

God of Milfs 141

Chapter 141: You Really Aren't Mine

"You know if you keep on talking to a married woman like me in such a dirty way, I might just tell your mother and make her teach you some manners of how to treat your elders~..." Camila said in a coquettish manner to make sure that I didn't go too over her head and bully her while poking my abdomen as if she were checking if the rest of my body was as hard as my chest.

"Try it..." I said endearingly as I slipped my hand under her blouse and pulled on her bra strap that was hanging on her shoulder, like I was ready to pull it off at any moment. "...You'll see what happens then."

Camila immediately quieted down in a reluctant and pityful manner and looked to be wondering just why she was taking orders from a kid who wasn't even born when she was in college and how she couldn't resist any word that I said.

She even looked up at me with a doubtful gaze, as if she were wondering if I had put a charm spell on her or something. But she shook her head, thinking what a childish idea that was.

And I thought that she was simply weak towards men like me, who were gentle and compassionate most of the time, but became tyrannical and unruly at the moments that mattered the most, which seemed to always make her loins heat up and look at the other party like she was an animal in heat.

"...And I don't even think that my mother would care too much about who I'm seeing since she's quite open-minded and spoils her son a lot, so I don't think there's any use of you complaining to her."

Well, I'm sure she wouldn't be too bothered before, since she was actually an understanding parent who would be happy as long as her son was. But now that I was pursuing her as a lover and wasn't simply her son anymore, she wouldn't be too happy to know that I was already going after another girl. And I had to deal with that situation somehow so that we could all coexist peacefully as a family.

"She may be open-minded, but do you think she's understanding enough to accept a married woman who's older than her as her daughter-in-law?" Camila's eyes darted up at me as she waited for my response with a knowing smile on her face.

"Well, she may not be that open-minded...But we don't even know if you're married in the first place, so whatever you're saying right now is completely invalid."

I tried to steer away from this topic since it would be quite awkward when she learned about my relationship with my mother later on. And I don't exactly know how she will react when she finds out that the person she thought was my mother was my lover as well.

"Well, it isn't invalid anymore, since I've got my ID card right here with me that has more than enough evidence to prove all my claims." Camila said, excited that she could finally prove her innocence.

"Now, just where did I put it?" She looked around to see where the card was. "...Oh right, I put it in my back pocket."

And just as she was about to get up and take her card from her pants, I pushed her back down onto the sofa and said,

"It's okay, you don't need to get up...Let me take it for you."

I then took my hands off her shoulder and slid them down her slender back until I reached her pants, which made her shiver from the sensation of my fingers running down her spine and made her bite her lips so that she didn't let out a whimper.

Slide~

Her back was like a smooth valley that inclined into a massive mountain when I reached her round butt, so I could say that my hand really enjoyed its journey down her back.

Grope~ Grope~

After groping her ass a little in the name of checking if what I was touching was her ass or a soft cushion on the sofa, which made her glare at me with a blush on her face, wondering if I was helping her or taking advantage of her, I slid my fingers into one of the two back pockets on her jeans and wriggled them around to get the card inside.

"N-No, not that one...The other one~" Camila groaned from the ticklish sensation of my fingers moving inside her pocket, which were indirectly stroking and teasing her cheek, which felt so supple and comfortable to touch.

"No, I'm pretty sure it's in this pocket...I just have to dig deeper to find it." I grinned while pushing my entire hand into her pocket and grabbed as much of her soft flesh as I could, and started squeezing her round butt as if her card would only appear if I did so.

Jump~

Camila jerked up and jumped from her seat when she suddenly felt her ass get groped. But she couldn't go anywhere with my hands in her pocket holding her back, and went right back to her seat where she could do nothing but watch as her ass got played around with.

Dig~ Dig~

"Noo, Kafka!~ It really isn't in that pocket!...You won't find anything there, no matter how much you dig inside there!~" She exclaimed when she felt my hand trying to enter the crevice between her cheeks, and she quickly pulled my hand out of her ass in a panic so that I didn't go any further.

"Oh, sorry, sorry~ I thought for sure that it was inside that pocket and made a small mistake." I casually apologised, which made her glare at me like she was telling me that she wasn't dumb and she knew what I was trying to do.

I ignored her fiesty gaze and quickly pulled the card out of her other pocket. And even though I wanted to play around her other cheeks as well, I didn't dare to do so since she looked like she would bite me if I did.

But even though I couldn't grope her ass again, I swiped her card against my nose and took in a deep breath of the card that'd been squeezed between her ass this whole while, which was just as embarrassing as having her ass groped for Camila.

"You dirty pervert!~" She scoffed and looked away with a blush, wondering if everyone in my generation was as devious as I was.

I simply smiled at her lovable behaviour that made me want to cuddle her so much and then took a look at her ID card, while playing with her earrings on her ears, which made a jingling noise whenever I flicked them.

"So what do you have to say now, Kafka, now that you've seen my ID card?" Camila leaned towards me while pushing her breasts onto my arm, and she asked with a victorious look on her face. "Do you finally believe what I have been telling you all along and are willing to apologise for calling me a liar?"

"Wait, I haven't even seen your information yet, so give me a second." I said as I stared at her ID, which looked the same as what you would see back on Earth with the same old information. But it had an additional tag called 'Variant', which probably has something to do with the different types of humans in this world.

"Huh? What's taking you so long?" She said with a confused look on my face, thinking that I was stalling for time to avoid embarrassing myself. "Can't you just take a look at my date of birth and my partner's name to see that I'm not lying?"

"...Oh no, the thing is, I haven't even moved onto that part of your ID, since I'm still stuck on seeing just how cute this photo of you looks." I said as I stared at her picture on the card where she was smiling so brightly, which I'm pretty sure would've made the cameraman who took the photo think of that moment for the rest of his week.

"Usually even the most beautiful woman look kinda off in any document issued by the government...But my Camila somehow seems to manage to look good wherever she goes, to the point that even this licence photo looks like it's been taken in a studio."

"Hmph!~ Who's your Camila?!~"

She said as she turned away in embarrassment and looked like she was expecting me to reply with one of my usual arrogant remarks about how she would definitely be mine.

But she was shocked when she heard the exact opposite of what she was thinking, when I casually agreed to her statement and said,

"...Yeah, I guess you really aren't my Camila, since it says in your ID that you really do have a husband just like you said and have a daughter of your own as well."

Camila didn't expect to hear such words from me and was surprised I would ever say something like that when I was so adamant on making her mine before, to the point I made an open challenge at her husband.

And was surprised that very same person who spoke so much about stealing her away was now casually saying that he didn't really care about her anymore after confirming that she was married and had a child of her own, as if all her worth was lost the moment her past was revealed to me.

Chapter 142: Every Step Of The Way

She didn't know how to feel about it since she should've been happy that I accepted the truth so easily and understood that she was a married woman who wasn't open to any other relationships like I was looking for.

