

God of Milfs: The Gods Request Me To Make a Milf Harem #Chapter 51: 60

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Chapter 51: Let's Compare Your Bottom To Your Mother's

But she knew that was too shameless and direct to say so, even in her current position where both her and her son weren't addressing how taboo and incestuous the current situation was, and were simply going along with it as if what they did, while they were in character, had nothing to do with their original relationship. And as long as they were both playing a different character that they made up or were role playing, it could totally be forgotten and forgiven, since it wasn't themselves that said those vulgar words and did those immoral activities, it was the role of the character that was given to them.

That was the unspoken mutual understanding that they both came up and seemed agree over, which was why none of these inappropriate words and behaviour that should never be done between a mother and a son, didn't seem to restrain them in any way, as they were only acting the roles they were given and it had nothing to do with their actual relationship.

This was also why she, who was so hesitant before, was much more accepting to what was going on and accepted her role as a daughter who had a slightly incestuous relationship with her father; while her son played the role of a father who seemed eager to keep the goods in the family and have certain deranged feelings towards his daughter. Using this role as an excuse, she could do a lot of things with her son that she couldn't do as his mother without a heavy heart.

That is, everything except the final step, that had repercussions that not she or her son's roles and given characters couldn't bear and would permanently change their relationship.

But as long as it didn't reach that stage, she believed that she could use this roleplay as a excuse for what she does and actually enjoy her time with her son without an ounce of guilt, even though she'd still be embarrassed most of the time that she was playing around with her own son like this when she was his own mother.

"And the other reason I have to double the number of slaps is because your mother's ass is quite large. And compared to your butt that's still developing, I'd need to spank her a lot more times if I wanted to turn her entire ass, bright red in colour." He described

his wife's butt to his daughter and told her he needed to put more effort into painting it completely red, like he's already done it plenty of times.

"Really Daddy? Is my butt really that far away compared to mommy's?" She asked with her eyebrows raised and in an inquisitive tone, as she didn't like the fact that he was praising someone else's ass when he already told her that her's was the juiciest bum he had ever seen.

"I don't know. I'd have to check your butt out before I could tell." He said as he looked behind her and his eyes lingered on her ass with dirty intentions. "Perk your butt out for me, so that daddy can check if your ass is as big as your mother's or not."

His sudden request made her body stiffen, but at the same time it made her loins warm up, and her buttcheeks tighten when they heard that they were going to be inspected. She was fine when her son touched her butt before and was only a little embarrassed since she thought her son was only playing around and teasing her. But now that she knew her son had different intentions in mind, she couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement course through her body, when she heard that her son wanted to lay his hands on her ass.

And as any mother who always spoiled their child would do, she accepted her son's request and perked out her ass until they were bulging out from her blue sweatpants. Her butt was already well rounded and could be seen a mile away because of how fat they were, but the moment she pushed them out herself, they became much more defined and made one wonder how she could carry so much meat on her back without it slowing her down.

She actually wanted to turn around and perk her ass out while facing the door, so that her son could have a perfect one on one session with her ass. But since he didn't ask her to such a thing and she was too embarrassed to do it herself, she simply pushed out her bum until you could perfectly see the curves on her fabric to the point you didn't even need to take her clothes off to see the shape of her buxom buttocks.

"Is this alright, daddy?" She asked, as she looked up at him with a look of anticipation on her face.

"More than enough, Abi." He said as he placed his right hand on her buttcheek, which made her shiver. "If you perk it out any more than that, then I'm afraid your pants will tear apart from all that pressure your butt is carrying."

"Who cares about that? We can always buy a new pair of pants, daddy." She cheekily said with a teasing smile on her face, as she pushed out her ass more, which her son immediately grabbed as if he was afraid it would escape if he didn't catch it immediately.

"You naughty girl...I can't believe your trying to seduce your father so blatantly, when your mother is sleeping in the room next door." He said in a amused manner as if he

on his face, and then pulled up her maroon sweater and slid both his hands into her pants.

She jolted on his chest when she could feel his cold hands move across her bare ass which was currently steaming hot, like a pair of dumplings from all the fierce groping. But she didn't do anything to stop her son's hands from roaming around her coffee coloured butt, and simply closed her eyes and hid her face in his chest and let him do whatever he wanted.

"You truly are your mother's child Abi...You both have the exact same ass, that warps it's shape from even the slightest touch because of how soft it is." He grabbed each individual cheek with his hands that were soft and moist to touch and molded them into the shapes he desired. "Even the way your ass clenches up when I try to spread your buttocks, is just like what happens when I play with your mother's backdoor entrance."

She blushed when she heard her body's secrets being revealed by her son, and tried to loosen her ass to prove her son wrong. But she ultimately couldn't do so, as whenever her son dug deeper into the trench with his fingers, her ass would tighten up on it's own and try to lock his fingers in between her cheeks, like it felt to too shy to show itself.

"But I still don't understand how your ass got so big when you're still so young?" He wondered how his daughter was so far developed; while at the same time was making her ass much bigger from the way he was groping her bare skin. "As far as I remember, even your mother didn't pack as much weight as you when she was younger and was actually a late bloomer, from what she mentioned...While you on the other hand have enough meat to satisfy a starving family."

