

God of Milfs 151

Chapter 151: Cherry Slip

Click~

Before she could even finish her sentence and ask if she heard properly, she heard the sound of some latch being twisted open.

But the thing was that Camila had heard that sound way too many times in her life, since she was the one who would always put that latch on every day so that she didn't have her breasts hanging around everywhere, and she immediately found out that her bra had just been unlatched by me.

Slide~

She didn't know how I took off her bra without her even feeling the touch of my fingers on her back or how I moved so fast that she could barely catch my movement. But she did know that her strap was falling off her back at the moment, and all she could do to prevent her breasts from spilling out from her bra and into the open was to catch and hold her bra from the front.

Swish~

But just as she was about to push her blue bra into her breasts to cover them up with whatever fabric she had left on her, she suddenly felt her bra slip out of her hand and fly out from her chest at full speed, which she couldn't catch no matter how quickly she reacted.

And once her bra was pulled out from the top of her chest, she was left completely naked from the top and had zero clothes covering her chest.

Slap!~ Slap!~

The intense sound of meat colliding into a stiff object was heard when Camila quickly slapped her hands onto her breasts so that her full fruits wouldn't fall out into the open and used them to cover up her breasts as much as she could.

But her hands, being as small as they were, could barely compare to the size of her milk bags, which were massive in volume, which ended up making her reveal most of her milky white skin on the outside of her ample breasts. And she could only cover the most 'important places', which were probably 'poking' the bottom of her palms right now.

When she turned back to see just who the culprit was that stripped her naked in a matter of a few seconds, she saw me holding up her bra to my face and observing the flower patterns on the cups, which were larger than full-grown apples.

"Kafka! Why did you take my bra off!?" Camila screamed in fury and turned back towards me to try and take her bra from my hands.

"Like I said before, it's because I need a canvas with no obstructions on it, whether it be your blouse that's covering your body or your bra that holds your tits, which is suprisingly quite warm to touch like it's fresh out of the oven." I said as I tossed her bra around like it was a steaming bun and at the same time avoided her claw-like hand that was trying to snatch it from me.

"Careful now...You don't want to act too hastily and accidentally reveal 'everything' to me by doing that." I said with a grin on my face while I watched Camila stretch her hand behind her to grab her bra, while her other hand held up her breasts.

Two hands already weren't enough to fully cover and hold her massive jugs, so it was quite obvious that one hand was going to do even more of an ineffective job, to the point where I could see more and more of her bountiful breasts get revealed to my eyes every time she moved around.

I especially saw an unexpected sight for sore eyes when she tried to swipe the bra that was above my head and ended up revealing the top of her pink nipple; which was perky as a thorn and as small as a cherry, which slipped right out of her hand, which was holding her breast on the right.

Shiver~

Camila only realised what happened when she felt a chilly sensation on her chest when her nipple popped out of her hands and quickly pulled back her hand that was trying to grab her bra back from me to cover herself up with a flushed look on her face, which was brimming with shame and humiliation for showing off her nipple to a boy who was younger than her daughter.

Camila was fuming at the moment that I was playing around with her bra after snatching it off her, and also felt deeply embarrassed that she showed me a treat that I wasn't meant to see any time soon since it was too early in our relationship.

But no matter how angry she was and wanted to take back her bra to cover herself up, she didn't dare to turn around and try again, afraid that she might show her other nipple along with her round areola as well, which was somewhat bigger than normal and looked like it would be the best place to put your lips on and suck all you want.

"Sigh...If you wanted me to take off my bra, then you could have just asked me to do so...Why did you decide to act so rashly and take it off on your own?" Camila looked back and asked in a grumpy manner, irritated that she couldn't do anything to me and had to come to a peaceful compromise through words if she wanted her bra back.

"Oh, don't even try to act like you would've taken off your bra if I asked you to do it, since we know that's not happening no matter how I would've begged you to do so." I said which made her look away, unable to deny what I was saying since she knew it was true. "That's why I decided to take it into my own hands and swipe it off without your knowledge."

"But that still doesn't mean you can take it off without even telling me about it." She tried to reason with me while eyeing her bra in my hand.

But I, being the unreasonable person I was, gave her a reply that she did not have in mind.

"Well, get used to it since you'll be seeing a bunch of your clothes getting stripped off your body when you're with me, since a body like your's deserves to be appreciated by someone like me and not just kept under covers for it to lay without any of the attention it deserves."

I shamelessly said while eyeing up her buxom body that had curves in all the right places, like I was indirectly telling her that I wouldn't even let her wear a single piece of clothing if I stayed in her house, which made her cheeks blush and look away.

And even though Camila was angry that I was being so unreasonable and taking advantage of her, she also had a glint of joy in her eyes that someone found her body that she had thought had gone past its prime as she grew older, to be attractive and something one would go out of their way to look at specifically.

Droop~ Peek~

And I don't know if her hand simply slipped or if she unconsciously loosened her hand after hearing just how much I wanted to see her in the nude. But I could see the sides of her sloppy breasts leak out of her hand, and I saw her side boobs from the back that looked pudgy to touch, showing just how big her breasts were that I could still see them even though I was right behind her.

Chapter 152: Just Who Taught You?

"Ahem...Leaving the discussion of whether you can strip my clothes whenever you want for another day..." Camila said, without rejecting or accepting what I said, to keep her face.

But in actuality, it looked like she wouldn't mind if I stripped her clothes whenever I wanted to, as long as I complimented the part of her body that I took the clothes off of, showing how needy she was for my attention and approval, which, to be honest, really filled my ego as a man.

"...Why don't you first tell me how you even took off my bra so easily when I myself struggle to take it off everyday."

"I mean, not only did you cleanly take it off in such a brisk manner, You also did it such a way that I didn't even feel my bra being taken off until I felt it sliding off my breasts....Just how did you do that?"

"Or, more importantly, just who taught you how to remove a girl's innerwear so easily, like it's a walk in the park?" She asked with a look of awe and intrigue on her face and looked to be wondering just how many bras I had taken off to allow me to get such mastery over the art of brassiere removal.

This also brought forward the question of which girl I was exactly practicing with, which was a sensitive topic that I was going to use to my advantage, so that I could familiarise my mother with the picture since Camila was going to find out about my true relationship with my mother sooner or later, and it was better to let her slowly adapt to it starting now.

Or else she would find it really bizarre if she found out about my incestuous relationship with my mother all at once.

"Come on now...You better not tell me that you practiced on your own since I know for sure that it's impossible to get so good at removing bras yourself, and need a partner to give you actual 'practical experience'."

Camila said in an experienced manner so that I didn't lie about who my partner was, while acting as if she didn't care about the fact that I used to have a partner in the past and simply wanted to know who that person was, which was quite strange and not the way I was expecting this conversation to go.

"Well, there was someone who taught me the ways of removing bras by making me practice taking off the ones she wore..." I said, which made Camila's eyebrows rise and her lips curl up, like she found it quite amusing that I was talking about another girl in front of her so boldly and looked like she was applauding my bravery for doing so in her head, which was once again weirdly not the reaction I was expecting since I thought for sure that she would be more concerned about this girl I mentioned and not act like I was telling some piece of gossip that she didn't really care much about.

