

God of Milfs 671

Chapter 671: It's All Your Fault

Olivia rested against her son's chiseled chest, her plump ass nestled into his muscled thigh, her soaked blue underwear a flimsy shield against the heat of his skin. Abigaille, pressed against his other side, radiated a playful warmth, her bronzed curves molded to him, her purple underwear clinging to her like a lover's caress.

The single chair they shared groaned softly, their bodies entwined in a tableau of forbidden affection, Kafka's arms encircling them both, his hands resting on their hips, a possessive embrace that filled Olivia with a serene bliss. She thought this moment, her son's love, their shared joy, was the homecoming she'd dreamed of, a peace she hoped would last forever.

But the tranquility shattered when Kafka's hands moved, sliding upward to grope her breasts from beneath, his fingers kneading the soft flesh through her bra.

Olivia's breath hitched, a jolt of surprise coursing through her, but she was growing accustomed to his bold antics, the town's openness and Abigaille's influence having blurred the lines of propriety.

She let him continue, her body relaxing into his touch, reasoning that as long as she could hold him like this, feel his warmth, she didn't mind.

"It's fine." She murmured to herself, her voice barely audible, her cheek pressed against his chest, savoring the closeness despite the impropriety.

Then Kafka's touch grew bolder, his fingers tracing the outline of her nipples over her bra, the gentle caress sending a shiver through her as her rock-hard peaks responded, each stroke amplified by the thin fabric.

The sensation was horrifying, stirring a shameful arousal she fought to ignore, her body clinging tighter to him, unwilling to break the moment. She bit her lip, her heart racing, telling herself it was still within bounds, that she could handle this much.

But Kafka pushed further, his hand slipping beneath her bra, his warm fingers grazing the curvy underside of her bare breast, the direct contact igniting a fire in her lower half. Her breath caught, her body trembling with a pleasure she couldn't deny, but the line was blurring too fast, the intimacy too raw.

When his hand moved upward, cupping her breast fully, his fingers poised to pinch her nipple, Olivia's resolve finally snapped.

The act was too much, a boundary she couldn't let him cross. She pulled back abruptly, her hands flying to cover her chest, her cheeks flaming as she met his gaze with a coy, flustered expression.

"Kafi, no." She said, her voice soft but firm, tinged with a shy scolding. "You can't do that. It's...it's okay over the clothes, maybe, but not like this, not touching me...bare. That's too much." She tried to sound motherly, to guide him back to normalcy, to make him see the impropriety. "You shouldn't touch your mother like that, sweetheart. It's not normal, okay? Let's just...keep it respectful."

Kafka's brow furrowed, his expression one of innocent confusion, his hands still hovering near her.

"What's wrong with it, Mom?" He asked, his voice a low, earnest rumble, his eyes searching hers. "I've groped your breasts before, haven't I? Over the clothes, under, it's not that different, right? Just feels nice, that's all. Why's it a big deal now?"

His tone was so genuine, so devoid of guilt, that Olivia's heart sank, realizing the depth of his transformation. The town's openness, Abigail's manipulative 'lessons' had reshaped him into a creature of unchecked desire, a little demon who saw no boundaries between mother and son, his innocence twisted into something dangerously uninhibited.

Undeterred, Kafka reached for her bra, tugging at the bottom, the fabric lifting to reveal the soft curve of her breast's underside.

"Please, Mom." He said, his voice a playful plea, his eyes glinting with mischief. "Just one touch, or at least a peek. They're so...perfect. I can't help it."

His fingers pulled harder, the bra inching upward, and Olivia's panic surged, her hands moving faster to yank it back down, covering herself as she leaned away.

"No, Kafi, stop!" She cried, her voice a flustered mix of authority and embarrassment, her cheeks burning as she tried to hold her ground. "You can't do that, it's too much! I'm your mother, not...not some toy for you to play with. This isn't right, and you need to understand that!"

Her words were stern, but her blush and trembling hands made her look more like a shy lover than a scolding parent, undermining her attempt at discipline.

Abigaille, who had been watching with a sly smile, chose that moment to intervene, her voice a teasing pout as she slid closer to Kafka, wrapping her arms around him.

"Oh, Liv, you're being so mean." She said, her tone dripping with mock indignation, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Poor Kafi's just asking for a little love, and you're rejecting him? Can't believe you'd do that to our sweet boy."

She hugged Kafka tightly, her breast pressing against his arm, her voice softening as she nuzzled his shoulder.

"There, there, baby, it's okay. Even if Olivia's not showing you enough love, I'm right here. I'll shower you with all the love you need, always."

Her words were a deliberate jab, framing Olivia as the villain, and she punctuated them with a playful kiss on Kafka's cheek, her gaze flicking to Olivia with a taunting glint.

Olivia's jaw dropped, her embarrassment giving way to a flare of anger as she glared at Abigaille.

"That's not fair, Abi!" She snapped, her voice rising with indignation, her hands still clutching her bra. "You're making me out to be the bad guy, when it's your fault he's like this! You're the one who's been encouraging him, tricking him into thinking this...this behavior is okay!"

"...You need to stop enabling him and help me change him back, not push him further!"

Her words were a desperate plea, her frustration with Abigaille's influence boiling over, her heart aching at the thought of her son's warped understanding.

Abigaille's smile was infuriatingly innocent, her eyes wide with feigned confusion as she tilted her head.

"Me? Encouraging him?" She said, her voice a soft, mocking lilt. "Livia, I have no idea what you're talking about. I'm just giving Kafi what he wants, showing him the love he craves. That's all there is

to it, no sneaky intentions here." She leaned closer, her tone dropping to a whisper. "You're overthinking it, Liv. He's happy, I'm happy, what's the harm?"

Before Olivia could retort, Abigail turned to Kafka, her smile warm and inviting as she cupped his face, her voice a gentle prompt.

"Isn't that right, Kafi? You just want to love your moms, don't you? To touch us, feel us, maybe...see us a little more? Like Olivia's breasts, or mine—don't you want to hold them, bury your face in them? Tell her how you feel, baby."

Kafka nodded, his expression earnest, his voice a low, unashamed confession. "Yeah, Mom, it's true." He said, his eyes flicking between them, a spark of desire in his gaze. "Whenever I look at your breasts, I just...I wanna feel them in my hands, so soft, so round. I wanna bury my face in them, just...lose myself. They're irresistible, I don't know why. I can't help it."

His words were unguarded, and Olivia gasped, her heart pounding with disbelief at how far he'd fallen, his desires laid bare without a trace of shame.

Abigail's smile widened, a bright gleam in her eyes as she clapped her hands.

"See, Olivia? He's just being honest, so open about what he wants. And for being such a good, truthful boy, I'm gonna reward him...do what you wouldn't."

To Olivia's horror, Abigail's hands moved to her bra, her fingers hooking under the fabric as she began to lift it, the purple material sliding upward to reveal the swell of her massive breasts, her nipples hardening in the open air, a brazen display that sent a shockwave through the room.

"No, Abi!" Olivia cried, her panic surging as she lunged forward, her hands grabbing Abigail's bra and yanking it back down, covering her before Kafka could react.

Her cheeks flamed, her voice trembling with anger and desperation. "What are you doing? You can't just...flash your breasts at him like that! He's your son, for God's sake—that's completely inappropriate!" Her hands shook, her body pressed close to Abigail's as she held the bra in place, her heart racing with the audacity of the act.

Abigail pouted, her eyes glinting with mock offense as she leaned back, her voice a teasing rebuke. "Oh, come on, Olivia." She said, her tone dripping with playful defiance. "Just because you're not comfortable doing it doesn't mean I can't."

"...Kafi wants to see, don't you, baby? I'm just giving him a little love, that's all." She reached for her bra again, her fingers tugging at the fabric, but Olivia was faster, her hands clamping down to stop her, her voice rising with urgency.

"Stop it, Abi!" Olivia snapped, her tone sharp but flustered, her cheeks burning as she glared at her friend. "We're eating dinner right now, that's what we're here for. No groping, no flashing, no...no anything else!"

"...Can we please just focus on the food?"

Her words were a desperate plea, an attempt to steer the moment back to safety, knowing that without the excuse of dinner, neither Kafka nor Abigail would listen.

Kafka's gaze softened, his head tilting as he nodded, his voice a low, compliant murmur.

"You're right, Mom." He said, his eyes locking onto hers with a warmth that eased her nerves, though a flicker of something darker lurked beneath. "We should get to dinner, focus on the food like you said...No more distractions."

His smile was disarming, and Olivia's heart lifted, relief washing over her as she thought he was finally heeding her boundaries, his compliance a rare victory in their spiraling dance.

But the look in his dark eyes sent a chill down her spine, a premonition of something wicked to come...

Chapter 672: I Love Sausages

Olivia's smile faltered, her instincts screaming that his agreement was a prelude to a new game. But before she could dwell on it, Kafka's voice turned playful, his tone deceptively innocent as he leaned closer, his breath warm against her ear.

"Hey, Mom." He said, his eyes glinting with curiosity. "What's your favorite food? Like, the one thing you love eating most in the world, your ultimate comfort food. What gets you all excited?"

Olivia hesitated, her brow furrowing as she sensed a trap, the question too simple, too normal in the 'eventful' atmosphere.

"Why...why do you wanna know?" She asked, her voice tinged with suspicion, her eyes searching his for a hint of his intentions.

But his gaze was open, his smile encouraging, and the warmth of his thigh beneath her, the memory of his care with the feast, softened her defenses.

"Well...I guess it's sausages." She admitted, her voice shy but honest, a flush creeping up her cheeks. "That's what I love most."

Kafka's grin widened, his eyes sparking with interest as he leaned closer, his hand squeezing her hip. "Sausages, huh?" He said, his voice a low, teasing purr. "Why sausages, Mom? What's so special about them? Tell me everything, why do they get you all hot and bothered?" His tone was playful, but there was a dirty edge to it, a subtle spark that made her pulse quicken.

Olivia's cheeks burned, her embarrassment flaring at the suggestive undertone, but she pushed through, her voice trembling as she elaborated.

"It's...it's the texture, the taste." She said, her eyes flicking to the table, avoiding his gaze. "They're hard on the outside, with this...particular snap when you bite in."

"But then, inside, they're so juicy, so soft, and when you sink your teeth in, all that flavor just...explodes in your mouth. The meaty taste, the way it spreads, fills every corner, it's incredible."

"...Especially spicy ones, well-seasoned, with all those bold flavors. I love biting into a sausage, feeling it burst, letting it take over my tongue."

Her words spilled out, vivid and passionate, and she felt a spark of pride, thinking she was finally sharing something personal with her son, connecting over her tastes, his attentive gaze a reward in itself.

Kafka's eyes darkened, a slow, wide smile curling his lips as he nodded, his voice a sultry murmur.

"Damn, Mom, you make that sound so delicious." He said, his tone dripping with innuendo, his hand sliding up her back, sending shivers through her. "I love how you describe that, biting in, all that juice, filling your mouth like that...Bet you savor every inch, don't you?"

His words were a tease, turning her innocent confession into something dirty, and Olivia's blush deepened, her heart pounding as she realized the game was shifting again.

"Why'd you ask, Kafi?" She said, her voice hesitant, her eyes searching his, a flicker of hope that this was just a son's curiosity. "What's this about?"

He chuckled, his hand resting on her thigh, his touch warm and possessive.

"I just wanted to make sure I got it right..." He said, his voice a low growl. "...before I show you this."

With a flourish, he reached for a covered dish on the table, lifting the lid to reveal a steaming, fragrant sausages, thick and glistening, speared on a fork.