"No! Abi's meat is only for daddy!" She suddenly looked up at her son and rebutted in a child-like manner, while still having a mature and alluring voice. "Abi won't allow anyone else to eat her, no matter how much extra fat she's got other than daddy!"

"Of course, sweetheart!" He gave her a hug to assure her, which made her feel sweet on the inside. "Abi's sweet flesh is all for daddy...And if anyone else dares to lay his hands on you, I'll make sure to chop off his fingers and shove it down his throat."

Even though she knew her son only said it as a figure of speech since they were currently role playing, she couldn't help but feel safe and comforted when she saw how protective her son was over her. If her son had said such a thing in the past she would've thought that he said it in a sarcastic manner, as she believed that there was a higher chance of her son running away, than him trying to find a way to save her if anything goes wrong.

But now, for some reason, she believed that her son would protect her with his life on the line if she was ever in danger, which made her thank the Gods for giving her such a caring son.

But the words he spoke also sent a chill down her spine, as even though he mentioned what he would do with what he said in a jovial manner. She couldn't help but think that he'd not only cut up their fingers like he said, he'd also chop their body into pieces like they were carcasses in a butcher shop and feed them to the pigs. She didn't know why she felt that way, as her son had never even gotten into a fight in school before. But she just knew that the consequences for provoking her son would be severe and would be the last thing anyone could wish on themselves.

"But I still don't understand how you got so fat down there, Abi. Did you just hit puberty early or are half of the genes you inherited from your mother, composed of the same hereditary DNA that makes every girl in your mother's side of the family to have a thick behind?" He tried to find the mystery of her voluptuous behind; to which she already knew the answer, which was actually the reason he told that was her family had some amazing genes that made everyone in her family, including her sister and mother have a rather large posterior.

Her mother had already told her in the past when she complained about her fat ass, that always made all the pants she wore to be tight, that there would be a day where she would be elated that she was stacked back there and she didn't understand what her mother was saying back then.

But now that she knew her son appreciated and adored her back dump, which she used to loath in the past, she immediately understood what her mother was taking about, as having the person she loved appreciate a certain part of her gave her a gratified feeling and made her value herself more.

"Well, who cares anyway." He slipped his hands into her panties and started touching her warm skin that had been covered this whole time. "I've not only got a absolutely adorable little daughter. I also have one with a thick ass, just like her mother does...Why do I need to question something so good and rather not just enjoy it?"

He smiled while looking down at her flustered figure and looked like he was on cloud nine.

"But as much as I say that you resemble your mother, I really do wonder how much both of your asses are the same?" He said while squeezing her buttcheeks that changed shape in his hands, like he was trying to compare it to what he was playing with last night, with his wife.

"Can't you figure it out after touching them, like you said?" She asked as she felt her underwear slip down her butt even further, as she felt his hands roam around her ass.

"That's what I thought at first, but both your butts feel the exact same in my hand that it's really hard to figure it out...I could probably find out the difference if I clapped your cheeks from behind, since your mother's butt make a very distinct sound when I thrust into her from the back, that I could tell from a mile away. But I guess using the backdoor

"What?! There's no way my ass is that fat!" She exclaimed, when her described her ass as if it were made of blubber. "I'd rather have daddy not compare me to mommy, if that's the way you see my behind!"

"That's exactly what I want to find out if it's true." He said with a devious grin on his face, while his hands started to sneak in between her flesh. "If I can find your secret place without much effort, then you still have some days before you can reach your mother's level. But if I do take some time to dig it out, then let's just agree that you remember your mother more than me."

She wanted to refute his statement and deny access into her area that usually doesn't see the light of day. But her son didn't even ask for permission from her, as if he already had rights to every inch of her body since she was his daughter and he started to go on a quest between his daughter's buttocks to find the never before seen treasure.

"No Daddy! You can't put your hands in there!" She exclaimed when she felt her son clutch the insides of her cheeks and push it out of the way, like he was trying to dig through soil with his bare hands.

"Calm down, Abi. Daddy's just going to do a little baggage search." He had to use his fingers to claw into her skin, as every time he would go deeper his hand would slip because of how smooth her skin was and her cheeks would close in on itself. "If you move too much, it's only going to make it more harder for me and increase the amount of time my hands stay in your butt...I personally wouldn't mind your bum warming my hands for a while, but I can't really say the same for you, so I think it's better if you stay still and let daddy do his job."

"Fine! But make it quick or else I'll scream out and wake mommy up!" She threatened him with her imaginary mother, so that she didn't have to go through this humiliating treatment with her son. But this threat had no effect on him, as he said

"That's perfect...I'll slip one hand into your mother's pants and slip the other one into your, and I'll be able to do a side by side comparison that would give me the optimal result."

She couldn't compete with her son in terms of shameless and could only accept his roaming fingers, that were trying to pry through her abundant flesh.

Squelch~ Squelch~

He used both his hands to cup each cheek and pulled them apart, which made her feel a cool sensation in the area where she was exposed, as that place was never really opened up and was always blanketed by layers of meat. But as much as he tried to hold the weight of the mounds of fat and go into deeper, her cheeks would always clamp down and try to deny him entry. This only made it even more tough for him to explore

"Is that why you... Hmm~... a-and mommy always say that your going to the bathroom together or need a break, and go away for a few minutes when we watch a movie together?" She too joined in building the story as she was currently very aroused from having her son grope around her butt while she resisted, and wanted to join in on the fun.

