repeated, “I need you, I need you!”

Shinji sat in his room, tapping his pencil against his desk. His homework sat on the table in front of him, untouched. Not out of inability, but a complete and totalizing disinterest. A free day from
NERV, and his teachers expected him to spend it like any other student? He felt in his core that there was an injustice there, but he couldn't articulate it.

With all the windows in the apartment thrown open, the wind coming through was able to cut through the worst of the humidity, but it was still hot enough to sweat, as it had been all day. Shinji hadn't had a chance to bathe, and had realized with a start he could smell himself. It was still a relatively new sensation.

Getting up from his desk with a sigh, Shinji went out to the front room and laid himself out on the floor. He let the breeze wash over him, still in his school uniform, spread-eagled. He fell in and out of a semi-aware state as his eyes, half-lidded, grew heavy. He thought he saw Misato leaning over him, and he smiled. “You're beautiful…” he mumbled.

He was shocked out of his reverie by a kiss to his forehead. “Mmm, thank you Shinji!” Misato replied. She sat on the floor next to Shinji, her tight skirt forcing her to sit sidesaddle. She started asking him about his day and if he had had any escapades at school. Shinji answered, not looking at the ceiling anymore but up at Misato's face.

From his position, Shinji could see out of the corner of his eye the darkness between her legs. He knew what Touji and Kensuke's doujin heroes would do now, because they'd shown it to him. He would dive forward, shove his face between the heroine's legs, and start licking and kissing at her already-aroused clit, making the woman orgasm in a panel or two.

Part of him wanted to do nothing but that, but he stopped himself. He didn't need to do that, he could do what Misato had asked him to do.

“Misato,” Shinji said, butting into her sentence. “Do… do you mind? Helping me, that is?”

Misato raised a finger to her mouth. “Oh Shinji, what do you need my help with? Your homework?” She smiled at him, a Cheshire grin.

Shinji smiled back. “Misato,” he took a deep breath, “I want you to help me masturbate now.”

Misato chuckled. “Hmm, I think I might be able to do something to help you with that…” Her smile was wide and genuine, though, and it made Shinji's heart beat faster to see her look at him like that. She motioned for him to get off the floor, and as he pushed himself to his feet he could feel his cock slowly grow heavy with blood.

Gently pushing Shinji to take a seat on the couch, Misato stood up and stretched her arms up to the ceiling in front of him. On her toes, Shinji heard a few little cricks as joints and bones were stretched in Misato's back and arms. The swell of her breasts and her hips jutting out were balanced by her thinner waist, all squeezed into her tight and clinging black uniform dress.

Turning around to face away from Shinji, Misato cocked her hips, putting her weight on her right foot. Swinging her butt in a slow, languorous circle, Shinji's eyes followed her cheeks faithfully. Glancing over her shoulder, Misato noticed his gaze and felt her chest tighten. Part of her wanted to overwhelm him, another part wanted to take it easy on him, and ease him into their new relationship. Grinning to herself, she decided to push him.

Stepping back half a step, Misato brought her behind that much closer to Shinji's eyes. She knew he could see her panty lines through her dress, but that was what she wanted. She wanted him to think about mashing his hands against them, sliding his fingers underneath her panties, feeling up her ass.
with his inexperienced movements. She licked her lips as she swung her ass back and forth in front of Shinji. She tried to remember how she used to dance at the nightclubs in college, the way she used her hips to drive men crazy for her.

Shinji watched, entranced, as Misato played with him. He wanted to just bury his face between Misato's ass cheeks, bite her skin through her dress. He breathed through his mouth, feeling his erection grow stiffer every second.

Reaching up to her neck, Misato could hardly breathe as she slowly, deliberately grabbed the zipper on the front collar. Turning around to Shinji and nearly straddling him she was so close, she hummed a wordless tune from memory as she pulled the zipper down. Down to her chest, where her dark bra was visible, and then further still, so that he could see a glimpse of the jagged scar on her stomach.

Shinji's hand reached out, to touch and caress Misato's body, but she pulled away with a naughty smile. “Mmm, not yet,” she breathed. Turning her back again, she shrugged her dress off her shoulders, letting it fall down her back. Still undulating her hips, she reached up to her back and undid her bra with a simple unhooking. Catching Shinji's eye with her own, she winked at him as she slid the straps over one arm, and then the next. “Oops…” she said, giving an exaggerated look of concern at her half-nakedness.

Shinji's eyes played over Misato's back. They traced her muscles, defined but relaxed. His reverie was broken by Misato throwing her bra over her shoulder, landing on his head. It was permeated with Misato's smells, not just her pleasant lavender perfume but also her sweat and worry. Shinji slowly took it off his head, but rubbed the warm fabric between his fingers.

Misato slid her fingers under the dress at her hips. She inched the fabric down, bit by bit, swaying her hips to the left and right with each little dip the dress made. Little by little her black panties came into view, lacy and digging between her cheeks. With a light sound, the dress fell to Misato's feet, and she kicked one foot back to fling the dress back at Shinji as well. He caught it, and held it gently in his hands.

Now nude except for her panties, Misato had to fight the urge to blush. How many times had she been nude before a man? Hell, she'd been nude with Shinji in the bath not a week before. But she felt more aware of Shinji's look than others, she felt his desire for her more intensely. It pierced through her skin in a way she'd never felt before, and it both aroused and unsettled Misato. She wondered if she would have to calm him down at some point, stop him from doing something to her when he shouldn't. But as her mind's eye was filled with the possibilities of what that might be, her pussy itched and grew damp.

Turning around, hiding her heavy breasts behind her arm, Misato licked her lips. Her fingers shifted, giving Shinji a glimpse of her pink areola just under her palm. Stepping onto the couch with her knees, Misato straddled Shinji, letting her body hang over him. With her free hand, she took one of his and pressed it against her side.

Shinji took the hint, and grabbed Misato's body with both hands, running his palms up and down her torso. Misato circled her hips some more, turning around and grinding her butt against Shinji's crotch. She could feel his rock-hard erection, and when she got off his lap, she could feel his fingers clutch at her, instinctively desiring to keep her close to him. She smiled at that. Shinji was so sweet, he couldn't really hide it.

Getting to her knees in front of Shinji, Misato licked her lips theatrically for Shinji. She gave a feigned look of shock at his bulging pants. “Oh my! Shinji, I think you should get this checked out!
It's no good for a young man like you to have such a painful erection!"

Shinji grimaced. He knew it was for fun, and he had asked for her to help him, but he wanted to tell her it was her fault he was like this in the first place.

Stretching up, Misato surprised Shinji by pressing her face against his shirt. “Misato, what…?” Shinji blurted, confused. She put a finger up to his lips and gently shushed him. He could hear her breathing in deep, slowly letting out her breath.

Misato pushed her nose between the buttons on Shinji's shirt. He still smelled sweaty from the heat of the day. He was getting the musky, masculine scent of a man, and Misato found it beyond exciting. She could even smell the musk coming from his crotch, so strong that traces were coming through his pants. Taking the top button of Shinji's shirt in her fingers, she gently undid them, one by one, revealing his still mostly-smooth chest. Misato pressed her ear against his chest, and she heard his heart thumping in his chest.

She kissed his chest, going down inch by inch, leaving a line of lipstick marks on his skin. She stopped when she felt the bulge of his erection push against the bottom of her jaw. Wanting more of the smell, Misato pressed the tip, with the slightly wet spot of precum leaking through his pants, against her nostrils, and she breathed in. The scent swam into her brain, leaving flashes of lightning in her pleasure centers. It was like a drug to her, and she wanted as much of it as she could possibly get. She kissed his cockhead through his pants, and Shinji shivered reflexively.

Undoing the button on his pants, Misato growled like a predator, and took Shinji's zipper in her teeth. She locked eyes with him as she dragged it down and over his cock. Freed of his pants, his boxers, a plain sky-blue color, sprang up between the two. Misato took the head of Shinji's cock into her mouth, through his underwear, and began playing her tongue over the precum stain. Not as powerful as his semen, the taste of it was still enough to make her pussy dribble her arousal onto the wooden floor below.

“Ahh, Misato…!” Shinji groaned. He brushed a strand of hair from her face, and she pulled it back behind her ear. She took his hands in her own, and squeezed. He got the hint, and squeezed back. Letting go of his cockhead with her lips, his boxers damp from her saliva, Misato teased him with playful little bites and kisses along his cock through the boxers.

“Misato, I'm… I'm gonna cum if you keep it up!” Shinji said, his body straining to keep himself from exploding.

“Isn't that a good thing, Shinji? I want you to cum for me, you know,” Misato replied.

Shinji panted. “Y-yeah, but… I want…”

“What do you want, Shinji?” Misato asked, batting her eyes at him, rubbing his cock against her cheek.

He tried to think of how the guys in doujins were supposed to get the woman to do everything he wanted, but he just didn't know how to square it with what Hikari had told him to do.

“I want my cock… in your mouth!” Shinji bleated out.

Misato grinned. “That's all? Shinji, I'd do a lot more than that if you want, but I like that idea too!”
Misato slipped her fingers under the waistband of Shinji's pants and boxers, and yanked them down with a strength Shinji had no idea she had. Nude, his cock swung up, slapping Misato's face and spraying precum all over her hair. “Gah!” she gasped in surprise.

“Sorry!” Shinji replied without thinking. But Misato only chuckled.

“Don’t… don’t apologize, Shinji. Not for this,” Misato grabbed Shinji's cock, again marveling at its size and virility. She pulled down his foreskin, revealing the thick mats of smegma that had accrued underneath, the reason it was her duty to help clean Shinji. Misato ran her finger around his head, collecting a generous portion of the oily dick cheese, and popped the finger into her mouth. The oily explosion in her mouth was enough to make her cum, her body shaking.

Looking at his guardian, mesmerized at his dick, Shinji wondered whether it was he that she was interested in, or just his cock. The momentary thought, no more than an idle daydream, sent a sudden surge of anger through him. 'That's not true, that's not what she said,' he thought. But a dark voice in the back of his mind shot back 'She only wants to help you with this because she likes your dick, not you.'

Shinji’s chest hurt at the thought of that. It couldn't be true, he didn't want it to be true. Was that it? Was that what Misato wanted from him?

Stony-faced, Shinji grabbed hold of his cock and slapped it right against Misato's face, the underside of his pole hitting her right eye and cheek. She gasped, but in an ecstatic voice. “Come on, Shinji,” she said, “you can use more of my face than just my mouth as your cum rag? Is that what you want?”

Hearing her words, Shinji grit his teeth, and rubbed his cock around Misato's face. Dribbling precum and spreading smegma as he did so, he left a sticky trail along her forehead, deliberately let it out onto her eyes, stinging them and blurring her vision. Misato only let out pleased mewls at her treatment. “That's it Shinji, drain your balls on my face. Bukkake me with your precum!”

Shinji slapped his cock down onto Misato's face again, and then a third time. Misato had one hand between her legs, sliding three fingers into her pussy, rubbing her thumb against her clitoris. Misato slid her face down Shinji's pole, and then planted her lips against his balls. She licked his scrotum with abandon, feeling with her tongue how close he was to ejaculating.

Shinji let Misato play with him, but then grabbed her head and pulled her off his crotch. She looked at him, confused for a moment. “Wha-?”

Shinji cut off her question by thrusting his cock into her mouth. Her eyes widened as his rod slid past her lips, over her tongue, and pushed deeper and deeper into her mouth, towards her throat. But rather than fight it, Misato let Shinji take the lead. She'd noticed the look in his face, but figured that was just him trying not to cum, and looking a little dour because of it. She smiled at him around his dick, and worked her tongue all around the cock in her mouth.

Shinji's fingers tightened on the side of Misato's mouth. If his cock was what she wanted, then his cock was what she was going to get. Sliding it out, Misato's lips sucked on the veiny surface tightly, cleaning even more of the smegma from his skin. Then he pulled her face in. His cock slid through her mouth, into her throat. Misato stopped herself from being deepthroted all the way, but Shinji kept pulling harder. Misato coughed around Shinji's dick. He slackened for a second, gave her a moment to take a breath, then he pulled her face into his crotch. His cock filled her mouth and throat, her teeth unintentionally scraping against his girth. Shinji didn't care if it hurt a little, he wanted to
take control from Misato.

Shinji kept his cock in Misato's throat. Her tongue thrashed around his cock, without rhyme or reason. She couldn't speak, but gagged and coughed around him. Her eyes grew teary, and at the sight of that, Shinji had a crisis of confidence. But he wanted to, in some way, hurt Misato a little. The feeling of her throat wrapped around his cock also felt great.

Misato's hands came up to Shinji's legs, and she started pinching his knees. She couldn't breathe. She figured Shinji didn't know his cock was blocking her airpipe, but she tried to let him know. When he didn't react, but kept her chin against his scrotum, then she started to worry. Tears from gagging went down her cheeks, and as her vision began to darken, she tried to scream around his cock, as she started hitting his legs.

Realizing how dangerous this was, and not wanting to make a point to Misato if this is what it entailed, Shinji relented. He pushed Misato's mouth off his cock. She fell backwards onto her ass, coughing and gasping, her hands going to her throat. She kept coughing and crying, and Shinji was suddenly hit with the worry that he'd fucked everything up.

"I'm sorry, Misato! I didn't… I just lost my head, I wasn't thinking!" He was about to get off the couch when he saw Misato's hand motioning for him to stay there.

Misato coughed some more, from the diaphragm, and she wiped some of the tears away from her eyes, mixing them with the precum on her face. Her melted eyeliner left black trails down her cheeks. Eventually she got a hold of her breathing, and smiled at Shinji.

"It's…" she hacked some more, "it's ok!" Her voice was hoarse, and spit came down from her chin unbidden. "I wasn't- I wasn't really expecting you to be so rough, but I like it! Shinji," she said, getting back between his legs. His cockhead was covered in her juices, and a dollop was about to fall from the tip. Misato cleaned it up with her tongue. "I like it when you do what you want. I want you to like this as much as I do," she said.

Shinji nodded. He cursed himself for letting a stupid thought almost hurt Misato. "I want to do that more, then," Shinji said. Misato grinned.

"I'll be prepared this time!" she said. She turned around, then leaned backwards, opening her mouth and waving at Shinji with her tongue.

Shinji was confused at first, but when he pushed his cock in he understood that Misato had made it easier for her to deepthroat him. Soon, Shinji was pressing his balls against Misato's nose, letting her get a heady blast of pheromones with every breath she took. He thrust his cock in and out of her mouth, at the same time pulling her head in.

It was too much for him. Shoving his cock as far as he could into her throat, Shinji came. He filled Misato's throat with his thick, yellow cum, crying out "Misato!"

Misato was in no position to fight back, and she drank Shinji's prodigious ejaculation eagerly. But he came too much for her to drink it all. He pulled his cock out and Misato fell to the wet floor, her mouth still filled with his cum. But Shinji wasn't done. He kept firing, rope after rope of jizz falling onto Misato's face, giving her a bukkake like she'd never had before. Cum dripped into her nose, her eyes, stuck into her hair, and mingled with the dick cheese on her face.

She was truly marked as Shinji's woman, and she hoped he understood how much she liked that. To
show him, in case he didn't get the message, she pinched at his foot to get his attention. He looked down at her.

Smiling, with her mouth open to show him the lake of jizz in her mouth, she swirled her tongue around, the pink tip moving like a shark fin in the fetid cum. She played with it in her mouth, dipped a finger into it, before pulling it out and forming a long, thin strand of his cum, letting it drip back into her mouth. The taste was overwhelming, salty and thick, with an almost syrupy texture.

Closing her lips, Misato swallowed dramatically and slowly, taking it all into her stomach. She could feel the mouthful as it traveled down her throat to her stomach, and she felt it add to the heavy weight she carried in her stomach.

Shinji was hard again, after watching that. Misato got back to her knees, and noticed it as well. Cum dripped from her face onto her breasts. “Aren't you going to help me clean my face, Shinji? It's your fault I'm so dirty!”

Encouraged, Shinji took his dick in hand, and started pushing the head around Misato's face. He pushed and shoved the strands of cum and little smegma pieces into Misato's mouth, bit by bit, leaving streaks of it all over her face. When he was done, her tongue was covered in the stuff again, and she theatrically swallowed it all.

“Let me help clean you off now…” she whispered, before wrapping Shinji's dick in her mouth again. He grunted as her tongue washed off his cock from the last bits of smegma and leftover jizz. When the head was clean she ran her tongue up and down his pole to get her throat juices off. When he was clean, she left a little wet kiss on the tip. Another dollop of pearly cum appeared out of Shinji's tip, and Misato shot Shinji an eyebrow.

“You just want me to keep doing this all evening, don't you?” she teased him, before sucking the cum out.

“I… wouldn't mind that,” Shinji whispered.

Misato gave him a smile. Her red lipstick was smeared over her chin, her eyeliner was surrounding her eyes in melted puddles as well as falling down her cheeks, cum was still dribbling out of her nose, her hair was disheveled and stuck together in clumps by drying cum and smegma. She looked awful, but her smile was real and genuine, and made Shinji almost leap into the air at seeing it.

“All clean!” she beamed.

Misato's hips pumped up and down on Shinji's crotch. Her shorts were gone now, the cut-off jeans flung far from the couch. So were Shinji's boxers. Now his cock rubbed up between her ass cheeks with each movement she made with her hips.

Shinji took his cock with one hand, and pushed it against Misato's pussy. His foreskin-covered head pushed into her pussy through her panties, almost the whole head slipping inside. “Oh Shinji! Oh Shinji!” Misato cried out, hugging his face to her chest.

He liked the way she said his name. He was wanted. More than that – he was needed, and the feeling was warm and comfortable.

Seeing Misato like this, absorbed in the moment with him, Shinji couldn't help but kiss her.
“I don’t think it’s that Ayanami girl,” Kodama said. She cricked her neck, leaning back in her chair.

“It has to be Ayanami, Shinji even admitted it!” Hikari shot back. Outside of her school uniform, in a simple striped summer dress, Shinji thought she’d look even better if she ditched the twintails.

Kodama, Hikari’s college-aged sister, was almost as scandalously dressed as Misato was normally. But although Shinji was used to the sight of a woman, bra-less under her shirt and in her panties, Kodama still caused some stirrings in his loins. Her face was similar to Hikari’s, but sharper and more well-defined. Her ponytail of chestnut-brown hair fell down the back of the chair she was in.

Kodama shot a glance over to Shinji who, to his credit, did not immediately shrink under her gaze. “My little sister made an assumption and you went with it, didn’t you?”

Shinji chuckled and shrugged. He fingered the tab on top of his soda can, trying not to draw any more attention to himself than was already directed at him. Hikari had invited him to her place, and he’d agreed, not thinking the older sister would start digging into his relationships. But it seemed as though Hikari had told her sister about the talk they’d had before.

“Shinji! Did you lie to me?” Hikari asked, in shocked tones.

Shinji put up his hands. “I didn't! I mean, I didn't mean to!”

Hikari glared at him, her eyes narrowed and her face scrunched in. “Then who were you talking about!” she yelled.

“It's not someone in your class,” Kodama said, leaning back further, cracking sounds coming from her spine. “Didn't you tell me he's living with an older woman, Hikari?”

Hikari crossed her arms over her chest. “That's right. The Katsuragi woman.” Hikari spoke the name, not with disdain, but with a certain amount of jealousy. She still hadn't forgiven Misato for the brazen entrance she’d made at their school.

Kodama looked at Shinji, and a smirk began to form at the edge of her mouth. “Tell me about the girl you're crushing on, Shinji.”

Shinji took a drink. “Ah, well I'm sure Hikari told you what I told her, and haha I don't want to say too much or I might embarrass her you see she's kind of private and she’d kill me if I went around just telling everyone about he-”

Kodama cut off his nervous rambling. “Have you kissed her?”

Shinji paused, formulating an answer. “Not. Really.”

Kodama nodded sagely. “Mmmmk.” She looked from Hikari to Shinji, then back again. “How's about this – Shinji, sit next to Hikari.”

“Kodama, what are you-?” Hikari started.

“Shush, you'll understand in a second.”

Shinji drained his soda, and sat down on Hikari’s bed next to her. Kodama got out of her chair and sat next to Shinji, sandwiching him between the two sisters. Kodama slid him over, making sure he
was in contact with Hikari.

“Hikari, you need to practice this as well, so you both get to have some fun today,” Kodama said.

“What are you even talking about, KodamMMMGGH??”

Hikari’s question was covered by Shinji’s mouth, his head pushed forward by Kodama. He only kissed her lips for a second, before her face went beet-red. She broke the awkward kiss, and stared daggers at her sister, who was grinning.

“WHAT?!” she yelled.

“You both need to practice kissing!” Kodama said. “You two are friends, aren’t you? There’s no harm in just a little practice!”

Shinji was blushing too, but not as much as he would have only a few days prior. He looked at Hikari, her confused face, and gave a sheepish smile. “I… wouldn't mind it, if you don’t, Hikari.”

Hikari bit her lip, still obviously conflicted. “Shinji…” she started, “it’s… it’s just practice, right? We won’t be a couple after this!” Shinji laughed and nodded.

Kodama clapped her hands, and started giving out instructions. Shinji and Hikari sat closer together, their hands grasped each other, and with his arm around her waist Shinji (gently this time) came in for a kiss. Their lips came together a little roughly, but before long, Kodama had them working together well.

Shinji took a moment to contemplate the situation. Hikari was not unattractive, especially if she grew up to look more like her sister. But being this close to her didn’t excite him the way being close to Misato did. It was the same with Kodama – he could feel her nipples, stiff and eager, poking against his back, but he didn’t feel the same urge to ravish her he had with Misato.

Kodama noticed this. She could see that although his pants moved a little, he didn’t have the tenting she was expecting. It drove her kind of crazy. A young man like Shinji, he was supposed to be a raging little ball of hormones! Just getting a whiff of a woman should have sent his cock iron-hard!

When the two broke their kiss, Kodama took Shinji chin, and wheeled his face around to kiss him, very powerfully. She pushed her tongue into his mouth, to play with his, and took one of his hands to put it on her breast.

“K-Kodama!” Hikari’s voice was shocked. But it didn’t stop her sister. Or Shinji. His hand on her breast began squeezing and rubbing, and he began to fight back at her tongue with his own.

Hikari watched as the two fought with their mouths, feeling very embarrassed by it all. She grabbed a pillow and hugged it to her chest as she watched, trying to ignore the warm feeling in her body, below her stomach.

After a few minutes, Kodama pulled back, catching her breath. “Not bad, for a beginner,” she said. Shinji nodded in response. Kodama looked down at her chest, seeing Shinji’s hand still on her chest. He sheepishly let go.

“Well, I can tell you’re not in for me and Hikari, so I guess you must be crushing on that woman you’re living with,” Kodama said.
Shinji’s eyes widened.

Hikari went apoplectic.

Shinji’s kiss was rough. Not just rough, but a little uncoordinated as well. He kissed Misato too fast, accidentally pinched their lips on their teeth or worse, hit their teeth together. “Ow, sorry, sorry!” Shinji said, rubbing his teeth, trying to ignore the shock it had sent throughout his body.

Misato, her hands over her mouth, tried to stifle her laughter. She failed. She toppled over Shinji, knocking him down to the couch, her breasts spilling out of her top. Misato thought he was just the cutest thing in the world that second. How long had it been since she’d had a lover who kissed so recklessly? As if his whole world was bound up in her lips?

Taking his head in her hands, Misato kissed Shinji on the lips. She slowly, gently pressed her tongue into his mouth, playing at his teeth (where she could still taste the noodles from dinner), and entwined it around his own, which he pushed against hers.

Misato lost track of just how long they spent like that, luxuriating in the embrace of the other. Although she was on top, Misato still felt like she was on her back foot, and it was a sensation she hadn’t felt with a lover for far too long.

Pushing herself up over Shinji, Misato saw the hungry look in his eyes. He slapped her ass, and Misato let out a gasp, before smiling back. “You better follow through with that, young man,” she breathed.

“I know it’s not been too long since the last sample, but you know the drill right?” Ritsuko asked. In her hand she held the sample container, a little larger than the last one. She didn't want an overflow like the previous times.

Shinji nodded. He still wasn't exactly sure what was being done with his semen, but he didn't feel as nervous about it as he had before. Misato had been helping him clean his cock for a week now, and so the thought of cumming at a moment's notice was now no longer so foreign to his experience. It happened every time Misato slid his smegma-covered head between her lips.

Not that he'd told anyone about that.

Kodama may have figured it out, but Hikari had steadfastly refused to believe Shinji would want to engage in such a pairing. She might have been mad at Kodama for making her claim about Shinji, but when Kodama said that Hikari had the hots for Toji of all people, she'd practically exploded. Shinji had yet to mention that to his friend – he figured Hikari would work up the courage at some point.

Shinji took the sample cup from Ritsuko and went into the little room. He looked to the side of the toilet, and saw an AV magazine sitting there. He picked it up and flicked through it for a few moments, but didn't see anyone who really caught his eye. Putting it back down, he undid his pants and pulled out his cock.

Misato watched from behind the one-way window again. She smiled when Shinji put down the magazine, hoping he was thinking about her. She couldn't get enough of the sight of Shinji's dick, she had to admit that to herself. And more than that, she was bonding with Shinji himself. Ever since they’d started this, they'd spent more time talking to each other, talking about their lives in ways that
didn't involve NERV or the Evangelions. Though they both were integral parts of the organization in their own ways, they were both people who lived outside of it as well.

Misato had realized, with a shock, that she was getting to the point where her heart hurt when they had to part for the day. She hadn't felt that in years.

Watching Shinji jerk his hand over his cock, Misato was about to just press her hand between her legs, when a voice interrupted her.

“He's a magnificent specimen, don't you think?” Ritsuko said, leaning over Misato's shoulder. Misato jerked her arm away from her crotch, hoping Ritsuko hadn't noticed how close it had been.

“You're, you're absolutely correct, Ritz,” Misato replied. Ristuko took a seat next to her friend, and they both watched as Shinji masturbated in front of them. Misato noticed that Ritsuko's top was undone much lower than usual, showing off her cleavage and her blue brassiere underneath her blue top.

Ritsuko figured there was something going on between Misato and Shinji, far more extensively than her just giving him some sexual education aids. But as she looked at Shinji run his hand up and down his dick, she couldn't really blame Misato for it – the young man was bigger than most, a trait he'd certainly picked up from his father. The thought of the elder Ikari made Ritsuko's womb burn. She was going to have to make a call to his office when she was done with her work tonight, that was for sure.

Shinji's foreskin scraped his smegma from the ridge of his cockhead, forcing it into the sample cup.

“He's much bigger than the average man, I'm sure he's going to make some woman very happy one day,” Ritsuko said.

“His best part is really the girth, instead of the length. That and how hard he gets, it's just going to scrape everything it comes across, rather than bend,” she replied, almost unaware of the answer she was giving, her eyes unwavering.

Ritsuko crossed her legs and propped an elbow on her knee. “His balls, too. His testicles look denser than normal. Certainly heavier.”

Misato nodded. “Oh they are. So big you can barely fit one in your mouth.”

“Speaking from experience?”