It was massive, far larger than any sausage she'd ever seen, its surface taut and golden, spiced with flecks of chili and herbs, its girth so daunting it seemed impossible to bite.

Olivia gasped, her eyes widening in awe, her voice a breathless whisper. "Kafi...you made this? For me?"

"Of course." He said, his grin triumphant, his eyes locked on hers. "No way I'd leave out your favorite, Mom. And check this, I didn't cut it up or mash it like some folks do."

"Mom told me you like it whole, like a carrot, biting it off yourself, savoring every chomp. Said you love the feel of it in your mouth, right?" His voice was smooth, but the suggestive edge was unmistakable, his words painting a vivid, naughty picture that made Olivia's cheeks burn.

Abigail nodded, her smile twisted as she leaned closer, her breast brushing against Kafka's arm.

"Oh, she loves it like that, Kafi." She purred, her eyes glinting with mischief. "Can't get enough of a big, thick sausage, biting it raw, letting all that juice drip. Look at her, she's practically drooling already."

Her laughter was a sultry chime, and Olivia's embarrassment surged, her happiness at Kafka's thoughtfulness tempered by a growing unease at the sausage's size.

"It's...it's huge." She said, her voice hesitant, her eyes fixed on the sausage, its girth nearly as wide as her wrist, a challenge she wasn't sure she could meet. "Why's it so thick, Kafi? Is that...normal? I mean, sausages aren't usually this big." Her question was cautious, her doubt flickering as she glanced at him, hoping for a simple explanation.

Kafka's smile was easy, but his eyes gleamed with something darker, his voice a low, confident drawl.

"That's just how they make 'em here, Mom." He said, holding the sausage aloft, its weight making the fork dip slightly. "Town specialty—big, thick, stuffed full of flavor. It's even got cheese and spices packed inside, so when you bite in, it's all juicy, bursting in your mouth, just like you love."

"...Trust me, it's gonna be the best sausage you've ever had." His words were a promise, which made her excited at the thought of a cheese-stuffed sausage warring with a creeping dread.

Before she could respond, Kafka's smile turned cruel, as he leaned closer, his voice dropping to a husky, commanding whisper.

"I know how much you love sausages, Mom..." He said, his tone dripping with intent. "...so I'm gonna make this special. I'm not just serving it—I'm feeding you, sliding this thick, juicy sausage right into that pretty mouth of yours." He held the sausage closer, its meaty scent filling her senses. "Gonna make you savor every inch, taste every drop. You want that, don't you?"

Olivia's heart lurched, alarm flashing through her as she shook her head, her voice trembling with protest.

"No, Kafi, I...I can do it myself." She said, her hands fluttering nervously, her cheeks flaming. "Biting into a sausage, it's easier if I hold it. I don't need you to...feed me like that." Her words were a desperate bid for control, her instinct telling her this was another trap, a step deeper into the taboo game he was playing.

"Not a chance, Mom." He said, his hand gripping her thigh, his touch possessive. "It's my job to take care of you tonight, and that means I'm feeding you this sausage, nice and slow, making sure you enjoy every bit."

"...No arguing—just do what I say, and I'll show you how good it can be."

His tone was unyielding, his gaze boring into her, and Olivia swallowed hard, her annoyance flaring at his control, but the weight of his authority, the heat of his touch, left her with no choice but to comply.

Abigail watched, her eyes gleaming with anticipation, her voice a sultry murmur.

"Go on, Liv" She urged, her breast pressing against Kafka's arm, her smile wicked. "Let Kafi feed you that big, thick sausage. Bet you're dying to wrap your lips around it, feel it slide in. Don't be shy—show him how much you love it." Her words were a taunt, amplifying the dirty undercurrent, and Olivia's embarrassment surged, her body trembling with dread and shameful arousal.

Kafka's grin was dark, his voice a velvet command as he held the sausage above her, its glistening tip inches from her lips.

"First, you gotta see it, Mom." He said. "Know its shape, feel how well-defined it is, so stick out your tongue, nice and wet, and lick the tip of this sausage. Lick it like you mean it, like you're starving for it." His eyes burned with dominance, his hand resting on her neck, a subtle pressure that urged her forward.

Olivia's heart pounded, her cheeks burning as she hesitated, the command so brazen, so humiliating, that she wanted to refuse. But Kafka's gaze was unrelenting, his tone overbearing, and Abigail's watchful eyes added to the pressure.

With a shaky breath, she extended her tongue, wet and trembling, and brushed it against the sausage's tip, the salty, spiced flavor bursting on her taste buds.

"Lick!~"

The act was degrading, but the taste, the texture, sent a shiver through her, her body responding despite her shame.

"Not enough." Kafka growled, his hand tightening on her neck, pulling her closer, his voice a low, dirty command. "Push that tongue out more, Mom. Lick it properly, like it's the most delicious piece of meat you'll ever taste, something you only get once in a lifetime."

"...Show me you want it, make love to that sausage with your tongue."

His words were filthy, turning the act into something obscene, and Olivia's embarrassment surged, but the dominant pull of his hand, the intensity of his gaze, left her no choice.

"Lick!~ Mmph!~ Ahh!~ Suck!~"

She stuck her tongue out further, her eyes flicking up to the sausage, and licked more fervently, her tongue swirling around the tip, tracing its contours, tasting the salt, the spice, the faint creaminess of the cheese within.

"Mmm!~ Ahhh!~ Slurp!~ Nnn!~"

The flavor was intoxicating, her arousal flaring despite her humiliation, her body leaning into the act as she obeyed. Abigail's soft moan of approval, her eyes half-lidded with excitement, only deepened Olivia's shame, her friend's enjoyment a mirror to her own forbidden pleasure.

"Good girl." Kafka murmured, his voice a dirty purr, his hand stroking her neck as he tilted the sausage, showing its thick, glistening sides. "Now the sides, Mom. Lick 'em all over, taste every inch. Don't leave a spot untouched, every part's got its own flavor, and I want you to savor it all." His command was relentless, his eyes burning with satisfaction as he watched her submit.

"Ahh!~ Suck!~ Mmph!~ Lick!~"

Olivia's breath hastened, her body trembling as she moved her tongue along the sausage's sides, licking slowly, her lips brushing the surface as she tasted the smoky, spiced exterior.

The act was obscene, her tongue gliding over the meat, coating it with her saliva, her arousal spiking with every stroke.

"Just like that." Kafka growled, his voice thick with approval, his hand pushing her closer, the sausage filling her vision. "Take it all in, every fucking taste. Now use your lips, Mom—kiss it, suck it, get that flavor deep. Show me how much you love this sausage."

Her heart raced, her embarrassment warring with a shameful thrill as she pressed her lips to the sausage, kissing it softly, then harder, her mouth enveloping the side, sucking gently to draw out the taste.

"Mmph!~ Mmm!~ Slurp!~ Ahhh!~"

The flavor was overwhelming, rich and meaty, and her body responded, her thighs pressing together as she obeyed, her submission a fire she couldn't quench.

"Good job, Mom." Kafka said, his voice a dirty caress, his hand stroking her hair. "You're doing so fucking good, tasting that sausage like a pro. Keep going, make it yours."

Olivia's mind spun, her body alight with a pleasure she couldn't deny, the act of licking and kissing the sausage a perverse ritual that bound her to Kafka's will.

Abigail's soft gasps, her eyes locked on the scene, only deepened the erotic charge, and as Olivia surrendered to the taste, the dominance, she felt herself slipping deeper into the taboo dance, each lick pulling her closer to a line she feared she'd never uncross...

Chapter 673: Dirty Words

Kafka's voice was a low, dirty purr as he leaned closer, the massive sausage still dangling from the fork, its thick, glistening form a taunting promise inches from her lips.

"Alright, Mom..." He growled, his eyes burning with dominance. "Time to take this fat fucking sausage into that pretty little mouth of yours. Gotta take it deep, make it feel real good in there." He pressed the sausage against her lips, its warm, spiced surface teasing her, his voice dropping to a filthy whisper. "Ever had something this thick in your mouth before, Mom? Something so big it stretches you wide, fills you up till you can't think straight?"

Olivia's cheeks flamed, her heart pounding as she shook her head, her voice a shy, trembling whisper.

"N-No, Kafi." She stammered, her eyes flicking to the sausage, its girth daunting, a challenge she'd never faced. "I...I usually take small bites, little pieces. I've never had anything this...this big in my

mouth. It's too much." Her admission was raw, her embarrassment surging, but the heat in her pussy betrayed her, a shameful thrill at the thought of trying to take it.

Kafka's grin was cruel, his hand tightening on her neck, his fingers digging into her skin with a possessive edge.

"Don't worry, Mom." He murmured, his voice a dirty caress. "I'm gonna slide this thick sausage right in, make you feel how fucking good it is to have something so big, so deep inside that sweet mouth. Gonna stuff you full, let you taste every juicy inch."

"...I bet it would feel good, wouldn't it? Having something long and hard, stretching you out, filling you up." His words were obscene, turning the act of eating into a perverse ritual, and Olivia's body trembled, her arousal spiking despite her horror.

Abigaille leaned closer, her breast squishing against Kafka's arm, her voice a sultry, seductive purr as she joined in, her eyes glinting with delight.

"Oh, fuck, Liv, it feels so damn good, doesn't it?" She moaned, her tone dripping with filth. "Having that big, meaty thing deep in your mouth, so thick it chokes you, so long it hits the back of your throat."

"It's like your mouth's all sealed up, stuffed so full nothing else can fit, just pure, raw love pouring in. I can see it in your eyes, you're craving that sausage, wanting to suck every drop of that juicy meat, aren't you?"

Her words were a taunt, blurring the line between food and something far more depraved, and Olivia's mind reeled, her pussy throbbing as she wondered if Abigaille was even talking about the sausage or something else entirely.

Kafka's focus snapped back to Olivia, his voice a commanding growl as he held the sausage against her lips, its heat searing her skin.

"Open that pretty mouth, Mom." He ordered, his eyes boring into hers, his tone unrelenting. "Gotta open wide, cause that tight little mouth of yours isn't gonna handle this fat sausage unless you stretch it all the way."

"...Show me how bad you want it, how much you're begging to get taken in by this meat." He said, as Olivia's cheeks burned, her embarrassment warring with a shameful urge to obey.

Shyly, she parted her lips, her mouth opening as wide as she could, the act exposing her soft, pink interior, her pearly teeth gleaming in the dim light. Kafka's eyes darkened, a glint flashing as he leaned closer, inspecting her open mouth with a dirty smirk.

"Fuck, that's a cute little mouth." He murmured, his voice thick with lust. "But it's still too small for this monster sausage. Gonna be a tight fit, Mom, but don't worry if it doesn't slide in easy, I'll just jam it in, stuff that thick meat right down your throat."

"...You like it raw, don't you? Whole and untouched, just like you said. Bet you're regretting that now, huh?" His taunt stung, her earlier confession about loving whole sausages twisted into a humiliating trap, and Olivia's heart raced, her regret mingling with a perverse thrill at his dominance.

She held her mouth open, her eyes wide with anticipation, her body trembling as Kafka raised the sausage, its tip brushing her lips, poised to enter.

But just as he was about to push it in, he stopped, his grin turning evil, his voice a low, teasing challenge. "Hold up, Mom." He said, his eyes glinting with mischief. "If you wanna really relish this sausage, you gotta show me how much you crave it, how bad you're dying to have it."

"...Beg for it, Mom. Beg to have this fat, juicy sausage in your mouth, like it's the only thing you've ever wanted."

Olivia's jaw dropped, her embarrassment surging as she shook her head, her voice a flustered protest.

