

## God of Milfs 431

### Chapter 431: Honest Thoughts Of A Daughter

"So, I really do look pretty in your eyes, Bella?" My mother asked with an expectant gaze as she felt the warmth of the pancakes permeate through her belly. "I really don't look that indecent at all?"

"Of course you don't, Abi~" Camila answered in Bella's place with a bright smile on her face. She then bent down until their faces were right next to each and pulled on her cheeks as she said, "How could my adorable sister ever look indecent in anyone's eyes~"

My mother giggled upon hearing praise from her older sister, whom she looked up to, and quickly lost all the nervousness she had earlier.

"But I do have a question though..." Bella suddenly asked as she carefully surveyed my mother's naked body, like she were searching for something. "...Where exactly are the 'fruits' and 'berries' you were talking about? I thought that I would see some sort of fruit salad here after hearing you talk about it. But it looks like there's not even a single slice of fruit here."

Bella had a confused look on her face, wondering where the mysterious fruit had gone, which made my mother blush profusely while rubbing her legs onto one another in nervousness. Even Camila didn't know what to say to her daughter, as where the fruit actually went was somewhere she couldn't say out for my mother's sake.

"You'll eventually see it and get to have a 'taste' of the fruit I've prepared, Bella."

I said as I sat myself down on a chair in front of my mother, while my mother looked like she was going to start crying at the thought of Bella eating that very fruit I mentioned. I then patted the chair right next to me and continued saying,

"For now, take a seat and have a taste of the pancakes and bacon I've made before they get cold."

Bella nodded her head at my suggestion since she really wanted to have a taste of that bacon on my mother's milkers that looked so crispy and fatty.

She was about to take a step forward to sit on the chair next to mine, but for some reason she hesitated.

She looked at her seat and then my lap and then back to her seat again, like she was weighing the options in her mind. And before I could even say anything about it, she quickly made up her mind and swiftly jumped right on top of my lap, turning my body into her chair.

"Bella, do you not see the chair I've set for you on the side?" I asked with my brows raised as I felt her settle her soft body onto me by shimmying her butt onto my lap and slowly lying back onto me. "So, why have you gotten out of your way to ignore a comfortable chair and decided to sit on top of me?"

"I wanted to sit on top of Daddy's lap, so I did...What's wrong with that?"

Bella looked up at me behind her and asked with an innocent look on her face.

"Yes, Kafka. What's wrong with a daughter sitting on top of her father's lap?"

Camila supported her daughter as she sat herself down on the seat next to mine, which felt rather cold on her sensitive butt because she didn't have any pants on.

She then looked at us, thinking that we looked more like a couple where the girl adored the boy even though she wasn't always honest about it, and said,

"I honestly wanted to sit on top of your lap myself. But seeing as to how my daughter has taken that place, I'll give up my favourite seat for her."

"What?! There's no need for you to do that, Camila!"

I said in a hurry when I heard the possibility of Camila laying her naked ass right on top of my crotch, which was so much better than Bella's developing rear that was still fully clothed. I then held onto Bella's waist and rudely said,

"I can just throw away Bella to the side, Camila, with how light she is. So just say the word, and you'll have your seat back."

"No, Daddy! Mom always gets to be the one sitting on your lap when you come over to my house, and I never get to have the chance!"

Bella shouted with tears in her eyes, and it seemed like she had been eyeing this seat for a while now and wasn't willing to give it up for anyone now that she got it. She then cast a pityful gaze like a child who got neglected by her parents and woefully said,

"I-It isn't fair that only mom gets to sit on your lap, Daddy...I also want to do the same and have the same content smile on her face like m-my mom does every time she snuggles into your embrace."

My mother couldn't help but 'Awww!~' when she saw how adorable Bella was acting right now like a little puppy longing for some love, forgetting that she looked like a roasted pig on the table right now.

Camila was also surprised by her daughter's sweet intentions and couldn't help but let out a gentle smile at the sight of her daughter, who was slowly changing from the way she was from the past and becoming more honest with herself.

"Is that so, my dear Bella?~ Does my adorable little daughter really want to sit on top of me that much?~"

I asked with a teasing smile on my face as I held onto Bella and rocked her around.

"I-I do, Daddy, s-since mom always looks so safe when she's right on top of you."

Bella said in a soft voice like she really wanted to experience the content feeling of sticking so close to me after seeing her mother get intimate with me so many times.

"Then you should also know how much I play with your mother's body whenever she sits on top of me, since it's really hard for me to resist when such a gorgeous girl is sitting on top of you."

I said, which made Bella remember the number of times she walked in on me groping Camila's naked chest and teasing her firm nipples, making her little body turn quite warm in my embrace.

"So are you fine with me doing that to you as well since even though you may technically be my daughter since I'm with your mother, we're not really a family that follows a moral set of reasoning and are much more...'Adventurous', I guess."

Adventurous being the code word for incestuous, which everyone in the room realised without any further explanation.

"It's fine, Daddy." Bella uttered in a meek voice as her neck turned a shade of pink.

She then held onto my hands using her own that were trembling and placed them on her supple chest and said with a nervous shimmer in her twinkling eyes,

"Daddy can touch me wherever you want or however you want to...A-As long as I get to sit on top of you, you can do whatever you want with your d-daughter's body."

A shaky voice, trembling eyes, and the fact that she couldn't even meet my gaze.

It was obvious that Bella still wasn't ready to take our relationship to the next step and was quite nervous and shy about actual intimacy with me like the sweet and innocent girl she actually was.

So to hear her say that I could do whatever I wanted to her showed just how much she wanted to feel what her mother felt in my presence and create her own precious moments with her new found father.

Even I was touched by how much Bella wanted to spend time with me, as I wasn't expecting her to be so honest suddenly. I also couldn't help but think that she looked like the cutest creature in the world right now with how vulnerable she was at the moment, after opening up to me about her desires.

"Listen, Bella...I'm going to touch your body, grope your tits, suck on your ass, and fuck you silly until I impregnate your tiny little pussy one day with how much of a little devil you are who's asking her father to touch her ripe body."

I bent down and whispered into her ears, which made her whole body tremble and hold onto my hands tightly like she wasn't ready for all that at once.

But then, I didn't continue like I said I was going to do, and to her surprise, I simply gave her a kiss on her nape behind and gently continued saying,

"But that's only for a day in the future when you're actually ready, like I said, Bella...For now, I'm simply going to ask a bunch of kisses from you in return for sitting on top of my lap."

"Now, are you willing to oblige to my convenience fees, or do you want to-..."

Chu!~ Chu!~ Chu!~

Bella didn't even let me finish my sentence and immediately turned back and started kissing me all over my face, like this was something that she had been waiting to do for a long time.

Under the gaze of my mother and hers, Bella threw all her shyness to the wind and plastered my nose, eyes, and cheeks in her little pink lips.

Chu!~ Chu!~ Chu!~

Finally, she set her eyes on the main target and firmly pecked onto my lips three times while holding onto my chest before quietly turning back and obediently sitting herself down on my lap with her flushed face held down to avoid meeting anyone's gaze out of sheer embarrassment at what she had done.

I stroked Bella's head like she were a little cat, which made her purr like she really liked it when I ran my fingers through her, thinking that even though I was mostly into Milfs, the cute and sexy daughters like Bella that came along with the mothers I'd like to fuck weren't bad at all...

Chapter 432: Worth Fighting For

"Mom...What do you think you're doing?"

Bella asked with narrowed eyes when she noticed her mother slowly leaning towards me as she tried to rest her head on my shoulder.

She didn't seem to like that her mother was trying to steal my attention away from herself and looked at Camila like she was telling her to back off from me.

"What is it, Bella?" Camila asked as she stared at her daughter like she had no idea as to what she had done wrong, "What's wrong with me lying on Kafka's shoulders?...I mean, you already got to have him embrace him for yourself, so why are you arguing with me over a little bit of affection from the side?"

"Sure, I wouldn't mind if you were fully clothed, mom." Bella remarked and continued saying as she stared at her mother's pale white knockers that were rubbing against my arm, "But because you're completely naked right now, your massive breasts would spill all over Daddy's arm if you were to lean on him too much, and you'd instantly seduce him away from me using something that he can't possibly resist."

Bella jumped on top of me to argue with her mother and acted like I was a horndog who'd easily get distracted by another woman as long as she showed me even a little bit of skin, which made me think of her idea of me in her head in dismay.

"And I want Daddy for myself now since you always hog him for yourself when he comes over to our house, so I suggest you move a little bit away, mom, or else I'll make sure to 'conveniently' interrupt every time you get intimate with him in the future, which will surely frustrate you all the way to hell."

Bella threatened with a haughty smirk on my face while holding on to my arms like she were saying I was hers for now to make up for the time Camila spent with me.

Camila returned Bella's smile with her own and had a look of interest on her face when she saw her daughter fighting back with her mother.

Bella used to fight and argue like this with Camila all the time in the past just to irritate her own mother. But this time, it seemed like she genuinely wanted to fight with her mother for the reasons she firmly believed in, which made Camila think that she was starting to resemble how she was when she was young and bold.

"So, my daughter has grown old enough to threaten her own mother, who carried her for nine months in her womb, is it?"

Camila asked as a dangerous look appeared in her frosty blue eyes. This made Bella gulp in fear, as even though she had childish scrambles with her mother in the past, she had never dared to talk back to her mother in such a firm manner.

But Bella didn't back down like the old Bella would've, as she had finally found something in her life that she felt like was worth fighting for with the rewards that came along with, so she held on to my hands even firmer, bit her lips, and barked out as she looked her mother straight in the eyes,

"I-I guess I am, mom. I guess I am telling you to back off...Not because I don't have any respect for you...Rather I think that Daddy is someone who's worth facing off against e-even someone as scary as you."

Bella said with a firm look in her eyes and a face full of conviction like this was her last stand, and she wasn't willing to take a step back no matter what.

While I was a little bit scared of the cat fight that was going on right on top of me, my mother seemed to be enjoying the drama that was going on, judging by the look of excitement in her eyes, and looked to be witnessing a real-life love triangle fight.

But it really couldn't be called a fight as Camila was simply testing how far her daughter was willing to go for something she believed in, seeing as she casually shrugged her shoulders and said as she looked at her daughter with a knowing gaze,

"Not bad, Bella...Not bad at all...Now that I know your current attitude about the situation you're in now that you've joined this family, I won't have to worry about you being swallowed and pushed aside by the rest of the women that will join this household in the future."

Bella didn't exactly understand what her mother was trying to imply here. But she did know that she won the argument against her mother, which made her give a prideful and snuggle into my embrace to let her victory set over her.

