

## God of Milfs 621

Chapter 621: Olivia Vanitas

Kafka's satisfied smile widened, his eyes glinting with dark amusement as he listened to her depraved fantasies. His hand slid from her anus, slick with her arousal, and moved to her pussy, fingers brushing her swollen clit with a teasing flick that made her cry out, her hips bucking against his touch.

"You know your little boy so well, Mom." He growled, as he slipped two thick fingers into her dripping cunt, curling them to stroke her sensitive walls. "You nailed it—every fucking thing I'd do to a daughter like you. Lock you up, fuck you senseless, make you mine. You predicted it perfectly."

"Aahhh!~ Oohhh!~ Mmmmh!~ Aughh!~ Yeahhh!~ Yesss!~"

Abigaille moaned, her head tilting back as his fingers pumped into her, the wet squelch of her pussy filling the kitchen. Her body trembled, her thighs shaking as she chased the pleasure, her ass still grinding against his cock.

But then Kafka's voice took on a darker edge, his smile turning wicked.

"...But you forgot one thing, Mom."

Her eyes fluttered open, trembling with lust and confusion as she looked back at him, her voice a breathless whimper. "W-What...What did I forget, Kafi?"

His fingers slowed, teasing her clit with a light pinch that made her gasp, his smile growing as he leaned closer, his lips brushing her ear.

"You forgot how I'd fuck you so much, Mom, that you'd get pregnant. Your tummy all swollen, carrying my child—our child inside of you. You'd be mine in every way, marked by me, full of me."

The words hit her like a tidal wave, the taboo fantasy so filthy, so utterly wrong, that it pushed her over the edge. Abigaille's body convulsed, a sharp cry tearing from her throat as she squirted, her pussy clenching around his fingers, her slickness coating his hand in a hot, messy rush.

Her legs buckled, but Kafka held her steady, using her juices to lubricate his fingers, fucking her deeper, faster, as she shuddered through the aftershocks.

"Kafi...oh, God." She gasped, her voice flustered and trembling with the weight of the taboo.  
"You...You can't do that to your daughter. Y-You can play with my body, fuck my ass, my tight little asshole...That's one thing."

"...But impregnating your daughter? It's too much, too taboo."

Kafka's chuckle was dark, his fingers plunging deeper into her pussy, stretching her as he ground his cock against her ass.

"If I was God, Mom, no rules would matter. No one could stop me from impregnating my daughter, filling her with my children, making sure she's mine forever."

His voice was a low, sinful growl, each word dripping with possessive hunger as he fucked her with his fingers, his thumb circling her clit, driving her wild.

"Ohhh!~ Aahhh!~ Mmmm!~ Unghh!~ Yes!~ Ohhh!~"

Abigaille's moans grew louder, her body trembling with excitement at the forbidden fantasy. Her pussy clenched around his fingers, her arousal spiking as she leaned back, her voice a desperate, excited whisper.

"H-How many, Kafi? Ahhh!~ How many children would you make me bear? How many would you give me?!"

Kafka's fingers thrust deeper, his cock grinding harder against her ass, the heat of him overwhelming.

"I wouldn't stop, Mom." He growled, his voice thick with lust. "I'd keep you pregnant, your belly always swollen, popping out my children one after another. There'd never be a moment you're not carrying my seed, not full of me."

His words pushed her over the edge again, her pussy clenching as she came, squirting a little more, her slickness dripping down his hand, her body shaking with the intensity of her orgasm.

Seeing her unravel, Kafka's eyes darkened with hunger.

"Fuck, Mom, I might just start right now."

He said, his free hand moving to his jeans, fumbling with the zipper.

"Make sure you're fertile, fill you up until you're mine."

His fingers slipped from her pussy, slick and glistening, as he began to tug his pants down, his cock straining against the fabric, ready to spring free.

But Abigaille, her mind clearing just enough to remember the day, snapped out of her lust-fueled haze. Her eyes widened, and she turned quickly, grabbing his wrist to stop him.

"Kafi, no!" She gasped, her voice breathless but firm. "Today...Olivia's coming home. We can't...not today."

Kafka's lips curved into a teasing smirk, his hand still hovering at his zipper.

"She's not coming till tonight, Mom. We've got hours. Plenty of time to have our fun."

His voice was low, coaxing, as he leaned closer, his breath hot against her neck.

But Abigaille only shook her head, her eyes flicking to his crotch, where his erection strained against his jeans, the sight making her pussy throb with want.

"No, Kafi, we...We can't risk it." She stammered, though her resolve wavered, her body screaming for him to take her.

Kafka moved closer, his lips brushing her neck again, sucking gently as he took her hand and guided it to his boner, pressing her palm against the hard, pulsing length.

"You really gonna deny me, Mom?" He murmured, his voice a seductive plea. "Feel how fucking turned on I am. It's hurting, trapped in these pants. You gonna leave your beloved son in pain like this? Don't you not want to help me, relieve me?"

Her fingers curled around his cock through the fabric, feeling its thick, throbbing heat, and she moaned softly, her resolve crumbling. The thought of his cock inside her, filling her, was almost too much to resist.

"Kafi..." She whispered, her voice trembling with need. "Fine...B-But we have to be quick. Olivia can't...she can't know about this, about us, about our unspeakable relationship"

Kafka pulled back, his smile victorious.

"Of course, Mom. Quick and quiet. She's not coming for hours."

"...And there's no way in hell that she's just going to barge in now—"

Open~ Swing~

His words were cut off by a sudden sound from behind them a soft creak, like the front door swinging open.

And the moment they heard that sound, both froze, their bodies locked in shock, Abigaille's hand still on his cock, his fingers slick with her juices.

Their eyes widened, hearts pounding, because they knew they'd locked the door and the only person who could open it without breaking it down was...no, it couldn't be.

In slow, horrified unison, they turned, their gazes landing on the figure standing in the doorway in the distance across the hall, that was visible even from the open kitchen, who was also staring back at them with an emotionless look on her gorgeous face.

She was absolutely breathtaking, a vision of icy perfection that stole the air from the room.

Her face was flawless, sharp cheekbones framing cool, piercing blue eyes that seemed to see straight through them.

Her pale white skin glowed under the warm light, a stark contrast to her raven-black hair, tied up in a sleek bun that gave her the air of an untouchable goddess. She looked effortlessly cool, her presence commanding, like an ice queen descended from some mythic realm.

But it wasn't just her face that captivated—it was her body, a masterpiece of sensuality that put even Abigail's curves to shame.

Her breasts, massive and round, strained against the tight fabric of her office suit, like watermelons threatening to burst free, so large you could bury your face in them and lose yourself completely.

Her waist was impossibly small, a perfect hourglass cinched by her tailored jacket, and her ass—God, her ass was a marvel, so fat and plump it seemed to defy gravity.

Even in her professional office attire, it jutted out, thick and round, like a booster seat that would lift her inches off any chair, its curves begging to be grabbed, worshipped.

Kafka had never seen her in person, only in photos, but he knew her instantly.

This was Olivia...his second mother, who had just caught her own son throwing himself on his his mother as well as her best friend on the first day she was back home...

Chapter 622: Murder Attempt

Normally, Kafka could read a person's emotions like an open book. A twitch of the lips, a raised eyebrow, a subtle shift in the cheekbones—micro-expressions that betrayed their thoughts, their intentions, their desires.

He'd honed this skill to a razor's edge, using it to navigate the world, to predict and control.

But now, as Olivia's piercing blue eyes locked onto him, her face was an impenetrable mask.

No anger, no sadness, no shock—nothing.

She stood like a beautiful statue, carved from marble, belonging in a museum rather than this charged, awkward moment.

Her emotionless gaze left him utterly baffled, his mind racing to decipher what she was thinking, whether she was horrified, furious, or something else entirely. He had no clue, and that uncertainty gnawed at him, a rare vulnerability he wasn't used to feeling.

Abigaille, meanwhile, was no stranger to Kafka's impulsive intimacy in risky situations. She'd been caught in compromising moments before, and her reflexes kicked in.

In a matter of seconds, she yanked her top back on, smoothing it over her curves, though her flushed cheeks and disheveled hair betrayed her. She stared at Olivia, her eyes wide with a full of fear and fluster, her voice caught in her throat as she tried to process the situation.

The tension was suffocating, its weight pressing down on the kitchen, the silence broken only by the faint sizzle of the forgotten pan on the stove.

Finally, Kafka couldn't bear it any longer.

The pressure, the uncertainty—it was more intense than anything he'd faced in a long time. He opened his mouth, desperate to say something, anything to shatter the unbearable silence, to take control of this spiraling moment.

But before a single word could escape, Olivia moved forward.

She didn't walk and to both of their utter shock, she actually ran, her heels clicking sharply against the floor as she charged toward them at full speed, her frosty blue eyes narrowing with an intensity that sent a chill down Kafka's spine.

Her gaze, already cold, turned glacial, brimming with what looked like deadly intent and Abigaille gasped, her hands flying to her mouth, while Kafka's instincts screamed at him to react.

"Mom, what are you—"

He started, but his words died as Olivia reached the kitchen counter and, to their absolute horror, yanked a large knife from the holder with a swift, practiced motion.

Her movements were fluid, terrifyingly precise. She raised the knife high, her arm poised in a stabbing position, her eyes locked on Kafka with a cold, unyielding stare that made him feel like a slab of meat on a butcher's block.

And then with no hesitation, she plunged the blade downward, aiming straight for his chest, the steel glinting in the light as it descended with lethal force.

Seeing Olivia for some reason try to stab her own son, Abigaille screamed, her voice a raw burst of horror, but she was too stunned to move. Kafka, on the other hand, reacted in a split second.

His hands shot up, clapping together with a resounding smack, catching the blade between his palms just inches from his heart. The force of Olivia's strike vibrated through his arms, her strength surprising him, but he held firm, his eyes wide with disbelief.

Olivia's own eyes flickered, a flash of shock breaking her emotionless facade, as if she'd been certain the knife would find its mark.

'How had he caught it so easily?'

But Olivia wasn't done.

Her mind moved as fast as her body, and she didn't miss a beat. Releasing the knife, she lunged for the smaller vegetable knife Kafka had been using earlier, its blade still slick with carrot juice. She snatched it up, her movements a blur, and swung it toward his throat, her eyes blazing with that same murderous intent.

Kafka's heart raced, his mind struggling to comprehend why his mother was trying to kill him.

Yes, what he and Abigaille were doing was taboo, wrong on every level, but this?

...This was beyond reason, beyond anything he could have anticipated.

But just as the blade arced toward his neck, Abigaille finally broke free of her shock.

"Olivia! What in the world are you doing?!" She shrieked, her voice piercing the chaos. "Why are you trying to stab Kafi?!"

The words hit Olivia like a thunderbolt.

Her arm froze mid-swing, the knife hovering inches from Kafka's throat. Her entire body stiffened, as if the world had tilted beneath her.

The icy, murderous gaze in her eyes wavered, shifting from cold determination to a flicker of confusion, then a faint warmth, as if she were seeing Kafka for the first time.

But that warmth quickly morphed into horror, her pupils dilating as the reality of her actions crashed over her.

She stumbled back, her breath hitching, the knife slipping from her fingers to clatter against the floor. Her emotionless mask shattered, replaced by a look of raw, unfiltered disbelief.

Kafka and Abigaille stared, their own confusion mirroring hers.

Just moments ago, Olivia had been ready to kill him, her intent unmistakable, but now she looked like she'd seen a ghost, her hands trembling as she backed away.

Slowly, she then turned her head, her serene, melodic voice breaking the silence, though it was laced with shock and uncertainty.

"K-Kafi? He's Kafi?" She asked, her eyes darting between them. "Kafi? Our...our son, Kafi?"

Abigaille blinked, her mouth falling open at the absurdity of the question.

"Of course it's Kafi!" She exclaimed, her voice a mix of confusion and exasperation. "Who else would it be, Olivia? What's gotten into you? Why are you asking something so obvious?"

Olivia ignored her, her gaze locking onto Kafka, then flicking back to Abigaille, her expression twisting with horror.



"I...I thought..." She stammered, her voice barely above a whisper. "I thought he was...a molester. Someone who broke in, trying to...to take advantage of you."

Her hands clutched at her chest, as if trying to steady her racing heart.

