

## God of Milfs 391

### Chapter 391: Parental Scolding

To my absolute shock, my mother took her measure to appease Camila even further by asking her if she was willing to see the insides of her juicy ass, which held all the evidence of the matters done to her by me that fated day.

And just when I thought that there was no way the elegant Camila would be fine with seeing another woman spread her ass apart and see her anus that was probably a little bruised with how much I was sucking on it a few days ago, Camila decided to one up my mother's absurdity by saying something that almost made me lose balance and fall to the floor when I was standing still.

"Of course, Abigaille!...It would be my absolute pleasure to witness anything you're willing to show me!"

Camila completely lost her cool beauty persona and turned into a pervert who couldn't hold back her avid enthusiasm towards incest, looking at how avid she was looking forward to seeing my mother strip and see the insides of her fleshy rear to my dismay.

She then seemed to think that it wasn't fair that my mother was the only one stripping, and she also didn't want my mother to go back on her decision to show her what I did, because she got too embarrassed, so she added, saying,

"I'll also strip along with you, Abigaille, so that you're not the only one left all exposed...So feel free to even go completely naked to show every part of your body that your son left a mark on, as I'll match your pace and be as naked as you to make it fair."

My mother seemed to be deeply touched by Camila's show of integrity and her deep sisterhood that didn't allow her fellow woman to suffer on her own.

She was so touched by Camila's concern for her when she was simply venting to her about her problems that she didn't hesitate to start removing her clothes, just like Camila said to my dumbfoundment.

Ruffle~ Ruffle~

Camila made my mouth part even further, when she matched what my mother was doing and started taking off her top as well to show that she was a woman of her word.

Ruffle~ Ruffle~

And just like that, the two women in the kitchen seemed to have gone crazy together and started taking off their clothes like they were showing me a private show strip show.

One was struggling to take off her top since her massive breasts were in the way, with the purpose of wanting someone out there to know the plight she was going through at my hands.

While the other was finding it difficult to take off the button to her pants since she was so eager to see the other's body and all the marks I left on it, she was actually trembling in raw excitement.

Seeing these two, who were supposed to be mature older ladies who the younger generation was supposed to look up to, act like exhibitionists all of a sudden made me rub my forehead in disbelief and wonder where everything went wrong.

It was supposed to be Camila teasing my mother while I watched from the side. But it turned into Camila following along with my mother and getting dragged into her pace, which ended up with both of them stripping in front of me to my utter disbelief.

"Goddammit! Break it up already, you two!"

I shouted in vexation as I couldn't handle the sight of what was going on in front of me any longer, which seemed like it would belong in a freakshow circus rather than a normal household. I then glared at both of them, which made both of them jump, and said, Explore new worlds at empire

"Just how far are you two going to go with this childish act of yours when both of you are already mothers who both have children who are old enough to start families of their own?"

I reprimanded them for the preposterous way they were acting so early in the morning, almost as if the roles were reversed and I was their parent scolding both of my daughters for the mischief they were causing.

But to my frustration, both of them were like sisters who didn't back down in the face of their parents and surprisingly protested back at me.

"But Kafi!~ I'm only doing this to satisfy Camila's curiosity!~ There's absolutely nothing wrong with a woman helping another woman out in this wicked world, where we women have to stand strong together to face the tides."

"...E-Even if helping her out means telling her about our l-loving relationship and showcasing your acts of love on my body."

My mother acted as if her actions were justified, and she was on the right side here.

"Yes, Kafka, your mother is right." Camila also supported my mother and voiced her own reasoning in a calm and level-headed manner.

"She's simply helping me understand what sort of relationship you have to have to better our bond as next-door neighbours, so there's nothing wrong with what we're doing...Both of us are also women, so it isn't a really big deal if we show one another our naked bodies."

"...Isn't that right, Abigaille?"

Camila asked my mother for her opinion, to which my mother vigorously nodded her head to my dismay.

Both of them also looked like they were about to overrule my opinion since they had a stronger voice and continued undressing against what I said.

I knew that I couldn't allow that to happen and that I had to put a sense of reasoning in them since they were getting way too influenced by the mood.

It's not like I disliked the fact that they wanted to get naked in front of me and would even endorse it any day of the week. But I was sure that after today they would surely regret what they did with one another after getting caught in the scenario and would later blame me for not stopping them.

I also hadn't properly introduced both of them to one another as my lovers, and I wasn't sure how it would go if they continued on with what they were doing, potentially leading to a message situation that can't be fixed.

I didn't want to take any risks, so I decided to raise my voice for once, seeing as to how they weren't listening to the normal voice of reasoning.

"That's it, you two! This absurd act of yours stops right this instant!"

I shouted at the top of my voice, which made them shudder and immediately stopped them from taking their clothes off.

Both of them are currently looking like two kids who were terrified after meeting their furious father, who was tired of their shenanigans and decided to get the belt out to make them stop.

"Especially you, mom..." I pointed at my mother, who still didn't seem to know what she did wrong for her to be shouted at, but she still obediently looked down in fright when she saw my sharp gaze.

"...You told me that you'll do anything to keep the secret of our relationship from spreading far and wide to maintain the family's image, even when I said that it's not necessary to do...But here you are doing the exact opposite of what you said and are actually publicising everything that happened between us to Camila, even going as far as to provide evidence of our taboo relationship to her."

"Is that something a responsible mother like you should do?...Tell me, mom, is this what a mature adult like you should be indulging in?"

I said in a harsh manner, which had immediate effect on her, as she immediately realised how bold her previous actions were and how she would most definitely regret them out of sheer embarrassment later on.

But at the same time, it also cast a gloomy look on her face because her son scolded her and doubted her ability as her mother. This had never happened before, so she was deeply hurt by what I said, looking at how her pink lips were quivering at the moment.

"Hey, Kafka...Don't you think that's a little too much? Your mother was simply trying to help you out and-"

"...Oh, don't think I'm leaving you out of this, Camila."

Camila felt bad when she saw how sad my mother looked and tried to speak up for her. But was interrupted by me, who was looking at her like she was my next target.

"You acted as if you were going to tease my mother and play around with her, which I thought would be fine since it would make it easier to properly introduce you two later with a more light-hearted mood...But would've thought that the dignified and prideful Camila, who always holds herself high, would fall for her own trap just because she's a pervert who can't stop herself when the conversation becomes a little spicy."

I gave a smirk, which made Camila's proud face turn all red since she knew that I wasn't wrong.

"Not only did you want to know all the juicy information about my relationship with my mother because of your perverted interests...But you also wanted to see my mother's naked ass and even urged her to spread her rear so that you could have a look."

"...Do you know just how disgraceful of an act that is to someone like you, who holds pride in the way you hold yourself up?"

I landed the final blow, which made Camila, who was trying to think of something to say in response, immediately close her mouth in silence, realising that after what I said she'd only be embarrassing herself even further if she tried to argue back.

I thought that with this, the situation would go back to normal.

But boy was I wrong, which I realised after looking around the room that had suddenly lost its liveliness and replaced it with a sober tone that made it hard for me to breath...

Chapter 392: A Flower In Each Hand

I was quick to realise that even though what I said made both of them realise their mistakes, I also got caught up in the mood and took things a little too far.

This was also made obvious when the atmosphere, which I thought would return to harmony after I spoke my true thoughts, didn't happen like I thought it would.

Rather, the kitchen that was supposed to be a warm and pleasant place where a family shared laughter and funny stories of what happened in their life that day had somehow turned into an icefield that was completely silent.

Why was I saying that the kitchen had suddenly become a cold and detached place that honestly felt a bit uncomfortable to stand in, you ask?

Well, for one, my mother was currently pouting with a feisty look on her face like a little gerbil that was furious about what her son said to her.

Camila, on the other hand, had an icy look in her frosty eyes and had picked up the knife again, showcasing her silent rage that made me shiver and take a step back.

"Mom I-"

"Hmph!~"

When I looked at my mother to ask if she was alright after speaking to her a little too harshly, she turned away from me with a harumph like she refused to even look at me, clearly showing how upset and angry she was for doubting her abilities as a mother.

Seeing that I couldn't talk to my mother, I tried to reach Camila and apologise about what I said in a flurry.

"Camila, at least you have to understand why I said-"

"Unless you want me to give you a few pokes on your back, you better not talk to me right now, my dear, Kafka."

Camila interrupted me as well with a chilly tone in her voice while showing the glint of the sharp blade she was holding. She then showed me a sarcastic smile and added, saying,

"It's also not good for you to talk to a perverted woman like me, unless you want to catch my deviant nature, so for your sake, I suggest you don't speak a word to this taboo-loving pervert like you said, Kafka."

