

God of Milfs 201

Chapter 201: Insatiable Hunger

[The God of Love Amora would love to adopt you, but she's afraid to do so since it would be the same as waging war against Lady Vanitas, which she surely couldn't handle] Evangeline portrayed Lady Amora's thoughts.

Goddammit...That woman doesn't want to act as my mother and doesn't want to let anyone else do it as well...Just what kind of grudge does she have with me?

"What's wrong, Kafka? Why are you looking at the ceiling like that?...Do you want me to on the ceiling fan?" Camila asked when she saw me looking up at the heavens, to which I shook my head. "If it's nothing, then stop staring up in a daze and quickly eat your breakfast before it gets cold."

"And while you eat as much as you can, I'll start packing the extra food so that I can take it to the park and feed the doggies there."

Camila got up from her seat to get some containers from the counter, but I didn't let her do so and pulled her back down to her seat, and said,

"You can go to the park to play with the puppies if you want to, but you won't be bringing any of this food with you since I'm going to be finishing it all myself and you're going to sit here and watch me do it."

"We'll see about that, Kafka." Camila said with the corner of her lips curled up as she looked at the mountain of food on the table. "Whether you're going to finish everything here and prove me wrong, or you're going to help me carry all this food back to the park where we can both play with the cute little doggies there."

"I'm perfectly fine with going on a park date with you, Camila..." I said, which made her realise that she was basically inviting me on our first date, which made her feel shy. "...But unfortunately, the dogs over there won't be getting a crumb of anything on this table, so I think it's better if we stop by a deli and get some fresh meat for them."

"Hmph! We'll see about that!~" Camila harumphed as she watched me take another bite of her risotto.

And then two more big ones, which were enough to finish off the entire thing in a matter of seconds, to Camila's surprise.

I then moved onto the other dishes on my plate, like the pasta, curry, and enchiladas, and threw them all into my mouth and munched down on all of them, while having a satisfied look on my face and a look in my eyes that made it seem like I was going to orgasm at the taste of her dishes.

"Idiots...Absolute idiots, both your husband and daughter are for ignoring such delicious food and taking it for granted." I scolded her family and picked up a full plate of noodles from the side, while Camila was shocked at the speed at which I was eating, like I was sucking in all the food into my mouth.

Clang~

She didn't even have enough time to think about how I was scooping up all the food into my mouth and banging the table at how good it was, like I was a starved man who hadn't eaten in weeks, as I had already scraped the second plate clean and was moving onto the grilled fish I had been eyeing for a while.

Clang~ Clang~ Clang~

One by one, Camila saw me stack a bunch of empty plates on top of one another that only had a few remnants of grease and sauce on them and witnessed me plough through all the dishes, with a plate of food in my hand and a spoon in another that was scooping it all into my mouth.

Clang~ Clang~ Clang~

The stack of plates started getting too tall, so I made another stack to Camila's disbelief, and it had been about 5 minutes since I started eating, and less than half of the entire dining table had been cleared out.

The most shocking aspect of it for Camila was that even though I had already eaten so much food and stuffed my stomach, I looked completely fine and not sick like she thought I would be, and I continued to gorge myself in a rather barbaric manner at the same pace.

"Kafka, why do you hate the doggies at the park so much?" Camila asked a rather peculiar question that was quite wrong since I really loved dogs to bits and even volunteered at several shelters out of my love for them.

"Aren't they so cute and adorable with their fluffy fur and tails that just keep wagging around when you see them?...So why do you hate them to the extent that you're gorging yourself to death just so that you don't have to share your breakfast with those poor pups?"

"...Wait! Don't tell me that you got chased by one of them when you visited the park, and you despise them for that?!" Camila came to her own conclusion as to why I hated those dogs, much to my dismay. "If it is, then I apologise to you on behalf of those pitiful doggies for scaring you like that, as they never usually act like that and are actually quite friendly to everyone."

"But at the same time, I'm also wondering if you did anything to those pups that made them chase you, like teasing them or stealing their food and running off with it, since you seem like someone who can't hold back when it comes to food..." Camila said as she stared at me with a suspicious look on her face, labelling me as someone who was shameless enough to steal something from a dog bowl.

"I don't hate dogs, nor did I steal anything from them..." I reluctantly said to prove my innocence, while she looked like she still didn't trust me. "In fact, I haven't even visited that park you're talking about and don't even know where it is."

"I'm simply eating all this food because I'm quite hungry and have a massive appetite that's bigger than the average, and not because I have a grudge against the dogs you love so much." I said as I started making a third stack of plates.

"Really?~...You have such a big appetite to the point you can finish a meal for a family of 10 in one sitting?" Camila gasped when I revealed the truth about my hunger, which was insatiable. "Do you normally eat this much for every meal?"

"I try to, as without this basic amount of food, I feel hungry and dizzy wherever I go. And sometimes I even get a bit shaky if I don't take in a certain amount of food every day."

I said to her surprise, which was all true, as even though this body of mine had superior senses and abilities compared to the average human due to me being the son of a God, it also had high energy consumption levels to compensate and balance for it.

And it was especially my brain that seemed to need the most amount of energy supplied to it, as I always seemed to get headaches whenever I didn't eat as much and always feasted during every meal so that I could prevent that aching sensation in my head.

I guess with great power come great consequences as well...But I don't really mind the consequences I face since I just have to eat a lot of food, which is conveniently something that I really enjoy.

"Wow~ Wouldn't that mean that you would be a nightmare to all the all-you-can-eat buffets out there?" Camila asked in amazement at the sheer gluttony I possessed while watching me speed through the last of the plates on the dining table.

"Funny that you would ask that, as back in my hometown, the restaurant committee over there, which was basically the union for all the restaurants in town, sent my picture to every single restaurant that had a buffet service, so that they could guard against me and kick me out if I tried to come in." I said, remembering the dark day when I was a child where I couldn't take advantage of the buffet system anymore to satiate my hunger, since they had gotten wary of me after demolishing several buffets across town after the owners had enough of watching me eat their profits away.

I also only targeted rather well-off restaurants, so I had no guilt while going on my eating rampage.

"Well, I guess I should warn the restaurant owners in this town to close down their buffet service, unless they want their business to go into debt because of your overwhelming gluttony~" Camila laughed when she thought of me wrecking havoc in this town's restaurant scene while passing me the plates on the other side of the table.

She then seemed to have realised something when she saw all the plates stacked up, looked at me, and asked with a gasp,

"Wait!...If you're saying that you always eat this much for every meal, then does that not mean I have to cook so much food for you three times a day in the future?"

"N-No, you really don't have to, as it would be quite the burden for you to make so much food, which would take so much time and effort, so I'll just handle making it myself like usual since I usually just make a large batch of one dish, which is much easier for me and something I'm used to, even though it's quite tiring and bland for my taste to eat so much of the same dish in one sitting."

I said with a wry smile on my face, as I could understand why Camila was so scared at the thought of making such a feast for me every day since the one she made today itself took her all morning, so I could only imagine how hard it would be to do the same every day.

