

God of Milfs: The Gods Request Me To Make a Milf Harem

Chapter 16: Let Me Teach You How To Hug Someone

While my mom was making happy sounds as she hugged me tightly, I also slipped my hands around her smooth waist and hugged her back.

Seeing that her son was responding to her hug, she was elated and overjoyed, as I would normally push her back when she tried to hug me in the past, like she said.

But at the same time, she seemed dissatisfied with the way I was hugging her, as I was barely touching her waist and was close to hovering over her skin, like I was hesitant to give her an actual hug.

She didn't like this one bit and looked like she wanted me to give her an actual hug, where we embraced one another like family. So to change the way I hugged her, she looked up at me with a discontented look on her face and said

"Kafi, you can hug me a lot tighter, you know. Look at how tight mommy is hugging you. You have to hug me the same way."

"But you'd probably break if I hugged you the same way you're hugging me, since I can barely breathe right now." I looked down and complained about her big hug, which made her push her breasts into my chest and made me unable to take in air.

"That's something you have to deal with as my son and is not my problem." She refused to loosen her grip on me and even started hugging me even more while rubbing her chest on me in retaliation for what I said, which made it even harder for me to breathe.

"So, you're telling me that I should hug you like this?" I placed my hand on her lower waist, where her tailbone was, but didn't apply too much pressure.

"Yes, just like that, but a little bit more tighter." My mother demanded.

"So like this..." I applied a little more pressure on her waist as my fingers sank into the soft flesh she had down there. My hand also went a little lower than where they were placed before, nearing her butt area.

"You're doing good. But you still need to press into me more, like you mean it. If not, it means that your hug is too shallow." My mother instructed me like she was a hug specialist.

I then proceeded to increase the pressure of my hands on my mother's fatty waist by tiny amounts that were barely noticeable. And my mother continued to instruct me to hug me tighter.

"So, I have to hug you like this?"

"No, a little more tighter."

"What about this? Is this enough?"

"No, that's way too flimsy. You have to hug me like you mean it."

"Now, I should be hugging you enough, right?"

"Of course not. Put some force into it, like you mean it, Kafi."

"This should be it. There's no way you can't call this the perfect hug."

"A perfect hug? How can you call this a perfect hug when I can barely feel it?"

My mother seemed to be getting frustrated with my inability to follow her instructions to give her a proper hug, like I meant it. And because she was so focused on teaching me how to hug, she hadn't noticed that my hand had already slowly slipped down her back every time I held her tighter, and now both of my lower fingers were on her bouncy butt that were bound by the dress she wore.

The blue leggings she wore were also quite thin, so I could still feel the warmth from her fleshy butt on my fingers.

And finally, after losing her patience with me, she looked up at me, said with a strict look on her face that I really couldn't take it seriously because of how adorable it was, and exclaimed

"Like this, Kafi! Like this! Just do what your mother is doing right now!"

She then proceeded to completely let go of me and then suddenly hugged me again, like she was demonstrating how it was done from the start.

Finally, the opportunity that I was waiting for had come.

"Oh, so it's like that. I understand now." I acted like I understood what she said and let go of my mother's waist just like she let go of mine in her demonstration.

Pa~

And just when she was relieved that her son had finally understood how to hug someone, she suddenly felt two hard things slap perfectly onto her wide butt.

One hard but wide object perfectly landed on her one cheek and was planted there like it belonged there. And the other object also landed on her other cheek and made a crisp sound as if someone had slapped a slab of meat.

She didn't even need to turn around to know that those objects that had landed on her butt, were actually her son's hands.

Chapter 17: Forbidden Sensation

Her son's hands were firmly placed on her buttocks and were tightly grasping onto her butt cheeks, just like she taught her son to hug. But only this time this son of hers, who didn't seem to know how to hug anyone, was tightly hugging her butt instead of her waist, like she said.

He was hugging the mounds of flesh so tightly that his fingers were sinking into her flesh, and was dismorphing the perfect shape of her butt.

Her face flushed when she felt her son touching her butt and gripping onto it so hard that she could feel his sturdy fingers puncture her flesh through her clothes.

She was embarrassed by such an intimate action and wondered how it came to be that her son placed his hand on her butt, instead of her waist, like she told.

