

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

## #Chapter 2: I've Got A Corpse By My Side - Read God of Milfs: The Gods Request Me To Make a Milf Harem Chapter 2: I've Got A Corpse By My Side

### *Chapter 2: I've Got A Corpse By My Side*

And if that wasn't already shocking enough, the imbecile was also watching a video with a very young-looking model while also glancing at the children at the side from time to time, which made me sick to the stomach because of how perverted it was.

Children were the purest existences ever created, who are just balls of sunshine and rainbows, who spread happiness wherever they go, and were dear to me due to my upbringing.

And the fact that the man was tainting that innocence with his lust infuriated me and made me want to smack his head into the floor until his skull cracked open.

I didn't simply think of beating him up and actually went to do so while at the same time indicating the parents to leave, since I didn't know if the man had any dangerous objects on him that could potentially harm the children nearby.

Once all the children were moved away by their parents and the staff nearby, who understood my intentions, I went right behind him and was about to smack him right in the head.

But this maggot just had to give me a surprise after surprise as when I was right by his side, I saw that his meat was out and he was stroking it like a madman. He didn't open his pants and simply let his meat out of his zipper, and was having the time of his life while beating his swollen-up worm and didn't even notice me behind him.

I wanted to beat him up at first, but after I saw his dick out, I felt disgusted and didn't want to touch him anymore.

So in the end, I simply tapped him on his shoulders, and he turned back to look up at me. He was shocked when he saw someone behind him, as if he didn't expect he would ever get caught, almost as if he were delusional.

Out of surprise, he let go of his dick. And the moment he did, I picked up the large stapler that was used to bind thick books on the table and swiftly pushed it into the tip of his dick that was lying on the chair multiple times.

The man didn't even have a chance to react, as I used the stapler to staple his dick into the leather cushion of the chair, until it was firmly attached to the chair.

I stapled his dick so many times that the tip of his dick was completely lying flat on the chair and looked like a ugly mutated pancake.

I then walked away and called the police to inform them about the issue, while the man screamed like a pig, holding his dick that was bleeding and leaking blood from the number of pins it had in it.

I didn't even bother binding him so that he didn't run away since there was no way he was going to escape with his dick bound to the chair unless he tears off his dick. And judging by the pathetic way he was crying and pleading me to help him, there was no way he had the guts to do that.

While I waited for the police to arrive and told the staff of the library to stay away and close off this section of the library for safety reasons, I decided to check who the guy was out of curiosity. [n.ovel.com](http://n.ovel.com)

I used the ID he had in his pocket to look up his name and found some horrendous results.

The guy who was caught jacking off in the library had several cases of attempted child molestations under his belt over the years and was currently under probation.

At first, I was simply going to hand him over to the police and let them do their thing, since I didn't want to draw too much attention to myself. But after seeing the horrible cases he had and the fact that one of the girls who was almost kidnapped was still going through trauma treatment, I decided to give him a different fate.

After looking at the man's report, I knew he couldn't be left as such in case he did something like what he did again, and I went to his pathetic figure, and knocked him out with the same stapler.

I then rolled his body, which was sitting on an office chair, into a room nearby and locked it.

After locking him in, I broke one of the windows that led to the parking lot and waited for the police to come.

When they did, I told them that the man escaped through the window over there. The place behind the window had no CCTV cameras, nor did this section of the library, so the police could check any footage, and I was the only one here the whole time since I told the staff to evacuate, so they had to take my word for it.

After giving them a thorough report about what happened with some lies in between, the police left, and the library also closed down for the day. While everyone except the single watchman left the library, I stayed back, saying I wanted to clean up the mess.

Of course, it wasn't simply to clean up the mess, but to clean up the pathetic creature in the room.

At first, I wanted to skin him alive for what he did, but I decided not to since it would make too much of a mess and I didn't have the right tools. I could fleece him using the cardboard cutter, but it would be too sloppy, so I ignored that idea.

I didn't want to give him an easy death, and I also didn't want to make a mess, so I simply got a rusty metal pipe from the storage room and then went into the room the man was in. And while he was still knocked out, I first pushed the long metal pipe into the man's mouth.

And then, just as he woke up from the feeling of something in his mouth, I pulled his head back and shoved the metal pipe through his throat and all the way down into his abdomen. The pipe didn't tear through his outer skin and went straight into his insides, until his waist area.

