

"You're gonna do what?" Akito shouted over the din of the crowded café, his mouthful of French toast momentarily forgotten.

"Keep it down," Moritaka hissed, glancing around nervously. "I said I'd consider it, that's all."

Miho Azuki sat opposite him, sipping her tea, a knowing smile playing on her lips. "Consider it? Or are you already planning the angles?"

"What? No!" Moritaka's cheeks turned a shade of red that rivaled the strawberry sauce on Akito's plate. "It's just... research, right?"

Akito chuckled, his eyes glinting with

mischief. "Yeah, totally. Just for the sake of art."

Moritaka glared at him, trying to ignore the snickers of the nearby customers who had overheard. "You're not helping," he murmured through gritted teeth.

Miho leaned closer, her voice a whisper. "You know it's an important part of the industry. And if we're going to tackle more mature themes in your work, we should be prepared."

Moritaka nodded, his heart racing. They had been married for two years now, and while Miho had once offered to pose nude for him as reference material, she had never actually followed through. It was always just a tease, a way to lighten the mood when the stress of their careers

weighed too heavily. But now, the thought of her offer becoming a reality sent a thrill through him.

They decided to start their "research" that very night, the quiet hum of their apartment the only sound as they sat on the couch, surrounded by blank paper and pencils. The air grew thick with anticipation, and Moritaka felt a bead of sweat trickle down his spine. He had drawn sex scenes before, but they were always abstract, based on what he had seen in other manga or his own imagination. This was something else entirely.

Miho took a deep breath, setting down her tea. "Okay, if we're going to do this, we should cover all four bases," she said, her voice steady. "It has to be believable, not

just for the story, but for our readers too."

Moritaka nodded, his hands fidgeting with the pencil. "So, where do we start?"

Miho took the lead, unbuttoning her blouse with a slow, deliberate grace that made Moritaka's heart pound. She laid it aside, revealing a simple white bra. "Let's start with something basic," she said, her voice calm, as if discussing the plot of their next manga. "A kiss."

He leaned in, their lips meeting softly. The warmth of her mouth was a stark contrast to the coolness of his palms, which were sweating profusely. He had kissed her countless times before, but this was different. This time, it was for the sake of his art, to understand the nuances of intimacy in a way that would translate to

the page.

Miho's eyes remained open, watching him, as if to make sure he was paying attention. He took mental notes of the sensation, the way their tongues touched, the softness of her lips. It was a dance he had to learn to draw, a delicate balance of lines and shadows.

As they broke apart, she mimed a pencil writing on paper, reminding him of his purpose. He nodded, picking up a pencil and starting to sketch. The movements were jerky at first, but gradually he found his rhythm, capturing the moment with swift strokes. The curve of her neck, the tension in her shoulders, the way her chest rose and fell with each breath.

"Good," she murmured, placing a hand on

his to still it. "Now, let's move on to the next step."

Miho stood up, and Moritaka watched as she unclipped her skirt, letting it fall to the floor. She stepped out of it, leaving her in just her panties and bra. The sight of her, so exposed and vulnerable, made his hand tremble even more. She sat back down, straddling him this time. Her legs were warm against his, and he could feel her breath against his cheek as she leaned in.

"You need to get used to this," she whispered, her fingers tracing the line of his jaw. "You're going to be drawing it a lot."

Moritaka swallowed hard, his eyes never leaving hers. He nodded again, his hand shaking as he began to sketch her new position. Akito had always been

comfortable with his own body, and their trips to the hot springs had desensitized him to a certain extent, but this was Miho, his Miho. The girl he had once thought was too perfect to ever be with him.

He started with her face, the way her eyes searched his, the gentle curve of her cheeks flushed with arousal. Her hair fell in soft waves around them, creating a private bubble that blocked out the rest of the world. He moved to her shoulders, the smooth slope of her neck, and the delicate lace of her bra. The fabric was a mere hint of what lay beneath, and his hand itched to lift the pencil and touch her instead.

Miho watched him work, her breathing shallow and quick. "Remember, it's all for the story," she said, her voice a little shaky.