But in reality, it was the exact opposite of relief, as she looked so uneasy and restless at the moment with how gloomy her eyes looked. And looked sick to the stomach, almost as if someone she had put all her expectations on ran away without a care in the world about her because he was scared of the challenges that came his way if she were to be with her.

She knew that this was the ideal situation for her and what was morally right, but she couldn't help but feel sad that I left her the second I saw that she was old and washed up.

And she felt slightly betrayed that I left her the moment things turned for the worst, which made her give a wry smile on her face as if she had finally accepted that there will be no one in this life of hers that will be by her side and love her for who she was no matter the circumstances.

And that she should just give up all hope and accept her life for what it was, and pray that she'll have a better one in her next life.

She honestly looked so disturbed and downtrodden that she didn't even want to look at me anymore, and she looked like she wanted to lock herself in her room and cry herself to sleep.

But she was too proud to do that and didn't want to show any weakness in front of the boy who played with her feelings and cast her aside, so she simply gave a straight smile that had bitterness hidden deep inside of it and said,

"Oh, I didn't expect you to react so casually...I thought for sure that you would be shocked and surprised when you find out my true age and the fact that I have a family of my own."

She was doing her best to hide her feelings by half-closing her eyes and having a polite smile on her voice. But it was obvious that she was hurting deep inside, seeing as how her voice was shaking as she spoke and how tightly she was holding the hems of her clothes, like she was going to tear through them any second.

Seeing Camila like this honestly made my heart drop to the bottom and made me want to slam my head against the wall until I could feel my brain splatter against the wall for saying such a vague phrase that could easily be taken in the wrong way, like how Camila was taking it right now.

But it was absolutely necessary that I said that misleading line to her as if I really didn't care about her anymore now that I knew her actual past, so that I could make her realise just where she held me in her heart and just how important my promise to take her away from her dreary life and pull her into mine was, since I was sure that she wouldn't be able to come to a proper decision or at least a certain direction that led to a good ending if I simply left her like this.

But now that I've done my job of making her understand just how important I was to her when I was just a boy who had just moved into town recently and someone she had just met this morning, I should quickly make her understand that it was all a misunderstanding from the start so that she didn't get any further depressed since seeing her like this really felt like I was being slowly stabbed in the heart, which I rightfully deserve and much more for playing with her emotions like this.

To do that, I casually said, while acting as if I were completely unaware of how broken she was right now,

"Oh, don't get me wrong. I was definitely surprised when I found out your real age and marital status...I was so surprised that I think I even peed my pants a little."

I looked down at my pants as if I were checking to see if there were any stains on them, which made Camila giggle as if she thought that even though I was the horrible boy who played with her heart, she had to admit that she still enjoyed my presence in her life, since I always managed to make her laugh and smile with whatever goofy shenanigans I did that no one else in her life did before.

Droop~

But her face sunk once again when she realised that her relationship with me wouldn't be the same again after what had just happened, and made her feel worse than she already was.

And just as she was about to tear up after being unable to hold back her emotions anymore, no matter how she tried to do so, her face froze and her mind was thrown for a whirl when she heard what I had to say next.

"...But even though I was surprised, I already knew that my feelings for you wouldn't change no matter how old you were or how many children you already had with your husband...And that I would love you for who you are, no matter the circumstances."

"And even though I might be a little bit shocked at your true identity and past, it still doesn't change how I feel about you, as from the moment I saw your beautiful face..." I said as I caressed her cheeks that were a bright cherry red right now from my sudden proclamation that made her forget every negative thought she had a moment ago.

And replaced it with an overwhelming warmth and tenderness that had taken over her body and love-struck eyes that were gazing at me with desire and passion, like I was the love of her life, who she had been searching for her whole life and wanted to devote the rest of her life to.

"...I decided that I would shoulder the burdens that you carry in your life and walk with you every step of the way, no matter how treacherous the journey gets."

"...Heck, why should I even let you walk?!"

I exclaimed like I realised how stupid I sounded, and all of a sudden, to Camila's surprise, I lifted her up from where she was sitting by scooping her up from the bottom and placed her right on my lap.

Scoop~ Hug~

And before she could even react to what was going on, I wrapped my hands around her waist, pulled her closer to me so that her ass was submerged into my lap, pushed the hair hanging on her back aside while she had a baffled expression on her face, and gave her a kiss right on the back of her neck, which instantly turned her skin's colour from a pale white to a light shade of pink when it felt my lips on it, and said as if it were a written law that must be followed at all costs,

"...My queen only deserves to be carried around like this wherever she goes and shouldn't ever lay her precious feet on the filthy ground."

"So understand this, my sweet little Camila..." I said as I pushed my face into her soft and fragrant back, which smelled of jasmines, which made her breath hasten and her heart rate speed up.

"...when you are with me, I promise that I will never leave your side, no matter what happens in your life, no matter how atrocious it may be."

"And I swear on my honour that even if I knew that your final destination is at the end of the world where all hope is lost, I would carry you all the way to the end and make sure that not even a single speck of dirt touches your feet until we finally perish together at the end with smiles on our faces, reminiscing about the wonderful life we lived together..."

Chapter 143: Tears Of Joy And Relief

Phew...That took a solid breath out of me to let out everything that I felt about this lovely lady before me, without a single lie or promise that I wouldn't keep.

As honestly, even though the main reason I was interacting with Camila in such a manner was because of the trials given by the gods, I actually did fall in love with her like I told her I did, and I knew for sure that there was no lie in what I felt for her at the moment, which was pure, unadorned love for the gorgeous woman before me.

I didn't know if it was actually love at first sight, like I told her, or if I was captivated by her spirited and cheerful personality that made me feel like I was standing in the middle of a fresh spring breeze when I was with her.

But I truly did love the girl on my lap with all my heart, just like I loved my mother. And knew that I would even be willing to ruin worlds for her sake without even living a single soul behind, which also made me wonder if my god complex was slowly coming out after finding out I was the son of God since I normally don't have such genocidal thoughts.

Or it could just be the protective instinct I have towards my mother and Camila, like everyone has towards their loved ones, that makes one willing to do anything to see the love of their lives safe and sound.

I also didn't know if I was just weak to love and fell for everyone I saw.

Or it was because all the candidates in this trial were all so charming that it made it impossible for me not to fall in love with all of them...If it's the latter, then I can already feel my head spinning at the thought of the number of lovers I'll have by the end of the trial, which only the Gods knows how many I will have.

I could only pray to the Gods and hope they would be by my side until the end and make sure that I don't get ripped to shreds by my own family, which will definitely be a 'little' larger than the average one.

Sniff!~ Sniff!~

And just while I was thinking about how I was going to manage all my partners in one single house, I heard a sniffing sound coming from the front, and to my surprise, I found Camila sobbing silently while tears poured down her eyes.