"Feed me, Daddy!" Bella suddenly ordered in a very arrogant manner while having a smug look on her face. "I'm a little tired from battling my mother out and winning over her, so I would like to give you the opportunity of spoon-feeding your adorable little daughter that I'm sure you're grateful for."

It seems like the apparent win over her mother got over her head as she started acting like a spoilt princess in front of me like she did in the past with no shame in the world.

But when she saw a gaze that was even more scarier than her mother's looming over her, even making her blood run cold at the sight of my gloomy eyes, she immediately changed her attitude in front of me.

"Please, Daddy~...Can you please feed your daughter breakfast, s-since I really want to be spoon-fed by you?...Pretty please~"

Bella's attitude took a complete 360 as she turned from the spoilt brat she had been her whole life to the obedient little girl in front of me who was casting a heartbreaking gaze my way to help her out.

Camila smiled, thinking that she really did the best decision of throwing Bella to my side and making her treat me like her father figure, as she was sure that without me by her side, her daughter would surely revert to her old ways whenever she got a chance.

But with my authoritative presence around her, she wouldn't dare overstep her boundaries and grow up to be the proper lady Camila wanted her to be, or at least a daughter who didn't act so arrogantly in front of others.

"Good girl." I uttered as I gently patted Bella's soft head, which made her bow her head in shame because of how good she felt when I called her a good girl, like she were some sort of child. "Since you asked your father so nicely, I'll personally feed you your breakfast."

"I'll also tell you that it's totally fine with acting selfish with me as we're family, especially with me since I think that you look quite cute when you act all haughty." Bella's legs swung back and forth from hearing me call her cute. "But you should also know that there are a few boundaries that shouldn't be crossed at any cost, unless you want to be punished...You got that?"

"Yes, Daddy...I'll try my best to think before I say anything unnecessary." Bella nodded her head in a disciplined manner as she promised to adhere to my words.

I also thought that Bella should receive a reward for being so obedient, so I gave her a little peck on her cheek, which made her let out a little squeel.

While Camila herself was thinking that I was doing a better job as her father in the few weeks that I had been with Bella, then her despicable husband, who was by Bella's side her whole life. My mother was thinking that it sure would be nice if I were to coddle her like she was my daughter and was imagining all sorts of fantasies where I was her father.

She also wondered if I'd be willing to indulge in such play later in bed if she were to ask later tonight...



## Chapter 433: Feed Me Next!

"So, Bella...Do you want to eat some crispy bacon first or do you want to go for some fluffy pancakes?"

I asked as I rubbed my face all over Bella's silky hair and took in her flowery fragrance. I then whispered into her ear, saying,

"I personally want to eat you up, Bella. But today you're the guest and not me, so I'll hold that off for another day since serving you is the highest priority."

Bella wiggled her butt on my crotch as she couldn't be flustered at the thought of where my lips would go on her body if I were to eat her out.

"I want to eat some bacon, Daddy." Bella pointed at the pieces of greasy bacon that were mounted on my mother's breasts like they were fragments of stained glass.

"Although I'm leaning more towards something sweet, I can't bear to eat the pancakes right now because of how cute you made it look...It's honestly so unbearable that I can't even look at its eyes that are made out of chocolate without feeling sad for it."

Bella sighed like she wished she could just take the bunny made out of pancakes back home and keep it on her bed like one of her plushies, since not only was it pleasing to look at, it was also something that I had made for Bella as well, which held some meaning for her.

"But why did you decide to make a bunny, Daddy, and not any other animal?"

Bella looked up and asked as she wrapped my arm around her and made me hold her tighter, like she wanted to feel my warmth even more.

"That's because I was trying to think of something as cute as you to serve to you in the form of a pancake, Bella." I said as I grabbed the cutlery from the side.

I then looked down at Bella's big blue eyes below that were looking up at me with warmth and fascination and said, "And the first thing that came to mind when I thought of an animal that could possibly resemble even 1% of my daughter's liveliness was a little bunny."

Bella let out a little giggle as she looked at the bunny before her, thinking that her new found father really did know how to sweet talk a woman.

"I also couldn't help but think about these snow bunnies you have on your chest, Bella, which are even softer than the pancakes I made." I said as I gently cupped Bella's supple breasts from the bottom and kneaded them like dough under her flustered gaze.

"Even though you may feel that the bunny I made is more appealing in your eyes, I personally find the bunnies on your chest much more attractive and want to leave my handprints all over them."

"Hmm!~ E-Even if they aren't as fat as my mother's snow bunnies, Daddy?"

Bella whimpered as she glanced at her mother's milky breasts that had the same shape as her but were much bigger. She then continued as Camila thought that it was rather rude of her daughter to call any part of her fat,

"Would you still be interested in my baby bunnies that haven't really grown at all compared to the Mama bunny? Nnn!~"

"Baby bunnies will eventually grow up to quite fat and plump bunnies like their mother's in the future, Bella." I said as I squeezed her melons to compare them to her mother's. "So don't worry about your mother's size, as I'm sure that as her daughter by blood, you'll eventually reach Camila's size and grow even beyond her in the future."

Bella had a hopeful look in her eyes as she thought about the day where she could look as mature as her mother and use that extra appeal to steal me away from her mother just to irritate her, while Camila smirked like she thought that it was ludicrous that her daughter thought that she could surpass her hefty size any time soon.

"You also have to maintain a proper diet, Bella, if you want to grow up to be like your mother in the future, so open up and say 'Ahhh'." I said like I were feeding a toddler, which made my mother, who was lying down on the table, chuckle.

But the smile on my mother's face froze when she saw the fork in my hand coming towards her breasts.

She knew that the food on her body wasn't simply for display and was mainly for consumption. But she was still confused when she saw such a sharp utensil coming towards her breasts since it seemed like I was trying to poke her balloon-like chest and scrape out some cooked meat from her mounds of flesh on her chest to her terror.

Poke~

But to her relief, I didn't push the fork all the way into her fatty meat and didn't tear out a chunk of her fatty meat.

Push~

I simply pushed the fork into the grooves in between the pieces of bacon until I could feel her breasts pushing back against, but not so hard that it would hurt her. I then carefully dragged the fork upwards, which meant that the sharp utensil was now caressing her brown skin and was slowly breaking off the bacon sticking onto her skin, dropping them down onto the fork below.

Like how paint would chip off a wall if one were to scrape a knife against it, the crispy pieces of bacon fell off my mother's breast and perfectly gathered on top of my fork.

Of course they left behind an oily stain on my mother's brown skin, but that didn't damage her beauty at all and make her look dirty. Rather, it made her look even more seductive with how glossy her skin looked and even made Bella want to take a bite out of her succulent meat.

"Here, Bella." I said as I fed Bella the few pieces of bacon as she opened her mouth when she saw the fork approaching. "What do you think? Does it taste good?"

"Chew first and then talk, Bella...I don't want to see you splattering the food in your mouth all over your Auntie Abigaille in front of you."

Camila suggested when she saw how Bella was getting overwhelmed by the taste of the bacon and looked like she was going to speak about it before swallowing it down.

"It tastes good, Daddy! It tastes so freaking good!"

Bella didn't waste a second to praise the bacon I had prepared with an excited look on her face after sending it down her throat. She jumped up and down on my lap in exhilaration and continued saying,

"I don't know how you managed to do it. But you somehow managed to elevate a dish that's actually so simple to the next level to the extent that it doesn't even taste like any of the bacon I've eaten my whole life and makes me think that you made it out of some other rare meat!"

"How blasphemous, Bella!~ How can you say that out loud when your mother, who's been cooking you your breakfast your whole life, is sitting right next to your side?"

Camila said with a reluctant look on her face as her own daughter was basically telling her the bacon she had made for her before was nothing in comparison to what she was having now.

"Then try it for yourself, mom." Bella didn't back down on what she said and decided to back her father, who was starting to look like a much better cook than her mother in her eyes. "Try it for yourself and honestly tell me if it's better or worse than the bacon you make at home."

"I will, Bella!...I will!"

Camila harrumphed and then looked at me with an intent gaze for some reason, as if she were waiting for me to do something.

"Wait...Don't tell me that you want me to feed you too, Camila?"

I asked with a perturbed look on my face, while Bella stood on guard once again, thinking that her mother was trying to steal the spotlight once again.

"Why? What's wrong with that, Kafka?" Camila asked as if it were only natural that I feed as well. "You're okay with feeding my daughter, but you won't do the same to me as well?"

"Who knows? The reason Bella might think that your dish may taste better is because you're the one spoon feeding her, so shouldn't it be appropriate that you serve me in the same way so that I can have the same taste as her?"

Camila's started stating some ridiculous reason so that she wouldn't sound childish in front of her daughter for asking me to personally feed her.

"Then here's a spoon for you, I guess, Camila...Say 'Ahhh'." I decided to give in to her demands even though she wasn't the guest today, since she was casting a scary gaze my way.

"You don't have to tell me to 'Ahhh', Kafka...I'm not some sort of child." Camila said even though she actually really enjoyed the fact that I was coddling her like a child and took the bite.

Chomp~

The moment the oiliness of the bacon hit her mouth, the grumpy look on Camila's face immediately disappeared and was instead replaced with one of intrigue, like she really didn't expect the bacon I made to be so good.

"This...This is actually really good...Absolutely delicious in fact!"

Camila slowly uttered as she tried to understand the simple but bold flavours infused into the meat and figure out how I managed to make the outside of the bacon crispy while the inside stayed soft with such thin slices.

"See mom...Didn't I tell you that the bacon Daddy made simply hits at a different place at heart compared to what you make at home, not that I'm saying that the way you make it is bad or anything?"

Bella puffed out her perky chest and proudly announced on my behalf, like she herself was the one who made the dish, which looked rather loveable.

"Let's not get too ahead of ourselves and say that Kafka's bacon tastes better than mine, Bella, as both of them have their own qualities that make them better than the other in different aspects."

Camila refused to give in to her rival's cooking as she gestured for me to give her another spoon, which made Bella sigh at how stubborn her mother was over the things she held pride in. Camila then smiled as she savoured my dish with an appreciative look on her eyes and added, saying,

"But I will say that I surely would have a better day if I were to have such delicious bacon so early in the morning...Especially off such a beautiful lady's chest that adds another layer of immersion to the dish itself."

"Me too, Kafi!~ Mommy also wants to have of the tasty bacon you made!~"

My mother exclaimed in a giddy manner when she heard everyone praising her son's food, which made me scrape off another layer of bacon and feed my mother as well.

