

God of Milfs: The Gods Request Me To Make a Milf Harem #Chapter 31: 40

Shall We Start The Bet? - Read God of Milfs: The Gods Request Me To Make a Milf Harem Chapter 31: Shall We Start The Bet?

Chapter 31: Shall We Start The Bet?

"Oh...That's a interesting idea you got there Kafi, and I love the competitive spirit in your eyes that just looks like mine in the face of a challenge...You truly are my one and only son." My bet seemed to have piqued my mother's interest, as she showed signs of joining, when she saw her son propose a bet when he had never done such a thing before.

"What are the rules of the bet?" My mother got closer to my face and asked to make sure she didn't mishear anything, which showed her competitive nature to win.

"There are not too many." I explained the rules. "The first one is that you should not break character no matter what happens, and you should act like my daughter, while I act like your father during the whole bet. If by chance you do break character before the bet ends, then you will automatically lose by forfeit."

My mother nodded her head as she completely agreed with her words, not only because it made sense for it to be that way, but also because it would be more interesting to stay in character like we were in a play, since she seems like someone who enjoyed artistic performances and would love a little role play with her son, which would definitely become a memory she can cherish in the future.

"The second rule is that you can do whatever you want to stop the other party from succeeding, as long as it comes under their character or role." My mother also agreed with this rule of mine.

"And finally you are free to forfeit whenever you want when you can't handle the bet, which would ultimately lead to your loss."

"Then, what about the forfeit Kafi? What punishment would the loser receive for losing the bet?" My mom asked curiously, and she looked she wanted to have a say in the forfeit condition.

"Since I made the rules, why don't you make the forfeit conditions mom?" My mother grinned when she heard her words, and it almost looked devious in nature, as if she was waiting for me to allow her to choose the punishment and I had fallen into her trap.

"Since you yourself let me choose, mommy will graciously accept your offer." She said with a sneaky smile on her face like she won the battle and stated her forfeit conditions.

"If you lose...." Her eyes glowed as she announced the punishment, and I held my breath thinking that her condition was going to be very harsh with the way she was acting. But instead, I heard a condition that I honestly didn't expect to hear

"... you'll have to call me mommy."

". "

".. "

"... "

"...I-I'll have to call you mommy?" I didn't expect her punishment for me to be that easy.

"Yes Kafi, you have to call me mommy instead of mom from here on forth, like a son who adores her mother." My mother proudly said, like the plan she hatched worked out. "You used to refuse to call me mommy in the past no matter how many times I begged you to call me that, saying that it was too embarrassing to call me that. But now we have this bet as a condition, you have to call me mommy no matter what!"

She laughed to herself like she had already won the bet and saw me calling her mommy all the time in the near future.

"Then, I'll match your forfeit condition mom." I said my condition if the one who loses the bet was her, instead of me.

"Y-You also want me to call you mommy?" My mother looked at me weirdly, wondering if something was wrong with her son.

"Of course I don't want you to call me mommy!" I shivered at the thought of my own mother calling me mommy.

"I want you to call me daddy." I coughed and clearly stated my condition after hearing that she wanted me to call her mommy. "But not all the time, just when I feel like teasing you, since it would be really awkward otherwise."

"You want me to call you daddy on call?" My mom didn't know what to think of my winning condition, and wasn't sure if she could accept it.

It was fine if she made her son call her mommy in the first place, since she was my actual mother after all. But it just made no sense for her to call her son daddy, as not only would it mess up the family hierarchy, it would also be extremely embarrassing to call her son who she watched grow up 'daddy' all of a sudden, and would be quite the shameful act.

She also looked at me and seems to have thought of something else, which made her blush and look away from me. I'm guessing it had something to do with what we did earlier, or even before that when I first groped her ass, but it could honestly be for any reason that I don't know off.

I didn't know if she was going to take the bet or not since she was still thinking about it, but I didn't want to risk it and decided to provoke her into accepting the bet.

"It's fine if you don't want to accept the bet mom, since I understand that your punishment is more embarrassing than mine." I provoked her by using her competitive nature against her. "But you did say so confidently, that I had no chance of winning against you, and I actually really thought that you were really cool at that moment, with how confident you were about yourself...But it seems like all that confidence of yours was simply a lie, since you seem to be really hesitating right now."

"Who said I was lying!?" My mother exclaimed, like she didn't want her own son to lose her faith in her and think of her as a liar. "Your mother is anything but a liar and always keeps her promises!"

"So the bet..." I asked.

"Consider me in." She accepted, so that she could keep up her image in front of me. "As for that punishment of yours, it really is shameful and would make me want to run away in embarrassment to call you that on command, but that's only if you win this bet and there's no chance of that happening."

"Ohh~ Now that's the mother I really admire and look up to~" I clapped my hand at her confident gait, that actually looked really cool.

"Hmph! This nothing for your mother!" Her ego seemed to have filled up after she heard her beloved son say that he looked up to her, and she looked extremely proud with herself.

But that confident look of her face froze the moment she saw me staring at her with a smile that wasn't a smile at the same time, with eyes that looked like I was admiring her actions but at the same time looking at her like she was a poor little child who got tricked, without her even knowing what's wrong .

She shivered when she saw the smile that was creeping up on my face, like I was looking at my prey having its final moments before I ate her up without even leaving the

The story should pick up the pace from here on forth. But I honestly don't think that's it's slow paced, and the reason anyone feels that way is because each chapter is only a 1000 words and not a lot of development can happen with that little of a word count

Chapter 32: As A Man...