Chapter 202: Filled With Love In Every Bite

And I'm pretty sure that even if I had an actual mother who cared for me back on Earth, she would've definitely gotten fed up with making so much food for a single child and would've told me to manage my own meals, so it's not surprising that Camila or anyone else would want to take on such a task for me.

But to my surprise, Camila had the exact opposite reaction I thought she would, as she quickly said with an excited look on her face, like she had finally gotten the opportunity she was waiting for,

"No, no, Kafka!~ You're misunderstanding!~...I'm not asking you that since I think of cooking for you as a burden and because I don't want to cook for you...Rather I'm asking because I'm excited that I can get to cook so much food for someone who actually enjoys my dishes!~"

"W-What?...You're actually happy that you can cook for someone like me who has an endless pit for a stomach?" I asked with a perturbed look on my face, as I never expected anyone out there to actually think of providing for me as a joyful opportunity instead of a tedious challenge.

"Of course, Kafka!~" Camila clapped her hands in an excited manner, while her blue eyes glowed like she was already thinking of all the things she was looking forward to cooking for me in the future.

"Even though you may be a bottomless abyss that just keeps on consuming whatever you put on your plate, you're also an abyss that vividly shows off how much you enjoy the dishes you're indulging in, so clearly on your face or the way your hands move around like you can't control your emotions while eating, which is exactly what housewives like me who cook daily look for when we're making something for our family."

"More than simply hearing words of simple gratitude after the meal, we would much rather see or hear just how much our family enjoyed the meal, which gives us the motivation to make the next meal better than the one before since we get to see our family happily enjoy our cooking again." Camila explained with a gentle smile on her face what she truly wanted to see, which was so simple and wholesome but was something that she never got from her family.

"So someone like you, Kafka, who makes it so very obvious that you enjoy every meal you eat is someone that all housewives out there would desire since you would give them a reason and

purpose to enjoy cooking for their loved ones, and also someone I wish would eat the meals I make as well."

"...And I too love to cook, Kafka, and I constantly look for any opportunity to make a feast every day since I have so many new recipes in my mind that I want to try out...So don't you dare think that I'm doing this out of obligation and think of it as a burden, as I'm genuinely happy to make some delicious and tasty meals for you, Kafka, the one I love, knowing that I'm making you content with my simple meals and filling your appetite with every spoon of grain you take in..."

Camila said as she rubbed my thighs and looked at me with a caring gaze, like she was telling me it was alright and that there was no need to hold back when it came to her since she had already started considering me as her dear family, which was making it difficult for me to swallow the food I had in my mouth since I was choking up.

And I felt like I was going to cry since it was the first time in my life that someone actually wanted to care for and provide for me, knowing the burdens that came with it, simply because she loved me.

Sniff~ Sniff~

I tried my best to hold back my tears since the chauvinistic part of me didn't want to cry in front of my girl and show that I was quite weak when it came to these soppy matters, but a tear still managed to come out, which I quickly wiped off.

Luckily, Camila was busy thinking about something else, which for some reason was making her cheeks flush and making her glance at me shyly, so she didn't see the embarrassing sight of me tearing up over such a simple and insignificant matter.

I quickly found out what Camila was thinking about, which put a smile on my face when I heard it when she timidly said,

"...A-And anyway, I'm going to have to cook for all our children as well, and since you made it clear that you want a bunch of them, I think cooking all these dishes for you on a daily basis will be a good practice for what is to come in the future."

Camila's neck turned a light shade of pink as she explained her plans for the future. And when she saw me grinning at her from ear to ear, she immediately got embarrassed and started venting it out by pinching my thigh vigorously, when she was gently rubbing it before.

Pinch~ Pinch~

She then suddenly looked at me with rather wary eyes, like she was looking at a womaniser who couldn't help himself even when he already had two beautiful women waiting for him at home, and said in a sarcastic manner,

"And I'm also pretty sure that with how fond you are of women and how you can easily sway their hearts like you did mine, me and your mother won't be the only women in your household, and there will definitely be plenty more to come, which also means more mouths to feed in the future..."

I couldn't help but look away at the mocking gaze in Camila's eyes, as I couldn't even deny what she said since it was all true, which made her ruefully smile and shake her head at the unpredictable life she had thrown herself into, which she had no idea how it was going to turn out in the end, and hoped for the best...

Chapter 203: It's So Hard!

"Well, anyway, even though I can see all these empty plates, I'm still surprised that someone as skinny as you can eat this much food without any effort." Camila said in wonder as she watched me finish off a tower of thick pancakes, like I hadn't already just devoured an enormous amount of food.

"And I'm pretty sure that your tummy is bloated right now, and you probably look like you have a baby in there, even though it doesn't look any different from how it was before from how I see it."

"But at the same time, your shirt is covering it up, so I can't really see it properly and don't know what to believe..." Camila stared at my abdomen with a questioning gaze, as she simply couldn't believe that I didn't look different after eating so much food and bet that my belly was as round as a pot right now.

"If you want to check if I'm bloated right now, you can freely do so yourself while I finish the remaining dishes." I said to quell her curiosity and pulled up my shirt a little, giving her the go ahead sign.

"Really?...You really don't mind?" Camila said timidly, as this was the first time she was going to do something that was rather intimate with me.

"Compared to how I've already felt you up in so many ways that a married woman should never be touched, I don't think this little amount of skinship between us would be a big issue." I said as I leered at her breasts, which made her ears turn red in embarrassment.

"O-Okay...Then here I go." Camila hesitantly said to give herself the courage she needed to touch a boy who was younger than her by two decades, which almost felt forbidden in her mind. "Don't blame me if you feel ticklish now."

With a rather nervous look on her face and eyes that were full of expectancy to feel the warmth of my skin, Camila slid her hands underneath my shirt from the side and immediately came into contact with my abdomen.

Touch~

I could feel the tip of her cold fingers graze my abdomen, and her hand suddenly backed off, like she didn't expect to touch my body, as soon as she put her hand in and got scared.

But the curiosity of how my body felt got to her as once again she pushed her fingers against my tummy and slid it across the lower region, to have a feel of how a young man's body felt like.

"Oh wow!~" Camila suddenly exclaimed with a look of pleasant surprise in her eyes. "It's hard!~ It's so hard, Kafka!~"

"What is?" I asked with a peculiar look on my face, wondering if she was actually touching something else.

"Your tummy, Kafka! Your tummy!...It's so hard, almost as if it's made out of a smooth rock!" Camila cried out in shock as if she had never expected the human body to feel this way, since she was used to her own body that was the exact opposite of mine and plump and juicy all over.

"And no matter how much I try to push my fingers into your abdomen, it just stays there, Kafka, and doesn't budge at all, like it's an impenetrable wall!"

"Isn't that absolutely amazing?!~" Camila asked with twinkling eyes about her new discovery, which she was so pumped up about.

"Is it really that amazing?" I asked in confusion, as I felt Camila rub her palm against my abdomen and create some warmth down there that actually felt quite comfortable. "I mean, all it takes is a disciplined workout session every day for a couple of months and a balanced diet, and I'm pretty sure that anyone can have an abdomen as hard as mine, whether they be a man or woman."