"Don't forget that I'm the guest here, Daddy." Bella said after I dropped a few pieces of bacon into my mother's mouth to her delight. She then pulled on my arm and said in a pouty manner, "You should take priority to feed me next."

I didn't want to dissatisfy the main character of the current request, so I didn't hesitate to give her a fork full of tiny bacon pieces next.

"Without me, our guest wouldn't even exist here, Kafka, so I think you should give me a spoon next...Also add in that barbecue sauce on top of Abi's peaks next." Camila ordered me to serve her up next without even giving me a single break.

"Mommy also wants to have a taste of the bacon coated in barbecue sauce, Kafi!~"

Just as I thought that I could finally put the fork down after feeding Camila, I saw my mother opening her mouth and waiting for me to feed her another piece.

"It isn't fair that they got to taste the barbecue flavoured bacon first, Daddy...Give me two spoons as compensation for ignoring your beloved guest." Bella insisted that I give her special treatment and urged me to throw another piece in her mouth.

"There's no need for you to give my daughter special treatment, Kafka, as that would only spoil her even further...Ignore her and feed me next."

"Mommy is next Kafi!~ I also want a really juicy piece next, so find me the thickest slice of bacon on my breasts like the good boy you are!~"

"If we're taking special requests that I want to have a really crispy piece, Daddy, almost as if I'm eating some sort of meaty chips."

"Then, I'd like you to dip the next strip of bacon really deep into the barbecue sauce you made, Kafka...I'm pretty sure that with a proper taste, I'll figure out what the ingredients are you use to make the sauce."

"Mommy's next, Kafi!~"

"Then there's me, Daddy!~"

"I'd love another piece of bacon, Kafka, if you will~"

The ladies both on the table and around the table didn't let me rest for a second and kept on asking me to feed them as soon as the fork left the mouth of the other.

This made my hand that had been stretched out for a while keep going in circles to feed the demanding mouths and kept on following the same motion like the arms of a clock.

The worst of it was whenever I decided to take a break and was about to put the fork down, all three of them would either pout or glare at me like they were daring me to put down the fork onto the plate and see what would happen to me then.

I didn't dare to work up any of them who looked like hungry carnivorous right now and continued to feed them in the same cycle with a distraught look on my face, hating myself for cutting the strip of bacon into such small pieces that could barely fill their stomachs, which was the main reason I was caught up in this never-ending dilemma...

Chapter 434: The Poor Fate Of Mr Bunny

"I think that's enough for me, Daddy...Any more grease in my stomach, and I'll think I'll be feeling sick for the rest of the day."

Bella said as she lied back on me with a satisfied look on her face, thinking that it would feel so good to turn around and sleep on my chest right now.

"I'm also on a diet right now, so I think that's enough for me as well." Camila politely wiped her oily lips with a handkerchief and then wiped her daughter's lips as well, treating her like a child that always needs her care at all times.

"I-I think I can eat a few more pieces, Kafi, so if you wouldn't mind, can you-"

"No, mom! That's enough bacon for you today!"

I interrupted my mother in frustration when she asked for a couple of more spoons, as my arm had already gone weak from moving all over the place and trying to feed three mouths at the same time.

"But why, Kafi?!~ There's still so much bacon left on my chest! What are you going to be about that?!~"

My mother gasped as she was denied her request and looked at her breasts below.

One of them was completely scraped clean of any bacon sticking on top of them, leaving only the grease of the cooked meat on them and also some indents from the fork poking her skin all over her chest. Her nipple on top was also wiped clean of any of that dark sauce on it, leaving her purple grape exposed to the world.

Her other breast, on the other hand, was left untouched, since just one breast of hers was covered in enough bacon that it could even feed a family of three.

The excess of bacon wasn't because all three of them had small stomachs, when they were all actually gluttons who swallowed every spoon I gave them. But it was because the surface area of my mother's breasts was so large that I managed to fit more than enough slices of bacon onto them.

"I'll be eating the remaining bacon on your chest, mom, so keep your hands off them unless you want me to shove my own 'rod of bacon' into your mouth right in front of these two."

My mother's hands that were sneakily going for the bacon on her chest froze when she heard my threat, and they immediately retreated back to their place on her side.



"I also noticed while laying out the pancakes that your belly is much more squishy than it used to be, mom, so I think you should lay off on the greasy food for a while, or else I'm sure you'll come crying to me about gaining weight and blame me for fattening you up."

My mother blushed and looked at me with an urgent gaze, like she was telling me not to say such an embarrassing thing in front of others. She also couldn't deny that she had been eating quite a lot lately since her son had been spoiling her quite a lot when it came to food.

"Speaking of pancakes, that's what we'll be eating next, Bella." I said as I finally put down the fork after continuously feeding all three of the ladies in the household. I also didn't want to tire out my hand once again so I added in saying, "I also specially made the bunny pancake for Bella so if you two want to have a taste, you can eat the extra pancakes I've made later."

Camila was already quite full with bacon and had already tasted the pancakes, so she was fine. My mother, on the other hand, had already planned on telling me to make her the same bunny out of pancakes later on, since her childish self also wanted to indulge in such a cute animal for breakfast.

"Daddy, do we really have to eat Mr Bunny?" Bella named the bunny and looked at him with pityful eyes like he was a dying animal. "He looks so cute and fluffy, almost as if he actually has some life in him. I can't possibly eat him while he looks at me with those big black beady eyes."

"Well, if you don't eat Mr Bunny and keep him just like that, he'll eventually start going stale, Bella. And unless you want to see him with maggots crawling out of him all over the place, I suggest you put him out of his misery and eat him here itself." Bella sighed as she thought about the Bunny's pitiful fate, which always ended horribly.

I then picked up the knife and fork on my side and said, "I can also pick out his eyes if that's what's stopping you from eating him."

"No don't!" Bella urged me to stop by holding onto my hand. She then sighed and slowly brought the knife in my hand closer to the bunny's neck and continued saying, like she had no choice, "Just give him a clean death, Daddy...He at least deserves that."

"Of course, Bella." I said, and then, with one swift motion, I dismembered Mr Bunny's head from his body.

Bella looked away from the sight while holding onto me, my mother gasped and prayed that Mr Bunny reached heaven, and Camila wondered what ratio of flour to water and milk I used to make the head of the bunny bounce so much when it landed on the pancake below.

"Now, tell me how you think Mr Bunny tastes, Bella." I said as I stabbed Bunny's face with a fork, which was quite the tragic sight, and held it near Bella's mouth. "I think you owe it to him to give an honest review of how he tastes."

Camila couldn't help but have a peculiar look on her face at how far I was going with Bella's childish antics of treating the cake like it was an actual bunny.

She didn't look down on me because of this and rather appreciated it as it told her that I was really accommodating with children and their amusing behaviour, unlike her husband, who always left Bella to her to take care of when she was a child and only showed up every once in a while.

Bella nodded her head, and so that Mr Bunny's sacrifice didn't go to waste, she heavy-heartedly bit onto his head.

Chomp~

The gloomy atmosphere quickly disappeared when Bella started chewing, as she couldn't help but be caught up in how good Mr Bunny tasted. She completely forgot that what she was eating was her companion and urged me to feed her another part of him with a satisfied look on her face.

"Ahh~ If I knew that Mr Bunny tasted so good, I would've eaten him a long time ago." Bella mercilessly said as she chewed on the rest of his body I was cutting up for her, looking as if she were cooking up her own pet bunny she had raised her whole life. "Whether it's his fluffy body that's as soft as a cloud or the milky fragrance he gives off when I take a bite into him, they're all top notch!"

"But..." Bella said and hesitated, like she didn't know if she should continue saying anything for my sake.

"But what, Bella?...If you have anything you have to say about the dish, be honest with me and say it. I can handle some genuine critique." I said and smiled as the scene was going exactly as I planned it to go, already knowing that Bella would probably point out the one problem with the dish I made.

"Well, the thing is Daddy..." Bella started explaining what was throwing her off about the pancakes after seeing that I wanted her genuine review about the dish I made. "...even though the softness, flavour, and texture of the pancake are out of the world and probably even better than whatever you may get at those fancy restaurants, I feel that something is still missing."

"Now, I don't know if I'm speaking some nonsense, but if you want my honest opinion, I feel that the aspect where the pancakes you made are losing out is the sweetness."

Bella hoped that I didn't take what she was saying in the wrong way, as she genuinely was saying her critique so that I could improve myself in the future. She then continued saying, as she had another bite just to be sure,

"Like, I'm not saying that there's no sweetness at all. But it's just that the sugary flavour of the cake is too subtle and lacks the intense sweet flavour you would normally taste in a pancake."

Bella closed her eyes in anticipation after saying her review, as she thought that I would berate her for making comments when she herself just started learning to cook. But to her surprise, I had a different reaction that she wasn't expecting.

"That's it, Bella!...That's exactly it, my sweet little daughter!...I knew you would figure it out!"

I suddenly exclaimed and hugged Bella and swung her around like a father who was proud of her daughter for accomplishing something significant.

While Bella was confused as to why I was so excited but nonetheless was enjoying the warm hug she was getting, I explained, saying,

"To be honest, I purposely didn't add that extra bit of sweetness to the pancakes to test how good of a judge you are when it comes to delicacies."

"...And now, it seems like you truly inherited your mother's taste for food after all, seeing as to how you figured out that I had left out one crucial element of the dish."

I stated, which made Bella let out an embarrassed smile for being praised so much when she was simply rating food.

Her face turned even more red when she saw Camila looking her way with a proud look in her beautiful blue eyes, like she were saying, 'As expected of my daughter', as she too was genuinely thrilled to see her daughter excel at something that she thrived in.

"By the way, Bella..." I said as I held onto her soft body that felt so fragile in my hands and felt her lean over to my side to hear my voice better. "...You've figured out what part of the dish was off or missing. But can you tell me what exactly is the element that I didn't add, which would make the entire dish complete?"

"That's easy, Daddy!" Bella quickly answered so that she could show off to her father how smart she actually was and earn herself more praise. "It's either some kind of syrup or jam that you would normally see in a pancake!"

"Although you've sweetened up the pancake with frosting and whipped creams in between the layers of the pancake, it still won't be able to contend with the traditional use of syrup or fruit to bring a whole other level of depth to the dish."

Bella concluded her analysis and waited for another round of compliments that she loved to hear from those who mattered to her.

But to her surprise, instead of the cheery ramble she was expecting from us, the room suddenly went silent like someone had said something that she shouldn't be mentioned at all costs.

When she looked at her mother, she found that she had a concerned and composed look on her face, like the time for a fateful event in her life had come. And when Bella glanced at my mother, she was surprised to see that her rosey face that was always filled with a certain liveliness had gone pale, almost as if she knew that the time of her death was approaching.

