

God of Milfs 421

Chapter 421: Pool Of Milk

"Now then, Bella, dear... You said that you were thirsty, right?"

Before I could even say anything to my mother like Camila insisted I should, my mother decided to take action first and pulled Bella out of her chest. She then smiled at the derpy look Bella had on her face from staying in her chest for so long and said,

"Let Mommy here serve you some hot milk to soothe your throat and warm your body."

"Yes, Mommy...Bella wants to drink your milk too."

Bella said like a toddler who craved her mother's breast milk, which made all three of us turn our heads at how she was suddenly speaking like a child.

It seems like not only could my mother's breasts make someone refer to her as their mother. But it could also revert them to a dreamy, childlike state if they were to stay in between those soft pillows for two long.

"Oh my~" My mother giggled at the silly things Bella was saying to her, while Camila watched all of this in dismay. "As much as I want to watch you suck on my breasts, Bella, and let you drink as much of my breast milk as you want, I don't think I'll be able to do that without a baby inside of me."

My mother glanced at me like she was trying to hint at something.

"Bella, you're even going as far as to asking Auntie Abigail for some of her breast milk when you're already so old and at the age where you can produce your own?" Camila's icy voice was heard from the side, which immediately woke Bella up from her daze. "Did my own milk really taste that bad when you were young that you had to ask someone else for it?"

"N-No, mom! I really don't know why I said that!" Bella said in fluster as she tried to keep some distance from her and my mother so that Camila wouldn't get more jealous. "The words I uttered just came out of my mouth without warning, and I really have no idea why I said such a thing!"

"There's no need for you to explain your reasoning, Bella." My mother said as she pulled Bella back into her embrace and looked at Camila like she were telling her to back off and not scare 'her' daughter anymore.

She then looked away from Camila, who looked so frustrated at the moment, and looked at Bella, who was partly stuffed in between her knockers, and said, "Sometimes a child like you wants to relive her past where you lived a carefree life and want to have a taste of when the biggest issue you had was deciding what TV program you wanted to watch during breakfast."

"...So there really is no problem with you wanting to have a taste of my own milk, which inevitably brings back memories from the past."

Bella blushed at my mother's reasoning, as in actuality she just got overwhelmed by my mother's gigantic breasts that made her act like a child for a second. But she didn't dare to open her mouth to correct her right now, unless she wanted to piss off her own mother even more.

"But even though I can't produce any of my own milk like you desire to have, I can still serve you the milk I have in this flask in a way that is quite similar and also what Kafi had planned for me to do from the start."

My mother said as she stroked Bella's hair while telling her, 'It's alright', which made Bella wonder what exactly she was talking about.

"Kafi, could you be a dear and help me out here?" My mother let go of Bella and handed me the flask in her hand.

"Yes, mom." I grabbed the flask and opened it up, letting the smell of cinnamon and cardamom fill the room. I then smiled at the thought of what I was going to witness and continued saying, "Just push your breasts together and make sure that there aren't any gaps from where the milk could leak out, and then I'll pour the milk into your 'self-made' bowl."

My mother blushed when she thought about what she was going to do. But once thought of Bella, who she thought craved her milk and wanting to help her satiate her desires, she held up her breasts with both of her hands from down under and pushed them into one another.

By doing this, she created a makeshift crater on the top of her naked breasts, which was similar to a bowl that could hold any sort of liquid. This flesh bowl of hers was also quite deep and wide, like it held multiple bottles of fluid inside of it, given how big her funbags were.

The ravine that had been elevated to store liquid also couldn't let any liquid slip down it because of how elastic her chest was and was completely leak-free, so there was no worry of anything seeping down her cleavage, and the liquid could stay there as long as it didn't overflow from the sides.

Bella was confused as to what was going on at first. But once she saw me bring over the hot flask on top of my mother's naked breasts, with her light purple nipples sticking out like a sore thumb, and witnessed me slowly pouring the warm milk inside of it into the sinkhole that had been created, she immediately understood what the bowl I was speaking off was.

"Ah! What are you doing, Daddy?! Won't that hurt Auntie Abigaille?!"

Bella shouted out in a panic when she saw me cover the top of my mother's tits in milk and watched the pit fill up with a white liquid, thinking that the milk might scald her skin.

"Don't worry, Bella...The milk is only a little warm and not as hot as you can think, so it should feel the same as having a warm shower with milk instead of water for my mother." I said as I watched the stream of milk flow from the flask, all the way into the pool below that was starting to buildup.

"Yes, Bella." My mother shyly nodded her head as she felt a warm sensation cover the top of her chest like she was getting a hot oil massage. "Even though it may feel a bit strange to be drenched in warm milk, it also feels quite comfortable, like I'm in a hot tub that is full of fresh milk that smells rather good."

"As for why we're serving you milk off my mother's breasts and not from a cup like anyone normally would, that's just the way this breakfast is going to go since the theme is using the body as a vessel to plate and serve the dish." I explained to Bella about the breakfast she was going to experience today, which made her eyes go wide at how crazy and perverted it sounded.

"So be prepared for what's coming after this as well, since the rest of this breakfast you're going to have today is going to follow a similar theme as well."

Bella looked at both my mother and Camila like she were asking if what I was saying was true, to which both of them reluctantly nodded their heads and gestured to me like they were telling it was all my idea.

Bella already knew that such an impure way of eating breakfast was my idea, as in her mind she couldn't think of anyone else who was perverted enough to prepare such an absurd breakfast plan.

Chapter 422: Why Are You Trying To Steal Away My Daughter?

"I think that should be about enough. Don't you think so as well, mom?" I said as I emptied the flask onto the massive depression on top of my mother's cleavage and let a pool of milk sit on top of her chest.

It almost looked like there was a lake of milk that was surrounded by brown hills on all sides. And with how my mother was breathing in and out, the lake constantly had some ripples travelling through it, which made it seem more realistic and alluring.

The most surprising part was that I was able to empty an entire bottle full of milk on top of her chest. Not to mention that she only has a few drops of milk drivelled down the sides every once in a while, running into her perky nipples and painting them a shade of white.

But I guess it makes sense when you take into account that the pool was resting on top of my mother's breasts, which were so large that they could most definitely suffocate a person.

"S-So, what am I supposed to do now, Daddy?" Bella gulped and stared at the ocean of white in front of her, which my mother was holding up in her hands. She then looked at me and nervously asked, "Are you going to give me a straw so that I can suck it out?"

"Do babies use straws to suck on their mother's teats, Bella?" I asked, to which Bella timidly shook her head. "Then why are you asking such a silly question and not getting to drink the beverage I've served you?"

"...If you wait for too long, then I'm afraid the milk is going to turn cold, so you better start licking the milk clean."

I pulled Bella closer to my mother and pushed her forward towards my mother's breasts, letting her get a close up of the pool of milk she was going to taste.

Bella was really hesitant to do what I said, when in fact she was really curious about the taste of the milk that smelt so fragrant. She also really enjoyed the time she spent engulfed in my mother's warm breasts since it made her feel so safe, almost as if she were back in her mother's womb, so she actually really did want to dive back into her udders and go for a swim.

But she was scared of what my mother and Camila would think if she were to readily do so.

She didn't want them to think that she was actually a really lewd girl who thrived in such situations, especially when her mother was staring at her with a sharp gaze, like she didn't approve someone stealing her daughter away with some cow milk, when Camila herself personally fed her own milk for so many months when she was a baby.

"It's okay, Bella. I know that you're a bit nervous at the moment, especially when you have someone as scary as my son breathing down your neck." My mother said when she saw the hesitation in Bella's eyes, misunderstanding that gaze as her being scared of what I was asking her to do. "But if you really don't want to indulge in this breakfast Kafka has prepared, then simply tell me so."

"...Even though it will be really hard for me to change my son's stubborn mind, Mommy here will do whatever it takes to stop him from making you do something you don't like."

My mother said with a caring gaze in her blue eyes, almost as if she were ready to go to war with me or even sacrifice herself for the sake of the pitiful girl before her.

The warmth and affection that my mother excluded at the moment deeply touched Bella, almost as if she were seeing a shadow of her own mother in the lady before her, who was a complete stranger a few weeks ago.

And seeing as to how much my mother cared for her like she were her own daughter that she had raised, Bella ended up sincerely uttering the word 'Mommy' as she gazed into my mother's tender eyes.

And just like every child out there who has tasted their mother's milk at least once in their life, Bella couldn't hold back her desires to have a taste of the fresh milk in front of her any longer, and she dived into the pool of milk right in front of her.

"Mmm!~ Ahhh!~ Slurp!~ Nnn!~"

"Calm down, honey...You don't have to rush yourself since your milk isn't going anywhere." My mother giggled when she felt Bella hold onto her soft waist and engulf her head into the white lake below all the way until only her nose was sticking out. "That is unless Kafi here decides to be a little greedy and have some for himself."