"I obviously know that if you work out intensely and put all your effort into training your body, anyone can get a physique like yours." Camila rolled her eyes at me, like she was telling me that she wasn't dumb. "But that still doesn't make up for the shock I feel when I compare how your body feels to mine, which is so soft and squishy, unlike yours."

"I mean, just look at it...I just need to put my hand on my tummy and grab a handful, and my palm will be full of all this chubby fat~" Camila said as she pulled her dress and apron up to reveal her plump belly to me, which was actually quite slender but just had a layer of white, fatty blubber on top of it that looked so soft to touch.

Her excitement at how different both our bodies were seemed to have gotten to her head, as she completely forgot that she was revealing herself to me, where I could also see the bottom of her blue bra on top.

"And while I have such a fatty tummy, you have one that feels like it barely has any fat in it and looks like it's purely made of muscle!" Camila said in exhilaration as her hand started to shamelessly roam around everywhere on my abdomen, which made me feel quite ticklish.

She then looked up at me in a daze and said,

"I always saw the actors in dramas have these types of builds and wondered if they actually possessed such physiques or if it was just visual effects...But who would've thought that there would come a day where I could actually examine someone with such a body and see if it's real or not?"

"And after feeling me up all over, what do you think?"

I said as I felt her fingers carefully slide between the crevices of my abs, and judging by the excited look on her face, almost as if she was going to start to drool at any second, it seemed like she was really enjoying feeling my abs.

"Do you think it's real or not?"

"It's real! It's definitely real!"

Camila vigorously nodded her head as her hand suddenly started moving up towards my chest, like she wanted to check if the place above was as hard as my abdomen, much to my surprise as it was quite the bold move from her...

Chapter 204: Looks Can Be Deceiving

"Be it the warmth your skin emits like I'm touching a sandstone that was kept in the scorching sun for a while or the grooves you have on your abdomen that feel so sharp like they can cut my fingers with enough force, they all feel so real and vivid and definitely can't be faked."

"Then, since you've already done your examination of my abdomen and have gotten the results you want, I think it's time for you to remove your hands from my body before they start roaming elsewhere..." I said with a grin on my face, like I had caught her in the act, and pulled out her hand from underneath my shirt, since she had started to shamelessly feel up my pecs, which felt rather weird when I was still eating.

I also wasn't the biggest fan of someone running their hands all over me in such a sneaky manner since it felt like I was in a vulnerable position here, so I quickly pulled her hand out to Camila's disappointment and dismay.

"Eh? So quick? Can't I feel your body up-...No, I mean examine your body for science and fulfil my curiosity about the male anatomy for a little longer?" Camila asked with a pitiful look in her eyes, like I pulled away a toy that she really liked and shamelessly used the excuse of science so that she could grope my body like a pervert.

"I promise I won't touch anything else other than your abdomen, Kafka, so can you please let my hand go down there again?~"

"No...With the obsessive look I see in your eyes, I'm afraid that if I allow you to do anything you want now, I'm going to wake up one night with you running your tongue all along my abs because of how crazy you are about them." I said with a concerned look on my face, as Camila was starting to look at the rest of my body that was exposed with a fascinated look in her eyes, and it looked like she wanted to examine it to see if the rest of my body was also quite muscular as she thought it was.

"What?! There's no way I would imitate such stalker-like behaviour, Kafka!" Camila exclaimed and looked at me indignantly, like I had done her wrong. "How could you accuse me of such inexcusable behaviour that makes me out to be some kind of pervert?!~"

"Don't tell me that when you're so clearly drooling while looking at my abdomen like you want a bite out of it..." I said with a straight look on my face when I saw a little drool come out of her lip from staring at my abs through the gaps in between the buttons of my shirt.

Camila immediately wiped the drool on the corner of her lip when she got exposed and was so flustered that she got caught in the act when she thought she was being sneaky enough to avoid my sight.

She then looked at me while glaring at me with her flushed face, like I had robbed her of one of the joys in her life, and harumphed and said,

"Hmph!

It's not like I wanted to touch your abs anyway!...They actually felt quite gross in my hand with how hard and smooth they were, like someone had carved them from your body, so I was only reluctantly examining them just so you know and wasn't doing it because I liked the bumpy sensation of running my finger across your abs!~" Camila folded her hands and acted like a child throwing a tantrum while exposing her hidden desires, which looked rather adorable.

I wanted to see her more worked up since she gave rather cute reactions like my mother did that I really enjoyed looking at, so I said in a thoughtful manner while holding my chin,

"And here I thought of letting you have a go at them once again, since you were asking so much and looked so pityful...But it seems like it isn't necessary anymore, since you don't seem to really care like I thought."

I pulled up my shirt, revealing my chiselled abs, as if I were showing her what she could have laid her hands on, which made her blue eyes shine like she had seen treasure when she saw my rather toned abdomen for the first time.

"R-Really?...I can have a feel, Kafka?" Camila asked in a desperate manner as she eyed my abs like it was the winning lottery ticket and moved her hands towards me, like a perverted old man going to grope an innocent woman.

"No, I was simply joking~..." I suddenly said with a straight smile on my face, much to her surprise.

"And it looks like you were as well when you said that you didn't care, seeing how your looking at that place like you can't wait to put your hands on and would even pay hard cash to get a feel like a frequent customer at a stripclub."

Camila almost choked when she heard my words, and her hands, which were moving to feel my abs, immediately moved downward to pinch my thighs for making a mockery of her to vent the shame and anger she was feeling because of me, which was something that I expected.

But what I didn't expect was that while she was pinching my thighs, the expression on her face changed as if she had just come to realise that my thighs were also rather stiff and sturdy, which she hadn't thought of before, and she sneakily started to run her hand along them while pinching me every once in a while, thinking that I hadn't noticed what she was doing.

This also made me realise that Camila, just like my mother, was more of a pervert that meets the eye when both of them actually looked like the purest and most graceful ladies to roam these lands and were prime examples of the phrase 'Looks could be deceiving'...

Chapter 205: Intense Exercise

"Cough-Cough...So just how much do you exercise for you to get such an impressive physique, Kafka?...Or is that you play some physically intensive sport that built all this muscle you have?" Camila asked to divert the topic so that I didn't stay on the matter of how she got caught in the act of feeling up my thighs, which made me fling her hands away from her thighs and look at her like a fiend, much to her embarrassment.

"I've heard that swimming is a rather physically intensive sport, which makes me wonder if you do that as a hobby...But at the same time, you don't really have a streamlined body like those swimmers have and are much more muscular, so you can't really be a competitive swimmer, can you?"

"What if I told you that I rarely exercise at all and was naturally born with this body of mine?" I asked as I ignored her suggestions and gave an absurd answer of my own, while I slowly savoured the plate of food before me since it was the last plate on the table that still had some food on it and hadn't been wiped clean without even a crumb.

"I'd immediately call you out on your blatant lie since it's so obvious that no one can get such a sturdy and stiff body by simply doing nothing, unless you have some ungodly divine genes from your parents that made you naturally gifted in that aspect." Camila somehow guessed the exact reason as to why I was ripped without much effort at all.