"I didn't...I didn't realize it was actually Kafi."

Abigaille's jaw dropped, her eyes widening in disbelief.

"A molester?" She repeated, her tone bordering on incredulous. "Olivia, how could you even think that? It's so obviously Kafi! Our son! Not some random intruder! How did you jump to that conclusion?"

Olivia's lips parted, her breath shaky as she tried to form an answer, her mind a swirl of guilt and confusion. She stammered, her usually sharp tongue faltering, but before she could string together a coherent response, her eyes locked onto Kafka's.

His gaze, wide and innocent, pierced through her like a blade. Those eyes—once so gloomy, shadowed by the weight of a troubled childhood she hadn't always been there to ease now stared at her with confusion, searching for answers she couldn't give.

The sight of him, her Kafi, the boy she'd cradled as a baby, chased through the backyard as a toddler, and driven to school with sleepy morning chats, shattered something deep inside her.

She had come home with a singular goal: to be a better mother, to make up for the years lost to her demanding career, to rebuild the bond she'd let slip. She'd dreamed of hugging him, laughing with him, being the parent he deserved.

But instead, she'd nearly killed him.

Not once, but twice, her hands wielding knives aimed at his heart and throat, driven by a blind, murderous instinct she couldn't explain.

The weight of it crushed her.

Olivia, the business mogul who'd stared down boardrooms and brought rivals to their knees with her icy glare, felt her eyes burn with tears. Her lips quivered, her breath hitching as water welled in her cool blue eyes, spilling over to streak her pale cheeks.

She, who hadn't even shed a tear at her own parents funeral, who'd built a fortress around her emotions, was unraveling, her guilt too heavy to contain.

Abigaille, her anger flaring at the thought of Olivia trying to harm their son, had been ready to unleash a torrent of questions and accusations.

How could she, no matter the reason, raise a knife to their son?

But the sight of Olivia's tears stopped her cold.

In all their years together—over two decades of friendship, love, and shared parenthood she'd seen Olivia cry only a handful of times, each instance a rare crack in her unyielding facade. And because of that she knew that this wasn't just shock or anger; something deeper, something profound, was tearing Olivia apart.

Abigaille's frustration softened, her instincts shifting to concern. She opened her mouth to ask what was wrong, to demand what had driven her to such an extreme, but before she could speak, Olivia moved.

Unable to bear Kafka's gaze any longer, Olivia turned and fled, her legs moving frantically against the floor as she bolted from the kitchen. She didn't look back, didn't pause, her raven-black hair swaying as she disappeared down the hall.

Bang!~

The slam of a bedroom door echoed through the house, a jarring punctuation to the mess that had erupted.

Kafka stood rooted to the spot, his hand still hovering near his half-unzipped jeans, his mind reeling. He was no stranger to high-stakes situations—blood, betrayal, and violence, he has seen it all before...but this?

This was beyond comprehension. His head throbbed, a dull ache spreading as he tried to process the whirlwind of events. Olivia's emotionless stare, her sudden attack, her tears—it was a puzzle with no clear pieces.

He rubbed his temples, his confusion bordering on physical pain, and turned to Abigaille, his voice rough with bewilderment. "Mom, what the hell is going on? Do you have any idea what just happened?"

"...Was it...Was it possibly because she saw us? What we were doing?"

Abigaille shook her head, her own face covered in worry and puzzlement as she smoothed her top, her earlier fluster giving way to a need to understand.

"No, Kafi, there's no way." She said firmly. "Olivia's not like that. Even if she caught us...in bed, she wouldn't try to kill you. She's too level-headed, too rational and most of there's no way she would stab her own son who she loves so much."

"...There's something else going on here, something bigger. Maybe it's tied to her thinking you were a molester, but I don't know how she got there."

Kafka frowned, his brow furrowing. "But she saw my face, Mom. Clear as day when we turned around. How could she think I was some random creep breaking in? It doesn't add up."

Abigaille sighed, her eyes flicking toward the hallway where Olivia had fled. "I don't know. Kafi, It's...It's not like her. But I need to talk to her, find out what's going on." She started toward the hall, then paused, glancing back at him. "Stay here. I'll handle this."

Kafka stepped forward, his voice insistent. "Let me come with you. It might be better if we both talk to her, clear this up."

But Abigaille shook her head, her expression softening but firm.

"No, Kafi. In the twenty plus years, I've seen Olivia cry maybe three times. She's not herself right now, and...it seems like you're part of why she's reacting this way."

"...I don't want to make this messier than it already is, so let me talk to her first, figure out what's happening. I'll come back and explain, I promise."

Kafka hesitated, his jaw tightening. He hated being sidelined, hated the uncertainty gnawing at him, but he trusted his mother's judgment.

"Fine." He muttered. "But...just make sure she's okay. And figure out what the hell that was about."

Abigaille nodded, her lips pressing into a thin line as she turned and walked toward the bedroom. The door wasn't locked, a small mercy, and she called out softly, "Olivia? It's me." before slipping inside and closing the door with a quiet click.

Kafka stood alone in the kitchen, the faint sizzle of the pan a mocking reminder of the scene that had spiraled into a horror scene. He then shuffled to the living room, slumping onto the couch with a heavy sigh, his mind a tangled mess.

'How had this day, meant to be a joyous reunion with my mother, turned into an attempted murder?'

He leaned back, staring at the ceiling, utterly confused and hoping his mother could unravel the truth behind Olivia's shocking actions...

#### Chapter 623: Killer Of A Mother

Kafka slumped on the couch, his body restless, his mind a storm of confusion and lingering adrenaline. He rubbed his temples, his usual sharpness dulled by the surreal turn of events, waiting for any sign of Abigaille or Olivia to emerge from the bedroom.

Each passing minute felt like an eternity, his nerves fraying as he replayed the moment Olivia had tried to kill him, her murderous intent unmistakable yet inexplicable.

And then finally, after what seemed to be an eternity, the bedroom door creaked open, and Abigaille stepped out. Her face made it obvious that she was exhausted and in relief, her eyes heavy as if she'd just endured a marathon of a conversation.

A wry smile tugged at her lips as she met Kafka's anxious gaze, but the weariness in her expression spoke of a deep, emotional exchange with Olivia.

Kafka shot to his feet, his voice urgent. "Mom, what's going on? Is she okay? W-Where's Mom? Is she coming out?"

Abigaille raised a hand, her tone calm but firm. "Kafi, slow down. Olivia's...she's not coming out right now. She's too guilty to face you."

"...She's even talking about running back to the city because she can't bear to look at you after what happened."

Kafka's jaw dropped, his confusion deepening.

"Guilty? What the hell does that mean? Why's she feeling guilty? What's going on, Mom?...I'm completely lost here."

Abigaille sighed, stepping closer. "I'll explain everything. Kafi, I promise...But first, I need to make sure you're okay."

She gestured for him to sit back down, and as he did, she stood over him, her eyes scanning his face with maternal worry. She grabbed his hands, turning them over carefully, inspecting his palms for any sign of injury.

"Are you alright? Did the knife cut you? D-Do we need to get you to a hospital?"

Kafka felt the warmth of her hands against his, her touch grounding him amidst the confusion. He then shook his head, a faint smile tugging at his lips.

"No need, Mom. I got lucky and caught the knife clean, no scratches...I'm fine, really."

Abigaille exhaled a deep, shuddering sigh, her shoulders sagging with relief.

"Thank God." She murmured, her voice thick with emotion. "I was so scared you'd been hurt. And Olivia...she was terrified she'd actually cut you. She'll be so relieved to know you're okay."

Overcome with gratitude, she lifted his hands to her lips, pressing soft, loving kisses to his knuckles, her breath warm against his skin.

Kafka's smile widened, a teasing glint in his eyes as he looked up at her.

"Well, my hands are fine, but my heart's still shaken up. Mom. I could use some comfort." He leaned back, his gaze playful but suggestive. "You know, if a beautiful woman sat on my lap and let me hug her, all that warmth might just fix me right up."

Abigaille caught the mischief in his tone, her wry smile returning as she arched an eyebrow.

"Kafi, you...We can't do that with Olivia right next door. You know how close we just came to disaster."

He patted his lap, his grin widening.

"You just said she's not coming out and it's just a hug, Mom. Nothing more...Come on, after surviving my own mom trying to stab me, I deserve a little comfort, don't I?"

Abigaille rolled her eyes, her lips twitching with amusement.

"Nothing's ever just a hug with you, Kafi...You'll take it to the next level the second I let my guard down."

But her resolve softened, her heart aching at the thought of what he'd just endured and then with a reluctant sigh, she lowered herself onto his lap, her thighs settling intimately over his, her weight warm and grounding.

Kafka's arms wrapped around her waist, pulling her close, and to her surprise, he buried his face in her breasts, nuzzling into the soft, plump mounds with a contented hum.

She giggled, a light, playful sound, as she swatted his shoulder. "Kafi, what are you doing? Acting like a baby now?"

His voice was muffled against her chest, his face pressed deep into her cleavage.

"I need these fat milkers to calm me down, Mom. Nothing relieves stress like burying my face in your beautiful tits."

He jiggled his head, his cheeks brushing the warm, yielding flesh, savoring the plush comfort of her body.

Abigaille laughed, her fingers threading through his hair, patting his head in a loving, maternal gesture.

"You're too much."

She said, her voice warm with affection while she couldn't help but find his antics adorable, the way he clung to her like a child despite the raw, adult desire that had sparked between them moments ago.

For a moment, they were just mother and son, wrapped in a cocoon of playful intimacy.

But Kafka's muffled voice broke the moment, a teasing edge to his words.

"If Mom saw us now, you think she'd grab a hammer this time? Try to bash my head in, thinking I'm some molester again?"

Abigaille chuckled, shaking her head.

"Not anymore, Kafi. I cleared up the misunderstanding...She's not going to come after you with any more weapons."

Kafka pulled back slightly, his face still nestled in her breasts but his eyes lifting to meet hers, curiosity burning in his gaze.

"Okay, so what was that? What did you find out? Why the hell did she try to kill me? What's going on with her?"

Abigaille's wry smile returned, a hint of playful intrigue in her eyes as she leaned back, her hands resting on his shoulders. "It's...honestly, it's kind of absurd when you hear it, as the thing was she wasn't trying to kill you, Kafi."

"Just like she said, she thought you were a molester. When she walked in, the way we were positioned—your hands all over me, me looking flustered, the sounds I was making, she thought I was resisting, that you were some intruder taking advantage of me."

"...It triggered something in her, and she acted without thinking."

Kafka leaned back on the couch, Abigaille still perched on his lap, her thighs warm against his, her breasts a soft, comforting weight where his face had nestled moments ago.

His mind churned with disbelief as he processed Abigaille's explanation, his brow furrowed, his hands resting lightly on her hips.

"Okay, Mom." He said, his voice laced with incredulity. "I get that it's reasonable to freak out if you think you see a molester. I mean, sure, protect your family, fine."

"But most people would scream, call the cops, maybe throw a punch...How the hell does someone go straight to grabbing a knife and trying to kill the guy?...No hesitation, no questions?"

"...Is Mom some kind of assassin or a retired soldier or something? Who's that ready to kill without blinking?"

Abigaille giggled, the sound light and melodic, easing the tension in the room, she shook her head, her fingers brushing through his hair.

"Oh, Kafi, don't be ridiculous. Of course not. Olivia's just a businesswoman. At most she's got some martial arts training from years ago, self-defense stuff, not killing skills like you think...She learned it to protect herself, not to go around stabbing people."

Kafka raised an eyebrow, unconvinced. "Then why'd she go full psycho-killer on me? That wasn't just self-defense...She was out for blood."

Abigaille's smile softened, as she leaned back slightly.



"It's just who she is, Kafi. Olivia...she can't stand seeing a woman being hurt, especially not someone she loves like family. She's fierce, always has been. If she thinks someone's in danger, she doesn't think she acts. Doesn't care about the consequences."

"...There've even been times in the past, you know, where she's beaten up guys harassing women. Left them limping, no questions asked."

She chuckled, a fond glint in her eyes.

"Surprised you didn't know that."

Kafka's eyes widened, surprise and admiration flickering across his face.

"Beating up creeps is one thing, Mom, but that's a far cry from trying to murder someone. She went for my heart, then my throat. That's not just protective—that's merciless."