I had thought that Camila would've thrown herself into my arms and apologised for misunderstanding me, or at least would've felt better after realising that I was a misunderstanding. But I didn't actually expect her to start crying like a girl who had her heart broken while constantly wiping off the tears that were flowing down her face with her hands.

"Camila, I-..." I said wanting to console her, but was interrupted when Camila said, while choking on her own tears,

"B-Be quiet, Kafka...A-And don't look at me right now, since I'm pretty sure that I look like a mess right now~~."

"...I-I'm only crying because I couldn't hold back my tears of joy and relief after hearing you say all those nice things to me, that no one has ever bothered to say to me before~~" She said as she pushed me back onto the sofa, as if she didn't want me to see her crying face since it was quite embarrassing to cry in front of a kid.

"...S-So just leave me alone for a minute and let me finish up my business while you s-sit back on the sofa, knowing that 'you' were the one who made me cry like this~~"

She then looked back at me with teary eyes, like she wanted to make sure that she knew that I was talking about her, and emphasised saying,

"...I-I mean it when I say that it wasn't my husband, whom I married more than twenty years ago, nor my daughter, whom I took care of her whole life...But it was 'you' who made me cry like this!~ And only 'you' and not anyone else!~"

Camila said as she weeped out, indirectly telling me that I was the only one who made her feel special and comforted, as if I had her back at all times, and no one else, including her family, made her feel the same way I did, which showed just how desperate she was for her family's attention and care that she never got in return when she poured out her entire heart and soul for them her whole life.

I simply sighed, thinking about the life she had lived till now, where her own family didn't bother about her and her feelings one bit, and didn't pester her anymore, and let her vent out her feelings.

Before resting back on the sofa and giving her some space, I put my handkerchief on her lap, which she immediately took, blew her nose, and started sobbing again, like she was wondering if her husband or daughter, who seemed to only care about themselves, would be as considerate as me if she were to ever cry in front of them.

This only made her think of more scenarios where her family wasn't by her side when she needed them the most, and a dam of tears flooded out of her eyes while I simply sat back and relaxed as I heard her vent all the emotions she had hidden deep inside all these years, which were finally starting to come out once I had opened the floodgates.

Violent and murderous thoughts about her husband, who was the main reason Camila was crying like this, also popped into my head, which made me want to watch him burn alive in front of me.

But I put those thoughts aside for now and focused on Camila before me by carressing her trembling back every once in a while as she cried, which seemed to have an effect as she would always quiet down every time I did so.

And just like that, instead of going out with friends like the kids my age were doing on a Sunday morning, I spent it consoling and rubbing the back of the milf next door, to whom I had promised in my heart that I would never let her cry again, whether it was in this life or the next one, where we would still be fated to be with one another again.

Chapter 144: Would You Love Me If...?

Camila had told me that she just needed a few minutes of time to herself and that she'd stop crying by then. But it took much longer than she said, and I almost even fell asleep on her sofa by the time she finished, having completely drenched my handkerchief in her tears.

After fixing up her face and making sure it was presentable again, she cleared her throat and looked back at me over her shoulders to see how I looked after carrying her crying figure on my lap for so long, and found me sitting back on the sofa in quite a comfortable position.

And as if she were jealous of how comfy I looked when she was crying this whole time and wanted to be as cosy as I was, she nudged herself further up my lap until her ass crack was right on top of my crotch and completely leaned back on me as if she were using my body as a recliner.

"Do I look like a sofa to you?" I said as I adjusted my sitting position so that Camila would feel more comfortable and made it so that her head was resting right on my chest, below my head.

"You could at least do this much after making me cry for so long." Camila said with a satisfied smile on her face, like she felt at peace in this moment, and wriggled herself into my embrace, which also meant that her ass was going further down my crotch and was making it really hard for me to not do anything unsavoury to her.

"What about this?" I said as I wrapped my arms around her tummy and pulled her closer to me so that I could feel the entirety of her body's warmth. "Does this make you feel any better?"

"Much better~" She said in a satisfied manner as she held my arms around her and looked like she never wanted me to let go of her.

"Then what about this?" I said as I dragged my hands upwards towards her towering breasts, whose deep cleavage I could clearly see from my current position. "I'm pretty sure you would feel much better if I gave you a tight hug up here."

"I'm sure I would..." Camila accepted that she wouldn't mind me groping her chest, but contrary to her words, she stopped my hands from moving any further up her body and said,

"...But unfortunately, I'm a woman bound by an oath, so I can't let you do such things for now." She held out her hand to show the despicable ring on her finger, which I wanted to throw in the trash so much.

"For now?...Then does that mean there's a time in the future where I can play with these mounds of meat that you have hanging on your chest?" I said as I leered at her milky white chest below, which looked like it was begging me to take a bite and put my mark on it.

"...I-I don't really know that." She said in a flustered manner after seeing how I was looking at her chest like a feral animal that hadn't eaten in days and was lightly squeezing her pudgy tummy, like I

was practicing for what I was going to do to her breasts. "...B-But for now, I just want you to answer some of my questions before I say anything else."

"Of course, ask away." I leaned back on the sofa, ready to answer any question of hers regarding our relationship together while playing with her tummy since it felt so addictive to squish and move around like play dough. Her white blouse also slipped up when she leaned on me, which allowed me to play with her bare stomach, which made it even more enticing to do.

"Then let me ask you..." Camila said as she pinched my hands, telling me to stop playing around and focus like the adult she was. "...are you actually telling me the truth when you say that you love me and not just saying it for the sake of it?"

"I am..." I said with conviction in my voice, like I would give the same answer even if the lord up above asked me the same question.

"I definitely am, and there's no doubt about it since there's no one else in this world who knows what I like and don't like other than myself...And I can guarantee you that you stole my heart the moment you appeared before my eyes and have been holding it captive ever since."

"I-I see." She tried to act like she was calm after hearing my words. But the way her feet were moving around in a giddy manner gave away just how happy she was when she heard me say that I loved her.

She then asked while she still had the momentum and courage to ask such embarrassing questions that made her cheeks flush,

"...T-Then does that mean you still love me, even after knowing how old I am?"

"Of course!" I said in an enthusiastic manner. "Who cares if you're a young adult who's just about to step into the workforce or a lady old enough to be my mother?"

"As long as I can be with you, I don't care whatever age you may be since I didn't fall for you because of your age, but fell for the beautiful girl I saw when that door opened up wide in front of my eyes."

"Hmph! You're acting like you'll still care about me even if I turned into an old granny!" She gave me an intense stare and pouted, thinking that I only fell for her looks.

"Is that even a doubt, Camila?" I asked like it was obvious. "I mean, who else is going to take care of my wife other than me when we grow old together?"

Camila blushed when she heard me already making plans for us far into the future and looked like she wanted to say that I was lying when I said I would take care of her every need even when she became older.

