

## God of Milfs 191

### Chapter 191: Baby In A Basket

"Of course both me and Olivia wanted partners, Kafi... You don't know how many nights we spent talking about the things we would do and the places we would go with the man of our dreams." My mother said as a matter of fact.

"...But in this world of ours, where every single man to ever exist treats women in a subservient way and looks at them like someone who was meant to be beneath them, it's really hard to find someone who you could fall for, who treats us with the respect we deserve and appreciates us for who we are, which was all we ever wanted, so we gave up looking for a partner long ago."

"I see..." I nodded my head as it made sense that they would much rather spend their lives together, knowing that they wouldn't experience true love or have a family, where they would at least have one another..Compared to a life where the love of their life treated them like garbage on the ground and treated them like servants, rather than as a loving girlfriend or wife.

"But don't feel sad now, Kafi, as the best part of the story is about to come where we meet you and where you become the catalyst for us to become one big family when we were hesitating so much before." My mother held my hand to reassure me, thinking that I was down in the dumps after hearing her story.

She then interlinked her hand with mine and looked up, like she was remembering that fateful day she and Olivia met me, and said with a gentle smile on her face,

"It had probably been 4 years since we started this fake relationship of ours where everything was going wrong and we were hesitating on what we should do in our lives as we really didn't want to leave one another, but at the same time we were losing the strength to persist on every second we spent out the door of our house."

"...By that time, our minds were full of unnecessary worries about the future, and one night me and Olivia thought that we needed a break from all those useless thoughts and decided that we needed to go on a late-night coffee date like we did back in high school and university since we loved coffee so much, to cool ourselves down and give ourselves a breather." My mother said and licked her lips like she wouldn't mind a coffee right now.

"But who would've thought that just as we were about to enter the cute little cafe that we always visited at night, we wouldn't be greeted by the sweet old granny who owns the store. But an

adorable little baby who was in a white basket with pillows inside of it, right on the doorstep of the cafe..."

My mother's eyes glowed as she tightened the grip on my hand, unable to control the excitement that was brimming through her face.

"It was obvious that the baby had been abandoned by someone, seeing how he was left alone in the cold night in a street where no one really visited. And normally, anyone else would've quickly brought that baby to the police station so that they could handle the case because they didn't want to be involved in such a sensitive matter."

"...But do you know what we did, Kafi?" My mother looked at me with a playful look on her face while grinning from ear to ear.

"Y-You kidnapped the baby?" I gave a hesitant answer, seeing how avidly my mother was waiting for me to reply.

"Close...We didn't exactly kidnap him, but we actually brought him home with us." She said proudly, like she was doing the world a favour by taking that poor little baby back home.

"B-But what if the baby's mother had actually left the baby there for some reason and was going to pick him up later?" I asked, wondering if I was actually talking to someone who had unintentionally kidnapped a baby.

"Of course that can't be true, Kafi, since the very next day after taking that baby home and coming to our senses, we reported the matter to the police and found out that the baby had really been abandoned after a long process..." My mother narrowed her eyes and glared at me for doubting her.

"But when we saw the baby on the doorstep for the first time, we didn't have any such thoughts and only had one thought in mind, which was to bring him to a warm and cosy place out of the winter cold, so we brought him home with us."

"We also had one more thought in mind that we didn't say to one another while caring for the baby for an entire week in our home, afraid that his parents would come back one day and not knowing how one another would react when we heard each other's thoughts, since it was a crazy decision that we both wanted to make." My mother said as a caring and motherly look appeared on her face.

"...But once we found out that the baby was really abandoned and had nowhere to go, both of us immediately threw back our worries and didn't hesitate to say to one another that we wanted to adopt the baby, which was what both of us were thinking the whole time."

"Let me guess again, mom... You wanted to stay together with mom and spread the rest of your life together with her, but were struggling to persist towards the goal because of all the setbacks you were facing and, most importantly, because you didn't have something that drove you to fight off the rest of the world for a purpose you believed in, since even if you did give up your fake relationship, you would simply go bald to a mediocre life like anyone else, where you would be able to see one another."

I explained, as I could guess where this story was going.

"But once you saw that baby on the doorstep, both of your motherly instincts kicked in to save that baby and provide it with all the love in the world, which also gave you the purpose and drive you needed to move further with your relationship—that is, to create an actual family that depended on one another and nothing as fragile as a fake relationship for your convenience."

"Once that baby came into your life, you didn't even bother about all that happened in your daily life and ignored the abuse you dealt with on a daily basis, just so you could come home and see the cute little smile on that baby's face.

And handled everything that was thrown at you with a calm mind as if it didn't bother you at all, since choosing to break up would not only result in you losing one another but also the baby you adored so much that gave your life purpose."

"...Damn Kafi, now I'm starting to wonder if you remembered everything that happened ever since you were a baby or if you're just frighteningly good at predicting situations." My mother said in awe, not expecting her once dud son to explain everything so perfectly.

"...And now that you've said everything that needs to be said, I don't have anything left to say, as after that, and just like you said, we used taking care of that baby as our motivation that helped us move forward no matter how society judged us... And eighteen long years later, here we are today as a family, showing just how important motivation and drive is in one's life, even if it came in the form of a bundle of happiness wearing a diaper all the time."

My mother giggled, like she was thinking of the times when the baby wet its diaper and cried for his mothers to change it.

My mother then looked at me with a loving gaze and an affectionate smile on her face as she held my hand and asked,

"Do you know what we named that baby, Kafi?~...Let me give you a hint, as it has something to do with the place where we found him~"

"Let me guess once again, mom." I said with a playful smile on my face as I went along with her act. "...Is the baby's name Kafka or Kafi, made from the words coffee and cafe, which are linked to the place you found me?"

"Ping-Pong!~"

My mother made a cute little noise for guessing correctly and then pulled me into her embrace to give me a hug, and then gave me a loving kiss on the forehead.

Chu!~

"That's right, Kafi!~ You were named after the cafe and coffee both me and Olivia love so much, which is the reason why both of us call you Kafi, even though you hated it so much in the past when we did so and wanted us to simply call you Kafka!~"

Chu!~ Chu!~

"To think that I got such a smart son who managed to answer such a difficult question, I truly am blessed to be your mother, Kafi!~ I truly am blessed!~"

My mother said jokingly and used it as an opportunity to lay two more kisses on my nose while she hugged me tighter, which I reluctantly accepted with a small smile on my face.

But at the same time, I also felt bitter that the Kafka in this world was lucky enough to be found by both my mothers who were such loving parents, while I was also found outside a cafe, the only difference being that I was picked up by a crack addict who wanted to sell me for drugs and was carelessly named in an orphanage on a whim with no thought in mind once they found out I was found near a cafe.

Life truly works in strange and cruel ways, doesn't it?...

It truly does...

Chapter 192: Isn't It Over?

"But wait, why isn't mom with us right now? Where exactly is she?" I asked, wondering why I hadn't seen a glimpse of Olivia for the past two days. "Is she busy with work or something?"

"Come on, Kafi, did you already forget that your mother is still back at Laliga selling our real estate business?" My mother reluctantly let go of me, as she informed me about the family business.

"She's selling it?" I asked in surprise, as we didn't exactly look like we were going through bankruptcy since we lived in a rather big newly bought house in this town that must have cost a solid amount to buy. "Is the business not doing well or something, for her to sell it?"

