

God of Milfs: The Gods Request Me To Make a Milf Harem

#Chapter 11: Second Hand Embarrassment - Read God of Milfs: The Gods Request Me To Make a Milf Harem Chapter 11: Second Hand Embarrassment

Chapter 11: Second Hand Embarrassment

"M-Mom, are you crying?" I asked after seeing her body shiver, as she laid her face on my shoulder.

"Did I say anything wrong?...If I did, I'll apologize and take back what I said immediately. I'll even join you in your musical piece you were so proud of, and we can play it together, so please don't cry, mom." I said, not having any idea why she started crying all of a sudden.

I started teasing her after seeing how cute she was reacting, like I usually do when I talk with older women who I'm interested in, but I never expected her to cry after hearing my words.

If I knew she would cry, I would've stayed silent the whole time, as I didn't want the person who showed me how it felt to be sincerely loved by someone for the first time in my life to be sad.

It started off with her making me cry with her words, and now it was me who made her cry with mine. What a vicious cycle.

"N-No, you didn't say anything wrong and hurt mommy in anyway. It's just...It's just..." My mom muttered while choking on her own tears, as she held my arm tightly and buried her face in so that I wouldn't see her crying face.

"...It's just that mommy is so happy that she just can't help but cry a little." She wiped her tears on my shirt and looked up at me with watery eyes and a beautiful smile on her face.

She then chuckled while wiping away the remnant tears on her face and said

"It's just that you've been so cold and distant to me for all these years, and I was starting to worry that you were slipping away from me. Right now, we can still stay together since you are still in high school, but I started to wonder what would happen when you left for college and what would happen after that when you started working. I worried that you wouldn't need your mother anymore and wouldn't speak to me ever again, once you became independent."

Even though she was currently laughing like it was a joke, I could still see a lingering fear in her eyes, as if she hadn't fully gotten over the fact that her son might leave her side one day and never return.

"But now I don't need to worry about that anymore."

She stopped wiping her tears and said it with a blooming smile on her face; with the fear in her eyes slowly subsiding as she looked at me tenderly, as if everything in the world was finally going her way.

"After hearing your words today and seeing how much you actually care for me, I don't ever have to have those worries ever again...And why exactly do you think that is?" She looked up at me eagerly, expecting me to answer.

The reason I care for her? And the reason I said some nice words to her?...Well, it was partly because I wasn't treating her like my actual mother and wanted her to have a nice impression of me as a man, and not her son. But it's not like I can actually say that, so I have to think about why her so-called 'son' would do such things.

"...B-Because I love you?"

I hesitantly said, giving her an answer that I thought would be the most appropriate reason her son would act this way, not knowing if this was the answer she was asking for.

"Exactly! It's because Kafi loves his mommy!" My mother exclaimed, elated, that her son answered her quiz correctly.

"Kafi loves his mommy so much that he considers her to be the most beautiful woman in the world!" She clapped her hands and jumped around like an excited child, which also made her overwhelming breasts jump along with her.

"Stop saying that aloud. For some, when you say it like that, it's making me feel embarrassed." I covered my face and told her to stop jumping around and proclaiming my love for her.

"I won't~ I won't~...Why you ask?" She stopped jumping around and looked at me and asked.

"...It's because Kafi loves his mommy!" She answered her questions and started jumping around me in glee once again.

"Kafi loves his mommy~ Kafi loves his mommy~ Kafi loves his mommy so much that he thinks she's the most beautiful girl he's ever seen~" She was so happy to finally know that her son actually loves her and was opening up to her after waiting for him all these years, that she started jumping around me while singing a chant.

The chant was adorable, as there was something cute about a grown woman being so excited that she was singing a song she made up and dancing around her son. But at the same time, it was extremely embarrassing for me, and it was making me blush.

If it was simply any other older lady I met who was doing this, I would've just thought it was quite funny and wouldn't have had too much of a reaction. But when a woman who was supposed to be my mother was acting like a child around me, it gave me second-hand embarrassment on her behalf for some weird reason and was making me cringe to the point I had to look away.

I tried to stop her little dance and chant by holding her down, but she always nimbly dodged my hands and danced around me, as she sang her little song while looking at me with loving eyes.

Seeing how happy she looked and the tender look on her face as she gazed at me, her son, my heart softened a bit, and I let her do as she pleased as I covered my face to hide my flustered face.

After dancing and singing around me for a while, she finally stopped after she was satisfied. Her face was brimming with energy, and she looked like she could go for another hour, but she stopped after seeing how awkwardly her son was standing and waiting for her performance to end.