Ding~

The moment she heard the cute little timer that looked like an egg, ring its chime, the first thought on her mind was to run away. Run quickly and close herself in a room, so that her son had no chance of bringing her to the dining table.

She had to do it without warning him, since she didn't believe that she was faster than her son at her age, and knew she had to get a headstart to escape from her son.

This would also come under the rules, as this was something her own son did in the past to avoid his meals. He would lock himself inside the bedroom, and she'd have to use the master key to open the room and drag him to eat his food, since he was always so insistent on not having anything other than his snacks.

But honestly, the reason she was going as far as to lock herself in her room when this was only a friendly bet between her and her son, wasn't simply because she didn't want to lose and didn't want to take any chances against her son.

It was also because she had a very bad feeling when she saw her son's face, since even though he had the same look on his face, his eyes were looking at her like he was silently mocking her actions as if they were all futile in front of him. It was almost like he had the whole situation under his control, and was eyeing her up like a wolf that saw a juicy piece of steak, which gave her goosebumps.

In her opinion, it was absurd to think that her son could make her feel this way. But the way he was looking at her, like she had fallen into his trap, when it's supposed to be the other way around, rubbed her the wrong way and gave her an ominous feeling, which made her body scream at her legs to run away from her son as fast as she can, or else he would eat her up.

There was also the utter confidence and calmness in his eyes, as if he already knew that he had no chance of losing and was calmly waiting for his win to arrive at his doorstep, which really alarmed her about the situation.

She knew that her son didn't have the patience to deal with the antics kids throw all the time, and thought her son would give up after quickly getting frustrated with her actions, which was the reason she agreed to this bet since she thought that she would easily win. But now the look on her son's face made her doubt her belief, and even made her think that the scales were on his side, then hers, for some unfathomable reason she couldn't exactly explain, other than saying that her son's gaze put her off.

If it were before today, then she wouldn't have minded losing the bet and calling her son daddy, since she would've considered it be quite funny to call her 17-year-old son her father, and would've thought that it would be a nice inside joke between mother and son, that they would laugh about in the years to come.

But after feeling the sensation she felt, when her son gave her that passionate hug that made her feel something that she shouldn't have felt from her own son, she knew that calling him daddy wouldn't be the same as before and would have a whole different meaning to her.

You see, ever since her son was a baby who she bottle-fed herself, all the way up to when he entered the second year of highschool, she had always seen him as her baby boy who needed his mother's help all the time, and never even considered him to be a grown up even though he was obviously an adult right now.

She always treated him like a little kid that had never grown up in her eyes, and coddled him like a child, which her son hated so much that he limited her interactions with her because she was so loving and bubbly towards him, and stopped talking to her unless it was necessary because of his mother's overwhelming love.

She also knew that she was a bit overbearing when treating her son and knew that she had to be a little bit more reserved, and treat him like the grown-up he was. But she simply couldn't do that no matter how she tried, since she could only see him as a child who needed her help to put on his clothes, and always needed her by his side so that he didn't stumble along the way.

That young image of him was instilled in her mind just like how every other parent never truly treat their children like adults; even after they grow older, and she could only see her son as a baby boy no matter what she did.

But today it all changed, as she stopped thinking of her son as a child, and couldn't help but think of him as an adult who has already grown up.

If that image change had stopped there, where she simply saw him as an independent young adult, then it would've been fine, and she would've thought to herself that she had matured and was finally letting go of her son and letting him spread his wings on his own.

But unfortunately, the way she looked at her son didn't stop right there, which would've been the perfect sweet spot for a healthy mother-son relationship, and it went even further to the point that the way she was seeing her son was very dangerous, not just for their relationship but for their family as a whole.

What I'm trying to say is that, after 17 years of treating her son like a child, she had finally stopped doing that and accepted that he was a grown up, now. But unfortunately, she went even further down the route that distanced the image of her son and the baby

wanted her son to hold her more firmly and let her feel more of that pleasure that came along with his touch.

She secretly wanted her son to dig deeper into her flesh and tear off her clothes so that both of their skins could touch and she could thoroughly enjoy that carnal feeling that she had never felt before, which she ultimately shouldn't have felt as his mother.

At that time, she had thought that this was a one-time occurrence that would never happen again, and that she would never feel that way towards her son again. But unfortunately for her, even after her son had let her go, she couldn't help but have certain thoughts about him.

Like how she thought that her son was quite the gentleman, with the way he treated her with the utmost respect, like she was his queen, and plated her dishes for her without even asking, which deeply impressed her. Or, how she loved to hear the words that came out of his mouth, as every single line he uttered about her, described how beautiful she was and how lucky one would be to have such a woman in their life, which made her flush like a little girl when she was actually going to reach her forties soon.

Not to mention, that the way her son looked after he took care of his appearance was exactly the type of man she liked, and she knew that she'd definitely be all over him if she wasn't already in a relationship and if the person she had a crush on wasn't her son.

And of course you can't not mention, the way her son made her feel good about her body, which she thought was losing its past grace due to her age, and complimented her body like it was a masterpiece, which made her heart race violently. And it even made her want to show off more of her body to her son so that he could take a good look at her hidden places, and deeply describe why he finds them extremely attractive for her satisfaction.

And last but definitely not least, he just knew how to pleasure a woman's body by simply caressing her, as every time he laid his hands on her light brown skin, it would send tingles down her legs, which would cause her knees to go weak.

Like how he pulled down her leggings and slapped her ass and made it jiggle, which gave her a stinging feeling on her butt that gave her pleasure in the disguise of pain, and made her moan out in delight. Or, the way he stroked her ass when he was showing the wounds on her buttocks, which made her want to take off her underwear and spread her buttocks wide, so that her son could check if there were any more wounds in the inside of her butt. And if there was any wound, she wanted him to stick his fingers in and stroke that area, so that his mother wouldn't have to suffer anymore pain.