"...But it's not a girl in my class or a girl I knew in the past, like you're thinking of."

"Oh, then just who was that girl?" Camila asked with avid interest, as if she didn't really care that there was another girl in my life before her and simply wanted to know who she was, almost as if she were trying to compete with that girl and prove that she herself was better than her.

This was honestly very strange in my opinion, as normally a person; no matter their age or gender, would normally be a bit sad when they heard that the person they loved; talking about some other person of the opposite sex with whom they were in a relationship in the past, or would at least flinch when they found out they weren't the only person in their partner's life.

But here Camila was without an ounce of sadness or heartbreak, and was actually looking at me with a fire in her eyes, as if she wanted to show me her own worth and put that other girl in the dust behind her.

I mean, it's not like I wanted her to feel bad, but it was just weird to see a woman who was so emotionally vulnerable and sensitive brush off something like this so casually and take it almost as a challenge to be better than my partner in the past.

The only plausible reason I could think of for her strange behaviour that you normally would never see back on Earth, was that it had something to do with this world's culture and heritage, which I wasn't very clear about.

"Come on, Kafka~ Don't be shy and just tell just who that girl is~" Camila nudged me with her ass and urged me to tell me the girl's name with no jealousy and hatred in her voice, while simply having a competitive look in her eyes like she wanted to meet the foe she was fighting with, which was strange no matter how I looked at it.

"You don't have to rush me, since it's someone you already know." I said, ignoring this issue for now so that I can delve deeper into this world's culture later on.

"Someone I know?..." She asked with a perplexed look on her face, as what I said didn't make any sense, since I was new to this town and because of the short time I spent here, I shouldn't know anyone so well that they would be willing to practice taking off their bras with me.

"Just, who is it?" Camila asked in solemn curiosity, not even caring that her nipple was poking out from in between her fingers again, like it was trying to take in a breath of fresh air after being stuffed in their for so long.

"I mean, it's quite obvious, since there's only one person in this town who knows the both of us..." I said as I deeply stared at her nipple, which was such a vibrant pink colour; compared to my mother's sensitivite parts, which were all a dark purple, which were pretty in their own way.

And then I changed my gaze to look at Camila's blue eyes that were waiting for my answer and finished my sentence by saying, "...and that is person's name is Abigaille Vanitas."

"Abigaille Vanitas..." She repeated the name like she was trying to recall where she heard it from.

And when eventually she did, since she had just met her yesterday, her body jolted like it was suddenly electrocuted, and she looked back at me with an absurd look on her face, like she couldn't believe what I said, and asked,

"...W-Wait...Isn't Abigaille your mother?"

"Yes, yes, she is." I said casually, ignoring the baffled expression on her face. "Is there anything wrong with that?"

"N-No, the question I asked was who taught you how to remove bras so smoothly..." Camila asked, thinking that I had misheard her question, and tried to correct my mistake. "So, why are you telling me that it's your mother? Are you making some kind of mistake here?"

"No, I'm not making a mistake, and I heard you correctly the first time, because it really was my mother that taught me how to take off a bra, and she was the one that gave me so much practice in

the art of bra snatching that I could probably take off any bra off a woman's back even if I was blindfolded." I doubled down on my statement, saying that it was none other than my own mother, which made Camila's face twist in an absurd manner as she didn't know what to think of that.

"I-I see...So it was your mother that taught you..." Camila said out of obligation so that I wouldn't be offended that she was hesitating to accept what I said, while at the same time trying to understand how it all worked out in her head since helping your son practice removing bras wasn't exactly something you would see in a normal household.

But no matter how she racked her brains, she couldn't think of how this peculiar situation came to be and decided to slowly ask me itself for more context about the situation, as even though she was shocked about what she heard and was slightly taken aback, she was also a little curious at the moment and looked like she would only decide what to think of it after hearing my end of the story like a responsible adult.

"So Kafka...Just how did your mother teach you to remove a bra?" Camila asked in a hesitant manner, as this wasn't a topic she would ever think of having with someone, and she was somewhat awkward towards it like anyone would. "Did she just explain to you how to do it by showing you a demonstration in her hand...Or d-did she put it on herself and a-ask you to take it off her?"

Her face flushed by the end of the sentence, as she could never imagine doing something so shameful with her son if she ever had one, since it felt so bizarre and taboo to do so with the little boy you raised your whole life.

"The second option..." I straight-forwardly admitted that my mother gave me some hands-on training, even though none of it was true, and was simply a story I built so that I could familiarise my mother with Camila as one of my women.

"My mother would first remove her bra and give it to me so that I could put it back on her by myself, since she also wanted me to learn how to help a girl put on her bra as well as remove one, so that I appeared more thoughtful and helpful while helping the women I would meet in the future put their clothes on..."

Camila nodded her head with a bright red blush on her face and a little sweat dripping down her back, as imagining the scene of a mother sitting down on her bed with her breasts out and asking her son to cup her chest into her bra and fasten the strap, worked her up a little too much because of the taboo nature behind it.

And even though she was supposed to be somewhat repulsed by such incestuous activities, she was actually a bit excited after hearing about such deviant things between a mother and a son, which made her wonder if she was right in the head or if she was an actual pervert who got off to such immoral scenarios.

She didn't know which one of the options was better, as both of them were equally horrible, and she didn't know what to do with herself other than to continue to listen to what my mother had taught me and the methods she used to do so, which all seemed so lewd in her head no matter how normal and innocent I made it seem when I explained it to her.

Chapter 153: Sweet Home Alabama

"...And then my mother would make me remove that same bra I put on in such a way that I did it in a matter of a second.

And would make me repeatedly do the same thing over and over again during our practice sessions we had every day, until I could do it without her feeling anything on her back being taken off." I softly flicked my fingers on Camila's back, like I was trying to show her how I practiced with my mother.

"O-Oh...I-I see." Camila pushed back her hair and waved her hands at her face to cool herself down after hearing just what unutterable things I was doing with my mother. But she also couldn't help but wonder if I would do the same if I were her son, which made her body's temperature grow hotter by the second.

"...S-So you used to practice with your mother every day to get so good at removing a girl's underwear."

"No, to be more exact, the practice sessions were in the night, where my mother would sneak out of her room and come into mine, where we would practice 'all night long' on my bed..." I said while grabbing her hips and feeling them up, and did so slowly so that I didn't alert the owner of such wide hips, which Camila didn't seem too bothered about since she was caught up in the story I was telling, like she was reading a really spicy smut novel that was making her imagination go wild.

"Why exactly did your mother sneak out of her room and come into yours in such a suspicious manner?...D-Did she have anything she wanted to hide?" She asked with an avid look on her face, a little too immersed in the story, which she couldn't help but want to know more about, no matter how taboo it felt to hear since it was so interesting.

While at the same time, she was rubbing her butt on my lap, like she was both excited and scared to hear what I was going to say next.

