

God of Milfs 631

Chapter 631: Making Amends For The Past

Abigaille disappeared into the kitchen, the clink of the pan and the cutting of some vegetables a faint backdrop as Kafka settled back onto the couch, his grin softening into something warm and inviting.

He patted the cushion beside him, his eyes locking onto Olivia's.

"Come on, Mom, sit down." He said, his voice gentle but insistent. "We've got a ton of catching up to do, and we can do it while Mom finishes dinner."

Olivia hesitated, her mind still tangled in the shocking revelations about the village's customs—hot springs, nakedness, and an unnerving closeness between mothers and sons.

Her gaze flickered to Kafka, then to the couch, her hands twisting nervously in her lap. Finally, she nodded, but instead of sitting close to him, she perched on the far end of the sofa, her posture stiff, her massive breasts still straining against her suit as she kept a careful distance.

Kafka tilted his head, his brow furrowing as he wondered why she was sitting a mile away.

"Why're you all the way over there?" He asked, his voice teasing but genuine. "What's wrong with sitting right next to me?"

Olivia's cheeks flushed, her eyes darting to the floor as she fidgeted with the hem of her jacket.

"I...I just wanted to give you some personal space." She said timidly, her voice barely above a whisper. "I didn't want to be...all up in your face. That's why I sat here."

Kafka's grin faltered, a flicker of frustration crossing his face as he leaned forward.

"Personal space? Who said I wanted that?" He asked, his tone light but pointed. "You're thinking of the old me, aren't you? The kid who'd scowl when you sat next to me on the couch watching a movie, or snap at you to get out of my room if you tried to sit on my bed."

"...That's why you're way over there, isn't it?"

Olivia nodded, her blush deepening as she glanced at him, her eyes filled with guilt and uncertainty.

"Yes." She admitted softly. "You...You always hated it when I got too close. You'd push me away, tell me not to invade your space, so I didn't want to make you uncomfortable again."

Kafka rubbed his temples, a headache playing across his face as he shook his head.

"Man, that old Kafi was a real piece of work." He muttered, his tone laced with self-deprecation. "Left a hell of a mess for me to clean up, didn't he?"

He then looked at her, his smile returning, warm and reassuring.

"Listen, Mom, I told you forget that version of me. This town, these weird customs? They changed me. Opened me up, made me...honest about what I want...Back then, I was just too shy, too awkward to handle you getting close. It wasn't about you—it was me, not ready for that kind of connection."

"...But now? I'm different. I want you to sit close. I want us to be close."

Olivia's eyes lifted, a hopeful spark igniting as his words sank in. The doubts and fears swirling in her mind—the strange customs, the unsettling openness faded, replaced by the warmth of his invitation.

"Really?" She asked, her voice trembling with cautious excitement. "You...You really want me to sit next to you? You're not just...forcing yourself to make me feel better?"

Kafka chuckled, patting the cushion right beside him.

"Forcing myself? Nah, Mom, this is me wanting you here. As a matter of fact, while you were gone, Mom and I got so close we'd do more than just sit together. When we watched movies, we'd cuddle up, practically glued to each other, one of us holding the other tight. Felt...right, you know?"

Olivia's jaw dropped, her eyes wide with disbelief.

"Cuddle?" She repeated, unable to believe what he just said. "You...you and Abi cuddled? You, who used to hate me even sitting near you?"

Kafka nodded, his grin widening. "Yup. And get this it wasn't even her idea. Usually, I was the one pulling her close, not the other way around."

Olivia's confusion deepened, her head tilting as she tried to reconcile the distant, prickly boy she'd known with the open, affectionate man before her.

"But...why?" She asked, her voice soft but insistent. "Why are you so different now? Why do you want to be so close when you used to push us away?"

Kafka's expression softened, his voice taking on a rare, earnest tone.

"Because I'm a changed man, Mom. I messed up back then, big time. I pushed you both away, kept you at arm's length, acted like I didn't need you."

"But I was wrong. I see that now, and I'm trying to make up for it. I want to be the best son I can be, to treat you and Mom like you deserve. I've been doing that with her while you were gone—making her happy, being there for her, giving her the son she always should've had."

"...And now that you're back, it's your turn. I want you to feel what it's like to have a son who cares, who loves you, who's not afraid to show it. I owe you that, after all my mistakes."

Olivia's eyes widened, her breath catching as his words hit home. The effort he was putting in, the sincerity in his voice, shattered her lingering doubts. She'd feared he was forcing himself, placating her out of guilt, but the way he spoke, the warmth in his eyes, told her he meant every word.

Her heart swelled, a mix of pride and gratitude washing over her as she realized how much he'd grown, how much he wanted to rebuild their bond.

He leaned closer, his voice dropping to a gentle, almost playful tone.

"So, what do you say, Mom? Wanna cuddle up like I do with Mom? Feel what it's like to be close, really close, like we should've been all along? Or you good staying way over there?"

His tone turned slightly pitiful, his eyes softening with a hint of vulnerability.

"I get it if you wanna keep your distance, after how I treated you before. Totally understandable."

Olivia's heart clenched, the sight of her son's earnest plea melting her reservations. She'd come back from the city for exactly this—to feel his love, to give hers in return, to mend the fractured bond she'd feared was lost forever.

The idea of cuddling, of experiencing the closeness Abigaille had described, was too tempting to resist. "

Not at all!" She blurted, her voice quick and determined. "I...I want that, Kafi, I want to feel close to you, too."

With a burst of courage, she scooted across the couch, closing the distance until she was right beside him. Her body hovered just inches from his, her hesitation flaring as memories of the old Kafka—his scowls, his rejections, flashed through her mind.

But then she looked at him, really looked, and saw the new Kafka, his warm smile, his open posture, his eyes inviting her in.

This wasn't the boy who'd pushed her away.

So, bracing herself, she slid closer, her body pressing against his, her soft, plump form molding to his side as she felt the warmth and strength of his frame.

A silent gasp escaped her as their bodies touched, her eyes widening at the sensation. She'd always pictured Kafka as frail, a scrawny boy lost in his gloom, but the man beside her was solid, his muscles firm under his shirt, his presence radiating a quiet strength that made her feel...safe.

Her heart swelled with pride, a soft smile tugging at her lips as she realized how much her son had grown, not just in openness but in sheer physicality.

Kafka, meanwhile, was having very different thoughts.

The moment Olivia pressed against him, her soft, cloud-like body enveloped his side, her massive breasts pushing against his arm with a firmness that was both plush and unyielding. The sensation was heavenly, a stark contrast to the elastic force that had sent him flying earlier.

He'd noted then how her breasts defied gravity, standing high and firm despite their size, a rare combination that made them feel like a paradox—soft yet powerful, yielding yet unmovable.

Now, pressed against him, they were a distraction he hadn't anticipated, their warmth seeping through his shirt, stirring a heat in his core that he fought to suppress.

He wasn't complaining—feeling his mother this close, her body a perfect blend of softness and strength, was a sensation he'd savor, even if it tested his resolve to keep things tame.

He then glanced down at her, his smile warm but laced with a subtle challenge. "So, Mom, how's it feel? Being this close to me? You doing okay?"

Olivia fiddled with her fingers, her nails tapping nervously against each other as she looked up at him, her cheeks tinged with a faint blush.

"I...I'm a little nervous." She admitted, her voice soft and hesitant. "I've never been this close to you before, Kafi. Not like this. It's...new, and it's making my heart race a bit."

She paused, then offered a small, shy smile, her eyes shimmering with sincerity.

"But I'm really happy, too. So happy. This is exactly why I came back from the city—to be close to you, to have moments like this. I thought it'd take months to get anywhere near your heart, that I'd have to work so hard to earn this."

"...But here we are, on the very first day, and I'm already here, with you. It's more than I could've hoped for."

Kafka's smile widened, her words warming something deep in his chest, even as his mind churned with less innocent thoughts.

"Glad to hear it, Mom." He said, his voice gentle. "Told you, I'm a changed man. I want this as much as you do."

She nodded, nestling closer, her cheek brushing his shoulder as she let out a soft sigh.

"Cuddling like this...it's nice." She murmured. "I feel...safe. Back in the city, I had this huge flat, top-notch security, cameras everywhere. But no matter how safe it was supposed to be, I always felt anxious, like I didn't belong. Never really felt at home."

"...But now, just sitting here with you, like you said, cuddling...I feel safer than I ever did. Like nothing could hurt me, as long as I'm here with you."

She turned her head, expecting a response, her shy confession laid bare, but was startled to find Kafka staring at her with a confused, almost amused expression, his lips twitching as if holding back a laugh.

Panic flared in her chest, her blush deepening as she wondered if she'd misstepped. "Did...did I say something wrong?" She asked, her voice trembling as she shifted slightly, ready to pull away. "Am I too close? I can move—"

But before she could retreat, Kafka's arm tightened around her shoulders, pulling her back against him with a gentle but firm grip that underscored his strength. She froze, her breath catching as she realized how powerful he was—his grasp unyielding, a stark reminder that he wasn't the frail boy she'd once known.

"Whoa, hold up." He said, his voice warm but tinged with amusement. "It's not like that at all. I'm not mad or anything. I was just...surprised, is all since you know...you think this is cuddling?"

Olivia blinked, her confusion mirroring his as she tilted her head, her innocence almost comical.

"Isn't it?" She asked, her voice soft and earnest. "We're so close, our bodies touching...that's cuddling, right?"

Kafka laughed, a rich, hearty sound that filled the room, making Olivia's cheeks burn even brighter.

She felt a blend of joy at his laughter—so rare from the gloomy boy she'd known and frustration at being the source of his amusement.

"What's so funny?" She demanded, her voice a blend of curiosity and mild indignation. "What's wrong with what I said?"

Kafka shook his head, his grin wide as he looked down at her. "You're too cute, Mom, thinking this is cuddling. Don't get me wrong, sitting close like this is nice, but it's...nothing special. Just us hanging out, bodies touching a bit."

"...Cuddling, though? That's way more intimate."

Chapter 632: Intimate Cuddling

Olivia's eyes widened, the word 'intimate' sparking both alarm and curiosity.

"Intimate?" She repeated, her voice a whisper, her mind racing to imagine what he meant.

Sitting this close, feeling his warmth, his strength, was already pushing the boundaries of what she'd ever experienced with him.

If this wasn't cuddling, what could possibly be more intimate?

"What...What do you mean by that, Kafi? What's cuddling, then?"

Kafka's expression shifted, a flicker of hesitation crossing his face as he glanced around, as if weighing whether to answer. Olivia caught the pause, her curiosity intensifying she was finally glimpsing the dynamics of this household, the closeness between Kafka and Abigail that had formed in her absence.

"Go on." She urged, her voice eager. "Tell me."

He sighed, his tone careful but teasing.

"Cuddling can mean a lot of things, Mom. Depends on the moment. But when Mom and I cuddle on the couch, it's usually one of two ways. Both...pretty different, but they've got their own vibe." He paused again, his eyes flicking to the kitchen where Abigail was still preparing dinner, then back to Olivia. "But...maybe it's better I don't get into that right now. This.." He gestured to their closeness, her body pressed against his "...This is good for now. Let's stick with this."