Misato finally realized what she'd said, and shot a look at Ritsuko. “N-n-n-no! No! Just, I mean look at them!” She motioned to the window. They swayed like iron balls in a leather sack as Shinji moved his body, thrusting his hips as he jacked off. “Even in my college years I didn't meet any guy with a package like that.”

Shinji scrunched his eyes closed. Hunched over, he started muttering something. “…o… …to…” he said quietly.

“Misato! Misato!” he kept chanting, quiet, but loud enough to be heard by the two women. “Misato! Misato!”

Ritsuko smirked at Misato, who sat there, embarrassed but touched. She was going to… reward him
later that night, that was for sure.

Soon enough, Shinji’s jizz spilled out into the sample cup, filling it with his off-white semen. Rope after rope settled into the cup, each volume line getting passed with each burst of cum. Even with the bigger cup, Shinji’s sperm overflowed over the top by the time he was done, panting heavily.

Both Misato and Ritsuko were silent as they watched Shinji cum. Ritsuko shifted in her seat as he drained the last drops out. She definitely needed to see his father tonight.

Grabbing Misato by the arm, Ritsuko dragged her out of her seat (noticing the slightly dark spot on the fabric), and brought her into the examination room. Misato, slightly red, hid her hands behind her back as Shinji came out of the toilet. “H-hey there, Shinji,” she greeted him.

Catching sight of his commander, Shinji’s eyes widened. “Don't worry, Shinji, I asked Major Katsuragi to come in. I need to speak with her after you leave. Do you have the sample for me?”

Shinji nodded, “H-hi, Misato-san,” he replied. He found it strangely awkward to hand the cup over to Ritsuko with Misato in the room.

Ritsuko took the cup, without gloves on. The sperm was so high that each movement let some amount fall down the side, invariably coating Ritsuko’s fingers, but the doctor didn’t seem to mind. “You're free to go now, Shinji. Thank you very much for your cooperation.”

“I'll see you at home later,” Misato added, winking at Shinji as Ritsuko turned toward the lab equipment along the wall. Shinji smiled at her, and winked back.

Ritsuko scooped up a small amount of the sperm, and beckoned Misato closer. She held out the cup, and Misato gingerly took it in her hand without being asked. Ritsuko spread the sample on a small glass tray, and slid it into a microscope.

“Well, whatever you're doing with Shinji, it's working,” Ritsuko began. “His color is much more natural than before, though he still has the abnormal smegma accumulation, probably a symptom of adolescence.”

“Uh huh,” Misato voiced. She was trying to pay attention to Ritz, but she found it hard with the cup in her hand. Having it all in one place, rather than plastered on the inside of her throat or on her face, made her realize just how much Shinji came each time. It was so heavy! Misato glanced at Ritsuko, who was engrossed in the microscope. Bringing it to her nose, Misato took a deep breath. The heady, salty smell hit her brain like a drug, and she had to shake her head. Seeing the cum dripping down the sides, she figured it would be a waste to just let it fall onto the floor.

Reaching out with her tongue, Misato licked the outside of the container, cleaning off all of the jizz that had spilled out over the edge. She wished she could just dump the whole thing into her stomach, where the weight could sit comfortably inside of her.

“Misato, come here,” Ritz said. Misato stopped where she was, tilting her head back and bringing the cup to her lips. Coming to her senses somewhat, Misato pressed her eyes against the viewport.

“Shinji's semen…” Ritz started, as Misato looked at the tangled mass of swimmers before her, “it's extraordinary. I don't know what's caused it, though I'm leaning towards the LCL having some kind of effect, but Shinji's sperm count is through the roof.”
“It looks fine to me, is that a bad thing?” Misato asked.

“Oh no! Unless he doesn't want to be a father before he's twenty, then he might have trouble. Here, look at this for comparison.” Ritz switched the sample tray with another. Misato looked again, and saw many fewer sperm wriggling around. “His sperm count's more than 10 times normal. More than that, his semen is a more potent blend of bases and chemicals to neutralize a woman's natural spermicidal environment.”

“That must be why it's so thick and delicious,” Misato airily responded.

“Basically, if he cum inside a woman, and they're not on some powerful drugs, she's almost certainly going to get pregnant.”

Misato pulled away from the microscope, to look at her friend. Ritz's face was somewhat concerned. And Misato figured that was the right face to have. Misato knew this was going to come up at some point – she'd played games with her lovers about her dangerous days, coming close to getting pregnant more than once, but she'd always fallen back from going over the line.

But Ritsuko had made it clear – if Misato went all the way with Shinji, it was not a matter of “if” but “when” she got pregnant. If this kept up, if she continued to get closer to Shinji, if she deepened their connection, then one day she was going to give birth to his, most likely, children.

Misato panted, staring into the creamy depths of Shinji's cum. Could she do that? She remembered her mother, so bitter after her father left her alone too many years. What if she turned out like that?

But then she thought of Shinji, as a fully-grown man. What would he be like? Would he still be kind and considerate? Would he still think about the welfare of others as he did now? Misato took another deep breath of the scent from the cup.

Ritsuko was about to ask what Misato was doing, when Misato brought the cup to her lips and leaned her head back. She watched in amazement and horror as Misato slurped down the entire cup of jizz in one long swig, her throat working with each mouthful. When the last crumb of smegma mixed with the cum slid down her throat, Misato came back up and burped. She licked at the little bit leaking from the corner of her mouth, then shoved her tongue into the cup and licked up all that remained inside.

Ritsuko's mouth hung open, speechless.

“Oh, sorry Ritz,” Misato apologized. “I shouldn't have downed the whole thing. I'll have Shinji come by tomorrow and give you another sample!”

Ritsuko nodded dumbly as Misato practically skipped out of the room. Had she just seen that? Or was she just overworked? She looked at the sample cup, left on the table. It was empty. Had there ever been anything inside of it?

Just as Ritsuko moved towards the door, Maya walked in, surprising her senpai. Maya noticed the creamy substance on Ritsuko's hand and laughed. “Dr. Akagi, you made a mess with those cream-filled donuts we had in the breakroom! You need to remember to have a napkin with you, they're dangerous!” She tittered again.

Ritsuko stared at her hand for a second, before bringing it up to her nose. She breathed deep, feeling the pheromones hit her brain instants after. ’No wonder Misato loves this stuff,’ she thought to herself,
before sticking her fingers in her mouth and moaning as the taste of Shinji's cum hit her tongue.

“I know, aren't they delicious? They're dangerous to have around the base, I'll eat too many of them!” Maya said, though when she finally saw how Ritsuko was using her tongue to clean her fingers, she felt a blush reach her cheeks.

“You're right,” Ritsuko said, popping her finger out of her mouth, “it was delicious.” With that, she ran out of the room, leaving a confused Maya behind.

She needed Gendo, ASAP.

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Shinji used all his strength to pick up Misato. His cock helped keep her up, nestled as it was against her pussy and poking at her ass. Misato let him do it, hugging him tightly to make it as easy for him as possible. As much as he was getting stronger each day, she still had a decent advantage of height on him.

Heading into Misato's room, Shinji gently laid her onto her futon. Between kisses, he pulled her top off, leaving her torso nude before him. But he didn't stop there – he slipped his fingers into Misato's panties, and pulled them off her legs, pointing into the air. Throwing the last of his clothes off as well, the two were left nude, poised on the brink of the irreversible step.

Misato had told Shinji about his sperm, about its strength and its potency. But they didn't talk about it now. It was figured into their mental calculations. They both wanted each other, and needed each other in ways that preceded language.

Shinji leaned down and kissed Misato's ear. “I love you, Misato.”

Misato responded by wrapping her legs around his waist. “I love you, Shinji.”

Shinji pressed the head of his cock against the damp entrance to Misato’s pussy. His head slipped in, and he groaned at the strange new feeling. It was Misato that was squeezing him, but it wasn't her mouth or her hands, but something more primal than that. Shinji pressed his cock further and further, until he hit a barrier.

Each inch that he pressed in spread Misato in ways she'd never felt before. She let out cries and little shrieks, amazed that she'd ever been satisfied with the boring sex she'd had with so many of her partners. When Shinji's cock hit the entrance to her womb, with half his length in her, Misato's eyes nearly rolled back into her skull. “Nnggghhhkkk!” she noised, unable to speak.

Faced with a barrier, Shinji remembered the advice Toji had given him. Thrust quickly and powerfully, and bust through the hymen in an instant – it made it easier and less painful for the woman. Shinji was surprised that Misato still had it, but he figured he could ask her about it some other time.

He reached back with his hips, and thrust his cock to smash through her barrier. His head battered open Misato's cervix.

Misato's cry of pain and ecstasy startled the birds outside.
“SHINJI! OOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!”

Misato screamed. Her voice rang out through the apartment, so loud that Shinji was worried people were going to think there had been a murder or something, and come knock on the door. He stopped pushing his cock into her pussy, worried he’d done something wrong. He knew that a woman's first time was supposed to sting, but he'd never expected Misato to cry out like that. Her voice was more raw, more unscripted than anything he'd imagined he might hear.

Misato herself could barely think straight, stars swimming in front of her eyes. Shinji had just busted open her cervix, something she had not been expecting to feel with the young man. The orgasm she was feeling was one of the most powerful she’d had in her entire life. She could barely feel her legs – everything below her hips was a maelstrom of conflicting sense impressions. Pain and pleasure jumbled together, to hit her brain in an intoxicating mixture, leaving her unable to coherently piece things together.

“It's ok, Misato!” he said, his voice encouraging. “There's just a little bit left!” Taking a deep breath, he moved his arms around her waist, shifted his weight on his knees, and pulled her the last few inches onto his cock. He felt a tight seal around his cock, sliding down past the head as he pushed deeper and deeper, and was surprised at the depth and tightness of the hymen. No wonder all the guys in Toji and Kyousuke’s doujins had to slam their cocks through to get past them.

Shinji pushed the head of his cock all the way in, Misato's soft ass cheeks hitting his crotch as the tip of his dick hit a fleshy wall. ‘Wow,’ he thought to himself, ‘is this Misato's cervix? I can't believe I can actually hit something so deep inside of her!’ He smiled at the new knowledge.

Misato couldn't handle Shinji's dick. Violating her womb with his cock, her eyes rolled back into her head, her head arched back, and her fingers dug into the futon below her. Her mouth opened up in a silent scream as her breath left her completely. And she passed out.

Shinji felt Misato’s body tense around him, and then suddenly relax. Head down, he slowly pulled his cock out, feeling the tight cap of Misato's hymen still squeezing his shaft, stopping his cockhead from easily slipping out of her.

Misato, her brain restarting a few seconds later, awoke with a gasp. She snapped her head up, to see and feel Shinji slowly fucking her cervix. “Oh. Oh fuck, Shinji! Ohwwaaaaaaaa!” the sound was forced out of her chest by Shinji inching his veiny cock into the back wall of her womb again.

“Should – should I stop, Misato?” he asked, concern in his voice. He loved the feeling he was getting in her body, but he didn't want this if it meant hurting Misato.

Misato locked her eyes with Shinji, and her voice was deadly serious. “Absolutely not, Shinji.” She tried to prop herself up on her elbows, raising her chest a bit, but her body was still shaking. She could feel something dripping down past her anus to drip on the futon, and she knew it was her own pussy juices. “You,” she breathed, “are not allowed to stop. Ever. I'm commanding you to fuck me this hard forever!” She smiled.

Shinji let out a half-laugh. “It sounded like I hurt you when I tore your hymen, though. I guess I just didn't realize this was your first time as well as mine, and-”
“Shinji.” Misato's voice was crystal clear. “Do you think I'm a virgin?”

Shinji wasn't sure how to answer. “liiii gggguuuueeeessss?” he drew out each sound for seconds.

Misato laughed, as hard as she could without accidentally crushing Shinji's cock into her womb wall. Laying herself back down, her hands found Shinji's, and their fingers intertwined. “That's... not really the case, Shinji!” she said, still giggling. “But don't stop, keep going!”

Shinji, still confused, began pulling his hips back and forth, fucking Misato's cervix. Now that she was prepared for it, Misato could close her eyes and let her body drift on the sea of warm feelings radiating through her body. Not that it was all soft – when Shinji's cock popped out of her cervix on the way out, he pushed it back in. It was easier the second time around, her passage winking open, and slathered in his streaks of greasy smegma to lube the way, but it was still a lightning bolt through her body, making her orgasm again.

Slowly regaining control of her legs, Misato slowly wrapped them around Shinji's waist. “Shinji,” she breathed, “I'm definitely not a virgin.” She squeezed her vaginal muscles, contracting them around Shinji's length beyond her cervix.

“Then wha-?” Shinji asked. What had he been fucking?

“Well, Shinji,” Misato drew out the words, making him wait, “you're currently got your cock stuck inside my womb!”

Shinji's mouth opened, but no words came out. He didn't quite believe her.

“You're... really big, Shinji!” She squeezed his cock again, subtly milking him. Precum flooded out of his cock, to mix with her own juices and liquids, making her whole tunnel a milky, slick mess. “When you went deep, you hit my cervix, and you busted right on through!” With each movement he made, Misato felt her tunnel stretched in amazing ways. The last time she'd had something so big in her was with Ritz's biggest toy in college.

“Is that bad?” Shinji asked, worried. He'd never heard of this!

“No!” Misato exclaimed. “It was just,” she breathed each word, “unexpected. I shouldn't have underestimated you, Shinji!”

He blushed at the compliment. “It's not too big, is it?”

Misato grew serious, pulling Shinji's face close to hers. Her breath washed over his face, hot and lusty. “Never. Ever. Think that.” She pushed her hips forward, hitting his cock into her womb. “Nnggaah!” she grunted, staring into Shinji's eyes. “Me and Rits... we used to try and find guys as big as you. The whole point of having something like this... it's to make a frail maiden like myself sing your tune.” Her voice made it clear how much she actually thought of herself as a frail maiden. She leaned in to his ear. “So make me sing, Shinji.”

Shinji slid his cock out and out, the head popping out of her womb and slipping down her tunnel, until it was nearly out. Then he pressed it back in, the girth pressing out all of the air inside of Misato. “Oooooooh!” Misato hit a note and held it. She grit her teeth in a strained smile.

Shinji began to speed up, but he wasn't very clear how best to do it. His cock came out of Misato's
womb, and he battered against the sides of Misato's entrance several times. “OH OH OH OK! OK! OK! Slow d-OWN SHINJI!” Misato begged Shinji, the battering her cervix was receiving a little too much for her.

“It's,” she said as he stopped thrusting wildly, “it's ok to go slow, Shinji! You've got… you've got a powerful tool here. You don't want to go wild with it. You're lucky I've got some practice in – if you did this with a girl like the Horaki girl, she'd be screaming the whole time, and not in a good way!”

Shinji's mouth turned down. “What should I do, then?”

Misato heard the frustration in Shinji's voice, and put a finger on his lips. “It's ok, Shinji. I'm here to help teach you, aren't I? By the time we're done,” she smiled, looking off to the side coyly, “you'll be able to make any woman yours.”

Shinji leaned down and kissed Misato. “I don't… I don't want other women,” he said, making Misato look into his eyes. “I only want you, Misato.”

Misato blushed. “That's, mmm, very kind of you, Shinji,” she said, her words suddenly failing her.

“It's true!” Shinji said. His hands roamed over Misato's chest, moving down past her breasts to let his fingers trail down the long scar running down her stomach. “I want you. Just you. All of you! I want your body, but I want your heart, too!”

Sappy. More than that. Cheesy. She had to admit it. Words that she'd heard a dozen times before, from guys who only wanted a warm place to blow their loads. But coming from Shinji, they felt different. He hadn't been taught how to seduce someone (unless Misato had taught him), he wasn't using the pretense of honesty to hide his intentions. He was actually opening up his heart to Misato. And in doing so, he was calling for her to be open and honest with him too.

It was scary. Misato could see, in her mind's eye, the abyss separating the two of them. If she jumped, and he didn't catch her, she'd fall forever. But if the risk worked, if they both jumped, and both grabbed each other...

Shinji opened his mouth, and Misato silenced him with her finger again. Uncomfortably, with his cock still speared into her, she changed their positions, sitting him down and sitting in Shinji's lap, on her knees. She was still taller than her ward, but she wasn't sure how long that would last. She lowered herself down, letting his tip hit her womb's back again. She encircled Shinji's neck with her arms, bringing her lips to his neck.

Her lips, warm and vital, sucked on his neck. She took over thrusting, raising and lowering her body inch by inch, letting her muscles milk Shinji's cock. She could feel every vein, every ridge, the fat mushroom cap of the head, all of it as it traveled up and down her tunnel. Their mixed juices slid down his pole, to trail down past his balls, and stain the mattress below.

Shinji held Misato tight to himself. Was this her answer? He'd gone so far out to say what he'd said to her. Did she need to respond with words? Wasn't this just as much an answer as if she'd said something? His hands warmed her back, feeling her shoulderblades under his fingers. He caressed and played with the ridges and valleys of her muscles.

Every time he thought he was going to cum, Misato would stop. They'd sit there together, kissing each others' bodies – noses, cheeks, eyes, necks. Kissing and mingling their breath together. Then Misato, feeling Shinji's body relax, would start moving her hips again. She drew him out, each time
getting him closer and closer to orgasm, her own series of bodily earthquakes making his own almost unbearable to wait for. But Misato, even if she came, wanted Shinji's to wait.

This was what he wanted, he realized. He didn't need the affirmation signed, dated, notarized. He had Misato. He'd jumped, and she had caught her. The realization hit him like a truck. His hands slid down her back, and his fingers sank into her melon-shaped cheeks. “Mine!” he whispered into her ear.

Misato heard the word, and she felt her whole body tighten in response. Ritsuko's warning floated through her memory – if she let Shinji cum inside of her, she was almost certain to get pregnant. Misato bit Shinji's earlobe, and scratched at his back gently with her fingernails. She wanted it. She wanted to be his. She was his, to love, to breed.

“Mine! Mine!” Shinji whispered again, in a mantra. He could feel his orgasm coming, like a tidal wave. Misato realized there was nothing she could do to stop him this time.

Misato dropped herself onto Shinji's cock, one more time. Her crotch felt the orgasm erupt out of his testicles. He held her tight onto him as he came, directly into her defenseless womb. Misato moaned as she felt the bursts of cum as the traveled down Shinji's dick, expanding and contracting as it began to paste the walls of her innermost chambers. She could feel each lava-hot strand as it hit her organs, filling her more fully and thickly than she ever conceived as possible.

Her fragrant hair getting into his face, Misato leaned into the crook of Shinji's neck, and bit it. He was claiming her, but she had no intention of this being a one-way relationship. She kissed and nibbled on his neck, leaving dark mark after mark on his skin.

Shinji pressed his head between Misato's breasts. With each rope of sperm firing from his cock, he felt more and more tension leave his body. The twisted rope he'd felt in his stomach unwound, leaving him feeling exhausted and content in equal measure. He felt Misato's chest rise and fall with her breath, sensed her heartbeat as it came down from its high.

The rhythm pulled at something within Shinji. ba-dump ba-dump. At that moment, their two bodies entwined and made one, he could feel sensations and emotions older than his bones. ba-dump ba-dump.

Misato could feel it as well, feeling the pulse of Shinji's blood in his veins. They weren't just Misato Katsuragi and Shinji Ikari, but Man and Woman, in their most primal connection. All life came from this union, all history had its beginning in a shared openness between the two, an allowance that they may hurt each other.

Misato kissed the top of Shinji's head, inhaling the sweaty scent stuck in his hair.

After a few minutes, Misato giggled, the convulsions shaking Shinji's cheek. He looked up at her, questioning eyes asking what was so funny.

“I hope you're ready for round 2, mister,” Misato said with a smile.

Ritsuko stood at the door to Gendo Ikari's office. The smooth metal held no ornamentation – only the plaque on the side of the doorway revealed this to be the Commander's office. Without her pressing anything, the door slid up, letting her inside.

She was too horny, by far. Seeing Misato drain that sample cup had put a fire in Ritsuko's loins that
only Gendo would be able to quench.

Faced with the empty, cavernous office, many NERV employees admitted to a degree of nervousness. Before Ikari's shaded eyes, there was nowhere to hide, nothing to distract the Commander's gaze from whoever ended up there. Most NERV workers did their best to stay out of the Commander's line of sight. It was safer that way.

Ritsuko knew the dramatics of the office, though, and by knowing them felt much less intimidated by them. Theatrics were for sentimentalists – and Ritsuko tried very, very hard to be anything except sentimental. Still in her lab outfit, her flats clicked on the metal flooring. She knew there was a Kabbalic carving in the floor that could be lit up, she'd even seen it once, but it was hidden then.

Looking to the Commander's desk, Ritsuko was surprised. Instead of sitting at his desk, the Commander was standing at the window, looking out over the Geofront from his perch. His form was outlined in a silver glow from the mimic starlight brought down from the sky into the Geofront through its ceiling.

Ritsuko walked closer. Gendo never showed his back to a door, if he could help it. The change threw off the whole mental script she had built in her head for the encounter. She was going to make a few perfunctory remarks about the Evangelions, then joke about how the Commander looked like he needed some rest. Gendo would take the hint, they'd retreat to a private room, do the deed, and he'd be gone by the time Ritsuko woke up. It had been the pattern for so many of their liaisons that now that the beginning was off, Ritsuko felt off-balance.

Was she intruding on something? There was an atmosphere around Ikari, something radiating off of him, as visible as the light on him. But it wasn't the deliberately callous and stentorian one he'd shown everyone for years. He was serious, but he was also… contemplative was the only word Ritsuko had for it. With his arms clasped behind his back, he looked like the captain of a becalmed ship, motionless on an ocean that stretched beyond sight.

A spark ran through Ritsuko. The image was a little too apt for NERV. Without the Angels, what were they meant to do? For 15 years they'd prepared for the arrival of those beings, and when they'd come there had been a sense of complete and utter vindication in everyone in Tokyo-3 who worked for the organization. **Yes!** they said in their bearings, their movements, **We are necessary! We are needed to defend the world!**

Several Angels had attacked. And then they had stopped. Had that been it? Had that been the fight for Humanity that NERV had been created for? If there were no more Angels, would there be a use for NERV anymore?

The idea of leaving NERV, or worse, being forced to leave, curdled Ritsuko's stomach. To leave her mother, the MAGI… when the image intruded in on her daily life, it left ashes in her mouth. All those questions, doubts, and fears had been laying on the back of every staff member's mind. Of course it must have been lurking in the back of Gendo's, she thought.

Stepping past the desk, wondering if she really was intruding in on something she shouldn't be seeing, Ritsuko still pressed on.

Gendo turned his head, hearing a footstep. His face was tired, far more tired than Ritsuko had ever seen before. All of a sudden her ritualized joking about his sleeping habits must have had some foundation in how he looked.
“Ritsuko,” he said. A name he never used with her. She was Doctor Akagi in his mouth, the same name he used with her mother, the last night she saw her alive. What was this? Was he trying something new with her?

At the window, Ritsuko looked down at the Geofront. The flat floor of the shelter extended out below her for kilometers, rolling hills and forests. The faux starlight glittered on the lake as a thousand pearls bobbing up and down. A late-night train slowly crawled up one of the mid-air tracks, its lights going up and up and up to the ceiling of the great dome.

“What did you see?” she asked, before looking away from the window to him. He looked back out, pressed the back of his hand against the glass. Another surprise – he was never without the gloves, after the test suit debacle with Rei before the Angel Sachiel had arrived.

“Things have changed down here,” he said at last, so long between her question and his response that Ritsuko thought he hadn't heard her. He pressed his scarred palm against the glass, looking at the fog limning his handprint. “And I never noticed.”

Laconic, yes, but still an answer. This was not the Commander she'd known since she was a teenager. He didn't smell of any liquor, or any other drug. What had gotten into him?

“You notice everything, you've got to justify the budget to the Committee, don't you?” Ritsuko replied, trying to steer things back to topics she knew. If she could do that, she could get rid of this feeling of standing on a tightrope, not knowing whether to go forward or back.

His eyes glanced over at her, and the slightest hint of a smile appeared at the corner of his mouth. “I could have a line by line budget for everything in the Geofront, and it wouldn't understand what goes on here.”

The strangeness was unbearable. What was going on? She had come here to look for quick companionship, too horny after what she'd seen her best friend do. But was a quick lay the only thing she wanted from Gendo? She could remember seeing Shinji for the first time, and how badly she had had to fight the urge to tell him she was his father's girlfriend. Girlfriend? Hadn't she wanted more than that?

Hadin't her mother wanted more than that?

But to dig deeper, to ask what was clearly bothering him, did she have the right?

“We've been using each other, Ritsuko,” Gendo said, his eyes piercing into her. She wanted to leave, but she felt his eyes like it was the first time she'd met him. She felt like a young woman again.

“Is that wrong?” she asked, her voice shaky despite her attempt to keep it steady. She felt like she was seeing the outline to a maze, and being expected to solve it. How to navigate the dead ends? But even as she felt confused and repelled, she felt drawn. Had her mother seen this? Had Yui? They must have. Three women interested in the same man, they must have seen something similar in him.

Gendo approached Ritsuko, and ran his burned palm across her cheek. “The Scrolls were wrong. I can't see what tomorrow will bring anymore.”

“I don't care,” Ritsuko said, and she kissed Gendo as she took his hand in hers. She kissed him not like she had dozens of times before, but as if meeting him for the first time. Something had changed in him, alright. She didn't know what it was, but she wanted to see it.
He kissed back, a departure from his usual mode. Lifting Ritsuko, Gendo carried her into his private room attached to the office.

It was tiny, nothing more than a convenience when he was there too late to really leave. But the bed was big enough. Ritsuko panted into Gendo's ear, feeling his erection pushing at her panties through his pants. Her hands clawed at the back of his jacket. She felt like this was the first time they'd ever actually been this close to each other – as if all the other occasions had been different people.

Ritsuko tore open her own jacket, letting her flesh-colored bra out. Gendo's hands caressed them, running over them before helping her step out of her skirt and panties. Nude in front of Gendo, Ritsuko was taken by the sensation that he was seeing her for the first time. Before she could blush and stammer, he had lost his clothes, and he pushed her to lay down on the bed.

Spreading her legs, Gendo noticed the arousal in Ritsuko's pussy. “Good,” he murmured to himself. Shinji had gotten his endowment from his father, Ritsuko knew that much. Gendo pressed the hard head against her clitoris, making her groan.

“Don't play with me, please,” she asked. The fire in her was raging.

Gendo wetted his head at her drooling entrance as best he could, and with a swift, business-like thrust, buried his shaft into Ritsuko's body. Ritsuko arched her back, her mouth open and moaning. It was similar to what they did so many times before, but each movement felt freighted with a new awareness of the other.

Ritsuko splayed her legs further, to give Gendo a better reach into her depths. He took the hint and, grabbing Ritsuko's legs, pushed them towards her head. “Ohhhhhh!” Ritsuko let out, her legs framing her view of Gendo. Her muscles weren't totally used to the stretching, and she could feel a burn begin in her muscles. But she wanted this. She could feel Gendo's cock splitting her, harder than she'd ever felt it before. He actually wanted her. And she wanted him.