I gave a wry smile at what was going on, as somehow my actions came to bite me right in the ass, seeing as to how the two women in the household were silent bombs that were ready to explode at any moment.

Luckily, I was an expert at defusing actual bombs as well as relationship mines, so I didn't fret too much.

I also knew both my mother and Camila enough to know how to calm them down, especially my mother, who was a little too easy when it came to persuasion.

Sniff~ Sniff~

Just when the two ladies had made a silent agreement to stand with one another against me and not let me have any edge against them, to make me silently suffer for what I did, they suddenly heard the sound of someone silently crying coming from the corner.

When Camila turned her head to see what I was up to with a suspicious look on her face, she was surprised to see that I had an extremely tragic look on my face at the moment.

I looked at someone who really regretted what he had done and was doing my best to control the tears that were welling up near my eyes.

Camila obviously knew that I was simply faking it, even though she was impressed by how good I was at making the other party feel pity for me.

She then shook her head in dismay and thought there was no one dumb enough to fall for such obvious bait.

That is, until she saw my mother look at me with a very concerned look on her face when she saw her baby boy look like he had his heart crushed by a girl.

My mother wasn't dumb or anything to fall for my obvious act. It's just that she loved me a little too much that she didn't even think about the chance of me acting in the moment and immediately felt a motherly urge rush out to help me when she saw me all distraught, to Camila's astonishment at how easy it was to sway my mother.

"Kafi, are you alright, dear?...Why do you look like you're going to cry?" My mother didn't hesitate to break the silent agreement with Camila when she saw me all distressed while slowly approaching me with a worried look on her face. "If there's anything you want to let out, then know that Mommy's right here to hear you out at any time."

Camila wanted to stop my mother from falling for my obvious act, but as a mother herself, she knew that it was impossible to stop a mother who was worrying about their child and let out a sigh knowing that she had already lost my mother to my shameless act.

"N-No, mom, I'm not crying because of anything that happened in my life or anything."

I stammered and wiped the non-existent tears from my face as my mother looked up at me in a concerned manner from the side. I then looked at her like I was truly feeling the consequences of my words and said to her as if I were struggling to hold in my tears,

"I-It's just that I felt really bad when I accidentally called you an irresponsible mother, when I really didn't mean that at all...A-And when I thought of how hurt you must have been when I uttered such blasphemous words to you...I-I just couldn't!"

I suddenly wailed and fell on to my mother's shoulders, who was ready to catch me and console me like the loving mother she was.

"There, there, Kafi~ It's alright now~"

Under Camila's wide gaze, my mother switched sides without a thought and consoled me by holding me in her arms.

And then, whilst petting me hair like she always did when I looked a bit down, she continued saying with a warm smile on her beautiful face,

"You know that there's no way that Mommy can ever be hurt by anything you say, right, because Mommy knows that no matter what you may say or how you may act, deep down you care for your mother the most and wish for her goodwill more than anyone could."

"R-Really, mom?...You really aren't hurt because of what I said?"



I said in a muffled voice since my face was currently buried in her warm chest that felt like a field of cotton.

"Of course, Kafi~ There isn't a thing in the world that you can do or say that could possibly make your mother hate you~"

My mother hugged me and pushed my face into her breasts even more in a rather cheerful manner, to show that there really was nothing that could break our mother-son bond.

"I see...Then, that means I can finally stop acting like I'm crying right now, doesn't it?"

A chuckle was heard from my mother's chest as I suddenly popped my head out of my mother's chest with a wide smile on my face, almost as if the look of sadness I had earlier was simply an illusion.

And under Camila's knowing gaze, who had already expected to see me change face when my goal was accomplished, I put a hand over my mother's shoulder and pulled her into my embrace, treating her like a little bunny that couldn't escape anymore after getting caught in my trap.

My mother was also quick to realise that she had been duped by her son and had fallen for his wily tricks, which were actually so obvious. But she didn't really mind at all, as she knew I truly felt apologetic for what I said and that I was simply doing this to cheer her up.

She also didn't mind anything that happened to her as long as she could stay close to her beloved son, so she happily fell into my trap and pulled my hand over her closer so that she could feel the warmth on my body even more.

My mother also threw an apologetic gaze towards Camila for betraying her, to which Camila gave an understanding smile, knowing exactly how hard it was to purposely ignore one's child.

But when Camila turned to glance at me, that graceful look on her face changed to that of a frosty one, looking at me in disdain for even going as far as to trick my own mother.

"Come on, Camila~ One side of my arms is already occupied with my mother and the other is calling out to you, so please forget what I blabbered to you and come over to me like the good girl you are~"

Camila, who thought she was going to be a stone wall in front of me, suddenly perked up when she saw me and my mother approaching her with one of my arms waiting to hold her in my embrace.

Not to mention how comfy my mother looked while she snuggled next to me, which made her feel a little bit jealous. But her interest also peeked when she heard me call her a 'good girl', which provoked her incestuous desire of looking up at me as her father and made her cheeks flush a little.

"Hmph! Why don't you just grab onto some random woman on the streets if you feel like your arms feel empty, Kafka?!...Why is that you specifically need me in your arms?"

Camila put down the knife and exclaimed with a grumpy look on her face, which was actually an improvement from before since she was finally willing to talk to me after staying silent this whole while.

"That's because someone like me only embraces the most beautiful women in the world, Camila, so it's only natural that you would take up that place being the angel of temptation you are."

I replied to her in a rather arrogant and haughty manner, which didn't offend Camila at all and rather made her cheeks flush as she held her head up high at the compliment that seemed to deeply please her.

Even my mother, who was following me in my arms, started giggling since she was one of those beautiful women I mentioned since she was already in my embrace.

Camila was also very close to being pulled in by me, but she still needed to put up some resistance so that I didn't think that she was an easy woman who could easily be tempted with some shallow words, so she said while looking at me with a glaring gaze,

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"But you told me that I'm a horrendous pervert who gets a little too engrossed when it comes to anything that involves family members doing 'certain things' that they shouldn't be doing with one another."

"...So, there's no way you would want such a perverted woman by your side, right?"

Camila looked like she was curious about what I was going to say about this one.

"Oh, that's where you're wrong, Camila..."

I said as I slowly got close enough to Camila that I could finally pull her into my embrace.

She resisted at first, but she eventually let me hug her in my other arm with a disgruntled look on her face.

And before she could say anything in protest, I looked down into her beautiful blue eyes that still had a tinge of reluctance in them and continued saying,

"...Perverted women like you are my absolute favourite."

"And whether you're a pervert who likes to hear about the naughty things happening between a mother and son or an exhibitionist who likes the thrill of walking around naked, it really doesn't matter to me, since I'll come to love any part of you, no matter how devious it may be, if it means that I can be with my beloved, Camila."

I finished what I was saying with a little kiss on Camila's nose, which made the little bit of anger she had in her heart completely disappear and replaced it with an innocent shyness that came with the experience of being embraced by her one true love.

She also coyly hugged me just like my mother was doing, so currently I have two pretty flowers in my hands at the moment.

This was more than enough of a result to say that I had managed to successfully diffuse the bombs on the battlefield and turn it into a garden full of breathtaking flowers...

Chapter 393: I Want To Take Your Son's Name

"Umm...Kafi...I don't know if I should be asking this, but what exactly is your relationship with Camila?"

The flower on my right, my mother, asked the question she had been wanting to ask for a while, seeing as to how familiarly I was talking to Camila and how lovey-dovey she was with me now.

My mother then looked at me, and then Camila, who had regained her cool, refreshing smile and said,

"I thought that she was simply the next door lady who you met one time...But seeing as to how she seems to already know about our relationship and how she's close enough to you that she doesn't even mind you giving her a kiss, I really don't think she's a simple neighbour anymore and something much more significant."

"I'll handle this, Kafka." Camila let go of me and confidently moved forward towards my mother, who got a little scared when she saw Camila coming towards her with a gentle smile on her face. Camila then grabbed both of my hands like she was welcoming my mother into the family and said to her, "I know you're a little confused about what's going on, Abigaille."

But I'm sure you'll understand what's going on after I reintroduce myself to you."

Camila took a deep breath to prepare herself for what she was going to say. And once a fire was lit in her eyes that couldn't be extinguished no matter what storm hit her, she looked at my mother and introduced herself, saying,

"My name is Camila Alvarez, coming from this little town of Paridis. And if there are two things in my life that I take pride in, they are my beloved daughter, Bella, who's probably just woken up next door, and my cooking that your son seems to love."

"...And what I'm looking forward to most in my life right now is changing my name to Camila Vanitas, after your son."