"Of course it's because my father was sleeping with her in their bedroom, and she didn't want to alert him when he was sleeping. Or else he might wake up in the middle of the night and find out what exactly me and his wife were doing in the middle of the night; with his son's hands all over his beloved wife's breasts, and freak out when he sees the sight."

Huff~ Huff~ Huff~

Camila's breath hastened to the extent that I could clearly see her hot breath leaving her mouth when she thought of how it would be for any father out there to suddenly open his son's room one night to suddenly find your son, who you loved so much, playing with your wife's massive breasts like he had forgotten that the woman he had his hands all over on was his mother who birthed him, and not his illicit lover he met up with every night to have a little late-night fun.

Camila's face was flushed, and she looked like she was about to faint from all the blood rushing to her head when she heard about my bizarre family scenario. But she was holding onto her dear life so that she could hear more of my story, which she just couldn't stop listening to.

"But wait...If you know that your father would freak out if he saw you and your mother playing around without one another without any clothes, then doesn't that also mean you too understand just how taboo of a situation that is you were in with your own mother??"

Camila seemed to have thought that I was simply ignorant of matters such as familial boundaries, and I wasn't really aware of what to do and what not to do with a family member for some unknown reason.

But after hearing what I said, she realised that I wasn't really ignorant and knew exactly how forbidden my relationship with my mother was, which shocked her to the extreme since she wasn't expecting me to be fully aware of the inappropriate things I was doing with her.

This should've made her feel disgusted at me for doing such lewd things to the person who raised me her whole life and bore me in her womb for nine long months, knowing how deplorable and despicable it was to do such vulgar things with your own mother.

But for some reason, like a pervert that got off to such kinky and incestuous scenarios, it only managed to turn her on and arouse her even more, which was obvious with the way she was biting her pink lips so that she didn't let out any squeals in excitement.

And also by the eye-catching sight of her nipple that was exposed to me, which was starting to grow out of the pocket in the middle of her areola and was visibly becoming harder every time I added details to my story.

I knew that older women and girls in general liked spicy stories that were forbidden in nature, which was the reason I didn't worry that Camila would be immediately repulsed when she heard my family situation and would want to know more about it out of her innate curiosity as a woman who was into such kinky things.

And then, after seeing how positively she was taking the story, I would escalate it even more and add more details, which was the plan I had in mind.

But I didn't think that Camila here, being the graceful adult she was, would be so turned on by what I was telling her that her nipples started to poke out of her chest after being aroused so much.

And her back, which was as pale as paper before, was starting to turn a shade of pink, almost as if she were a young girl who was reading smut for the first time on the internet, which was quite intriguing to see.

"Come on, Kafka!~ Don't leave me hanging now, and tell me if you knew what you were doing with your mother was wrong or not!~" She urged me to answer her question as if she hated being left on a cliffhanger and seemed more interested in my family situation and how it all came to be than the morality of the entire scene.

She had completely lost her mind to the story I was telling, like she was watching a gripping drama, and looked like she would jump off my lap and strangle me on the spot if I stopped the gossip now.

"Well, the thing is, I do know that what I'm doing with my mother would be considered as something taboo by society, and should never be done since it was forbidden to have such a relationship with your own mother who raised you..." Camila nodded her head, both because she agreed with what I said and because she wanted to hasten the pace of my gossip.

"...But fortunately or unfortunately, which I still don't know till now, my mother and I have a rather close relationship with one another where we openly talk with one another and express our feelings without holding back due to our relationship, which is all because of the culture of the place where we came from that influenced us to be like this."

"...Where you came from?" Camila thought of the talk she had with my mother yesterday and tried to remember where we lived before we came to this town. "But didn't your mother say that you came from Laliga City to escape the busy life and settle down here, where it's much more peaceful?...How come I have never heard such a popular place, having such customs as the ones you just said?"

"Ah yes, we did shift our home from the city." I said, not knowing which city she was talking about. "But before we lived there, we stayed in a small town called 'Alabama' up in the North, which is also my mother's hometown."

I decided to start setting up the 'Great Alabama Backstory' so that all the ladies who I'll meet in the future wouldn't find my relationship with my mother to be strange and would be able to adapt to it better when they find out about our intimate relationship.

"Alabama?...I don't think I've ever heard of that place." Camila looked up at the ceiling to remember where that place was while pushing up her breasts after realising that they were slipping out of her hands, which was a great pity since her pink nipples were quite the eye candy.

"It's quite normal that you don't know the place, since it's a really small town in the woods that isn't even on the maps because of how isolated it is from the rest of the world." I said, while wondering if there was an actual 'Alabama' equivalent in this world.

"And what the people in that town are known for, or at least what the locals think of when they think of Alabama, is the 'special bond' that mothers and sons have throughout the long history of that place, that has been carried forth all the way up until now."

"Special bond? What kind of special bond?" Camila scooted her ass up my lap, so that she could hear me better.

But seeing her struggle so much, I just held her by the hips, which made her let out a yelp from the sudden cold sensation of my hands on her bare skin, and quickly lifted her up and put her right next to me where she could comfortably lie on my chest and hear what I was saying.

"A special bond in the sense where my mother and I had a much more open-minded relationship that wasn't barred by any social restraints, and a relationship where we spoke our minds to one another without really holding back due to our roles in each other's life." I said and was surprised to see that Camila didn't struggle with her new seating position on my lap like I thought she would and just chose to accept it as long as she heard what I was saying more clearly.

She didn't even mind it when I slipped my hands around her waist to pull her in closer and just held her breasts tighter so that I couldn't see much of it, which wasn't working since I could see a vivid blubber of milky mass, which was her squished-up chest, from above.

"I also spent more time with my mother because of the nature of our relationship and learned more from her than from my father, which is probably why I seem so much different from the rest of the men in this world." Camila nodded her head like what I said made a lot of sense to her, since it really was the first time she had met an enigma like me who was respectful towards women and treated them as equals without any ego.

"I see...So because of the place you grew up and the customs there, you basically see your mother as a best friend who you could share your thoughts with, knowing that she wouldn't judge you with her role as your parent and also as a figure who instilled all the principles into you that you follow even now." Camila formed a vague idea of my fake relationship with my mother in her head, which was fine with me since it was exactly what I wanted.

"Yeah, something like that." I agreed while playing around with her chubby belly that resembled that of freshly churned butter, while Camila couldn't be bothered about what I was doing to her since she was too deep into her thoughts.

"But wait..." She suddenly realised that her initial doubt hadn't been cleared up yet, and she still didn't know why I had such an intimate relationship with my mother. "I understand that you and your mother are quite close because of the place you were brought up in, but that still doesn't explain why your mother was teaching you how to remove bras in your room."

"...Or, is that also some kind of culture in your hometown, where mothers had to teach their sons how to remove bras so that they didn't struggle with their partners in the future." Camila said, which sounded like a joke, but it actually wasn't seeing how genuine she looked while asking it, almost as if she wanted to know more about the culture of the place I grew up in since it seemed so interesting and also a bit 'exotic', which satisfied her immoral fantasies between my mother and me, which she craved to hear more about.