His thrusts made her lose all control over her voice. “Nnnaahh! Yes! Yes! There! Ohh!” her voice accompanied him each time he battered at the entrance to her womb with his ram.

Gendo touched at her face again, his thumb running over her lips. Ritsuko gladly took it in her mouth, and began gently sucking and licking at it, biting down softly to encourage him when he hit a part of her tunnel she liked. He crooked his hips, and Ritsuko's eyes snapped open as she moaned around the thumb.

Having told Misato the danger of Shinji's sperm, Ritsuko realized that the young man probably had gotten a head start on sperm count because of his father, even before the LCL had gotten to him. And yet here she was, letting the older man plow into her, without any protection on his part. The packet of five condoms she had brought had been left, unopened and uncared for, still in Ritsuko's jacket.

They both knew it. They were both Metaphysical Biologists, they knew how reproduction occurred. But neither wanted to be the one to introduce a barrier. Not now, not at this strange new beginning they were both experiencing.

Gendo's face contorted in effort, and Ritsuko knew it was too late anyway. His hot seed spurted out of his tip, Ritsuko's body feeling each rope as it traveled down his cock. The first few spurts shot against Ritsuko's cervix, splattering the entrance to her womb in the sticky white stuff. But Gendo
didn't keep his cock there. He pulled himself out of Ritsuko before he was done, and he fired several fat globules of sperm onto Ritsuko's face and tits, catching her in the eye with one.

“Inside, please!” she begged, letting voice something deep inside of her, a need she couldn't articulate.

Gendo heard and listened. He was able to get the head of his dick back into Ritsuko's tunnel, spraying the last bit of his jizz into her, giving her a creampie like she'd never felt before.

The two collapsed onto the bed next to each other. Ritsuko felt the semen in her sloshing around, some of it slowly seeping out of her onto the sheets.

She didn't know what tomorrow was going to bring either, but she wanted to see it, now.

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Misato woke up, all the open windows in the apartment letting in the much too loud symphony of bird songs from outside. She felt a deep, untouched sense of satisfaction that morning. Part of it was waking up with two gangly arms around her, spooning her almost halfway successfully.

But beyond the arms and the torso hugging her back, Misato felt another friend at work. Between her ass cheeks, Shinji's dick had a full-on case of morning wood. It poked and prodded at her melonous orbs, as if Shinji was attempting to have more fun with her while still sleeping.

Well, she decided in her mind, it wouldn't hurt if she had some fun with him, right? She squeezed her cheeks tight together, catching Shinji's dick between them. She scooched her ass back and forth, gripping his length and dragging his skin up and down. She felt the grunts coming from Shinji's chest into her back, felt his breath on the back of her neck, and figured she'd made someone's dreams a little better.

Gently disentangling herself from Shinji's arms, Misato got to her feet and stretched. Shinji was still fast asleep, and Misato smiled. He had done a lot of work that night! She looked down at her body to assess the damage. On her belly, breasts, and crotch, dried cum stuck to her skin. Her pussy, red and a little uncomfortable from the pounding she'd received, still leaked a little bit of wet sperm down her thighs, courtesy of the many loads Shinji had poured into her body. She could still feel the weight of his swimmers, stuck inside her womb.

Her eggs wouldn't stand a chance.

Leaning down, Misato kissed Shinji on the lips, and then gave his cock another parting peck. She felt alive and energetic. Her hips were sore, but that would go away with time. She was just happy at that moment, and nothing could really bring her down. She practically skipped to the kitchen.

Shinji woke up to the smell of breakfast cooking, and he mumbled a few words. He noticed Misato wasn't in bed anymore, and figured things out, a little more slowly than usual. He was very tired. But he was also very happy. Pushing himself to unsteady feet, Shinji heard humming in the kitchen, and decided he didn't need clothes at that moment.

He glided along, walking on clouds, and he smiled upon seeing Misato. She was singing to herself, still nude as she made the simplest breakfast she could. She shook and shimmied her butt, throwing her hips left and right.

Misato felt Shinji’s arms wrap around her, and a familiar dick pressed up between her ass cheeks, pointing up. “Mmm hmmm hmmm!” she noise, pulling Shinji's hands from her stomach to her breasts,
letting him toy with her nipples. “Good morning, mister!”

“Morning, Misato,” he replied, letting her back and forth motion carry him with her. He loved the feeling of her ass against his cock, he hadn't realized how soft the could be. Even after the night they'd shared, Shinji realized there was still so much he didn't know about Misato, and how much he wanted to know all of it.

“I wanted to thank you for your hard work last night, so I thought I'd try breakfast,” Misato said, looking over her counter top. “Maybe we'll do brunch today,” she laughed.

Shinji hadn't really heard what Misato had said, engrossed in the left-right-left-right circles of her hips. His morning wood stiff as a board, he couldn't help himself but begin thrusting between her ass.

“Misato… do you mind?” he asked, kissing her shoulderblades. Misato smiled, and turned off the stove top heaters.

On her knees, Misato cooed before Shinji's dick. She puckered her lips and kissed his head with a loud “mwah!” Shinji groaned.

“Please, Misato!”

Misato took the head into her mouth. But instead of shoving it as far down her throat as she could take it, Misato played with her tongue. She circled the head several times, then reversed the action. Then she opened her jaw as much as she could, and pressed the head into her cheek from the inside. She could feel the flecks of smegma scrape against the ridges and valleys of her teeth, to slip into the cracks and leak their oily cargo into Misato's mouth.

Thoroughly loading her teeth with smegma on the right, Misato switched to the left. She felt like she was using Shinji's cock as a toothbrush, not to clean her teeth this time, but to clean his cock. She made sure to show how far Shinji's cock pushed her cheek out to him, making her look like a greedy chipmunk with too many nuts in its mouth. She rubbed at the head through her cheek, her fingers squeezing it and massaging.

“Uh-aahh!” Shinji moaned, shaking. He came faster than expected.

Misato felt the ejaculation spill into her mouth. Cum filled it, swirling around her teeth, as she swallowed. Not as large as his spurts the night before, but still significant. When he was done, she cleaned his cock of all the last bits, and left it clean and slick with her spit.

She ran her tongue over her teeth, feeling the crud still stuck in them. “Ah, Shinji… I'm going to have your cum on my breath all day long now! What if someone notices?” she asked with mock worry in her voice.

She was about to suggest getting into the bath to “clean”, when her phone began buzzing. She saw a text from Ritsuko, and her eyes widened.

“Uh oh!” she said, “we better hurry, so no playtime just yet!”

“The sample was, uhhh,” Ritsuko tried to explain to Shinji why he had to give another sample to her so soon after the last one, “it was a little contaminated.” She couldn't tell the young man that she'd seen her best friend had downed the entire cup, then licked the last bits of it from the insides. She knew there were things going on between the two, but she had no idea how far they'd gone.
Ritsuko was a little light-headed that morning. Gendo had not let her have much time to relax after cumming the first time. He'd been back at it much sooner than she'd thought. But she tried to keep her awkward, stiff walking hidden from everyone. Especially Maya.

She was glad that Shinji had gotten here on time, but where was Misato? The pair entered the examination room, and Ritsuko handed Shinji another large sample cup. She motioned to the stall – he knew the drill by now. She sat down at the bench, holding her chin in her hand, wondering where Misato was.

Shinji held the cup, and opened the stall door. Misato sat on the toilet in front of him, nude except for one of Ritsuko's spare lab coats. He looked up and down, and his mouth fell open. What was she doing?! Did she not realize Ritsuko was still in the room? She put a finger to her mouth to keep him quiet, and took the sample cup from his hand.

Undoing his belt and zipper, Misato took Shinji's hardening erection in her hands and squeezed it between her breasts. He felt the squishy flesh conform around his cock, and let out a long, heavy breath. He knew on some level that this kind of relationship with Misato might get them into trouble if it was found out, but that wouldn't stop him from loving her. It was going to be difficult to keep quiet, but he was going to do his damnedest.

Grabbing a container of lube from behind Shinji, Misato squeezed out a generous portion between her breasts and on Shinji's cock, the cool liquid scintillating on their hot skin. She quickly rubbed the stuff all over his length, and coated her breasts with it. Now his cock slid and slipped on her skin. Pressing her breasts together with her hands, Misato began bouncing her tits up and down Shinji's cock. She did the whole length, letting his tip press against her lips as her stiff nipples teased at his balls.

Shinji's breathing grew more labored. He grabbed the bars on either side of the stall and held on as tight as he could. The schlip-slap-schlip sound of their lubricated skin moving against one another filled his ears. "Ohh, Misato… I love your breasts…” he said.

Ritsuko heard the voice, and crossed her legs. The young man needed a girlfriend, that was for sure. But definitely not Misato. Maybe she'd warn him off of her at some point, tell her all about what she was like in college, how she'd spent an entire week in bed with a man named Kaji. There were plenty of girls his age, he didn't need to disappoint himself by going after Misato.

A part of her was going to add: and screw with the chain of command. But considering the load she currently held in her belly, to cast aspersions on anyone else engaged in fraternization was hypocrisy of the basest sort.

Misato's tongue flicked out, licking at Shinji's precum each time his cock hit her mouth. She would pop his cock into her mouth for just a second at the apogee of each stroke of her tits, then let the wet tip come out into the cool air of the exam room. "I'm cumming Misato!” Shinji yelled, loud enough to shock Ritsuko.

The flood was beyond Misato's expectations. In an instant her mouth was filled up, as if she'd put her mouth on a hose and cranked it open. Her throat began a mighty effort to drain it all as quickly as possible, but it was too much for Misato, try as she might. Shinji, his erotic senses on the edge from the worry about being caught, knew it was too much for her. He pulled his cock out of her lips, and painted her face with a thick bukkake.
Drenched in his sperm, Misato's face looked like she'd had a whole container of cream dumped over her head. With one eye uncovered in sperm, Misato winked at Shinji. Before he could stop her, she got to her feet and opened the stall door.

“Mi-Misato!” Shinji yelled, his heart stopped.

Ritsuko turned at the sound, and saw Misato. A dozen emotions played across her face all at once, as she made connections. Misato and Shinji! Sexual relationship!

Too confused to speak, Ritsuko could only watch as Misato held the sample cup under her mouth. She opened her mouth, and a waterfall of Shinji's cum fell out of her mouth, to fill the plastic container. Ritsuko watched it, and felt that she'd been insufficiently strong with Gendo the night before.

Shinji watched it too, how Misato's tongue swished in her mouth to dig out the last bits of cum, letting it spill past her lips, the strands dangling in the air. She giggled, finished, and Shinji couldn't take it anymore. He pulled her back into the cubicle, and bent her over the toilet.

Ritsuko heard her friend let out a pleasant lowing, from the bottom of her chest. “This is contaminated now, too!” she yelled at the couple.
Chapter 5

Hikari had to narrow her eyes to shield herself from the bright sun, even beyond the protection afforded her by her wide-brimmed hat. Above her the sky was a beautiful blue, without a cloud in the sky, but a few airplanes screamed as they took off into the wild blue yonder. Around her, the other students of her class were already pointing off into the distance, their excitement about the sea being so close infectious.

“Hey! Don't run around, we still need to get our passes!” Hikari yelled in her most authoritative voice. “That means you, Suzuhara!”

Toji stopped mid-step, glancing over his shoulder to smile at Hikari and acknowledge her order.

Hikari tried not to smile. It had only been a few weeks ago that Shinji and Kodama had convinced Hikari to start opening up a little to Toji, and already their rocky relationship had steadied to a very generous rapport between the two. Hikari especially delighted in seeing Toji wolf down her cooking during lunch, and then compliment her on it. But though she understood the big lug’s behavior a little better now, she still had to treat him the way she did other students. It wouldn't do for the class to think their representative would go for favoritism.

Okinawa was still undergoing post-Impact clean up, and access to the new beaches was carefully controlled. That the class was even being allowed on this trip was a huge privilege, and Hikari had done her best to impress on the other students just how great it was.

Hefting her bag, she counted everyone coming out of the plane, and got the right number. The right one minus two, that was. Shinji and Rei were still in Tokyo-3, their duties as NERV pilots leaving them unable to take a vacation like this. Hikari blushed as she thought about what Shinji might be doing right then, as memories of a fortnight before filled her mind…

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“He couldn't be!” Hikari gasped at Kodama's conclusion. Her older sister was laying on her back on Hikari's bed, her bra-less breasts sagging to the sides under her tank-top. Her head lay over the edge of the bed, hanging down with her waterfall of brown hair below, looking simultaneously up and down at Hikari, standing outside her closet.

“It's the only explanation!” Kodama shot back, groping blindly for the open packet of potato chips with one hand. She grabbed one and popped it into her mouth. “She was on the market before, and now she isn't. He was on the market before, and now he isn't. They live together. You've even said it to me! 'That Shinji is looking mighty pleased with himself at school these days'!”

Hikari blushed bright red, and turned her back on her sister. She swished through the hanging clothes in her closet, looking for the best outfits she could bring to Okinawa. But as she held them up, she felt disconsolate about them – her sundress was colored like a watermelon, and while she had felt particularly melon-y that summer three years ago, she didn't anymore.

“But… she's twice his age?!” Hikari moaned. It was too much of a jump. Sure, maybe Misato might tease the boys, like she did when she came for the parent meetings, but actually having a relationship with one… and Shinji at that? Another dress went up in front of her mirror, and was thrown back into the depths, being too pink.

Kodama crunched down on another chip. “So she knows what she likes! Look, you've kissed him
Hikari pulled her mouth into a thin line. She did still think fondly on that kiss, but now in her dreams it was Toji doing it with her. “I don’t… I don’t think he’s like that, Kodama. To be honest, if he’s actually doing it with Ms. Katsuragi… I bet he's very gentle.” Her swimsuits were even worse, in her opinion, her last personal purchase being a bright yellow ensemble with orange frills and little animal characters printed on it. She hung her head in despair. Had she really thought like a kid not that long ago?

Hikari checked herself again in her mirror. She'd definitely grown in the past few months. She was definitely far behind Misato, or even Kodama, especially when it came to her breasts, but she was starting to fill out well. Her school one-piece swimsuit was beginning to dig into her in tight and uncomfortable ways when she wore it. She sighed loudly.

“No luck, huh?” Kodama asked, her words half-obscured by her loud crunching and chewing of the last pile of bits and pieces from the bottom of the bag.

Hikari shook her head. “I guess I'm headed to the mall,” she said, grabbing her purse from her desk and throwing it over her shoulder. “I don't know when Dad gets back today, but he's been pretty early this week, so I don't know what's happening for dinne-bwah!” She was stopped from leaving her room by Kodama standing right in front of her.

Kodama's eyes were shining. “You weren't going to leave your Big Sis alone while you went out, were you?” Hikari's chin was just above Kodama’s nipples, which poked slightly out at the thin tank-top.

“Uuuuhhhhhmmm,” Hikari tried to think of something to say. She knew she needed a new wardrobe. But if her sister came along, “new wardrobe” would morph into “sexy wardrobe,” and Hikari was unsure she could handle that.

Kodama leaned over Hikari, smiling deviously. “As your older sister, it is my duty to ensure that you blossom into the world of adulthood as wonderfully and beautifully as only you can do, Hikari-chan!”

Hikari leaned back. “UUHHHHHHHMMM.”

“It'll be fun!”

Kodama grabbed her sister's hand, and before Hikari could object, the two were flying out the door, heading to downtown Tokyo-3.

On the train ride, Kodama intently studied one of the fashion catalogs she'd gotten, pointing things out to Hikari she thought would flatter her sister's strengths. By the time they got off the station, Hikari was swimming in visions of herself in a dozen dozen different outfits. “Don't worry, the mall will have even more!” Kodama assured Hikari.

Tokyo-3, being a fortress city, couldn't afford to spread out the buildings that had been designed to retract into the Geofront. So when it came to malls, the largest was actually vertical, set into the skyscraper on block D-4, taking up more than 40 floors. Mitsubashi, the major department store, took 3.

Kodama took Hikari into the swimsuit section, and the sisters spent a lot of time wrangling over what
was best, or even “appropriate for a school event.” Kodama said that Hikari was being too conservative, Hikari thought Kodama didn't realize this trip of hers wasn't a college getaway.

Throwing another racy pair onto the rack, Hikari was about to lay into Kodama when she saw a familiar pair of faces walking through the department store.

“Shinji? Ms. Katsuragi?” she tentatively called out.

Shinji heard his name and stopped instantly, turning around to see Hikari and Kodama. He waved at them, not noticing the relief on Hikari's face, who came over to them, with Kodama slinking in behind her.

“Oh, hey Hikari!” Shinji replied. “Misato, you remember Hikari, right? One of my classmates. This is her sister, Kodama.”

“I sure do remember,” Misato said, though her memory of the girl was from security briefings. In her tight black dress without her jacket, Misato practically glowed. She shook Kodama's hand, and noticed the look in the slightly younger woman's eyes. Misato knew it well, it was how she looked in college – always on the prowl, always on the hunt for a new partner.

Kodama waved to Shinji and went in for a hug, crushing him deliberately against her chest. “It's good to see you again, Shin-chan!” She saw the response that instantly came to Misato's face – the flaring pride, but also the recognition between the two. Kodama knew instantly that she'd been correct about the relationship between the young man and his older “roommate,” and had to see how they were around each other.

“Ah, hi Kodama,” Shinji spoke, dazed. Misato threw her arm over his shoulder and crushed his cheek against her breast. It took all of his willpower not to lean in and bite at her nipple through her dress.

“So what brings you two here today?” Misato asked.

“Well,” Hikari said, “we've got the Okinawa trip, and I figured I needed to get a new swimsuit at the very least.” As the words came out of her mouth, she remembered how Shinji couldn't go, and felt like an ass.

Shinji, for his part, was disappointed he couldn't go. He was sure Kensuke and Toji would be bragging about it for weeks after, hugely exaggerating all their stories and accomplishments, and not being able to deflate their egos was probably going to be the worst part about missing the trip.

Misato saw the reaction in Shinji's eyes, and hugged him closer to her. “Don't you worry Shinji! I'll make sure you get a private ‘Eva pilot vacation'!” When Shinji looked up at her quizzically, she winked at him. He smiled widely as he began to understand.

“Well, if you're looking for swimwear, there's a special store for it a few floors up, maybe we could all go together?” Misato ventured. “It's been a few years since I bought a bikini, I should probably join you and get a new one, Hikari!”

Kodama had heard the tone of voice in Misato's offer to Shinji, and she nearly gasped out loud at it. This woman was her hero! She was so… so brazen! Misato wasn't advertising that she was fucking the young man's brains out, but she was sure as hell leaving enough bread crumbs for anyone paying attention to figure it out! Kodama definitely wanted to spend time with this Katsuragi woman.
The four got into the elevator, and Kodama and Hikari instantly noticed how Misato stood in front of Shinji. They watched as she leaned down unnecessarily to press the floor button, pressing her ass against Shinji's body, Hikari trying not to watch, Kodama mentally taking notes. Shinji, for his part, acted heroically and didn't rip off Misato's panties and pound her in full view of his classmate and her sister.

The elevator began to rise, Kodama with her back to the side wall watching the two lovebirds, Hikari keeping her eyes straight forward on the door, and Misato trying to pass off pressing Shinji against the back wall with her ass as something totally normal. A ding interrupted them, and the doors opened to let in a rush of people, squeezing into the elevator like sardines.

The elevator slowly continued its way up, and Kodama noticed as Misato's head began falling. She wasn't bending over, but her knees were bending, bringing her ass right against Shinji's crotch. Kodama licked her lips as she saw Shinji react, ever so slightly swinging his hips forward in a rhythm. She glanced about, but it didn't seem as though any others in the crowded elevator noticed.

A few more floors up, and another ding meant they had hit the first of the restaurant levels. As most of the people flooded out, leaving only a few with Kodama and the others, Misato and Shinji didn't have the cover to hide their public tryst. But Kodama could see Shinji's hand pinch at Misato's ass under her dress one last time. More than that, she could see how big the bulge in his pants had gotten, and the sight made her pussy ache. What a cock he had!

Reaching the swimwear store, Hikari threw herself into finding something both appropriate and stylish for her trip. But looking through the various lines and styles, Misato and Kodama looked at each other, then glanced at Shinji. An unspoken agreement had been reached by the two – in this situation, they would work together to tease Shinji as much as humanly possible. They began picking armfuls of the best suits they could find.

“Wait right here, ok?” Misato told Shinji, seating him in front of the dressing rooms. Shinji was suspicious – he'd noticed that something seemed to be up between Kodama and Misato, and he didn't like that one bit. He had to cross his legs to hide his still-stiff erection, and he silently cursed himself for letting Misato pull him out the door before he'd been able to pour a load into her womb that morning. He'd have felt far more comfortable and less pent-up, his balls less eager to blow their load everywhere at the slightest provocation, but he realized that was probably intentional on Misato's part.

He closed his eyes, and leaned his head against the wall behind him. In this little offshoot from the main room of the store, he could barely hear Hikari muttering to herself about what would be best. He smiled – Toji was head over heels for her, and she didn't know it yet. Shinji had tried his best to assure Toji that it wasn't all a joke on him, that he should just go for it, but his friend was just a little too stubborn for his own good. He couldn't quite believe that a gal as great as Hikari would actually be interested in him. Well, Shinji thought, he'd realize it soon enough.

“So, thoughts?” came Kodama's voice, snapping Shinji out of his reverie. He opened his mouth to respond, but as soon as he got a glance at Kodama, his mouth hung open, silent. Kodama stood, back pressed against the frame of the entry into the changing stalls. She wore a red two-piece which, from the side, barely covered her lightly tanned skin. Kodama turned, showing Shinji the front. In the middle of the red band that encircled her chest, an oval had been cut out between her breasts. More than that, the band didn't cover her breasts all the way, letting the bottom of them spill out from the material. The bottom half was tiny, a high-legged piece that went from deep between her ass cheeks to cover her pussy, before swooping up over her hips and going around.
“That’s…. uh, that’s…” Shinji stammered. He didn't know where his eyes should rest. Memories of how Kodama had kissed him before slammed to the front of his mind's eye, and fantasies began to proliferate wildly.

Kodama approached Shinji, one foot in front of the other, slowly swinging her hips. She bent down, bringing her face mere inches from his, and licked her lips. “It's what, Shinji?” she breathed, whispering like they were in a bedroom. “You can tell me. You can tell me everything that's on your mind right now, you know – I want you to be totally honest with me.”

“It's very nice,” he squeaked, sitting as stiff as a board. Kodama's hands pressed against his knees, and she brought her nose to touch against his.

“Is that everything?” Kodama moved her hand up Shinji's leg, creeping closer to the thick log she could see inside his pants.

Before she could touch it, a hand shot out and slapped at Kodama's ass. Kodama shot up straight with a yelp, rubbing the bright red palm print on her skin. Misato gave Kodama an eye, then motioned back to the stalls. “Looks good, but why stop there? I'll occupy him, don't worry!”

Shinji blinked a few times, then let out an oof as Misato sat on his lap, throwing her arms around his neck. She wore a tiny white bikini, the top barely large enough to cover her areolae, and intricately laced and almost see-through. The bottom was so low Shinji could see some of her pubic hairs poking up over the top of it.

Misato nuzzled against Shinji, pressing her mouth against his neck and kissing him. Shinji looked around to make sure they were alone, and slid his fingers under the top to pinch at one of Misato's nipples quickly. She sucked in a breath, and nipped at Shinji's neck. “You naughty boy, thinking about Kodama,” she whispered. She licked at Shinji's ear. “You're my boy, not hers. Don't you forget that.”

Shinji smiled. “I won't, don't worry,” he reassured her. As he did, Misato got up from his lap and twirled around, giving him a view from all sides. She stopped in a pose, looking over her shoulder, arms folded under her breasts and pushing them up, blowing a kiss at Shinji. Shinji had to take a few deep breaths to keep himself patient. He was going to make Misato reward him for this teasing, and she was going to scream for it.

“I think you look gorgeous in nothing at all, but this looks good too,” Shinji said. Misato smiled and winked at him.

“What a smooth talker this boy is!” Kodama said. This time she was in a green sling bikini, so thin that he could see her dark pink areolae spill out from under the slings. Kodama took Misato's hand and spun her around, before going back to back with her. “So what do you think, Shinji? Think we could hit the beach?”

Shinji laughed. “I think you'd kill every guy from blood loss. And then you'd have to fight their girlfriends!”

“Even with this grandma here?” Kodama asked in a faux-question, jabbing her elbow into Misato's side.

“I've had my fair share of turned heads,” Misato started, “but that doesn't mean I wouldn't mind
getting my unfair share from a kitten like you!"

Kodama laughed, spinning around and bringing Misato into a hug, mashing her breasts into Misato's. “You've got a lovely chest, Ms. Katsuragi. You must have someone to massage it daily.”

Misato smiled. She could feel the stiffness of Kodama's nipples press against her own, and it took her a moment's thinking to not play with her further in front of Shinji. “I'm glad you noticed, Kodama. It can be hard to keep the hands off sometimes, but I live with it.”

The two women were rudely shoved away from Shinji by Hikari, who pushed them back into the changing rooms. “YES, I'M SURE THERE ARE BETTER SWIMSUITS THAT EXIST,” she said, keeping her head down to hide her full-face blush. Misato waved at Shinji as she was corralled back inside.

After a few more minutes, Hikari decided they were done there. She grabbed herself a nice white one-piece, with wide cross-hatches in the back, to show off her graceful lines. The bikinis she tried on, though tempting, were too embarrassing in the end. Kodama and Misato, on the other hand, got a handful of the most scandalous items.

After the swimwear store, the group hit up a burger place to get some lunch. Shinji, gallantly volunteered by Misato to carry everything, held their bags in stoic silence at the table. Sitting in the corner, maneuvered there by Misato, he munched on a fry when he felt a hand on his thigh from Misato, sitting next to him.

She and Kodama were chatting, and Hikari was paying more attention to sipping on her drink than the lascivious point scoring Kodama and Misato were making on one another. Kodama made sure to imply how much fun she had at college, and how sure she was Misato had a similar experience, even in the more austere years just after Second Impact. Not wanting to make Shinji jealous, Misato was somewhat demure about her past conquests, and spent more time mentioning how lively her bed was nowadays.

As she did so, Misato rubbed her hand on Shinji's cock through his pants. He stiffened, sending a searching glance towards her, but she didn't give away the game. Kodama noticed Misato's arm was at a strange angle, pointing towards Shinji's crotch, and smiled.

The two continued speaking, and Misato's hand squeezed at Shinji's stiffening cock, pressing her palm along his length. Quietly, and very skillfully, she undid his zipper and reached into his pants to pull his dick out. Her palm felt cool against his raging erection, and Shinji felt like anyone could see what Misato was doing, if they bothered to look their way – the tables weren't that low to the ground. But heedless of any fear of being found out, Misato slowly stroked her younger lover, taking care to put pressure in her strokes when she reached the base of his shaft, and to tickle at the bottom of his glans.

Kodama watched the two with interest. She was eagerly cataloging in her mind all their escapades, and had decided that she was going to be just as forward with her next man. But even as she thought that, she couldn't help but wonder how they were behind closed doors. Was he sweet and tender with her? Or did he pound her like she was a street whore? Did it have to be one or the other?