Camila said it in a calm and composed manner, which made my mother's eyes go wide at the shocking revelation. She then carried the momentum of the situation by continuing to say,

"I know that you've probably already guessed what my intentions are by saying that I want to take after your son's name, Abigaille."

Camila gave my mother a gentle but confident smile, like there was absolutely no mistake in what she was going to say next.

"...But just to make it crystal clear, I'll say that I have completely fallen for your son irrespective of his age or status in life, and I wish to join your beloved family as one of your son's lovers."

Camila declared like she was making a formal request to my mother to join the family registry.

I also nodded my head when my mother looked at me in a stunned manner, like she was asking if what Camila was saying was true.

And even though Camila looked completely relaxed as she held my mother's hands to show her sincerity and asked for her permission to join the family, I knew that her heart was racing on the inside since she was asking such a huge matter to my mother.

She knew that the possibility of my mother outright rejecting this proposal was very high since no mother would want her son to be caught up with a woman who already has a child of her own, not to mention that her daughter was even older than me.

There was also the factor of her still being married with her husband that made Camila believe that she was most definitely going to be turned away by my mother.

But she was still someone who did everything in a straightforward and proper manner, so she worked up the courage in her heart to say what needed to be said, even though she knew she was asking for too much.

Even if my mother rejected her entry into the family, she already made up in her mind that she wouldn't give up and would somehow convince my mother to agree by doing whatever she possibly could.

But shockingly, things didn't go the way she thought they would, as my mother simply glanced at me and then at Camila, and said to her as a smile appeared on her face,

"Of course, Camila!~ I don't know why you're asking me when it's my son's decision to choose his partners, but you're more than welcome to join our family!~"

My mother jumped up and down in a giddy manner, like she was more than excited that there was another additional member of the family without questioning anything whatsoever.

This made me and Camila look at each other with dumbfounded looks on our faces, as neither of us was expecting her entry into the family to be that easy.

"Abigail, are you sure?" Camila questioned, as she really couldn't believe that she got in so easily. "Do you really not mind letting a woman who already has a daughter of her own who's currently in her final year of university into your family?"

"Like I said, Camila, it's my Kafi's decision to bring whoever he desires into the family, and it has nothing to do with me since I'm more than happy as long as he's satisfied and content." My mother said in a very mature manner, like a mother who puts her child's desires and wants above all.

"So as long as he loves the girl he brings over and thinks that he's responsible enough to care for them, I, as his mother, don't mind it at all and wouldn't even turn by head if he brings a bunch of girls over."

Hearing this put a smile on my face, as bringing in the future ladies into the family got a whole lot easier with such an understanding mother.

"Not to mention someone like you, Camila, who even I can't help but look up to because of how graceful you are with every action of yours, like a queen used to being on the very top...My Kafi would absolutely be the luckiest man in the world to have a woman like you by his side."

My mother said as she held onto Camila's hands like she was passing her responsibility of taking care of and supporting me into her hands, which really touched Camila and made a grateful look appear on her ravishing face.

My mother also seemed to have noticed some of the worries Camila had and said to reassure her,

"You also don't have to worry about your age, like anyone our age would if they were to get together with a boy who's so much younger than them since I'm in the same boat as you, which you should probably already know about what I'm talking about."

My mother blushed as she reminded Camila that she was also an older lady that couldn't help but fall in love with her son, who was a literal baby when she was old enough to start working.

"You also don't have to think that I won't accept your daughter, as I'm someone who believes that the bigger the family is, the happier they will be, so your daughter-...No, from now on forth, 'our' daughter is more than welcome to join our household."

Camila's hands trembled, and she almost started tearing up when she realised how sweet of a human being my mother was, who instantly accepted her daughter as her own just for the sake of not pulling her away from her own mother.

Camila had met her husband's family before, and she never truly felt like they were her own family because of how coldly they treated her and sometimes even ignored her because they hated that she was much more outstanding than her husband in every aspect.

But now, she hadn't even formally joined the family of her lover, and she was already warmly accepted in with welcoming arms by his mother, which made her heart feel a sense of safety and comfort that it had never felt in her own home.

Tear up~

Tears formed on her twinkling blue eyes, but I quickly wiped them away and silently stroked her hair to comfort her, since such tears didn't belong on such a joyous occasion.

"But Camila, although I'm fine with many things, I still have one thing that I must ask you before I can let anything go forward." My mother suddenly held Camila's hands tightly and looked at her with a solemn gaze.

She then continued asking as she looked at Camila straight in the eyes, "You're husband, Camila...How is your relationship with your husband, and are you by chance betraying his trust by forming a relationship with my son, Kafka?"

Chapter 394: United Against A Common Enemy

Camila immediately understood why my mother was asking such a question.

My mother was someone that was a little too nice for her own good, so she by no means could openly accept her if it meant that it would bring about the wreckage of a happy and peaceful household.

That's why she wanted to make sure that everything was in order before she accepted Camila and also expected a certain level of justification for leaving her husband.

"Since I really don't like talking about my husband too much, I'll just say that in all the years that I've spent with him, the only happiness he has ever given me is my daughter, Bella."

"...Other than that, I don't recall any other memory with him that made me feel even the slightest bit of gratitude for marrying such a man."

Camila bleakly said with a wry smile on her face, which was more than enough to make my mother realise her circumstances, which were quite common in this world.

Camila also added, just in case my mother wanted to hear it,

"I also plan to divorce him very soon to cleanly cut off all my ties with him, so you don't have to worry about any issues, Abigaille."

"Oh, no! I never really thought about that!...And I should also be the one saying sorry for even asking such a question that made you feel uncomfortable, Camila."

My mother quickly apologised for bringing up Camila's hollow past, which I myself wasn't so clear of yet.

"Oh no, Abigaille~ Please don't apologise over such a silly matter."

Camila politely waved her hands to show that she didn't have to fret over someone like her husband.

She then blushed like she was going to say something really embarrassing and shyly said to my mother, while nervously holding onto her own wrists,

"W-We're also one family from now on, now that you've accepted me into your household, Abigaille, s-so we really don't throw around unfamiliar terms like 'sorry' between family members, don't you think?"

"...Or, is it just me who feels like I've already joined your beloved family?"



Camila bashfully asked, hoping that she wasn't the only one feeling this warm sensation that surrounded her when she referred to all of us as one family.

"No, Camila! The feeling is most definitely mutual! You're definitely a woman of our Vanitas household now!" Explore new worlds at empire

My mother exclaimed with a bright glint in her eyes and a look of elation written all over her face. She then continued saying, as she held onto Camila's hand in a familiar manner,

"Normally, it would take a little while for someone to accept another person into their household who they're not directly related to...But, for some reason, when I look at you, Camila, I feel like I've already known you for years, and I can't help but look up at you like a big sister I've never had."

My mother blushed, honestly admitting that she saw Camila as someone she couldn't help but look up to because of her dignified bearing that resembled a Queen of an Empire.

"What a coincidence, Abigaille; I also felt the same way towards you ever since I met you for the first time~" Camila responded to my mother's feelings in a cordial manner.

She then showed a gracious smile as she continued saying, "Especially, when I saw your bubbly nature that always put a smile on my face, whenever I saw you bouncing around like a little ball of sweetness and positivity, Abigaille....I simply couldn't resist the thought of thinking about you as my adorable little sister."

"O-Oh, is that so...I'm glad you feel that way."

My mother gave a shy giggle at being treated like a little sister, since she always wanted an older sister who she could rely on ever since she was a child. She then looked at Camila with a hesitant gaze and asked,

"T-Then, Camila, if you want to, t-then you can call me Abi instead of the usual Abigaille, since everyone who's really close to me calls me by my pet name instead of my actual name."

"...O-Of course, you can reject my proposal if you really don't want to!" My mother waves her hands to tell her that she wasn't forcing her to call her by her nickname.

"Why would I reject calling you such a cute name, Abi?" Camila asked as she pulled on my mother's puffy cheeks. "Only such a name would fit an adorable little sister like you~"

Getting her cheeks lovingly pulled by Camila and hearing her Camila call out to her in such a tender manner, like Camila really was looking after her as her older sister, my mother felt that she could really get used to this younger sister treatment that Camila was bestowing upon her and let her older sister have her way with her cheek, as much as she wanted to.

"Haha, what a warm atmosphere all of us have created here!~"

I suddenly barged into the conversation as I held both of them in my arms, which made Camila look at me with an irritated gaze for interrupting her bonding time with her little sister.

I ignored her sharp gaze and said to both of them, as I pulled them closer into my embrace,

"So, as a mark of establishing our family, that's only going to grow bigger and bigger in the coming future; why don't we celebrate this joyous occasion by skipping breakfast and taking this party all the way to the bedroom?"