But when she saw the sincere look in my eyes when she turned to look at me, where she couldn't see a single lie, she immediately backed off, losing all of her motivation to argue with me.

And she looked to be wondering if she was actually so charming that she could make someone so much younger than her fall for her, so much so that he would even be willing to be with her even if she grew older while he stayed young and healthy.

And even though I genuinely meant it when I said that I wouldn't even care if she turned into a grandma at this moment, as I've long gotten past judging a person's worth by their looks after seeing the true ugliness of human beings that wear masks to hide the true evil that they were, I also knew that stopping a person from ageing and granting them immortality would be easy if I became a god, so I didn't even consider ageing as an issue in all the relationships I was going to form and didn't even bother to think about it.

Chapter 145: I Want A Whole Litter Of Them

"T-Then what about my family and husband? Are you not bothered by them?" She carefully asked, trying to corner me with another question that she thought was difficult for me to answer.

But to her surprise, I didn't hesitate one bit and simply said,

"As for your husband, I have ways with dealing with him, so don't worry about that..."

Camila was confused with my answer as she was asking if I was bothered by the fact she already had a husband and not whether I knew how to get rid of him or not, which made her look at me weirdly like she was wondering just how a high schooler could even remove her husband from the picture so easily like I said.

"And even though I'm still a little bothered that you already have a daughter..." I said like I was contemplating what to do, which made her eyes droop, like she thought that this was the line that I couldn't cross and where I realised that my relationship with her wouldn't work out.

"...I'll be fine with it, as long as you pump out a couple of adorable little daughters for me from your tight little pussy, who I can rightfully say are all mine."

"Eh?!?" She exclaimed as her face turned bright red, shocked and in a fluster when she suddenly heard me talking to her about bearing my children. "...Y-You want me to provide you with some children, when I'm already f-forty years old?"

"A-And not just one or two, b-but a bunch of them?" She said as she felt her abdomen and wondered if her womb could handle that many babies after so many years of being empty.

"Why not?...Do you not want anymore children now that you already have a full grown daughter and aren't prepared to have anymore?"

I asked about her willingness to have children, and I didn't even think that she was hesitating because she couldn't bear anymore children because of her body's age, since I was pretty sure that the women of this world didn't have any restrictions in their bodies that stopped them from having children at a certain age, judging by how my mother simply accepted that she would bear my children when the topic was brought up and didn't say anything against it that made it impossible.

"No no! I definitely do want more children, since they're the most precious things in the whole wide world, and I miss rocking them in my arms while they hold onto me with their tiny, itty-bitty fingers that are so cute and adorable!~"

She said as she reminisced about the lovely time she had when her daughter was a baby and seemed exhilarated at the thought of having more children she could play around with and watch as they grew up once again, like she did in the past.

"...But it's just that I don't think my age is quite appropriate to have anymore children, since I don't know what others would think if they heard a woman in her forties having a baby again, so late in her life." She said in a hesitant manner, while looking gloomy at how society would think of her and her children if they heard about her uncommon case and how it would affect them when they grew up.

"Hmph!...Who cares about what others have to say when the whole world is in my hands?"

I arrogantly harumphed as if there was nothing much to deal with and said something that she couldn't really understand.

But what she did know and understand was that I had my own way of making everything work out smoothly, as even though I was basically a child in her eyes, she knew that I wasn't the type of person who would say some nonsense with nothing to back it up like most adults her age did and would definitely carry through with what I promised.

She didn't seem to know why she thought that about me when she barely knew me. But her gut instinct simply told her that I was that type of man, and she chose to believe it and also trust me in the end.

"...So you don't have to worry about anything, other than all the long nights where both of us will be working hard in bed, which will surely be exhausting for you.

And your pussy which will definitely be beaten up and sore after all the abuse that it will go through in my hands, and you can rest easy knowing that I'm here by your side every step of the way to smash through any obstacle that might come our way."

I said with a smile on my face and took the chance where she was looking up at the ceiling with a flustered look on her face, like she was imagining how it would be to be in a baby-making session with me, and tried to see if I could cop a feel of her tits while she was distracted.

Slap!~

And just as my hands were about to reach her fabulous hills, Camila snapped out of her daze and slapped my hands away, and said with a glare,

"Don't you dare, you pervert!"

She then harumphed and looked at me strictly so she could make sure I understood her words, when she said,

"...And don't get too high on your horses, Kafka, and make up imaginary scenarios in your head when I never even agreed to having any children with a kid like you who still reeks of his mother's milk!"

Chu!~

I didn't take her warning to mind at all and simply smiled, bent down and kissed her on the nose to her surprise, and said while looking down at her cute little face,

"You also never denied it and didn't say that you wouldn't carry my children, Camila, so tell me what exactly does that mean?...Tell me, so that I can understand the thoughts that are going through your mind at the moment."

Swish~

Camila didn't answer my question and looked away with a flushed look on her face, like a coward who was too scared to tell her answer because of the consequences that came with it and just decided to retreat and hide instead, like the chicken she was.

Turn over~ Roll~

And the way she hid from me to avoid answering my question was also quite a sight, as she just turned herself over while sitting on me, like a hot dog on a roller, which also meant that she was currently lying on me with her breasts squished against my abdomen, which felt really comfortable and warm, like a fluffy comforter was placed on top of me.

She also plunged her head into my chest and hugged me tightly, just in case I tried to peel her off my body and make her answer my question, which was quite an adorable sight to witness and showed that no matter how old she may be, she still had a childish side to her that was so freaking cute, just like my mother.

Well, my mother was mature 10% of the time while acting like a spoiled child the rest of the 90%. While Camila was the exact opposite of that, so it's not really the best comparison.

Chapter 146: All You Men Are The Same

"I don't know, Kafka~ I honestly don't know what to say or think~" Camila said in an uneasy manner while her face was still buried in my chest and wiggled her ass around, showing just how nervous and worried she was about her future.

"I was perfectly fine with my current life, even though my relationship with my family wasn't the most stable, and I knew that I wasn't feeling the best about how my life was going.

But I persisted on and ignored what I was truly feeling, thinking that I couldn't change my life now even if I wanted to since I'm already too old and that I should just accept my circumstances for my family's sake." Camila murmured into my chest the reason she didn't try to change anything, even though she knew she was unhappy about her life and her relationship with her family.

"...But then you just had to come into my life all of a sudden and show me a whole new path that I could walk on, where I could possibly find the happiness I seek at the end of the road.

Which, now that I think about it, was quite ridiculous of me to actually believe, since the one promising me was a high schooler like you who's still living in your mother's house." Camila chuckled by the end, like she thought she was crazy for actually trusting a boy whom she had just met with changing her life to the way she wanted it to be.

"But even though I say all that, for some reason my gut is telling me to believe in your promise as if it were sure that you would definitely do what you promised without a doubt.