Shinji took a bite out of his burger, and closed his eyes. He could feel himself about to blow. Kodama noticed it too.

“So Hikari, when are you going to bed that Suzuhara boy?” she asked, the very picture of innocence.
Hikari reacted as could be expected – sputtering, embarrassed, hitting her sister's shoulder. But it was enough to distract her.

Misato slipped her empty cup under the table, and Shinji let out a quick grunt as he came. Thick, heavy cum erupted from his cock, spraying into the cup, the hot cum quickly melting the remaining bits of ice at the bottom.

Hikari noticed the grunt, and glanced at Shinji. “Are you alright, Shinji? You look red!”

Shinji protested his health, as Misato stealthily brought her cup back up from under the table, and gently pushed it over to Kodama’s side of the table. Misato brought her hand to Shinji's forehead, and gasped theatrically. “Shinji! You're starting to get a fever. We need to get you home before you come down with something even worse!”

Nodding his head slowly as he realized what was happening, Shinji surreptitiously got his dick back into his pants, and with assurances made to Hikari that he'd do his best to rest, he and Misato nearly ran off.

Shinji noticed the lack of a cup in Misato's hand. “Were you already done?” he asked, trying to hide his still decent erection from view with the bag of Misato's swimsuits. Misato just winked at him.

Watching Shinji shuffle away from behind, Kodama licked her lips as she took the cup that Misato had so generously given to her. Taking the straw in her mouth, she sucked as hard as she could, before the cum, with the consistency of jelly, began to slide up. The smell hit her first, but then the flavor exploded as it touched the tip of her tongue, sending Kodama’s head reeling. She filled her mouth, playing with the chunks of smegma in the stuff, before swallowing.

Misato was a damn lucky woman, if she got to drink that every day, Kodama thought.

“When did you get a milk shake?” Hikari asked, before her nose wrinkled. “And what's that smell?”

A few days before the trip, Misato was sitting in her office, checking schedules. NERV held a host of facilities for its workers, and that included a series of Olympic-sized pools, good enough for anything the vast majority of people wanted out of one. The idea had come to Misato after hearing about the trip, but now she was finding it somewhat tricky to pull off. She found an empty slot in the schedule, and blocked it off for herself. “Official pilot training:” it said – “diving.”

Misato smiled, then adjusted her butt on her chair. The young man had certainly done some diving in her the night before, the tendons of her pelvis were still sore. She reached under her skirt to massage at the muscles of her legs, thinking about getting Shinji a gift card to massage lessons. He could stand to learn to help her recover from what he put her through, no matter how much it was she who egged him on to greater and rougher heights.

Tapping a pen against her lips, she looked at the pool again in her computer screen. Keeping the rank and file out of the pool for some secretive fun was easy enough, but it wasn't they whom Misato was pondering about what to do with – it was a certain dyed-blond scientist who'd finally seen through Misato and Shinji's ingenious ways of keeping their relationship a secret.

They'd done so well! Sure, they'd have a quickie in the shower, or Misato would blow Shinji before his sync test, but no one else had noticed those. But they'd finally crossed a line.

Misato heard the door click closed, and she smiled. “You're early,” she said to Shinji as he leaned
over her shoulder and kissed her, sending his tongue in to lick at hers once.

“I wanted to see you before I left for home,” he said, sitting on the edge of Misato's desk. Misato saw the bulge in his pants and purred.

“Mmmhmmm, I'm sure that's all you wanted…” she said.

“I thought maybe you'd want something from me before I left as well,” Shinji said with a shrug and a smile.

Misato licked her lips. Looking over the paperwork in front of her, she figured she could do it another time. Without the Angels attacking, pretty much everything related to authorizations and repairs went by much more smoothly, barely needing her input anymore.

“I have an idea,” she said, before standing up, still taller than Shinji. She sat him on her chair, and very slowly reached under her dress to pull down her purple panties, sliding them off her leg and letting them drop on Shinji's lap. Sitting on the desk in front of him, Misato spread her legs, her dress hiked up over her ass and revealing her pussy. Misato motioned Shinji forward with her fingers. “Come on!”

Shinji took the hint, and pulled himself forward to latch his mouth on Misato's cunt, and bury his nose in her dark hair. He pushed Misato's legs even further apart, and spread her labia with his fingers to expose her hole, just starting to grow wet with arousal. Shinji pressed his tongue into the hole, sending it searching into Misato's tunnel, tasting her strong juices.

Misato hummed in her throat, throwing her legs around Shinji's back and pulling him in even tighter. “I think you can do better than that…” she breathed, already feeling her heart rate begin to rise.

For his part, Shinji didn't mind the situation facing him. He knew that Misato would reciprocate, and had done the same for him many times before. Unfolding and stretching her outer lips, rubbing them in his fingers, like strong and fleshy flower petals, Shinji took his tongue from Misato's tunnel and took her clitoris in his mouth. Misato hissed as his teeth fell on her hood, and let out a yelp as his tongue searched under the little bit of skin to poke at her sensitive button. Her legs tensed and dug into Shinji's back even harder with each moment.

“Yessss, that's very good, Shinji!” Misato moaned, her hands running through his dark hair. Her nails played at his scalp, messing up his (admittedly simple) hairdo. “You better not have been practicing with some tramp!”

Shinji teased at Misato's clit with his teeth, not gnawing but gently biting down to put pressure and squeeze that bundle of nerves. “Eeeek!” Misato nearly screamed, but before Shinji could pull away her warm, smooth thighs clamped around his head to keep him in place. She had to take a few deep breaths. “I like… the idea…” she gasped, “keep going. Harder!”

Shinji could hear Misato's heartbeat get faster and faster in her legs, and as his tongue played at her clit he sent fingers up below his vision to play with her tunnel entrance, sending them in, spreading her hole, finger-fucking Misato. As he did so, she began to breathe harder and faster.
Shinji shoved his fingers into Misato, up to his third knuckle, easy now with how wet she was. He pressed up, into her g-spot, and Misato squirmed and bit her lip, trying not to babble like an idiot. Her fingers dug into Shinji's scalp, holding his hair tightly. She was getting close, and could feel the ball in her womb about to explode.

Then there was a knock on the door.

For a split second, nothing but sheer terror filled the minds of both Misato and Shinji. Then the two went into action. Misato unhooked her legs around Shinji and, seeing there wouldn't be enough time to get her panties back on and clean herself up, fell off the desk and slid underneath it, pulling Shinji (in her chair) to try and hide her from whoever was there. Shinji quickly wiped at his mouth, shaking his head back and forth to get some fresh air in his lungs.

The door opened, and Ritsuko stepped in. “Misato, I-” she stopped when she saw Shinji. She looked around the office, glanced at the nameplate on the door, then back to Shinji. “This isn't your office, is it?”

“Uhh, no!” Shinji replied. “Just, ah, waiting for Misato to get back.”

“You know where she is?” Shinji opened his mouth to answer, but Ritsuko cut him off. “You know what, I don't want to know. It's probably something stupid or reckless. Maybe even both.”

Misato, hiding between Shinji's legs, pouted at Ritz's comment, but couldn't complain that it was terribly inaccurate. Sending a few fingers to rub her clit and try to keep herself aroused, Misato noticed the giant, throbbing erection that Shinji had been nursing while he'd been eating her out. Licking her lips, Misato figured she could pay Shinji back now – she could get him to finish what he'd started soon enough.

Shinji felt a chin press against his crotch, and a tug at his fly. Even as he realized what Misato was doing, he had to say something. “That's... a little unfair to her, don't you think?” Misato heard the qualifying 'little', and when Shinji's cock sprung out of his fly, she bit at his smegma-covered head, scraping off the dickcheese from under his foreskin with her front teeth.

Ritsuko gave Shinji a look of long resignation. “I know you live with Misato, but so did I, once upon a time. And yes, she's done crazy things as your commander, but I remember when she didn't even have those responsibilities to ground her.” As Misato's mouth engulfed his cock-head, it took all of Shinji's willpower not to start moaning. “She was definitely the hellion, back in college.”

“R-really?” Shinji cursed himself mentally for the stutter, but Ritsuko didn't seem to catch anything. Misato's fingers reached into his boxers and pulled out his balls so she could lick them like candy.

Ritsuko nodded. “Mmmhmm. You know she once disappeared for an entire week?” Ritsuko didn't necessarily look straight at Shinji, instead leaning against the wall and glancing at him from the side.

“You must have been worried,” he replied.

“Worried!” The word hit the ground like a slap, as if it had happened the day before, and not years earlier. “I was terrified!” Ritsuko stopped for a moment, then leaned back against the wall and took a deep breath before smiling, looking very different from the Doctor Akagi that Shinji usually dealt with. “But I had my fun with her too.” Rits stared into Shinji's eyes. “So what's she doing to you right now?”
Shinji fought the urge to freeze, even as he felt Misato's tongue wrap around his cock. “What do you mean?” he breathed out, his chest tight with worry.

“Just a fantasy, Shinji. I haven't been the only one to notice that you seem to have finally realized your roommater is a beautiful woman. Let's say she's under the desk right now. What's she doing to you?” Shinji kept his breathing as steady as he could. Had he really been that obvious? He and Misato would need to have a long talk about where and when they could have fun from now on.

“Misato…” he started, then he swallowed painfully. “She's… she's cleaning my foreskin.”

“Hrrmmm?” Ritsuko noised. “Certainly something you should do more often, good of her to help. How's she doing it?”

“She's using her tongue. She peeled back my foreskin and scraped the cheese off my glans, and now she's getting the rest of it with her tongue.” Even as Shinji said it, Misato finished off eating his smegma, swallowing it all into her stomach, a few stray pubic hairs stuck between her teeth.

“Eating it? Isn't that a bit of a slutty thing for her? Do you think Misato's a slut, Shinji?” Ritsuko said, her chest moving deeper up and down with each of her breaths.

Shinji nodded. “It's a fantasy, right? She's my slut right now, doing what I want.”

Ritsuko chuckled and shook her head. “That's right, that's right. You can have her do whatever you want, Shinji. What is she doing now?”

Shinji's hand gripped the edge of Misato's desk. “She's running her tongue over my balls. She pulled them out of my boxers, and now she's sucking!” The last syllable came out forced, but Shinji had to continue. “Suckign on them… Her lips feel amazing and soft. I even shiver when she uses her teeth.”

“Her teeth?” Ritsuko's voice was intrigued. “Why would she use her teeth, Shinji?”

“Probably because I used my teeth on her clit,” he responded without a beat.

Ritsuko laughed. “Yes! Yes, then I can see why she would want to retaliate. But Shinji, you're looking a little flushed? Maybe we should stop this little fantasy here?”

Shinji shook his head from side to side. “No, no! I'm fine! Right now,” he panted a few times, “now she's got my cock in her mouth, and she's sliding it in and out of her mouth. She's using her tongue to get my dick wet and slippery, so she can smoothly move her mouth up and down my shaft.” He took in a deep breath and closed his eyes. “And now… now she's deep-throating me. I can feel the back of her throat with my cock.”

“Are you going to cum soon, Shinji?”

“Yes! Very… very soon, if Misato keeps it up.” Shinji had to strain his voice to keep any semblance of control over it. He could feel his body tighten, like a wound spring begging to explode.

“Well,” Ritsuko said, “she's not allowed to swallow it. She can keep as much of it in her mouth as she can, but don't let her swallow it.”

“H-how do I…?” Shinji asked.
“It's your fantasy, Shinji! Order her to keep it in her mouth!”

Shinji's eyes darted down, below the lip of the desk, where he saw the raven-haired slut on her knees, fingering herself as she worked for his cum. “Misato! I'm going to cum. You're not allowed to swallow it until Doctor Akagi allows you too!” Misato buried his dick into her throat up to the hilt, and she glanced up to make eye contact with him, and he could practically see the hearts in her eyes.

That much trust and love in her was the tipping point for Shinji. His body kicked, and he felt the hot bolts of sperm fire from his tip to splatter the inside of Misato's throat. As she pulled his cock away from her throat and into her mouth, she let it fill up, making sure not to swallow any more than she couldn't avoid. But just as Shinji's cumshots overflowed the measuring cups, he filled up Misato's mouth beyond what she could hold. “Ggrlk! Kof!” Misato choked under the desk, loud enough for anyone in the room to hear, as cum poured out of her mouth and onto her dress.

Ritsuko heard the cum splatter on the tiled floor, and licked her lips. “Come on out, Misato,” she said after it had gone quiet.

Shinji wheeled back the chair from the desk, and Ritsuko stepped around the side to see Misato on her knees, shuffling out from underneath, her face covered in ropes and splotches of creamy semen. Her closed lips were colored white from the jizz. “Open your mouth,” Ritsuko ordered, and Misato did, showing her tongue swimming in a lake of baby batter. Ritsuko felt her pussy get wet at the sight.

Glancing at Shinji's dick, Ritsuko saw that he was still mostly hard, and his rod was covered in strands of spit and jizz mixed together, a few of the strongest strands still connected to Misato's face, bending down in the gap between the two. “Use your tongue,” Ritsuko said to Misato, “play with it.”

Misato obliged, her tongue diving in and out of the thick jizz. Her cheeks bulged and came back as she began chewing on the stuff deliberately, opening her mouth as wide as she could to give Ritz a good look at what was inside. She could see the flecks of smegma still clinging to Misato's gums over her teeth, and the thick and wiry pubic hairs that were lodged in the spaces between her teeth.

Shinji watched with a certain amount of awe, amazed that Misato would allow them to be found out this way in particular. He could see the bubbles forming in the cum, the new trails as bits spilled out of her lips to mix with the stuff already hardening on her skin, as the extra jizz dribbled down and dripped on her dress. Her hand was firmly set between her legs, the forearm tensing and relaxing in quick rhythm.

Ritsuko bit on the knuckle of her finger. She could smell the cum on her from where she was standing, and she could only imagine just how much more heady and intoxicating it must have felt for Misato, nearly drowning in it. Misato leaned her head back and gargled, thick drops of the cum plopping and clapping as the air bubbled out from her throat.

“Alright, you can swallow it now,” Ritsuko said, her throat far drier than it had been a few minutes before. Misato closed her mouth and strained her throat several times, bulges passing down her throat into her stomach. When she was done, she opened her mouth and Ahhed with pride for Shinji and Ritz. Shinji's dick swung up again, hard enough to hurt a little. Ritz saw it, and made a decision in her mind. Standing next to Shinji she grabbed his cock, making the young man nearly jump. “Come here, Misato,” she said.

Misato shuffled on her knees to back between Shinji's legs, her closed eyes covered in his cum. With
Shinji’s cock in her hand, Ritz used his tip to clean off Misato's face, wiping the jizz from her cheeks, chin, forehead, and eyes towards her mouth, where Misato sucked the goo into her stomach. Mostly clean, she opened her eyes, and winked at Ritz as she kissed the tip of Shinji's cock.

Ritsuko leaned down to Shinji’s ear, and whispered. “Make sure you fuck this slut as hard as you can. Make her scream your name. Mold her cunt to your cock’s shape, so she can only get off with you.” She patted him on the head, and almost skipped out the door, as Misato threw her lips around Shinji’s dick for round 2.

Ritsuko went straight for the Commander's office. The kid took after his old man, that was for sure.

“Suzuhara!” Hikari yelled out over the seaside, “there's a no trespassing sign right there! Don't tell me you can't read it!”

It was the class's second full day on Okinawa. The first had been spent traveling around the island, looking at sights of historical and current importance. Most people who had survived Second Impact had been evacuated from the islands, but the clean-up crews still lived here, and they needed recreation and time off in the small settlements that remained. But now, on their second day, the students were going to what had drawn them to Okinawa in the first place.

The beach was an artificial construction, a testbed to see if similar coastline reconstruction was worth it in different areas. With the hugely raised sea levels after Second Impact, it was practically impossible to find a beach that had the proper, pre-Impact look. The beach the class was on was about 500 feet long, the sand was pristine and perfect, a burning yellow that made the perfect blue of the sea that much more enticing.

Hikari, dressed in her white swimsuit with a colorful sarong tied at her waist, was very glad that she'd thought to get a number of huge umbrellas for the class to set up. A few of the girls were daring in skimpy suits, assuring that they were just tanning, nothing else, but Hikari didn't quite believe them. She didn't want to make a fuss, so she kept quiet, but she wanted to keep an eye on them. It wouldn't do for the class to come down with sunburns after all.

Under her watchful eye, to make sure he didn't run off where he wasn't supposed to, Toji helped set up the umbrellas, before flying off into the water with Kensuke in tow. Hikari watched him go, paying attention to the muscles of his back shifting and rippling as he moved and kicked a beach ball. She wondered (with a gentle twitch in her pussy) how they would feel under her hands, if they would be hard or soft. In her mind Kodama's admonition burned in her memory: “Just tell him you like him, kiss him, and then fuck him!”

It felt like too much of a stretch to make. Could she actually do that? If she did one, did she have to do all three? She wasn't opposed to it, but it was still uncharted territory. She had tried to confess to Toji the day before, when they had been alone looking at a surviving shrine, but had been unable to muster the courage for it.

The sea stretched out in front of the kids, into the west. In the distance, poking out of the water at strange angles, a few empty buildings, shattered and drowned in Second Impact and still remaining to be cleaned up, loomed. There were still plenty of abandoned places in Okinawa, and the government had plenty of work left to make it half as livable as it had been before, but as Hikari settled on the warm sand, she figured it was a good effort to make.

The class spent the day soaking in the rays. Hikari eventually decided to jump into the foaming
ocean and, unintentionally, hit Toji in the back of the head with a spiked volleyball she was trying to send to someone beyond him. Her heart had leapt into her throat, but he'd just laughed it off. Though not before dunking her under the water and forcing her to retaliate in turn.

Toji was having the time of his life, on his part. He felt bad that his pal Shinji couldn't be there, but he made sure to have enough fun for at least two people. Posing as a distraction for Hikari, he allowed Kensuke to escape the class rep's notice, in order for Kensuke to find some choice places for exploring. You never knew what might still be around in abandoned buildings, even after all the years that had passed.

But even as he kept up the appearance of belligerence with Hikari, he was truly excited to spend more time with her, especially private time. She looked stunning and womanly in her new suit, and when her head emerged from the sea, her hair flying as she threw her head back, he thought she looked truly beautiful. He didn't quite have the words or experience to put it like that to himself, but that was the emotion.

As the sun went down over the water, Hikari flopped down onto her towel, exhausted but happy. Aside from a few moments where she had to give The Look, her day had been surprisingly responsibility-free, and the feeling of having that load off her shoulders had been a huge relief. Turning over and sitting up, she watched the red sun slowly fall, only a few tendrils of clouds anywhere near it. A part of her wished she could stay here forever, but another part knew that she'd bring these memories with her back to Tokyo-3, and they'd be a source of relief even if she wasn't on the beach itself.

Toji fell onto his ass next to Hikari, spraying a bit of sand onto her, which stuck to her damp skin. Other students began to pick up their towels and bags around them, throwing them onto the bus that would take them back to their hotel. But for the moment Hikari and Toji just sat next to each other, their legs almost touching, remaining silent. Hikari wanted to say something, but as her eyes darted to the side to look at Toji, she saw he looked like he was deep in thought. She didn't want to disturb him, and so they sat there, until Hikari hit Toji's foot with her own.

It knocked Toji out of his reverie, and he smiled at Hikari with the warmth that she found so attractive. “Are you coming?” one of the students yelled at the beach from the bus. Hikari looked around, and saw that she and Toji were only two of a few people left on the beach.

“We'll be okay, we'll walk back!” Hikari replied, and the student nodded. She saw the surprised look in Toji's face.

“Thought ya wanted us all ta stick together on this trip so no one got lost?” he asked, thinking of the day before.

“Well, if you're with me, then you're not lost, right Suzuhara?” she smiled, hoping he didn't think she was being corny, but he only laughed and threw on his shirt. The bus honked its horn, but a few students decided not to get on, and it turned on its headlights in the twilight and began to drive back.

Toji got to his feet, brushed his still-damp butt of what sand he could, and offered Hikari his hand to pull her up. He looked around the beach before leaning in conspiratorially to Hikari. “Soo, uhh, Ken found something he said I should take a look at. Ya wanna come wit' me and check it out?”

Hikari blinked a few times. “You mean…” she found herself leaning in and whispering too, even though the nearest others were 60 feet away. “You mean trespassing?”
Toji grinned. “It ain't trespassing if there ain't no one around, huh?”

Hikari thought long and hard. If they walked straight back to the hotel, they'd get there late, but they could still grab some dinner. If they made this detour, how long would it be before they got back? They had a busy day tomorrow, and part of Hikari did want to make the most of it. “Will Kensuke be there?” she asked.

Toji shook his head. “Nah, he told me he found a downed plane, and he wanted to rummage through it. It'll be just… uhh… us.” The end of his sentence trailed off, as Toji seemed to realize what it actually meant for him to not have Kensuke along. He'd be alone with the girl of his dreams! A scenario both enticing and terrifying. He knew he couldn't screw this up, or it would hang over him forever.

“I'll go,” Hikari replied, satisfied that things would at least be tolerable if Kensuke weren't there.

Toji opened his mouth, ready to assure Hikari that things would be fine, that he was sure they wouldn't get caught, that the place was just empty, not dangerous, but closed it when he realized she'd agreed. “Oh! Then let's get going?”

Toji led the way, heading south along the shoreline, following the new, thin road as it followed the contours of the new, sudden, coast on their right. To their left, the empty hills quickly pulled up and away from the water, and Hikari realized that the hill they were passing by was probably half the height it had been before Second Impact. Away from the beach, the two could see more than a few decaying houses and other buildings rotting in the water, sometimes covered by the water, sometimes with just a discolored, half-broken roof jutting out. Hikari stayed close to Toji, both to feel his warmth in the night air (though it was still warm), and because she didn't want to trip and fall into the water.

Soon enough Toji pointed at a fenced area, with a few dark buildings inside. “There it is!” he said, grabbing Hikari's wrist and jogging closer. He pulled a flashlight out of his bag, and started walking around the fence.

“What is this place?” Hikari asked. She saw a sign on the ground, but it was too rusted-through to read.

“Ken thinks it was part of the old American base here,” Toji said, before quietly going “yes!” Where he pointed his light, Hikari could see the fence had been cut and pulled aside. Before she could ask further questions, Toji was already crawling through, and she followed, after taking a moment to worry.

Inside the fence, Toji made a beeline for the small squat building in front of them. Hikari had to speed up to make her way after him. “Toji!” she said, “slow down, slow down! It's a bit hard to run in sandals!”

Getting to the building, Toji mock-bowed and apologized. “My bad, my bad. But I'm just kind of excited. Ken was pretty sure this place hasn't been emptied out yet, he had to use some bolt-cutters to open the lock on the door.”

“Bolt-cutters?” Hikari asked. “Where did Kensuke end up getting bolt-cutters! I don't remember him checking those on our flight!” She poked a finger into Toji's chest, before remembering she was there to relax and have fun, and that maybe she didn't need to know.

“Hell if I know!” Toji answered, “but he grabbed a pair somewhere here, and now he's lugging it
around to get into places. Prolly how he opened the fence back there. But come on!"

This time Toji grabbed Hikari's hand in his own, and Hikari was glad it was so dark now that the sun had set – she didn't want Toji to see her blush. But they rounded the corner, and Toji saw the newly-cut lock on the door. He raised a fist in victory, and quickly pulled the thing off, letting it drop to the concrete below. He pressed on the door once, then harder a second time, but the door only budge a miniscule amount. “Can you hold this?” he asked, giving Hikari the flashlight, and then he started ramming the door with his shoulder.

It budged a little bit further each time, his body making a loud, metallic BOOMPH when he slammed into it. Toji took a few steps back, and then ran with full force at the door. It finally busted open, the door slamming to the side as Toji yelled and fell on his face.

“Hwooo! That was a door alright! Hope tha rest a them ain't that bad, that's for sure!” Toji got to his feet, before politely taking the light from Hikari. Before she could ask what this place was, he threw the light around.

Hikari gasped. Guns. Lots of them. “Whooaah,” Toji gaped, surprised at the sheer variety of them, and even Hikari found herself a little intrigued, if cautious. The weapons lined the walls, lined up in racks and hung on straps – rifles and pistols and shotguns, and more categories besides that the two couldn't distinguish, though Kensuke could. The two saw a few places that were freshly disturbed, and they both silently hoped in their own way that Kensuke didn't end up killing anyone that night.

Though the guns had been what Kensuke had been drawn to in the first place, Hikari quickly found herself bored. She grabbed one of the guns, hefted it in her hands, and put it back on its place. She didn't want to end up shooting herself accidentally.

Stifling a yawn, Toji seemed to catch the hint quickly enough. “Want to check the other buildings?” he asked, to which Hikari readily agreed.

They went to the largest building, which looked to them like some kind of office. Carefully sliding through a broken window, they came into a wide room of low-divided cubicles, dusty and empty for years. They split up, walking down different rows, checking out what was left on the desks. Hikari found the old computers funny, but when she saw a picture frame she stopped short.

Stepping into the cubicle, Hikari took the frame in her hand and pulled it up close so she could see the picture. It was a family, two Americans and their baby girl, and Hikari looked at the other pictures to see that they were all of the woman in the photo, or of the baby. Gently, reverently, Hikari put the photo back down, fighting the urge to cry as what had probably happened to the three came to mind.

Leaving it quickly, Hikari went up behind Toji and buried her face against his back. She didn't think about how his body felt, she just needed to close her eyes for a moment.

“Hey, Hikari… are you ok?” he asked after a moment.

She didn't know how to answer that. She was old enough to know what had happened to the people working here. She was old enough to know what happened to the people in the photos. There was a fifty percent chance they had died in the year following Second Impact. A simple statistic that their
homeroom teacher never got tired of reciting, that half of mankind had died in that one year. But it wasn't just that that hit her, but her own personal loss it all reminded her of. Hikari's hands dug into Toji's shirt.

She took a few deep breaths. She wasn't a child. There were proper times for mourning, and she'd had plenty of it before now. Her mother wouldn't want Hikari or her sisters to spend their lives crying over her. She couldn't believe that, not from what Kodama or her father had told Hikari.

“'Toji,’” she spoke into his back, realizing that he was standing stock-still because she was pressing her chest against him, “do you like me?”

Toji blinked a few times, moving the flashlight around in a wide circle in front of him, looking at an empty conference room. “Yeah,” he said, “I think yer pretty, and nice, and cool. You cook really well, better than I ever will. And I really like how you smile, like you were doing at the beach.”

Hikari couldn't help but smile as she rolled her forehead left and right between Toji's shoulderblades. “Who taught you to say that? Shinji?”

“Hey now!” Toji boomed, his pride pricked, “that was…! That was all me…!”

Hikari tried, but she couldn't hold it in. She started laughing, throwing her arms around Toji's chest so he couldn't just pull her off. The two stumbled around into an old break room, and fell onto a dusty couch, making them cough and laugh in equal measure.

Hikari lounged on Toji's chest, her ear hearing the beating of his heart. “Do… uh, do ya like me?” She pulled herself up, until her face was just above Toji's, and stopped there for a moment. His expression was worried, so Hikari smiled.