"No, rather the opposite, and we're still profitable ever since your mother started the business 15 years ago to support our family lifestyle." My mother said, informing me that Olivia was the breadwinner in the family while she herself was the housewife, who took care of me and the house.

"It's just that both me and your mother were tired of living in the bustling city, where we never truly got a break from how everyone looked at us, and decided to sell everything and settle somewhere much smaller and peaceful near a lot of nature, just like the town we are in now."

"Your mother especially felt bad that she wasn't involved in your life too much since she was always busy with managing the business and wanted to settle down and go into retirement so that she could spend more time with you and rightfully take back all that time she should've spent with you in the past, in a hope to reconcile with you after ignoring you for all these years."

Damn, she went as far as to sell a business that was making so much money that she could easily go into retirement if she wanted to and still live a comfortable lifestyle, just because she wanted to spend time with me?

Just how blessed was this world's Kafi that he got not one but two caring mothers who loved him with all their heart, while I got stuck with a woman who was supposed to be my mother but, in actuality, doesn't even care if I live or die in this world.

...Just thinking about it pisses me off.

"But because some problems occurred with selling the business, both you and I have already left Laliga and have come here to set everything up before your mother comes back home after finishing all her work." My mother said with a slightly worried look on her face, like she was hoping everything was going well with Olivia and that she would come back home as quickly as possible.

"What's the problem that's holding her up? Is it anything serious?" I asked, seeing how anxious my mother looked right now.

"I don't exactly know since Olivia doesn't really tell me about what's going on so that I don't worry, but she did say it wasn't a big deal and that it would be over soon, and that's what I'm choosing to believe in right now." She said as she clenched her hands together and prayed that everything went well, and the three of us reunited once again.

Even though Olivia seemed to say that everything was going well, I didn't really believe any of it, as it was quite common to lie to your family so that they wouldn't worry too much about what's going on, and I decided that I would check up on this problem that's holding Olivia back from coming home later on.

And if it was a tedious problem that my second mother in this world couldn't handle herself, then I would simply step in and fix it myself since I too was curious to see my other mother in person.

I also didn't like the fact that she was in a place that I couldn't really keep an eye on if anything happened and decided to make some kind of security force that would guard her 24/7 wherever she goes without her knowledge, and also one for the mother before me since she seems like someone who would jump into danger head first on a whim.

"Well, since mom said that she's fine, then she's probably all right, mom, so you don't have to worry about it too much since she'll be back home in a jiffy..." I patted her shoulder to console her, which made her nod her head like she approved of what I said and gave a wry smile at all the unnecessary thoughts she had.

Swish~ Zip~

But the smile on her face froze when, all of a sudden, she looked to her side and found me taking my shirt off and starting to remove my pants and undress myself.

"W-What are you doing, Kafi?...W-Why are you taking your clothes off all of sudden?" She said as she covered her face with a red blush when she saw my robust upper body that I was rather proud of.

"Well, it was a little uncomfortable for me when we did it earlier since I had my clothes on, so that's why I'm taking it off now so that there won't be any hindrance like before." I said as I pulled my underwear down and threw it to the side, revealing my monster of a cock that was fully erect to my mother once again, who was still amazed and scared at the magnificent sight no matter how many times she had already seen it.

"B-But wait...W-Why are you telling it to me as if we are going to do it again?" My mother said with a frightened look on her face as she stared at the weapon that was the cause of her aching and pulsating pussy, which was still hurting even now. "...I mean, didn't we already do it once, and shouldn't this be the time where we should be peacefully sleeping while I lie on your chest, Kafi?"

My mother looked at my chest with longing eyes, like she was really looking forward to sleeping with her son, while she used my arm as a pillow and rested her cheeks on my chest, like she saw all the couples do in the movies.

"That was what would've happened if you had just obediently stayed asleep, and I would've also slid into bed with you for a good night's rest, mom." I said as I got on the bed with a wide smile on my face, while my mother scooted back in a panic, like she was looking at a hungry wolf that was approaching her.

"...But you just had to wake up in the middle of the night and tempt me with that naked body of yours that you were covering with those thin sheets, like you're enticing me to come into bed and do horrible, horrible things to you."

"You basically asked for what's coming to you, yourself!"

I exclaimed with a greedy look in my eyes and forcefully pulled away the sheets that my mother was holding, revealing her ravishing naked body to me once again with her buxom breasts that were spilling out of her hand that were trying to cover them and her puffy pussy that was rather red from all the abuse it had gone through earlier, which I could see through the gaps of her fingers.

"And don't expect me to go easy on you like I did before, mom, as I'm tired of holding back and am going to properly take my time to ravage this lascivious body of yours till I have you spasming all over..." I said as I pulled my mother's hands away that were covering her chest and started teasing

and groping one of her breasts, as she looked at it happening in a fluster but couldn't do anything about it since she was cornered.

"Hnnn!~...W-Wait, did you just say that you went easy on me earlier, as in, you didn't go all out and were actually back against me?!" My mother asked in shock as she felt her nipple get pulled on, since she couldn't believe that I could go harder than I did before, which already made her orgasm so hard that she fell unconscious.

"Of course I didn't, mom..." I said like it was obvious and spread my mother's legs while scooting forward. "If I had truly gone all out, then there would be no way you would've woken up so soon and actually would have spent the entire next day trembling in your bed."

"But don't worry, mom, as this time I'll make sure to satisfy you to the extent where you can't even move a muscle because of how numb your body will feel after I'm done with you, and make sure that you squirt so much that you turn this bed into a swimming pool." I said as I placed the tip of my cock on her vagina, which started to lube itself out of fear when it saw my dick approaching, like her body knew her insides would be ruined without it.

"Noo!~...I don't want that!~" My mother shouted in fright at the thought of the state she would be in when she woke up tomorrow.

"Well, too bad for you, as your journey to a half-coma state has already begun..."

I said with a grin on my face as I thrust the entirety of my cock all the way through her pussy until it hit the ceiling of her womb, making my mother's eyes go wide and cry out in sheer ecstasy and pain at being penetrated by her son's dick.

Thrust!~

"Ahhhhhhhh!~~"

And with that loud moan from my mother that I was sure Olivia next door heard if she was awake right now, my hot and steamy first night with my mother started once again, and I made sure in mind that it wouldn't be as short as it was before, so that the Gods up above could have a good show and send that request complete message that I'm waiting for...

Chapter 193: Bonfire In The Kitchen

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



[The God of Stars Noella wishes she was the one spasming on the bed right now and is thinking of attempting to break the Transcendental Barrier once again]

[The God of Love Amora desires to have a son like you who can satisfy his mother any time and is dissatisfied that Lady Vanitas is rejecting such an obedient son]

[The God of Art Charmaine feels pity for your mother who went through all that abuse and wonders if she's still alive]

Finally...After railing my mother all night and going on even in the morning until my mother was completely unresponsive to me, I got the request completed that I wanted. This God of Darkness Sephora must be one hell of a sadist since she waited till my mother lost every bit of strength she had in her body, before she gave the request completion.

And now because of that, I had to tightly wrap my mother in a blanket and roll her around in it like a sushi roll so that I could trap in bed, because her body kept on spasming around and she almost fell off the bed multiple times because of that.

It was especially her lower body that was throbbing around so much from the aftereffects of pleasure she was feeling, like a fish out of water that kept frolicking around in bed.