"Kafi, no, that's...that's too much!" She stammered, her cheeks flaming. "I don't need to beg for food—it's weird, it's embarrassing. Can't I just...eat it?" Her plea was desperate, the idea of begging so humiliating it made her pussy clench, her arousal a shameful secret she couldn't hide.

Kafka's eyes narrowed, his gaze stern and unyielding, his hand tightening on her neck, a dominant pressure that sent a jolt through her.

"Not good enough, Mom." He growled, his voice a filthy command. "I'm the one who cooked this feast, who slaved over this fucking sausage for you. So, I wanna hear you beg for it, like it's the last piece of meat on earth, like your life depends on getting it in that greedy little mouth."

"...Beg for my sausage, Mom—beg like you're starving, like you'll die without it."

His tone was overbearing, his authority absolute, and Olivia's frustration flared, her body hot and stuffy, her pussy soaking through her underwear as his aggression stoked a fire she couldn't quench.

Abigaille's laughter was a sultry chime, her eyes shimmering with arousal as she leaned closer, her voice a dirty whisper.

"Go on, Olivia, beg for that big, fat sausage." She urged, her breast pressing against Kafka's arm, her smile wicked. "Tell him how bad you need it, how you're aching to suck it down, to feel it stretch your mouth wide?...Beg like a good little girl, and he'll give you what you want." She said, pushing Olivia deeper into the depraved game, and Olivia's embarrassment surged, her body trembling with a shameful need she couldn't deny.

With Kafka's hand on her neck, his stern gaze boring into her, Olivia had no choice. She looked up at him, her eyes coy and pleading, her voice a trembling, dirty whisper.

"Please, Kafi." She said, her tone laced with desperation. "I want your sausage in my mouth. I-I want it so bad, I can't stand it. Please, give it to me, let me taste it, let me have it deep." Her words were obscene, her blush deepening as she surrendered to the act, her pussy throbbing with every syllable.

Kafka's grin widened, his voice a low, filthy growl.

"How much do you want it, Mom?" He pressed, his hand tightening, pulling her closer. "How desperate are you to get this sausage down your throat? Tell me how far would you go for it?"

Olivia's breath hitched, her voice breaking as she leaned into his dominance, her words a fervent plea.

"I-I'd give anything, Kafi!~" She gasped, her eyes locked on his, her body trembling with need. "My life, my soul, anything, just give me that sausage, shove it deep in my mouth."

"...I need it, I'm fucking, I want nothing else but that big, juicy meat filling me up!~"

Her confession was raw, her arousal spilling over, her pussy dripping as she begged, the act degrading but intoxicating.

Kafka's eyes gleamed, a spark of victory flashing as he leaned closer, his voice a dirty command.

"Not just any sausage, Mom." He growled, his hand gripping her neck, his thumb brushing her jaw. "It's my sausage, thick and fat and made for you. Say it, tell me you want my sausage in your mouth, that you're dying to suck it, lick it, taste every fucking inch."

Olivia's cheeks burned, her embarrassment peaking, but the heat in her core drove her on, her voice a sultry, desperate moan.

"I want your sausage, Kafi!~" She said, her eyes pleading, her tongue darting out to wet her lips. "Your big, fat, juicy, burly sausage, deep in my mouth. I wanna taste it all, lick it, suck it, have my tongue all over it, savor every inch!~ Please, give it to me, stuff it in, make me choke on it!~" Her words were filthy, a surrender to the depravity and look of satisfaction appeared on her face.

"Good girl." He murmured, his hand stroking her neck, his eyes burning with satisfaction. "That's desperate enough. Open up, Mom, wide as you can, let me see that hungry mouth."

Olivia obeyed, her lips parting fully, her mouth a gaping invitation, her pink interior glistening, her eyes wide with anticipation.

Kafka held the sausage above her, its tip brushing her lips, and slowly pushed it in, the thick meat filling her mouth, stretching her wide until she felt it press against her tongue, heavy and unyielding.

"Don't bite." He ordered, his voice a dirty growl, his hand steadying her neck. "Savor it first, Mom. Feel that fat sausage filling you up, taste every single spot. Use your tongue, wrap it around, suck it like you mean it."

Olivia's eyes watered, the sausage overwhelming, its girth making her mouth feel impossibly full, a faint discomfort mingling with the rich, spiced flavor.

She hesitated, her body tensing, but Kafka's voice was firm, calming. "Handle it, Mom, don't panic. You'll get used to it, just let it sit there, let it own your mouth. Tongue it, love it, make it yours."

Struggling but obedient, Olivia wrapped her lips tighter around the sausage, her tongue gliding over its surface, sucking gently, the flavor bursting—salty, spicy, creamy with cheese, a sensory overload that made her pussy clench.

"Mmph!~ Mmm!~ Slurp!~ Ahhh!~"

She worked her tongue, swirling it around, tasting every ridge, her arousal spiking as she surrendered to the act, her mouth a vessel for Kafka's will.

Abigail's moan was a sultry hymn, her voice a filthy whisper. "Oh, Olivia, that looks so lewd." She purred, her breast pressing against Kafka's arm, her smile wicked. "Sucking that sausage like it's something else, like you're taking a big, hard cock deep in your mouth."

"...I've never seen you make that face—so desperate, so needy. I love it, you cute little slut, choking on that meat like you were born for it."

She said out loud, amplifying the depravity, and Olivia's cheeks burned, her embarrassment surging even as her tongue worked the sausage, her body trembling with shameful pleasure.

"Nnn!~ Suck!~ Ahh!~ Mmmph!~"

Kafka nodded, his voice a low, dirty praise. "You said she's always so composed, so scary..." He said, his eyes locked on Olivia's stuffed mouth. "...but look at her now just a cute little girl, struggling with a big, fat sausage in her mouth."

"...Can't handle it, can you, Mom? But you're trying so hard, sucking it like a good slut, making me so fucking proud."

His words echoed in her mind, a torrent of degradation that pushed her to the edge. The dirty talk, the way he commanded her, was already too much, a relentless assault on her crumbling resolve.

But slut...that word, spat with such casual ownership, was a knife to her heart, a line crossed she couldn't ignore.

Her body burned with arousal, her pussy clenching at the humiliation, but the shame was unbearable, a searing reminder of the taboo they were dancing with.

Olivia pulled back, the sausage slipping from her mouth with a wet pop, her lips glistening with saliva, her eyes wide and desperate as she stared at Kafka.

"Kafi, no..." She gasped, her voice trembling with indignation and need, her hands clutching her chest as if to shield herself. "You can't...you can't call me that. Calling your own mother a slut? It's wrong, it's degrading, it's...it's not okay. Please, don't say it again!"

Her plea was fervent, her cheeks flaming, but deep inside, a traitorous heat pulsed, the word igniting a dark thrill, making her feel like a worthless piece of meat, a plaything for her son's desires.

She hated it, yet craved it, the contradiction tearing at her soul...

Chapter 674: Saviour My Meat

Kafka's smile was infuriatingly calm, his eyes glinting with a playful menace as he leaned closer, his hand still resting on her neck, his thumb brushing her jaw.

"Aw, Mom, I don't mean no harm." He purred, his voice a filthy caress, dripping with mock innocence. "I'm calling you a slut because I thought it'd make you feel good. Isn't that what you want? To feel like my dirty little girl, taking this sausage like a fucking champ?" He said, turning her protest into another layer of their perverse game, and Olivia's jaw dropped, her voice rising with absurd disbelief.

"Why in the world would being called a slut make me feel good?!" She demanded, her tone incredulous, her eyes searching his for some shred of reason. "Where'd you even get that idea, Kafi? That's...that's insane!" Her frustration surged, her body trembling with anger and arousal, her pussy soaking through her underwear as his dominance stoked her shameful desires.

Kafka's gaze flicked to Abigaille, his smile widening, a conspiratorial glint in his eyes.

"From her..." He said, his voice a low, dirty drawl, nodding toward Abigaille, who sat with a feigned innocence, her eyes averted, whistling softly as if oblivious. "Mom's always telling me to call her

terms like 'slut,' 'whore,' 'filthy bitch—says it gets her all hot and bothered, makes her pussy drip like a faucet. She told me it wasn't degrading, and it just means you're...expressive, wild, free."

"She said those words got double meanings, that it's fine to call your mom that, because it's just love, you know? A special kinda nickname." His tone was earnest, but the filthy edge was unmistakable, his words painting Abigail as the architect of his twisted worldview.

Olivia's eyes snapped to Abigail, frustration boiling over as she glared, her voice sharp with accusation.

"Abi!" She hissed, her cheeks burning, her hands balling into fists. "You're the one feeding him this nonsense? Teaching him to call us...sluts? To think it's okay to talk like that? You've turned him into this...this little demon who doesn't know boundaries!"

Her anger was raw, her heart aching at Abigail's role in Kafka's transformation, but Abigail just looked away, a faint smile tugging at her lips, her silence a confession of complicity.

She was Kafka's, body and soul, willing to follow his every whim, and the realization hit Olivia like a slap, her frustration mingling with a dark envy.

Kafka chuckled, his hand sliding up her neck, his fingers tangling in her hair as he spoke, his voice a dirty murmur.

"Yeah, Mom—Mom taught me to talk like this, too." He said, his eyes glinting with mischief. "She said it feels good to speak all nasty, to let it all hang out."

"She said it makes you both wet, hearing me call you filthy names, telling you to suck my sausage like a good little whore. That's why I'm doing it, Mom, because I know you love it, deep down, even if you're acting all shy."

His words were a obvious provocation, daring her to deny the heat in her pussy, the way her body responded to his degradation.

Olivia opened her mouth to protest, to argue that he was wrong, to pull him back from the abyss, but Kafka's grip tightened on her neck, his fingers digging into her scalp, a dominant hold that made her gasp, her body quivering under his gaze.

His eyes were a wolf's, predatory and unyielding, pinning her like a helpless bunny. "Enough talking now, Mom." He growled, his voice a low, filthy command, his face inches from hers. "You've been yapping too much, and we're in the middle of dinner. No one speaks out during my feast, not when I'm feeding you my sausage...You hear me?"

"...So, shut that pretty mouth unless it's taking this meat."

His tone was overbearing, his authority absolute, and Olivia's defiance crumbled, a whimper escaping her as she nodded, her body trembling with submission, her pussy throbbing at his control.

"That's it." Kafka murmured, his voice a dirty purr, his hand loosening slightly, stroking her neck as he held the sausage before her. "Now open that slutty little mouth again, take my sausage back where it belongs. No more questions, no more whining—just suck it like you're told."

His command was relentless, and Olivia's cheeks burned, her embarrassment surging, but the heat in her pussy drove her to obey. She parted her lips, her mouth opening wide, a glistening invitation, and Kafka smiled, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction as he slid the sausage back in, its thick, meaty weight filling her mouth, stretching her lips taut.

"Mmmph!~ Ahhh!~ Nnn!~ Suck!~"

"Fuck, that's it." He growled, his voice thick with lust, his hand steadying her neck. "Right where it belongs, Mom—my sausage stuffed in that pretty mouth, making you look so fucking gorgeous. You're so hot like this, lips all wet, sucking my meat like a good little slut."

His praise was degrading, yet it sent a shiver through her, her blush deepening as she felt the sausage's flavor burst on her tongue, her arousal spiking despite the humiliation.

"Slurp!~ Mmm!~ Ahh!~ Nnn! ~"

Kafka leaned closer, his breath hot against her ear, his voice a filthy whisper. "As your son, Mom, you gotta do what I say." He murmured, his hand tightening in her hair, pulling just enough to make her whimper. "Whatever I call you slut, whore, bitch—you take it, you hear me?"

"It's my love, my way of showing you're mine, like a nickname that says you're my dirty little girl. You accept it, because it's from me, your boy, and you love me, don't you?"

