

God of Milfs 211

Chapter 211: Rice Goes Well With Curry

"What's wrong, Kafka?...Why are you hesitating so much when you were the one who asked for such a dirty favour?" Camila asked when she saw me looking at her with a thoughtful gaze, like I was thinking about something important, since she had expected me to lunge at her the moment she agreed to me eating of her breasts and was surprised that I wasn't already sucking on her udders and was in a thoughtful daze.

She then gave me a wily smile and said, in a teasing manner,

"Don't tell me the great Kafka who fears no woman is actually someone who's all talk and no action when it actually comes to the matter at hand~"

"Well, you already know that's not true if you think about what happened yesterday and who exactly gave you that tattoo on your back that you were probably admiring while taking a bath and changing your clothes..." I said, which made her blush, as what I had predicted was correct, and there were several moments yesterday and even today morning where she couldn't help but pull her dress up and see the Camilla flower painting on her back since it was too pretty to not admire at all times.

"...And it's not like I'm hesitating or anything, and I'm simply wondering if I should add some rice on top of the curry on your chest for a better eating experience." I said while looking at the bowl of rice on the corner, which made Camila jump up in surprise.

"Rice?!...You want to add rice to this mess?!" Camila asked in shock while looking down at her chest, which was covered in thick curry. "Why would you want to do such a thing?!"

"Of course it's because rice goes well with curry and balances out the flavour and texture...One being aromatic and spicy, while the other is fluffy and bouncy." I said as a matter of fact while looking down on her for not knowing such a simple thing, even though she calls herself a decent chef. "I have to mix up those two to get the best experience."

"No, not today!" Camila immediately denied my request with a strict look on her face. "I'll cook you another batch of rice and curry some other day, so make due with the curry on my chest for now, as even the curry itself feels so weird to be sliding across my skin, and I could only imagine how it would be if you added rice to it."

"So you want me to eat it like a thick broth or soup?" I asked.

"You can eat it, suck on it, or do whatever you want, as long as you don't add any rice to it." Camila hurriedly said and felt ashamed at what she said when she realised just how dirty she sounded. "...J-Just get it over with as quickly as you can, or else I'm afraid that it will start to dry up and make my breasts taste like curry forever, no matter how I try to wash them."

"Well, I wouldn't really mind that, as I can just suck on your tits if I have a craving for curry in the middle of the night, instead of getting up and making it..." I said, which made Camila pray that the flavour didn't stick or else she didn't know how she would live with me sucking on her flavoured breasts all the time.

I then gestured to Camila to sit on the edge of the dining table since it would be much easier for her to balance the curry on her chest while sitting, which she did in a hesitant manner as she couldn't believe that the same place her family had been using to eat their dinner for so many years would also become the same place her next-door neighbour would be cleaning the curry on her chest with his tongue.

"W-Wait, why are you spreading my legs?!"

Camila cried out in a panic when she saw me spreading her legs that were closed and standing right in between them, with her chest right up against mine since the table was quite tall.

"I don't remember allowing you to do such i-inappropriate things to me so soon and only said you clean the mess off my chest!~"

"I'm not doing anything like that and am simply getting a little closer to you, so that it would be more convenient for me to reach your chest." I said while feeling the sensation of her plump thighs trying to squish my legs that were in between them, like she was trying to stop me from moving forward and doing anything obscene to her.

I then looked at her with narrowed eyes, which gave her a fright, and while stroking her soft thighs that were trying to squeeze me to death, I said,

"...So unless you want me to forcefully spread your legs to an angle that you didn't even know your body could stretch to and then ram my own personal 'turkey baster' inside of you and fill you up like a Thanksgiving chicken, stop trying to resist and push me out."

Camila didn't know what Thanksgiving was, but she did know what a turkey baster was and what it did to turkeys, so out of horror that such an atrocious fate might happen to her, she loosened her legs up and obediently spread them wide open for me.

"Now, that's much better, my sweet Camila~"

I said while rubbing her thighs like I was praising her for following what I said like the good girl she was, which made her blush and wonder why she felt elated deep down when she heard praise from the same person who just threatened to do horrendous things to her for not following what he said.

She was sure that if her husband had said the same thing, she would've smashed his head with the porcelain plate next to her, but when the neighbour next door did the same thing, she actually wanted to embrace him because of how hot her loins felt at the moment she heard his derogatory words, which made her realise how crazy a person can become for the other when they were in love.

Chapter 212: Secret Garden On Fire

"Now, could you please lift up your top a little and show me your abdomen since I want to check something before I proceed any further." I said and noticed that her legs were spread much wider than they were needed, which made it seem like she was tempting me to do something else.

"W-What are you going to check, Kafka?" Her hands unconsciously went to pull up her clothes, like I had put a spell on her that made her body follow whatever I said.

But she stopped herself when she remembered that she was a proud woman who should hold herself with dignity and continued saying, "If it's for something that's not necessary and simply to satisfy your desires, I won't do it no matter how much you threaten me."

She put up a resistance so that she didn't completely lose out to me, but she looked like she herself doubted her own words and wondered if she could hold out against me.

"I was going to ask you to lift up your top to see if any of the oily curry had leaked down to your belly, as it would be quite bad for you if it went any further than that and dripped all the way to the

secret area below that was basically an open wound, which I'm pretty sure you wouldn't enjoy if something so spicy touched it."

"...But since you're so adamant on not doing what I say, I guess we can just wait it out and see if all that spicy oil reaches your secret garden or not since it would be quite obvious with the way you're going to be dancing around like you got ants in your pants if it did." I said with a smile on my face, like I was ready to watch a good show of her running around to put some frozen peas on her burning pussy.

The moment Camila heard what might happen if she stalled any longer, she didn't hesitate for a second and immediately pulled up her top until her entire pale white belly was revealed, along with her delicate naval that sank inward.

"Hurry up, Kafka!~ Check if any of the curry has reached that place!~...I don't want to spend the rest of the day holding a pack of frozen peas on my crotch to cool my burning vagina down, so quickly give me a check down there~" Camila shouted in a panic while biting down on the hem of her top to keep it up, and she tried to look at her belly below to see if there was any curry there.

But because her breasts were so large, they were in the way, and she couldn't see anything other than the puddle on top, so she could only look at me with a pityful look in her eyes, like she was begging me to do her a favour.

"I thought you didn't want to pull up your top...Why are you suddenly pulling it up so much that even the bottom of your bra is showing when you were so reluctant earlier?" I grinned at her pathetic state, where she was exposing most of her pale body, which looked so soft and squishy all over with teary eyes that looked like they were going to cry at any moment.

"Where did Miss 'I won't negotiate with terrorists' and 'won't be threatened at all costs' go?"

"Stop it, Kafka!~ Stop playing with me and help me out!~ I won't argue anymore and will obediently do what you say, so quickly help me out since only I know how many spices I put in that curry and I don't want any of it going near such a sensitive place!~" Camila cried out while using her hands to wipe her belly, but she still wanted me to check if she missed a spot that could be detrimental for her if it dripped down.

"If you don't, I'll just strip down and run to the shower, no matter how humiliating it is for me!~"

"Calm down, Camila...You don't have to do anything like that, since luckily your belly button managed to hold onto all the spicy red oil that flowed down from between your cleavage and stopped it there like a pit trap." I said as I stared at her deep navel, which was doing God's work and managed to perfectly catch all the oil that had flowed down and was currently full of a bright red liquid that was probably so flavorful with the amount of spice in it.