But that was all something she deeply kept to herself and only dared to think about in her mind, as all those thoughts were simply taboo to think about since he was her son.

This was why she didn't want to lose this bet no matter what, as calling her son daddy, when she was already troubled with how she should treat him now that she also saw him as a man, would only make their relationship even more confusing.

She was already struggling to keep her desires hidden deep inside, as she didn't want her adorable little son to know how her mom thought about him and the perverted things she wanted him to do to her, which would cause him to be disgusted with her. And if she started calling him daddy all of a sudden, it would only further enhance those taboo feelings she had, which she silently wanted to eliminate by herself, so that she didn't harm their harmonious relationship due to her perverted nature.

That was, she wanted to run away as quickly as possible and lock herself in her room so that she had no chance of losing the bet, potentially increasing the chances of seeing her son as a man, rather than the little boy she used to see before.

By adamantly locking herself in her room, she could save their relationship from deteriorating due to the new-found inappropriate feelings she had towards her son...Or at least that's what she planned on doing and was about to run away at full speed when she heard the chime ring, but she changed her plans all of a sudden and stopped when she heard what her son called her.

Abi...My adorable little daughter Abi.

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Chapter 34: My Daughter Abi

Not only did her son not address her as 'mom' like he'd been doing for most of his life, he also shortened her actual name and called her 'Abi', like how her parents called her.

She understood that since he started playing his role as her father, it was only appropriate for him to call her by her name. But what she didn't expect was for her body to freeze in place when she heard her son utter those words, and her heart to beat wildly when her son addressed her as his, as if she belonged to him.

Her body instinctively reacted to his call, almost as if she had heard her actual father calling out to her. Only this time, there was a certain temptation in the way her make-believe father called her name that made her breathe quicken and her face flush red.

The reason she thought that an actual father-figure was calling out to her wasn't simply because her son had called out her name, but it was due to how her son's voice, which suddenly sounded so deep and mature as if he were speaking from deep within his body. And also, how his eyes had lost that clear and honest innocence gaze they had earlier, like a boy who was curious about everything, and turned into steady and calm eyes that looked like they'd seen all parts of life and had lived through it all, gaining much wisdom along the way.

She had always thought her son had a much more mature look in his eyes after his glow up today, but it was nowhere near how he looked now, as if he had experienced every challenge that life has to give when he was only 17 years old, and hasn't even left his parents home yet.

Her heart skipped a beat when she saw her son's mature gait, and she couldn't help but want to stand there and wait for him to speak to her like he was her father a little more, since the words that came out of his mouth seemed to have the ability to warm her up down under.

Especially when he called her Abi, and referred to her as his own daughter that he treasured. Those words of his made her want to crawl into his arms, which looked so steady now, and cry out, saying 'Abi's here' so that she could be spoiled by her son.

But no...She couldn't do that since she was his mother.

She couldn't give in to her temptations that she felt as a woman, and had to follow the path of a mother, whether she liked it or not, since that's what a proper mother would do. If she simply gave in to her abnormal thoughts, she wouldn't be different from any other women on the street since she would caring more about her inner desires, more than her relationship with her son.

Whoosh~

So, to make sure that she wasn't tempted by her son's words that felt like sweet whispers into her ear, she bolted from where she was standing and made sure not to look back in case she ran right back to him after seeing his handsome face, which had lost all signs of being a teenager and looked more mature than anyone else she had ever seen.

And, just as she entered her living room and was looking to go to the nearest room with a lock, she heard her son's voice coming from the kitchen.

"Where are you going, Abi? Why are you running away from daddy?"

His voice was much calmer than usual, and it seemed like he didn't mind at all that she was running away, which made her much more uneasy since she felt like he had everything under his grasp.

Even though it was an instinctive feeling as a woman that told her that she was in a very dangerous situation when the person that was threatening her was her own son, she still chose to not take any chances and believe what she felt, and rushed towards one of the guest rooms around the corner of the living room.

And, just as she turned around the corner and thought that she was going to safely enter the room, she stopped in her place as her body froze, since her son was already

standing near the door of the room with a slight smile on his face, like he found it funny how she was trying to run away from him.

She had no idea how her son got there without even making a sound, when she had just heard his voice in the kitchen a second ago. She looked back to check the kitchen to see if anyone was there, and sure enough, it was empty, which meant that her son didn't have a clone of himself waiting for her here.

Just as she was confused and thinking about how her son came here before her, she heard her son call her name and speak.

"What's wrong, Abi? Did Daddy do anything wrong that made you mad and not want to see me anymore?" Even though he spoke like he was concerned about her daughter's wellbeing, the slight smile on his lips told her that he was clearly making fun of her.

"If I did do anything that upset you, then let's talk about it at the dining table while we eat our dinner, since Daddy really can't bear to see you running away from me." He took a step forward, like he was trying to escort her back to the table.

That was the last thing she wanted to happen, as she just knew that if she was brought back to the kitchen, there would be no escaping from her son's grasp.

She quickly ran away as her son approached her and tried to run into another room across the hall, which also had a lock on the inside, which all the rooms don't have yet since it was a new house that they had just moved into.

She looked back to see if her son was on her tail, just in case, and sighed in relief when she saw that there was no one there. And just as she thought that she had lost him and was going to enter the room, she ran into something tall and steady that suddenly came out of nowhere.