He told out a twisted declaration, turning degradation into devotion, and Olivia's eyes flicked to Abigail, who whistled innocently, her silence a mocking confirmation of her influence.

"Do you understand?" Kafka demanded, his voice a low growl, his eyes boring into hers. "Nod that pretty head, Mom, with my sausage deep in your mouth. Show me you get it." Olivia hesitated, her heart pounding, but the weight of his gaze, the sausage filling her mouth, left her no choice.

She nodded, her eyes watering, the motion a humiliating surrender, and Kafka's smile was triumphant, his voice a velvet purr.

"Good girl. Now let's get serious."

He pulled the fork away, gripping the sausage in his bare hand, its glistening surface slick with her saliva, his other hand tightening on her neck, bracing her.

"Time to taste it all, Mom." He growled, his voice thick with filthy intent. "This sausage ain't just for your mouth—it's gonna spread its flavor down your throat, make you feel every fucking inch. Your throat's gotta taste it, gotta know how good it is to be stuffed deep." Olivia's eyes widened, a flicker of hesitation flashing through her as she tried to process his meaning.

He leaned closer, his eyes locking onto hers, his voice a low, commanding whisper.

"You ready, Mom? Ready to take my sausage all the way down your throat, feel that thick tip kissing your fucking soul? Every flavor, every drop, deep where it belongs." Olivia's heart raced, her hesitation raw, unsure what he meant by 'throat' but his dominant gaze, the grip on her neck, compelled her to nod, a submissive surrender that made her pussy clench, her body trembling with a mix of fear and need.

"Good." Kafka murmured, his voice a dirty promise. "Might be tough for a newbie like you, Mom, but you'll be fine. Just don't bite, no matter what."

"...You bite my sausage, and I'll punish you—spank that fat ass till it's red, make you beg for mercy. Got it?" His threat sent a jolt through her, her mind reeling at the idea of punishment, her pussy dripping at the thought, but she nodded, her eyes watering, her mouth still stuffed.

Kafka's grip tightened, his hand on her scalp steadying her as he pushed the sausage deeper, its thick length sliding past her tongue, pressing against the back of her mouth.

"Don't gag, Mom." He ordered, his voice firm but soothing, his eyes locked on hers. "Calm down, control those reflexes. You gag, you ruin it, and we start over...Take it like a good slut, let it own you."

Olivia's eyes teared up, the sausage overwhelming, its girth stretching her throat, a gagging reflex rising, but his hand held her firm, his voice guiding her.

"Ooooh!~ Mmph!~ Lick!~ Ahhh!~"

She struggled, her body tensing, but she fought the urge, loosening her throat, letting the sausage slide deeper, the sensation alien and intense.

Abigaille's eyes gleamed with arousal as she watched, her hand slipping between her thighs, her fingers teasing her pussy through her underwear.

"Oh, Olivia, you look so goddamn erotic!~" She purred, her voice dripping with filth. "That sausage deep in your throat, stretching you out, making you choke like a filthy whore!~"

So hot, even if it's just meat. Your throat's taking it like a champ, but fuck, it could handle more, couldn't it? This is practice, baby, for when you take the real thing, that big, hard cock you're gonna love." She said, hinting at something darker, and Olivia's mind spun, her confusion drowned by the sausage's relentless advance, her throat bulging as it pushed deeper.

"Nnn!~ Slurp!~ Mmmph!~ Ahh! ~"

Kafka's gaze was loving, his hand caressing her head, stroking her hair in a gentle contrast to his dominance.

"You're doing so good, Mom." He murmured, his voice a soft, filthy praise. "You're a fighter, always been. Fought for this family, gave us everything. So a little sausage? That's nothing to you. Take it deep, let it fill you, show me how strong you are."

His words were a balm, his trust, his admiration, a lifeline, and Olivia's heart swelled, her resolve hardening. She relaxed her throat, letting the sausage slide deeper, its tip pressing into places she'd never felt, the sensation overwhelming, her eyes watering, her body trembling with effort.

"Ahh!~ Mmph!~ Nnn!~ Suck! ~"

Abigaille's gasp was a dirty moan, her fingers working faster, her eyes locked on Olivia's throat, the bulge visible beneath her skin.

"Oh my, Olivia!~" She groaned, her voice thick with lust. "Your throat's swallowing that sausage, making it look like a goddamn cock's fucking you deep!~ So fucking hot, I'm creaming myself just watching!~ Keep going, take it all, you dirty little slut!~"

Her masturbation was blatant, her pussy soaking through her underwear, and Olivia's embarrassment surged, her own pussy throbbing at the sight, the degradation pushing her to the edge.

Kafka's hand steadied her, his voice a loving command.

"Almost there, Mom." He murmured, his eyes warm with pride. "You're taking my sausage like a fucking queen, letting it own your throat. Feel it, taste it, let it be part of you. I'm right here, I've got you."

His caress, his trust, gave her strength, and Olivia pushed through, her throat yielding, the sausage filling her completely, a perverse triumph that left her gasping, her body alight with a pleasure she couldn't deny, her submission a fire that consumed her as she fell deeper into their depraved dance...

Chapter 675: Let Me Have The Other End

Kafka's voice was a low, dirty growl, his eyes burning with delight as he leaned closer, the sausage still deep in her throat, bulging beneath her skin.

"God Mom, you're taking it so good." He purred, his hand tightening on her neck, his thumb tracing the bulge. "But we aren't done yet."

"I'm gonna move this fat sausage in and out, slide it deep in your throat, make sure that juicy flavor spreads everywhere."

"...So, you ready to get fucked by this meat, Mom? Ready to feel it pump your throat like a greedy little slut?" He said a promise of violation, and Olivia's pussy clenched, her arousal spiking despite the degradation, her body trembling with a desperate need to please him.

Before she could respond, Kafka pulled the sausage out, its thick length slipping from her mouth with a wet, obscene pop, leaving her gasping, her chest heaving as she sucked in air, her lips glistening with saliva.

"Breathe, Mom." He murmured, his voice a filthy caress, his eyes locked on her flushed face. "Gotta catch your breath before I stuff this meat back in, fill that tight throat again."

Her moment of reprieve was fleeting, his hand guiding the sausage back to her lips, its tip brushing her before he pushed it in, slow and deliberate, the thick meat sliding deep, stretching her throat until she felt it bulge, a gagging reflex rising that she fought to suppress.

"Ahh!~ Suck!~ Gluck!~ Gluck!~ Mmph!~ Lick!~"

"Fuck, you like that, don't you?" Kafka growled, his voice thick with lust, his hand steadying her neck as he began to move the sausage, sliding it in and out, each thrust sending waves of flavor across her tongue. "Like feeling this big, juicy sausage fucking your throat, hitting every fucking spot, coating your mouth with all that meaty taste?"

"...Bet it's filling you up, making your pussy drip, ain't it, you dirty little whore?" His words were relentless, each word a lash that stoked her arousal, her eyes watering as the sausage pumped her throat, her body shuddering with a perverse pleasure she couldn't deny.

"Mmph!~ Gluck!~ Gluck!~ Mmm!~ Slurp!~ Ahhh!~"

Abigaille's moan was a sultry hymn, her fingers working her pussy through her soaked underwear, her eyes half-lidded with arousal as she watched, her voice a filthy purr.

"Goddamn, Olivia, you look so erotic!~" She groaned, her hips grinding against Kafka's thigh, her fingers circling her clit. "Taking that sausage down your throat like a cock-hungry slut, choking on it, loving every inch!~ I'm in love with this, watching you get throat-fucked by that meat. Bet your pussy's creaming, begging for more." Her words were a taunt, amplifying the depravity, and she leaned closer, her voice dropping to a dirty whisper. "Kafi, go faster, fuck her throat harder!~ Bet she can take it, bet she's dying to feel that sausage pound her like a real cock!~"

Kafka's grin was lecherous, his eyes glinting with approval as he tightened his grip, his voice a low, filthy challenge.

"You heard her, Mom." He growled, his hand pumping the sausage faster, the thick meat sliding in and out of her throat with a wet, obscene rhythm. "Can you handle this? Can you take my sausage fucking your throat like a good little slut, letting it stretch you wide, fill you deep?"

"...Show me, Mom, show me how much you love this meat." His thrusts quickened, each one deeper, harder, the sausage hitting the back of her throat, making her gag, her eyes widening with each push, obscene slurping noises escaping her lips as she struggled to keep up.

"Nnn!~ Suck!~ Thwack!~ Thwack!~ Ahh!~ Mmmph!~"

Olivia's body trembled, her throat burning, but she adapted, her reflexes yielding to the relentless rhythm, her tongue instinctively swirling around the sausage, sucking it greedily as it pumped her mouth.

"Mmmph!~ Ahhh!~ Thwack!~ Thwack!~ Nnn!~ Gag!~ Suck!~"

The flavor was intoxicating—spicy, cheesy, meaty, flooding her senses, her pussy throbbing with every thrust, her arousal a fire she couldn't quench.

Kafka's eyes gleamed with satisfaction, his voice a dirty purr. "Yes, Mom, you're doing perfect." He groaned, his hand stroking her neck, feeling the sausage's bulge beneath her skin. "Look at your throat, taking it all, swallowing my meat like a fucking champ. Feels so good, doesn't it? Knowing you're pleasing your boy, sucking his dish like a filthy whore?"

His hand traced her throat, his fingers pressing against the bulge, a possessive touch that made her whimper, her body quivering with pleasure. "So fucking wonderful..." He murmured, his voice thick with pride. "...seeing my mom enjoy my sausage like this, letting it fuck her throat, making it hers."

"..You're so beautiful, Mom, so fucking hot with my meat deep inside you." His praise was degrading, yet it filled her with a shameful ecstasy, her pussy dripping as she surrendered to his will.

"Mmph!~ Gluck!~ Gluck!~ Mmm!~ Slurp!~ Ahhh!~"

Then, in a sudden, filthy impulse, Kafka leaned down, his lips brushing her throat, kissing the bulging skin where the sausage pressed, his tongue flicking out to taste her.

"Might hurt a little, Mom." He murmured, his voice a dirty whisper, his kisses soft but searing. "So, I gotta give this throat some love, make it feel good while it's getting fucked."

His lips sucked gently, his tongue tracing the bulge, and Olivia's body convulsed, a wave of pleasure crashing through her, the sensation of his kisses, the sausage's relentless thrusts, overwhelming her senses in a depraved symphony.

"Nnn!~ Suck!~ Thwack!~ Thwack!~ Ahh!~ Mmmph!~"

Abigaille's gasp was a desperate moan, her fingers plunging beneath her underwear, fucking herself openly as she watched, her voice a filthy plea.

"Oh my, Kafi, this is too hot." She groaned, her hips bucking, her pussy gushing. "I can't just watch, I gotta join in, gotta taste that sausage too...Let me suck the other end, let me share it with Olivia, make it fucking nasty." Her eyes burned with hunger, her body trembling with need, and Kafka pulled back, his voice a low, approving growl.

"Fuck yeah, Mom." He said, his eyes glinting with delight. "I've been waiting for you to beg for it. Let's make this sausage a real fucking party." He shifted Olivia forward, the sausage still half-buried in her mouth, its thick length glistening with her saliva, and positioned Abigaille at the other end. "Open wide, Mom." He ordered, his hand gripping Abigaille's neck, guiding her toward the sausage's free end. "Suck it like you mean it, like you're starving for my meat."

Abigaille's mouth opened, her lips parting wide, her tongue darting out as she took the sausage's tip, sucking it with a fervent, sloppy hunger, her moans muffled as she worked it deep.

