

God of Milfs 131

Chapter 131: I'll Take Her Back Home, If You Don't Want Her

"Ah, yes! I can do that!" She exclaimed with an excited look on her face, like she had finally found a way to prove herself to me. "I can just show you our family photos that are hanging on the wall."

"Family photos?"

"Yes, family photos!" She nodded her head frantically, losing her usual cool persona that she had been keeping up all along. "I can show you my family's group photos that have me, my daughter, and my husband in them. With that, you definitely can't say that I'm the daughter of this household and prove to you that I'm not lying."

"Sure...Let's see if these so-called family photos can really prove your innocence." I casually said, totally forgetting how disheartened I was earlier. I then asked, "Do you have them on your phone or..."

"No, I have them hanging on the walls of the living room." She hurriedly said and grabbed me by the arm, and pulled me into her house, like her main focus was to prove her true age to me. "Quickly come in, so I can show them to you!"

"W-Wait, let me at least take off my shoes." I stepped into the entryway of her house and bent down to take off my shoes, while Camila waited for me with an impatient look on her face.

"Come on, do it quickly! You can even wear your shoes inside if you want to!" She urged me while pulling on my sleeve, like an excited little kid who wanted to show her house to her friend.

I guess all that was happening right now was quite exciting and thrilling for her, as she looked to be having a lot of fun right now, rather than simply doing all this to prove that she was the person that visited my house yesterday.

This also made me wonder if such a lively and bold woman was really a simple housewife, as she seemed like she would have a much better and exhilarating time doing other things that tested her limits and potential than doing simple household activities, which are indeed important and essential but not something that suited her spirited personality.

"Fine, fine, don't tug on my arms like that...I'm scared you'll accidentally tear them off and make a bloody mess all over your nice-looking house." I said as Camila held me by my hand and dragged me into her living room with a lively look on her face, while I observed her house, which was quite neat and modern looking with white and grey marbling and laminated woodwork.

After crossing the kitchen and stairs, we arrived at her cosy living room, which was mostly white in colour and had a pleasant jasmine odour, just like what I smelled on her body.

And on the front wall her TV was latched onto, there were several framed pictures of different sizes hung up that all commonly had Camila herself, a young girl in her early twenties who had Camila's face but had more straighter and longer hair, and then a middle-aged man with some grey hairs on the side who looked quite decent but had the eyes of a grouch.

"See..This is my entire family. Me, my daughter, and my husband. This is the family photo we took at a studio a few years ago." Camila pointed at the biggest photo on the wall where her entire family was standing formally for a photo and proudly showcased her family like every middle-aged auntie would do when a guest came to their house.

"The girl in the middle is my daughter Bella, who is studying in her second year of college and is the actual daughter of the household, unlike what you've been saying for a while now." Camila pointed at her daughter in the picture, who had the same irritable eyes as her father and looked like she wanted nothing to do with the family photo.

"She's quite the smart girl, just like her mother, and has even joined university with a full scholarship."

"...But sadly, that university is in a different city, so I don't see her as much these days."

She looked both proud of her daughter and somewhat sad that she couldn't see her every day, like she did in the past.

"Why is that? Does she not visit you or call you once in a while?" I asked as I looked at her daughter, who, for some reason, ticked me off as someone who was quite obnoxious and looked to have the exact opposite personality as her mother.

"No, it's mostly me trying to contact her or asking her to come back home for a visit, as she really doesn't seem to like spending time with me and would much rather spend her day out with her friends." She said with a gloomy look in her eyes and a wry smile on her face, like she hoped that

the distance between them would change one day since she seemed to really want to spend some time with her daughter.

"Well, moving on..." She said after realising that she was bringing down the mood and pointed at the man, who looked quite old, unlike his wife, and seemed like someone who would be grumpy all the time and was no fun to talk with. "The one on the right is my husband, who works as a sales manager for a company and often travels to different places for his living."

"So, he doesn't come home often?" I immediately asked with certain intentions in mind.

"Yes, he usually comes back home every two weeks and then goes off again, which is quite sad to say...But there's really nothing I can do about it." She gave a helpless sigh and shook her head, but she didn't seem as depressed that he didn't visit as she was with her daughter, which was quite intriguing.

"I see...Then do you miss him when he's not at home?" I decided to ask a risky personal question, hoping that she wouldn't get too offended by it.

But luckily for me, she didn't seem to mind and said, while staring at her husband's boring face,

"I guess I do...But even if he is at home, it doesn't really make a difference since he's either always sitting in his office all day or just watching TV without a care in the world..."

Judging by her dreary tone and the helplessness on her face, I guess that her husband selfishly hasn't been giving any of his time to his wife and is minding his own business, forgetting that he even has a wife that he should coddle and adore like every woman desires their husband to do.

Camila also seemed to have given up trying to change anything after finally realising that her husband wouldn't change that easily and was going to stay the same way forever.

Not only does he not come home often, he also doesn't seem to care about his relationship with his wife as much and has just accepted his current status with her.

...This guy was basically begging me to steal his wife away from him, which I was graciously willing to do if he thinks having such a gorgeous wife is a tedious job for him.

Chapter 132: You Think She's My Sister?!

I wanted to ask a few more questions about her unstable relationship with her husband and how it all started. But I knew that it would be too much to ask now when I had just met her, and I held back my curiosity.

"So, what do you have to say now?" She looked at me with a haughty look on her face after showing her entire family, putting aside any thoughts of her redundant husband. "You can't say anything now, right, after showing you clear evidence of my claim?"

"Hold up, now..." I said and looked back at the family picture on the wall. "You haven't introduced one more person yet."

"Hmm...Who are you talking about?" She looked at the picture with a look of confusion on her face. "I don't remember having another person in my family..."

"The gorgeous woman on the right..." I said as I pointed at herself in the picture, where she stood out from the rest of her family because of how bright and cheery she looked in the photo. "...You haven't introduced her yet."

"...B-But that's just me." She blushed when she realised that she was admitting to my statement and was basically calling herself beautiful. "Why do I have to introduce myself again?"

"Why?...Because you still haven't properly introduced yourself yet." I said, which made her tilt her head with a puzzled look on her face, wondering if I forgot that she had just told me her name a minute ago.

She was even more confused when I said, while staring at her family picture like I was observing it,

"...In fact, you still haven't properly introduced the rest of your family as well and have given them different identities to throw me off."

"It's a good thing that it was quite obvious that you were trying to trick me, and I didn't fall for your little lie." I held my chest and breathed a sigh of relief, as if I had just saved myself from a scam.

"Gave my family different identities?" She looked at me in a bizarre manner and squinted her eyes as if she were really trying really hard to understand what I was trying to say. "What does that even mean? It doesn't even make sense."