Moritaka nodded, focusing on the task at hand. He sketched the outline of her breasts, the way they pressed against the fabric, the slight outline of her nipples. It was a delicate process, balancing the erotic with the artistic. He didn't want it to be lewd, but it had to be honest. He had to show the beauty of a woman's body without objectifying it.

"Now, your shirt," Miho said, her voice a little breathless. He complied, his heart racing as he pulled his shirt over his head and tossed it aside. He felt exposed, his muscles tense with nerves. He had never been one for taking his shirt off in public, let alone in the privacy of their own home for such an intimate purpose.

Her eyes traced the lines of his body, and she leaned in to kiss his chest, her teeth



grazing his nipples. He gasped, the sensation surprising and overwhelming. The pencil hovered over the paper, forgotten. He had never realized that something so simple could be so powerful.

"Keep drawing," she urged, her voice soothing. "It's okay to get lost in the moment, but remember, this is for your manga."

With a trembling hand, Moritaka began to sketch again, capturing the scene in front of him. Miho's body was a canvas of curves and shadows, her skin a soft ivory that begged to be touched. He drew her, their bodies intertwined, the intensity of their connection palpable on the page. He could feel her heart racing against his, her breath hot on his neck as she whispered encouragement.

He paused, his mind drifting back to a rumiko takahashi manga he had read long ago. The way she had drawn the act of undoing a bra was so precise, so elegant. He had forgotten about it until now, but the memory came flooding back. He watched as Miho's fingers deftly undid the clasp, the cups falling away to reveal her breasts. They were beautiful, a perfect blend of softness and firmness that made his mouth water. He had seen them before, of course, but now they were a muse, a subject to study and understand.

Miho's eyes never left his, and he could see the excitement in them. This was new territory for both of them, but she was a professional. She knew what she was doing. He took a deep breath and began to sketch again, trying to capture the

moment. The way her skin looked in the soft light of the lamps, the way her eyes darkened when she was turned on. It was a delicate balance, but he was determined to get it right.

As he took notes, Azuki reached for his belt, her movements slow and deliberate. Moritaka felt his stomach flip as she unbuckled it, his mind racing with the implications of what was about to happen. He had never felt so exposed, so vulnerable. But he knew it was necessary. He had to get this right if he wanted to write the kind of mature, sophisticated stories that his editor was pushing for.

With trembling hands, he undid the button of his jeans, sliding them down with his boxers to expose himself. He had drawn himself before, but it was always from

memory or in the privacy of his own mind. Having Miho see him like this was both terrifying and exhilarating.

Miho's eyes widened slightly, and she bit her lip, the color rising in her cheeks. He could see the desire in her gaze, and it made him feel powerful, like the protagonist of his own story. She leaned in, her breath hot against his skin, and kissed him again, deeper this time. Her hand reached down, tentatively wrapping around him.

Moritaka's hand froze mid-stroke on the paper, the pencil hovering over the page. He had never felt so alive, so connected to someone. He watched as she moved her hand, her touch feather-light, exploring his body as if it were a new landscape to conquer. He couldn't believe this was

happening, that she was willing to go this far for his art.

Miho stood up, gracefully stepping out of her panties. She didn't look shy or embarrassed; she was in control, a goddess offering herself for the sake of their craft. Her eyes never left his as she removed the last piece of fabric separating them, leaving them both bare before each other. Her skin was flawless, a testament to her dedication to her health and beauty.

"Ready?" she asked, her voice a soft purr that sent shivers down his spine.

Moritaka nodded, his pencil poised over the paper. He had seen the splitting bamboo position in a few adult mangas, but never attempted to draw it. The idea was simple: one partner straddles the

other, but instead of the usual movements, the lower partner uses their legs to split and squeeze the thighs of the one on top. It was a show of strength and dominance, something that was both erotic and empowering.

Miho positioned herself over him, her legs spread wide as she wrapped them around his waist. She pushed down, her inner thighs pressing into his, and he could feel the heat of her against his skin. He sketched quickly, trying to capture the power in her stance, the way her muscles tensed and released with each movement. It was a dance of passion, and he was the lucky audience.