Finally, when she looked back at me, she found me showing a calm smile on my face, even though my gleaming eyes were much more honest and showed how excited I actually was about what was coming up next.

Bella didn't know exactly what was going on as everyone in the kitchen was showing a various array of reactions that she simply couldn't comprehend.

But what she did know right now was that she really wanted some sweet syrup to add to the pancakes, as she knew for sure that she would be sent straight to dessert heaven if she were to try my pancakes with some sugary syrup, honey, or fruit that were already hidden somewhere unbeknownst her knowledge...

Chapter 435: I'm Willing To Push A Baby Out For You

"Well done, once again, Bella...You truly did inherit your mother's keen wits."

I said as I kissed the back of her fluffy head. Bella would've preferred to be kissed somewhere on her face, but she was still satisfied with the recognition she was receiving.

"Kafka...Are we really going to go through with this?" Camila suddenly asked with a concerned look on her face when she thought about her little sister's situation. "I mean, do you really think that Bella will be able to look at Abi the same after what she's about to witness?"

"Huh? What are you talking about, mom?" Bella asked with a perturbed look on her face.

"Yes, Kafi...D-Do you really want to show such a scary scene to an innocent child like Bella that will surely traumatise her? My mother pleaded for Bella's and her own sake, hoping that I would change her mind."

"No, seriously. What are you guys talking about?" Bella looked around in confusion, trying to figure out what was going on. "I really have no idea what any of you are talking about for a while now."

"Bella, let me ask you a question." I ignored Bella's inquiry and asked her something else to prove to Camila and my mother that it was all fine. "Do you know where exactly a baby pops out from the human body?.. Like which hole it slides out from."

"Huh? Of course I know that, Daddy!...Do you think that I'm some sort of child that doesn't even have such basic knowledge about reproduction?" Bella leaped on my lap and complained to me for looking down on her and treating her like a little ignorant girl.

She then continued explaining, saying, "Just in case you want me to prove it, I'll tell you that the baby comes out of the vagina of a woman after it gets pushed out from the uterine walls from inside."

Bella mentioned the specifics as well to show how knowledgeable she was to me.

"Then what do you think of the act of pushing something out from inside of the body? Do you find it weird or disturbing or something that you can't possibly handle witnessing?" I asked a rather strange question next, which made Bella scratch her head and wonder where I was going with this.

Babies...Pregnancy...Reproduction...Asking if she was okay with pushing something out of her body.

Her face flushed as she put all these terms together in her mind and finally came to the conclusion that I was asking her if she was fine with bearing a child in the future.

She didn't know why I was suddenly asking such a question when there was so much time left until she should think about those sorts of matters. But her answer would always be the same, so she ended up answering my question with her own misunderstanding.

"Y-Yes, Daddy...I'm fine with pushing a baby out." Bella replied as she looked at me in a coy manner, thinking about bearing my child in the future, which would have both of our blood running through it.

She then continued fiddling with her fingers and continued saying, "Although it may be scary to push out a baby f-from such a small hole and it will probably really hurt a lot, I'm pretty sure that I can b-bear with it as long as your by my side, Daddy."

Bella looked up at me with a teary look in her eyes, almost as if she were a faithful wife who was ready to bear any number of children for her husband.

My mother almost rolled off the dining table, and Camila's face twisted beyond relief when both of them heard Bella confess her willingness to hold my child in her womb. They looked at me like they were asking if I had put some sort of wierd potion on her to admit such endearing things.

Bella didn't know how I was going to reply to her bold proposal and was quite anxious about what I was going to say, since she had really thrown out all her shame and dignity to say such suggestive words.

But to her utter shock, I didn't reply to her wild statement and instead asked something to her that was even more bizarre, which made her head feel like it's spinning.

"Great, Bella!" I exclaimed and proceeded to say one of the weirdest statements Bella had ever heard, "Now that I know that you don't even mind the thought of pushing something as big as a baby out, then you should also not care too much about a person pushing a few little fruits out of their vagina."

"Huh?" Bella blinked her eyes like she couldn't even understand the language I was speaking. She then continued asking with a blank look in her eyes, "W-What are you talking about, Daddy?...I really don't understand the words you're speaking right now, and I'm starting to wonder if you should go get your head checked since you're uttering some crazy words."

"Just look at this, Bella...You'll understand what I'm trying to get at after witnessing what I've prepared."

I decided to directly show Bella the sweet element that I had prepared and stored away inside of my mother's body.

I first moved the chair that we were both sitting in towards the right, so that we were currently right in front of my mother's naked vagina, which had been decorated with flowers and looked much more enticing than it already looked.

Especially her trimmed bush on top, which was covered in flowers that honestly looked prettier than any old flower garden.

And then, under Bella's hesitant and trembling gaze, I brought my hand over my mother's secret garden and placed two of my fingers on top of her fleshy lips. One thumb on her left labia and the pointer finger on her right labia, low enough that my hand didn't cover Bella's line of sight of my mother's brown lips that were slightly wet.

While Bella was thinking why I was doing something so lewd with my mother and wondered if I was going to show her what this so called 'fingering' she heard off was, I spread my mother's plump lips open and revealed whatever was inside to Bella's flustered gaze.

Spread~

Camila looked away from this sight out of respect for her little sister, and my mother started playing dead with her eyes closed, since she couldn't bear to see how Bella was going to react when she saw what was inside of her pussy.

Bella was a woman herself, so she knew exactly what the insides of a vagina looked like. Although they may vary a little in terms of shape or colour, she still knew that the inside of her vagina was actually hollow, almost as if there was a tunnel that travelled through her body.

But to her dismay, what she saw inside of my mother's vagina wasn't an empty hole that was covered in pink walls on all the sides.

Instead, right in front of her eyes, she saw that her little hole held onto small, little colourful balls.

Not all the tiny objects she saw were in the shape of a ball, and there were irregular shapes as well, but most of the objects she saw definitely had a rotund shape.

They were also covered in a brownish-golden liquid that looked really viscous and thick, almost as if it were glue that was holding the balls of red, blue, and purple together.

Two round lips that held a bunch of tiny round objects in between them. It almost looked like a pretty bouquet or a basket of fruits in her eyes, which was the very reason she didn't freak out when she saw the bizarre sight and was rather enamoured by the beauty of it.

But when she thought of a basket full of fruits in her head and also how I kept on mentioning fruits that were colourful and syrup that was normally brown, just like what she was seeing inside of my mother's vagina, an absurd thought crossed her mind, which made her eyes go wide.

It made her pray that the preposterous thought she had was simply an irrelevant mistake she made in her mind, since that very thought of her's should never be brought to the real world for the sake of decency and maintaining basic morality...

Chapter 436: Berries And Syrup

"D-Daddy, what exactly are those colourful things I see inside of Auntie Abigaille's s-scret place?"

Bella asked in trepidation, hoping that I would simply say that she was simply seeing things and there was actually nothing there.

"Berries, Bella...Those colourful balls are most obviously fresh berries."



But unfortunately for her, it didn't turn out the way she wanted it to go. I then spread my mother's lips even more until more of the colourful balls were revealed along with her pink inner walls and continued saying, with a wide smile on my face,

"As for what that viscous liquid is, if you haven't already guessed it, it's a mixture of honey and maple syrup that I've added in after pushing down the berries that I bought from the nearby farms into my mother's tiny hole."

"So, after seeing my hidden dish, what do you have to say, Bella? Do you like it or not?...Or more like, are you excited to spread it on top of your pancakes to give it that extra layer of sweetness it needs?"

I asked like I wanted her opinion on a present I was giving her, even though she had such a distraught and flabbergasted look on her face.

"W-Wait...What are you talking about, Daddy?" Bella turned her head to look back at me in perturbation, like she didn't understand what I said at all.

She then glanced back at my mother's pussy that looked like it had a rainbow-coloured cauliflower inside of it and continued saying with a flustered look on her face and a certain uneasiness in her voice, "Why are you talking as if the missing element you were talking about are these fruits?"

"...A-Almost as if you're telling me that I have to eat out whatever is inside of Auntie Abigail's vagina?"

Bella gulped as she didn't know how to feel about biting into those very berries, as even though she was supposed to be repulsed by the thought, she was actually a little intrigued by how sour and sweet those berries would taste after being soaked in my mother's tangy love juices and the sweet honey for so long.

It also made her realise just how much of a horrible pervert she had become, either because of my wierd antics or if her innate lewdness was starting to come out around the people she trusted who she could be herself with no worry at all.

"That's because you are going to eat the berries, Bella, and use them as a jam to accompany the pancakes." I stated like it were a common fact that made Bella's trembling eyes go wide.

"Although I don't know how good the jam will be since it's the first time I made it inside of someone else's body, I still think that it should be good enough since my mother's love juices are quite addictive to taste."

"I mean, sweet berries that have been marinated in even sweeter bodily fluids...I can't possibly think of it tasting any bad~"

I said with a proud look on my face, as if I were confident with my creation. This only made my mother cover up her face that had gone so red that it looked like one of the raspberries in her vagina.

It also made Camila sigh and shake her head, like she was wondering how she possibly fell for such a deviant.

"No, Daddy! No! There's no way I can eat something that's been inside Auntie Abigaille's hidden place!" Bella exclaimed in a vehement manner when she realised where this conversation was going.

She then glanced at my mother with an apologetic look on her face and shouted saying, "N-No offence to Auntie Abigaille, but there really is no way that I can eat something that came out of such a dirty place!"

My mother shook her head like she was saying there was no offence taken, as she knew exactly how absurd my proposition was. She also cast an apologetic gaze back at Bella, like she was saying sorry for raising such a ridiculous son.

"What are you on about, Bella? How come you suddenly feel shame when it comes to eating my mother's sacred place out, which is used for the holy act of bringing out life into this world, but you didn't have the slightest bit of hesitation when you licked your own mother's anus, which I'm sure is more dirtier than my mother's pussy."

I said, which made Bella choke and blush profusely as she didn't expect me to throw out such absurd reasoning, while Camila pinched my thighs from the side for calling her asshole dirty.

Bella was already caught up in her words, as she didn't know how to reply to my question without it sounding weird, so I decided to burden her more by saying even more nonsense that both made sense and didn't at the same time,

"You also do know that now that you're a woman of this household, you'll have to do a lot of naughty stuff with the rest of the ladies, since our family's bond can't be held together if only I'm the only one having intimate relationships with the others?"

Bella raised her head to look at me to see where I was going with this ridiculous proposition.

"Only if the rest of you ladies have some sort of passionate encounter or moment with one another, like how your mother ate my mother's ass out just before you arrived, will the strength of your relationship also increase."