A lewd smile appeared on my face as I groped both of their breasts in my hands, which easily warped in shape with how squishy they were.

Grope~

My mother had a look of defeat on her face as she already knew that there was no way to resist me after I got into the mood and she could only be dragged into bed, where she'd spend the next couple of hours moaning like an animal in heat.

But unexpectedly, this time, things weren't going my way as my mother had gained a saviour by her side who wasn't going to let me bully my mother anymore and was going to protect my mother from me, as her older sister, who took it as her responsibility to look after her.

"Take your hands off us, Kafka!"

Camila slapped my hands off then with a cold gaze in her eyes, like she was looking down at the man who was mercilessly playing around with her little sister. She then pulled my mother away from me and placed her behind her in a protective manner and declared to me saying,

"I know you used to act like tyrant in this household in the past and would pester Abi with your lecherous desires all the time, knowing that your poor mother would have no chance of resisting."

"...But that all stops now, now that I've entered this household, as I'm making it my duty to keep Abi away from your deviant claws!"

My mother stood behind Camila and looked at her in awe, seeing as to how she had the courage to stand up again to an overlord like me who did what he wanted.

She was even more amazed when she saw that I didn't argue back with her or advance forward like she thought I would, and how I actually looked stumped by the situation, knowing that Camila wasn't someone I can easily deal with like my mother.

My mother already admired Camila because of her stunning looks and her graceful gait. But after witnessing Camila stand before me for her sake, her admiration grew to idolisation, and it almost made her look like there were stars in her blue eyes as she gazed at Camila, who looked so cool in her eyes at the moment.

Knowing that she finally had someone that she could rely on in this household and a reliable barrier that could actually stop the animal, that was her son, my mother held onto the back of Camila's clothes and hid behind her in a rather adorable manner.

She also seemed like she was going to make this her safe space where she can run to whenever I go after her, which made me let out a wry smile, seeing as to how the women of this household were already uniting against me.

Well, I guess it's better that they're uniting to fight against me rather than breaking all sorts of relationships with one another to fight for me, which would've been an entirely different scale of disaster that I wanted to avoid at all costs unless I wanted a couple of knives inserted into my back for being a horrendous womanizer...

Chapter 395: Survival Through Reliance

"Let's go, Abi!" Camila held onto my mother's hand and escorted her towards the workplace in the kitchen. "Let's leave this pervert behind and continue on with our cooking."

"Y-Yes, Camila!...I'm coming!" My mother gave me one last look before hurrying to Camila's side, afraid that she would be caught by me and dragged away if she stayed beside me for too long.

I simply smiled at the sight of the two ladies working in the kitchen and found it laughable how I was treated like Enemy Number One in my own household.

Camila also seemed to be acting a bit cold towards me right now, but I'm sure that she's still trying to appeal herself to my mother at the moment and doesn't want to give me too much attention for now, since it would be a bit too much for even her to be all lovey-dovey with me in front of my mother when she just joined the family.

It also seemed like she wanted to be the head lady of the household in the sense that she was the one who maintained the balance between all the family members, so to do that and be fair, she had to act like she was impartial with me when others were around.

But I was sure that if we were alone together, she'd be just as attached as my mother and wouldn't let me separate with her at all, rubbing her face all over my chest and taking in my scent like she loved to do.

I wanted to cook breakfast today since it was my turn today. But since Camila had already come over to help my mother do exactly that, I decided to forget taking over and let both of them handle it today, expecting a divine meal that would put me to sleep since both of them were cooking together.

I was about to go to the sofa and catch up on some of the dramas that me and my mother watched together that I missed.

But I was stopped by a call that came from Camila.

"Now, just where do you think you're going, mister?...Do you think that you can run off and relax while both of us ladies make you your breakfast?"

Camila turned around as she was peeling an onion and stared at me with narrowed eyes, like she was looking at someone escaping from the work they were given. She then continued saying, as she passed the onion to my mother to cut,

"I don't know how it was like in this household before. But now that I'm here, I'm making sure that everyone in this house puts in the proper amount of effort to maintain this household."

"...And that most definitely includes you, Kakfa, so don't think that you can just slack off and dump all the chores of the house onto your poor mother, like you probably did before."

Camila pointed at me and looked like she was telling me that there was no way she was going to let me be the man of the house, who completely lived off his women and did absolutely nothing around the house other than eat and sleep, like her husband used to do.

Before I could even say anything in response, my mother spoke up for me herself, knowing that her son wasn't such a person at all.

"No, Camila, you misunderstood, Kafi." My mother quickly said so that there were no misconceptions made. "Even though I understand that you're used to seeing most of the men in this world move away from any sort of housework thinking that it's a woman's job, my Kafi isn't like that and is quite the gentleman who helps me out a lot around the house."

"Oh, is that so?" Camila remarked with a slightly surprised look on her face as she stared at me with a slightly suspicious look on her face. She then continued saying, "Well, I always knew that he was different from the rest of the men in this world with the way he acts, but I thought with how much of a tyrant he is, he would surely bully you, Abi, and make you do all the chores."

"No, it's definitely not like that, Camila." My mother quickly interrupted as she said with a guilty look on her face, "A-Actually, as embarrassing as it is, Kafi is the one who does most of the chores in the household from the laundry to wiping the floors, while I'm the one who spends a carefree time without doing any sort of work whatsoever."

Camila perked up as she threw a perplexed gaze at my mother, not expecting it to be the other way around.

She wondered if my mother was actually really good at disciplining me even though she looked like she couldn't even bear to shout at me, which made sense in her eyes seeing as to how respectable of a man I grew up to be.

"I know what you're thinking, Camila, and it's really not because I ordered Kafi to do all the work in the house." My mother said after guessing what Camila was thinking. She then looked at me and

said with a sigh, "It's just that Kafi here doesn't let his Mommy do any of the chores around the house at all.

He does it all himself, saying that I've already done enough by raising him up till now and now it's his sole responsibility to take care of me instead."

"Other than letting me cook some times after a long argument that I somehow won, he wouldn't even let me wipe the countertop...A-And in case I did try to do some work, he would take out a long ruler out from nowhere and slap it around to scare me away from doing any sort of work."

My mother looked at me with a wronged look in her eyes for being treated like a student who was being punished for doing something she shouldn't do when she simply didn't want to put all the strain on her previous son and wanted to help her out.

"A Queen never picks up a broom to clean her castle, mom, so why should I allow you to do anything in this household when you already have a loyal servant like me lying around?"

I stated as I rolled my eyes at my mother's complaints, indirectly telling her that she was never going to wash a dish in her life ever again.

"See, Camila, this is what I'm talking about!...He says weird stuff like this all the time and always shuts me up when I bring up this topic!"

My mother complained to her older sister like she was asking her to do something about it while blushing from being called a 'Queen' in front of Camila.

She then continued saying, with indignation in her voice,

"Every mother's desire is to make sure that their children live a comfortable life with absolutely no hardship whatsoever, which you should know as a mother yourself."

"But what am I supposed to do with a son like this who once suggested carrying me around the house, saying that he didn't want me to overwork myself from walking room to room!"

"...A-And even worse, he suggested that he should be the one wiping me down after I p-pee, saying that he didn't want me straining the muscles in my arm by doing so."

My mother complained about the way I coddled her in the household and also innocently believed that I was helping her wipe down just for the sake of it, when that was one of the lewd desires that I disguised like a favour.

"Hmm~...Looking at what you're saying, Abi, your son really does act like an overload in your house...But not the one that massacres neighbouring countries, but instead one who forces his own people with treasures to the point that all their pockets are stuffed with gold coins."

Camila looked at me with a slightly surprised look on her face, not expecting my love for my mother to be so high.

She also wondered if she also wasn't going to be allowed to do any housework in the future and was going to become the lazy partner, she was just complaining about.

"But unfortunately, Abi, even though I know you want me to make Kafka change his decision and let you work again, I simply can't do that."

Camila said with a wry smile to my mother's sudden dismay, thinking that there wasn't a thing that her powerful older sister couldn't do. She then continued saying with an apologetic look on her face for not living up to her expectations,

"Not to mention that Kafka is actually doing a really good thing by letting you rest, knowing that you moved here to retire with your family...There's also the fact that even though I may act all tough in front of Kafka and may seem impenetrable against his intentions, that's simply a front that I can only resist so much."

"...In actuality, I'm just like you, Abi, when it comes to how resistant I am against his desires, and I also can't actually go against him over some of his decisions that he's firm on because of how much control he has over me."

Camila honestly admitted to being the one who fell for the other more in this relationship of ours with flustered cheeks for acting so tough, only to tell that she was just as fragile as my mother in the end.