"I was only playing around with you, knowing that you weren't in obvious danger, or else I would've helped you out the moment you pulled up your top." I laughed to make light of the situation, which Camila wasn't accepting at all, and made her stare at me like she wanted to choke me for scaring her so much.

"...But at the same time, since you rubbed your belly before I could even properly check, the oil could've already dripped down to your underwear without any sign of it showing, and it's only a matter of time before you feel something down there."

Just when she was starting to calm down, I said something else, which frightened her again, so that I could play a little prank on her and entertain the Gods up above before I went to the main request since the Gods wanted to watch an interesting show with the requests they give instead of me simply finishing the tasks given.

"Then what am I supposed to do?!... Should I just take my pants off for you to check?!" Camila asked in a fluster and looked like she was about to strip down, as embarrassing as it was for her.

"No, you don't have to do anything, and I can check myself without getting you all naked in your kitchen." I said while grabbing her hand that was going to pull down her pants. "...But I can only do so if you let me do so."

"Just do it! Do whatever you want as long as it stops that damn curry from reaching my vagina!~" Camila exclaimed in a desperate manner and gave me the go-ahead sign to do whatever I wanted. "As long as I don't get a curry-flavoured flower, you can do whatever it takes to keep my secret place safe!~"

Camila could've just taken off her pants and wiped any liquid that was approaching her nether region from the small spaces in between, but since she was wearing rather tight jeans that stuck to her skin, it would've taken a lot of effort to take them off, and she was scared all that movement would make the oil move faster down her waist, so she panicked and asked me to help her out.

But she quickly ended up regretting that decision and would've preferred taking her clothes, even if it meant stripping naked in front of me, after seeing what I was doing as an alternative.

I didn't use any conventional way of checking, like seeing if the top of her blue jeans were stained by the dripping oil or by pulling down her pants a little to check for any paths of leaking curry, like she thought I would, and to her surprise, she saw me slide my hand into her pants, reaching a dense forest that existed below...

Chapter 213: Taste Test

Slide~

First, I slid the tip of my fingers into her waistband while feeling her warm tummy on my palm, which made her think that I was trying to pull her pants to see if there was any stain.

But she quickly realised that she was wrong when she felt more of my hand going into her tight pants until finally half of my hand was on her crotch region; just above the open slit below and right on top of her bush, which was covered by a silky fabric.

"Haughh!~"

Camila looked with her eyes wide in shock as her cheeks flushed red when she felt her puffy bush that she had been growing, being patted by my fingers over her panties like I was petting a fluffy pet.

She was about to pull my hand out in a fluster to stop the shameful thing I was doing with her while she sat on top of the place she ate her meals, but stopped when she realised that the safety of her pussy was on the line here, and even though she was embarrassed at having her overgrown bush feelled up by me, she decided to ensure what I was doing no matter what it was to ensure the safety of her two lower lips.

After patting Camila's thick pubic hair through her underwear to her dismay, I thought it was enough playing and decided to go right for the source, as I pulled my hand back a little and slid it right back in, only this time it wasn't over her underwear but into it where her crotch was exposed.

"Hnn!~"

Camila jerked up, and she grabbed my chest in a fluster when she felt the soft, fatty skin underneath her pubic region get touched by the tips of my cold fingers. She looked like she wanted to cry out in shame when she felt her pubic hair, which felt rather soft and silky, just like my mother's, get tossed around in her underwear.

"S-Stop, Kafka!~...Hnnn!~...Don't put your hand in there!~...Haaa!~"

My fingers didn't simply move around in an erratic manner while they were playing around with the fur she had beneath them, but were actually moving further down until they reached the area right above her lower lips, then pushed down into her flesh, and then were pulled back up again while maintaining contact with her skin, like I was trying to plough fields on the land where her luscious bush grew using my fingers.

"Haaa!~...No!~..Aughh!~...Not there, Kafka!~...Hmmm!~"

I also did this repeatedly, like I was trying to massage the area above her pussy, which confused Camila as to what I was doing.

But even if she had no idea what was going in her pants, she did understand that she was currently going through intense pleasure from having her pubes combed by my fingers and was moaning out with her head rested back and her chest that was covered in curry stuck out.

"Hnnnn!~...I-I feels so weird!~...Nnnn!...It feels so weird down there!~...Aughhh!~"

The feeling of her sensitive regions getting dug into by my fingers and then slowly dragged across her puffy flesh, almost as if it were helping her scratch an itch down there, was making her clutch onto the edges of the table for dear life, and I could even feel her moving her waist back and forward because of the tingling sensation she was feeling down there.

"Stop it, Kafka!~...Hmm!~...T-This not what I asked you to do!~...Hyaaa!~....If you keep doing this, I might do something that I really regret, so please stop K-Kafka since I don't want to ruin my kitchen floor as well!~"

Camila moaned out in a distraught manner, unable to handle the pangs of pleasure from just having her pubic region stroked. She wasn't lying when she said that she might do something shameful, since I could feel my fingers touch something wet whenever I touched the top of her pussy and could even feel how hard her clitoris was whenever I grazed.

I had already finished doing what I wanted to do, and I didn't want her to make a mess like she did yesterday, so I quickly pulled my hand out of her pants, which made Camila pant in relief, like she had escaped a great danger.

But she also looked at me with a certain reluctance in her eyes, like a part of her wanted me to finish what I started, which was a rather interesting sight to look at when she was so reluctant before.

And then, just when she thought that the worst of it was over and she could relax her nerves, I shocked her once more when I looked at my fingers that had rubbed against her forest. And then, after seeing where it was the wettest from the sweat she had accumulated down there, I gave my fingers a small lick and chapped my lips like I was having a taste of her bodily fluids.

Lick~

Camila trembled at the sight, and she couldn't believe what she was witnessing, her face looking as bright as a ripe tomato at the moment at having her next-door neighbour have a taste of what her body's essence near her nether region tasted like.

"Good for you, Camila~ It seems like none of that spicy oil reached all the way down there, and you don't have to worry about your pussy burning any time soon~" I said after giving my wet finger a taste and using the handcloth to wipe away the rest of the moist sweat from underneath her bush that stuck to my fingers.

"Huh?...H-How do you know that after just having a lick of your fingers, that you rubbed all over my embarrassing place?" Camila asked with her mouth parted and eyes wide, still in disbelief at what she saw.

"Well, I had first thought of pulling your pants down to see if anything leaked down there, but I realised that I wouldn't be able to see anything if you had quite the dense jungle down there, which you actually did like I thought that would easily hide the oil flowing down because of all the roots in the way..."

I said, which made Camila embarrassed at the fact that her dense undergrowth had been discovered, and she quickly covered her crotch with her hands, as if doing so would make me forget what I felt under there.

"...So I instead of using my eyes to check, I decided to use my tongue to check, since it would be a more effective indicator."

"And like you saw, I rubbed my fingers all over the place where the oil might've flowed down, and after making sure I didn't miss a spot, I brought my hand back out to have a taste...And luckily for you, I only managed to taste something quite salty, which is probably your sweat and something sour, which you can probably guess what it is, and nothing spicy like we thought." I smiled since everything turned out alright in the end, while Camila was dumbstruck at my absurd method that made no sense even after I explained it to her and honestly felt to her like I had used the opportunity to take advantage of her.

