

## God of Milfs 121

Chapter 121: My Mother Is A Virgin?!?!

"Fine mom, fine~...I get that you're relieved that you don't have to do anything today.

But if you keep kissing me like this while you rub your breasts all over me, I might take what I said back because you're currently making me a little too excited, which would make me act on my instincts and do something that can't be reversed." I jokingly threatened my mother to stop her kissing rampage, which had an immediate effect on her as she pushed me back and looked at me with a pouty look on her face as if she were saying, 'Not fair!', and responded with an adorable little frown, saying,

"You can't do that, Kafi! You already promised Mommy that you wouldn't do anything today!"

"And just so that you don't make what you said right now into a reality, Mommy is going to run off now and lock myself in my room tonight just in case you really get excited and come looking for me in the middle of the night." My mother said with a cautious look on her face, while shimmying her butt off my lap to get off me and run to her room, like she was afraid I would catch her if she was too late.

I rolled my eyes at her accusations and wanted to tell her that I was really joking. But my mother was already off my lap and was just about to stand up, so I decided to let her be with a helpless smile on my face and continue eating my portion of dinner.

Slip~

But just as I was about to say goodnight to my mother, who had already gotten up and taken a step away from me in a hurry so that I didn't suddenly grab her and pull her into my embrace, I heard a squeaky sound as if someone had just slipped on a banana on the floor and turned to look where the sound came, where I found my mother giving a deep gasp and falling backwards onto me out of nowhere.

Gasp!~

It didn't take me long to realise that this clumsy mother of mine had somehow managed to slip on her own cum on the floor, which she had let out when I was wiping her down, and was currently falling backwards in a comedical manner and right back into my lap.

I had joked earlier, telling her not to slip in her cum and fall down, which she brushed off, saying how stupid that thought was. But who would've thought that stupid assumption of mine would turn into a reality and turn my mother into a joke who slipped and fell on her own ejaculate.

But even though she was falling down, I didn't really do anything to save her since she was falling right onto my lap, where she got up, and there was really no need to do anything to help her other than to hold out a hand to support her back.

Slap!~ Squelch!~

And just like I had thought, my mother fell right onto my lap with a splat as her bouncy cheeks slammed into my lap, and I quickly supported her so that she didn't fall back anymore.

But what I didn't expect was to hear a sound of something wet getting smacked, which I didn't know where it came from, and then, for some reason, my mother suddenly opened her eyes wide, like she had just received a 1000-volt shock, when she had just safely landed on my lap and not anywhere where it would hurt like the floor.

Her mouth was also open wide to the point where I could stuff an entire dinner roll into her mouth; with an expression of shock, disbelief, and pain all over her face, while she clenched onto my chest, which she was using to support herself so hard that I was starting to bleed from there.

And just when I thought that she was overreacting to a simple fall that should have barely hurt her with how thick her butt was, I started to feel that my penis was feeling really hot and tight all of a sudden, as if someone had shoved it into a dense magma pit and didn't know what was going on down there all of a sudden.

When I looked down to see what happened, I found that my penis wasn't there in between my mother's thighs like it should have been since she had landed on the same spot she was in before, and I only found her bare pussy that was wetter than the last time I saw it.

Gasp!~

I was about to look away from her succulent little pussy with a head of hair on top to check if my penis was underneath my mother's ass when I let out the loudest gasp I had let out in my entire life, like my soul had suddenly been drained by the devil when I saw that my penis wasn't underneath her butt or over her thighs like I had thought...And was actually jammed right into her tiny pussy, which was exactly what my mother was trying to avoid all this time...

My penis had somehow managed to stab her right in the perfect spot, where it would do the most damage when she sat down. And was now completely inside of her, to the point that her tiny hole, which was as small as a cherry, spread to the thickness of a flagpole.

The entirety of my cock, or at least 90% of it, was also inside of her at the moment since she fell on top of me at full force, which pushed most of my penis into her steaming hot insides that felt so tight at wet at the moment like her vaginal muscles were trying to suffocate my throbbing penis.

Drip~ Drip~

And just as I was freaking out thinking that I had damaged her insides or rearranged her guts from taking the entirety of my rod in one go, I started panicking even more when I saw that my mother was starting to bleed from her vagina.

I almost got a heart attack when I saw the blood drip from her urethra and down onto my lap below; painting my penis red along with it, thinking that I actually tore her pussy apart from entering her forcefully.

But after seeing that there were no visible wounds that I could see and realising that just before entering her, I had felt some kind of tissue blocking my way I understood that I didn't tear her vagina but did something equally as worse...

That feeling of pushing past a certain membrane to go deeper inside was a familiar feeling that I had experienced quite a few times in the past, and isn't something that I can easily forget because of how important it was for the girls in that moment.

And also because my brain doesn't allow me to forget anything, no matter what type of useless piece of information it is, like the exact number of steps I walked yesterday or the exact temperature of wind that gushed past my face when I walked out of my house yesterday morning.

That very feeling I felt at the moment my penis entered her warm tunnel and went past a semi-soft membrane that blocked my way for not even a second because of how weak it was, was nothing else other than my penis tearing through her hymen, which was the most common way to find the purity of a girl.

In other words, for those who didn't take biology in school seriously, I had basically taken my mother's virginity...And in even simpler words, I had popped her cherry.

I had no idea how that happened, as even though she wasn't technically my birth mother, she was still the mother to my other self in this world.

And there was no chance in hell that there was a mother like her out there who had given birth to a child and still remained a virgin, as that was theoretically and practically impossible unless she had used some artificial methods to get pregnant, which I just don't see her doing.

There was also no way that she somehow managed to remain a virgin all throughout her life when she was a married woman with a ring on her finger.

If that was the case, either her husband or my 'father' was severely impotent to the point he can't even raise his penis or has no dick at all and was basically a eunuch, since there was no way any man would leave a woman as beautiful as my mother untouched otherwise.

But even though I had no idea of how my mother was still a virgin and was racking my brain to find an explanation, I was still happy nonetheless, as there was no way I would be dissatisfied with the fact that I was my mother's first time since it was a man's nature to have all the love your partner gives all for yourself, even though her first time turned out to be a comedic event that she brought upon herself and won't be able to forget for the rest of her life.

I wanted to ask my mother as to what her situation was in life, where she was still pure even after she was married, but was surprised to find that she had already fainted from the shock and pain of taking my monster of a dick in one go and was currently peacefully sleeping on my chest with a relaxed look on her face.

It seems that suddenly getting a massive rod rammed into her was too much for my inexperienced mother, as it knocked her straight out like she had just been shot by a tranquillizer and looked like she wouldn't be getting up any time soon.

But it makes sense when she took the entirety of my penis into her, when the girls back in my world could only take a little more than half before they were stuffed down there, which made me wonder if the girls in this world had different bodies as well since, judging by the length I was in her warm body, I was way beyond her cervix and probably touching the insides of her gut right now, which was freaky and exciting to think about.

