

## God of Milfs 411

### Chapter 411: Competitive Grudge

"Fine, fine...I'll accept that I'm the real bad guy here, even though it's so clear that one of you enjoyed eating the ass out of another, while the other enjoyed getting her butt slurped up like it was covered in syrup."

I surrendered to their accusations while staring at both of them with narrowed eyes, like I were telling them that I knew the truth no matter how many excuses they threw my way, and that was all that mattered.

My mother glanced at Camila and blushed as she looked down for being called out so blatantly, ashamed that she was lying when she was the one who taught her son to never deceive anyone or lie to someone else.

Camila herself didn't show much of a reaction and simply looked back at me with a haughty look on her face, like she were proud of what she had done, which perfectly fit her dignified personality.

"Now that I've admitted to being the true sinner here, can we get back to the matter at hand here?" I said and went over to take out the ingredients I needed to prepare breakfast. "I've got a guest coming over here who wants to have a hearty breakfast, so it'd be great if you two could assist me in making our meal before they arrive here."

"Hmm?...Why are we the ones who should assist you when we were the ones who were going to cook breakfast first, Kafka?" Camila asked in a disgruntled manner when she heard that I would be taking over her cooking duties, almost as if the idea of me picking up a pan and frying an egg really frustrated her.

"Why can't both me and Abi make breakfast for your surprise guest, while you assist us from the corner by peeling an onion or something?"

"Oh wow, Camila...Looking at how aggressive you're becoming when the topic of me cooking comes up. It seems like you still haven't forgotten what happened last time."

I said with an arrogant smirk on my face, which made Camila clench her fists in irritation and look like she wanted to punch me right in the face.

The reason she was so vexxed right now and also why she didn't want me to cook was because of a little grudge that had formed between us regarding our cooking skills.

About a week ago, I showed my talent in cooking to Camila, which both impressed her and made her a little angry since I was so skilled when I was so young, while she had to take so many years to reach the same level as me.

It was the same feeling of irritation of looking at a prodigy rise up all the way to the top with pure, raw talent, while she had to do so after accumulating years of experience, which didn't appease to Camila's competitiveness when it came to cooking.

That's why the both of us decided to settle who was the best at making delicacies once and for all by serving up one dish to Bella and letting her decide which one tasted better, while she didn't know who served which one.

As for the result, I'll just say that Bella spent the rest of the day soothing her mother, who was sulking for losing when she obviously had the home advantage of cooking for her daughter for her whole life.

Even though the reason I won was genuine luck, as Bella was really struggling to make her decision since both the dishes she ate were so good in her opinion, Camila and her competitive spirit couldn't accept the loss at all, especially when her daughter was involved, thinking that it was humiliating to lose with her own blood as the judge.

That's why she currently thought that the reason I was taking over her cooking duties was because I was looking down on her abilities. She thought I was indirectly saying 'I can make a better dish for our guest, so step aside', which irritated her to the extreme.

"Stop saying some sort of nonsense, Kafka...I've already moved on from what happened that day, and it doesn't bother me at all."

Camila slowly uttered as if she were indifferent to the humiliation she faced, even though the icy gaze she was staring at me right now told me otherwise.

"Now, now...Let's not fight over such simple matters, you two."

My mother immediately came in between both of us when she saw things escalating between us and butted in before Camila pounced on me after being unable to hold back anymore, even though she didn't exactly know why Camila was so worked up at the moment.

"I'm pretty sure that Kafi has his own reasons to want to cook for our guest who's coming over right now, like he promised that he would personally cook for them or something...Isn't that right, Kafi?"

My mother glanced at me and looked to be telling me to say some random excuses if I had to for wanting to be the one to cook breakfast today.

"Well, what you're saying is true, mom, as I did promise that I would personally give them a breakfast experience that they would never forget in their entire life." I said as I made the batter for the blueberry and banana pancakes.

This made a look of intrigue appear on Camila's face, wondering just what sort of spectacular menu I was forming.

Even though Camila hated my guts when it came to cooking, she also deeply admired my skills since I was the only one who she had met who could stand along with her when it came to the culinary arts, and she was genuinely curious as to what I was going to make for breakfast today.

That's why she lost the look of a loser who hated the fact that she lost and regained her usual composure, while having a look of interest in her eyes as she observed what I was cooking.

"There's also the fact that your body is covered in sweat, mom, from what happened just earlier." I said out loud, which made my mother wipe the sweat off her neck and blush. I then pointed at her ass and said, "Especially your butt; that's probably still a little wet from how leaky it was."

"...Unless you want to greet our guest while looking and smelling like you spent the entire day in the blistering sun, I suggest you go and take a bath."

My mother didn't hesitate to listen to me and readily nodded her head as she didn't want to disgrace our household by welcoming the guests while wearing a see through top because of how much she was sweating because of her steamy little time with Camila.

"What about me, Kafka?" Camila calmly asked, thinking that there was no need for her to step aside like my mother did. "I'm not really sweating or anything, so there's no need for me to step out the kitchen."

"...Instead I could do a little more than simply helping you out and could be your partner in making this special breakfast you've planned out."

Camila asked to be my partner instead of doing some simple chores like she thought I was asking her to do, as she really wanted to know what I had in mind and wanted to be in on the action of a breakfast that even I was saying was unforgettable by my standards.

"That won't really do, Camila, as your role in making this breakfast spread is much more pivotal than you can imagine, and it doesn't involve any of the laborious cooking work."

I shook my head, which made Camila wonder just how she was going to contribute to the meal when she wasn't even going to cook at all.

But even though Camila didn't exactly approve of my audacity when it came to cooking, she trusted in my culinary sense, so she didn't argue back with me and simply awaited to see what duty she was going to be presented with and how it was going to elevate the entire breakfast experience.

"What about me, Kafi?~ Mommy also wants to be a part of this wonderful breakfast you're talking about~"

My mother jumped up before me, also wanting to be part of this little breakfast I was cooking up, thinking that it sounded really fun and exciting.

"Of course, mom~" I gave my adorable little mother a kiss on her puffy cheeks, which made her let out a delightful smile. "You and Camila are both going to become the main stars of the spread I have planned and are going to bring the experience I'm about to present to our guest to whole another level."

"So quickly go and take a bath with Camila, while I prepare everything for breakfast...Also, don't stay in there for too long, as our guest could arrive at any minute."

I nudged my mother to take a bath and come back as quickly as possible so I could instruct her about what they were going to do and how they were going to become the 'ingredients' I have planned in mind.

"You're also asking me to take a bath as well?" Camila asked and then continued as she looked at my mother with her lips curled up, like she were looking at a toy she could play with, "I don't personally mind taking another bath if it means that I could see the entirety of my little sister's lewd body, that I just can't help but get out of my mind with how curvy she is in the flesh."

My mother blushed and covered up her chest in embarrassment when she saw Camila staring at her milkers with an avid interest in her eyes, like she wanted to ask her for the secret of growing those pumpkins of her to be so large.

"But, unlike Abi here, I think I'm still in a decent shape and don't look so unpresentable that I have to take a bath, right?"

Camila showed off her appearance that remained as elegant and poised as always; not as much as having a wrinkle on her low cut top that showed off her snow white cleavage.

This made my mother sigh in awe at how Camila still managed to keep up her standard of beauty even after doing so many rough activities today and made her want to become someone like her big sister who never lost her dignified gait, no matter the circumstances.

"I will agree, Camila, that you look as pristine as always, almost as if you were an angel that couldn't be blemished by this world's wickedness." I said as I admired her breathtaking appearance, which made her cheeks flush and let out a proud smile. "But you also have to remember that you've just stuck your face into my mother's butt.

And as clean as is with the way my mother maintains that place, I don't know if it would be a good idea to welcome our guests with a little love juice sticking on the tip of your nose."

Camila immediately rubbed her nose in a flurry when she heard what I said and was deeply embarrassed about the fact that there actually was a little wetness on her nose, that she hadn't even noticed.

Even though she secretly enjoyed the sweet and sour taste of the liquids secreted out of my mother's ass, thinking that it had a pungent and addictive taste, there was no way she was going to greet out guest with her face covered in it and thought of rushing to the bathroom with my mother in hand.

But before she did, she seemed to have thought of something and stopped in her place. She then looked back at me like I forgot to give her something that belonged to her and came forward to stand right in front of me to receive what I had missed.

I was confused at first. But when I saw her tiptoeing and pushing out her cheeks towards me, I immediately understood that she also didn't want to be left out and wanted me to kiss her as well like I did to my mother.

Kiss~

Of course, I didn't deny my lady's demands and gave her a little peck on her snow white cheek.

This made her give a delightful smile and walk towards my mother, who was also smiling at the act of love she saw in front of her, thinking that it looked so wholesome that it looked like it came from a romance drama.

While holding hands like they were a pair of sisters who have been there for one another since birth, my mother and Camila left the kitchen with gleeful looks on their faces as they secretly gossiped about me and went towards the bathroom to have the bath they needed.

I simply smiled at this warm sight that made my heart feel at ease and made me feel like I had finally found my home that I truly belonged to. I then continued to prepare breakfast, hoping that it would be worthy of the Gods attention from up above...

#### Chapter 412: Trust No One

"Phew...That took a while...I wonder who's coming over to indulge in this over the top breakfast I've made."

I said as I sat down on the dining table chair and removed the apron I had on with cute animals on it after making all the dishes needed for having an extravagant breakfast.

I didn't make any complicated or complex dishes for the sake of it and made all the basic breakfast items, thinking that it would be much better to keep the dishes simple, while at the same time serving them in a 'exotic' manner.