But she still couldn't say anything in return, as she was the one who said that I could do anything and asked for my help, and she could only look at me while reevaluating how much of a degenerate I actually was.

Chapter 214: Spicy Navel

"...And before you call me a pervert, Camila, I think you should slide your hands into your panties and see just how wet you got just from me combing your bush, and understand that there isn't one pervert here but two." I said, predicting her thoughts, which made her blush at the state of her underwear, which felt sticky and wet as her chest that was covered in curry right now.

"Well, now that we know that you're pussy won't be turning bright red anytime soon, I think I should start off with the dollop of oil you have in your navel..." I said as I grabbed her waist, which was soft as a warm cloud, and bent down until my face was right next to her belly button, which had spicy oil in it, which looked like it was going to leak out if she leaned any further.

The globule of the pure essence of curry was like a droplet of mildew on a leaf that looked like it could easily be poured into my mouth, so I didn't use my tongue to go deep into her navel and simply puckered my lips out like I was slurping a spoonful of soup and sucked on her navel.

Slurp!~

The bright red droplets of oil that were packed full of flavour easily went down my throat like I was drinking a smooth whisky and left a peppery and spicy flavour that honestly made me want to cough because of how tangy and savoury it was.

After drinking the main soup, I then used my tongue to lick out all the leftovers that were inside her navel, much to her embarrassment.

My tongue quickly swept across the small dent in her belly that was made of a rather thin membrane of skin that felt like it would tear if I applied too much pressure, and the liquid that was sticking onto the inside of her narrow cave that sank inwards was also much saltier than what I just drank.

"Hnnn!~...That's enough digging around there, Kafka~ You won't find anything else there~" Camila whimpered as she grabbed my hair and tried to push me away from her belly.

"Even if there's no curry left there, the inside of your navel has quite the specific taste that makes me want to dig deeper and spread it wide open so that I can get a better taste." I said as I used my fingers to spread her sinkhole wide and sent in my tongue to explore, hitting the very bottom of her navel that tasted the saltiest as if all the salt from her sweat had sedimented there.

"Hmm!~...I-If you go any deeper, I'm afraid you'll rip a whole in my tummy and reach my womb underneath!~" Camila pushed both sides of her fatty belly together, which closed the gates to her navel to my dismay. "So, why don't you be a good boy and follow what I say and go to the places where there's a lot more curry you can feast on instead of the miniscule amount in my tiny belly button!~"

"I can assure you that it would taste much better than what you just tasted, so why don't you suck off my breasts like you wanted to!~" Even though me sucking on her navel was actually quite tame compared to what I could do to her breast, Camila felt that the former was much more embarrassing since I was in direct contact with her flabby belly, which she wasn't so proud of, and she felt ashamed that I was pressing my face against her mushy tummy.

She'd much rather have me suck on her breasts, which she was rather proud of after maintaining their size and shape even after all these years, than me sliding my tongue over her belly, so she provocatively enticed me to come upwards to her chest, even going as far as to shimmy her towering breasts side to side, which made them jiggle all over the place.

Jiggle!~ Jiggle!~ Jiggle!~

I was a simple man with the same desires as others, so the moment I saw a pair of sacks that were full of soft fat shaking in front of my eyes, I gave her navel one last kiss, which made her abdomen submerge below like it couldn't take anymore love from me, and I moved upwards towards her breasts.

"Ahhh!~" Camila let out a moan when she felt me lick off the line of oil that dripped down her cleavage and into her navel so that I didn't leave any spots behind.

And when she saw my head trying to enter her top to reach her chest, instead of going over it, she quickly pushed my face out that was right up against the fabric of her bra and said, "Don't go

through my clothes, Kafka!~ I'm even fine with you sucking on my chest until it's purple all over like you did to my back, but if you dare do something that might tear my newly bought top, there's no way I'll forgive you!~"

I immediately pulled my face out of her black lace top, which looked rather fragile with how thin it was, since Camilla looked like she would actually smother me in her breasts and make me faint if she were to hear the sound of fabric tearing.

"...W-Wait, before you do anything, would you be interested in using a spoon, Kafka, since it would be much more decent and neat than eating out of my chest like a dog?" Just as I was about to dive into the bowl of curry on her chest, Camila stopped me and gave a suggestion while holding out a spoon, hoping that I would take her offer.

I took the spoon out of her hand and gave it a look like I was considering her offer. But just as she was about to clap in elation that I was going to eat the curry off her in a less embarrassing way, she was shocked when she saw me look at the steel spoon in my hand with disdain and then crush it and throw it away.

And while she was looking at the crumbled-up spoon in a daze, not having a single clue as to how I turned the spoon into a metal ball with my bare hands, I plunged into her breasts and started sucking the pool of her curry on her chest until it was completely drained...

Chapter 215: Mommy Issues

"Noo!~ Don't be so aggressive, Kafka!~ You're going to spill the curry all over the place!~" Camila cried out when she saw me dive into her cleavage, face first, with my mouth wide open, like I was plunging myself into a delectable feast.

I ignored her cries as I was too focused on the thick brown curry on her chest that had pooled up, and I opened my mouth to take my first sip of my final meal of the morning.

Sip!~

Camila was right when she said that I would get a better taste of her curry on her chest compared to her belly, as when I tasted it from her navel, it was quite salty from being in such an enclosed place.

But the curry on her chest had much more volume and a thick texture, like I was eating a meat stew that had been boiled down until all the flavour inside of it was concentrated in a small amount of liquid.

The taste was also what you would expect from a first-class curry and made my tongue and throat burn because of how spicy it was at first, but then the sweet aftertaste, which had hints of rich butter in it, mellowed it down and gave the perfect curry eating experience.

It was especially phenomenal since I was eating out of her pale white chest, which was heaving up and down and slushing the curry around in the process, instead of a usual boring porcelain plate.

Slurp!~ Suck!~ Slurp!~

After getting the first sip, I couldn't hold back anymore and sunk my lips into the pool of spicy goodness and sucked up all the curry that was floating up on her chest like I was drinking from a straw. I held Camila by the waist so that she didn't move around and continued to gorge on the thick curry that had small pieces of chicken in it, which would entire my mouth every once in a while.

Slurp!~ Suck!~ Slurp!~

Camila couldn't see anything below since my head was covering her towering chest, but she could feel the weight on her chest decrease as I was chugging on the pool of curry, which slowly made it lower in volume and revealed her white skin beneath.

"Slowly, Kafka~ Eat slowly, or else all that spicy curry might go down the wrong pipe~" Camila said in a worried manner while caringly stroking my hair, anxious that I would choke on the curry from eating so fast and ignoring the shame from having me eat of her chest for my safety.

"Are you really fine with asking me to slow down when you were the one who insisted on wanting me to finish my meal as quick as can?" I asked as I saw that the curry that was floating on her cleavage had disappeared after I sucked it all into my mouth, and what was left were the remnants on her skin that I still hadn't touched till now.

"Well, that's what I thought at first...But seeing how you're rushing now, I'm afraid that you'll start choking on my curry and end up in the hospital because of me." Camila said, and when she saw me look up at her with my upper lip covered in curry, she couldn't help but let out a laugh at the sight that was rather cute in her eyes, like I had a little moustache.