She was an arts student when she was in college because she loved anything that involved acting, music or dance since a very young age and acted in several plays before, so she was quite good in improv and making up situation. This was also why she was a bit excited to roleplay with her son since it was the same as being in a two-person play with him which she was elated she could do with her son, even if they were acting out erotic scenarios like the they were in now.

"You were never supposed to find that out, but as embarrassing as it is, it's the truth." He admitted. "But we don't always go away to take care of our business, and sometimes finish the job without going anywhere."

"How would you do that, Daddy?" She asked curiously, as she felt her ass tingle from being teased for this long.

"Well your dad here just slips his hands into her underwear, like what I'm doing right now when no one is looking and only takes it out after your mother is satisfied." He revealed one of the ways he silently satisfied his wife under the table.

"And no one finds out when you're taking care of mom?" She got excited at the thought of her son's hands in her skirt, while a bunch of others she knew were right next to her.

"Well I've perfected the way to use my hands to tame her body without making to much movement, so there's no problem on my end. But your mother on the hand, still can't control her moans after years of being with me and has to use her mouth to cover her wails and act as if she feels warm when her face gets warm, so there has been a few times we've almost been caught because of your mom."

"How did mom react when you two almost got caught? Did she panic and have a breakdown? Or was she cool the whole time?" She asked, wanting to know how it would at that moment where your inches away from being caught and exposed as a pervert who performs such degrading acts in front of others.

"Your mother would show a bunch of different emotions according to the occasion. Like she'd be scared when she was in front of her family, since she was afraid of getting caught by your grandparents... Or how she would be embarrassed when you were around us." He explained her kinky behaviour in front of her daughter. "But no matter what expression she's showing on her face, only one thing would remain the same which was how my hand would be drenched in her fluids after I take them out."

"Does that mean you always carry around tissues, just in case mommy acts up?" She asked, as she knew for sure that she would constantly wet her pants if she was treated in such a way and would always carry a spare underwear in her purse.

"I would use a tissue if there was one nearby. But if there isn't..."

"If there isn't?" She interrupted unable to control herself.

"...I'd make her lick her liquids right off my finger and let her take it back into her." He said with a sly smile on his face which made her face flush.

And just as she was wondering how her own honey would taste, her son seemed to have a break through in his mining operation and it looked like he had finally found the core area where the forbidden hole was. She didn't really notice what was going on since she was too absorbed in listening to her son's debaucherous fantasy. But the moment, she could feel a cool breeze hit her delicate asshole she immediately knew that her weakness was exposed.

She tried to clench her ass as a last ditch effort to push away the invaders, but unfortunately for her, her son had already surrounded her exit with his fingers and firmly planted them there, while at the same time using them to keep her cheeks wide open.

"It took me a minute, but it seems like I've finally arrived at my destination." His fingers were just inches away from her most secret place, and she could feel the tips of his fingers near her asshole.

He treated her ass quite rough this whole time and she was pretty sure that he left a few marks while scraping through her ass, which she actually enjoyed. But the moment he came close to her most delicate part, he moved his fingers much more nimbly and delicately, as if he was touching a fragile flower, which made it seem like he was quite experienced in this type of play. This only made her son more mysterious in her eyes, as she simply couldn't see his past self do such intimate actions as if he's done then with several women before.

"T-That means we can finally stop what we're doing right? I mean you should have found out how similar our butts are by now." She asked, as she didn't know why he hadn't taken his hand out of ass even after ploughing all the way to the bottom.

"What are you talking about, Abi?" He asked with his brow raised, as if what she was saying was preposterous. "Sliding my hand through your mother's cheeks was never the hard part. It was always finding the entrance after that and entering which I had to struggle with, because your mother was tight as a pickle jar."

"Only after seeing how easily my finger slips into you, will I know how similar you are to your mother."

Chapter 55: Why don't we paint?

"No Daddy! You can't put your finger inside of my butt!" She exclaimed in fright at the thought of her son entering her from the back entrance, as it was way too much for someone like her, who was quite tame and inexperienced when it came to any sexual activities due to the nature of her relationship.

"It's nothing to be scared of Abi. It's just my finger." He acted as if it was really nothing special. "Your own mother has taken something much bigger than a finger and has enjoyed every inch of it, so you honestly have nothing to be afraid off."

"B-But it will hurt...I don't think I can handle the pain." She said hesitantly, as her resistance to getting fingered from behind lessened since he made it really seem like a pleasurable act.

"I promise it won't, Abi. At most, you will feel your hole getting a little tighter and something wriggling around inside. But nothing more than that." He said solemnly. "And if it does hurt or if you feel uncomfortable, I'll take it out immediately, so you have nothing to worry about."

"Will you really take your finger out if I tell you to?" She asked as she looked up at him with teary eyes, like she was asking if she could trust him.

"Of course, Abi. The moment you say the word, my finger will escape the dark and come into the light."

"You promise?" She asked in a low tone.

"I promise." He solemnly swore, which made her cover her head in his chest, which was also her silently giving him her approval to do what he must.