I decided not to wake her up, as I was sure that she would only faint again if she saw a pole-like object lodged inside of her, and thought it would be better to have a long talk with her tomorrow about the true state of 'our' family and the situation we were in.

But before I could do any of that, I should probably first pull my dick out of her without waking her up, clean the blood and semen on her body, and put her to sleep on her bed so that she could have a good rest after everything that happened.

And then eat my dinner since I was still really hungry, clean up the mess my mother made by ejaculating all over the place, and finally got to bed myself since I was also exhausted from travelling to a different world and taking my mother's virginity all in one day.

I also don't think I'm going to sleep very well tonight, as every time I close my eyes, the scene of my clumsy mother perfectly falling onto my dick when she was the one who wanted nothing to do with it in the first place continuously replays in my head and makes me want to laugh out loud at how ridiculous and hilarious it was.

And I couldn't wait to jeer at my mother for what she did to herself and learn more about this world and my family's bizarre situation, which made me wish that tomorrow came by much sooner...

Chapter 122: Variant Skin

Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong!

The bell of my house in this world rang violently in my ear as I laid down on the bed of my former self, which was all musty and wrinkled, showing just how hygienic my other self was.

I was actually quite the clean freak myself and wouldn't have normally slept on some high schooler's bed with all these stains, which I hope were from him dropping food on his covers and not something else, which would make me puke if what I thought was true.

But I was actually exhausted from what happened last night and was also mentally tired from travelling between two worlds, so I just slept on the first bed that came to mind.

After cleaning up the house as well as my mom and then completely devouring the dinner my mother made, I tucked my mother, who was sleeping peacefully without a care in the world, into her own bed and then immediately went to sleep on my own.

I could've just slept with my mother since her room was quite elegant and classy, just how I liked it, but I didn't want to scare my mother when she woke up with her son by her side and let her rest for now.

I also planned on doing some research on this world after cleaning everything up, but I realised I was too tired, which doesn't normally happen since my body doesn't really need sleep and I could even go on for months without any sleep.

I didn't exactly know why I felt so tired when I've been energetic and lively my whole life, but something told me it had to do with travelling between two worlds that made me feel this way, which was also refreshing in its own way, since I felt like a normal human being after sleeping because it was a necessity and not because I wanted to imitate what everyone else did.

But unfortunately, my pleasant sleep after a long day was interrupted by the doorbell ringing continuously, and I unwillingly got up to attend to the person at the door.

It was already early in the morning, and I could see the sunny sky and beautiful blue sky out the window of my room and the birds chirping on the trees outside, but I couldn't really appreciate it since the ringing in my ear just got louder and louder as I stalled whoever was ringing it.

I quickly walked out of my room to see just who it was that had awakened me from my beauty sleep, and just before I went down to the ground floor, I walked past my mother's room and only found her bedsheets scattered on her bed, and she herself was nowhere to be found.

And judging by how nobody had attended to the door after so long, it seems like my mother had already gotten up early and left the house.

I didn't know exactly why she went out since I was knocked out cold yesterday and wasn't really aware of my surroundings like I usually was, so I didn't know when my mother left the house.

But the thought of her leaving early in the morning just to avoid me after remembering what happened yesterday and the fact that I had taken her purity in one thrust ran through my mind and made me chuckle and improve my overall mood.

I was going to have a fight with the person who was constantly ringing by doorbell and disturbing my peace, but stopped having those intentions after imagining my mother waddling away from the house at full speed because her crotch hurt from getting penetrated for the first time, which instantly

removed the grudge I had against the person at the door because of how hilarious that scene looked in my head.

Creak~ Open~

When I opened the main door of the house while still wearing the same clothes I wore yesterday and without grooming my messy hair, I found a girl standing at my doorstep with a brown postal uniform on.

She had short black hair and dark eyes, and was quite pretty with how dainty and petite she looked, as if she were a bright little bellflower.

If she were in my previous world, she would definitely be able to become a model and easily make a living off of it, which made me wonder why she was doing your average postal job when she could be doing so many better things in her life that would bring her to greater heights.

But as pretty as she was, she wasn't really my type since she seemed like a young adult who had just left college and had just entered the working world. And as an enthusiast of older and more mature women myself, I didn't think too much about her beauty and pretty much ignored it, like I was looking at a girl I thought looked quite beautiful but personally had no attraction to.

But what I couldn't ignore was the fact that instead of having a skin colour that every human in my previous world had, which ranged from black to white, the girl before me had a skin tone that would set her apart from any crowd because her skin was actually blue in colour!

Yes, you didn't hear me wrong; the girl before me looked just as human as everybody else, but she had a light shade of blue as her skin colour, as if she had just jumped into a pool of blue paint and walked out of it without washing herself off, which was both bizarre to look at but at the same time also accentuated her already existing beauty and took it to a whole other level.

I thought my eyes were bugging out for a second when I saw the blue human in front of me, but then I remembered that I was in a completely different world, which I knew nothing about.

So, if I thought about it that way, it made sense that there were inhabitants in this world that looked the same as normal humans but had different skin colours or maybe even additional morphological features on their bodies.

If what I said was true, then it makes sense why my mother was so happy when she found out that my dick was the same colour as her skin tone, as it would make her feel much closer to me since the diversity in this world was so large, which actually made sense as ridiculous as it was.

And at this moment, it wasn't just me who was staring at the other with a surprised look on their faces; but the blue-skinned courier girl was also looking at me in pleasant surprise after finding out who it was she was delivering the package to.

At first, when I first opened the door, she looked annoyed that I was taking so long to respond and looked like she had a grudge against me. But after looking at me properly, that frown on her face immediately disappeared, as she blushed and looked away as if she were too shy to look straight at me.

Seeing this gave me the thumbs up that I was still considered to be quite handsome in this world and that there were no different beauty standards regarding men in this new plain I was transported to, which made me heave a sigh of relief since I didn't want to go around picking up women with a face that would be considered ugly in this world.

I mean, I was pretty confident that I could still charm a few girls even if I had the ugliest face in the world, but I just didn't want to add any more difficulty to the already existing requests that could potentially take my life.

Blush~~

All of a sudden, while I was thinking if the beauty standards for women were also the same in this world since I had only seen beautiful ladies like her ever since I arrived here, the girl in front of me blushed even more, which was quite obviously noticeable on her light blue face while staring somewhere underneath me.

When I looked down to see what she was looking at and getting all embarrassed about, I found to my surprise that the bulge of my penis in my underwear was quite clearly showing through my thin pants I was wearing, and the girl seemed to be having a viewing experience of her lifetime as she couldn't help but intensely stare at it while her mouth gaped in awe and shock like she had never seen such a sight before.

Chapter 123: A Peaceful World

"Oh, sorry about that~" I quickly closed the door and covered my penis, which wasn't even erect right now, which was more than enough to give the girl the shock of her lifetime. "...And could you please stop staring down there, since it's a little bit embarrassing for me to show such a sight to a pretty lady as yourself."