Abigaille sighed, her expression turning thoughtful.

"From what she told me, Kafi, she wasn't thinking at all. The second she walked in and saw us your hands on me, me looking flustered, the sounds I was making, her mind just...snapped."

"She thought I was being attacked, and her body moved before her brain could catch up. By the time she grabbed the knife, she was already in motion, acting on pure instinct."

"...It wasn't about stabbing you—it was about saving me."

Kafka shivered, a chill running down his spine as he pictured Olivia's icy, unyielding gaze.

"Damn." He muttered, shaking his head. "She's...formidable. No wonder Camila and Nina always talked about her like she was some kind of scary legend. I thought they were exaggerating, but now I get it."

Abigaille's smile widened, a hint of amusement in her eyes.

"Oh, she's definitely scary in her own way. That chilly face of hers, always looking like she's staring daggers with those ice-cold eyes? It's enough to make anyone freeze...And her presence, it's like the room goes silent when she walks in. Plus, she's done some wild stuff in the past without even blinking. But..."

Her voice softened, a warmth creeping in.

"Deep down, she's a sweetheart. You'd be shocked at how clumsy she can be, how much of a dork she is when you get past that tough exterior."

"...If you saw her true side, you wouldn't even recognize the scary Olivia everyone talks about."

Chapter 624: Unrecognisable Son

Kafka tilted his head, intrigued, a faint smile tugging at his lips.

"Clumsy, huh? I gotta see that side of her soon. Sounds like a whole different person."

Abigail nodded, her fingers tracing idle patterns on his neck.

"You will, Kafi. She's got layers, that one. Back in school, before I really knew her, I was terrified of her, just like everyone else...She was so dominating, barely showed any emotion, always had this unreadable face. No one could tell what she was thinking."

"But then one day, I saw her true side—tripping over her own feet, blushing when she dropped her books, muttering to herself like a total dummy."

"...I realized there was so much more to her than the ice queen act."

Kafka chuckled, the image of Olivia stumbling and blushing a stark contrast to the knife-wielding fury he'd just faced.

"That's wild, but I really want to meet that side of Mom." His expression sobered, his confusion resurfacing. "But still, Mom, her attacking a molester makes sense, even if it was extreme as hell."

"...What doesn't add up is why she didn't recognize me. I turned around, she got a clear look at my face. How do you mistake your own son for some random creep?"

Abigail's face shifted, a guilty look crossing her features, her eyes darting away as if she dreaded answering. She bit her lip, hesitating, and Kafka's curiosity sharpened.

"What? What's that look? Come on, Mom, spit it out."

She sighed, her wry smile returning, tinged with embarrassment.

"It's...kind of ridiculous, Kafi. The reason she didn't recognize you is because...well, she doesn't know what you look like right now."

Kafka blinked, his confusion deepening.

"What? How's that possible? I know it's been a while since she's seen me, but it's not like I've been gone for decades. I haven't changed that much." He paused, a flicker of doubt crossing his face. "Have I? Do I look that much older or something?"

Abigail laughed, leaning forward to press a soft kiss to his forehead, her hands cupping his face.

"Oh, Kafi, you look as young as ever. Handsome as ever, too. You're still my beautiful boy." Her smile turned teasing, but there was a hint of sincerity in her eyes. "And it's not about aging. It's just that you've...glowed up, Kafi. So much that Olivia couldn't even recognize you."

Kafka's brow furrowed, his head tilting. "Glowed up? What's that supposed to mean?"

Abigail's laugh was warm, her fingers brushing through his hair she admired his handsome face.

"Come on, Kafi, don't play dumb. You know how you used to be. Back in the day, you didn't exactly...take care of yourself. Messy hair, oily face, clothes that looked like you'd slept in them for a week."

"...You kinda looked like a homeless person, if I'm being honest."

She grinned, her teasing softened by affection.

"But after that day—whatever it was that changed you, you started putting in effort. Got your hair under control, cleaned up your skin, started dressing like you actually cared."

"You went from scruffy to...well, charming. Handsome as hell and Olivia hadn't seen you since before all that, so when she walked in, she didn't see her scrappy little Kafi. She saw some good-looking stranger all over me, and her mind jumped to the worst."

Kafka's jaw dropped, disbelief crossing his face. "You're kidding me. My own mom tried to kill me because I got a haircut and washed my face? Because I maintained basic hygiene practices?"

"...That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard."

Abigaille laughed, her hands squeezing his shoulders. "It's not just a haircut, Kafi. You're a whole different person now, looks-wise and as a person in general. And in that moment, with everything looking so...compromising, she didn't have time to think it through. She just acted."

Kafka shook his head, leaning back against the couch, Abigaille still warm and comfortable on his lap.

"That's...insane. I can't believe my glow-up almost got me stabbed."

He chuckled, the absurdity of it sinking in, though a flicker of unease remained, but a nagging doubt tugged at the edges of his mind. He tilted his head, his brow furrowing as he looked up at her, his voice tinged with curiosity.

"Wait a second, Mom. You surely would've sent pictures of me to her right? I mean, if she'd seen how I look now, she'd have known it was me and not some random molester, right?"

Abigaille's face shifted, that guilty look returning, her eyes darting away as she bit her lip. She hesitated, her fingers fidgeting with the hem of her top, and Kafka's curiosity sharpened, sensing there was more to the story.

"Mom..." He pressed, his tone half-teasing, half-insistent. "What's with the look? Spill it."

She sighed, her voice hesitant, almost sheepish.

"You're right, Kafi. If I'd sent her pictures of you, she probably would've recognized you. And...I did try, a while back. I told her I wanted to show her how handsome you'd gotten, how much you'd changed. I was so proud, you know?"

Her smile was fleeting, tinged with embarrassment.

"But Olivia...she refused."

Kafka's eyes widened, his confusion deepening.

"Refused? Why the hell would she do that?"

Abigail's cheeks flushed slightly, and she looked down, her voice dropping to a near-whisper.

"Well...she said if she saw pictures of you—how you'd turned out, all charming and thriving, it'd make her too happy, too satisfied. And because of that she'd feel too comfortable with her situation, and she was afraid she'd lose her drive."

"She said she was going to use your new image as...motivation, I guess. She told me she wanted to finish her work first, tie up all her loose ends in the city, so she could come home for good."

"...Seeing you would make her slow down, and she didn't want that. So she said no pictures until she was done."

Kafka's jaw dropped, his expression a full of disbelief and incredulity.

"Are you kidding me? That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard! Who thinks like that? 'Oh, I can't see my kid because I'll work too slow'? That's insane!"

He shook his head, his voice rising with exasperation.

"What kind of mother uses her son's improvement as some kind of carrot on a stick to get through her job? That's next-level crazy!"

Abigaille looked away, her shy smile tinged with amusement as she fiddled with a strand of her hair.

"I know, I know. It sounds ridiculous. But...that's Olivia for you. Like I said, as scary as she seems, she's got this awkward, weird side. She makes these strange decisions sometimes, things no one else would even think of."

"...We're all a little dumb in our own way, I suppose."

Kafka leaned back, his arms tightening around her waist as he stared at the ceiling, his mind reeling.

"Unbelievable." He muttered, a half-laugh escaping him. "I thought I had her figured out—ice queen, knife-wielding badass—but now you're telling me she's some quirky weirdo who won't look at a photo because it'll mess with her work ethic? What kind of mother do I even have?"

Abigaille giggled, her hands sliding up to cup his face, her thumbs brushing his cheeks in a tender, grounding gesture.

"You've got a mother who's complicated, Kafi. Terrifying one minute, tripping over her own feet the next...But she loves you, even if she's got a funny way of showing it sometimes."

Her smile softened, her eyes warm with affection.

"You'll see that side of her soon enough. The real Olivia, not just the scary one."

Kafka shook his head again, disbelief still etched on his face.

"Yeah, well, she better show up soon, because this whole 'almost stabbing me because I got a haircut' thing is not the reunion I had in mind."

He then pulled Abigaille closer, his hands resting on her hips, his teasing grin returning.

"Guess I'll just have to stick with you for now, Mom. At least you recognize me, right?"

Abigaille laughed, swatting his chest playfully.

"Oh, hush, you. I'd know my handsome boy anywhere, glow-up or not."

She leaned down, pressing a soft kiss to his forehead, her warmth a balm to the lingering unease in his chest.

The absurdity of Olivia's reasoning hung between them, a bizarre twist in an already chaotic day, but for now, Kafka let himself sink into the comfort of Abigaille's presence, hoping the next encounter with Olivia would bring clarity instead of knives...

Chapter 625: Help Me Calm Down

Abigaille's laughter softened, the warmth of the moment wrapping around them like a blanket.

Sitting on Kafka's lap, her hands resting on his shoulders, she felt a flicker of relief—finally, the misunderstandings with Olivia were cleared, the whirlwind of knives and mistaken identities explained, however absurdly and she was about to let out a deep sigh, ready to move forward and comfort her best friend, when she suddenly felt Kafka's hands move, his fingers tugging at the neckline of her top.

Her breath caught as he pulled the fabric down, exposing the deep, fleshy valley of her cleavage, her plump breasts straining against the confines of her bra.

Before she could react, his face dipped forward, his lips pressing into her soft, warm skin, sucking gently on the sensitive flesh with a hungry, teasing edge.

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

Abigaille gasped, her cheeks flushing crimson as a jolt of heat shot through her.

"Kafi!" She squeaked, her voice a flustered mix of surprise and arousal. "What are you doing right now?"

Kafka's lips didn't leave her cleavage, his tongue flicking against her skin as he murmured, his voice low and thick with lingering desire.

"I'm still worked up from earlier, Mom. All that got interrupted, and I'm not exactly calm yet."

He tugged her top lower, the fabric stretching until her bra gave way, her fat, heavy breasts spilling free, bouncing with a soft jiggle. Her purple nipples, already hardening, stood out against her smooth brown skin.

"Just finishing the job, that's all. I really need to calm myself down."

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

Abigaille's breath hitched, her body reacting instinctively as his mouth closed over one nipple, sucking hard, his teeth grazing the sensitive bud.

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

A moan slipped from her lips, her pussy throbbing with excitement at the taboo thrill of his touch, his tongue swirling around her nipple, tugging it gently between his teeth.

But even as pleasure surged through her, a wave of panic followed.

"Kafi, wait!" She protested, her hands pushing weakly at his shoulders. "Olivia's right next door! If she opens that door, she'll see us—see this! We can't!"

Kafka's chuckle was dark, his mouth moving to her other nipple, sucking it with a slow, possessive pull.

"No big deal, Mom. You said she's not coming out yet, so there's plenty of time for you to take care of me."

His hands cupped her breasts, squeezing them together, his lips trailing wet kisses across her chest, leaving her skin tingling.



"Mmph!~ Mmm!~ Slurp!~ Ahhh!~"

The thought of Olivia in the next room, potentially hearing them, sent a forbidden thrill through Abigaille, her pussy clenching despite her protests.

But the risk was too great.

"Kafi, no!" She insisted, pushing harder, her voice trembling. "We have to stop. We need to go comfort Olivia, not...not do this!"

She stood up, her breasts bouncing free, nipples glistening from his saliva, her face flushed with both arousal and resolve.

But to her disbelief, Kafka didn't relent. His hands moved to his jeans, and with a swift motion, he unzipped them, pulling out his cock.

It sprang free, thick and rock-hard, the head glistening with precum, throbbing with an Intensity that made her eyes widen and her cheeks burn.

"I don't care, Mom." He said, his voice low and commanding, a smirk playing on his lips. "Look at this. I'm aching, and I need someone to fix it."

"...So, unless you want Mom to walk out and see her son's cock out in the open, you're gonna calm me down."

Abigaille's gaze locked onto his cock, its size and hardness sending a shiver through her, her pussy growing wetter despite her protests.

"Kafi, that's not fair!" She stammered, her voice a mix of indignation and desire. "You can't just...force your own mother to do this! It's cheating!"

Kafka scoffed, his eyes glinting with a possessive hunger as he reached for her, pulling her down until she was on her knees, her face inches from his throbbing cock. She stared at it in awe, the sheer size and heat of it making her mouth water, her resolve crumbling.