"Kafi!~...Kafi!~...Save Mommy!~...Save Mommy from Camila!~"

Just when I was wondering where my primary 'ingredients' were and who exactly was coming to my house like the Gods said, I heard my mother crying out for me from what seemed to be the bathroom. I then heard the sound of the door opening and quick footsteps like my mother was running towards me at the moment.

"Ah, Kafi!~ You're here!~"

Just like I had predicted, my mother ran out of the corner and entered the kitchen. When she saw me casually sitting on the chair, her eyes lit up like she had finally found hope in a desperate situation, and she desperately ran behind me and ducked behind me like she was seeking asylum in my presence.

What surprised me the most wasn't the fact that she was hiding behind me, saying that Camila was out to get her. But it was the fact that she only had a towel wrapped around her wet body, leaving most of her voluptuous body out for me to see.

From her plump thighs to her juicy ass that was sticking from under the towel or her brown breasts that were spilling out, since such a flimsy towel couldn't handle their hefty weight, my mother was fully exposed at the moment.

Other than her dark brunette hair that was still neatly braided with two ribbon-like strands hanging from the front, her body was still covered in droplets, giving her skin a glossy glow, which made her already irresistible body even more sensual.

My mother knew better and deeply understood that she should never expose herself like this in front of me, unless she wanted me to drag her off and devour her body like what happened a couple of nights ago, which led to her bruised asshole.

So the fact that she still decided to risk her purity and hid behind me while resting her moist milkers on top of my head meant that the threat that scared her was quite formidable.

"What's wrong, mom? Why are you so scared?" I asked as my mother hugged onto my head from behind me and smothered me with her plump breasts. "What exactly did Camila do to you for you to be so frightened?"

"Camila...She...She did..." My mother hurried to catch her breath from running all the way from the bathroom in one sprint.

But before she could even properly utter a single set of words, another pair of footsteps were heard coming towards the kitchen, and a cool voice sounded from that very direction, which made my mother hug me even tighter.

"Oh, Abi~ So you're here~"

Camila entered the kitchen in a poised manner and smiled when she saw my mother, which made my mother shake her head like she wanted nothing to do with her. She then continued saying as she wrapped the towel even tighter, which was keeping her snow bunnies from falling out ,

"I thought that I could help you rebraid your hair like any caring older sister would do, after finishing our bath...But it seems like you can't even stay apart from your darling son for an even minute, seeing as to how you ran to him the first chance you got."

Camila was also only covering herself with a towel right now, which meant her flawless legs and her bountiful cleavage were exposed to me.

It also seemed like they had bathed in really hot water, seeing as to how her ivory skin was letting out a gentle blush in her most tender spots, like at the top of her breasts or on the outermost curve of her bubbly butt.

This only accentuated her ethereal beauty even more, to the extent that even I felt my throat go dry and wondered if she was actually one of the Gods up above who accidentally fell down onto the mortal world below.

"Concentrate, Kafi!~ Don't let Camila's seductive tricks fool you!~"

My mother shook me to wake me up from my daze, worrying that I would hand her over to Camila if she were to ask with how enamoured I was with her ravishing visage.

"O-Oh right." I woke up from my reverie, which made Camila click her tongue like she were really thinking of brainwashing me with her mesmerising appearance. I then looked at Camila, who was boldly walking towards me half naked and continued asking, "Just what happened, Camila?"



Why is my mother hiding behind me and looking at you like you're some sort of hunter out to get her?...She honestly looks the same as when she runs away from me from time to time."

Camila glanced at my mother like she were asking her if she really looked that frightening in her eyes, to which my mother dove behind me and refused to answer her question.

"Oh, it's really nothing, Kafka." Camila waved her hand like it were really nothing to make a big deal out of, whilst my mother frantically shook her head to tell me not to believe in her.

"Me and your mother were enjoying the little bath we were having whilst talking about all sorts of stories of you, like the number of times you wet your bed or how unruly you were supposedly in the past to the extent that you would even curse at your mother."

Camila seemed really amused to hear about my embarrassing past, but it didn't really bother me at all as that wasn't the real me.

If she were to hear stories about my actual time as a child, she'd probably shed a boatload of tears and would refuse to leave me at all times because of how much she would pity my tragic upbringing.

"And while we were talking, I suggested that I help your mother wash her body, and in return she did the same to mine to get to know one another better and also to deepen our bond."

"Abi also agreed with me, thinking that it was a good idea, and we started washing one another's bodies in the tub."

Camila explained what happened in the bathroom, which made me imagine the beautiful scenario of the two naked bodies rubbing together in the tub.

But my daydream was interrupted when Camila continued saying,

"But for some reason, when I was applying soap on your mother's chest, she suddenly got up and ran away like a cat that had its tail stepped on."

Camila shook her head with a confused look on her face, like she really didn't know why my mother ran away in the middle of their skin-to-skin bonding session.

"Ah!~ Don't believe, Camila, Kafi!~ She's lying!~ She's not telling the full truth!~"

My mother shook me by the shoulders and told me not to fall for her blatant lies.

Camila also looked at my mother with a look of intrigue on her face, like she was interested in what she was going to say.

My mother blushed and continued explaining what happened in a coy manner,

"Everything was going normal at the beginning, and we were helping one another wash each other...But I don't know what got into Camila, as when she started applying some soap to my chest, a fervent look appeared in her eyes, and she started to rub my breasts more vigorously, unlike how gentle she was at the start."

Camila had a little smile on her face, not denying or accepting the accusations thrown her way.

"I thought that she was simply trying to get me as clean as possible at first...But as time went on, she became a lot more aggressive with the way she was handling my chest, and it almost felt like you were groping my chest, Kafi." My mother looked at me and compared the lecherous way I groped her chest to explain her naughty experience.

She then looked back at Camila in a wary manner and said, "I thought I could handle it at first since I've already experienced so much worse in your hands."

"...B-But it was when Camila started touching my n-nipples in a weird manner that I understood that there was something wrong, and I ran away without turning back, afraid that Camila would catch me and start grabbing me strangely again."

My mother held onto my head and pushed her breasts into my head until I could feel the entirety of the back of my head warm up, using me as her shield to protect herself from her older sister.

I thought Camila would make some excuses to cover up for her mischievous behaviour. But surprisingly she shrugged her shoulders and honestly admitted to what she had done, like she couldn't bother lying about such silly matters.

"Well, it really can't be helped, Abi." Camila said, like it was only natural that she suddenly acted like a pervert when she was faced with my mother's monstrous tits.

"When you have such large breasts that look like they weigh a couple of kilograms each and feel so good to squeeze in your hands like they're the perfect stress balls, it's only natural that even a woman like myself let's herself go to play with your basketballs hanging off your chest."

"...As for me teasing your little buds, I honestly just wanted to see how you would react when I did so, since the reactions you give are always so adorable and make me want to gobble your cute self up."

Camila seemed like she had found a little bunny that she couldn't help but want to play around with all the time because of how cute it was. My mother shivered when she saw the teasing look in Camila's eyes and looked at me with a pleading look on her face, asking me to help her out.

"I get it, Camila...I totally get what your saying."

I nodded my head to my mother's utter shock and agreed with what Camila was saying, which caught my mother off guard since she thought I would side with her. I then continued saying, as I shimmied my head into the abundant breasts behind me,

"Whether your a man or woman, dog or cat, it really is hard to hold yourself back when you got such wonderful breasts in front of you that are not only as soft as a cloud but as warm as a bag of hot milk."

Camila nodded her head to what I was saying, which ended up with both of us supporting one another's statements, casting my poor mother's opinion to the side.

My mother took a step back with a absurd look on her face, seeing as to how there was no one in this household she could completely trust. Even Camila, who she thought was on her side, seemed to have a hungry white wolf hidden inside of her that came out when she saw a little prey that she could play around with for her own amusement.

This only made her want Olivia, my other mother, to come home as quick as possible, since my mother knew that with Olivia by her side she wouldn't have to worry about the two predators of this household since her long-time best friend and my second mother were a silent and rather dangerous predator herself, who the men of this world didn't even dare to look at her straight in the eye with how terrifying she seemed...

#### Chapter 413: Dine Off Our Bodies

"Well, for now, just so that you don't get chased around all over the house because Camila can't stop teasing you, I'll tell her to keep her hands off you while I'm not around."

I said to reassure my mother, which made her let out a sigh of relief knowing that my word was final in this household and thought that no matter how I played around with her, I still cared for her as her child.

Camila also let out an indignant sigh since she had all sorts of ideas to bring out the best reactions from my mother. But after hearing what I said, she had no choice but to rein herself in and not scare off my mother too much.

"I see that you've already prepared everything for the breakfast we're having with our guest."

Camila said when she saw all the food I had made that had been set aside on the counter.

After going over with a spoon in one hand and tasting each item while at the same time holding onto the towel, which was the only barrier that was stopping me from seeing her naked body, she said,

"But even though you've prepared quite a lot of dishes and made them so well that each one of them tastes better than the other, so much so that I want to grab a plate myself and fatten my belly up before the guests arrive here, I was still expecting something 'special' like you said that would provide an unforgettable experience."

"Indulging in such an elaborate breakfast would surely make one smile for the rest of the day...But I don't know if it's enough for them to keep on comparing what they are having today to whatever breakfast spread they may have in the future."

Camila looked at me like a harsh critic who wasn't exactly satisfied with what I had promised, since she had high expectations for me and looked to be asking if this was all I was providing.

"Ahhh!~ So good!~ These eggs taste so wonderful!~"

My mother, on the other hand, had a spoon of golden scrambled eggs and looked like she was melting because of the intense flavours that were exploding in her mouth.