"O-Oh right, I'm sorry as well..." The girl muttered as her eyes reluctantly dragged off from where my bulge was supposed to be, and gave a shy look when she heard me call her pretty. She then handed me a small package and said, "The Vanitas family, right...I'll need your sign right here and your relation to the recipient, Abigaille Vanitas, to be mentioned above."

I grabbed the package she was handing over, and after giving it a quick glance, I took the booklet and pen in her hand and wrote 'Son of Abigaille Vanitas' and signed my name underneath, which was the first official document I had signed under my family's name in this world that made me feel more like a resident in the foreign world.

And just as the girl was about to take the booklet from my hand, I gently held on to her hand since I had a doubt I wanted to ask, which made her jerk up, but she didn't really resist, as if she didn't mind that I was holding her hand, and made her look up at me shyly, like she was waiting to see what I was trying to do.

"About your skin..." I wanted to ask if people of her skin colour were common in this world, but I didn't know how to go about it without sounding like it was my first day in this world.

Luckily, the girl picked up what I was trying to ask and said, while showcasing her hand to me,

"My skin? You mean my variant skin colour? Is there something wrong with it?"

Judging by how she wasn't showing any drastic reaction to my question, it was obvious that her skin colour was somewhat common in this world, and there were probably more people like her out there that I hadn't met yet.

But the way I was admiring her skin colour, which I had never seen before, seemed to have brought a misconception to the girl's mind as she asked me in a dejected manner, as if she were sad that I didn't have the same opinion as her,

"...I-Is it that you don't like this skin colour of mine? Do you find it unpleasing to your eyes?"

"What? When did I say that?" I said to clear up her misconception of me being someone who judged someone based on their colour or whatever 'variants' were. "I just thought that the blue of your skin, which looks like the clear sky, goes really well with your uniform and makes you pop out and stand out from the crowd."

The girl blushed and twirled her shoulders around even though she looked to be older than me by a few years and was basically rejoicing that she got complimented by a high schooler, which she probably doesn't know since I looked quite mature for my age.

"Especially with that little cap you have on your head." I said as I pointed at her brown cap that she was wearing, which she immediately grabbed when I mentioned it. "It looks especially cute on you and goes so well with your skin tone, almost as if you're a little water drop that wore a cap to work to block you from the sun that's making you evaporate."

The girl's face blanked out for a second, as if she didn't understand what I was saying, but once she realised that I was joking with her, she gave out a giggle while covering her mouth in a modest manner, which made me smile at the pleasing sight of a girl giving an innocent laugh.

I wanted to talk to the girl a little bit more and ask what these 'variants' she mentioned were, but at the same time I was worried I would get sued for sexual harassment for talking to a girl while showcasing my equipment, so I decided to quickly end our talk.

"Well then, thank you for delivering my package, Miss Ella." I knew her name as it was written on the booklet given. "Have a great day and make sure you don't evaporate away while you work today." I said as I let go of her hand and said bye to the courier girl with a smile on my face.

The girl herself looked a little sad that I was ending our conversation so short, but she still smiled in the end when she heard me joke with her again and said goodbye as well.

"I'll make sure that I don't fly away in a cloud of steam, so don't you worry about it and have a great day as well, Mr Vanitas~"

Close~

I closed the door with a satisfied smile on my face after finding out that the inhabitants of this world were quite friendly and weren't much different from the people back in my original world. In fact, they actually seemed nicer, judging by the positive and bubbly vibe that girl had around her.

And not only were the residents of this world much better than the ones back at home, but the atmosphere and environment of the world itself seemed much better than the one I was in previously.

I haven't really explored this world yet, but judging by what I saw now when I looked at the neighbouring houses and the scene I saw when I went out to look at the surroundings from my balcony last night, that's what it looked like.

From what I observed in the vicinity of my house, I was in some middle-sized town that was away from the busy city and was situated in what seemed to be an agricultural settlement, judging by the green rice fields I saw in the far distance.

And not only were their agricultural fields away in the distance from the residential area and the town, there were also green mountains, small hills, forests, etc, which made it seem like they had built this town on top of what was a village or rural area in the past, or probably a village that had developed into a prospering town.

The view from the top of my house showed that the town, which was away from the residential area, was hustling and bustling, judging by how bright its lights shined in the night. And it showed that it was the same as any modern town with a relatively dense population, the only difference being that it was surrounded by agricultural land and nature and was far away from the usual concrete landscape.

That was also why the air I breathed in felt so fresh and cool, and how I could clearly see the starry night, which I would never be able to see in a pollution-ridden city that was covered in smog and the exhaust from vehicles.

The residential area I was in also seemed quite clean and neat, resembling a tight-knit neighbourhood you would see in Japan, only that there were more western-style houses with a more compact design and small yards in the front.

My house was actually an exception to what I said, as it looked to be the biggest house in the neighborhood. And it looked to be a recently built house that looked quite modern and elegant, which showed that my family seemed to be quite well off in this world, or at least belonged to the higher bracket of the middle class.

Speaking of a higher bracket, why haven't the highest existences of all that existed, the Gods, still not sent me my request completion message that they would normally send after successfully finishing a request? Don't tell me that I somehow actually failed my request and am going to be turned into manure any second now.

Ding~

And just when I was wondering which world's soil I would be dumped in if I were to really be turned into compost, I received the completion message from the Gods, which made me heave a sigh of relief knowing that I wasn't going to be having worms eating me up and pooping me right out yet, like the compost I was supposed to be.

Chapter 124: The Milf Next Door

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

[The God of Order Evageline apologises for the disturbance earlier and promises on her honour that it won't happen again, and guarantees that can continue the trial without any worries]

Evageline...The bringer of good news. So that's the name of the God who was speaking to me. I guess now I don't have to treat her like a nameless entity the next time we speak.

[The God of Stars Noella is blushing at the incestuous relationship you have with your mother and wants to join]

Damn...She wants to join? I didn't know Gods were that horny and couldn't control themselves. I know I can handle as many mortal women as I want to, but I'm scared that a God might actually suck my life force out, so I would like to reluctantly decline her offer.

[The God of Hestia is dissatisfied since she wanted to put in the request to take your mother's virginity]

Don't blame me. Blame my mother. She's the one who fell on top of my dick and took her own hymen like the clutz she is.

[The God of Darkness Sephora enjoyed the face Lady Vanitas made when you took your virginity and is especially pleased with your performance]

Oh. Lady Vanitas actually reacted to what just happened...That's interesting.

I wonder just what face she made when she saw the son she gave birth to penetrate another woman he sincerely called his mother. It's a pity that I didn't get to see it myself, and if the Gods are hearing

what I'm thinking, I hope anyone of you can record her reaction next time and show it to me so that I can enjoy it as well.

[...]

I didn't receive any responses from the Gods but it's probably not because no one wants to help me out since plenty of the Gods seemed to have some kind of grudge against my mother but were mostly hesitant to do so since my mother was watching over me right now and they were scared of the higher power she possesses, which I wasn't clear off.