And is desperately convincing me to hold your hand and let you take me on that ideal path I've been wanting to walk on for the entirety of the later half of my life." Camila finally stopped hiding her face and looked up at me with a look of wonder and suspicion in her eyes, as if she were trying to find out just what it was about me that made her trust a kid like me so much.

But she shook her head like she couldn't come to a clear conclusion and thought she was simply attracted to my charm, which she had to admit was making her go crazy whenever she looked at me as if she wanted to make me completely her's, or at least she wanted herself to be one of the few people I looked at fondly.

"Then why don't you already take my hand and walk the path, where I can promise you eternal happiness all the way up to the end?" I said as I slipped my fingers into her hand and held it tightly. "Why are you still hesitating to do so? Is it because you're thinking about how your daughter will react to the new changes she will have to face regarding the decisions you make?"

"I'd actually be happy if she was worried about the changes that would take place if I went with you and went as far as to stop me from going on a different path because she doesn't agree with it."

Camila gave a reluctant smile and buried her face in my chest again.

"But unfortunately, she stopped caring about her mother years ago and wouldn't even be bothered if I said I was going to divorce her father and marry a boy who's even younger than her..."

I gave her a pat on her head to console her for how her horrible daughter was treating the person who had raised her whole life and bore her in her womb for nine months, which Camila graciously accepted by snuggling into my embrace even more and taking a whiff of my odour, which she seemed to really enjoy, seeing how she was currently sniffing me like a cute little dog with a satisfied smile on her face.

"If it's not your daughter, then is it your husband that's stopping you from moving on in your life? Are you scared of what he'll do to you if you tell him that you're leaving him for someone much better?" I arrogantly praised myself with a smile on my face, even though deep inside I was already ready to make her husband disappear off the face of this world if he really was the issue here.

"Of course not! Why would I be scared of that man?!" Camila exclaimed in absurdity and glared at me for even assuming that she would ever be scared of such a pathetic human being.

"No matter how hot-headed he is and likes to act as if he was on top of me, he wouldn't dare to do anything against me if I stepped my foot and made a decision since the only reason he's been acting so tough and mighty all these years is because I've been staying silent all these years for the sake of my daughter and keeping the peace in my family."

"...And if I were to actually act up and go against him, he wouldn't dare to oppose me with that pityful ego of his that will probably just break down the moment I say I'm leaving him and have him sobbing at his feet." She harrumphed and looked at her husband's photo on the wall with disdain, revealing what she'd truly been feeling about him for all these years.

"What if he tried to oppose you and turned violent against you? What would you do then??" I said in an excited manner, eager to know what she was going to say, as I was really enjoying this fiery side of her's she was currently showing, which was so different from her usual demeanour and looked like she was ready to go to war without an ounce of fear on her face.

"Violent against me?...Let him actually try." Camila chuckled with a cold glint in her eye, like she couldn't wait for that to happen. "I'll just slap him right on the face until he tumbles to the ground and kick him on that beer belly of his for tricking me into falling for him years ago until his face goes pale."

After venting out what she wanted to do to her horrible husband with a satisfied look on her face, she looked down at me, only to see me staring at her with my eyes wide open, like I was gobsmailed at her sudden outburst that I didn't expect from someone as graceful as her.

"D-Don't misunderstand, Kafka. I almost never act this way...I-It's just that I got heated in the moment and said some things that were out of line, so don't be too surprised." She said, thinking that I was frightened by her sudden burst of fury and thought I wouldn't want such a wild woman by my side.

"Oh, don't get me wrong. I'm not scared of you or anything after hearing what you just said." I quickly said while looking at her with a lovestruck gaze in my eyes, like I was seeing her for the first time.

"I was just in a daze, thinking about how I could fall in love with you even more than I already did. But here you are, proving to me with your fiesty spirit that it's clearly possible."

"E-Eh?" She was surprised that I looked to be admiring her for being so strong and iron-willed, when most of the meagre men in this world would see that as an unlikeable trait since it would make it impossible to control such an aggressive woman, which seemed to be their main desire in a partner. "...You actually like it when I'm acting in such an unlady-like manner?"

"Of course I do!" I said while frantically nodding my head, like a slave that had just found his new master. "To be a woman who's not only beautiful enough to ruin an entire nation like you but can stand her ground as well and fight for what she thinks is right...I don't think there can be anything more attractive than that."

"O-Oh, I see. That's surprising to hear." She blushed as she looked away from my gaze while thinking that I was some sort of enigma. "...You really are different from the rest of the men that are out there."

"...There's also the indescribable feeling of conquering that same woman that couldn't be controlled by others in bed, which is something that's to die for." I said on a whim while sliding my hands down onto her ass, which immediately made her scowl at me in dismay, like she regretted thinking of me so high up before and saying,

"Never mind...All you men are just the same."

Chapter 147: Vague Requests

Shake~ Shake~

Camila vigorously shook her ass, which made my hands that were groping her cheeks slide right off to my disappointment and dismay.

"And as for why I'm hesitating so much like you asked, it's not because of my daughter or my husband since I already know both of them abandoned me for who I was a long time ago..." Camila said ruefully and held up her hand to show her ring on her finger.

"It's because of the oath that I took many years ago to be loyal and faithful to my partner, which I just can't seem to get over."

"I know you want to say for what reason I should be keeping my end of the oath when my husband has barely done his part of the vow he took during his whole married life with me." She gave a knowing smile, predicting exactly what I was going to ask.

"...But the thing is, even though he didn't hold his end of the promise, I still did from the start and all the way up till now to keep our relationship off the ground, so it isn't exactly easy for me to suddenly abandon ship and jump onto a better one without any hesitation on my mind, since I'm just so used to living this subpar life of mine and find it strange to go off path all of a sudden."

I totally understood what Camila was saying, as it wasn't exactly easy or normal to suddenly elope with a boy she just met when she'd been living a normal life this whole while and needed some time to prepare for it.

"How much time do you need until you can come to terms with the loyalty you have towards your marriage and family in general?"

I asked about what was on her mind, which she didn't seem to be surprised about since she knew that even though I was a kid, I had more social and emotional awareness than anyone else she had met in her life.

Or else how would she have fallen for me so easily if I didn't exploit and take advantage of her emotional insecurities and boost her self esteem so that she thought she deserved more than she already had.

And just as she was about to answer my question after putting some thought into it, I interrupted her by saying,

"No, nevermind...You don't have to tell me and can take as long as you want for yourself to accept your situation, since I don't want to force you to make any decision or put any deadline to stress you out."

"You can take as long as you need and don't have to worry about me at all since I'm feeling to wait as long as it takes, if it means I can steal you away and make you mine..."

I said which made her give me a kind smile, like she appreciated that I could read her mind and know what she felt without her having to tell me, like no one else could.

"What a considerate boy you are, Kafka~ Your mother definitely raised you well, and taught you how to make a girl feel special and show her a good time~" Camila said as she pulled on my cheeks and treated me like a child, which I reluctantly accepted.