She was someone who would be over the moon if her son had even prepared her a bowl of cereal, so it only made sense that she was more than satisfied with what I made, unlike Camila, who was expecting more from her rival.

"Oh, you're misunderstanding, Camila." I got up from my seat as I wiped the bath water on my back that had dripped down my mother's body. "The focus of today's breakfast isn't about the taste or aroma of the food itself, but the way it's going to be presented to our guest."

"Rather than how one feels when they have a spoon of the delicacies I made in their mouth, I want to focus on the plating of the dish, which would leave a more rememberable memory, than the taste of the dish itself."

I said as I fed my mother a little piece of the pancakes I had made, seeing as to how she had been eyeing it for a while. She let out another round of 'Ohh!~' and 'Ahh!~' when she had a taste like she never had such amazing pancakes in her life before.

"I see...So you're going for more of a gourmet approach, which you would normally see in a high-class restaurant, where they wish to make the entire dining experience into a special event." Camila held onto her chin and nodded her head in an understanding manner, finally getting what I was trying to do.

"Yep...That's exactly what I'm going for, the only difference being that instead of using special theatrics like sizzling steak that comes in a flaming pan or a dessert that constantly lets off icy mist like you would see in those fancy restaurants, I'm going to try something different to present my dishes."

I said as I spoon-fed another piece of pancake to my mother, who was nibbling it off the fork like a little sparrow.

"Oh...What's so different about the way you're going to present your dish?" Camila asked with a smile of intrigue on her face. She then chuckled like she were making a joke and said, "Don't tell me that you're going to plate the dishes on our naked bodies or something?~"

"As a matter of fact, I am going to do something like that, Camila." I smiled and informed her of the matter, which made my mother and Camila freeze up instantly. "I'm going to give our guest a wonderful experience that they'll never experience using both of you as my 'ingredients'."

The pancake in my mother's mouth almost fell out with the way she was opening her mouth wide after hearing about this so called special breakfast I had in mind. I also made sure that she didn't choke on the pancake by not being able to chew it after the shock she had just sustained.

Camila, on the other hand, was also quite surprised, but she didn't really have such an exaggerated reaction like my mother, who started sweating profusely when she heard my proposal. She even had a look of interest on her face like she was eager to know more about my proposal.

"Hold on there, mom...Atleast hear what I have to say and what I have planned before you run off somewhere." I grabbed my mother's hand, who was trying to run away and escape.

"Yes, Abi...Let's first hear what Kafka has to say, and then we'll see what we have to say about his crazy suggestion."

My mother wanted to struggle at first, even if she had to bite my hand to escape. But after seeing that Camila was willing to hear me out, she quit her resistance and went to Camila's side for support.

It seemed like Camila was still interested in the breakfast I had on my mind, even if it meant compromising her, or at least she wanted to know about what I was going to make both of them do out of sheer curiosity.

So to satiate her curiosity, I didn't hold back and told them everything I had on mind and all the things I wanted them to for today's breakfast.

My mother had a wary look on her face when I started talking, like no matter what I told her, I wasn't going to ever convince her. But as I continued to tell in detail about what I had planned, her face slowly turned into a shade of red, almost as if she were a tomato that was ripening.

By the end of my explanation, she looked so flustered and worked up at the perverted ideas her son had that she looked like she was about to faint out of pure embarrassment.

"No, Kafi!~ Definitely not!~" My mother jumped out from behind Camila and started her protest, unable to maintain her silence any longer. "No matter what you say, Mommy will never accept this absurd breakfast idea you have for us!~"

"Just the simple thought of all the ideas you have in mind for us and all the things you want us to do while we're completely exposed in front of someone else makes my head go dizzy, Kafi." My mother said as she clutched her head.

She then continued saying as she looked at me in absurdity, "Just how could you possibly come up with such perverted ideas and stay so calm like those are your everyday thoughts?"

"It's only natural that I have such devious ideas when I'm looking at ladies, showcasing their even more devious bodies to me like you are right now."

I smiled as I stared at the two flowers before me who were standing half naked in the kitchen with their bulging butts and their plump chests that were about to pop out.

My mother immediately covered herself up from her such lewd gaze and wondered if she should cover up her entire body from now on to cure me of my overwhelming perversion.

"B-Be quiet, Kafi!...Don't think that you're going to get away with whatever you have in mind like you always do since I'm such a pushover when it comes to you now that I have Camila on my side now."

My mother exclaimed like she wasn't going to be ignored like she always was and looked to Camila, her older sister, who she trusted would support her argument. She then urged her sister to speak out by shouting out,

"Tell him, Camila! Tell our Kafi, who thinks he can do whatever he wants just because he's a little cute, that we won't be indulging in his fantasies!"

"We agree, Kafka...Both of us agree to whatever you have in mind."

"See, Kafka! See!...Even Camila doesn't want to take part in your lecherous breakfast that-...W-Wait...What did you just say, Camila?"

My mother immediately stopped her rampant argument when she heard Camila say something weird and looked at her with her eyes scrunched up, like she were wondering if she heard wrong.

"I said that I agree to what Kafka said, Abi."

Camila confirmed what she said in a composed manner, like what I was asking her to do didn't bother her at all, which made my mother's eyes go wide at the sudden revelation.

Camila then let out a little smile as a look of interest appeared in her light blue eyes, and she continued saying as she glanced at both of us,

"Unlike what you're saying on my behalf, Abi, I'm actually curious about how this never-before-heard breakfast is going to go and just what sort of reaction our guest is going to have when they see how the food is going to be presented to them."

"Whether it's my culinary desire to explore something in the food world that I haven't already experienced before or just my avid interest to see the look of shock on our guest's face when they see us in our most exposed state, all my interests point towards agreeing with what Kafka said and taking part in the breakfast he has planned, unlike what you said."

Camila concluded, and judging by the steady smile she had on her face, it looked like there was nothing my mother could say to change her mind.

This basically meant that the last barrier that was holding back my devious desires from touching her had been broken and she would have no choice but to listen to what I say.

This made my mother's face start to slowly steam when she thought of all the twisted things she was going to do in her kitchen, while the sun was still high up in the sky...

Chapter 414: Daddy!

"B-But Camila..." My mother decided to try her best to convince Camila to change sides, even if it was a desperate attempt. "...Don't you even feel a little scared at what Kafi has planned for us?"

"L-Like did you not hear all the lewd things he wants us to do that involve food, which I'm sure we'll remember every time we put a piece of bacon or sausage in our mouth because of how much this very breakfast will be instilled in our mind?"



My mother held onto Camila's hands and looked at her with wide eyes like she were trying her best to make her understand just how preposterous of a situation she was agreeing to.

"I will agree that I was a little abashed at first when I heard about all the different ways Kafka was going to use us to serve breakfast, especially when someone else is involved..." Camila nodded, which made my mother look at her with hope, thinking that she would change her mind.

But that all diminished when Camila put her hand on top of my mother's and continued saying with her lips curled up, "...But when I ignored how embarrassed I would be at the moment and thought of the bashful look you would have on your face, Abi, which I'm sure would be an absolute delight to look at, I decided to throw away any hesitation and knew that I had to push forward with my decision just to see your little trembling figure right beside me."

My mother gasped when she saw the keen intent in Camila's eyes as she stared at her at the moment, as it was the same gaze I had when I was in a mood to tease my mother, just to see how she would react.

It seems like after seeing my mother's flustered face and hearing her cute little voice asking to stop when she was eating out my mother's ass earlier, Camila developed an avid interest to see my mother all embarrassed and shaken up, which was truly a sight for sore eyes.

Like when poking a little puppy to see it desperately trying to fight back, even though it knew that it could do nothing with its tiny teeth that would only tickle if it tried to bite its master, Camila also developed a sadistic desire that was similar to mine and wanted to see my mother whimpering, which was basically music to both of our ears.

But no matter how embarrassing of a situation I put my mother in, the hidden side of her that craves for debauchery like the succubus she actually was, always managed to enjoy the thrill she goes through.

So at the end of the day, even though my mother may think that everyone was exploiting her inability to resist, she was the one who was benefiting from it the most. This was especially true since there had never been a time my mother hadn't been sleeping like a baby with a satisfied look on her face after the so-called traumatic scenarios I put her in that she always complained about.

"No means no, you two!" My mother let out a shout of protest, knowing that she had to hold her ground herself now that Camila had defected to my side. "No matter what both of you say or whatever method you may have to convince me, I won't back down on my decision no matter what!"

My mother put her guard against the both of us and looked like she would even bite me to protect herself if I were to get too close to her.

It even seemed like there really was no way of changing her mind with how adamant she looked at the moment. But all that changed when my mother heard what Camila had to say next.

"Is that so, Abi?...You won't change your mind, no matter what we say?"

Camila slowly uttered as she looked at my mother with an overbearing gaze like a snake looking at a little hamster, which made my poor little mother shiver.

The snake in the disguise of a beautiful human then let out a devious smile and dealt the final blow by saying,

"So, even if I were to say that I've developed quite a taste for the liquids you've secreted out of your butt earlier, and if you were to refuse both of us now, I might just accidentally wander into your room one night and start licking your cute little anus while you're sleeping just to have a taste of that sweet nectar I had earlier, you won't change your mind?"

My eyes went wide at Camila's bold threat, as even I wasn't expecting her to throw away the dignified act she was putting on by admitting to liking the taste of my mother's rear.

It seems like after having a taste of the forbidden fruit, which was my mother's flustered face, she couldn't resist anymore and decided to go all out to see my mother all embarrassed again.