Well, whether my mother's recorded reaction comes to me in a holy pendrive or not, I should first check the note I saw on the coffee table when I walked past the living room, which was most probably from my mother, who didn't want to leave her son alone without informing me about where she was going.

I went over to the table and picked up the paper that had a few sentences written on it in pretty, free-flowing handwriting, which seemed exactly how my mother would write. On it, it was written:

Good morning, Kafi darling. I know you're probably wondering where I am right now, but don't worry, as I just left early to finish up some official work regarding our move here and won't be home until late in the night. So I hope you can take care of yourself until then and make sure not to touch the stove or do anything dangerous until I'm back, and order whatever you want for your meals.

I wonder if she actually has some work regarding our move to this town from what I suppose was the city, or if she's just saying so that she doesn't have to see me because she didn't know how to face me after using her son's dick to accidentally take her own virginity.

And I can't believe that she's treating me like a child who can't even cook and is telling me not to touch the stove when I have more than enough skills in the kitchen to serve her a seven-course meal that would blow her mind away at my cooking capabilities. I'm even contemplating actually doing so for dinner, just so that she knows who's the man of the house and the kitchen.

But before thinking of that, I should probably read the final note she left on the letter for me.

And could you do me a favour, Kafi, and return the plastic container you ate the pasta out of last night to the neighbours. I saw that those boxes were empty and had already been washed by you in

the morning, so I'm guessing you found the pasta the neighbours gave you last night and had your fill.

So I hope you can make a quick stop at our neighbour's house since she was the one kind enough to give us some homecoming dishes and return the container to her and thank her on my behalf for the well wishes.

PS: Our neighbour seems like a lovely lady that we should feel lucky to have as our neighbour, so I hope you don't do anything dumb like you do with me and ruin our family's relationship with her, since I really want to get along with her and learn cooking from her since she makes some really good food.

Hmph! Just what does my mother think of me? Why would I do something unjust and inappropriate to the lady next door when I was such a gentleman in real life?...The only possibility of that happening is if the lady next door was my next target in this trial I was playing.

...But now that I think about it, it seems like her being the next girl I had to interact with seemed highly likely, since the next-door milf that was waiting for you to 'come' into her house was quite the famous trope you would see anywhere that had milfs in it.

And there was also one more interesting aspect about her that made her stand out from the rest, which was that her cooking skills were actually divine, in my opinion.

And I wasn't just saying so to be polite like my mother was, but I actually believed that she was a one-of-a-kind chef after feasting on the pasta she made yesterday, after still feeling hungry even after eating everything my mother made.

Chapter 125: Camila Alvarez

The white pasta that I found in the fridge, which I was expecting to be decent, was actually a one-of-a-kind dish where I experienced different flavours and textures that I didn't even know could be used in a simple pasta dish, which made me lick off my empty plate after finishing everything in a few spoons because of how tasty it was.

I was wondering why my mother's cooking improved so well to the point she could even compete with me for only that one dish of pasta and that she specialised in making any type of pasta dish, but it turns out that it wasn't her that made it and was our neighbour next door, who was most likely the next person the Gods had their eyes on.

I was already curious about the person who made such a good pasta dish and wanted to see if I could possibly get the recipe from them to try cooking it myself.

And now that I knew that she was the Milf I needed to 'play' around with, I didn't waste any time and quickly brushed my teeth, took a shower, put on a fresh set of casual but neat clothes, groomed my hair, and put on some perfume so that I could make myself presentable to the lady next door.

I then went downstairs, picked up the container on the table, went out of the house, locked the door in a jiffy, and was currently standing right in front of the medium-sized modern house that was right opposite to mine which had a lovely little garden in the front that looked quite well maintained.

I didn't ring the bell at the gate and directly went inside the premises, standing right at my neighbour's doorstep with her lunch box in my hand so that I could appear more familiar to her as her neighbour.

And after making sure that my white shirt with folded sleeves and black pants that I managed to salvage from my former self's closet didn't have any wrinkles, and after clearing my throat so that I didn't stutter at the start of my introduction, I rang my neighbour's doorbell and waited for her arrival, excited to know just what type of person could make such a high quality dish.

Ping-Pong!

Immediately after I rung the doorbell, I could hear footsteps coming towards the door, which let me avoid the embarrassing situation of getting ready for someone who wasn't even at home.

Thud~ Thud~ Thud~

And judging by how soft the footsteps were, it was definitely a woman that was approaching me and not anyone else, which made me straighten up so that I could leave a favourable first impression on her.

Creak~ Open~

And just like that, the door of my neighbour's house opened, and I got to see just who it was that could actually give me competition when it came to food and the one selected by the Gods to be part of my trial to Godhood.

"Damn...She's beautiful..."

I unconsciously muttered under my breath when I saw the woman before me who was wearing a pair of blue jeans and a pure white blouse and was currently looking at me with a curious gaze in her beautiful blue eyes that made her look like a smart and well-mannered lady that radiated the aura of a mature and responsible adult.

I already knew that all the candidates in the trial would be Heavenly Beauties that couldn't be matched by mere mortals and could actually compete with the Gods in terms of looks. But I was still surprised when I saw the lady before me and wondered just how many drop-dead gorgeous women this world had to offer, until it ran out of all the beauty that existed in this world.

The ravishingly astonishing lady before me, that I was praising so much, had raven black hair that curled inwards all the way down to her slender shoulder, light blue eyes that exuded the gentle and refined charm of an adult woman who was at the peak of her beauty, and tender pink lips that went perfectly with her ivory white skin, which made her glow like a pearl in the deep sea.

She also wasn't simply beautiful to the point that she could even compete with my mother in terms of looks, when I had thought that my mother was the most beautiful girl that had ever walked this world, she also had an amazing body with bountiful breasts that peaked out of her blouse and displayed her ravishing cleavage, a thick ass that made the back of her jeans pop out, and a slender waist that emphasised the rest of the seductive curves on her body.

She also wore a pair of metal earrings that dangled off her small ears that completed her entire look, which resembled that of a bewitching pearl on top of a white tulip, which would even make the Gods sigh at how gorgeous she was.

And unlike my mother, who only looked like a mature adult but was actually a playful kid on the inside who liked to have fun with whatever she was doing and was shameful enough to have tantrums with her own son, the lady before me looked and exuded the aura of a responsible adult who knew how to carefully handle any situation properly and had the ability to deal with any problem that was thrown at her with elegance and grace.

[The Gods are interested in your next-door neighbour, Camila Alvarez]

And with the prompt from the Gods that confirmed that the beautiful lady named Camila was one of the chosen candidates, I didn't think too much about how to go forth with my first impression on her



and decided to use the method that I'm pretty sure every single man has thought of trying on their next door neighbour or friend's mom at least once in their lifetime before, which has a success rate of giving a better first impression on the other depending on how you implement and act it out.

And as someone who has used this method several times before to impress the older ladies back when I was a child at the orphanage, I was pretty confident that it could have some effect on Miss Camila, no matter how unimpenetrable her defences may be.

