

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

Chapter 6: I Have A Mother Now?

The woman who entered my room appeared to be in her thirties and had a mature look on her face, as every adult would. She had light blue eyes that glowed like orbs. Long hazel brown hair that reached her waist and had a bundle of hair tied up in braids on the side. Plump lips that were pale pink in colour. Sharp eyebrows. Long eyelashes that highlighted her bright eyes. Lightly tanned skin that looked as smooth as ivory. And overall, she had a gorgeous visage that would make any man drool on sight.

She was honestly so beautiful that I would confidently say that she was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I wasn't exaggerating one bit, as her face was simply perfect without any flaw, almost as if someone sculpted it with the intention of her having a flawless face.

I would even say that her beauty was inhumane since I just couldn't imagine a perfect being like her existing back on Earth.

And you also couldn't forget her ridiculous figure, which had absolutely ridiculous proportions.

Her chest, which was protruding from the maroon sweater she was wearing, was massive in size and looked like she fit two cantaloupes in there. And not only were they huge, they simply had the perfect shape and weren't sagging at all, which usually happens with women who have large breasts. They perfectly stuck on to her chest like globes and looked full and voluminous like ripe fruit.

Not to mention her buttocks, which had an abundant amount of flesh on them to the point where it looked like her blue sweatpants were going to tear with the additional support from her thick thighs.

And even though she looked rather slim, she had a meaty figure with all the curves in the right places.

I'm pretty sure that even if you genetically modify a baby's DNA to have a top-tier figure when she grows up, she still wouldn't be able to compare to the woman's body before me, as it was something that all men dream about but can never attain.

The moment I saw both her face and figure, I knew that the women in this world were on a different level compared to those on Earth, and the women on Earth had no chance of winning against them. Maybe she was the only one who looked as good as she did in this world, but I mostly think that every other woman looks as good as her.

I got this from the fact that this world was referred to as the world of milfs by the Gods.

And if you want someone as mighty as God to specifically refer to your world as the world of milfs, then you've got to have some top-tier milfs in your world, or else it's useless to think about that title.

While I was still in a daze, wondering how she was carrying those huge jugs on her chest without any severe back pain, the woman barged into the room like it belonged to her and exclaimed in a loud voice

"Kafi! It's time to get up! Dinners ready! If you don't get up now, mommy is going to start a band in your room with a pan and a spatula!"

She held a pan in one hand and a spatula in the other, and it looked like she was going to start banging on them to wake me up. The reason I say me is because my name is Kafka, and Kafi is the name the children back in the orphanage used to call me since it was a rather cute nickname.

And as if she already knew she wasn't going to get a reply from me no matter how much she called out, she moved her hands together to bang the two utensils together to make a cacophony of music. But just as the two instruments were about to touch, her hands stopped in mid-air as she saw me sitting on the bed and staring at her.

"Oh. You got up yourself...That's suprising." She gasped, like she was amazed at the fact that I woke myself up before she woke me up from my sleep herself.

"...But why did you have to wake up today of all days? Mommy was going to practice a song she was thinking of in your room...But now I have to postpone that to tomorrow morning." The lady who called herself mommy sighed, as if she were sad she couldn't play her one-hit wonder with the kitchen tools in her hands.

"Well, at least you got up on your own for the first time, which is really relieving since I was starting to wonder what you were going to do when I'm not at home." The woman gave a smile of relief as she looked at me with kind eyes.

The same eyes a mother would show to her beloved son, which I've seen many times before while working in the library.

"Now that you're up, quickly wash your face and come down for dinner. I've cooked your favourites." The woman asked me to hurry and left the room with her kitchen tools in hand.

Mommy... That woman referred to herself as mommy. So does that mean I'm her son?

As in, my identity in this world includes her as my mother?

Damn, I did not expect that. I thought I would be simply transported into this world without any proper ID, but it seems like the Gods set me up and gave me a past and a family who seem to know me.

My mother in this world even recognises my face as her own son's, even though there's no actual difference to my real face. Then, does that mean her actual son was someone who looked like me? If it is like that, where is he now, now that I'm in his place?

Or did the Gods simply alter reality and fit me into this world as an additional piece?

