

God of Milfs: The Gods Request Me To Make a Milf Harem #Chapter 21: 30

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Chapter 21: Remarks From The Gods

This was what I intended to do from the beginning, as she wouldn't really be able to notice me feeling up her butt when I was supporting her entire weight on her buttocks. And she wouldn't be able to feel anything off, even if she felt my hand squeezing her buttocks, since it was natural for my hand to move around while I spun her around.

She would've understood that her weight wasn't something that was as easy to carry as I made it out to be, even though it actually was, and simply would've thought I was moving around my hand to adjust her position while I was spinning her around.

Even now, as I spread her buttocks apart through her clothes and partially let them go so that her mounds of meat could collide with one another, she wouldn't really notice anything wrong other than her buttocks feeling warmer than usual.

I also wasn't simply using my whole hands to grope her butt, but was also using my fingers to pinch her pulpy flesh and twist whatever I got in between my fingers, like I was trying to squeeze out the most in her skin. This made her jump up a bit in my arms and let out some weird noises, but ultimately she didn't notice anything and continued to hum her tune on my chest.

Although her mind was distracted with joyful thoughts about finally getting closer to her son, her body was reacting to my touch as I could feel her ass tighten and loosen its muscles whenever I groped it roughly.

Her juicy buttocks would contract themselves when I gripped them tightly, as if they were trying to protect themselves from my claws that were trying to pry them open. And when I loosened my grasp on her flesh, her butt also loosened up and expanded to become a bulbous amount of meat that you just couldn't help but want to take a bite of to see how it tasted.

My fingers also went a little deep into the area between her cheeks, but before they could reach any unexplored areas that might interest me, they were blocked by a layer of her clothes.

I wanted to rip off her clothes and give her deepest crevice a visit with my fingers, but I knew that there was no way my mother would not notice her bare bottom, so I controlled myself.

But I still took the opportunity into hand, and grabbed onto a whole lot of flesh while her cheeks were still spread by me, and cupped them into my hands until there was no space left. fr(e)e

But seriously though, with ass like this, I really am tempted to finish off her husband or my 'father' so that I can make this kind, playful, and gorgeous woman my own. If she were mine, then I'll just say that there wouldn't be a day that goes by that she wouldn't have a handmark on her cheeks.

I'd play with her buxom buttocks so much that they would instinctively quiver and jiggle like jelly whenever they felt the sensation of my finger on their skin.

So to the Gods up above, if you can hear my thoughts, please give me a request where my loach of a father accidentally runs off a cliff because his car's brakes malfunctioned. I'd be eternally grateful to you if you could grant me that wish.

Ding~

And just as I was sending a message to the Gods, the Gods sent a message back in return. But it wasn't the message I was hoping for.

[Request Completed: You have earned the God of Storms Synthia's appreciation and satisfaction]

[The God of Love Amora likes the way you groped her ass]

[The God of Health Fiona loves how you spread your mother buttcheeks wide]

[The God of Stars Noella thinks your mom has a bigger ass than her and is jealous]

Not only did I get a confirmation that I successfully completed the request, I also got a bunch of remarks from the Gods for my performance, which made me wonder if all the Gods were actually perverts with how vulgar their statements were.

You would normally expect Gods to act high and mighty and talk in an elegant and sophisticated manner, like the supreme beings they were. But here they were complimenting me about how I groped my mother's buttcheeks, and were even comparing butt sizes with a mere mortal.

Goddammit, if you want to have a bigger butt, why don't you just change its size? You're a God, aren't you? When you can make a whole world like this for a simple trial, why can't you just add a few more pounds of meat on your back like you desire?

Why do you have to get jealous of this poor woman in my hands?

Chapter 22: The Second Request

"Ah Kafi! Quickly put me down! The stew that I've kept on the stove is going to boil over!" My mom's head shot up from my shoulder once she remembered that she still hadn't finished cooking.

Seeing that the request was over, I reluctantly put my mother down and let her go over to the stove to deal with the pot that was steaming.

"Is the dinner ready, mom, or does it need a little more time?" I asked while taking out the plates from the drawer.

"It's finished, Kafi. Just let me bring the dishes over and set the plates on the table so that we can have our dinner." My mom stirred the pot and added some finishing touches to the dishes she made.

"I already set the plates, mom. You don't have to worry about it."

"Eh? You did?" My mom turned around and was surprised to see that the plates were arranged on the dining table near the living room, and the cutlery was also neatly laid by the side.

"That's suprising...You usually hate laying down the plates and would refuse whenever I asked you to. At one point, you got so fed up with me asking you to help out that you made a plate of food for yourself and went to your room to eat. After that happened, you did the same thing every day and ate your meals in your room all alone."

My mother talked about my previous self, who was a garbage son no matter how I looked at it. And when my mom told me that I ate my dinner all alone, she was also indirectly stating that she too ate her dinner all alone, without her son like she wanted to, which I could see from the tinge of gloom in her eyes.

I could only imagine the number of nights she wished to have a pleasant dinner with her son and talk about what happened in his day, only to be rejected and pushed away by her brat of a son.

"That's all in the past, mom. Forget that even happened...From here on forth, as long as I'm in the house, I'll be having my meals at this dining table with you by my side." I said, which made my mother give a deep smile as if she were relieved, and she was grateful that she could enjoy the food she made with her beloved son.

"Oh no, Kafi! You don't need to pick that up. Let mommy do it for you, in case you burn your hands."

When I tried to pick up the pot of hot stew she made, my mother intervened and tried to do it herself just in case I burned myself.

"It's fine, mom. I can't let you do all the heavy lifting after you've already made all this delicious food. Just go to the dining table and let me serve you once this time." I said as I blocked her from picking up the pans and carried them on my own to the dining table.

"But Kafi-"

"No buts. Just go sit and wait to be served by me like the queen you are." I said with a stern look on my face and treated her like royalty who wanted to do a commoner job, which was unfit for someone of her status.

Seeing that her son wasn't going to budge no matter what she said, she obediently followed my words and sat herself down on her table while looking over to the kitchen to see if I needed any help.