#### Chapter 126: Bold Personality

While Camila, the graceful milf next door, was looking at me curiously with a slight smile on her lips, wondering who this handsome boy was that was at her doorstep with a plastic box in his hands, I blanked out as if I wasn't expecting the person to open the door to be the lady in front of me and stared at her just like how the courier girl was staring at me earlier, with a starstruck look in my eyes.

Camila was surprised by the dumbstruck look on my face and didn't know what to make of it other than to let out a little laugh, as if she had found it funny that a man who looked so confident before suddenly looked like a deer caught in headlights when he saw her face.

She also seemed to have guessed that the reason I was staring at her in a daze was most likely because I wasn't expecting to see such a gorgeous woman like her appear out of the door, which made her smile grow even wider.

"Hello there..." She initiated the conversation while waving her hand at my face to wake me up from my daze, and she chuckled when she saw my body jerk in surprise when she called out to me. She then asked with a graceful smile on her face, like she found the boy in front of her, who was more than a decade younger than her, to be quite cute,

"Can I help you out?...Or are you going to stand at my doorstep all day and stare at my face while you're at it?"

"O-Oh no, sorry about that." I blinked and apologised for my rude behaviour while still staring at her in a stunned manner, like I had never seen a girl as beautiful as her before, which she seemed to really appreciate with the way she was looking at me with keen interest in her eyes.

"...I just wasn't expecting someone like you to be the one opening the door, and I was caught off guard when I saw you for the first time." I said in an honest manner, which made her raise an eyebrow, like she was amused by what I said.

"Why is that? Were you expecting someone else to open the door, or is it that you've come to the wrong house?" Camilla placed a hand on the frame of the door and leaned forward, looking forward to hearing my answer as to why I thought that someone else would open the door.

"This is the Alvarez residence, right?" I asked, as if I were making sure that I came to the right place, like she said.

"Yes.

Although this isn't exactly the Alvarez residence, Alvarez is my family name, so it can also be called the Alvarez house." Camila said as she nodded her head as if it made sense that I called it the Alvarez residency, when the actual name of the residency should be in her husband's family name, judging by what she said and the ring on her finger, which I already decided on making her take it off on her own in the future and throw it in the bin.

"And if you already know my surname, then it most probably means that you've arrived at the right house for whatever purpose you've come here...But if there is no confusion as to which house you arrived at, then why did you look so confused and surprised when you saw me for the first time?" She asked as she folded her hands over her chest, where I could see two of her twin bunnies peeking out.

"Is it because you didn't expect to see such a beautiful lady to open the door when you rang the doorbell?" Camila boldly flaunted how pretty she looked with a confident look in her eyes, which showed her mature and graceful nature where she could easily joke around with a boy who was several years younger than her.

"If it is so, then it makes sense as to why you looked so surprised when you saw me."

"And if that isn't the reason, then you better change it to that very reason, since it would make me feel much better about myself and score you better points in my book." She said in a teasing manner, which really made me admire her refreshing personality that would make her perfect for any kind of authoritarian or managerial position, since she seemed like someone who would be able to handle the most difficult situation in a cool and swift manner.

"Yes, I was surprised that someone as gorgeous as you, who looks like the grey moon that lights up the dark sky and shines far brighter than any star, was the one to open the door."

I casually said as if that wasn't the main point of the matter, which made Camila's confident blue eyes flicker for a second and made her grip her arms tightly, not expecting the boy, whom she thought was so innocent, to suddenly compare her to the moon and stars.

But as much as she was taken aback by the compliment, which was making her pale white ears slowly turn into a light shade of pink, she stood still as if it didn't bother her one bit to maintain her position as the adult here and let me continue even though I could see that she was feeling all giddy inside for being praised in such a way.

"But your overwhelming beauty wasn't the main reason as to why I was so shocked when I saw it, and it was because I was expecting to see someone else here in this house." Camila coughed to hide her embarrassment when she heard me call her beautiful again and asked quickly so that I wouldn't focus on her cheeks that were turning red,

"Then who was it? Who were you expecting to see after coming over to my household?"

"You see, I'm from the Vanitas family that has just moved into the neighborhood recently and was told by my mother to return your container to you and also thank you for the delicious food you gave us, since she couldn't do it herself as she's quite busy at the moment."

I showed the plastic box in my hand, which immediately made her understand that I was the son of her next-door neighbour who had just moved into town recently.

"But the thing is, when I asked her about our neighbours, she specifically told me that we had a really nice lady next door to us who graciously welcomed her to the neighbourhood and was a lovely person in general who didn't treat her as a stranger at all and more of a friend."

Camila gave a courteous smile to show that she appreciated my mother's remark and thought the same about her as well, which made sense since my mother was a really lovable person that you just couldn't hate and would always want to spend more time with.

"...And that's why I was expecting a middle-aged lady like my mother to open the door to your house and not anyone else since my mother didn't really mention anyone else other than that friendly lady she spoke with."

Camila was smiling the whole time while she was talking to me, like she was really enjoying the conversation we were having. But her smile froze when all of a sudden I called her a middle-aged

woman, which was the last thing you can say to an adult woman, as they absolutely hated anything that reminded them of their age and would never sit well with them.

Chapter 127: Of Course You're Her Daughter...

But Camila, being the graceful adult she was, didn't take it to heart and just brushed it off, thinking that I was just a brash kid who didn't know what to and what not to say to a woman.

And not only was she not offended, she shook her head with a wry smile on her face and looked like she was going to give me advice as to not say such a thing to anyone else in the future so that I wouldn't be so ignorant anymore.

This also revealed to me her open-minded and kind-hearted nature that most older women possessed, which was the reason I loved them so much, unlike younger girls, who would hold a grudge for saying anything offensive about them for the rest of the time you spent with them, which was always a pain to deal with.

And just as she pointed her finger out and looked like she was going to lecture a student that had misbehaved in her class, I finished what I was trying to say, which made her freeze and look at me with a blank look on her face, like she had never expected in a million years for someone to say such a thing about her.

"...But who would've thought that instead of seeing the older woman that I was expecting to see like my mother had told me, I would see her daughter in her stead instead, which is also the reason I was so surprised when I saw you and not a middle-aged lady answering my call."

"D-Daughter? Who are you calling a daughter?"

Camila looked at me in a baffled manner, as if she didn't know how to make sense of this situation where someone assumed her to be her own daughter.

She then turned her pointed finger towards herself and asked, with uncertainty in her eyes,

"Are you telling me that you think that I'm the daughter of the older lady that's living here?...T-That is, you think that my mother is the one who talked to your mother yesterday?"

"Of course, who else would I be speaking about if it isn't you, unless there's someone who's hiding behind the door and listening to us speak?" I said as a matter of fact and craned my neck out towards the door, as I was checking just in case there was anyone behind her.

My statement and the genuine look I had on my face, as if I had never told a lie before, confused Camila even more, and she looked to be doubting her own hearing, as someone confusing her to be a young girl was a little too absurd for her reasoning ability.