I then proceeded to move the pipe up and down and make a mess of his organs along the way. The metal pipe, with a sharp edge from the rust, tore through his organs like they were vegetables and turned his insides into a putty of minced meat.

After making sure I didn't leave behind any untouched organs, I used some tape to close the dead man's mouth so that he wouldn't leak out his insides from his mouth and rolled him towards the back entrance while wondering how I should dispose of his body.

The go-to method would be to bury his body in a faraway forest. But that always takes too much time, and I wished I owned an electric incinerator that could destroy his body in seconds.

While I was thinking of buying an incinerator for myself for Christmas and installing it in the basement of my house, I noticed that the monitor of the computer that that man was using was still on.

When I went to check why it hadn't shut down, I saw a bunch of horny ads on the screen that must have come up from the website the man was using.

And that finally brings us back to the present, where I've got a corpse with a bloated stomach next to me while I worked to remove the ads on the screen.

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### *Chapter 3: What Could Possibly Go Wrong?*

At first, I thought it would be a simple job of closing the prompt boxes, but it's been an hour now, and I still haven't managed to close any of them. For some reason, the ads on this computer were resilient to the extreme and wouldn't go away no matter what I did.

I would say that I was extremely efficient with computers and could even break into the servers of an asset management computer if I had enough time and resources on my side, which is also one of the reasons why everyone wanted me in the past after seeing what I could potentially do.

But for some reason, the vintage ads on this library computer were like gum on a shoe and wouldn't budge no matter what I did, which honestly fascinated me, as it was the first time in a long time that a certain task had stumped me.

It made me wonder what sort of madman made such ads that were worse than any computer malware to ever exist.

And of all the ads he could make, he had to make porn ads that advertised milfs. But at the same time, it also seemed like something a computer prodigy would do to troll others. If he sold the security grid on his ads that was breach-proof and even looked like it didn't exist on the drive, I'm pretty sure that even the military would be interested because of how perfect it was.

I would normally laugh at this troll since he created and used technology beyond our time to make porn ads, but unfortunately they were playing on a computer at a children's library I worked at. And unless I wanted to give the children that visited tomorrow a talk on the birds and the bees, I needed to stop these ads.

But since I currently don't have the equipment or time to do so, I decided to simply pull the plug on the computer and fix it at a later date.

I bent down, went underneath the desktop, and pulled the plug from the computer. I then scooted back and patted the dust off my hands.

But just as I was getting up after tying the cord so that no one plugged it back in, I saw that the computer screen was on.

Hmm? That's strange. Did I pull the plug on the wrong computer?

I thought for sure that I pulled the right plug, but it didn't seem so since the computer screen was still on and playing those annoying ads that filled the screen.

I bent down again and saw that I did pull the right plug. But since it didn't stop the computers for some reason, I pulled all the plugs in the socket and stood up, thinking that I'd fixed the problem now.

But to my surprise, the screen was still playing those ads.

What's going on? I pulled out all the plugs that went through this single socket port, and there aren't any other power sources here, but this screen is still running. Is there any power supply that I don't know off?

I didn't know what to make of the situation, so I did the next best thing and pulled out the wire of the monitor.

But to my shock, the monitor was still playing the ads even though there was nothing connected to it.

I thought it was a wireless monitor at first, but I knew that it couldn't be true since it was a very old monitor that's been in use for years. I then thought that there could be an internal battery in the model, but then again, it was an old setup, so there was no way that could be true.

Seeing the monitor power itself on its own honestly gave me a creepy feeling since it was a very abnormal occurrence.

Especially with how it was getting dark out, and the monitor being the only bright object in this dimly lit room. It felt like the light from the screen was dragging me closer to it and was trying to trap me inside, which sent an eerie chill down my spine.

Even the dead body next to me, whose eyes were bulging out from the pain he felt during his death, didn't scare me as much as this single third-rate monitor that was bought on a budget.

I've watched enough horror movies and knew the best plan of action was to run away from these types of situations, without interacting with them any further. But for some reason, I felt that something would change if I actually clicked on one of those links.

I didn't understand the feeling, and it wasn't something out of instinct, but for some reason all I could think of was what would happen if I actually clicked on those links that I hadn't touched this whole time.

My brain shouted that I shouldn't since it seemed very shady, but my heart was telling me the exact opposite, so I went over to the computer screen that was shining on my face and used the mouse to hover over the multiple links on the screen.