“Of course I do, you big dummy,” she said, “couldn't you tell?”

Relief washed over Toji's face. “Hey, just cuz a gal cooks for ya doesn't mean she likes you the way you like her!”

To put away any doubts, Hikari leaned in and kissed Toji. He tensed up, until he realized what was happening. He relaxed into the light kiss, his eyelids drooping in bliss as Hikari pulled away. Her lips were just as soft as he'd imagined, and her breasts, though not as large as some other women's, were still very stimulating, mashed against his chest.

So much so, he couldn't stop his erection, and his trunks tented between Hikari's legs. Hikari's face showed confusion for a moment, until her eyes widened. “Oh!” she squeaked, her cheeks starting to turn red. “I guess… I guess you like me like that too.”

Toji too was blushing, feeling awkward. None of his or Kensuke's doujins, even the ones about love confessions, had this kind of atmosphere. Was he supposed to just shove his dick in her and expect that to work? “Of… of course I do!” he answered. “I think you're… I think you're pretty, sure! But I also think you're kinda sexy too!”

Flustered, Hikari had to look to the side for a moment. She took so long that Toji worried that he'd offended her, when she dove on him and kissed him roughly, mashing their lips together in uncomfortable ways. He let her take the lead, wondering where they were going to end up. Hikari's hands rubbed up and down Toji's chest, sliding under his shirt to play at his skin, feeling the hair that was going to come in much thicker in only a few months time. And finally, carefully and gingerly,
Hikari pressed the bottom of her pussy against Toji's shaft, feeling his hot erection through their swimsuits.

He gasped in her mouth, and she broke the kiss, panting. “I'll forget that 'kinda' you threw in,” she said, trying to copy Kodama's voice, low and sexy. “But you better have a condom, right?” Toji nodded, feebly pointing at his bag. “I knew you were a lout, I bet you were prepared to bang any girl who said yes.”

“No! No, absolutely not!” Toji began to protest, but Hikari silenced him with a kiss, sending her tongue into his mouth. Unsure, the two organs played at weird places – the gums, the teeth – until they ran into each other, and they realized that they were meant to wrestle like that. Toji's hands hung at his side, until he thought hey, maybe I want to hold this gal. When he did, they shot around Hikari, holding her in arms that were stronger than she'd imagined, in an embrace that felt gentler than she expected.

Not to say Toji didn't have a dirty thought in his mind. Pretty quickly in their makeout session Hikari felt his hand creeping down her back, until it rested on her ass, half-covered by her one-piece. It just rested there at first, but then she felt him test his limits, slowly pressing his fingers into her globe, then rubbing his whole palm against her ass in a slow circle. Hikari liked how it felt, so she let him continue. From there, though, his finger “accidentally” slipped under her suit, and as he moved his hand she felt the suit slip over her cheek to land in the crack between.

Both their chests beat faster as Toji's hand began to play harder with Hikari's ass. He pinched at her, squeezed her cheek, and began to send his fingers close to her pussy. She stopped him there. “Let's,” she breathed, “let's get that condom on you.” Toji nodded without a word.

Leaning over, Hikari grabbed Toji's gym bag and dragged it closer, throwing it open and rummaging through to find the line of foil-wrapped condoms. She tore one off the line and opened it up. Getting to her knees and straddling Toji, she pushed down his trunks with not a little trepidation, and as she saw more of his length as she went further, her eyes widened more and more, until the thing flew up and smacked her in the face.

She laughed, even as Toji apologized. “Don't worry about it,” she reassured him, wiggling her butt in front of his face, “it just means you really like me, doesn't it? Besides…” she took a moment to examine his cock up close, looking at how thick it was in the dim light, “I like how it looks!” She winked at him over her shoulder, and Toji let out a sigh of relief. Sure he'd measured his dick to see how he compared to the average, but having Hikari herself say it was fine was far better.

Taking the condom, she pinched the tip and placed it on top of Toji's cock-head, before noticing it was upside down. She switched it around, and started unrolling it down his length. As she did, she felt Toji pull at the bottom of her one-piece, and felt the comparatively cool air touch her pussy. She bit her lip, but knew that if she could get a look at Toji, he was allowed to look at her, even though it felt terribly embarrassing. Did she look normal down there? She'd never compared her pussy to anyone else's, she didn't know if it looked ok or not.

Toji didn't care a damn about comparing Hikari's pussy to someone else's. His dirty doujins were censored, and the most important thing was that Hikari was right there in front of him, asking him to take her virginity. He explored her pussy with his fingers, spreading her lips and seeing the small holes surrounded by pink, one larger than the other and slowly drooling clear juices.

Getting the condom to the base of Toji's dick, Hikari steeled herself and stuck out her tongue, slowly bringing it close until it touched the tip. She started retching, wiping her tongue on her hand. “Yeck!”
she coughed, the chemical taste very unpleasant in her mouth. She checked the package and saw that it was lubricated, and wasn't for oral use. She didn't feel very smart right at that second, but she preempted her internal self-criticism by straddling Toji's hips, holding his cock straight up to press against her pussy.

“I want to give this to you,” she said. She started lowering herself onto Toji's dick, but it kept sliding forward or back, or he sucked in a breath when it bent a little too much to the side. Both tried their best, but without practice, it was slow going. Eventually they figured something out. Toji held his cock up, Hikari held her lips apart. With the condom's lubrication, they were able to get the head to push into her tunnel, a sensation that both stopped at to try and figure out. Then Hikari began to lower herself, and she felt the sting as her hymen was torn.

“Does it hurt?” Toji asked, concern clearly driving him, but Hikari waved him to not worry about it. Only when she was settled on his cock as far as she could go did she realize there were tears falling down her cheeks, but she knew they weren't bad ones.

For both of them, the feeling of Toji's cock buried into Hikari's cunt felt wonderful. Hikari's tunnel stretched out from opening to the deepest parts, and her muscles subtly squeezed and milked Toji's dick, causing the young man to groan in pleasure.

They spent some time like that, before Hikari began moving her hips up and down. The motion scratched an itch she didn't know she had, one she knew she'd have to deal with from now on. For Toji's part feeling Hikari's folds rub and scrape along his cock was exhilarating, even with the loss of some sensation through the condom. He grunted and Hikari moaned, their hands grasping each other and holding tight. “It feels good, doesn't it?” Hikari asked through her gasps.

“Nnngh! Yes! It's amazing!” Toji answered with complete honesty.

She bent down, her hair spilling over her shoulders, unburdened by the pigtails she kept it in most of the time. “If this was one of your dirty books, what would I be doing?”

Toji wondered if this was a test, but decided to keep up the theme of honesty. It seemed to have a good track record so far. “Well, you'd be begging and moaning about my cock, probably screaming about how it was making you go stupid, or turning into a cock-hungry slut.”

Hikari, her face inches from Toji's, started sputtering. She tried to hold in the laughter, but she couldn't. The tremors ran through her body into Toji's cock, and she fell a little deeper onto his dick, turning her laughter into a long “Ohhhhh!” But her chest convulsed in rapid, random rhythms. “That's! That's just too funny, Toji! You boys read the weirdest things!” But even as she laughed, she slipped the straps of her one-piece off her shoulders, stripping it down to her waist and showing off her budding chest, with her diamond-hard nipples. “That's probably not going to happen tonight, but you're always welcome to try another time, Toji.” She leaned over his face, and he took the hint, latching onto her left breast with his mouth.

He sucked and kissed at the stiff nipple, while Hikari continued to slide up and down his pole. What had been rough and a little dry at first began to go smoother, as the little bit of her blood mixed with the lube and her own juices to cover Toji's dick with a slippery coating. The sounds of their love-making filled the empty building.

But even as Hikari felt she was getting warmed up, she saw the struggle in Toji's face. He was trying as hard as he could not to cum, but it was welling up inside of him with a power he'd never felt before. No masturbation he'd done had ever been as strong as what he was feeling right then, and as
much as he didn't want to disappoint Hikari, he had his limits. He bucked his hips a few times, to try and drive his cock deeper, and he heard Hikari yelp once. That was enough for him.

With a groan as pained as it was blissful, Toji's orgasm rose like a great wave and smashed over him. He started spurting rope after rope of cum safely into the bubble at the end of the condom, but a part of him wished it would burst through, and crash against Hikari's cervix. He knew where that would lead, and he knew his dad would kill him if it did happen and it got out, but the desire was still there. As the orgasm passed through him, he felt all strength leave his body, as he was nearly knocked out.

Hikari felt the condom bulge inside of her, and knew that Toji had cum before she could. She remembered from the sex-ed classes that men could only really do one orgasm at a time, and knew that their night fun would now be (at least slowly) drawing to an end. Keeping his still-hard dick in her, she started rubbing at her clit, her fingers vigorously running over it until she felt her body clench and then release. It wasn't exactly what she wanted, but it was enough for now. She'd have time to teach Toji how to make sure she came from his own hands, and not hers.

Sliding her hips up Toji's dick, she felt the balloon at the end lodge at the entrance. She had to grab it with her fingers and pull it out of her, even after all of Toji's cock had come out. The condom was filled with a thick, opaque liquid, and Hikari panted as she looked at it. Toji was almost passed out, his head rolling from side to side weakly. She giggled, thinking he looked even cuter when he was out of it, but she figured he wouldn't take being called “cute” well.

Pulling the condom off his cock, Hikari held it in her fingers, feeling the heft of the jizz pooling at the bottom. Swallowing loudly, checking to make sure Toji was still out of it, Hikari grabbed the bottom, and upended it into her mouth. The sperm plopped into her mouth, the taste exotic and exciting to Hikari, as she swallowed gulp after gulp of it, eventually shaking it to get the last few clinging drops from the rim. It tasted weird, but part of that she suspected was the condom, and as she swallowed the last bit, feeling it travel down her throat, she wondered what it would be like fresh.

Tucking Toji's dick back into his trunks, and settling under his legs until he came back to his senses, Hikari leaned her head back and smiled. She was going to make damn sure Toji railed her as hard as he could once they got back to Tokyo-3. She wasn't going to let this feeling be vacation-only. She closed her eyes for a few minutes, after putting her breasts back under her swimsuit.

Then Hikari realized they still had to walk back to the hotel. Her eyes flew open, and she shooped Toji out of the abandoned base with all speed, making him carry her so he could put his strength to good use and make better time.

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That same day, back in Tokyo-3, Shinji was lounging on a pool chair, nude but for his blue swim trunks and a pair of sunglasses. Not that the latter were necessary in any way shape or form, but it was all part of the ambiance. The huge Olympic-sized pool bobbed gently up and down, the water fairly still. The room was empty except for Shinji and, arranged around him, a number of what looked to him like theater props. A bright yellow sun of cardboard hung from the ceiling, slowly knocking against wooden boards painted to resemble long beaches, white and hot.

Shinji had absolutely no idea where Misato had gotten them from. She sure as hell hadn't done them herself, and he could only imagine the excuses she must have come up with if she'd ordered some poor NERV workers to paint them for her.

Putting the conjecturing out of his mind, Shinji took a long sip from the straw in his orange juice, before stretching out on the pool chair. Sure, it wasn't Okinawa, but it was still nice.
“Shinji~” he heard coming from the door to the locker rooms, “how are you liking it so far?”

The Eva pilot turned his head towards the voice, and raised his sunglasses. The bikini Misato was wearing looked different than the ones he had seen, but it was good. Her breasts and pussy were decently covered in the front, but he could see smaller strings and ties on her hips and wrapping around her back, all black in color. The straps dug into Misato’s skin with just the smallest bit of indentation in her silhouette. She posed a few times as she approached, making both of them smile.

“Better with you here,” he said. Misato raised an eyebrow at that, but took a seat next to Shinji on another chair. “How’d you get all this stuff anyway?” he asked.

“Hmm?” Misato was already going through her bag of things, looking for something in particular. “Oh, I have no idea where it all came from.”

Shinji squinted. “Then… how?”

Misato found what she was looking for, and pulled out of her bag a bottle of coconut oil. “I got Hyuuga to set it all up for me.” She said it with the tone of someone who was explaining that the sun rises in the morning. Shinji had no clue how she had done so, but she had, and so now they had a little background for their fun. He guessed he couldn’t really complain about it.

Shinji nodded. He looked over the pool again, and thought about just jumping in. The sight of Misato's long legs, accented by the thin black of her bikini was sending blood straight to his crotch.

“Mmm, Shinji,” Misato drew out the last syllable, “won't you oil up my back for me, please?” He turned his head, seeing that she had lowered the back of the chair, and was laying on her stomach.

The swimsuit was even skimpier in the back than Shinji had realized. The back of the top consisted only of ¾ inch straps arranged in a star, keeping all the parts connected to each other and to the neck strap around Misato's throat. The bottom was similar, thin straps moving from the ties on the side towards Misato's round ass, gradually widening and converging as they got near the crack. Shinji's eyes widened. But where the straps were supposed to meet and cover Misato's anus, instead they formed an empty pentagon around it, leaving it open, and even spreading her ass cheeks so it was easier to see and get to.

Misato waved the lotion. “C'mon Shinji, oil me up!”

“That's… that's a swimsuit,” he said. Misato laughed.

“You like it?”

“What made you decide to wear it today? Besides, it's not really needed, it's not like we're getting hit by natural sunlight down her-” Misato cut Shinji off by thrusting the lotion bottle in his face again.

“It was meant to be a present for a grouchy teen who just happens to be shaping my womb to only accept his cock, but if you don't want to…”

Shinji grabbed the bottle. ‘Ok! Ok! I didn't say I didn't like it! I think it looks really sexy on you!” He got off his chair and Misato blew him a kiss as he shook his head. Standing above and behind her, he squeezed a generous dollop onto his hand, and started kneading it into Misato's back. He made sure to really press it in, not only on her back, but on her shoulders, her ass, and especially her legs. He made sure to feel up Misato’s thighs and calves as he went down each leg, his fingers gripping her muscles down to her toes.
The oil was cool at first, but with Shinji's movements it started to warm up, and Misato purred like a kitten. She buried her face in her folded arms under her, pulling her long over her shoulder to give Shinji unobstructed access to her back. But it was that access that Shinji decided to take advantage of.

Seeing Misato's brown star, winking there at him as he rubbed the slick oil into Misato's legs, Shinji decided to have some fun of his own as well. Leaning over Misato, bending his knees, he pressed his tented shorts against Misato's asshole. He reached around her chest, feeling the parts of her breasts uncovered by her swimsuit. The sideboob was spilling out, due to how Misato was laying on her chest, but she didn't betray anything was wrong, even as Shinji tried penetrating her ass with his dick, trunks and all. He could feel the hole wink open and close on the very tip of his cock, as if it were kissing him.

Before long it was too much for him. He got up from just over Misato, and admired the sight of her body, glistening from the back. Standing next to her face, he slowly pushed his tented dick at Misato's cheek. He did it again, and then a third time. Misato turned her head to look at him, so he pressed the tip against her lips. She sighed theatrically, then reached her hand out and pulled Shinji's trunks down, his cock springing up and bouncing in front of her.

Shinji motioned for Misato to turn over, and after she did he started working on her stomach, pressing and pushing his thumbs into her abs, making her grunt with appreciation. “I made a good decision giving you that massage book, Shinji,” she said with another groan. Shinji thought he felt something different below Misato's stomach, but figured it was just in his head. He moved up to Misato's chest, and here he did something different.

Dropping a spurt of coconut oil on his cock, he rubbed it into his skin, so that it dripped with the slippery liquid. He slapped his cock on the skin between Misato's breasts. “Come on, you can oil them up with this,” he said.

Misato took the hint, and mashed her breasts against Shinji's dick. She started rubbing them up and down, feeling the oil spread both on and under the bikini fabric. Her lover's cock felt very hard, and she was very glad she'd gotten the cameras in the building to send the recording only to her computer. She wanted to surprise Shinji in the future with it.

Shinji thrust his cock forward as Misato jerked his cock with her tits, fucking her cleavage. When his foreskin pulled back, it left trails of oily smegma smeared on her chest, but she didn't seem to mind. At the apex, she reached forward with her mouth and briefly licked the head of his cock. With the oil, it tasted delicious.

“You know, there's still one hole of yours I need to make sure is mine,” Shinji said, grinning.

Misato made sure to give sloppy wet kisses to Shinji's cock, making sure it was as lubed as possible. Her ass wasn't going to survive if she half-assed the job.

Shinji, feeling he'd gotten Misato's breasts slippery enough, turned her over himself, not even bothering to ask. Misato was surprised, but she liked it when he was assertive. She drew her knees up and thrust her butt out, her asshole almost ready to get broken in properly.

Shinji reared his arm back, and brought his hand down with a resounding slap onto Misato's ass. Her cheek wiggled in waves from the impact. The palm print was bright red, and Misato yelped so loud it echoed off the ceiling with the sound of the slap. But before Misato could chew Shinji out, he was
buried in her ass, kissing the soft cheeks and rubbing where he'd slapped. “My woman's a slut,” he said, loud enough for Misato to hear him, “but I love her because she's *my* slut!”

With that, he slipped his tongue between Misato's ass cheeks, and licked up her taint and left his tongue on her anus. He rubbed it around, playing at the tight hole, feeling the puckered skin as he flicked the tip up and down. Misato oohed and ahhed, pushing her ass back and against Shinji's face. He spread her cheeks even further with his hands, and pushed his tongue into her hole. Her anus constricted the searching organ tightly, more than her pussy ever had, but it felt interesting.

Pulling his tongue out and kissing her ass, Shinji slapped his lubed dick between Misato's cheeks. He hotdogged it for a few strokes, pushing her cheeks together to cover his cock, but he knew what he wanted, and Misato wanted it too. So Shinji pressed the tip of his cock against her anus.

“Do it! Make me squeal, Shinji!” she said.

Shinji obliged her. He pressed his cock in, the sphincter making each inch slow, if steady. “Oooaaaahhh!” Misato's voice was pushed out of her, her eyes growing huge in surprise at the sensations she was having. It was very strange compared to her pussy. There she had the muscle memory, the experience, the techniques. Here she had none of it. Each inch Shinji shoved into her ass was an inch she'd never felt before, and she could feel his length pushing her intestines around. She gripped the chair with all her might, her teeth gritted together. He's really… he's really molding my anus to be his! she thought, I won't be able to feel anything if it's not him! But I love him, so it's alright!

Shinji hit a bend in the tunnel, and couldn't go any further. So he pulled back, and pushed forward. His veins, pulsing with his heartbeat, caught and pulled at Misato's sphincter, stretching her skin even as it jerked at his own. Misato's walls clung to his cock so tightly, that as he tried to pull out it pulled his skin over his cock-head, until it pulled so tightly the base of his dick hurt and he had to thrust in to relax the tension.

Like that he slowly but thoroughly fucked Misato's asshole. He could feel her orgasm more than once, especially when he hit the bend in her bowels, a move that made her yarl and yawp like an animal, kicking her feet up and down and biting the thin mattress on the pool chair. The reactions made Shinji smile, but he knew he was going to cum hard. His balls were churning with boiling cum, and he wanted to fill her up to her stomach.

Leaning in to her ear, Shinji whispered into Misato's ear. “You're the only woman I'll ever love like this.”

Misato, her mouth still full of mattress, only let out a high-pitched whine of happiness in response.

Still there, leaning over Misato, Shinji felt his jizz begin to shoot out of his cock. With each blast, Misato let out another half-maddened noise. She could feel her intestines fill with Shinji's hot cum, and with how heavy it was, she wondered if her stomach was hanging down, distended from the dense cream.

With a heave and a pained grunt, Shinji pulled his cock out of Misato's ass, the hole quickly closing after him, though not entirely, he noticed. He wondered if he could tease Misato about it another time, but right then he felt tired, and sat down on the edge of his chair, hoping to get a few minutes to recharge.

“You better not be done Shinji! You're no old man just yet!”
He opened his eyes a moment later, and Misato was standing there in front of him. She grinned from ear to ear, her hands on her hips, her entire body almost glowing with energy. Shinji realized now, that every orgasm he gave her made her more energetic, and he wondered if saying what had been on his mind that moment before had been a good idea in the long run for his body's sake.

Grabbing his arm, Misato threw Shinji spinning into the pool. The impact shocked him back to his senses, and he emerged, sputtering, just as Misato cannonballed into the pool right next to him, spraying him straight in the face with the chlorinated water. Shinji felt the slight burning in his nose, and wiped his eyes as dry as he could. Misato was nowhere to be seen, and Shinji looked around in vain.

Under the water, Misato looked at Shinji's dick above her, still hard and floating in the water on its own, covered in strands of cum and lube, coagulating in the water. She giggled in her mind, and reached out to grab it as she ascended behind him.

Shinji felt the hand grab him, and he tried to turn around, but Misato rose too fast, and she held his cock against his taint, rubbing her chest against his back. She laughed and kissed Shinji's neck playfully. He reached between his legs and took her hand, turning around and kissing her on the lips. She reached around his neck and kissed him again and again, before resting her forehead on his.

“Did you really mean what you said?” she asked. “I won't be mad if you tell me it was just to help me get off.”

Shinji’s hands were at Misato's ass, playing with the star that still refused to close totally, spreading it with his fingers, sending one knuckle in. “I meant every word, Misato.”

Misato looked him in the eye for a few seconds, then nodded. “Good. Because if you'll have me, I wouldn't want any other man, Shinji.”

That got Shinji hard again. Noticing it, Misato pulled them both towards the shallower end, where Shinji could stand and still hold her up easily enough. She undid a few straps to her bottoms, and the portion covering her pussy slid aside.

“I love you, I love you, I love you,” Shinji chanted as he entered Misato, a little more difficult than usual, with the water and all, but still doable.

“Love, love, love,” Misato echoed, kissing Shinji's head, his hair, his ears.

It didn't take long for him to burst, spilling so much out that it came out of Misato's tunnel, rising to the top of the water in long, sticky blobs of jizz.

The two were kissing when the doors slammed open. Misato shoved Shinji underwater and between her breasts. She looked to see who it was, and it was Ritz, looking like the cat who got the canary.

Ritz stopped at the pool's edge, pointed at Misato, and laughed once. “Hah! I win the bet, Misato!”

By that time Shinji was thrashing, and burst out from under the water gasping. He looked at Ritsuko with questions in his eyes, but Ritsuko smiled fondly at him and nodded her head. “Shinji, I hope from now on we can get along well. I know you're almost a full man now, but I wouldn't mind it if you could call me Mother one day.”
Shinji's mouth dropped open. His father… was getting married?

Misato saw the glint on Ritz's finger, and knew she wasn't lying. It was too far for a prank that Ritz would like. Misato pulled Shinji up until they were cheek and cheek.

“Well I'm pregnant with Shinji's child!” Misato announced to both.

Ritz's mouth gaped.

Shinji's head slowly turned towards Misato. She nodded.

Then Shinji passed out.
NERV-Germany was bubbling with news, both official and social. Like the rest of the NERV branches, the sudden cessation of the Angel attacks had left everyone off-balance, as if the wall they'd been pushing against with all their might had suddenly disappeared. It had produced a strange but dizzying sense of freedom, held up by a worry that it was just a phase, that at any moment they'd get the call, that an Angel would be attacking Europe.

But there was one individual there who couldn't really care about peace, who chafed at the boredom she'd had piled on top of her for the past few months. Asuka Langley Soryu, pilot of Evangelion Unit 2, stalked the halls of NERV-Germany like a lioness. She knew something was up, but she could hardly deign to ask one of the gossiping twits who dared call themselves adults what was going on. But the mood in the base had shifted, and she could see people move with a purpose that had been lacking in their bodies for a while. Good. It would do them some good to have a goal to work towards, like she had.

Asuka could feel the heads turn as she strode through the base. The men were perverts, and the women jealous hags. She could sense the competing emotions follow her like a cloud. It wasn't as if she was trying to minimize them either, even if she couldn't really care for the little people around her. Asuka was who she was. And if, after her sync test, she wanted to walk around the base in an ensemble that would have been considered borderline on a beach, who was going to tell her no? Nobody, that was who. So Asuka took advantage of it. That day, she was wearing jean shorts that were purposefully cut ultra-short, the pockets hanging out on her thighs. Her blue tank top barely covered her swelling breasts, the very bottom of those heavenly curves visible if she turned her torso too quick. If she ever caught someone looking a second too long, her eyes would flash with barely suppressed rage, her body language usually enough to scare away the unfortunate idiot.

Asuka could probably find a justification for her clothing choices if she was ever pressed. “I enjoy the liberated feeling outside of my plugsuit,” she might lie. But really, for all she claimed to ignore the other NERV officers and workers, not caring whether they liked her or not, she wanted to twist herself into the center of attention at all times. If that meant teasing the lechers with something they'd never get, and the women with what they'd never achieve, then Asuka would gladly do whatever was necessary to blow their minds.

But really, there was only one lecher she had in mind for her hunt. And when she knocked on the door to one Ryoji Kaji's office, she had to pout. She'd learned very early on with him that her pilot's rank did not give her access to his office, forestalling her attempts at surprising him, and the thought of breaking it down was so crude that it excited disgust in Asuka's mind. She knew she could do better than that.

Instead, the next time she wanted to get in unannounced, she stole another officer's keycard, and got in that way. Kaji had not been pleased, but Asuka could tell that it was a warm displeasure, something he had to show to her as her official guardian since Misato had left, even if he thought she'd done well internally.

Thus had begun something of an arms race between Asuka and Kaji, as the latter found new ways to train his younger ward in how to get into places she wasn't meant to. Asuka took to the secret lessons with gusto, and with each new security protocol Kaji employed, Asuka found some way to circumvent it or render it useless.
So when she got to Kaji’s door, and saw the vocal password reader that had stymied her for some time, she smiled. Taking out her little tape player, she played the recording of Kaji’s pass phrase she’d made at their last dinner together. Well, not the phrase entire. She’d chopped and cut up his sentences to get the right words and sounds. She’d done her best to make it as romantic as possible, and had worn a very adult red dress, but Kaji had done very well at redirecting her advances into more innocent avenues. Well, he wouldn’t be able to ignore her forever.

The phrase ended, and the door gave a small chime of success, warming Asuka’s heart. She almost felt like a spy doing this, and wondered if Kaji would want to spend an evening watching those pre-Impact James Bond films. And with all the seduction that went on in them, Asuka would have quite the atmosphere to capitalize on. But that was for another time. The door opened, and Asuka jumped in, throwing her arms around the seated man facing away from her. “Kaji!”

Kaji instantly came up from his slouch, just to feel Asuka’s smooth arms slide against his bristly cheeks. On his computer was some news, and Asuka only had an instant to see what he’d been looking at before he clicked away – a UN report about the death of a Lorenz something. “Guten tag, Kaji mein Schatz! What are you looking at?” In the monitor she could see his face, his sharp lines and jaw giving him an irresistibly masculine look. One of the reasons she’d fallen so hard for him.

Kaji sighed, surely a response born out of gladness that he now had a little respite from his work. “Nothing really that important, Asuka.” Asuka plopped her chin on top of his head, surveying all the various orders and decisions he had to countersign. “I’m not even going to ask how you got through the voiceprint machine, but you should really learn to respect boundaries sometime.”