She was about to fall from the impact, but was saved when a pair of hands grabbed her by the waist and stabilised her. When she looked up to see what she ran into in front of the door, and, at the same time, saved her from tumbling down, she saw her son looking down at her with a smile on his face.

Chapter 35: No Escape

"That's why I always say that you shouldn't run in the house. Imagine what would've happened if I hadn't caught you." Her son said like he was deeply concerned about her.

But rather than being touched that her son was caring about her well-being, she was more shocked to see that she had bumped into her son when he was supposed to be standing near the other room. She had no idea how he moved from place to place so fast, and wondered if he could phase through walls like a ghost.

But it was better to think about her silly thoughts later, as her main goal was to escape from her son.

"Did I just not tell you to stop running in the house, Abi? Just why won't you listen to your father?" She could hear son say in a serene tone, as she tried to find another room to hide in. .com

But the moment she did find one and was about to enter, she saw her son waiting there, like he had long predicted that she would go there.

The house they lived in was quite big and had many ways to get from one place to another, so she thought that she could lose him by going in different paths. But somehow he still managed to find which room she was going to and blocked her from entering.

"Are you finally tired of playing around, Abi?" Her son casually asked, like all of this was a game that they were playing and he was going along for her daughter's sake. "Cause your father is starving right now and can't wait to eat you right now, I mean, eat right now, and-...Wait, where are you going?"

She didn't even let her son finish her sentence since she had already bolted off, after realising that hearing his mocking words only made her feel more helpless and that she should only focus on escaping and ignore everything else.

"You know that running away is useless right?" As if her son heard her thoughts, a voice came from behind which she chose to ignore thinking that she definitely had a chance of escaping from his grasp.

But unfortunately for her, her son's words came true, as no matter which room she tried to run into, she would always find him standing there before her. Be it the bedroom, bathroom, storage room, guestroom, or any room that was available on the first floor, she would always see her son first, and then only would the room come into sight.

It was like her son had some mysterious power that allowed him to move like a ninja through the house without making a single sound, and could somehow move so fast that she could hardly catch a glimpse of him.

And even though she was already starting to sweat from running around the house they just moved into, her son's dress hadn't even creased in the slightest, as if he just went for a brisk walk in the park.

Even though she was running around acting like how her son did in the past, she was way older than her son back then and didn't have the same energy he had. She knew that she couldn't keep this up much longer or else she would collapse onto the floor and be forced fed by her son, so she could only think about the final path available, which was the stairs upstairs.

There was only one way up to the first floor, so as long as she went up first, her son would have no chance of catching up to her. But it seems her thoughts were once again read, as she found her son at the bottom of the stairs, looking at the photos on the wall and standing like he was waiting for her.

Frustrated that her son caught up to her again, and was taunting her by casually checking out their family photos, she turned back to dash somewhere else once again. She thought that as long as she wasn't near her son, she would go anywhere, as he was the biggest threat to her, and decided to lock herself in the pantry that was still being built.

But just as she took her first step, she felt someone hold her hand and pull her back to where she was standing. She didn't even need to turn back to know who it was that caught her, and was firmly holding her in her place.

"I think we've played around enough, Abi." Her son tightly held her hand and looked like he had no intention of letting her off easily. "Let's go and have our dinner now, shall we, before it gets cold?"

There was a certain firmness in his tone, as if he was tired of playing her games and was authoritatively calling his daughter back. She, too, felt like he was her actual father and just thought that she had to follow his orders. She didn't even resist when her son pulled her hand, since she was actually afraid of going against his words because of the rigid feeling he gave off, which only her parents gave.

"Kafi, my hand hurts. You're pulling too-" She wanted to say that he was holding her too tightly, but stopped when her son turned back and looked at her with an amused look on his face.

"Kafi?...So, you think you're old enough to call your father by his name right now?" He looked at her like he was wondering where she got the guts to call him directly by his name.

"Have you forgotten that I'm your father? Or, is that my little Abi is going through her rebellious phase, and is going to call me like that from now on?" He asked with a smile on his face, which she couldn't tell if he was joking or not.

"N-No...D-Daddy....It's not like that." Rather than calling her son as her father, because of the bet, she called him Daddy because it just felt natural with the way he spoke and looked at her with a stern look on his face.

She thought that even if they weren't having a bet and her son acted the same way, she'd still call him Daddy since it just felt right at the moment. And even though she didn't want to call him Daddy at all costs since it would only enhance her feelings of seeing her son as a man, addressing her son as her father still gave her a wonderful feeling of taboo that warmed up her loins.

Chapter 36: Sir Daddy

"It's just that you were holding my hands a little too tight, and I blurted out something because of the pain." She ignored that warm sensation she was feeling when she heard his words and made an excuse for calling her son by his actual name, just in case she lost the bet because of that, even though her hand didn't really hurt. f(r)eeweb(n)ovel

"Ah, sorry about that, Abi. I didn't realise that I was hurting you." Her son quickly said and let go of his grip on her hand.

But he didn't simply release her hand, and held her hand up and gently caressed her wrists, like he was trying to comfort the place where he hurt her.

"Does it hurt here? Or does it hurt anywhere else?" Her son carefully inspected her hand to see where he hurt her, with a look of genuine concern on her face, and he looked really apologetic that he caused her supposed daughter to feel any pain.

The anxiety he had on his face and the way he was carefully caressing her hand, made his mother feel really good about herself, as it felt like she was getting cherished by someone that all girls loved.

It was the first time in a long while that someone had treated her like this, and she didn't want to end it immediately since she was thoroughly enjoying this princess treatment, so she decided to play along with this father-daughter roleplay, while temporarily ignoring the repercussions of losing the bet.