I didn't know which one to pick and simply hovered over all of them, while checking out each one carefully.

But while I was reading each ad one by one, my hand that was controlling the mouse suddenly stopped. I didn't know why it suddenly stopped like that, but I didn't bother to think about that since I was focused on the prompt box the pointer of the mouse landed on.

**[The Gods Invite You To The World Of Milfs. Click If You Choose To Accept, Chosen One]**

There was no colorful graphic, pictures, or video in this ad. It only had some golden text in the box.

But I don't know why, but out of all the ads on the screen, this one in particular stood out for me. My hand on the mouse was also twitching, as if it were begging me to click it.

I knew I shouldn't click it, but I simply couldn't resist the temptation of finding out what would happen if I did. I understood the outcome could potentially turn out horribly, but it was still an outcome I wanted to see.

And I felt that even if I left now, this issue would somehow come back and haunt me in the future, no matter what I did, so it was better to finish it off now, even though I was kind of scared.

I turned back and looked at the body that was watching me do all this on his chair. I chuckled while I stared into his lifeless eyes and said

"I kind of wish I hadn't killed you right now...At least I would have someone by my side to keep me company."

I then looked back at the computer screen with the same smile on my face and said

"It's just a porn ad, isn't it? What can it actually do to me?"

And after steeling my veins and gritting my teeth, I clicked the link, not knowing what was to come.

Click~

I braced myself for whatever the outcome was and looked around vigilantly, but no changes occurred other than the monitor screen turning off.

After seeing that nothing really happened like I was expecting, I turned around, looked at the corpse, and said while laughing

"Haha! I can't believe I was scared of that. What Gods? What Milfs? And calling me the chosen one like I was on a mission. What a joke. In the end, it was nothing after all."

Blank~

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#### *Chapter 4: Welcome To The World Of Milfs*

Just when I thought I was making a show out of nothing and was in relief, nothing happened; my vision went black, just like the computer screen, and I lost all the sensation in my body.

I couldn't feel my arms and legs, and it felt like I was floating in some kind of dark abyss that was slightly warm and comfortable.

I either couldn't look around or the place I was in was dark all over since no matter where I tried to look, I couldn't see any light.

I knew that clicking on the link wasn't the best option, and I was expecting something to happen. But I never thought I would be pulled into this dark place where I can't even feel my body.

I wonder what would happen if I didn't ever escape this place. I'd probably go crazy, right? Even if I didn't, it would be the worst kind of mental torture to stay here for centuries, with only my own thoughts and the darkness surrounding me. I wouldn't even have a way to kill myself and end my suffering since I can't feel anything, almost as if I were a floating soul.

Damn. This is so much worse than the monitor being haunted, like I first thought. At least I would be able to throw some salt and hire a priest if there were any ghosts involved.

But what the hell am I supposed to do now?

Slowly spend life in darkness for eternity? That's worse than getting eaten alive by a demon from hell.

Ding~

And just while I was complaining about how this place seemed worse than hell, a bunch of words appeared in my mind. There was no voice or text, and they were simply words that felt as if they were my own thoughts.

But those same words that formed sentences seemed to hold some kind of mighty power, as my soul or whatever form I was in now felt heavy after I received them.

The message I received was:

**[The Being Closest to God]**

**[The One That Doesn't Know the Meaning of Impossibility]**

**[The Incarnation of Lust]**

**[Child of Vanitas]**

**[Rejoice child. These titles you have earned have granted you a chance to go through the trial to attain Godhood]**

**[The stage has already been set, and the world made just for your trial is waiting for your arrival as its protagonist]**

**[The Dice of Theia have already been rolled, and the Gods have assembled to avidly watch your performance]**

**[The conditions to join us are very simple]**

**[Make the Gods rejoice and earn their approval to attain Godhood]**

**[Dissatisfy the Gods and you will meet your demise]**

**[It's as simple as that]**

**[All I have to say is that I wish you the best on your ventures, and if you're ever in doubt, follow your heart]**

**[The Gods have high hopes for you. So don't you dare disappoint us...Especially since your mother is waiting for you here]**

**[Haha...But as the Child of Vanitas, I guess I won't have to be worrying about that]**

**[And finally, a message from all of us Gods who are watching]**

**[Welcome To The World of Milfs]**

**" "**

**".."**

**"...?"**

What in the world? What kind of message was that?