I myself, had already taken a shower and changed into a new set of clothes after making sure that my mother didn't jump off her bed while I wasn't around and also gave her body a quick wipe down so that she didn't feel all sticky and icky when she woke up from her long sleep, that was sure to go until the evening because of tired and exhausted she was right now.

I was about to go and make myself some breakfast and then go out to set up the security team I had in time for my mothers, when all of a sudden I heard a yelp come out from the house opposite to mine.

"Hyaa!~"

If it was any other person, then there's was no way they could've heard that faint shout from all the way next door which felt like a little girl shouting when she saw a cockroach.

But I had superior senses compared to normal humans which I had just figured out most likely came about because I'm the son of a God and not because I'm some kind rare mutant like I thought, so I clearly heard the feminine cry from next door.

And the only person living in the house opposite to mine was Camila, so I didn't hesitate to rush out of the house and see just what happened next door.

Whoosh~

The people on the street could only see a gust of wind because of how fast I was moving in between houses and when I reached her house's doorstep, I found that it was locked.

Jump~ Climb~

I knew that it wasn't anything risky that was going on inside judging by the tone of her cry and something that only scared her for a second. But I didn't want to risk it and quickly scaled my way up her house until I reached the second floor where there was a open window and threw myself in.

I then quickly went out of the bedroom I had entered which looked like it belonged to a highschool girl and was probably her daughter's room, and went downstairs and into her kitchen to see a blazing sight before me that made me think that the house was burning down for a second.

Blaze~ Scorch~

But it didn't take me long to realise that it wasn't that bad and it was just that the pan on the stove was on fire, where the flames were reaching all the way up to the chimney on top.

Camila herself, the culprit to this whole mess wasn't anywhere far and was right next to the flaming pan, panicking and looking around to see if there was anything that could extinguish the fire while wearing a apron that had a cute little picture of a bunny on it.

Judging by the cut vegetables and cubes of meat on the pan that was on fire, it seemed like she was trying to make a sizzling stir fry with some spicy sauce, but ended up turning it into this burning firepit in the end.

Seeing that there wasn't anything that could extinguish the fire nearby her, Camila seemed to have decided to first take the pan away from the stove that was still burning and maybe throw it into the wash basin in hopes of it extinguishing it under cold water.

"Wait, Camila! Don't do that!-...." I shouted, when I saw her hand going to grab the pan that had flames blazing from the top.

"Kafka!~" Camila shouted in elation when she heard my voice even though there was a emergency going on in front of her, like a little puppy that was excited once it heard it's owner at the doorstep. "When did you get here?...No, more like how did you get here, since I thought I locked the door-....Ahh!~"

It seemed that me calling out to her didn't have much effect as even though all her attention was on me, her hand still went to grab the the steel handle of the pan that was piping hot from all the heat and ended up burning her hand, which made her let out a cry.

Thankfully she didn't hold it too tightly like she was going to do before since she was distracted by me, and was let off with a very light burn on the palm of her hand.

But I was still scared seeing her next to a burning stove with fire rising above her head and didn't want to see all of hair get burned in the fire and have a bald Camila before me since she had rather lucious locks of hair that I really adores and didn't want to see go away, so I quickly went to her side and pulled her behind me, while she herself was surprised at my speed that looked like a blur in her eyes.

I then found a couple of kitchen clothes, quickly placed them one top of one another, and then placed them on top of the flaming pan and pushed them down onto the pan which immediately stopped the flames because of the lack of oxygen.

Shhhh!~

After stopping the fire, I took the pan out of the stove and placed it in a corner and then went around the house to open all the windows I could see so that I could get rid of the smoke that had built up, hoping that the fire department didn't show up and wake up my mother who was sleeping peacefully with their loud sirens.

Finally after making sure the stove was off and turning on the smoke chimney, I went towards Camila who looked impressed at my quick action and looked to be wondering if there was anything that I couldn't do perfectly.

Chapter 194: My Own Personal Superhero

"Who needs a fire extinguisher when I've got you, Kafka?~" Camila said jokingly as she held her hand that slightly stung from the burn and smiled like it didn't hurt at all so that she didn't lose her mature and graceful image in front of me.

"I could probably even burn the entire house down while cooking, and I wouldn't have to worry at all, since I know that you'll come out of nowhere like you did now when I was in danger and carry me to safety while carrying me out like a princess."

"Please don't burn down your house just so that you can satisfy your middle school fantasy, as I'm willing to carry you anywhere you want without you having to become an arsonist."

I said sarcastically and gently grabbed her hand and ran some cold water from the faucet over it, as there was no way I was going to believe her act, which Camila graciously accepted with a happy look on her face even though she had just burned herself, seeming to really like being taken care of like this.

"And I'm not a superhero or anything who can rush to your aid whenever you're in danger and only coincidentally just walked by your house and heard you scream, so be careful as I won't miraculously come and save you every time."

Well, even though I won't be able to save her if something like this happens again when I'm not around, the security team I'm going to set up for her is, as after this incident I decided that I would make a special team for each person in my family just in case anything goes wrong.

"Awww!~" Camila pouted in a dissatisfied manner as she saw me examining her fingers under the cold stream of water. "And here, I thought I could act like I'm in danger whenever I want to see you and have you show up in front of me, like you're my own personal superhero."

"Don't you dare try to use such fantastical methods to see me when I'm literally right next door and a 10-second walk away..." I stared at her with a solemn gaze, which she ignored and smirked to my annoyance, like a little kid who never took her elders advice seriously.

I simply shook my head at her spoiled behaviour that she could only show to me, since she was usually the one who handled the spoiled and rotten behaviour of her family and it was never the

other way around, which she seemed to be really enjoying looking at how carefree she was even though she was so close to burning her house. I then asked,

"How did you even turn such a simple stir-fry into a flaming tornado on top of a pan?...I don't remember any dish that needs all the ingredients to be charred black."

"Well, I wanted to add a nice toasty caramelization to the veggies and give the meat a smoky flavour, so I tried to do a flambé that I saw on TV. But I ended up adding a little too much wine to it, which made it end up like this." Camila walked along with me as I took a frozen pack of peas out of the freezer and put it on her burned palm, which was paler than her skin.

"You might as well have added some gasoline rather than wine to your dish, as it looks more like you were trying to create a bonfire for an entire camp instead of simply adding a char to enhance the flavour." I said as I sat myself on her dining table nearby, and so did Camila on the chair next to mine and let go of her hand, since there wasn't anything else I needed to do because it was only a very faint burn that would get healed soon enough and didn't need any additional treatment.

But Camila didn't seem to like that idea since she really liked it when I held onto her hand and found it comforting, and she sneakily slid her hand into my fingers and held onto it once again.

Grab~

When I tried to pull away from her, she refused to let go and said, in an exaggerated manner with a pitiful look on her face,

"Come on, Kafka~ I'm someone who just went through an almost fatal accident and got injured along the way...Don't you think it's a little too cruel of you to deprive me of my emotional support when I need it the most now?"

"And I had thought that your mother raised you to be a gentleman who has impeccable manners, but it turns out that it isn't true at all since you haven't even said good morning to your beautiful partner, like any decent man would..." Camila teased me as she scooted her chair towards me so that she could be closer to me, which made us look like a couple that just got out of bed and were waiting for the coffee to be made.