"Force my father?" He said, his voice dripping with dark amusement. "Before you say anything like that just knowi that before you're my mother, you're my woman, Mom...And as your man, I can tell you to do whatever I want."

He grabbed her hair, his grip firm but not painful, pulling her closer until her lips hovered just above his cock. His eyes locked onto hers, a wicked smile curving his lips.

"Isn't that right, Mom?...You'll do exactly what I say, no matter what you claim, won't you?"

Abigaille opened her mouth to protest, to insist she wouldn't, but her body betrayed her. Conditioned by months of his touch, his dominance, her instincts took over.

"Y-Yes." She whispered, her voice trembling with submission, her cheeks burning with shame and arousal. "I'll...I'll do anything you desire, Kafi."

His chuckle was low, as he leaned back, his cock twitching in front of her.

"Good girl." He said, his voice thick with satisfaction. "Now use those fat tits of yours to make cock go down...Go on."

Abigaille pouted, her lips pursing in a cute, defiant glare, but the heat in her lower garden was undeniable. She couldn't resist him, not when he looked at her like that, not when his cock was so hard, so ready for her.

With a soft huff, she leaned forward, pushing her heavy breasts together, enveloping his cock in their warm, plush embrace. The thick shaft nestled perfectly between them, the head peeking out as she squeezed her tits around it, her nipples brushing against his thighs.

She then looked up at him, her blue eyes shimmering with love and reluctant arousal, and began to move, sliding her breasts up and down, the soft, yielding flesh stroking his cock in a slow, sensual rhythm.

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

Kafka groaned, his head tilting back, his hands resting on her shoulders as she worked him. "Fuck, Mom." He murmured, his voice rough with pleasure. "Those tits...so fucking soft. Keep going, just like that."

Her plush breasts squeezed Kafka's thick, throbbing cock, the warm, soft flesh enveloping it completely as she slid them up and down in a slow, sensual motion.

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

Her hard, purple nipples grazed his thighs with each stroke, sending sparks of pleasure through her own body, her pussy dripping, soaking her panties and leaving a slick trail down her inner thighs.

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

Her eyes locked onto his, shimmering with a potent submission, love, and raw, unfiltered lust, her flushed cheeks betraying the taboo thrill coursing through her.

The living room was a cocoon of heat and forbidden desire, the faint creak of the bedroom door where Olivia hid a constant, electrifying reminder of the danger they were flirting with.

That risk only fanned the flames, making Abigaille's lower half pulse with need, her breaths coming in soft, needy pants as she worked her son's cock with her heavy, bouncing tits.

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

Kafka leaned back on the couch, his hands gripping her neck, his fingers digging into her soft skin as he watched her with a dark, hungry gaze.

His voice was a low, filthy growl, dripping with lust. "My god, Mom, look at those fat fucking tits. So goddamn huge, my cock's disappearing in there just like that."

His cock, thick and veined, pulsed between her breasts, the swollen head peeking out with each upward stroke, glistening with precum that smeared across her skin.

"I could hide even in these if we were playing hide and seek, bury myself in your juicy tits, and no one'd ever find me. They're so fucking perfect, Mom, made for my cock."

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

Abigaille moaned, her body trembling as she pressed her breasts tighter around his shaft, the friction making her nipples ache with pleasure.

And unable to hold back anymore, her voice came out a submissive, erotic purr, laced with desperation.

"Oh, Kafi...You're so dirty, saying that. But it's true!~...Mommy's are all yours, baby, so big, so soft, just for you to fuck, to hide in!~"

She leaned forward, dragging her hard nipples across the sensitive tip of his cock, rubbing them in slow, teasing circles over the slit, coaxing a bead of precum that she smeared with her nipple, making him hiss.

"I'm also such a bad friend...such a bad mother as well."

She whimpered, her voice thick with guilt and arousal, her eyes glistening with shame.

"Pleasing my son like this, making you feel good while Olivia's right next door, crying, drowning in guilt. How can I be so awful, Kafi? How can I want your cock this much when my best friend's hurting?"

Kafka's grin was wide, his hips bucking slightly to fuck her tits harder, the slick, warm embrace driving him wild.

"Tell me, Mom." He said, his fingers sliding up to tangle in her hair, tugging gently to tilt her face toward him. "How's it feel, being such a filthy friend, such a slutty mother, with my cock buried in your fat tits? Tell me how much you love it."

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

Abigaille's moan was loud, aggressive, her submission laced with a fierce, desperate need as she worked her breasts faster, her nipples dragging across his head, teasing it with relentless precision.

"Your Mommy's disgusting, Kafi!~" She gasped, her voice trembling with raw desire. "A terrible friend, a awful mother, doing this to you. I should be comforting Olivia, but instead I'm here, worshipping your cock with my tits!~ But...I just can't stop!~"

"Your cock, God, it's so big, so hard, so amazing!~. Every time I see it, she's dripping, Kafi!~ I try to say no, I try to be good, but I crave your dick. I'm a slut for it, for you!~"

She leaned down, her tongue flicking out, pushing into his foreskin, licking the sensitive skin inside with slow, hungry swirls, tasting the salty musk of him.

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

Her mouth joined her breasts, sucking the tip of his cock while her tits stroked the shaft, her lips stretching around the head as she bobbed, the wet, sloppy sounds filling the room.

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

She alternated, sucking him deep, then pulling back to let her breasts take over, her tongue teasing his slit, her nipples rubbing against his balls, every movement a filthy, erotic dance of devotion.

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

Kafka groaned, his head tilting back, his cock throbbing between her breasts and lips, the combined assault pushing him closer to the edge.

"Fuck, Mom, you're a goddamn goddess." He growled, his voice rough with need. "Sucking my cock, fucking it with your tits, right here with Mom so close."

"...How excited are you, huh? Tell me how fucking wet you are, knowing you're such a dirty slut for your son."

Abigaille's eyes fluttered, her pussy clenching as she pulled back slightly, her tongue still swirling around his head, her breasts bouncing with each stroke.

"I'm so excited, Kafi!~" She moaned, her voice a dirty, desperate confession, her thighs squeezing together to ease the ache in her core. "I'm a filthy, disgusting mother, getting off on this, on you!~ My pussy's soaked, Kafi, dripping through my panties, running down my thighs!~"

"I'm so hard for you, so turned on knowing it's wrong, knowing Olivia could walk out and see me like this, sucking my son's cock, fucking it with my tits."

"...I'm a nasty slut, Kafi, and I fucking love since it's with you Kafi, my baby boy."

She sucked his tip harder, her tongue plunging into his slit, while her breasts squeezed his shaft, sliding faster, the friction making her moan against his cock, the vibrations sending shivers through him.

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

Kafka's breath stopped his cock pulsing, the heat building to a breaking point.

"Fuck, Mom, you're too good." He growled, his voice thick with lust. "I'm gonna cum, fuck, I'm so close."

Abigaille moved to plunge her mouth over his cock, ready to take his load, her lips parting to swallow him deep, but he stopped her, his hand gripping her hair tightly, pulling her back.

"No..." He said, his voice a commanding snarl. "On your face. I want my cum all over that gorgeous fucking face, dripping down those fat tits."

Abigaille's eyes widened, a thrill of taboo excitement surging through her as she obeyed, pulling back and tilting her face up, her breasts still pressed around his cock, stroking him with slow, tight squeezes.

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

She looked up at him, her cum-hungry gaze locked on his, her lips parted, tongue darting out to tease his tip one last time.

"Give it to me, Kafi." She whispered, her voice a sultry plea. "Cum on your dirty mother's face, mark me with it."

Kafka groaned, his hips bucking, and his cock erupted, thick, hot ropes of cum splattering across her face in a messy, glorious torrent.

"Gloop!~ Drip!~ Splurt!~ Plop!~"

The first jet hit her cheek, thick and warm, dripping down to her jaw, pooling in the curve of her neck.

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

The second coated her lips, her tongue darting out to taste the salty release, a moan escaping her as it filled her mouth.

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

The third landed on her forehead, streaking into her hair, while more spurted across her nose, her chin, her flushed cheeks, painting her face in a glistening mask of his cum.

Some dripped down onto her bouncing breasts, splattering across her brown skin, sliding into her cleavage, coating her nipples in sticky white strands.

Abigaille's pussy also clenched, her body trembling as she felt his cum mark her, the filthy act pushing her to the edge of her own climax, her thighs slick with her own arousal.

She then licked her lips, savoring the taste of him, her cum-streaked face glowing with shame and ecstasy.

"Kafi.." She whispered, her voice trembling as she looked up at him, her eyes shimmering with love and lust. "You're so bad...covering me like this, making Mommy your dirty little cum slut."

Her fingers trailed across her breasts, smearing his cum over her nipples, teasing them as she moaned softly, her pussy throbbing, desperate for release.

Kafka leaned forward, his hand cupping her chin, his thumb smearing his cum across her cheek, spreading it over her lips.

"You're simply divine, Mom." He murmured, his voice low and satisfied, his eyes drinking in the sight of her face and tits coated in his release, her body trembling with need. "My dirty, beautiful mother, all mine."

Abigaille's heart raced, her body humming with the aftershocks of their act, the taboo thrill of Olivia's proximity making every sensation sharper, more intense.

She leaned into his touch, her cum-covered face nuzzling his hand, a soft moan escaping her as she surrendered to the moment.

"I'm yours, Kafi...." She whispered, her voice thick with devotion. "...Always yours."

The living room, the couch, the distant threat of the bedroom door—it all faded, leaving only the heat of their bodies, the slick, sticky evidence of their lust, and the unbreakable, forbidden bond that tied them together in this dangerous, intoxicating dance.

While these two were caught in their erotic moment, Olivia on the other waited patiently inside, praying to God that she hasn't actually hurt her son and that he didn't hate her too much for what she had done, thinking that the reason Abigaille was taking so long to talk to him was because she was trying to calm his rage towards her, not even having a clue that her son was getting a tit-job from his one mother...

#### Chapter 626: Formal Introduction

Abigaille knelt before Kafka, her face glistening with his thick, sticky cum, streaks of it dripping from her cheeks, her lips, her forehead, and pooling in the deep valley of her cleavage. Her heavy breasts, slick with his release, heaved with each ragged breath, her purple nipples still hard from the intensity of their taboo act.

She then reached up, her fingers trembling slightly as she wiped the cum from her face, smearing it across her skin before licking her fingers clean, savoring the salty taste with a soft, submissive



moan. Her eyes flicked up to Kafka, who was also busy tucking his softening cock back into his jeans, his satisfied grin a stark contrast to the flustered heat in her cheeks.

"Olivia...She didn't see much." Abigaille said, her voice low and breathy as she stood, adjusting her top to cover her cum-covered breasts. "The angle she mostly saw was your back, Kafi, and you so close to me. And since she didn't see much, I just told her you were just helping me blow something out of my eye, nothing else."

Kafka zipped up his jeans, his brow arching with skepticism. "Helping you blow something out of your eye? That's your excuse?" He chuckled, shaking his head. "Not exactly the award-worthy I was expecting, Mom. You think she bought that?"

Abigaille's lips curved into a wry smile, her fingers still wiping at the cum on her chin, her tongue darting out to catch a stray drop.

"Of course she did." She said, as she rolled her eyes. "Olivia's cautious with strangers, downright paranoid sometimes, but with family? With friends?...She's too trusting, Kafi. Way too trusting. She ate it up without a second thought."

Her smile widened, a hint of mischief in her eyes.

"...She also feels so guilty right now, so she'd probably believe anything I say."

Kafka's eyes glinted with intrigue, a sly grin spreading across his face as he leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees.

"Wait a sec. So you're saying if I fed her some kind of lie, she'd just...swallow it? No questions asked?"

Abigaille nodded, her expression softening as she smoothed her top, the fabric clinging to her slick skin. "Right now? Absolutely. She feels so awful about what she did—almost stabbing you, Kafi, that she wouldn't dare doubt you."

"...She'd believe anything her son says, no matter how wild."

Her eyes narrowed slightly, catching the suspicious glint in his gaze, the way his grin turned calculating.

"Kafi..." She said, her voice wary. "What are you thinking? What's going on in that head of yours?"

Kafka shook his head, his smile innocent but laced with mischief.