My mother was shocked by this revelation since she thought for sure that Camila would be the one to put a leash over me, and her lips parted wide at the sight of her so-called shield shattering right before her eyes.

"But don't worry, Abi!" Camila frantically consoled my mother after feeling guilty for bringing up her hopes, only to obliterate them in the hand. "I-I may not be able to control Kafka regarding certain matters that he's absolutely stubborn on...But I'm sure I have enough deterrent force to protect you from him!"

My mother's dim eyes lit up once again, like she finally saw the light that was disappearing when she heard Camila's promise.

My mother looked at Camila like she was putting all her trust in her, which Camila acknowledged and looked like she was ready to protect her little sister from me, even if she had to sacrifice herself to do so.

"Oh really? You really think that you can stop me when I'm coming for both of you at full throttle?..." I chuckled at both of them like I heard a hilarious joke and said as I looked at both of them who were supporting one another, "...We'll see about that."

Camila gulped when she heard my words, which she knew were probably true, knowing how hard it was to go against anything I desired. She then showed a fake smile to my mother to give her some confidence, when she herself wasn't so confident about pushing me away.

But unfortunately for her, my mother could sense the nervousness on her usually calm face and knew that they could only rely on one another to protect themselves from the hungry wolf that lived in this household...

Chapter 396: I'll Follow Right Behind You

Clap~ Clap~

"Well, we'll talk about how we're going to distribute the chores in the house later."

Camila clapped and suddenly said out loud to change the dreary topic, which made her feel threatened. She then looked at both of us like we were supposed to be making haste and said,



"For now, it's time to make a delicious breakfast to start off this joyous day of our family's new start...So, Abi, why don't you continue cutting the vegetables while Kafka can go and get some frozen peas from the fridge."

I simply smiled at how chaotic our first morning as a family was going, thinking that it was so much better than waking up and eating breakfast while reading a book all alone like I was used to do back on Earth and thought there wasn't a treasure in the world I would exchange this moment for.

I then continued letting them do whatever they were doing and walked over to the fridge to do what Camila said.

"Frozen peas in the morning, Camila...That's quite strange, isn't it?" I asked as I brought over the packet of ice-cold peas, wondering what dish Camila was going to make using this. "Are you possibly making Sautéed Peas and Eggs or a Pea and Potato Hash, Camila?"

"...But that is also really weird for you to do since you absolutely hate making any food with frozen veggies in it, saying that using shortcuts is lazy cooking and it would be the same as disgracing the dish."

I said thoughtfully, knowing that Camila was someone who took her mastery over cooking very seriously and only used the most fresh vegetables and fruits when she made anything, especially since she was living in a town that prided itself on having a thriving agricultural sector.

"No, Kafka, the frozen peas aren't for boiling or sautéing."

Camila denied, as she turned back to look at me and said something rather surprising instead.

"...They're for putting on my butt instead."

Both me and my mother froze when we heard what Camila said, and we looked at each other like we were wondering if it was simply our imagination that was talking.

"W-We're going to put them on your butt?"

I asked in a perplexed manner as I stared at Camila's bouncy ass that was sticking out of her jeans and made it look like she stuffed two meat buns in there. I then looked at her with an expectant look on my face and asked her,

"Are we possibly going to eat the peas of your ass, Camila?...If we are, then let me go and buy a bunch of more packets, since these little amounts of peas aren't going to be enough for me if I know that I'll be eating them out of your ass."

I could already imagine the erotic sight of Camila's pale white cheeks being stuffed with green little balls while me and my mother dugged into her crevice with spoons in our hands.

My mother also seemed to have the same thought, seeing as to how she was blushing while silently staring at Camila's ass.

"Get your mind out of the gutter, you little pervert!...Why in the world would I ask you to stuff some peas in my butt?"

Camila lightly hit me in the head with a spatula with a grumpy look on her face for me having such dirty thoughts about her, which made my mother look away since she also had such thoughts on her mind.

Camila then looked at me like she didn't know what she should do about my perverted nature and explained with a sigh,

"What I meant when I said that the peas were meant for my butt and not for cooking is that I want to apply them on my behind because of how much the slap you gave me stings."

"What?" I asked as my lips twitched, hearing the frozen peas were for something I caused. "I know that I spanked you quite hard, but was it really so bad that you need to put some ice on that place?"

"Then what, Kafka?...Do you think that I'm a little kid who's lying to get your attention?" Camila looked at me in a vexed manner for doubting her intentions. She then rubbed her poor little butt that got battered and said, "You also spanked my ass like it owed you some money, so how can I not say that it stings so much that I most definitely can't sit down for a while?"

"Oh no, I'm not saying that you're lying, Camila...It's just that there isn't a day that goes by that I don't slap my mother's ass with how succulent of a rear she has." I said, which made my mother's ears turn red after revealing a shameful family secret.

"But never, as she once complained about it being too painful, and she only really scolds me about it when I spank her when there are people around."

I smiled as I thought about the time I slapped my mother while we were out shopping in a supermarket, since my mother kept on unintentionally tempting me by shaking her ass around as she pushed around the cart.

Unexpectedly, the impact of my hands and her juicy cheeks was so loud that day that everyone in the supermarket got scared thinking that someone shot a gun, and even the police arrived to investigate.

Luckily, they didn't check the cameras, or else the 'weapon' my mother hid on her rear would've been revealed.

"W-Well, it actually really did hurt when Kafka first started spanking me, Camila, almost as if I got stung by a bee every time his hand landed on my butt." My mother explained when she saw Camila stare at her, which made Camila glare back at me for supposedly abusing my mother.

"B-But after a while and a bunch of spankings later, I've somehow grown resistant to the way he treats me rear, and I a-actually find it really pleasurable when he does so now."

My mother's face turned red as she admitted to growing to like my spankings, which made Camila look at her in wonder.

"My adorable mother also asks me to slap her much harder when I do so in bed, so you should understand what I'm trying to say with that piece of information."

"You don't have to tell her that as well, Kafi!~"

I added another point with a smile on my face, which made my mother shout out in protest and playfully slap my arm.

"Well, unlike your mother, who seemingly has a thicker butt than me, after hearing about the spanking play, you two indulge yourself..." Camila looked at my mother, wondering how a lady with such a cute and sweet little face could actually be such a pervert who gets off to spanking, which made my mother avert her shy gaze.

"...I unfortunately don't have that extra layer of fat like she apparently does and actually have quite the sensitive one, that even starts crying out if I don't sit in a cushioned."

"So, as the perpetrator of making my ass swell up, I want you to cool it down by keeping this icepack on it for a little while." Camila handed me the frozen peas with a purpose in hand.

"You want me to do it?" I asked as I grabbed the peas, thinking that it would be easier if she did it herself.

"Why not, Kafka?" Camila asked with a coquettish smile on her face, like she was trying to tempt me into helping her out. "I thought you treated the women in your household like queens, so why is that you're hesitating to help out your poor little lover who's butt as been roughed up by you?"

Camila even turned around like she was going to wash some vegetables and quietly wiggled her juicy behind around to provoke me, making my mother gasp at how daring she was.

"I have no problem with it whatsoever, Camila..."

I said like I was ready to treat her even in my sleep, while moving closer to her swaying ass that was drawing me in like a moth to a flame.

And then, with her ass sticking out right in front of me, I started groping her, which made Camila let out a rather seductive whimper, and I continued saying as I mushed her cheeks,

"...But I'm afraid that if I were to see your naked ass right in front of me, I'd pounce right on you without even caring that my mother is right beside us, and I'd do a lot of dirty things to this juicy butt of yours that will surely make you stay up at night."

My mother gulped and frantically looked around the room to distract herself from the sight of her son playing around with the ass of another woman right in front of her, since it was the first time she was seeing such a lewd scene happen before her and she didn't know how to react to it.

But no matter how she tried to look away out of respect for Camila, her trembling eyes always ended looking at Camila's cheeks that were getting squeezed and pulled like a slab of molten cheese, unable to resist the tempting sight of her new-found family playing around with one another.

"It's fine, Kafka."

Camila looked back at me and gave me an endearing smile with a calm look in her light blue eyes, as she felt her flesh getting scraped around by my fingers. She then looked at the knife on the counter she was supporting herself on and casually said,

"I'm pretty sure that you won't do such a thing knowing that there's a knife right next to me, unless my little Kafka wants a couple of holes in his body, so go ahead and treat my wounded behind without thinking about it too much."

"With the number of times you've threatened me with a knife today, I'm starting to wonder if there will come a time where you'll actually stick a knife through my neck and send me to the afterlife, Camila."