"Let me make it clear to you, since you don't seem to understand your trick that was so obvious." I said as if I were going to reveal a big mystery and pointed at her daughter in the picture. "You see that girl over there, who you said was your daughter, that you were so proud of?"

"...Well, she's not even your daughter."

"What?!" She couldn't help but exclaim when she heard me cut off all her relations to her beloved daughter.

And just when she was about to ask what I was saying with an absurd look on her face, I continued saying,

"But that doesn't mean that I'm saying that she isn't a member of your family or even denying her very existence, as that would simply be crazy, but I'm simply saying that she isn't your daughter."

"If she's not my daughter, then who exactly is she?" Camila gave a ridiculous smile, not knowing if I was joking or not. "Don't tell me that you think that I already had this photo ready for you to trick you, or that I actually took a picture with some random person I found on the street and hung it up on my wall?"

"Of course not." I said as if it were obvious. "Why would I call your sister a random person, when I just said that she was definitely a member of your family?"

"...S-Sister?!" Camila shook her head in shock as her blue eyes went wide when she heard me call her daughter her sister, and she looked to be doubting her own hearing.

"Did you just say that you think that my daughter is my s-sister?...There's no way you actually just said that, right? Right?..."

Camila seemed to be able to handle being called a young lady quite gracefully, and she took it as a pleasant compliment from me. But telling her that she looked like she was her daughter's sister seemed to be too much for her and made her doubt her reality.

"Why not? What wrong with me saying that, when both of you look like clones of one another?" I said which made her look at me in stupor.

"That's because she's my daughter! She's got my blood running through her veins, so it just makes sense that she looks just like me!" She exclaimed while grabbing my hand and pulling me closer to get a better look at the picture. "And even though we look similar, can't you see the clear difference that's seen on our faces due to our face?!"

"One is 42 and is more than twice your age!" She pointed at herself while nudging me to get a good look at her daughter's face. "The other is 20 and is only starting out with her life." She pointed at her daughter.

"Can't you see the obvious difference?!" She looked at me with an exasperated look on her face, hoping I finally understood.

"Oh yeah, I do see the difference." I said, while closely looking at the picture with my hand on my chin, which made her feel relieved that I was finally getting what she was trying to say. "...While both of you are quite pretty and look alike, you still look way more attractive than your little sister."

"Especially comparing both of your figures..." I said as I brazenly looked Camila up and down like she was a sculpture at a museum, which made her ears turn red. "...It's quite obvious, who's the younger sister and who's the older sister with the buxom outline you got."

"Noo!~ That's not the difference I'm trying to point out!~" She exclaimed in a bashful manner and then pushed her palms into my eyes, to cover my sneaky eyes that were roaming around her body. "...And quit ogling my daughter's picture like that, when her mother is right in front of you!~"

"Her mother?...You mean her older sister?" I pulled her hands off my face and corrected her words with a smile.

"No, her mother! Her mother, who gave birth to her!~" She cried out in a flustered manner. "Just why won't you believe me?!"

"Why won't I believe you?..." I raised my eyebrow in doubt and asked, "Well, why don't you give me a proper reason yourself?"

"Just look at the photo of yourself here and tell me anything about it; that makes you look like a normal middle-aged lady you would see on the street." I pointed at another photo, where Camila

was sitting and smiling in a garden full of white flowers. "If you tell me one single thing that sets you apart from someone who looks young, then I'll believe you."

"...But it shouldn't be something that makes you mature or adult-like, and it should actually be some characteristic you would see in an ageing woman." I laid some rules for my challenge, which made Camila's eyes light up like she just saw an easy bet.

"That's it?!...Then it's easy to make me believe you!" She said in an enthusiastic manner and immediately turned to look at her picture, so that she could at least throw a dozen reasons in my face and embarrass me for making up such a silly wager.

But even after a minute had passed, Camila told me nothing of the sort that I had asked her, and was still staring at her portrait and scanning every nook and cranny of it to find something about her that resembled an old lady. And no matter what angle she looked at it, she couldn't seem to find any reason or feature that made her actually look old.

There were several times where she opened her mouth and looked like she was going to tell me something, but she always stopped herself, like it didn't make any sense, and went back to searching her picture.

It was at this moment that she realised that what I challenged her to do wasn't as easy as she thought and was actually really tricky, since she was a one-of-a-kind woman in this world who had the charm of an adult and the liveliness and energy of youth, just like my mother did.

Chapter 133: True Beauty

After a long search and seeing that there was nothing she could do, Camilla gave up and took a step back with a peculiar look on her face, like she wasn't expecting her search to fail in the end when she was so confident that she would win when she started.

"That's strange...I thought for sure that I could point out a few reasons as to why I resemble someone older, like I actually am. But for some reason, no matter how I look or where I look, nothing comes to my head."

"Is it that I'm just not looking properly, or is my vision actually failing me and I need to get a pair of glasses to see better?" She said in a low tone as she stared at her picture in wonder and looked like she was looking at someone else that she had never seen before, even though she had seen that same face a million times in the mirror.

And seeing how her eyes were twinkling and how she was caressing her face like she was checking if the absolutely ravishing woman in the photo was herself, it seemed as if she were really starting to appreciate herself more and how she looked, unlike before, when she thought that even though she was pretty, she wasn't as good-looking as she was when she was young.

"You're not blind, nor did you not look at your picture enough..." I said as I held her shoulders from behind and pushed her forward, so that she could accept the reality of her looking as beautiful as she always was, regardless of age.

"...You're simply a woman who not only possesses the liveliness and beauty of a young girl but also the grace and maturity of an adult, which is the very reason I fell for you at first sight."

Camilla's cheeks turned red at my confession, and she turned her face away from me so that I couldn't see her all embarrassed, which was quite cute to look at.

"I-I see..." Camila grazed her cheeks as if she were finally believing how gorgeous she looked and wasn't simply taking my words at face value anymore like she was before and was actually believing it. "I-I guess it does make sense for you to confuse me with my daughter...S-Since I am quite pretty after all."

Camila gave a bright smile after realising just how pretty of a woman she was; when the confidence she had in her looks before was only for jokes and sarcasm, and she really didn't think that she looked that special due to her age.

And her eyes glowed as if she had become ten years younger, and she looked like she wanted to immediately find a mirror to see how pretty her newfound self was.

But her pleasant mood of self-realisation and finding out her true worth was blown away when I joked, saying,

"Wow, Camila...I get that you're quite beautiful and have all the rights to boast about it, but to call yourself pretty in such a shameless manner while you know that I'm standing right behind...Isn't that quite narcissistic of you?"

"Who would've thought you would be such a self-absorbed person?..." I said in a sarcastic manner, and before I could even finish, Camila turned around with a pouty look on her face and started to pummell her soft fists onto my chest in an aggressive manner.