"Yes, daddy~ It hurts over here." She pointed at a place on her wrist and acted like a spoiled daughter, who would get aggrieved over the smallest thing to get her father's attention.

"Right here?" Her son gently rubbed the place where she showed, and looked like he was trying to find where she got hurt. "But Abi, it doesn't really look like you got hurt here."

"Then are you calling Abi a liar, daddy?" She pouted like a little girl and acted like a victim, when she was in fact lying to get her father to look at her.

"How is that possible, Abi?" Her son immediately denied. "Even if the whole world doubts you, how can I, as your father, ever doubt my adorable little daughter's words?"

"That's right! Even if Abi ever lies, which I won't, you always have to take Abi's side!" She proclaimed like it was an order, and her son immediately nodded his head to her whimsical words, which she found very cute and made her want to play with her 'father' a little bit more.

"And what are you going to say about Abi's hand, which hurts so much? Are you going to just let it off like that and go and eat dinner, daddy?" She asked if he was going to leave her all alone with a teary look in her eyes, like she was going to cry, which all children and women can produce on command to gain sympathy.

"Of course not! If it really hurts so much, then we have to go to the hospital immediately and get a checkup!" Her son acted exactly like she did when he told her he hit his head, and rushed to find the keys, like he was going to drive her to the hospital.

"There's no need for that, Daddy! It doesn't hurt so much that we have to go to the hospital!" She immediately pulled her son back, as she didn't want to embarrass herself in front of the doctors and son, with a perfectly normal hand.

"Really? Are you sure that you're fine?" Her son held her hand and inspected it once again to make sure that she was okay.

"Yes daddy. We really don't have to go to the hospital." She affirmed, as she enjoyed the spoiled treatment she was receiving from her son. "But it does still hurt a little."

"So, we have to go to the hospital?" Her son looked up to her and asked, not knowing if she should get treated or not since his daughter was sending mixed signals.

"No, we don't have to go to the hospitals." She got some indecent thoughts when she saw the genuine worry in his deep eyes and decided that she wanted him to coddle her more, so she slyly said

"But you can do something for me that will make the pain go away, Daddy."

"What do I have to do?" He gently held her hand and looked like he would do anything for his daughter, which made her feel giddy inside.

"Daddy doesn't have to do much." She decided to reveal her intentions. "You just have to kiss the place on my hand that hurts, and I'm sure the pain will go away."

"...I-I have to kiss your hand to relieve you of the pain you're feeling?" He had a peculiar look on his face when he heard this unscientific request from her daughter, that made no sense.

"Why daddy? Do you not want to kiss your daughter's hand?" She looked at him harshly, like she was desatisfied with how he was questioning his beloved daughter's words.

"No, it's nothing like that, Abi." He quickly denied it before his daughter got any more mad. "It's just that I don't see how kissing your hand is going to make you feel any better."

"Come on, daddy! Don't you know something as simple as this!" She acted like healing wounds by kissing someone was common sense. "I mean, hasn't your mother...No, I mean, grandma kissed you on your boobos when you got hurt when you were younger, to make you feel better."

She didn't know how to feel about calling herself a grandma, since she was his actual mother.

She thought that her son would immediately comply with her words like before and give her a kiss on the hand like she asked for, but instead he gave a wry smile and gave a lonely look as if he were thinking about something sad that happened in the past. His eyes lost their usual brightness they had, and were replaced with a bleak light that gave him a desolate image.

"My mother, huh...I guess she has done something like this before...I must have completely forgotten it, since it's been so long since I've seen her." He said, with a smile that looked forced, and looked like he was looking into the distant past that he wasn't so fond of.

Chapter 37: Kisses: The Cure To Any Ailment

Seeing her son act in such an abnormal manner, made her immediately want to drop the act, even if she lost the bet, and give him a hug, as she simply couldn't leave her son, who looked so lonely at the moment, alone. Even if she has to address her son as her father in the future, she doesn't really mind anymore, as her first priority as his mother was to be there for him when he is weak and lonely, like he's now, and she genuinely didn't carry about anything else at that moment and only wished for her son's wellbeing.

And just as she was about to give her son a hug and ask if he was fine, she saw that desolate look in his eyes that was nowhere to be seen, and he was slightly smiling like usual. It was like all that she saw earlier came from her imagination, as her son didn't show any signs of being depressed like she just saw.

"What's wrong, Abi? Why do you look so anxious? Does your hand really hurt that bad?" Her son asked like usual, which made her sigh in relief that nothing happened and also about the fact that she didn't have to break her act and lose the bet.

"It is going to hurt more, if you don't quickly kiss my hand, Daddy." She went back to acting like a spoiled daughter after seeing that her son was fine, and demanded a kiss from her son.

"So, you want me to kiss your hand like this?" Her son held her hand up, and brought his lips closer to her wrist, like he was going to give her a kiss, just like she asked for. But, just as his thin lips were about to meet the top of her hand, she pulled back her hand, and said, like it was a rule that he had to follow

"Not like that, Daddy. You first have to get on one knee and then kiss my hand. Only then will my hand fully heal."

She didn't simply want him to kiss her on her hand, she also wanted him to get on his knee like he was her loyal knight that always protected her, which was basically what a father was to his daughter, and kiss her hand like he was being granted knighthood by her.

This was all because she was enjoying this situation way too much and wanted to fulfil all her fantasies before the moment was over, while at the same time, slowly forgetting the consequences of the bet.

Her son didn't express any doubt about her absurd order and simply got on his knees with a slight smile on his face, like a father who was just playing along with his daughter's fantasies.