...But who would've thought that this simple conversation with Camila would lead to her cumming all over herself and drenching the entire sofa in her love juice, without me even doing anything to make her orgasm in such an intense manner, which she all brought upon herself after only hearing a few words of mine.

Chapter 154: Simple Favours From My Mother

"No, no, there isn't such a bizarre tradition in Alabama..." I said while staring at her deep cleavage below that looked like a ravine full of coconut milk, which moved in waves whenever she changed the position of her hands that were holding her two juicy fruits. "...That's just something I had asked my mother to help me out with, which she did."

"Help you out, as in learning how to take off a girl's bra?" She looked up at me with a peculiar smile on her face, like she was asking, 'Now just why do you want to know that?'

"Well, embarrassing as it was, I was also a kid who had just started puberty and wanted to know how to deal with a girl's underwear if there ever came a time where I would need that knowledge so that I didn't mess up.

And the first person I thought of at that time and asked was my mother herself, who definitely knew the answer since she had been wearing a bra her whole life and surely knew how to take off one." I said in a bashful manner and looked away, to which Camila smiled like she found the behaviour of my younger self to be quite cute.

"If I had asked that same question to my mom, and she wasn't from Alabama and was raised in a normal place, she would've probably just scolded me and asked me to talk about that sort of stuff with my dad." I said to which Camila agreed, also not knowing what she would do if her daughter asked a similar question.

"But because my mother was born and bred in Sweet Home Alabama, that allowed us to have a 'close bond' between one another, my mother immediately accepted my request, like she saw it as her baby's cry for help regarding women, and helped me by holding those practice sessions late at night."

"So you're telling me that your mother just decided to help you herself without even thinking about the consequences that came with it?" She said in a hesitant manner as her face slowly flushed red, like she didn't know how to approach the query in her head without making it awkward and felt embarrassed talking to me about it.

"...L-Like for example, the fact that she would be exposing her private parts to her son if she were to help you in such a 'personal' manner."

Camila's back was steaming hot like she just came out of a warm sauna, and sweat was starting to form on the back of her burning neck after asking such a steamy question about my relationship with my mother that was borderline taboo no matter how she thought about it, which her pure, innocent heart couldn't handle at all.

"...Oh yeah, I did see my mother's naked breasts, which were hanging down all the time while we had those sessions, as there was no way I could not see those gigantic brown knockers of hers since they were swinging around everywhere and obstructing my sight with their sheer size." I vividly described what I saw, which made Camila visibly gulp as she thought of my naked mother in that room with me, without a cloth on her top and exposing her beautiful stacks to me.

And to my pleasant surprise, she also let both of her coral pink nipples slip out from in between her fingers and let me see them in their glory again.

And because I was enjoying seeing her get so hot and bothered about my relationship with my mother; which was honestly surprising since I didn't expect her to be a person who got off to forbidden relationships like a middle school girl that was discovering erotica for the first time, I continued saying,

"...And not only did I just see my mother's tits, I also felt them up in my hand a couple of times whenever I tried to put her bra on, since her breasts were so big that I always had to push them into her cup before fastening the strap on her back."

"I remember pushing all that fat into that tiny bra of hers so many times that I can actually still feel the sensation of her hard nipples scraping against my palm from all those long bra strapping sessions..." I said while holding up my hand, like I was trying to show Camila where my mother's nipples carressed me when I put on her bra for her, which made Camila's entire body shiver like she felt a chilly sensation flowing through her body.

And especially made her ass twitch violently, which I could feel on my lap in the form of jelly-like vibrations.

"...But at the end of the day, it didn't really matter if I had seen her bare breasts or not, since I had already seen my mother's naked body so many times before that I couldn't even keep a count of them all." I said like it wasn't really a big deal, that I had played around with my mother's breast in the middle of the night, while my father was sleeping in the room next door.

"...Where did you see your mother naked before that? D-Did she show it to you after you asked for another 'favour' from her?" Camila was struggling to speak since her breathing was all messed up. But still managed to ask her doubt, since she wanted to know more about the debauchorous things I had done with my mother.

"I guess the most number of times I have seen her naked was when we had baths together and wiped each other off in the shower, so that we could clean every nook and cranny of her body from each other's bodies..." Her nipples, which were still in between her fingers, had become so hard after what I had to say that they were starting to bud out of her fingers and growing bigger by the second, like they were preparing to be sucked on.

"B-Both of you take baths together as well?" She asked as she looked up at me with limpid eyes, surprised and also a bit aroused that the boy she fell for had such an intimate relationship with his own mother.

"Of course we do, since it helps in cleaning up places on our body that we wouldn't have been able to reach before." I said as a matter of fact.

"W-What parts of each other's bodies did you exactly wash that you couldn't clean yourself?" Camila asked in trepidation as she exposed more of her breasts and revealed the edges of her areola, which were bright pink in colour, like all the blood in her body was rushing to her breasts after how excited she was right now.

"Well, for me, I would usually just rub her back since she can't really reach her hands back there, and then I would go down to her butt, spread them wide open, and clean up the insides of her cheeks since my mother wants her asshole to be as clean as possible and uses her son to assist her in doing so..." I said, which made Camila's eyes tremble in electrifying arousal at just how deep I was feeling up my mother's body and made her heart rate spike to the limit, like she was having a heart attack.

Chapter 155: Does Your Father Know?

"...And as for my mother, she wouldn't really do anything other than give my cock a good old rubbing with soap, since she was a master at a handling a dick in her hands and just knew how to clean a penis in the most satisfying way possible, which would have me gasping for air every time we took a bath together." I said while thinking of what I was going to make my mother do for me tonight, while Camila, who was in my embrace, looked like she was about to faint with how red her face was at the moment and looked like she immediately needed water with how dry her throat was.

And as her blue eyes phased in and out of reality after hearing about the ridiculous things me and my mother did to one another, she looked up at me while her lowering body was shivering in thrill and asked hesitantly,

"...Do you really have such a 'close' bond with your mother that you do such p-passionate things to one another, l-like you were lovers?"

She asked because she wanted to know if I was telling the truth or not, since her fragile mind couldn't handle the taboo stuff I was saying, which screamed forbidden incest at her.

"Of course, there's no doubt that me and my mother have a very close bond..." I affirmed her doubt, which made her feel dizzy at all the exhilarating thoughts that were going through her head at the moment.

I also decided to add more fuel to the already raging fire in Camila's heart by saying,

"...And not only are we close enough where we simply have baths with one another, my mother and I also walk around the house naked when it gets too hot, slap each other's butts when we walk past one another, have intimate exercise sessions where we don't have a single layer of clothes, grope one another when we feel excited, and we even sleep together when my father isn't at home."

"A-And your father...D-Does your father know about any of these things you are doing with your mother?~" Camila craned her neck towards me with an aroused look on her face, like she had just drank an aphrodisiac.

Pinch~ Twist~ Squeeze~

And to my shock, she was unconsciously pinching her budding nipples in between her fingers and was twisting them around like she was using my words to get off, which was so fucking hot to look at.

Grind~ Grind~

And not only was she pulling on her nipples as if she were trying to loosen them up after making them so hard, she also started to grind on my crotch like she was trying to awaken the dragon that I was trying to keep under control.