"You traitor!~....How could you call me narcissistic, when you were the one who said all those nice things about me and made me feel this way about myself!~"

She said with an angry look on her face that looked quite adorable and harmless, and she continued to jump onto me and hit me with her fists.

"If there's anyone to blame for making me feel this good about myself to the point that I'm shamelessly praising my own looks, then it's definitely your fault, Kafka!~...It's all your fault!~"

"So, I'm the one who made you feel confident about yourself and made you realise your true beauty?...Then I guess the only thing I can say to you is that you are welcome, and you owe me one." I said with a grin on my face, which made her even more worked up and pummel me even harder with her fists that I could barely feel on my chest.

And even as I took a few steps back to distance myself from her, she followed me wherever I went so that she could teach me a lesson for not taking a grownup seriously in the most childish way possible.

This was going all fine and well, and she looked to be enjoying relieving her stress on me as a smile started to appear on her face. Well, that is, until I couldn't move any further back since there was a coffee table blocking the way.

And because of the sudden hindrance, I stopped myself from moving, but she didn't, which made her push herself right onto me, which made both our bodies collide into one another along with our chests that were smushed into one another right now.

One was hard and smooth without any excess flesh, while the other was soft and bouncy and had so much fat that I almost got pushed back by the elastic power of her breasts and fell onto the table behind me.

Luckily, I was standing my ground firmly, which only resulted in her mushy breasts being pressed and dragged across my chest like she was trying to wash me off with those udders she had.

She also had her hand over her shoulders, so it looked like she was giving her young boyfriend, whom she hadn't seen in a long time, an intimate hug.

I wanted to enjoy the sensation of her warm water bags against my chest for a little bit longer and was even thinking of pulling her in for a hug since she was being so suggestive. But unfortunately, Camila quickly caught on to how we currently looked and what she was doing, and swiftly backed up from me with cheeks that were glowing red and eyes that were roaming everywhere in a panic.

She looked like she was about to say sorry to me for what she accidentally did. But when she saw that I was smiling down on her figure that was panicking around, she got grumpy once again and harumphed as if it were my fault that she collided into me.

She then went to the family picture on the wall and pointed at her husband, and asked,

"Cough-Cough... If you think that the girl in the middle is my younger sister and I'm her older sister, then what about the person I called my husband?...You probably think that he has another identity as well, right?...Then, who do you think he is?"

Chapter 134: He's Obviously Your Father

It was quite obvious that she was trying to distract me from what just happened by the way she was glancing at me from the side to see if I'd taken the bait or not. But since I didn't want to make it too awkward for her, I didn't make it hard for her and went by her side and said,

"You mean the person on the right...Well, he's probably you're-"

"My older brother, right?..." Camila suddenly guessed on her own, like she finally understood how I viewed things and was proud for having such insight. "...You probably think that he's my older brother and that we're a family of three siblings, with me being the middle child."

"As if!..." I sternly said, as if I found it insulting, that she considered that man as her brother, which surprised her since she was sure her guess would be correct. "There's no way that person can be your brother...I mean, just look at you and your sister, and then look at him...It's quite obvious that you aren't siblings just by looking at how old he looks compared to you."

"It's honestly so clear and obvious that it looks like I'm comparing a swan to a toad." I decided to see just how close she was to her husband by saying a few things that might provoke her and get a reaction out of her.

"One looks like an elegant swan floating in a peaceful river." I looked at Camila with a tender gaze, which made her look away and ignore me. "...While the other one looks like a wrinkly toad with white hair that's sitting on a lily pad, idly wasting its life." I looked at her husband's picture with disdain.

"There's just such an uncrossable line between them that the only way they could exist together is if there was an inseparable bond of love between them that could traverse any obstacle that came their way." I sugarcoated Camila's relationship with her husband, just in case she actually got offended by the rude things I said about him.

But luckily for me, it was just like I thought, as Camila only gave a desolate sigh with a smile of irony on her face and said in a low voice,

"...Well, I guess I can understand why you might think that, since he's aged quite a lot in these recent years and hasn't been keeping up with his health, no matter how many times I tell him to, and just continues to ignore me."

"...As for him being a toad, I think it suits him since, just like a toad, he sits around all day minding his own business without a care in the world. And even if I were to call out for him from the other side of the bank, I'm pretty sure that he wouldn't respond to me at all and go at his own pace, which he seems to love to follow so much..."

She gave a sarcastic chuckle, and looking at how lonely her eyes looked, it was obvious that it hurt her to agree with all the rude things a stranger told her about her husband.

But unfortunately for her husband, she didn't have the willpower or desire to fight for someone like her own husband, whom she doubted would do the same for her.

The fact that she didn't oppose a single word that I said or even look me the wrong way, and just agreed to what I said about her husband was more than enough to tell me how unstable their relationship was, which put a big smile on my face since it just made my job a whole lot easier.

"Wait, if you don't think that he's my brother, then just what relationship do you think I have with him?" Camila asked with a curious gaze, ignoring her husband for a moment, and focused on me, whom she was looking at dearly, as if she already felt close and familiar with me.

"You're father, probably..." I said, as I stared at her husband's despicable face. "With how old he looks compared to you it would make sense if he's your father... Honestly, I would even say that he was your grandfather if he had more white hairs on his head, but I don't want to be too rude to him."

"Pfht!~ Father?~ You thought he was my father?~" Camila broke out laughing at the thought of her husband becoming her father. "And not only did you think he was my father, but my grandfather as well!~...Hahaha!~...Just how amusing are your thoughts!~"

Even the way she laughed was quite graceful, as she covered her mouth and laughed, which sounded like the chirping of a sparrow and was quite pleasant to the ear.

"My husband would probably burst out in fumes if I told him what you said about him and would probably go on a rampage to find you~"

She said as she slowly stopped laughing. But she couldn't stop smiling after what she heard and looked at me in a delighted manner, as if she found me as someone she enjoyed being around with since I always managed to make her smile in one way or another.

"...Why? Are you going to tell on me to your brother, that I called him a grandpa?" I asked in a slightly flirty tone, with my lips curled up, while looking down on her rosy face.

"Probably not...As even though my husband is quite short-tempered and loves to get into unnecessary problems with others, I don't think he would be able to last in a fight with someone as young as you, who, not to mention, works out."

"So for his sake and fragile dignity, I'm willing to keep this a secret between us." She zipped her mouth in a playful manner and looked like she found it fun to have a secret with someone else, as it made her feel like she was young and free again.

"Oh, how do you know that I worked out?" I asked, even though I don't normally work out as it would be useless on my body, that already has enough strength no human can imagine surpassing, no matter how much they deadlift.