I joked as I stopped groping Camila and started pulling her pants down a little to keep some ice on her bare flesh just like she wanted, seeing as to how readily she bent over the counter and pushed her booty out when she felt her rear get exposed.

"Don't worry, Kafi. Even if there comes a day where I send you to the Heavens above, I'll most definitely follow behind you shortly since there really is no way I can live without you anymore...So don't worry about getting lonely in the afterlife, since I'll be right by your side."

Camila said with her usual smile on her face as she playfully ruffled my hair like I was a dog after noticing that I had crouched down to treat her butt, which was now partly exposed to me.

I shivered when I heard Camila's words and saw the cold glint she had in her eyes when she uttered such a dangerous sentence, since she being the unpredictable and prideful woman she was, I didn't even know if Camila was joking or not.

And unless I want to sleep with one eye open all the time, I probably have to make sure that I don't really piss her off and take caution against the unstable bomb I've brought into my household...

## Chapter 397: Moon And Mars

"Ah, it's the moon!"

My mother randomly said out of nowhere while staring at Camila in a daze for some reason.

When me and Camila looked back at her to see what she was talking about, she immediately covered her mouth and seemed like she regretted speaking her thoughts out loud.

"The moon?...What are you talking about, mom?" I said as I looked out the window to look at the beautiful, blue sky. "How can you see the moon when the sun just rose over the horizon?"

"Maybe some kind of astral phenomenon is happening where we can see the moon and the sun at the same time?" Camila said in a rather excited manner and looked out the window as well to see if the moon was out like my mother said.

"N-No, you two...I wasn't talking about the actual moon when I said so earlier."

My mother nervously said, like she really didn't want to say the actual reason at all. She then pointed towards Camila's ass that was now completely exposed after pulling her pants down enough and hesitantly said,

"I just saw Camila's b-butt for the first time, and the first thing that came to my mind when I saw it was that it looked like the moon with how white and round it was, w-which I ended up blurting out."

"Phft!~"

I was caught off guard by my mother's hilarious statement and was about to laugh my ass off. But I remembered that Camila was still close to a knife, so I covered my mouth and silently chuckled away.

"I-I see...So my butt looks like the moon in your eyes, Abi."

Camila awkwardly said while having a peculiar look on her face, not knowing exactly how to react in this sort of situation.

She knew that my mother would eventually see her naked body since both of them shared partners, which would also mean that they had to share beds.

But she didn't expect that the first thing my mother would do was call her butt the moon, which really caught her off guard and made her realise how childish and innocent my mother was.

"No, mom. It's not just one moon but the rising of two full moons, seeing as to how Camila has two cheeks and not just one."

I corrected my mother while holding Camila's bouncy moons in my hands, which made her pull on my hair for making fun of her.

But the one Camila should be angry at was supposed to be my mother, as not only did she start this debate, she also added another thought of hers, which made the situation even more comedic.

"No, Kafka, you're also wrong here." My mother couldn't help but say, even though she knew that she shouldn't drag this matter for Camila's sake. "I do agree that one of Camila's buttcheeks looks like a moon because of how perfectly round and pale it is."

"But if you look at her cheek on the left, it isn't really as white as it normally is and is currently covered in a red blush since that was the place your hand landed."

My mother pointed at one of Camila's cheeks that was as red as tomato after getting battered by my hand. She then continued to proudly say, like she made a really good joke in her mind,

"So rather than two Moons, Kafi, don't you think that her butt looks like one moon and one more Ventri?~" Discover stories at empire

Ventri was a planet that was completely red in this world, so what my mother was basically saying at the moment was that Camila basically had the Moon and Mars following behind her.

Camila was shocked to see that her beloved little sister was dissing her like this, while I myself was struggling to stop myself from rolling over from laughing at my mother's antics.

"Ah! I'm sorry, Camila! I didn't mean to say that!"

My mother realised that she had spoken out her thoughts once again and immediately apologised to Camila, who was still in disbelief that her little sister betrayed her. She then continued explaining the reason she kept on making fun of her, saying,

"I-It's just that for some reason I really can't keep my guard around you, and I just say whatever goes in my head, thinking that you wouldn't really take any offence."

"Oh, so that's what it was!~ That's a relief!~"

Camila let out a sigh of relief as she was starting to think that my mother secretly didn't like her as her son's lover and was dissing her, like every evil mother-in-law did, and was more than glad that it wasn't so. She then smiled at my mother and continued saying,

"You really don't have to mind, Abi, and can continue saying whatever you want, since that only means that you've already accepted me into your close circle and don't think of me as a stranger, which I want the most at the moment."

"Oh, that's a relief as well, since I often say random stuff like this without thinking about how the other would respond~"

My mother admitted to her ditzy nature and was thankful to Camila for being so understanding and not getting offended by her little comments.

"But that only applies to your mother, Kafka, and not you." Camila looked down and warned me, while I finally managed to control my laughter. "So don't get any ideas like the cheeky little brat you are and try to make fun of me."

"Sure, sure." I nonchalantly agreed, which made Camila roll her eyes, already knowing that I wasn't going to listen to any of her words. I then looked at her ass that was half white and half red and said in wonder, "But you really weren't kidding when you said you had a sensitive ass, Camila."

I only spanked you once, and your butt already looks so bright red that I could almost see the red glow shining on my face."



"...If just a little slap through your thick pants is enough to make your ass turn into an apple, then just imagine what would happen if I directly spanked your flesh."

"Oh, then the moon would probably have a big handmark on it!"

My mother chirped in with her usual antics once again, which Camila came to find to be rather cute after knowing that there was no malicious intent behind it.

"Yes, Abi, the moons on my behind will most definitely have a bright red handprint on them with how sensitive and pale my skin is...But so will your son's face if he were to try something like that."

Camila played along with my mother's jokes and looked at me with a knowing smile on her face, indirectly warning me about the consequences of spanking her butt.

"I don't mind, Camila."

I suddenly stated, which Camila didn't expect to hear. I then took the packet of frozen peas and gently pushed it against her red skin, which made her let out a yelp because of the chilling sensation on her ass and continued saying,

"I don't care how many times you slap me, where you slap me, or even if you turn my entire body red by beating the hell out of me as your way of revenge."

"...As long as I get to touch these irresistible mounds of meat that belong to even more irresistible women, I would be more than fine with whatever you throw at me and would die a happy man."

I said as I continued to carefully treat her butt that was swollen red. I also thought that I should go a little more easy on her next time, seeing as to how sensitive her butt was.

I thought Camila would scold me for what I said and tell me that I was getting a little too full of myself.

But unexpectedly, her cheeks flushed as she heard my words, and she looked down at me with an affectionate gaze, almost as if she were touched by how far I was willing to go just to lay a finger on her body.

"Fine, Kafka...If you're really that desperate to feel up my ass, feel free to do so." Camila harumphed and acted as if she was only letting me do since she was taking pity on me, when in fact she herself wanted to feel my touch on her body and didn't want my mother to be getting all the love.

"Just don't go overboard since I really don't want to be explaining to the doctor why my butt got so red and swollen."

"Of course, Camila...I'll treat your ass as gentle as a peach."

I said and gave both her cheeks a kiss each to Camila's delight, thinking that she could get used to such a wonderful life where she got coddled by me everyday...

Chapter 398: I Thought You Liked It Rough

"M-Me to, Kafka!...I also want you to treat me the same way!"

My mother suddenly said after silently watching me care for Camila's butt with a pack of frozen peas in my hand.

She then turned around and bent over the counter right next to Camila, exactly like Camila was doing now, and looked back at me with an expectant gaze, like she was waiting for me to pull up her gown and expose her ass well.

Right now both my mother and Camila were bent over before me on the kitchen counter and were pushing their juicy behind out for me, showcasing just how much of the sustenance they gained from eating went into their rears.

One stuck out her half-white, half-red booty that was completely exposed towards me and was looking at the other in confusion, as to why she was suddenly imitating her. While the other was wiggling her round butt in my face, like she wanted me to lift her clothes up and give her a good spanking for how bad of a girl she's been.

"What are you talking about, mom? I thought you liked it when I got rough with your little butt." I said, thinking that she wanted me to treat her butt gently as well, like Camila asked for, while carressing her ass to make it stop shaking in excitement. "So, why do you suddenly want me to be gentle with you as well?"

"I'm not talking about that, Kafi." My mother shook her head with a shy look on her face. She then said in a determined manner, "I'm asking you to apply those iced peas on my behind as well, since you've never treated me before, and it won't be fair if only Camila gets this sort of treatment."

"Mommy wants to be treated like a patient by Kafi, as well!"

My mother exclaimed in a childish manner, like she wouldn't move out of her position if I didn't apply ice to her butt as well, which dumbfounded both Camila and me.