She then looked at me with loving eyes while caressing my cheeks and said in a gentle tone,

"...And I don't think you have to wait too long, as every second I spend with you, the more I don't want to leave your side, since I'm finally starting to understand what it means to be in the safety of your partner and what it feels like to be truly loved when I'm with you..."

"Then we surely have to celebrate this occasion with something special like a kiss, right?" I said, not willing to lose this opportunity where her emotions were at a high after finally starting to accept my feelings for her and tried to kiss her pink lips right before.

But just as I bent my head down to kiss her lips, she put her hand on my mouth and covered my lips approaching her. She then gave a coquettish look with her lips curled up and said,

"...Hold up now, Kafka...Although I'm slowly coming to terms with what's going on, we're still not at a stage where we can give such intimate kisses to one another yet."

"But~~...." She said after seeing how pitiful and sad I looked after being denied my kiss. "...I guess a kiss on the forehead should be fine for now."

Chu!~

Camila gave me a small peck on the forehead, and like a shy little girl who had worked up her courage to give her crush her first kiss, she immediately buried her face back into my chest and hid herself from me so that I didn't see her face, which was as red as a ripe apple.

I was about to pat her head and enjoy the current situation I was in, with the milf next door lying in my embrace. But I was rudely interrupted with a message from the Gods, who always sent messages at the worst moments.

Ding~

[The God of Storms Synthia sends a request: 'Explore' Camila's slender back that you've been holding all this while now and show the Gods a good show]

[Successfully fulfil the request and gain the Gods satisfaction and approval]

[Fail the given request and get bitten by a Primordial Lighting Dragon that will char you to ashes upon contact]

'Explore' her back? What does that even mean?

Can't you Gods send more detailed requests so that I can do a better and more efficient job of fulfilling them the way you like it?

[The Gods have all decided to give you more vague requests from now on and make you work with what you have been given, since you're a little too good when it comes to fulfilling specific requests, and we believe that we need to make it harder for you since it's a trial to Godhood after all.] The God of Order, Evageline, said, as if she were giving me a topic with which I had to construct an entire art piece with.

Then you shouldn't have made a trial; that's whole purpose is to seduce a bunch of beautiful women and make them mine, which is something I'd give my life to do because of how much I would enjoy it.

You should've given me an impossible trial from the beginning instead of changing things up now. Not that I'm complaining about my current trial since I'm perfectly fine with what I have now.

[...]

I didn't get any response from the Gods as to why I had to go through such a ridiculous trial where I had to steal away a couple of milfs instead of a more normal and less perverted one.

But any thoughts about that can wait for later, as I now have to 'explore' Camila's back that I've currently wrapped my arms around now, whatever that means, which I didn't know how to go about without ending up in the stomach of a freaking dragon...

Chapter 148: Let Me Mark Your Body

Explore her back? What does that even mean?

The requests given by the Gods have all been really lewd and perverted so far; like, they haven't been requested by beautiful gods that reigned supreme over the heavens, but more like they're requests from creepy old men who want to see some action take place at their will, which made me wonder just how desperate and thirty the Gods were after presiding over the Heavenly Axis for god knows how many aeons.

And using that as a reference I guess I have to do something depraved with her back, which the Gods have randomly chosen as a topic of interest since they want to make it harder for me to finish the requests. Or at least they want to see me struggle instead of breezing through it all like I did with my previous requests, since that would be more entertaining for them.

But unfortunately for them, I had already formed an idea in my head as to what I must do, so they won't be able to see me panicking any time today.

Now all I have to do is convince Camila, who was happily snuggling in my embrace, without scaring her off, since even though she was starting to accept our relationship, we weren't at a stage where I could openly ask her to do the things I desire, like I could do with my mother, who would do anything I asked her to as long as I added in a few sweet words.

So to convince Camila to accept what I had thought of in my head without alerting her, I wrapped my arms around her back, hugged her like I didn't want her to go anywhere, and said in a low voice,

"Now that I think about it, Camila, I think I'm kind of scared..."

"Scared of what?" Camila rested her chin on my chest and looked at me with a playful look on her face. "...My husband, and what he might do if he saw us like this?"

"Well, you don't have to worry about that since he rarely comes back home and would usually call me before coming so that I can prepare his favourite dishes for him before he reaches home, like I'm his call-in house maid." She gave a sarcastic smile, thinking of how outrageous her husband's behaviour was and how she had been dealing with it for so many years.

"...And by chance, even if he gives me a surprise visit and sees us like this, I'll make sure to cover for you so you can just escape through the garden behind the house." Camila chuckled like she found it funny that she was suddenly acting like an adulteress when she was a model wife before, which all changed after meeting me.

"Escape? Escape from that walking sack of potatoes you call a husband?" I scoffed and looked at her like I was asking if she was joking. "The one who should be running away is him after interrupting our intimate moment so rudely."

"But this is his house." Camila said in an amused manner, like she was asking if I was going to chase the man from the house he owned and lived in.

"But you're mine..." I said like a tyrant who didn't care about anything else but himself and his desires. "And I would be absolutely furious if another man saw me getting intimate with you, so your husband would honestly be getting off quite easily if I simply chased him out of his house."

"Okay, mister, edgy overlord~ You can calm down now." Camila rolled her eyes and giggled like she found the way I was acting to be funny, not believing that I would actually go to such extents as I said.

She then looked up at me and poked my nose, and asked,

"If you aren't afraid of my husband, then just what is my little tyrant afraid of?"

"Well, it's quite embarrassing to admit this..." I said while scratching my head in a shy manner and looking away from her gaze. "...but I'm afraid that you'll just forget about everything that happened today after I go home and just think of it as some crazy episode in your life and move on to your day-to-day life the very next day after coming to your senses."

"There's no way I would do such a thing, Kafka~" She said with a bright smile on her face, while pulling on my cheeks like she found it absolutely adorable that I was showing her vulnerable side to her, which men in this world would never normally do.

"As after everything that's happened today and everything you said that has already been etched onto my heart, I don't think I'll ever be able to forget what happened today, even if I wanted to."

"...And when such a handsome and charming boy like you is calling out to me and asking for the hand of an old lady like me, do you really think I'll let go of the golden goose that flew into my hands and let you go even if you wanted me to?"

Camila said while hugging me tightly and looking straight at my eye at the same time, like she was telling me that she wouldn't let me go even if I begged her to and that it was my responsibility to take care of her for the rest of her life after entering her life and making it into an utter mess.

"No, I know you wouldn't do such a thing, and I trust that you won't suddenly change your mind since the girl I fell for isn't a wishy-washy person who can't make a decision, but a brave woman who follows through with her decisions all the way until the end." I said off-handedly, which made her feel really proud about herself, and I stuck her chest out in confidence, which only made my chest cavity tighter since she was pushing her breasts right into me.