It's not like her son would voluntarily place his hand on her butt when she was his mother. Especially with how he was hesitating to hold his mother's waist out of shyness and didn't even know how to hug properly, so it definitely had to be due to some sort of mistake.

After she thought for a second, a gleem of understanding floated through her eyes, and she realised what must have happened that led to her son placing her hands on her butt.

Every time she told her son to hold her tighter, his hand would also go down her waist, as it was natural that his fingers would slip down her flesh the tighter he grabbed her. She did notice it at that time but didn't think too much of it since she was focused on teaching her son how to hug properly.

I mean, she had to teach him.

What would happen if one day he finds a girl he likes and, when she goes in for a hug, he responds with a weak one like he was giving earlier? The girl would think that he wasn't forward enough or wasn't interested in her because of how shallowly he was

showing his emotions, and the ending could be devastating. So, it was her responsibility as a mother to teach him how to hug properly and properly prepare him for his future.

Every time her son held her tighter, his hand would also slip down her body, and by the end, she could even feel a little bit of his hand on her butt.

That was when she let go of him and hugged him again to show him how to hug, hoping that he'd finally get it. But that was where things went wrong.

Her son let go of her just like she did. But instead of hugging her by the waist once again, he had accidentally hugged her butt by mistake. And it was an understandable mistake, as her son's hand was already near her rear at that time, and he could have just misjudged the area where he was supposed to hug her.

Her son was also quite tall, so it's not like he knows where to hug her just from looking at her from above, since she could only reach his shoulders height.

Yes. If she thought about it like that, everything would make sense.

But it's not like she could simply let her son place his hands on her ass this whole time, as it wouldn't be very appropriate even if she was her son, so she had to tell him that this wasn't how you hug someone. She also had to inform him subtly so that he wouldn't get embarrassed by the fact that he was touching his old mother's ass.

"Kafi...Honey...I don't think this is-"

"Mom, don't you think I'm doing it perfectly now? The tightness, the grip—I think I mastered what you said and am giving you the perfect hug right now...Don't you think so too?"

Just when she was about to tell her son that she was doing it all wrong, her son interrupted her with an enthusiastic look on his face, as if he were proud that he finally managed to give his mother a decent hug after all these attempts. He was even looking at her, with bright eyes and a pure look on his face, like he was waiting for her to give him her approval, like he was expecting.

He also didn't seem to mind that fact that he was touching his mother's butt and didn't look the least bit embarrassed, unlike his mother, whose face was already red and her cheeks were starting to burn up in the grooves his fingers had made.

His attitude made it seem that he didn't feel the least bit awkward with where he was touching her right now, and acted as if touching her butt was the same thing as touching her waist.

Seeing her son act so naturally while she herself was flustered, embarrassed her to the extreme, as she was the adult here and also his mother. And it was her who was supposed to be calm and steady in these situations and not the other way around.

Her son was also right in telling her that he was giving her the perfect hug, as the way he pulled her into his body and the way he dug his fingers into her skin like he was going to lift her up were exactly how she was trying to teach him how to hug.

And honestly, she even felt that it was better than how she had taught him, as the way he spread out his hand and supported her weight was much more loving and fervent than the basic familial hug she was giving him.

Not to mention, the way he was hugging her by her butt was also a way people hug one another, but that was only done between passionate lovers and not between family members.

But at least now she believed that she didn't have to worry about her son not giving his future lover a good hug, as the way he was holding her now and looking down into her eyes would make any woman go crazy...Especially with how thick and sturdy her son's hands were.

She always thought her son was quite skinny since he never really went out and stayed in his room all day, but it seems like that wasn't true, as she could feel that her son was quite strong with the way he was gripping her ass, like he wanted to tear through her flesh.

She even started to feel something from having her behind grabbed, and she tightened up her buttocks in response to the sensational feeling. But she quickly realised that it was her son that was touching her and quickly dispelled any inappropriate thoughts, and she also cursed herself for having any such thoughts in the first place when he was her son, with a flushed and shameful look on her face like she had done something very wrong and was feeling guilty about it.

~5 more chapters today~

Third person POV won't be used often and will only be used to for some 18+ scenes to showcase the opposite party's emotions and thoughts, since I feel it wouldn't be exciting enough if we only heard the protagonist's thoughts.