My mother glanced at me while making sure Bella didn't drown herself in the crater of sweet milk under her.

I shook my head in response to tell her that Bella was the guest here and that I wouldn't unnecessarily intervene, even though I actually wanted to have a taste myself.

"Nnn!~ Suck!~ Ahh!~ Mmmph!~"

"Really, Kafi?...Don't you always say that you want to drink Mommy's milk straight from the source whenever you suck on my breasts in bed?"

My mother smirked and said something rather embarrassing, which made Bella, who was doing her best to chug down the beverage served before her, glance at me in disdain when she was the one who was indulging herself in my mother's breast milk.

"Lick!~ Mmph!~ Ahh!~ Suck!~"

"Well, I meant your actual breast milk when I mentioned that, mom, not what Bella seems to be enjoying right now."

I replied, which made Bella glare at me while her mouth was still under the crater of milk, like she was telling me that she was only doing so because I forced her and not because she was actually finding this a pleasant experience. I then said to my mother, who was trying to tease me,

"So, for now, I'll let Bella drink as much milk as her stomach can hold. And when I eventually knock you up and make your belly swell, I'll take my chance and savour the sweetest milk you can provide all I want to."

Bella almost started coughing and choking on the milk she was drinking when she heard me talk about impregnating my own mother. My mother also started blushing profusely, not expecting me to say such bold words in front of others.

Camila, who was in a bad mood whilst she watched her daughter stuff her face in my mother's breast and drink all the milk she wanted in the world, also became abashed when she heard my

incestuous proclamation. The thrilling sensation that came with hearing my taboo words even made her leak out a few droplets of fluid from her pussy that she tried to hide by clamping her legs.

"I-I see, Kafi...Then I guess you'll have to wait a while for that." My mother said in a fluster and didn't decline what I was saying, which made both Camila and Bella's minds go wild. My mother then looked at Camila to change the topic and joked, "W-What about you, Camila?...Do you also want to join your daughter and have a taste of my milk as well?"

"I honestly would love to have a taste, Abi, especially since my daughter seems to be really having the time of her life in between your breasts."

Camila said as she crossed her arms over one another and honestly agreed to wanting to have a sip, since it was me, her culinary rival, who had made the drink, and also because she wanted to know how it felt to be moter boated in between those milk bags after having a feel of my mother's butt earlier. She then harumphed and said in a sarcastic manner,

"But I don't know if you would want to involve yourself with someone like me who you are clearly against, seeing as to how you're using your overwhelming motherly aura and your beautiful image to steal away someone else's daughter."

"Oh come on, Camila~ I'm simply joking around with you~" My mother insisted that she was playing around when she noticed Camila actually getting a little upset over her teasing. Once she got Camila's attention, she continued saying, "Do you really think that I would have anything against someone as lovely as you, especially when you just joined our family?"

"No, I know that you're not such a person, Abi." Camila admitted like she felt guilty for talking about my mother that way, even if she was saying some empty words. "But why did you go out of your way to seduce my own daughter and make her yours?"

"I admit that I did bully you a little bit since your reactions were a little too cute for me to hold back. But I never did something as cruel as snatching away your son and making him call me 'Mommy' or anything like you did." Camila asked my mother why she was taking her teasing a little too far and hitting her where it hurts.

"First of all, Camila, you should understand that now that you and your daughter have joined our family, Bella is now yours, as well as my daughter, whether it may as a daughter in law or simply a daughter who I treat as my own, so there really is no 'yours' or 'mine' when it comes to Bella since she's 'our' daughter."

My mother calmly explained her antics in a very mature manner, which made Camila remember my mother accepting Bella as her own when she requested to join the family. My mother then looked away with a naughty look on her face and said,

"As for me teasing you, I just thought that's what sisters would do with one another...Like you would make fun of me and I would make fun of you back...I've personally never had a sibling of my own, so that's simply my understanding of how a sister-sister relationship would be."

"...Or am I in the wrong in assuming that?"

My mother innocently asked like she were ignorant of how sisters normally interacted and was simply trying her best to build a harmonious relationship with Camila all along.

"I also don't have any siblings of my own, but I think that what your saying is probably correct."

Camila said with an empty look in her eyes, realising that my mother wasn't simply being mean to her, but she was actually trying to emulate an actual sister-sister relationship with her from scratch.

Camila already knew that someone as sweet as my mother couldn't actually be spiteful towards her. But because my mother's attack came out of nowhere and was quite aggressive in nature in the sense that she targeted her only weakness, which was her daughter, Camila didn't know what to make of it and was genuinely confused.

"So, does that mean that you really aren't trying to make my daughter think that you're a better mother than me and that you're actually simply joking around, Abi?"

Camila asked to make sure, as she really didn't know if that silly daughter of hers would be seduced by my mother's gentle nature that radiated motherhood and also her gigantic tits that had the ability to hypnotise anyone.

"Of course, Camila...No matter how I coddle Bella, she'll always love her mother, who raised her, her whole life more, giving me absolutely no chance to win over her heart." My mother said, which made Camila let out a comforting smile, knowing that she didn't have to fight over the position of Bella's mother.

"Slurp!~ Mmm!~ Ahh!~ Nnn! ~"

Bella, who was silently listening to this entire conversation, nodded her head like she agreed to the fact that she'll always love her mother the most and went back to sipping the puddle of fragrant milk off my mother's cleavage...

Chapter 423: Licking Herself Clean

"Nnn!~ Suck!~ Ahh!~ Mmmph!~"

"Mmmph!~ Ahhh!~ Nnn!~ Suck!~"

Bella currently looked like a dog that had been out in the blistering sun all day and was finally relieving her thirst by drinking out of the dog bowl, which was the milk that was floating on top of my mother's cleavage.

She held my mother's waist firmly to balance herself, while thinking in her mind that my mother had such a soft body that she felt like she was going to squeeze out water from her skin if she were to hold her too tightly and used only her mouth to slurp up all the milk.

"Mmmph!~ Ahhh!~ Nnn!~ Suck!~"

Even while Camila and my mother were discussing who's child Bella was, she didn't seem to really mind at all since both the ladies in question were great mothers to have and she wouldn't mind being any one of their children.

"Mmph!~ Ooooh!~ Suck!~ Ahhh!~"

Rather, she was more interested in the hot milk before her that was more creamy than any other milkshake she had before, even though it was just heated up milk with some special ingredients added to it.

She didn't know if it was because of my godly cooking skills or because she was drinking it from my mother's breasts, which let enough heat from the fat stored within it to congeal the milk into the perfect consistency.

But she really had to agree that this was probably the best drink she had in a long while.

Ahh!~ Suck!~ Mmph!~ Lick!~"

It wasn't an understatement to say that Bella was actually diving down into the pool before her.

She forced her face into the vat of milk before her and sometimes used her tongue to lick up the milk like a dog, and even started sucking as much milk as she possibly could with her lips whenever she felt like doing so.

She did anything she could to not leave the milk, which was technically breast milk, seeing as to where it was situated out in the open, and swallowed it into her mouth.

"Ooooh!~ Mmph!~ Lick!~ Ahhh!~"

She didn't even mind the fact that whenever she dove her face a little too much and accidentally grazed her breasts with her tongue, my mother would let out a little whimper from feeling something cold and slimy run past her smooth skin, almost as if it were a snake sliding past her curvy mounds.

She also forgot that whenever she sunk her face into the lake of milk like she was a submarine, until only her nose was sticking out, the milk started to overflow and seep out from the outer curves of my mother's honkers.

Drip~ Drip~

From the puddle of milk above, it ran down her brown breasts. Some of the streams of fluid even directly clashed against her firm nipples that touched Bella every once in a while.

The occasional feeling of a droplet of milk dyeing her nipples in its colour was one of the reasons my mother was moaning out, since it felt rather weird to have such a warm liquid run past such a cold object.

She was also whimpering when those very nipples of hers got caught onto Bella's hair, which was dangling down, since it stung quite a bit when they dug into her tender flesh or when the tip of those grapes brushed against Bella's silky clothes, which felt rather tantalising.

Once the sweet droplet of milk left her breasts and flowed down her body, they either went to two main places that were noteworthy.

The first place was into her deep navel, where they went inside the hole like it were some sort of cave and situated themselves, so that my mother could find some powdered milk in there later on when those fluids dried up.

The other was when the globules of milk with the largest volume travelled down the neatly trimmed bush, which my mother had been maintaining more often now that there was someone who was admiring her naked body quite often and finally into her vagina below.

Drip~ Flow~

Sure, most of the streams of milk moved along the outer lines of her fleshy lips that were quite fat, like they were full of milk themselves, and then finally seeped down onto her anus below, where the drops of milk dripped down onto the ground below after getting infused with the taste of my mother's entire body.