"Although mommy hasn't had a chance to play you my musical piece with the kitchen utensils, she's still happy that she got to sing and dance with you."

"More like sing an embarrassing song and jump around like a kid, while making her pityful son watch." I said, begrudgingly, as I took my hand off my flushed face.

"Oh, don't you act like you didn't enjoy it. I know you like every one of mommy's artistic performances...Now ask me why I know that?" She came forward and told me to ask her a question eagerly, to which I already knew how she was going to answer.

"How do you know that?" I asked against my will.

"Because Kafi loves mommy! And if Kafi loves mommy, then he'll also love all of mommy's performances!" She exclaimed with a bright look on her face, as if it were a matter of fact.

"Sigh...Now, I'm regretting opening up to you and saying how much I love you. At least I wasn't constantly embarrassed and played with back then before I said anything." I said, unable to handle her overwhelming love for me.

"No~ You already said that you love mommy more than anyone else in the world~ You can't take back what you just said, and I'm not allowing it even if you did!" She pointed

her finger at me and said with a stern look on her face, as if she wasn't going to allow any takebacks.

"But at the same time, it also makes me wonder why you decided to change so suddenly and open up to me when you haven't ever shown signs of talking to me even once." She said with a thoughtful look on her face.

Well, it's because I'm not your actual son, actually someone else from another world, but it's not like I can say that.

For a better reading experience and not to keep you guys waiting for too long, I'll be posting the next 12 chapters which is all my backlog today, so I suggest you guys to wait until I post everything today so that you can continuously read it all.

Any critique about the chapters that will be realeased is also appreciated

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Chapter 12: I Hit My Head

"You said that it wasn't because of a heartbreak, like I thought. And you said that you aren't going through anything difficult and that you're happy with your life...So, if it's not because of any of those reasons, why did you decide to change all of a sudden?" She said, while pondering over why I changed.

She then looked at me and carefully asked, so that I wouldn't get scared off by her question

"Kafi, if the reason is not too personal, can you tell mommy what happened that made you change in one single day?...You don't have to tell everything that happened, but just a little so that mommy can be reassured that my Kafi is doing fine...I know that your mom is being unreasonable here, and is asking you about something that you probably don't want to talk about. But can you do your mommy a favour and tell me what happened just once? Just so that mommy can have some peace of mind."

"C-Calm down, mom. You don't have to get that worked up and request me that much." I patted my mom on her shoulders and told her to relax, since I didn't know how to respond when she was being so sincere with me.

"The reason why I'm suddenly acting the way I am isn't that big of a deal for you to ask me so thoughtfully. It's actually so simple that I would've answered even if an acquaintance had asked me why I changed so much." I explained so that she didn't make a big deal about what happened.

But the fact that she was willing to be so patient for my wellbeing touched me greatly and helped me understand what it felt like to be doted on by your mother for the first time, which was something an orphan like me always wanted to know.

"Oh, then what is it that made you change so much?" She relaxed a bit after hearing me say that it wasn't a big deal, but it looked like she still wanted to know what happened just to be sure.

"I just fell off the bed and hit my head on the floor." I initiated a lie to mask the truth of my transmigration into this world.

"You fell and hit your head?!" My mother was shocked at what I said and immediately pulled me down and started checking my head for any injuries.

"Does it hurt anywhere, Kafi?! Is it bleeding from any spot? Even if you aren't, I've heard that you can get blood clots from impacts to the head, which you don't really feel until it's too late. Let's go to the hospital just in case something like that happens!" My mom panicked and looked like she was ready to drag me to the hospital.

"It's fine, mom. It's really fine. It was just a small fall where I bumped my head and got up immediately. There's no need to go to the hospital for such a small bump." I pulled her back from rushing out and reassured her that it was nothing significant. But seeing that she still looked worried, I pointed at my forehead and said

"Look, this is where I got hurt. Do you see any sort of sign that looks like I'm seriously injured?"

My mother immediately brushed my hair back and pulled me down to check the place I got hurt, the moment she heard where I got hurt.

After examining that place for a few seconds, while our faces were so close that I felt her breath go down my neck, and gently touching the place I showed her to see if I would react, she let me go and said

"It really doesn't seem like a major injury. There isn't even a scar or bruise to indicate that you were hurt, as if you never got hurt at all. "

That's because I never really got hurt, and lied about the place that hit the floor.

"But how does hitting your head on the ground have to do with changing so much? It's not like your memories were altered after you fell or you got a case of amnesia like it happens in those serial dramas." My mother said, as she remembered those cliché scenes where the protagonist loses his memory after getting into an accident.