And it's not really even third person, as it's only a third person telling of a person's view, so basically a POV told by someone else.

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Chapter 18: A Shameless Mother

"What's wrong, mom? Why does your face look red?...Is it because the way I'm hugging is making you uncomfortable?" Her son asked with a concerned look on his face, after seeing her embarrassed expression that she was trying to hide. He then gave a dispirited sigh and said, with a pityful look on his face

"I knew it...I thought that I had found the best position to give you a hug, as it just felt more natural this way, and it doesn't feel awkward anymore like how it was before, but it seems like it isn't the correct way either...You even hate it so much that you're trembling in my hands.

Sigh...I should probably just give up on giving you any hugs in general, since I can't seem to do it no matter how I try. Although I wanted to respond back to your hugs thinking that it would make you happy, I think it's better to stay in my lane and just obediently receive your hugs and not embarrass myself in front of you...I'm sorry mom. I'm sorry that I disappointed you."

...Disappoint her?

How could her only son, whom she loves more than anyone else in the world, disappoint her?

Even if he turns out to be a worthless bum with no future, she trusted in her heart that she would love him for who he was, no matter what he became.

So, saying that he could actually disappoint her is an impossible statement that she could simply not accept.

She also couldn't accept the fact that her son thought her hug was disappointing when it was the best hug she had ever received, and she doubted if any man could ever give her a hug as passionate as her son could.

From the way his fingers ploughed into her flesh without actually hurting her, to how he evenly distributed her weight over his hands, which made it feel like she was lighter than a fairy...He was simply a prodigy in the field of hugging, that just couldn't be matched.

And even as his own mother, she couldn't help but admit that she felt excited with the strong hold he had on her, so how could anyone else dare say that he was a disappointment when it came to hugging someone?

The only problem was that she was his mother, and he shouldn't be giving her hugs; that actually warmed her up from the inside, as it was quite taboo to feel that way from your son.

But it was her problem that she was feeling that way, and not her son's. And it should never be an excuse for her son to not give her another hug.

She felt that she'd much rather receive hugs like this, where she firmly felt his fingers leave marks on her lower flesh, then let her son get too embarrassed to give her a hug and never receive another hug from him ever again.

Once she understood that, she immediately looked up at her son and said

"No Kafi~ There's nothing wrong with the way you're hugging your mother. The only reason mommy was shaking right now was because she was so happy that she received her first proper hug from you and couldn't help but tremble in joy...So, there's no need to stop hugging me from here on forth, as mommy really enjoys your hugs."

"Really? Is that true?...Then why is your face so red and your body so warm, like you're having a fever? Are you not just saying that, so I won't feel bad that I can't give you a hug?" Her son asked in return, which made her embarrassed and ashamed at the immature way she was acting.

She was supposed to be his mother. And here she was acting like a little girl who was being embraced by her lover. How shameful.

Realizing how immature she was acting, she decided that she would try her best to control herself in the future. But she also reluctantly believed that it would be too hard to do so since her son's hands on her flesh simply felt too good and weren't a sensation she could easily ignore.

"Of course, Kafi~ Why would I lie to my little boy?...I really do enjoy your hugs and would love to receive them every single day for the rest of my life. So, don't you dare say that you won't hug me ever again."

She said a lie that wasn't a lie, since she really did enjoy his hugs, as it not only gave her happiness from getting hugged by her beloved son, it also gave her another rousing sensation from inside her body—that she simply could not say out loud with her identity as his mother.

And as shameless as her thoughts were, she also wouldn't mind if her son hugged her like this every day, as it reminded her that she was also a woman who felt happy when she was loved, which she seemed to have forgotten over the years.

The most shameful part about that was that it was her own son that made her realise her feelings that she had buried deep beneath, and not anyone else...Even her own partner.

But he was her adorable son and not any other stranger, so she didn't feel any guilt for having these feelings and simply chose to accept them all.

Why, you ask?

It was because it was her son, who loved her more than anyone else in the world, who made her feel this way, and not anyone else.

For this son of hers, whom she she would give her heart for without a moment's hesitation, she would accept anything he did to her with open arms, even if his actions crossed boundaries that were simply not meant to be crossed between a mother and child.

Actions like the firm hug he gave, that incited something in her that she should never have felt from her son...But also couldn't help but want to feel again.