"And I thought that you were a good cook too, Camila, since I was blown away by the taste of the dishes you made yesterday...But it doesn't really seem like so when I just saw you cooking burnt black potatoes and beef that's been charred until it's been turned to coal, for breakfast." I said with a

smirk on my face, which made her roll her eyes and harumph for doubting her exceptional cooking skills that she seemed to be proud of, with just one mistake she made.

"...But at the same time, it is quite ungentlemenly of me to not say good morning to the lady who looks brighter than the rising sun, so I apologise for that."

Camila blushed at my statement and slyly looked at the sun shining out the window, like she was telling it that even though everyone thinks you look so beautiful, my man here thinks that I'm much prettier than you.

Seeing her compete with the sun made me chuckle at her adorable behaviour; her playful side starting to show after she didn't have to think about her burden, which was her family, and was much more relaxed and carefree around me.

And while she was smirking at the sun and looked like she was going to make fun of the moon as well when it came up, I lifted her soft hand until it reached my face and planted a gentle kiss on the place where she got burned to her surprise, and said as I looked up at her pink face,

"Good morning, Camila~ I hope that you can forgive me for not greeting you with this lowly kiss of mine~"

Chu~

"...I-I will if you give me another kiss on that same place, s-since your kisses feel so much more comfortable than whatever ice or medicine you can apply to that spot and makes it hurt so much less..." Camila shamelessly asked for another kiss with a flushed face while holding her hand like a queen, waiting for her most loyal knight to kiss her hand and show his allegiance.

Chu~

"As you wish my lady~" I said in a knightly manner and gave her hand another kiss, which made a smile leak out from her face when she was trying her best to stay composed and elegant like an actual queen.

"...And before you ask for another kiss, could you first tell me why you have all these plates of so many different types of dishes, from appetisers to deserts, on your dining table, Camila?"

I asked since she seemed like she was getting too full of herself and looked like she was going to ask me to kiss her hand again and again, knowing that I wouldn't refuse, and decided to divert her attention.

I then looked at her round dining table, which was full of white porcelain plates that were full of different dishes like enchiladas, tacos, pasta, fried chicken, pie, tempura, onion soup, schezwan noodles, etc, and all sorts of different food, to the extent that I could barely see the top of her dining table since it was full of food like she was preparing for a feast.

I thought that she made all this food because some guests were coming over to her house later, but who would've thought that it would be for a much more embarrassing reason that was caused by the shameful noises she heard last night from my house...

#### Chapter 195: Lewd Noises From Next Door

"Ah that!~" Camila said with a panicky look on her face. She then glanced at me, and then, to my surprise, sneaked looks at my crotch, while for some reason her face slowly turned a shade of red, like she had thought of something really embarrassing.

"...I-It's nothing really, and I just go on these cooking marathons every once in a while when I get in the mood and think of new dishes that I can make, and because of that, I made all these dishes that came to my mind without thinking about it too much."

"I would believe that since you seem like someone who would go into a cooking mania just because some new ideas popped in your head because of how good you are at cooking..." I complimented her skills, which made her look away in embarrassment.

"...But seeing how shaky and suspicious you look right now, and how you keep glancing at my crotch like you want to see just wants inside, I think there's some other reason as to why you cooked all these dishes that would've taken you all morning to make."

"N-No, it's nothing like that, Kafka...I just felt like cooking early in the morning, like I just said, and nothing else."

"That's really hard to believe when you keep on sneakily looking at my lower half..." I said as I covered myself since it felt like Camila was molesting me with those beautiful light blue eyes of hers that just couldn't resist and kept on looking below me like a pervert.

"...And if you don't tell me the actual reason as to why you woke up so early in the morning to make this buffet of food here, I'll just take my pants off to show you just what I've hidden inside here, like you want."

"F-Fine! I'll tell you!" Camila shouted in fright when she saw me get up and start to take my pants off. "...Just d-don't take out that massive thing in your pants and sully my kitchen, which I consider my sacred place!"

"Massive?" I asked with a suspicious look on my face as I sat myself back down in my seat. "How do you know that I'm packing quite the weight in my pants?...I don't ever remember showing it to you or telling you about it."

"...S-So it really is as big as I think it is?"

Camila hesitantly asked as her eyes slowly lowered down to my pants, as if she herself didn't know if what she was saying was true but was eager to find out.

"First answer my question as to why you know such a thing before you go on to ask how big the dong of the son of your next-door neighbour is..." I said as I snapped my fingers and made her focus on me instead of my crotch. "Or else I'll just assume that you have cameras planted in my house and think that you watched me take a bath naked."

"What?! There's no way I would do such a thing, Kafka!" She shouted, like she was offended that I would assume such a thing. "That's basically a crime I could go to jail for!"

"Well, with how fidgety your acting and how suspicious your gaze is, I wouldn't be surprised if you did actually do something illegal and are trying to hide it from me."

I said as I rested my arms on the dining table and stared at Camila, who was trying to stay as calm as she could be, even though there seemed to be something on her mind that she wanted to ask about.

"So before I report you to the cops and ask them to do an investigation on you, tell me what you did that made you wake up so early to make all these dishes, and I'll even help you to cover up the crime you did, as I would prefer to look at your beautiful face without any metal bars in front of it."



"...Well, first of all, it's not a crime or anything, and honestly, if I were to think about it, it's actually all your fault that I've been uneasy since the morning and couldn't sleep at all yesterday..." Camila stared at me like it was my fault that she was acting so wierd and threw all the blame on me when I had absolutely no idea what I did wrong.

"...But the reason as to why I made all these dishes in the morning and how I found out that you're very 'well developed' down there is because I heard the noises that came out of your house last night."

"Noises?...What noises?" I asked with a confused look on my face, wondering what exactly she was talking about so hesitantly, like it was a taboo topic that couldn't be spoken out in the open.

"Come on, Kafka!~ Don't act like you don't know what I'm talking about when it was so obnoxiously loud last night!~" Camila shyly nudged me with her shoulder, like she wanted me to stop acting like I didn't know when it was so obvious.

"You're lucky that your house is rather wide and doesn't have any house on either side other than the house opposite to yours, which is mine, or else there's no way you would be able to walk with your head held up the next day after making the entire neighbourhood listen to your performance last night."

"No, more like it's your mother that would be implicated the most since she was the one crying out so lewly like she was having unspeakable things done to her while she had no way to resist." Camila's eyes focused and her cheeks flushed as she recalled what she heard last night.

"I mean, I'm not even joking when I say that I thought of calling the police to your house, since I thought your mother was brutally being tortured or something, and I'm pretty sure someone else would've actually done it if they heard the horrendous cries I heard last night."

"But lucky for you and your mother, I already know just how much of a pervert you are and just how exactly you behave with your mother late in the night because of your 'exotic' relationship with her, so I didn't call the police on you and just wrapped my pillow around my head to stop all those lewd noises from entering my ear." Camila looked at me with an indignant look on her face, like she was telling me to be grateful for being such a good neighbour and partner, and she also looked a little angry that she lost her sleep because of me and my mother.

"So you heard all of what I did last night with my mother?" I asked with a peculiar look on my face, as I didn't expect my house to have such bad noise leakage to the extent that Camila next door got a full broadcast of what happened last night.

"Hmph!