"...Or did they?" She suddenly looked up at me with a worried look on her face, wondering if her son was also suffering from that repetitive and cliché event.

"Of course not. You've been watching too many dramas for you to think that your son got amnesia from a little bump on his head." I cleared up her ridiculous thoughts and reassured her that it wasn't anything that bad.

I could honestly say that I did have amnesia, and that's why I was acting like a different person. But that would severely mess up our current relationship, and it would take some time to mend it, so I took the simpler route.

"I don't have memory loss or anything. I just got a massive wake-up call after hitting my head." I gave the reason why I was acting so differently, which was way better than the old amnesia excuse.

"You got a wake-up call?" My mom raised an eyebrow.

"Yes, a wake-up call that made me realise what I've been doing my whole life and how I didn't want to live in such a way anymore. The moment I hit my head on the ground, it almost felt like I woke up from a very long dream, and got up to a reality that I absolutely abhorred...The reality itself and its surroundings weren't really the problem to me, but the person I was and the person who I became through the consequences of my actions is someone I really detested." I recalled what I apparently felt at that time, while my mother seriously listened to my words.

"And to change the person I was...No, sorry. 'Change' wouldn't be the correct word to use in this situation, and it should be 'improve'...And to improve the person I was, my character, and how everyone sees me overall, I decided from here on forth that I would be honest with myself and make decisions that positively impact my life for the better."

"Decisions like what?" My mother asked how exactly I was trying to improve.

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Chapter 13: Murderous Hatred

"Well, I wanted to improve myself slowly, so as a first step, I searched up how to groom myself and what kind of clothes would make a man presentable on the internet a little earlier, and you can see the result of that improvement." My mother looked at my neat and clean appearance, and nodded her head as if she agreed with my improvement.

"And then I decided to follow the advice you gave me a long time ago to look at someone when they speak, and talk to them clearly in a loud and crisp voice." I said some bullshit that she could or could not have said.

Even if she didn't say it, I would've just said that it was too long ago and she forgot. But my mother nodded her head once again with appreciation in her eyes, as if she was glad I kept the words she said and was finally following them.

"And the last step I took today to improve myself, was to be more open and honest with my thoughts and not hold them in anymore like I used to instead because I was afraid of how everyone would judge me...Instead of acting like a gloomy dead beat; so that no one bothered with me, I wanted to show off who I actually am and my true personality, which I've been keeping under wraps for a while now." I acted as if this was my actual personality, and the me she saw before was simply a version of me that's going through an edgy pubescent phase.

My mom also nodded her head and smiled in happiness to see that her son had such a bright personality, instead of being the cold and distant person he was before.

It seems that this was the 'improvement' that impacted her the most, as it allowed her to get closer to her son like she wanted and gave her more opportunities for mother-son moments, which she was clearly craving.

"And do you remember when you entered my room and saw me sitting on the bed, when I'm usually sleeping at that time?" I asked.

"I do. I remembered it clearly since you were looking at me in a daze at that time."

A daze? More like I was eyeing up every corner of your body and wondering how such a perfect specimen of a human existed.

"At that time, I was actually thinking about how coldly I treated you in the past and didn't have the courage to look at you...Even earlier, when I first opened up to you, I thought that you wouldn't forget about my past self and wouldn't show me the same affection you showed me back in the past, after getting rejected by me so many time..." I said in a melancholic manner, and my mother looked at me with teary eyes and shook her head, as if she were telling me that none of that was true and she'd love me no matter what I did or became.

"...But after seeing how caring and supportive you are with me even now, it made all those worries of mine get washed away into the dumps, and replaced them with feelings of gratitude for having such an amazing mother who never left me alone even when I was acting like such a jerk to her...A mother who continued to support whatever I did, even though she was the one who got hurt along the way...A mother that I genuinely don't deserve..."

I started tearing up by the end, but this time it wasn't genuine tears; and were fake tears I made by stimulating my tear glands to build up my forgiveness act.

My mother panicked when she saw me tearing up and went forward to hug me and say some words of consolation. But just as her arms were about to wrap around mine, she suddenly pulled back and had an expression as if she didn't know what to do and was struggling to keep herself from doing something.

She then looked at me with conflict in her eyes and said, while having an anxious look on her face

"Oh Kafi~ You don't know how much I want to hug you and comfort you right now and make sure my baby boy is okay...Just look at my shaking hands. They can't wait to grab you and push you into my bosom to comfort your pitiful self..."

You want to shove my face into the mega-sized honkers you have?! Let's freaking go!