"Is this an appropriate position to kiss your tender hand, my lady?" Her son caught on to what she was trying to do, which made her slightly blush, but at the same time, she felt really excited that he was going along with her act.

"Yes, you may proceed, my most loyal knight, Sir Daddy." She held out her hand and called her son a ridiculous title in a dignified manner, like she was a princess.

Kiss~

Her son couldn't help but chuckle at his new knight title, and gently planted a kiss on top of her soft hand. He then looked up and asked with a look of utmost respect in his eyes, like he was looking at an actual princess

"Is that all, Lady Abigail? Or, do you want any more of these kisses from my lowly self?"

"As expected of my one and only knight, you truly know all your ladies desires without me having to inform you about them." She praised her son for reading her exact thoughts, since she couldn't help but want him to kiss her more than once since his kiss felt really good on her hand, like a petal of a flower dropped onto that very spot, and left a warm mark on her body that couldn't be erased.

"Lay your lips on that very spot a few more times, as I don't think this ailment of mine will be cured with one single attempt and will need several more kisses from you." She demanded more kisses from her son in the name of making her feel better, when it was all, in fact, for the guilty pleasure she was feeling right now.

"As you order, my lady." Her son obliged with what his daughter had asked for, and closed his eyes and started to kiss her hand like she asked.

Chu~

He first gave a kiss at the place his daughter had mentioned, and where he had kissed before.

Chu~

And then, planted a kiss on that spot again.

Chu~

And again...

Chu~

And again...

Chu...

And again...

He kissed that very same spot with his soft but slightly dry lips, until that place on the top of her wrist was slightly moist from all the kisses it received, and was warmer than the rest of her hand.

Her whole body, including her hand, was already very warm and was getting hotter by the second from all the sweet kisses she was receiving, so one could imagine how warm that spot would be if her son could actually notice the difference in temperature.

And not only was that small patch of skin abnormally warm, like it was left in the sun, that place was also a different colour from the rest of her skin, as if it couldn't handle all those pecks and blushed at all the passionate kisses it received.

If one could even see a blush in her brown tinted skin on her hands, then one can only think how red her cheeks were right now, as she bit her lips and tried to stop the sweet sounds that were coming from her mouth right now, from the tingling sensation that was coming from her hand, and it didn't seem like it would fade away for a while as if she were eternally marked by her son's kisses.

This chapter is updated by

Chapter 38: Can I Stop Now?

After giving her hand enough kisses to last her a lifetime, her son looked up at her like he wanted to know if she was satisfied, and asked with a smile on his face

"Is that all, my lady?...Or do you want more?"

"I do." She replied, which made her son's face freeze for a second, as he had only asked if she wanted more out of obligation and didn't expect her to be so greedy for his kisses that she would actually accept her offer. "But not on top of my hand, and this time on my palm where you're holding my hand."

She turned her hand over and asked for more kisses from her son, and she had a look on her face like she was only asking for what she rightfully deserved.

"But, Lady Abigaille, I only hurt your wrist. Why do I have to kiss the bottom of your palm, which I didn't even lay my hands on?" Her loyal knight questioned her intentions, with a doubtful look on his face.

"You may have only held my hand. But the strength you used to do so, managed to hurt even my palm." She made up an absurd reason as to why her palm hurt and looked like she wouldn't reason with anyone. "So, to make up for your failure to control your strength as a knight in front of this fragile lady, I order you, Sir Daddy to plant your kisses on my palm and make me feel better."

"A-As you command, my lady..." Seeing that there was no way to refute this unreasonable lady of his, he could only shake his head at his circumstances and kiss her palm like she ordered.

Chu~

Chu~

Chu~

This time it was like he knew that her daughter wouldn't be satisfied with one kiss and continuously kissed her soft palm, which was slightly damp due to the previous kisses, without stopping.

She too stopped acting reserved like she was earlier, and was getting more blatant about how she was enjoying her treatment. She started whimpering in a suggestive voice, unlike before, where she kept her mouth shut, and was shamelessly telling her son where and how to kiss her.

"Hnnn~ Not there. A little higher."

Chu~ Chu~

"Yes, that's right~ That's the spot, daddy~ You can kiss me a little more harder right there."

Chu~ Chu~

"Now, move a little bit to the right where-...Ahh yes, daddy~ You know exactly where to kiss your daughter~"

Chu~ Chu~

"Don't stop kissing me there, since it feels really good~"

Her son looked up at her with a peculiar gaze, when he heard that comment that unconsciously left her mouth, since she was feeling a little too good because of all the love she was receiving from her son.

"N-No, I mean, that I feel that my ailment is getting better." She covered her mouth, that had leaked out what she was really feeling. She then put on an expression as if she were asking how he could possibly suspect her daughter when he saw his wary gaze, and said

"Why are you looking up at me suspiciously? Do you really want your daughter's pain to be left alone like this?"

Seeing that his daughter was so adamant about not having any other reasons for kissing her, he could only reluctantly go back to what he was doing before.

"That's right~ That's a good daddy~" She bent down and patted her son's head seeing how obedient he was. But this time it didn't look like a mother giving her son a caring headpat, but more like a little girl showing her appreciation for her father's efforts, which was shown by the innocent smile she was giving, like she was having the time of her life.

"Daddy, now you can~"

"I can stop? I can finally stop?"

Her son interrupted what she was going to say and finished her sentence on his own. He had a desperate look on his face and hope in his eyes, that she was going to ask for him to stop kissing her, almost as if he felt his lips go weak from all those kisses.

"No...I was going to ask you to stop kissing my palm and go further up my arm." She said in a dissatisfied tone, like she didn't like the fact that her loyal knight was treating his current action like it was a chore.