"Mmmph!~ Ahhh!~ Thwack!~ Thwack!~ Nnn!~ Gag!~ Suck!~"

Kafka's hands held their necks, pushing them together, their faces inches apart, their lips sliding along the sausage's length, their saliva mixing in a wet, obscene dance.

"Ahh!~ Suck!~ Gluck!~ Gluck!~ Mmph!~ Lick!~"

Olivia's frustration surged, her eyes locking with Abigaille's, the sight of her best friend sucking the same sausage a humiliating mirror to her own degradation.

But Abigaille's eyes sparkled with delight, her tongue swirling, her lips smacking, her pleasure blatant and unashamed.

"Fucking divine." Kafka groaned, licking his lips, his eyes feasting on the sight, his voice a filthy hymn. "Both my moms, sucking one fat sausage, taking it deep like the dirty sluts you are."

"This meat's already bursting with flavor, but with your wet mouths, your greedy tongues, it's the most delicious fucking sausage in the world."

"...Look at you, sharing it, slurping it, making it yours. Fuck, both of you are so hot, so fucking dirty and perfect." He said, each word stoking their arousal, their bodies trembling as they sucked, their lips meeting at the sausage's center, their tongues brushing in a fleeting, forbidden touch.

"Mmph!~ Gluck!~ Gluck!~ Mmm!~ Slurp!~ Ahhh!~"

"Keep going, you filthy whores." Kafka growled, his hands pushing their heads, guiding their rhythm, the sausage sliding in and out of their throats in unison. "Suck that sausage like it's my cock, like you're worshipping every inch, begging for my cum...Taste each other's spit, let it mix, make it fucking nasty."

His voice was a command, his dominance absolute, and Olivia's pussy throbbed, her frustration drowned by a wave of depraved pleasure, her tongue working the sausage, her lips slick with Abigaille's saliva...

Chapter 676: Veteran Vs Amateur

"Nnn!~ Suck!~ Thwack!~ Thwack!~ Ahh!~ Mmmph!~"

Abigaille moaned as she pulled her mouth out, her eyes half-lidded, her voice muffled around the sausage.

"Fuck, Kafi, it's so good!~" She slurred, her lips smacking, her tongue swirling. "Tasting Olivia's spit, sucking this sausage with her it's fucking heaven. My pussy's gushing, baby, watching her choke on it, knowing we're sharing your meat!~"

"...Push it deeper, make us take it all, make us your dirty little whores!~" Her words were a plea, her body shuddering with orgasmic need, and Kafka's grin widened, his hands tightening, his thrusts growing harder, the sausage pumping their throats in a relentless, obscene rhythm.

"Mmmph!~ Ahhh!~ Thwack!~ Thwack!~ Nnn!~ Gag!~ Suck!~"

Olivia's body convulsed, her throat burning, her pussy dripping, the depravity overwhelming, but she couldn't stop, her tongue swirling, her lips sucking, the sausage a shared altar of their submission.

Kafka's dirty praise, Abigaille's moans, the wet, sloppy sounds of their mouths—it was a symphony of filth, a dance of degradation that consumed her, her body trembling as she fell deeper into the abyss, her pleasure a fire that would never burn out.

Kafka's voice was a low, filthy growl, as he leaned closer, his hands pushing their heads together, the sausage nearly vanishing between their mouths.

"Damn, you two, you've sucked this sausage so good, slurping up all that flavor like greedy little whores." He purred, his tone dripping with lust. "But it's time to bite, time to sink your teeth Into this fat meat, taste it explode in your mouths. All that sucking's got it bursting, so let's finish it right."

His words were a command, and to Olivia and Abigaille's shock, he shoved their heads closer, the sausage disappearing deep, their lips grazing, noses brushing, faces so close they could feel each other's ragged breaths, their eyes locked in a raw, intimate stare.

"Look at each other." Kafka groaned, his voice thick with filthy intent, his hands tightening on their necks. "Stare into those pretty eyes, see how fucking dirty you both look, mouths stuffed with my sausage, lips all wet and trembling like cock-hungry sluts...See the lust, the need, the way you're both drowning in this."

His command was relentless, and Olivia obeyed, her gaze meeting Abigaille's, her heart pounding as she saw the raw joy in Abigaille's blue eyes, her face dribbling with delight, her lips quivering around the sausage, a portrait of unashamed ecstasy.

Abigail's stare mirrored hers, but Olivia's face told a different story—her eyes wide, struggling with the sausage's girth, her throat burning, yet a glint of lust betrayed her, a shameful pleasure she couldn't hide.

"Not just their faces, Moms." Kafka growled, his voice a dirty whisper, his hands guiding their heads, the sausage sliding slightly in their throats. "Look deep in those eyes, see your own reflection, see how fucking beautiful you are, how nasty, how perfect with my meat stretching your throats."

Olivia's breath hitched, her gaze locked on Abi's eyes, and she saw herself—lips quivering, face flushed, a mask of ecstasy despite her struggle.

The realization hit her like a shockwave: it wasn't the sausage making her pussy drip, her body burn—it was Kafka, his dominance, his filthy commands, forcing her to submit, to embrace this depravity, stirring feelings a mother should never feel for her son.

"Ahh!~ Suck!~ Gluck!~ Gluck!~ Mmph!~ Lick!~"

Their throats strained, the sausage's girth overwhelming, saliva dripping from their lips, trailing down their chins, splattering onto Kafka's crotch in a humiliating cascade.

"Mmph!~ Gluck!~ Gluck!~ Mmm!~ Slurp!~ Ahhh!~"

Olivia's eyes flicked to him, pleading, her gaze desperate, begging for relief, her body trembling as the pressure built, her gag reflex threatening to erupt.

"Oh wow, Mom, looks like you're struggling, huh?" He said, his eyes glinting with amusement. "Still an amateur at taking my meat deep, ain't you? Well, I guess it's time to wrap this up, let's finish this sausage right."

He leaned closer, his voice a filthy command.

"Bite it, you two." He growled, his hands shoving their heads together, their lips nearly kissing, the sausage a thin barrier between them. "Sink your teeth into my meat, take it all in, let it burst in your mouths like the dirty sluts you are. Do it—now!"

His order was absolute, and in a frenzy of submission, Olivia and Abigaille bit down, their teeth slicing through the sausage, severing their connection with a wet snap, the flavor exploding, spicy, cheesy, meaty, flooding their mouths.

Abigaille, a seasoned master of depravity, didn't hesitate. Her lips sealed around her half, and with a fluid, practiced motion, she swallowed it whole, the sausage sliding down her throat viscerally, a bulge visible as it sank into her stomach.

Her eyes rolled back, a satisfied moan escaping her, her body shuddering with pleasure, a skill honed from countless nights worshipping Kafka's cock, a talent few could match.

"Oh yes, Kafi!~" She gasped, her voice a sultry purr, her lips glistening. "That sausage was so good, sliding down my throat like your cock, filling me up!~" She said, her submission blatant, her pussy dripping as she leaned into him, craving more.

Olivia, however, faltered...The sausage, already deep in her throat, triggered her gag reflex the moment she bit, the sudden release of pressure overwhelming her innocent throat, untouched by such violation.

She coughed violently, spitting the sausage onto the plate. With a wet splatter, her chest heaving as she gasped for air, drool dripping down her chin, pooling on her breasts, a humiliating display. Her eyes watered, her face burning with shame as she looked up at Kafka, her voice a trembling plea.

"K-Kafi, I'm so sorry." She whimpered, her hands fluttering, her gaze desperate. "I couldn't handle it, I didn't mean to waste your sausage, I swear. I just...it was too much, I'm not used to this."

Her words were submissive, her only thought the fear of disappointing him, of ruining the food he'd made, her love for him a chain that bound her to his will.

She reached for the spat-out sausage, her fingers trembling, ready to force it back into her mouth, to prove her devotion, but Kafka's hand shot out, grabbing her wrist, his touch firm but gentle.

"No need, Mom." He murmured, his voice a dirty caress, his eyes glinting with a mix of amusement and dominance. "You tried, and that's enough..for now." He picked up the sausage, its surface slick with her saliva, and turned to Abigaille, his grin wicked. "Open that slutty mouth, Mom." He

ordered, his voice a low growl, holding the sausage before her. "Take it deep, show Mom how a real whore handles my meat."

Abigail's eyes sparkled with delight, her mouth opening wide, her tongue lolling out like a reflex, a submissive invitation.

"Yes, Kafi!~" She purred, her voice dripping with lust, her gaze locked on his. "Feed me your sausage, stuff it in my throat, make me choke on it!~"

Kafka pushed the sausage in, sliding it deep, the entire length vanishing into her mouth, her lips sealing around it, her throat bulging as she took it without a flinch.

"Close it." He commanded, and she obeyed, her lips shutting, her eyes glinting with a greedy hunger, a slave-like devotion radiating from her gaze.

Kafka held her there, the sausage buried in her throat, making her wait, her body trembling with anticipation, like a dog awaiting her master's command.

"That's a good girl.." He murmured, his voice coddling, his hand stroking her hair. "Such a good girl, holding my meat like you were born for it. You want it, don't you? Wanna swallow it whole, make me proud?"

Abigail nodded, her eyes gleaming, her submission absolute, and after a torturous pause, Kafka grinned.

"Eat it." He said, and like an obedient pet, she swallowed, the sausage sliding down her throat in one fluid motion, her face glowing with satisfaction, a moan escaping her as she savored the flavor, her pussy gushing with pleasure.

Olivia watched in disbelief, her throat still burning, her body trembling with shame and awe at Abigail's ease, her skill a stark contrast to her own struggle. Kafka then turned to Abigail, his hand patting her head like a dog, his fingers tugging her cheeks in a loving, possessive caress.

"You're such a good girl, Mom." He cooed, his voice thick with filthy affection. "Taking all that meat, swallowing it like a perfect little puppy, no hesitation, no whining."

"...You're my filthy little bitch, always ready to please your master, ain't you?" His words were degrading, yet Abigaille leaned into his touch, her face pressing against his hand

"Yes, Kafi!~" She purred, her voice a sultry moan, her lips brushing his fingers. "I'm your puppy, your dirty little slut, completely obedient, ready to do anything for you!~ I love being your good girl, taking your meat, making you happy."

She nuzzled his hand, her devotion blatant, and Kafka pulled her closer, his arm wrapping around her, hugging her to his chest as she seized the chance to kiss his bare skin, her lips trailing over his pecs, sucking gently, her moans muffled against him...

Chapter 677: Who's My Cutie Patootie?~

Olivia's gaze lingered on Abigaille, her mind reeling at the sight of her best friend's unashamed lewdness, the way she'd swallowed the sausage, Kafka's special dish, made for her without a hint of hesitation, her throat taking it deep, her eyes rolling back in ecstasy.

It was as if Abigaille were a succubus, a creature of pure seduction, weaving her spell over Kafka with every sultry moan, every obedient act. Olivia, on the other hand, had gagged, her innocent throat rebelling against the sausage's girth, spitting it out in a humiliating display.

The contrast stung, a sharp reminder of Abigaille's ease, her skill, and Olivia couldn't help but wonder: How does she do it? What did she mean by 'practice for the real thing?.'

The questions gnawed at her, but beneath them simmered a hotter, uglier feeling...jealousy.

That sausage was hers, crafted with Kafka's love, his effort to welcome her home, to make her feel cherished. Every bite was supposed to be hers, a taste of his devotion, but Abigaille had stolen it, swallowing it whole, claiming it with a greedy delight that left Olivia feeling robbed.

She hadn't meant to spit it out, her gag reflex had betrayed her, but Abigaille's swift opportunism, her perfect execution, made Olivia feel like a failure, a second-rate mother in her son's eyes.