“But I do respect them, Kaji! I work very hard to get through them as well!” Her hands started roaming down his chest, dragging along his shirt. She felt something stiff in his breast pocket, and was about to investigate further when Kaji grabbed her wrists gently and pulled her around. Asuka saw his eyes bulge as he finally saw what she was wearing, but it was only for a moment. He worked very hard to conceal his interest in Asuka’s body, but she was approaching the point where she’d be irresistible.

Sitting down on his lap, prompting a strained smile from Kaji, Asuka relaxed against Kaji’s chest. “You did actually come at the right time, though,” Kaji said, “I was about to come look for you.” He reached with his left hand for a folder on his desk, and opened it up in front of Asuka. Under the bold red words of TOP SECRET were what looked like an itinerary from Germany to Japan. “I just got this today – the UN has finally decided on sending Unit 02 out to Tokyo-3. You’ll be going with it, of cour-”

“Finally!” Asuka pumped her fist, and Kaji tried not to notice her breasts jump at the movement, nor how Asuka pushed them against him. “I was wondering when those moldering bureaucrats would get off their asses and finally put me where all the action is happening!”

“You’re not worried about the Angels?” Kaji asked, his voice showing he knew her answer before she said it.

“Hell no!” Asuka shot back. “I have been training with the Eva technology my whole life Kaji, you know that! In fact, I'm surprised they took this long to send the best pilot they've got into the line of fire! Oh, this is so exciting!” She wiggled her ass, this time involuntarily, against Kaji’s dick, and the UN Inspector let out a silent scream in his mind. When she jumped off and spun around, Kaji had to avert his eyes at the last second to avoid getting a glimpse at Asuka’s pink nipples.

Asuka’s mind was running in overdrive. Finally! She could get out of the backwater that was
Germany, and get to where the glory was! Forget the fact that the Angels seemed no sooner in
attacking again, Asuka was certain they'd return. There she would make her name for all time, there
she would show the whole world how much of a hero she was, how deserving of praise and
attention. Not that she needed everyone's attention. But it would be nice.

“Gott! We can get out of this backwater, Kaji.” Asuka stopped, then whirled back around to shoot
Kaji a look. “You... you are coming along as well, right?”

Kaji opened his mouth, but Asuka preempted him, grabbing his shoulders and leaning in. “You have
to, Kaji, you just have to! You're my guardian, aren't you? You wouldn't leave an impressionable
young woman all alone in a foreign country, ripe with molesters and perverts and con artists just
looking to take advantage of me, would you?” Kaji opened his mouth again, and Asuka again
bulldozed over him. “Oh Kaji, you're heartless! How could you do this to me? Hasn't our time
together here meant anything to you?”

“H-hey now!” Kaji interjected, seeing a woman walk past the open door with a confused look on her
face. “Watch how you phrase things, Asuka, please! It's not like that.”

“Then you'll be with me, right?” Asuka's smile beamed so bright it was hard to look at.

“I... I will be accompanying you on the trip over, but officially I'm handing your guardianship back
over to Major Katsuragi when we arrive in Japan.”

Asuka's smile disappeared. “That DRUNK?! Kaji, she's even worse than perverts and molesters! Do
you know how she lived before you took over for her here?”

“I can probably guess…” Kaji muttered.

“It was a pigsty! Trash everywhere! Beer cans covering every surface! There's no way anyone
would want to live with such a... lewd woman, so why make me?” Asuka didn't really hate Misato.
The older woman had been different, sure, but she'd done her best to be something like an older
sister to Asuka. Not that Asuka needed it, but the gesture had been appreciated, at least a little.

Kaji ignored the opportunity that “lewd woman” opened. If he ignored the provocation, he could get
through this without getting arrested.

“Look, she's not that bad, and besides, I won't be running off the instant we make landfall,” Kaji
tried to use his most calming voice to mollify the young woman. “I'll be sticking around for a little
bit, at least socially, if I don't get my transfer approved yet.” He reached into his shirt pocket and
pulled out a small, egg-white card. Asuka took the bait and snatched it from Kaji, reading it quickly.

“Eh? Frau Doktor Akagi's getting married?” She remembered the woman, though it had been a few
years since she had last come out to Germany to personally supervise Asuka's sync tests. She
remembered her as a dour, duty-focused woman, uncaring for such frivolities as romance. But
apparently she was getting married to some man, a poor fellow, she figured, to have to live with her
from now on.

“That's right, and it turns out to be not too long after you arrive. So I'll be staying in Tokyo-3 for a
few weeks before coming back here if needed.”

Asuka opened her mouth in a silent “Ah,” nodding her head. “I understand now! Well Kaji, we'll
have to get you a tuxedo, and myself a dress worthy of such an occasion then, eh?”
“Wait, who’s we-?” Kaji began, but he was cut off by Asuka pulling him from his chair and towards the garage. She was already dialing up various dress shops in Berlin, and making appointments. When Asuka wanted something, she was hard to turn aside. Kaji could do little else but roll with the tide.

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Shinji fell onto the couch with a heavy thwump, rolling his head in circles to try and stretch out his tight neck muscles. Preparations for the wedding between his father and Doctor Akagi were proceeding at what could only be called breakneck speeds, and even if he was only on the outskirts of the storm he was still feeling tossed and turned. It didn't help that he himself was on the way to a life-changing event.

He was going to be a father! The thought still hadn't taken on a solid reality for Shinji. It was still just words to him. It was different for Misato – she could already start feeling changes in her body, even if she didn't have a bump yet. Shinji leaned his head backwards over the couch, looking at the kitchen, now devoid of beer and liquor. It had been a moment of resolve he'd never have expected from her only a few months before, throwing it all out. But Misato had been almost cheerful as she emptied can after can into the trash bag he held open. “We'll just need to get a nice big bottle of sake to celebrate her birthday!” Misato had chirped, emptying out the last few drops of a can of Yebisu.

For some reason Misato was certain, absolutely certain, that it would be a girl. Shinji just couldn't find it in himself to dispute her. Misato had taken on a new vigor in her life after she'd told him and Akagi about the true state of things, and Shinji wasn't going to put himself in the way of that speeding train, not when he liked the destination as well.

Pulling his head forward, he crossed his legs. That day had been what could be best charitably described as a blur, and it was not all due to the wedding plans. No, most of it had been Misato's fault, almost deliberately so.

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The problems (if one could call them that) began in the morning, before the sync test. Shinji, alone in the male lockers, was getting ready to put his plugsuit on.

He didn't even hear Misato enter until her arms were around his naked chest, her nails gently scratching through his growing chest hair. “How much time before your test,” she breathed into his ear, taking it between her teeth.

“How much time before your test,” she breathed into his ear, taking it between her teeth."

“Long enough!” Shinji turned in Misato's embrace, looking face to face with his lover. Between them, his cock was already coming to attention. Misato had the look of a predator, but Shinji was eager prey.

In her black dress, seemingly tighter on her body than usual, Misato bent her knees, bringing her eye level to Shinji's cock. With one hand she took the base, pointing it forward at her face. The other slipped back his foreskin, running around the tip to collect Shinji's waxy smegma. The Major plopped the collected, oily filth into her mouth, and chewed it smiling.

Misato continued by plopping Shinji's tip between her lips, running her tongue over his hole left and right again and a third time, and then a few more times again. Shinji leaned back against the locker, cold against his bare skin, but he couldn't care about that. With a theatrical “Omph!” Misato swallowed Shinji's cock-head between her lips. She lavished attention on it, snaking her tongue
around it, cleaning off the last bits of smegma.

After a minute, she was certain that she'd cleaned it all off. Taking the tip out of her mouth, it was shiny with her spit, a dark pink color. Shinji expected her to take her time – sure he'd be late for the sync test, but what was Akagi going to do? Start without him?

Misato then slammed Shinji's cock into her throat with only the barest choking cough. “Hngah!” Shinji gasped as he felt his dick squeezed by his older lover's mouth and throat. Her lips kissed the base of his dick, and Misato made sure to leave a messy ring of dark red lipstick on Shinji's crotch and balls. As she breathed (a difficult task with the meat rod in her throat, but still doable) through her nose, she sent her tongue out to play at Shinji's balls, licking at the fleshy sac between his testicles.

“Ffffuck Misato!” Shinji hissed. “When were you practicing this?” The look in her eyes gave him her answer, but he was still impressed. With her hands kneading his thighs, Misato began sliding her throat up and down Shinji's dick.

The Major went quick. Not as quick as if Shinji were face-fucking her, but still pretty fast for a woman who was getting her throat filled with cock not a few inches deep into her esophagus. Shinji felt her spit and his precum mix in her throat, her neck bulging as she forced his tip deeper and deeper. The only sounds from her were the gurgles and small chokes that came bubbling out of her lips, wet with spit.

Shinji felt his orgasm approaching, his body stiffening as Misato did her work. But as he came close to it, he felt Misato's hand clamp down on his cock at the base, her thumb squeezing tight against the bottom. “Misato!” he called out in surprise. He wanted to cum, even as Misato kept going, but her thumb kept almost all his jizz backed up, unable to shoot out to fill her stomach.

Finally, painfully, Misato extracted Shinji's dick from her throat, the tip coming out of her throat dripping with stringy spit. Misato took her time in licking and cleaning up Shinji's cock from base to tip with her tongue, lapping up all the spit she'd covered it in, swallowing it all down her sore throat. And through it all she kept her thumb on Shinji's dick, so tight it came close to hurting, but not as close as not being able to cum did.

“Misato, can I-” Shinji's voice was breathless and strained.

“Nope!” Misato cut him off. “Not yet!” Holding onto his cock, she kept her tight grip even as Shinji's cock pulsed. She watched as his balls twitched, on the very precipice. But keeping her thumb on his cock, she stopped him from fully going over the edge. After three minutes, Shinji's body had come back down. Misato let go, and only a little bit of precum oozed out the tip, which she duly licked up.

Shinji watched her as Misato pushed herself off her knees, and then patted Shinji's cheek with a smile. “Don't be late for your test now!” she chirped, before just walking off. Shinji stared at her back, uncomprehending as she turned the corner. He looked between his legs, his dick rock hard. How the hell was he going to hide that in his plugsuit? Could he quickly masturbate?

Misato popped back into view, wagging her finger. “And no masturbating yet today. Major's orders!” She blew a kiss at Shinji, and his mouth fell open.

Shaking his head, he slipped into his plugsuit, clicking the wrist-mounted sealer. With the hiss of air being expelled, he felt his cock slap against his stomach, held tight there by the suit. It… wasn't hard
to notice, even if he already knew it was there.

But he was already late, and there was nothing else to do. Leaving the locker room and getting to the catwalk leading to the test plugs, he saw Ayanami turn to face the noise. She nodded at him, before her eyes glanced down. For the first time in his life, he saw a blush hit Ayanami's cheeks, and she quickly jumped into her plug. Shinji felt both embarrassed and proud at that. Did she think he was a pervert, deliberately showing himself off? What if he told her the truth, that Misato had left him like this for some reason?

Shit, Misato must have known his erection would have been totally visible in his plugsuit. She had known Shinji would wander around showing himself off. Did she just like the idea of him covering himself as he ran down the halls, or did she prefer it if the other women saw what she had in her grasp? As he got into the test plug, he tried to put it out of his mind.

“Alright, time for another te-oh my,” Doctor Akagi’s voice came over the radio. “What were you doing in the locker, Shinji?” she asked with a smirk in her voice. That made him blush.

“Heh heh, yeah, about that…”

Akagi waved him off. “Misato likes showing off what she has, she's always been a bit of an exhibitionist. And yes, that extends to others around her as well. She must have had something bite her today, so expect more of it.”

Shinji nodded slowly. Well, if it got Misato wet to have him run around visibly hard… plus it wasn't that embarrassing, was it?

“But I didn't ask you to come here just to tell you about your lover, though I've known her for a
while now.” Akagi took a deep breath. “Shinji, I'm not asking you to… reconcile with your father. But…”

“Doctor Akagi,” Shinji interjected, his voice serious. “I... Misato isn't forcing me to go to your wedding. But I'm not going for him. Honestly, everything's gotten so busy lately it's been hard to find time to think about it. But it's weird, knowing that I'll be a father before the year's out. I'm still angry at him, and I probably will be for a long time, even if he asks me to forgive him. But he'll need to do that at the very least, because I'm not going to him for validation anymore.”

Akagi nodded.

“And to be perfectly honest, it'll be hard for me to see you as my step-mother.”

That made the Doctor flinch, and Shinji saw it. But Akagi's stoic composure quickly took over, and she nodded. “I... I understand Shinji. I shouldn't have intimated…”

“Doctor, I don't know what the future will bring,” Shinji interrupted her again. “I can tell you that I will try my best to not fight it, even if it's different. I only ask you not to... force me and my father to try and get along. It'll go badly on both our accounts, I think. And also... I'm happy, Doctor. I'm happy with Misato, and it's something I've never really felt before. Right now, I just want to enjoy that.”

Akagi smiled. “Live for today and all that? That's sensible, isn't it? You're right, I shouldn't be making castles in the sky and such.”

At that, Misato came into the room, waving to Ritsuko. Undoing Shinji's buttons, she pulled his pants down a bit and sat on his lap. “I talked to some of the bridal shops, Ritz,” she said, as she began to rub her warm ass against Shinji's cock. In long, languorous circles she smothered his dick in her cheeks, her black dress riding up around her hips to show she wasn't wearing any underwear. Shinji tried to keep track of the conversation, but it was pretty much impossible.

Closing his eyes, trying not to cum in his boxers, he woke with a start to feel an unfamiliar hand around his cock, with an even tighter grip than Misato's. Misato stood in front of him, spreading her pussy lips. “Do-Doctor Akagi?” he gasped, but the doctor just shushed into his ear.

Akagi guided Shinji's dick to press against Misato's hole, and the Major pushed back a little to slip the tip in. “Nnhhooohh~” Misato moaned, feeling herself begin to fill up. Akagi moved Shinji's cock in little motions, pressing his cock-tip against every part just inside of Misato's cunt, making her friend squeak and squeal in delight.

Shinji's head was spinning. Akagi wanted him to look at her as a mother? How the hell was he going to do that when she was holding his dick? But even as she did, it didn't feel like she was holding it for his sake – it felt like she was doing it for herself.

Misato slipped further, and Shinji felt the now-familiar wet warmth squeeze down around his girth. Misato's muscles clamped onto him, pulling at his skin around his rod's stiff inner structure. Up and down she slid, her pussy lips stretching as she came up and coming back into position as she buried more of Shinji into herself with each movement.

“You can go further, Misato,” Ritsuko encouraged her friend, and Misato took the offer, impaling herself on Shinji's prodigious cock. Ever since Misato had revealed her pregnancy, the two had tried to be careful about her cervix. They couldn't go hog wild and have Shinji pound into it without a
care anymore. But feeling Misato take her time, until her cheeks rested against Ritsuko's hand, it just made Shinji want to pound into her womb like she was a toy.

Misato reached the base of Shinji's dick, the tip kissing at the entrance to her womb. Moving her hips in a circle, she made Shinji choke out a grunt. Then she started using her hips like a champ. The last few inches of Shinji's cock reappeared and then disappeared again in quick succession, as Misato fucked Shinji's dick. Her ass jigged against his body and Ritsuko's hand, and it was only the Doctor's iron-hard grip that stopped Shinji from cumming. He wanted to push the Doctor off and fuck his woman at his own pace, but not a small part of his body feared what Akagi could do with such a firm grip on him.

Ritsuko reached over Shinji's shoulder, grabbing at the Major's hair, and yanked her head back. “C'mon, Misato, fuck him harder, he bred you, didn't he?” she said. Misato cooed in delight, nodding a little.

“He did, he did! Fucked a baby into my womb, and now I'm going to be a mother~” she said with an almost sing-song voice.

Then Shinji realized it. Ritsuko wasn't really thinking about him – she was fucking Misato using him. It kind of annoyed him when the realization hit. Misato was his! It didn't matter if the two had known each other for years, Misato was his woman, and he was going to rut with her on his own terms! He moved his hips a little, and Misato gasped as his dick pressed against the bottom of her tunnel, in such a way that made his cock ache to cum.

“Wah, she was sexy when she did that.

Shinji's hands grabbed onto his chair, knuckles going white, and he spent the next 10 minutes on the precipice of orgasm. He felt his legs kick out without his volition, his head wagged back and forth, unable to stay still. Sweat poured down his forehead, stinging at his eyes. It was torture. Shinji's teeth ground together, the pounding in his ears began to drown out the wet slap of Misato's cunt on his cock. Being the second time he was kept in this state in the same day, his balls were shining spheres of pain, the ache spreading throughout his entire lower body.

“Oh shit, I've got a meeting in five minutes,” Ritsuko announced, checking her watch. She slapped at Misato's ass. “C'mon, we need to finish up quick Misato.”

Misato whined in her throat, but her hips slowed down. She leaned forward, inch by inch sliding off her man's cock, until the head emerged with a wet pop, shiny with her juices. Shinji's eyes fluttered open, his breathing haggard and panting. “Can I...?” he gasped.

Misato turned around and wagged her finger again. “Not yet!” she chirped, to Shinji's dismay. Would he ever be allowed to cum again? It felt like he'd be forever left on the edge.

But even as Misato slid her dress back down around her hips, her thighs glistening with her juices, she turned around and got to her knees. Ritsuko, with Shinji's cock in her hand, slapped it hard on Misato's face several times, making sure all the precum and slime splattered onto the Major's face and hair. A few moments passed, and Shinji felt his orgasm pass, leaving only weariness in his body.

Ritsuko let go, and a splash of slightly-opaque white fluid came out of the tip, to hit Misato's right eye. It was Shinji's semen without his sperm, something he'd never seen before. Two more spurts, and Misato opened her clean eye and winked at Shinji, as Ritsuko used his cock to smear the semen and precum on Misato's face.
Licking up the last traces from Shinji's cock, Misato kissed the tip and Ritsuko let go of the base. The Doctor leaned over and kissed Shinji gently on the cheek, a strangely maternal act. “I need to talk to Misato alone for a little bit, if that's alright Shinji?” Ritsuko asked, dipping a finger into the thin cream on Misato's face, trying to keep it from dripping off her chin. “Don't worry,” she whispered, “we won't do anything behind your back. I'll just make her lick up all your semen off my fingers.”

Shinji nodded, exhausted but understanding. As long as Ritsuko knew how possessive both he and Misato could get… he couldn't mind too badly. Pulling his pants back up as he left the office, he turned around just before the door closed, to see Misato hanging her tongue out, and the Doctor calmly scraping all of Shinji's ejaculation onto the pink muscle.

The rest of the day had been a blur to Shinji, until he stumbled back and fell onto the couch. His cock felt like it had been through the ringer, and he didn't know what he wanted to do. Well, he knew what he wanted to do – he wanted to masturbate. But he didn't want to let Misato down either, and if she thought that he could go the whole day without jerking off, even a day like she'd just put him through, then he felt like he could live up to that expectation. It hurt, but he wanted to do it.

Thinking a nice cold shower would do him wonders, Shinji opened his eyes, to see the face of Misato smiling down on him.

“When did you get here?” he asked, his voice a lot more groggy than he'd thought it would be. The whole apartment was a lot darker than it had been when he'd closed his eyes, with only a dim purple light coming through the curtains on the windows.

Misato kissed Shinji's forehead. “Just now! There's just so much to do before Ritz's wedding, and it turns out we're going to have to take a day trip for some NERV business in the most crucial planning period.”

“Who's we?” Shinji asked as Misato slinked around the couch, sitting down next to him and hiking her legs up under her as she cuddled up with Shinji.

“You and me,” she clarified, “but we can bring some of your friends if you want.” She leaned in and kissed at Shinji's neck, feeling him shiver in response. “Maybe that Suzuhara boy?”

Shinji nodded as Misato kept kissing at his neck, gentle then hard then gentle again. “Depends on where we go, I think Hikari… his girlfriend… she might want to come along as well.”

“Mmmm,” Misato's throat buzzed. “Well, you have some time to ask. We'll be meeting up with the, well I shouldn't say new pilot, she started her Eva piloting before Rei or you did, but she's being transferred here from Germany.” She sighed. “Something I asked the Committee about months ago, when Angels were still attacking. Of course they do it now.”

Shinji wanted to respond, but Misato's hands were unbuttoning his shirt and pants. “You didn't jack off today like I asked, right?” Misato asked in Shinji's ear. He shook his head. “Good.” She sat down in Shinji's lap, leaning forward. He could feel his bulge hit her damp pussy. Misato guided Shinji's hand to her zipper, and he pulled it down in one long motion, and Misato shrugged it off, revealing she hadn't been wearing any bra the whole day either.

“I've been waiting for this all day,” she said, slipping Shinji's dick out of his pants. Pushing herself on her knees, she took a moment to adjust herself, pressing the tip against her hole before she could slowly push it into her tunnel.
Shinji decided he didn't want that. He grabbed Misato's hips hard, his fingers digging into her skin and leaving bright pale marks underneath them, and he slammed Misato onto his cock. He felt her tunnel engulf him, and Misato opened her mouth in a silent O, her eyes looking off somewhere in the distance.

“Mine, mine, mine!” Shinji chanted as he fucked Misato hard. The older woman's breasts swung in arrhythmic tempos, hitting Shinji’s face as he kissed and sucked at her nipples.

“Yes, yes! Mine, mine!” Misato moaned back, moving her hips forward and back as Shinji fucked her from below. He battered against her cervix, and each hit drove her to another small orgasm. They tried to be careful for the baby's sake, but sometimes (she understood) you just had to let loose. But even if Shinji didn't smash his way into her womb, Misato was still in head-spinning ecstasy. Her plan of giving Shinji terrible blue-balls had worked, making his length harder than usual.

It didn't take long for Shinji to splatter the inside of Misato's tunnel with his more-massive-than-usual load, heavy chunks of jizz spilling out of Misato’s hole to land on Shinji's balls. The two spent a few moments just recuperating, sweaty and panting.

“Let's go get cleaned up,” Misato suggested, and Shinji agreed, happy to have gotten through the day.
Chapter 7

“Well I hope you enjoyed the trip, Asuka. It's not often that you'll get an entire UN surface fleet escorting you.” Kaji breathed in a cloud of cigarette smoke, glancing at the stars above, vibrant in the placid darkness above the Pacific Ocean.

On the deck of the carrier, not ten feet from Kaji, Asuka was laying on a picnic blanket, arms under her head, her legs crossed and one foot idly bouncing. In the cool ocean air, her lack of a bra was obvious, though Kaji did his best to be a gentleman and ignore it.

“They took their sweet time going,” Asuka harrumphed.

Kaji shrugged. “Sure, we could have sent you by plane to Tokyo-3, but then Unit 2 would've been a sitting duck for any Angel or sabotage.”

“I know that!” Asuka yelled, sitting up, her red hair dull in the moonlight. Her leg knocked over an empty beer can. “I would never abandon…”

Kaji smiled. Asuka had been doing her best to corner him, and a late night party had been her last ditch effort before their scheduled rendezvous with Misato the next day right before their arrival. But for all her bravado and German genetics, she was more of a lightweight with alcohol than he was, and he could see the blush in her cheeks as she rubbed at her eyes with the back of her hand.

“I know, don’t worry. You’ve shown good patience on this trip.” Kaji stopped for a moment. He didn’t feel the need to bring up how she’d tried to get a Warrant Officer shitcanned because the bastard didn’t realize she was the pilot of the Evangelion, and had tried to keep her away from it. He didn’t need to spoil the mood.

Sure she was cute, but she needed someone other than himself, Kaji thought. Grabbing his open beer from the blanket, Kaji upended it and finished the still-cold bottom half. He thought he tasted something bitter. Cocking his eyebrow at Asuka, he paused a moment.

“Really?” he asked, a note of incredulity in his voice.

Asuka grinned wide as Kaji’s vision blurred and he slipped into a soft unconsciousness.

He awoke who knew how much later, in his bed. That much was fine. The fact that he was stark naked and his hands were handcuffed to the headboard behind him wasn't. Especially as there was a softly sleeping and nude Asuka next to him, her arm thrown over his chest and her nose buried in his arm. “Damn girl, you’re going to be a monster by the time you get to university,” he said, wincing at the headache behind his eyes.

Asuka stirred, letting out a breath that tickled Kaji, making him shiver. Her blue eyes opened, slowly and blearily, as the drinks she’d had to catch Kaji caught up with her. “Nghhhh…” she moaned, her hand dragging across Kaji’s chest. She froze.

“You awake enough to let me out now?” Kaji asked.

Asuka sat up, her hangover discarded in favor of excitement. Her perky breasts were topped by soft pink nipples just smaller than a quarter. “Not in your life! I’ve got you now, and I’m going to prove
to you that I’m the woman you need!”

“We didn’t do it while I was passed out, right?”

Asuka pouted. “I thought about it, but the drug kept you limp. I fell asleep waiting for it to wear off. But it has now!” With a flourish, Asuka pulled the blanket off the bed, exposing Kaji. Not a situation he was unaccustomed to, though the partner was younger than his usual captor. Sitting there between his legs, Kaji’s dick stirred, not quite hard and not quite limp.

“I knew it!” Asuka crowed, straddling Kaji’s legs and looking down at him, his dick not six inches from her crotch, with its soft red hair. “I knew you found me attractive!”

“I never denied you’re a beauty, Asuka, I only figured I wasn’t the guy for you!” Kaji’s mind ran around, trying to find a solution to this conundrum. He really didn’t want to be the one to take Asuka’s virginity. Especially not in a situation like this.

Asuka’s fingers gingerly brushed the drooping rod, moving it back and forth, testing its weight. With a little bit of trepidation she ran her fingers around the girth, gripping it lightly, pulling it towards her.

“Hoooohhh, Asuka. You don’t… you don’t really want to do this.”

“I’m not scared, Kaji!” Asuka protested. She took some deep breaths, slowly jerking Kaji’s cock, pulling the foreskin down. “I’m just… just getting used to seeing a pe- a dick in real life!” Her hand gripped tighter, jerking further down, her fingers brushing the pubic hairs at the base of Kaji’s dick. Scuttling up, she tried to get the mostly-hard cock underneath her.

With a flash of inspiration, Kaji grinned. “You’re gonna try to get me inside when I’m pushing rope, Asuka? Don’t you know you need to get a guy hard before riding him like a horse?”

Sitting back down in front of Kaji’s crotch, Asuka scowled at him. “I… I know that!” Her cheeks were red with embarrassment. She’d seen a few adult videos, but her interest hadn’t been in the foreplay, but the close-ups of the man pounding himself into a woman, thinking about how it’d feel to be there herself, with Kaji making her shriek.

Laying down on her side, Asuka jerked Kaji a few more times, bringing it close to her face. “I know that men like blowjobs! I was just going to do that when you brought it up. You should be happy I’m doing this for you, I’ve never sucked anyone else’s dick before!”

Pressing the cock against her face, Asuka breathed in the masculine scent, unusual to her experience. It made her pussy itch, the way she got when Misato would bring in some random guy and fuck him senseless, barely hiding it from her younger charge. She rubbed her nose and lips against the skin, tasting the faint saltiness of sweat. She opened her mouth, staring at the swollen head, not noticing Kaji’s grimace.