He gave a slight smile at winning his daughter over with a few words for persuasion, and his fingers wriggled closer to her asshole, which was currently clenched right when it knew that it was currently going to be penetrated by a foreign object. Her buttcheeks also tightened up, which made it feel like her son's hands were enveloped in a water bag full of hot oil because of how warm her body was at the moment. But no matter how much her cheeks tried to squeeze out his hands, they were no match for the experienced hands, which easily navigated in between her crevices and reached her asshole.

His fingers were right next to her dark hole that has never been explored, and they were barely touching the outer rim, where the feeling of her skin changed and became much more delicate. Her fingers were almost gliding on her gummy skin because of how smooth it was, and she could feel her son running the tips of her fingers across the outer rim and circling it.

She trembled at the ticklish sensation she was feeling as her most sensitive area was being lapped by his fingers, and the thought that her son could probably feel the outer grooves on her rim embarrassed her to the extreme, and she held onto him so tightly that her fingers were digging into his chest.

But no matter how much it hurt her son as she clawed at his skin, he didn't seem to mind one bit and was carefully circling the outer area of her asshole like he was trying to find the exact radius and shape of her rim so that he could visualize it in his head like a blind person.

He was poking and stroking that thin membrane of skin so much that he could probably sculpt a statue of her anus without even using his eyes.

"Abi, I was wondering if you wanted to paint with me tomorrow?" He asked a weird question out of nowhere, while at the same time caressing a part of her body that no one has ever laid their eyes on.

"S-Sure, daddy, I can bring out my paint kit and canvas and we can go...Hmm~...t-to the park tomorrow to paint the lake there." She didn't know why her son suddenly wanted to paint with her, but nonetheless she was happy to spend time with her and immediately agreed to his suggestion.

"The park?...Yeah, I don't that would be the most appropriate place to paint the figure I have in mind." He said, like any public place would be inappropriate for the painting he was going to draw. "We also aren't going to be painting, and it's more like we're indenting a certain part onto paper."

"You mean like stamp painting with flowers or leafs...Hnnn~...w-where you dip a flower into paint and press it onto paper to get that shape?" She was an art student, so she immediately figured out what her son was talking about but was still struggling to keep her moans in as her son was still playing around her asshole.

"Yes, that's exactly what I'm talking about, Abi." He said in a praising tone, while spreading her cheeks more so he didn't leave any part of her rim untouched. "We're going to do that stamp painting that you probably already did in school for art school."

"But only this time, we aren't going to use flowers or vegetables."

"Then what are we going to use?" She asked as she felt her ass loosen up from the thought of having a pleasant time with her son tomorrow.

"We're going to your asshole." His sudden statement made her blink her eyes, and her ass, which had just loosened up, tightened up immediately.

"...W-We're going to use what, Daddy?" She asked, wondering if she had heard wrong. But unfortunately for her, her hearing was pitch perfect, as her son said

"We're going to use your asshole...I mean not the entirety of it, but the outline of your anus on the outside, which I'm touching right now." He applied pressure to her outer ridge, like he was showing her what she wanted to paint. "I'll use some paint that's safe on your skin, since that part of your body is quite delicate and tender, judging by how it feels and twitches when I touch it, and apply it to your orifice. And then, after adding enough paint, you'll just have to press your ass on some paper, and we'll get a picture-perfect print of your anus."

"Daddy!!!" She couldn't hear anymore of the absurd painting he was trying to make with her asshole, which had been hidden all these years, and she couldn't help but shout out to stop him.

Chapter 56: Colourful Chrysanthemum

"It's fine, Abi." He seemed to have thought that she only had some minor problems with what he said that could be solved with some words from him. "I know that you're scared that the paint will be stuck to your skin and you'll have a colourful butt for the rest of your life. So, I'll make sure that we use paint that can be easily washed off."

"That's not what I'm worried about!!" She exclaimed, even though what her son said was a thought she also had in the back of her mind.

"Oh, so you want to choose the colour I paint your asshole?" He thought of another problem his daughter might have. "Well, I did want to choose the colour myself. But since you insist so much, I'll let you do it...It's even fine if you choose to make it colourful and turn it into a rainbow, as I'm pretty sure the print of your anus would be beautiful no matter what colour it's in."

"That's not it either, Daddy!!" She didn't know where her son, who was so docile earlier, got so many perverted ideas. "I just want to know why we have to do something as shameful as colouring in m-my bumhole, when we can just go to the park and paint some beautiful scenery there."

"I didn't suggest us to paint, just so that we could make a beautiful painting together." He admitted. "I did it so that we can specifically make a real-life image of your behind, using your orifice as a stamp."

"Why would you want to do something as perverted as that?" Her son's explanation still didn't make sense to her.

"Well, when I was playing with your asshole, I realised that even though you've had it for all your life, you never would've actually seen your asshole yourself." He said, which made sense since it wasn't necessary for anyone to see their own hole. "And even if you tried, you wouldn't be able to, since it's in a place where your eyes can't reach."

"So that's why I thought that if we applied some paint to the inside of your butt and you squatted down on some paper, we would be able to get a perfect print of your asshole?" He said like he was trying to preserve the image of her anus in the most elegant way possible.

"Can't I just see it in a mirror if I turn around and look back?...O-Or couldn't you just show it to me by taking a photo?" She didn't deny her willingness to do what her son said immediately and wanted to know more about his thought process and procedure, since she was kind of interested in what her son was talking about since it involved art, time with her son, and the tingling feeling she got whenever her son laid hands on her, which she all loved. "I mean, wouldn't it be much more easier that way, Daddy?"