It's probably my second guess, as it would be easier to do, then make a clone of me and make him live in this world.

As for that woman who's my mother in this world... I really don't think that I can consider her to be my mother, no matter how many times she calls me her son.

Maybe if I was transported to this world when I was a child, I would think of her as my mother after some time, since I desired a parental figure in my life at that time.

But now that I am a fully grown adult, I can only look at the lady as a member of the opposite sex and not as a family member. No matter how much motherly affection she shows me, I simply wouldn't be able to sincerely treat her as my own mother and would even have certain intentions towards her due to her gorgeous figure.

But I don't think that's going to be an issue, as the way things are going, I don't think that this trial is going to be what I thought it was initially and is going to be something much more 'eccentric' in nature.

Why I think that is because this was the world of milfs, and the full form of milfs is something that everyone knows.

And the fact that I entered the world of milfs through a bunch of ads that advertised horny milfs in the area and also have a hot mother in this world is a massive sign that things are taking a massive turn from what I thought this trial was going to be at first.

The lascivious body of that woman, which was extremely unnecessary if it were a normal trial, also cemented the idea that this trial of mine was going to go down the perverted route.

Finally, the message I received from the Gods when I first saw the lady who called herself my mother proved that my conjectures were going in the right direction.

[The Gods are interested in your mother, Abigail Vanitas]

The Gods are interested in a woman who belonged to the so-called World of Milfs...I could already imagine what that means.

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Chapter 7: A Little Accident...

But that is simply a guess of mine, so I don't really need to think about it too much in case I was simply thinking about it in the wrong direction and my actual objective is something different.

What I should be wondering about is: why is it that my self in this world is sleeping till it's 8 PM every day and always needs his mom to wake him up?

I can understand why he might be sleeping, as he might be tired from school or he may be in some physically intensive club that drains his energy. But why does he have his mother wake him all the time, like it's a routine?

Shouldn't he be the one to do that himself since he's grown up now? Or is it that high schoolers still need their mothers to give them wake-up calls even in the evening?

I've never been to high school myself, and I've never had a mother figure in my life, so I don't really know. But all I do know is that my past self in this world doesn't have the same personality as me and only possesses my looks, as I wouldn't need my mom to act as an alarm even when I was a teenager since I had a sense of order and responsibility from a very young age.

And the clothes I saw in the cabinet, the posters on the wall, the colour scheme of the room, and the way the room smelled weren't according to my taste and looked like they were set up by someone else even though they had the same face as me.

So, even though I don't know who the person is in my place in this world or how he normally behaves, I at least know he isn't me. That also means my personality will appear very different to the people who already know me, so I should accommodate for that change.

I thought the Gods would give me their first task or mission the moment I came to this world, but it doesn't seem like anything like that is going to happen anytime soon, so I should probably go down for dinner before my mom calls me again.

My mom... Even just thinking about calling that woman my mom is weird in my head. But I have to get used to it since she's my actual mother in this world, and I can't call her first name like I want to.

I quickly washed my face and changed my clothes to my liking, as the previous clothes I was wearing were too baggy for me. I had to search for any decent clothes in the wardrobe, as most of them were dark, thick, and baggy, as if the person who bought all this wanted to be as conspicuous as possible at all times and didn't have a great sense of fashion.

After some digging, I found some black track pants and a white t-shirt that I put on and started walking down the stairs towards the kitchen, where I could hear the sounds of stirring being made.

The house I was in was rather big and looked quite modern, with a simple but elegant design and decorations all around it. It had one floor and looked to be a western-style house that had an adult touch to it. Although I wouldn't say that it looked like a mansion, it was still a house that looked like it could only be bought by people in the upper middle class.

While I was walking down the stairs, I saw some family pictures hanging on the side. On the multiple pictures that were framed, there were always two women and one boy.

The boy in the pictures looked to be me when I was younger; one of the women in the picture was my mom, whom I saw just earlier; and there was also another woman who I had never seen before who was just as gorgeous as my mom with her short black hair and grey eyes.

Their framed pictures looked like your average family photos, where they or 'we' were doing a bunch of family activities like sledding, apple picking, playing on the beach, going to an amusement park, etc. The pictures looked to have been taken over the years, so I could see younger versions of myself in each different picture.