"Nothing, Mom. Nothing at all. Just...thinking about how I'm gonna get close to Mom Olivia, that's all. Gotta make up for lost time, right?"

Abigaille let out a heavy sigh, her hands on her hips as she got up gave him a stern look.

"You can get as close to her as you want, Kafi, if that's what she wants too. But don't bully her, okay? She's got that icy exterior, but inside, she's fragile...More than you'd think."

Kafka chuckled, leaning back on the couch, his arms spread across the backrest.

"Oh, I'm not poking that beast unless I want another knife aimed at my heart. Learned my lesson there." His tone turned more serious, his gaze flicking toward the bedroom door. "But what about us? Our...relationship. What do we do about that? Are we telling her about this?"

He gestured between them, his voice low, the weight of their taboo relationship hanging in the air.

Abigaille's wry smile returned, tinged with uncertainty as she crossed her arms, her breasts still partially exposed under her stretched top.

"I...I don't know, Kafi. I have no idea how Olivia would take it. She's open-minded, but this? It's a lot. For now, we keep it quiet. Let her settle back into the family, get comfortable...We can't spring this on her right away."

Her voice turned firm, her eyes locking onto his.

"And that means no funny business when she's around, Kafi. No getting too close to me, no...this." She gestured to her cum-smear on her face, her tone a full of warning and fluster.

But in response, Kafka stood, closing the distance between them in a single step, his hands finding her hips and sliding down to grope her fat, juicy ass, squeezing the plump cheeks with a possessive grin.

"Impossible, Mom." He said, his voice low and teasing. "How am I supposed to keep my hands off when I've got a mother this sexy?" His fingers dug into her ass, pulling her closer, his cock already stirring again in his pants.

Abigail's cheeks burned, a flustered gasp escaping her as she swatted his hands away, stepping back.

"Kafi, stop it!" She scolded, her voice trembling with both arousal and resolve. "I'm serious. We can't risk Olivia catching us again. I don't want a repeat of today—or worse, her walking in on us in bed."

"...If you dare misbehave, I-I'll make sure that you never get to lay a finger on your mother again."

But instead of panicking like she expected him to, Kafka bent down to her level, his teasing smile widening as he leaned in, his breath hot against her ear.

"Oh, Mom." He murmured, his voice a seductive taunt. "Who do you think is gonna suffer more if we're getting a little intimate, huh? Me...or you?"

His hand brushed her thigh, grazing the edge of her soaked panties, making her shiver.

"...You'll be the one who'll be craving it, dreaming about my cock, won't you?"

Abigail's blush deepened, her thighs squeezing together as a flood of heat surged through her lower half.

She knew he was right, her body was already aching for his touch, her dreams haunted by the feel of his cock, his hands, his lips. But she couldn't admit it, not now.

"You, obviously..." She said, her voice defiant despite the tremor in it. "You're the one who can't control himself."

She stepped back, pointing a finger at him, her face still flushed.

"So, behave, Kafi. I mean it. Act normal around Olivia, don't scare her, and don't do anything to make this worse. I'm going to get her now, bring her out. You stay here and...get ready to meet her, I guess."

Kafka's smile was reluctant, but he nodded, leaning back against the couch with a dramatic sigh.

"Fine, fine. I'll be a good boy...for now."

His eyes twinkled with mischief, but he raised his hands in surrender, watching as Abigaille adjusted her top one last time, wiping the last traces of cum from her face with a tissue before turning toward the bedroom.

She paused at the door, glancing back at him, her expression a mix of sternness and lingering desire. "I'm serious, Kafi. No trouble." Then, with a deep breath, she knocked softly and called. "Olivia? It's me." before slipping inside, the door closing behind her with a quiet click.

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And not long after, the bedroom door creaked open, and Abigaille stepped out, her expression full of cautious optimism and lingering exhaustion.

Seeing her come out, Kafka sat up on the couch, his eyes snapping to her, but his breath caught when he saw Olivia trailing right behind her.

The sight was almost comical—Olivia, with her icy, commanding presence, her raven-black hair and piercing blue eyes, looked like a mighty black panther hiding behind a cute little bunny.

Despite her formidable exterior, she was visibly shrinking behind Abigaille, her shoulders hunched, her gaze darting nervously toward Kafka as if he were a stranger she feared confronting.

It was absurd, Kafka thought, his dismay mingling with amusement—his own mother, who'd nearly stabbed him through the heart, was now hiding from him like a scared child.

Abigaille then stopped in front of Kafka, Olivia still clinging to her shadow, sneaking quick glances at her son. Her eyes, though wary, glowed with a quiet awe, taking in his transformed appearance—his neat hair, his sharp jawline, the confident ease in his posture.

Even through her guilt and fear, it was clear she was impressed, her heart swelling with pride at how much her boy had changed for the better. But she said nothing, her lips pressed into a tight line, her hands fidgeting at her sides.

Abigaille, noticing Olivia's hesitation, turned with a huff, her patience wearing thin.

"Olivia, come on." She said, her voice firm but tinged with exasperation. "Stop hiding and talk to your son...He's right here."

Olivia whispered something under her breath, her voice too low for Kafka to catch, but it only made Abigaille's irritation flare.

"He's your son, Olivia!" She snapped, her hands on her hips. "Why are you acting so scared? Get over here!"

Before Olivia could protest, Abigaille gave her a gentle but insistent push, nudging her forward until she stood directly in front of Kafka, her face flushed with fluster, her eyes wide with uncertainty.

Olivia froze, her towering presence diminished as she faced her son. Kafka's easy, amused smile only made her more uneasy, his relaxed demeanor impossible for her to read.

She glanced back at Abigaille, desperate to retreat behind her again, but Abigaille's frustrated glare pinned her in place.

There was no escape, so Olivia finally took a deep, shaky breath, bracing herself, and finally locked eyes with Kafka, her expression shifting into something oddly formal, almost detached.

And then to Kafka and Abigaille's utter shock, who were both expecting her to say something warm and motherly, Olivia extended her hand, her posture straightening as if she were at a boardroom meeting.

"Olivia...Olivia Vanitas." She said in a crisp, business-like tone, her voice steady but devoid of warmth, like she was introducing herself to a corporate partner. "It's...a pleasure to meet you."

Kafka's jaw dropped, his eyes widening in disbelief.

Abigaille's mouth fell open, and before she could stop herself, she let out an exasperated scoff and swatted Olivia's plump, juicy ass with a playful smack, the sound echoing in the quiet living room.

Slap!~

"Olivia, what in the world are you doing?" She cried, her voice a full of incredulity and amusement. "Who introduces themselves to their own son like they're pitching a business deal?"

Olivia spun around, her cheeks flushing a faint pink, her icy facade cracking as she blinked in surprise.

"W-What's wrong?" She asked, genuinely confused. "I'm...I'm introducing myself to my son. That's how it's done, isn't it?"

Abigaille threw her hands up, her tone veering into disbelief as she gestured wildly at Kafka.

"No, it's not! Who in their right mind shakes hands with their own kid like he's some client? Look at him, Olivia!" She pointed at Kafka, who sat there looking confused, like his mother was trying to sell him a share. "He's your son, not some stranger buying your company! Look at how confused he looks right now!"

Olivia shuffled closer to Abigaille, her voice dropping to a whisper, though Kafka could hear every word clearly.

"I can't help it, Abi." She hissed, her hands fidgeting nervously. "It's been so long since I've seen him, and he looks...so different. He's not the scruffy little Kafi I remember. He's all...grown up, and handsome, and I don't know how to talk to him anymore."

"...I-I just genuinely forgot how to be his mom. And after what I did, a-almost killing him, I don't know what to do!"

Abigaille facepalmed, her hand slapping against her forehead with a dramatic thud as she groaned.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Olivia." She muttered in an exasperated manner, thinking that her best friend really was a hopeless case.

Kafka on the other hand, catching the strained dynamic, leaned forward, his grin softening into something more reassuring as he raised a hand.

"Okay, Mom, if it's that hard for you, I can start us off." He offered, his voice warm and teasing. "I'll break the ice, no problem."

Olivia's eyes lit up instantly, a flicker of relief crossing her face, her icy exterior melting just a fraction as she latched onto the idea like a lifeline.

But before she could nod, Abigaille's voice cut through, sharp and unyielding.

"Not at all!" She declared, stepping forward with a stern look, her hands planted on her hips. "Olivia, you need to learn how to talk to your son properly. You're his mother, not some stranger."

"...You're starting this, and that's final."

Olivia's shoulders slumped, a soft whimper escaping her lips, her formidable presence reduced to that of a pitiful puppy under Abigaille's unrelenting gaze. She glanced at Kafka, then back at Abigaille, her blue eyes wide with nervousness, but Abigaille showed no mercy.

She gave Olivia another gentle push, nudging her closer to Kafka.

"Talk to him, Olivia." She said, her tone firm but encouraging. "Like any mother would after not seeing her son for so long. Just say what's in your heart, what you're thinking. That's enough."

Olivia swallowed hard, her hands fidgeting at her sides, her breath shaky as she realized there was no escape. She had no choice but to face her son, to speak her truth.

Kafka watched her, his expression curious but patient, wondering what she'd say next, while Olivia's gaze settled on his dark eyes that seemed so magnetic—looking so different from the little boy she'd left behind.

And then finally after building her courage, her voice emerged, soft and hesitant but unmistakably motherly, laced with a warmth she hadn't shown until now.

"Kafi..." She began, her voice trembling slightly. "It's...It's been a while, hasn't it? I-I'm so glad I finally get to see you. All this time, ever since I last saw you, I've wanted to be here, with you and Abi."

Her words gained a touch of strength, her eyes softening as she spoke.

"Every day I worked, every moment I spent in the city, I thought of you both. Of coming home, reuniting with our family...I-It's what kept me going."

Abigaille, standing to the side, nodded proudly, her lips curving into a warm smile as she watched Olivia find her footing. The sight of her best friend opening up, even slowly, was a victory after the chaos of the day.

Olivia, noticing Abigaille's approval, felt a spark of confidence. She straightened slightly, her gaze lingering on Kafka's face, drinking in the changes she'd missed.

"I...I was so surprised to see you like this."

She continued, her voice steadier now, though still tinged with shyness.

"When I left, you were my little boy, Kafi. You didn't know much about taking care of yourself, always a bit of a mess." A faint smile tugged at her lips, her eyes glowing with affection. "But now? Look at you. You're so handsome, so grown up. I can't believe it."

"...My little boy, he's grown into a man now."



As she spoke, her emotions swelled, and almost unconsciously, her hands began to rise, drawn toward Kafka's head as if to pat it, a maternal instinct she hadn't indulged in years.

Her fingers hovered, trembling, but then embarrassment hit, her cheeks flushing as she realized what she was doing.

She started to pull back, her eyes darting away, but before she could retreat, Kafka's hand shot out, gently catching hers.

And then then to her surprise, he guided her hand to his head, pressing her palm against his soft hair, his smile warm and inviting.

"You were gonna pat my head, right?" He asked, his voice light but sincere. "Go for it."

Olivia blinked, her breath catching, her hand frozen against his head.

"I...I wasn't sure if I could." She admitted, her voice barely above a whisper. "You never liked it before, when you were younger."

Kafka's grin widened, his eyes twinkling with reassurance.

"That was the old me, Mom Olivia. Forget that version, as the guy in front of you? He'd love some headpats from his mom. Go on, I'm all yours."

Her heart swelled at his words, a rush of warmth flooding through her as she realized just how much her son had changed—not just in appearance, but in spirit.

The sullen, distant boy she'd known was gone, replaced by this open, confident man who welcomed her touch.

Tenderly at first, she began to pat his head, her fingers threading through his hair, rubbing gently.

The sensation was soothing, familiar, and a soft laugh escaped her as she found herself enjoying it, her earlier nervousness easing with each stroke.

Abigail watched from the side, her smile widening, a lump forming in her throat as she witnessed the wholesome moment. Her eyes shimmered with unshed tears, her heart full at the sight of Kafka and Olivia reconnecting after so long...

Chapter 627: Elastic Cannonballs

Olivia's fingers continued to thread gently through Kafka's hair, her hesitant pats growing more confident as the warmth of the moment enveloped them.

But as Olivia's hand moved, a sudden realization hit her, her eyes widening with a flicker of guilt. She froze, her breath catching, and her voice rushed out in a flustered, apologetic tumble.