I could also feel her lower half trembling as she completely sank into my embrace while she bit her lips and gasped for air, like she was preparing for something big that was coming out of her.

"Tell me~...These vulgar and incestuous things you do with your mother while your father isn't around the house. Does your father know about it?...Does your father know just how much his wife and son have been playing with each other's bodies so shamelessly behind his back?!"

She asked in a frenzied manner while looking at me with a lust-filled look in her eyes, like she was craving something that could satisfy her desires, while at the same time diving deeper into my crotch with her ass, as if she were trying to excavate my dick from under there.

And she even let go of herself to the point that she stopped covering her breasts and started twisting her cherry red nipples in an aggressive manner.

Twist!~ Squeeze! Twist!~ Pinch!~

Her massive milk bags that looked so plump and creamy spilled out of her hands and dropped down onto her chest like ripe fruit that were ready to be picked, and made a 'plop' sound as if two pieces of wet meat slapped into one another.

Her hands, which had let go of her fat breasts, also weren't free at the moment, as they were violently pinching and twisting her rock-hard nipples, which looked quite pitiful right now with the way they were being abused by their own owner.

Camila looked like she wouldn't even mind if her nipples started to bleed with how aggressively she was pulling on them, like she was trying to twist them off, as long as she got the pure ecstasy from torturing them.

She was also looking at me with a face that was aroused to the extreme and looked at me with pleading eyes that were asking for my reply to her question regarding my father and finally something to finish of what was going on in her body right now.

And I decided to, just as she was begging me to do, and said with a wide grin on my face,

"My father? Why would I ever let him know what I'm doing with his wife behind his back? That would be really stupid of me."

"W-Why not?!~...W-Why can't you let your father know just how you're treating his wife, while he's not at home?!~" Camila asked in a frenzy as she unconsciously spread her legs wide and placed each of her legs on my knee to prepare herself for what was coming deep inside of her.

"Because that man would be furious if he learned that it was his son who was 'taking care' of his beloved wife while he was out of town and showing her experiences that should never be done together by a mother and son, and would definitely kick me out of the house in a rage..." I slowly said as I held her thighs and helped her spread her legs even more, since Camila was too busy groping her chest and twisting her nipples while staring at her crotch area that was currently throbbing, and looked like something was going to burst out of there soon.

"...And just why exactly should I share my beautiful mother with that ravishing body of her that gets me rock hard when I look at it, with that man I call father, when I can keep it all a secret from him and have my beloved mother to myself?"

"Ah!~~ Ahh!~~ Nghh!~~ Ahgnn!~~ " Camila opened her mouth wide and moaned out in sheer pleasure when she heard my words, while her body trembled violently in my embrace, like she was about to reach Nirvana.

But she wasn't just there yet and needed one final push, which I was going to give her now.

"And Camila, since you're so invested in my relationship with my mother, why don't I tell a little secret about us that no one knows about as long as you do something I say?" I bent down and said, while staring at her throbbing nipples, which were redder than before with how aggressively they were being handled.

"W-What is it?!~ What is it that I have to do?!~" Camila pleaded in a desperate manner, to get the final piece of incestuous gossip she needed to finish what she started. "I'll do anything you say, so just tell me what I have to do!~~"

Chapter 156: Utter Humiliation

"Oh, it's nothing really hard and quite simple for you to do..." I said as I slid my hands under her breasts, which were currently moist because of how much she was sweating, and pushed them up until her bright red nipples were right in front of her eyes.

"You see these nipples of yours here that have been twitching for a while now because of how you were abusing them..." I squeezed her soft breasts so hard that it pushed out her nipples and made them pop out in front of her, like rubies in a showcase.

"...I want you to abuse them even more by grabbing them between your fingers real tight, twisting them so hard that they squeel, and I want you to pull them as hard as you can to the point you drag your breasts out in the open, and scream out to me exactly what you're feeling right now."

Camila didn't waste any time on completing my request, as she immediately pinched her nipples in between her fingers, made sure that her nails sunk into her skin so that they didn't slip out like I said, and pulled her nipples away from her as much as her hands could reach without tearing her udders off.

This also made her breasts come along for the ride with her nipples and act like large white flags that were looking for surrender.

And after doing everything I said and humiliating herself in the worst way possible without a care in the world, she bit her lips and whimpered out while staring at her breasts that were left to hang to dry,

"Oh god, Kafka!~ I'm so aroused!~...I'm so aroused right now!~...You just don't know how excited I am at this moment and how much my pussy has been throbbing for a while now, like it's going to explode!~...A-And I don't think you know this, b-but I can't even feel the pain of nipples getting twisted right now, since it's replaced with sheer pleasure that's taking over my body!~~"

She then looked at me with a pitiful look in her teary eyes, like she was begging me to help her out, and asked in a whimpering tone,

"I-I just need a little push to reach the feeling that's been urging me to come out for a while now...S-So please, Kafka, tell me something about you and your mother and the depraved hobbies you do with her t-that would send me over the moon...Please tell me, s-since I don't think I can hold on any longer~~"

"Of course, Camila..." I said as I pulled her hands down, which also brought down her breasts and nipples, that they looked like they elongated and expanded after pulling on them so much. "...When you're asking me so politely, how could I not let you finish?"

"So, here's the secret that you wanted to know about me and my mother, and something that happened a long time back..." I bent down and whispered into her ear while she kept her legs spread, ready to make a mess at any moment.

"You know that when boys hit puberty, their dicks start to get hard for the first time in their lives, and they freak out a little bit at the sudden phenomenon happening in their pants, right?" Camila slowly nodded her head as she stared at me in a daze, wondering just where I was going with this and how it was going to help her finish.

"And after getting a scare of a lifetime, they calm down after noticing that their penis goes back to normal after some time and keep to themselves about the matter since it isn't something that can be easily talked about with others."

"Well, I was a little different from the rest of the boys out there, since I had a very open-minded person out there for me who I knew wouldn't judge me no matter what I told her...So I told that person about the boner I was having in my pants for the first time ever, hoping that she could give me a solution to make it normal again." Camila immediately knew who the person I was talking about was, but she didn't say it out loud since she knew that I was building suspense to the end so that she could go out with a bang.

This was clearly working, as I could feel her lower half trembling the moment I brought up the second person, and she even stopped covering her breasts to hold onto my thighs tightly, like she was getting ready for something that would make her fall off the sofa if she wasn't prepared.

"If I had told any other person, they would've simply told me that it was a physical phenomenon that all boys go through and would've told me to do some research on my own since it was an awkward topic that no one wanted to talk about...But the person I told wasn't like that, and because she cared for me so much and didn't want me to feel vulnerable, she told me that she would 'personally' take 'care' of my problem herself..." I slowly said as if I were thinking back to that day I made up, while Camila was breathing in and out like she was getting ready to give birth to a child and honestly was in the same birthing position right now.

"And do you know what that person did to me to make my dick go back to how it normally was?" I asked, to which she frantically shook her head, so that I would hurry up and tell her.