"I mean, it would be easier, and I could probably spread your cheeks towards the mirror in the bedroom and show you how your anus looks right now." He said, which made her asshole twitch like it wasn't ready to be gazed upon. "But a picture or seeing it through the mirror wouldn't be as real as seeing it with your own eyes, and it wouldn't be able to capture the true beauty of your orifice."

"How can you call it beautiful when you've never seen it yourself?" She blushed at the sudden compliment, which she had never heard before.

"How can I not call it beautiful when it belongs to you, Abi?" He said, while deep into her eyes and poking her anus, like he was making sure she knew what he was talking about. "From your anus, which probably looks like a pink chrysanthemum, to the two tender petals you have down below, which are likely blushing like your cheeks right now, I'm pretty sure that any part of my daughter's body is as beautiful as she is."

"And considering how picturesque your mother's view is down there, to the extent that I sometimes get lost while gazing at her deep hole, I'm pretty damn sure that you're not that far off from her." A sly smile popped up on his face, like he wanted to make two prints with his wife and daughter and frame them side by side to see who's anus looks the best.

"Stop comparing the place I poop out to Mommy's, Daddy! It's embarrassing!" She exclaimed in a flustered manner and gripped the tip of her finger that was about to enter her anus.

"And how would that area even reach the paper? It's impossible."

"You don't have to worry about that, as your father has his ways." He said, as if he already planned out how the exotic painting session would go in his head and was ready to carry through with it at any given moment.

"We'll talk about that later, Daddy." She neither denied or accepted what he said. "We first have to focus on the task at hand."

"Oh right. I was just about to stick my finger up your ass." Her son said, which made her realise what they were doing and made her regret reminding her son of it.

And once he was reminded about what he was just doing, he poked her anus once again to see if it would budge. But just like before, it was shut tight and didn't seem like it would let his finger in no matter what. And even though her son was only poking her hole; like he was using a stick to provoke an animal, she was already feeling it throughout her entire body, as each time his slender finger touched the soft skin of her anus, it would send jolts of electricity throughout her body and would make her jiggle her ass unconsciously.

Her son didn't mind her holding him tighter and tighter every time she could feel something trying to creep into her body, and was trying his very best to get in by wriggling his fingers through the narrow hole. His middle finger was like a worm who's only way to get back home was through her hole and was trying its very best to enter by thrashing around the outside and trying to stick its head into the crack. And if that didn't work, it would directly try to pierce the hole, which would only make her jolt up and whimper and absolutely do no damage in trying to open her up.

And just when she thought that her defenses were invulnerable and was feeling proud of herself from keeping her son's from entering her, her son suddenly took out one of his hands from her hands. She thought that he had given up and was feeling relieved that he didn't go any further since she was feeling a little too good with what he was doing and she didn't want to get addicted to that sensation. But out of her expectation, her son didn't simply let her go like she thought he would and brought his hand towards his lips.

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The painting session will happen and will not be ignored...

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Chapter 57: Divine Hole

She didn't understand what he was trying to do at first. But when she saw the tip of his tongue sticking out of his mouth, she immediately realised that he was going to lick his own finger. She wouldn't have really minded her son's action before and would've simply thought it was weird. But now that she knew that very finger had been poking around her asshole a few seconds ago, she knew that she couldn't let him lick his finger, as it was too shameful to let her son lick something that was just inside her butt.

So, without any hesitation in mind, she let go of her son's chest and quickly caught his hand that was going towards his mouth.

"What are you doing, Abi? Why are you holding my hand?" He asked, even though it was so obvious why she stopped him.

"Y-You're hand...W-What were you going to do with it?" She asked indirectly, just in case she misunderstood what he was trying to do.

"My hand?" He directly admitted. "I was going to lick my fingers, of course."

"What?!" She couldn't believe her son admitted to such a vulgar action so blatantly. "How could you lick your fingers when you've just put them on that place of mine?!"

"What place?" He asked, like he didn't understand.

"My asshole!" She exclaimed, ignoring the shame she was feeling. "How could you even think of bringing your fingers close to your mouth when you've just stuck them inside my butt?!"

"But I haven't stuck them in yet."

"It's still the same, Daddy!" She shouted as she looked up at her son, who was trying to pull his hand towards his mouth even though his daughter was reprimanding him for what he was doing. "No matter if it was inside my asshole or on the outside, it was near a very dirty place! And even when you already know that, how could you think of licking your fingers like it hasn't just been near the place I p-poop from!"

She couldn't help but blush at what she said at last, since it wasn't very appropriate for a fully grown adult to be talking about poop like a child. Her son, on the other hand, didn't seem to be affected by her words at all, and looked like he had his own reasons for doing so, and stood his ground.

"First of all, Abi, as someone who has been forced to clean your diapers by your mother when you were a baby, I have long gotten used to cleaning your bum clean and making sure you have a dry bottom, so I don't really find anything involving your butt vulgar anymore and have become quite desensitized to it." He acted as if he actually wiped his mother's butt when she was a baby and had gotten so used to cleaning her up that something like playing with her asshole didn't bother him at all.