"But something tells me that it has nothing to do with Abigaille or your father and is most likely due to some other reason, like some rigorous activity or daily exercise that made you so fit."

"Well, you are both correct and wrong when you say that, as my mother did help me achieve this body of mine, but it obviously isn't because of her genes, seeing how plump and thick she is like you while I'm the exact opposite." I said, which threw Camila off guard, as she wasn't used to a son talking about his mother's body in such a derogatory way.

"Then what?...Did your mother join you when you worked out and both of you exercised together?" Camila asked in an interested manner as she looked down at her rather soft belly. "If it is like that, then tell me when you usually workout with your mother so that I can join you since I've been thinking about reducing my weight as well but don't know where to start."

"First of all, I'll just say that you don't need to lose any weight and are perfect the way you are right now, Camila." I immediately said because I preferred my women plump and juicy and would actually cry if I saw a skinny Camila since it would be a loss to all humanity, which made her blush at what seemed to be a compliment to her.

"And most importantly, unlike what you think, both me and my mother don't really exercise together and actually do some strenuous activity with one another every night that keeps us both fit and in shape."

"Huh? All you do is a simple activity with your mother every day, and you achieved such an impressive physique?...How is that possible?" Camila asked in shock and wondered why I hadn't advertised such a miraculous method to the world and become a millionaire with it.

"Just what in the world are you doing with your mother every night, that makes you so fit and healthy!?...Tell it to me too so that I can join in as well!"

"Oh, you want to join us, Camila?" I asked with a smirk on my face and a rather devious look in my eyes.

"Of course! Why would I miss out on such a good opportunity to lose some weight and become more fit and healthy?!" Camila said in a rather excited manner, like I was going to reveal to her the recipe to make the elixir of life.

"Well, it's a rather intense exercise both my mother and I do, where it's inevitable that our bodies collide into one another all the time, so I don't know if you would be up to task, knowing how prim and proper you are." I said, which made Camila hesitate for a second because it seemed like a rather intimate activity.

"I-I don't really mind since it's quite normal for bodies to touch when doing a joint exercise..." Camila said in a timid manner after making up her mind to do whatever it takes to attain her dream body. "And I'm only going to be doing it with you and Abigaille, m-my future family, so I really don't mind if there's a little bit of skinship going on."

"Oh really..." I said as my lips curled up at her innocent self, who still hadn't realised what I was talking about when it was so obvious. "Then, what if I told you that the activity I'm talking about is exactly what you heard me do with my mother last night?"

"The very same thing that made you lose all your sleep and made you make such a big feast as a result..."

"Hmm? The thing I heard last night and made me lose my sleep as a result?...Just what is that?"

Camila thoughtfully asked and suddenly came to a realisation, which made her neck flush.

"Y-You mean what I heard last night?...T-The activity that made your mother make all those sounds?"

"Yep, the very same intimate exercise me and my mother do with each other every night, which makes us sweat all our fat off since it feels like we're in a steaming sauna after everything is over." I said with a reminiscent look of what happened last night, which made Camila's eyes tremble at what she was hearing.

"...Do you want to join us in that, as I'm pretty sure with enough hardcore sessions every night, all three of us can lose enough weight that would even make those daily gym goers tongue-tied at how fast we would lose our weight?"

"N-No, you can keep such a perverted method of maintaining your body all to yourself and exercise with your mother all you like." Camila said timidly as she pushed me away, seeing that I was getting closer to her, afraid that I would drag her into her room so that we could have a 'workout' session together.

"Really?...But weren't you so eager on losing weight, no matter how intense it may be or the intimate skinship involved in it?" I said in a teasing manner, hoping to get a flustered reaction from her.

But I was rather shocked when the usually reserved Camila said, with a flushed look on her face, almost as if it were my responsibility as my woman to indulge in such activities,

"W-Well, I would be fine with working out with you like you said—not now, but sometime in the future, since it's inevitable that we do such a thing somewhere along the line...B-But 'exercising' together with your mother isn't going to be so simple, and me and Abigail first need to get to know one another properly before I will be confident enough to show my most vulnerable state to her in the open."

"W-Wait..." I struggled to say my words aloud since what Camila just agreed to was too surprising for my brain to handle. "Are you saying what I think you're saying and t-that you're actually fine with getting into bed with me and my mother and working out together a-all night?..."

"I-I don't know about doing such a shameful act all night, since I'm already quite old and I don't have much stamina left in my body~" Camila said with a bashful look in her eyes while playing with the hems of her clothes to hide her embarrassment.

"But it is my duty as one of your women to join you in all your endeavours and stay by your side no matter how shameful of a task you may be doing, even if it's sleeping with other women, since it's much better to be open about such things as it's quite easy for jealousy and other negative feelings to brew when you're left out of the equation while your man is having fun with another woman."

Camila gave a rather practical answer about maintaining a harem that made sense since the family would eventually fall apart if I always had to choose who I was going to sleep with every night and it was better if everyone slept with one another, where everyone would get an equal share of me, also knowing and being in relief that no one else was getting any special treatment.

She then shyly told me her personal feelings and what she truly felt that was even more surprising, which was,

"A-And I too would much rather spend a night with you knowing that there is also another woman by your side, then spend another lonely night like I've spent all these years where I had nothing warm to hold and get me through the cold nights, other than my trembling self..."

Even though Camila was telling me how lonely she was all this while and hated sleeping alone since it made her feel desolate and alone in this world, like no one truly cared for her or her well-being, I couldn't help but look up at the Gods once again for transporting me to such an amazing

world with such an amazing woman by my side, who fulfilled all the fantasies I've ever had as a child and made me feel like the luckiest man in the world...

Chapter 206: Lick It Off Clean...

"Stop staring at me with such a lewd smile on your face, Kafka!~ I know exactly what your thinking off and it's not going to happen any time soon, like I said earlier!~" Camila snapped out of her somber state and also broke me out of my dream of having both my mother and her in each arm, when she saw me looking at her so smug.

"It's only after I get familiar with your mother will such a thing ever happen, so don't you dare try to drag me into your 'workout' sessions with Abigail before I get used to our messy relationship."

"Fine, fine, I won't, so you don't have to worry about it." I said, even though I was already making plans in my head to see both of them in my bed as quick as possible. "But instead, can you do me a favour and grab those fruits you have have on the counter over there?"

"Why do you want those fruits, when you just finished such a big feast?" Camila asked in surprise, as she looked at the basket of fruits on the kitchen counter top. "Don't tell me that you're still hungry after eating all that food?!"

"What can I say? I have a stomach that's as big as my generous heart..." I said with a wry smile on my face confirming to her that I was still hungry, which made her look at me like I was a monster that had a black hole for a stomach.

"My god, Kafka!~...With how much you eat for a single meal, I'm afraid this little town is going to face a food shortage with the sheer volume of food you stuff into your mouth and the town a whole is probably going to have to import wheat and flour from the outside, when we were self sufficient before since this is still an agricultural town no matter how it's developed in the recent years."