She then looked at me with a hesitant look on her face as her cheeks slowly turned, like she was wondering if she should say something to me or not because of how embarrassing it was, and finally said, after mustering her courage,

"...A-And, at first, I thought someone eating off my chest would be a horrible experience because of how vulgar it sounded...But I've come to learn that it isn't as bad as I thought it was and that I-I actually enjoy it quite a bit, since you eating off my breasts makes you look desperate and pitiful, as if you were a child that's seeking his mother's warm and comforting chest after a bad day at school."

Camila said with a motherly gaze in her eyes as she pulled me in closer to her bountiful chest and then, to my surprise, used her finger to wipe off the curry on my lips and put it in her mouth, like she was cleaning the mouth of a spoon-fed child.

"Your son?...Is that your way of wanting to try mother-son play with me?"

I asked with a peculiar look on my face, as the fond way Camila was looking at me was quite unfamiliar, and it almost seemed as if sucking on her breasts had turned on her motherly instincts to coddle me.

"Of course not, Kafka, you bad boy~" Camila said in a coquettish tone as she pulled on my cheeks for having such thoughts.

"I just couldn't help but think of you as my son at this moment because of our age gap, where you're even younger than my own daughter, and the fact that seeing you right up against my chest reminds me of the fond memory of breast feeding my daughter when she was an adorable little baby in her diapers."

"So, you're basically projecting your desires to coddle your children like you did in the past onto me?" I asked with my brows raised, which made Camila look away in guilt at having her thoughts exposed.

She thought that I would reprimand her for having such desires when men aren't the most comfortable with girls pampering and indulging in them like a little kid they had to take care of because of their fragile egos and how embarrassing it would be to be spoiled by your partner when it was their role to do the same to them. But she was surprised when I said in a casual manner,

"Well, you can do whatever you want and can even call me your son if you want, as long as I get to suck on these tits of yours, so I don't really mind however you treat me..."

I said while groping her tits as if the only thing I cared about were her breasts, as unlike most men, I had horrible mommy issues, which I'm not ashamed to admit as it would be more cowardly to hide them.

So when I heard that Camila wanted to coddle me like her child, I immediately accepted keeping a straight face while actually rejoicing in my heart since I craved for a mother's love in any way possible and wouldn't even mind if my women, other than my actual mothers at home, spoiled me like I was their actual son since I was into that shit, and wouldn't mind going on the passive every once in a while and getting spoiled a little bit...

Chapter 216: Treat Me However You Desire

"What?! There's no way I'm going to call you my son, as that's so weird on so many different levels, Kafka!" Camila exclaimed, even though deep down she wanted to try it out, but was scared that she would get addicted to the taboo feeling of calling me her child and wouldn't be able to escape it.

"...B-But even if I don't directly call you my son, is it fine if I treat you like one, like calling you my 'baby boy' or stroking your hair like this while I look down on your handsome face, like you said?"

Camila ran her fingers through my hair in a gentle manner, like she was helping me fix my hair for school, while looking down at me with a tender gaze in her blue eyes that looked seductive and also had the lovingness of a caring mother at the same time, which made my little brother react because of how provoking a scene it was.

"S-Sure...Like I said, you can do whatever your heart desires and don't have to ask my opinion." I said, stuttering, while trying to keep myself calm and composed.

"Really?...You wouldn't even mind if I treated you like a child who still sucks on his mother's breast for milk?~" She came closer to me and said with a smile on her face and a teasing look in her eyes, like she had found a toy that she wanted to play with, to which I nodded my head and said, "You can even call me Kafi if you want to, since that's what my mother calls me..."

"I see, Kafi~..." Camila immediately called me by my pet name the moment it was mentioned, as a certain possessive look appeared in her eyes, almost as if the more she looked at me, the more I resembled her as her son rather than a partner. "...Since you're willing to follow what I say, then why don't you first lick the splatters of curry that's on my neck first before you do anything else?"

"But shouldn't I first lick your chest clean first since I already started on it?" I said while eyeing her chest, which was now more pale white, then brown after I had drained most of the curry into my

mouth; the mixture of light and dark colours and the greasy shine it gave off on her skin made her breasts even more enticing than they already were.

"You told me that you would listen to what I say, right?~" Camila asked as she stroked my cheeks and used her motherly aura, which made me unable to refuse her words and do what she said. "Then be a good boy and obediently listen to what I say~"

"Who knows?...I might even give you a reward if you follow what I say all the way to the end..." Camila said in a suggestive manner while laying her hand on my chest and rubbing it. She then looked below, which made her smile grow even wider, and pointed at my crotch and said, "And not just any reward...A reward that might even calm down the little sapling that's growing down there in your pants~"

Camila was, to my surprise, pointing at my dick, that was starting to show signs of waking up, and the moment I heard that she might do something that would satiate its anger, I immediately pounced on her neck and started licking the drops of creamy sauce off her smooth skin like she said.

"Hyaa!~...Y-You don't have to be so aggressive, Kafi, since these breasts of mine aren't going anywhere, and they're all for you w-when you finish running your tongue all over my neck~...Hnnn!~" Camila whimpered with a satisfied smile on her face, like she was getting licked by her playful pet dog.

"A-And make sure you don't leave any more hickeys on my neck, since I don't want the...Hmm!~...t-the old ladies in the neighbourhood to look at me weirdly when my husband isn't around!~" Camila warned me when she felt my lips sucking on the edge of her throat, which immediately made me suck on her skin in a much more weaker but passionate manner, like I was kissing all over her neck.

"That's enough, Kafi!~...Hmm!~...I-I can already feel the warmth of your lips all over my neck, so you can move towards my breasts now, which I know you've been wanting to get your hands on for a while now!~" Camila grabbed the hair on the back of my head and pulled it down to her chest, while feeling the wetness of my tongue sliding down her neck.

I followed her hand that was navigating my head to where she wanted me to put my lips on her curvaceous body and ended up near the top of her chest, where her breasts inclined to form two pairs of mountains. From there, I followed the outline on top of those two mounds and slid my tongue across every inch of her skin that was covered in curry and grease.

The upper region of her breasts, where the curry barely spilled, were quite easy to clean, and all I had to do was lick her skin using my tongue, and it would be back to being spotless and transparent white.

But the area beneath the top where it was full of fatty flesh that felt like a soft cushion was where it was really hard to get the curry off, since her skin was so soft that the second my lips touched her mounds of fat, they submerged downward into her body like jelly.

Slurp!~ Lick!~ Slurp!~

The upper surface of her breasts, which was basically the cleavage she had been showing me this whole while also spent quite the time in the curry, and the oil and grease from it had stuck onto her skin quite strongly, so I had to dig deep into her flesh and had to run my tongue over and over again against her skin to make her chest transparent again.

Lick!~ Lick!~ Lick!~

Both my lips were moving as if I were trying to devour a piece of her succulent chest, and my tongue was also hard at work by swishing it around her skin until her skin started turning red because of how rough my tongue felt on her delicate flesh.

"Yes, Kafi!~ Just like that!~....Hnnn!~...Slide your tongue all over my breasts and make sure that you don't leave a single spot!~" Camila whimpered out with her neck arched back from having her tits groped and sucked on at the time and pushed me into the mountain of fat she had on her chest, until both my nose and mouth were completely submerged into her plump chest that reeked of curry.

"...A-And know that I'll drag you back to my house and make you lick my breasts again tomorrow, if you don't do it properly now!~"

Camila threatened me to do a good job at wiping her breasts clean, which only made me want to leave some parts of her chest unattended so that I could have another go tomorrow...