But every once in a while there were some drops that managed to push past my mother's bean-like clitoris that was always wrapped in some sort of skin coat and slid into the light purple insides of her pussy.

The globules of milk moved past her pee hole that was quite sensitive, seeing as to how my mother shivered whenever she felt the white liquid move past the spot that was supposed to let out a yellow liquid.

Finally they flowed down her walls, which would reveal a tender pink colour if one were to spread her lower lips a little bit, and entered the main hole of her vagina itself, which I'll probably taste tonight when I'm eating mother's pussy out.

"My, my...What a greedy little girl, you are, Bella."

My mother pulled away from talking to Camila when she felt Bella slide her hands up her waist and hold onto my mother's breast, along with her own hands that were already holding up the two massive globes.

It seems that Bella had already gulped down the top layer of milk or she'd spilt it down from the sides from drinking like a dog, so she had no choice but to push my mother's breasts up and squeeze them together so that the milk at the bottom of her cleavage would come up.

Bella honestly wanted to push her entire face into the puddle of milk before her since she wasn't really afraid of getting a little dirty to get what she wanted and also because she wanted to feel the warmth and softness of my mother's pillows against her face, just like how her own mother couldn't help but want to stuff her face in my mother's juicy ass.

But she knew that her mother would surely get more jealous if she were to see her daughter enjoying the breast milk of some other woman other than her, so she controlled her desires to wash her face in the milk before her, which tasted of cinnamon and had a slight fragrance of coconut milk.

But even though Bella was trying to keep her mother from disturbing her by acting all nonchalant, the dreamy look she had on her face as she sucked on my mother's breast milk like she were on a drug that induced ecstasy was a dead giveaway to Camila.

Camila, who was watching her daughter relish in my mother's breasts that were covered in milk, didn't like the fact that she was the one left out when it came to breastfeeding her daughter, when she was the one who possessed the same udders on her chest that Bella feasted on when she was a little baby in her diapers.

She also wanted to feed her daughter the same way my mother was doing now, even though she was so reluctant earlier so that she did her part as Bella's mother and also to show her daughter that she also had some really nice milk sacs as well, which Bella could suck on if she really did want to relive her childhood memories like my mother said.

"That's enough, Bella." Camila wanted to perform her duties as well, so she pulled away her daughter from the pool of milk on my mother's chest. "Too much of anything is bad for you, so I suggest you not to drink too much of that milk or else you'll get a tummy ache."

"Huh? Huh?...B-But what about the rest of the milk on Auntie Abigaille's chest?"

Bella said in a reluctant manner, like she didn't want to be separated from such soft and tasty fun bags, and looked back at the puddle of milk on my mother's plump breasts with longing in her eyes, like she were already addicted to the taste and experience she just had.

"It's fine, Bella...Abi will be able to drink the rest herself with how big her chest actually is."

Camila joked as she pulled Bella away, thinking that my mother could surely lift her knockers up to her face and have a sip if she wanted to with how big they actually were.

But to all three of ours utter shock, my mother had already finished sipping the rest of the milk on her chest by lifting her breasts up before Camila could even finish her sentence and was currently sucking on her nipples like a baby.

When she saw us staring at her in dismay, she blushed like she was caught stealing something from the kitchen. But that didn't stop her from what she was doing, as she went back to licking her round areolas to wipe them clean of the milk sticking on them like she didn't even want to miss a drop.

My mother was my biggest fan when it came to my cooking, so she didn't even mind if she had to lick her own chest if that was the only way she could have something that I had made.

But even though she had innocent thoughts of not wanting to let something her dear son had made go to waste, the lewd sight of her sliding her pink tongue across her perky nipples and then smacking her lips together like she was trying to savour the taste with an ignorant look on her face made all three of us blush profusely, since such a lecherous sight was too much for our imaginations to handle.

Chapter 424: Who Do You Think You Are?

"Ahem...We'll let Abi do her own thing, Bella."

Camila coughed to bring back her daughter's attention while thinking that she finally understood why I told her my mother was actually a hidden succubus. She then looked at Bella with a serious gaze, and then, after building up her courage, she hesitantly told,

"And until she finishes, why don't I serve you some milk like Abi did?...Y-You know, since you still haven't tasted the chocolate milk Kafka had made, and it would be a complete waste if you don't even taste it after all the effort Kafka put in to make it."

I had truly become the scapegoat of this household, seeing as to how all the women here were throwing my name around conveniently for their own agendas.

"Huh?...You want me to drink some milk from your chest as well, mom?"

Bella gulped as she gazed at her mother's naked chest, which was quite large as well, and even though it couldn't hold an entire flask of milk like my mother did, she was sure that she could handle much more than half of it.

"Why do you look so hesitant, Bella?" Camila asked with a wronged look in her pretty blue eyes, like she were asking why she only let her Auntie Abigaille have such an opportunity and not her own mother. "Why is it that you readily dived into Abi's breasts and are actually thinking about doing the same on mine?...Is it because they're not big enough for your liking?"

Camila felt like crying if her daughter actually said that the size was the reason she was hesitating, since that wasn't something that she could easily change about herself so that it satisfied her daughter's liking.

...That is, unless she started lactating again, which would inevitably make her chest swell up in size.

This made her throw a devious gaze my way, like she was eyeing me up, which made me shiver in fright.

"No, mom, it's not because of a ridiculous reason like that, e-especially since you're not that far off in terms of size compared to Auntie Abigaille."

Bella said as she eyed up her mother's twin mounds that looked like two towering snow mountains with dazzling pink diamonds at the very peak, secretly hoping that she would inherit that part of her mother's genes.

She then looked at her mother coyly and admitted, saying,

"It's just that it's really embarrassing to drink milk from my own mother's breasts...I mean, it's somewhat fine when it comes to Auntie Abigaille since I had only recently gotten closer to her...But you, on the other hand, are my own mother, whom I've spent all of my life with, so it would be a little strange if I were to do the same."

"What are you talking about, Bella?" Camila said as she shook her head. "How is it strange for me to feed you milk when I was the one who personally breastfed you two times a day for a whole year when you were a baby?"

"Y-Yeah, I guess that does make sense."

Bella uttered as she gazed at her mother's pale white breasts and her pink nipples that were brighter than any flower out in the world, thinking that it wouldn't all that bad to follow what her mother was asking and rest in those plump balls of pure fat.

"I'm sorry to ruin both of your plans to reenact a scene from the past where one fed the other with her own sweet bodily fluids. But Camila following what my mother did isn't really what I had planned for this breakfast."

I butted in between the conversation when Bella was just about to agree to do the same with her mother. I couldn't allow Bella to be served in the same way again, which would ruin the uniqueness of the breakfast, so I continued saying to Camila,

"Camila, I already gave you a separate set of instructions of what to do if Bella were to choose the chocolate milk instead of the plain milk, so why are you acting as if you heard nothing and are changing the plans I made according to your will?"

Camila's ears turned pink when she thought of the 'method' I had told her to serve the chocolate milk, which was even worse than what my mother did. Her puffy cheeks turned even more red when she imagined her daughter being the one served in such a shameful manner.

"But Kafka!~ Can't you change the plan just this once for my sake!~"

Camila protested with an unwilling look on her face when she heard that she wouldn't be able to enjoy the opportunity of breastfeeding her daughter once again. She then pointed at my mother, who was busy licking the sugary stains of her chest, and vehemently said,

"I mean, how is it fair that Abi gets to treat my daughter in such a motherly way while I'm stuck with such a shameful act? Don't you think that I should also have a chance to breastfeed my own daughter?!"

"Yeah, Daddy!" Bella backed her mother up and barked at me to change my decision since she was also curious to see if her mother's soft clouds would be just as comfortable as my mother's. "I think that you should change your decision as well!"

"...If you don't, I'll leave right now, and you won't have any guests to entertain!"

Bella took it a step further and threatened me with leaving without taking a single bite of the breakfast I had planned.

Both, mother and daughter thought that I would back down when I was faced with such ferocious threats and believed that things would go the way they desired if they were to fight against me together.

But sadly for them, this was a breakfast designed specially to entertain the Gods and I couldn't let anything go wrong since my life depended on it, even if it meant that I had to scare the mother-daughter pair to the extent that they pissed their underwear in terror.

"Camila, just who do you think you are to be questioning me around like that?..."

A low but chilly voice was suddenly heard in the kitchen, which immediately made both Bella and Camila simmer down like they heard the voice of a blood thirsty ghoul. I then continued saying as I stared at Camila with a sharp gaze that made all the blood drain from her pale face,

"How can you possibly order me around when you're simply a 'vessel' or 'ingredient' who can do nothing but listen to what the chef has planned for you?"

Camila, who was normally a fearless woman in the face of whatever danger, shook in trepidation when she saw me staring at her with a cruel smile on her face.