"Fine, fine, if that's what you really want, mom." I said and started pulling up her white dress, which made her let out a bright smile.

Camila was wearing pants, so all I had to do was pull them down up till her thighs and her bare butt were exposed to me. But my mother was wearing a frilly dress that extended down to a long skirt, so I had to pull her skirt all the way over her waist to reveal her behind.

This also meant that after pulling down her underwear as well, I could currently see my mother's brown butt as well as a little bit of her vagina since I was crouching down.

Camila, who had realised this, gulped when she realised this and closely stared at me applying the packet to my mother's cheeks.

She knew that both me and my mother had a relationship that went far beyond what a normal mother and son would engage in. But she was still astounded when she saw my mother sticking her ass out for me in person and couldn't believe that she was witnessing such an incestuous sight that was making her entire body turn warm.

"You better stop staring at us like that, Camila, or else you're going to start leaking down from there when we're supposed to be making breakfast."

I said as I switched between butts and placed the ice pack back on Camila's butt, wondering if a person would turn into a werewolf if her moon-like rear was exposed into the open.

"What are you talking about, Kafka?! Why would I do such a-" Stay updated via empire

Camila was about to complain, saying that I was throwing needless accusations her way and disgracing her name in front of her little sister.

But she quickly silenced herself when all of a sudden she felt something warm sliding down her lower lips and then looked at me with a flushed look on her face, knowing that I had read her incestuous tendencies like a book.

"What's leaking, Camila?...Is it the faucet?"

My mother innocently asked as she felt the pack of peas slide against her bouncing flesh and leave a wet trail, that felt rather comfortable.

"It's nothing, Abi...Kafka here is just speaking some nonsense that even I can't understand."

Camila said as she stared at me with a sharp gaze, telling me to stay silent of the matter to keep my face in front of my mother.

"...And Kafka, just what are you trying to do by pushing your fingers into my butt?"

Camila looked back and asked in an inquisitive manner, when all of a sudden she felt my hand entering in between her cheeks and looked like I was trying to split them open.

"Well, I've already cooled down the outside of your ass with the ice pack to the extent that you'd probably get frostbite on your rear if I kept it on longer..."

Camila nodded her head since she felt that the stinging sensation had mostly disappeared and what was left was her ass covered in water, which made her white butt give off a glossy glow as if her cheeks were two massive pearls. I then continued saying, with a grin hanging on my face,

"...So, that's why I thought that I should move on to your asshole as well and rub it with the pack of peas, just in case it doesn't become swollen and make it difficult for you to use the bathroom."

."

".."

"..."

"You're going to do what?!"

It took Camila a few seconds to realise what I was saying, but she still had quite the reaction when she understood why I was trying to pull apart her asscheeks.

While Camila was wondering why in the hell I was trying to treat her anus as well, knowing that there was no way my slap could've reached such a hidden space, my mother looked to be intrigued by my idea and so was her anus, seeing as to how it was twitching when she heard that it could be treated with some care after all the abuse it went through my hands this past week...

Chapter 399: Pitiful Daughter-In-Law

"Huh? What are you doing, Camila?" I said when I saw Camila starting to pull up her pants, not even caring that her butt was covered in cold water from the ice pack. "Why are you putting your clothes back on when I'm not even finished?"

"Don't act like you don't know anything, Kafka." Camila looked down at me with a condescending gaze as she fastened her button, which she was struggling to do with how thick her behind was. "I know that the only reason you want to keep that packet deeper in my butt is because of your deviant desires."

"...So why should I go through all that humiliation when I already know that you have no good intentions in mind?"

Camila said like I was getting a little too cheeky for my own good and that I better tone it down a notch.

She also silently urged me to help her put on her pants because of how much she was struggling with it before my mother thought that she was too fat to even fasten her button.

"You too, Abi...Quickly push down your skirt, before your pervert of a son here takes advantage of you, saying that he wants to help you out."

Camila urged my mother not to get fooled by my tricks. She then looked down at me and said with a harumph,

Stay connected through empire

"Saying that even my b-butthole got affected by the slap when it's nowhere near that radius...What a joke!"

Camila looked like she wanted to give me a little knock on the head for trying to trick her.

But she simply couldn't when she saw me doing my best to help fasten her pants, which she found rather cute in her eyes when she looked at me from above.

Instead, she simply gave me a pat on the head, thinking that it was really impossible for her to actually get angry at me.

"What are you doing, Abi? Why are you still sticking out your behind for Kafka?" Camila asked with a puzzled look on her face when she saw my mother remain in the same place and even push out her juicy brown butt towards me a bit more with a flustered look on her face.

"You should already know that what he's asking from you is simply to satisfy his desires, so why are you still accommodating to his requests?"

"W-Well, the thing is, Camila..." My mother nervously said while being unable to meet Camila's sharp gaze, almost as if she were too embarrassed to admit what she was going to say.

"...Even though Kafi may have been joking when he said that he needed to keep some ice on 'that' part of your body since there's really no way his hands could've reached that place, it's shamefully really not the same case for me as well."

"What do you mean by that, Abi?" Camila asked, wondering just where she was going with this.

"R-Remember when I said that Kafi dragged me into the bathroom and did a lot of d-dirty things to my butt a few days ago?" My mother said while shaking her ass around out of nervousness.

"I do, Abi...You also don't have to worry about that happening again, now that I'm around."

Camila looked down at me with a cold glint in her eyes, like she was telling me my mother was now under her protection and there was nothing I could do about it.

"Thank you for that, Camila...I really appreciate it." My mother sincerely thanked her for being the only person she could rely on again a threat like me.

She then looked at me and then at Camila and continued saying with flushed cheeks and red ears, "B-But the thing is that even though it's already been a few days since that has happened, 'that' part of my body still aches a little from how a-aggressively he treated it, licking and s-sucking on it like it was some kind of sweet lolipop."

"By 'that' part of your body, a-are you talking about your inner cheeks, Abi, since that's what I can think of when you say he did some really vulgar things to your butt?"

Camila gulped as she felt the conversation going in a very sensual direction. She was glad she pulled up her underwear, or else she was sure that I would've noticed how wet she was starting to become.

"No, Camila...There's still one more part that you haven't mentioned, which is all the way down one's bum and is probably the most e-embarrassing part to show to their partner."

My mother blushed as she looked at me like she was asking how I could do such vulgar things to such a dirty place, to which I showed a grin, thinking about that night in the bathroom.

"No way, Abi! There's no way you're talking about 'that' place, right?!" Camila covered her mouth in disbelief and looked at both of us to say, like she couldn't believe what she was hearing.

She then looked at my mother, who was also profusely turning red at what she was admitting, and said in trepidation, "I mean, that part of your body is probably the most private and dirty place, that no one would ever want to touch, whether it be you or me...S-So to say that Kafka had licked and s-sucked on such vile part of your body."

"...You simply have to be joking, right?"

Camila looked at me like she was asking me to nod my head and say that my mother was simply joking or else she needed to know how she was going to control the exhilaration she was going

through at the moment at the thought of what a son had done to his dear mother's most hidden place.

"Whether I'm joking or not, Camila...You can simply find out if you look inside."

My mother couldn't handle the shame of speaking of this topic any longer and simply resigned herself to her faith by sticking her ass out towards me, almost as if she were telling me that I could do whatever I wanted.

"Mom, you know you don't have to do this, right?"

I said out of pity, as even I felt bad at the sight of seeing my mother get cornered by me and having no other choice but to submit herself to fate.

"I-It's fine, Kafi...Now that Camila is going to be with us, it's only right for her to know what's she's got in store and the consequences that come in with having someone like you as her lover."

My mother sighed, almost as if this were her way of warning Camila of what was coming at her now that she had joined this household, which made Camila feel concerned about her dignity.

"So, simply do Mommy a favour and show her what you did to Mommy's butt a few days ago to let Camila understand just what's she going to go through along with me now that she's joined this family."

"Yes, Kafka...Quickly do whatever your mother said and show me what you did to her butt, that it still aches to this day."

Camila insisted that I follow my mother's instructions with a glowing look in her eyes, like she couldn't wait to see the sight I was about to show her.

"Why do you look so eager to see my mother's asshole, Camila?" I asked with my brows raised.

"W-Who said that I was eager to see such a vulgar place!?!...Only a pervert would want to do something like that!"



Camila hurriedly said as if she weren't the pervert who got off to incestuous relationships herself. She then looked at me while having a sophisticated aura around her like she were some great intellectual and calmly said to me,

"I'm simply trying to understand the traditions in your household now that I've joined it, and I'm trying my best to blend in by observing the rituals you and your mother go through."