"I don't know...I just thought you did when I felt how firm your chest was when I hit you, like I was banging on the surface of a smooth rock." She said and closed her eyes to remember the touch of my skin she had felt, and she unconsciously moved her fingers like she was stroking the grooves of my pecs she had felt when she snuggled up next to me.

"Oh gosh~..." I said in an exaggerated manner and covered up my chest, like I was offended by the way she touched me. "Who would've thought I would be felt up and touched in such a weird way by the neighbour next door in the first week of moving to this new town?!~ What am I going to do now?!~"

"Oh, don't overreact~..." She rolled her eyes at my dramatic act while smiling like she thought it was funny. "I just accidentally touched your chest and nothing else."

"And if you really feel that bad about it, you could just touch mine as compensation~" She said with a smug look on her face as she crossed her arms and pushed her bulging breasts out, confidently teasing me, thinking that I wouldn't have the guts to actually touch her breasts.

But she clearly didn't know that I held the title of Incarnation of Lust and would go to the ends of the world to grope some milkers, as I didn't hesitate to hold out my hands in front of her chest as if I were going in for a feel, and asked in an amused manner,

"Can I really?~"

Slap~

"Of course you can't!~" She exclaimed, not expecting to be shameless enough to grope someone's breasts on command, and slapped my hand away with a strict expression on her face.

But behind that solemn look on her face, I could see her eyes gleaming with jolly and cheerfulness, as if she found her time with me to be quite enjoyable and refreshing, unlike her usual day-to-day life.

It also showed that I was getting closer and closer to her heart, and it wouldn't be long before I permanently made my mark there...

Chapter 135: Million? I'd Even Fight A Billion For You

"Now, let me guess..." Camila relaxed herself, knowing that I was only joking around and wouldn't do anything that would actually make her uncomfortable. "You still think that I'm really young and still need some kind of proof to prove that I'm not lying."

"Well, it's not like you've already proven your innocence when all you've done so far is show your little sister and father, so guess you still do, or else I might really go into depression and never forget about what happened today..." I said in an unconcerned manner, which made her stare at me with a suspicious gaze in her eyes.

"...Why do I feel that you actually won't be that bothered about what happened even if I don't prove that I'm probably older than your mother and that you're actually just playing with me right now for the fun of it?" Camila stared at me closely to see if I gave anything away.

"We can always test that out by just letting me go now and seeing if I shut myself in my room for a week because of the trauma I faced today from your brutal rejection...But that is only if you're up for it and are willing to take a chance with this innocent heart of mine, that only did one sin, and that was falling for you." I said as I held my chest as if I were grabbing a hold of my waning heart in an exaggerated manner, which made it obvious to Camila that I was teasing her, especially with how I was blatantly mocking her with the smile on my face, which made her look at me in vexation.

But as much as she wanted to call me out for the act I was putting on, she was too kind to take the risk in case I actually feel down in the dumps after what happened today, so she said in a reluctant manner,

"Fine. I'll believe what you're saying for now...But if even an actual photo of my family can't prove how old I am, then what exactly can?" She looked at me for any suggestions.

"Oh, right!" She exclaimed, like she just realised the most easy way to prove one's age. "I can just show you my ID card with my date of birth written on it in bold letters!"

"Why didn't I just think of something so obvious in the first place?...No, even if I forgot, why couldn't you have just told me to do the same from the start, since we could've avoided much trouble and finished it so easily?" She asked as her eyes darted at me so that she could also drag me with her, so that she didn't seem like the only absent-minded person here who forgot the most obvious option before her.

"Oh, I already thought of asking for your ID, and it was the first thing that came to my mind..." I said, which made her roll her eyes at how I was acting like a smarty-pants, and she looked like she was about to ask her why I didn't mention it.

But before she could, I answered the question myself by saying, "But since you were so eagerly showing off your family pictures, I thought of staying silent and listening to you since it was basically the same thing as spending time with you, which I really wanted to do since the moment I saw you."

"Spending time with me?" She asked as she narrowed her eyes. "Why are you making it seem like you actually enjoyed giving company to a bored housewife who's showing off her family since she has nothing else to do?"

"You probably would have a much more fun time spending your Sunday morning out with your friends, or anything else that doesn't involve a boring grownup like me, right?" She said with a distant look in her eyes, probably thinking of her daughter, who seemed to hate spending time with her mother, and lumped me in with her since we were both young.

"Why would you assume that?" I said, knowing that I couldn't let her deprecate herself in such a way, and bent down to her level so that I could meet her gaze, and said in a sincere tone so that she knew that there wasn't a single lie in my words,

"Just know that on this day, in this moment, and in this period of time, there is nothing I would want to do other than spend time with my beautiful neighbour next door that I couldn't help but fall in love with."

Swish~

When she heard my direct confession, which made her embarrassed no matter how many times she had already heard it, she turned away to avoid my heartfelt gaze.

But I didn't fully allow her to do so and gently held her by the chin, pulled her back towards me so that her limpid eyes were looking right at mine, and said firmly with a slight smile on my face,

"So don't you ever put yourself down in that way ever again, as I promise you that a million people would line up on your doorstep if they heard that there was a chance that they could talk to someone as wonderful and lively as you, who lightens up the place with your cheerful spirit wherever you go."

"...And know that I would be the first person in that long line, fighting off all those people so that I could have you all to myself." I said with a cheeky smile on my face, which made her pale cheeks flush, and she looked at me with an embarrassed look on her face.

"...Y-You would be willing to fight a million people just for me?" She asked a question she seemed to have been debating in her head about whether to say or not, since it wasn't something a married woman like her should be saying to someone who was obviously going after her hand in love, but decided to say it in the end since she was too curious to know my answer.

"For you, the person I fell for at first sight, I would be willing to do anything..."

I said as I gave her nose a little poke so she knew exactly who I was talking about, and let her go.

And even though my answer to her question was quite short, it was more than enough to make her understand how deeply I felt about her, which was quite obvious by the way she was intently looking at me even after I let her go, as if she was wondering if there was anyone else in this world who was bold enough to say such words to her and actually make her feel that they would keep their promise in the end, like I did.

And while she was staring at me in a dreamy daze, she seemed to have remembered that she was married and already had someone who was bound by duty to fight for her and shook her head with a helpless smile on her face, realising that all the thoughts she had were simply fantasies at the end of the day because of her current situation.

She then looked at me with a teasing look on her charming face and said,

"You know that you shouldn't be saying such things to a woman who's not only married and has a daughter, but also old enough to be your mother, right?" She poked me in the chest, just like I poked her, and swirled it around in a playful manner.

"Well, we don't really know if what you're saying is true, so it should be fine for now while you're still a lonely flower at the peak that's waiting to be plucked by me." I said as I caught her hand and tried to pull her closer to me.