Camila said in wonder, as she poked my belly like she was trying to see where all the food vanished to.

"And to look so skinny and fit and not even have a bulge on your belly after eating so much...I'm pretty sure such a sight would infuriate those people who get fat just from eating a single slice of bread and honestly makes me quite angry as well."

Pinch~ Pinch~

Camila pinched me on my thigh with a frustrated look on her face, jealous that she didn't have such a divine ability and was taking it out on the one who did.

"That's it, I've made my decision!" Camila said with her arms folded, like she was going to announce a new goal that she was going to pursue in life. "I've had enough of you acting so haughtily like you're the king of the world, just because you can eat so much and not effect you in anyway."

"So now, I'm now taking matters into my own hands to feed you an atrocious amount of food for three times a day and even more, that will definitely make you gain some weight and turn you into a chubby version of you in no time, and will be laughing at your face when that moment comes!" Camila proclaimed her challenge in a forthright manner looking like she wouldn't accept defeat so easily, while I wondered when I acted so proud of my abilities and provoked her might.

"But wouldn't someone usually support their partner if they said that they were on a weight losing journey or a diet, since they would like to see them much more fit and in shape?..." I asked as I got up from my seat and brought over the basket of fruits, that was going to be my final meal to finish of my breakfast.

"Why are you doing the exact opposite and trying to fatten me up like a pig for slaughter?"

"It's because I want to make you realise the common people who don't have a crazy metabolism like you go through every day and make you understand just how difficult and embarrassing it is to not be able to maintain your figure." Camila said righteously like she was fighting on behalf of the general public.

She then looked at me with playful smile on her face, as she pulled my cheeks and said, "...And I'm also pretty sure that you would still look quite cute when you're all chubby, since you're a little too handsome to have a little fatty cheeks stopping your charm..."

So I really don't mind you getting all fat and I'm actually looking forward to seeing a plump version of you that I can hug to sleep like a fluffy teddy bear, which will surely give me the best sleep ever because of how cozy I would be."

She then let go of my cheeks that hurt from her pulling so hard like she was treating me like a kid and suddenly grabbed away the basket of fruits from me that I was going to munch on, and said,

"...And to achieve my goal of fattening you up there's no way I'm going to let you eat all healthy like these fruits and am going to give you rich and hearty meals all the time, that will definitely make you put on a couple of pounds."

"But I'm hungry right..." I said indignantly as I watched my desert get taken away. "What am I going to eat now to satisfy my hunger?... Should I just eat you as compensation, since I'm looking forward to eating something sweet right now?"

"N-No, you don't have to do such a thing..." Camila's ears turned red when she saw me eyeing her up like she was a seared fatty steak, that I couldn't wait to tear apart and devour. "I still have some sweet and spicy chicken curry and some rice on the counter top, that hasn't been touched till now since I ran out of plates to serve it and you can eat that to satiate your hunger."

"...Or if you think that's not enough, I can also whip you up something while you eat the curry if you want?" Camila quickly got up and went to the stove, quite eager to cook me up as many dishes as she could so that she could fatten me up, which actually worked in my favour as I loved food and only I knew that no matter how much I ate I just wouldn't lose my figure like Camila thought I would.

"No, I'm actually quite full and only need a little something to completely fill me up, so that curry and rice will definitely be enough for me and it's fine if you just bring the pot of curry over here onto the table." I said as I got up and put all the dishes I thoroughly cleared into the wash basin so that I could wash it later.

And just as I was about to turn on the faucet and let the dishes soak so that the grease on the plate didn't dry up, I realised something detrimental and quickly turned around to say,

"Wait, Camila! You don't have to lift that pot yourself since you've already injured your hand and should just let me do-"

Clang!~

Splash!~

But before I could even finish my sentence, what I had thought would happen, had happened, and Camila who tried lifting the rather heavy metal pot with a burned hand, dropped the pot when she lifted it up and spilled it all over her.

She had tried to lift the pot off the countertop and quickly place it on the dining table since it was quite big, but she seemed to have forgotten that her hand had a light burn on it and would hurt if she put some pressure on it.

So when she tried lifting it by the two handles on the side her palm started stinging all of a sudden which made her drop it out of instinct.

Luckily she didn't lift it too high from the countertop before dropping it down, which prevented her from spilling it all over the ground and wasting all that delicious curry.

But unfortunately for Camila, the impact of the falling pot made it splash brown curry all over her self and funnily enough the place that was most covered by the rather thick curry was her cleavage that was popping out, which was the only place on her body that wasn't covered by her apron.

It seemed like she wanted to have her puppies breath while she worked in the kitchen and pulled her apron down so that she could feel a little less congested because of how big they were.

But it didn't seem to work in her favour as her cleavage that was wide as a small plate was currently covered in curry and I could barely see any of her white skin, because of how effective the splash range of the curry was.

There was some splatter marks on her neck as well, but they were barely noticeable when you compared it to the pool of sweet and spicy curry on her cleavage that was slowly but surely leaking down into the ravine below and covering her breasts in a rather thick blend of spices.

And just as I was wondering what it would be like to put some rice right on top of her cleavage and eat all that curry right off her body without needing a plate, it seemed that the Gods also had the same idea as well as they sent me a request.

Ding~

[The God of Gluttony Calypso sends a request: Lick the curry off Camila's body without leaving a single drop]

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

[Fail the given request and get eaten by the God of Gluttony Calypso for her afternoon snack, with some tea on the side]

Goddamn...I thought that the last punishment itself was quite scary and I was dreading it even in my dreams. But it seems like there's an even crazier one on the table now, as it looks like there's a God that has a appetite bigger then mine and actually wants to eat me up as a snack.

'Eat me' could also mean an entirely different thing but I highly doubt that it's what I want it to be or else I would've already failed this request and delivered myself to the Gods for a pleasant experience.

I understand what I had to do but thought about how exactly I should go about it, as there was no way Camila was going to let me slurp the curry off her breasts if I just straight up asked her, since she was still rather wary off me and my perverted intentions and it seemed like I had to think of another excuse to get my face in between those milkers of hers and run my tongue all over...

Chapter 207: Just Why Should I Thank You?

"Ahh!...It's all over my chest now, and it feels so sticky and icky!" Camila complained in an exasperated manner, hating the sensation of the thick, warm curry dripping down her chest. "And of all the places the curry could've landed on, it had to be the one place that I hadn't covered with my apron since it felt quite tight and stuffy up there."

"Now I feel like an idiot for wearing an apron in the first place..." Camila complained and tried to take off her apron. "Well, at least I wore a black top today, or else I don't know what I would do if I wore a light dress and ruined it because of my dumb mistake."

"Sigh...First you almost burned your house down while trying to flambé some meat and vegetables, and not even an hour later, you almost dropped an entire pot of curry on the floor...I'm starting to wonder if you were always such a clumsy woman, and the sophisticated and graceful image I had of you in my head was simply an illusion." I said as I went behind her and helped her remove her apron, while she balanced the curry on top of her chest so that it didn't spill all over the floor or her clothes.