Olivia's brow furrowed, her confusion deepening.

"Why not?" She asked, scooting closer, her fat breasts pressing even harder against his arm, the fabric of her suit straining as she leaned in. "Why won't you tell me? I want to know, Kafi. I want to be as close to you as Abi is."

"...What's so different about how you cuddle with her?"

Kafka's gaze flickered, a spark of something darker—satisfaction, perhaps flashing in his eyes, though his smile remained gentle.

"It's not that I'm trying to leave you out." He said, his voice soothing. "It's just...what Mom and I do, how we cuddle, it's...real intimate. Stuff that doesn't usually happen between mothers and sons, not outside this village. It's tied to the traditions here, the openness we talked about."

"...I don't wanna throw all that at you when you're just getting used to the Idea."

Olivia's eyes lit with understanding, her earlier conversation about the village's customs clicking into place.

"So...you're saying normal mothers and sons wouldn't be this close?" She asked, her voice soft but probing. "And it's only because you and Abi embraced the village's ways that you're...like this?"

"Exactly..." Kafka said, nodding. "What we're doing now, sitting close like this? It's technically cuddling, sure, but for Mom and me, it's...basic. Barely counts. We're so used to being open, physically and emotionally, that this is just...sitting together."

"Basically my sense of intimacy's kinda warped from living here, so I didn't mean to laugh. Your idea of cuddling—being close like this, it's sweet, but ours is...next level."

Olivia nodded slowly, a bit of understanding and unease settling over her.

The idea that their closeness was merely a starting point, that Abigaille and Kafka shared something even deeper, stirred a pang of longing in her chest—not jealousy, but a desperate desire to be part of that bond, to share the same closeness with her son.

"I...I see." She murmured, her voice thoughtful.

Kafka's arm tightened around her, pulling her closer, his voice gentle but firm.

"I don't wanna throw my version of intimacy at you, Mom. You just got here, and I don't wanna make you uncomfortable. You're probably not ready for how I act with Mom, and that's okay. This..." He squeezed her shoulder, her soft body pressed against his. "...This is perfect for now. We'll get there, when you're ready."

Olivia's heart raced, the closeness of his body, the strength of his arm, already overwhelming. The idea of something even more intimate was daunting, yet the thought of being left out, of missing the bond Abigaille shared with Kafka, gnawed at her.

She'd waited years to reconnect with her son, to feel his love, and now that she was here, she didn't want to wait any longer.

Looking up at him, her eyes fierce with determination, she shook her head.

"I can handle it, Kafi." She said, her voice trembling but resolute. "I don't need time to get used to the village's customs. I've already waited so long to be close to you too long. I don't want to wait anymore."

"...Tell me how you and Abi cuddle. I want to experience it, too. I want to be that close to you."

Kafka's eyes widened, a flicker of surprise crossing his face, but deep within, a smirk curled in his mind, his plan unfolding exactly as he'd hoped. He'd been planting seeds, nudging Olivia toward embracing the village's 'customs' slowly drawing her into the web of intimacy he'd woven with Abigaille.

Her insistence, her eagerness to match Abigail's closeness, was a step toward making her his, just as he'd claimed Abigail.

"You sure about that, Mom?" He asked, his voice low, testing her resolve. "It's...a lot. More than you might expect."

She nodded, her gaze unwavering despite the nervous flutter in her chest. "I'm sure." She said, her voice steady. "I want to be part of this, Kafi. I want to be close to you, like Abi is...Show me."

Kafka's eyes gleamed with warmth and calculated intent as he looked at Olivia, her resolute nod and steady gaze fueling his carefully laid plan.

"Fine." He said, his voice low and teasing, a playful edge masking the deeper game he was playing. "If you're so sure you want to learn, I'll show you. Let's start with how Mom likes to cuddle on the couch."

"...It's actually quite playful, her go-to move whenever we're watching a movie. So much so that the second the TV's on, she's in the same spot every time, right on my lap."

Olivia's attention sharpened, her curiosity piqued as she leaned in, eager to understand the dynamics of this household she'd been absent from.

But the moment the words 'on my lap' left his mouth, her cheeks flushed a deep pink, her eyes widening with embarrassment and surprise.

"On...your lap?" She stammered, her voice a whisper. "You don't mean....actually sitting on your lap, do you? There's no way Abi does that, right?"

Kafka's grin widened, his tone matter-of-fact but laced with amusement.

"No other meaning, Mom. Exactly what you're thinking. Mom sits right on my lap, arms around me, hugging me tight while we watch movies. It's her favorite spot—says it's the perfect seat, as she gets to hug her son and stare at my 'handsome face as much as she wants."

He chuckled, his eyes flicking to her flushed cheeks.

"See? This is why I didn't wanna tell you. Look at you, blushing already...I'll stop here unless you want your whole face turning red."

Hearing her son was about to push her away, Olivia's panic flared, her hands waving frantically as she shook her head.

"No, no, I'm not embarrassed!" She insisted, her voice quick and defiant, though the heat in her cheeks betrayed her. "I was just...surprised, that's all. It caught me off guard. It doesn't bother me, really."

"...Go on, Kafi, I want to know. I want to be part of this."

Kafka cast a suspicious glance, his brow arching as he studied her confident gaze, sensing the shyness lurking beneath. Her determination to be part of their closeness, to match Abigaille's bond with him, was exactly what he'd hoped for.

He sighed dramatically, as if relenting. "Alright, alright. If you're sure you wanna experience what Mom does, then step one: you gotta sit on my lap."

He patted his thighs invitingly, his smile warm but challenging.

"Come on, right here."

Olivia gulped, her eyes darting to his lap, her heart racing at the invitation. The idea of sitting on her son's lap, so close, so intimate, was daunting, but her desire to be as close to him as Abigaille was overpowered her hesitation.

Swallowing hard, she nodded, following his gentle guidance as he instructed her. "Just like a kid would, Mom. Sit across my lap, nice and easy."

Slowly, she maneuvered herself, her plump body shifting as she settled onto his lap, her thick, stocking-clad thighs pressing against his, her massive breasts brushing against his chest as she positioned herself sideways, her face close enough to see the flecks in his eyes.

At first, the intimacy was overwhelming—her soft, bouncy ass planted firmly on his lap, her breasts a warm, firm pressure against him. She thought it might be too much, too close, but as she settled, a wave of comfort washed over her.

His body, hard and strong beneath her, felt like a haven, far more reassuring than the softest couch. She understood, in that moment, why Abigaille chose this spot, and a flicker of curiosity sparked—maybe she was starting to grasp the village's openness, as it allowed for opportunities like this which she never would get to experience out of this town.

What Olivia didn't know was the battle Kafka was fighting beneath his calm exterior.

Her plump, bouncy ass, shifting with every slight movement, was a torment, each bounce sending a jolt of desire through him. Her breasts, pressed so close, were a reminder of their earlier collision, their firmness a paradox of softness and strength that drove him wild.

Unspeakable thoughts—images of ravaging her, claiming her as he had Abigaille, flashed through his mind, but he clamped them down, knowing he had to move slowly, to guide her into his web with care...

Chapter 633: Thick Thighs Save Lives

Kafka looked at his mother, his voice steady despite the heat running down underneath. "Feel right? This is what Mom loves, being right here on my lap."

Olivia nodded, her smile shy but genuine as she adjusted to the sensation.

"It...it does feel nice." She admitted, her voice soft. "Really nice. I get why Abi does this. You're...the perfect seat, Kafi."

Her blush deepened, but her eyes sparkled with warmth, her body relaxing against his.

Kafka's grin widened, his arm resting lightly around her waist. "Good to hear...So, you prefer this over just sitting next to me?"

She hesitated, her fingers fidgeting, then nodded.

"This is...so much better." She said, her voice firm despite her shyness. "It feels...closer.."

"Glad you're starting to get it." Kafka said, his tone warm but laced with a subtle satisfaction with how he was luring. "But don't let your hands just sit there. Mom doesn't."

"...She wraps her arms around my neck, pulls herself close, like I'm her anchor. You should try it."

Olivia's eyes widened, but she nodded, her arms slowly rising to loop around his neck, her fingers brushing his skin as she pulled herself closer.

The movement pressed her breasts harder against his chest, her plump ass shifting on his lap, and Kafka fought to keep his breathing steady, while to Olivia, it felt like he was a pillar, a steady force she could rely on, grounding her in a way she hadn't felt in years.

Her heart swelled, the comfort of his presence washing away her earlier nerves.

She then suddenly realized she hadn't checked on him, her maternal instincts kicking in.

"Kafi..." She asked, her voice soft. "Are you okay? Is this...comfortable for you?"

Kafka's chuckle was low, as he pulled her in closer.

"Comfortable? Why wouldn't I be, with such a warm, soft body sitting on me?...It's absolutely divine, Mom." His words, laced with a playful edge, made her blush, her cheeks burning at the boldness of his compliment. But he continued, his tone shifting to a teasing hesitation. "Though...I don't feel complete yet. When Mom's here, my hands aren't just sitting idle. They're...somewhere else. But I'm not sure if that'd be too much for you."

Olivia's curiosity flared, her heart racing as she leaned in slightly.

"Where?" She asked, her voice full of excitement and apprehension. "Where do you put your hands when Abi's here?"

Kafka's gaze dropped to her plump, stocking-clad thighs, their fullness accentuated by the tight fabric.

"Right here." He said, his voice low and dreamy. "On her thighs. Stroking them, nice and tender. Mom loves it, says it's calming, like a massage."

"...She'll even grab my hand and put it there herself, asking me to keep going."

Olivia's eyes widened, her breath catching as she glanced at Abigaille in the kitchen, oblivious to their conversation.

"Abi...likes that?" She asked, her voice a whisper, disbelief mingling with a strange envy.

The idea of such intimacy, so casual yet so personal, was shocking, but she didn't want to be left behind, to miss out on the closeness Abigaille shared with Kafka.

"Yup." Kafka said, his grin unwavering. "You wanna try it? Or is that too much?"

Olivia hesitated, her competitive streak warring with her nerves. Part of her wanted to match Abigaille, to prove she could be just as close, but the intimacy of his hands on her thighs was daunting.

Still, she shook her head, her voice firm despite the tremor. "No, it's not too much." She said, her eyes meeting his. "I want to try it. I want...the same as Abi."

Kafka's brow arched, his tone teasing but probing. "You sure? Not just trying to one-up Mom, are you?"

She shook her head, her blush deepening but her resolve holding. "Not at all. I just...I want to feel that close to you, Kafi. Go ahead."

Under her watchful gaze, Kafka's hand moved, resting gently on her thigh, his fingers warm through the thin fabric of her stockings. He began to stroke, slow and tender, his touch strong but soft.

"This okay?" He asked, his voice low, his eyes locked on hers.

Olivia's breath hitched, the sensation of his rough fingers gliding over her sensitive thigh sending a shiver through her. It was ticklish, soothing, and...heavenly, a warmth spreading through her that was both calming and electrifying.

"It's...fine." She said, her voice trembling but honest. "It feels...nice. Really nice."

Kafka's smile was subtle, a flicker of triumph in his eyes.