It's not like I wanted to hear any of Abigail's lewd moans that were caused by you...But because her screams were so loud, almost as if she were crying out into a speaker, I had no choice but to listen to them while I lied in my bed." Camila glared at me and looked at me in disdain for torturing my poor mother the whole night and also for rubbing it in her face, by making her listen to the entire thing.

"How much of it did you hear?"

I asked as I caressed Camila's hand to make her cool down a bit since she seemed really angry right now and was rightful in being so, as she had just heard her new-found lover having a fling with another woman, and worse than that, she had to hear every cry that came from my mother's mouth so clearly, which must have felt so horrible for her.

"Everything I think...From the start to end." Camila said while looking at me hatefully, but seemed to be calming down after feeling her hand get gently massaged and stroked.

"It was fairly quiet at first, and I could only vaguely hear your mother cry out every once in a while...But it was after that, did it feel like all hell was let loose as I could hear your mother crying out for the rest of the night like she was a pig that was going to be slaughtered."

"Calling my mother a pig—that's not very nice, is it?" I off-handedly said with a sarcastic smile on my face, while thinking that it was probably when I started my second round with my mother that the noise levels went up.

"Well, making me lose all my sleep last night wasn't nice either!

A-And you really can't blame me for saying such a thing, as that was what it really sounded like last night...And just so you know, I'm not trying to insult your mother in any way by saying that, and I am pretty sure she would say the same as well if she heard me moaning like that!" Camila quickly said in a panic, realising that she had just insulted my mother, even though I knew that she really didn't mean anything by it and was worried that I would hate her for talking badly about my loved one.

She even went as far as to surrender herself to me for her mistake that I didn't even consider seriously and said while looking at me adorably with wide eyes, like she were asking for lenience from me for what she did,

"Umm....I hope you don't take to mind about what I said about Abigaille, Kafka, since I said it on a whim because I was so worked up...You can even call me a pig if you want if it makes you less angry at me, so I really hope you don't take what I said seriously~"

Seeing Camila pleading like this as if she was afraid that I was going to leave her just for a little joke honestly made me feel bad, as I was the one who was supposed to be begging her not to be agitated when she had just heard me bang someone else all night, when we had just started our relationship yesterday.

But I would very soon come to learn that she wasn't even the least bit angry or jealous that I had my dick in another women aside from her, like any other normal women back on Earth would if they found out that they were being cheated on, and to my shock, found that she actually got turned on by the sounds of my mother getting her insides filled up by her son because of her perverted nature that seemed to be into taboo relationships and was even doing something naughty while hearing all those lewd moans that came from my mother, which she would unintentionally reveal to me...

Chapter 196: How Open-Minded Can You Be?!

"Calm down, Camila...You don't need to go to such extents since I obviously know that you're simply joking and know that I'll never get serious over such silly things, so you really don't have to worry so much." I said to reassure her since she was so unnecessarily anxious about what she said, which wasn't strange since we had just started our relationship and were still at a stage where it was normal for her to always think that something could go wrong since she treasured it so much and didn't want to lose it for some dumb reason.

I then said with a smile on my face while thinking about my mother's voluptuous figure,

"And calling me mother a pig isn't that far off from the truth since she's got a lot of fatty meat all in the right places that I just can't help but want to take a bite out of."

"In fact, even you can be considered a little piggy too, with how fat these udders of yours are that look like two piglets are hiding in your chest..." I said as I stroked the outline of her breasts, which were clearly showing through her apron, like I was trying to see if she was trying to smuggle some piglets.

"I would've felt insulted if someone else had told me that and called me a fat pig so blatantly, even if it was my husband..." Camila narrowed her eyes and said, as she brushed my hand off her breast,

like it was a bug. "...But for some reason, when I hear it come out of your mouth, I just can't help but take that as a compliment and feel elated that you just called me a farm animal."

"Well, when you're as handsome as I am and as charming as one can be, even an insult would sound like sweet words of praise to you ladies~" I narcissistically said with a proud smile on my face, which made Camila roll her eyes, wondering why she even bothered speaking her true feelings to an egoist like me.

"Well, leaving that matter aside, I want to ask what you feel after knowing what my mother and I did last night, and hearing it firsthand for yourself." I asked directly since I didn't want to be wishy-washy with such matters, which could have horrible consequences in the future if not taken care of properly. ".. Are you angry?"

Or are you feeling sad?...Or are you even a bit jealous after what you just heard?"

"I want you to be honest with what you think at the moment, as it would be much more helpful for me to make adjustments in our relationship according to it, and I'm willing to take in any emotion you're feeling right now, as long as it's not vengeful hatred, so bad that it's making you want to push a knife through my heart..." I said as I felt a shiver run up my spine when I thought about the horrible fates of the many cases of men that were killed by their own women after they found out they were cheating back in my world.

But to my surprise, Camila didn't seem to be angry, sad, or jealous like I thought she would be, as she only simply asked with a confused look on her face,

"Angry?...Why should I be angry? Did you do anything that I should be angry about, that I don't know off?"

"You're asking me why you shouldn't be angry at me when I just slept with another woman after just starting a new relationship with you?" I asked with a dumfounded look on my face, as Camila genuinely seemed to be confused about what was going on. "I-I mean, isn't that really wrong and something I shouldn't have done since I'm basically betraying your feelings?"

"How are you betraying my feelings when you've already told me that you have a rather b-bizzare relationship with your mother?..." Camila blushed at the fact that the woman we were talking about was my own mother, which she was still a bit confused at what to think about.

"If it was some other random woman that you hadn't told me about before and tried to hide from me, then I'm pretty sure that I would have certain feelings towards it."

"But since you've already said that you're in a certain type of relationship with your mother, I don't really see any problem with it since it's normal to show your I-love to your partners, as embarrassing and passionate as it may be..." Camila's face flushed even more as she fidgeted with her hands, remembering just how I showed my love to my mother.

"Wait, so you're saying that as long as I tell you that I have another partner incoming into the family, you wouldn't say anything against it and would openly accept that woman with open arms?!" I asked with a look of absurdity on my face, as I already knew that polygamy was legal in this world, but I didn't think it was openly accepted to the extent that even a proud lady like Olivia didn't mind if her man had multiple women on his side.

"Of course, Kafka, wouldn't it be better for both me, you, and our entire family if you had more women by your side?" Camila casually dropped another bomb that made my eyes go wide at how absurd it sounded, and I needed a solid minute to process what I just heard.

I wanted to ask how in the world would having a harem be beneficial for her, as there was clearly a piece of the puzzle that I was missing here that is linked to this world's tradition that would make what she said much more sense to me. But I honestly couldn't handle any more reality-breaking facts about this world and its abnormal traditions, so I decided to ask that some other time.

"Well, even if you're not mad that I was with someone else last night, you have to be furious that you had to listen to the racket last night, right?"

I asked, trying to find a reason for her to vent her anger at me since it really felt weird that she was so understanding and made me feel like a horrible person for doing what I did with no consequences in the end, and I felt like I needed to be reprimanded for what I did in some way for my satisfaction.

"Like there's no way you can stay calm after hearing just what I did to my mother last night, and it must have felt horrible for you, like you were witnessing your partner be with someone else right in front of you."

"No, not really, as in the future we would all hopefully be living in the same house as family, and it's inevitable that someone in the household would see or hear you do something lewd to someone else, whether it's me, your mother, or even someone else, because of how horny you are, so I really don't mind and just choose to ignore it as it's quite normal when your partner has multiple women to

himself." Camila said in a steady manner like she had already planned the rest of our family's life together from start to finish, which took me back even more at how accepting and mature she was about the whole situation and made me remember just how bold her personality was ever since I first met her.