"Kafi, I...I forgot to say that I-I'm so sorry."

She stammered, her hand pausing on his head, her cheeks flushing a soft pink.

"You know, for...for trying to stab you. I didn't mean to, I swear. In that moment, I couldn't recognize you, and my body just...reacted. One second I was looking at you, and the next, I had a knife in my hand, jumping at you."

"...I didn't know what I was doing, and I'm so, so sorry."

Kafka's lips curved into a gentle, amused smile, his eyes twinkling as he met her gaze.

"It was a bit scary, I'll admit..." He said, his tone light but honest. "...seeing my own mom coming at me like she was ready to end me." Olivia's blush deepened, her eyes darting away in embarrassment, but he continued, his voice softening. "But honestly? I'm glad, Mom. Knowing you'd go that far—ready to kill to protect Mom, to protect our family."

"...It shows you'd do the same for me. That means a lot."

Olivia's eyes widened, biting her lips as she processed his words. The understanding in his voice, the lack of resentment, caught her off guard, her heart swelling with relief and gratitude.

"You...You really mean that, Kafi?" She whispered, her icy facade melting further, her hand trembling slightly against his hair. "You really don't mind what I did?"

Kafka nodded, his grin widening.

"Yeah, I do. But, you know, there's no need for you to go killing for me. I can handle myself just fine."

He then leaned in closer, his voice dropping to a whisper, his breath warm against her ear.

"And between you and me, if there's any killing to be done in this family, I'm the one handling it, okay? Leave that to me."

Olivia blinked, a flicker of confusion crossing her face at his words. The cryptic edge to his tone, the dark humor she couldn't quite grasp, made her think he was joking, though something about it sent a shiver down her spine.

She opened her mouth to ask what he meant, but before she could, Abigail stepped forward, her voice cutting through the moment with a face full of exasperation and warmth.

"Alright, enough with the apologizing nonsense!" She declared, her hands on her hips. "We're past that now, Liv. Let's move on."

She then looked at Olivia with a sharp look, her smile teasing but expectant.

"But you are forgetting to do one main thing every family member does when they see someone they love after a long time."

Olivia turned to her, her expression utterly clueless, her blue eyes blinking in confusion.

"What...What do you mean?" She asked, her voice hesitant, like a student unsure of the right answer.

Abigail's exasperation flared, her hands gesturing wildly. "Oh, come on, Liv! What did we used to do back in college, every time we saw each other after a long break?"

Olivia's brow furrowed, and to Kafka and Abigail's utter disbelief, she answered with a straight face. "Sync one another's class schedules, so that both of you would have the same classes with one another?"

Abigail's jaw dropped, a laugh bursting out of her as she threw her hands up.

"Sync classes?! Olivia, are you serious right now?"

She shook her head, her tone veering into disbelief.

"No, you dork! A hug! You hug your family when you haven't seen them in forever! Every mother needs to feel her son's warmth every once in a while!"

Olivia's cheeks flushed a deep pink, her eyes widening as she turned to Kafka, then back to Abigail, panic flickering in her gaze.

"A hug?" She squeaked, her voice trembling with nervousness. "Isn't...Isn't that too soon? I'm not ready for a hug, Abi!"

Abigail rolled her eyes, her smile softening despite her frustration.

"It's just a hug, Liv. Not a big deal. It's not like I'm asking you to grab his to grab onto his dick or something—"

Her words cut off abruptly, her eyes widening in horror as she realized what she'd said.

The crude phrase slipped out before she could stop it, a product of her recent intimacy with Kafka, and she froze, her face turning crimson as she clapped both hands over her mouth, mortified.

Hearing this absurd statement come from her ever-so-innocent friend's mouth made Olivia's head whip around, her eyes narrowing as if she thought she'd misheard.

"W-What did you just say?" She asked, her voice a full of shock and confusion, her composure faltering.

But luckily for Abigaille, Kafka, sensing the disaster about to unfold, jumped in with lightning speed, his voice quick and reassuring as he spread his arms wide, a broad grin on his face.

"It's just a hug, Mom! Come on, give me one!" He stood, his posture open and inviting, his hands beckoning her forward. "I'm waiting right here. Don't leave me hanging."

Olivia hesitated, her gaze flickering between Kafka's outstretched arms and Abigaille's mortified expression. She wanted to press Abigaille about what she'd heard...grab his dick?

But Kafka's warmth, his willingness to embrace her, was disarming.

In the past, he'd shied away from physical affection, even swatting her hand when she tried to pat his back. But now, here he was, practically begging for a hug, his smile genuine and open. The sight of him, so changed, so accepting, pushed her doubts aside.

"Is...Is it really okay?" She asked timidly, her hands fidgeting as she took a cautious step forward. "You're sure you want a hug?"

Kafka's grin widened, his arms still spread. "Why else would I be standing like this? Come on, Mom, don't make me beg. Hurry up, or you're gonna miss your chance for hugs forever."

Olivia's hesitation crumbled under the weight of Kafka's inviting grin, his arms spread wide, his playful threat ringing in her ears.

With a sudden burst of courage, she launched herself forward, closing the distance in a single, eager jump, her arms outstretched to envelop her son in the hug she'd dreamed of for years.

Abigaille and Kafka both braced for the heartfelt embrace, their smiles widening as they thought Olivia was finally ready to show her love.

But what happened next was so shockingly unexpected it left them both reeling.

As Olivia collided with Kafka, it wasn't her arms that made first contact—it was her massive, impossibly firm breasts, jutting out at least a foot from her body, straining against the tight fabric of her office suit.

The sheer size and elasticity of them turned the hug into a catastrophe.

The moment her breasts pressed against Kafka's chest, they didn't simply mold to him—they absorbed the force of her lunge like a coiled spring, building up an elastic energy that was almost cartoonishly powerful.

Instead of wrapping Kafka in a warm embrace, her breasts acted like a force field, rebounding with such force that they launched him backward.

And just like that, Kafka flew through the air, his arms flailing, his expression a horrible blend of shock and hilarity as he sailed a good few feet before crashing onto the floor with a thud, bouncing once before coming to a stop.

The sight was so absurd it froze the room in stunned silence, the wholesome moment shattered by this bizarre mishap.

Abigaille's jaw dropped, her eyes wide as she stared at Kafka sprawled on the ground, then whipped her head toward Olivia, who stood frozen in her hugging pose, her arms still outstretched, her face a mask of utter confusion.

"Olivia!" Abigaille exclaimed, unable to believe what she had just witnessed. "What in the world are you doing? I know you're flustered about seeing Kafi, and you're panicking, but there's no need to shove him like that!"

Olivia's hands flew all over the place in a panic, her cheeks flushing a deep pink as she shook her head frantically.

"I didn't push him!" She protested, her voice high with panic. "I don't know what happened! He just...flew away! It doesn't make any sense!"

Abigaille's hands went to her hips, her brow furrowing as she stared at Olivia.

"Flew away? What do you mean he just flew away? It's not like you've got some superpower that sends people soaring across the room!"

Olivia's eyes darted between Kafka's prone form and Abigaille's incredulous glare, her voice trembling.

"I-I don't know, Abi! It happened so fast, I couldn't even see it! One second I was hugging him, and the next he was...gone! I-I didn't do anything, I swear!"

Before Abigaille could fire back, Kafka stirred, a low chuckle escaping him as he slowly pushed himself up, rubbing the back of his head.

"Alright, alright, let's not fight." He said, his voice laced with amusement as he waved a hand to calm them. "It's fine, Mom. It wasn't Mom's fault...not exactly."

Seeing her baby boy on the ground, Abigaille rushed to his side, her hands gentle but firm as she helped him to his feet, her eyes scanning him for injuries.

"Not her fault?" She repeated, her tone skeptical as she steadied him. "Then whose fault was it, Kafi? How the hell did you end up flying across the room like you got hit by a wrecking ball?"

Kafka stood, brushing himself off, his grin widening as he glanced at Olivia, who was still frozen, her face in utter panic and confusion. He thought for a moment, then let out another chuckle, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

"Well, it is kinda her fault..."

He said, pointing at Olivia, who gasped, her hands clutching her chest as if she'd been accused of a crime.

"...But not her. It was her dress...or, more specifically, what's in the dress."

Abigaille and Olivia both froze, their eyes narrowing as they followed his gaze. Kafka, completely unabashed, pointed directly at Olivia's massive breasts, which strained against her suit like twin mountains, their size and firmness impossible to ignore.

"Those..." He said, his voice dripping with shameless amusement. "Those breasts of her. Those pair of tits were what launched me."

"...They're so big, so tight, so damn firm, when they hit my chest, it was like getting smacked by a couple of elastic cannonballs. That's what sent me flying."

#### Chapter 628: Strange Customs

Olivia stood frozen, her face a mask of absolute shock as Kafka's shameless words hung in the air.

Her son—her own son, had just pointed at her massive, straining breasts and called them out, describing their size and firmness with a brazenness that left her reeling.

No mother expected to hear such blunt, almost crude commentary from her child, and her cheeks burned a deep crimson, her hands instinctively moving to cover her chest as if she could shield herself from the embarrassment.

She opened her mouth, ready to what the hell he was saying to his own mother when she noticed Abigail's expression shift. Expecting her partner as a parent to reprimand Kafka for his inappropriate remark, Olivia braced herself, hoping Abigail would steer the conversation back to safer ground.

But to her utter disbelief, Abigail did no such thing.

Instead, her eyes widened, her gaze locking onto Olivia's breasts with exasperation and incredulous amusement, as if they were indeed the weapons Kafka had claimed.

"Olivia, how could you?" Abigail exclaimed, her voice dripping with exaggerated indignation as she threw her hands up. "First, you try to kill him with a knife, and now you're sending him flying across the room with those...Those obnoxious breasts of yours!"

Olivia's jaw dropped, her fluster deepening as she realized Abigail was not only failing to scold Kafka but joining in on his absurd reasoning.

"W-What are you talking about?" She sputtered, her voice high with panic, her hands flailing as she tried to make sense of the situation. "Why are we talking about my breasts like they're weapons? This is ridiculous!"

But Abigail only stepped forward, her lips twitching with a barely suppressed grin as she closed the distance between them.



"Oh, they're weapons, Liv, don't you dare deny it."

She said, her tone teasing but edged with a playful awe. She then reached out, and to Olivia's shock, her hands landed on Olivia's massive breasts, groping them with an intimate, almost reverent touch.

"When you've got tits this huge, so big they're probably carrying half your body weight..." Her fingers squeezed the firm, elastic mounds, making them jiggle under her suit. "...it's only natural they act like bouncy balls, sending a full man like Kafi flying across the room!"

Olivia's face turned an even deeper shade of red, her breath catching as Abigaille's hands continued to knead her breasts, her touch bold and unapologetic.

"Abi!" She squeaked, her voice full of panic and embarrassment. "What are you doing? Stop that!"

Even though she was used to a certain level of intimacy with Abigaille—her best friend and partner, she'd never been groped so blatantly, especially not in front of Kafka.

Her eyes darted to her son, who stood there, his grin wide and unabashed, watching the scene unfold with intrigue and something darker, a glint of interest that made her stomach twist with unease.

Abigaille, undeterred and caught in the moment, kept groping, her fingers sinking into the soft, firm flesh as she marveled aloud.

"I mean, I always knew they had some power, Liv. Every time we hugged, I could feel this...pushing force, like I was being repelled. But I never thought they'd actually launch someone! These things are lethal!"

She gave Olivia's breasts another playful squeeze, making them bounce, her laughter bubbling up as she shook her head in disbelief.

Olivia's panic spiked, her hands hovering uselessly as she tried to process the absurdity of the moment.

"This...This isn't funny, Abi!" She protested, her voice trembling. "And Kafi's right there! He shouldn't be seeing this!"

Her eyes flicked to Kafka again, who was now leaning casually against the couch, his arms crossed, his grin only growing wider as he watched Abigaille fondle his other mother. The sight of him so unfazed, so entertained, sent a wave of confusion through her.

Abigaille was also usually so responsible, so careful about setting boundaries around Kafka—how could she be acting like this, groping her in such an intimate, almost provocative way right in front of him? What was going on in this household?