"Good. Mom likes it like this, too. But she also loves when I do...this."

Before she could ask, his hand shifted, sliding from the top of her thigh to the softer, more sensitive skin between them, his fingers stroking the inner curve with a tender touch.

"Stroke!~ Rub!~ Slide!~ Glide!~ Press!

The shift was subtle but profound, the intimacy of it sending a jolt through Olivia a thrilling, unfamiliar heat that made her heart race and her core tighten.

She couldn't name the feeling, couldn't place why it felt so tantalizing, but it was unlike anything she'd experienced.

"Swipe!~ Brush!~ Slip!~ Slick! Swirl!~"

Her emotions churned, a turmoil of comfort and unease, desire and fear. The sensation of his hand, so close to her most sensitive places, was intoxicating, but the taboo nature of it, the strangeness of feeling this way with her son, made her tremble.

She wanted to ask him to stop, to retreat to safer ground, but the thought of pulling away, of losing this closeness, was unbearable. She'd waited so long for this connection, and the fear of scaring him off, of breaking this fragile bond, kept her silent.

So she let him caress her, her arms tightening around his neck, her body pressing closer as she surrendered to the moment, her heart a storm of conflicting desires.

"Flick!~ Roll!~ Tap! Push!~ Stretch!~"

Kafka's fingers continued their slow dance over Olivia's stocking-clad thighs, the sleek fabric amplifying the warmth of his touch as he held her close on his lap.

He then glanced down at her thighs, his fingers tracing the edge of the black stockings, and tilted his head with a curious, teasing smile.

"So, Mom." He said, his voice low and playful. "you always wear these stockings for work? They're quite...eye-catching."

Olivia's heart raced, the intimacy of his touch—his hand so casually stroking her thigh, dipping between them with a tender, almost possessive rhythm still sending shivers through her.

She looked down, watching his fingers move, and nodded, her voice soft but tinged with nervousness.

"Y-Yes." She said, her eyes flicking up to meet his. "My job...it demands professionalism. A suit, stockings—they make me look polished, trustworthy. Clients like that look and it makes them feel like they could rely on me."

She hesitated, her tone turning uncertain as she added, "Why? Do you...not like them? Are they too ugly? I know they're just work clothes, but I won't need them here. I won't wear them in public, Kafi, I promise."

"...I don't want to embarrass you as your mom."

Kafka's eyes widened, a hearty chuckle escaping him as he shook his head, his hand still caressing her thigh.

"Embarrass me? Mom, I'd have to be a complete moron to think these stockings are ugly. Ugly? Hell no, they're..." He paused, his grin turning sly, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "...they're actually sexy as hell. The way they hug your pale skin, that smooth contrast with the black fabric?...It's it's a gorgeous look."

Olivia's jaw dropped, her cheeks flaming as his brazen words hit her like a shockwave.

"S-Sexy?"

She stammered, unable to comprehend what her son had just called her. Her son, her own son calling her stockings sexy? The audacity left her reeling, her mind scrambling to process his boldness.

"Kafi, you can't just...say things like that!"

But in response, he only laughed, his hand giving her thigh a gentle squeeze, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

"Don't get too startled, Mom. This is just how folks talk around here. I told you, this town is quite open-minded, way more than anywhere else. We say what's on our minds, no filter, especially about stuff like this."

"...It's normal, just part of the vibe. So, are you cool with that or should I hold off?"

Olivia's heart pounded, her emotions a tangled mess. Hearing her son call her legs sexy was jarring, a far cry from the rude, dismissive comments he'd thrown at her in the past.

Yet, beneath the shock, a spark of excitement flickered. It was the first time in years he'd praised her, said something genuinely kind, even if it was wrapped in an intimate, almost scandalous package.

The warmth of his approval, the sincerity in his eyes, made her chest swell with a joy she hadn't felt in ages and she shook her head, forcing a smile despite her fluster.

"It's...it's fine." She said, her voice trembling but resolute. "I'm not...upset. Just surprised." She hesitated, then added, her curiosity getting the better of her. "But....do you really think they're appealing? Don't they look too boring, too professional?"

Kafka's grin softened, his fingers still stroking her thigh, dipping between them to caress the sensitive inner skin. "Boring? Not a chance. With legs like yours, long and...slender, these stockings are like a damn masterpiece."

"...I mean, if you walked beside me in public wearing these, I'd be the proudest son alive, showing off my cool-as-hell mom."

His voice was warm, his words laced with a sincerity that made her heart skip.

Olivia's face lit up, a giddy smile breaking through her embarrassment. Every parent craved their child's approval, and hearing Kafka call her cool, say he'd be proud to walk with her, was a dream come true.

Her chest swelled with joy, her earlier nerves melting under the warmth of his praise.

But then his smile turned playful, a glint of mischief in his eyes as he added, "That said...I wouldn't mind if you ditched the stockings. either. When I'm with Mom, I usually caress her bare thighs."

"...It feels different, you know?"

Olivia's blush returned with a vengeance, her eyes widening as she waved her hands frantically.

"Oh, no, no, it's not what you think, Kafi! Not at all in fact!" She blurted, her voice high with embarrassment. "Bare thighs wouldn't be....appealing at all. My thighs, they're...they're actually too fat, too plump. The stockings hide that, make them look slimmer."

"...What I'm saying is that if you saw them bare, you'd think they're awful, Kafi. They make my whole body look...chubby."

Her words spilled out before she could stop them, and she froze, realizing she was sharing insecurities she'd only ever confessed to close friends or partners, not her son.

The openness of it, the vulnerability, made her pause. Was she really becoming as open-minded as he'd described, so comfortable with him that she'd bare her private thoughts?

The idea didn't unsettle her as much as it should have unlike confiding in another man, this was her son, her Kafi, who'd vowed to be the best son possible, to make up for his past mistakes. She trusted his intentions, believed he was just trying to make her feel loved.

But then she caught his chuckle which made her think that he was laughing at her and braced herself for him to tease her about her 'fat' thighs, a pang of hurt mixing with acceptance—it was her son, after all.

But to her surprise, his tone was sincere, his expression earnest as he looked at her.

"You know, Mom, I told Mom over in the kitchen the same thing when she had that worry." He said, his voice warm. "She thought her thighs were too fat, too, since you both have...well, let's just say you've got those gorgeous, plump bodies."

His bluntness made her blush deepen, but he pressed on, undeterred. "I told her, and I'm telling you the same now—plump thighs like yours?"

"...They're nothing to hide. And me? I adore them. Love them in a woman, honestly."

Olivia's eyes widened, her breath catching.

"What?" She asked, her voice in disbelief and confusion. "How...How could you find that appealing?"

Kafka's grin turned exaggerated, his voice playful but fervent as he leaned in. "Oh, come on, the greatness of plump thighs? They're soft, like pillows you could sink into forever. Touching them, lying on them—it's heaven."

"...Hell, I'd love to be suffocated between a pair of plump thighs any day!"

He then suddenly caught himself, his eyes widening as he backpedaled, his tone quick and apologetic almost as if he said something that could lead to a misunderstanding.

"Not...Not that I mean you, Mom. Just, you know, my preference in women, generally speaking."

Olivia nodded absently, her mind reeling as she processed his words. His preference, he'd said, but her thoughts wandered, wondering if he truly liked this part of her body, a part she'd always been so insecure about.

She hesitated, then asked, her voice soft. "Do...do you really like that part of me? My thighs, I mean?"

Kafka's smile softened, his hand still stroking her thigh, his touch lingering between them, warm and intimate. "I like every part of you, Mom. You're my mom—there's nothing I couldn't like. But your thighs?"

"...Yeah, they're heaven to touch like this. Plump, soft, perfect."

His voice was sincere, but his eyes held a glint of something deeper, a calculated spark that went unnoticed in her flustered state.

Olivia's heart raced, a confusing rush of joy flooding her. He was just sharing his preferences, opening up as the village's customs encouraged, but for a fleeting moment, she imagined herself as the woman he described, her body aligning with his ideal.

The thought sent a thrill through her, one she immediately dismissed as ridiculous, shaking her head to clear it.

'What am I thinking?' She scolded herself, blaming the village's open-mindedness, its strange spell that seemed to twist her thoughts into something bizarre, something...inappropriate.

Over and over, she repeated to herself that Kafka was just talking about his interests, not her specifically, as she fought to calm her racing mind.

Kafka meanwhile, beneath his warm facade, watched her closely, savoring the turmoil in her eyes, the way her body leaned into his touch despite her inner conflict.

Each word, each caress, was a step in his plan, drawing her deeper into the same web of intimacy he'd woven with Abigaille. He kept his touch gentle, his words playful, but his mind was sharp, calculating the next move to bring her closer to the line he'd already crossed...

Chapter 634: Why Don't You Strip Down?

Olivia nestled closer on Kafka's lap, her plump, soft body molding against his, the warmth of his strong frame a comforting anchor. A quiet joy bloomed in her chest, the happiest she'd felt in years.

After the relentless stress of the city, the endless meetings and sterile apartments, she was finally home, not just in the physical sense but in the embrace of her son a closeness she'd feared would take months, if not years, to achieve.

Here she was, embarrassingly perched on his lap, his arms cradling her like a child, and though she was supposed to be the one cuddling him, the way he held her, strong and steady, felt like a gift she'd never known she needed.

She didn't mind the reversal; she reveled in it, savoring a treatment so tender and new it made her heart ache with gratitude.

As Kafka's fingers continued their gentle caress between her stocking-clad thighs, squeezing the soft flesh like it was a familiar toy, a thought stirred in her mind. He'd mentioned two ways of cuddling—one being this, the playful lap-sitting Abigaille preferred, and another, the way he liked.

Curiosity sparked, mingling with a desire to please him, to make him as comfortable and happy as he was making her.

If this was Abigaille's way, what was his?

She wanted to try it, to show him she was fully part of this family, to satisfy him by embracing his preferences, so with a shy smile, she turned her head, her cheek brushing his shoulder, and asked,

"Kafi...You said there were two ways you cuddle, right? Abigaille's way, this one, and...Your way. What exactly is your way? Can we try that, too?"

"...I want to know how you like to watch movies, what makes you comfortable."

Her voice was soft, but a coy edge crept in as she added, her eyes flickering with nervous curiosity,

"I-I was also wondering if your...your way was even more intimate than this?"

The question hung between them, her heart racing as she realized how close they already were—her ass on his lap, her breasts pressed against his chest, his hand stroking her inner thigh.

It didn't feel like a typical mother-son moment; it felt...closer, almost like lovers sharing a quiet, affectionate evening. The thought flashed through her mind, startling her, and she quickly shook it off, chastising herself for letting the village's open-mindedness twist her perceptions.

Kafka's hand paused, his fingers stilling between her thighs as he looked at her, his dark eyes searching hers.

"Why do you ask, Mom?" He asked, his voice low and teasing, a playful challenge in his tone. "If I said my way is more intimate, would you back out? Not wanna continue?"

Olivia's eyes widened, her head shaking quickly as she leaned in, her arms tightening around his neck.

"No, not at all!" She said, her voice quick and earnest. "I was just...wondering. I mean, we're already so close, I can't imagine how we could be more intimate...I'm curious, that's all."