But what's with the hold up? Why aren't you shoving me 6 inches deep into your flesh and instead standing there with a conflicted look on your face, like you're struggling to make a decision?

"...But because you hate hugs from me and even go as far as to push me away when I try to hug you, I'll try my best to hold myself back when I actually really want to hug you so much and tell you how much of a good boy you are, and how proud mommy is because of your improvement." My mother explained why she hadn't hugged me yet with a sad look on her face, as if the thing she wanted the most in the world was to hug her precious son.

Meanwhile, I had a twisted look on my face that could even scare a ghost because of how pissed off I was at my previous self because of what he had done.

Chapter 14: First Request

You bastard...You fucking bastard.

I had no problem with you being a gloomy loser who had social anxiety, was an introvert, had horrible hygiene and a shitty fashion sense, was a dead beat who slept all the time, and was someone who depends on his mother for everything but treats her in a horrible manner.

I could excuse all that horrible behaviour of yours.

But the moment you stopped me from burying my face in your mother's knockers with your words, was the moment I became enemies with you for life!

I swear on my life that if I ever get my hands on you one day, I'll choke you out myself for what you did to me, you damn saboteur!

"Kafi, what's wrong? Why are you looking at the ceiling with such a scary look on your face?"

Shit! My emotions leaked out, and I don't have that pityful expression on my face anymore. Now, I won't be able to get the hug I deserve.

No, there's no way in hell I'm letting go of a chance of diving into my mother's breasts that easily. I'd be a failure of a man if I gave up without going down with a fight.

"Sorry about that mom; it's just that I was cursing who I was in the past for pushing his sweet mother away when she tried to hug him. That past me should be burned on the stake for all the times he rejected your hug and made you sad." I blamed it all on my previous self in this world and told him it was all his fault that we couldn't hug, which was actually true.

I then looked at my mother with a solemn gaze and said

"And forget about everything I said in the past, mom. You can just treat whatever I said to you as sewage water that accidentally flowed through your ear and forget it all...From here on forth, you can do whatever you wish to do with me and say whatever you want to say with no holds barred. You don't have to carry about my opinion and do as you wish."

"Really?! You won't say anything against it?...Like if I wanted to drop you off at school on some days or if I wanted to write little notes in your lunchbox that you take to school. You won't be against it?" She asked with an expectant gaze and eyes that were burning with excitement.

"Of course. There won't be any objections from me, as my mother's desires are ultimate."

"E-Even if I wanted to go on mother-son dates with you from time to time. Or watch a movie on TV together...We can do that?" My mother's eyes grew brighter and brighter, and she was doing happy steps on the ground because of how thrilled she was to hear my words.

"Of course. Anything my beautiful mother desires." I said, with a smile on my face.

"Then, does that mean I can hug you too?!" Her voice peaked because of how happy she was, and she looked ready to throw herself in my hands once I accepted.

"Of course you can hug me. I would have to be one evil existence to actually stop a mother from hugging her own son."

"T-Then, can I hug you no matter how many times I want?!"

"You can hug me however many times you want." I said while she looked at me with a fervent gaze, like she couldn't wait to get her hands around me.

"What about the place? Can I hug you wherever I want, just because I feel like it?!"

"Yes mom. You can hug me wherever you want, even if it's crowded with people that we know."

"Then, does that mean that I can hug you at this moment, in this kitchen, for however long I want to?!" Her eyes were burning with the desire to hug me.

"Yes, mom, you can hug me even no-"

Poof~

Hug~

I didn't even get to finish my sentence, and my mother had already sent herself flying into my chest. She moved so fast that I couldn't even track her with my eyes, and before I knew it, she was hugging me as hard as she could.

"Kafi~ Kafi~ It's been so long since I hugged my dear Kafi~ Oh, how I missed this feeling of my baby boy~ For how long did I have to wait to hug my dear Kafi~...I'm so happy right now~"

My mom didn't simply give me a basic hug; and she actually buried herself in my chest and was rubbing her face all over me as if she were trying to take in the long-lost sensation. Her hands were wrapped around my body like she wouldn't let go even if the world started breaking apart, and I could hear her sniffing my scent like she was a dog trying to remember my odour.

The most impactful part of her big hug were her massive breasts, which were squished up against me and made my legs go weak because of how soft they were. They felt like two large bags of hot water were pressed against my chest and felt heavenly.

I was doing my best to keep my hands on them since they were so alluring, but I have to say that I was genuinely struggling to stop myself from playing around with those fat knockers of hers and was fighting my inner demons from doing so.