"But why should I kiss you on your arm, Abi?" Her son looked up and asked in an exasperated manner. "I only held your hand, and utmost your wrist. I see no reason as to why I have to kiss your arm, which I didn't touch at all."

"Oh, is it that you need a reason to kiss your own daughter, daddy? Do I have to specifically give you an excuse for you to kiss me?" She begrudgingly said, after seeing how reluctant he was to kiss her, and pouted like a little child even though she was fully grown, with a body that gave away her actual age from a mile away.

At this point, the consequences of the bet had totally gone over her head, and she was fully immersed in her role as her son's daughter. And, she wasn't any old obedient daughter that you would normally see and was quite the needy one, who always seemed to want her father's attention all for herself.

She never acted this way with her actual father, and was quite reserved and obedient in front of him. But when it came to her son before her, whom she was not only starting to see as a man, but also as a father figure due to this bet, she couldn't help but want to toy with him, and also have him toy with her back in return.

"Of course not, Abi...Why would a father ever need an excuse to kiss his own daughter, that he cherishes with all his heart?" To prove that he really didn't mind kissing her, he kissed her on the hand he held, as if he were trying to apologise to her through his actions.

She nodded her head and gave a look of approval to show that she approved of her son's action, and looked to be completely caught up in her role as his daughter, who liked to be spoiled.

But the look of satisfaction on her face stopped when her son stopped kissing her hand, and looked up at her with a dangerous glint in his eyes and a slight smile on his face, and said

"And didn't you say that you wanted me to move further up?...Well, let me do just as you said, but I hope you can cover your mouth in case you make too much noise."

Huh? What does he mean by that?

Why would she make too much noise from a few kisses?

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Chapter 39: A Bold Move

She didn't know what her son meant by her words, since she couldn't understand why she would make any noise from a few kisses on her arms. But she recognised that look on his face, which was the same look that scared her to the point, that she wanted to run away from him at all costs.

But this time, after all that happened and because she was caught up in her role as his daughter, she wanted to see what he was going to do without running like before, and find out exactly what gave her such a threatening feeling.

Chu~

"Hnnn~"

It didn't take long to know what her son was upto, as after planting a kiss on her hand, he went further up her arm. He was doing exactly what she asked him to do, but instead of giving her kisses on top of the sleeves of the sweater she was wearing like she thought he was going to do, he started to roll up her sweater and started kissing her bare skin.

She had thought for sure, that he wouldn't bother or take the effort to lift up the sleeves that were covering her arms, but to her surprise, he started to roll up her clothes from her wrists and was making his way up her arm, giving her kisses along the way. The sweater she was wearing was also quite loose, so it was easy for her son to slowly roll up her dress without much effort, to reveal her light brown skin underneath.

She honestly never expected such a development, and was shocked to see what was happening, as it wasn't exactly normal to see a son kissing his mother's arm, like he was her lover. It was fine if it was her hand, since it wouldn't be considered inappropriate. But the way he was kissing her while caressing her skin, was something entirely different; that shouldn't be done between a mother and a son.

But even though she understood that it was inappropriate, she didn't stop what her son was doing, nor did she run away like before, as she was getting overwhelmed by the feeling of getting kissed in such a fanatical manner, where her son was treating her body like the most delicate piece of artwork and was carefully giving her kisses like he was scared her arm would break if he rushed in, and was taking his sweet time to find the appropriate places that needed to be kissed.

It was completely different from the kisses she received before, which felt obligatory, as she could feel the fervent way his lips moved across her skin and the zeal in his eyes, as he looked for the next place to lay his thin lips.

And not only was he simply kissing her, he went one step further and started to lightly suck on her skin whenever his lips touched, and he was getting very close to leaving hickeys all across her arm. His tongue also came into play once in a while, as he sometimes dragged it across her skin while moving to the next spot to kiss, which made her legs go weak and her eyebrows tremble in heat.

She had to cover her mouth with her left hand and wished that she had another, because one hand wasn't enough to contain the sweet moans she was letting out.

"Ahhh~"

"Hnnnn~...Hmm~"

"Shhh~"

She finally understood why her son asked her to close her mouth, as if she wasn't covering up her mouth now, she'd be letting out obscene sounds that would be unfitting for her with her status as a mother.

Well, the fact that she was even letting her son kiss her hand with such fervour was already going past the line of taboo that shouldn't be crossed, and her enjoying it to the point her legs were trembling was much worse.

But there was simply nothing she could do, as such an intoxicating feeling was deadly for her as a woman and made her reject any thoughts of stopping her son, who was currently making steamy love to her hand, which she never thought was possible before this.

She was also avidly waiting for what was going to happen next, as her son had already kissed his way up her arm to the point that he was going to reach her shoulder. But the problem was that he had already rolled up and folded her long sleeves to the limit, and they now looked like short sleeves that were bundled up.

Her sleeve area had already reached the tearing point, and the only way he could go further beyond was if he stopped brushing his lips against her skin and started kissing her through her clothes. But if he did take that route, the mood he built up would be lost, and she'd probably come back to her senses and push him away.

As much as she wanted that to happen so that she didn't cross anymore lines, she also secretly hoped her son would find a way to continue the passionate way in which he was treating her body, since she didn't want to lose this moment she was completely engrossed in.

And as if he read his daughter's mind and what she truly desired, he found the perfect way around the situation, which was extremely risky, and made his mother blush at his bold actions.