I ignored her gaze that was fixed on me and swiftly brought over all the food she made, which consisted of beef and vegetable stew, some slices of buttered bread, potato gratin that was fresh out of the oven, and a little colorful salad, which all looked absolutely scrumptious. And as someone who loves food to bits, it made my mouth water.

But before I sat down and dove into the food, I poured my mom a glass of apple juice I had taken from the fridge. And then I took my mother's plate and started to plate her dinner for her.

She looked like she wanted to stop me, as she didn't feel the most comfortable after being treated like she was in a fancy restaurant by her own son, but she shimmered down in her seat when I stared back at her.

Once I plated both our plates, I sat down on my seat at the dining table that was next to hers and was ready to dig in. But just as I was about to stick my fork into the potato gratin, I saw my mother chuckle while covering her mouth as she looked at me.

"Why are you laughing, mom? Did you put something in the gratin and are waiting to see my reaction?" I suspiciously stared at the perfectly normal look gratin, that was asking me to take a bite.

"No, of course not~ How could I do that to my dear Kafi~" My mother waved her hand, telling me that the food was safe. She then looked at me as if she were reminiscing about the past and said

"It's just that years ago, when you were a child, it was me who used to set the table and feed you your dinner while you sat on my lap and played around with your food. Now, it's been years since then, and you're the one who's arranging the cutlery and plating up the dishes for your mother...I just couldn't help but think of this and laugh about how times go so fast."

My mother then leaned over and stroked my hair lovingly, like I was still a child in her eyes, and said with a gentle smile on her face.

"My baby boy, who I used to carry around on my shoulders, is now old enough to carry his own mother like it's nothing...My little Kafi has truly grown up, hasn't he~"

Fuck me...I swear that this woman before me has the ability to make my emotions go all over the place with her words. Whenever she says anything sentimental that revolves around her son, I feel like tearing up a bit.

I don't know if it's because of the loving way in which she says it, where you can literally feel how she adores you with every word of hers, or if it's because I'm desperate for motherly love since I've never received it as a child.

But this lady before me who calls herself my mother knows how to play my heart like a fiddle, as I'm experiencing more turbulent emotions in these few minutes I've spent with her than in my entire adult life.

I'm not even overstating it, as I don't even think that my emotions fluctuated this much when my life was on the line for those years I've been chased down.

So this is the power of a mother's love...How horrifying.

Ding~

[A message has been sent from the Gods]

[The God of Harvest Ivanova sends a request: Make your mother sit on your lap and personally feed you]

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

[Fail the given request and you will be turned into manure to fertilize the fields]

Make my own mother sit on my lap and feed me like I was a child...Now how am I supposed to do that?

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Chapter 23: Route Of Debauchery

Really...Do you Gods really have to send a request when I'm about to have my dinner? Can you not wait a little longer, until I fill up my starving stomach?

I mean the food in front of me looks like it's begging me to eat it and now I have to ignore it's cries, and finish this request of making my mother sit on my lap and feed me like a child.

And what kind of request even is this? The previous one was simple and straightforward, with obvious lecherous intentions. But this one, which is still a bit weird for a highschool boy to do with his mom, can also be taken in a wholesome manner with no perverted intentions.

Is that what the Gods want me to do? Do they want me to show them a sweet and heartwarming scenario between a boy and his mother, who have reconciled after a long time?

Is that what you wants Gods?

[...]

Well, it's not like they are going to answer whatever questions I ask them, so I probably shouldn't waste my time expecting them to reply to me.

But in the first message they sent to me, they did say that if I had any doubts than I simply had to follow my heart to find the answer. So, if that's all I need to do to find the right path, then what does my heart actually say?

Go down the wholesome route, that would make the Gods give a heartwarming smile?

Or go down the lecherous route, and make the Gods grin like depraved perverts?

Although my heart is leaning towards going towards the wholesome route so that I can have another touching moment with my mother in this world, that could fill the gaps for the motherly affection I didn't get as a child. Most of the blood in my heart is being pumped to my dick whenever I think about my mother laying her chunky ass on my lap with my dick right above her, so I'm not going to be a hypocrite that doesn't follow what he truly wants, and I'm going to go down the perverted route.

And even in the future if I get any vague requests that sound very simple in nature and quite harmless, I'm going to do my utmost best to turn those mundane tasks and turn them into something so deviant, that even the Gods would have to look away in a fluster.

There's also the fact that I'm in the World of Milfs and I have the title that calls me the Incarnation of Lust, which cements the theory that I have to go down the route of debauchery.

Ding~ f(r)eeweb(n)ovel

[The Gods approve of your thoughts]

Heh...Even the Gods themselves approved of what I must do, so what else can I say or do other than show them a performance that will make them think that I truly deserve the title of being called the Incarnation of Lust, even though I have doubts about that title myself.

"Kafi, what's wrong? Why are staring at me in a daze?" My mother asked, after seeing me stare at the food with a thoughtful look on my face.

"Oh, it's nothing." I reassured myself of what I was going to do next, and then looked at my mother like I was doubting if what she just said was true and said

"I was just thinking if it was really as pleasant as you say, when you fed me as a child...I mean, I must have been one annoying brat back then, who would've refused to eat my food and would've caused you trouble during dinner all the time."

"What you're saying isn't all that wrong." My approved of what I said but didn't look annoyed about my past self, and was rather smiling like she found it funny.

"I wouldn't go as far as to call you a brat. But back then when you were a child, you'd always refuse to eat your food I made at home and would only want to eat your snacks...I'd have to chase you around the house for every meal since you would always run away, and I'd have to place you on my lap and hold you tightly since you would always try to escape from my embrace."

So, the little bastard even refused to sit on his mothers thighs and use her soft breasts as his back cushions, while she personally fed him his meals...What a ungrateful little shit.

"You'd even jump up and down my lap and pinch me on legs to get away from me and go back to watching your cartoons on the TV." My mother jumped up and down in her chair to imitate what I did in the past.

TV? What's so good on TV, that's better than getting your head caught between your mother's breasts?

"And the hardest part of feeding you was to make you open your mouth, as you would keep it shut the whole time. I would have to squeeze your cheeks and pry your mouth open, for you to take a single bite."

She should've just broken all his front teeth, and the problem would've been solved. How can he close his mouth when he's got nothing to close it with?