Chapter 217: Do This One As Well!

"T-That's enough, Kafi!~ You can leave that place alone for now!~" Camila said while panting with her chest heaving up and down after seeing that her cleavage had been wiped clean, and all that was left was her translucent skin. "You've sucked that place so hard that not even a shower could've made it as clean as it is now!~"

She then looked down at me with a seductive look in her eyes and said, while playing around with the hair on the back of my head,

"Rather than sucking on my breasts, why don't you suck on something else that was made to be sucked on?~"

"You mean..." I asked with a look of surprise on her face, not believing what she was implying and thinking that she was simply joking around with me.

Slip~

But to my shock, Camila did something that I never expected to do so blatantly and pulled the rather wide opening of her top down, which revealed her cleavage and showed off her breasts, which were hidden in her blue bra.

And to surprise me even further, she also slid her fingers into her bra and pulled them down as well, revealing her single milky white breast that was hanging with the pink nipple pointing right at me.

"How is it, Kafi?...They're not too bad, right, even after all these years?" Camila asked while holding out her breast to me in one hand, like she was asking me to check her assets out, and she had a proud look on her face, like she was pleased with how round and perky her chest was, even though she was already in her 40s.

"They might not be as big as your mother's and are definitely not as soft as hers, since even I'm jealous at the volume Abigail has on both her front and back...But they should interest you, right, seeing as to how you've been sneaking glances at them ever since you met me?"

"Well, when you've got tits as glorious as yours with how plump and juicy they are, like each of them is a transparent bag full of fresh milk, it's really hard to not look at them and want to know how they taste." I said while holding her single breast that was hanging out with a fascinated expression on my face, which almost sank into a droopy hot mess on my hand because of how soft it was, like warm putty.

"...And even though I know that you're quite the pervert who gets off to any taboo mother-son relationship to the extent that you're even blatantly asking me to compare my mother's breasts to

yours, I'm still surprised you showed me your naked breasts out of your volition without me even asking and are even allowing me to examine this mound of blubber you have."

"Just how exactly did you decide to do such a thing that you would've normally considered shameful and vulgar?" I asked while pinching her nipple in its entirety and then pulled on it, which made her whimper out while biting her lips, so that I could pull it out of her bra and see its roundness in its entirety.

"...Or more exactly, what provoked you to get to your tits out in front of me like a little slut that has no shame, when you usually act like such a dignified woman?"

"Hyaaa!~"

Camila let out a cry from having her thick nipple that felt like a pickled cherry in between my fingers pulled on and twisted so that I could see her round areola wrinkle up.

But even though it hurt her a little from having her nipple tweezed and made her feel shame from the bottom of her heart from being played by a high schooler, she didn't stop me and let me do as I pleased while holding the edges of the table as right as she couldn't control the thralls of pleasure from having her nipples pulled and twisted and wanted to experience that sensational feeling even further.

She then looked at me with ears that were bright red and said, while trying to hold back her moans,

"Hnnn!~...W-Well, the me an hour ago would never have done such a thing since I'm still getting used to this relationship we have, and I want to take it as slow and steady as possible."

"...B-But...Hmm!~...w-when I saw you sucking on my chest, I couldn't help but remember how my daughter sucked on my chest years ago and wondered how it would be if instead of my daughter, you were sucking on the place where my milk used to come from!~" Camila said as she saw me pull down her top and bra and reveal her other breast as well, both of them looking the exact same and hanging down like white mangoes with pink tips.

"And because you wanted to have your nipples that have no curry on them sucked on by me, you shamelessly exposed them when you were so uptight about such matters before..." I said while blankly staring at her for her hypocritical behaviour, which made her blush in embarrassment.

"Well, I'm not someone who refuses to eat the treat that's right in front of me, waiting for me to sink my teeth in, so tell me, Camila, which nipple of yours do you want me to suck on first?...Do you want me to suck on this one?..." I said as I pulled on her left cherry that was just exposed.

"...Or do you want me to suck on this one, that's already throbbing from all the teasing it's been through?" I pulled on her right nipple, which was brighter than the latter.

"T-This one...Suck on this one since it needs some love and care after you abused it so much, Kafi~" Camila said as she held out her breast, which had its nipple poking out from its base to its fullest. "My daughter also loved sucking on this nipple the most when she was a baby since it produced the most milk compared to my other breast, so suck on this one as hard as you can!~"

"Like this, Camila~ You want me to suck on your breast like this?~" I said as I plunged my mouth into her nipple and started sucking on it, like my life depended on it.

Suck!~ Grope!~ Suck!~

"Aughh!~ Oh yes, Kafi!~...Suck on my nipples just like that!~....Suck on them as hard as you can! ~...Hnn!~ Just like that!~" Camila cried out while pushing my head into her fatty mounds so that I could suck her more effectively.

I did as she said and grabbed as much of her breast as I could until her flesh was leaking in between my fingers and pulled them up to my mouth so that my lips could get a better coverage over her nipple. I then twirled my tongue all over until the entire surface of my tongue could feel the hardness of her nipple, which made it grow even more harder and took up more space in my mouth.

"Ahhhh!~ Yes, Kafi!~ Suck on my breasts until my nipples become straight as an arrow!~...Suck them so hard that they show through my clothes, even if I was wearing my bra!~" Camila screamed out when she felt how hard her nipples were when they grazed against my teeth, which sent an electrifying sensation through her body.

"Hmmm!~...A-And don't just suck on one and lay your lips on this one as well, since it's been waiting for you to bully it with your tongue for a while now!~" Camila pushed her other breast onto my cheek, which I immediately latched onto while letting the other one go to her delight.

It wasn't as hard as her other nipple since it hadn't been touched since the beginning, but feeling how it was twitching in my mouth, I knew it was begging for a good sucking as well, which I immediately indulged in and started caressing it all over with my tongue.

Suck!~ Grope!~ Suck!~ Slurp!~

And then occasionally I would let it go and suck on her wide areola beneath before going back to biting on the tip of her nipple, which Camila seemed to be really enjoying looking at the look of ecstasy all over her face.

"Aughhh!~ T-This is it, Kafi!~ This is it!~" Camila whimpered out in satisfaction while giving me a big hug, like she never wanted to let me go. "To have the love of your life sucking on your breasts while you sit comfortably on your dining table and hold him in your embrace!~ This is what dreams are made off!~"

"...Especially when the one pleasuring you is a handsome young man with a rugged body who knows his way around a woman's body and always makes you as wet as a fountain whenever he touches you~" Camila said with a wide smile on her face and a loving look in her eyes as she pulled me up by the chin to get a better look at my face. "I truly think this is what I've been missing my whole~"

She then said with a thoughtful expression on her face, like she was considering it, "I also think I understand why your mother couldn't help but succumb to you even though she was basically falling into the hands of her own son, as I think even I might have become your prey if you had been my son, seeing how good you are with your tongue."

Camila looked at me with a rather feverish gaze, which made me shake my head at her taboo desires she was projecting onto me.

Chapter 218: Surprise Visit

"Ahhh!~ Yes, Kafi!~ That feels so good!~...Aughh!~...T-The way you're sucking on my breasts is nothing like how my daughter used to suck on them and feels so different and tantalising, even though both of you are doing the same thing!~"

Camila whimpered out while watching me alternate my lips between her breasts that were each in my hand; comparing how I was groping and sucking on her chest as if I were trying to squeeze out any milk from them to her daughter, who was probably nibbling on them when she was a baby while her breast were packed full of her milk.