"...But even though I say that, I still can't help but feel a little scared that you'll stop thinking about me and what happened this morning the moment I leave this house and have second thoughts about our relationship, which has nothing permanent to hold us down and is still in its premature stage where nothing has started." I said with a dim glow in my eyes, like I was scared about my future with Camila, which she picked up on and nodded her head.

"I see...Then what do you suppose we do about that?"

Camila understood my worries and immediately chose to acknowledge them, just like any mature adult would, instead of arguing against it like you would see a girl my age do, thinking that I was doubting her. She then joked, saying,

"Please don't tell me that you want to stay at my house until you're sure that I won't just forget about our beginning, as I don't want your mother to call the cops on me, saying that I kidnapped her son."

"Well, that is quite a good idea, since I'd have more chances to sneak into your bed." Camila narrowed her eyes and made sure, in her mind, to never let me stay overnight for her safety.

"...But I was thinking more along the lines of giving you something that will definitely make you remember what happened today and make sure that you know who you belong to, instead of letting your thoughts waver off to thinking about the welfare of your family."

"Give me something?" She tilted her head. "You mean a gift? A gift I can keep in your memory."

She seemed excited at the thought of receiving a gift from me since it would be the first time, which was apparent from the way she was unconsciously wiggling her buttocks in joy.

But the 'gift' I had in mind was much more different than what she was thinking of, which made me wonder how she would react when she heard that what I was giving her wasn't a gift but a 'mark' on her body that showcased just who she belonged to.

"Hold up now...Don't make it sound like I'm giving you something so that you can use it to think about me while I'm off to war, and use it as a reminiscent piece if I were to die there." I said, as I wasn't ready to die anytime soon before seeing just how the woman who birthed me looked.

"What I want to give you isn't exactly a gift and is more along the lines of a 'mark' on your body, which will surely make you think of me whenever you see it."

Chapter 149: Being A Masochist Might Not Be So Bad...

"A mark on my body?" Camila immediately got up from my embrace in a fright when she heard that I wanted to do something with her body and sat right on top of my lap in a reversed position while looking at me in a wary manner. "...What exactly do you mean by that?"

"And, how exactly would you mark my body?"

She folded her hands on top of one another, which pushed out her snow white cleavage, and looked at me suspiciously, which made it seem like I was getting interrogated by a woman who was sitting right on top of my crotch with her legs in a M-shape, which I had to admit was quite hot and made me feel a little excited.

Especially the way Camila's eyes were looking at me with slight contempt and disdain, like she would teach me a 'lesson' if I said anything inappropriate to her, which just reminded me of why I loved older women who could take care of business when they wanted to so fucking much.

"Come on now, Kafka~...Tell me just how you would mark me as yours, and make me never be able to forget about you." She said with her lips curled up, while looking down at me like she would chop my head off the moment I said anything wrong.

She even nudged her juicy ass on my crotch, like she was urging me to answer her question, since she was curious as to what I had to say.

"I-I don't know...Something simple like a bite mark around the edge of your round areola, which would definitely make you remember just who sunk his teeth into your breasts the other day, when you look at yourself in the mirror." I said while fighting the urge to tear her clothes and rail her on the spot because of the way she was grinding on me.

"Definitely not!" She denied with a strict look on her face and gave me no chance to argue back. "I know that if I let you near my breasts, you'd probably latch onto them like a leech and never let go for your life."

"...N-No I wouldn't." I said nervously as I looked away from her harsh gaze, even though I was sure that I'd be sucking on her tits all day and night if she gave me the chance. "...Then what if you let me grope your ass for a long enough time, till my hands leave blue claw marks on your pale white butt?"

"That should be fine, right?" I asked with a pitiful look on my face that was also returned with a look of disdain from Camila that sent a tingle down my body, which made me think that masochism wasn't all that bad like I thought it was since I was really enjoying getting looked down by Camila like I was a dirty pig.

"What a joke?...Do you really think that I'm going to drop my pants for you, knowing just how much of a horndog you are?" She asked with a grin on her face, like she thought I was joking.

And then, to my pleasure and surprise, she rocked her ass back and forth on my lap, like she was trying to mark her ass's scent onto my crotch, while saying, "The most you're ever going to get from my ass for now is what you're feeling down there right now."

"...Or is it that you're dissatisfied with what I just said and want me to stop?"

She leaned forward and asked while wiggling her ass around my lap, like she was trying to fit my penis, which was awakening on its own, right in between her chubby buttcheeks.

"N-No, I won't do anything to your butt and totally agree with what you said, so please don't stop!..." I said in a hurry, like I would literally die if she stopped grinding her massive ass onto me.

"I see...I'm glad we could come to an understanding." She said with a haughty chuckle like she found it funny how I looked like I was under her mercy right now, when I was so confident before. And continued to slowly move her hips back and forth as a reward for my honesty.

"If it's not that method, then how else are you going to mark this body of mine as yours?" She said as she dragged her finger from the top of her towering breasts all the way down to the area above her pubic region, like she was tempting me to take her down if I dared.

She then used her other hand to caress her neck, like she was showing off how fragile and slender it was, and asked with a teasing look on her face,

"What about my neck?~ Do you want to kiss me here and mark the entirety of my neck in your lovebites?"

"Can I?!"

I cried out in excitement, completely forgetting the entire purpose as to why I was doing all this.

"No, you can't."

She immediately denied, with a stern look on her face and stopped playing around with her hands, making it obvious that she was enjoying teasing me.

"A kiss on the neck would honestly be fine with me, but I don't want the neighbourhood aunties to see me with hickeys all over my neck when my husband is out of town since they just love to gossip so much."

"...Or at least until I've officially separated from him, so that I won't have to think about saving the family name." She said with an alluring smile on her face while looking right down at me, like she was saying I could kiss her as much as I wanted, anywhere I wanted to, as long as she separated from her husband which made me want to hunt her husband down this very second and officially make her a widow that needed 'consoling' from the neighbor next door.

"Then, what am I supposed to do??" I asked like an idiot, who let all his blood flow to his brain because of the seductress before him.

"Why are you asking me? Weren't you the one who brought this up?~"

Camila asked while looking down at me with a playful glint in her eyes, which made me realise that I was led off road by Camila's temptation and needed to pull myself together, or else there was a more likely chance of me getting a kiss from a lightning dragon, then me kissing Camila anywhere on her body.

"Then, what about this?..." I said in a firm tone like I had found the perfect solution to our problem, which made Camila raise her eyebrows, curious to know what I had thought of.

"Why don't we use your back as my canvas, where I can leave my mark?"

"My back?" Camila was surprised at my suggestion, as she couldn't think of anything vulgar and lewd about her back, and she looked behind to check her back to see if there was anything I could do that she wouldn't be able to handle.