"...But even though I say I don't mind, I was still agitated that I wasn't able to sleep properly with all the lewd noises coming from next door and was a little angry at you for disturbing my sleep." Camila glared at me with a mocking smile on her face, which made me look away in guilt.

"...And because of all those debaucherous moans I was hearing from Abigaille, I almost lost control of myself and almost repeated what I did yesterday, which I would surely regret if I actually did."

"Do what?" I asked as I looked at Camila, who realised that she had spoken out her thoughts to her surprise and looked like she deeply regretted saying such a thing. "What did you almost do that you would've definitely regretted?"

"...And don't even try to lie to me, as it's quite obvious when you're lying since you're a horrible liar just like my mother, and I'll warn you that I have my own ways of bringing the truth out that I've tried on my mother, which I'm pretty sure you wouldn't want happening, unless you want your kitchen's floor to turn wet like yesterday..." I threatened as I placed my hand on her thigh and slowly slid it up her leg, making my way up to her secret place, to her shock and embarrassment.

"Fine! Fine!

I'll say the truth, so don't you dare do anything that might make me wet myself again, as only I know just how hard it is to wipe that viscous fluid off the ground like I did yesterday!" Camila exclaimed and placed her hand on top of mine to stop it, while I thought in my head that I also knew the struggle she went through yesterday since I also cleaned up my mother's liquids and knew how difficult it was to get rid of because of how sticky it was.

She then looked up at me with pleading eyes and said,

"I-I'll tell you what you want to know, but promise me that you won't make fun of me after I say it."

I simply crossed my heart to show my promise to her, which seemed to be more than enough to make her let out a sigh of relief.

Chapter 197: Closet Pervert

She then looked up at me in a hesitant manner as her eyes roamed everywhere in shame at what she almost did, and while pulling on the hems of her apron, she meekly said,

"Well, at first, when I heard your mother's moans pop up late in the night, I was shocked at what I was hearing, and then, after realising what was going on, I became angry that you guys were having fun with one another, at the cost of my beauty sleep."

"But after trying my best to ignore the lewd noises and failing to do so in the end, I simply chose to accept that it was some kind of annoying background sound and tried to go to sleep...B-But who would've thought that while hearing Abigaille cry out like she was having the time of her life, my hands would unconsciously go towards that place, and I almost started p-playing with myself and almost did exactly what I did after hearing Abigaille's moans of sheer ecstasy..." Camila looked away in a meek manner while her face was bright red when she saw me staring at her with a flabbergasted look on my face, not believing that she was perverted enough to pleasure herself to her lover playing around with another woman, who, to make matters worse, was my own mother.

"B-But don't get me wrong, as I only almost repeated what I did yesterday and didn't actually do anything, since the moment I felt my cold hands touch that place, I woke up and realised what I was about to do in shame and immediately got out of bed so that I wasn't tempted once again!"

Camila hurriedly said to make her case sound better, which honestly didn't, because of how deviant her actions were, which made me realise just how much of a closet pervert she was, even though she looked like a graceful and kind lady who you would never associate with such vulgar habits.

"That's why I went to the kitchen so early in the morning and started cooking whatever I could think of so that I could distract myself from the lewd noises I was hearing, which was making me think of bad thoughts that I should never have since it would make me out to be a vulgar and perverted woman."

"And you think that you aren't one after admitting to playing with yourself while hearing me play with my mother?" I asked with an amused smile on my face, as it was quite intriguing to see such an elegant lady reveal herself to be quite the deviant, which made her look down in shame for her actions and what she did.

"I already know that you're quite the pervert, Camila, no matter how you try to deny it because of all the lewd things you've done until now, like playing with yourself while listening to me rail my mother or making yourself squirt while hearing about the things I did with my mother late in the night..." Camila looked like she wanted to defend herself and say that I was wrong, but she had

nothing to back it up and had all the evidence against her, so she could only hang her head in shame.

"...But I want to know just how much of a pervert you are by answering this single question honestly."

"Tell me, did you start to feel certain feelings and do something you almost regretted when you simply thought that it was a man and woman having the time of their lives next door and got off to that?" I leaned forward towards her and asked while holding her hand so that she couldn't run away because of how embarrassed she was.

"...Or did you start to enjoy it when you thought that it was me, your partner, that was sticking his dick in another woman while you just listened on the sidelines?..." Camila looked like she wanted to cover her ears to stop herself from hearing my dirty words, but she couldn't since I was holding her hand.

"...Or worse of them all, did you almost start to play with yourself once you thought that it wasn't simply two people having a spicy night together, but an incestuous mother and son couple who were having a taboo experience of exploring each other's bodies, which triggered something in your mind that made you so excited that you went to fiddle with your lower lips to release that very excitement you were feeling at the moment?"

I gave my final theory as to what happened and then sat back on my chair as I watched and waited for Camila, who was too embarrassed to even look up at me to answer my question.

Camila did her best to try and look at me, but the shame of what she did got to her, and she didn't even dare to lift her head since she was dying of embarrassment on the inside because she understood just how perverted her thoughts and actions were.

But since I was still waiting on her answer and she looked quite impatient, she chose not to speak and simply lifted her hand up and held out three fingers that were trembling because of the humiliation she was going through at the hands of a boy who wasn't even half her age.

"Three fingers...So I'm presuming your saying the third option, where you imagined a son and mother going at it raw, while their naked and sweaty bodies clashed into one another and used that to fling your tiny little bean." I slowly said with a grin on my face as I slid my hand across her pants to where her crotch was and used the tip of my middle finger to push into the area where her clitoris was.



"Hmm!~" Camila let out a yelp when she felt her clit get pushed into her skin through her clothes, which sent a tingle through her body and quickly grabbed my hand so that I couldn't go any further.

Nod~

She then timidly looked up at me with watery eyes, like a pityful little rabbit that was begging to not be bullied anymore, and gave a little nod of her head, confirming that she was one hell of a pervert that got off to incestuous relationships, which put a big smile on my face since things got a whole lot interesting now that I knew her fetishes, and I wondered just how she would react if she saw me banging my mother right in front of her.

If just hearing what happened in the bedroom was enough to turn her on so much, I could just imagine how much of a slobbering mess her secret garden would turn into if she saw it live in front of her...

Chapter 198: Let The Dogs Gnaw On Bones

"Just look how cute you are with these chubby little cheeks of yours that puff out like marshmallows~...No one would ever think of such an adorable lady as an atrocious pervert who gets off to incestuous relationships." I said as I pulled her cheeks, which were so soft and squishy to touch, like a ball of dough.

"...D-Do you like me less after knowing that I'm such a type of woman that does abnormal things that can't be said aloud, Kafka?" Camila said as if she was disappointed in herself for her actions, as she reluctantly let me pull her cheeks.

"I wouldn't blame you if you said that you did, as I myself am ashamed of what I did and can't believe that it took me all these years to figure out how perverted I was."

"Well, thank God you figured it out now, since rather than a woman who has basic tendencies, I find ladies who are much more extravagant and wild to my liking." I said as I caressed her cheeks, while she looked at me in surprise, not expecting my reaction to go in her favour.