And it was quite strange to see pictures of myself when I have no memory of that incident in the picture ever happening, as if I were suffering from amnesia and was looking at my family pictures to remember the past.

But there were some peculiar things about these pictures.

The first being that I always looked so gloomy and sad in these pictures. It's not like I was scared and looked like I was getting abused, but I simply looked bored and looked glum in the photos as if I didn't want to be there, while my mom and the other lady held me with smiling faces.

I just looked so dark and moody in each picture, no matter what age I was, and was honestly ruining all of them with my grouchy faces, as if I were portraying that I'd rather stay back home than spend time with my family.

To sum it up, I looked like a rebellious son who didn't want to spend time with his family and looked like someone who would never appreciate anything in his life and would forever be a buzzkill who no one really liked. Or, more to say, the original version of me in this world was.

I thought of adopting some of my twin's traits into my personality so that I could adapt to this world better, but I don't think I'll be doing that since I don't want to add any gloomy characteristics of his life to mine. I'd rather appear much more happy and approachable

than act like a depressed loner like him, since I see no positives in acting like my past self.

The next thing I noticed is that I don't see a single man in these pictures who could be my father in this world, and there was only another lady in these pictures who was probably my aunt or my mother's close friend, judging by how close my mother and that lady were in each picture. As for my father, I guess he simply doesn't exist in this setting of mine and is probably dead or divorced from my mother.

I'd also like to keep it that way, as dealing with a mother figure was already too much for me to handle. And adding in a man who I had to call father was simply revolting considering that I was an adult myself, even though I'm in the body of my teenage self.

After getting a good look at the pictures, I went down to the ground floor and entered the kitchen, where I could smell a delicious smell wafting out and see my mom standing near the stove and stirring something.

I didn't get to look at it properly last time since it was quite dark in my room and my mom was facing me, but now that she's showing her back towards me while she was cooking, I confirmed the fact that she had fat ass.

I thought her chest was already impressive enough, but her butt didn't lose out in any way, as it looked like two oversized buns were stuffed into her pants.

I could almost hear the fabric of the pants tearing from how tight they were fitted on her butt. It almost made me want to take off her pants for her safety so that her butt can breathe again after how tight and congested they looked under there.

And just how does she have a waist that slender when she's carrying weights both at the bottom and top? I mean, it looked like she still had some meat on her abdomen and didn't look like the fit and slender waist a young girl would have, but it was still thin enough to show off the curves of her butt and thighs perfectly.

With a figure like that, there's no way in hell I'm ever going to actually consider her as my mother. Hell, I'd probably even fight my dad in this world to make her mine.

I mean, all it would take is a little 'accident' for my father to pass on, and I would be right by my mother's side to comfort and take care of her after his passing. That would give me more than enough opportunities to make my mother forget about my father and for me to slip into the picture.

Chapter 8: Hate And Love

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...Oh god. It's acting up again.

My hatred for older men and my love for older women is acting up again.

I've been keeping it suppressed since I've been trying to integrate into society without giving myself out in any way for the past two years, but now that I'm in a new world where I'm considered to be the protagonist, it's all coming out again.

My hatred towards older men stems from various factors in my childhood; and all the bad memories I could think of that impacted me negatively involved them.

It started off with my own father, who left me on the streets in the cold when I was a baby. Then it went to the grandpa that found me on the streets; who at that time I thought was going to take care of me but actually sold me to some traffickers for some drug money.

Even though I had a perfectly working mind back when I was a one-year-old baby and could understand what was going on around me like an adult, I still had the body of a baby and couldn't do anything as I was getting sold. Luckily, the traffic ring was busted, and I was sent to an orphanage to get taken care of.

But the story doesn't end there, as one of the male caretakers there tried to molest me when I was 4 years old, and when I was 6, the new warden of the orphanage was a sick sadist who abused and thrashed me and some other children around when we made the slightest mistake.

And at age 8, a man burned the orphanage I lived in; at age 9, my English teacher, who was my first love, got engaged to another man; at age 10, the foster father of one of the little girls I cared for at the orphanage was found to be a pedophile; at age 11, a government official was stealing all the money that was supposed to go to the orphanage; and after that, I was chased by those organisations that were led by men.