"Hmmm!~ Hmm!~ Hmmm!~"

But as extreme as her method to persuade my mother was, it certainly had its effect, as almost immediately after hearing Camila's words, my mother started whimpering like a puppy that was begging its master to forgive her whatever sin it had committed.

She even went forward and started rubbing herself on Camila as she looked up at her with a pleading gaze, like she were telling her that she'd accept whatever she told her, as long as she didn't sneak in her room at night and accidentally fall in between her wide cheeks, like she said.

"There, there, now, little Abi~ I was simply joking about what I said~ There's no way I would actually do such a thing, especially since you've agreed to join us for breakfast~"

Camila hugged my mother and patted her back to soothe my mother, who looked so pityful at the moment, shamelessly playing both good cop and bad cop by herself.

Seeing as to how easily she was manipulating my mother to do her bidding and how quickly she handled such a risky situation that was indirectly tied with my life because of the request, I unofficially appointed her as the head lady of the household in my mind since I needed someone like her on my side who knew how to win the hearts of the people in the household on my side to maintain a peaceful and stable family in the future.

"Kafka, forgive me for asking since I'm already pretty sure you've already taken into mind about what I'm going to ask...But the guest that's coming over is a lady and is someone who we can trust, right?"

Camila suddenly asked me with a pensive look on her face after whispering some sweet words of comfort into my mother's ears to calm her down. She then continued saying, as she rubbed my mother's fluffy head,

"Both me and your mother would be in quite a vulnerable state if we were to follow through with what you have planned, so I hope that the guest is someone who won't take advantage of our moment of weakness."

What Camila was asking was totally understandable, as she was doing her duty as the lady of the household and trying to keep her family as safe as possible.

But before I could even say a word of assurance to Camila, I got a message from Evangeline up above, who was doing the same.

[The God of Gluttony, Morbiosa, wishes to tell you, Son of Lady Vanitas, that you can be reassured to know that the guest who will arrive at your doorstep in a matter of seconds is someone who's most definitely trustworthy and probably already a member of your family]

I already knew that other than my actual mother, who had it against me, the rest of the Gods were on my side and wouldn't give any unsavoury requests that would go against my very principles.

But now that the God of Gluttony, who was probably only bestowed that title because she was gluttonous enough to steal away all of the world's beauty all for herself, has been gracious enough to go out of her way to reassure me of the matter, I could go forth with the request with confidence.

[The God of Gluttony, Morbiosa, deeply appreciates your generous compliment that's making all the other Gods a little jealous that they haven't received one yet and wishes you the best in regards to your request]

"Of course, Camila. It's most definitely someone who we can all trust...Is there really any need to ask such an obvious question?"

I replied to Camila and smiled as I thought about how my mother was reacting to the sight of all the Gods up above favouring me, her son, whom she despises with all her heart.

"No, Kafka...There really is no need for me to ask such an unnecessary question."

Camila let out a sigh of relief and shook her head for asking such a stupid question to the man she had trusted her life with. She then looked back at me and then at the clock hanging on the wall and asked,

"Well, leaving that aside, when exactly is our guest coming?...Any longer than this, and we'll have to be serving them cold food instead of the hearty meal we planned."

Ding-Dong~

My doorbell decided to answer Camila's question on my behalf by announcing our guest's arrival.

"It seems like they've finally arrived." I said as I walked to the main door to greet them and continued saying to both the ladies wrapped in towels, "You two try to dry yourselves off as much as you can and be ready to receive our guests."

"...And also, Camila, make sure to watch my mother, as she's quite sneaky when it comes to such situations and might run off before you can blink."

I reminded Camila, which made my mother pout and cast a grumpy gaze my way, like she was asking how she was going to escape when such a dangerous threat was looming over her head.

"Now then, Abi, let's properly fix your hair before our guest arrives." Camila started to properly braid my mother's slightly messy hair and gestured at me to not keep our guest waiting any longer.

I chuckled at the sight of Camila taking care of my mother, who looked like an older sister helping her little sister, who didn't want to go to school, get ready before the school bus came and go forward to meet our surprise guest.

I didn't think too much about who my special guest was since I didn't want to ruin the surprise for myself.

But I still didn't expect that the first thing that I would hear when I opened the door and found Bella nervously waiting for me to be,

"Daddy!~"

Bella was caught off guard when I opened the door since she was busy checking her appearance on her phone and was surprised to see me be the one opening the door.

What was even more surprising was the fact that she shouted 'Daddy' in an excited manner at the first sight of me.

What was left after that initial shout of joy was me looking at her in disbelief at how the first thing that came to her mind when she saw me was her father and also Bella herself, who was covering her flushed face out of sheer embarrassment for blurting out that one phrase she had been trying her best to not call me for a while...

Chapter 415: It's All Your Fault!

"Really, Bella?...Really?" I looked at Bella, who was dying of shame in front of me with an exasperated look on my face, and asked as if she had gone crazy. "I know that you don't get along with your father, and for some reason you have a passionate hatred towards that man...But that still doesn't mean you can go around calling every man you see your father."

"What if they had their girlfriend or wife around them? Wouldn't that create a horrible misunderstanding?" I asked Bella, whose face was turning redder as I spoke and looked like she wanted to dig herself a grave. "Wouldn't their partner think that the man they had trusted enough to be in a relationship with actually had such a beautiful daughter who's old enough to get married herself?"

"S-Shut up, Daddy!...I-I mean, K-Kafka!"

Bella shouted in frustration for teasing her but ended up referring to me as her father once again, showing just how deeply rooted that word was in her mind. She then continued in a fluster,

"Don't act like I call everyone I see that word when you're the only one I ever call 'Daddy' and no one else!"

Bella informed me that she didn't throw around such a reference so loosely and that only I had such luck to be called by her like that to my dismay.

"You too, Bella!...Don't act like only calling me 'Daddy' is a good thing when I'm only in high school!" I shouted back at Bella, who was indirectly telling me that I should be proud that I got the privilege to be referred by her in such a way. "If the ladies in the neighbourhood heard you calling me in such a manner, I don't know what sorts of rumours they'll bring about my decent name."

Bella rolled her bright light blue eyes that she had inherited from her mother at the mention of me being a decent individual, already knowing that not only was I in a relationship with her mother but I also had an incestuous bond with my mother as well, which Camila somehow managed to reveal to her without freaking her out.

"But I don't even want to call you Daddy, Kafka!~ It's because of what you and my mother did that my mouth just naturally utters that word when I see you!~"

Bella whined and told me that it wasn't her fault that she was calling me her father and threw all the blame on me and Camila. She then continued to explain her case, saying,

"It's because of all the things you made me do that day and also because my mother, who forces me to refer to you as my father, that I have no choice but to do so!~"

Even though Bella seemed to be making excuses for her shameful behaviour, she was in fact saying the truth when she said that it was mine and Camila's fault.

To be more clear, the reason she was blaming me was because of the domineering way I was ordering her around on the day I met her, which instinctively made her look at me as some sort of father figure.

She had been mostly raised by her mother her whole life while her father rarely visited. Even if he did, he would simply spoil her without a care in the world and didn't act like a proper father at all, and more like a person who simply allowed her to do whatever she wanted to without any care about how it may affect the person she may grow up to be.

So, for the first time in her life, when she met a man who had an authoritarian aura about him and made it seem to her like she would be severely disciplined if she were to go against his words, she naturally started to look at that person, who was me, as her father figure who was supposed to guide her on the right path.

As for Camila's fault in this matter, it was much more straightforward.

She wanted her daughter to treat me as her father figure as well, after seeing how obedient her daughter became when she was near me. She thought that my presence in her life was essential for her to grow up to be a fine lady, unlike how spoiled she acted before.

That's why Camila insisted Bella refer to me as her father on several occasions when I was at their house, and she borderline forced her daughter to call me 'Daddy'. She even took it a step further by asking me to spank Bella whenever she didn't call me that word, which made both Bella and me look at Camila's hardcore methods in dismay.

But no matter how ruthless her ways to reform her daughter were, after letting her roam free for too long, it seems to have worked out in the end, seeing as to how Bella was struggling to call me anything else other than 'Daddy'.

I was fine with her calling me that way when we were 'playing' around that day. But when she referred to me as her dear father all the time and in real-life situations, it honestly felt a bit strange and made it seem like I had the responsibility of raising the girl before me who looked just as pretty as her mother.

"Fine, Bella...You can call me whatever you want since it technically is both me and your mother's fault for warping your mind in such a way."

I sighed and gave in to the circumstances presented to me, which made Bella let out a victorious smile like she had just won the battle for making me admit my fault.

"But please try not to call me that in front of strangers or the neighbours, as I have no idea how to explain how I have a 22 year old daughter when I'm only 18 myself."

"That's your problem, not mine!~"

Bella said with a cheeky smile on her face, like she were telling me that she would call me her father in front of others just to see me all flustered, showing that even though she may get easily embarrassed and was quite childish in nature, she still had her mother's blood flowing through her.

"It also seems like you've decided to listen to your father's words and have changed your hairstyle to show more of your elegant forehead."

I also started to refer to myself as her father and stared at her fringe that she had now parted to show more of her wide forehead, like I had done for her when I first met her.

"Hmph! It's not like I listened to your words of advice or anything, Daddy, nor am I copying the way you styled my hair that day!"

Bella harumphed and immediately played her role as a spoilt daughter who always revolted against her father in front of me. She then glanced up at me timidly, adjusted her raven black hair, and hesitantly asked,

"And it's not like I care for your opinion or anything. But just for the sake of asking, what do you think of it...T-The way I parted my hair...Do you think that it shows off my forehead a little too much, o-or do you think it looks fine?"