It started off so formally, like it was some official initiation, and by the end, it was so casual, as if the speaker was talking to his nephew.

And what are those titles that they gave me?

I will shamelessly accept the first two since I can understand why someone would call me that after seeing the things I can do.

But what does Child of Vanitas mean? Is Vanitas my parent? The same father who abandoned me on the street when I was just a baby? Or was it my mother's name, whom I had never seen before?

And what does the Incarnation of Lust symbolify? I may have a strong attraction for older women, which is more than the average man. But I don't think I deserve to earn that title just because of that.

And did they just say that if I successfully finished their trial, I would become a God just like them? It's as easy as that?

Well, I wouldn't say it's easy since they also said that I will die if I don't accomplish what they're asking for. But that only works if the ones who sent this message are actually Gods.

Is that even true?

But even though I have never believed in God since the day I was born, I actually do think that some Godly existence was the one who sent that message since the feeling it gave when it entered my mind was otherworldly and supreme, and I felt as if the whole world could be changed based on those words.

Even though it was extremely illogical and unscientific, the presence of that message left on my mind actually makes me believe that I was actually contacted by God or some kind of supreme being.

But if they are actually Gods themselves, why are they talking about my mother as if she were a God herself and telling me that she was waiting for me? How can that be true when I'm simply a mortal?

And can you actually believe that she has the gall to tell me that I shouldn't disappoint her and that she was waiting for me, when I've been waiting for her every day for all of my childhood and she never ever came.

Just thinking about it is frustrating....Well that is if she was actually my real mother.

And just what in the world was that ending line.

You send a message as if I were going to go through a trial of fire that would test my sheer will and determination to become a God, and then you end it off by saying that I was going to some world with milfs in it. What kind of ridiculous nonsense is that?

Why does the name of the world, the so-called trial is set in, have a name that sounds like it came from an 18+ game that horny teenagers play? And what do milfs got to do anything with attaining Godhood?

If you're going to explain something, then do it clearly, instead of leaving me hanging like this without a sliver of a clue about what was going on.

Well, at least I'm slowly regaining the senses in my body right now, which eases my nerves a bit. Although I still can't open my eyes, I can wiggle my toes and move my lips a little. I could also feel the warm softness around me, as if I were wrapped in a blanket.

But that was weird since the moment I blacked out, I was standing in a cold library, not sleeping in a bed like how I feel now.

I wanted to say that this was all a dream that I had while I blacked out in the library and was current in the hospital after someone saw my unconscious self on the floor. But unfortunately, I don't have the ability to dream and have never experienced a dream before, so the message I received before and the links I saw on the monitor just now were definitely real.

Then, have I been brought to a different world that the Gods told me about, which would be considered the stage where I was supposed to be the main character?

Well, there's no use questioning myself since I have no way to deduce the answer and should probably put a little more effort into regaining control of my body and seeing where I was myself.

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#### *Chapter 5: First Encounter With A Milf?*

After a minute of waiting, I finally managed to open my eyes and saw that I was in a bedroom. The bedroom was medium-sized, with a single bed, cabinet, table with a desktop, bookshelf, some posters on the wall, a schoolbag, and a school uniform hanging in a corner. It looked to be the standard room of a high school boy and was quite neat and tidy.

I had never seen this room before, and it was the first time I'd been here.

I got up from the bed I was sleeping on to check out the room, and I immediately felt a change in my body. It wasn't as if I had grown an extra leg or arm, but I felt that my height had shrunk by an inch or so.

I looked at my hands and legs and found them to be the same as usual. But my height had somehow decreased, and I felt more energetic than before.

It didn't take me long to realise how I became shorter, as when I looked at myself in the mirror, I saw a younger version of myself. The image in the mirror was of a 17 or 18 year old me, when it actually should be a 21-year-old me, since I was actually over 20 years old.

There weren't that many changes to my face in that 4-year gap, but the absence of my stubble on my face and how clear my skin looked in the mirror gave it away.

My body also looked much more defined than before, as I wasn't working out as much after I joined the library, and I relaxed myself a little too much with all the food I made back home and gained a few pounds. Although I was still fit, I would still say that I wasn't in the best shape, like I was in my teenage years or how I looked right now.

A new world...With a transformation like this that couldn't be brought out by even the most advanced surgery, I truly started to believe that I was in a different world.

But I still had some doubts, so I quickly decided to clear them all up and see if I was really in a different world than my younger self.