But here I was, her new neighbour's son, looking at her with clear eyes as if I undisputedly thought she was as young as me and didn't doubt that notion one bit, which she didn't know what to make of since it was all so absurd.

After looking at me in confusion for a solid second, a comical smile popped up on her face while she looked at me in wonder, not knowing whether to laugh or cry at this situation that had never happened before.

And seeing that I actually looked to be thinking that she was a young girl made her impression of me increase so much higher than before, which was obvious with the way she was looking at me in a tender manner as if she were eyeing an innocent little boy that she wanted to spoil because of how cute he was.

Camila also seemed quite amused at the current situation she was in and looked like she wanted to take advantage of it as much as she could, since it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity where someone thought of her as a young girl when she was already at the age where she could even have a teenage daughter herself.

So to do that and play with me at the same time, she leaned on her door's frame and asked with a sly smile on her face, which gave off the energy of a mature adult joking around with someone much younger than them and easier to bully,

"Oh~ So you think that I'm the daughter of this household?...Then, what about me made you come to that assumption of me being the daughter and not the lady that spoke with your mother yesterday, if you don't mind me asking?"

"What kind of question even is that? How could I do something as dumb as confusing you to your mother?" I said as I raised an eyebrow, like I was asking her why she was asking me such an obvious question, which seemed to be the perfect response she was looking for, judging by how her lips were trembling in excitement right now.

And then, to boost her self-esteem a little bit more, I pointed at her and said, as if it all just made sense,

"I mean, just look at you...Tender smooth skin that doesn't have a wrinkle in sight, clear blue eyes that are brimming with energy, a lip so succulent that it looks like it had just been picked fresh from a tree, and overall a face that looks so beautiful and vibrant that I'm honestly feeling energised just by looking at it."

"...Would you see such perfect characteristics that scream 'youth', when you look at a middle aged woman?...No, never."

"That's why I'm still confused as to why you asked such a question when you're obviously your mother's daughter." I said in a confused manner while holding my chin, as if I were thinking of any hidden reason she asked me such an obvious question.

While I looked to be racking my mind over an answer, Camila was trying her best to maintain her steady and cool image. But it obviously wasn't working out, as I could clearly see the blush that was forming on her pale face and the corner of her lip that was twitching like she was trying her best to stop smiling like a goofball after being praised in such a way.

"Ahem~...But that still doesn't make sense." She cleared her throat and asked another question to make it difficult for me, not liking that she was the only one feeling conscious about what's happening when she was the adult here.

"Even if you say that you think that I look like a young girl, it still has nothing to do with why you think that I'm the daughter of the person your mother spoke to yesterday...I mean, couldn't I just be someone else that's not directly related to her who's staying in her house for a while?"

She looked like she was proud that she thought of a good question that could make me panic and fumble since I had been carefree this whole while, and looked forward to seeing how I would stutter.

But to her surprise, I didn't even think about what to say and immediately said,

"Oh, that wasn't really hard to figure out since my mother had told me that the lady next door was a gorgeous woman that she couldn't help but admire, and she kept on singing praises of her beauty." I made up some lies that my mother never said, which made Camila even more happy with the way she was tapping her finger against her arm.

"And when I saw how pretty you looked for the first time, it just clicked in my head that you must be Miss Alvarez's daughter since only someone as beautiful as your mother could give birth to a daughter who's just as gorgeous as her, since both of you share the same blood."

Camila seemed to be brimming with happiness in the moment and looked to be having the best day in a long time after hearing my words, as not only was I praising her as her own daughter, I was also flattering her actual self as well.

And while she looked to be in a merry mood, like she was listening to the sweetest music the world had to offer, I said like I just thought of something,

"...Actually, there was one more thing that I thought when I saw you, but-...No, never mind. Forget I said anything." I looked to be saying something secretive but suddenly cut myself off, like I realised that it wasn't something I should say to her, which made Camila look at me with a curious gaze in her clear eyes.

"No, please complete what you were trying to say. I want to hear everything you thought when you saw me." She quickly said, expecting me to praise her more, which she seemed really to enjoy.

But unlike what she was expecting, what I wanted to say was technically considered praise, but it was more focused on her 'physical aspects', and I couldn't wait to see how she was going to react when it's coming from a kid two decades younger than her.

Chapter 128: Quite The Curvaceous Body...

"No, I really don't think it's appropriate to say to a lady like you, since it's quite crude and vulgar, which I'm pretty sure you won't find pleasing to hear." I waved my hand and refused to speak a word, which only sparked her interest even more.

"No, please do say whatever it is you were trying to tell, since I'm dying of curiosity to know why you're hesitating so much." Camila said with an avid expression on her face and took a step out of her house to get closer to me.

"I promise I won't judge you or berate you no matter what you say, so I hope you can do your neighbour a favour and tell me what was on your mind at that moment when you first saw me."

"Even if it's not for a favour, you can at least do it for the pasta you ate." She emotionally blackmailed me with a grin on her face so that I didn't back out and decline.

"Fine...But don't blame me if you're offended by what I say."

I sighed and agreed to her request, which made her smile and get even more closer to me to the point where I could smell her jasmine fragrance so that she could hear every word I said, which she probably thought was more praise for her that she seemed to enjoy so much.

"It's just that when I first saw you, I didn't immediately think that you were the daughter of this household and thought that there's a chance of you being the person that spoke to my mother as well."

"O-Oh, I see..." She said in a reluctant manner as her eyes turned gloomy, regretting asking for my thoughts and thinking that I warned her not to ask because the truth would hurt her feelings.

"Oh, don't get me wrong. I didn't think you looked old or anything." I immediately waved my hands so that she didn't misunderstand my intentions, as she seemed to have gotten accustomed to me calling her young and looked to be sad that I broke her little fantasy that she was living where she was much younger than she actually was.

"I just thought that even though you look like a young girl, you don't really have the figure of one and look more 'grown up' in that aspect."

"A figure of a grown-up?...W-What does that even mean?" The frown on her face quickly vanished when she heard my surprising statement, and she looked down at her body to see if anything was off about it.

"Well, as embarrassing as it is to say..." I looked away, like I wasn't the most comfortable talking about this topic to a girl, while she stared at me as her ears turned red, somewhat already knowing what I was going to say. "...you don't really have the body of an average girl who's in her early twenties...And more, how should I say...curvaceous in nature?"

"Curvaceous in nature?!" She exclaimed and put her hand on her stomach, and pinched her belly with a look of panic on her face, as if she were scared that she had suddenly become fat. She then looked at me and asked in a reluctant manner, like her first nightmare was coming true,

"...T-Then are you telling me that I look overweight?"



"No no, definitely not!" I quickly said so that she didn't misunderstand just like my mother did.  
"When I say curvaceous, I don't mean it as in you look fat...More like, I think you have quite the buxom body with curves in all the right places."

I shamelessly said while leering at her body, which made her blush and look at me in surprise, as if she never expected a little boy like me to make such an outrageous statement to her. I then continued to say, while Camila looked at me like she was seeing me for the first time,

"Like how your bountiful chest looks like it's going to spill out of that thin white blouse you're wearing..." I pointed at her breasts, which made her cover her twin peaks up with her hands with a flushed look on her face.