But she didn't comply with my wishes and swiftly snatched her hand back from my grasp, and said, while looking at me with a bewitching gaze,

"Then why don't you sit on the sofa over there and make yourself at home while I bring my ID and show you that I'm not a single flower in a pot but a flower that belongs in a bouquet full of other flowers called my family." She pointed at the fluffy white sofa behind me and turned around to go get her ID from another room, while I watched her cheeks that were bulging out of her blue jeans seductively move up and down as she walked away and thought that I could accept that she and her daughter were pretty flowers in a bunch.

But her husband was definitely not a dainty flower and more like a rotten potato that belonged in a vegetable basket than a bouquet.

Chapter 136: Just What I Like

I didn't go sit down on the sofa like Camila said and walked over to see the rest of the family pictures that were in cabinets, and no matter which one I saw, it always had Camila smiling brightly, giving life to the entire photo, while the rest of her family were always frowning and acting like they were forced to be in the photo.

It was clear that even though it was her own family, she didn't exactly belong there, since her lively nature couldn't be accommodated by people who looked like they were completely miserable in life.

I knew that she probably thinks that she's fine as she is, but I'm pretty sure that she would be much happier if she were in a family that appreciated her more than her current family does and had family members that were just as energetic as her, like my mother, for example, who I'm pretty sure that Camila would love to talk to and spend time with since they were basically the same in different ways.

This only made me change my initial goal of simply seducing the neighbour next door's and stealing her heart into completely kidnapping her heart, soul, and body and transferring it to my house next door, where I knew she would thrive and be much more content being called Camila Vanitas instead of whatever she's called now.

I knew it would be difficult since I was basically trying to create a polygamous family that existed peacefully. But I was sure I could manage it, especially since I was basically a mortal god who owned this world.

And how embarrassing would it be for someone like me, who was going to be a God sooner or later, if I can't even take care of my family when I'm supposed to take care of multiple worlds later on...Or whatever a God's responsibility is.

While I was looking at a certain picture of Camila when she was much younger and thinking about my family's future, Camila had already gotten her ID and came up to me after she saw me staring at her photo.

"It's quite surprising, isn't it, to see me so young and slender, unlike how I look now." She said as she looked at her photo with me, where she looked much more thinner than she was now and hadn't developed that adult charm that she had just yet.

"I know you won't believe it and will say that I just took this photo a few years ago...But this is actually a photo from my university days around 20 years ago."

"...And as sad as it is to say, I'm pretty sure that you would prefer the person in the picture to the person I am now since I used to look so slender and lean back then." She said as she rubbed her tummy with a wry smile on her face. "Especially since, after all these years, all I have left is this chubby body of mine that's all mushy and soft all over."

"Let me tell you something about myself, Camila..." I said as I put the photo back into the cupboard and looked at her with a solemn gaze, which made her wonder if I was going to tell her something serious about myself that she was looking forward to.

But to her surprise, my words only made her blush and look at me, wondering how I could say something so shameless to a lady like her, as I said,

"...I don't know about anyone else or what others have told you that men like, but I personally like my women to be plump and juicy, where I could see their flesh move around violently if I gave them a tight slap on their fat ass."

"So I'm happy to say that this is body of yours, that looks like a fleshy fruit that's begging to be eaten..." I sneakily wrapped my hand around her soft waist and lightly pinched her hips, which made her shiver in thrill and look down in embarrassment. "...is exactly what I'm looking for. And I wouldn't exchange it for anything else in the world."

As embarrassed as she currently was at indirectly being told that she had a thick ass that I wanted to play around with, Camila seemed to have accepted my intimate touch for a moment and even looked to be sinking into the feeling of my arm that was coiled around her waist like a snake.

But unfortunately, before she could completely get into the mood, she suddenly remembered that she was a married woman when she saw all the family photos on the wall and lightly pushed me away so that I didn't go any further. And then she looked at me with a grin on her face, like she was wondering just how cheeky I was to do such things to my next-door neighbour.

"...Well, as much as you like this body of mine and want to have a taste of it, I'm already a married woman, so put aside your dirty thoughts since they will never come true and come over here so I can show you my ID."

She held up her hand and openly flaunted her wedding ring as she walked past me towards the sofa, while looking back at me with a tempting smile on her face, like she was telling me, 'Come and catch me if you desire me so much'.

I couldn't help but chuckle at her brazen taunt that made me want to steal her away and make her mine so much, and blindly followed her with thoughts of removing that ring off her finger and putting one with my name embedded in it instead running through my mind.

Sit~ Sit~

I sat on one side of the two-seater sofa while Camila sat on the other side, which immediately prompted a response from Camila, who didn't like that I was acting so distant with her.

"Why are you sitting all the way over there?" She said, dissatisfied that I wasn't sitting right by her side like she wanted me to. "Are you suddenly feeling so shy right now after saying all those dirty things about me that you can't bear to sit next to me?"

Scoot~ Scoot~

Seeing that I wasn't getting any closer to her even after telling me to come closer, made her take action on her own and move herself by my side as she sat right next to me to the point where I could feel her plump thighs pressing against my legs.

She even pushed herself onto me just to provoke me, thinking that I was actually acting shy right now and was too afraid to actually sit next to her like a dog that was all bark and not bite. And she seemed to find my reserved behaviour to be really cute, since she currently had a big grin on her face, like she found playing with me to be quite amusing.

"Should you really be sitting so close to me, when you just stated that you were a married woman?" I asked as she leaned on my arm and made herself comfortable, like we were a couple that was about to watch a late-night movie together.

"Who cares about that?" She casually said and looked really tempted to put her head on my shoulders, like she thought it would be the most cosiest spot to rest her head on. "You're just a little boy who's still in high school, so it doesn't really matter."

"Really?...You may not know this, but even though I'm in school, I'm actually 18 years old, which basically means that I'm an adult." I didn't know exactly why I was 18 when I was supposed to be in my second year of high school, but I knew it was true since I currently had the exact same body I had when I was that age in the past.

"Oh~ I'm so scared right now that I know that you're an adult~ What am I going to do now?~" She said in an exaggerated manner, as if she were going to faint, and used that as an opportunity to squeeze up next to me where I could feel her round breasts in between my arm.

Although I enjoyed being taken advantage of by older woman and getting teased by them, I liked teasing them in return and seeing the flushed expressions on their charming faces even more that always made my day, so I said,

"...Yes, an adult, and the same person who tried to grope you a minute ago...So are you really willing to take a chance and see if I won't do anything, with you blatantly pushing yourself up on me like this and sending mixed messages to my hormone-filled brain that acts on impulse?"

I looked down at her figure, which perked up like a cat that had sensed danger when she remembered how dangerous I was after my reminder, even though I was basically supposed to be the same as a child in her eyes.

Once she realised that she wasn't exactly in a safe position and was basically provoking me to do something that can't be said in public, she immediately tried to scoot away from me and maintain some distance.