She didn't exactly know why, but for some reason whenever she saw me looking at her with those very gloomy eyes I had now, she couldn't resist my words at all and inevitably bowed her head like she didn't dare go against what I decided.

"And you, Bella..." I turned to look at Bella after taming Camila, who jumped in fear when she saw me smiling at her. "...Do you really want to be saying things like not joining us for the breakfast I painstakingly prepared when you already watched what happened to the last guy who annoyed me?"

I reminded Bella of the time she watched me stuff a lethal insect inside the mouth of the guy who was pestering her, which immediately made her frantically shake her head like her life was on the line.

Both, mother and daughter, who were so confident with fighting back against my decisions earlier, were currently frightened stiff, like they had just met a wolf that looked rather hungry, especially Bella, who didn't even dare to meet my gaze and simply looked down at the floor.

While I was glad that my simple threats worked out in my favour, my mother, who was probably the only person who never got scared of me, no matter how I tried to frighten her, shook her head in dismay at what her son was doing and wondered how she had raised such a tyrant and pitied all the women who would join this household in the future, which was ruled by a sole dictator...

Chapter 425: Nagashi Somen

"That's enough, Kafi, you little tyrant." My mother sighed and knocked me on the head after being unable to watch me petrify the mother-daughter pair any longer. She then looked at the two who were holding onto one another and said, "Just look at how scared they look right now because of what you said...Is this how I taught you to treat our guests, as well as our new family members?"

My mother shook her head, wondering just where I got such an overbearing personality and started to wonder if it was from Olivia, who was quite tenacious in her own way.

"Don't misunderstand, Abi." Camila immediately responded when she heard someone accusing her of being scared. She then looked away while crossing her hands over one another like it were no big deal at all and said, "I was just humouring Kafka here and simply going along with his act. Do you really think that a little boy like Kafka can actually frighten me into following his words?"

"Y-Yeah, Auntie Abigaille! What my mother said!" Bella was just as proud as her mother, so she also refused to admit to the charges enforced on her to maintain her dignity.

She then looked down at me like she was looking at a toddler and said in disdain, "Other those disgusting spiders, there's nothing out there in the world that can scare us, mother and daughter...Especially not a kid like Kafka, who probably wasn't even born when I first entered school."

Camila nodded her head with a look of approval on her face when she heard her daughter emphasising how unbreakable they were together. Bella also let out a smile when she saw her mother looking at her with a prideful gaze for backing her up at the right time.

The reason they were still quite resistant when they were just frightened stiff earlier was because they knew that, as scary as I was at certain times, there was no actual way that I would do something to hurt and simply called out my bluff.

"I see...Then what if I were to bring a spider in here, especially the ones that have super long legs that me and my mother found in the garage yesterday?"

I asked with a smile on my face, which made both Bella and Camila's eyes dilate to the size of a pin.

"Would you listen to me then?"

"No, Kafka! Anything but those creepy crawlers that give me nightmares!"

"Y-Yes, Daddy! We'll do whatever you say, so don't you dare say that you'll bring those despicable things into the house, or else I'll really cry, and you'd be the one responsible for making a little girl shed tears!"

Both mother and daughter, who were deathly afraid of spiders, held onto each other in terror at the mention of those eight legged creatures and immediately lost the tough act they were putting on.

"Awww~ But aren't spiders so cute, especially with all those eyes they have on their face and their fuzzy little legs~ How can you possibly call those cute little creatures disgusting?~"

My mother, who actually liked insects, stated her opinion on spiders with an excited look on her face, which made both the people in the room who had a severe case of arachnophobia take a step away from my mother while staring at her with wide eyes like she were the devil incarnate.

"So..." I stopped my mother from proclaiming her love of spiders since Bella looked like she would faint if she were to hear any more about spiders, and instead I stated my own conditions. "...Are you two going to follow what I say like the 'vessel' and 'guest' you both are, or should I take matters into my own hands and ask my mother, who's quite fond of spiders, to bring one in to show you guys?"

My mother's eyes shined brightly when she thought of how she could showcase the cuteness of spiders to her new family.

But unfortunately for her, she wouldn't get to have the chance, as Camila had already assumed the position to 'serve' Bella like I had instructed her earlier.

She didn't want to take any chances when it came to her deepest fear, so she didn't hesitate to pose like I told her and was currently looking back at me like she was asking why I was still stalling and not going forth with serving Bella.

Bella was surprised when she saw her mother, who was standing beside her, suddenly disappear.

When she turned around, thinking that her mother had already run off at the mention of spiders, she was shocked to find Camila behind her, placing both her hands on the edge of the dining table and pushing her bouncy ass for all of us to see.

Her slender back that looked so smooth like it was made out of porcelain was arched out in the shape of a bow, showcasing how flexible her body was.

It also revealed the long indent that followed along her spine like an empty canal, which looked rather erotic since it revealed her bones through her thin layer of skin, which would never usually be seen even if she were to be standing completely naked.

Her bouncy butt that my mother described as two full moons, which were slightly blushing, was also held up high in the sky.

Of course, with how she was doing her best to push up her fat ass, her tiny little anus that was a slightly darker than the usual pink was seen, and just below that wrinkly hole was her vagina with two plump silkworms for lips and a slit in between that looked rather wet.

Finally, with the way she was looking back at me like she was urging me to ram it into her, she looked just like how my mother did when Camila was eating her ass out.

The only main difference being that she didn't have a single cloth on, which meant that her cantelopes were also hanging down from her chest and were swinging from side to side.

"M-Mom, what exactly are you doing?" Bella stammered as she saw her mother sticking her ass out like she were a dog in heat. "Why are you assuming such a dirty pose t-that's allowing me to see certain things that I shouldn't normally witness so close up?"

Bella gulped and stared at her mother's anus, which was revealed to the whole world, thinking that even though it was supposed to be a dirty place, it looked rather beautiful and looked like a pretty little flower that was about to bloom.

She also wondered if she also has such an enticing-looking anus since she was Camila's daughter and thought of going back home to check in the mirror.

"Don't ask any unnecessary questions, Bella!" Camila looked back and ordered her daughter Bella, who was looking at her privates in reverie. She then urged her to follow what she said by saying, "Simply do what I say unless you want Abi to drop a spider on top of your head!"

"Y-Yes, mom!...What do I have to do!?"

Bella straightened up and replied like a soldier on duty.

Even though she still didn't know why her mother was giving such a shameful pose when she was supposed to be serving her some of the chocolate milk I had made, she still followed what her mother said as her fear of spiders went that deep.

"You don't have to do anything difficult, Bella, since I'm the one going to the heavy lifting here." Camila said which made Bella let out a sigh of relief. But she felt at peace a little too soon, seeing as to what her mother said next. "You simply have to crouch down and place your face next to my butt like you're trying to have a sniff of that vulgar place...That's all."

Bella was ready to do anything on her mother's command. But when she heard her mother asking her to sniff her butt like she were a dog, she was flabbergasted and looked at her mother like she were asking if she heard wrong.

"Mom, just what are you asking me to do-"

"Stop stalling, Bella! Just do what I say!"

Camila barked back when she saw her daughter questioning what she said. She also realised that she shouldn't be too harsh to her right now since her daughter was really confused at the moment, so she sighed and said in a concerned manner,

"Just listen to your mother, Bella...I simply don't want you to suffer in the hands of that man you affectionately call 'Daddy' all the time, so just listen to what your mother has to say for now, no matter how strange it may be."

Bella heard the concern and care in her mother's voice at the moment and realised that she was truly trying to help her out after being forced into an impossible situation by me.

Knowing that her mother always had her best intentions in mind, Bella ended up sitting on the ground politely with both of her legs together and sat right behind Camila's huge butt just like her mother said.

Her face was right in front of the two rice cakes behind Camila's back, and she blushed at seeing her mother's privates so close up to the extent that she could even smell the sour fragrance of her wet pussy and also see her puckered-up anus that trembled every now and then.

Camila was by no means enjoying exposing herself to Bella and actually felt just as embarrassed as her daughter at the moment.

But she knew that I wouldn't let both of them go until everything on the breakfast I had planned had been ticked off, so she ended up biting her lips and following through with what I said.

"Kafka, can you help me out here?"

Camila looked back at me with reluctant eyes that had accepted her humiliating fate.

On Camila's call, I opened up the flask on the table and walked over to stand right next to Camila, ready to follow through with serving Bella her drink in my own fun way.

"As for you, Bella..." Camila looked back at her daughter, who had no idea as to what she was going to experience right now, with a pitiful gaze, like she was saying sorry for what she was about to go through. "...Kafka here is going to do something that will inevitably make the milk he prepared spill on to the ground from my back."

"So unless you want to be attacked by a spider once again and have the venom sucked out of you by your new father, I suggest that you don't waste a drop of milk and drink all of it that's about to flow down my back."