I wouldn't normally think of such violent thoughts when it comes to kids and am quite patient with them, but whenever I think of my past self I just can't help but get a little irritated that he's ruining my good name. I could also possibly be jealous, that even though we look the exact same he had a loving mother who he never appreciated, while I on the other hand never even had a mother figure in my life. freeweb(n)ovel

"And even after saying all that do you still think of those times in the past, where you had to struggle to just keep me fed as fond memories? Cause if I had a kid like that I wouldn't ever want to recall those torturous memories, where I would have to do my best just to keep my kid from starving himself." I complained cynically, even though I didn't actually think of that, and only felt this way because of the grudge I had with my past self.

Chapter 24: Let's Relive The Past

"You only feel that way because you never had a child, Kafi." My mother corrected my reasoning, and shook her head with a slight smile on her face, like she was saying I was too young to understand.

"If you had a child, you'll understand that those times where you felt so frustrated with raising a child, and were tired of constantly providing for another life when you're already struggling to take care of your own, are actually quite precious. Since after your child grows up, he or she will be able to do everything on their own and wouldn't need your help or dependence anymore, like in the past."

"Isn't that for the better?" I asked, as if I were truly ignorant about raising a child, when I've taken care of several children back when I was in the orphanage.

"Yes, it will give you more free time for your interests and hobbies, and you won't be as busy as before." My mom smiled wryly, even though she was saying something that was good for her. "But at the same time, you'll start to feel a sense of distance with your own child since he's not relying on you anymore, and you'll slowly start to feel a bit lonely, even though you actually understand that your child has grown and can live on his own now."

"You'll start to think of those hard days in the past, where you had to change your child's stinky diaper and would have to dress him up for school everyday, and you will wish to relive them even though it was all so tiring in the past. And would pray to God every day, so that you can bring back those days where your child was under your wing and relied on you more." My mom reminisced about the past and gave a heavy sigh, like she missed those days where she always spent time with me even though it wasn't always the most pleasant time, and was often quite arduous for her.

"...But sadly, you can never bring back those days, no matter how much you think about them, and you can only accept that your son is growing up in life." She sighed, and then immediately realised how somber the mood was right now, and how she shouldn't have talked about such a topic to a high school boy who knew nothing about life.

To brighten up the situation and not make it as bad as it seemed, she quickly pointed at the photos on the walls and said hastily

"B-But even though you can never bring back those days, you can always relive them through the photos you take! That's why our house has a bunch of pictures of us on it, which you always complain about, because how embarrassing it's for you for your old photos to be seen by others." She joked about the pictures and tried to awkwardly ease the mood.

I also followed along and smiled as she pointed at the photos, which made her give a sigh of relief seeing that I wasn't affected by her words.

But just as she was letting her guard down, I asked

"But mom, if you really want to relive the past and experience all those memories we had, once again, why don't you just treat me like how you treated me in the past?"

"What do you mean?" She didn't seem to understand what I was saying.

"What I'm trying to say is, why can't you just act like I'm still a child that's dependent on you and treat me like how you did before?" I straightened my back.

"How could I do that when you're already in high school?" She seemed surprised at my suggestion.

"...I mean I for one would love to coddle you like I did when you were a child, but wouldn't that be a little too embarrassing for you." Even though she was trying to reason with me, I could still see a little excitement in her eyes, like she would be glad to go back to how she treated me in the past and was only stopping herself from doing so because I grew up and was no longer a child.

"Of course something like changing my diaper or putting my clothes on for me would be quite embarrassing for me to have you do, when I'm already grown up." I shook my head at the thought of her changing my diaper, which was something I'd rather die than let happen.

"But I don't think I would mind certain things we did in the past, which we could do again for your satisfaction."

"Like what?" My mom eagerly asked, as she came a little closer to me.

"Something mild, for example, like how we used to hold hands when we went outside so that I didn't get lost, or in this situation, putting me on your lap and feeding me like in the past." I suggested with impure intentions.

"S-Sitting on my lap? Umm...As much as I want to agree to it, Kafi, I think that you're a little too big to sit on mommy's lap and would slide right off." My mom awkwardly rejected my suggestion, and also looked a little dejected that she wasn't strong enough to carry my weight, which made her lose her opportunity to carry me on her lap, which was quite funny to see.

"Oh no, we don't have to do exactly what we did in the past, and can mix it up according to what seems reasonable...Like instead of me sitting on your lap, why don't you sit on mine and feed me like you did before." I gave her another alternative, which made her perk up like she thought it was a good idea. But at the same time, she also seemed hesitant about it.

"Mommy would honestly be really happy if I could feed you on your lap once again, but wouldn't that be too embarrassing for you? Won't you feel ashamed to have your mother feed you, while she's sitting on your lap?" She thought about how I would feel and didn't jump on the idea, even though she looked like she really wanted to try it.

She then gave a reassuring smile and said

"You don't have to force yourself to make your mommy feel better, Kafi, as mommy is more than happy just to spend time with you at dinner like this, and I don't need anything else."

"Then, you don't want to feed me like you did in the past at all?" I directly asked.

"No, I definitely do, but..." She quickly said, but held back what she was trying to say.

"Then, that's all there is to it." I made a decision and pushed myself back along with the chair I was sitting away from the dining table, to make some space for my mother to sit. "If my mother wants to feed me like in the past, then it's my duty as her son to oblige."

"And you also don't have to worry about me finding it embarrassing." I looked at my mother with a slight smile on my face. "As having a gorgeous woman like you sit on someone's lap and personally feed them their meal, would only make anyone proud as a lion and not embarrassed in the slightest, since they're getting better treatment than an actual king."

My mother blushed at my statement, and her eyes started to look all over the place, like she didn't know how to react after getting complimented by her son. She then looked at me with timid eyes and hesitantly asked

"...E-Even if that gorgeous woman that you said, is your mother?"

"I'd be especially proud if that woman were my mother." I said confidently, then looked into her blue eyes and said "Since no matter who looks at me with jealousy, I'd have the pride and gratification of knowing that the lady sitting on my lap is mine and mine only, and only I get to receive her loving gaze which they so desire, because I'm her son who she holds so dear."