"I'm never as clumsy and all over the place as I am today, alright, Kafka!" Camila said in an indignant manner and used her hands to push her breasts up to make sure the curry stayed in between her cleavage and centred in the middle of that vast volume of fat, which looked rather lewd.

"It's just that I didn't get any proper sleep last night because of what you and your mother did, and because of that, I can't really think straight and am messing up everything this morning."

"...And even if I was actually clumsy, as you say, and not the person you thought I was, you wouldn't possibly start disliking me and leave me, right, Kafka?...Isn't that so?" Camila asked with her eyebrows raised and a smug smile on her face, fishing for approval and waiting for me to satisfy her wishes by saying that I wouldn't leave her no matter what happened.

But she was shocked when I thought about what she said for a second and said, like I was considering what she said,

"Hmm...Now that you mention it, I'm not actually into clumsy women who can't take care of themselves and always depend on others, which is the exact reason I'm into more experienced, mature women...So I guess I really would think about leaving you if you turned out to be that way."

"W-What...You'd really leave me because of that?" Camila asked in a devastated manner with her eyes wide, believing that I would leave her for something so insignificant, which made me shake my head in exasperation.

Pinch~

I then pinched her nose and pulled on it, which made her let out a yelp, like I was punishing her for not having some confidence in herself and doubting our relationship, and said with a straight face,

"Of course not you idiot~....If I left such a wonderful person like you just because I couldn't accept your imperfections, then I am most definitely the dumbest person on this planet. And it would be honestly better for you to never associate yourself with such a petty person, so have a little confidence in me and the love I have for you."

"And also have confidence in yourself and just how much of a beautiful and amazing woman you are to the extent that no man out there would leave you no matter what you do, even if it's setting their house on fire or making them go bankrupt, since that's how much value you bring to the table in a relationship..." I let go of her nose and saw that it looked bright red at the tip, which was quite cute to look at, especially since she had a grouchy look on her face for teasing her.

"Kakfa!...Y-You're getting too cocky now!" Camila exclaimed while getting closer to me with a vexed look on her face for not getting the respect she deserved as an elder. "I can't believe you called me an idiot when I'm so much older than you!"

"When you have such idiotic and dumb thoughts, it's only normal that I call you an idiot, my dear Camila..." I casually said and shrugged her off. "And know that I will definitely call you an idiot again if you ever put yourself down like that again and if you ever say something that makes it sound like you don't trust in the relationship we have."

Camila didn't know what to make of the situation, as what I said was correct, and it was her fault for not trusting in me and our bond more. And she too enjoyed hearing me praise just how great of a person she was and just how valuable she was to me and everyone who saw her.

But she was also frustrated that I was treating her so unlawfully like she was younger than me and also bullying her all the time, when she was supposed to be the older one in the picture who took charge of things.

In the end, she decided that she wouldn't say anything back, as she knew that she would lose in a battle of words with me and thought that she would just pull my nose, like I pulled her's, to get back at me and make fun of me in return.

And just like she thought, when she thought that I wasn't paying attention to her so that I didn't try to dodge her attack, Camila reached out her hand to grab me by the nose with a rather victorious smile on her face.

She was worried that she wouldn't be quick enough and that I would move out of the way since I was faster than her, but they were all for naught since she had successfully grabbed me by the nose and was pulling it in with a smug smile on her face.

Grab~

But even though she got the perfect opportunity to twist it and make me cry out for making fun of her all the time and repent for what I did, she didn't have the heart to actually hurt me and just pulled on it in a rather gentle manner that actually felt quite comfortable.

But that was still enough to make her proud for getting one over me, which was apparent from how she was looking at me with a big smile on her face, happy that she got me back for what I did.

But just as she was rejoicing in her small victory over me, which was a rather big thing for her since she was always the one that got teased, the smile on her face froze, as all of a sudden she suddenly felt her breasts get quite warmer from the bottom and felt them getting lifted up by something sturdy that was grabbing them from below.

When she looked down to see just what was making her breasts, which were always slumping down because of their immense weight, float in the air and relieve her of the weight she was carrying, she saw that it was a pair of pale hands that were holding them up for her.

And when she looked at the owner of those very hands that were lifting her tits up to right below her shoulders, she saw me looking at her breasts with a rather focused look on my face.

She then saw me give a sigh of relief like I had just accomplished something great, which made her wonder just why in the world I started groping her all of a sudden and why I looked so accomplished while doing so, when I was simply supposed to have a lewd expression on my face like she was expecting from me after feeling up her tits.

"You don't have to thank me, Camila~...You really don't have to thank me~" I said with a look of relief on my face, like I had saved her life and was too humble to ask anything in her return for the favour. "It's simply my duty as your man to save you in such dangerous situations, so you really don't have to thank me for what I did."

"...But if you really want to show me your gratitude, I wouldn't mind a kiss on my cheek, as even the most down-to-earth hero deserves a reward for his work sometimes." I turned my head to show the cheek I wanted to be kissed on, which was returned with a dead-eyed look from Camila, like she was holding back from slapping me on that same cheek instead of kissing it.

She then did her best to hold herself back from putting her handprint on my cheek, and then looked at me and said with a sarcastic smile on her face and a dangerous glint in her eyes,

"Now, tell me, Kafka, before you feel my hands grazing your face, why should I thank you like you just did me a favour when you're just blatantly groping my chest like this?"

She dusted off her hand like she was actually getting ready to give me a tight slap, which actually made me smile ear to ear in elation and satisfaction, as I was much more into fiery women who fought back against the injustice they faced instead of the meek ladies who simply accepted it and depended on someone else to solve their problems for them.

And Camila here was the prime example of the strong and independent women I dreamt of as a kid in my past world, which was why looking at her beautiful visage right now was making my heart race faster than ever and made me look at her with loving eyes like, like I was seeing her for the first time and falling in love with her all over again...

Chapter 208: The Last Supper

"...Now are you going to stop looking at me in such a creepy way and tell me why you're groping my chest, or should I wipe off that annoying smile myself with this little hand of mine?" Camila said while trembling to control herself, thinking that I was making fun of her with the bright smile I had on my face.

"Now, now, we don't have to get all violent now, as I may even report you for domestic abuse~" I joked, which didn't reach her at all because she was this close to laying her hands on a minor.

And before she lost control, I quickly said, "And before you plant your hand on my face, I'll just say that the reason I did what I did was because I was trying to save the curry from spilling all over your dress and onto the floor."

"Huh?...You groped my breasts to stop the curry from falling over?" She asked with an absurd look on her face, not knowing if I was joking or not. "How does that make sense?"

"It does make sense." I nodded my head and said it as a matter of fact.

I then explained, saying, "Just imagine what would've happened if you had suddenly let go of the breasts you were holding up to contain the curry in your cleavage so that you could pinch my nose, and if I didn't catch them like I did...The curry would've spilled everywhere because you let your puppies down, which would've ruined your dress that fits you so well, especially since it matches your dark hair, which I also forgot to mention earlier, but I'll say it now, which is that your hair looks absolutely phenomenal today and looks as if a breeze is running past your hair at all times and giving it a voluminous look."