"So don't you misunderstand me as some sort of deviant who's into this sort of shameful matter, as I'm simply preparing for what's coming to me now that I've become a woman of this family."

Although I scoffed at Camila's make-believe words that she was saying to maintain her image, even though she was actually just a little nympho who wanted to see how battered and bruised my mother's anus was at the moment.

My mother believed the act she was putting on, as she really couldn't comprehend that such a graceful woman like Camila could have an interest in such a dirty matter.

My mother thought that Camila was only doing so to prepare herself for what she was about to go through in my hands, for the sake of sharing the suffering my mother was going through at my hands. This deeply touched her and made her feel so thankful that she got such a caring older sister who was going to such far lengths to protect her.

"Kafi, do what Camila is asking you to do and show her just what she's going to face now that she's one of your women now." My mother looked back at me and said while pushing her butt into my face. She then looked at Camila with a warm gaze and said, "It's so much better than catching my beloved daughter-in-law off guard with just how much of a pervert you are, similar to what happened to me."

"...It's the least I can do as her mother-in-law, seeing as to how unfortunate she was to fall for someone like you, Kafi, whose lecherous nature knows no bounds."

My mother shook her head like it was a pity that Camila joined this family, almost as if she were treating me like a villain who was going to completely ruin the flower that was Camila.

#### Chapter 400: My Mother Likes It Rough

This, for some reason, really ticked me off, as both my mother and Camila here were trying to pass themselves off as if they were virtuous victims while I was the demon who was torturing them for the thrill that came with it, when they were in fact the real perverts who enjoyed everything I did to them and acted as if they were against it all along.

A wicked smile inevitably formed on my face as I couldn't handle the way the women of this family were treating me any longer, and I thought that it was time that I showed them just who the man of this household was...

Spank!~

"Ahhh!♡~ Kafi!♡~"

The loud resounding sound of raw muscle and bone clashing against a globule of pure fat was heard, when all of a sudden, when both the ladies were waiting for me to spread open my mother's cheeks, I gave my mother a good spanking right on her left cheek.

Camila jumped like a cat whose tail had been stepped on when she felt the airwaves from the impact hit her face, while my mother was left whimpering from the searing sensation of her butt getting slammed.

"Kafi!~...What was that for?...Why did you hit spank Mommy out nowhere?"

My mother wailed as she rubbed her brown ass that had finally stopped jiggling after the collision and had finally settled down to reveal a faint blue handprint on her cheek. She then looked at me with teary eyes and said,

"It hurts so much, Kafi!~ The place you hit hurts so much like someone put a hot pan on that place! ~...Why did you spank Mommy like that?~"

"Yes, Kafka!...Why did you slap poor Abi like that? She looks like she's in so much pain!"

Camila gasped and quickly put the frozen pack of peas back on my mother's butt, while thinking that unlike her own pale skin that bruised with a red colour, my mother's coffee-coloured skin turned into a dark blue when abused.

"Well, that's where you're wrong, Camila." I smiled as I examined the place on my mother's cheeks that had completely bruised. "Even though my mother may look all cute and innocent, almost as if there isn't a blemish on her soul and she had absolutely zero thought that would bring any harm to others, she's actually one hell of a succubus who actually really likes it when I'm rough with her."

"...So, even though this little slap of mine would've given her so much pain that she'd even be moaning in agony when she sat back down, it would also bring her an even more overwhelming amount of pleasure that would make it seem like she's on cloud nine."

I said as I stared at my mother with a knowing gaze while caressing her butt, to which she quickly looked away in fright, almost as if she were a thief who had been caught in the act.

"I know, Kafka...I know that Abi likes such aggressive activities since she herself just admitted it earlier and a-also because of how much she was moaning that day, almost as if someone were savagely murdering her."

Camila blushed as she recalled when she heard my mother's moans all the way across the street, which made her unable to sleep at night.

While my mother was wondering when such an embarrassing incident had occurred and also if any other neighbour had heard of her nighttime screeching, Camila continued to fight for my mother by saying,

"But there's definitely no way that she could possibly like it so rough to the extent that her rear bruised up in a mere few seconds because of that slap, which almost pushed me away with how forceful it was."

"Sure, Camila...I would totally understand what you're saying, as there's no way a normal woman can handle such devastating blows."

I said, and immediately after, to show her an example of what I meant by 'devastating blow', I lifted my hand that was tenderly caressing my mother's ass and gave her another slap that sounded as if thunder had struck the roof.

Slap!~

"Hyaaa!♡~ Ahhh!♡~ Ahh!♡~"

"But unlike what you think, my mother isn't any normal woman." I informed Camila that my mother wasn't exactly who she thought she was, who was in disbelief that I actually spanked my

mother again before she had even recovered from the previous blow. "She's actually one hell of a pervert who actually feels more thrill, the more abuse that's hurled at her."

"...Isn't that right, mom? You're quite the lustful woman, aren't you, even though you insist that your son is much more devious than you?"

I said as I rubbed the place that had been slapped once again, treating and abusing her plump as at the same time.

"Mmm♡~ Nnnn♡~ Hnnn♡~"

My mother couldn't even open her mouth to reply to me because of the throbbing sensation that was surging from her butt, and she could only whimper back at me, which sounded rather erotic.

"Kafka, you!~"

Camila was shocked at the sight of my mother's cheeks that had been spanked twice in the same spot, which caused the blue bruising to become an even darker colour.

She wanted to complain at how cruel I was treating my mother, going as far as to slap the place that was still sensitive from the previous strike and make it swell up.

But she quickly stopped herself when she saw my mother's face.

She thought my mother's face would be twisting in pain from the punishment. But in actuality, she was dumbfounded to see her blushing and looking all relaxed, like she actually enjoyed what I just gave her.

There wasn't a hint of pain or reluctance on my mother's face. Rather, her face was drenched in ecstasy, especially her eyes that were full of love and her lips that she was biting onto like she couldn't handle the pleasure she was feeling at the moment.

"See, Camila." I brought back Camila's attention after she got a good sight of my mother's enchanted face. "Does that look like the face of someone who looks like they're actually suffering?"

"Does it not look like someone who had just drunk a bottle of aphrodisiac in one go and was trying her best to control it's effects, that were making her body go wild?"

"N-No, Kafka...That's probably just because your mother's facial expressions loosened up from the intense pain she's feeling." Camila said in disbelief, unable to believe that sight she was seeing that completely went against what she knew. "T-There's no way that my adorable little sister, Abi, could show such a lewd expression on her face from actually being slapped so fiercely."

"...There's just no way that makes sense!"

Camila refused to believe what she was saying, as she really couldn't comprehend how a person could actually feel comfort when her ass looked like it had been welted by a hot piece of iron.

"You hear that, mom?...Camila still doesn't believe what I'm saying, even though it's so very evident how much of a succubus you actually are." I said as I groped my mother's cheeks until my fingers dug into her flesh to wake her up from her reverie.

I then continued saying, "I guess the only way to make her realise the truth of her little sister is if you were to admit it to yourself, don't you think?"

"So, you can either choose to remain silent and act like you don't know what I'm talking about, which would also mean that I won't spank your ass for an entire month...Or you could admit the truth without any repercussions whatsoever, other than showing Camila just how much of a lewd woman her little sister actually is."

"...It's your choice, mom."

I concluded and placed the ice pack back on her butt to ease the swelling that was making her butt look plumper than it already was.

Camila was confused about what I said, as she thought that not spanking my mother would be more of a relief for her and not a threat whatsoever.

She thought that if I were going to make my mother admit the truth, I would have to say the exact opposite of what I said, since she believed that no one would willingly seek out someone else to batter and bruise their behinds.

But her expectations and beliefs were all thrown out of the window when my mother got terrified when she heard that her son wouldn't lay his hands on her for a month, and she reacted in an exaggerated manner as if I were actually stealing away the lifeline she was holding onto.

"No, Kafi!~ Don't you dare do such a thing and abandon, Mommy!~ Please don't!~"

My mother looked back at me with a woeful look in her ocean blue eyes and pleaded as if I were threatening to steal away her favourite toy. She then ignored Camila, who was dumbfounded by the desperate manner in which my mother was acting, and said without any hesitation whatsoever,

"Mommy will admit to whatever you want me to say, so don't say that you won't punish Mommy like you always do and make my life unbearable to live!~"

My mother looked at me with puppy dog eyes and was even whimpering at me like a poor little doggy that was begging its master to not stop petting and pampering it.

This made Camila's eyes go wide, as she first thought that she was the only one who was absolutely down bad for me and couldn't go against my decisions.

But it turned out that there was someone just as bad as her, who seemed like she couldn't even live without her son roughing her up from time to time.