Chapter 25: Battle On The Bed

My mother looked away from my deep gaze, like she couldn't handle being told that she was someone else's property, so boldly while looking into her eyes, and tried to mask her embarrassment with a question.

"How do you know that everyone would look at you with envy and jealousy just because I sat on your lap? Even if you think an old lady like me looks nice, it doesn't mean that everyone else thinks the same as you, right."

"That's where you're wrong, mom, since I'm pretty sure that there isn't a single person in this world who wouldn't find you attractive." I said, which made her look as if she was finding it hard to believe my words.

"Where do you get the confidence to say such things?" She asked the logic behind my reasoning.

"Because I, as a man, find you attractive." I said, which surprised my mother about my sudden boldness and made her blush. "And before I'm your son, I'm essentially a man. So, on behalf of all men in the world, I can say that you're a woman worth fighting for."

"S-So, you're saying you'd fight for me even if you weren't my son?" My mom asked with a peculiar gaze while her cheeks were still red, not knowing what her intentions were for asking that question.

"Well, if I were your son, I'd fight the whole world for you no matter how many times it's needed since it's my duty as your son to protect you..." I said, like an upstanding and filial son.

But then a sly smile appeared on my face, and I said

"...But by chance, if you weren't my mother, I'd still fight for you and try to protect your smile with my life on the line like before...But not because I simply adore you or out of obligation, but because I would have other intentions with you, if I'm being honest."

"Intentions?...W-What intentions?" My mother gulped, as she had a look of anticipation on her face while her heart rate increased drastically.

"Let's just say that after fighting for you outside on the battlefield, I'll also want to fight with you too...Only in a very special place, where only the two of us can enter." My grip

on her leg tightened as she squished my fingers that were between her legs, with her thighs, in exhilaration and nervousness.

"...Y-You want to fight with me in a special place? Which place is that?" Even though she was asking me like she had no idea about what I was talking about, I could still see her eyes move to a certain room across the hall in titillation, which showed that she knew exactly what I was going to say next.

"The place where all couples fight all night, of course...Their bedroom."

Hearing her son say that he wanted to fight with her in bed all night, made my mother's face freeze, and it slowly started to turn red like a tomato. She looked so embarrassed and ashamed that she was pulling on the hems of her clothes frantically, and looked like she wanted to run away and jump into a hole and stay there for the rest of her life.

She looked like she was slowly overheating from the information she heard, and was struggling to find a proper reply since what I said was too absurd.

Although I found it funny to tease my mother, I didn't want to torture her too badly and make her cry, so I gave her a way out of this awkward situation by saying

"...But that's only if I saw you as a woman...Since there's no way anything like that can happen, when we're already mother and son, we don't really have to worry about that...Isn't that right, mom?"

Seeing that there was a way out of this conversation that was too overwhelming for her poor heart, my mother immediately clutched on to the rope thrown to her for dear life and said

"Of course, Kafi! There's no way such a thing could ever happen when I'm your mother after all!" She then laughed it off, like it was all a big joke.

My mother also didn't think that a simple laugh would be enough to ignore the conversation we just had before, so she quickly got up from her chair and said

"And didn't you say that you'd let me feed you while sitting on your lap? Let's quickly do that now before the food gets cold."

She then looked at me strictly, like I wasn't allowed to talk back, and said

"And mommy doesn't care if you're already regretting what you said, since you already promised to let mommy feed you, so you can't really take back what you said or else mommy won't ever forgive you."

And as if to make sure that I couldn't take back what I said or have any time to object, she quickly turned her back to me, and looked like she was going to back up and dive right on top of my lap without any warning.

She took a step back to get into position where her butt was right next to my face and was bulging out from her tights, and looked like she was going to treat me like a chair and forcefully sit on my lap without any warning whatsoever.

But just as she leaned backwards and allowed all her weight to fall right onto my lap, I quickly caught on to her butt with both my hands, and applied some force to push her away from sitting on my lap.

I wasn't exactly pushing her away from me, but simply applying enough force, so that I could support her body, which was leaning towards me like she was just about to sit.

But since my mother's buttcheeks were so incredibly soft and mushy, like they were thick, fluffy pancakes, my hands got submerged into her flesh, and were half sunken into her butt, and went deeper as I gripped her cheeks tighter.

My mother didn't seem to care about her ass that was getting gropped, and looked more annoyed that I was pushing her away when I just said that I would allow her to sit on my lap.

"Kafi, are you really going to stop me, after you promised me that I could sit on your lap? If you really felt embarrassed about your mom sitting on your lap, you should have said so in the beginning, instead of getting your mother's hopes up." My mother looked back at me and looked really upset that I was denying her access to my lap, completely misunderstanding why I stopped her from jumping on top of me.

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Chapter 26: You're Way Too Fat

"I can't believe my little Kafi, who I brought up since he was a baby in his diaper, lied to me~ I thought he was such a good boy, but it doesn't seem like that anymore~" She gave a pityful cry like she was telling woe is me, and rubbed her eyes like she was actually crying, but I could tell it was simply an act to guilt trip me into letting her sit on my lap with the way she was sneakily looking at me from the corner of her eyes, to see if I fell for it. freeweb(n)ovel

"I never said I'm not going to allow you to sit on my lap, mom, so you can drop that act of yours. And if you don't do as I said, I'll squeeze your butt so hard that you actually start crying." I playfully threatened my mother and applied some pressure onto her ass, which was right in front of my face since I was sitting and she was still leaning back towards me.

My threat was extremely effective, as she stopped crying in a second and looked back at me, and said while pouting

"Kafi is such a bad boy~ He's even threatening his own mother now."

"At least I'm not trying to guilt-trip my own son so that she can sit on his lap, like a certain someone I know." I answered, which made her look away, unable to say anything in response. She then looked back at me once again, while pushing her butt into my hands like she was trying her best to sit on my lap, and asked

"Didn't you say that you would let me sit on your lap? Then why are you stopping me even now? Did you change your mind after thinking about it?...Well, I don't care if you really did, since I'm going to sit on your lap no matter what!"

She had a persistent look on her face, and she didn't look like she was going to give up until she sat on my lap.