"...Especially a wonderful lady like you who's not only not as pretty as a peach and charming as a graceful swan, but also one hell of a pervert who must be quite fun in bed because of how deviant you are."

"I just can't help but fall in love with you more than I already was every second I'm with you, and I'm scared that you're going to take all the love I have, not leaving any for anyone else..." I said as I stared into her ocean blue eyes that twinkled like the stars, while she couldn't help but look at me shyly with her cheeks flushed like a girl who was experiencing true love for the first time in her life.

"W-What about our children?...Even if it's not for anyone else, you have to share your love with them, right, or else they'll get mad at their mother for hogging all of your love." Camila said timidly as she slowly slid her hands into mine and looked at me dearly, with a loving and tender gaze in her eyes.

"You're right!" I nodded my head, like it made sense. "I can't let the kids grow up while having a grudge against their mother for not sharing their father with them, so I'll have to share the love I have for you to make it all balanced, if that's fine with you."

"I can already see the love you have for me radiating out of your eyes, and I'm scared that any more will make you go crazy for me, so I think it's better if you share it with the kids~" Camila joked and giggled with a satisfied look on her face, not expecting there to be a day where she would have such a pleasant and enjoyable morning with someone else, when she was used to mornings where she was always stressing or worrying about something in her life.

"Well, Camila, even if I have to share my love that I have for you with our children, who I'm pretty sure will all be as cute as you, you don't have to feel down about it too much since I'll just replace all that love you lost to our greedy kids with my lust for you and keep you satisfied with that!~" I said with a lecherous glint in my eye and pounced on Camila's pale white neck, which looked so frail, to give her supple skin a good suck.

"Hyaa!~" She let out a moan as she felt the familiar sensation of my lips on her body from yesterday and held me by my hair to push me away before I left a mark on her neck. "G-Greedy? If there's anyone who deserves to be called greedy, then that person is definitely you, with how you take every opportunity to lay your hands on me."

"And rather than using your mouth to suck on my neck like an awfully charming vampire, why don't you put it to actual use and try to eat as much food as you can since there's no way I can finish all of this by myself, and I don't want any of it to go to waste?" Camila said as she finally managed to pull me away from her neck, but she still wasn't quick enough since I had already left a purple mark on her neck that was starting to show through her transparent skin.

"Food?! Did you just say food?!" I suddenly looked up and said with an avid look in my eyes, like a dog who had just heard its owner taking out their leash to go out for a walk.

"Yes, Kafka darling~ There's food right by your side and there's plenty of it, so you don't have to be scared that someone is going to steal it from you since it's all yours~" Camila said with an amused smile on her face as she petted my head like an actual dog, finding it funny at how excited I was at the mention of food and really loved how simple I was as a man who was expressive with his feelings, unlike her husband, who acted like a grouch all the time.

There were three things in this world and every other one out there that I loved the most and that were the reason I wake up every day with a bright smile on my face.

They were mature older women that had aged like fine wine, little kids that I just couldn't help but adore because of how innocent they were, and finally, a good meal that nourished both the body and heart.

They were the holy trifacta that made me feel happy to be alive even in the darkest of times and gave me motivation to stay alive in the most dangerous moments, since I wouldn't be able to enjoy all three the very next day if I simply gave up and died, so it was quite reasonable that I had such an exaggerated reaction at the mention of food...Especially the food made by Camila, which was bound to be Godly.

"You can eat as much as you can, but you really don't have to force yourself like I said since there's way too much food on the table for a single person to indulge in." Camila said as she got up and plated the dishes for me, making sure to put some of everything on the plate so that I could have a thorough experience of all the dishes she made.

"I'll just store the rest of the leftovers in the fridge or give them out to the doggies that roam around the park nearby, since they always seem to be hungry for something when I go there and always make me bring treats for them."

"What? You want to let the dogs eat your food?" I said with a look of absurdity on my face, like I found it a major waste that such tasty dishes would be spoiled on a bunch of pups who'd be satisfied with a couple of bones.

"As much as I love dogs, there's no way I'm sharing the food you made with them...I'll even get them a couple of pounds of raw steak if you want to, but there's not a chance in hell I'm giving them a crumb of what you made!"

Camila stared at me with a dumbfounded look on her face, not believing that I was actually fighting for food with a bunch of stray dogs, while I boldly stood by my statement, ready to fend off any puppy that was trying to take my freshly made garlic bread away...

Chapter 199: How Could You Do This To Me?

"Stop being childish, Kafka. There's no way you can eat all this food by yourself." Camila chided me in a rather solemn manner while handing me the cutlery and filling my glass full, which made it seem like she was treating me like her beloved son, whom she spoiled at the moment, rather than her partner.

"Even the professional eaters I saw on TV would struggle to finish off half of the feast I made today, so there's no way you can finish all this in one go without rupturing your stomach."

"Not to mention how fat most of those trained professionals are while you're skinny as a stick and look like you would get full after eating a slice of bread." Camila made fun of me in an amused manner while poking my body to see if there was any fat or muscle there, and she was surprised when she felt that I felt rather sturdy and hard all over, which she didn't expect since I looked quite skinny because of my pale skin, which made my muscles less defined.

"That's simply because those guys are eating the average and basic food made in restaurants." I said as my eyes roamed around the rather large plate, searching for what my first dish of the morning was going to be.

"If they got to taste the delicacies you make, then I'm sure that they'd be setting up new records by indulging in your absolutely delicious dishes, which would cause lines to form if they were sold."

"You and your sweet mouth, that just can't stop saying nice things about me and whatever I do!~" Camila said in embarrassment as she slapped my shoulder in a fluster, elated that she had found someone who praised her for even the smallest achievements she made and made her feel so special inside. "You haven't even tasted the dishes on the table yet, and you're already making comments about it~"

"First have a bite yourself, and then tell me if you really think that it's as good as you imagined..." She nudged me forward to have a bite, excited that she was going to watch me eat the food she was so proud of for the first time and also a bit nervous that I might not like it.

"The aroma itself is enough to tell me how good it's going to be..." I said as I brought a spoonful of creamy risotto near my nose to take a whiff of its rich flavour.

"Bon appetite~" I said as I took my first bite while Camila anxiously looked at me, chewing and tasting her food with an anxious look on her face, awaiting my response.

It was only after I thoroughly tasted every grain of rice and melted cheese in the dish and swallowed it all down that I reacted to her dish.

Clang!~

But it wasn't the type of reaction Camila was expecting, as I didn't simply say if I liked it or not, and to her surprise, I flung my spoon onto the plate and turned to look at Camila with a solemn look on my face, like she had something severely wrong that needed reprimanding.

Camila immediately started panicking when she saw my gaze land on her and turned to look at the risotto I ate, like she was wondering just where she screwed up so badly that it was making me stare at her like I was blaming her for all the struggles I had in my life.

"Camila..." I called out her name in a heavy manner, which made her heart jump in fright, as she had never heard me talk to her so seriously before and was genuinely scared about what I was going to say.

"W-What is it, Kafka?" She timidly asked while looking at me with a careful gaze.

"You said that you loved me, right?...That seeing me made you feel the sparks of love and desire for the first time in your life?" I asked while using the fork to slowly stab the risotto, which crumbled at every poke.

"I do and I still do, and there's no doubt about that!" Camila said to quickly prove her love for me since it seemed like I was doubting it and even went as far as to say, "I love you so much that even the sight of you this morning made me feel all giddy and excited inside, making me want to jump into your embrace just so that I can get a whiff of your scent!"