Camila wanted to listen to my explanation while maintaining her aggression towards me, but she immediately mellowed down when she heard me praising her dress and hair.

The frown on her face was replaced with a shy look of happiness at being complimented, and she even fixed her dress a little so that she would look much better in it so that she could impress me further and make me praise her fashion sense even more, showing just how simple of a woman she was, which was rather heartwarming to see.

"And you also made some vigorous movements when you went to grab my nose, so not only would you have been covered in curry, so would I, since I'm right in front of you and it would've splashed all over my white shirt, so you could even say that me groping your chest and lifting them to

contain the curry in the ravine in between was a form of self protection." I said in a righteous manner, which made Camila roll her eyes.

"Enough, enough...I'm pretty sure if I gave you some more time, you would come up with an entire story of how grabbing my chest was needed to save the world..." She looked at me with a knowing smile, which made me look away since she had read me like a book, as I was actually thinking of my next excuse to tell her.

She then looked below at the laced crop top she was wearing and said with a reluctant sigh,

"...And I have to admit that I would be quite upset if my top got covered in curry and smelled like it for a while, so I guess I can let you off for what you did."

"Oh, that's a relief~" I said and then asked with an expectant gaze in my eyes. "Then what about the kiss I asked for as a reward for saving your dress?...Am I getting it now or later?"

"You already got a massive reward the moment you laid your hands on my chest, so you're not getting anything else from me." She ruthlessly denied my reward without any hesitation in mind, and she even smiled like a sadist when she saw the look of disappointment on my face.

She then looked at her chest, which was still being held up by me, and then looked up at me and asked with a flustered look on her face after realising just how long I had been groping her for,

"And just how long do you think that you are going to hold my chest for?...I can hold it by myself now that my hands are free, so you can let go of them now."

Camila also placed her hands below her chest, balanced the curry on her chest, and waited for me to take my hands off her like she told me. But to her surprise, my hands were still firmly planted on her chest, and all she got from me was a reply saying,

"No, I don't think I'm going to take my hands off your chest, and I'm actually going to hold it up myself, since it would be much easier for me to do what I'm about to do next since I can move your chest around like this..."

"Move my chest around?"

She asked with a flustered look in her eyes as she looked at me in a wary manner, knowing that something shameful was about to happen to her after seeing the rather keen glint I had in my eyes, which always brought forth trouble for her.

"J-Just what are you going to do while moving my chest around?...D-Don't tell me it's something embarrassing, that can't be said aloud?"

"Oh, it's nothing like that, and I'm simply going to finish my breakfast." I casually said, which made her let out a sigh of relief.

But she quickly realised that there was something wrong with what I said and asked in a hesitant manner,

"...But wait...What does finishing breakfast have to do with holding my chest?"

"Why, of course it's because my last meal for the morning is the curry that's pooled up on your chest~"

I said with a devious look in my eyes while I eyed the brown puddle in between her cleavage, and Camila herself looked lost and wondered if she heard wrong, as the words she had heard coming from my mouth were far too absurd for her comprehension, and she didn't even know where to start questioning what I said.

Chapter 209: Desperation For A Single Meal

"D-Did you just say that you want to l-lick the curry off my chest?!" Camila asked with a flushed face and tried to back away from me in a fright, but she couldn't do so since my hands were still holding onto her breasts and I didn't look like I was going to let go of her mounds of meat any time soon. "Why would you want to do such a vulgar thing so early in the morning?!"

"Vulgar?...How is not wasting the food given to you considered vulgar?"

I asked with a questioning gaze in my eyes, while at the same time pushing her breasts up and down, which made the curry on her cleavage move from side to side.

"I mean, just how were you planning on cleaning this mess off your chest?...You were probably going to use a towel to wipe it off and then take a shower, right?"

"Yeah, something like that..." Camila looked at the tablecloth on the table like she immediately wanted to use it and wipe the curry off her, since it felt quite weird to have it slushing around her body.

"Then wouldn't that be the same as wasting all this delicious curry you made and also all the effort and time you put into it, going as far as to work for hours and waking up so early for it?" I told my reasoning with a sincere gaze, which she didn't really seem to be accepting, seeing how she was much more distracted with the waves of curry I was making on her chest.

"But it's just a little curry that would only be enough for a plate that's going to be wasted, and we have so much left in the pot that's been untouched, so does it really matter if it goes down the shower drain or not?"

Camila asked as she tried to stop me from juggling around her jiggly breasts, which she gave up when she felt my grip on her get even stronger and my fingers push deep into her flesh and tried her best not to make any sounds from having her chest played around with.

"...A-And don't you dare act like a goodie two shoes who's never wasted a single meal in your life, as I'm pretty sure there were several moments where you couldn't finish your food because you were full or didn't like its taste, and you ended up throwing it in the bin in the end."

"No...Not really."

I said without any hesitation and with a straight look on my face, which made her raise an eyebrow in disbelief at what I was saying.

"Ever since a certain incident in my life when I was really young where I got to learn the true value of food and how many people out there are so desperate for it when it's a common commodity in most places, I have stopped wasting any food that was given to me and wouldn't even leave behind a grain of rice with every meal I ate."

"Even if the food was atrocious in taste and tasted so horrible that one would want to throw up, I would still pinch my nose and shove it down my throat just so that I didn't feel guilty after wasting some food." I said with a wry smile on my face, as what I was saying was all true, and it wasn't a simple story I was making up to fool Camila.

My life when I was a child wasn't exactly smooth sailing like I mentioned before, and there were several moments in that time where I almost starved to death in the cold, so I truly did value food for how important it was and did my best to not even waste a whisk of it.

"And now that you bring this topic up, I even remember the times in the past when I knew that the food that was served to me was spoiled in some way but still ate it in the end knowing that I would get sick, just so that I could leave satisfied knowing that I didn't waste anything that was given to me."

I said in a melancholy manner, which had both truth and lies mixed in since I really did and still don't mind eating spoiled food so that I didn't waste it, but I never really got sick from eating since my stomach was simply built different from the average.

I mentioned this so that I could gain sympathy from Camila, which was needed to smoothly complete the request, and overwhelming sympathy and pity is what I got as her motherly instincts kicked in and she said,

"Oh, you poor thing~ Just why would you go as far as to eat something knowing that it will upset your stomach?~"

"Just what happened when you were so young that made you build up such a self-sacrificing habit towards food that not even the hard working farmers in this town who produce the grain you eat have?~"

Camila let go of my hand and let me do as I pleased to her chest, as she was more concerned with me and caressed my cheek with a pityful look on her face, like she was asking me if I was alright and wanted to talk about any problems I had.

"N-No, not really...As it happened a long time ago, and I can barely remember it now, and I am even quite close to forgetting it even happened." I rejected her consolation while feeling embarrassed from being coddled, as I didn't really like talking about the past, especially to my loved ones, which Camila immediately understood and didn't ask any further about what happened.

"But if you don't believe me, then you can even ask my mother about my eating habits. Or actually, you don't even need to go that far, and you can just have a look at the plates in the sinks over there." I said as I looked at the stack of plates in the wash basin.