"I will let you sit on my lap, mom..." I explained the reason why I stopped her from sitting on me. "...But I just don't want to jump on me, like you were about to do before, just in case the chair can't handle the impact and breaks into pieces."

A look of incredulity appeared on my mother's face when she heard my statement, and she looked like she couldn't believe those words came from her son, whom she trusted and cared for the most. She then said, while stammering at her son's words, that should never be said to a woman

"...W-What do you mean by that, Kafi?...A-Are you calling your mother fat?"

She didn't seem to know how to react after hearing her own son, who called her the most beautiful woman in the world, call her fat and was dumbfounded.

"Your mother may have to put on some weight in these years. But didn't you just say that you didn't mind that at all, and think that I was as light as a feather when you carried me?...Or did you just say that to make me feel better at that time." She said in a sorrowful manner and looked a little betrayed that her greatest supporter was actually lying to make her feel better about herself.

She then gave a wry smile, like she was brought back to reality, and thought how funny it was that she actually thought that she looked pretty good for someone her age, just because her son had told her so.

Dammit...This is one of the biggest problems with older women. They're way too sensitive about their image and how others see them due to their age, thinking that they've regressed in terms of looks and feel shameful about it.

Even now, I didn't even finish my sentence, and my mom is probably having a whirlwind of thoughts of her own that are slowly lowering the self-esteem she has for herself.

I should probably clear up the misunderstanding before she gets even more upset.

"Mom, I think you're misunderstanding something since I don't think you're overweight at all, and really think you weigh nothing. I mean, just think about it. Do you really think that I can carry someone who's actually really heavy, and spin them around so casually like I spun you earlier?" I said, after shaking my mother's waist to bring her attention to me.

"I-I guess not...You also didn't seem to be struggling back then and were carrying me at ease the whole time, so that does make sense." The light in her eyes slowly returned, and she seemed to be relieved that she wasn't as fat as she thought.

And rather than thinking about her own weight, she looked more happy that her son didn't lie to her and told her the truth, which seemed more important to her than anything else.

"But why did you say that the chair would break if I sat on it together with you, like you were saying that I was too fat for it to handle my weight?" My mother asked, not understanding why I made such a statement.

"Because I do actually think that you're fat." I replied to her question, which made an absurd look on her face appear, like she didn't know if she should be confused about me contradicting myself, or be sad her son called her fat right to her face.

"Before you misunderstand, let me explain what I'm trying to say." I waved my hand so that she wouldn't start having thoughts of her own. I then pointed at her body, like I was showing off her figure and said

"You see this...This figure that's in front of you which would bring you attention wherever you go...This is simply perfection at its finest, since your body possesses the most attractive proportions a woman can ever have."

My mother blushed when she saw me pointing at her towering breasts and talking about them like they were a work of art.

"But this, on the other hand..." I grabbed my mother's waist and turned her around without a warning.

"...This is something that's fat. Something so fat, that the chair wouldn't handle it's impact if you dropped on top of it." I pointed at my mother's buxom buttocks and exposed who the culprit was that made me stop my mother from sitting on my lap earlier, which made my mother yelp in embarrassment when her giant ass suddenly became the focus of attention.

Chapter 27: Booty Physics

"My butt? Kafi, you think that my butt is too fat?" My mother asked me as she looked back at me and then at her butt, like she was wondering if her behind was really fat, as I said.

"Of course it is. You're even proving my point right now when you're trying to look back at your behind, since whenever you try to do so, your ass jiggles like it's made out of jelly." I said, which made my mother realise that what I was saying was true, since she could see her plump butt move around with her own eyes, when she turned around to check.

She was embarrassed that her butt was making such obnoxious movements right in front of her son's way, and tried to turn around and cover her butt. But I didn't allow her to do so, and firmly grabbed her by the waist and held her in her place.

"Where do you think you're going, mom? I haven't even shown you why I stopped you from jumping on my lap, and the true power of your ass." I said as I moved my hands down her waist and grabbed her butt cheeks.

"What power?! My butt may be big, but it definitely doesn't have any power like you said!" My mother cried out with a flustered expression on her face, like she had no clue about the power I was talking about.

She was also completely helpless and couldn't cover her butt like she wanted to, since her behind was caught by me, and she couldn't do anything else other than let her son explain why her ass was so dangerous.

"You want to know your ass's true power, mom?...Then, just look at this." I said, and then gave a light slap to the side of my mother's right butt cheek.

Pa~

"Ahh~"

The slap was relatively soft and wasn't anything that could actually hurt my mom, but she still let out a suggestive sound upon impact. But what was important was not the sound she gave, but the way her butt was reacting to my slap.

Even though it was a light slap that barely had any force behind it, it was still enough to send waves through the rest of her butt cheek. From the starting point on the side of impact, it created ripples of flesh, like the ones you would see when you throw a rock into a pond and travelled all over her mound of flesh.

And not only did the waves move through one cheek, they also hit her other cheek and transmitted their force, which made the cheek jiggle like pudding as well. Even though I

didn't even touch her opposite cheek, and only slapped one side, the elasticity of her butt was more than enough to send the bound energy to the other side. Honestly, with such a display of physics, it would be a perfect way of explaining kinetic energy and momentum to students, and would make every single student out there ace their physics exams.

My mother also saw this wonderful spontaneous reaction that was happening behind her and covered her face in embarrassment.

"See mom. Do you see the power your butt possess? Do you understand why I'm calling it fat and something that could break the chair?"

"That's not fair, Kafi! I'll agree that it is indeed a bit big, but there's no way it can destroy a chair!" My mom argued back and fought for her butt's reputation.

"You don't understand the elastic power of your butt, mom." I tried to make her understand. "If just a small slap like that can send waves throughout your entire butt, then just imagine what would happen if I gave you a firm slap that would leave a handprint on skin...It would probably create a tsunami of fat, that would carry devastating force with it!"

I acted as if my mother's butt was a weapon of mass destruction; that could not be underestimated, and I made her even more ashamed of having such a big butt.

"And just imagine what would happen if you jumped on top of my lap with this meaty ass of yours. Your weight, along with your butt's elasticity, would probably send a massive rebound force towards me and send me flying." I said in an exaggerated manner.