But of course I wasn't going to let the cat that sat perfectly on my lap go, as I swiftly put my hand around her shoulders and pulled her back into my embrace just like she was before.

"Did you really think that I was going to let you go after provoking me so much?" I said with my lips curled up as I looked down at the flustered figure that was in my embrace, who was currently deeply regretting teasing me and was trying to sneakily escape from me after realising that she was caught in the claws of a wolf.

But her attempts to escape immediately simmered down as her face turned even more red, when I said,

"I promise I won't do anything to you if you obediently sit still like that, Camila...But if you were to move around like that, my hand might accidentally slip off your shoulders and touch some places that a married woman should never let anyone other than her dear husband lay his hands upon..."

My fingers over her frail shoulder slowly started to make their way down her upper body and moved towards her milky white cleavage, which was moving up and down with the rhythm of her

breath, which seemed so frantic and violent right now, judging by how her breasts were moving like mountains that were going through an earthquake.

Cuddle~

Camila didn't try to stop my hand that was making its way down her warm body and just obediently snuggled into my embrace like I told her to, which was her silent way of telling me that she was willing to follow what I had to say and that my hands didn't need to do anything that might taint her status as a faithful woman that was bound by a vow that must not be broken and ring that she couldn't take off at all costs.

She looked way too embarrassed to say it herself and just chose to save herself with her intimate actions, which was more than enough for me since I was currently enjoying the embrace of the beautiful married lady by my side and thought it would be much better if I had my mother in my other hand as well.

Well, it won't be long before I tease Camila's nipple in one hand and stroke my mother's breast with the other while they both lie in my embrace at the same time, so all I have to do right now is patiently wait for that fated time to come.

Chapter 137: Social Hierarchy

"You know, if that man in the picture is really your husband, like you say, he's quite the lucky man." I said as I pulled Camila in closer while she didn't resist and leaned on me with her hands neatly placed on top of one another on her lap.

"W-Why is that?" She said with a flustered look on her face, losing all that bravado she had earlier and looked like a meek little lamb in my arms.

"Because he can casually sit on his sofa anytime he wants and watch his favourite team play on TV while having his beautiful wife by his side, and he can grope her chest as much as he wants to as a stress reliever when the game gets quite tense." I said as I gently clawed at her shoulders, like I really wanted to do what I just said but was holding back, which made her body heat up drastically so much that I could feel it through her clothes.

"That's basically every man's dream on a game night—to play with your wife while you watch your team play, which he's living right now, so I'm quite jealous of him if he really is your husband."

"You really don't have to be jealous of him, you know..." Camila said in slight vexation, as if she were irritated about something that she had been keeping to herself before but now had a chance to talk about it.

"Because whenever he watches any sports game, he just shouts vulgar things at the TV all the time while drinking his beers without a care in the world about who has to clean up the mess he always makes."

"A-And whenever I try to sit next to him and ask him about what's going on in the match he's watching since I want to show a little interest in something he's invested in, he just tells me that I won't understand anything and tells me to go and cook him something in the kitchen he can eat while he watches the match." She bit her lips in frustration and anger and looked really sad that she was treated that way when all she was trying to do was be considerate to her husband.

What she said also surprised me, as I only thought she and her husband had some communication issues and had lost any romantic interest they had for one another.

But it turns out he was treating her horribly as well, which only made me want to bring her back home with me much faster and slam that beer bottle her husband loves so much that he's neglecting his wife right on his face and stab it right into his ugly mug until all that's left is some meat shreds hanging on his face.

Well, before I do any of that, I should first comfort Camila, who looks down in the dumps right now after remembering just how she was being treated by her own husband, the one who was supposed to be her biggest supporter.

"Well, don't worry about that anymore, Camila, as your neighbour next door is here to help you out." I said in a cheery tone and rubbed her shoulder to make her feel better, which had an obvious effect as she gave a slight smile, like she found it funny that of all the people she knew, a schoolboy was consoling her and actually brightening her mood.

She then looked at me with her dreamy eyes and asked in a coquettish manner,

"And how are you going to do that, my sweet little Kafka?~ Are you going to barge into my house next time my husband is watching the game and force him to teach me about the game that I don't much about?"

"Oh no, why would I go through all that hassle and bully an old man who looks like he's already half a foot into the grave." I brazenly insulted Camila's husband, which normally should've provoked an averse reaction from her. But just like I thought, she only bit her lips and tried not to smile at my comment, since it would be unbecoming of her as a wife to laugh at her husband.

"I'll simply bring you back to my house and teach you about any sports game you have an interest in while we munch on the snacks I'll make for you in the place of your husband." I gave her a simple solution to her problem, throwing her husband out of the picture.

"What?!...Did you just say that you'll not only teach me about sports games that's considered as a 'man's hobby, but you'll even cook me something up in the kitchen as well?!" She looked up at me in shock, as if I were doing some great task for her when all I was doing was a little teaching and cooking.

"Why are you surprised about that?...I mean, is it really so hard to cook up some chicken tenders and fries while teaching you the basics of a sports match?" I asked with a perturbed expression on my face, not knowing why she was having such an exaggerated reaction to a simple favour.

"...Well, you know how men in our world are like with their fragile egos, that they can't bear to lose or give away.

And how they like to stay in their own lane with things they like to do and don't like to share them with women, since they're afraid that we'll be better in that field as well and leave them with nothing they particularly excel at." Camila explained with a slightly mocking smile on her face, like she was thinking of how pathetic these certain men she mentioned were, which almost sounded like all the men in this world saw the women as threats for some reason while the women couldn't be bothered about them and their childish egos.

And just as she was about to go on another rant about the men in this world, she remembered that there was someone right next to her who wasn't like the rest of the men in this world and was much more open-minded and accepting, which made a bright smile appear on her face, and she looked up at me as if her image of me went much higher up in her mind and said,

"So, that's why I was surprised when you said you were willing to teach me about the matches that happen on TV when sports in general is a topic that men consider to be their own and like to keep to themselves, since that's one of the few things that men are still better than women in this world, and they would like to keep it that way by excluding any women that try to enter that circle."

Chapter 138: I'll Teach You In The Place Of Your Husband

Hmm...From what Camila is saying, it seems that somehow the women in this world were better and smarter than men in most activities and occupations. And it looks like that fact bothers the men in this world and makes them want to gatekeep the few things they excelled at, like sports, where an average woman would stand no chance against because of her inferior physical abilities compared to a man.

Then does that mean the women in this world were much smarter, capable, and likely to succeed in life compared to men, unlike in my previous world, where men were more dominant and were in positions of high power?

"Wait, then does that mean that this is a matriarchal world where women hold more power?" I asked even though it might sound weird for her to hear such an obvious question, since I couldn't hold back my curiosity about this world's social hierarchy.