"You don't need to talk about that, Daddy! That's all in the past!!" She exclaimed in a flustered manner, as thoughts of her son changing her diaper while she was an adult popped up in her head. "You don't need to bring up those embarrassing things again, as I will never wear a diaper again. Nor will I ask you to clean up for me once again."

"That's how it should be." Her son scoffed and shook his head. "If it ever got out that a girl your age still needs to use a diaper, I wouldn't know where to put my face as your father."

Pinch~

She pinched him in the arm for mocking her and glared at him like a child who felt wrong, which only made him chuckle like he felt it was fun playing with her.

"And secondly..." He continued while ignoring his daughter's angry look. "I know for sure that you have a clean bottom, since you wash your bum with a bidet every day and probably clean your crack with soap when you take a bath."

"H-How do you know that?!" She asked in shock, as she could understand how he knew that she used a bidet since it was installed in all the toilets in the house, but she didn't understand how he knew that she washed her butt every day as she had never even mentioned it to her partner.

"It just makes sense when you feel how smooth and squeaky your anus feels." He rubbed her anus with his hand that was still inside her butt, like he was trying to produce a squeaking sound with how clean it was. "If you had just washed it with water and wiped it to make it dry, your butthole would've just felt dry and puckered up like it was thirsting for some water, since at the end of the day you're only using water to clean your anus."

"But if you use any lotion or bathing soap that has moisturizing compounds included in it to clean your anus, your skin will be quite smooth and pulpy, and it will just bounce at the touch like what the area around your asshole is doing now." He pressed his fingers into the rim outside, which was soft and succulent like a ring made out of the silkiest butter, and just like he said, her asshole pushed back even though his fingers were sunken into that delicate layer of skin.

"Hyaaa~" She couldn't help but moan at her son's meticulous touch on her anus.

"But I do wonder how many times you clean your asshole while you take a bath, Abi, as I'm pretty sure that a single use of moisturizer or soap wouldn't be able to make your anus as soft as it is now." He circled his finger around her rim, like he was trying to find out which place of the ring was the most tender.

"Only once, Daddy...Hmm~...N-Not any more then that~" She struggled to say with a red face, while her son played with her asshole.

"Really? So you're telling me that your anus is soft as it is now and so smooth to the touch that my hands slip off when I apply any pressure, just from one wash?" He interrogated her as to why her deepest hole was as pulpy as it is, when she still hadn't gotten the answer as to why he wanted to lick his fingers after sticking them down there.

"Or, is that you're telling me that you're just a girl who was born with the most impeccable anus to ever exist...An anus so velvety that once you stick anything in, there's no chance of pulling it out because of how mushy and doughy it is." He praised her anus even more while pinching the rims of her anus, like he was trying to pull out some sticky dough to see how soft it was.

face, as if she had been caught doing something bad. "If not, I wouldn't be cleaning myself that many times."

"Oh, so you're just sensitive to that type of thing." He realised, and didn't seem too surprised. "That makes a lot of sense, since your mother is just like you."

"Mommy also washes her behind; more than one should?" She asked about her imaginary mother, who also seemed to take personal cleanliness seriously.

"Not anymore. But she used to do that while we were still dating since she was such a stickler for keeping herself clean that she would keep a separate bottle of body lotion just to clean her ass." He revealed another truth to his daughter, which made her wonder if she should do that too.

"Why did she stop? Did she realise that she was just overthinking?" She admired this mother of hers who got over her obsessive problem, unlike her.

"No, rather than stopping herself. I made her realise that she wasn't unclean at all and that she didn't need to be worried about her behind at all."

"How did you do that?" Her ears perked up when she heard that her son knew how to get rid of this OCD she had and wanted to try it herself.

"It's simple, really." He said like it was nothing much to solve her problem. "I just ate out her raw ass so many times that she realised that she didn't need to wash her butt so many times to keep it clean, since I always devoured her ass like I was feasting on the most scrumptious meal while looking like I was always having the time of my life."

She was expecting some mental trick to cure her OCD or some habit she needed to pick up, so that she could stop washing herself that many times. But her son's solution was so out of the park that her face flushed profusely even though she didn't exactly know what he meant by 'eating her ass raw', and only knew that it was something dirty with how lecherous her son's eyes looked now.

"At first, she thought I would be disgusted with eating her ass and was worried that I wouldn't want to be with her anymore after tasting her body down there. But after feeling my lips inside her anus enough times, she realised that I didn't mind at all." He continued to tell how he cured her mother's concerns, while ignoring how embarrassed his daughter looked in his arms. "And when she knew that her partner didn't mind her dirtiest part, she didn't feel so self-conscious about it anymore and stopped washing her butt so many times."

"But of course, because I had eaten her ass out so many times, she had gotten a taste for it and would often ask me to push my mouth against her bum." He sighed and talked about the new problem that came into place once the old problem was gone.

"Sometimes she wouldn't even say anything, and I would just see her on bed on all

fours, while she spread her ass so wide that I could clearly see her delicate and purple anus."

"I didn't need to be a rocket engineer to know what she wanted." He chuckled while using his pointer and middle finger to spread open his daughter's anus, like he was trying to relive those good times through her.

"B-But daddy, I still don't understand what you mean by eating mom's butt out...Hnnn~..." She spoke as her seductive voice leaked out while her son fingered her anus.