Abigaille was the good one, the one who embraced Kafka's every whim without protest, while Olivia's hesitations, her rejections, painted her as the villain, the cold, distant mother who couldn't keep up.

The thought twisted her heart, a pang of sadness mingling with a fierce envy, she wanted Kafka's love, his attention, as much as Abigaille did. She didn't want to be the lesser mother, the one pushed aside for not playing their depraved game.

Kafka's gaze shifted from Abigaille, who was still kissing his chest, her lips trailing over his skin with a loving, submissive fervor, to Olivia. Her face betrayed her, her eyes glistening with a pitiful, wounded expression, her lips trembling as if she'd lost something precious.

"Hey, Mom..." He said, his voice a soft, concerned rumble, his hand brushing her cheek, tilting her face toward him. "What's wrong? Why you looking so sad? Dinner not to your liking or something?"

His eyes searched hers, a flicker of worry softening his usual dominance, and the tenderness in his tone cracked Olivia's defenses, her resolve wavering under his care.

She looked away, her voice low, almost a whisper, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment. "No, Kafi, it's...it's not that." She mumbled, her eyes fixed on the table, avoiding his gaze as if hiding a shameful secret.

But Kafka didn't relent, his fingers gently lifting her chin, forcing her to meet his eyes, those pretty, vulnerable eyes that shimmered with unshed tears, a silent plea for understanding.

"Come on, Mom." He urged, his voice warm, insistent, his thumb stroking her jaw. "Be honest with me. I don't like seeing you like this, all sad and quiet. I wanna make you happy, you know that."

"...So, whatever's on your mind, tell me, let me fix it."

His sincerity was disarming, his care a balm to her wounded heart, and Olivia's lips trembled, her guard crumbling as she looked at him, her expression pitiful like a child confessing a fear.

"I...I know it's probably just in my head." She said, her voice soft, intimate, as if revealing a secret she'd guarded too long. "I'm overthinking it, I'm sure, but...I feel like you're prioritizing Abi over me, Kafi. And I can't even blame you since she's doing everything you want, kissing you, doing n-naughty things, accepting all of...this, while I'm...I'm rejecting it, saying it's wrong, making it seem like I don't want you."

"...And because of that I worry you're pushing me away, embracing her more, and I hate that thought..."

"...I'm your mother too, I raised you from birth, just like she did and I don't want to be second best, not to you."

Her words spilled out, tender and vulnerable, her eyes glistening, her heart laid bare.

"I-I know I haven't been home as much as Abi, always working, always gone, but I love you just as much, Kafi. I want to feel your love back, not...not be the villain because I'm not as...open as she is."

"...It makes me feel like I'm the bad guy, and I don't want that."

Olivia thought that after hearing this, her son would have a hard time answering since what she told was really confusing and contradictory to how she was acting and not something a son would want to hear from his one mother.

But to her surprise, he had a much more casual reaction.

Hearing this, Kafka's eyes widened, a soft chuckle escaping him, his hand cupping her cheek, his touch warm, grounding.

"Villain?" He said, his voice laced with amusement, his gaze softening with affection. "You're calling yourself a villain, Mom? For real?" His tone was teasing, but there was a warmth in it, a reassurance that made Olivia blink, her surprise cutting through her sadness.

"Yes." She said, her voice trembling, her eyes searching his. "Why's that so surprising? People always look at me like I'm...cold, distant, like I'm the bad guy."

"I've seen it my whole life, Kafi, my face, it's...it's not warm, not like Abi's. I know I look scary, unapproachable. I've been told I'd be the evil witch in any story, the icy queen who rules with a glare. "

"...Even as a kid, I accepted it, knew I'd never be the soft, sweet one. So yeah, I feel like the villain here, pushing you away, ruining your fun."

Her words carried a quiet resignation, a sigh of someone who'd long embraced her fate, her cold exterior a shield she'd worn too long.

But Kafka shook his head, his chuckle deepening, his hand sliding to her neck, his fingers stroking her skin in a loving, possessive caress.

"Wow Mom, that's some story you've told yourself." He said, his voice rich with affection, his eyes locked on hers. "I don't know about how you look out there, scaring strangers with that 'icy queen' face of yours...bet it's terrifying, after seeing how you looked when you tried to stab me."

He grinned, teasing, but his tone softened, his gaze warm, disarming.

"But right here, right now, with your family? There's not a damn bit of scariness in you. You're all soft, all heart, full of so much fucking emotion it's spilling out."

"You're nowhere near that cold witch bullshit you're talking about. You're...you're fucking adorable, Mom, like a little fox, all wide-eyed and cute, sitting here worrying about my love."

Olivia's cheeks flamed, a flush spreading down her neck at the word cute, the unexpected compliment catching her off guard, her heart fluttering with a shy, flustered joy.

"C-Cute?" She echoed, her voice incredulous, her eyes wide as she stared at him. "Kafi, don't...don't tease me like that. I'm not cute, I'm—" She faltered, her usual composure shattered, her lips trembling as she tried to reconcile his words with the image she'd carried for years.

Kafka shook his head, a playful grin spreading across his face, his eyes twinkling with affection as he leaned closer, his hand cupping her cheek.

"No, Mom, not at all." He said, his voice a warm, teasing rumble. "You're cute, no, you're the cutest. Absolutely, one hundred percent, the most adorable creature I've ever laid eyes on."

"...You might not hear it a lot, but trust me, every inch of you is screaming adorable right now."

His tone was exaggerated, almost theatrical, but the sincerity in his gaze made her heart skip, her cheeks flushing a deeper red as he went on, his words a relentless cascade of praise.

"Look at you those big, sparkly eyes, all wide and worried, like a little fox caught in the headlights...That pouty little mouth, trembling like you're about to cry...Even your nose, all perfect and twitchy, it's all so fucking cute, Mom, I can't stand it!"

Olivia's blush deepened, a wave of embarrassment crashing over her as she squirmed on his lap, her hands fluttering nervously, unsure where to rest.

"Kafi, stop." She mumbled, her voice soft, flustered, her eyes darting away, unable to meet his gaze. "Don't...don't say that. I'm not cute, I'm...I'm your mother, not some...some little girl." Her protest was weak, her heart racing with a shy delight she couldn't suppress, the warmth of his words wrapping around her like a blanket.

But Kafka didn't stop. His grin widened, his hands moving to both of her cheeks, gently pinching and pulling them down, stretching her flushed skin as he chuckled, his eyes gleaming with mischief.

"Oh, Mom, look at these cheeks." He teased, his voice dripping with playful affection, his fingers tugging lightly, making her face even redder. "So rosy, so soft, like a little baby's. Even now, I just wanna cuddle you, scoop you up and treat you like a tiny kid who needs all my love."

"...You're too damn adorable, I can't help it!"

He leaned closer, his face inches from hers, and to her shock, he rubbed his nose against hers, a childish, affectionate gesture that sent a jolt of embarrassment through her, her body tensing as he treated her like a toddler.

"Who's my little cutie pie?" He cooed, his voice a sing-song taunt, his nose still brushing hers, his eyes sparkling with delight. "Who's my adorable little patootie, huh? Come on, tell me who's the sweetest, cutest little baby in the whole wide world?"

His teasing was relentless, each word a playful jab that made her squirm, her embarrassment surging as she realized Abigail was watching, her lips curled in a knowing, amused smile, her eyes glinting with mischief from the sidelines.

"Kafi, stop it!" Olivia squeaked, her voice high, flustered, her hands swatting at his playfully, though she didn't pull away, her body leaning into his touch despite her protests. "I'm not a baby, I'm your mother! You can't...you can't treat me like this, it's embarrassing!"

Her words were a half-hearted scold, her cheeks burning, but the truth was undeniable, she was enjoying it, the warmth of his affection, the playful teasing, completely different to the cold, distant image she'd always carried. Her heart fluttered, a shy joy blooming beneath her embarrassment, his love a balm she craved.

Kafka's chuckle deepened, his hands still tugging her cheeks, his nose brushing hers as he shook his head, his voice a low, teasing purr.

"Mother, woman, whatever you wanna call yourself, Mom." He said, his eyes locked on hers, his gaze warm, unrelenting. "Right now, you're just my cute little girl, sitting here all blushy and pouty, begging to be coddled with all my heart. And I'm not stopping, not till you admit it, till you see how adorable you are."

He pulled back slightly, his hands releasing her cheeks, only to cup her face, his thumbs stroking her skin as he tilted her head, forcing her to meet his eyes.

"So, who's my cutie little baby? Who's this adorable little fox in front of me, huh? Say it, Mom, tell me who's the sweetest little patootie I love so much."

Olivia's cheeks burned, her embarrassment peaking as she glanced at Abigaille, who leaned against Kafka's chest, her smile widening, her eyes sparkling with amusement.

"Go on, Liv." Abigaille purred, her voice a sultry tease, her hand trailing lazily over Kafka's thigh. "Tell him you're his cutie patootie. You know you want to be his and his alone. Don't fight it, just give in, be his adorable little girl."

Her words were a playful nudge, laced with a dirty undertone, and Olivia's blush deepened, her heart racing as she realized she couldn't escape, not with Kafka's insistent gaze, Abi's knowing look, and her own desperate need to please him.

"Fine..." Olivia whispered, her voice trembling, her cheeks blazing as she met his gaze, her eyes shimmering with a shy, reluctant joy. "I'm...I'm your cutie patootie, Kafi. I-I'm your adorable little"

"...T-That should be fine, right?"

Her admission was a flustered rush, her body tensing as she braced for his reaction, her embarrassment a fire that burned through her, but the joy in her heart was undeniable, his love a gift she couldn't refuse...

Chapter 678: Your Love Is Only For Me!

Kafka's grin was glowing, his eyes sparkling with delight as he leaned closer, his hands cupping her face again, his voice a playful taunt.

"That's exactly what I wanted to hear, Mom!" He crowed, his tone dripping with affection, his nose brushing hers once more. "But we aren't done, Mom."

"Who's my snuggly wuggly cutie pie? Who's my precious little baby fox, huh? Say it again, tell me you're the sweetest, cuddliest little patootie I love with all my heart!"

His teasing was relentless, his words a childish chant that made her squirm, her embarrassment surging as he treated her like a toddler, his love a playful, overwhelming force.

"Kafi, please!" Olivia squeaked, her voice high, flustered, her hands swatting at him weakly, her body leaning into his touch despite her protests. "I said it already, stop it! I'm not...I'm not a baby, I'm—" She faltered, her words cut off by his chuckle, his hands tugging her cheeks again, stretching her flushed skin as he cooed, his eyes gleaming with mischief.

"Nope, not enough, Mom." He said, his voice a low, teasing purr, his face inches from hers. "You're my adorable little girl, and I'm gonna keep coddling you till you're grinning like Mom over there."

"...So, who's my cutie wutie fox? Who's my snuggly little baby, huh? Tell me, Mom, or I'm gonna keep tickling these cheeks till you're giggling like a kid!"

His fingers danced over her cheeks, a playful threat, and Olivia's blush deepened, her heart racing with a mix of embarrassment and joy, his love a fire she couldn't resist.

"Okay, okay!" She gasped, her voice a flustered surrender, her eyes meeting his, shimmering with a shy, radiant delight. "I-I'm your snuggly wuggly cutie pie, Kafi!"

"...I-I'm your precious little baby f-fox, the cuddliest patootie you love, alright?"

Her words were a rush, her cheeks burning, her body trembling with the humiliation of saying such childish things, but the joy in her heart was overwhelming, his love a balm that soothed her every doubt.

Kafka's laughter was warm, his hands releasing her cheeks to pull her into a tight, affectionate hug, his voice a low, loving murmur.