Her words were honest, but beneath them, a flicker of unease stirred—how far did this village's customs go? And why did her mind keep drifting to thoughts that felt...Wrong?

Kafka's smile was warm, but a glint of satisfaction shimmered in his eyes, his plan unfolding perfectly.

"Oh, there's definitely more ways to cuddle, Mom." He said, his voice smooth and deliberate. "Intimate ways, some...pretty extreme, especially the way I like. Way more than this."

His tone was casual, but the word 'extreme' sent a shiver through Olivia, as she thought what could be more intimate than this? Her embarrassment churned, but her desire to be part of his world, to match Abigail's closeness, kept her rooted.

Before he could elaborate, his gaze swept over her, lingering on her tight office suit, the way it strained against her curves.

"But hold up." He said, his tone shifting to concern. "Before we get into that, you look like you just walked out of a boardroom. That outfit—it's gotta be uncomfortable, right? You can't relax at home dressed like that."

Olivia gave a wry smile, glancing down at her suit, the vest and skirt clinging to her body.

"You're right, Kafi." She admitted, her voice tinged with sheepishness. "I didn't have time to change. I was so excited to see you and Abigaille, I finished work, jumped in the car, and drove straight here. That's why I got here early."

"...But, yeah, it's tight. Not exactly cozy home attire."

Her thoughts drifted to her chest, the massive breasts squeezed painfully into the vest, suffocated by layers of fabric. She longed to peel it off, to let her chest breathe.

But just as she was thinking of changing, Kafka's gaze dropped to her chest, his eyes tracing the heaving curves with an intensity that made her breath catch.

"Yeah, I bet." He said, his voice soft but pointed. "Your chest especially—it's gotta be aching, stuffed in there like that. Looks painful just to see it. I can't imagine having breasts that big and wearing all those layers, squeezing them all day."

Olivia's cheeks burned, her hands instinctively moving to cover her chest as his words hit her. A son commenting on his mother's breasts? It was unthinkable, scandalous, and yet...his tone, his gaze, held no trace of the lecherous intent she'd seen in men on the streets, their eyes dripping with lust that always left her feeling dirty.

Kafka's charming eyes—eyes she couldn't stop glancing at were different.

They held only concern, a genuine worry that his mother was uncomfortable, as if her pain was his own. The purity of it, the absence of any lewd intent, made her heart swell with gratitude.

Her son wasn't just a good man; he was a gentleman, picking up on her discomfort without her saying a word, caring for her in a way no other man ever had.

"You...noticed that?" She asked, her voice soft filled with embarrassment and awe. "I didn't even say anything, but you knew I was uncomfortable."

Kafka's smile was gentle, his hand resuming its caress of her thigh, slow and reassuring.

"Of course I did, Mom. I'm your son—I notice when you're not okay. That's what this village does, right? Makes us open, makes us care. I just want you to be comfortable."

Olivia's chest tightened, not from the vest but from the rush of love and pride she felt. No man could compare to her Kafi, her son who saw her not as an object but as his mother, someone to cherish and protect.

She smiled, her embarrassment easing, replaced by a warmth that made her want to stay in this moment forever.

"You're....such a good son, Kafi." She murmured, her voice trembling with emotion. "I don't know how I got so lucky."

Kafka's eyes softened as Olivia's words sank in, her trembling voice calling him a good son, her gratitude a warmth that stirred something genuine beneath his calculated facade. He shook his head, his smile sincere as he leaned closer, his hand still resting tenderly between her thighs.

"Not at all, Mom." He said, his voice low and earnest. "I'm the lucky one here. You worked your life away, slaving in the city, day and night, not even thinking about yourself, just so I could have a good life."

"All that time, I was here, enjoying what your hard work gave me, and I...I was such a jerk, pushing you away, acting like I didn't want you around...But you never gave up on me. You were patient, never shut me out, no matter how distant I was."

"...And for that I'm grateful, Mom. So damn grateful to have a mother like you."

His words carried a weight that made Olivia gulp, her eyes shimmering as she looked at him. The sincerity in his face, the maturity in his voice—it was undeniable that her son had grown into a man, one who saw her sacrifices and valued her in a way she'd never dared hope.

A quiet prayer of thanks rose in her heart, gratitude to whatever force had brought her family together again, making them feel whole after years of distance. She couldn't help but smile, her chest swelling with pride and love, her earlier embarrassment fading under the glow of his words.

Kafka's hand then gave her thigh a gentle squeeze, his tone shifting to a lighter, teasing note. "But speaking of all that work, Mom, you're still dressed like you're about to close a deal. That suit's gotta be killing you."

"...Why don't you loosen up a bit? You're home now, no need to be all buttoned-up."

Olivia's smile turned wry, her fingers brushing the tight vest that constrained her massive breasts.

"You're right." She said, her voice tinged with sheepishness. "I was going to change, actually. I can just pop upstairs, grab something comfy, and be right back."

She shifted, preparing to slide off his lap, her mind flickering with reluctance, as at first, she'd been hesitant about sitting on his lap, thinking it inappropriate, but now, after feeling the comfort of his strong, steady presence, she hated to leave.

It was addictive, this closeness, and she understood why Abigaille favored it.

Her plan was to change quickly—maybe borrow one of Abigaille's looser tops and hurry back, terrified that lingering too long might mean missing her chance to sit on his lap again.

But before she could stand, Kafka's hands tightened on her waist, holding her firmly in place, his strength a quiet reminder of his control.

"Whoa, where you going?" He asked, his voice playful but edged with something that made her pause.

Olivia blinked, her hands hovering uncertainly.

"To...change my clothes?" She said, her tone confused. "I'll be quick, Kafi, I promise. I haven't unpacked yet, but I can borrow something of Abigaille's. Her clothes fit me fine."

She hesitated, a nervous chuckle escaping as she added.

"If it was anyone else's, I...I wouldn't fit, you know, because of...my chest." She gestured vaguely at her massive breasts, the tight vest straining against them. "But Abigaille's not too far off from me,

size-wise...I-It's one of the best things about having her as my best friend, since I can't exactly share my clothes with anyone else."

The joke was a bit risky, her attempt at embracing the village's openness, sharing a private thought she'd normally reserve for a close friend. Her heart raced, wondering if it would land, if Kafka would find it inappropriate, but she wanted to show she was trying to fit into this world of unfiltered honesty.

And to her relief, Kafka's grin widened, his eyes sparkling with amusement rather than disgust.

"Oh, for sure." He said, his tone light and teasing. "If you tried squeezing into some normal person's clothes, that top would rip right off, and your breasts would be bouncing out in the open, jiggling all over the place."

"...You'd not only embarrass yourself with your chest on display, but you'd owe whoever's shirt you tore a new one."

His bluntness made her blush, her cheeks flaming, but the playful warmth in his voice, the ease of their banter, filled her with joy.

They were connecting, finally on the same wavelength, even if the topic was mortifyingly intimate.

But then Kafka's tone shifted, a surprising tone creeping in that caught her completely off guard.

"You know, Mom, I'm really enjoying this right now." He said, his voice softer, almost intimate. "So, right now, this moment, you here with me it's perfect. I don't wanna mess it up by you running off to change." He paused, his eyes locking onto hers, a calculated glint beneath his sincerity. "That's why I'm thinking that you don't need to go all the way upstairs to change."

"...Just strip down a little here. Take off a few things, loosen up. You'll be way more comfortable that way."

Chapter 635: Undressing One's Mother

Olivia's body trembled, her breath catching as his words sank in.

Strip down? Here? In front of him?

The suggestion sent a dizzying wave through her, her mind reeling at the idea of baring herself, even partially, to her son. Her heart pounded, the openness of the village suddenly feeling like a chasm she wasn't ready to cross.

But before she could spiral, Kafka's eyes widened, catching the panic in her gaze, and he quickly backpedaled, his tone reassuring.

"Whoa, not like that, Mom! I'm not saying get naked or anything. Just...lose the vest, maybe unbutton your shirt a bit. You'll feel freer, breathe easier. That's all."

Olivia let out a shaky breath, relief flooding her as she realized he wasn't suggesting anything scandalous.

The thought of stripping naked in front of him had made her head spin, a line she couldn't imagine crossing, no matter how open this village was.

But his clarification—removing the vest, loosening her shirt felt manageable, practical even and she nodded, her voice soft but steady.

"You're right, Kafi." She said, her hands moving to the buttons of her vest. "This vest...It's like a corset, squeezing me so tight I can barely breathe. Taking it off would help."

She hesitated, then added with a small, nervous laugh,

"Back in my office, I'd sometimes unbutton my shirt a little when I was alone. Felt like my lungs could actually work again, like my capacity went up tenfold."

Kafka's grin returned, his eyes flicking to her chest, where her clothes strained against her breasts.

"Yeah, I can see that." He said, his tone light but observant. "That thing looks like it's trying to choke you...Let it go, Mom. You'll feel better."

Olivia's fingers hovered over the buttons of her vest, ready to follow Kafka's suggestion to loosen the constricting garment...that is until his hand gently caught hers, stopping her mid-motion.

Her eyes widened in response, surprise flickering across her face as he leaned closer, his grin warm but carrying a playful tone.

"Hold on, Mom." He said, his voice low and teasing. "You don't need to do that yourself today. You're in my care now, so let me help you take it off."

Hearing this, her heart raced, a swirl of confusion and doubt tightening her chest.

Help her take off her clothes?

The idea felt so foreign, so intimate, that it sent a jolt through her, so she hesitated, her voice trembling as she asked,

"Kafi...do you even know how to take off a woman's clothes? It's not as simple as it looks. This vest—it's got a complicated button design, hidden to look sleek. It's tricky, even for me."

But Kafka's grin only widened, his eyes glinting with confidence as he waved off her concern.

"Don't worry about that, Mom. I'm used to taking off women's clothes, so a vest like this is a piece of cake."

Olivia's body jerked, her eyes widening in shock as his words sank in.

"Used to...?" She stammered, her mind racing. "Kafi, do you...do you actually have a g-girlfriend? A partner!?"

The thought of her baby boy—still a scrawny kid in her memories being involved with someone was unimaginable, a leap that felt impossible. Her voice softened, a mix of curiosity and maternal concern.

"When did my little boy grow up like that?"

Kafka chuckled, sidestepping the question with a casual shrug.

"That's not important right now, Mom." He said, his tone light but evasive. Then, to her utter surprise, he added, "And no, I didn't learn from a girlfriend or anything. I learned from...taking off Mom's clothes all the time."

Olivia's jaw dropped, her breath catching as she processed his words.

"Taking off...Abi's clothes?" She asked, her voice a whisper, disbelief mingling with a growing unease. "Why...Why would you be doing that?"

Kafka's expression softened, his tone earnest as he leaned back, his hand resting between her thighs, a steady, grounding touch.

"It's not what you're thinking, Mom. When Mom comes home from a long day, she's usually exhausted—shopping, keeping this place running, all of it. I know how hard she pushes herself, so I do whatever I can to help. Make her coffee, give her a foot massage, cook dinner, handle chores—anything to take the load off."

"...You were probably worried about her straining herself, right? Well, I've got her covered."