Swish~

He didn't think of an elaborate plan to get around the situation and went for the most direct method to deal with this problem, which was to pull her sweater down from her shoulder, and completely reveal her slender shoulder along with the upper half of her breasts, that were bound by a purple bra. He basically did the unexpected, as she never thought her little son would have the guts to do such a bold thing, like pulling her clothes

down, and completely exposed his mother's upper half of her body with one swift pull of his hands.

The cotton maroon sweater she was wearing was also rather baggy and loose, and easily gave way for his fingers to slip in and undress her. He also didn't completely pull her sweater down and pulled it just enough so that he could see her right shoulder, collarbone, and the overwhelming amount of flesh underneath that was covered by a small amount of cloth, compared to the size of her breasts.

And whilst his mother was panicking that her chest was exposed to her son, even though they were still tucked in her bra, he didn't seem to mind the two huge distractions one bit and continued to kiss her shoulders and was making his way up to her neck, just like she asked for.

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Chapter 40: Shocking Discovery

His mother wanted to stop his actions, as for a moment, she regained her senses as a mother when her clothes were pulled down by her son, but immediately stopped what she was going to do when she felt him gently gnawing on her slender shoulders, like he was trying to suck the meat off the bone.

Slurp~

This action of his sent tingles throughout her body and made her lose any intention of stopping him and let him do as he pleased, like an irresponsible mother who easily succumbed to her desires that she was slowly turning into.

After he was finished with her shoulder, he moved onto her collar bone, where he let his tongue into the empty gap beneath her clavicle and tried scooping it like he was trying to find out how the tiny bowl in her neck tasted, which made her whimper and breathe loudly.

"Hmm~...Ahh~"

While she held her mouth to stop her whimpers from the intense stimulation she was feeling, she thought that he would next go up to her neck after being finished with that area, like she told. But to her shock and surprise, it didn't go as she expected, and her son unexpectedly moved down her body and gave the top of her soft cleavage a kiss, which made her let out an abrupt moan.

"Hyaaa~"

She didn't expect her son to be bold enough to kiss her breast, which made her let out a sound that she was really embarrassed off. But rather than spending time being

embarrassed, she knew that she had to stop her son from moving any further down, as that area would be a very dangerous area that she shouldn't let her son explore.

Even though she was already over the moon right now, over the intoxicating feeling, she still had some common sense left, so she quickly said in a low voice that was trembling from pleasure

"Not there, daddy...I asked you to move up, not down..." She should've just stopped there and it would've all been over, but for some reason or another, her lust had taken over her mouth for a second and made her finish her sentence by saying

"...Maybe, I'll ask you to kiss me down there next time."

It didn't even take a second for her to realise what she said, and she instantly regretted the obscene words she said to her own son.

But luckily for her, her son didn't seem to notice or was too busy kissing her flesh, that he didn't even react to what she said.

He only gave her breasts one more deep kiss and gave her a look, before busying himself with what he was doing and started to make his way up her neck, which relieved her, as she didn't want her son to start confronting her about how horrible of a mother she was.

But she was still so shocked by the words she uttered, even though nothing happened because of it, that she didn't even realise that her son had already finished kissing her neck and was now standing right in front of her.

He was finally taller than her, as this whole time he was making his way up her body, he was bending over and crouching. And now he was standing tall and straight, and looking down at her with a face that was asking if she was finally satisfied.

Before she could answer, saying that it was enough, after getting overwhelmed by his love, she felt her son hold her chin and look down at her with a look in his eyes as if he were looking at her as his own.

He then tilted her to the side and gave her a kiss on the cheek, and then tilted her head to the other side and gave her a peck on the other one.

And finally, he held her head from behind, pulled her closer to him, and gave her a firm kiss on her forehead, which she could feel the warmth from even after letting her go.

Kiss~ Kiss~ Kiss~

Her face flushed at the sudden barrage of kisses, and her ears felt quite warm to touch.

She didn't react this way before, since she more or less knew about the kisses that she received since she was the one who asked for them and was mentally prepared for them. But these few intimate kisses she received were out of the box, and she didn't know what to make of it, other than feel a little shy and embarrassed in front of her son, who was younger than her by more than two decades.

"W-What was that for, d-daddy?" She asked while stuttering because she was still surprised, but didn't forget to call him daddy, or more like treating her son like a father-figure was already deeply ingrained into her mind, and the words just naturally came out of her mouth.

"What do you mean, what was that for?" He asked as if it were obvious, with a cheeky smile on his face. "Do I really need a reason to kiss my own daughter?" fr(e)e

He used the exact same words she used on him, which made her even more embarrassed about her current situation.

"And seeing how much you're blushing, I think it's safe to say that you're finally alright, so why don't we go and have our dinner now?" He held out his hand and asked politely.

"I'll let you hold my hand this time, just in case this daddy of yours uses too much strength to hold you like before." He then looked at her and said "But don't use this as an opportunity to run off like before, or else this father of yours will really get angry."

She didn't really listen to his words, as she was still in a daze, and simply held the hand that was shown to her, without thinking about it too much. Her son then moved towards the kitchen while escorting his daughter like a princess, while she followed him behind, constantly thinking about those kisses she received on her face, which she could still feel.

She didn't know why, but more than all the pecks she received on her body, the ones she got on her face felt the most pleasing and wonderful and made her heart race like she was experiencing love for the first time.

Especially that very last smooch of his on her forehead, where he pulled her into his embrace to give her a deep kiss. She could absolutely feel no lustful thoughts from either her or her son from that kiss, and could only feel the endless love her son had for her...But the problem was that the love he portrayed wasn't exactly the same familial love, one would have towards her parents, but something much more than that, which had a deeper meaning, which made her shocked at her unintentional discovery.