"...Well, that person went the traditional route of making me feel better and pulled my pants down until my boner was pointing at her face, admired it's size for a second, like she was proud of me for growing so much, then grabbed a hold of my dick and started jerking it off."

"But after stroking my cock and seeing that it still hadn't gone down, she went a step further and did the next best thing, which was to suck it off~" I whispered into her ear, which made a purring sound come from deep within her throat and a splattering sound from her nether regions, like she had already started to celebrate down under and was doing her best to control herself for the big moment.

I also didn't want to make Camila wait too long, so I quickly said,

"She grabbed a hold of my erect cock and shoved it down her throat, and moved her head back and forth, and let me experience something that I would never forget in my lifetime...And even though I still didn't bust a nut, no matter how deep she took my dick in her throat, she kept on sucking me off because of the love she had for me and probably also because she got a taste for my dick after a while."

I smirked by the end, and so did Camila, but it was for an entirely different reason, which was that her dam was starting to crack and the water was starting to leak out, that was apparent with the way I could see a stain forming on her jeans.

Chapter 157: We Got Another One...

I also wanted to make that stain much bigger than it already was and make her drench the entire sofa, so I continued saying,

"She then kept on sucking and sucking until my dick started to develop wrinkles from being in her wet mouth for so long, while her mouth only tasted of my dick for the next few days, until finally..." I suddenly pressed into her abdomen where her bladder was, which made some liquid instantly splatter out into her pants, which I didn't know was her pee or something else.

"...I busted a big fat load in her mouth and even ended up covering her entire face with my thick jizz since there was so much, which made her already ravishing face even more beautiful with how my cum was dripping from her chin and into her chest below."

Tremble~ Tremble~

Camila's legs were shaking vigorously like she was going to blow any moment, and the way she was gasping for air like her life depended on it told me that it was going to be really soon.

But I didn't want to stop here and wanted to finish my story to give her the ultimate climax she deserved, so I quickly said before her blue jeans got any more wet,

"Camila, I think we both already know who this person I'm talking about is since there's only one person that I had mentioned who would do such a favour for me without any hesitation, so let's ignore that for now..." I said as I held her shoulders so that she didn't jolt around all over the place in a second when she was about to finish.

"...But let me tell you one last thing to finish this secret story of mine that you've enjoyed all the way up till the end, which is, what exactly that person looked up and said to me after having a taste of my creamy load on her face."

I then went close to her ears and narrated the final words of my story, which I was sure would finish her off.

"She told me, while looking up at her son like she was an animal in heat:

'...That was amazing, Kafi!~...That made Mommy get so worked up and bothered that I squirted all over my underwear after having a taste of your delicious cum'."

"She then proceeded to take off all her clothes, lie down naked on the bed with her legs spread apart, looked at me with a seductive and naughty gaze in her eyes, and finally said one last line to me, her son, that made me go absolutely crazy, which was:

'...Now that you've had your fun, don't think you think that's it's your turn to help Mommy out as well~...So quickly come over here, Kafi, and use that tongue of yours to do what I just did to your dick, onto my pussy that's soaking wet right now, and show Mommy a good time that she'll never forget for the rest of her life~'."

Splurt!~ Splurt!~ Splurt!~

Splash!~ Splash!~ Splash!~

Splatter!~ Splatter!~ Splatter!~

That was all I needed to say and not a word more, as the dams holding back the raging flood in Camila were finally broken, and the floods inside of her smashed through the gates and burst out in the form of her love juice that was squirting out of her pussy and into her pants that were already half soaked.

Camila herself looked like she was being possessed by the devil, as she had a blank look on her face with her mouth partly open, like she was seeing the face of God, and was currently spasming in my embrace, like she was having a seizure.

Her body was jerking around so much like a fish out of water that if I hadn't wrapped my hand around her waist and held her down when she stared cumming, she definitely would've been rolling on the floor by now.

Spasm~ Jerk~ Spasm~

Her upper body was jerking back and forth, which made her plump white breasts, which were exposed to me, move around in circles and collide every time they met one another. But it was her lower body that was the hardest to control, since she was constantly arching her back out and kicking her legs around from orgasming way too hard.

Squirt!~ Splatter!~ Squirt!~

Her climax was honestly so powerful that her transparent liquids, which were squirting out of her pussy, were moving at such a speed and intensity that they passed through her underwear and shot out of her pants, where I could see small streams of viscous liquid spraying out every time she spasmed.

She was also wearing a thick pair of blue jeans, so one could only imagine how intense of an orgasm she was having to actually penetrate all those layers with her ejaculate and squirt out onto her coffee table in the front.

Spasm~ Jerk~ Spasm~

The most eye-catching aspect of it was the way she had drenched her entire pants in her liquid, which I didn't know if it was simply her ejaculate or some other fluid that came along with it. And it was dripping down her ankles and onto the floor below, making a sticky puddle that she had to clean up later.

Drip~ Drip~ Drip~

And because she had spread her legs wide while squirting out half her bodily fluids, her white sofa was also caught in the crossfire, and droplets of viscous fluid were all over where we were sitting.

I also wasn't left, as I was the closest person to her and she was ejaculating while sitting on my lap, so most of my pants below my knee were also drenched in her nectar, which felt like hot oil and smelled like someone had cut a sour fruit.

I knew that she was going to cum after hearing about the heart-racing details of my relationship from the way she was reacting before, but I didn't think she would squirt all over the place like an out-of-control shower hose and make such a big mess like my mother did.

And all I had to say about that and the messy sight before me, with Camila looking at the ceiling like she was reaching the gates of heaven and wet mess everywhere like this specific place was hit by a storm, is...Ladies and gentlemen, we got ourselves another squirter in our harem.

Chapter 158: Anything For You

Well, leaving aside how I'm going to sleep in the same bed with squirters as my partners, as I'm pretty sure that with a little playing around and cuddling, they'd make the clean sheets into a viscous tarp that's impossible to sleep on, I should first try to wake Camila, who was lying back on me without an ounce of energy, while looking at the ceiling in a starry daze with her mouth parted.

She was so out of it that she didn't even care or notice that her plump breasts were out in the open for me to admire their sheer size and elasticity, which made them bounce around whenever she spasmed. And also her rock-hard nipples, which looked like they were tired of being abused and just wanted to sink back into her wide areolas and take some rest.

And as much as I wanted to grope her exposed chest, which looked so soft, and gently play with her nipples, I didn't dare to do anything with a woman who was barely conscious and was currently in a world of her own.

Only the most vile and pathetic men would ever take advantage of a girl who wasn't in the right state of mind, and even though I admit that I use some cheap tricks to get the ladies attention, I would never go as far as to touch a woman when she was unconscious.

Even blackmailing a girl to do your bidding was at a higher standard for me since you needed some balls to face the consequences that came with it, unlike taking advantage of a sleeping lady, which only a swine of a human would do.

"Camila~ Oh, Miss Camila Alvarez~ The very lady who shamelessly squirted while sitting on my lap~...Can you hear what I'm saying, or are you really knocked out?" I said as I gently tapped her cheeks and waved my hand above her misty eyes, which were looking at my face above her in a haze.