"Nooo~ There's no way that can be true~"

"But it is true." I reminded. "Even if I can somehow handle that rebound force at the cost of breaking a few bones, this poor chair wouldn't and would probably be smashed into pieces because it couldn't handle how fat your behind is."

"Stop it, Kafi! Stop talking about your mother's butt like it's a weapon!" She cried out with a flushed face, and wiggled her butt that was in my hands in retaliation.

"Fine. Then, instead of telling you how your ass could potentially destroy the chair, let me tell you about how the chair is harming your ass." I decided to change the topic since she was adamant that her butt wasn't lethal, even though it was, because of how bouncy and elastic it was.

"The chair is harming me? What do you mean by that, Kafi?" My mom asked, confused about what I was talking about.

"It's true. To prove that it's harming you, let me ask you a question." I looked at the chair she was sitting on. "Does your butt not sting every once in a while, especially along the sides?"

"...It does...It actually does! How did you know that, Kafi?" My mom thought for a moment and answered, and then looked at me in wonder at how I found out when she never mentioned it to me.

"It's easy. You'll understand once you sit back in your chair." I gestured towards her wooden dining table chair.

She didn't seem to get what I meant, so she sat back on her chair to find out herself. But even after she sat down, she couldn't notice any changes.

After seeing that she couldn't find the cause of her pain herself, she looked at me to explain it for her. I simply nudged my chair towards her and said

"This. Look at this. This is what has been causing you pain for a while now."

I first pointed towards the area near her butt, which was the cause of the pain. But since she didn't seem to understand what I was talking about, I directly grabbed onto the chunk of flesh from her buttocks that was sticking out of the chair when she sat down.

It was the excess fat that flooded from her seat's sides when she sat down, since the seat itself was too small for her butt, and she too let out a shriek when her butt's meat handles were suddenly grabbed.

"Hyaa!~"

Chapter 28: Thick, Plump, And Juicy

"Do you understand now why you're feeling a painful sensation in this area?" I pinched the abundant flesh of her butt that was coming out of her seat, because the seat was too small for her butt's size.

Or rather, it would've been a perfect fit for her butt when she was standing up, but when she sat down and applied pressure to her butt, her fatty ass spread out to cover the entire seat and even more, because it was so soft and definitely softer than your average butt, that its shape was easily changed, like it was made of a delicate dough.

Not to mention that the chair was one of those fancy chairs with no cushion and was smaller than the average chair, which always makes them uncomfortable to sit on.

"Mmm~...Kafi, stop pinching my butt~ It hurts~" My mother cried out in a suggestive voice, after I started grabbing onto her her butt that was leaking from the chair to make sure she understood what I was talking about.

"Can you even consider these areas to be part of your butt mom, when it's literally out of the bounds of your seat and hanging out for dear life." I asked, sarcastically.

"Hnnn~...I-It is...It's just a little big, that's all...Ahh~" She said, as she tried to stop her moans.

"A little big is a massive understatement to the assets you possess, mom, as I'm pretty sure that if you sat on a similar-sized chair with handrests, you either wouldn't be able to shove your fat ass onto the seat, or you wouldn't be able to stand up after sitting down, and would be stuck on the seat because your butt is being blocked by the handrests." I looked at a chair in the living room that was similar to this one, but it had handrests on it. My mother also looked at the chair, and blushed in shame like she remembered something embarrassing that happened in the past.

"Oh, it seems like you already tried sitting on it, and already know that the chair over there can't accommodate your plump ass...So, the question now is whether you got stuck after sitting down or if you couldn't fit in the seat from the start?" I said cheekily, after seeing the look of shame on her face.

"It's nothing like that, Kafi! I just don't like sitting in that chair! It has nothing to do with the fact that I wasn't able to squeeze my way into the seat!"

I shook my head after hearing my mother's statement, pitying her for having such a burden of ass that probs gave her many similar problems, and stopped grabbing my mother's butt handles to offer my condolences.

I then nudged my chair back and said

"Get up, mom. Let me check how much damage this chair has done to your bum."

"How would you even do that?" My mother got up and asked, still a little ashamed that her butt was discovered by her son to be the biggest obstacle in her life.

She was even more ashamed the moment she got up, as when she turned to show her behind to me, I slipped my fingers into her leggings waistband, and without any warning, I pulled down her leggings all the way to her thighs and completely exposed her ass to me and the entire world.

Swish~

It wasn't a smooth process to remove her leggings, as they were already quite tight in the first place, and I literally had to pull them away from the curve of her butt, as there was no chance in hell they would come down if I pulled on them straight downwards.

I already knew that her leggings were holding all her meat from her butt in and were on the verge of tearing from all the pressure they were holding in, but I was still surprised

when I saw her bare buttocks that only had a single piece of blue underwear on them to cover it up.

Her coffee brown ass before me expanded in size, like it was suddenly blown up with air the moment I pulled her leggings down, and almost collided with my face. They even started to bounce when they left her pants and were pulled down due to gravity, and didn't stop shaking for a solid second.

And then there were her blue panties that looked quite normal, which could barely cover up her ass, and could only hide the most important places underneath. It wasn't that my mother's underwear was too small, but it was just that her butt was too big to accommodate for it, and left two mounds of brown-tinted flesh hanging from the sides.

It was truly a sight to behold, and I also couldn't help but take a sniff since her butt was so close to my face, but sadly, I could only smell the conditioner she used to wash her panties and none of her body's natural fragrance.

"K-Kafi! Why did you remove mommy's leggings?!...Quickly put them back on, o-or else your mother will die of shame!" My mom covered her face, which was turning red, and looked away, like she couldn't bear the sight of her son looking at her ass, which she seemed to be ashamed of.

She didn't even try to pull back her leggings herself and simply told me to do it for her, probably because she didn't want me to see her putting her pants back because she too likely struggles to take them on and off, like how I struggled to take them off.

"What do you have to be ashamed of, mom? If you're talking about your butt, then you have no reason to be embarrassed and should be proud to have such a chunky butt." I said as I caressed her bare ass with fingers that were smooth to touch, which sent shivers down her legs.