"Fuck, Mom, that's my girl." He said, his eyes shining with pride, his arms wrapping around her, holding her close. "You're the cutest fucking thing, my little fox, and I'm gonna love you like this forever."

"...Not a villain, not a icy queen, just my adorable cutie patootie, right here in my arms."

His words were a vow, his embrace a sanctuary, and Olivia melted into him, her embarrassment fading under the weight of his love, her heart tethered to his

Abigaille, her eyes glinting with mischief as she too felt the need to be coddled, leaned closer to Kafka, her hand trailing over his thigh, her voice a soft, teasing purr that cut through the air like a velvet blade.

"Hey, Kafi..." Abigaille said, her tone dripping with playful desire, her lips brushing his shoulder as she nuzzled him. "You're coddling Liv like she's the only cute one here, calling her all those sweet little names, making her blush so pretty."

".But don't leave me out, baby, I want you to coddle me too, call me your adorable little whatever, your snuggly little puppy."

"Come on, show me some of that love, make me feel as special as you're making her."

Her words were a sultry invitation, her body pressing closer, her breast grazing his arm, a blatant bid for his attention that sent a jolt of alarm through Olivia to which Kafka's grin widened, his eyes sparkling with amusement as he turned to Abigaille, his hand lifting toward her cheek, ready to indulge her.

"You want in on this, Mom?" He chuckled, his voice a warm, teasing rumble. "Alright, I got plenty of love for my other cutie pie, let's see—"

His fingers twitched, poised to tug her cheeks, to shower her with the same childish affection he'd lavished on Olivia, and for a moment, the room seemed to tilt, the air crackling with anticipation.

But Olivia's heart lurched, a sharp, possessive jealousy flaring in her chest, her breath catching as she realized she couldn't bear it.

The coddling, the sweet names, the playful teasing it was hers, a special moment crafted just for her, a rare glimpse of Kafka's love that felt sacred, unique.

The thought of him sharing it with Abigaille, even if she was his other mother, felt like a theft, a dilution of the intimacy she'd just claimed. She wanted his love for herself, every pet name, every tender touch, and the idea of Abigaille basking in the same glow was unbearable, a betrayal she couldn't stomach.

"No!" Olivia gasped, her voice a sudden, desperate cry, cutting through the air like a whip.

Her hand also shot out, grabbing Kafka's wrist, pulling it away from Abigaille's cheek, her eyes wide with jealousy and defiance.

Both Kafka and Abigaille froze, their gazes snapping to her, disbelief etched across their faces as Olivia's cheeks flamed, her heart pounding with the audacity of her outburst.

"You...You can't do that with Abi." She stammered, her voice trembling but firm, her eyes darting between them, a coy, vulnerable glint shimmering in her gaze. "You're only allowed to do that with me, Kafi. It's not fair if you treat her the same way."

"...I-I'm your adorable little fox, your little baby girl, me, not her. You can't call other women that, not even Abi. I'm...I'm the only one, okay?"

Her words spilled out, aggressive and possessive, her jealousy laid bare, her face a portrait of adorable vulnerability, her lips trembling as she clung to his arm.

Hearing this, Abigail's jaw dropped, a delighted squeal escaping her as she clapped her hands, her eyes sparkling with amusement, her voice a sultry, teasing lilt.

"Oh my God, Liv!" She crowed, leaning closer, her breast pressing against Kafka's arm, her smile wide and delighted. "You're so cute right now, acting all jealous over Kafi, like I'm gonna steal your precious boy away!"

"I could die happy seeing you like this, all pouty and possessive, blushing so pretty when you're usually so damn solemn...My god, it's adorable, you little fox, staking your claim like that!"

Her laughter was infectious, her teasing laced with affection, but it only deepened Olivia's blush, her embarrassment surging as she realized how exposed she was, her heart racing with shame and defiance.

But more than Abigail's reaction, Olivia's eyes flicked to Kafka, her breath catching as she sought his response, his opinion the only one that mattered.

To her shock, his face was solemn, his eyes shadowed with a gloomy intensity she'd never seen before, a stern gaze that sent a chill down her spine, her heart lurching with fear.

Had she gone too far?...Was her jealousy, her clinginess, too much, too weird?

Her fingers tightened on his shoulder, clinging to his clothes, her voice a trembling, desperate plea as she leaned closer, her eyes wide with panic.

"Kafi, did I...did I say something wrong?" She whispered, her voice cracking, her gaze searching his. "Was it weird, acting so clingy, saying I want you all to myself?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to sound like...like some woman trying to keep you from everyone else. It's just...I love you, and I don't want you to hate me for this."

"...Please, don't look at me like that it's scary, Kafi, please."

Kafka's solemn gaze held for a moment, his silence a weight that pressed against her chest, but then he shook his head slowly, a faint, embarrassed smile tugging at his lips, his eyes softening with a warmth that eased her fear.

"Nah, Mom, it's not like that." He murmured, his voice low, almost shy, his hand lifting to caress her cheek, his fingers gentle, grounding. "You didn't say nothing wrong and I'm actually glad you said it. It makes me feel...special, knowing you want my attention so bad, that you're jealous over me."

"...You showing all that love, that need, it's beautiful, Mom, makes me happy as hell." His words were soothing, his affection a fire that warmed her heart, and Olivia's eyes glistened, her panic fading under his reassurance.

"Then...then why do you look so solemn?" She asked, her voice trembling, her hand resting on his, pressing his palm to her cheek, her eyes wide with concern. "Why's your face all stone, like, Kafi? Are you sick? Is something wrong?"

Her worry was palpable, her fingers tracing his cheek, searching for a sign, her heart aching at the thought of him hiding something from her.

Kafka's smile turned nervous, a flush creeping up his neck as he averted his gaze, his hand rubbing the back of his neck, a rare glimpse of vulnerability.

"It's embarrassing, Mom." He mumbled, his voice barely audible, his eyes flicking back to hers, hesitant. "I don't know if I should say this to you, my own mom, it's not something you just blurt out." His embarrassment was obvious, a crack in his usual dominance, and Olivia's curiosity surged, her eyes brightening with excitement, eager to see this hidden side of her son.

"What is it, Kafi?" She urged, her voice fervent, her hands clutching his arm, her body leaning closer, her eyes wide and sparkling. "You can tell me anything, you know that. I'm your mom, I'll take it all in, no matter what."

"Please, open up, tell me what's on your mind. I wanna know, I wanna understand you."

Her eagerness was infectious, her love a beacon that drew him out, and Kafka's flush deepened, his gaze meeting hers, a bit of nervousness and resolve in his eyes.

"Alright..." He said, his voice low, suggestive, his eyes locking onto hers with a quiet intensity. "I didn't wanna say this, but since you're willing to hear me out, I'll tell you."

"It's just that when you said all that, about wanting my love for yourself, it didn't disappoint me...Rather, it got me excited, Mom, too happy and excited, if you get me."

His tone was laced with a dirty undertone, a hint of something taboo, and Olivia's brow furrowed, her curiosity tinged with suspicion as she tilted her head, her voice cautious...

Chapter 679: Forbidden Desire

"Excited?" She echoed, her eyes narrowing, her heart racing with a anticipation and unease. "What do you mean, Kafi? Over happy? What's so suspicious about that?" Her question was careful, her gaze searching his, sensing the shift in his tone, the hidden meaning behind his words.

Kafka gave a nervous chuckle, his hand rubbing his neck again, his voice a low, embarrassed murmur.

"Don't laugh at me, okay?" He said, his eyes flicking to hers, pleading. "Promise you won't make fun of me for this, Mom." Olivia nodded frantically, her eyes wide, her hands clutching his arm, her eagerness palpable, and Kafka sighed, his voice dropping to a whisper. "Look down, Mom. Look at down, and you'll see what I mean by over excited."

Olivia's brow furrowed, her confusion deepening as she glanced to her left, her eyes scanning the floor beneath the chair, finding nothing.

"What?" She mumbled, her voice puzzled, her gaze flicking back to him. "There's nothing there, Kafi."

He shook his head, his flush deepening, his voice a low, suggestive growl.

"Other side, Mom...On my lap, right here."

His hand gestured to his crotch, and Olivia's eyes followed, her breath catching as she looked down, her gaze landing on the bulge in his underwear, a massive, throbbing outline that seemed to strain against the fabric, impossibly larger than before, as if it had grown inches in moments.

Her eyes widened, a gasp escaping her as she froze, her cheeks flaming with disbelief, her heart pounding at the sight of her son's cock, hard and pulsing, barely contained, grazing against her ass where she sat on his thigh.

"K-Kafi." She stammered, her voice a breathless whisper, her eyes locked on the bulge, unable to tear away, her body trembling with shock and shameful arousal. "That's...that's what you meant? You're..."

"...Y-You're hard down there?"

She said in a stunned murmur, her mind reeling at the sight, her pussy clenching despite her horror.

Kafka leaned closer, his breath hot against her ear, his voice a low, dirty whisper. "Yeah, Mom." He murmured, his tone laced with embarrassment and desire. "That's what I meant. Hearing you get all jealous, saying you want me all to yourself, calling yourself my only mine...it got me fucking excited, made my cock twitch like crazy."

"...It isn't fully hard yet, but fuck, it's getting there, just from your words. Embarrassing as hell, but...that's how happy you made me." He said, a taboo revelation that sent a shiver through her, her body alight with a perverse thrill.

He then pulled back slightly, his eyes searching hers, his voice a quiet, hesitant murmur.

"Mom told me...she said I'd get hard when I'm real happy, that it's normal." He said, his gaze flicking to Abigaille, who sat with a sly, innocent smile, her eyes glinting with mischief. "Guess I'm just...real happy, Mom, hearing you want me like that. That's why I'm reacting this way."

His words carried a hint of naivety, a belief in Abigaille's twisted teachings, and Olivia's eyes snapped to Abi, her suspicion flaring, a sharp realization that Abi had fed him another lie, framing arousal as simple happiness, a manipulation that twisted his desires into something dangerous.

Her suspicion of Abi's influence flared, but beneath it, a deeper truth was dawning, one that made her heart race with a dangerous, thrilling excitement.

Olivia's gaze snapped to Kafka, her eyes wide, shimmering with a stunned intensity as she leaned closer, her voice a trembling whisper, thick with disbelief.

"Kafi..." She said, her breath catching, her hands clutching his arm, her fingers digging into his skin. "Are you...are you saying you only got like that..." Her eyes flicked to the massive bulge in his underwear, her cheeks burning. "...because of what I said just now? About wanting you to myself? Or...or was it before, too? When you were...doing all that other stuff with me?"

Her question was urgent, her heart pounding with a desperate need to know, to confirm the truth that was crystallizing in her mind.

Kafka's flush deepened, his hand rubbing the back of his neck, his eyes darting away for a moment before meeting hers, a blend embarrassment and honesty in his gaze.

"Damn Mom, it's...it's embarrassing as hell to admit." He mumbled, his voice low, almost shy, but laced with sincerity that made her pulse quicken. "But yeah, it was only after you said that stuff, about being jealous, wanting my love all for you."

"...That's when I...you know, got hard. It was your words, Mom, your love, that did it."

His confession was halting, his cheeks red, but the truth in his eyes was undeniable, a vulnerable admission that sent a surge of pride through Olivia, her heart swelling with a dangerous, taboo joy.

But she couldn't come to her own conclusion with only this. Her eyes widened further, her voice a frantic, probing rush as she pressed closer, her hands tightening on his arm.

"Wait, Kafi, you're saying...when you were being all...naughty with me, pushing that sausage in my mouth, touching me, all that...you didn't...you didn't feel like this? Not even a little?"