"Or how big your butt is, that I can see the sides of it even though I'm standing right in front of you..." She used one hand to cover her chest and the other to block my view of her ass while looking at me with a pleading look on her face, like she was asking me to stop my shameless comments.

But I didn't comply with her request and continued saying, while looking at her rather wide hips with a look of intrigue on my face,

"...And the part of you that really made me wonder if you were your mother or not, which are your hips that look like they've already given birth to a couple of babies...They were what made me contemplate whether-"

"Stop, stop! You can stop now!"

Shove~ Block~

Unable to handle the shame and embarrassment of being told of how sexy of a body she had by her next-door neighbour's son, Camila quickly took a step forward and pushed her hands on my mouth to make me stop talking.

"Anymore, and I don't know how I will face your mother after making you say such things about my body!" She said in a hurry, realising that it was her who prompted me to say such things since she was curious as to what I was thinking about and that it wasn't really my fault since I had already told her that it would be quite inappropriate.

"I really apologise for making you continue yourself when you didn't want to do so, so please don't say anything anymore, as I already feel ashamed at making a young man like you say such things about this old body of mine."

She bowed her head with a look of guilt written all over her face for making such a mistake.

She then looked at me straight in the eyes while her blue eyes trembled from having her body complimented so blatantly and said in a timid manner, losing all the cool she had before,

"I'm going to take my hands off your mouth now, but do you promise that you won't talk to this auntie in such a way again, or else I'm afraid your mother will be banging on my door wanting an explanation for what I made her son do."

She hung her head as if she were to blame for making a kid like me say such things and looked to be pleading for me to be silent.

I was also expecting her to react this way and not get offended by the obscene things I said about her body, as in her eyes, I was just a little kid who followed what she said and said some questionable things without knowing if it was right or wrong.

But if I were to do the same thing in the body of a middle-aged man, there would absolutely be no excuses for my rude behaviour, and I would be lucky to be left off with a slap on the cheeks.

This was also one of the advantages of having a young body, as adults wouldn't really take you too seriously and would have their guard down, and they would easily brush off any mistake you make or problems you cause by just saying that you're young and dumb and are prone to slip up once in a while, which worked very well for me as I could do things that others could never do.

I also had a lot of pretty privilege, as normally people wouldn't get too offended when a handsome man or beautiful girl said something inappropriate about them, compared to how they would react if someone average looking did the same thing.

Seeing her look at me in a desperate manner, I nodded my head to show that I understood, which made her let out a sigh of relief and pull her hand away from my mouth, which actually felt nice because of how soft and warm her palms were.

"See...This is why I told you that it would be inappropriate to say such things to you and why I wanted to keep it myself." I said with a straight face, to which she didn't say anything since she knew that she was in the wrong, when I was the actual guilty one for saying such vulgar words to her.

"But since I've already told you what I thought when I first saw you, I think you should understand by now why I thought you were much older than you actually are...Or, is it that you still need me to explain?" I said with a smile on my face, which made her stare at me with an angry look on her face for teasing her, that actually looked quite adorable and made me want to pull her puffed-out cheeks.

#### Chapter 129: Love At First Sight

"N-No, there's no need for that." She quickly said so that I didn't start praising something else of hers and regained her usual composure. "I already know what's going on in that head of yours from the surprising words you said to me, so you don't need to say anything else."

"But I guess it makes sense when I take into consideration that you're young and at the peak of adolescence, when you would have so many weird thoughts floating in your mind." She said in an experienced manner, which suggested that she most likely had a child who had also gone through puberty in life and was a veteran parent who had already been through it all.

She then looked at me, who she thought was so innocent but was actually a wolf in a sheep's disguise, and said,

"But at the same time, I'm also wondering why you find an old lady like me attractive when there's so many other girls your age who look so much more pretty than me, who's already past my prime."

She looked at me as if she didn't know what to believe since she didn't know if I genuinely found her to be charming, or if I was simply saying so out of consideration. And seeing that she was doubting my intentions, I quickly said, with a sincere look on my face,

"First of all, I'll just say that you're actually one of the most prettiest girls I have ever seen in my life, so it's hard to even compare you with these other girls you're talking about."

Camila's eyes twinkled as she heard my words, but she didn't allow her delight to show on her face and let me continue as she stared at me in a calm and composed manner.

"And second of all, and what I've been wanting to ask for a while now, why do you keep referring to yourself as an older woman as if you've already reached your middle age, when you're just

probably in your early twenties?" I asked with confusion in my eyes. "Is that a new trend that you girls follow these days, where you think it's cool to refer to yourself as an older person?"

"Wait, don't tell me that you still think that I'm around the same age as you, right?" She asked with a peculiar smile on her face.

"I mean, I still think that you're a little older than me, but I do think that we somewhat belong in the same age group."

I said, and then decided to throw a curveball at her to catch her off guard by looking straight at her frosty blue eyes and saying,

"So, even if you're a college student or working adult, I still think we can have some common topics that we can discuss if we go on a date together."

"And even if we don't have anything in common with one another since I'm still a school student while you're basically an adult, I'll still happily listen to whatever you want to say with a smile on my face if it means that I can spend some time with you."

"Oh, so you're a highschooler?~" Camila looked shocked at the mention of my actual age and looked like she definitely thought I was older. "I definitely thought for sure that you were in college like my daughter was, and-...W-Wait..."

Her eyes opened wide as she looked at me in incredulity after realising what I had just said.

"...D-Did you just indirectly invite me on a date with you?" She looked straight at me with a look of disbelief written all over her face, trying to see if I was joking or not.

"As in a date where young people go out into town and have fun with one another...Did you just invite me on that type of date!?"

Her voice peaked at the end of her sentence, which showed just how shocked she was that a boy who was not only in high school but also the son of her neighbour as well, was inviting her, a married woman with a daughter who was in college, to a casual date.

She was even more surprised than when I assumed her to be a young adult, and looked to be getting dizzy from all the surprises she was getting in one day.

"Why, what's wrong with that?" I said as I took a step forward, which made her take a step back, seeing how serious I looked right now. "I saw the prettiest girl I had seen in a long time who made my heart race whenever I looked at her beautiful blue eyes, and wanted to ask her out on a date to see if I could be the lucky man to have her as my beloved partner...Is there anything wrong with that?"

"Anything wrong with that??..." She asked in an exasperated manner, as she looked at me with a preposterous look on her face. "How can you say all that when there's so much wrong with what you just said?!"

"I mean, just the fact that I'm your mother's age, is more than enough to make this into an absurd situation that I never thought I would experience in my life!" She decided to directly reveal her true age to me after seeing that I still believed her to be a young girl.

She then looked at me as if she were expecting me to look all surprised at her statement, but to her dismay, she only found me blankly staring at her with a solemn look on my face, which she didn't understand why I was making when I was supposed to be shocked after hearing her true age.