Olivia's heart swelled, gratitude washing over her at the thought of Kafka caring so deeply for Abigaille. She'd always feared Abigaille was carrying the household alone, and knowing her son stepped up filled her with pride.

"That's...That's wonderful, Kafi." She said, her voice trembling with emotion. "I'm so glad you're taking care of her."

Kafka nodded, his smile warm but his eyes sharp, reading her reactions.

"Yeah, and part of that is helping her with her clothes. Mom's got a...plump body, like you, and sometimes her clothes just stick, you know? Tight suits, dresses—they're a hassle to peel off after a long day. So I help her out, make it easier."

Olivia nodded slowly, understanding dawning as she recalled her own struggles with tight clothing. She'd wrestled with stuck blouses and skirts, once nearly choking herself trying to tug off a tight t-shirt that caught around her neck.

His explanation made sense, but a flicker of unease lingered—helping with clothes was one thing, but the intimacy of it, the casualness, felt...different.

Kafka's voice lowered, his tone almost a whisper as he continued,

"And it's not just taking stuff off. Sometimes I help her put her bra on, too. With breasts as big as hers, getting a bra on can be a struggle those things are tight, and she needs an extra hand. Makes it quicker, less of a fight."

Olivia's throat went dry, her eyes widening as the image formed in her mind.

Her son helping Abigaille with her bra? Seeing her bare, touching her so intimately?

He'd already admitted to seeing Abigaille naked at the hot springs, so it wasn't a stretch, but this...This felt closer, more personal.

A strange, uncomfortable feeling twisted in her gut, not quite jealousy but a sense of being left out, of not understanding the full scope of their bond, so she swallowed hard, her voice hesitant.

"How...How often do you help her like this? With her clothes, her...bra?"

Kafka's grin was easy, unperturbed by her unease.

"At first, we were both super hesitant." He said, his tone casual. "Only did it when she really needed help, like if a dress was stuck or something. But now? It's so routine I could probably dress her from her underwear to her bra with my eyes closed."

"...I probably know her body like the back of my hand—just by touch, I can get her clothes on or off, no problem."

Olivia's heart raced, the suggestiveness of his words sparking a flurry of immoral thoughts she couldn't quell.

Knowing Abigaille's body? Dressing her from underwear up?

It was too intimate, too close, and the casual way he said it made her mind spiral. She'd thought their closeness was limited to seeing each other naked, but this implied contact, a familiarity that felt...Wrong, even with the village's open—minded customs.

Her thoughts teetered on the edge of something darker, something she didn't want to name, when Kafka's voice cut through, snapping her back to the moment.

"Point is, Mom." He said, his tone light and reassuring. "I'm basically an expert at this. So, let me take care of that vest for you. No need to stress."

Before she could respond, his hands moved to her vest, his fingers deftly finding the hidden buttons, unfastening them one by one with a precision that made her breath hitch.

His nimble fingers danced over the complicated button design, proving he'd spoken the truth: he did know how to take off a woman's clothes.

A fleeting thought crossed her mind his future partner, or perhaps a current one he hadn't mentioned, was lucky to have someone so attentive, so skilled.

But the thought twisted, her mind conjuring an image that wasn't mother and son but lovers, poised on the edge of something forbidden, his careful hands preparing to peel away more than just fabric.

She tried to shake the thought, chastising herself for letting her imagination stray.

'He's just helping me.' She told herself. 'Like he helps Abi. It's the village's way, nothing more.'

But the way he treated her—so delicately, his gaze focused intently on the task made the image persist, her cheeks flushing a deep crimson.

'What kind of mother am I, thinking like this?'

She thought, her heart heavy with guilt and she prayed he wouldn't look up, wouldn't see the heat in her face, the shameful thoughts swirling in her mind...

Chapter 636: Pure Admiration

The last button came undone, and Kafka eased the vest off her shoulders, setting it aside with a satisfied nod.

The relief was immediate, the corset-like pressure gone, but her white office shirt now clung to her curves, the fabric stretched taut over her massive breasts, their perfect, firm shape almost impossibly prominent, like twin mountains rising beneath the thin material.

The absence of the vest made her proportions starkly visible, her breasts standing high and proud, as if supported by some invisible force. Olivia's breath hitched, relief and sudden self—consciousness going through her as she felt exposed, the shirt doing little to hide her form.

Kafka's eyes then flicked to her chest, a flicker of something unreadable in his gaze before he spoke, his voice warm but bold.

"Looking better already, Mom. Let's loosen up that shirt next—unbutton it a bit to give you some breathing room."

But when Olivia heard this, her panic surged, her hands shooting out to grab his before he could reach for the buttons.

"No, Kafi, I-I can do that myself!" She blurted, her voice high with fluster.

Her mind was already a storm from him removing her vest, the intimacy overwhelming her senses. So, the thought of him unbuttoning her shirt, revealing more of her cleavage, was too much.

She feared she'd lose what little control she had left, her sanity fraying at the edges and she braced herself, ready to push back, to draw a line to protect her reeling emotions.

But then Kafka's expression shifted, his confident grin melting into a pitiful, almost puppy-like look, his dark eyes wide and pleading.

"Mom, please." He said, his voice soft and earnest, like a little boy begging for a favor. "You've worked so hard out there, always pushing yourself. At home, I just wanna take care of you, make you feel like a queen."

"...Let me do this, will you, it's a small thing, but it'd mean a lot, knowing I'm helping you out. Can I? Please?"

The sight of her beloved son, so vulnerable and adorable, struck her like an arrow to the heart.

Gone was the bold, teasing man; in his place was her little boy, desperate to please her, his sincerity disarming her defenses. Her resolve crumbled, a reluctant smile tugging at her lips as she fought the urge to squeal at how unbearably cute he looked.

How could she say no to that face, to the son who was trying so hard to make her feel loved?

"O-Okay...You can do it yourself." She said softly, her voice trembling with affection and trembling nerves.

Hearing her acceptance, his face lit up with a joyful smile, his fingers moving to the first button of her shirt with renewed focus, while Olivia's heart pounded, her mind a mess of conflicting thoughts.

She watched his hands, so careful and slow, and forced herself to focus on his intentions.

'He's just helping me.' She repeated. 'Treating me like his mother, nothing more.'

The village's openness, his care for Abigail, his promise to be the best son—it was all pure, all meant to make her feel cherished. She couldn't taint that with her shameful thoughts, couldn't let her mind wander to places it shouldn't.

To anchor herself, to act more like the mother she needed to be, she reached up, her hand gently patting his head in a loving, maternal gesture.

Her fingers threaded softly through his hair, a tender caress meant to ground them both in their roles—mother and son, nothing else.

Kafka also noticed, his eyes flicking up briefly, but he said nothing, his focus returning to the buttons, his fingers working with practiced ease.

As he unbuttoned the first, the tops of her massive breasts freed from the tight constraint. Olivia's breath hitched, the sensation of freedom mingling with a nervous thrill, but she steeled her heart, repeating her mantra: He's my son, helping me. That's all.

With each button, more of her skin was exposed, the fabric parting to unveil the first glimpse of her wide, pale cleavage, the deep line between her massive breasts poking out, stark and striking against the thin material.

The sight sent a jolt through her, a mix of excitement and illicit thrill coursing through her veins. This was the first time a man had ever undressed her, peeling away her layers to reveal her body, and the fact that it was her son her Kafi—stirred a storm of emotions she couldn't fully grasp.

With every button he unfastened, his knuckles grazed the soft, firm swell of her breasts, a fleeting contact that sent shivers racing across her skin. It was subtle, unintentional, but it was still his hands brushing against her, touching her in a way that felt both innocent and dangerously intimate.

Her mind reeled, torn between the need to see him as her son and the undeniable heat of the moment. To mask the turmoil, she continued patting his head, her fingers threading gently through his hair in a loving, maternal rhythm, a desperate anchor to keep her grounded, to remind herself that this was just Kafka helping her, nothing more.

He continued, unbuttoning lower, until the shirt parted enough to reveal the full expanse of her wide, pale cleavage, a breathtaking sight that seemed to glow under the soft light of the living room.

Her breasts, massive and perfectly firm, stood high, their curves so pronounced they looked like an ocean of milk, inviting and endless, as if one could dive into their softness and be lost forever.

The cleavage was so wide, so perfectly formed, it could have served as a table, sturdy enough to hold a cutting tray for chopping vegetables a thought both absurd and erotically vivid.

Kafka's eyes also widened, his gaze fixed on the sight, awe flickering across his face as he took it in.

Olivia noticed his stare, her cheeks flushing a deep crimson as embarrassment surged.

"Kafi..." She said, her voice a shy whisper. "You...You don't need to stare so much. It's...embarrassing."

Kafka's gaze didn't waver, his expression a full of admiration and unrestrained wonder, as if he were beholding a natural marvel.

"I didn't mean to stare, Mom." He said, his voice soft but fervent. "I mean, I knew they were big—hell, everyone can tell they're massive, but I didn't expect...this."

"...Your cleavage, it's like an icy valley, so wide and white, it's gotta feel as cool as it looks. It's...stunning."

Olivia's blush deepened, her hands twitching as she fought the urge to cover herself.

"They're...They're not that impressive." She mumbled, her voice trembling with modesty and fluster, trying to downplay the attention.

Kafka shook his head frantically, his eyes still locked on her chest, his tone almost reverent.

"Not impressive? Mom, no way. When I first saw Mom's cleavage, who probably has no idea as to what's going on, I thought I'd never see anything like it again."

"...Hers is dark, rich, like a field of fertile soil, deep and earthy. I figured that was it, the pinnacle...But this?"

He gestured to her chest, his voice filled with awe.

"Yours are just as breathtaking, like a field of ice and snow, pale and endless. Both are...absolutely stunning, in their own way. I can't even pick which is more beautiful."

Olivia's breath caught, her heart pounding as his words washed over her. If any other man had spoken like this, comparing her breasts to landscapes, describing them with such vivid, poetic detail, she'd have assumed they were lusting after her, their words dripping with predatory intent.

She'd have shut them down, her discomfort turning to anger.

But this was Kafka, her son, and the gaze in his dark eyes was different.

There was no lechery, no hunger—only pure, unadulterated admiration, as if he were standing before a snow-capped mountain range, marveling at its majesty. He looked at her not as an object of desire but as a work of art, a masterpiece he'd pay millions to preserve.

For the first time, a man's gaze on her chest didn't make her feel exposed or uncomfortable. Instead, it made her feel...valued, cherished, as if her body were something to be celebrated rather than ogled.

The realization hit her hard, her chest swelling with a strange blend of pride and gratitude. Her son saw her beauty, not as a source of lust but as a testament to her worth, and that made her feel more appreciated than she ever had.

She continued patting his head, her fingers trembling slightly as she tried to hold onto the maternal role, to keep the moment grounded.

"You...You're too much, Kafi." She said, her voice soft but tinged with a shy smile. "But...Thank you. It's...nice to hear you think that."

Yet, despite the warmth his words sparked, a peculiar unease gnawed at her. His open stare, so unabashed, felt...strange, no matter how much she tried to frame it as the village's open-mindedness.