Chapter 19: Human Variable

"Phew~ I thought I was really making you uncomfortable for a second and made you feel bad with my horrible hug."

"Of course not, Kafi~ Mommy loves every single hug you give me. As long as it's from my baby boy, mommy would all accept your hugs, no matter how many you smother me in."

And that's how you do it.

From acting like I don't know how to hug her, which lowered her guard, to the act that I put on as if I was ashamed that I couldn't even give my mother a hug properly since I had never hugged anyone before.

Everything went perfectly the way I wanted it to, and now I have full access to touching my mother's buttcheeks in the disguise of hugging her.

As much as I want to say it was easy, it still depended on several moving variables that I had to keep in mind when deciding how I was going to act, and there was still a small probability that things weren't going my way.

That's the problem with humans in general. No matter how you think you can predict a person's actions and thoughts by observing every movement of the muscles on her face, watching how much her eye dilates when she talks, noting down her minute body movements, listening to the changes in the tone and volume in her voice, feeling her change in heart rate, and so many other ways in which you can microanalyze a person, you simply can't be 100% sure that you can guess what a person will do, as their unpredictable minds act as a variable.

With that variable in mind, no amount of mental calculations or predictions can be absolute. But fortunately, I'm quite creative and expendable, so even if any variables come into the picture, I'm pretty sure that I can handle it.

I still think that building a nuclear reactor that could fuel an entire nation would be easier, as in a reactor, all the variables can be practically tested and theoretically calculated before the final assembly. But you can't do the same when you're interacting with women, who are said to be the most mysterious creatures in the entire world.

But beggars can't be choosers, and since this is the trial the Gods have given me, I simply have to accept it.

I also know that the Gods wouldn't be satisfied with me, just firmly holding onto my mother's butt and want me to grope them freely, so I should move on to my next course of action.

"I really don't think you should say that, mom...As if you say that I can hug you however I want to and whenever I want to, I wouldn't be able to keep my hands off you, and I'd treat you like a teddy bear because of how warm and fluffy you are, and hug you all the time." I looked down and warned my mother, looking like someone who regretted rejecting this wonderful feeling in the past and wanted to make up for it by hugging my mother all the time in the future.

"To have my son hug on his own volition when he feels like it..." My mother muttered absentmindedly.

"That would simply be your mother's dream come true, Kafi~...You don't understand just how much your mother has wanted my baby boy to take comfort in me when he wants to!" She continued with an exhilarated expression on her face, as if she were going to receive everything she wanted in life.

"Really? Then, you wouldn't even mind if I picked you up while I hugged, since I'm feeling really good right now." I asked with my lips curled upwards.

"Pick me up?...You can try. But I don't think you can since your mother isn't as slim as she was before and has regrettably gained a lot of...Ah! Kafi! What are you doing?!"

My mother thought I was joking at first since she couldn't believe that I could lift her weight in my current position. But she quickly realised that I meant what I was saying, when she felt herself being lifted up in the air by her son.

Out of shock at suddenly being lifted without any warning, she cried out and quickly wrapped her arms around my neck and pushed her head into my chest so that she could balance herself better.

I was holding her up by grabbing onto her butt like I was hugging her, so she also had to wrap her legs around me so that she could support herself. If I had lifted her up by holding her thighs, which was how it was normally done, she wouldn't have had to use her legs to grab a hold of me. But because I was supporting her using her buttocks, she had no choice but to wrap herself around me like she was hanging onto a tree.

And since her entire weight was on my hands, my hands dug much more deeper into her fleshy butt and every single millimeter area of my hand felt warm and soft, as if the bottom of my hands were being steam-pressed by firm jelly that would jiggle if you slapped it hard enough.

"Kafi, what are you doing? Why did you lift mommy up?" My mom asked in a hurry, after she stopped hiding her face in my chest.

"Why do you sound so surprised? You said that you were fine with me picking you up, so I did."

"I thought you were joking at that time. I didn't think that you would actually do it." My mother wrapped her hands around my shoulder and looked down to see how far she was from the ground.

"And isn't it hard to lift up your mother?...Mommy is not proud to say this, but I couldn't hold back and indulged in one too many deserts over the years, and it may have led to me adding on a little weight over the years." She said shyly, like she was embarrassed about talking to me about her weight.