Bella blushed and looked at her mother intently, like she were asking if what I said was true, which Camila coughed and ignored, giving Bella all the information she needed to know.

"So, when you're in a relationship where it's absolutely necessary to lick some else's secret place to get closer to them, like how one feels much closer to someone after becoming one with them in bed, I don't think eating fruits that have come out of my mother's honeypot is that strange."

I concluded my bizarre reasoning that I made up on the spot, which puzzled Bella even more since what I said kind of made sense in her head but at the same time sounded like a hoax.

"I also put in a lot of effort to make this jam, knowing that you have a particular interest in berries in general. So I would be quite sad if you didn't even have a taste of what I made and rejected just because it was made in a strange manner."

I sighed and said in a downcast manner, which made Bella look up at me with concern, as I really did seem quite defeated when she said that she didn't want to taste what I made for her. She also really did like berries and had a particular liking for sweet items, so she really didn't know what to do.

"But, where's the jam, Daddy?" Bella thought of something crucial and tried to use it to pull away from the situation without hurting my feelings. "You said that you made jam to go along with the pancakes, but all you actually did was shove a bunch of blueberries and strawberries inside of Auntie Abigail's s-secret place...Is that what an acclaimed chef like you would call jam?"

Bella seemed to be high on herself for thinking of such an argument. But little did she know that was asking the worst question she could possibly ask at the moment, which was the exact reason Camila was looking at both Bella and my mother like they were both pitiful little beings.

"Oh, you don't need to worry about that, Bella, since the jam I've prepared for you will be made the moment you ask for it."

I said with my lips curled up, which made Bella shudder, even though she didn't know why exactly she was so wary right now.

"W-What do you mean by that, Daddy?...What are you trying to say?" Bella timidly asked as she got even more nervous when she saw how my mother was shaking her head frantically, like she was telling her to stop this conversation at all costs.

"Well, Bella, the thing is that I wanted everything I made for you to be quite fresh and straight out of the stove. This includes the jam as well...So, what I did was prepare everything that's needed to make a sort of jam, which will immediately be squashed and squeezed out at your call to bring you the most fresh and immersive dining experience you will ever witness."

Bella shuddered as she kind of formed an idea in her head of what I was trying to do. I then continue explaining under Bella's frightened gaze while closing and opening my mother's lower lips,

"You may be confused as to what I meant by preparation, since you had your eyes closed when I prepared making the jam...So let me just tell you that the berries inside my mother aren't just any old normal berries."

"They are actually berries that have been boiled for a little while in sugary water, so that they lose their usual sturdiness and turn quite soft in nature to the extent that even a newborn baby can chew on them." Bella looked at the colourful little balls peeking out of my mother's vagina and found they looked duller than usual, proving that they really were boiled like I said.

A bright glint appeared in my eyes as I continued saying, "Now, Bella, what exactly do you think would happen if those very babies went under some pressure and were pushed together on all sides?"

"T-They'd get squished into a paste."

Bella hesitantly answered, even though she really didn't want to, as she had already figured out what was coming up next and why my mother looked so embarrassed at the moment.

"And, what if, along with the berries, there was also some honey and syrup included? What do you think would be formed?"

I asked once again as I spread open my mother's pussy and pushed my fingers into one of the raspberries, which made it burst, letting its sweet juices seep into my mother's hole.

"Some sort of jam or jelly, Daddy, t-that could be made in a single day, unlike the usual jelly that needs a long while." Bella said, and even though she already knew the answer, she still asked me with an abashed look on her face, "B-But, Daddy...Now that the berries are already inside of Auntie Abigaille, h-how are you going to squish them into a jam?"

Are you going to you use some sort of instrument or-"

"Oh, come on, Bella!...Why should my mother use an extra tool to squeeze and push out a few berries when she has a perfectly fine vagina that has the tightening force of a gorilla's grip and also the ability to even push out an entire baby?!" I said with a look of excitement on my face and then continued saying as I lightly pinched one of my mother's plump labias, which made her let out a whimper, "All we need is this pussy of my mother's that's the perfect jam making machine to ever exist to create some splendid jam for us and nothing else!"

"And just to prove that my words aren't false in any way, my mother will help me out here and give you a live demonstration of how my home-made jam is made."

I said as I picked up a small plate from the side and tapped on my mother's thighs, which naturally made her spread her legs on the table like it were a reflex.

I then placed the porcelain plate right under her vagina, as if it were strategically placed to catch something that was going to fall out of her little hole, and said to my mother, who was still confused as to why she unconsciously spread her legs while having a keen look on my face,

"Go ahead, mom...Present our guest with the best jam she is ever going to taste, which was made by both me and you...Let her know that you aren't just a sweet and adoring person, but you're quite sweet down there as well."

The room fell silent as all three of us stared at the empty plate right next to my mother's butt and then at my mother, who looked like she was going to faint of utter shame, waiting to see just what was going to happen next.

Either my mother pushed out the jam herself or I made some drastic measure of my own, which I didn't want to do because of how sticky my cock would become after being covered in horny and syrup...

Chapter 437: Using One's Imagination

"What are you waiting for, mom?...Can't you see how eager both Bella and Camila are to see you make some jam?"

I urged when I saw my mother stalling for time by looking at me with a pleading look on her face, like she was begging me to save her from this humiliation.

When she turned to look at the mother-daughter pair, she felt betrayed as those two were actually staring at her secret garden with avid looks in their eyes like they were waiting for a flower to bloom, which only opened up once every century.

When Camila and Bella saw my mother looking at them with a wronged look on her face for changing sides, they looked away in embarrassment.

But it still couldn't change the fact that they were interested in the current situation I had built up, even though they were so against it earlier and genuinely wanted to witness the sight of fresh jam pouring out of their family member's pussy because of their perverted intendencies.

Even Bella, who despised the idea a while ago, seemed to want to have a taste of the jam that was being made after hearing how sweet my mother's love juices actually were, wanting to have a taste herself along with her favourite berries.

"You already know that you've lost all your support, mom, so there's no use to looking at them for help."

I said, which made both Bella and Camila bow their heads in shame now that they were on their enemies side. And then, under my mother's teary gaze, which was heartbreaking to look at, I threatened her by saying,

"Now, mom, you can either squeeze and push out the jam yourself and give yourself some practice for when you push out our baby in the future."

My mother blushed and glared at me for comparing something as sacred as giving life to something so vulgar.

"Or, I can squish the berries myself with something of mine that's quite familiar with the insides of your vagina and use the same item to scrape the goodies out."

"...The choice is yours."

While Bella was confused about what I meant when I said that I could make the jam myself since she still had quite the innocent mind, my mother and Camila, who were much more experienced, immediately understood what I was trying to say.

Their cheeks flushed red as they thought of the scene of me shoving my hard cock in and out of my mother's pussy, crushing the berries into a fine paste that stuck onto her inner walls. They also thought of how I would use my bulbous tip to scrape out the viscous jam out from the depths of my mother's pussy and drop it onto the plate below, which made their entire bodies heat up, especially Camila's, whose pale white skin was turning red all over like a rash was forming on her naked body.

While Camila thought that witnessing such an enticing scene wouldn't be bad at all and actually wanted to see the sight of a son piping his mother's pussy until a whole lot of red liquid gushed out from her wet cave, my mother jumped as she imagined that horrific sight and frantically shook her head to reject the preposterous idea.

"I'll do it, Kafi! Mommy will do it!" My mother shouted out in a panic just in case I decided on going with my second method of making jam. "Whether it's strawberries, mangoes, oranges, or even an avocado if that's what you want! Mommy will squish and push out whatever fruit or vegetable my son desires, so please don't ever say that you'll do it yourself!...Please! I beg of you!"

"Awww~ Just when I thought that it would be quite nice to fuck your pussy while using some honey as lube." I chuckled as I managed to convince my mother to do what I said.

Bella had no idea as to why my mother was practically begging me to allow her to make the jam herself. But she didn't think too much about it since she was about to see what she desired to witness with her own eyes, which was the sight of fresh jam being made out of the same place that was used to deliver babies.

"Go on, mom..I've already placed the plate for you."

I said, which made my mother show a grumpy look on her face for rushing her when she was taking her time to prepare for what she was about to do.

With how serious her face was right now and how she was deeply breathing in and out to calm herself down, it almost looked like she was getting ready to give birth to a child.

Even the way she spread her legs wide on the table like she was prepped up for a delivery and how all three of us on the other side were intently staring at her birth canal like we were the doctors seemed like something you would see in an emergency ward.

The only difference being that instead of delivering a baby, my mother was going to make some jam for Bella's pancakes.

"Mmm!~ Nnn!~ Ahh!~"

Sounds of grunting were suddenly heard from my mother's side, which sounded rather seductive.

If one didn't know what was going on here and had their eyes closed, they'd think that my mother was actually pleasing herself on the dining table at the moment because of how enticing her voice sounded to the extent that even Bella was blushing when she heard such mature moans come out from such an innocent-looking woman.

"Mmph!~ Mmm!~ Nnnn!~ Ahhh!~"

But these weren't moans of pleasure like anyone would think if they heard such lewd sounds. Instead they were something much different and were actually the grunts of struggle my mother was letting out from trying to squish the berries inside of her body.

"Ooooh!~ Mmph!~ Mmm!~ Ahhh!~"



Each and every one of her whimpers was from her trying her very best to tighten up her inner walls so that the fruit inside turned to a pulp, and every sigh that came along with it was because she failed to do what she had planned.

To be honest, even though I said that my mother's pussy was the perfect jam making machine since a woman's vagina was literally designed for the task of pushing out a baby all the way from the womb inside of the body into the outside world, that didn't really apply to my mother since she had never really given birth before.

If I had told someone like Camila to do the same and push out some jam for me, she would've had a basic idea about what to do and how to rhythmically push her inner muscles so that jam smoothly flowed out of her hole.

Why?...It was because she had already given birth to a beautiful baby girl who was currently sitting on my lap and holding onto my hand in anticipation as she stared at my mother's wet cunt.

But my mother, on the other hand, was a person who had never given birth to a child, even though she basically had one, which was me. She was someone who had lost her virginity only when I entered her life, so it was incomprehensible to think that she would have any idea as to how to push out a baby.

That's why she was struggling at the moment to squash the berries inside of her and was trying her absolute best to strain her muscles to accomplish the task.

But it was almost as if her inner walls inside of her vagina didn't want to listen to her words, since they barely responded to her orders and made it seem like she was actually constipated and trying her best to poop.