"I see...So you love me that much." I slowly said which made her ears turn red at her bold proclamation. "...But even though you say all that and say you love me with all your heart, why did you feed me food like this that no one with good intentions in mind would give to another person they loved?"

"W-Why do you say that?! Is it really that bad?!" Camila exclaimed in a horrified manner and wondered if she had used spoiled ingredients to make the risotto.

"Bad?...Yes, it's very bad...Very bad for me and my livelihood as a whole, almost as if you're trying to sabotage my life..." I said as I scooped up another spoon and stared at it like it was poison, while Camila was shocked at my statement and looked like she was going to cry because of how horribly I was rating her food.

"I mean, you're basically trying to kill me as a person who enjoys eating delicacies to the extent that it's one of the reasons I choose to live every day by giving me food so atrociously good that I won't be able to eat anything else from now on without thinking that it's quite bland compared to what you make."

"I'm really sorry, Kafka...I-I don't know what I did for you to hate it that much, but I promise you when I say that I usually don't cook like this and am usually proud of the dishes I make...I don't know what happened today, and I must have added too much of something or-..." Camila was about to go on a rant, saying that she normally makes really good food and was even about to go and make another risotto to prove herself and her skills, but stopped when she realised what I had just said.

She then looked at me with a perturbed expression on her face and asked with a hopeful look in her eyes,

"Wait...Does that mean you actually like my dish?...You like it so much that you're blaming me for ruining your future experiences with food?"

"What else, Camila?!~" I asked with a tragic look on my face, like I had committed a deep sin that was going to haunt me for the rest of my life. "When you make a dish so good that a single bite of it makes me feel like I've accomplished everything in life and that there's nothing left to do, I really don't know if I should thank you for giving me that experience or blame you for it."

"I mean, I feel like crying knowing that I won't ever be able to eat anything that's better than the single bite of risotto I had today, and I feel like I have skipped the joys of the journey ahead and gone straight to the final destination, which was Nirvana..." I said while contemplating my life's decisions and whether or not I should've eaten that forbidden fruit, as I wasn't even exaggerating right now when I said that it was the best plate of food I've ever had in my entire life.

And all it took was a single bite for me to feel all these emotions, so you could only imagine how I was going to feel after tasting everything else.

I even started to suspect if she was given an ability by the Gods to infuse her food with such rich flavour and turn such a simple dish into a heavenly delicacy, since she was a candidate in this trial...

#### Chapter 200: Gratitude And Appreciation

"Oh, thank God it was just that!~" Camila let out a deep sigh of relief as she clutched her chest. "I thought for a second that I accidentally added bleach instead of cream and rotten meat while making the dish for you to have such a horrid reaction...I was even about to cry out, thinking that I served you something spoiled for your first meal in my house."

"The one who should be crying is me, since after today I really am going to struggle to enjoy any other food that isn't made by you..." I melancholy said as I ate another spoon of her rich and creamy risotto with cubed pieces of fatty pork and salty mushrooms, and I almost moaned out because of how delicious it was.

"Is my food really as good as you say?"

Camila asked expectantly as she saw me eating her food with conflicted eyes and a concerned look on my face, not knowing what to make of it.

"Are you really not exaggerating to make me feel better about myself and the food I made, like you always do, Kafka?"

"First of all, I never exaggerate and overact at whatever you do, since whatever my Camila does will always be top-tier in my eyes and make me want to scream out praise for you since you deserve it all." I said, which made her shyly bump shoulders with me after being unable to handle my obsession for her and made her feel as if there was nothing in the world that she couldn't accomplish when she had such a loud and devout supporter by her side.

"...And second of all, even if you don't believe me, you can still trust the other people who've eaten your food quite often, like your family, since I'm pretty sure that they also would've had the same reactions as me and thanked you after every single meal for creating such wonderful delicacies for them every day."

"Oh...Well, about that..." Camila gave an awkward smile and looked at the other two seats on the table, which were probably for the rest of her family, with a rather crestfallen look on her face. "My daughter and husband never really say anything about the food after eating their fill and would just go in their own ways, leaving me to clean the dishes by myself."

"The only time they would ever speak about my food was when they would tell me what they wanted me to make them the next day and also when they had complaints about the food, like it was too sweet or spicy for them, so I'm not used to getting any praise or compliments for my food..." She said as she remembered the nights where she would be waiting for any comments from her family on the dishes she made with all her effort and hard work, only to be ignored and not get a single word of praise to her disappointment.

"That's why, even though I know the food I make is quite tasty and am quite proud of my skills that I've honed all throughout these years, I'm still insecure about what other people think about my food, which is the reason why I couldn't easily believe that you like the dishes that I make so much..."

Camila said as she looked up at me with a rather pityful and desolate smile on her face, which immediately made me wrap my hands around her and give her the warm hug she needed at the moment, while caressing her back to console her for what she had been going through all these years at the hands of those ungrateful wenches she had been calling family.

Hug!~

"Listen to me, Camila..." I said in a caring and protective tone as I pulled her in closer to me.

"I don't know what your family said about your food in the past or how cruelly they treated you after you put so much effort into making them meals that would make them happy, but I promise you that this simple risotto dish you've made today is the tastiest thing that has ever touched my tongue to this date...And this praise is coming from the world's best reviewer when it comes to delicacies, so you should be proud that you were able to impress someone as hard to impress as me and know from now on that your food is the best in both worlds, since I said so."

Camila giggled even though she was also tearing up from my words when she shamelessly heard me calling myself and her food the best in the world without any regard for the actual five-star restaurants out there and their award-winning dishes.

I then let her go and said, while looking at her face, where there was a slight smile forming from successfully cheering her up,

"And know that there won't be a single day from now on that I won't praise the dishes you make, and I'll even make sure that the whole world knows about your hidden talent, if I have to."



"Really?...You'll even praise me if I bring some mud from the garden, mould it into the shape of a cake, give it to you, and call it a chocolate fudge cake?" Camila asked with a sly look on her face to put me in a tough spot while wiping the tears from the corners of her eyes.

"Of course, Camila!~ I would without a doubt still thank you for it!~"

I said with a genuine look on my face, which surprised her.

"As even though it may not taste the best, you still put in the effort to dig the soil out of the ground, mould it into shape no matter how dirty it is, and present it to me with some intention in mind...So even though I may not be able to eat it, I'll still thank you for your efforts and appreciate all that you have done or will do for me in the past and future, respectively, and simply think of it as a joke to lighten the mood and thank you for making me laugh."

"Dammit, Kafka!~ Here I'm trying to tease you and make it difficult for you to see you panic, and here you are effortlessly turning the tables on me and making me fall for you even more!~" Camila exclaimed in anger and covered her face in frustration, while I could still see her cheeks slowly turning a bright shade of red and her legs below that were swinging around in an excited manner.

"You might as well be the son of the God of Love with how easily you sway my heart in your direction and make me feel all giddy inside like a little girl whenever you speak!~"

[The God of Love Amora wishes what she said were true and finds it's a pity that you were born to Lady Vanitas and not her, as she surely would've spoiled you rotten up here in the Heavenly Axis] Evageline's voice rang in my ear, which made me wonder if Lady Amora was looking to adopt, since I wouldn't mind another mother when I already have three of them...