"Oh right. I forgot that you're still young and don't know much about the adult world." She said, which made her feel ashamed at her lack of knowledge regarding those types of topics when her own son knew so much. "What I mean when I say that I ate your mom's ass is that I treat your mother's ass like a delicacy and thoroughly devour it until no crumbs remain."

"As a matter of fact, I actually did eat some food out of your mom last week when I stuffed that pumpkin pie into her buttcheeks, and ate the entire thing without using my hands." She still didn't understand his words, but she didn't have the guts to ask as his words were getting even more vulgar by the moment. "I even had to stick my tongue deep into her since some of the stuffing went into her hole, and it took some effort to lick her butt clean."

Even though she couldn't understand anything he was saying, she still nodded her head just to keep her face as the adult in this scenario. But her unconditional nodding to what her son was saying came with consequences, as she even nodded her head when he said

"You know what? Rather than telling you what it means, I should probably let you experience it for yourself...So for tomorrow, why don't I cook up some scrambled eggs and bacon, lay you out on the dining table, stuff some of those golden eggs and greasy meat into your cheeks, and I'll let you experience what it means to have your ass eaten out, literally and figuratively."

What her son said was something that she simply couldn't comprehend and was a little too perverted for her to imagine, so half of what he said phased out her mind. And all she knew was that she agreed to do something with eggs, bacon, and her butt tomorrow morning, which would probably make her not leave the house and not appear in public for a few days because of how shameful it was.

Chapter 59 Tell Me How Your Ass Tastes Like

"Well, leaving breakfast aside, I still need you to let go of my hand so that I can give my finger a lick." He looked at the hand that was still being held against his will.

"Why do you need to lick your finger, Daddy?" She asked the question; she had been wanting to know the answer for a while.

"Of course it's too lubricate my finger so that it goes into your butt more smoothly." He said, which made her realise what he was trying to do, and she also agreed with his actions, as it just made sense to use lubrication when you try to fit something big into something that's relatively smaller.

"I didn't want to overcomplicate things, and I tried to push my finger in raw at first. But it seems like you're a carbon copy of your mother, whose ass is also as tight as a pickle jar and needs some kind of lube to help me out." He tried to push his finger that was on her ass into her hole, but just like before, it could only push her fleshy gate and couldn't actually enter.

"Can't you do it without licking your finger?" She asked as she felt her anus getting tighter as her son poked around.

"I could. But it would probably hurt if I just shoved it when you're resisting so much, even though I know you're not doing it intentionally and probably just have a sensitive asshole like your mother." He said, which was actually correct since she wasn't willingly resisting anymore and it was just her body's natural reflex to push anything that comes in from the back entrance, out. In fact, she was actually expectantly waiting for her ass to get fingered after getting worked up from having her anus played around with.

But even though she had come to terms with a finger in her anus and was actually waiting for something to enter her body and stir her up from the inside, she couldn't accept her son licking his fingers that had just been poking her anus since it was something too dirty that her precious son should never do. Her motherly instincts to keep her son away from anything harmful or even a little bit dirty came into the picture, and she simply couldn't accept what he was suggesting.

But at the same time, he didn't seem like he would budge on getting his finger lubed, which made her make a decision herself and say, while clenching her teeth like she was making a sacrifice for her son.

"T-Then what if I do it, Daddy?"

"Do what? Lick my finger that was just stroking your asshole?" She nodded to his question, which made a look of surprise appear on his face as he didn't expect the same mother, who washes herself three times a day to keep herself clean, to suddenly lubricate his dirty finger with her spit.

"You can...But are you sure, Abi?" He asked. "Do you really want to lick something that's been caressing your anus this whole time?"

She thought that she would feel disgusted when her son brought up what she was going to do. But when she heard from her own son that she was probably going to suck off something that contained the essence of her deepest part that she had never seen before, she got a little turned on for some reason. She also thought of it as a way of getting over her OCD by licking what she was so afraid of before, so she didn't think about it too much and nodded her head.

"Well, if you're fine with it, then I have nothing to say." He also seemed to have the same idea as her, as he said, "And by doing this, you can probably get over your anxiety about having a dirty asshole, so I guess it's best if the one lubricating my finger that's covered in your bum's sweat is you rather than me."

She had made up her mind at first, but now that she heard her son say what she was going to do in such a crude manner, she was starting to have second thoughts. But knowing her son, she knew that he wouldn't let her go if she said no now, and would probably soothe her into sucking off his finger like the sweet talker he was.

"But at the same time, I also don't think that it's fair that only you get to have a taste of your asshole, Abi, since I was actually looking forward to knowing what your most hidden cave tastes like." He said like he wasn't satisfied that she stole the dish he was looking forward to eating, right from his plate. "So to compensate me for depriving me of the experience of tasting the tantalizing essence of your anus, I'm going to need you to describe what it feels like to have a taste of something that I can't have since you're so against it."

"And to start this indirect experience of mine, I'm going to need you to smell this finger of mine and tell me how it smells." He put up his hand next to her face, like he was asking her to go for a whiff.

"I-Is this really necessary, Daddy?" She asked, as she nervously stared at the middle finger that had just been caressing her anus a moment ago, like it was a daunting figure.