Lick!~ Slurp!~ Lick!~

I was taking my time to savour her breasts and licked each nipple one at a time, like I was at a tasting session, both of them being savoury and sweet at the same time. And something told me that the sweetness of her skin wasn't from the curry but from how her tender nipples actually tasted.

I was about to get a little more adventurous and take both of her breasts in my mouth while seeing how Camila would react. But all of a sudden, I was rudely interrupted by an alarming noise that came out of nowhere, which was ringing in my ear because of how loud it was.

Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong!

Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong!

"Dammit!...Who the fuck is ringing the doorbell so persistently so early in the morning!" I exclaimed in frustration as I looked at the main door, where the jarring sound was coming from. "I swear if it's some deliveryman or door-to-door salesman, I really might kick him in the face before asking what's his business when I open that door!"

I don't usually get angry at such insignificant matters, and I wasn't even that vexed that the person at the door interrupted me from sucking on her breasts, as the second she heard the doorbell, Camila immediately covered up her breasts with her hands in a fright and was looking in the same direction as me in an anxious manner, since she was doing something that she shouldn't be doing, and that to someone that was the least morally ideal because of our age gap.

But I was actually irritated right now since the person at the door was constantly ringing the doorbell without any break, and it felt like someone had left their child to play with it irresponsibly.

Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong!

Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong!

I also had a hearing ability that was better than the average which was how I managed to prevent Camila from burning down her house, so the continuous ringing was especially jarring to hear, which made me stare at Camila in an annoyed manner while Camila looked back at me with a nervous look on her face, like she was caught having an affair.

"N-No, there's no way anyone other than my own family would be ringing the doorbell like this, since the same thing would happen in the past if I didn't immediately answer the door since both my

daughter and husband are quite impatient..." Camila revealed that it was most probably someone from her family, which made her even more anxious than she already was.

But once she saw me looking back at her with only irritation in my eyes and my brows furrowed and noticed that I wasn't panicking at all like she was, she calmed down a bit and used me as a support to soften her nerves that were high strung at the moment.

"W-Wait, your family always rings the door like this? Are they crazy? Can they not wait for a single minute and have to rush every time, like they're about to piss their pants?!" I asked while shaking my head at her family's behaviour, as every time I heard something about them, I couldn't help but get worked up at how they were treating Camila.

"I genuinely don't know how you hadn't divorced your husband and disowned your daughter a long time ago, because that's what I would have done if I had such an ungrateful family."

"We don't have any time to speak about that, Kafka!" Camila exclaimed in a low voice, as she tucked her breasts into her bra to my dismay and had already properly covered up herself before I could do anything about it. "Someone from my family is at the door right now, and I don't even know who it is!"

"My husband is in a different city right now, and he's not someone who does any surprise visits and always calls me whenever he arrives, so that I can properly receive him, so it's mostly not him...That leaves me with my daughter, but she also would never visit, saying that she's busy with university, so her coming home isn't likely as well." Camila tried to figure out who it was at the door while the doorbell continued to ring in a hurried manner, which we both ignored until we got our thoughts in order.

And after two circles around the kitchen while I adjusted my pants to hide the boner inside, Camila seemed to have figured out who it was.

"Oh right!...It's currently summer break for all the universities out there since their finals are over, so it's mostly likely my daughter who's returning home!" Camila said, slightly happy that her daughter came back home since she wanted to see her after a long time, but she was also confused as to why she came home.

"...But that also doesn't make sense since she usually just stays at her dorm or at her friends houses during the break and rarely comes back home."

"And even though I'm more than elated that she's back, she just had to come at the time when I was about to..." Camila looked at my crotch in a suggestive manner and was about to reveal what she was going to do to me, but stopped herself with a flushed look on her face when she realised what she was about to say.

I also gritted my teeth in vexation since it was obvious what Camila was going to do to please me in return, but I was also excited that she wasn't entirely thinking about her daughter like she would've done before and was thinking about her own happiness as well, which was exactly what I wanted.

"Well, whatever it is, we can do it later, Camila, so you don't have to fret about it..." I said while patting her shoulders to console her, which made her blush even more, regretting the thoughts she had because of how excited she was.

"...And before we think about any of that, I think you should attend the door first since I really don't want to call your daughter some horrible words on our first meeting because of how impatient she is." I suggested opening the door as quickly as possible, since I couldn't handle the noise any longer.

Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong!

"W-Wait, you want me to open the door? You're not going to sneak out from the back?!" Camila asked as she rushed up to me, thinking that I was going to escape from the backyard like she mentioned earlier.

"Why should I?"

It's not like we have anything to hide...I mean, if I'm brave enough to get into an affair with a married woman with a family of her own, I should also be courageous enough to face anything thrown my way without ever disregarding our relationship." I said some cheesy words confidently, which seemed to really hit Camila's heart strings with the infatuated way she was looking at me, like she was wondering what she did to get such a blessing of a man, even though the real reason as to why I didn't want to run away was because of all the plates in the dining table that would take too long to clean up and explain to her daughter as to how it came to be.

"I'll handle explaining to your daughter who I am and why I'm at your house so early in the morning, and you should go and welcome your daughter first, and I'll come introduce myself in a minute, since it would be quite weird if she saw both of us together after such a long time of both of you not meeting one another." I said while pushing Camila to the doorway so that she could handle her daughter for the moment while I made some plans of my own.

"Really, Kafka? Will it really be fine if we do what you say?...Are you sure that we won't get caught in the act?!" Camila looked at me and asked in a panic, looking like she was afraid to meet her own daughter after what she had just done with me.

"Trust me, Camila...I'll handle everything without a problem and make sure that the first meeting with my future step-daughter will go without a hitch." Camila's neck turned red when she heard what I called her daughter, and she absent-mindedly went to welcome her daughter while wondering how her daughter was going to react to our relationship when we revealed it to her in the future.

I then sat down and thought about how I was going to put my face in her daughter's breasts and grope them around on our first meeting, and how I was going to slurp off the remaining curry off Camila's breasts while her daughter watched, since I still hadn't completed the request of licking her chest clean because there was still curry in between her chest that I hadn't touched till now.

And I also didn't get to properly enjoy Camila's breasts like I wished to because of her daughter's disturbance, and I was going to enjoy her maturing breasts that were definitely not as well developed as her mom's in return as compensation, while both mother and daughter watched the entire thing happen and give the Gods above a good show to watch since they wanted extra pzazz in the requests I complete.

As to how I'm going to do it...Well I'll just say that I saw a specific picture on the wall that may or may not have given me an idea as to how I'm going to make it happen, and I hoped that it would all work out in the end.

Chapter 219: Bella Alvarez

Kachunk~

I heard the door opening and immediately heard Camila greeting her daughter in a joyful and warm manner.

But in return her daughter, Bella only gave her lukewarm replies in a rather disinterested and cold tone, as if she'd much rather go straight to her room than talk to her mother, which only made me want to punish her even more by playing around with her chest in front of her mother, which should be enough to humiliate her.

I already thought of what I needed to do and only needed one necessary component that I was sure I could find in this very kitchen in a cold, dark, and musty place.