"If you don't wake up now, I might do something to this naked body of yours, that you will definitely regret in the future."

I hovered my hands on top of her chest like I was really going to do something unsavory to her, but my threat had no effect on her. And she was still indulging in the aftereffects of what seemed to be the best orgasm of her lifetime, or maybe even the first, and refused to respond to me.

"Hmm...I guess you really are knocked out cold." I murmured, and tried to put Camila aside to get off the sofa.

But when Camila felt that I was trying to get away from her, her hands that were on my thighs suddenly tightened their grip on me, and she wriggled her body around to get closer to me, as if she didn't want me to leave her alone at the moment.

The interesting part of this was that Camila wasn't really awake yet, so this reaction of hers was out of instinct, as if she didn't want me to leave her when she was in such a vulnerable position right now and wanted someone she trusted by her side until she regained her senses.

And seeing the amount of trust she unconsciously had towards me, which made me feel elated that she wasn't treating me like a stranger anymore, I decided to do exactly what she wanted and stay with her until the end.

But at the same time, I also didn't know when she was going to wake up and didn't want her to be in such an uncomfortable position with her legs spread on top of me, like she had just finished giving birth, and thought it would be better to lay her down on the sofa.

So in a swift motion so that she didn't think that I was trying to escape from her again, I lifted her off my lap and placed her on the sofa. I then let her rest her body down on the sofa with her face down and made it so that her entire body was resting on the sofa like she was sleeping.

I also put a pillow underneath her head and placed her hands on the pillow to make it more comfortable for her.

Right now, all that was left on the sofa was me, who was sitting on the edge of the seat since Camila had taken up most of the space, and Camila, who was resting with her pale white back completely exposed and looked to be peacefully sleeping with her eyes closed and a satisfied smile on her face.

I was going to quickly bring over a blanket and cover her up so that she didn't get cold until she wakes and comes to her senses on her own, but then I realised that I still had a request that was going on and I needed to complete it before the unknown deadline that wasn't given by the Gods.

I also didn't know when exactly Camila would wake up, as she could even sleep all day after orgasming so hard, and I couldn't afford to wait that long since I could be in the belly of a dragon by then for failing my request.

So I decided to play it safe since I knew the Gods were trying to make it difficult and tricky for me even though most of them seemed to be on my side and were my supporters, and I thought I would finish the 'back painting' now itself.

And even though Camila had already accepted my request to 'paint' on her back, I still wanted to ask her permission first before doing anything else in her dreamy state, so I kneeled down on the floor next to her face, which was lying down on one side of the pillow, poked her cheeks to wake her up, and asked as if I were trying to get a child to respond to me while she slept,

"Yooohoo~ Camila~...My little squirter, Camila~...Can I please have a second of your valuable time? ~"

"What is it, Kafka?..." Camila didn't open her eyes but still replied in a dreary voice, like she was irritated that I was distributing her peaceful nap. "What is it that you want to ask me that, you're going so far as to wake me from my sleep?..."

"Oh no, it's not that I want to disturb you or anything, and you can sleep as much as you want..." I said as I stroked her head like I was consoling a baby, which made her let out a gleeful smile, like she really liked the sensation of my fingers floating through her hair and wanted me to do it more.

"...I just wanted to know if I could make that piece of art on your back that I had mentioned before while you were lying down like this?"

"Of course you can, Kafka~ Why do you need to even ask?~" Her mood seemed to have improved after getting her head patted by me, as she readily accepted whatever I said with a happy look on her face while her eyes were still closed. "If it's you, then you have permission to make artwork on any part of my body without even asking~"

"...You can even make it on my breasts that you've been staring at all this time, and which I know you're desperate to get your hands on." Camila said in a daze and tried to turn herself around so that she could show me her chest, which she was so proud of.

Chapter 159: Unexpected Confession

But I quickly pushed her back down so that she didn't reveal her chest to me and said in a haste so that she didn't start rolling a on the sofa again while exposing her chest to me over and over again,

"No, no, it's okay, Camila~ I'll paint something on your chest another day, and for now your back is ough for me."

I ev made sure to carress her cheeks while saying so since she currty looked like she was in a state where she would throw a tantrum if I didn't do what she said, which worked perfectly, as ev though she looked dissatisfied that I was dying the opportunity she was providing to play with her tits, which I seemed to love so much, she ignored it after feeling the warm ssation of my hand on her cheeks.

"Okay, Kafka, you can do whatever you want since this body of mine is basically yours, after tricking me with your sweet words and making me fall for you with your devilish charm..." She said in a dreamy manner, which she never would've accepted herself if she wasn't in a half-sleepy, half-conscious state like she was now and would rather die than say something as embarassing as that.

"But you have to promise me that you'll be gtle with my back since I'm ssitive back there, and you also have to give me a kiss for disturbing me wh I was sleeping."

"Of course!~ I'll treat your back like it's the most delicate piece of silk that would fall apart at a single touch..." I said as I dragged my finger across her back, which made her clch her eyes and whimper like a dog. I th said, while bringing my hand towards her face, "...And where do you want your kiss, Camila?"

"Do you want to have it on your cute little nose?~" I pinched the tip of her nose, which made her giggle from the ticklish feeling.

"Or do you want it on these chubby cheeks of yours?~" I pulled on her delicate cheeks that felt like mochi, which made her shake my hands off like she didn't like to be treated like a child.

"What about on these small lips, which are a perfect spot for a quick kiss?~" I said while dragging my finger across her moist lips, which made her pucker her lips up, afraid that I might really kiss her on the lips.

"...Or do you want to get a little wild and let me kiss you on your ruby-like nipple that you have lying out in the op and give it a good suck?~" I said as I brought my hand towards her single breast

that was sticking out from underneath the sofa and was completely exposed to me in its nude, and pinched her nipple, which felt like a softer version of a small grape.

Pinch~

"Kya!~" Camila let out a yelp wh she felt her nipple get twisted by me and quickly tucked her single breast into the sofa while still having her eyes closed. "Kafka, you bad bad boy!~ Wh did I say that I wanted you to kiss me in that shameful place?~"

"...I only want you to kiss me on my forehead since I feel all fuzzy and warm inside wh you do, so you can just do that again and th do whatever you want with my back afterwards." She said and pushed her head out a little, avidly waiting with an expectant smile on her face for her kiss.

"A kiss on your forehead..." I said as I bt down towards her head. "Well, I'll make it into two kisses, since my princess loves them so much."

Chu!~ Chu!~

After giving her two pecks on her forehead, Camila's puffy cheeks immediately flushed, and she buried her face into the pillow so that I didn't see her embarrassed face.

But it was quite obvious that she was more than happy about the kisses she received, seeing the way she was kicking her feet into the hair and wiggling her butt a like a little girl who got her first from her crush, which was the most adorable sight that made me want to give her kisses all over her cute little face.

While I let Camila happily shake her ass a, which was currty drched in her fluids, I scooted over to Camila's back while still sitting down on the floor since it was the perfect place for me to start my artwork on her back.