Camila didn't give her daughter a clear explanation about what was going to happen and simply warned her about what not to do.

This bamboozled Bella, who was already confused as to what was going on.

Asking her to sit right next to the place where her mother did her business was one thing. But to say that milk was going to flow down her mother's back and that it was her duty to stop that milk from spilling was something that was too difficult for her mind to comprehend.

But even though she was utterly confused, I didn't give her a chance to think about what Camila said.

Pour~

I instead decided to start my unique way of serving milk after getting inspired by the culinary experience of eating 'Nagshi Somen', where thin noodles were dropped down onto hollowed-out bamboo stalks that had water flowing down them like a waterfall. At the end of the slide made from wood, the customer was supposed to pick up the noodles with some chopsticks and eat them before they slid away.

The only difference between that and what I was doing now was that I was currently slowly pouring the warm chocolate milk right under Camila's lithe nape.

To be exact, a thin stream of brown milk was being poured onto the start of the indented vertical line that ran along the midline of her back, following the contour of the spine instead of a hollowed-out bamboo tree.

With the way Camila had arched her back out where both her shoulder blades were pushing onto one another, it created a canal-like depression along her spine. This let milk that was full of strong flavours run along her spine, which acted as a slide, and let it flow down from the top of her body all the way down to the ravine between her asscheeks.

Once again, the cocoa-infused fluids didn't stop at her butt, which acted as a canal with wider walls and passed her anus, which slightly opened up when it felt a warm and thick liquid passing on top of its sensitive flesh.

Finally it ran through the gap between her pussy and was about to drip down from her clitoris like the water that dropped down from stalactites in caves.

Now instead of using chopsticks to pick up the somen noodles, which was the common practice, Bella had to use her mouth to catch the falling stream of milk.

Bella also seemed to have quickly figured what she was supposed to do, seeing as to how she had already opened her mother under her mother's little bean like she was drinking from a leaky faucet and was awaiting for the milk that was about to drop down with a bashful and panicky look in her trembling eyes, absolutely hating my mind for having such a perverted way of serving someone their beverage.

Chapter 426: River Of Milk

Drip~ Drip~ Drip~

Drop by drop, the milk that had been infused with Camila's bodily essence dripped into Bella's mouth, which was opened wide, just like her eyes were, since she was staring at her mother's vagina so close up and could literally see it move as her mother breathed.

Whether it be the sweat that had built up on her smooth back from the steamy time she had while eating out my mother, the flowery fragrance from her pink anus that always lathered in soap when she bathed, or the sticky wetness that had secreted out of her pussy, the milk that was slowly following down Camila's body had every bit of her body's flavour mixed into it.

All of this was going straight into Bella's mouth, who was taking it all in like she was drinking the dew that had been accumulating on a leaf.

Little by little, the chocolate milk that Bella apparently really loved ever since she was a child gathered in her mouth, and whenever it accumulated to a fair amount, Bella would swallow the milk along with her mother's bodily fluids in one gulp.

Swallow~

Bella thought that she would start tearing up at how she was basically drinking her mother's excretory fluids, which wasn't even that different from directly licking her anus and basically the same. This was totally understandable, as anyone would feel repulsed when they had to drink such contaminated milk, especially when it came from their very own mother's body.

But to Bella's surprise, she didn't gag at all when the milk reached her throat, and rather it went down smoothly like a clean shot of whisky.

For some reason, the same chocolate milk she had been drinking her whole life currently tasted so much more better, almost as if the already existing flavours in it popped out with vibrant colours. There also a subtle hint of caramel flavour that came with the thick taste of the decadent milk chocolate that added to the delightful flavour.

The only reason Bella could think of for this was because the salt that had been on Camila's body in the form of her bodily secretions had mixed in with the milk, giving it such a different flavour that overpowered her taste buds.

Bella knew that salted chocolate and salted caramel were quite popular among chocolate lovers. But she couldn't believe that it would be the same when the salt was extracted from such hidden and dirty sources.

To be honest, it wasn't just the flavour of the milk that made Bella favour it so much. It also had to do with the fact that she knew that she was drinking it off her mother's naked body while it slid all over her private parts that would never see the light of day.

'The apple never really fell far from the tree' was truly correct in Bella's case, as just like Camila, who was quite the fiend when it came to incestuous relationships and was the very reason she was so wet right, Bella also seemed to have quite the inert interest in such taboo matters.

It wasn't known if such a perverted characteristic was in the blood of everyone in their family or if it was just a coincidence that made both mother and daughter have the same kink.

But what was known for a fact was that Bella's body was slowly starting to warm up when she realised that she was basically tasting her mother's most hidden places.

Her eyes also went into a haze as she stared at her mother's anus like it were some kind of ring made of the finest pink coral, wondering why her little pussy was aching when she saw the place her mother did her business on the toilet.

Unsurprisingly, Bella wasn't the only one that was having such lewd reactions like her ears flushing or breath hastening from doing such inappropriate activities with her mother, who raised her her whole life.

Camila also seemed to be getting worked up about the fact that her daughter could currently see her stiff clitoris, which was the very point at which the milk dripped down below.

Even though she couldn't see it, the thought that her own daughter, who she used to carry in her arms all the time when she was a baby, actually drinking milk from her pussy made her mind go wild and made her unable to control the inner linings of her pussy from getting wet.

Camila closed her eyes tightly and tried to think of some pleasant thoughts to overcome the intense feeling of thrill and desire that came with the idea that her daughter was right under her fat ass, witnessing her mother in her most vulnerable moment with her legs spread wide apart.

But unfortunately she was too much of a pervert to be able to control her desires, which made another stream of fluids flow along with the already existing chocolate milk stream, right into Bella's mouth.

Bella was surprised when she suddenly noticed that the milk that had been quite sweet all along turned quite sour all of a sudden, almost as if it had gone bad. Even though it smelt quite heavenly and had the same chocolate flavour, there was an additional zestiness to the beverage, which threw her off guard.

It didn't take long for her to figure out what was going on since Camila's puffy white vagina was right in front of her, and she could clearly see that there was an additional fluid that was flowing down along with the milk. It was much more viscous, making its flow so much slower, and was actually transparent in nature.

But what made Bella really take notice of the change was how that sticky liquid had split the path of the milk along Camila's vagina. The same inner line that had carried the milk down to her clitoris was now letting the transparent fluid flow down, while the milk, which had been split into two streams, was going around the two lips of Camila's vagina, which was so apparent in Bella's eyes.

Bella knew that her mother was no saint and she was just like everyone else with human desires, so she knew exactly what that fluid was and why she was secreting it out of her body.

She knew that the sticky liquid she was directly taking into her mouth, along with the chocolate milk, which contrasted with Camila's pale white skin, was her mother's love juices.

Bella was shocked to know that her mother was actually getting turned on at the moment to the extent that she was leaking like a broken faucet. Even more surprising was the fact that she was letting her own daughter drink it like it was no big deal at all.

But just like before, this didn't turn her off one bit and actually made her even more excited, which made her realise just how much of a pervert she actually was.

She thought that she was alone in the world when it came to her sexual tendencies that craved such taboo situations. But the fact that her closest kin, her very own mother, was just like her and was just as dirty as her when it came to the desires and thoughts she had, made her feel so much better about herself, like she had found someone she could trust with all her heart.

This inevitably tightened the bond the mother-daughter had, which made Bella lose all the hesitation she had earlier and go all out when it came to drinking the fluids dripping down her mother's little bean, even going as far as to hold her mother's chubby cheeks for balance and close her eyes like she were relishing in the taste of her mother's bodily fluids.

Camila also seemed to have noticed that her daughter didn't mind the dirty fluids she was ingesting, which made her let out a sigh of relief and push out her ass even more for her daughter, like she wanted to let Bella take her time and drink as much milk as possible.

Even though she didn't get to breastfeed her daughter like she did in the past and relive the old memories of when Bella was a little baby sucking on her mother's tits, Camila thought that this also wasn't a bad experience at all and showed a rather seductive look on her face as she slouched over on the counter.

My mother, who was witnessing all this while standing naked, was in dismay as she thought that both Camila and her daughter would struggle to accomplish what I asked them to do with how lecherous it was.

But to her utter shock, both mother and daughter actually seemed to be relishing in the situation, looking at the sultry gazes they had in their eyes at the moment, and she had no idea about what to make of the sight before her, which was borderline incest...

"Umm...Kafi." My mother came to my side, where I was pouring the milk exactly below Camila's flawless neck and watching it flow like water on a bridge.

She then pulled on my shirt so that I would bend down to her level and whispered to me, "I don't know if I should be asking this...But don't you think that both of them are actually enjoying whatever they're doing instead of treating it like a punishment?"

"I mean, just look at how Bella looks right now." My mother pointed at Bella below with urgency. "Don't you think that the look on her face looks a little too lewd, like she's actually savouring the taste of the milk...Not to mention Camila, who I think is actually getting a little w-wet down there from what her daughter is doing."