I normally have perfect self-control when it comes to these sorts of things and am generally quite composed. But when I felt these perfect breasts that I had never seen before on my chest, I just couldn't help but want to have a try at them to see how they compare to what I was used to back on Earth.

But I lived off the principle that greed would bring about my demise, so I quickly controlled myself and let my mother hug me as she wished.

Ding~

[A message has been sent from the Gods]

But just as I was chanting a sutra in my head to calm my lower half down, I got a message from the Gods for the first time informing me of my first quest in this new world.

I was honestly excited when I first received the message, as it was technically my first step towards Godhood, and more importantly, seeing my actual mother up in the Heavens.

It was also a mission given by God, so it had to be quite exciting and should give me a rush I haven't felt in a long time while accomplishing it.

But when I read the message given to me by the Gods, my mood dropped faster than a boulder down a cliff, and I was gobsmacked at the absurd request.

I even wondered if this was a message from the Gods, or if some horny pervert hijacked the Gods messaging line for me and sent a message to me that he himself wrote.

The message sent to me was:

[The God of Storms Synthia sends a request: Grope your mother's buttocks]

[Successfully fulfill the request and gain the Gods satisfaction and approval]

[Fail the given request and get struck by the Thunderbolts of Almonard until you turn into dust]

Chapter 15: Wasted Potential

...I just knew it. It knew it from the beginning.

The clues I've seen for a while now all led to this outcome that I had predicted.

Starting with the initiation of the trial with porn ads that were centered towards milfs, to being sent to a world that is based on milfs, having a crazy hot milf as my mother in this world, and the Gods being interested in her.

I just knew that this trial wasn't going to be normal and was going to be extremely lecherous and perverted, making me do requests that involve actual milfs.

And how the hell can you even call that a request when my punishment is getting struck to death by lightning? Can't you just call it an order or sentence and stop insulting my intelligence by calling it a kind request, like I have an option to not do what they say?

An order or demand would be a better way of saying it than calling it a request.

I was hoping that it wasn't going to be like I thought and was going to an actual trial to Godhood, which allowed me to show off my prowess and prove that I could become a God, like building a civilization from the ground up or saving a world from near destruction.

If the trial had been as difficult as that, I would have been elated, as it would've been a challenge that tested my abilities to the fullest, and it would have given me reason to show off why I have the title of 'The Being Closest to God' or 'The One That Doesn't Know The Meaning Of Impossibility'.

But what I'm left with is doing these perverted tasks for the Gods and letting them watch like it's a TV show. I was basically the main character, which they can order around in a story that is ongoing at the moment.

The only reason I can think of why I got such a perverted trial is because of the title that refers to me as 'The Incarnation of Lust' for some reason. Other than that, I simply can't see why the Gods would be interested in seeing a mortal have fun with older women, like my mother over here.

Especially when my actual mother is up there above, and is probably watching me do all this.

But don't get me wrong, thinking that I don't like this trial, as playing around with milfs for a living, or more like having fun with them so that I can survive, is kind of a dream come true, not just for me but for any cultured individual who's into older women.

But it's just that I feel that I've been given a job that I was way overqualified for. It's like asking someone who could plan and build an entire metropolitan city to build a doghouse. Or telling someone who can design a spaceship that can go beyond the solar system to make a paper airplane.

I just feel that I could do so much more.

This feeling probably comes from the fact that I have kept myself from doing anything extraordinary for the past few years so that I don't bring any unnecessary problems, and now that I'm in a world where I don't have to worry about those problems, I want to do so much more.

But I have to stop whining like a baby and eat what's given to me. If I get too greedy for something else other than the task that's presented in front of me, I'll probably get smited by lightning, just like what would happen if I didn't grope my mother butt.

But this is quite hilarious.

I was just thinking about controlling myself from feeling up my mother's breasts, and now I have a request to grope her butt in exchange.

What kind of twisted fate is this?

Well, whatever it is, I should probably get to groping.

But it's not like I can simply feel up her butt and not expect her to do anything unfavorable to me in return, so I have to go about this carefully and go through a systematic process; taking into account who she was to me, how she sees me, the barriers that I can cross, the trust she has in me, and various other factors.

After thinking about it for less than a second, I realised what I needed to do to grope my mother's buttocks without alarming her and decided to proceed with the request.

While my mother was happily hugging me and rubbing her face onto my chest to take my smell in, I still hadn't hugged her, and my hands were floating around her back. I was going to hug her back when she first hugged me, but that's when the message came, and I had to stop myself from hugging her back to think about what I should do.
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Now, I was going to use the fact that I hadn't hugged her to my advantage and start off the Gods request.