All three of us watching realised this fact, but we didn't dare say anything out loud as we were sure that we would start laughing out loud at the sight of my mother looking like she was doing her best to let out a fart if we were to open our mouths.

Bella almost slipped up and was about to let out a little chuckle. But I quickly covered her mouth and let her giggle into my hands, as I knew for sure that my mother would run away in shame if she were to know that we were laughing at her.

My mother knew that her body was perfectly fine and that her birth canal wasn't any weak at all, seeing as to how painful her cramps became when she was on her period, like all her inner walls

were tightening at the same time, to the extent that she always came over to lie down on my lap and made me pet her head to soothe the pain.

But she didn't exactly know how to utilise those strong muscles of hers to do her bidding.

Just when she thought of giving up and telling me that she couldn't possibly emulate the feeling of birth without actually giving birth to a child, my mother suddenly got an idea.

She also blushed profusely at the same time, as this idea of hers stemmed from something lewd and not something that she could say out loud to the world.

What she thought of was that, even though she hadn't ever pushed out a baby into the world, she still had some experience with squeezing her birth canal as tight as she possibly could. It wasn't because she purposely did it because of some sort of situation. But it was embarrassing because that was how her vagina reacted whenever my dick was inside of her.

Every time she could feel my swollen cock enter her body, she also felt the insides of her pussy feel the tightest they had ever been.

It wasn't only because there was no space inside of her small tunnel because of how thick and long my dick was. But also because of how her body naturally reacted when it came in the presence of such a large rod entering her, which was to squeeze onto it and never let go for dear life.

My mother didn't know if she was the only one who's pussy always had a death grip on the member that entered her because of how much of a pervert she was or if it was quite common in all women for their inner walls to squeeze onto the penis that was about to impregnate them.

But she did know that if she were to imagine the same situation of my penis entering her body, her body would react the same way it normally did and squeeze all the berries inside to oblivion.

Her son's fat cock entering her little pussy...His bulbous tip touching the entrance of her hole and sliding all the way in like a snake...His thick shaft grazing against her inner walls and absorbing her warmth from the inside...Her love juices pouring out of her hole, after her son had stuffed his rod into the narrow tunnel.

My mother imagined all these thoughts that made her heart race and also her pussy as well, seeing as to how her love juices started leaking down her pussy and slid past her anus below.

Bella gasped and looked at this sight in marvel, wondering if my mother had finally started the process of making the jam. But to her surprise, the liquid was quite transparent, and as a pervert herself, she knew exactly what that was, which made her wonder why exactly her Auntie Abigaille was feeling horny at the moment.

But she didn't have long to think about that, as immediately after that one stream of bodily secretions flowed down her body, another stream of liquids seeped down in between her cheeks as well.

It wasn't the same viscous fluid that dribbled down slowly before. But it was actually a liquid that was dark purple in colour while having a reddish sheen on it, which quickly travelled down her butt and onto the plate below in a blink of an eye.

Camila and I glanced at each other, as this meant only one thing.

That was the fact that my mother, whose face looked so flushed right now, had successfully managed to reimagine the situation of my cock entering her womb and had finally squeezed her inner walls tight enough that a few berries had burst, letting its sweet juices flow out of her pothole and stain the plate below in a dark and pungent mess...

Chapter 438: It's Coming Out!

Drip~ Drip~ Drip~

My mother's honeypot acted as the most enticing juicer in the world. It squeezed the berries inside until the blue, red, and violet juices from each berry fused into one another to form a dark purple creation that flowed down onto the porcelain plate.

"Squelch!~ Drip!~ Gloop!~ Splat!~"

Although Camila and Bella could only watch and be fascinated by the sight of the liquids pouring out of my mother's hole, as if it were a fountain secreting out the nectar of the Gods, they couldn't actually see the process of the fruits getting grinded and could utmost witness my mother's labia trembling lightly whenever she tried to tighten her walls.

"Plop!~ Thwap!~ Slosh!~ Glug!~"

My mother also couldn't see whatever was going on the insides of her secret garden. But she could most definitely visualise a picture after feeling the sensation of the berries bursting inside of her after experiencing the pressure of her inner walls constraining them.

It almost felt like there were a bunch of mini waterballoons inside of her tunnel, and whenever she applied some force, those very waterballoons would burst and splash out some warm liquids onto her walls.

"Thwap!~ Schlurp!~ Squish!~ Sploosh!~"

Her pink inner walls were completely drenched in those purple fluids and dyed the entirety of her insides in their deep stains. Even the entrance of cunt was coloured in a different shade compared to the rest of her lower mouth, which was a rather bizarre sight.

It also seemed like my mother's grip was no joke, as after getting warmed up at first and squeezing a few berries to start it off, my mother decided to go all out by thinking of my hard cock entering her hole and immediately add as much pressure as she possibly could on the poor berries.

"Slosh!~ Splish!~ Glug!~ Squelch!~"

The strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, and blackberries absolutely had no chance when it came to the destructive force of her fleshy inner walls; that even made me feel suffocated a few times whenever she gripped into my dick a little too hard.

Pop...Pop...Pop...That was probably the sound echoing inside the insides of her wet cave as each berry burst under the pressure from the cavern closing in on itself.

"Splat!~ Plop!~ Thwap!~ Gloop!~"

But even though most of the berries had already burst and had been torn to shreds, the liquids from the fruits didn't readily flow out and maintained the same flow as before.

This was because I had also added a gelatin agent along with the berries so that when the fluids get released, they would be absorbed by the gelatin powder and would get coagulated to form a semi-jelly product.

But that was only me making the most of the situation, as I didn't want to make juice out of the fruits but actual jam that could be applied on top of pancakes.

The main star of the show, which was the squeezed shells of the berries that were covered in honey, syrup, and love juices, was still inside and waiting to see the light of day. That was what was going to become the main component of the jam I was making and what I wanted Bella to ideally taste.

Schlurp!~ Splurt!~ Drip!~ Sploosh!~"

But just like before, my mother had never pushed out a baby from her vagina before, so she also had no clue as to how to push out some sticky jam from the inside.

Whenever she did try to do so, the fruits would just get more squished and have their juices drained out, staying in their like they were stuck inside.

But once again, my mother came up with her own perverted solution as she thought about the nights she spent with me. She thought about the times she would actually try to push something out of her deep hole after a long night, which was my semen that had been jammed up all the way near her womb.

If I had a normal-sized penis, my jizz would naturally come out of her pussy after a few minutes, and she could wash it away later. But unfortunately, I was well endowed down there, and apparently I could also shoot pretty far, so my jizz ended up getting caught all the way at the end.

And, because my mother didn't want to wait for a couple of hours for it to slowly make its way out while she's doing something else and make her feel like there's something warm moving inside of her tummy at all times, she learnt how to rhythmically use her muscles inside of her canal to push it out herself.

This was always a rather enticing sight to witness, as watching one's seed flowing out of the hole of the woman you loved on command was thrilling in it's own right and made you feel like you completely owned and dominated the beautiful lady before you.

"Hold my hands, Kafi." My mother uttered under her breath when she realised that the jam wasn't as free flowing as my seed, and she felt that she needed to put some extra effort into pushing it out of her tight space. She then glanced at me with trembling eyes and then at her crotch below and said, like she were delivering an actual baby, "M-Mommy needs all the help she can get to push this out."

"You can do it, mom...You can do it!" I encouraged her while firmly holding onto her hands from the side. "Little by little, I'm sure that you can push out whatever is inside of you right now!"

"I-I don't know, Kafi...Mommy doesn't know if she's strong enough for this...Hnnn!~" My mother said as her toes curled up when she tried to push out the jam that felt restricted inside of her birth canal. "No matter how much I try to push it out i-it just stays there, as if it's lodged inside."

"No, mom! You can do it! You're a strong woman who can do whatever it is you put your mind to!"

I said with urgency in my tone and a desperate look in my eyes, which made Bella and Camila look at me weirdly, wondering why I was taking this so seriously and acting so dramatic.

"B-But, Kafi!~ I really don't think I can!~ No matter how much I push, it just stays in there!~"

My mother, on the other hand, really appreciated the support she was getting by the side, as only she knew how much she was struggling at the moment and how even a little bit of moral support was helping her out.

"There are no 'buts' in this sort of situation, mom." I declared with resolution in my eyes. I then continued saying something that made a fire blaze in my mother's eyes. "I mean, just think about how you would react when you're delivering our baby in the future...Would you just give up because the process isn't happening smoothly, or would you-"

"Not at all, Kafi!" My mother suddenly shouted when babies were brought into the picture, whom she loved with all her heart. "Mommy would do everything she possibly can and even everything beyond that to safely bring our child into this world!"

"There's absolutely nothing that can stop me from hearing my baby cry while I hold her in my arms for the first time!...Not you, not the government, not the filthy men of this world, and not even the Gods up above!...Absolutely nothing can stop me from pushing out a healthy child!"

It seems like I really struck a chord when I brought up the matter of babies, as my mother currently had a fierce look in her eyes, like she could even be locked in a cage with a bunch of bears and she'd still be the one coming out with all their fur skins on her shoulder.

The might of a mother had come out from deep inside of her and completely replaced the bubbly look on her face, which Camila completely understood as she knew that she would feel the same if Bella were ever to be in danger.

Bella, on the other hand, didn't know why my mother looked so aggressive at the moment and hid behind my arms since my mother looked like she was going to bite Bella if she went too close to her.

"Ah! That's it, mom! That's it!" I shouted in excitement and joy when all of a sudden I saw her tender hole opening up to reveal something purple in colour poking out from within. "The jam!...The jam that we made together is finally coming out!"

My mother didn't heed my cries of exhilaration at the sight of some kind of jellylike mass pushing out of her hole, slowly revealing itself to the outside world, and continued to do her best to push out the blockage inside of her tunnel.

"Slosh!~ Plop!~ Drip!~ Schlurp!~"

She closed her eyes tightly and bit onto her lips to clear herself of any other emotion at the moment and completely focused on slipping out the sticky jam that was caught inside.

"Slosh!~ Plop!~ Drip!~ Schlurp!~"

By perfectly contracting the muscles inside of her body and compressing her inner walls, she managed to accumulate all the jam and juices that had been splattered all over her insides.

"Drip!~ Sploosh!~ Gloop!~ Splurt!~"

She even seemed to have unlocked a sixth sense down there, as she was somehow able to manage to find every single blueberry in the corners of her canal and push it into the lump of jam, making sure to leave nothing behind.

"Splat!~ Plop!~ Thwap!~ Gloop!~"

All three of us could even see my mother's tummy moving in waves like something big was coming out from within and see her heavy chest moving up and down along with her heavy breaths.