Her hand paused on his head, her voice hesitant as she asked,

"Kafi...Isn't this a bit...weird? You staring at your own mother's breasts like this? I mean, no matter how open you're supposed to be, doesn't it feel...strange to you?"

Her eyes searched his, her heart racing as she wondered what he'd say, what he truly thought of this moment that felt so far from a typical mother-son interaction.

And in response, Kafka looked up, his eyes meeting hers with a calm, unwavering sincerity.

"Weird? Not at all, Mom." He said, his voice steady and earnest. "Why I said that is because I'm an admirer of beauty, plain and simple."

"Doesn't matter what I'm looking at a tree covered in blossoms, a vintage bike that's just too cool, or even a random pebble with a weird shape that makes it stand out."

"...If it's beautiful, I appreciate it, no matter what form it takes."

He paused, his gaze softening, a reverence in his tone that made her breath catch.

"And right now, I'm not looking at you as my mom, or a woman, or family, or...anything like that. You're just...an object of pure, unadulterated beauty. A sculpture of femininity, so gorgeous it takes my breath away...That's all."

Olivia's heart stuttered, her body trembling as his words washed over her, overwhelming in their intensity.

It was as if he'd crowned her a goddess, the most beautiful thing in existence, his sincerity so raw it felt like a physical force.

Her years in business had honed her ability to read people, to spot lies in a glance, and as she looked into Kafka's eyes, she saw no exaggeration, no deceit—only truth.

He meant every word, his admiration as pure as if he were gazing at a pristine landscape, not a hint of lust or improper intent tainting his gaze.

The realization made her blood race, her pulse thundering through her veins, her body alight with a joy she'd never felt before.

No one had ever complimented her like this, with such heartfelt reverence, and the urge to hug him, to pull him close and thank him, surged so strongly she nearly acted on it.

But she held back, her arms tightening around his neck instead, her cleavage starkly exposed and dangerously close to his face. If she hugged him now, her breasts would press against him, smothering him in a way that felt far too intimate, even for the village's customs.

The thought alone made her blush deepen, her mind scrambling to stay grounded.

'He's just admiring me' She told herself, seeing beauty, nothing more and she believed it.

She truly believed that Kafka's thoughts were pure, devoid of the lustful intent she'd seen in other men.

She believed that even if he saw her bare breasts, or her entire body naked, she was certain his gaze would remain the same: awe-filled, reverent, seeing only an icon of beauty, not a woman to desire.

The realization erased her lingering doubts about his intentions, cementing her trust in his purity.

Yet, that trust only heightened her own turmoil.

While Kafka might see her as a sculpture, a work of art, she wasn't as composed.

His gaze on her cleavage, his knuckles grazing her breasts as he unbuttoned her shirt, the warmth of his hand stroking her thigh—it was all too much, stirring a thrill in her that felt dangerously close to something forbidden.

She wasn't like him, able to detach and admire without feeling the heat of intimacy.

The thought of him seeing her naked, even with his pure intentions, sent a shiver through her—not because she doubted him, but because she doubted herself.

Her body's reactions, the excitement coursing through her, were her own failing, not his. She was the one out of place, her thoughts straying where they shouldn't, while her son remained the picture of innocence.

'Why am I feeling like this?' She wondered, her heart pounding as she looked down at him, his eyes still tracing the snowy valley of her cleavage with that same reverent awe.

He was her son, her Kafi, and yet her body responded as if he were...something else.

She tightened her grip on his hair, patting his head more firmly desperate to cling to her maternal role, to push away the thoughts that threatened to unravel her.

'It's the village.' She told herself. 'This openness, it's messing with my head.'

She had to be stronger, to keep her heart in check, to ensure she saw him only as her son, no matter how his touch or words made her feel...

Chapter 637: Buttons Working Overtime

Kafka's voice broke through her thoughts, his tone warm and concerned as he looked up at her, his eyes searching hers.

"You alright, Mom? Are you comfortable now that you're...a bit more open?" His gaze flicked briefly to her chest, where the parted shirt revealed the wide, pale expanse of her cleavage, her massive breasts rising and falling with each breath.

Olivia shook her head to clear the haze, forcing a smile as she focused on the physical relief.

"I-I'm...fine, Kafi." She said, her voice soft but steady. "Much breezier now. It feels like I can finally breathe."

Her breasts moved with each inhale, the milky expanse shifting like a restless sea, the motion drawing Kafka's eyes despite her efforts to ignore it.

Kafka's gaze lingered, a playful glint in his eyes as he studied the single button still holding her shirt together at the base of her cleavage.

"You know, I was thinking of undoing one more." He said, his voice teasing. "But I'm kinda scared if I do, they'll just...plop out, and you'll be sitting here in your bra."

Olivia's nervous chuckle escaped before she could stop it, her cheeks flushing as she nodded.

"That's...true." She admitted, her voice tinged with shy amusement. "You stopped at the perfect spot, Kafi. That's the last button I usually undo when I want to relax."

She glanced down, the precarious button straining against the pressure of her breasts, and felt relief and a bit of self-consciousness at how exposed she already was.

Kafka's grin then widened, his eyes flicking to the button with reverence.

"That button's actually working overtime, you know." He said, his tone light but laced with mischief. "It's under some serious pressure right now, holding back all that...force."

He gestured vaguely at her chest, his words playful but meaningful.

"You gotta give props to whoever made this shirt, Mom. Any flimsier fabric, and those buttons would've popped off, flying across the room like bullets."

Olivia's blush deepened, her hand pausing in his hair as she swatted his arm lightly.

"Kafi, don't tease me like that." She said, her voice a blend of embarrassment and laughter. "There's nothing special about my buttons."

But in truth, he wasn't entirely wrong. She'd invested in well-tailored shirts precisely because cheaper ones couldn't handle her proportions, their buttons snapping under the strain of her massive breasts. Still, hearing him say it so brazenly made her heart race.

Kafka shook his head, his grin unrepentant.

"I'm not exaggerating, Mom. That shirt's holding on for dear life, and the only reason it's managing is because you've got that bra keeping things...contained." He paused, his eyes glinting with a sudden, daring thought, and leaned closer. "Speaking of your bra...should I take that off, too? Might make you even more comfortable."

Olivia's eyes widened, her blush flaring to a crimson that burned her cheeks.

"No!" She blurted, her voice high with panic as her hands instinctively crossed over her chest.

The thought of him removing her bra—leaving her massive breasts to press against the thin shirt, her nipples likely visible through the fabric was unthinkable, a line she couldn't cross.

The shirt was already too revealing, and the idea of baring more sent a dizzying wave through her, her mind reeling at the intimacy it would entail.

"This...this is fine, Kafi." She stammered, her voice trembling but firm. "I'm comfortable enough, really."

Kafka's chuckle was warm, his hands raising in a placating gesture as he leaned back.

"Alright, alright, I hear you." He said, his tone reassuring to her immense relief. "Won't push it."

But his eyes swept over her again, assessing her with a playful scrutiny, as if searching for the next way to make her 'comfortable' his gaze landed on her legs, the black stockings clinging to her plump thighs, and he tilted his head with a teasing smile.

"But you're still not totally relaxed, Mom. Those stockings—they're not exactly lounge-around-the-house gear, are they?"

"...How about I take those off, too? You'll feel way freer."

Olivia's throat tightened as Kafka suggested removing her stockings, the intimacy of the act looming large in her mind. She gulped, her voice hesitant as she protested.

"Kafi, I...I don't think you can do that. I'm sitting down, so it'd be better if I just got up and did it myself." Her words were a feeble attempt to draw a line, to keep the moment from spiraling further into the dizzying closeness she was already struggling to navigate.

But Kafka's grin was undeterred, his tone light but firm.

"No problem at all, Mom. I can handle it."

Before she could question how, his hands slid under her armpits, and with a gentle but effortless strength, he lifted her off his lap as if she were a child. Olivia's breath caught, her eyes widening in shock as he raised her until she stood on the couch, her legs straddling him, her crotch perilously close to his face.

The position was startling, but what stunned her more was the ease with which he'd lifted her, his muscles flexing with a power that belied the skinny boy she remembered.

"Wow, Kafi." She blurted, her voice full of awe and praise. "You're so strong! How did you lift me so easily?"

Her hands instinctively gripped his shoulders for balance, her heart racing as she marveled at his strength.

Kafka chuckled, his hands steadying her hips as he looked up, his eyes glinting with amusement at her reaction.

"It's nothing, Mom. Since I moved to this town, I've been working out, building some muscle, so picking you up like this is a little too easy."

His tone was casual, but the pride in his voice was unmistakable, a quiet boast that made her smile.

Olivia nodded, her earlier impressions confirmed.

From the moment she'd sat on his lap, she'd felt the rigidity of his body, the hard planes of muscle beneath his clothes, like a rock or a boulder, unyielding and strong.

The thought sparked a flicker of curiosity—purely maternal, she told herself to see how much her son had grown, to witness the physical transformation from the frail boy she'd known.

Every mother wanted to track her child's progress, to marvel at their growth, but the idea of asking him to show his muscles felt too bold, too risky.

She silenced the thought, her cheeks warming as she wondered, just for a moment, what he looked like beneath his shirt, his body sculpted by years she'd missed.

Kafka's gaze shifted upward, and his eyes landed on her towering breasts, now directly above him, their massive size accentuated by the open shirt and her elevated position.

He tilted his head, a smirk playing on his lips.

"You're not heavy at all, Mom. Pretty light, actually." He paused, his smirk widening as he added. "Well...except for those breasts of yours. Gotta be half your body weight, right?"

"...They're like mountains blocking the view—I can barely see your face!"

Olivia's blush flared, her body squirming as embarrassment surged.

"Kafi!" She squeaked, her hands flying to cover his eyes in a flustered panic. "Don't say things like that! It's embarrassing!" Her voice was full of indignation, her heart racing at his brazen comparison. She then leaned forward, using his head for support, her legs trembling slightly as she stood over him. "Just...hurry up and take off the stockings, please. I can't stand like this forever!"

Kafka's chuckle was warm, his hands resting on her thighs as he gave her a teasing look.

"Pity, though." He said, his voice playful. "Kinda liked the view."

Before she could protest further, his fingers began their work, grazing her legs as they slid upward, tracing the curves of her thighs, brushing her hips, and even grazing the edge of her plump ass.

The touch was sensual, almost too intimate, and Olivia's breath hastened, her body tensing as his hands found the waistband of her stockings.

The sensation of his fingers on her skin, the slow, careful way he moved, sent a confusing thrill through her. She tried to focus on the task, to keep her thoughts maternal, but the intimacy was undeniable.

Swallowing hard, she forced herself to speak, her voice trembling. "Kafi...do you...do you do this with Abi, too? Are you used to...this?"

Kafka's hands began to pull the stockings down, his fingers now grazing her bare skin, the warmth of his touch electric against her thighs and the curve of her ass.

"Mom doesn't usually wear stockings." He said, his tone casual as he worked the fabric down her legs. "She'd look good in them, but this? First time I'm pulling a pair off. Gotta say, it's kinda fun."