Abigaille, caught in the moment, also finally registered Olivia's panicked expression. A jolt of realization hit her—she'd let her intimacy with Kafka, their taboo connection, and how she normally behaved with the other girls around blur her judgment, making her forget the boundaries she should uphold in front of Olivia.

Her hands froze on Olivia's breasts, her face flushing as she yanked them back, her mind scrambling for an excuse.

"I...uh..." She stammered, her voice faltering as no plausible explanation came to mind.

Groping her best friend's breasts in front of their son was undeniably inappropriate, and the panic in her chest tightened she couldn't let Olivia suspect the truth about her and Kafka, not on the day of their reunion.

But just as Kafka was watching this scene with a hint of mischief in his eyes, wanting to know how exactly her mother was going to escape from the situation she put herself in and what absurd reason she was going to use to excuse herself, a request suddenly came from the gods above.

Ding~

[The God of Destiny Uriel sends a request: Save your mother Abigaille from embarrassing situation she put herself in and convince your mother Olivia that such intimacy between a mother and son was fine]

[Successfully fulfill the request and gain the Gods satisfaction and approval]

[Fail the given request and be crushed under the weight of the Auroras of Destiny]

'Hmm...It seems like the gods don't really want to see my mother suffering to much and want to save her...And, I was going to spin up a story nonetheless, so this request shouldn't be too hard I guess, unless my mother is dead set on not believing what I say.'

So, before Abigail could cobble together a defense, Kafka stepped in, seizing the opportunity to steer the conversation and to make a story full-proof enough that it saved his life

"No, Mom...It's fine." He said as he looked at Olivia, his grin casual but his eyes sharp, reading the room with practiced ease. "It's not big deal whatsoever. Even if I saw something like that, it's not a problem. I'm not some kid who's gonna freak out over a little...touching."

Olivia's jaw dropped, her outrage mingling with confusion as she whirled to face him.

"W-What are you talking about, Kafi?" She demanded, her voice rising with disbelief. "It's not okay for you to see something like that! It's...It's inappropriate for a son to watch his mother—his mothers, being touched like that!"

"...And to act like it's no big deal? Why would you even say that?" Her cheeks bumed, her hands gesturing wildly as she struggled to articulate her shock.

Abigail's heart pounded, a wave of panic surging through her. Olivia's questions were veering dangerously close to exposing the secret she and Kafka shared.

She'd wanted this day to be a wholesome reunion, not a horrible unraveling of their taboo relationship. Her mind raced, searching for a way to defuse the situation, but Kafka, ever quick on his feet, flashed a disarming smile, his tone effortlessly casual, as if he'd anticipated this exact moment.

"You're right, Mom." He said, his voice calm and conciliatory, his hands raised in a placating gesture. "It's totally inappropriate for a son to see that kind of thing, or to make comments about his mom's...assets, like I did earlier."

He nodded toward her, his expression sincere enough to ease her suspicion, though Olivia's brow furrowed, unsure where he was going.

"But here's the thing, that kind of logic, that common sense? It applies everywhere else. But not here."

"...Not in this village."

Olivia blinked, her outrage giving way to intrigue, her head tilting as she processed his words.

"What...What do you mean?" She asked, her voice softening, curiosity piqued. "What's so different about this place?"

Abigail's eyes widened, a flicker of confusion crossing her face. She knew Kafka was spinning a tale, a clever deflection to cover their tracks, but she stayed silent, trusting him to navigate the moment.

Kafka took a step forward, his grin turning storyteller-like, his voice taking on a dramatic cadence. "Before I get to the main issue, Mom, you gotta understand the history of this town."

"Way, way back, hundreds of years ago, when there was no electricity, no cars, and people had to hunt for their food, this place was just a tiny village. Maybe fifty houses, tops, completely cut off from the rest of the world."

Olivia leaned forward slightly, her nerdy side kicking in, her love of history drawing her into the story despite her earlier shock.

"Cut off? Why?" She asked, her voice genuinely curious.

Kafka gestured toward the window, where the distant peaks of the surrounding mountains loomed.

"This village is stuck in a valley, surrounded by a massive mountain range—treacherous paths, steep cliffs, dense forests. It's a long, brutal drive to the city even now, right? Back then, it was damn near impossible to leave on foot. And it wasn't just the terrain."

"The areas around here were crawling with danger—wild animals, predators that'd take you out without a second thought. Beautiful birds, sure, but also tigers prowling the mountains, bears that'd rip you apart if you crossed their path."

Olivia nodded, her eyes wide as she pictured it. She remembered the allure of this place when they'd chosen to settle here—not the danger, but the raw, untamed beauty, the closeness to nature.

"That makes sense." She said softly. "It's why we picked this spot, isn't it? The nature, the isolation."

"Exactly." Kafka said, his voice smooth, drawing her deeper into his tale. "But back then, that isolation was a double-edged sword. The villagers rarely left. It was too risky, so they did everything within the village walls—farming, crafting, living. Staying safe."

"...But they couldn't stay locked up forever. They needed food, meat, resources. So it fell to the men of each household to go out and hunt."

Olivia's expression softened, her curiosity growing though a flicker of sadness crossed her face as she sensed where the story was heading.

"That sounds....dangerous." She murmured.

Kafka nodded, his tone grave.

"It was. The outside world was brutal. Men went out to hunt, but too often, they didn't come back. A leopard, a wolf, a misstep on a cliff—too many met an unfortunate end. The village was small, and losing men like that...It hit hard."

Olivia gasped softly, her fascination with history mingling with genuine empathy for the imagined villagers.

"That's awful." She said, her voice trembling. "So many families, losing their men like that.."

Abigaille, standing to the side, bit her lip, her confusion deepening. She knew Kafka was weaving a lie, a clever fabrication to deflect Olivia's suspicions, but she couldn't figure out his endgame.

Kafka took another step forward, his eyes locked on Olivia's, his voice dropping to a whisper.

"That's where the culture of this place comes in, Mom. See, with so many men lost, the village had to adapt. They developed...unique customs to survive, to keep the community strong. Customs that are still around today, even if the village is a town now."

"...Customs that might seem strange to outsiders like us, but here? They're normal. Expected, even."

Olivia leaned in, her curiosity now a burning flame, her earlier shock about the breast incident forgotten as Kafka's tale of the village's history held her captive.

"What kind of customs, Kafi?...What sort of wierd customs are you talking about?"

She asked, her pure intrigue about the details pulling her deeper into his story...

Chapter 629: I've Seen Her Naked

Kafka's grin widened, his eyes glinting with the thrill of spinning his elaborate lie, knowing he had Olivia hooked and Abigaille on edge. He then continued speaking, his tone measured but dramatic, like a bard recounting an ancient saga.

"See, Mom, back in those days, the village had a serious problem. The men kept dying hunted by predators, lost to the mountains, taken out by accidents. It happened so often that the women far outnumbered the men. The population was lopsided, and it was a real threat to the village's survival."

Olivia's brow furrowed, her analytical mind kicking in.

"That's...Interesting." She said, her voice thoughtful. "But how does that connect to what you were saying earlier? About...it being okay to see certain things?"

Kafka raised a hand, his smile reassuring but teasing. "Hold on, I'm getting there. Don't get hasty."

"The point is, with so few men and so many women, it created a crisis. The village was small, and if the population kept shrinking, they'd face extinction...It was a real problem."

Olivia nodded, her curiosity undeterred.

"That makes sense, I suppose. But...if there were so few men, why didn't the women just remarry? Widowed women—they could marry the remaining men in the village, couldn't they? That's how it's always been, even in ancient times. It's not uncommon for a widow to take another husband."

Kafka's eyes twinkled, as if he'd been waiting for the question.

"You're absolutely right, Mom." He said, like he were her teacher teaching her a history lesson. "That's what you'd expect. But here's where it gets weird...This village? They were obsessed with something they called 'purity of bloodlines. They didn't allow women to remarry outside their family."

"To them, keeping the family line pure was everything. Marrying someone else, even another man in the village, was seen as immoral, almost evil. It was against their core beliefs."

Olivia's mouth opened slightly, her shock evident as she processed the idea.

"But...how could they sustain the village like that? If women couldn't remarry, the population would collapse. That's unsustainable."

Kafka's chuckle was awkward, his gaze flicking to Abigail for a split second before returning to Olivia.

"That's where the main issue comes in." He said, his voice dropping down like he was saying something that couldn't be spoken out loud. "To maintain the purity of the bloodline and keep the population stable, the village came up with...a unique solution."

"...That is, when a woman lost her husband, she'd...well, she'd tie up with her son. He'd step into the husband's role, become her partner in every sense..."

"...They'd go from mother and son to...husband and wife."

Hearing this shocking statement, Olivia let out a sharp gasp, her hand flying to her chest as her eyes widened in disbelief.

"That's unbelievable!" She exclaimed, her voice a full of shock and morbid curiosity. "I've never heard of anything like that! How....how far did these relationships go?"

Her intrigue pushed her to ask, though her cheeks flushed at the taboo implications, her mind racing to understand the extent of this supposed custom.

Kafka, utterly shameless, leaned forward, his grin unwavering. "All the way, Mom. As far as it gets."

"People in the village would hear moans coming from a house where only a mother and son lived. And then nine months later? A baby would show up, even though the husband was long gone."

"...The son took his place in every way possible."

Olivia's face turned scarlet, her hands clutching at her suit as she processed the scandalous image.

"That's...That's horrific!" She stammered, her voice trembling with fascination and disgust. "You're saying they....they had children together? Mothers and sons?"

Abigaille, listening from the side, felt her own cheeks burn, her heart racing as Kafka's story veered into dangerously explicit territory. She stepped forward, her voice sharp but flustered.

"Kafi, you're going too far!" She scolded, her eyes wide with warning. "Dial it back. You don't need to...to get into all that."

Kafka raised his hands in apology, his grin unrepentant.

"Sorry, Mom. You're right. I got carried away. But if I'm gonna explain the full extent of the custom, I gotta be honest, you know?"

He turned back to Olivia, his expression softening but still laced with mischief.



"The point is, whenever a husband died, the son stepped up. He'd maintain the family, provide offspring, keep the bloodline pure. It became a tradition, a heritage, passed down for generations to keep the village thriving."

Olivia, despite her usual skepticism toward strangers, was completely taken in by Kafka's story when it came to her family. Her guilt over nearly killing him made her especially vulnerable, and the sheer audacity of the tale—too preposterous to be a casual lie, convinced her it was true.

Abigaille's silence, her lack of contradiction, only reinforced its legitimacy in Olivia's mind. She stared at Kafka, her mind reeling, and finally asked, her voice hesitant.

"Is...Is this tradition still going on? Here, now?"

But to her immense relief, Kafka shook his head, his smile reassuring.

"Nah, not at all. Those were old practices, Mom. The village is a proper town now, with new people moving in, modern laws, modern morals...Relationships like that? They're as taboo here as anywhere else. The traditions died out a long time ago."

Olivia let out a deep sigh, her shoulders sagging as the tension drained from her body.

"Thank God." She murmured, a nervous laugh escaping her. "That would be...way too weird to live in a place where mothers and sons...ugh, I can't even think about it."

She shuddered, oblivious to the awkward cringe that flashed across Abigaille's face, her own taboo relationship with Kafka suddenly thrown into sharp relief.

Abigaille forced a smile, her heart pounding as she tried to mask her unease. "Y-Yeah, definitely weird...Who would have such a relationship in this day and age?"

Abigaille's forced smile faltered, her heart still racing from Kafka's audacious tale about the village's supposed history of mother-son partnerships. She'd barely managed to keep her composure, her quick glance at Kafka a silent plea to steer the conversation away from dangerous territory.

But Kafka, ever the master of improvisation, wasn't done yet. He leaned forward, his grin easy but his eyes glinting with mischief as he addressed Olivia, who was still reeling from his shocking revelations.

"Now, Mom, don't get too ahead of yourself thinking everything's back to normal." He said, his voice teasing but deliberate. "Even though the whole mother-son 'becoming one' thing is taboo nowadays, a little bit of that tradition's carried on. The heritage of this village runs deep, and it's left mothers and sons here...closer than you'd expect."

"...Way closer than any normal family."

Olivia's eyes widened, a fresh wave of alarm crossing her face as she leaned back, her hands clutching the edge of the couch.