"...Is this really strange, or is that I'm the crazy one here?"

My mother asked me with a concerned look on her face, wondering if it was alright for a mother and daughter to behave in such a debauchurous manner.

"No, mom, it's not normal at all...No mother out there would actually enjoy letting her daughter see her own asshole so close up."

I whispered back to my mother, who blushed when she just realised how close Bella was to Camila's puckered-up chrysanthemum. I then smiled and said, as I put a hand over her shoulder and rested them on top of her breasts,

"It's just that both mother and daughter are actually quite the deviant perverts who actually get off any sort of taboo situations."

"So, when normally people would get repulsed at the thought of family members spending time in bed together, these two would actually relish in those sort of situations and would desire to witness it for themselves."

I revealed our new family members secrets to my mother, who's twinkling blue eyes went wide in disbelief and fascination.

Chapter 427: The Apple Doesn't Fall Far From The Tree

"Perverts?...So just like Mommy, Kafi?"

My mother asked in awe, wondering if she had finally found her own people who indulged in incestuous relationships.

"Kind of, mom...While your case is because your love for me is a little too much that you started thinking of me as a man, which is honestly a little wholesome and sweet to think about." I explained to my mother, who was listening carefully. "Their love for such sort of taboo relationships is because of their depraved nature that stems from deep within."

"So when it comes to being genuine, wholehearted perverts, these two mother and daughter take the cake."

I said as I pointed at Camila, who turned around with a bright flush on her cheeks to see what I was talking about so quietly.

I then pointed at my mother, who was looking up at me, and whispered to her with a grin on my face,

"But when it comes to who's more naughtier under the sheets, then it's definitely you, mom, seeing as to how you turn into a hungry succubus who's out for her son's essence when you get all worked up."

My mother's ears turned red as she bowed her head in shame when she thought about how she acted when she truly got turned on.

She always acted like a timid little girl at first when things started out in the night. But as time goes on and the wetter her pussy gets as I finger her, the lewd devil inside of her gets released, and she turns out to be the one devouring me instead of the other way around.

The only reason I'm able to survive the nights with her is because of my unlimited stamina, which allows me to subdue her after she gets tired.

But if I were to have the same energy as a normal human, then I was sure that I would basically be a skeleton walking around with no life in my eyes with how much my own mother would drain me dry.

"Bella, like your mother said earlier, you'll get an upset stomach if you drink too much milk...I also don't want you to get a full stomach before you have a taste of the rest of the breakfast I've prepared, so I think you should stop now."

I said as I stopped pouring the milk down Camila's back and gave the flask to my mother, who was showing me her hands to me and grabbing it in the air like she were a baby asking for some milk.

My mother wanted to have a taste of the chocolate milk I made, and it seems like she liked it way better than the plain milk I made, seeing as to how she was sipping it down with a childish smile on her face and a joyful look in her eyes.

"But Bella, your mother's body is basically your plate at the moment, where I'm going to serve the rest of the food I made. So unless it's wiped completely clean of the sweetness of the milk that's stuck on her skin, it's going to interfere with the flavour of the rest of the items I put on there."

I said to Bella, who was throwing me a reluctant gaze, like she was asking me why I was stopping her every time things were getting good.

So to appease her and stop her from pouting like a spoilt daughter who didn't get what she wanted for her birthday, I pointed at the drops of milk that were still on Camila's back and suggested saying,

"But if you were to do 'something' about it and 'wipe' your mother clean just like how my mother wiped the milk stains off her breasts, then you'd have a perfectly clean plate for the upcoming dishes."

My mother, who was quietly drinking her milk while her massive knockers were hanging below, almost choked on her drink when she heard what I said, knowing exactly what I was asking Bella to do to her own mother.

But unlike my mother, who was quick to come to a realisation, Camila didn't really understand what I was trying to say since she was still in a hazy state from letting her daughter drink the milk that leaked down her body and looked back at me to ask what I was saying.

Lick~

But before she could, she suddenly felt a cold sensation right on top of her clitoris. The slimy snake-like object gently pushed against her little bean and put pressure on it in such a way that it made her knees go weak, leaving her unable to look back to see exactly what was rubbing against her vagina.

"Ooooh!~ Mmm!~ Aaahhh!~

Camila gasped when she realised that the squishy rope didn't stop right there and was moving down her vagina almost as if it were following the path the milk had trailed down her body.

"Ahhh!~ Mmph!~ Nnn!~ Suck! ~"

It burrowed into between her secret garden and pushed aside her puffy lips on both sides like it were a slimy eel moving through a field full of long grass.

"Mmm!~ Ahhh!~ Slurp!~ Nnn!~"

It perfectly traced the straight line in between Camila's lower lips, bringing along with it the droplets of milk that had been left behind on that place and moved to the actual grassland on top of her pussy that was covered in black wheat.

"Nnn!~ Slurp!~ Mmmph!~ Ahh! ~"

After moving its fleshy body across the tuft of hair and soaking up any of the milk hidden inside the bush, it swept past her tailbone, which seemed quite sensitive since Camila let out quite the seductive moan when it did and started moving up her spine that was covered in a sweet and chocolatey path.

"Ahhhh!~ Aughh!~ Ahhh!~"

Camila suddenly felt a soft pair of hands hold onto her slender but pudgy waist, which felt like pudding, as she felt the wet snake make its way up her back like it was trying to make it to its burrow right underneath her neck.

She also knew for sure that it wasn't a snake or eel that was licking her body in one straight line, as she felt the person behind her heavily breathing onto her back as they licked smooth skin clean.

It was only after the wet tongue made an entire trail of saliva from her clitoris all the way to the nape of her neck, wiping along the sweet stains in the way, did she get a chance to turn around and see her daughter licking her lips like she just had a good meal.

When Bella felt Camila's chilly gaze for licking her back without any warning and for acting a little too cheeky in front of her mother when she was just a child, she jumped in fright and instantly pointed at me.

Bella was obviously scared of what her mother might do for taking advantage of her in her weakest moment and decided to throw the blame on me, making me wonder if I was the mighty man of the house or actually the pityful scapegoat who was always put up for slaughter...

Chapter 428: You Don't Want To Wake Up Without A Tongue, Right?

"It was Daddy, mom!...He was the one who put those weird ideas in my head!"

Just like her mother, Bella perfectly knew how to put the blame on someone else, seeing as to how she looked like she was willing to bet her life on whether or not it was my fault.

My mother giggled at the sight, thinking that both of them really resembled one another with how sly they were.

"Yes, Camila. It was me who told Bella to do what she did."

I dryly said to Camila after deciding to help Bella out this time for obediently following my words. I then looked at Camila, who was still annoyed at the fact that even her daughter was teasing her, and said with my lips curled up,

"Even after knowing that, what are you going to do about it, Camila?...Is there really anything you can do against me?"

I openly taunted Camila and asked what she could possibly do to punish me, knowing that I had full power over her.

Bella was surprised by the way I was talking to her mother and even looked up at me in wonder after hearing my words, as even her own father wouldn't dare say such words to her mother, who was quite the formidable individual.

"You're right, Kafka. I really can't do anything against you, as your words really seem to have a restriction over me and make me want to accept a lot of unreasonable things from you that I won't let anyone else get away with."

Camila surprisingly didn't argue back and sighed as she shrugged her shoulders, telling just how weak she was in front of me.

And just as Bella was thinking that something was weird since there really was no way that her prideful mother would accept her defeat just like that, Camila cast a dangerous glance at me with a sarcastic smile on her face and said,

"But what if one day you were to wake up in the morning only to find out that your tongue is missing because someone had cut it out while you were sleeping?"

"...Then you'd probably have no way to speak any words that bind me, right, since...Hehe...you have no tongue to utter anything to me or tell me what to do?"

Camila gave a graceful little giggle, like the sight of me without a tongue in my mouth would be quite the comedical sight, which sent chills down all three of our backs.

Bella, who was standing behind me for protection from her mother, immediately stepped away from my side and treated me like a stranger when she heard her mother's threatening words.

My mother, on the other hand, thought that she shouldn't play around with her older sister too much or tease her about having bigger breasts, unless she wanted to wake up one day to find both the lumps of meat on her chest missing.

"Oh, come on, Camila!~...I-I was simply joking when I said those arrogant words earlier...P-Please don't take it seriously!~"

I immediately slid behind Camila's back and started massaging her shoulders, as I was the one who was sweating the most after hearing what she said. I then decided to cosy up to her even more by saying, in a coddling manner,

"Do you really think that I would dare to force my beautiful little wife to do something that you don't want to?~"

"I mean to badly treat such a perfect wife like you, who is not only so beautiful that even the moon pales in comparison when your under it's moonlight. But is also such a great chef who makes the most wonderful food and is a even greater mother as well, who raised such a well-mannered daughter."