Ever since I was a child, everything unlucky that happened to me involved a man, so I've grown to detest them with all my heart over the years. Even though I may talk to them normally nowadays, I always keep a guard on them and never get too close since it always ends horribly for me.

But older women, on the other hand...Well, they were the exact opposite. Every moment of my life where I felt safe, happy, and satisfied was when I was with an older woman.

Like how I was saved by a task force led by a female officer who brought down the trafficking brigade and made sure I was taken care of in the orphanage as a baby. Or the several female caretakers in the several orphanages I was in, who treated me like their own son and gave me their unconditional love.

There was also my first love as a child who was my English teacher, the rich older lady who always donated to the orphanage and played with the children there, the lady lawyer who fought against the man who stole from the orphanage, the granny who

always brought sweets to share with the children, the lady who would buy me a new book every time she visited me, and so many more times where women were the sunshine in my life.

Just like how men were the malignant tumours in my story, women were the stars that kept me moving forward every day.

And because I matured at a very young age due to my constitution, I never found girls my age attractive and was only interested in older women, even as a child. And not simply any adult women, but women who gave off a mature feeling as if they would pamper you in their presence. Women who gave off a motherly aura with plump and soft bodies, that had softened over the years like ripe fruit.

That's the type of woman I like...So basically, milfs in general.

That's why a gorgeous woman like my mother before me was simply irresistible in my eyes, and there was no way in hell I could ever treat her as my real mother.

But I should remember that I shouldn't be greedy just because I'm in a new world, as greed brings forth the demise of others, which I've personally witnessed in the past.

So, for that reason alone, I will leave my father alone if he actually exists...That is, unless the Gods want to see him vanish, which I will happily carry out.

"Oh. You're finally here. I thought I was going to have to go back to your room and play my newest musical piece." My mom noticed me standing near the kitchen entrance.

"But since the food is going to take a few minutes to be ready, why don't I just play it for you as you wait..." My mom turned and said, with a playful smile on her face, as she held a pan in one hand and a spatula in the other.

But just as she was about to start banging away, she once again stopped and froze in place. Her blue eyes went wide as she had a look of shock on her face, as if she couldn't believe her eyes.

She almost dropped the utensils from the surprise, and she was looking at me with her lips parted, as if she were looking at a completely different person.

I didn't understand why she was staring at me with wonder and disbelief in her eyes, like she was seeing her son for the first time, when I looked exactly like her actual son.

Or is it that her motherly instincts activated, and she immediately realised that I wasn't her real son when she saw me?

I didn't know what to make of the situation and just stood in place, staring back at her, hoping she didn't find out that I was a fake.

"Kafi...You...You're looking at me."

Huh?...Why is she so surprised that I'm looking at her? Is there some tradition in this world where I can't look at my own mother's face?

Chapter 9: A Mother's Undying Love

Is there some tradition in this world where I can't look at my own mother's face?

If there is a rule like that, then me and the one who made that rule are going to have a serious problem, as there is no way I am going to avoid looking at the ladies wherever I go.

You might as well dig my eyes out at that point, since it's no use to me if I can't admire life's most beautiful creations.

"Is there anything wrong with looking at you, mom?" I asked hesitantly and referred to her as my mother for the first time.

"No, there's nothing wrong with looking at your own mother..." My mother stated while staring at me absentmindedly as if she still hadn't gotten over the surprise of my appearance, which made me breathe a sigh of relief and cancel my plans to throw the person who made the rule into the river.

"...I-It's just that you never usually look straight at me and always avoid my gaze." My mom told me about the behaviour of my previous self, after snapping out of her daze.

"You'd always look at the ground when you speak and never look at my face when you talked with me or anyone else, for a matter of fact..."

Great. Not only is my previous self in this world a gloomy loser who looked like he would always kill the mood with his antics, but he also has social anxiety even in front of his own mother.

What a wonderful setting I have for myself.

"But Kafi, now you're looking at me..." My mom said in awe, as her eyes widened.

"You're looking straight at me without even flinching in the slightest. You're looking right into my eyes without looking away for even a moment...It's the first time I've seen you look right at me like that." My mom said in wonder, as if she never expected this day to ever come.