And after quickly looking behind some cupboards and underneath the dining table, I found what I was looking for behind the stove, swiftly caught it, and put it in my pocket for later use. First, I had to greet Bella like I said I would, even though I had no wish to greet the brat and was only doing so, so that I could use her to successfully complete the request.

And to do that, I fixed my dress and combed my hair properly to give a decent first impression, and after hearing Camila give all the necessary small talk, I walked out of the kitchen and into the living room, where Camila was attending to her daughter while standing and asking if there was anything she wanted at the moment, and Bella herself sat on the sofa, staring at her mother with a bored expression on her face.

Bella looked very much like her mother and had the same poised face, blue eyes, and long, dark hair as her mother.

But all those pretty features only made her look like a downgraded version of Camila since she didn't have the same maturity as her mother nor did she have the energetic spirit in her eyes like she did, which was one of the biggest differences between her and Camila since she herself had brooding eyes like her father.

Not to mention that even though she was well developed for her age, she was nowhere close to beating her mother, who had a buxom body that not even most women in this world could compete with, aside from trial candidates like my mother.

Bella looked like she was about to take out her phone so that she could ignore her mother, who was enthusiastically talking about what had happened in town all this while she was away, not realising that she didn't seem to care one bit, but when she heard footsteps coming from the kitchen, she raised her eyebrows to see who was the new guest in her house.

She looked kind of annoyed that there was another person in the house since they were disturbing her peace. But when she saw me walking towards her with a slight smile on my face instead of some neighbourhood auntie she thought of, she immediately froze and almost dropped her phone at who she was seeing.

Her eyes went wide and her mouth parted like she had just seen her favourite idol on TV, and slowly a faint blush started to form on her cheeks as she stared at me in a surprised daze.

Me and Camila were also both surprised by her reaction, as she didn't seem like someone who would react so innocently upon meeting a stranger.

But when I noticed Camila sizing me up and down and shaking her head in dismay, I realised that I had brought my handsome looks back from Earth, and it clearly had some effect on this world, looking at how Bella was looking at me like she was in a dream.

Camila didn't seem to like the way her daughter was looking at me like she was spellbound, but she showed that aggression towards me instead of the culprit, Bella, since she couldn't look at her own daughter in such a way without making her feelings obvious by glaring at me like it was all my fault.

She then gave me one last look, like she was telling me that she would deal with me later for seducing her own daughter at first sight, and then reminded her daughter, who was still in a daze,

"Cough-Cough...Bella, I know that you don't like formalities and that you also some like meeting any of your mother's acquaintances, but I still don't think you should stare at someone you're meeting for the first time so much, since it's considered rude."

"If you want to stare at him, then first introduce yourself and do so, as Kafka here doesn't mind if a few pretty ladies look at him and would even prefer it that way...Isn't that right, Kafka?" Camila said as she gave me a sly side eye, even though I had nothing to do with the way her daughter was reacting.

The second Bella heard her mother's words, she glared at her in response, as if she were angry that Camila was teasing her in front of me. But once she realised that I was still right in front of her and watching the whole thing happen, she immediately got up and patted her skirt down and then slid her hair that was hanging back behind her ear while sneaking glances at me in a shy manner.

She then opened her mouth to introduce herself while looking at me like she was wondering where her mother got such a handsome man from.

But when she saw me with a smile on my face, like I was eagerly waiting for her to introduce herself, she panicked like a timid little girl and struggled to speak, which made her feel even more embarrassing at the situation and made her look at her mother like she was saying that it was her fault for not warning that someone like me was already in the house and should've given her a heads up first.

"Sorry about this, Kafka...Bella isn't usually like this and is quite the bold girl who doesn't really mind talking to anyone." Camila spoke on her daughter's behalf, seeing that she was struggling so much to even get a word out.

She then gave a cheeky smile and said, "...But I guess even someone like my proud daughter finds it hard to speak up when she has such a charming young man as yourself in front of her."

Bella looked at Camila like she was telling her to stop saying any unnecessary stuff and embarrass her in front of me, and that she should simply introduce herself to me for her.

"This is Bella, my daughter, that I've told you about who's studying in university, and she's come back home for the holidays since the rest of her friends went home to their families, and she didn't want to feel left all alone." Camila nudged her daughter forward, but Bella refused to move forward, like she preferred keeping a distance from me so that she wouldn't become even more nervous in my presence.

"And this Kafka, the son of our next-door neighbour who's just moved in to town recently, and if I remember correctly, he's a second year student in high school." Camila introduced me as well and was surprised that I simply nodded my head in response, as she was sure that I would take this opportunity to go forward to woo her daughter like the womaniser I was in her head and didn't know why I didn't do such a thing.

"W-Wait, he's in high school?!" Bella suddenly asked her mother, in shock. And then, without waiting for her mother's reply, she looked at me in surprise and asked in a hurry, "You're in high school?!"

"Why, yes, I am...Is there anything wrong with that, seeing as to how you can't believe such a simple fact?" I asked, which made her look at me in wonder once again, like she found my voice very pleasant to hear.

"N-No...With how mature you looked, I thought for sure that you were an adult when I first saw you, so I was a little surprised when I heard that it wasn't so." Bella explained, embarrassed at how she was acting when she usually acted in an aloof manner, like she didn't care about anything other than herself and her needs.

And then, as if she had found some courage after finding out that I was actually younger than her, she came forward and said, while sizing me up in a bold manner,

"And to think that you're actually only in high school when you look so handsome and manly this...The girls in your class must be quite happy, as I'm pretty sure I would, since I would've killed to have such a good-looking classmate like you back when I was in school."

Camila was surprised at her daughter's forward statement when she was acting so timid before and didn't know what to make of it. But I wasn't really surprised since it was natural that one would become less wary if they knew the person they were talking to was still in school and younger than them, no matter how charismatic or beautiful they were.

Especially someone like Camila's daughter, who seemed like someone who would appear weak in front of the strong but pounce on them the moment she realised that they weren't as tough as she thought, which was exactly what was happening now with the way Bella was looking at me like I was prey that had been caught in her trap.

Camila watched in dismay at her daughter, who seemed to be making attempts at her man, but she couldn't do anything about it without making it awkward and obvious as to why she was stopping her daughter from trying anything on me.

She looked at me, hoping that I would reject her advances.

But after remembering that I was a womaniser who didn't miss any opportunity to chat up a girl and say sweet words towards her after seeing how I behaved with her at first, she could only look away as her daughter flirted with me to her discomfort as she found bear the sight of me flirting back with a smile on my face like she thought I would.

But to her surprise, I didn't make any such attempt to return the advances I received, like calling her daughter pretty or beautiful in return like she thought I would, as I simply said one line with a blank look on my face, like I couldn't even bother to respond to her blantant attempts at me.

"Thank you, Bella...I appreciate the compliment." I said and didn't bother to say even one more word.

Bella raised her eyebrows in doubt when she heard me reply so dryly since she was used to boys being at her beck and call because of how pretty she was, and she was sure that a junior like me would be more than elated that someone like her showed interest in me.

While Camila herself looked like she wanted to jump in the air in relief and rejoice that I wasn't interested in her daughter like she thought I would be because of my previous statements that made me sound like I was greedy for all the women in the world.

But seeing how Camila was reacting to my behavior made me wonder if she would actually let her daughter join our 'family' if I was interested in her, as even though it wasn't the ideal situation for her she seemed like she would still reluctantly agree to it...