This almost brought Camila back to the time she gave birth to Bella, as she remembered looking the same way back then with her sweaty legs spread wide with a mess flowing out from her vagina as Bella's head was crowning and the same look of desperation my mother had on her face, like she were looking up at God to grace her with a safe delivery even if it cost her whole life.

"Squish!~ Splish!~ Glug!~ Plop!~"

This scene of my mother trying to push out some jam from inside of her brought back so many painful and beautiful memories of the time Camila gave birth to Bella that she even started tearing up at the sight. I didn't know what to make of it since I had never given birth to a child myself and didn't know the emotions a mother would go through at that time.

Bella didn't notice her mother's eyes that were welling up since she was too enamoured with the sight of the purple snake that was slowly starting to slide out of my mother's vagina.

"Splurt!~ Splish!~ Gloop!~ Sploosh!~"

At the beginning, it was only a head that was seen. But slowly but surely the rest of the gelatinous body came out of that tiny little hole in between my mother's lips, showcasing the skins of the berries hidden inside of the transparent outer layer that looked like jelly.

Why I say snake and not a mass of jam is because the jam had taken a solid form after aggregating together with the honey and gelatin, giving it a firm, jelly like texture. And now, when that mass of pudding-like solid slid through a little hole under so much pressure, it came out in the form of a slender tube and dropped down onto the plate below.

"Squelch!~ Drip!~ Gloop!~ Splat!~"

Some of the long rolls of jam fell straight onto the plate with a splash that splattered the juices onto Bella dress, who was watching the sight in awe, while some of it slid down her vagina, ran past her asshole, and finally rolled down her ass into the plate that already had a hand full of jam on it.

"Splat!~ Plop!~ Thwap!~ Gloop!~"



Just like that, the jam that I had painstakingly prepared was being pushed out of my mother's womb like it were a baby of its own right.

"Schlurp!~ Splurt!~ Drip!~ Sploosh!~"

Bit by bit, splatter by spatter, it had accumulated on top of the porcelain plate that now had a mass of berry jam at the centre while the area around it was dyed in dark purple.

My mother's hole that had brought everything out finally twitched one more time and closed in on itself to say that was the last of it, letting my mother lean back and heave in exhaustion, while me, Bella, and Camila gazed at home-made jam that was born before us with marvel and fascination in our eyes...

Chapter 439: We Must Ration The Nectar

"K-Kafi...Mommy did a good job, didn't she?...Mommy did her best to give birth to our b-baby."

My mother said some delirious words with a hazy look in her eyes after being exhausted from pushing out a hand full of jam, thinking that all the effort she put in was to deliver a child.

"Yes, you did, mom...You may not have given birth to our child, but you did do your absolute best to bring forth our creation, and I'm proud of you for that."

I said as I used my handkerchief to rub off all the sweat that was dripping down her face after that tedious session of overworking the muscles in her birth canal.

I then bent down and kissed her on her forehead, which made her smile and feel like her duty was finally over, letting her slowly close her eyes and go into a quiet slumber.

Camila looked at me with a concerned gaze when she saw her little sister pass out in bliss, to which I simply told her that she was sleeping like a child who got tired after playing too much.

"I see...That's a relief."

Camila let out a deep breath after knowing her little sister was fine. She then watched me close my mother's legs that were still spread apart and then wipe away the stain on the opening of my mother's secret garden, which had been dyed in a shade of purple, and also clean her bouncy butt below that was quite messy.

"You don't have to stare at my handkerchief that much, Bella." I said when I noticed Bella looking at my handkerchief that was now covered in the dark juices from the jam with a longing gaze. "I've already prepared a fresh batch of jam for you, so you don't have to go about thinking of what my handkerchief tastes like at the moment."

While Bella's ears turned red from being caught, I picked up the plate that had a mound of purple jam on it and placed it on top of my mother's crotch, where it sat perfectly and made my mother giggle in her sleep, like the sensation of the plate grazing her bush was quite ticklish for her.

"So, Bella." I said as I picked up Bella by her waist like she were a kid and placed her back on my lap again to make her more comfortable with her dining experience. "Do you want to have a taste of the jam without any additional factors, or would you like to have it with the pancakes?"

"W-With the pancakes, Daddy." Bella uttered with a hesitant gaze as her eyes went back and forth between the pancakes that were still on my mother's belly and the plate of jam on her crotch. She then politely said, "I want to savour both the dishes at their fullest, so could you please feed me a slice of pancakes with a smear of jam on top?"

Bella actually wanted to have a taste of the jam alone so that she would know the difference between jam that was normally made in a glass jar and the jam that was made in my mother's body.

To be exact, she wanted to know how my mother's love juices would taste now that they were mixed in an amalgamation of honey, syrup, and berries and if they would devalue the dish or bring it to a whole other level.

But since she knew how keen both me and Camila were and how we would figure out her intentions in a matter of seconds, she decided to hold herself back for the sake of whatever was left of her dignity.

"I've added an extra layer of jam for you, Bella, since I know that you really like sweet things."

I said as I hung a slice of the pancake I made near her mouth that was completely covered in purple jam, giving it a somewhat immoral feeling like it were some kind of poison.

And as Bella gulped as she gazed at the dish before her that seemed like the most enticing food item that she had ever seen in her life, I continued saying,

"So why don't you be a dear and have a taste of the pancakes me and your Auntie Abigaille made for you and tell us how it tastes?"

Bella thought that she was signing the deal with the devil when she saw the wide smile on my face and the clear look in my dark eyes as I brought the fork closer to her mouth, and she even thought of rejecting it because of how much her instincts were telling her not to have the forbidden bite.

"Mmm~ Kafi~ Let Mommy sleep~ You naughty boy~ Nnn~"

But when she heard my mother murmur something in her sleep when she heard her name be called out and then looked at my mother to see her sleeping with an adorable look on my face, she realised that nothing that such a sweet little woman like her Auntie Abigaille made could be dangerous to her.

She simply shook her head at the crazy thought she had because of the even crazier situation she was in and took a bite of the love juice-covered pancake that I specially made for her.

Yum~ Yum~ Yum~

I watched in anticipation as Bella closed her eyes and carefully savoured the dish I had made for her, like she was critiquing it in her mind.

Even though this entire breakfast had been set up to impress the Gods I was someone who took pride in my cooking, so I was actually quite nervous about what Bella was going to say about the new creation I made that used a technique that I had never attempted before.

But it seemed like luck was on my side and I had somehow managed to pull off a culinary marvel without even having a taste of it myself, seeing as to how Bella's blue eyes were twinkling at the moment like they couldn't contain the happiness that came from within and how she was bouncing on top of my lap just like her mother liked to wiggle her ass around when she got excited.

"So sweet, Daddy!~ It honestly tastes sweeter than anything I've ever had in my entire life!~"

Bella exclaimed in pure giddiness and joy as she couldn't help but pluck the fork out of my hand to go in for another bite.

After confirming that her tongue wasn't lying, Bella looked up at me with a bright look on her ravishing face and said in jubilation,

"This is it, Daddy!~ This is it!~ Compared to all cakes, pies, icecream, cupcakes, waffles, candy, chocolate, cotton candy, or anything that contains even a gram of sugar in it, nothing can top how sweet and decadent the pancakes and jam you made are!~"

"I-Is that a good thing, Bella?"

I asked, as too much sweetness wasn't actually a good thing.

"Yes, it is!~" Bella answered whilst stuffing her mouth with another slice of pancakes and jam. "Normally, I wouldn't have liked this level of sweetness. But for some reason, the sugary smoothness of this jam perfectly goes along with the spongy pancakes that soak all the jam up."

Bella glanced at my mother's honeypot and wondered if it was because the jam was prepared there; did the jam taste so rich like the juicy flesh of thousands of berries were extracted and concentrated to make the silky jelly she was stuffing down her mouth.

"Haha...If it tastes that good, then shouldn't I also have a bite to see how good the jam me and my mother made is-...."

I was about to have a slice of pancake for myself to check out what my mother's love juice-filled jam tasted like.

But I was surprised when I saw that the plate that was supposed to be sitting on my mother's crotch was missing.

I was even more flabbergasted when I saw that it was Camila who had gotten up from her place and had swiped away the plate unbeknownst to my knowledge and was currently sliding all the jam into a jar that she had found on the corner in a secretive manner.

With how quick she was moving the product and the serious look she had on her face, it seemed like she was trying to take away the rest of the jam for herself.

"Camila, what exactly are you doing?...Why are you trying to steal away our breakfast?"

I asked as Camila closed the jar after filling it up and hid it behind her while having a wary look on her face when she found that she had caught my attention.

"Hmph! Something as divine as this jam you made should properly be savoured, Kafka, and not carelessly thrown into one's mouth like Bella is doing right now."

Camila stated with a solemn look on her face, like the gourmet side of her couldn't stand the fact that her daughter was stuffing the jam down her throat with no regard to how rare of a commodity it was, almost as if it were precious caviar itself.

That's why she decided to store it away herself and slowly distribute it later on in small portions herself in the future, which seemed like something a tedious housewife would do.

"B-But mom...Can't we just ask Auntie Abigaille to make us another batch of her delicious jam?"

Bella asked her mother like she were asking for some extra snacks after being heartbroken to know that someone had stolen away her precious jam when she still hadn't had enough of it.

"Do you really think that your Auntie Abigaille will agree to go through the process to make that very jam once again, Bella?"

Camila asked her daughter with an inquisitive look on her face, which made Bella realise how rare this jam actually was since it couldn't be made the second time.

"But what are we going to have right now with pancakes, Camila? We're all hungry." I asked so that Camila would hand back the jar of jam.

"Bella has already had her full, and I'm sure she'll get a stomach ache if she eats more sweet items, so she's out of the equation...Abi is currently sleeping like a baby right now, and I don't think that we should disturb her over some breakfast after all the effort she put into making this jam...As for you..." Camila listed off a number of reasons why it was unnecessary to open the jar and then continued to say as she looked at me with a sharp gaze, "...Well, you can just dip the pancake in your mother's secret place, Kafka, as I'm sure there's still some jam left in there."

"I'm also pretty sure that you would prefer getting it straight from the source rather than out of a plate, so this works out for all of us."

Camila gave a confident smile like she worked out the perfect conclusion and then started thinking of how she was going to ration the godly nectar that me and my mother had made for the future.

Tug~ Tug~

I felt someone pulling on my clothes and looked down to see Bella looking up at me with a pitiful gaze, like someone had bullied her.

She was even whimpering like a poor puppy on the streets and looked to be asking her father to do something about her mother, who was being overly strict with her.