"And it's also the first time I've seen your eyes so clearly." She looked up at my eyes.

"I always thought they were just dark in colour...But only now do I know that not only are they incredibly dark, but they're also so clear, almost as if I can use them like a mirror to see my own reflection." She gazed at my eyes like they were pearls.

She then placed the tools on the stovetop and walked right in front of me.

Although she was quite tall, she was still shorter than me, so I had to look down at her as she placed her hands on my cheeks and pulled me down so that she could get a better look at my face.

Her hands felt soft and warm to touch, and she gave off a pleasant lavender smell that gave me a very nostalgic feeling.

"What beautiful eyes..." My mom muttered as she looked up at me.

"Even though they're just simple eyes that let you see the world and something that everyone has; there's just something magnetic about yours that draws me in, almost as if looking at them puts a spell on me to make me stare at them forever...How have I never seen these beautiful eyes of yours before?" My mom said in wonder.

"And the boldness and energy your eyes give off, as if they wouldn't ripple even if the whole world started falling apart." She gasped.

"Where did you suddenly get all that confidence from when you didn't even dare to look into the eyes of anyone around you before?" My mom asked, flabbergasted at my sudden change.

She then looked up at my hair and said

"And not only are your eyes different, you also changed how your hair looks...It was so messy and sloppy before, like you just got up from bed, but now it looks so neat and tidy, making you look so smart and mature."

My mother brushed my short black hair that I neatly parted around the center and left it a little messy on the sides, like I usually do.

So we're adding horrible hair to my past image. What a mess.

"You also washed your face and took a proper bath like I told you to do so many times...Now look at yourself, after you did what I said. Your skin is super clear, and you smell so good...And honestly, after a little washing up, your skin even looks better than mine." She held up her hand and compared my pasty pale skin, which made me look sickly, to hers, which was lightly tanned, and even looked a little jealous that I had such great skin with no effort.

"And Kafi! I can't believe you didn't wear those dark hoodies and sweaters you love so much, and wore something decent for once. I thought that you would wear those musty clothes for the rest of your life." She took a step back to observe my fit, and looked excited and relieved that I had changed my attire.

"And just look what all these changes have done to you!...You look so handsome now!"

My mom jumped in glee seeing that her son had a glow up, which she seemed to have been waiting for a while.

"And don't misunderstand, Kafi. I wasn't saying that you didn't look good before and I always thought you were a good-looking boy" She quickly said it so that I didn't misunderstand her intentions.

"But it's just that I always thought you had more potential to your looks like an unpolished gem that needed proper care...And now, after all these years of waiting, for the first time ever, I get to see that gem in its finest form so I can't help but get a little worked up." My mom said it excitedly, as if she had gotten an actual gem as a present.

"I mean, just look at you." She pointed at me like I was an exhibit.

"Dark eyes that are clearer than water, that possess some sort of magnetic charm. Raven black hair has been elegantly styled. Flawless, pale skin that even makes me jealous. And a well-distinguished face with a rather tall figure...The ladies would simply be all over you!"

"There wouldn't a single girl that would be able to resist your looks. And you'd be the crowd-turner wherever you go...Women would fight for you to just glance at them, and there will never be another dull moment in your life." My mom said with absolute confidence, as if she could already imagine it happening.

"Ahhh! I'm so excited! My son is going to break so many hearts out there! I have to tell this to Olivia, right this moment!" My mom exclaimed in delight that her son was going to leave a bunch of girls crying, and looked like she was going to run off to tell this Olivia person.

But she suddenly stopped herself and raised her head as if a thought had popped up in her mind. She then went closer to me with a slightly worried look on her beautiful face and asked

"But Kafi, why did you suddenly decide to change?"

"Don't get me wrong, as your mom is proud of you for maturing and deciding to change yourself for the better. But I still don't understand why you did it all of a sudden, when you've maintained the status quo for years now.

I heard that boys your age go through a change or transformation to better themselves after a heart break...Is that true, Kafi? Do boys your age do that?...Did you get hurt by a girl you liked?" My mom asked with concern in her eyes, about what I was going through. She then continued saying

"If you are going through a heartbreak, then please tell mommy all your worries. I know you don't like to open up and talk to us about your life, but this is something that you really need to talk to someone about.