He chuckled, his fingers brushing her bare feet as he slid the stockings off completely, leaving her legs exposed, the cool air a stark contrast to the heat of his touch on her skin.

Olivia's heart skipped, a surprising giddiness bubbling up at the thought that this was a 'first' for him.

Abigaille had been there for so many of his milestones, his firsts, while Olivia had been absent, toiling in the city.

So, to share this moment, however small—his first time removing stockings felt like a victory, a reclaiming of a piece of his life she'd missed.

It was a bizarre thing to celebrate, she knew, but the joy of it, the connection, made her chest swell with happiness, even as she stood in such an intimate position, her legs bare, her crotch still close to his face...

Chapter 638: If I Had An Ass Like Yours...

Olivia's bare legs trembled slightly as she stood over Kafka, the cool air brushing her skin where the stockings once clung. Her mind drifted to the comfort of his lap, a seat she'd grown to crave in mere moments, and she moved to sit back down, longing for the familiar warmth of his embrace.

But before she could lower herself, Kafka's hands gripped her calves, his touch firm yet gentle, halting her.

"Hold on, Mom." He said, his voice low and laced with admiration. "Now that I can see your bare legs, let me look a bit longer. They're...stunning."

"...Long, sexy, real treasures you were hiding under those stockings. And with that miniskirt and office outfit? You look damn gorgeous."

Her cheeks burned, a flush spreading across her face as his intense gaze roamed her legs. His words, so bold and unfiltered, sent a shiver of pride through her, but the openness of his stare—fixed on her bare skin was overwhelming.

Embarrassment surged, and without thinking, she dropped back onto his lap, her plump ass landing with a soft thud that made her cheeks bulge against his thighs. The sudden movement squished her miniskirt against his chest, pressing their bodies closer than ever, her breasts grazing his torso, her face mere inches from his.

The proximity stole her breath, and as she met his gaze, she was struck by how handsome he'd become—his sharp jawline, his dark eyes, the confident curve of his lips. Her heart raced, a flutter of something dangerous stirring in her chest, and she quickly averted her eyes, desperate to anchor herself in the maternal role she clung to.

Kafka's hands then slid to her waist, pulling her closer, his voice warm but teasing.

"I absolutely love the position we are in, Mom." He said, his eyes locking onto hers, sparkling with mischief. "I can hold you like this, see those pretty eyes up close." His fingers tightened slightly, a possessive edge to his grip that made her pulse quicken. "But I still wanna show you how I like to cuddle...You up for it?"

Snapping out of her daze, Olivia nodded, her voice soft but curious. "Go on, Kafi. Show me." Her heart pounded, the memory of his earlier words—his way being 'more intimate' echoing in her mind, stirring both anticipation and unease.

Kafka's grin widened like he was really expecting what was coming next. "It's like this, just...more relaxed. A reclining position, that's all."

Without explaining further, he shifted, turning to lie back on the sofa, his head resting on the armrest as if settling in for a nap. His hands never left her, pulling her down with him, guiding her until she was stretched out atop him, her legs entwined with his, her body pressed fully against his.

The shift was seamless, but the result was staggering her entire form molded to his, every hard, rigid plane of his muscled body a stark contrast to her soft curves. Her massive breasts, barely contained by the open shirt, squished against his chest, the pale expanse of her cleavage spilling out, a lewd yet breathtaking sight that drew Kafka's gaze.

"This..." He said, his voice a low rumble. "...is how I like to cuddle. I get cold easy when I'm watching TV, but with a plump, warm woman like you lying on me?...It's better than any blanket. Feels like nirvana."

His hands tightened on her waist, pulling her closer, her body flush against his, so close she could feel the steady thump of his heartbeat, his warm breath grazing the sensitive skin of her cleavage.

The intimacy was dizzying, her senses overwhelmed by his scent, his strength, the way he held her like she was his to protect.

Olivia's face burned, her body tensing as she wriggled slightly, the position igniting a shy unease.

"T-This...This really is intimate, Kafi." She murmured, her voice trembling with awe and nervousness. "You weren't kidding earlier."

Kafka's eyes softened, his hands loosening slightly as he met her gaze. "Too much, Mom? We can stop if it's not okay." His voice was gentle, but there was a challenge in his eyes, a subtle test of her resolve.

She shook her head quickly in response, her voice firm despite the flutter in her chest.

"No, it's...It's fine. I'm just getting used to it." She paused, then added, her tone softening. "Honestly, I...I feel comfortable like this. I always thought beds were supposed to be soft, cozy, but you—you're not soft, but somehow this feels...safe."

"...Especially when you hold me like this."

His arms, wrapped around her, pulled her closer, and for a moment, she felt an overwhelming sense of belonging, as if she were his in a way that transcended their roles. The thought was racy, dangerous, and she pushed it away, clinging to the comfort of his embrace, telling herself it was maternal, nothing more.

Kafka's voice broke through her thoughts, his tone light but tinged with mischief.

"This position's not just comfy, Mom." He said, his dark eyes glinting. "It's fun, too. I can play around a bit, like I do with Mom...Keeps things lively."

Olivia's brow furrowed, confusion mingling with curiosity.

"Play around?" She asked, her voice soft but wary. "What do you mean, Kafi? How do you...play in a position like this?"

He hesitated, his gaze turning cautious, as if weighing her reaction. "I...don't know if I should say." He said, his voice low, almost testing. "You won't get mad, right? If I show you what I mean?"

Her heart softened at his concern, a smile tugging at her lips. Nothing her son did could truly anger her—not when he was trying so hard to connect.

"Not at all, Kafi." She said, her voice warm with encouragement. "Go on, show me. What do you play with?"

To her shock, Kafka's hands slid from her waist, descending until they reached her plump, bouncy ass. His fingers sank into the soft flesh, like butter molded into perfect curves, and he began to pat it lightly, each tap sending her cheeks jiggling like jelly.

The sensation was ticklish, startling, and Olivia's eyes widened as she twisted to look back, her ass bouncing under his hands like a drum.

"Kafi!" She gasped, her voice a blend of panic and disbelief. "What are you doing? Why are you...beating your mother's b-but?"

Kafka's chuckle was warm, his hands continuing their playful rhythm.

"I'm not beating them, Mom." He said, his tone teasing but earnest. "I'm just playing around."

"...You see, I'm kinda restless, always need to fidget with something. When I'm like this with Mom, she lets me do this—play with her ass. It's like a stress ball, you know? Something to knead, keeps me calm."

One hand kept patting, the other began to gently grope, squeezing her cheek like it was a toy, his touch both casual and deliberate.

Olivia's ears burned, her face flushing as she glanced back, watching her ass ripple under his hands.

"A...stress ball?" She stammered, her voice trembling with confusion. "I've never heard of anyone using an...ass like that!"

Her mind reeled, the ticklish sensation warring with the heat spreading through her body, a warmth that felt dangerously unlike the maternal comfort she clung to.

Kafka's grin widened, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Of course you haven't, Mom. Not everyone's got an ass like yours—thick, plump, perfect for it. You and Mom are special, you know? Not many could pull this off."

"...I'm lucky, having mothers with such bold, beautiful butts to help with my restlessness."

Olivia's heart raced, a tumult of emotions crashing within her. The casualness of his touch, the way he framed it as playful, innocent, clashed with the fire igniting in her lower body. His hands on her ass, kneading and patting, felt too intimate, too charged, and she was on the verge of telling him to stop, to draw a line she could no longer ignore.

But before she could speak, Kafka's smirk deepened, his voice dropping to a playful lilt.

"You know, Mom, I was just thinking that if I had an ass as big as yours, I'd be groping it all the time, using it as my own stress ball."

The absurdity of this casual thought—Kafka, with his lean, muscular frame, sporting a curvaceous, basketball-sized ass that jutted out like a caricature hit Olivia like a lightning bolt.

"Hahahahaha!"

Laughter erupted from her, a bright, unrestrained giggle that shook her body, her earlier tension dissolving in the hilarity.

"Oh, Kafi!" She gasped between giggles, picturing him waddling with an exaggerated, comically plump backside. "That's...That's ridiculous! You, with an ass like mine? It'd look like two beach balls glued to you!"

Her laughter grew, tears pricking her eyes as she imagined him strutting with such an outlandish feature, his slender hips swaying under the weight of an impossible posterior.

Kafka paused, his hands stilling on her ass, his eyes widening in surprise at the intensity of her reaction.

"Was it that funny?" He asked, his voice tinged with mock offense, though his smirk betrayed his delight.

Olivia wiped a tear from her eye, her laughter subsiding into a warm, radiant smile, the first unguarded expression she'd shown since arriving.

"It really was." She said, her voice soft but brimming with joy. "I haven't laughed like that in...months. Just the thought of you like that—it's too much!"

She chuckled again, the image still tickling her, and for a moment, she felt like any other woman, light and free, unburdened by the weight of her earlier thoughts.

Kafka's smirk returned, his hands resting lightly on her hips now, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction.

"If my ass makes you laugh that hard, maybe I'll stuff some pillows in my pants one day, surprise you with the full effect...See how you handle it then."

Olivia shook her head, still giggling, her voice firm but playful.

"Don't you dare, Kafi! I'd laugh so hard I'd pass out. I couldn't handle that sight!" The absurdity, the shared humor, wrapped her in a warmth she hadn't felt in ages, a connection with her son that felt pure, untainted by the village's dizzying openness.

As her laughter faded, she realized the dark thoughts that had plagued her the forbidden heat, the shameful stirrings had vanished, swept away by the joy of the moment.

Kafka's humor, his playful innocence, was a beacon, guiding her back to clarity. Each time her mind strayed, his words, his gaze, his laughter pulled her back, reminding her of his purity, his intent to be nothing but a loving son.

With a sigh, she relaxed, her body sinking against his chest, her cheek resting against his shoulder in a gesture of comfort and trust. The racy thoughts were gone, replaced by a quiet gratitude for the son who could make her laugh, who could make her feel so cherished...

Chapter 639: I Want To Check My Son's Growth

Kafka's hands, warm and steady, stroked Olivia's back as she lay against his chest, her soft curves pressed into his rigid frame. Her laughter had faded, leaving a quiet warmth in its wake, and he tilted his head, his voice soft with concern.

"You alright, Mom?" He asked, his fingers tracing gentle circles along her spine. "You seem...happy."

Olivia's cheek rubbed against his chest, a contented sigh escaping her as she nestled closer, her body sinking into the comfort of his embrace.

"Of course, Kafi." She murmured, her voice thick with emotion. "I'm just...so happy right now. So happy I could just fall asleep on your chest and stay here all night."

Her words were unguarded, her heart laid bare by the joy of their closeness, a moment she'd dreamed of for years.

Kafka's smile was warm, but a glint of mischief flickered in his eyes.

"Sleep sounds nice, Mom, but not yet." He said, his tone light but insistent. "I wanna catch up, hear about what you've been up to all this time. And I bet you've got a ton of questions for me, right?...Stuff you've been dying to ask."

Olivia's head snapped up, her eyes wide as she met his gaze, a spark of realization cutting through her haze.

"Yes!" She said quickly, her voice tinged with excitement. "I totally forgot—I had so many things I wanted to ask you. I even made a mental list on the drive here!"