There was a knock at the door.

Asuka’s face contorted into a mask of anger. She flew off the bed, throwing on her sundress, barely making sure she was covered. The knocking continued, and Asuka ripped the door open, snarling at the poor seaman behind the portal. “WHAT?!”

The seaman, taken aback at Asuka’s vehemence, didn’t even notice the strap fallen off her shoulder, or her almost-free nipples. “Uhhh,” he noised, trying to remember his message. “There’s a… a
NERV chopper landing to meet with the Inspector…”

Kaji appeared behind Asuka, his hand on her shoulder stopping her tirade before it began. She whirled around, seeing him in a towel with a toothbrush in his mouth. From her angle she could see the handcuffs dangling from the headboard onto the pillow. “Thanks, I appreciate it. Asuka, can you meet them at the pad and you tell ‘em I’ll be a few minutes, we’ll meet in the mess hall.”

Pouting, Asuka stormed off, her footsteps echoing in the metal hallways. Kaji shrugged at the Navy man. “Teens. What are you gonna do?”

The helicopter ride to the Pacific Fleet had been something of a rollercoaster, even before it’d begun. Misato had greeted the dawn bent over the toilet bowl, enjoying the fruits of her growing pregnancy. Shinji had done what he could, which meant holding her hair back and making something light and easy for breakfast and lunch. He thought it wasn’t a lot, but Misato appreciated it.

The helicopter ride had been pretty incredible. Shinji had thought he’d gotten used to crazy technology, but flying still excited him. It also excited his two guests, but they also spent half the time making googly eyes at each other. Shinji wasn’t sure what had happened between Hikari and Toji on the school trip, but they’d reached a kind of concord. He was glad for both of them.

For her part, Misato had spent the helicopter ride alternatively dozing and trying to fix her uniform. She’d been surprised at how quickly a bulge was beginning to form beneath her clothes, making her uniform tight and unpleasant to wear. She thought the bump was obvious to anyone who glanced her way, but neither Hikari nor Toji had congratulated Misato, so who knew.

Circling the fleet, Shinji glanced out the window, amazed at how large all the ships were, and how gargantuan the carrier was in the middle of them, like a whale surrounded by dolphins. The approach was simple enough, though Misato’s face was clammy and drawn at times. With a bump the party landed, and letting the rotors slow down, they emerged to see a number of American sailors work to secure the bird to the deck.

Shinji noticed a shock of yellow and red ahead of him. “So which one of you is the Third Child? I’m the pilot of the invincible Evangelion Unit 02, Asuka Langley Soryu!” she said with a haughty tilt of her nose.

He was about to respond when Misato made a noise as she rushed to the railing. A gust of wind blew across the ship as both Shinji and Toji helped the mother-to-be retch into the water far below. He heard a gasp from Hikari, and when he looked up he saw the Class Rep covering her mouth in surprise, and the sneering girl holding her dress down, her face as red as her hair.

“J-just meet us in the mess hall!” she screamed before running off.

“What was her problem?” Toji asked Hikari, who had steam coming out of her ears.

“Nothing!” she squeaked back.

After Misato got her stomach back, the four wound their way through the innards of the huge ship. Shinji, who’d seen Misato get lost in NERV, was taken aback by how effortlessly Misato navigated the vessel. All Shinji had to do was follow her directions, open doors, and make sure Toji and Hikari didn’t get left behind when they ducked into alcoves to make out. He pushed open a portal, and came into a small square room with tables and chairs, an obvious cafeteria.
Sitting at one table was the girl who’d met them, and then a dark-haired man with circles under his eyes and a cigarette in his mouth. He made eye contact with Misato first, waving at her and then at the others. “Yo, welcome to the US Navy, Katsuragi and company,” he said.

Misato returned the wave. “I figured it was you escorting Asuka over. How’s the ride been?” she asked the two as everyone sat down.

Asuka, unable to meet Hikari’s face, shrugged. “It’s been boring.”

“Really? Man, if my pal Kensuke were here he’d be having a heart attack at seeing all this gear and stuff,” Toji leaned back, hands behind his head. “Maybe you’re just not looking at it right?”

Asuka sniffed. “Compared to an Evangelion, everything here’s a toy.”

“So you’re a pilot as well?” Shinji asked. “How long?”

Asuka folded her arms over her chest. “Since I was a small child! I’ve been the model for more than half the mind-motion interface work the Evas use, and my unit is the first true combat-capable Evangelion!”

“Sucks that the Angels haven’t shown up for a while, huh?” Toji said.

Asuka grit her teeth, throwing a death glance at Toji. Hikari grabbed Toji’s arm. “I’m getting a little hungry, why don’t we get something and come back?” Toji shrugged, unaware of the work his girlfriend was doing to try and save him from whom she could see was a stormy individual.

The couple left quick, but Hikari pulled Toji past the lunch line into a small closet in the hall. Surrounded by cleaning supplies, Hikari pulled Toji into a deep kiss, her hands gripping the front of his shirt tightly. Toji’s hands took their opportunity, sliding up Hikari’s thighs to play underneath her skirt, fingers pinching at the meeting of her ass and thighs.

Hikari broke the kiss with a gasp. “Toji, you need to be more sensitive!” she hissed, brushing her lips against his neck. “How would you like it if someone made fun of you never playing basketball even though you loved it?”

Toji made a non-committal noise in his chest, more interested in smelling Hikari’s peach-scented shampoo and feeling up her ass. It was always firmer than he expected, probably from the swimming she did.

“Be nice, and I mean it, Toji!” Hikari squirmed under Toji’s hands. “I’ll… I’ll let you do me right here if you promise to be nice.”

“Absolutely,” Toji accepted without even a moment’s hesitation. In a second his belt was undone, and his dick pressed against Hikari’s panties.

Hikari was about to ask him how he moved so fast when sex was on the line, but then Toji entered her, and all she could think about was how nice it felt.

“So how’s it like living with Katsuragi here?” Kaji asked Shinji. “She as much of a freak as she was in college?”

Shinji kept a brave face, but Kaji was asking him some uncomfortable questions. He thought of
“She’s gotten better, at least from how she was when I first got there,” Shinji said. “Still sleeps half-nude, but I got her to start putting her trash out, so what are you gonna do?”

“You did? How? It was awful when she was in Germany!” Asuka said as she leaned on the table, exposing her cleavage. She was getting progressively more annoyed with this young man in front of her. She was expecting him and the other ape to be salivating over her amazing body – it was what so many other men and boys did. But he barely noticed her existence. That was intolerable!

Shinji smiled. “Uhhh, I gave her rewards for it?” Misato began digging her nails into Shinji’s hand. As much as Shinji wanted to tell the others about how he promised to give Misato an orgasm for every chore she remembered to do, he knew they needed some secrecy. “All I had to do was give her some treats, and I was training her at home as much as she was training me at NERV!”

Shinji’s smile refused to budge as Misato’s knuckles ground circles into his scalp.

“Well, that makes me feel better, and I hope it makes you feel better too, Asuka,” Kaji said. He pulled out some papers and laid them out on the table. “You’ll be staying with Katsuragi here in Tokyo-3.”

“What?!?” both Misato and Asuka cried out in unison.

“All right here,” he said, tapping the stack of papers. “You need some adult supervision, Asuka, and I trust Katsuragi here.”

Misato looked at the paper, seeing the living arrangements, the date, and her own signature at the bottom. She slumped back down into her chair and screwed her eyes shut. “I gotta stop just signing everything that comes across my desk,” she groaned.

Asuka shouted at Kaji, but the man caught Shinji’s eye. The older man winked, and motioned at the two women. He mouthed Good Luck.

Into this affair Hikari and Toji returned. They were sweaty and red, their clothes rumpled, their legs weak. It turned out that an un-ventilated room was not the most comfortable for the liaison they had. But they had food for their cover. “What did we miss?” Hikari said.

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With Japan in sight, the heavy equipment at New Yokosuka Harbor for transporting the Eva silhouetted against the hills, everything was in order for the transfer. Hikari and Asuka were chatting like old friends in the helicopter, Asuka’s moment of unintentional exhibitionism quickly forgotten. Toji and Shinji were with a group of sailors practicing their limited English, the seamen doing their best to teach the young men the filthiest phrases they could come up with.

Misato sat on a bench, resting her exhausted back against a metal wall. She gently rubbed her stomach, hoping she wasn’t pushing herself too hard. Maybe she’d take the next day off, and have Shinji sign everything for her. He could copy her signature, it wasn’t that difficult.

“Yo, a souvenir from Germany,” came Kaji’s voice from just around the corner, holding a distinctly bottle-shaped present. Misato took it and opened it up, eyebrow raising when she saw the label.
“Kornbrand? You want to remind me of the crazy shit I did on this stuff?” She put the bottle down next to her. “Well, thank you Kaji. I do appreciate it.”

“Don’t mention it, and don’t worry if you can’t down it all. You can start teaching Shinji how to hold down something harder than beer. A dad’s gotta have to do at least that.”

Misato shot a piercing glance at him. He was still giving her a friendly look.

“Congrats, really. He’s very different in person than what I read, so I figure some of that was you.”

Misato touched her stomach reflexively, then relaxed. Kaji had always been more perceptive than he’d let on. “He’s really very kind,” she whispered, half-looking at Shinji. So much had changed. How much she’d changed almost scared her a little. But it had to be for the best. For the child now growing inside her weighed on Misato’s mind constantly, and her life was shifting around it – slowly now, but it would soon speed up.

But she wouldn’t have chosen any other young man to share the changes with.

“So what was this about Asuka not wearing anything this morning?” she asked, only to find that the Inspector was gone. Misato couldn’t be too mad.

Shinji squeezed through the boxes that filled the hall of the apartment. Asuka was down at the street, yelling at the movers for having dropped one. He wasn’t even sure anything had broken, she just wanted them to know she couldn’t be treated like that.

Misato grabbed Shinji by the back of he collar and flipped him around to kiss him. His worries melted away at that. His hand touched the swell of her stomach, and a thrill ran up his spine. Was it anticipation that he felt? Sheer excitement? A terror that was indistinguishable from those? He wondered how his own father had felt, seeing him as just a bump in his mother.

Misato broke the kiss, leaning an ear to the window. “She’s still yelling,” she reassured herself. “I’m sorry this is happening now, Shinji,” she said. “I… really made a mistake. But Asuka’s not a bad girl once you get to know her. She’s just… prickly. And besides, this is all temporary. We’ll just need to be a little… discreet.”

“Discreet?” Shinji’s balls tightened at the explanation. Truth be told, he’d gotten damn used to living alone with Misato, and having privacy in their home. How was he going to make her scream if they had to hide from Asuka? Damn it, he’d even had to move from his bedroom into a little side room!

Misato saw Shinji’s emotions clear on his face. An idea struck her, and she grinned. “Turn that frown upside down, Shinji. Here’s the plan…” she stopped and leaned to the window. “No more yelling. Ok, just stay in your room tonight, and I’ll let you know what’s going to happen.” She gave Shinji another kiss. “Trust me.”

How could he say no to that?

The rest of the day was a blur of Asuka meticulously going through her boxes, showing little care for what she didn’t need. She, as she explained to Shinji when he asked, could be as cutting and careless to what she considered useless as she wanted – but it was her prerogative, not that of some gorilla whose only occupation was being strong enough to lift heavy things.

She was certainly fiery, he had to admit that. She could turn on a dime, going from friendly and
perky to mad and spitting fire in a moment. It was exhausting to be around. When he and Misato finally were able to convince Asuka that it was bedtime for all of them, it was a relief.

At least, it was an emotional relief. Laying on his bed, his small fan doing its best to circulate air from the window in the narrow space, Shinji couldn’t help but think of Misato, just on the other side of the wall from him. He wanted to be inside there, and more importantly, he wanted to be inside her. He wanted to empty his balls into her stomach like usual.

He tossed and turned under the sheets, throwing them off eventually, the night too hot even for such a thin layer. He heard a weird sound, and opened his eyes. Everything seemed fine, but he could hear a high-pitched whine to his left. He looked to the wall, and saw it slightly vibrating.

Leaning in close, Shinji heard the sound better. He was about to press his ear against it when a bump appeared on the wall, and a flat blade stuck through it. Shinji watched as the blade cut a circle in the wall, sliding down and around before coming back up to the top. The circle of wall, about 5 or 6 inches in diameter, was pulled in and out.

“Knock knock!” Misato’s voice came from the other side. She pressed her eye against the opening and winked at Shinji. “Misa-nee’s Sexual Relief Service Hole, now open for business!” Without hesitating, Misato pressed her face against the hole, her tongue reaching out into the air in front of Shinji. “Come on, come on! I’m here for all young men who want to empty their blue balls!” Her voice was eager, but still quiet.

Shinji couldn’t resist that. His boxers flew off, and he smacked his hardening dick against the lips and tongue in front of him. “Who is this pervert asking for cock? Some old Christmas Cake who can’t get married?”

The mouth did her best to gobble up Shinji’s head between her lips, but he kept pulling it back after slapping her tongue. “Ahhnn! No! I’m doing a public service! I’m helping the young!”

Shinji pressed his hole against the nostrils poking out of the wall, spilling some precum into her nose. “Uh huh. And why don’t you just go on a train and get molested then?”

“Because Misa-nee doesn’t want to be in public like this!” she groaned.

“Alright, alright,” Shinji whispered back. “I’ll give you what you want!”

Pressing the head of his cock down onto the wriggling tongue, Shinji pushed forward. “Misa-nee’s” lips slurped down on his skin, peeling back his foreskin and cleaning his smegma with a precision and speed that was unreal, without a mechanical lack of interest. Misa-nee’s tongue slapped and slurped and wrung itself around Shinji’s dick as he pushed it deeper into the woman’s mouth. Leaning against the wall, Shinji closed his eyes. This was what he was missing.

And it was obviously what Misa-nee had been wanting as well. Sucking and gagging on Shinji’s cock, the older woman was obviously masturbating, moaning as she almost worked to try and choke herself on Shinji’s rod. Reaching down, he stroked her chin. “Hey, hey, it’s ok. I’m still gonna cum, Misa-nee. Don’t hurt yourself.”

Misa-nee squirmed her lips a little deeper, but slower this time. Her tongue played out and touched Shinji’s balls, licking at the flesh between his testicles. It was enough for Shinji. Closing his eyes and leaning against the wall, he let out a grunt, and started to ejaculate.
Misa-nee sucked down the torrent of jizz, her throat working over-time to swallow it all down. But as much landed in her stomach, still more clung to the sides of her throat, filling her mouth, dribbling out past her lips. It was so delicious. She was sure it was nutritious for the baby too.

After she was sure she’d gotten everything she could from Shinji’s balls, Misa-nee’s tongue cleaned off his cock of every trace of spunk, smacking her lips lovingly after he pulled out. “Pahh~ Misa-nee hopes you’re feeling better! If you ever need her, just knock on the hole!” She blew a kiss at Shinji, withdrew from the hole, and replaced the cut-out in the wall.

“Oh, I can live with this,” Shinji said to himself.

Asuka slipped into life in Tokyo-3 like a new dress. With Hikari as a surreptitious guide to the school and the area, she quickly took her rightful place at the top of the school hierarchy. Even learning to live with Misato again was not nearly as bad as she’d dreaded when Kaji had dropped it on her, she eventually had to admit to herself.

Though she didn’t quite remember Misato having that much of a beer belly from her time in Germany. A strange thing for her to have, as Asuka hadn’t even seen the customary piles of cans and bottles that Misato had traditionally left behind her like a trail in the apartment. Maybe it was the food? Shinji’s food was spectacular, Asuka had found out. She could easily imagine Misato pigging out on it without thinking. Asuka would be smarter, though – she had a killer figure to maintain.

NERV-Japan was as NERV-Germany had been, though with a few slight differences. Asuka had grown up around it all though – she didn’t need pointers about synchronization tests, and Misato was very clear to the staff that Asuka wasn’t one to be talked down to.

The first sync test had been a surprise, though. Sure, Asuka had topped the charts, but Shinji had been pretty close behind. For someone who’d been thrown into an Eva within the year, it showed a prowess that worried Asuka.

“Ugh, how could he have such a high ratio?” Asuka asked.

“Why be worried about it? Is it a bad thing if he passes you?” Hikari asked. The two were sitting on a bench, sipping on fruit sodas after school. Their uniforms clung to their bodies, and Asuka could see that Hikari had the makings of a beautiful mother in her, with larger breasts than her own, as well as wider hips. She was going to make her husband very happy.

“Bad? Well, I’m the best Eva pilot, aren’t I? If I’m the best pilot, I need to have the best sync ratio,” Asuka explained, without even the condescension that she’d use with others.

Hikari nodded slowly. “But it’s not the only thing, is it? I mean, NERV isn’t going to kick you out if you happened to lose to him. That doesn’t make a lot of sense!”

Sucking on the straw in her drink, Asuka thought about it. The idea of NERV throwing her away brought up horrible memories she didn’t want to think about. But didn’t Hikari have a point? She was irreplaceable.

“Asuka, you’re the smartest girl in the school, but didn’t Tomo get a higher score on the last Kanji test than you?” Hikari neglected to add that so had she. “Test scores aren’t everything, and I’m sure it’s the same at NERV.”

“That’s because Kanji are so confusing!” Asuka barked. “All these squiggles, and different
characters for the same sounds. It’s irrational!”

Hikari giggled behind her hand as Asuka began to launch into an argument about why Kanji were so bad. She would interject here and there, perhaps slightly correcting an over-generalization that Asuka made, but she was mostly content to let the other girl exhaust some of her energy.

And exhaust Asuka did. She got home late, having had dinner with Hikari and her sister, to find that her “roommates” were already asleep, and the lights off. Asuka figured it was a good idea as well. She changed into her pajamas, brushed her teeth, and went to the kitchen to grab a glass of water. As she was walking back to her room though, she thought she heard something from Shinji’s room.

A tiny part of her conscience had felt bad about shoving Shinji out of his old room and into the one next to Misato. But she was the one who needed the space, not him. Plus Asuka had lived wall to wall with Misato once before, and had no interest in having to hear that cacophony ever again. Shinji seemed unfazed by it, a point in favor of Asuka’s decision-making process.

“How about I fack your tight pussy?”

Asuka’s eyebrow raised at that. Was that Shinji’s voice? In bad English? She crept closer, seeing that the door wasn’t closed all the way. Making sure all the other lights were out and nothing was shining on her, Asuka stepped backward a few more steps, approaching Shinji’s door.

“Oh yes please, sir!” That was definitely Misato’s voice. What were those two doing? Asuka’s stomach was doing flips inside her.

Dropping to her hands and knees, Asuka crawled to the door, and pressed her eye against the small crack. She held her hand against her mouth to hide her gasp. Shinji had his cock out, dripping with spit, and was pressing the tip against the wall with Misato’s room. “Fuck Misa-nee as much as you need, it’s what I’m here for!”

Shinji and Misato having sex? A gloryhole cut between the rooms? Asuka couldn’t believe this! She wanted to call Kaji right that second and wail about loose morals and how bad an environment this was for her, and demand that he let her live with him now. But she was too stuck on staring at Shinji’s dick to leave.

It was huge! Enormous! As big as Kaji’s! What the Hell! It just wasn’t right that a young man like Shinji had such a tool between his legs. If he had something smaller, she could tease him about it, make jokes about his size and put him in his place underneath her. But with that thing? Asuka wondered how the hell Misato was supposed to have sex with him, would that dick even fit inside of her? Would it fit inside Asuka?

Shinji pushed himself into the hole, spreading his knees to get a better angle for his hips. “Aaahh, your pussy is always so wet, Misa-nee!” Asuka thought she heard a giggle from Misato, but it was replaced soon enough by an excited moan.

“That’s it… feed Misa-nee and the baby. We need some thick, hot dick milk from daddy! Haahah!”

The sound of Misato’s pussy slurping on Shinji’s length reached Asuka outside the door. The sight of Shinji thrusting himself into the wall, his balls hanging low and slapping against the thighs tightly pressed into the hole, it made Asuka want to fuck someone right there. Reaching under her panties, Asuka started running her fingers in circles over her clitoris.
“You like my cock?” Shinji asked. His pronunciation was not the best that Asuka had ever heard, and in the back of her mind she locked it in as something she could lord over him. Maybe even teach him to be better at it, so he could thank her in his mind while he plowed Misato.

Fuck! He was fucking Misato! Asuka wondered just how in the hell that had happened, even as she kept up the pressure on her hood. She knew Misato had always been a sexual monster, preying on the men around NERV just as much as they were trying on other women. Had she just crossed a line in her mind, deciding that fucking a guy half her age was acceptable if it meant a dick inside of her? Had she been that desperate for cock that she couldn’t have found a guy closer to her age?

The more she watched Shinji, engrossed in the sensation of Misato’s tunnel wrapped around his girth, the more annoyed she was. He looked so stupid! His face scrunched up, his teeth set against each other, his muscles straining at an exertion that was as exhausting as any workout. Did all guys look like that when they had sex? She tried to imagine Kaji making the same expressions, his stubble-covered cheeks contorting in grunts and moans.

Well, other than the ones he’d made when she’d had him strapped down. She was going to make that work one day.

But not only did Shinji look stupid, he looked so pleased with himself! What did he have to be pleased for? That a hag decided she was gonna start cradle robbing to find a guy who would actually put up with her bullshit? Shinji looked like he was on top of the world, and for what? He wasn’t fucking a woman half as beautiful as Asuka!

Anger strengthening her limbs, Asuka rubbed furiously at her sensitive nub. She bit her lip, splaying her knees to give herself better access. It was shameful, what she was doing. Not only acting like the worst Peeping Tom, but actively trying to get herself off at the same time! The redhead shook her head. She at least was pure in her intentions with Kaji!

A heavy grunt escaped Shinji’s mouth, and Asuka froze where she was. She heard a long, low moaning come from Misato’s room, and she marveled as those huge orbs between Shinji’s thighs twitched and contracted. Asuka knew what was happening, but it was still racy. He wasn’t even wearing a condom! What if Misato got pregnant? Would they possibly cross even that line?

Wait, had Misato said something about a baby?

Shinji pulled out, and Asuka scurried away before she was noticed. In her own bed, her heart pounding like a jackhammer, she squeezed at her nipples and clit until she let out a thin, moaning orgasm.

She dreamed of that cock staring straight at her, dripping with jizz, its very proportions and form demanding that she take it in her mouth and please it.

The next day Asuka woke up, crabby as usual. The secret couple were the same as they’d been ever since Asuka had arrived, but now that she’d seen their secret, she could see their relationship clear as day. The way Shinji and Misato looked at each other was the way she wanted Kaji to look at her. The fact that the dark-haired young man wasn’t looking at her like that raised her hackles.

She’d get back at him at school, though. Her pride as the best student and Eva pilot in Tokyo-3 demanded it!
Time went on in Tokyo-3. Asuka settled into a pattern with her roommates – she belittled and insulted Shinji for his academic failures at school, but then helped him study at home. Misato grew larger and larger, until even Asuka knew what had happened between the two before she had arrived. The realization hit her like a truck – Shinji had gotten Misato pregnant! A wimp like him!

It all felt like she’d arrived at the end of the play. The Angels weren’t coming anymore, Dr. Akagi was getting married to the Commander (that he was Shinji’s father had to be explained to Asuka by Misato), Misato was pregnant by Shinji, and her new friend and confidante Hikari had a boyfriend in the gorilla called Toji. She felt like she was being ignored by the universe.

That she was consciously ignoring the many, many confessions the boys at school gave her didn’t cross her mind, until Hikari pointed it out.

The feeling grew in her, but it rarely bubbled over into outright aggression. Whenever Asuka found the right turn of phrase to cut into someone and draw some blood, she somehow pulled back, keeping her claws covered. What would it get her to insinuate Shinji’s father didn’t care about him? Sure, she’d shut Shinji up and maybe she’d see something besides infuriating calm on his face, but was it worth it? As she got to know him, and he asked about her life, she found it easier to relax around him.

Misato had changed from how Asuka had known her as well. Asuka had even said as much to Misato one day when they were alone. Misato, sitting on the couch, a maternity dress covering her swelling stomach, had nodded thoughtfully.

“I can’t believe you’re pregnant and unmarried, though. Who even is the father, anyway?” Asuka made sure the question was pointed.

Misato had giggled nervously at that. “Well, that’s a secret! I will get married though. I just don’t want to step on Ritz’s toes right now.”

When Shinji and Misato got too much for Asuka, she always went to Hikari’s place. Kodama slipped into Asuka’s growing circle of acquaintances and maybe-even-possibly-friends easily enough, the college nympho making both Hikari and Asuka blush at details of her escapades.

“And that was when I walked around town just wearing a coat, with nothing underneath,” Kodama said, sitting sideways on an armchair, dressed in a tank-top and short-shorts. Asuka and Hikari were sitting on Kodama’s bed, with rapt attention. “You wouldn’t believe how often the wind will blow the back up of a coat, so don’t get one with slits! You’ll show off your ass and the vibrators you’ve got in to every salaryman who passes by.” Kodama shot an eye at Asuka. “Unless that’s what you want to do!”

“Kodama!” Hikari said, shocked.

The college girl grinned and leaned further back on the armrest. “What? Now come on Asuka, what’s the raciest thing you’ve ever done?”

Hikari opened and closed her mouth, hoping her friend didn’t answer, but Asuka was up to the challenge. She shook her hair back behind her ear, and stared at Kodama. “I’ve seen a gloryhole used.”

Hikari’s mouth dropped. Kodama leaned in, eagerness written all over her face. “I need to know
Asuka shrugged like it was nothing at all. “Just two overeager idiots. A young guy and an older woman. They’d made a hole and started using it to fuck each other. She’d suck his dick, get creampied, all that jazz.”

“And you watched it?” Hikari squeaked.

Another shrug. “They were pretty blatant about it. Like I said, idiots. So I kept an eye on it, just because.”

Kodama’s smile grew a little wider. She knew exactly the couple that Asuka was talking about, and she knew that it wouldn’t happen just once, not with those two. “Oh really? You just watched, all dispassionately?”

“Of course. How else would I?”

Kodama wriggled on the chair. “Well, I can think of one or two things. I bet you were fingering yourself while watching them!”

Blood rushed to Asuka’s face. “Absolutely not!”

“I knew it! You’ve been thinking about doing the same thing yourself, haven’t you Asuka? Just imagining a big, hard dick poking out of a hole, just above your face, your own body begging you to start sucking on it?”

Hikari fell backwards, hugging a pillow to her face to cover her ears from this licentiousness.

Asuka trembled with outrage and embarrassment. Had she been that transparent? She knew she’d been coming close to a line in bringing up the gloryhole, even if she didn’t say where it was. And Kodama had noticed it!

“Never! That sounds like just your lewd imagination, Kodama,” Asuka huffed, folding her arms.

Kodama howled with laughter. “Oh, don’t be a prude now, Asuka! There’s nothing wrong with a little bit of voyeurism now and then!” Hikari rolled side to side, trying not to think about what was happening.