It's fine if you're not ready right now...But if there ever comes a time when you want to open up to someone my little Kafi, then know that mommy is right here waiting for you with open arms."

My mom held my hand in her own and looked at me with a caring smile, telling me that I could come to her at any time if life gets rough and she'll be waiting ready with a big hug to comfort me.

Honestly, even though I said that I couldn't see the woman before me as a mother, her words right now touched me deeply and made me wonder if this is what it feels like to have a mother who actually cares about you.

The genuine concern she shows for me and the love in her words brought out the buried desires of younger me, who always wondered what a mother's love would feel like.

The feeling of being unconditionally loved, even if you were the ugliest person to ever exist. Or the feeling of comfort of having someone who puts her little one before her needs, and would do anything for the safety and protection of her child.

Towards that love and concern that most children in the world got and never truly appreciated, I always wondered what it felt like and slept every night thinking if I would ever experience that feeling, even if it was for only a single moment in my life.

Those desires and feelings that I had thought I had forgotten a long time ago were coming back to me slowly, and I didn't like the fuzzy feeling it was giving me, like I was going to cry.

"Kafi...Are you crying?"

Shit! I am crying!

Chapter 10: An Adorable Mother

I can't believe I'm starting to tear up after hearing a few words.

That's so embarrassing to think about when I acted like I could never treat the lady before me like my mother. Now, it's exactly because of her motherly words that I'm on the verge of breaking out in tears.

Seeing my mom look so worried that I was tearing up after hearing her words, I quickly wiped my eyes and said so that she didn't have to show that sad expression on her ever-so-bright and cheerful face anymore.

"I'm a big boy, mom. Why would I start crying all of a sudden? That would be so embarrassing, especially in front of you." I waved my hand to show that it wasn't anything as I wiped my eyes.

"Then, why were there tears in your eyes right now?" My mom asked in a concerned manner.

"It's probably because of the onions you chopped up over there. I would've smelled those cut-up onions and started tearing up." I pointed at the cut-up onions on the kitchen counter and made an excuse, but my mom still looked a little worried.

"Are you sure about that, Kafi? Are you sure that it's not because you're going through something difficult?" She asked, not knowing if I was telling the truth or not.

"Of course, mom. What kind of question even is that?" I stopped wiping my tears and smiled to show that I was okay. I then continued, saying

"I have everything I need in the world right now, so why would I be having a hard time like you said?"

"You have everything in the world?" My mom was surprised by my sudden positive outlook on life.

"Of course, I have a roof over my head to keep me away from the rain, soft clothes that keep me warm, a healthy body that allows me to do anything I want, and delicious food being cooked for me three times a day...What else can a man possibly ever want in his life?" I enthusiastically said.

I then deeply looked into my mother's blue eyes and said

"And last but certainly not the least, I have a beautiful mother who cares for me dearly and showers me in her love every day, so why should I ever be sad when I'm living the best life a man could ever live."

My statement made my mother look at me with a blank expression at first, but then her eyes slowly widened and her cheeks started turning red in colour as if she were embarrassed about what her son had said about her.

"Mom, you can't actually be blushing because of what I said, right?" I smiled and looked at her strangely.

"W-What else am I supposed to do?...It's because you said something nice to me all of a sudden, which you never ever did before, and completely caught me off guard." My mom said, as she fanned herself with her hands to cool herself down.

"But Kafi, you shouldn't tease your mother like this." My mom reprimanded me.

"You may have said it as a joke to make fun of your mom, but for me, it feels like you're genuinely saying nice things about me, and it's making an old woman like me get worked up." She gave me a small slap on the hand to tell me off.

"But I wasn't joking with you. I really meant what I said." I said as I rubbed the place she slapped my hand.

"Enough Kafi...We both know that you're saying this so that you can make fun of me. There's no way you actually think your mother looks beautiful, and you probably think I look like an old hag, don't you?" My mom asked me to stop playing around and talk seriously.

"Old hag? Who's the old hag?" I scoffed.