First, I decided to check the internal clock that's been running inside my head for years now. It was basically a mental clock that kept time by counting the seconds of every passing moment in the back of my mind.

Several years ago, while I was being searched by certain individuals, I had to go hiding in a cave system. I knew that I wouldn't be able to see the light of day for a long time, so I decided to start counting the time in my head so that I wouldn't get night and day mixed up.

Ever since then, this mental clock of mine has been running, and now it's telling me that the time is 17:56:46. And the time I clicked the link was 17:52:13.

So, it's only been 4 minutes since the moment I blacked out.

I don't believe that someone can simply knock me out, do an extremely advanced surgery on me, and bring me to this room in just 4 minutes. And the fact that the mental clock in my head still runs even when I'm unconscious further cements that I'm actually here due to some godly power, as no mortal can do such a miracle of bringing me here in a few minutes.

Crack~

Next, I dislocated my shoulder and put it back in its place to track the signals of pain my neurons are carrying right now. I did this so I could check if I'm in some hallucinatory state where I'm seeing things.

I could feel the pain of my bone leaving the socket, so this couldn't be a hallucination. And just to make sure that this wasn't some simulation, I followed the signal pathway of my neurons all the way from my muscular neurons near my shoulder all the way up until they went through my spine and reached my brain. After calculating the total voltage it would take for the sensation of pain to reach my brain and seeing that's similar to the voltage change in my neurons now, I confirmed I wasn't in a simulation since my consciousness was still in my body.

Finally, I jumped out of the window in the room and onto the roof to look up at the sky. It was dark outside in this world and looked like it was around 8 PM, so there's no way I was in my original world according to my mental clock.

The stars in the sky were also messed up and all over the place from what I normally see on Earth. It was so different that there wasn't a single point on Earth where you could see such a star arrangement, which told me that this place wasn't on Earth or even in the same galaxy and was a place far, far away.

After proving that this was a different world and that Gods actually exist since only they could create such a phenomenon, I went back in my room and sat on the edge of the bed while looking at the white ceiling of the room, and I started to think about what I should do from now on.

According to the words of the Gods, this world was made for my trial to attain Godhood. It was basically a stage where I was the main character, who had to do what the Gods said and earn their satisfaction in return. Once I earned all their favour, I would be able to join their ranks and become a God.

A God...What level of existence even is that? A being so powerful that he could make worlds like this one just on his whim. That's power that everyone would dream of possessing at least once in their lives.

But rather than being a God, I was more interested in meeting this mother figure of mine who said she's waiting for me.

It's not because I long for her over these years and want her love, but because I could look her in the face and ask her why she had never shown herself to me even once? Why she left me in the mortal world when she was a God herself? Why she never came to me when I called out to her in my sleep?

And why she never came to my rescue or protected me like I hoped she would, when I was in danger in the past?

I thought that it was childish of me to think that my weak mother could pull me out of those situations, where everything and everyone was against you. But now that I'm hearing that she's a God or is related to one, I really do want to know why she didn't help me out in the time of my need like an actual parent would.

I never harboured such feelings of resentment for my mother before, since I had already long forgotten that she had a certain part in my life due to her absence. But now that she's back in my life and saying that she's waiting for me, when I've been wishing for her to show up most of my life, I really want to look at her and ask if she dares to call me her son with what she's done.

I should be really pissed off that I was forcefully dragged into this world to play this game of Godhood where I could actually lose my life when I was perfectly satisfied with my life back at home as a librarian. But when I think about getting a chance to talk to my so-called mother, I don't feel all that bad about being brought into this world and the risks I will have to face.

I mean, it's not like it's the first moment in my life where I had to survive while my life was in constant danger. f(r)ee

And there's also an attractive reward, along with the chance to become God at the end, so it's not all that bad.

But what I still don't understand is why I was brought to this world through some milf ads and why I was welcomed into the world of milfs. Why the hell are there milfs involved in achieving Godhood?

And didn't they say that this was a world of milfs? Where were they? I don't see a single one of them.

And as if God decided to answer my question, the door of my room opened all of a sudden, and a woman entered my room.

...Oh damn.

That's a milf alright. A fine one at that...The finest I've ever seen in my entire life.

(Warning: This is made by a Degenerate for Degenerates, so if you aren't into kinky stuff and prefer vanilla, then this isn't for you)