"Closer?" She asked, wanting to know the full story of this town she brought herself to. "What...What do you mean? What kind of traditions are they still following? How different are they from...normal families?"

Kafka's grin widened, sensing her intrigue and leaning into it.

"It's kinda split into two parts." He said, his tone measured so that he could make her understand it better and in a more practical manner. "First, there's the emotional side."

"Mothers and sons here are super open-minded, way more than anywhere else. They talk about stuff—deep stuff, feelings, secrets, that you'd never share with just anyone. They treat each other not just as parent and kid, but as best friends, confidants."

"A son might tell his mom exactly how he's feeling, what's weighing on him, and she'll do the same. It's all about trust, about being raw and honest."

Olivia's expression softened, a flicker of warmth in her eyes as she nodded.

"That...That actually sounds wonderful." She said, her voice softening. "Being that open, that close—it's a good thing, isn't it? I'd love for us to be like that, Kafi, to share everything."

Kafka's smile was genuine for a moment, but then his tone shifted, a sly edge creeping in. "Yeah, it's great. But then there's the physical side. That's where it gets...different."

"Mothers and sons here are open physically, too. Like, really open. Skinship's a big deal—hugs, touches, closeness that'd raise eyebrows anywhere else."

"...It's not even weird for a son to see his mom naked."

Olivia gasped, her face flushing scarlet.

"Naked?!" She exclaimed, unable to even imagine the scenario he was portraying. "That can't be true, Kafi! You're saying it's normal for a son to see his mother...like that?"

Kafka nodded, his expression unfazed, as if discussing the weather. "Yup. Totally normal here. Like, it's not uncommon for a mother and son to go to a hot spring together, strip down, and just...hang out, completely naked. No big deal."

Olivia's jaw dropped, her eyes wide as saucers as she tried to process the scandalous image.

"A hot spring? Naked? Together?" She stammered, her voice trembling. "What kind of village is this? I thought I was moving to a peaceful, nature-loving town, not...not some place where mothers and sons do that!"

Abigaille's face was burning, her hands fidgeting as she stood frozen, knowing Kafka was pushing the lie to its limits. She wanted to interject, to stop him before he went too far, but his confidence held her back, her trust in his ability to navigate the moment warring with her panic.

And just when she thought he couldn't shock Olivia or her any further, Kafka dropped another bombshell.

"In fact, Mom, Mom and I have been to the hot spring together a bunch of times as well. I've seen her naked plenty of times as well."

"...Enough that I could probably draw her body with my eyes closed."

Both women gasped in unison, their reactions starkly different.

Olivia's face was a mask of horror, her mind reeling at the idea of her son being so intimately familiar with Abigail's body.

Abigail, meanwhile, was floored by Kafka's audacity, her cheeks flaming as she shot him a look of pure disbelief.

How could he be so reckless, airing their closeness however fabricated the context in front of Olivia?

Her heart pounded, fearing Olivia would see through the lie and suspect the deeper truth of their taboo relationship, while Olivia's gaze snapped to Abigail, her eyes wide with shock.

"Abi..." She slowly said, her voice trembling. "Is...Is this true? Is what Kafi is saying true?"

"...Have you really gone to a hot spring with Kafi whole being completely n-naked? Tell me the truth."

Chapter 630: Closer Than Family

Hearing Olivia question her, Abigail hesitated, her throat tight as she glanced at Kafka.

His subtle nod, calm and reassuring in return, told her to play along, to trust his plan, so she swallowed hard, her voice timid and barely above a whisper as she turned back to Olivia.

"It's...It's true, Liv." She admitted, her cheeks burning. "What Kafi's saying is correct. We've....We've seen each other's bodies, s-since you know, it's just...part of living here."

Hearing this confession, Olivia's mind seemed to short-circuit, her mouth opening and closing as she struggled to process the scandal unfolding in her family.

"You've...seen each other...naked?" She repeated, her voice faint, her eyes darting between them. "While I was gone, this...this was happening?"

Kafka jumped in, his tone soothing but firm, steering the conversation before Olivia could spiral further.

"Look, Mom, I know it sounds wild. Mom and I were Just as freaked out when we moved here. The traditions, the openness—it was bizarre, totally different from anything we were used to. We even tried to keep our distance, to stick to our own rules."

"But in a small town like this, when everyone else is following these customs and you're not? You stick out. People treat you differently, whisper about you, make you feel like you're the weird one."

Abigail nodded, picking up the thread, her voice steadier now as she followed Kafka's lead.

"It's true, Liv. We felt ostracized, like we didn't belong. The villagers weren't mean, but...they'd give us looks, talk behind our backs. It was lonely. So, eventually, we gave in."

"...We started following some of the customs, just to fit in."

Kafka's expression softened, his voice earnest.

"It was weird at first, no question. The idea of being that open—emotionally, physically with Mom? It felt wrong, unnatural. But over time, it just...became normal."

"Talking about our feelings, sharing secrets, even seeing each other naked at the hot spring—it stopped feeling strange. It made us closer, Mom. Way closer than we ever were before."

Olivia's eyes widened, her shock mingling with a dawning awe as she took in his words.

"Closer?" She asked, her voice soft, almost hopeful.

Kafka nodded, his smile warm. "Yeah. And you know why the reason we're so tight now, compared to how distant we used to be?...It's because of this town, these traditions."

"Being forced to open up, to talk about stuff we'd never share, to be vulnerable with each other—it made us understand each other...Mom knows me better than anyone, and I get her, too. It's been a blessing in disguise, honestly. It's why our family's so strong now."

Abigaille's heart clenched, guilt and relief washing over her. Kafka's lie was a masterstroke, weaving their real closeness into a fictional cultural narrative that Olivia, with her guilt and trust in her son, swallowed whole.

Olivia's expression shifted, her repulsion toward the taboo customs warring with a growing gratitude.

She'd always known Kafka as gloomy, closed-off, a boy who kept his feelings locked away.

But now, seeing him so open, so connected to Abigaille, she couldn't help but feel thankful, even if the means—hot springs, nakedness, extreme intimacy, made her stomach twist.

"That's...incredible, I guess." Olivia said, her voice trembling with awe. "I never thought...I mean, you were always so distant, Kafi. I worried we'd never be close. But now, because of this...strange place, you're like this? So open, so...warm?"

Her eyes shimmered with relief and lingering unease.

"I'm still not sure how I feel about...all of it. The nakedness, the closeness—it's a lot. But if it's made you and Abi this close, I...I'm grateful."

Abigaille forced another smile, her heart still racing as she nodded. "It's been...an adjustment, Liv. But it's brought us together. You'll see, once you settle in, it's not as weird as it sounds."

Abigaille's forced smile trembled at the edges, her heart still hammering from Kafka's audacious fabrication about the village's customs. Her quick glance at him—a silent, desperate plea to rein it in had done little to curb his boldness, but she clung to the relief that their taboo relationship remained hidden, veiled in the elaborate lie he'd spun.

Olivia, however, wasn't ready to let the matter rest. Her brow furrowed, her earlier awe giving way to a lingering unease as she shifted on the couch, her hands clasped tightly in her lap.

"Kafi..." She said hesitantly, her voice soft but edged with doubt. "This...This still feels wrong. I mean, isn't it considered taboo?"

"...Even if it's just openness, seeing each other naked, being so close—doesn't that cross a line?"

But Kafka's grin was easy, unshaken, his eyes glinting with the confidence of someone who'd anticipated the question.

"Not at all, Mom." He said started soothing her nerves down. "It'd only be taboo if the mother or son had feelings for each other—feelings that went beyond what a mother and son should have...That's the line, the real breaking point that'd turn it into something else, something...not familial."

"But here? In this village? Nobody crosses that line. Not the locals, not me. We see our mothers as mothers, nothing more. It's just an open-minded way of living, a closeness that's natural here." He turned to Abigaille, his smile teasing but pointed. "Isn't that right, Mom?"

Abigaille's heart lurched, her cheeks flushing as she caught the subtle challenge in his gaze. She knew the truth—her feelings for Kafka had long since crossed that forbidden line, her body and heart irrevocably entwined with his in ways that shattered every taboo.

But she couldn't let Olivia see that, so swallowing hard, she forced a nod, her voice a touch too high as she played along.

"Of course, Kafi." She said, her fluster barely masked. "There's no way I'd ever have those kinds of feelings for my son. Never, no matter what."

The lie burned in her throat, her mind flashing to the memory of his cock between her breasts, his cum painting her face, but she held Olivia's gaze, praying her partner wouldn't see through the facade.

Kafka nodded, his expression satisfied as he turned back to Olivia, who looked like her mind was caught in a whirlwind of confusion and cautious relief.

"See, Mom? That's why I said it didn't bother me, seeing Mom, touching you like that earlier. After living here, getting used to the village's ways, it's just...normal. Natural even. I don't bat an eye at stuff like that anymore, and you shouldn't either."

His grin widened, a hint of mischief creeping in.

"Give it some time, and you'll be one of us, too. You'll get used to the closeness, the openness. It'll feel right right at home."

Olivia's eyes widened, her breath catching as his words sank in. "One of...us?" She repeated, her voice trembling with intrigue and apprehension.

Her mind raced, conjuring images of what 'closeness' with her son might mean, what boundaries they might push, what lines might blur over time.

The idea of their relationship shifting, becoming something unfamiliar, sent a shiver through her—not entirely of fear, but of a strange, unsettling curiosity.

"What...What exactly do you mean, Kafi? How close are we going to get?"

Kafka's chuckle was light, but his eyes held a knowing glint, as if he could see the gears turning in her head.

"Just close, Mom. Like family, but...deeper. You'll talk to me about stuff you'd never share with anyone else. You'll feel comfortable around me, no walls, no secrets. That's all it is."

His tone was reassuring, but the ambiguity lingered, leaving Olivia to grapple with the implications.

Abigaille, sensing the conversation teetering on the edge of dangerous territory, stepped forward, her smile strained but determined to shift the mood.

"Okay, that's enough village history for one day." She said, her voice bright but firm. "Liv, you're still processing all this, and Kafi, you're gonna give her a heart attack with all this talk."

She clapped her hands, her eyes flicking between them.

"So, we're going to have dinner instead. We're sitting down, catching up like a normal family, no more wild stories about naked hot springs or...whatever else."

"...For now I'll be in the kitchen finishing up dinner and in the mean time, you two can catch up with some...light-hearted topics."



She shot Kafka a sharp look, her warning clear—stop pushing but her relief was tangible. They'd dodged getting exposed again, though the lie was growing more precarious with every word.

Olivia nodded slowly, her mind still spinning, her gaze darting between Kafka and Abigaille as she tried to reconcile the shocking customs with the family she thought she knew.

"Right...Dinner." She murmured, her voice distant. "But...Kafi, you're sure it's just....openness? Nothing...more?"

Kafka's smile was warm, disarming, as he leaned forward, his voice gentle.

"Just openness, Mom. Nothing to worry about. You'll see, once you settle in, it's not as weird as it sounds. It's just...family, done the village way."

His words were carefully chosen, soothing her doubts while leaving just enough ambiguity to keep her intrigued, her curiosity a hook he could tug later.

Abigaille then moved to the kitchen, her hands trembling slightly as she started finishing up dinner as quickly as possible, her mind racing with the weight of Kafka's deception.

His lie had worked—Olivia's trust in her son, amplified by her guilt, had blinded her to the truth, but it was a dangerous game. Every word brought them closer to exposure, and Abigaille knew they couldn't keep spinning tales forever.

She glanced back at the living room, where Olivia was now asking Kafka about his life in the village, her tone slow but eager, and Kafka answered with his usual charm, keeping the conversation light.

The living room hummed with a fragile warmth, Olivia's confusion tempered by her desire to reconnect, to be part of this strangely close family.

The balance was delicate, a house of cards built on deception, and Kafka knew one wrong move could bring it crashing down.

Ding~

[Request Completed: You have earned the God of Destiny Uriel's appreciation and satisfaction]

[The God of Health Fiona wants to know what your mother ate when she was younger to have such large and firm breasts]

[The God of Darkness Sephora finds it hilarious the way you were sent flying]

[The God of Storms Synthia finds you extremely untrustworthy because of how good you are at weaving stories]