"No, it's very much a patriarchal world where men are considered to be more superior, like it was set in the 'olden days', and is still the same now..." She said with a sigh, as if she were hoping that one day these social standards would change in favour of equality between all sexes.

A patriarchal world where women were more capable than men? How does that make sense when women have a clear advantage in this world and should hold more power because of that advantage?

Are there any rules, values, or traditions from the past that have been followed up until now that give preference to men before women, even though girls in this world are more likely to prosper compared to men, like Camila said?

I wanted to ask a few more questions about this world's social status, but I didn't want our time together to turn into a political debate, so I stopped myself and thought I would look it up later and learn about this bizarre world a bit more.

"Wait, Kafka, are you really not lying to me when you say that you'll teach me about things like sports that men don't really like to talk to girls about?" Camila asked in wonder as she scooted up closer to me and looked up at me with a look of expectation on her face, while she placed her hand on my thigh, hoping that I would give her the response she wanted.

"Of course, why wouldn't I?" I said with a smile on my face, which made her blue eyes light up like stars and grip her fists in sheer delight. "You can just come over to my house whenever you want, and we can watch the game you're interested in while I hold you in my hands like this. And you can

ask any doubt you have about the match, and I'll answer it in a jiffy, no matter how many times you ask."

"Really?!~ You won't even mind if I ask you to explain the entire match to me as it goes on if I don't really understand it myself?!" Camila pushed herself on to me in excitement and shook my thighs so that I would quickly answer her.

"Yes, yes~ I'll even recite the entire rules and regulations of the game from the official handbook for you, if you want to know about the game so much~" I said while holding her shoulders down so that she didn't climb on top of my thighs in exhilaration since she currently looked so excited that she found someone like me who held no prejudice against women and looked like she would have kissed me all over my face if she weren't married and single.

"And you know what?"

Not only will I teach you the rules of the game while we sit side by side on my sofa, I'll also let you experience something that your husband has never shown you before in his place." I said with a sly grin on my face, which Camila didn't notice since she was too excited thinking about what I was going to teach her that she wouldn't be able to learn from any other man out there other than me

"What is it, Kafka? What is it that you're going to let me experience?" She asked in a fired-up manner, like she was ready to learn anything I was willing to teach her.

Caress~

But the excited look on her face suddenly changed into one of shock, where her eyes went wide and her legs trembled, when all of a sudden she felt my hand that was on her shoulder slither its way down to her chest and start to stroke the upper part of her soft breasts.

Stroke~ Rub~ Stroke~

She didn't expect me to do something so shameless as feel her up in her own house, as she simply thought I was joking around with her before. But when she actually felt my cold fingers stroke the upper part of her breasts, where both her mangos started to hang down through her clothes, she realised that I wasn't all talk and was actually doing what I said I would do.

She didn't know what to do about the current state she was in, as this situation was simply too absurd for her to give an appropriate reaction. And she just sat still in shock, as her face turned brighter by the moment while feeling her plump breasts get felt up by a boy who was young enough to be her son.

Stroke~ Caress~ Grope~

Even though I didn't know what exactly was going on in her mind at this moment, the fact that she didn't immediately scream and push me away when she felt my fingers stroking her breasts was more than enough to tell me that she didn't really mind me feeling her up and only felt conflicted about it since it happened so suddenly and because she was a woman who was already taken.

Camila definitely wasn't a person who would let anyone take advantage of her, judging by the mean look in her eyes when she talked about the pathetic men in this world, which meant that to let me do what I was doing now to her without any obvious resistance, she was somewhat accepting of me and had certain feelings towards the boy next door that she herself didn't know about, to the point that she didn't immediately reject my advances and was letting it wallow for a while.

Chapter 139: The Love She Deserves

But of course she couldn't let me do what I wanted due to her status as a married woman and the age gap between us, and timidly said, after finding her courage to talk to me,

"W-What are you doing, Kafka? Didn't you just say that you were going to teach me something?...T-Then why are you doing something as inappropriate as this?"

Grope~ Grope~

She meekly looked down and saw my hands move down even more and grope the sides of her chest like it was made of dough, which only made her even more embarrassed than she already was. And she looked like she couldn't believe that she was letting a high schooler do such things to her and was wondering just what was going on in her life that was so boring and monotonous before.

"What are you talking about, Camila? I am teaching you something right now." I said as I ran my fingers through the outer curve of her massive breasts and lifted her jugs up from the bottom, which had quite the weight to them.

"I'm letting you experience what a real man would do to you if you ever sat next to him when he's watching TV in the place of your husband, since I believe that all women should be treated right

and none of them should be left out when it comes to receiving the common pleasures of this world."

"And unlike whatever your so-called husband is, a real man who loves his wife to bits would never let go of an opportunity to grope his beloved wife...And especially wouldn't be able to keep his hands to himself if his wife has tits as big as yours that barely fit in my hand." I said as I threw all reservations aside and fully started to grope Camila's right breast through her clothes while she trembled in my embrace.

Grope~ Caress~

Grope~ Stroke~

"Noo!~~ M-My chest isn't that big!~~" Camila closed her eyes and exclaimed, embarrassed by the fact that her neighbour's son was pointing out just how big her creamy breasts were, which were as soft as warm clouds and as bouncy as freshly made pudding.

"But they are, Camila...You're tits are just as fat as I say, and even more..." I smiled as I squeezed her soft breasts even harder to the point they were spilling out from the gaps between my fingers, which made her whimper out from having her breasts mashed around like dough.

"I mean, just look at how ample and voluminous they are, like they're full of milk that's going to spurt out at any second...Calling these mounds of fat anything other than big and plump would be a blatant lie."

"And I don't know what you're seeing every day in the mirror, Camila, but these are definitely some massive knockers that would probably go restless if someone didn't play with them every day." I said as I started to pull down her white blouse and revealed her pale white breast that currently had a layer of blush on it and looked like it was about to spill out of her blue bra because of how fat they were compared to the small bra she was wearing that was barely holding these puppies in.

"Noo!~~ My daughter already drank all the milk I had in my breasts when I had her, so there's nothing that will come out no matter how much you squeeze my chest, Kafka!~" Camila exclaimed in a fluster and quickly grabbed my hand when she saw me slipping my fingers into her bra, trying to stop me from taking it off.

She then looked up at me with a pleading look on her face, with trembling eyes that looked like they were about to cry and said in a shaky voice,

"...A-And I think you should really stop here, Kafka, and not go any further since I'm a married woman, a-and anymore would be too much for me to handle."

"Then what if you weren't a married woman? What if you were still single and had no one else in your life?" I stopped digging through her bra and looked down at her figure, who was looking up at me with teary eyes and a flushed face, completely losing any countenance as an adult. And looked more like an innocent girl who was about to lose her virginity to a man who snatched her off the streets.