"I should be proud of them?...B-But didn't you just say that they were fat?" My mother looked behind and saw me staring at her butt in a daze, almost as if I were caught in a spell. She also noticed me dragging my fingers around her butt, but she didn't seem to mind and looked more eager to know why she should be proud of her butt, which she deemed unattractive because it was too big.

"Yes, they are fat. They're as fat as a premium cut of juicy steak. And honestly, it's the plumpiest booty I've ever seen in my life." My mother's ears turned red because of my vulgar words, and I could feel her body heat up through the tips of my fingers that were stroking her butt like it was a painting. "But that isn't a bad thing. In fact, it's the exact opposite and is something any man would desire in a woman."

"To have a partner who's ass is as plump and chubby as yours and still retain their overall shape would be any man's dream, mom...And honestly, even mine." I could feel

her butt vibrate when I said the last few words, like she was deeply affected by them, but I didn't look up to see her reaction since I was too focused on her buttcheeks.

Chapter 29: ...Daddy?

"As for the reason I pulled your pants down, it's because of this." I pointed at two purple lines on the sides of each buttcheek that obviously didn't belong there, and looked like they were formed after something sharp applied pressure there for a while, and left a deep mark on her skin.

"You've been sitting on that tiny chair that doesn't fit for so long, that the edges of the seat are starting to leave marks on your butt." I traced the line on her butt with my finger, which made her bite her lips like it hurt when I did so.

"Since you're reacting to when I touch those lines, then you're very close to having these lines on your butt permanently and scarring your skin." I said, which frightened my mother.

"Is that true, Kafi?! Is it really going to scar?!" My mother looked back and asked frantically, as no woman would like to have any scars on their body, even if it was in a place where no one could really see.

"I said it would've, not that it will." I admired how both the lines were exactly parallel to each other and looked like a tattoo. "As long as you stop using these narrow chairs with no cushions on them, then you should be fine, mom."

"That's a relief." She sighed, and then seemed to have thought of something and said "But shouldn't I also start doing those glute exercises to make my ass more compact, so that I won't face such a problem in the future?"

"No!" I shouted with all my heart. "Anything but that!"

"Ahh~" My mom let out a seductive moan, when she suddenly felt her ass get groped by my hands out of agitation, when I heard she wanted to reduce her ass's bountiful weight.

"Please don't, mom! As your son, I beg of you to not ruin something that's already beyond perfect and is reaching a new realm of transcendence!" I acted as if she were trying to destroy something that would bring humanity to a new age.

"Okay, okay, I won't~ So, please stop groping my butt so roughly, Kafi! I'm sensitive there." My mother exclaimed, and shook her butt like she was trying to shake my hands off her, but it only made her jiggle her cheeks while my hands were still grappled on to her meat.

"And why do you even care about your mother's butt so much, Kafi? What's it for you if my behind grows or shrinks?" My mother looked back and glared at me, but it didn't look like she was seriously asking and was playfully berating me.

"Of course I mind! If your ass gets smaller all of a sudden, where else am I going to find such amazing stress balls that instantly relieve my pressure, the moment I squeeze them!" I exclaimed, like her ass was vital to my existence.

"Stress balls? You're treating your mother's butt like they're stress balls, Kafi?" My mother said with an absurd look on her face.

"How can I not, when I can feel all my built-up stress leaving my body the moment I give them a squeeze?" I gave them a pinch, which made my mother shudder. "It's like they have some kind of magic power that just soothes my mind, whenever I touch them."

"Ahh~...No, K-Kafi! Find something else to use as your stress ball! Hnnn~...Y-You're mother's butt is too delicate for you to be playing with, whenever you get bored!" She exclaimed as she tried to hold back her moans, as my thumbs slid into her underwear and fully groped her cheeks until they warped their round shape in my hands.

"There's no way I can let you play with my butt, as even now I feel like-" She was going to say something, but suddenly covered her mouth and stopped, as if what she was going to say was something that she just could not say to her son.

"Feel like what?" I asked like I was genuinely curious and had no clue of what she was going to say, even though I already saw that the bottom of her panties were darker than the rest, which clearly gave away what emotion she was feeling at the moment.

"N-Nothing, Kafi...It's really nothing." She said weakly as her cheeks flushed red, almost like she was ashamed of what she was about to say and couldn't believe she was going to say such an obscene sentence to her own son.

"Alright, if it's really nothing, then quickly take your seat, mom, so we can have dinner." I gave my mother a way out of her embarrassing situation. "Of course not on the seat, and on my lap unless you want those lines to become permanent."

I then quickly grabbed my mother's blue leggings, which were hanging near her knees, and pulled them up for her. I had to actually pull them wide when I reached her waist area, as there was no way they were going to slide right on, when her butt was acting like a massive mountain that was blocking the way.

After pulling her pants all the way up until they regrettably covered her bare ass, I snapped on the elastic waist band and pulled her maroon sweater down to cover the top of her ass like before.

My mother seemed impressed that I put on her pants so smoothly, when she herself normally struggled to put them on, with the massive obstruction in her way. While she was amazed with my swift actions and looked to be debating if she should call me whenever she wanted to wear some skinny jeans that she normally couldn't fit in, I put my hand around her waist and pulled her towards me, and placed the other hand under her butt to support her weight, which allowed me to gently place her horizontally on my lap, where both of our legs were criss-crossed and facing alternate directions.

She also obediently sat on my lap without struggling, and looked to be wondering how she got on my lap when she was just standing there half-naked a second ago.

Her butt also felt incredibly soft and pulpy on my lap, and it felt like there was a rather heavy, heated blanket made of clouds on my lap.

"I guess even my lap isn't enough to handle how fat your butt is." I looked at my mother, and pointed at the outer area of her buttocks, which wasn't on my lap since there was no space, and was hanging out. She looked at the shameful sight of her meat pouring out of my lap since there wasn't enough space to accommodate all of her mushy behind, and couldn't help but look away and blush.

She also wanted me to stop looking at that sight that she wasn't so fond of her son seeing, so she warned me, saying

"Kafi, you better stop staring at my butt when I'm sitting down, or else I'll start exercising and make sure that there's nothing to look at."