Bella looked up at me, waiting to hear my answer with an expectant look on her face, hoping that I wouldn't make fun of her for showing off her wide forehead that she got from her mother, since she was still a little bit insecure about it.

"It's perfect, Bella." I replied with a gentle smile, making Bella's eyes shimmer with joy. "You already looked breathtaking before...But not that you've changed your style a bit to add to your glamour, you simply look stunning."



"...So much so that it's making it really hard for me to resist kissing your cute little forehead that you've revealed to the whole world."

I said to Bella, whose cheeks were flushed, and gave the top of her head a little poke while she gazed at me in a demure manner.

"O-Oh, is that so?" Bella started fixing her hair and pushed aside her bangs to hide the embarrassment of being complimented by her so-called father. She then looked up at me and shyly asked, "T-Then what's stopping you from kissing me, if that's what you really want to do, Daddy?"

"Oh, it's just that I want to respect your boundaries, really." I said like a responsible father who was trying to be considerate for his daughter.

I then continued saying as I ruffled Bella's silky hair in a playful and affectionate manner, "My daughter isn't the child she was once in the past...She's grown up from being the adorable toddler she was to such a gorgeous young lady who's about to graduate university soon and probably get a job later on."

"...So, I just thought that now that you're practically an adult who's going to enter the free world soon, you wouldn't want your stinky old man here to embarrass you by giving you some of his love."

I chuckled with a wry smile on my face, like I missed the times I could hug and kiss my daughter whenever I wanted to, like any father who had a post-teen daughter would feel.

I thought that getting into the role of a father who had a rebellious daughter would be quite strange since I haven't really done that other than when it came to matters in the bed.

But surprisingly it was quite easy, and it felt natural for me to act this way, probably because of how I acted like the parent figure to several children at my old orphanage and how those parental instincts got instilled inside of me.

"W-Well, that is true, and I wouldn't want you to get all lovey-dovey with me all the time, since it's embarrassing for someone my age to be seen so close to their father." Bella folded her hands and nodded her head like she completely agreed with what I said and appreciated how I was trying to be considerate for her.

"B-But at the same time I would be depriving you of any joy if I were to tell you to keep your hands of your beloved daughter at all times; I'm also in quite a good mood today..."

"...because you called me pretty, Daddy..."

Bella whispered, thinking that I wouldn't be able to hear anything that was adorable to look at.

"...s-so, I think it would be fine if I were to allow you to give me one kiss for the sake of you not feeling bad, thinking that your daughter isn't showing you any affection at all." Bella took a step forward towards me and looked up at me with a shy gaze in her trembling eyes, like she were waiting for something to happen.

I had seen the same longing gaze from her mother just a while ago, so I knew what Bella wanted from at the moment.

Kiss~

To fulfil her desire, I wrapped my hand around her waist to her pleasant surprise, gently pulled her into my chest, and gave her a kiss on her wide forehead, which made that entire porcelain-like spot turn a bright red.

It also made Bella hug back her loving father and snuggle into my chest while having a satisfied look on her face, making it seem like we had the ideal father-daughter relationship that every father out there could only dream of achieving...

Chapter 416: We're Family

"Now that I look at it, it seems like you're also wearing a different shade of lipstick too, Bella, which makes your pink lips stand out." I said as I played with Bella's lower lips under her flustered gaze while firmly holding onto her lithe waist.

I then sighed like it were a pity and continued saying, "But sadly, as much as your father here wants to give these plump little lips of yours a kiss because of how alluring they look, I can't do that because of our relationship."

"...I mean, just what kind of father out there kisses his daughter on her lips? Isn't that outrageous to think of?"

I looked down and asked Bella, who's eyes immediately lit up in excitement at the mention of a kiss on her lips.

"Is it really like that, Daddy?...It it really that strange for a father to kiss his daughter on her lips?" Bella argued back in a soft voice, like she were trying her best to change my mind without being so direct about it.

She then looked up at me with her shimmering eyes and said, "I-I mean, sometimes a father's love for his daughter goes beyond normal means, and i-it's only normal that he would want to give her some 'extra' love."

"...And how can you hesitate about a little kiss when you've already seen my b-breasts out in the open and have even s-sucked on them with your mouth?"

Bella questioned me as her ears slowly started to turn pink, remembering the day I took turns to suck on both Bella's and her mother's breasts.

"Oh, yeah...I did have a taste of my daughter's breasts, didn't I?" I grinned as I felt Bella's well-endowed breasts that still hadn't reached their full potential push against my chest and cover me in their warmth. I then continued saying, "So, after feeling the softness of your fatty flesh in my mouth, why should I worry about a kiss on the lips?"

I chuckled like I were finally realising my own folly, and before Bella could say anything else back, I covered her lips with mine and gave her the kiss she went as far as to argue with me for.

"Ahh!~ Mmmm!~ Smack!~ Smooch!~ Hmmm!~"

Bella didn't expect to receive a kiss on her lips so suddenly, and she first resisted a bit when she felt my tongue enter her fragrant mouth.

But once she felt the way my tongue was coiling around hers like two water snakes entangled with one another and the comforting warmth she felt all over her body that came along with the kiss, she let herself go in my arms and closed her eyes to let me do what I wanted to.

"Mmm!~ Mmm!~ Kiss!~ Oh, yes!~ Mmm!~ Slurp!~"

"Kiss!~ Kiss!~ Mwah! Yes, Daddy!~ Kiss!~ Nibble!~"

Bella seemed to be really enjoying the intimate kiss we were having, seeing as to how she was whimpering and calling out her father, whilst both of our wet tongues collided and we exchanged fluids, mostly me taking in her sweet saliva.

That was proven to be even more true, looking at the reluctant gaze in her limpid eyes after I pulled my lips away, almost as if she wanted the kiss to last till the ends of time.

"Looking at the longing gaze in your eyes makes me want to devour your body even more, Bella...Especially these budding breasts of yours that seemed to have finally ripened and given two plump fruits." I said as I pulled Bella into my embrace even closer and slid one of my hands up her body to cup her breasts that could barely fit in my hand. "I just want to kiss them all over and eat you up~"

"No, Daddy!~ You can't do that!~"

Bella got frightened when she felt her buds get groped and quickly pushed herself away from me. She then seemed to have realised that the way she just acted towards me may lead to me thinking that she hated me, so she also timidly added in saying,

"I-I mean, you can't do such things for now...I-I'm still not ready..."

It seemed like even though Bella was fine with wholesome interactions like hugging and kissing, which all seemed quite sweet and harmless in her head, she still wasn't ready for anything that was actually intimate.

She was very similar to her mother in that regard, as even though Camila let me indulge in her body in more than one way, she was still hesitant to let me take the last step, as that sentiment of being a married woman for so many years was hindering her from moving on.

But that didn't put me down any bit, as both mother and daughter just needed some wearing down on my part, and eventually I'll be able to see the sight of them naked side by side with my jizz flowing out of their holes at the same time.

"Fine, Bella...Even though your father here is devastated that you pushed me away, I won't try to get too close to you if that's what you really want."

I sighed and held my head in an exaggerated manner like a father who was mourning that his daughter wasn't giving him any of her time.

Bella harumphed at the act I was putting in and seemed to be thinking I was doing too much, when she was already gracious enough to allow me to kiss her.

"So, Bella...Why did you decide to pay me a visit so early, when you normally sleep late into the day?" I mentioned Bella's bad sleeping schedules. "Do you really miss me that much and woke up early just to see my handsome face?"

"Don't kid yourself, Daddy." Bella rolled her eyes at my reasoning and handed the notebook she had been holding onto for a while. "I woke up early to finish up my final project, and now that I've already submitted it for review, I'm here to return the written notes you've given me."

Written notes?...Oh, she's talking about what I had scribbled down when I was helping her out with her final year project.

Bella was in her last semester at university and was working on her final year project. But because of the incident that took place in her college where several of her friends betrayed her for that douchebag, who's probably decomposing under some rock in the mountains nearby, the group she was in for the project ended up breaking up.

That's why Camila insisted that I help her out with her project, saying that I was quite capable, while Bella argued that there was no way a high school brat could have the brains to comprehend what she was doing.

But to betray her expectations and to her utter shock, I managed to guide Bella so well that she had already finished the project that was supposed to take more than half a year to conclude in a single week.

The notes she was returning now were also quite important in Bella's eyes, as they held valuable information that could even let her achieve a doctorate on the topic she was working on.

But she wasn't greedy, even though I was fine with her being a little self-indulgent and having the same sense of pride as her mother, making her give back what technically belonged to me after she was down using it for her basic needs.

"T-Thank you, Kafka." Bella suddenly thanked me while looking up at me with a hesitant gaze. "To be honest, I actually looked down on you when my mother said that you could probably help me out with my work and was looking forward to seeing you fail."

"...But now I understand that without your assistance I probably wouldn't have been able to finish my project on time, so I really appreciate you taking your time out of your summer vacation to come over to help me out."

Bella sincerely said her honest thoughts, which looked rather adorable in my eyes, seeing as to how she normally always spoke the opposite of what she had in mind.

"Come on, Bella, we're family~ Do we really have to say thanks to another for everything we do, with how close we are?~" I said in a cheerful manner and rubbed the top of Bella's head, which made her lips silently curl up even though she was trying her best to hide her feelings.

"Not to mention that Camila has even asked my mother to officially join my family and has successfully accomplished her goal."