"It is, to satisfy my curiosity about how my daughter's butt tastes like...." He said like he needed to know the aroma of her ass at all costs and wouldn't take no for an answer. "And don't worry about it smelling bad, as judging from how squeaky and smooth your anus was, your butt is actually really clean and shouldn't smell at all...That is, other than the smell of the sweat from your ass, which came from how warm your cheeks turned when I groped them."

"A-And you want me to know how my a-ass sweat smells like, Daddy?"

She asked timidly, as if she were making sure that he wanted to smell his mother's own sweat that had been secreted because of how hot her meat buns were right now from all the groping and teasing. Not to mention how warm her anus was, like it was a metal ring that had just been heated up, after being stroked and mistreated by his fingers.

started to draw circles on the rim of her anus and did it in such a way that only the tip of his finger was in contact with her skin.

This created a soothing sensation on her behind, like he was playing the harp with the wrinkles on her asshole, which in one way or another helped her calm down a bit. Once she got over the initial hesitation after calming down, she gave her son's hand that was hanging right before and her one last look. She then went a little forward, put her nose up to his hand, and while her son watched, she smelled his fingers that were covered in her buttocks pure essence.

Sniff~ Sniff~

She gave his hand, particularly his middle finger, that got the most action, a good sniff and thought that she would immediately be assaulted by a horrendous smell. But to her surprise, nothing of the sort happened, as she could barely smell anything on his hand.

Sniff~ Sniff~ She smelled his hand once again, like she was smelling a rose, and just like before, she couldn't smell anything significant that stood out to her. This only made her wonder just how clean her buttocks was—that she couldn't even smell anything after sniffing his fingers that had partially entered her ass. Well, one thing she knew for sure was that the triple-ass washing technique was working out like she was expecting, and her son wasn't lying when he said her butt was squeaky clean.

But unfortunately for her, she couldn't simply say that she smelled nothing after giving his fingers a whiff, as her son would never choose to believe it and would think that she was lying. And to make sure that he didn't go around sniffing his hands himself to find out for himself, she caught hold of his hand and brought it closer to her face, till his hand was covering her lower face and his fingers were resting on her nose.

And while her son looked surprised at her initiative, she gave his slightly wet fingers that were covered in her ass sweat a good sniff, like she was trying to inhale every pore of sweat on his fingers.

Sniff~

Unlike before, this time she actually smelled something unusual on his fingers that she had never smelled before, which made her wonder if this was really how her butt smelled after a good sweat.

"What does it smell like?" Her son immediately asked, curious to know what his mother's ass sweat smelled like.

"I don't know exactly how it smells like...But if I had to say a word to describe the smell, it would probably be sour." She said, as she thought of ways to describe the smell. "It's almost as if I was smelling a sweet tart, but instead of the tart being sweet like it should be, it's sour, almost like the berries used to make the tart filling were way too ripe."

"And as for the intensity of the smell, it's actually really mild if you smell it like you smell a flower. But if you were to press your face against the area that's emitting that stench and give a good sniff, then the sour and acidic smell would hit your nose like a freight train and leave a stinging sensation in your nose, like you inhaled some concentrated fumes." She continued to describe the smell, while at the same time giving his fingers a few more whiffs to see if she could pick up a few more smells from his hand like a dog.

"And if you want to know which part of your hand smells the most, it's probably the tip of your finger since that particular spot has a more pungent and burning smell than the rest of your hand." She smelled the tip of his finger and was actually really interested in that smell, as even though it burned her nose and made it twitch because of how strong it was, it was quite an addictive scent and made her want to smell it even more.

"Why do you think that particular place smells the most, Abi?" Her son asked with a smile on his face while he watched his mother rub his finger on her nose to get a better sniff of the scent of her butt.

"Why?...It's probably because that's the part you stuck inside of my a-" She was about to mindlessly answer his question before realising what she was going to say, and immediately shut her mouth.

Her son simply chuckled at her flustered figure and pulled his hand away from her face. And as he did, a reluctant look on her face appeared as she still wanted to smell that scent her son's finger was giving off, totally forgetting that the source of it came from her ass.

Her son didn't completely pull away his hand and held it next to her face like before, but only this time he had partly closed all his other fingers other than his middle finger, which stood tall as if he were trying to show off that this was the finger that was going to enter her through her asshole in a moment. For a second, she was shocked and thought her son was rudely flicking her off with the way he was holding up his middle finger. But what he said next disproved that theory.

"Abi, hang your face over my finger and let the drool you've accumulated in your mouth dribble from your lips and fall down in a stream onto the top of my finger, like you're adding maple syrup to a pancake. And make sure that your spit drips down all the way to my palm." He said, like he wanted her to let out enough fluid from her mouth until his entire hand got drenched in her saliva. "Now that you've perfectly described the smell of your ass to me, I want you to have a taste of it and tell me how it is."

"W-Why do I have to drool all over your finger to have a taste, when I can simply give it a lick?" She asked, surprised at her son's dirty request of making his hand into a mess.

"Why else other than to lubricate my finger, while at the same time letting you have a taste of your pent-up sweat?" He laughed and then said, "Did you really think that a few licks were going to be enough to lube up my entire finger so that it could fit in your ass?"

She wanted to say yes to her son's question. But her body seemed to have already gotten used to following what her son said, as her mouth already started salivating and accumulating her saliva in her mouth so that she could slobber it over her son's finger, which made her unable to speak since her mouth was busy gathering her drool in her cavity below.