"...It was only when I said I loved you, that I wanted you to myself?"

Her questions tumbled out, her voice trembling with disbelief and exhilaration, her mind racing as she pieced together the implications, her pussy clenching at the thought that her love, her honest emotions, had provoked such a visceral reaction.

Kafka shook his head, his eyes meeting hers with a quiet, earnest intensity, his voice a low, embarrassed murmur.

"Nah, Mom, not at all." He said, his flush deepening, his hand gesturing vaguely to his crotch, the bulge still throbbing, impossible to ignore. "All that other stuff, the touching, it was just...fun, you know? Playing around, seeing how far I could push."

"But it didn't...didn't get me like this. It was when you got all jealous, all clingy, saying how much you want me, that you love me so much, it hit me different, Mom. Made my cock jump, got me all fucking excited."

"...It's...it's your love, your words, that did this to me." He said, his naivety shining through, a belief in Abigaille's twisted teachings that arousal was just happiness, but the truth was clear: Olivia's emotions, her possessive devotion, had ignited something deeper, something taboo.

Olivia's heart soared, a rush of pride flooding her, her cheeks flushing with joy and guilt as she realized the power she held. All the naughty, depraved acts, the sausage forced down her throat, the groping, the dirty talk, hadn't stirred Kafka's cock, not like this.

It was her words, her vulnerable, loving confession, that had provoked this reaction, a throbbing, undeniable proof of her influence, her ability to excite him in ways Abigaille's blatant seduction couldn't.

She'd thought Abigaille was leading the race for Kafka's love, her ease with his desires, her unashamed submission, making her the favorite.

But now, with Kafka's cock hard because of her, Olivia felt a victorious feeling, a realization that she was the one stirring feelings he shouldn't have, pulling him into a taboo dance that was hers alone to lead.

It should have alarmed her, this knowledge that her son felt a forbidden desire for her, that her words had sparked something sexual, something a mother should never provoke.

But instead, her heart raced with a perverse excitement, a pride that swelled within her, as if she'd achieved something monumental, surpassing Abigaille in a way that felt intoxicatingly victorious.

Her love, her jealousy, had done what Abigaille's brazen acts couldn't, and the thought filled her with a glowing, guilty satisfaction, even as she knew she should be worried, should be pulling back from the edge of this dangerous abyss...

Chapter 680: Cat Fight

Olivia was utterly captivated by her son, her eyes shimmering with lovey-dovey adoration as she gazed at him, the revelation of his arousal, his cock throbbing in his underwear, provoked by her jealous, possessive words, filling her with a radiant, guilty pride.

Knowing that her love, her raw devotion, had stirred such a visceral reaction, while Abigail's brazen acts had failed, made her feel victorious, as if she'd claimed a piece of Kafka's heart that was hers alone.

Unconsciously, she pressed herself closer, her body molding to his, her fat, milky breasts squishing against his chest, rubbing against him with a subtle, needy rhythm, as if she could imprint his love onto her skin, claim him with every brush of her curves. Her movements were instinctive, driven by a possessive hunger, her lower half tingling with a shameful thrill at the thought of his hardness, a testament to her power over him.

Abigail, her keen eyes catching the spark of Olivia's brazen affection, glanced down at Kafka's lap, her gaze landing on the massive bulge straining against his underwear.

A delighted, amused smile spread across her lips, her voice a sweet, enticing purr as she leaned closer, her hand trailing lazily over Kafka's thigh.

"Oh, my goodness, Kafi, it's true, isn't it?" She cooed, her tone dripping with playful admiration, her eyes flicking to Olivia with a teasing glint. "Your...penis, it's really hard right now, isn't it, darling? Your mother's words must've been so powerful, so heartfelt, to get such a reaction from you."

"...My, my, Liv, you've worked some magic, haven't you, making our boy feel like this?" Her words were a gentle provocation, laced with a sugary warmth, a reminder of her own seductive prowess.

Olivia, far from embarrassed, felt a surge of haughty pride, her lips curling into a cold, confident smile as she met Abigail's gaze, her eyes glinting with a newfound assertiveness that caught Abi off guard.

"Yes, Abi." She said, her voice low, direct, and laced with a sexy tone, her arms tightening around Kafka's neck, her breasts pressing harder against his chest. "I did get a reaction from him, didn't I? My words, my love, made him feel this way, not...not all the naughty things you tried."

"...Seems I'm the one who knows how to reach him, don't you think?"

Her tone was sharp, almost gloating, her gaze piercing as she stared down Abigail, her confidence a obvious shift to her earlier shyness, a bold claim of victory in their unspoken rivalry.

Abigaille's eyes widened, her smile faltering for a moment, her sweet demeanor momentarily rattled by Olivia's sudden boldness. She hadn't expected this, Olivia, always so reserved, so solemn, now radiating a cocky assurance, her possessiveness over Kafka a blazing fire that outshone Abi's usual dominance.

Abigaille realized it was Kafka's words, his throbbing reaction, that had ignited this change, transforming Olivia from a shy, hesitant mother into a fierce, assertive rival.

But Abigaille wasn't one to back down, her competitive spirit flaring as she straightened, her voice a sugary, enticing murmur, her eyes narrowing with a playful defiance.

"Well, now, Liv." Abigaille said, her tone sweet but edged with a subtle bite, her hand resting on Kafka's thigh, her fingers inching closer to his bulge. "You're right, darling, you got a little reaction, and that's so precious...But let's be real this?"

She gestured to Kafka's crotch, her smile coy, her voice dripping with honey.

"It's only semi-hard, sweetie, barely a spark. It's not even in its prime form, not the full, glorious thing I know our boy can muster...You've got him a teensy bit excited, but it's nothing compared to what he's capable of."

"...So, don't get too proud just yet, my dear." She said, a bid to reclaim her dominance, her gaze locking with Olivia's, a silent dare to push further.

Olivia's eyes flashed, her arms tightening around Kafka, her body pressing closer, her breasts squishing against his chest in a protective, possessive embrace.

Her gaze was cold, as if guarding her son from a rival, her voice low, direct, and laced with a chilling confidence that sent a shiver through Abigaille.

"At least I provoked a reaction, Abi." She said, her tone cutting, her eyes narrowing. "You, with all your...antics, all your naughty little tricks, couldn't do a thing."

"No matter how much you tried, how many sausages you swallowed, how many times you kissed him, you got nothing."

"But my words, did what you couldn't. That's what matters, isn't it?...I'm the one who reached him, not you." She jabbed, her pride a blazing fire, her gaze daring Abigaille to counter, her possessiveness a shield around Kafka's heart.

Abigaille's lips parted, her sweet facade cracking as she bit her lip, frustration flaring in her eyes, her fingers pausing on Kafka's thigh.

Olivia's haughty demeanor, her cold, gloating smile, stung, a sharp reminder that Kafka's arousal was a choice, a controlled reaction provoked by Olivia's love, not Abi's seduction. She knew Kafka could restrain himself, that his boner was a deliberate response to Olivia's words, not her own provocative acts, and the realization chafed, her pride wounded by Olivia's assertion of superiority.

"Oh, Liv." Abigaille said, her voice still sweet, but strained, her smile forced, her eyes glinting with irritation. "You're getting awfully bold, aren't you? Acting like you've won some grand prize because you got him a little stiff...And this?" She gestured to Kafka's bulge again, her tone sharp beneath the sugar. "This is nothing, darling. If Kafi was truly hard, it'd be bursting out of his pants, so big it'd rip through his boxers, hanging down to his thighs, ready to claim us both."

"...You're proud of this little twitch? It's cute, but I could do so much better, if I wanted to."

Olivia's eyes widened, a flush creeping up her neck as she imagined Kafka's cock, impossibly larger, breaking free of his underwear, a throbbing, monstrous thing that could reach his thighs.

The thought sent a jolt through her, her pussy clenching with a shameful sensation, but her possessiveness flared, her gaze hardening as she hugged Kafka closer, her voice a cold, defiant whisper.

"You say that, Abi, but where's your proof?" She said, her tone dripping with disdain, her eyes locked on Abi's. "You've been trying all night, throwing yourself at him, and you got nothing. I'm the one who made him feel this way, the one who got him hard, not you."

"...I'm his little fox, his only one, and you can't change that, no matter how hard you try." Her words were a bold declaration, her pride a radiant glow, her gaze daring Abigaille to challenge her claim.

Abigaille's smile turned dangerous, her eyes narrowing, her hand inching toward Kafka's bulge, her fingers hovering as if to seize it, to prove her point with a single, daring touch.

"Oh, Liv, you're so sure, aren't you?" She purred, her voice sweet but laced with a scary edge, her gaze flicking to Kafka's crotch. "Well, let's see if I can't make that cock sing, show you what a real reaction looks like. Just one touch, darling, and I'll have him harder than you ever could." Her hand moved forward, a bid to reclaim her place.

But Olivia's possessiveness surged, a fierce, protective instinct overwhelming her, her love for Kafka a fire that burned away her hesitation. She wouldn't let Abigaille touch him, not now, not when his arousal was hers, a testament to her love, her power.

Her hand shot out, grabbing Abigaille's wrist with a vice-like grip, stopping her just inches from Kafka's bulge, her eyes blazing with a cold, cat-like intensity.

"Don't you dare..." Olivia hissed, her voice low, commanding, her gaze locked on Abigaille's, a predator guarding her prey. "Don't touch what's mine, Abi. Back off...now." She sharply said, her grip unyielding.

Abigaille's eyes widened, her sweet smile faltering, a flicker of surprise crossing her face as she met Olivia's gaze, their stares locked in a tense, feline standoff, a silent battle for dominance, while Kafka on the other hand watched, his lips curling into an amused smirk, his eyes glinting with delight at the spectacle, his cock still throbbing, a silent player in their rivalry.

"My, my, Liv." Abigaille said, her voice a forced, sugary purr, her wrist still trapped in Olivia's grip. "Claiming his...parts as yours? That's bold, darling. It's our son's body, you know, belongs to both of us, as his mothers."

"So, how can you say his...well, his cock is yours alone? We both love him, don't we? We both have a right to him." She said, her smile dangerous, her eyes daring Olivia to justify her claim.

Olivia's gaze didn't waver, her voice cold, direct, and laced with a business-like authority, her grip tightening on Abigaille's wrist.

"I'm the one who made him react, Abi." She said, her tone unyielding, her eyes glinting with possessive pride. "My love for him, got him hard, not your tricks, not your games. That makes it mine, right now, because I'm the one who stirred him."

"...His cock's responding to me, not you, and I'm not sharing." She brazenly said, almost absurd in their proprietary claim, as if Kafka's arousal were a piece of land she'd staked, and Abigaille's eyes widened, a soft laugh escaping her, her tone teasing but tinged with disbelief.

"Oh, Liv, really?" Abigail said, her voice a sweet, mocking lilt, her wrist still trapped, her smile widening. "So, what, you make him hard once, and you own his cock?"

"By that logic, how many times do I have to make him react to claim it, hm? Is it a competition now, darling? Whoever gets him hardest gets to keep him?" She asked in a playful manner, her eyes sparkling with mischief, but it hit Olivia like a slap, her cheeks flaming as she realized the absurdity of her claim, her possessiveness laid bare.

"Yes, something like that." Olivia said, her voice a flustered rush, her blush deepening, her grip loosening slightly but her eyes still fierce. "Right now, I'm the one who got him like this, Abi. I'm the one he's reacting to, and you...you don't get to touch him, not when it's my doing. Back off, or I'll—"

She faltered, her threat unfinished, her heart racing with a embarrassment and defiance, her body pressed closer to Kafka's, her possessiveness a fire she couldn't quench...