"So, do we really have to act so polite when we'll soon be sharing the same surname?"

"Oh, so my mother has finally asked to join your family...I thought she would never do so with how much she was mulling over it, thinking that your mother would reject us."

Bella muttered to herself and seemed to be a little surprised about what had happened, even though Camila seemed to have already informed her of her plans. She then thought of something and blushed like she found it embarrassing and continued saying in a low voice,

"So, my name is going to be Bella Vanitas from now on...It has a really nice ring to it."

"Yes, it does~ Only the most beautiful name for a beautiful girl like you, Bella~"

I said as I pulled on her cheek, which made her glare at me for treating her like a child, even though she actually liked it. I then added, saying,

"Me, your mother, and your Auntie Abigaille are also having a special breakfast to commemorate the joining of you two into our family, and it would be great if you could join us."

"...That is unless you have some other plans today, seeing as to how dolled up you look, almost as if you're ready to go out."

I said, looking at how Bella was dressed so fine that it looked like she was going on a date with someone.

"What?! No, no, no, no! I'm completely free right now and I'm not going anywhere at all!"

Bella quickly shouted out in a panic so that I didn't misunderstand, since she actually eagerly wanted to spend time with me and didn't want to let go of the opportunity that fell right onto her lap. This was also the main reason she used returning my notes as an excuse to come over to my house.

The reason she dressed up all fancy was also because she wanted to show off the new dress she bought with her mother to me, which she didn't dare tell out loud because of how bad she was with expressing her true feelings, whether it was towards me or her mother.

"I see...If that's the case, then you really are the guest that I had been waiting for."

I said, as a mysterious smile appeared on my face, which made Bella shudder for some reason that even she couldn't understand. I then opened the door wide and gestured for her to enter while staring at her with an excited look on my face and said,

"Please come in, Bella...The special breakfast that I had prepared, which is going to be presented by your mother and Auntie Abigaille, is waiting for you."

Bella didn't know exactly why she felt like she was being lured into an inescapable trap when she was just going to join an innocent morning meal.

But as soon as she took her first step inside the house and heard the door shut behind her, she just had a feeling that the breakfast she was going to indulge in today was something that she was never going to be able to forget in her entire life for better or worse...

#### Chapter 417: Unexpected Guest

"Bella, I'm going to warn you now itself since I can't have you backing out at the last minute...But the breakfast I've prepared isn't exactly normal and might even make you question what your life has come to." I warned Bella as both of us walked side by side to the kitchen to mentally prepare her for what she was about to face.

"So, if you're not in the mood for any surprises and just want some waffles and syrup for breakfast, you can go back home and I'll send some your way later."

"Is this your way of sending me away so that you can spend more time with mom, Daddy?"

Bella looked at me suspiciously as she totally misinterpreted the situation, thinking that I was trying to send her away so that I could enjoy some alone time with her mother. She then looked away and continued saying,

"To be honest, I was a bit wary when you said that you had prepared a 'special' breakfast for me, since your 'normal' isn't really the same 'normal' as everyone else's, so one could only think of how strange and bizarre something you're calling 'special' is going to be."

Bella concluded, knowing just how much of a peculiar and dangerous individual I was, especially after witnessing me shove down a centipede into a man's mouth and making it go down his throat, which even my mother or Camila weren't aware of.

"But the way you're trying to push me away now, Daddy, and also knowing the fact that my mother got up early today to visit your house, makes me think that you, my mother, and Auntie Abigaille are having some sort of occasion or party without me." Bella said like all three of us were on a breakfast date, and she wasn't really happy that she wasn't invited from the start like her mother was.

"T-That's why I'm taking it as my duty to crash this little get-together you have going on, as it simply isn't fair that I'm being left out w-when we're all supposed to be one big f-family from now on."



Bella pouted at me for trying to push her away when a family was supposed to do everything together. She also started blushing at admitting to how we were all the same family from now, which she really didn't seem to mind at all and readily accepted like it was the ideal outcome.

"Oh come one, Bella~ Do you really think that I'm going to leave you out when your as cute as you are and an absolute pleasure to simply gaze at?~"

I patted her back and asked how I could possibly leave a girl as wonderful as her out, which made her ears turn red and let out a little smile for being called cute. I then continued saying as I put my hand around her shoulder and pulled her in towards me,

"As your father, whose title came with forming a relationship with your mother, I was simply trying to protect you from the debauchery of this sinful breakfast I've prepared...But seeing as to how eager you are to experience it for yourself, I guess there's nothing I can do to hold my baby girl back."

"...I just hope that you don't regret it after witnessing what lies before you."

I said, as both of us were just about to enter the kitchen around the corner, and once again warned her of what she was dragging herself into.

But Bella seemed to have the same confidence and arrogance as her mother, which made her let out a harumph at the situation that lies before her and say with a haughty look on her face,

"Hmph! Stop trying to scare me, Daddy!...No matter what you say, I'm still going to indulge in your breakfast, especially knowing just how good of a chef you are!

"...I mean, just how terrifying of an experience can a simple breakfast be-"

Bella didn't even get to finish what she was saying, since she was more busy being shocked at the sight she was witnessing right as she entered the kitchen with her pretty blue eyes going wide and her lips being parted.

She was acting all high and mighty earlier, almost as if there was nothing that could deter her from joining me.

But after looking at the sight that she never would've expected right before her, which made her gasp in utter shock, she wanted to immediately turn tail and run away, knowing that she led herself to a situation that she was trying to avoid at all costs and also because she didn't want to see her respected mother and beloved Auntie Abigaille in such a crude manner.

"Welcome to the Vanitas household, dear guest~ Both me and Abigaille here have been eagerly waiting for your arrival~"

Camila brightly uttered with a welcoming smile on her face while bowing down alongside my mother, who had a reluctant look in her eyes like both of them were maids greeting their master's guest. She then continued saying while still maintaining her posture and not daring to look up at both of us,

"The breakfast we have prepared for you requires us to strip very soon, so I hope that you don't mind our crass appearance."

The unsightly appearance Camila was talking about was the fact that both of them hadn't changed their clothes at all, just like I had told them to, and were still only wearing a single towel to cover their naked bodies.

Adding onto the fact that both my mother and Camila were currently bending down to greet us; with their moist plump breasts that looked like they were about to slip out of their flimsy towel and their fat wet rears that were mostly exposed after the towel had been pulled up from bending over, it was truly a sensational sight that made me want to carry the sexy maids that had suddenly appeared in my house straight to bed.

Camila seemed to have planned this erotic introduction to elevate this breakfast experience to a whole other level, while my mother seemed to have been dragged along by her and was forced to bow down before her guest in a humiliating manner, looking at the reluctant and flushed look she had on her face as she showed me her respect.

But even though I wasn't complaining at all about this improvisation and was actually applauding Camila in my head for being such a good wing man, Bella wasn't too keen on seeing the same mother she respected and idolised bowing down before her while being half naked.

Her mother was someone who she looked up to her whole life, no matter how difficult and strained their relationship became. She even dreamed of being as elegant and graceful as her mother one day.

But after looking at her mother in such a degrading way, almost as if she were a lowly servant of another household who would do anything for the sake of her master, she didn't know what to think of her respected mother and was left staring at Camila in disbelief.

While my mother had already sneaked a glance at who our guest was and was currently covering her mouth in shock since she couldn't believe that it was Camila's daughter who actually got to see her own mother in such a disgraceful position.

Camila herself still had no clue who the guest was since she was still bowing down respectfully, and she started to wonder why no one was replying to her greeting at the moment.

Unable to handle the unbearable silence that filled the kitchen any longer and also feeling that something had gone horribly wrong, Camila slowly looked up to see the face of the guest she was welcoming.

"Bella, you!..." Camila gasped when she saw her own daughter staring down at her with a look of absurdity written all over her face, almost as if her daughter was the last person she was expecting to see before. "...J-Just what are you doing here?"

"Don't you normally sleep until late into the day after staying awake the whole night and don't even wake up even if were to pout a bucket of water over your head?...S-So, just why in the world did you wake up so early and come over to this house, and why of all days did you decide to feel like doing so today?"

Camila said in a petrified manner as she stared at her daughter's face that had gone pale after witnessing her mother in such a position, horrified at the thought of her daughter currently looking down upon her for the disgraceful scene she had just shown her.

She had never expected her daughter to be the guest she was expecting, as Bella normally avoided mornings like the plague, and it was hard as climbing the tallest peak when it came to waking her daughter up for breakfast.

She would've been fine with anyone else visiting us today, as she was confident that she could do her duties without blinking an eye, no matter how vulgar and dirty they may be.

But the same couldn't be said when the guest was her own daughter related to her by blood, who she didn't dare show such a disgraceful side of her, not wanting to ruin the bit of respect her daughter had for her.

Camila was actually totally fine with spending time in bed with both me and her daughter, as she already made up in her mind that she would share her partner with her daughter and didn't mind anything that came with it. But that bold mindset was only for common acts of love like sharing kisses or sharing a penis in bed.

There was no way in hell she could jump straight into the vulgar acts she was about to perform with actual food, knowing that her daughter would never be able to see her the same way after.

Their relationship would never be the same if her daughter were to witness the dirty acts she was about to commit, and she even thought of pulling the plug on this whole matter to save her image.

But my mother on the other hand saw the fear in Camila's eyes when she saw her daughter standing before her and thought that the perfect opportunity to get back at Camila for what she had done to her had come.

The sneaky side of her came out, and a sly smile formed on her usually bubbly face as she silently giggled to herself about how she was going to show her older sister that even though she may be a little chubby hamster, she was still a hamster with sharp teeth and could bite back if her buttons were truly pressed...