"...How could I possibly bear to do so without tearing my heart out?!"

I said in an exaggerated manner, like I couldn't think of the possibility of raising my voice against the goddess who was graceful enough to live in my home.

Both my mother and Bella, who were watching me act all docile and subservient in front of Camila, couldn't believe that I would be so good at kissing someone's ass, which even they were embarrassed to look at.

But little did they know that I was truly desperate at the moment, as I really didn't want my tongue to be chopped off by the unpredictable flower, Camila, and was willing to do anything to detonate the bomb in front of me.

"You really are good at figuring out exactly what a woman wants to hear, Kafka, so much so that I find it impossible to hold anything against you and your cute face."

Camila said with a wide smile on her face as she looked back at me, which made me rest on her shoulders in relief now that I knew that my tongue was safe.

She then glanced at Bella, who couldn't believe that such flattering words actually worked on her mother, and said,

"Saying that I had a well-mannered daughter is a little bit overkill when Bella spent most of her life in an unruly manner. But I still appreciate the rest of what you said."

"Well, it doesn't always have to be untrue, Camila." I said as I slid my hands under her shoulders and hugged her from behind. I then whispered into her ears with an eager look in my eyes, "I can just give you a daughter who isn't like Bella, who's been spoilt ever since she was young and is instead quite the obedient girl just like you want."

"What if our daughter decides to follow her older sister's nature and turns out to be quite bratty and haughty when she grows up, Kafka...What would you do then?"

Camila held onto my hands and turned to show me her ravishing visage and her pretty blue eyes that sparkled like the ocean floor under the moonlight.

"That's no problem at all, Camila." I said as I hugged onto Camila's naked breasts even tighter and felt her bouncy butt right against my crotch. "You have a womb that's made for producing babies, and I have a fully functioning cock that's craving to enter your womb."

"...So, if one of our daughters doesn't turn out the way we expect her to, we'll just keep pumping out a few more babies out until we find the one disciplined daughter out of the batch." I said as I slid my hand down her belly and gently caressed her fleshy lips, which made her close her eyes and silently whimper.

"A-And if none of our children turn out to be the way we expect them to, Kafka?...Hmm!~...What will you do then?" Camila asked as I felt my fingers stroke her pink flesh in between her lips and drag the wetness out.

"Simple, my dear wife...We'll just have to keep on fucking and producing babies until the day we take out our last breaths."

I said and gave her a kiss on her flushed cheeks that was as steamy as a hot bun.

"Yes, I'd like that, Kafka...I'd like that very much."

Camila uttered with a gentle look in her eyes, like she couldn't possibly think of a better life.

She also didn't seem to be satisfied with the kiss on her cheek and wanted more since she turned back and kissed me on the lips, which I readily reciprocated.

"Mmm!~ Smooch!~ Ahhh!~ Kiss!~ Hmmm!~"

My mother and Bella were in awe as they witnessed both of us shamelessly kissing while they were still right in front of us.

They were especially impressed by me and finally understood why I was so popular with the ladies after seeing how I managed to make Camila, who was out for my blood, kiss me while she stood without a cloth on her body, like she forgot about what happened before with just a few words...

Chapter 429: What Is Going On?!

"Daddy!"

Bella suddenly called out with an urgent look on her face, which interrupted our kissing session. This particularly ticked off Camila, who looked at her own daughter like she was thinking of how many spanks she was going to give later. Bella then crossed her hand over one another and continued saying in protest,

"Just like my mom, I'm also tired of dealing with the way you treat me!...S-So, if you don't start treating me with respect and keep on pushing me around like I'm some sort of little kid, then I just bite you when you sleep!"

"Me too, Kafi!" My mother also joined in on this protest. But she couldn't bear to threaten me with anything that could possibly hurt me, so she said, "If you don't stop bullying your Mommy, t-then I just might pull away your blanket when you're sleeping."

Even threatening by saying that she would pull my blanket away was difficult for my mother, as she thought that I might catch a cold that way and a sick son was the last she wanted to see.

Even though it seemed like my mother and Bella were protesting for their rights in this household, I knew that they were simply using that as a cover.

What their true goal was is to make me react the same way I did towards Camila when she threatened them, which was basically to spoil them with praise and compliment.

It seemed like they also wanted to be treated in the same manner that made Camila throw all her grudges aside and jump into her embrace.

"You know you can just directly tell me if you want me to shower you in sweet words and give you a whole lot of kisses instead of going about it in a roundabout way, right?" I asked with a wry smile on my face, which immediately made them look away with a guilty look on their face, like they were caught in the act.

"Children will always be children, Kafka...We really can't do anything about it with how shy they become towards such matters."

Camila said with a teasing smile on her face and even included my mother in the equation, who was about the same age as her.

My mother couldn't even say anything back as she herself knew that she was quite childish even though she was an adult, even going as far as to still getting all worked up over holding hands whenever we went out together.

"W-Well, at least Auntie Abigail is more of an adult than you in one part, mom."

Bella suddenly spoke up for my mother as she couldn't bear to see the pityful look on her face, and she looked straight at her mother's massive chest, which was still quite inadequate compared to my mother's.

Bella thought that she would be scolded by her mother once again and was ready to hide behind me. But surprisingly, Camila simply smiled at her for speaking for the sake of someone else in the family and said,

"Well done, Bella. It seems like you aren't the same girl who never used to care for her family at all after all...I'm proud of you for that, my dear daughter."

Bella didn't expect to be highly praised by her mother and looked like she wanted to jump out of happiness because of how much it meant to her.

"Now, don't get too excited, Bella. We still have the rest of the breakfast to finish." I tapped Bella's shoulders to calm her down.

I was expecting her mood to drop down when I brought her back to reality. But surprisingly, she only had a hint of concern in her eyes.

The rest of the expressions on her face told me that she was actually quite excited for what was coming next, like she couldn't wait to see the next course I had prepared.

Even my mother and Camila looked much more relaxed, as if they had already accepted what they had gotten themselves into and were willing to carry out until the end since it was thrilling in its own lecherous way.

"What's next, Daddy?" Bella hopped right next to me and pulled on my arm like she was asking her father what ride they were going to go on next in a theme park. She then rubbed her abdomen like it were full and said, "You better not tell me that it's another beverage, as I think I've had enough milk to last me a while."

"No, Bella...Especially not after my mom has already drunk all the leftover milk."

I said, which made Camila realise that she didn't get to taste any of the drinks I made since my mother hogged it all for herself. I then patted Bella's head and looked at the containers on the counter and said,

"Now, we're moving onto the main breakfast that I've already prepared, and all that's left to do is plate it up."

Camila, who was pulling on my mother's cheeks for being a little food bandit, and my mother, who was reluctantly letting her mochi-like cheeks get pulled on, looked at each other like they were asking one another if they were ready for what's coming next.

Camila was particularly concerned about my mother, as she was the one who was going to be displayed on the next course, while she was set for the next and final course.

"But since I want the way I present the next set of items to be a surprise to you, Bella, I'm going to ask you to close your eyes for a minute."

Bella didn't know why I was acting so mysterious when she already saw all the items that I had prepared, but she still closed her eyes like I said. I then gestured to my mother to come over to the dining table on the side and said with an eager look on my face,

"Come over here, mom...It's your time to shine."

My mother was scared about what I was going to do and was also a bit curious about the way I was going to plate the food on her body.

Even though she was still a bit reluctant to what I was saying since she knew that my perverted ideas had no limit, she still came over and sat on top of the dining table like I asked her to since she really wanted to know how her son was going to present food on top of her naked body.

Bella had her eyes closed so she could only hear what was going on in front of her.

"Don't just sit on the edge of the table, mom. Lie over it like you yourself are the plate itself."

"Like this, Kafi?...Is Mommy lying down correctly, or should I spread my legs a bit more, like when I see sleep?"

"No, mom, that's perfect...Now I'm going to plate some food on top of you, so don't freak out no matter how weird it feels."

"Ah!~ Why are you placing the bacon on that place, Kafi, and even wrapping it around?!~ It feels so greasy and hot!~"

"Bear with it, mom. Just bear with me for a few minutes so that we can give Bella a nice surprise when she opens her eyes...As for the bacon being a little hot, we really can't do anything about it since we can't have our guest eating cold food."

"Fine, Kafi...It's honestly not all that bad since it makes me feel like I'm experiencing those hot oil massages I see on TV."

"Then I'm pretty sure you'll also like these pancakes on top of you as well, mom, since they're not only warm but they're also fluffy as well, like a soft blanket."

"You're right, Kafi!~ I just want to sleep with how puffy these pancakes you made are!~"

"I'm sorry to say this, mom, but after what I'm going to do next, I really don't think you'll be able to catch a wink of sleep."