"I assure you that even if you used a magnescope, you wouldn't be able to find a grain of rice or a strand of noodle, since I've wiped all those plates clean and not left anything behind."

Chapter 210: Why Need A Plate, When We Have Your Chest?

I let go of Camila's chest and gently placed them down so that the curry didn't spill anywhere, and I took a step to bring a plate to show her that I wasn't joking.

But Camila didn't seem to want me to do so and quickly held me back in the same place, and said in a desperate manner, still feeling sorry that I was going through such eating habits,

"N-No, Kafka...You don't have to prove such a thing to me, as I already saw you scraping everything off the plates, and I know that you wouldn't lie to me about such things since you're the most genuine person that I've ever met who's straightforward about everything you do and say."

It hurt to hear Camila praising me so much when I had lied to her so many times and had honestly built our relationship on a bunch of lies, but there was nothing I could do about it as it was all for the sake of the missions that were given to me from above, and I steeled my heart using my life that was on the line as an excuse.

"...So after hearing all that you said, I totally believe what you say and understand that you're someone who doesn't like to waste food at all costs, even at the expense of your own health, which is honestly quite attractive in my eyes, as a man who strictly follows his own principles no matter how hard they are, is something that would make all the girls out there bite their lips and want to make that man their own..." Camila said as she eyed me up with a provocative gaze, and to my surprise, she even started caressing my chest, like she was weirdly turned on about my eating disorder.

"...But at the same time, I don't know how to feel about you doing something as embarrassing as l-licking the curry off my chest." She said while looking down in a timid manner, wondering how it would feel to have my tongue run against her flavorful chest.

She then picked up a plate from the counter and offered an alternative, hoping that it would satisfy me,

"Why don't I just use a spoon or a spatula to wipe all this curry off my chest and onto this plate?...That should work for you, right, since you would be able to easily eat it off the plate and not waste anything?"

"And how is that going to work out?...Are you going to slowly take your time and scoop off everything on your chest and put it on this plate?" I asked with a comical smile on my face, finding her solution to be quite funny.

"By the time you would take to move at least half of the curry on your chest, it would've already started dripping down the ravine below and would've started flowing down your tummy as well."

"...And who knows, with just enough time, this oily, greasy mess you have here might even drip down beyond that and enter your underwear, which surely wouldn't be a good experience with how spicy and packed full of flavour it is." I said as I dipped my hand into the puddle of brown curry sitting on her cleavage and had a taste, while Camila shivered at the thought of the curry going anywhere near her sensitive regions.

"B-But if you lick it right off my chest, wouldn't the curry be filled with my s-sweat and odour since I've been sweating since the morning from all the cooking I did and make it a repulsive experience for you?" Camila said with limpid eyes at the possibility of me burying my head into her chest at any moment, hoping that what she said would deter me.

But to her surprise, it had the opposite effect, as a big smile appeared on my face, like I was excited at what she said, and I said like I couldn't wait,

"What are you talking about, Camila? Your food is already heavenly to begin with, without adding anything extra to it...But now you're saying that I can eat that very divine delicacy you created with an infusion of your body's essence, as well?"

"I think you forgot just what type of person I am, as what you said in no way repulses me and actually makes me want to eat that curry that's probably saltier than it was before, right off your chest even more~"

"Pervert!~" Camila exclaimed and lightly slapped my chest for having such thoughts about her.

"Yep...That's exactly what I am, so you should understand why I want to do such a thing." I admitted to the title given to me and carressed her neck with the tip of my fingers, which made Camila tremble and shake the curry on her chest. "...And honestly, it would be a waste to use a plate when your skin is already so smooth and white, like it's made of porcelain itself."

"No plate out there could possibly match the experience of eating off such perfect skin, that makes me want to mark it all over because of how untainted and pure it looks." I gave her a kiss on the side of her neck, which she accepted with her eyes closed as her ears turned red.

Chu!~

"Y-You really want to eat this curry off my chest that much, Kafka?...Even though it's probably covered in my sweat and probably tastes a bit like me?" Camila asked as her breath warmed up from the sensation of my cold lips on her supple neck.

"If it tastes like what I'm tasting in my mouth right now, then I'm probably going to have to make you hold your chest out to me every time while I plate my meals on it and eat it right off there, since this sweet taste is a little too addicting for me to simply let go..." I murmured as I gently bit her delicate flesh and pulled on it, like I was trying to peel her skin off.

"Hmm!~...Then, what if I said that I wouldn't do what you said?...What if I said that I would only make food for you and not let you plate it on myself?~" Camila asked as she held back her moans from leaking out and felt my hands slide down her waist, going towards her round butt. "What would you do then?~"

"There is no denying what I said, Camila, as from the moment I saw you yesterday, you were already my women...And no woman of mine has the right to reject what I say and has no choice but to fulfil my desires, since I'm quite the greedy person who won't take no for an answer." I said like a hedonistic young master who saw women as subservient creatures that were born to serve me, which actually excited her when she heard my words instead of repulsing her like it would've if she heard anyone else say the same thing.

"I-I was yours from the moment you saw me?~...Hnnn!~" Camila asked about my ridiculous statement while feeling her ass get groped by a pair of rugged hands, that she had no way of stopping and could accept her fatty back getting moulded around by me.

"Why are you telling me that as if you're saying that there isn't a woman out there you can't get, even if they're a proud president of a company or a mother or wife who had a family of their own?~"

"Because what you said is simply true, and it's always only a matter of time before I bring all the women I'm interested in back to my abode..." I said in an arrogant manner, which made Camila roll her eyes while feeling tingly all over from having her ass played with and her neck sucked on at the same time.

"...I mean, it's hard not to agree with what I said when you know that it only took me a day to sneak into the heart of a certain lady out there who's as pretty as a flower and who's not only a wife but a mother of a daughter as well."

"Well, that lady must have been quite dumb for falling for a blatant womaniser like you, who probably says the same words he used on her to every other lady he's interested in~" Camila said while giggling to herself at what she had become after I had entered her life.

She then pushed me away, seeming to have made up her mind about what I said, and then looked at me with a rather provocative look in her eyes, while pushing out her chest so that the curry on there didn't spill, and said,

"...And she's even dumber than she was yesterday and probably doesn't even know what she's doing with her life right now, as she's actually accepting something as shameful as licking food off her breasts just because that same skirt-chaser said so~"

"You mean!?!..." I asked with an expectant look on my eyes.

"Sigh...Yes, Kafka...You can eat the curry off my chest like you want to, as even though you make me feel like an idiot with a fried brain for falling for your cheap tricks, you also make me feel like the luckiest woman in the world with how cherished I feel around you, so I'll make an exception today and let you do what you want no matter how embarrassing it is for me~"

Camila said while sighing and shaking her head with a wry smile on her face, thinking about the shameful things she had to do to return the happiness she got from the person she loved, as she didn't want to be the only person that was spoiled in our relationship and also wanted to be the one providing happiness to me as well, even if it came in the form of lewd requests, that she never could've imagined herself doing a week ago which changed after she met me...