#### Chapter 418: Reverse Betrayal

"W-Well, I had some work today, so I got up early, mom. I also wanted to return something to Kafka-...I-I mean Daddy, so I came over."

Bella said in a daze as she stared at her mother, who was revealing so much of her body, and quickly corrected the way she referred me so that her mother didn't spank her.

Bella then glanced at my mother, who for some reason had a welcoming smile on her face when she was so nervous earlier, and then at Camila, who was frantically thinking of what excuse she should give and hesitantly asked,

"Rather than asking me why I came over, shouldn't I first ask you what exactly you are doing right now? I mean to be greeting me like you're welcoming a customer into a restaurant while being dressed in a way where your breasts are about to spill out."

"...That surely gives me the right to ask my mother some questions regarding why exactly she's half naked in our neighbour's household, right?"

Bella asked while still not understanding what exactly was going on and why her mother agreed to such ridiculous plays.

"I-It's not what you think, Bella." Camila quickly replied, and being the sly fox she was, she managed to find an excuse for an actions in a matter of seconds.

She then explained, as a drop of sweat rolled down her neck, "It's just that your Aunt Abigaille and me watched a show where they showcased a cafe that has maids in place of servers and always greeted their customers in the same manner you just saw...So out of curiosity and wanting to see both of your reactions, we decided to enact what we saw."

"...Isn't that right, Abi? Isn't that what we were doing now, and don't you think we should stop with this little play of ours, now that we've seen both our children's reactions?"

Camila urged my mother to help her out and support her statement in a desperate manner. She also indirectly informed her of calling off and cancelling the breakfast that I had planned.

She thought that my mother would agree to her request, knowing just how against the idea she already was.

But to Camila's utter shock, my mother simply gave her a teasing smile and looked at her with a glint in her eyes like she were telling that it was now her turn to get back at her and said to Camila with a giggle,

"What are you talking about, Camila? When did we watch such a show and decide to reenact such a scene?"

"Didn't you say that you wanted to surprise our guest by greeting them in such a crude manner and see just how they would react when they see us in such an exposed state, thinking that it would be funny to look at?...Why are you suddenly changing your reason now, especially when you yourself told the reason your only in a bath towel right now is because you can strip for what's coming later on?"

My mother inquisitively asked Camila, who was in disbelief that her innocent little sister was throwing her under the bus with a smile on her face.

"...Or is it that you decided to change your mind about the breakfast we were going to have after unexpectedly seeing your daughter as the guest and not anyone else like you thought?"

My mother slyly asked Camila with a satisfied look in her eyes, which pushed Camila further into an inescapable corner.

"What exactly is going on here, mom? Why do you have such a look on your face?"

Bella asked her mother since she had never seen her look so lost for words. And seeing as to how Camila wasn't answering her, she looked at her Auntie Abigaille, whom she adored, and asked her,

"Can you atleast tell me what's going on here, Auntie Abigaille? Daddy-...I mean, your son had brought me here, saying that he had prepared a special breakfast for me. But he never told me that both you and my mother would be standing half naked in front of me when I entered the kitchen."

"...Can you at least explain to me what led to this ridiculous situation and what exactly is this special breakfast that needs both of you to strip like my mother said?"

Bella looked just as confused as her mother as to how she was pulled into such a bizarre situation and asked my mother to help her out.

"Of course, dear!~ Auntie here will explain everything to you!~" My mother sprinted forward and held onto Bella's hands in a warm and welcoming manner, like she were her mother herself. "But before that, tell me how your project is going.

I heard that you were skipping your sleep to work on your project from your mother, which I hope you're still not continuing since a young girl like you needs her beauty sleep or else it's bad for your skin."

"Y-Yes, Auntie...Your son here has been coming over to my house for a while now and has more or else helped me finish my work, so there's really no need for me to stay up at night from now on."

Bella quickly answered my mother, while slightly blushing at the caring manner in which my mother was treating her.

It wasn't like Bella was a shy girl who got embarrassed whenever anyone approached her like she was now. But because my mother's overwhelming positive and bubbly aura was too much for her, she ended up acting a little bit passive in her presence.

But that didn't mean that she disliked my mother or anything and rather adored her, since she saw her Auntie Abigail as her second mother in her eyes with how well my mother treated her whenever they met, and she deeply loved the warmth she felt when she was next to my mother.

She was also overwhelmed at my mother's exposed, voluptuous body that looked so erotic in her eyes that it even made a girl like her unable to meet the eyes of the lady in front of her, who looked like the Goddess of temptation when she was only wearing a towel.

"Oh, that's good...I'm glad my Kafi was able to help you in some sort of way." My mother sighed in relief. She then seemed to have remembered something that Bella uttered and asked her in confusion, "Bella, I think I heard you call my son 'Daddy' for some reason. Is that simply a misunderstanding on my part, or did you really-"

"It's misunderstanding, Auntie! It's totally something you misheard!" Bella quickly interrupted my mother while waving her hands in a frantic manner. She shrugged her shoulders and continued saying, "I mean, to think that I would call your own son such a ridiculous term...Isn't that simply absurd?"

"Yes, I guess so...I probably misheard what you said."

My mother readily accepted it as a misunderstanding on her part, which made Bella calm down her racing heart.

Bella was fine with referring to me as her father in front of me or any other random stranger, since her prideful self never cared about what others thought of her. But to call me 'Daddy' in front of my actual mother and also her potential mother-in-law was something she didn't dare to do.

But this went against what her mother taught her to do, which was the very reason Camila was staring at her with a cold gaze, like she were telling that she would deal with her when they went back home, making Bella let out a shiver and regret dragging herself into such a difficult situation when she could've jumped back into her and continued her slumber...

## Chapter 419: Chocolate Milk

"So...Just what exactly is going on here?"

Bella asked my mother, while Camila silently pleaded to her from the side to keep quiet and not spill the beans.

My mother was about to tell her everything I had told her and reveal the whole breakfast I had planned out. But I couldn't allow her to ruin the surprise I had for Bella, so I quickly intervened.

"You don't need to explain anything, mom, since Bella already agreed to anything that was coming at her before entering the kitchen." I patted my mother's shoulder and told her to stop, reminding Bella of what she told earlier, which made a look of regret appear on her face.

"Rather than explaining to her about the breakfast we've prepared on the occasion of both Camila and Bella joining our family, why don't we simply show her and let her experience this once in a lifetime experience?"

"...Don't you also agree with me, Camila?"

I looked at Camila, who looked all flustered at what she had done to herself, and I indirectly told her that no matter what she does to stop it, the show will go on.

Camila looked really reluctant about this, as she didn't want her daughter to see her do the shameful acts that I had in store for her. But she knew that once I had made my mind, there was nothing that could stop me from making it happen.

Not to mention that her only ally in this household had already turned to my side and was avidly waiting for breakfast to start, not even caring that she wouldn't go through the same humiliation as Camila, just for the sake of getting back at her.

"Now then, since our guest is already here and we have everything prepared, why don't we start this celebratory breakfast of ours?" I said as I picked up two flasks from the counter that were filled with some warm liquid and continued saying, "But before going straight to the food I've prepared, I think we should first give Bella something to drink to refresh her throat."



"Oh yeah...I do feel a bit parched." Bella said and tried to take the flasks away from me so that she could have a drink herself.

"No, Bella." I pulled the flasks away from Bella to her surprise and said, "Like I said earlier, everything will be served to you by my mother and Camila, even the warm beverage I've prepared for you."

"So, all you have to do is choose what drink you want and let both our mothers service you."

I said as I glanced at both of the ladies standing in their bath towels, especially at Camila, who had lost her cool and was blushing profusely, knowing exactly what I meant by 'serving' her daughter a beverage.

"Oh, then what do you have, Kafka?" Bella curiously asked as she leaned forward to see what options she had. "I'm guessing it's not some fruit juice seeing as to how you stored them in a flask."

"No, Bella. It's still quite early in the morning, and I wanted to make you something hot to warm up your body, so I made some drinks with milk."

I said as I opened both the flasks and let the sweet smell from inside waft out, as well as the steam from the hot drink. I then showed her both of her options and continued saying,

"On one hand, I have some simple warmed-up milk where I've added sugar, cardamom, and cinnamon to enhance the flavour of the fresh milk that I got from one of the dispensers in the town...On the other hand, I have something else that I thought would suit your taste better, which is chocolate milk that I've made from blending milk chocolate, hazelnut powder, and a little essence of cocoa nuts."

"Hmm...Why do you think that the chocolate milk suits my taste better? Do you think that I'm a childish brat, Kafka?"

Bella narrowed her eyes and looked down on me for treating her like a child when I was actually the youngest one in the room. She then added in a rather haughty manner,

"I'll also have you know that I've been drinking my coffee without any milk or sugar whatsoever, so it's kind of insulting to have you think that I would prefer chocolate milk over plain milk."

Bella pushed her chest up high and boasted about drinking coffee like it was something really praiseworthy and mature, which made my mother chuckle from the side and made Camila shake her head at how childish her daughter actually was.

"I see...It's just that I heard from Camila that other than the time you've been breastfed by your mother, you refused to drink plain milk and would only drink it if some kind of chocolate powder was added to it."

I said, holding back the smile that was leaking out, while my mother, on the other hand, kept on silently giggling away at how cute her new daughter was.

Bella immediately blushed when she heard me expose her truth and turned to look at her mother, the one who revealed her shameful past.

But Camila didn't mind her at all and simply stared back at her with a calm gaze, like she was saying, 'I'll whatever I want to. What are you going to do about it, my dear daughter?', which made Bella pout in frustration.