"Huh...What exactly are you-...Hyaa!~...K-Kafi! Y-You, just what exactly are you doing?!~"

"You can't put those fruits in such a place!...T-The farmers who harvested those fruits would be disappointed if they knew that their fruits were going into s-such a dirty place!~...Ahhh!~"

"Really, mom? I actually think that they would be happy to know that the fruits they had planted are being moved to another 'hidden garden'...Now, I just have to stuff a few more inside, and we'll be all set."

"Noo, Kafi!~ Mommy can't possibly take any more!~ Hmm!~ T-There isn't enough space there for you to fit all those berries inside!~"

"Oh, come on, mom...You can even slide my dick into this tunnel of yours, so how can you say that you can't do the same with a few berries?"

"Ahh!~ H-Honey, as well!?!~ Just what do you think you're doing to your Mommy, Kafi!~...Nnnn! ~...Just what on Earth is going through that indecent mind of yours?!~ Augh!~"

"Berries?!...Honey?!...Stuffing?!"

Bella exclaimed in utter confusion when she heard my mother's cries like she were a pig that was getting stuffed for a roast. She knew that her mother was near her, so she turned to her with her eyes closed and asked in a flurry,

"Just what is going on, mom?! What exactly is Daddy doing to Auntie Abigaille?!"

"I think it's better if you don't ask about the details, Bella, as even I don't have words to explain what's going on. Also, don't you dare open your eyes, as this isn't something you should be witnessing."

Camila held onto Bella's and told her not to open her eyes unless she wanted to be traumatised forever.

Camila did want her daughter to get experience when it came to matters of intimacy. But she definitely didn't want to let her see the 'preperation' going on before her, which was almost even too much for her to watch and made her feel like her body was steaming.

"All I can say is that currently the perfect representation of both the sins of Lust and Gluttony is going on, which children like you most definitely can't watch."

Camila explained in a daze, almost as if she were watching the painting of a historic art piece that would inspire brilliant minds for the ages.

This only confused Bella even more and made her want to open her eyes so bad that she was even willing to be punished by me through whatever means if it meant that she could see the scene that even shocked her resilient mother.

But unfortunately, I had already finished up my preparation and had already 'plated' my mother up, so the stuffing part that scared Camila to the extent that she covered her crotch was over.

"It's finished, Bella!...The first out of the two courses I've prepared for you is ready. So open your eyes now and feast your eyes on the breakfast I've made for that's plated on top of my mother and also 'inside' of her!"

I said in an excited manner after finishing my masterpiece and watched as Bella's eyelids fluttered like butterflies and opened up to see the dazzling sight before her...

Chapter 430: Exquisite Plating

"Auntie Abigaille..." Bella said in an exasperated manner as she covered her mouth in disbelief when she saw my mother lying down straight on top of the dining table like she were a corpse. "...Just what in the world did your son do to you?"

"I-I don't know, Bella...I genuinely don't know." My mother replied with wide eyes, like she herself didn't know how she got caught up in such a situation. She then blushed when she saw Bella deeply staring at the state she was displayed in and said coyly, "A-And Bella, could you not stare too much...It's really embarrassing for me when you look at me so intensely."

"What else can I do but stare, Auntie?" Bella replied as she burnt the sight that had a certain aesthetic beauty in it, along with a whole lot of lewdness into her mind. "Anyone who were to witness such a scene would be reacting the same as me, so it really isn't fair for you to tell me to look away, especially when you look so mesmerising at the moment."

Bella wasn't joking when she said that my mother looked absolutely enchanting at the moment, almost as if she were a treat that you couldn't help but take a bite out of.

Even Camila had to admit that she wouldn't mind her breakfast being served up on my mother's body every time she ate, seeing as to how my mother's naked body underneath the food added a certain appeal to the already delicious food that no plate could ever do the same.

What both mother and daughter were looking at at the moment, like it were some sort of sculpture from ancient times, was my mother completely lying down on the dining table with only her head propped up with a rolled-up towel.

While that in itself was a sight for sore eyes as it meant that her gigantic tits had deflated down due to gravity, making them look like mounds of ice cream that had melted and also making her plump thighs spread out onto the dining table to make them look even thicker.

That actually wasn't the main reason both mother and daughter looked like they were caught up in a dream.

The main reason was because of the food that I had meticulously plated on top of her naked body.

First off, I had taken the fried bacon that I cooked and seasoned in black pepper, paprika, and garlic powder and cut those long strips of greasy, juicy meat into appropriate pieces. I then used my mother's bulging breasts as a canvas to stick the bacon on top of those towering mountains that moved up and down like they were going through an earthquake whenever my mother breathed.

Like attaching tiles to a wall, I used the greasiness of the bacon and stuck them onto her chest. At the bottom of her chest, where there was a wider diameter, I used long pieces of bacon to cover her skin in fried meat. And as I went up her chest, the size of the pieces of bacon became shorter and shorter until they were only the size of a fingernail at the very top.

Not a single inch of my mother's brown skin was seen, and instead of that, her chest was entirely covered in reddish-brown meat that was glistening under the light.

Her nipples that were the only part sticking out from the top of the meat mountains were also covered in a dollop of homemade barbecue sauce, which made it look like my mother had two briskets that were wrapped in bacon sitting on top of her chest instead of her usual milk bags.

This tantalising sight actually made Bella's mouth water and made her want to take a bite out of my mother's breasts, even though she knew that the meat underneath wasn't edible unless she was a cannibal. Camila, on the other hand, was appreciating the precise placement of the bacon pieces on her flesh that made her breasts look like an artistic piece.

Next, I decided to actually get creative and try to appeal to all the ladies in the room. So to do that, I first laid out a single pancake on top of my mother's squishy belly, which was just as soft as the pancake and probably even softer, that I knew after the number of times I've rubbed my face against her warm belly.

I then showed off my skill as a supposed art major and made a sculpture of a bunny that was standing up with its long ears hanging high using the several thick pancakes I had made and placed it on top of the first pancake like it were a statue on display.

I basically followed how wooden sculptures were made and first stacked around 10 pancakes on top of one another and attached them together using whipped cream as the adhesive binding them together.

I then used a small knife to carve out all the unnecessary parts of the pancake so that it would be shaped into a simple bunny that was half the size of an arm and added some additional detailing like its eyes and teeth using chocolate frosting.

While Bella was thinking that the bunny I had made was absolutely adorable and couldn't believe that I actually made such a cute creature out of pancakes.

My mother and Camila, on the other hand, were thinking of the scene of me moving my hands at the speed of light to precisely slice up and carve the pancakes, which looked like magic in their eyes. They wondered if it was humanely possible to move one's hands so quickly and so precisely like I were some sort of pre-programmed robot made for slicing up cake into statues.

Finally, I added tiny colourful flowers that I had found in the garden all over my mother's body.

It added a subtle beauty to the breakfast I had prepared, like pretty little flowers were growing out of the brown soil, which was my mother's body.

I especially added a bunch of flowers that were half the size of a fingernail on top of my mother's pubic hair. This made it seem that the tuft of hair near her pubic region had turned into a black bush that was covered in colourful flowers.

There was also one other hidden item that couldn't be seen for now. But overall, this was the first course I was serving to my guest, Bella.

"Auntie...You look so pretty now."

Bella ended up unconsciously uttering some words that had entered her mind when she saw my mother arranged in such an extravagant manner.

"You don't have to lie to make me feel better, Bella." My mother sighed like she already accepted the fate that came with having the devil of debauchery as her son. "I already know how depraved of a state I'm currently in, so no matter what you say, it won't work out on me."

"No, Auntie, I really am not joking!" Bella exclaimed and frantically shook her head to show how wrong my mother was.

She then glanced at the array of flowers all over my mother's body and the little bunny made of pancake batter that was sitting on top of her tummy and said, "Although I will have to say that it is quite lewd of you to be lying down like this and having food scattered all over you, when mothers are usually the ones who say that we shouldn't play around with food."

My mother blushed and wanted to turn away to avert her gaze. But she was afraid that any movement would destroy my set-up, so she lied down still and listened to a little girl berate her.

"But in retrospect, I will have to agree that your son really is quite talented when it comes to these sorts of things." Bella said, to which Camila nodded her head like she agreed with what her daughter said, giving my mother a response that she wasn't expecting. "I mean, I don't know how.

But your son somehow managed to turn something that you would think would seem quite dirty into something that even I can't help but marvel at."

"Like you would think that putting meat on top of another's body is somewhat degrading to them. But Daddy has managed to display that in a pretty manner, using your body as a canvas in such a way that it accentuates your beauty even more."

Bella concluded and looked at me like she couldn't help but appreciate my talent when it came to such things.

I boasted my chest high up when I saw her looking up to me, which immediately made her look away and roll her eyes like she was thinking she was the idiot for thinking highly of someone who was just a big lecher.

...Not just any lecher but the king of them all.