"Camila, what I'm about to do might make your back feel a little ticklish, and you'll feel a bit cold at some times, so I hope you don't mind." I warned Camila about what I was going to do so that she wouldn't be surprised wh I started.

But she didn't say anything back and continued to make happy noises into her pillow, and looked to be saying that I could do whatever I wanted since I had already paid the kiss tax she deserved and there was no need to hold back anymore.

Seeing that she was fine with it, I didn't wait any longer and bit to give her a kiss on her lower back, which was the start of my art piece.

Chu~

Nothing would've happened if I had just kissed her and removed my lips from her back. But I didn't stop there and started sucking on her supple skin, like I was trying to slurp noodles into my mouth.

Suck!~

"Hmm~..." Camila moaned into the pillow under her when she felt my cold lips on her back and the feeling of her pale skin getting pulled into my mouth.

But other than that, she didn't react too much and just continued to let me do whatever I wanted, while she shook her ass sideways, which seemed to be a habit she had that I had noticed for a while now, which she did when she felt happy or excited, like a little puppy wagging its tail.

Suck!~

After making sure that it didn't hurt Camila or make her feel uncomfortable when I sucked on her back, I moved my lips a little to the left from where I initially sucked on and did the same thing I did again.

"Hnnn~..." This also made Camila whimper, but not as much as it did before since she already knew what I was doing now.

Suck!~ Suck!~ Suck!~

I also didn't hold back anymore and started to kiss and suck all over her lower back while uniformly going in a certain path that I had formed in my head, which would end up giving a perfect picture by the end, which should look quite beautiful on Camila's back, like she just got a new tattoo to accentuate her already existing ethereal beauty.

Suck!~ Suck!~ Suck!~

Slowly but surely, I was kissing every inch of her canvas-like back. And there were even a few parts of her back that had my saliva glistening on them since I had sucked on her skin a little too hard in those places, and her soft skin went through my lips and touched my tongue.

I also didn't mind the taste of her skin at all, since it felt like I was licking salt water off a smooth tusk of ebony.

Chapter 160: Buffet On Her Back

The skin on her back was also very pulpy and glossy, so it didn't take a lot of effort to slurp up her skin into my mouth and have a big bite, which I was tempted to do every time since her back looked so goddamn tasty.

And her lower back, where her waist was, which was extra thick and had more fat than muscles, was where I was struggling to hold back the most from biting her skin, since it felt like I was running my lips through a seared piece of beef steak that was sizzling hot and waiting for me to take a juicy bite out of it.

Schlick!~ Suck!~

But I didn't want to become a cannibal any time soon, and I don't think that Camila would appreciate it if a part of her back was missing when she woke, so I quickly changed to a different spot on her back and sucked on that spot instead when I got any devious thoughts.

Suck!~ Slurp!~ Suck!~

The groove in the middle of her back was the hardest place to suck since her skin was sunk down, and I had to dig deep to get my lips on her tender skin underneath.

But it was also the most appetizing part of her back since the insides of her long groove had the saltiest taste, as if all the sweat had accumulated here and made me lick on that specific area so much because the taste was addicting, that I almost forgot about the task at hand.

"Hyyaa!~"

Fortunately, Camila's loud moan and the way her back shivered when I ran my tongue across her spine woke me up, and I stopped licking and started sucking like I was supposed to. Or else, who knows

how long I would've be licking that area like a dog and would've built up ough saliva that it would've slid down her groove and into her butt below, which would be quite hot in its own way.

Suck!~ Schlick!~ Slurp!~ Suck!~

From an outsider's point of view, it would probably look like I was randomly sucking on the poor woman's back while she moaned and whimpered into her pillow.

But it actually wasn't so simple, since I was perfectly navigating where I was sucking her back in head and already had a map of where I should and should not suck, which was guiding me to my next position so that a perfect picture forms in the d.

I also wasn't sucking on her skin at random suction power, but I was making sure that each specific area on her back was sucked at a differt intsity according to the colour of the picture I had thought of.

Right now, her back was starting to bruise at random places, and small blemishes of differt tones were starting to form.

But it was only after I finished sucking her tire back and waited for a few minutes would the full picture form, which I hope will get a positive reaction from Camila since it will take a few days or ev a week for it to go away from her back, and I don't think she would appreciate an ugly self-painting on her back.

Stop~

And just wh I was about to move onto her upper back, I saw that butt—that she had be shaking like a moter for a while now, had finally stopped shaking, and was sitting as still as a mountain.

That only meant one thing, which was that Camila had snapped out of her hazy state and had finally come back to her sses.

This was further prov by how suddly her ears, neck, and her slder back were slowly turning a shade of light pink, like her body was starting to remember what she had just done and was reacting to it. And also by how Camila clched her pillow so tight that her finger nails were tearing into it, like she was dying of cringe and embarrassmt for showing her 'water works' to me.

She also seemed too ashamed to speak to me or even show her face to me, and just buried her face into the pillow as deep as she could, looking like she wouldn't mind spending her life like this as long as she didn't face me; the boy next door, and her new-found love, whom she adored, after I had seen just how strong her ejaculation was and also not only saw her draped herself in her love juice, but my pants as well.

This was the biggest humiliation of her life that she simply couldn't get over. And she didn't have the guts to face me after acting like a cool and graceful lady in front of me, only to spray liquids out of her body onto her living room from just hearing me talk.

It would take a while for her to calm down after that, and time was what I was giving her, as I didn't ask any questions after she woke up or poke fun at her even though I wanted to do so much, and I simply minded my own business, sucking on her back while letting her take a breath and pace her heart, which was beating so hard that it looked like it was going to jump out of her chest.

Suck!~ Slurp!~ Suck!~

I didn't stop what I was doing even after Camila woke up and continued to make my way up her upper back, which was much more firm and elastic compared to her pudgy lower back. But it still felt nice to suck on since my lips glided across her skin like it was made of porcelain, and it gave me more of a challenge than her flabby flesh below.

Camila also didn't seem to mind what I was doing, as she seemed to also remember what she said while in a hazy state and was dying of embarrassment after realising that she admitted how much I meant to her.

It was only after I had finished most of her back and only had the top portion of her back left; while the rest of her canvas was starting to bloom in different shades of purple and was vaguely starting to form a picture, did I hear her voice again.

"Kafka..."

She nervously called out to me in a low voice, while half her face was buried in her pillow and the other half was looking back at me with limpid and nervous eyes, hoping that I didn't take too much offense to what she did and that I didn't think of her as a weird woman.

"What is it, Camila?" I answered while still continuing to work on her back.

"Umm...C-Can you stop for a second so that I can go to the bathroom?" She asked while watching me suck her back, but didn't have the guts to ask what exactly I was doing because of what she did just earlier.

"Why do you want to go to the bathroom, Camila?...Is it so that you can use the toilet?" I wiped my finger across the coffee table and showed her the liquid on my fingers. "...Or is it so that you can clean up the mess you've made of yourself in the toilet?"

"T-Tha...T-That...I-I don't..." Camila stuttered, and her face turned bright red wh she saw me rubbing her love juice in betwe my fingers.