"...Would you stop me even then?"

"T-That...I-I...I don't-..." She stuttered and looked up at me in hesitation, as she didn't know what to answer since she herself didn't know what she would do at that moment, and was caught in a dilemma at how she saw me and just what kind of feelings she held for the boy next door that had suddenly barged into her life and was making a mess of it for better or worse along the way.

I could honestly take advantage of Camila's current vulnerable state, where her head was in a mess and she didn't know what to feel about what was going on, and go even further with her. But I didn't want to push her limits and make her do something she would regret later on, and I decided I would stop right now and only go all the way when she was also prepared to completely accept me.

But judging by how she sees me now, it looks like it won't be long before that happens.

"It's fine, Camila. You don't have to scramble your head for an answer and can slowly think about it later on." I said as I stopped groping her chest, which made her look at me in surprise for being so thoughtful when she knew that she wouldn't be able to resist even if I went any further and would be forced to make some hard decisions that she currently wasn't clear on.

This only made her blush, as if she found my consideration for her something that she was really attracted to and made her like me more than she already did before. She also couldn't help but bow her head down and glance at me from the corner of her eye, like she was a shy little bride looking at her husband for the first time after marriage.

"And until then I won't do anything uncouth to you that would make you uncomfortable, so you can relax and not be so tensed when you're around me."

To prove that I was serious this time, I even took my hand off her shoulders and was about to move a little to the side to give her some personal space.

But just as I lifted my hand off her shoulders, Camila's hands shot up from below, firmly grabbed onto my hand, and placed them right back onto her shoulder, like that's where they belonged at all times, and she looked like she didn't want me to take them off at all costs.

When I looked at her to ask what she was doing, I only saw her shyly looking away from my gaze and say in a soft voice,

"...T-Touching that place is a bit too much since I'm still a married woman who belongs to my husband. B-But a hand on my shoulder should be fine I guess, since it's not really an inappropriate place to touch and can be considered a friendly gesture."

She looked like she found it really comfortable and soothing to have my hand wrapped around her neck and wanted it to stay on there for a little bit longer since she was addicted to the feeling of warmth and protection I gave her when I did so, but was too embarrassed to say it directly since her social status stopped her from doing so and said it in a roundabout way, hoping that I would understand.

I smiled at her adorable little way of saying, 'hug me even more, and don't you ever stop even if I tell you to', which only made me want to make her feel even more comforted and safe and give her all the love that her bastard of a husband didn't give.

Chapter 140: Just Watch Me...

And as the first step to giving her the love she deserved but never got, I said,

"Oh, so it's fine to do anything as long as it's something that resembles a friendly getsure?...Then something like this should be fine, right?"

Chu!~

Before she could reply to my statement and shyly nod her head to tell me that she was fine with any friendly actions, she felt her silky bangs get pushed aside and saw my lips come down from above and firmly plant a firm kiss on her forehead.

When I pulled my lips from her forehead, which was rising in temperature by the second, I saw her cherry-red face frozen in shock, never expecting me to actually kiss her.

She then slowly turned her head towards me like a mechanical robot that had its circuits fried and asked,

"...A-A kiss on the forehead?...T-That's considered to be a friendly gesture?"

"Of course it is~" I said casually. "Have you not seen others kiss each other on the cheeks as a way of greeting one another? It's similar to that."

"And if you think that it's still not a friendly gesture, then I can just kiss you on your cheek like this, like everyone else does, instead of on your forehead."

Chu!~

I said to her surprise, and before she could react, I bent down and kissed her left cheek, which was already flushed in a shade of red, which made that specific spot where I kissed her even more red.

"Why do you look so surprised?" I asked after seeing the dazed look on her face, like she had just entered into a dreamland of her own. "...Do you not like this 'friendly gesture' of mine?"

"N-No, that's not it!" She quickly said so that I didn't misunderstand. And then placed her hand on the place where I kissed her on the cheek and said, "I-It's just that it's been so long since anybody has ever kissed me, and I was just caught in the moment of remembering what it feels like to receive one..."

"Does your so-called husband not kiss you at all?" I asked as I played with her earlobes that were as soft as cotton, which she seemed to enjoy with how she was smiling, like she found it to be ticklish.

"No, his pride is too high for him to give me any attention himself and always expects me to do something for him, since he belongs to the sort of men that find it relishing to have a wife that's much smarter than them under their control since it gives them a feeling of power over their wives, which was one of the reasons we stopped having any physical contact with each other many many years ago, when I found out just what sort of man he actually was..."

Camila said as she clutched her fists in a frustrated manner, like she had been tricked and betrayed by her husband, which made me wonder just what their story was and how they even got together

since I'm pretty sure that Camila would never settle for such a petty man and would look for someone who treated her as an equal and cherished her for who she was.

"Well, whether your husband gives you any attention or not doesn't matter any more, since from here on forth you have your next door neighbour who will cross the street for you at any time of the day or not to give you however many kisses you want in the place of your husband, and shower you in love that you are meant to receive for being the amazing woman you are.." I said as I held her closer in my embrace and rocked ourselves sideways in a merry manner, which made her giggle at how we currently looked like a young couple that was having a wholesome Sunday morning with one another.

"Judging by what you're saying, it looks like you're trying to completely replace my husband all together and become my actual husband in his place by the end..." Camila smirked and predicted exactly what I was trying to do.

She then looked up at me with a doubtful look on her face, like she found it funny that I was talking so big when it was actually impossible to do what I say, and said,

"...But can you really do something like replace my husband's place in my life, when you're just a kid who hasn't even graduated school yet and is still living in your mother's house?"

I didn't take any offence to her comment, as I knew she was just joking with me and understood why she would think that way, since I was basically a little kid who reeked of his mother's milk in her eyes and didn't seem like someone who could actually cast her husband aside and support an adult like her in his place.

I just simply looked down at her with a carefree smile on my face and said with absolute confidence in my eyes,

"You might be laughing right now, Camila, since what's happening right now might all be fun and games for you, with nothing actually happening in the end...But watch me, Camila..." I said as I lightly pinched her earlobe so that she clearly heard what I say.

"...Watch me as I take you away from your husband and make you completely mine and mine only, and make you warm up our bed every night where we'll make sweet, passionate love all night until the sun rises."

"Just watch me..."

The smug face on Camila's face disappeared and was replaced with a look of premonition, as if, for some reason, beyond all the barriers that were standing in my way, I could do what I promised without much hassle, which she didn't know how to feel about.

All she did know was that after I became her next-door neighbour and entered her monotonous life, her life wasn't going to be the same ever again, which made her feel worried and excited at the same time for what the future held for her.