"...You know that you can just say that you're not interested in going out on a date with me, right, instead of trying to reject me in such a roundabout way?"

I said in a low tone, like I was upset that she rejected me but was keeping a straight face in front of her to act tough, which made her mouth go wide at the new direction this already nonsensical scenario was going in.

"I mean to say that you're a middle-aged woman, just to say no to my proposal...I don't think anyone has rejected me in such a brutal way in my life before."

"What?! No, no, no! I'm not saying that I'm a full grown adult, just to say no to your invitation!...I'm saying so because I actually am around the same age as your mother!" She exclaimed while panicking so that I didn't misunderstand and leave with some emotional trauma that I would never be able to forget.

"No, no, I get it." I waved my hand to make her stop trying to appease me, like it only hurt more when she did so. "I understand that you think that I'm still a little too young for you and that it

would be embarrassing to go on a date with someone like me who had just turned into an adult this year."

"But it still really hurts when you're going as far as to say that you're my mother's age just to reject me, when all I did was take my chances and ask you out on a date." My eyes darkened, and I looked down with a wry smile on my face as I was really hurt, which made Camila look at me with a look of pity and heartbreak on her face, like she couldn't bear to see a young boy sad because of her.

"...I mean, you just could have said no in the same direct and straightforward way I asked you out, and I would've accepted it with a heavy heart, knowing that I didn't even get a chance to be with the girl I thought was love at first sight."

Camila, who was doing her best to make me understand with a worried look on her face, froze when she heard the words 'love at first sight' as if she didn't expect my affection for her to go that deep, and she looked even more downtrodden that she had managed to indirectly break an innocent boy's heart, even though none of it was her fault.

And while she was lamenting over what she had done for it to come to this point, I was smiling in my heart at the way things were going, as it wouldn't be long before I snuck into her little heart, just like she thought that she had snuck into mine.

#### Chapter 130: Tear Jerking Scene

To add more drama to the mix, I looked at her limpid eyes, which were regretting playing around with me before, and said with a lonely smile,

"...Or is it that you thought that I wouldn't accept it if you rejected my request to go out with you since I'm young and stubborn and thought I would pester you again and again if you simply said no?"

"If it's like that, then I guess there's no helping it since it's hard to take anyone who suddenly comes up to your house and says it was love at first sight seriously, and it will most likely make you think that it's a simple joke...I only have myself to blame for being so hasty with my decisions and proposing to you when I don't even know your name."

"...I honestly just got a little too excited when I saw you for the first time and said something stupid." I said with a reluctant smile on my face, as if I were apologising for making a fool of myself. "So, I hope you can forget everything that happened at this moment and just think of it as a dumb kid who tried to reach for the stars, but ultimately failed."

I then turned around like I wanted to get away from this place so that the girl who rejected me didn't see me crying, while Camila looked at me with teary eyes and an anguished look on her face, like she was watching an emotional scene from a sappy drama.

Grab~ Pull~

And just as I was about to turn around and walk away without returning her container, I saw Camila quickly grab a hold of my hand and pull me in so that I didn't go anywhere. She then looked up at me in a reluctant manner, like she wouldn't let me leave with a broken heart no matter what, and said,

"No, wait!~ Please don't go!~I really meant it when I said that I was an old lady, since I actually am one...I really am not lying to deceive you when I say that!~"

"It's fine, it's fine. You don't have to lie to me anymore since I already understand your intentions, and I promise I won't bother you again if that makes you feel any better."

Seeing that I was caring about her feelings more than mine when I was the pityful one here made her feel even more choked up than before, and she was trying her best to pull me back in and stop me from leaving.

"No, I really am not lying!~ I actually am old enough to be your mother and not as young as you think!~" She exclaimed and hugged my hand tightly so that she could prevent me from taking another step, while I was currently enjoying the sensation of her soft but warm breasts pressing against my arm, which were the initial fruits of all that dramatic acting I was doing that was finally paying off.

I mean, not only was she smothering my arm in her breasts, she was also desperately pulling me into her house with the little feeble strength she possessed, as if she didn't want me to leave her side, which would definitely make the neighbours throw some questionable gazes at us if they saw what was happening right now.

For only having met her a few minutes ago, you could say that the results were quite commendable, with just a little acting and a few cheesy compliments. And it also never would've worked out if I wasn't charming enough to say such tacky lines; that would've normally made girls cringe out of their skin if an average-looking dude said such things about them.

"Just give me some time! Just give me a few minutes, and I'll prove to you that I'm just an old woman past her youthful days and not the girl of your dreams like you think I am!" Camila desperately shouted while sweating a little from pulling on me so hard.

"Fine, just like you said, I'll give you some time to show me that you aren't lying." I stopped trying to move away and said in an authoritative manner, when I was the one who was supposed to be grateful, that she was going to great lengths so that someone she had just met wouldn't feel sad.

I then pulled out a handkerchief from my pocket and smoothly dabbed it on her forehead, where she was sweating from, which made her blush like a little girl and look away. She looked surprised that I was acting so intimately with someone I just met and someone who was my elder, but she didn't look to mind it since she seemed to enjoy being taken care of in such a thoughtful and gentle way.

"So, Miss..." I asked for her name while bending down and wiping her cheek, which she graciously accepted, while she stared at my face in a daze like she was seeing it for the first time.

"...C-Camila, Camila Alvarez." She quickly said after realising that I was asking what her name was and was embarrassed that she was so worked up when she was the adult in the picture. "But you can just call me Camila without the miss, since I really don't like being called so formally."

"Camila...What a beautiful name that is; that perfectly suits your gorgeous visage."

Her eyes twinkled, like she really liked the way I said her name and looked like she wanted me to whisper it into her ear. But she shook her head when she remembered that I was someone way younger than her and that she shouldn't have such thoughts about anyone else other than her husband.

"As for myself, my name is Kafka Vanitas, your neighbour next door who just moved in recently and am currently in my second year of high school." I also introduced myself and put my handkerchief back into my pocket after wiping her face.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Miss Camila, and I look forward to having a great relationship with you as your next-door neighbour." I said in a formal manner, which made Camila wonder if I really was a high schooler when I was acting in such a mature way that she had never seen any other high schooler do.



"Now, if you could please show me that you really are the lady my mother was talking about, and not her daughter...Or else I'll just have to go back home and feast on a tub of ice cream and drown myself in my sorrows with a spoonful of vanilla ice cream in my mouth."

I said in an exaggerated manner, which made Camila let out a giggle as if she found that scene to be funny. But she immediately covered her mouth and stopped laughing, as if she felt guilty for laughing at my horrible situation.

"Don't worry...I said it with the intention of making you smile and clearing up the gloomy mood, so don't hold back and laugh all you want." I said with my lips curled up, which made her give a sigh of relief, seeing that I wasn't really as heartbroken as she thought I was.

She then gave a thoughtful look and said, while holding her chin,

"As for the way I can prove to you that I have a daughter of my own and am not the daughter of this household herself..." She looked deeply, like she was thinking of a way to do so.