I then turned and looked at my mother, like I was sincerely trying to convince her about the truth that she wasn't aware of, and said in a solemn tone

"Mom, I don't think you understand how pretty you actually are. You're honestly better looking than all the girls my age or any age, as a matter of fact...Especially with those light blue eyes of yours that remind me of a serene ocean and those thick and luscious locks of hair that you've combed elegantly. If you combine those with your ever-so-beautiful face and that smile you always give, that's probably made so many people's hearts flutter; calling you the pinnacle of beauty wouldn't seem like an overstatement."

My mom's eyes twinkled when she heard me compliment her, and she looked like she wanted to say something, but instead she simply bit her lips and looked away.

She looked like she was trying to hide the fact that she was flustered by what I said, but her attempt ultimately failed as she couldn't hide the smile on her face that was creeping out from the corner of her lips, and she played with the hems of her sweater shyly like a little girl.

"And, do you want me to tell you a secret from my past mom?" I looked around to see if anyone was around us, as if what I was going to say was something that could forever change the world.

"Kafi's secret?" My mom first looked deeply surprised that I was telling her a secret.

"Mommy wants to know!~Mommy wants to know Kafi's secret!~" But it was immediately followed by a burst of excitement that her son was finally going to talk to her about his life, and she quickly nodded as if she thought I would change my mind if she made me wait too long for her to agree.

Seeing how excited and giddy she was, like a little kid who heard he was going to a surprise theme park visit, couldn't help but make me smile, as it was quite the adorable and wholesome sight.

It also made me scowl at my past self for treating his mother so harshly, that she was so happy just to hear a little bit about her son. And it really made me realise how desperate she was to have some moments with her ungrateful son, who didn't seem to care about her at all.

"Then lend me your ear." My mom got closer to me and showed me her ear and even covered it with her hands like I was telling her an actual secret, which made me chuckle and forget all the hate I had for my past self.

"It's quite embarrassing to tell...But when I was in kindergarten, the teacher had asked the class to write down who we thought was the most beautiful person in the world. Most of the kids wrote the names of some cartoon characters they saw on TV, and some of them wrote the names of their crushes...But do you know who I wrote?" I bent down and whispered into her small ears, which looked so delicate that it made me want to bite them and leave a mark.

"I don't know. Who did you write? Who was that lucky girl that caught the eyes of my adorable little Kafi at that time?" My mom asked curiously about her son's childhood crush, to which I responded by tilting her head towards me so that she was looking at me, and said with a cheeky smile on my face

"Who else other than you, mom? You were the lucky girl I had in my eyes at that time."

My mom had an expectant look on her face to hear the name of her son's first crush, and she looked like she was going to tease me with that name afterwards. But when she heard it was her who I had written down at that time, she was absolutely shocked and looked like she couldn't believe my words.

"K-Kafi, is that true?! Did you really write down your mother's name at that time?!" She looked up at me with an expectant gaze in her eyes, as if she had to confirm it twice since it was too hard to believe.

"Of course, mom. Why would I lie about that?" I said, and continued saying

"And not only did I think that you were the most beautiful person I had seen at that time, but I still think the same and don't think anyone comes close to you in terms of beauty."

"Stop it, Kafi~ You're making your mother's heart race." My mom blushed profusely and was waving her hand, telling me to stop. But I didn't follow her order and said in an exaggerated manner.

"Oh man~ I thought my mother had already reached the epitome of beauty, just as she is...But just look at her blushing face now. She looks so much cuter with how red her face is, like a little girl."

"No~ Stop it Kafi~ You can't tease your mother like this!" My mom grabbed onto my hand and shook it to make me stop, while having a flustered look on her face. But I still didn't stop, like she asked and said, as if I were announcing my mother's cuteness to the entire world

"Oh, how cute~ She couldn't handle the embarrassment of getting complimented by her own son, and is now hiding her face in her son's arm to hide her face. Tell me, has anyone seen a mother as cute as her? Don't you just want to give her a big hug and treasure her for how adorable she is?"

I was expecting her to retort once again, but she didn't say anything back and actually buried her face in my arms and went silent. And just as I was wondering what happened, I heard a sniffing sound coming from her, like she was crying.

This is my first time I'm writing an older character and I would like to know from you guys how the interactions are. Like if they are decent, natural, forced or cringey.

Any honest opinions would help me improve me writing.