After seeing that there was nothing wrong with my suggestion, she looked back at me and said,

"Well, I guess there is nothing wrong with you using my back to do whatever you want since it really wouldn't be considered inappropriate if I showed it to you. And there also won't be any problem with any 'mark' you leave behind since that place won't be seen by anyone else other than me."

She agreed to my suggestion just like I wanted her to; by giving her extreme options I knew she wouldn't accept at first and then providing her with a rather tame alternative in the end, she wouldn't mind compared to my other suggestions that were too bold for her.

"But just what are you going to do with my back?" Camila joked around, not understanding what I was trying to do. "Are you going to take a pen and write 'Owned By Kafka' in big, bold letters on my back?"

No, that would be too boring and basic for something that has been specially requested by the Gods.

What I'm about to do right now is much more extravagant and vibrant, which would definitely make Camila understand just how artistic I was with my 'body art'; that involved no paint or dyes and simply used her body as both the canvas and brush to make a beautiful piece of art.

Chapter 150: Unobstructed Canvas

"But just what are you going to do with my back?" Camila joked around, not understanding what I was trying to do. "Are you going to take a pen and write 'Owned By Kafka' in big bold letters?"

"No, that's more along the lines of branding, which is also a nice idea...But something like that would be much better to put right on top of your pussy, which you would see whenever you look at a mirror, to make you understand just who the tiny hole down there belongs to and just who's cock is allowed to make a mess of it." I said as I used my thumb to rub the area above her crotch, like I was searching for the perfect place to put down that 'brand' to show the world just to whom Camila belonged to.

Blush~

Camila's cheeks turned red when she heard my words, and she tried to push my hand that was touching the smooth but soft area above her panties and below her tummy away.

But she couldn't do so no matter how she tried, as I was too focused on thinking of the style her crotch tattoo, which was also a 'brand' of its own, could be, and kept my fingers lodged on that area, like it helped me think better if I did so.

And after seeing that I was only touching the area above her nether regions and wasn't going anywhere below, Camila gave me a flustered glare and reluctantly let me do whatever I wanted with a shameful look on her face.

"And something like your slender back, that's as white as paper and as smooth as a block of ivory, would only be blasphemized if I were to write such vulgar words.

And only deserves to be turned into a piece of art that the world isn't ready to see because of how beautiful it would look on your already ravishing back that looks like it were sculpted by the Gods." I explained why only 'pure art' deserved to be on her back and not anything degenerative, even though seeing 'Kafka's Cumslut' on her back would be quite the sight that would make me rock hard every time I see it.

"...Art? A-As in a painting or drawing?" Camila whimpered, as she felt the area right above her uterus being massaged. "Are you going to get some paint and draw something on my back?"

"No...Paint would just add another layer of colour to your pale white back, and once it integrates into all the other colours, it would form a basic and boring picture that would hold no difference whether I'm painting it on your back or an actual canvas." I said like a veteran artist who was bored of the routine style of art and wanted to try something more creative that tested my potential.

"...And so I don't want to go down the traditional route and want to try something else that would make you feel like it's one with you and not just another layer of paint that's masking your back...Something that would make the piece of art that I'm about to create more vibrant and make it feel as if it's alive and breathing like a living tattoo that's stuck onto your skin."

"I see." Camila nodded her head and then looked straight at me and said, with a blank look on her face,

"...I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Sigh...It's not something that can be explained so easily, and it's better if I just showed it to you." I said like an artist who's vision couldn't be realised by the common people.

I then moved myself up on the sofa so that I wasn't lying on my back anymore, looked at Camila, and told her,

"Turn around, so I can see your back and show you just exactly what I'm talking about."

"Like this?" Camila turned herself around by twisting her ass around my lap and sat in a position where I could perfectly see the outline of her curvaceous body.

Her white blouse was also rather thin and revealing, which vividly showcased her slender waist, which was probably slim in the past but now had a delicate layer of fat, which made her waist soft and bouncy to touch.

Her thin top also couldn't hide the outline of her round breasts that were pushing her blouse and peeking out from the sides, like they were trying to get a glimpse of me from the front.

"That's perfect, Camila."

I said as I admired the view before me and her ass, that was sticking out from her tight jeans. I then put of nowhere, I pulled on the hems of her blouse like I was trying to peep at what was underneath it and said,

"...Now what you have to do next is take your top off."

"I have to take off my top??" Camila looked back and asked with a peculiar look on her face, while slapping my hands away and pulling down her white dress. "Can't you just lift up my dress a little and do whatever it is you're going to do?"

"I would do that if all I was going to work on was this small area down here..." I said as I put both my hands on the area where her butt started to rise and felt the gentle warmth emitting from it on my hand. "...But I'm going to be using your entire back as my canvas, so your top will have to come off."

"C-Can't you just 'mark' the place you're touching right now, instead of using my whole back?" She asked while looking back at me while her ears were bright red, embarrassed at the thought of being topless in front of me.

"I can..." I dragged my words while drawing circles on her back. "But that's only if you're too embarrassed to show your back to a kid who is less than half your age, when you're supposed to be the cool adult who remains unfazed in any situation here."

I decided to provoke her, and seeing how her body perked up the second I completed it, it was obvious it worked out.

"Who said I'm embarrassed?!" Camila reacted to my provocation, not willing to be made fun of by a little kid like me.

She then looked back at me like she wouldn't accept any kind of disrespect towards her and said, with a mean look in her eyes,

"I just thought it would be a little bit chilly if I took my top off, which made me consider taking it off...But to think that a brat like that is using that as an opportunity to underestimate me."

"I'll take my top off this moment to show you that I'm not meant to be underestimated!" And just as she said, she grabbed the hems of her clothes and, in one swift motion, lifted them above her body.

Swish~

As her blouse flew into the air, first her pale white waist, which was as smooth as polished coral, was revealed. Followed by the upper part of her back, which was wider than her waist below, to support the massive blobs of meat in the front.

The strap of her bra, which was holding her voluptuous breasts, was also shown to my eyes, and it looked like it was fast around her back, really tight, seeing how her strap was pressing into her back and making that narrow line of fabric sink into her delicate skin.

"How is that?! Didn't I say that removing my top in front of you is nothing for me?" Camila looked back and exclaimed with a victorious smile on her face, even though it was quite obvious that she was embarrassed by how red the back of her neck was.

"Yeah, you did." I absent-mindedly answered her as I stroked the long groove in the middle of her back, which sent shivers down her spine. "...Now all you have to do is remove your bra, and my canvas will be complete with no obstructions in the way."

"My bra?...Heh, that's not a problem at all, since I'm just removing it in front of a baby like you who doesn't bother me at all!" She said in a hurry without hearing what I said properly, so that I didn't think of her hesitation as a sign of weakness.

But it didn't take long for her to realise just what I said, as she looked back at me with a perturbed look on her face and asked,

"Wait?...Did you just ask me to take my bra off?-"