Even though the way she puffed out her chest and looked at me in a solemn manner to warn me, looked comical in my eyes, her threat itself was extremely scary, so I immediately nodded my head to show that I wouldn't do it again.

My mother also found it funny how I was acting so confident and mighty this whole time, but tamed down like a little puppy the moment she threatened me with her butt, and patted my head like I was an obedient little boy with a delightful smile on her face.

And seeing me blush after getting patted on the head, when I didn't dart an eye when I groped her butt seemed to amuse her even more, and made her want to tease me to see my innocent reactions she seemed to enjoy, that wasn't an act and was me genuinely being embarrassed because of her motherly actions.

So to do that, she wrapped her hands around my neck, looked at me lovingly as she hung back while using my neck as a support, and said something that I just did not expect her to say in a million years.

"Sooo...What is daddy going to feed his adorable, little daughter today?"

...D-Daddy?

...Did my own mother just call me daddy, while she referred to herself as m-my daughter??

What in the world made her say that all of a sudden?!

I just wrote some kinky chapters in reference to how I ended this chapter, and it honestly just felt illegal to write. I don't know how some writers can write incest without any shame, since I couldn't stop laughing at what I was writing the whole time.

And don't expect Kafka and his mother to be banging any time soon as I want to build up the suspense. But other than actually doing it, plenty of stuff will happen very soon that will be much more better than the usual bang and move on, you see in other s.

Chapter 30: Incest On Top Of Incest

"D-Daddy? Daughter?...What are y-you talking about, mom?"

I couldn't help but stutter when I heard her call me daddy in her alluring voice, and saw her look up at me with big, wide, innocent eyes like she was looking up at her actual father, as I simply did not expect this role change all of a sudden.

"What are you so surprised, Kafi?" My mother looked amused by my reaction, and she looked like she was loving every moment of it, and stated her reasoning behind her actions as if it were obvious. "Since you sat on my lap and made me feed you in the past when you were a child, that gave you the right to call me your mommy, since I was the one feeding you."

"But now that I'm the one who's sitting on your lap, shouldn't you be the parent here and feed his little daughter, who's waiting for her dinner, in your arms?" She rubbed her cheek on my shoulder like she wanted to be spoiled by her father she looked up to, and she looked at me with a coquettish look in her eyes that was both playful and seductive at the same time.

"...Is that how it works, mom?" I asked, still shocked about the sudden development and how my mother was treating me like I was her father, when she was clearly the older one here.

"Of course that's how it works, Kafi~ And that's how it's going to be until you make me finish my meal..." My mom said, while smiling in a teasing manner.

"And for what reason do we have to indulge in this father-daughter roleplay, when I'm the one who's supposed to be being fed right now?" I chuckled at the scenario after calming myself down.

"Well, for one, I want to tease you and see your reactions to treating me like your daughter, which are all so loveable and precious, especially with how red your cheeks turn!" My mother shamelessly admitted her intentions to tease me, and pulled my cheeks like I was a little child, which made my pale skin redder than before.

"And I also want you to know how hard it was to feed you in the past and how much effort it took to make you swallow a single bite, so you can appreciate your mother much more." She poked my chest, like she wanted to make sure that I understood how much effort she put into raising me on her own.

"But I already appreciate you a lot." I responded.

"But I want you to appreciate me even more." She looked up at me and said, with a slight smile on her face, like she wasn't going to let me off no matter what I said.

"So, what you want me to do is feed you your meal like you did in the past, while I act like your father and while you act like my daughter?" I sighed and gave in to her demands.

"Yes, and not just any daughter. Your adorable, little daughter, who loves it when her father coddles her." My mother insisted that I cherish her, like she was my own, when the roles were actually the other way around. "And I'll warn you that this daughter of yours will be just like you in the past, so get ready to face some tantrums from me about not wanting to eat, that will most definitely give you a headache."

"And you're telling me that after facing all those trials that you give me, as you act as my past self, we can stop this embarrassing play and go back to eating dinner normally?" I asked for confirmation, since I still needed her to feed me to complete my request.

"Of course~ As long as, at the end of the meal, you completely understand how hard your mother worked in the past to feed you and how tiring it was, we can end it." My mother said which made me give a sigh of relief since I already made the wholesome situation of placing my mother on my lap and feeding her lewd enough for the Gods to be satisfied, and as long as she feeds me a bite of food the request will be over.

But just as I was thinking about how to finish this game of my mother's quickly so I could finish the request, my mother said something that urked me the wrong way and pulled in my competitive nature into the picture.

"...But of course, a high school boy like you can never actually handle the tantrums of a child and will definitely give up at some point, so when you feel like giving up, just admit that you lost, and mommy will graciously let you go." She put her hands up and exaggerated in a haughty and arrogant manner, like she just knew that this was a task that I couldn't complete no matter what I did.

"Oh, is that so, mom?...You really are confident that I won't be able to handle your tantrums and little fits as a child, aren't you?"

I smiled while gritting my teeth, since I didn't exactly like to be looked down upon. Especially when it comes to taking care of kids, which I've definitely done more than my mother, since I lived in an orphanage for half my life and acted as a guardian for most of the kids there.

If she provoked me about anything else, I wouldn't really mind that much. But since she's saying something like I couldn't take care of kids, which I could actually do in my sleep, I really wanted to prove her wrong and give her a 'punishment' for underestimating her son.

"Of course! I know for sure that you won't be able to make me eat my dinner, if I acted like how you did back then, since I've gone through it myself in the past and I know exactly how difficult it is, especially for a newcomer like you, Kafi, who's never interacted with kids since you hate them so much." She poked me on the chest like she was provoking me, and looked like she was ready to see me collapse in the face of her performance.

I would normally want to cuss my past self out for not liking kids, but I have more important things to focus on, like my dignity, which was on the line here, so I couldn't be bothered by that piece of shit.

Since I decided to punish my mother for underestimating me and my parenting skills, I decided to go all the way, so I gave a taunting smile of my own, like I was challenging her to a game of Russian Roulette, and said

"Since you seem so confident, mom, that I won't be able to feed you like you fed me in the past, why don't we make a bet to see if I can actually handle your tantrums and feed you until your stomach is full like you said?"

My mother raised her eyebrow, as if her interest was piqued by my bet.

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