"That's something that happened a long time ago, Daddy! I've changed since then! I'm a big girl now!"

Bella exclaimed in a wronged manner and unconsciously referred to me as her father once again, which made my mother raise her brow and have a look of intrigue on her face, wondering if both of us were indulging in some father-daughter play.

"Is that so, Bella? Then does that mean, you prefer the plain milk over the chocolate one?" I said as I put one of the flasks back onto the counter.

"Y-Yes...I do." Bella agreed with me even though she seemed really reluctant about parting ways with the chocolate and couldn't take her eyes off the beverage, which smelt so good.

"Plain milk...Then like we've planned before, you're going to be the one that's going to serve Bella, mom." I said as I handed the flask to my mother, which made Camila let out a massive sigh of relief since she would've been the one 'serving' her if the chocolate milk had been chosen.

I then looked at my mother, who was holding up her towel in one hand and the flask in the other, and added, "You do know what to do, right, or is it that I have to remind you once again?"

"Y-Yes, Kafi...Mommy remembers what you told me earlier."

My mother uttered after a moment of hesitation.

She first felt embarrassed when the actual moment came before her and thought of backing off like she wished in the start. But when she thought of how much Camila had teased her in the bathroom and kitchen, she knew she had to get back at her and win back her dignity as Camila's mother-in-law, so she steeled her resolve and prepared to tease back her older sister.

Camila thought that my mother was simply putting up a front to scare her and wouldn't actually go through with what I had planned because of how reluctant she was to perform the shameful acts that I had planned.

But to her surprise, my mother simply gave her a glance with a slight smile on her ravishing face, like she were asking if Camila was ready for what was to come, and then right before all three of our expectant gazes, she let go of the wet towel in her hand and exposed her bare body to everyone in the kitchen...

#### Chapter 420: Why Don't You Call Me Mommy?

The white towel fell down, and my mother's naked brown body was shown to everyone in the kitchen.

Me and Camila had already seen her naked at least once in our lives, so both of us had some resistance to the allure of my mother's curvy figure, even though Camila was still fascinated by the sight she was seeing like it was God's personal creation.

But Bella, on the other hand, was seeing my mother's voluptuous body for the first time and looked like she was going to faint with all the blood that was rushing to her head after seeing what the true meaning of having a plump and sexy body was.

Massive breasts that looked like there were two whole cooked briskets hanging from her chest and little purple nipples to top it off. A booty so fat that it made her wonder how she could walk around while carrying all that meat behind her. A waist so slim that it made no sense with regard to the rest of her curvy body and plump thighs that jiggled where ever she walked.

Not to mention her pussy that looked like a purple flower that was opened up to reveal its fleshy insides and the little brownish bush on top that was neatly trimmed.

It was no wonder that Bella, who was usually so confident about herself and her own appearance, was currently feeling insecure about her own figure, and she started to wonder if there was ever a day where she could match up to the assets my mother had.

Bella was mesmerised by my mother's entire figure, but since her bulging breasts were the part that were sticking out the most, she ended up staring at her chest in a daze, which led her to say something rather surprising.

"Mommy..."

Bella uttered, not to her, an actual mother on the side, but to the big-breasted lady in front of her.

Camila was thrown off by this comment, as she had never even heard her call her that in the years that she had raised her, and she was in disbelief that she wasn't the first person her daughter would call such a term.

My mother, on the other hand, forgot all the embarrassment she was feeling from being stared down while being naked and was elated that she got to hear someone call her 'Mommy', which was something she desired me to call her for a long time.

"Oh my, Bella~ To be called Mommy by you, what an honour~" My mother went forward and held onto Bella's hands in a warm manner, while Bella continued to stare at her breasts that were swinging around.

She then insisted, saying, "Even though I may not be the mother who birthed you, you can feel free to call me 'Mommy' whenever you want, Bella, as it gives me the greatest joy to see that such an adorable little girl thinks of me as her mother~"

"N-No, I'm sorry, Auntie...I didn't mean to call you that at all." Bella apologised in a fluster after realising her mistake. She then honestly continued explaining as she stared at my mother's breasts, "It's just that when I saw how big your breasts were, almost as if they had a gallon of milk stored inside, I just unconsciously called you that word."

I nodded my head as I totally understood why Bella reacted that way.

Breasts that were overflowing with milk were one of the key characteristics that one would think of in a mother of a newborn child. So when Bella saw my mother's jugs that were the epitome of motherhood, it made her go back to the time she was breastfed by her own mother and made her end up referring to her that way.

"Oh no, you don't need to apologise, dear." My mother said with a bright smile on her face, rejoicing at how she had gained a new daughter today. She then looked at me and said, "Kafi here doesn't call me 'Mommy' no matter how many times I insist him to do so, since he gets all embarrassed about such matters.

So to hear that word come from someone else close to me fills my heart with joy and satisfaction."

"...I also always thought of my overly large breasts as a hindrance. But if it has an effect on making a cute girl like you call me 'Mommy', then I don't think I mind these useless mounds of flesh after all."

My mother joked as she jiggled her breasts around with her hands, which made Bella pray to the Gods up above to bless her with even half of what my mother possessed in the future.

"Bella, your actual mother here also has rather large breasts, as you can see."

Camila suddenly said in a chilly tone, almost as if she didn't like the way the conversation was going, and all of a sudden she let go of her towel as well, which revealed her naked body. She then continued saying, as she eyed her daughter with a slightly scary look on her face,

"So why is it that you call Abi, Mommy, and never in your life have you once called me that same word?...Tell me, my sweet daughter, Bella, why is that?"

Two snow white bunnies that looked like they had spent all winter eating with how fat they were and nipples that were as pink as her tender pussy. A pair of pale mounds behind her that had a hint of blush on them and were just as big as my mother's. And finally, a gorgeous face that belonged to that of an ice queen who ruled the arctic landscape.

Camila also decided to get naked as well since she couldn't handle her overwhelming jealousy at how her daughter was treating her little sister, like she was more of her mother than herself, and

wanted to know why only my mother got such a privilege when she too had a figure that wasn't too far from my mother's.

This meant that there were currently two ladies whose beauty and allure could bring down kingdoms: one having coffee-coloured skin like she was the princess of the sandy deserts, while the other looked like a pale queen that had never even felt the touch of sunlight on her skin.

Not to mention that both of them were fully naked, not even having a sliver of clothing on them, and were completely exposed to the extent that anyone could see their slightly wet pussies and their hard nipples if they were to enter the kitchen at the moment.

All I could say was, Glory to the one who created women, as there truly wouldn't be a reason to live in this cruel world without them.

"My, my, Camila...There's no need for you to get so angry just because Bella called me 'Mommy' and not you." My mother said with a teasing smile on her face as she pulled the slightly frightened Bella into her embrace, which basically meant that she was stuffing Bella's face into her breasts.

She then gently patted Bella's head and continued saying in a soothing voice, "I mean, just look at the poor thing...She looks petrified with the way you're staring at her like you're going to eat her up when you get back home."

Bella's face couldn't even be seen to know if she was truly scared or not, as it was buried in the sea of fat, which were my mother's honkers. And judging by how Bella's body became all loose once it entered the deep ravine, it seemed like Bella was in quite the comfortable position.

"But Abi..." Camila said while biting her lips, unable to witness the sight of her own daughter getting seduced by someone else so blatantly. "...Don't you think that it's a bit too cruel to hear your own child refer to someone else so affectionately when all you've ever heard them call you your whole life is such dry terms like 'mom', like they were only doing so out of courtesy."

"Just think about what you would feel if your own son called me something similar to what Bella called you...Wouldn't you feel the slightest bit frustrated?"

Camila tried to reason with my mother, knowing that my mother would even be fine with having me having a hundred lovers. But if I called someone else my mother, she would absolutely freak out like she did before.

"Oh. I most definitely would, Camila...I probably wouldn't be able to stop the tears from flowing out if Kafka ever referred to another woman as his mother, and I would be absolutely heartbroken."

My mother patted Bella's soft head and reminded me not to do what Bella did, unless I wanted to see her crying all day in her room.

But just as Camila thought that my mother understood what she was trying to say, my mother decided to rub salt on her wounds even more by saying with a sly smile on her face, which honestly didn't suit her innocent visage at all,

"But luckily I have breasts large enough that no other women can really match up to, including you, Camila...So, just like 'your' daughter's-...No, I mean 'our' daughter's reasoning for calling me 'Mommy'..." Camila's brows twitched.

"...I really don't think that he'll call anyone else that term like Bella did, since I really don't see anyone else with big enough breasts as mine that naturally makes one think of that person as their mother."

My mother was basically rubbing the fact that all that it took for Bella to switch sides was a bit of extra flesh on her chest. She also seemed to be saying that even though I may be Camila's close lover, she herself was my mother, as well as my partner, which trumped Camila's relationship over her own.

Camila was someone who liked to deal with her problems by herself because of her prideful nature and seldom showed her true emotions when she wasn't in a good mood, always having a slight smile on her face no matter how difficult the situation was.

But because of my mother's continuous provocations that made her unable to respond since my mother had the upper hand, Camila was looking at me with her hands clutched and an indignant look in her eyes for attempting to steal away her daughter and seemed to be asking me to deal with my mother, who was going too far.

To be able to make even someone like Camila get all worked up and look for someone else to help her out since she couldn't do anything herself...

My mother could be one formidable opponent if anyone were to push her to a breaking point like Camila did, thinking that she was a harmless little animal who wouldn't bite back no matter how much she played with her...