I felt a protective urge when I saw Bella looking up at me with such reliance in her eyes, almost as if I was the last person she could depend on, and decided to help my daughter satiate the little grudge she had with my mother.

I knew that there was no way I was going to get back the jar of jam from Camila with how she was holding onto it like her life depended on it, so I decided to get revenge for Bella in the form of the final course that I had planned.

"Fine, Camila...We'll do it your way and ration the jam for future use in this household." I said, which made Camila show a pompous gaze like she had taken down a mighty lion herself. "But since you're not willing to hand the jam over and because Bella is still hungry right now, I guess that it means we'll have to move onto the final course."

Camila's face froze, and her hands holding onto the jar trembled when she heard what I said, almost letting the glass jar slip out of her hand in the process.

She had been enjoying what was happening to my mother a little too much that she had completely forgotten that she was next in the line of fire.

"Umm...Kafka....W-What if I just gave back the jam like you asked for and let you and Bella have as many pancakes as you can ask for?"

Camila came forward and handed the jar that was half full with a nervous look on her face, thinking that giving the goods back to us would solve her problem. She then continued saying, with an uneasy smile on her face,

"T-Then you wouldn't need to move onto the next course since your stomachs would be full of the delicious pancakes you made, right?...Right?"

Camila urged me to take the jar in her hand as a peace offering, completely losing the pride she had before and currently standing before me at my mercy.

But sadly for her, I simply smiled and said,

"Sorry, Camila. I don't think me and Bella are in the mood for pancakes anymore...Rather I think we'd like some eggs and sausage right now."

Bella didn't know what I meant by eggs and sausage. But she definitely knew that it wasn't normal eggs and sausage, seeing as to how pale her mother's face became at the mention of it, and she knew that there was one hell of a final course coming up that was going to be served by her very own dear mother...

Chapter 440: Scrambled Eggs And Sausages

"Daddy...Why does my mom have a load of scrambled eggs stuffed in between her b-butts?"

That was the first thing Bella had to say after opening her eyes and witnessing her mother lie face down on the table with her ass full of cooked eggs.

She was utterly confused as she had her eyes closed just like before and had no idea why her mother was lying down right next to my mother, who was still sleeping with her rear stuffed in golden eggs that I had cooked to perfection.

She knew that something bizarre was going to be presented by her mother. But she still didn't expect it to come in the form of a whole lot of eggs being squeezed in between Camila's milky cheeks.

"Don't ask, Bella...Don't ask anything." Camila reluctantly muttered while she rested her head on her folded hands. She then looked towards her daughter while biting her lips like she was forced into the situation and said, "Just pick up the fork and start eating the eggs before you...The sooner you finish your breakfast, the sooner this nightmare gets over."

"How can you say it's a nightmare, Camila, when you were the one who was the most excited to participate in this breakfast?"

I handed Bella a fork while she stared at her mother's ass in a daze, which looked like it had been spread wide first and then only stuffed with eggs until there wasn't any gap left between her cheeks.

"That was when I thought that the guest who was coming over was Nina, Kafka...What mother out there would actually be elated to know that her daughter was going to be the one she was going to do such perverted things with?"

Camila suddenly brought up Nina, which caught me off guard, as it was only yesterday that I met her, and Camila seemed to already know about my relationship with her. She then glanced at Bella, who was hesitating to pick up a piece of egg, and said,

"I will say that I'm not exactly the best example of a decent mother, since I actually don't mind joining my daughter in bed with our lover. But indulging in such debaucherous behaviour right off the bat is too much even for someone as open-minded as me."

"You're fine with sharing me in bed with your daughter, but not a little naughty breakfast...I guess even perverts have boundaries that they don't wish to cross."

I smiled, which made Camila roll her eyes whilst feeling her daughter slowly poking the eggs in her butt to get a decent-sized piece.

I then watched Bella take a bite of the scrambled eggs that she finally managed to pick up and continued asking,

"Well, leaving that aside, Camila, can I know how you knew about me and Nina when we just met each other last night?"

"...Is it that you've been stalking me at night to see if I'm cheating on you with another woman, or have you even gone so far as to plant some kind of tracker on me?"



I searched my shirt like I were looking for a device that recorded my voice, which made Camila let out a playful smile even though her daughter was currently eating her ass out with a satisfied look on her face, seeing as to how she enjoyed her first bite and was going in for another.

"I've even given my own daughter to you, Kafka, so do you think that I would mind if you talked with the rest of the neighbourhood ladies?" Camila presented her own point of reasoning.

Bella blushed when she heard her mother's statement, but she didn't say anything against it and continued to quietly eat her eggs while peaking her ears out to listen to our conversation.

"That does make sense." I nodded my head. "You've also told me that you wouldn't even mind if I brought more women into this household and would even prefer it, so jealousy is the last thing I can stick on a woman as confident as you, Camila."

"What?...W-Why are you looking at me like that?"

Camila asked in a fluster when all of a sudden she found me staring at her with a tender look in my eyes like I were gazing at the love of my life.

"No, I was just thinking what kind of good deed I did in my past life to meet a woman as perfect as you, who's not only as beautiful as a million flowers combined, but also doesn't mind her husband's scandals." I sincerely said, as I genuinely had to take a moment to appreciate Camila for the wonderful she was.

"Hmph! Of course you would've had to save a bunch of burning orphanages to land someone like me." Camila didn't reject the praise and readily accepted it while puffing her milky breasts out that were squished onto the table. She then glanced at me with a mischievous gaze and said, "And not just one or two, Kafka, but a hundred of them...A hundred of them for you to be able to accumulate the karma needed to be lucky enough to snag me."

"If I saved that many orphanages, I think people would get suspicious and think that I'm the one setting them on fire."

I said, which made both mother and daughter chuckle, especially Bella, who had to cover her lips since her mouth was full of eggs. I then continue saying in an exaggerated manner to amuse them even more.

"Later on, to punish me for my crimes, they'd be the ones to set me on fire and watch me burn for my sins...Heck! That's probably the reason my past life ended and how I continued onto this life!"

"Stop joking around, Daddy! I'm trying to eat!"

Bella started coughing when she couldn't hold in her giggles while eating and immediately started chugging down the glass of water that I handed to her.

"Fine...Fine." I said as I petted Bella's head to calm her down to her satisfaction and let her continue eating with a happy smile on her face.

I then turned to look at Camila, who was looking at us in relief and gratification, thinking that both me and Bella really started to look like a real pair of father and daughter at the moment, and told her,

"You still haven't told me about Nina, Camila...It is supposed to be a secret between you two, right, or is it fine for me to know?"

"It's fine, Kafka...What kind of secrets are there between people who are sooner or later going to join the family anyway?" Camila said with a nonchalant look on her face, indicating she already knew how intimate my relationship with Nina was. She then continued explaining, saying, "It's just that idiot of a friend of mine; Nina called me last night and started asking if I knew a boy called Kafka and what my relationship to him was and what sort of person he was."

"Both of us are quite close to one another since we grew up with each other, so she didn't hold back and started asking a bunch of weird questions about you."

I nodded my head as I already knew that Camila and Nina were the best of friends, even though they liked to trash talk each other at all times.

"She never told me anything about her actual relationship with you and simply told me that she met a strange boy today...But I could tell by how flustered she was on the phone and how lovingly she called out your name that there was something going on between you and something really deep, seeing as to how Nina never acted so shyly when talking about another person before."

Camila threw me a knowing gaze, like she were asking me what exactly I did to sway her friend, who was known to be as fierce as a tiger and as strong as a gorilla.

"I see. It's only natural you would figure something out with how bad Nina is with maintaining lies, just like my mother."

Camila nodded her head in agreement, while my mother's ears fluttered in an adorable manner when she heard her son call out to her in her sleep. I then looked at Camila with a pensive look on my face and asked,

"But are you really fine with me going after your best friend who's already married and in a relationship?...I mean, wouldn't I be the thieving cat if I entered the picture?"

"I would be furious if you tried anything on Nina if she were to be in a happy and fulfilled relationship." Camila's eyes turned cold, like she wouldn't mind poking me with the fork in Bella's hand if I tried to break up her friend's happiness. But she then sighed like it were a pity and said, "But unfortunately, she didn't exactly get matched up with the man of her dreams or even someone who at least tried to put in some effort into the relationship, so I'd honestly be more than elated if you brought back Nina to this household."

Camila had a complicated look in her eyes with a hint of frustration and anger towards Nina's husband, showing that it wasn't just the neighbourhood aunties who didn't like him.

"Can you tell me more about their relationship so I can be a little bit more knowledgeable about what I'm stepping into?" I asked, as I knew that Nina wouldn't open her mouth at all costs regarding the state of her marriage.

"Later, Kafka." Camila said and then looked back at her daughter, who was quietly eavesdropping on us. "Right now, 'someone' is trying to listen to something she has no business in when she's just a little child."

"But, mom! I also want to know about Auntie Nina's marriage!"

Bella stopped eating and cried out when her mother refused to elaborate in her presence. She then continued her protest by saying,

"Everyone in the neighbourhood has some idea about her relationship with her husband, so how is it fair that I have no clue about anything when I've spent most of childhood life with her by my side?!"

"...I-I also want to know so that I can help her out in anyway...I really do."

It seemed like Nina was also quite close to Bella, as she had helped Camila take care of her from the time she was a little baby.

From walking her to school whenever Camila couldn't do so herself to feeding Bella her food when she was a little kid, Nina was basically Bella's second mother, whom she didn't dare oppose like she did with her mother in the past.

Bella seemed like she was also concerned about this auntie of hers, whom she didn't act too haughty in front of as she knew that she was more dangerous than her own mother and wouldn't tolerate any of her usual arrogance without taking out the broom. It could even be said that Nina was the reason that Bella had some level of discipline, or else she would've totally gone of the rocker in terms of being a spoilt brat.

"I get that you're worried, Bella. But this is grown-up business, and there's no need for you to stick your head in." Camila let out a reluctant sigh as she could understand her daughter's feelings. She then looked back at her and said, "Rather, if you want to help out, then quickly finish the eggs so that we can be over with this perverted breakfast."

"But I already ate most of it, mom. There's not much left."

Bella stated as she looked at her mother's cheeks that had closed up once again after staying apart for so long and then at her belly that had swollen up from eating too much.

Before Camila could make any further comment, I stepped in and said, with my lips curled up,

"You've finished the eggs, Bella. But what about the sausage?...Have you finished that as well?"

While Bella was wondering where exactly this sausage I was talking about was since she didn't see any diced weiners in the eggs I made, Camila blushed profusely at the mention of sausages and tightened her little asshole, which currently wasn't free and was stuffed with something else...