Chapter 220: Necessary Annoyance

"N-No, it's fine; you don't have to be so formal about it since I simply told you what I thought when I first saw you..." Bella awkwardly said while wondering if I was oblivious to her advances since I was still young and ignorant.

But she didn't seem to want to give at just one failed attempt because of the sheer confidence she had in herself and let such big fish she reeled in get away from her, so she continued her march by pushing her chest out in a proud manner and giving a bright smile on her face like she was showing off her looks and said,

"You can also do the same, Kafka, and tell me what you thought when you first saw me...I'm pretty sure you would've had some kind of thought after seeing such a beautiful senior, right?"

Camila was once again scared when she saw her daughter blatantly trying to put moves on her junior and panicked, thinking that I would take the bait this time since she was provoking me so much. But she gave a sigh of relief and looked at me in wonder, like she was wondering if I was the same person she had first met when I simply said,

"Thoughts when I first met you?...Well, I just thought that you would look quite similar to your mother, but I guess that's obvious since you're her daughter after all."

That was actually a massive compliment in its own way, as Camila was probably one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen in my life other than my mother, and comparing her to someone was actually a grace to that very person.

But Bella didn't take it that way and looked kind of insulted that I compared her to someone as old as her mother, which she tried to hide with a strained smile on my face, but it was obvious that she felt offended on the inside.

But she didn't seem like she was going to let this get to her any time soon, as she was sure that she had found an easy target that would surely get caught in her net if she put a little more effort into the matter and looked like she was going to make another attempt at me.

But Camila came in clutch at the moment and saved me the trouble of talking with her daughter, whom I found really annoying, when she caught me by the arm and swiftly dragged me into the kitchen as her daughter watched.

"Just sit down there for a second, Bella...I just remembered that I need Kafka's help in the kitchen for a moment, so wait for a minute until we come back." Bella wanted to interject, but me and Camila were already gone from the living room, which made her sit back down on the sofa with a frustrated look on her face, like nothing was going right today.

"Just what was that, Kafka?! Why are you not replying to my daughter's advances?!" Camila suddenly grabbed me and pushed me against a wall when we entered the kitchen, which made it look like she was a bully who was cornering me for money.

But this bully was currently pushing her round chest against my body and was looking up at me with her beautiful blue eyes, like she immediately wanted answers to her questions, so I didn't really mind getting bullied by her.

"Tell me, Kafka?!...Are you really not interested in her?!~" Camila urged me to answer while shaking me around by the collar.

"Why do you ask that? Do you want me to be interested in her, Camila?...Do you really want me to bring your daughter along with us to bed while she's on top and you're on the bottom?" I said with a sly smile on my face, locked my hands behind her waist, and pulled her in, which caught her off guard and made her blush. "...If that's what you want to see, then I can definitely make it happen for you~"

"N-No...I'd be fine if you were interested in any other woman out there...But if it's my daughter that you have your eye on, it's the last thing I want to see because of how awkward our relationship would become if she shared the same man." Camila said with a flushed look on her face when she felt me stroking her ass from behind, indirectly telling me that I could take her daughter if I wanted, which was rather interesting to hear.

"...Just thinking about having her see me get intimate with another man who's even younger than her makes me want to die out of shame at being such a disappointing and dirty mother."

"And I can't imagine how I would feel if I had to do the same and watch as you put your hands all over my daughter's body, who I've been raising with love and care my whole life...It would be like watching a beautiful painting that I've made with all my effort get ruined by throwing a bucket of black paint on it." Camila revealed her feelings about the matter, but for some reason, even though she was supposed to be repulsed by such a crude scene of me playing around with her daughter, to her shock, she actually got turned on a bit by how her body was heating up, and she immediately tried to hide that very fact from me.

But her being a perverted enthusiast at anything that was incestuous and taboo and how she got excited at the thought of working together with her daughter to please me was quite obvious with how red her face was right now and how she was trying her best to avoid my gaze.

"Hmm!~...S-Stop it, Kafka!~ Don't do such dirty things with my daughter around!~" Camila whimpered as she looked up at me in a bashful manner when she felt my hands slide into her pants and slowly caress her fat ass. "What will you do if she walks in right on us?!"

"Then, I'll simply slide your pants down even further until your ass drops out of it and then spread your asscheeks wide open in front of your daughter to show her just how big your butt is and tell her that she needs some catching up to do in the 'asset' department if she wants to compete with her mother." I said while sliding my hands into her underwear and spreading her soft cheeks wide open, exposing her anus to the cool morning air, which sent a shiver throughout her whole body that made her hold onto my chest for support.

"I already said that I don't mind revealing our relationship, and the only reason I'm not doing so is for your sake, as I'm confident that I could still carry on our relationship even if the whole world knows about it, so I wouldn't really mind if your daughter walks in right and would even prefer if she did so I can show her how meaty her mother's ass is..." I lifted Camila's juicy ass from the bottom and dropped it back down, which made it shake around like a thick pudding even though it was still in her pants, showing just how bouncy they were.

"And I'm pretty sure your daughter would also like to know just how thick she will become in the future after she matures since she shares your blood, so why don't you be a good mother and obediently show your daughter your plump ass as an example of what she'll possess in the future?"

"Noo, Kafka!~ There's no girl out there who would want an ass as big as mine, because of how fat it makes me or anyone who has such a massive ass look!~"

Camila cried out in a lower voice as she felt my fingers go in between her cheeks and explore her inner cheeks, which she could do nothing to stop because of my firm hold on her, and she could only reluctantly accept me playing with her ass while her daughter was in the room next door.

"Hnnn!~...E-Especially someone like my daughter, who exercises every day so that she can keep a slim figure. There's no way she would want anything to do with her mother's fat butt and would only think of it as a disgrace!~"

"Then, if she's blind enough to not want this buxom ass of yours, can I take it in her place, Camila?"

I asked as I bent down and gave her small kisses on her forehead, which she seemed to be enjoying even though she had a reluctant look on her face, seeing how she was craning her neck towards me while she closed her eyes in a satisfied manner.

"I promise to take care of your juicy ass with all my heart, Camila, and I'll make sure to give it all my love, especially at night, until the pale white skin of your ass turns blue and purple from all the love bites it will receive...So, could you possibly lend it to me, Camila, in place of your daughter, who doesn't know how to cherish such a treasure?~"

"Hmm!~...L-Lend it to you?!~...Why should I lend my ass to you, Kafka?!~" Camila whimpered out as she was bombarded with gentle kisses on her nose and eyes, which made her give a playful smile like she felt ticklish from all the kisses and also struggled to keep in her moans from having her fatty ass mashed in my hands at the same time.

"You already stole my heart, soul, and body the moment you made me fall for you, so what's there to lend when you already own all of me, including this rather large butt of mine that you seem to have a keen interest in, finding every opportunity to lay your hands on it all the time!~"

Camila was getting in the mood with the way she was wriggling around in my embrace, like she wanted more, and my hands were about to go deeper into her round butt, when all of a sudden we were rudely interrupted by her daughter's call.

"What's taking you so long, mom?!...Can't you finish your job quicker or do it later or something?"

I thought that Camila would jump out of embrace and attend to her daughter the second she heard her call.

But to my surprise, she simply stared at the entrance of the living room with a slightly vexed look in her eye, like she was annoyed that she was interrupted when things were getting spicy, which was exactly the way I wanted her to react instead of the usual way she did, like she was her daughter's servant who answered every beck and call of hers.