Kodama’s laughter echoed in Asuka’s mind that night as she knelt once more outside Shinji’s door. How many times had she done this now, only 10 weeks in? She kept saying each night would be the last, but she kept coming back. But this night, unlike the others, Shinji’s door was closed. Asuka stared at it like it had betrayed her personally. Had they found out? Had the pair finally decided they didn’t want Asuka’s eyes on them while they rutted with one another?

Biting her lip painfully, Asuka looked over at Misato’s door. She went over to it, and stared at the frame. She could slide the door open, just a sliver. She could do it quietly, as well – she’d tried it a few times when she was alone, and found it was a smooth motion. But doing that herself meant she’d need to make the decision to watch on her own terms.

All this time she’d told herself that the two were careless enough to leave themselves open to being found. Her watching was merely a collection of data, not only to get out of the apartment and into Kaji’s, but also for ideas she could use with him. Actually opening the door herself was qualitatively
different. Could she make that step? Actually become the Peeping Tom that Kodama had accused her of being, instead of the disinterested observer?

The door gave little resistance to Asuka as she slid it across, as silently as she could. There she saw Misato at work, playing with Shinji’s cock, jerking it and kissing the tip. Her pregnant belly was in full view, the belly button already poking out of the mound. Misato gigglingly bit at Shinji’s dark cock-head, pretending to gnaw on it. “Ahn nam nom,” she played out biting Shinji.

Asuka started fingering herself as she watched Misato play with the cock in front of her. The redhead watched carefully as Misato traced a finger down the length, curved upward slightly, and twirled it around the heavy balls hanging through the hole. Misato rubbed the cock along her face, leaning down to bury her nose between the sacs.

The raven-haired woman’s chest pushed out and sank back as she took deep breaths of Shinji’s aroma. Asuka wondered what was going through her head. Was it fun for her? Did she really like it, or was she doing it because Shinji enjoyed it? She thought back to the morning on the ship with Kaji, how she’d put on her bravest face for Kaji. Had he seen through her? Misato wasn’t putting on a mask, she seemed like she truly loved pleasuring Shinji that way. If Kaji asked her to do it, would Asuka have that devotion to him to do it without question? What if Shinji asked her?

The thought made Asuka rub harder.

Misato took Shinji’s left ball into her mouth, and started sucking on it, not too hard. She glanced at the doorway, and Asuka knew she’d been found out. Her body froze, her breath stopped. It was all going to come out now. She’d be exposed as the pervert she was at heart. She’d be disciplined, maybe even expelled from NERV. But at the very least everyone would know. People would whisper behind Asuka’s back, talking about the lecherous behavior she’d engaged in, laughing at her and thinking themselves better than her. It was the end.

But Misato didn’t stop and accuse Asuka. She barely even slowed down her tongue-lashing. Instead of stopping, Misato kept at it, only winking at Asuka before turning her full attention back to her boy toy.

A wave of relief fell over Asuka. It couldn’t have been true, could it? But Misato was still there, one hand between her legs, the other gripping Shinji tightly, acting like she not only cared that Asuka was watching her, but positively enjoyed being watched! That couldn’t be possible. Was Misato that perverted?

Asuka sank two fingers into her dripping snatch. Of course Misato could be that perverted, she told herself. Look at the state of her! Probably the only thing that kept her from parading around Tokyo-3 on a leash with Shinji leading her was the fact that the relationship was against regulations!

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Asuka shook her head. She’d let Kodama talk too much, the nympho had put too many ideas in her innocent ears.

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Misato spent a day somewhat worried, thinking that Asuka might spill the beans. But she’d cottoned onto the younger girl’s thinking well enough. Asuka didn’t want to admit she’d been watching, so Misato and Shinji could afford to be a little more teasingly open about the true state of affairs. So now when Asuka wasn’t looking, Misato could snatch Shinji up and plant a heavy kiss on his lips before the redhead came back. The two bathed together again, the picture of naivety on their faces when Asuka spluttered and accused Shinji of being a pervert.
It was a fun game, Misato had to admit.

Sitting with Ritsuko, Misato had a dreamy smile on her face that Ritz knew meant she was thinking about dick again. The doctor snapped her fingers under Misato’s face. “Earth to Misato, Earth to Misato, are you there?”

Pulled out of her reverie, Misato sat up straight. “Yes! Yes. Sorry. Uhh, what were you saying?”

Ritsuko rolled her eyes. “I was just saying that my future step-son isn’t the type to run around.”

“Hey, you think I don’t know that, Ritz?”

“He’s not the one who has a history of sleeping around,” Ritz shot at Misato. The arrow plunged deep into Misato, and she lowered her head, her melancholy so strong Ritsuko could see the cloud forming over her.

“Don’t be like that. I’m not trying to accuse you of cheating on him, I know that you wouldn’t do that with the baby on the way.” Ritz tried to console Misato. “But I just need you to keep it in mind. Shinji is very focused when he gets onto something. He’s like his father in that way. From everything I’ve seen and you’ve told me, that young man is going to dedicate himself to making you and your child happy.”

Misato nodded. It made her feel strange to hear her relationship put into such words. But it pleased her that others saw what she saw him Shinji.

“But you also got him younger than most,” Ritsuko continued. Misato gave a sheepish smile. “Now, it’s pretty common these days for boys his age to… sample the world a bit, shall we say, before settling down. Especially with women of his own age group.”

“Do you think I’m tying him down?” Misato wondered where Ritz was going with this.

“No, not in a bad sense. But as his step-mother,” and Ritsuko couldn’t help but smile as she said that, “I want him to not feel as if he’s lost anything. So I have an idea. Think of it as… something like the teasing we’ve had with him before.”

Misato nodded her head, slowly understanding where Ritz was coming from. “Tell me more.”

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I can’t believe they brought me into the bridal party, Asuka thought to herself, what kind of conceptual realm do you have to live in to think putting me in the same picture as old maids is flattering to them?

Owing to her history and relation with Misato, Asuka had been quickly brought in to the wedding as a last-minute addition. And sure, the bride’s dress was great, revealing plenty of décolletage but in a tasteful way. So was Misato’s, a dark purple that seemed to run off her body like a waterfall. Her pregnancy even made it look nice But neither of them held a candle to Asuka, and she could feel the ogling of the other guests.

Pathetic, but understandable.

The ceremony had been simple, but pleasant. Commander Ikari had looked like he’d just been carved from stone that morning, but apparently that was how he looked all the time, and everyone just rolled with it. Asuka couldn’t imagine marrying a man with less emotional expression than a
statue, but Dr. Akagi was getting up there in age, so Asuka could understand if she had to settle.

The reception was also lovely, a large dance floor filling the center of the half-circle of tables. But what grabbed Asuka’s attention was Kaji’s arrival. In a suit just unkempt enough to suggest he’d slept in it, the man was handsome as always. For an hour they talked, and Kaji listened with his experienced ear.

The dance started, and the bride and groom made a strong attempt. Not just an attempt – Commander Ikari led the now Dr. Rokubungi like an experienced dancer. Jaws could be heard hitting the various tables. But Asuka wasn’t going to be knocked out of the spotlight without a fight. Once the couple was done, Asuka grabbed Kaji’s hand and pulled him onto the dance floor, along with a number of other dancers.

Making sure to press her breasts against Kaji’s chest, Asuka took a moment to enjoy the dance. Between the other dancers she saw Shinji and Misato, looking lovingly at each other. At a glance, she was almost surprised at how wholesome they looked. Asuka couldn’t see any evidence of the awfully intense fucking that Misato had given Shinji almost a week before.

The session a week ago, the last before the wedding, had been so forceful, so powerful, with Misato ramming herself against the cock so fast that Asuka had wondered if the baby would be alright. Shinji had cum a half-dozen times, his balls wrung of almost every drop of seed in them. The sex had been so strong that Asuka herself had been left a quivering wreck, her arousal dribbling along her legs, collecting into a pool on the floor below her.

The next morning, Asuka had been able to stay at the apartment after the other two had left, and she’d gone into Misato’s room to see the damage for herself. The hole still dribbled with jizz, and the smell of raw sex was heady in the air, warming up with the ever-summer sun. She wondered how Misato kept drinking this stuff without vomiting. Asuka, still on a high from the night before, threw caution to the wind.

Sticking her tongue out, Asuka lapped up the cum rivulets on the wall, the little pools on the floor, the stuff stuck in the hole itself. She drank down the thick, sticky jizz, chewing on it to make sure she could actually swallow it all. Nowhere in her mind did she think to question it. She’d seen so much of it, she needed to taste it. She could always tease Shinji if it turned out his cum was weak. But as she swallowed a second mouthful, she figured she’d have to tease him for having too much virility.

That she came while licking the cum up didn’t cross her mind as strange, just a natural result from such a powerful sensation, no matter how disgusting it was.

Now, on the dance floor they seemed just normal, like they weren’t the sexual deviants that they were at heart. Asuka considered for a split second taking Kaji aside and telling him everything, but she found that she couldn’t do it. They were entertaining her, after all! Misato even knew she was putting on a show for Asuka. So why not let it keep going for a while?

The dancers moved around, circling as a group and each couple revolving. Asuka glanced out of the corner of her eye back to Shinji and Misato, and saw Shinji’s hands digging into Misato’s ass. Ah. There it was.

The song changed, and Kaji graciously took Misato’s hand from Shinji. Asuka was worried she was about to walk back to the table alone, when Shinji came up to her. “Care for a dance?” he asked, holding his hand out. Somewhat taken aback, Asuka took his hand and made sure they were closer than he thought comfortable.
They danced quietly for a few moments. Asuka caught Shinji’s eyes flicking over to Misato talking quietly to Kaji, annoying her greatly. She wasn’t going to let her dance partner get distracted by the old hussy.

“Are you happy with him?” Asuka asked.

“Hmm?” That got his attention on Asuka.

“Your father.”

Shinji opened his mouth, then stopped. “Happy with Father? No. Absolutely not. I’m happy for my step-mother, and maybe, if I try hard enough, I could be happy for Father.”

Asuka nodded, making sure that as she led the dance, she brushed her breasts back and forth against Shinji’s chest. She could feel her nipples stiffen, and she knew he could feel them too, even through her dress and his suit.

A few moments later, and Asuka began to feel it. There it was, right between his legs. Her thigh brushed his, and she felt it, semi-hard. *How do you stay standing with so much blood rushing below your belt?* she thought to herself. He must be feeling light-headed. She certainly was.

“What are you doing?” Shinji hissed against her ear, a complaint that brought a small smile to Asuka’s face. Finally she got a crack in that invincible mask of placidity the boy always had on. A small victory, but a victory nonetheless.

“Am I causing it?” she whispered back.

Shinji’s lips were drawn tight together. He must have felt reluctant to answer, as if admitting to getting an erection from another woman was a species of infidelity. He nodded.

“Then stand tall and proud, Third Child,” Asuka said, the words coming out of her mouth surprising even herself. “Tonight you’re dancing with Asuka Langley Soryu, the most beautiful woman in Tokyo-3. And you better keep that thick, long, nasty monster of a cock pressed against me at all times. If you do, maybe I’ll reward you later.”

Had she just said that? Had she just made those syllables, those words, those sentences?

Apparently Shinji was just as surprised, because if his eyes bugged out even a little bit further they’d fall out of his head. Asuka cackled mentally. But her laughter stopped when Shinji composed himself, smiled, and nodded. “You can leave it to me, Asuka!”

The dance went on, Asuka still leading it, but she was cognizant of the vigorous confidence Shinji had following her. If one didn’t know better, it might have looked like Shinji was leading the dance. But there was no clashing of directions, no stumbling over each other’s feet as one went left and the other right, with no awareness of each partner. Shinji trusted Asuka’s skill on the dance floor, and filled the gap well.

At some point his hand moved from the top of her back to her waist, and Asuka got a twinkling of a bad idea in her head. With flourishes, she maneuvered the pair of them to a little corner of the floor. Kodama and her “date” half-concealed them from the rest of the room.
“Asuka, what are we…?” Shinji started.

Asuka shut him up by grabbing his hands and slapping them against her ass. Through her tight red dress, he could feel the firm contours, the lithe and well-toned muscles. Without encouragement, he kneaded his fingers.

The Second Child felt like she was on fire. The thrill of being almost seen, if only someone paid attention, was intoxicating. Reaching down she lifted her dress, showing off the outrageously low-leg red panties she wore. It was so small that the top barely covered her clit, and the back showed plenty of ass cleavage. She’d worn them to impress Kaji, but Shinji would do as well.

The Third Child’s hands roamed across Asuka’s nearly nude ass, his fingers brushing up and down over the band of her panties, falling into the chasm between her cheeks. He took big handfuls and squeezed, and shook the cheeks up and down. He stared into the middle distance through Asuka’s neck, breathing heavily.

“That’s just right, Third Child,” Asuka cooed. “Touch it like you own it. This perfect ass, tight and strong, just for you.” All the time Asuka’s eyes were glued downwards, watching the twitching in the crotch.

“I’ve seen what you and Misato do when you think I’m asleep,” she whispered. The young man was about to freeze when Asuka headed him off. “Keep going. I’m not done yet.” Fuck, she could feel how wet her panties were. And if she played her cards right, she’d get some real satisfaction.

“When I first realized what you two were doing, I thought it was crazy. A quiet little boy like you with a woman like Misato? Boys your age would kill for such an opportunity. You had to be lucky beyond reason. So I made the reasonable conclusion – that she was using you.”

Shinji tightened his jaw, but kept quiet, still manhandling Asuka’s ass.

“It makes sense. An old christmas cake, latching onto an easy mark, getting pregnant by him so his sense of responsibility means he’ll stay with the slut. Ah ah ah, don’t stop, Third Child, I didn’t say you could.”

Asuka reached a hand down, and finally her fingers pressed against the massive cock there, just a few layers of thin fabric away from her. “But then I saw this cock of yours.” Her palm rested against it, her fingers wrapping through the pants. “God, I can’t even hold it all.” Her voice was breathless, eager. She was telling the truth, but for a purpose.

“That’s when I put the pieces together. It’s this dick you have, this cock swinging between your legs every day. This piece of bitch tamer.” Asuka hissed the words, and she saw Shinji’s cheeks begin to redden. “You’re perfectly equipped to break those weak women out there. I bet one look at your dick and Misato was putty in your hands. Am I wrong? I didn’t think so.”

Her hand slowly ran up and down the length. “It’s honestly impressive, the way you have her clean this nasty cock every time you get a chance. She does it with such… vigor. Gusto, even. Choking herself by shoving the tip into her throat, making her tits leak milk by riding it so hard. Even I never saw her act like such a sexual monster when I lived with her in Germany. Just with you.”

Her hand exploring the outline of the cock below her, Asuka was astounded by it. It could reach her cervix without trouble if it was inside her. And her womb wouldn’t be out of the question.
“Honestly, Third Child, I have to confess – if you asked for it nicely, I might do the same for you.” Asuka’s lips were a hair’s breadth away from Shinji’s ear. “What do you say, Shinji? Do you want to see me gag and choke on your cock? Try and wrap my breasts around your rod? Make love to those balls of yours, full of tasty cum? This perfect body, nude before you, ready to be splattered with your jizz.”

It took him a long, long moment of silent contemplation, but Shinji let go of Asuka and pulled back, knocking into the wall behind him. He was panting, and Asuka could see the growing damp spot on his pants where his tip was. “That’s a… that’s an offer,” he wheezed. “But uhh, I’m going to have to turn you down, Asuka.”

The words made Asuka’s blood boil. Shinji himself seemed to expect a blow up, as he slammed his eyes shut and raised his arms in front of his face, as if waiting for the inevitable. But Asuka kept a lid on it. Her eyes narrowed, looking up and down at him. Damn. She thought she’d done a good job of making her case, especially with the imagery at the end. He’d be thinking about her face plastered with cum for a while, if she was right.

“Fine,” was Asuka’s one-word reply, as calm as one could be. Shinji cracked open an eye, waiting for the other shoe to drop. Asuka looked away. After a minute of silence, Shinji lowered his arms and opened his mouth. “I said fine, Shinji, I understand,” Asuka interrupted him before he started. “I don’t need any wheedling apologies.”

Shinji closed his mouth and nodded. Another long silence loomed between the two, and Shinji tugged at his collar. “Want to… want to…?” he gingerly suggested, motioning behind Asuka with his head.

“I thought you’d never ask,” Asuka replied, taking Shinji’s hand. They slid back into the dancers, and Asuka saw the mixed emotions on Kodama’s face – surprise, eagerness, a little disappointment? That was the price to pay for being the most beautiful woman in the room – everyone would notice if she’d gotten fucked there. But Asuka wouldn’t have cared that much.

The song ended soon after, and Asuka gave up her place as Shinji’s partner to Hikari, which left Asuka with the unenviable position of taking Hikari’s place with Toji. The two sighed dejectedly as they stood in front of each other. “Didn’t Hikari teach you how to put on a tie? It’s almost backwards!” the redhead shot at Toji.

Toji, already tired, just rolled his eyes. He knew that to rise to Asuka’s insult would spiral into a scene, and no one wanted that. Instead the two stepped on each other’s feet, refusing to cooperate with each other. Toji did not look graceful, and he understood that. But if he could make Asuka look bad as well – that was a sacrifice he was willing to make.

Her partner’s deliberate clumsiness distracting her, Asuka didn’t notice when the dance ended, and Hikari let Shinji go with his new step-mother. She saw them talking, about what she couldn’t tell. But a stomp on her foot made her hiss at Toji, and then all of a sudden they were gone.

Shinji had enjoyed the slow, relaxing dance with Hikari. They could do that with each other. But getting his step-mother (and how weird it was for him to say that, even in his head) in a dance was good. Dr. Ritsuko Rokubungi was beautiful in her dress, with just the right amount of red in her cheeks from the drinking she’d done.

“Thank you for the dance, Shinji,” she said, having fun that her breasts were just below his eyes.
“N-no problem, Doctor…” Shinji’s head struggled with the change. He couldn’t say “Mother”, but “Dr. Akagi” would be insulting.

“Just Ritsuko is fine, Shinji,” Ritz said, trying to ease his clear conundrum. Though she really did hope one day he would call her Mom, she knew it wasn’t going to happen instantly.

“Right. Ritsuko.” The name still felt weirdly informal in Shinji’s mouth.

A twinkle appeared in Ritz’s eye. “No need to be so worried about formalities, Shinji. I mean, I have seen your cock,” she whispered.

“Trruuuuuuuee,” Shinji drew the word out, as if by finishing it he’d accidentally unleash something. But it was already set loose.

“Have those brunettes seen it? That friend of yours in the ponytail and her older sister? I bet you could put on a real show for them, just whipping it out of your pants.”

Shinji’s hands gripped Ritsuko’s. Ritsuko wondered if she was being mean, but she figured it was her day. She hadn’t even had the time to do silly bachelorette things, because of her duties at NERV. Surely she could be allowed some teasing of her step-son? Misato had to have done worse things to him, this had to be second-nature to him by now. But Ritsuko also knew that if she went too far, there was a firm hand waiting to discipline her back at her new home.

“Even the older one, I bet she’d be surprised by how thick and nasty your jizz is. She’d wonder how it tasted.”

Feeling his cock pressed against her leg made Ritsuko feel wonderful. She even reached down and gave it a little squeeze as secretly as she could.

The song ended before she could go much further, and the older brunette (Ko-something?) took Shinji. Ritsuko giggled to herself as she walked off the floor to find Misato, sitting and resting.

“You find Kaji yet?” Ritsuko asked. Misato nodded.

“We were talking for a while,” she said, leaving it at that. Ritz had some idea of what must have chatted about, but clearly things hadn’t gone too wrong, if she wasn’t spitting fire.

Ritz sat down next to Misato, pouring herself another glass of wine. As she was tipping it back, Misato leaned in. “I did, however, see you molesting my man,” she said quietly. Ritz glanced with her eye, and saw the face of a planning genius. “I might have failed as a bridesmaid to get you some fun before the wedding, but what about right now?”

Ritz did her best to put on a facade of appropriateness. “Why, Miss Katsuragi, I am a married woman now. My husband would be… very strict with me if I were to do anything untoward now.” She knew where her friend’s mind was turning to, and in her own mind Ritz was excited to see where it went. She’d had some interesting dreams about her step-son’s cock. “I’ll do it.”

The grin Misato gave was infectious. Taking Ritz by the hand, she took the bride into the bathrooms, and led her to the back stall. Everything was nice and clean, but Misato wanted more. Taking out her lipstick, she began to write the most disgusting, nastiest things on the wall that Ritsuko had ever read. It reminded her of their college days.
Once Misato was happy with the depraved look in the stall, she sat Ritsuko on the seat. “Just wait here until I get back.”

Ritsuko agreed, and started pulling down her dress. That made Misato stop. “What are you doing? Where’s the fun in trying to stay clean?” She stepped twice, then remembered one last thing. She leaned backwards. “Oh, and make sure you use that hand, consider it a bit of an ego boost for your step-son,” she pointed at Ritsuko’s left hand, then dashed away.

Eyebrow raised, Ritsuko looked at her left hand, bridal gauntlet and all, saw the glinting diamond on her finger, and gasped with a smile. Misato was still as devious as she’d ever been, Ritsuko had to admit that. Maybe she’d go a little further, and let some of that thick spunk fall from her cock-sucking lips.

The more obvious her transgression, the more powerfully she’d need to be punished. That got her wet, even more than thinking about Shinji’s dick.

Misato guided Shinji to the stall, the young man panting and rumpled as hell. For a week Misato had held off on helping him, and she’d even told him not to masturbate. With all the teasing she’d done to him that week, and all the flirtations he’d dealt with during the reception, he felt like he was about to explode. He figured Misato wanted what he did, and that she’d spread her legs for him like usual.

When she brought him to the stall, she opened the door and Shinji’s eyes widened. Sitting on the toilet, pinching at her nipples, her legs spread, was Shinji’s new step-mother. He barely read all the filthy notes on the walls, but he saw a price listing. “Ritz was just telling me how jealous she was of me that I get to suck your cock every night and she doesn’t. So I thought we could give her a gift, hmm?”

Shinji’s heart hammered in his chest. Ritsuko blew him a kiss, and his pants tented immediately. “If you’re alright with it, Misato…?” he asked, getting a deep kiss from her in return for an answer.

Ritsuko’s left hand reached out and stroked the tent. With only a little bit of maneuvering she got the zipper down, and her gloved hand pulled the erection out of his pants. With the couple making out in front of her, Ritsuko slowly jerked Shinji’s rod. Her silk gauntlet slid over Shinji’s skin softly, wonderfully. She pulled back his foreskin, seeing the foul buildup beneath it.

The Doctor tsked. “Misato, I thought you’d promised to help my boy with cleaning himself! Well, I suppose a mother has her duties too.” Pinching at the fat foreskin, Ritsuko pulled it back, revealing the smegma that had accumulated around Shinji’s cock-head. Opening her mouth, she plopped it on the top, her lips leaving a bright red ring around Shinji’s girth. Her tongue ran up and down, all around the head, scraping at the dick cheese, piling the oily filth on her tastebuds. She swallowed it all, letting it tumble down her throat in thick saliva-covered lumps. Feeling Shinji shudder beneath her hand and her mouth, she felt intimately connected to her step-son.

Misato kept up the attack on Shinji’s mouth, kissing him with a passionate intensity that reminded him of how strong she could be when she wanted to. But Ritsuko’s oral technique was unreal. It felt like his cock was going to melt in her mouth, the way she moved her tongue around. And the glove! Shinji had never realized how smooth silk was, until he felt those fingers pull down on his balls, then run back to jerk on his veiny dick again. Shit, this was going to give him a fetish, wasn’t it?

Ritsuko lowered her lips further down Shinji’s dick. Each little bit of distance left marks of red lipstick further and further along. The tip hit the back of her throat, and to her credit, didn’t make Ritz miss a single beat. She started slurping up and down the shaft, making sure her be-ringed hand was
Shinji did notice the ring. The thought that he was fucking his step-mother’s mouth – no, she was choking herself on his dick – gave him that little extra bit of stiffness that could pound open a cervix if he’d had the right target.

It didn’t take long for Shinji to cum. Backed up for such a comparatively long time, his balls were boiling. Ritz’s eyes widened when she felt the first splash pass beneath her lips, and then erupt into the back of her throat.

Though she was an experienced cock-sucker, this was too much even for her to handle. There was just too much jizz for her to swallow it all, and it was thick enough she had to chew it. Off-yellow sperm splattered out of her nostrils, and when she pulled herself off the rod to gasp for air, Shinji was still cumming. He shot rope after rope on Ritz’s face, getting her eyes, her lips, her nose with the sticky stuff. She tried to hold it off with her hand, getting a palm-full of sperm all over her fingers.

Misato was down on her knees faster than a woman as pregnant as she should move. Her tongue moved quick, lapping up the spunk that dripped down Ritsuko’s face, kissing her and sharing the taste of the nasty smegma still staining her gums. Ritz gladly accepted the help, concentrating on swallowing the mess inside her mouth and throat while Misato kept her dress from getting too splattered. The two gargled the cum in their mouths, bubbles forming and popping between their lips.

After a minute of work, the hard part was over. Ritsuko gasped, feeling like she’d swallowed a truck’s worth of liquid cement, the jizz being that dense in her stomach. “Thank you for the present, Shinji,” she rasped.

“Don’t mention it, Ritsuko,” Shinji replied, using the name much easier this time.

Knowing she couldn’t be disappeared for much longer, Ritsuko stood on faltering legs and wandered to the sinks. She very quickly wiped at the larger drops of jizz on her dress, but knew it was a mug’s game to try and clean it entirely. At least it wasn’t a rental. Besides, she knew that the more obvious she was, the more her husband would punish her, and that had her ass burning in desire. She looked back to thank Misato, only to see her friend gagging on Shinji’s cock.

Her step-son gave her a thumbs up, and Ritsuko ran back out to the wedding.

Ten minutes later, Asuka finally found Shinji, in Misato’s grasp on the dance floor. Seeing the way they looked at each other, she knew why Shinji had rejected her. The young man just looked like he was on top of the world with her. She was jealous of Misato that she was on the receiving end of that devotion. But a dedication like that was only worthy when its recipient was worthy, and only Asuka was worthy of that.

Thinking evil thoughts, Asuka shimmied her hips, moving her hands down her legs while seated. One hand held closed she strutted to the dancing couple. Before Shinji could ask what she wanted Asuka grabbed him by the shirt and kissed him.

The Second Child slammed the present in her hand into Shinji’s after the kiss. “Once your tired of the hussy, you can call me. That’s a promise.” Leaving it at that, she strode off.

Shinji looked in his hand, to see Asuka’s dripping panties in his palm.

Asuka smiled, knowing that she’d just gotten him in trouble, and left the party.
Misato was pretty certain of Shinji’s explanation of what had happened. It wasn’t quite his fault – Asuka had always been one to bowl others over for her own reasons. But as she stood with all the other unmarried women in a line, she knew she’d have to be careful with her on Shinji’s behalf as well.

Ritsuko had her back turned, her bouquet in hand. With a flourish, the bride sent the flowers sailing through the air. Misato jumped, as far as she could.

Landing on heels was hard. Landing on heels without falling was harder. But landing on heels without falling, with the bouquet in hand?

She grinned at Shinji, and he smiled back as wide as he could. The young man was hers, and no one else’s.

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