"No, I think those deserts and sweets did you a favor." I said, which made my mother perk up, not understanding what I meant.

"I mean, it's because of those treats that you're so soft and squishy all over your body...It's like you're like a big teddy bear that I can hug to sleep every night." I smiled and squeezed my mom's butt to show her how soft she was.

Chapter 20: Light As A Feather

"No, Kafi~ You're not allowed to make fun of mommy's weight~" My mother protested and lightly slapped my hand that groped her butt, as if she didn't want me to play around with something she wasn't proud of.

"Why would I make fun of you? I honestly think that the mother before me is as beautiful as the mother I saw back when I was in kindergarten." I said, which made my mother's eyes shine and her ears turn red.

"No, actually, that's wrong..." I decided to change my statement, which made my mother's face droop in an instant and sigh as if she already knew that what I said could never be true.

But before she could make any more of a sad face, I looked down at her and said with a charming smile on my face

"...What I said isn't true. As I think that as you grow older every year, your beauty and elegance also grow along with you...So, if we're talking about when mom was the most

beautiful in my eyes, then it has to be the absolutely drop-dead gorgeous women I'm hugging right now, who simply looks like a delicious treat."

What I said was true, as I wouldn't really be interested in a college version of my mom or a working adult version of mom and would only be interested in a mature woman who's been through her years and has earned her maturity and elegance over time.

The beauty that I seek simply can't be replicated by my younger women and can only be attained through age, like my mother before me, who's aged like fine wine.

"Oh Kafi~ You just know how to make a girl happy, don't you, you sneaky boy~...Especially with an old lady like me. You say the most perfect words that make me feel ten years younger and so much better about myself." My mother was overjoyed to see that someone out there still appreciated her beauty, which she had lost with her age, and snuggled onto my chest in sheer happiness.

After rubbing her face on my chest for some time, she seemed to have realised something and looked up at me with an anxious gaze and said

"But are you really fine with lifting me up? Aren't your arms hurting after carrying me for so long?...And why did you even carry me up in the first place? It must be quite straining for you, right?"

"Do I really need a reason to carry up my mother, who's been carrying me up and supporting me my whole life?" I responded to her doubt, which made her eyes twinkle as if she were going to cry because of my words.

It was probably due to the fact that she found out that her efforts to raise me for all these years hadn't gone unnoticed, and her son was finally returning all that care he received from his mother by showering her with his love.

"And as for your weight, don't even mention it." I scoffed.

"When you're as light as a flower and don't weigh a single gram more, I could probably carry you around like this for my whole life."

"Oh you~ You can't say such blatant lies like that, even though it makes me really happy when I hear it." My mother coquettishly slapped my face while having a deep smile on hers.

"No, I'm not lying. You're so light that I can even spin you around like this with no effort at all."

And then, to my mother's surprise, I started to spin her around the kitchen as she stood in my place like we were dancing. I held onto my mother's ass more firmly and even

pushed her into my chest, which allowed her abundant breasts to push into my body and warm up my chest.

My mother also did her bit by tightly holding onto my neck so that she didn't fall off from how fast I was spinning her in my arms.

"Kafi stop~ Kafi stop~ Mommy agress that you can carry me for how long you want, so please stop. Mommy's afraid you will hurt yourself.~" She begged me to stop while looking up at me with pleading eyes.

But I ignored her cries and continued to spin her around the kitchen like a child, while laughing out loud and looking like I was having the best time of my life.

"I won't stop! I can't stop! I'm simply so happy that I've reconciled with you after all these years of being distant with you that my feet are just moving on their own out of sheer happiness." I exclaimed in a merry mood as I spun my mother around like we were dancing in a beautiful meadow garden, to the sound of the birds chirping in the trees.

My mom also got infected by my joyful mood and said while chuckling with a playful smile on her ravishing face

"You're just like mommy, Kafi~ Even I can't help but want to dance around and get happy steps when I'm happy."

Seeing her son dance around so happily with her made her so happy and satisfied that she just laid her head on my shoulders and hummed a tune of her own to show how content she was with this moment, as if all the worries she had were all gone and she was finally at peace on my broad shoulders.

While my mother was having a wholesome and memorable moment with her son, I had already started to grope my mother's butt from the moment I started spinning her around.