They moved together, her hips rocking against his, the pressure building between them. Moritaka's hand flew across the

page, the pencil leaving a trail of darkness that mirrored the intensity of their actions. He had to force himself to focus on the task at hand, to observe and document every detail. The way her breasts bounced with each movement, the glisten of sweat on her skin, the way their bodies fit together so perfectly.

Miho's eyes never left his, and she began to whisper instructions, guiding him through the motions. "Now, the standing missionary," she breathed, sliding off him and positioning herself against the wall. He stood, his legs shaking slightly, and stepped between her legs. She wrapped them around his waist, her ankles crossing at the small of his back. He leaned into her, feeling her warmth envelop him as he entered her.

The angle was different, the sensation new and exciting. He had to lean back to sketch her, her body arched, her breasts pushed up by the force of his. The pencil flew across the page, capturing the way her legs looked as they tightened around him, the way her toes curled with pleasure. It was a pose that highlighted her strength and vulnerability all at once. He could feel her heart racing, the beat matching his own as he drew.

Next, she guided him to the floor, positioning herself in the lotus pose. Her legs wrapped around his waist, her ankles resting on his shoulders. The intimacy of the position was not lost on him; it was a move that required trust and flexibility. As they moved together, he studied her face, the way her eyes closed and her mouth parted in a silent cry. It was a moment of



pure, unbridled passion, and he had to capture it.

He sketched her, her back arched like a bow, her breasts bouncing with each thrust. The lines of her body flowed into one another, creating a beautiful tapestry of human form. He could feel the muscles in her legs as she pushed against him, the way her core tightened around him. It was a dance, a silent conversation between their bodies, and he was the artist tasked with translating it onto paper.

And then it happened. The crescendo of their movements reached its peak, and Miho's body went rigid. A soft gasp escaped her lips, and Moritaka felt her muscles clench around him. She threw her head back, her eyes squeezed shut, and he knew she was there. The moment was

etched into his mind, the pinnacle of human connection, and he had to capture it. He sketched furiously, trying to get every detail just right. The way her neck looked as she threw her head back, the curve of her spine, the tightness of her grip on his shoulders.

When she finally opened her eyes, they were glazed with satisfaction, and she looked at him with a smile that seemed to say, "You got it?" He grinned back, feeling a surge of pride. He had never felt so in sync with someone, not just physically, but emotionally and artistically. It was a powerful moment, and he knew it would change his manga forever.

In the weeks that followed, Moritaka's sketches grew bolder, more confident. He began to understand the language of the

body, the subtle cues of passion and desire. He and Miho experimented with more positions, each one teaching him something new about the human form and the art of storytelling. They weren't just lovers anymore; they were collaborators, crafting a narrative that was raw and honest and beautiful.

Their research sessions became more than just a means to an end. They were moments of pure creativity, a celebration of their love and their shared ambition. And as they grew closer, so too did their characters. Moritaka found himself weaving their experiences into his work, creating a romance that was as intense and intimate as their own. The story took on a life of its own, the pages coming alive with their shared emotion.

When the oneshot was finally published, it was met with an outpouring of praise. Readers were captivated by the raw honesty of the scenes, the vulnerability of the characters, and the palpable chemistry that leaped from the pages. It was a departure from his usual work, but it was a risk that paid off. His editor was thrilled, and so was he.

But it was the quiet moments between the passion that truly set the manga apart. The tender looks, the whispers of love, the way their hands would intertwine as they lay together, spent and satisfied. It was these moments that resonated with the audience, that made them feel seen and understood. Moritaka had never written something so personal before, and it showed. The story became a cultural phenomenon, a beacon of hope for those

seeking a romance that didn't shy away from the messy, beautiful reality of love.

And through it all, Miho was by his side, his muse, his partner, his everything. They had started as two people with a shared dream, and now they had created something that touched the hearts of millions. The critics called it a masterpiece, but to Moritaka, it was just another chapter in their love story, one that they wrote together with every beat of their hearts.