Her mind raced, trying to recall the questions she'd prepared about his life in the village, his interests, how he'd changed—but as she searched, her thoughts scattered, overwhelmed by the intimacy of the moment.

His hands on her, the press of her breasts against his chest, the playful groping of her ass—it had all clouded her mind, leaving her blank.

Kafka's brow arched, his hand pausing on her back as he studied her. "What's wrong, Mom? Cat got your tongue?"

She bit her lip, a flush creeping up her neck.

"I...I can't think of anything right now." She admitted, her voice small, almost sheepish. "No matter how hard I try, nothing's coming up. It's like my mind's...empty."

He chuckled, the sound low and reassuring, his hand resuming its gentle stroke.

"You don't need to think, Mom. Just say the first thing that pops into your head when you look at me...Whatever it is, just let it out."

His eyes held hers, a quiet insistence in his gaze, urging her to be open, to embrace the village's unfiltered honesty.

Olivia hesitated, her heart pounding as she looked into his eyes. The encouragement in his voice, the warmth of his touch, emboldened her, and without overthinking, she blurted the first thought that surfaced...even though it was exactly what he was expecting and caught both of them off guard.

"Can I...Can I touch your body, Kadi? Can I roam my hands all over your upper body since I want to see how much you've grown?"

The words hung in the air, shocking them both. Olivia's face flamed a bright red, her eyes widening as she realized the absurd thing she'd said.

"Oh, no, forget that!" She stammered, shaking her head frantically. "I didn't mean it, Kafi! I-I'm being crazy. Don't listen to me!"

Her voice trembled with mortification, her mind spiraling with fear that he'd think her strange, a perverse mother asking to touch her son's body. She braced for his laughter, for a teasing jab that would cement her shame.

But instead, Kafka's hand moved to her head, patting gently in a calming, almost paternal gesture that stilled her panic.

The touch was soothing, like a balm to her frayed nerves, and she looked up, meeting his gaze. His eyes were warm, devoid of judgment, a soft smile playing on his lips.

"It's alright, Mom." He said, his voice low and reassuring. "No need to be embarrassed. I'm actually proud of you for saying that."

Olivia blinked, confusion knitting her brow.

"Proud?" She asked, her voice hesitant. "Why? A mother asking to...to touch her son's body, it's not right. I should be ashamed."

Kafka shook his head, his hand still patting her head, his touch steady and comforting.

"Not at all. You're just doing what every mom does—wanting to see how your kid's grown. That's normal, Mom...But what makes me proud is that you said what you were really thinking, no matter how embarrassing it felt."

"...That's what I want, for us to be open, to say what's on our minds. It's how we get closer, how we make up for all that lost time."

His voice was earnest, his eyes holding hers with a sincerity that eased her racing heart.

Olivia exhaled, a sigh of relief washing over her as she realized he didn't see her as strange or improper.

His understanding, his encouragement, felt like a lifeline, pulling her back from the edge of her shame and she nodded, her blush fading slightly, gratitude swelling in her chest for a son who could turn her mortification into a moment of connection.

Then, to her surprise, Kafka's patting grew softer, his gaze tender, almost as if he were the elder, the one offering guidance.

"I truly am proud of you, Mom." He said, his voice a soothing caress, laced with a warmth that felt almost paternal. "Proud of what you said, proud of you trying to do your best to accompany to this town's customs."

"...Keep it up, and we'll catch up on all those years we missed. I promise."

His hand lingered on her head, his fingers threading gently through her hair, his eyes holding hers with a love that made her breath catch.

The words, the tenderness, hit her like a tidal wave. Her heart raced, a strange, electric jolt coursing through her body, sparking a heat that reached her lower belly.

To her shock, she felt her nipples harden against the thin shirt, a reaction so visceral it flooded her with embarrassment. Her son, her own son, praising her, petting her like she was the child, reversing their roles in a way that thrilled her in ways she couldn't comprehend.

The idea of him, the boy she'd raised, taking on a fatherly role, guiding her, approving of her, sent a shiver through her, a forbidden excitement she tried to bury and she pressed her cheek harder against his chest, hiding her flushed face, willing her body to calm, to erase the shameful response.

Her mind was also a fog, the questions she'd meant to ask about his life, his growth, the years she'd missed—lost in the overwhelming intimacy of their closeness.

She also knew that couldn't let her blurted request to touch his body stand unexplained; the fear that he might think her strange or improper gnawed at her.

So, swallowing her embarrassment, she lifted her head, her eyes meeting his as she rushed to clarify, her voice trembling but resolute.

"Kafi, I...I didn't say that because I'm being weird." She insisted, her cheeks burning. "It's just...when I was younger, I did a lot of martial arts to protect myself and Abi."

"Along with that I also studied everything—physique, exercise, how a strong body helps in combat and because of that I've always been fascinated by well-built bodies, you know? They're...the peak of human potential, you know, and for some reason I found that really appealing."

Her blush deepened at the admission, but she pressed on, her voice faltering.

"And from the moment I sat on you, I could tell you've taken care of yourself, that you've got an incredible figure which I wanted to know more about, which led me to ask that question."

"...It was just curiosity honestly, wanting to see how you've grown. So please, forget I said anything. There's no way you'd let me do that."

Hearing her speaking about her vulnerable interests, Kafka's gaze softened, his hand stroking her back in a reassuring manner as he shook his head.

"You don't need to be embarrassed, Mom." He said, his voice warm and understanding. "Everyone's got their interests. If yours is well—built bodies, that's nothing to be ashamed of."

His lips curved into a playful smile, his hand giving her plump ass a quick, teasing squeeze.

"And also I've been admiring your body this whole time, even playing around with this." He chuckled, the gesture light but pointed. "So, as your son, it's only fair I return the favor, let you have a peek, too, isn't it?"

Olivia's eyes widened, surprise mingling with relief at his acceptance.

"Really?" She asked, her voice hesitant. "You'd...let me touch you? Even though it's...strange?"

"It's not strange at all." Kafka said, his smile widening, a glint of pride in his eyes. "I don't mind one bit...Hell, I wanna show off a little since these muscles took a lot of hard work to develop, Mom. Took years to build."

"...Because of that I don't mind showing them off at all, so go ahead, have a feel."

His tone was encouraging, almost eager, as if inviting her to share in his achievement.

Despite his reassurance, Olivia hesitated, her hands hovering uncertainly. Touching her son's body, feeling his muscles, felt like crossing a line she wasn't accustomed to, a step into intimacy that made

her heart race. Her fingers twitched, caught between curiosity and propriety, her mind wrestling with the unfamiliarity of the act.

Seeing her hesitation, Kafka took charge, his movements swift but gentle.

To her surprise, he grabbed her hands, his grip firm yet careful, and tugged his shirt up, exposing the chiseled expanse of his upper body.

Before she could protest, he pressed her palms against his bare skin, trapping them between her body and his, the hard ridges of his muscles a stark contrast to her soft touch. The sensation was enthralling, like touching a polished stone sculpture, and Olivia's breath caught, panic flaring as she felt the unyielding strength beneath her fingers.

She moved to pull away, embarrassment flooding her, but Kafka's voice cut through, calm and soothing.

"Hey, don't panic, Mom." He said, his tone gentle but insistent. "It's alright. Touch me like you want to. Just think about how you bathed me a million times when I was a kid, scrubbed every inch of me...This is no different." His eyes held hers, urging her to continue, his expression a full of encouragement and quiet confidence. "Go on."

His words sank in, grounding her in a flood of memories—changing his diapers, washing his tiny body, cleaning him with a mother's care. The boy beneath her was her baby, her Kafi, not a stranger whose body should feel forbidden.

The realization steadied her, and she nodded, her fingers beginning to move, slow at first, tracing the contours of his chest. Her touch was gentle, as she felt the hard planes of his pectorals, the defined grooves of his abs, each muscle a testament to years of discipline. His body was like a sculpture carved from stone, unyielding yet perfect, a work of art that filled her with quiet awe.

Kafka's lack of reaction, his encouraging gaze, only emboldened her.

Seeing no discomfort, only silent urging in his eyes, she grew bolder, her fingers exploring more freely. Her touch roamed from his broad shoulders to the tight cords of his obliques, feeling every ridge and valley, her curiosity overtaking her hesitation...

Chapter 640: Mutual Admiration

To Kafka's surprise, Olivia became engrossed, her voice taking on an almost scientific tone as she began to describe what she felt, as if she were a physician analyzing a specimen rather than a mother touching her son.

"Your pectoralis major is...remarkably developed." She said, her voice steady but tinged with fascination, her fingers pressing lightly against his chest. "The muscle fibers feel dense, well-defined, perfect for explosive strength."

Her hands slid lower, tracing the six distinct segments of his abdominals.

"And these rectus abdominis muscles...They're so symmetrical, with such clear separation. You've built an athletic core, Kafi, ideal for stability and power."

She moved to his shoulders, her touch careful, her words precise.

"The external obliques here, they're tight, sculpted—excellent for rotational movements, like in martial arts or sports."

Her tone was detached, almost academic, as if she were studying a masterpiece, not caressing her son's body.

Kafka's eyes widened slightly, a flicker of amusement crossing his face as he listened to her detailed analysis. Her shift from hesitant mother to analytical observer was unexpected, a sign of how deeply she'd immersed herself in the moment.

Olivia's hands lingered on Kafka's chiseled abs, her fingers tracing the hard ridges with precision that had overtaken her maternal hesitation. But as she caught his gaze—confusion flickering in his dark eyes, she froze, a flush of embarrassment flooding her cheeks.

She yanked her hands back, pressing them to her chest as if to hide her boldness.

"Oh, Kafi, I'm so sorry." She stammered, her voice trembling with mortification. "I didn't mean to...to go on like that, saying all those things about your body."

"It's...It's weird, I know. It's just—I've read so much about human anatomy, the perfect physique, and your body...it's like it came straight out of those books."

"...I got carried away, fascinated, and...I shouldn't have said so much."

But to her surprise, Kafka's smile was warm, disarming, his hand resting lightly on her waist as he shook his head.

"No problem at all, Mom." He said, his voice rich with reassurance. "I'm just happy someone out there appreciates the work I put into this." He chuckled, his eyes glinting with amusement. "Just surprised you know so many fancy terms—sounded like a doctor or something."

Olivia's blush softened, relief easing the knot in her chest.

"Abi could've told you." She said, her voice steadier now, a small laugh escaping. "I'm a bit of a bookworm, always diving into niche topics. And one of those anatomy books...It stuck with me. That's why I got so detailed."

She glanced away, still flustered but warmed by his acceptance.

Kafka's grin widened, his hand giving her waist a gentle squeeze. "That's cool, Mom. But text time you wanna nerd out about anatomy, skip the books—come to me. Feel me up all you want."

His tone was teasing, but his eyes held a sincerity that made her heart skip, a quiet invitation that stirred a hidden curiosity she quickly buried. The idea of exploring his muscles again, of indulging her fascination, lingered in her mind, tucked away like a forbidden thought.

His smile then shifted, a mischievous edge creeping in, and Olivia's stomach tightened, a premonition that he was about to say something bold, something that would push the fragile boundaries they'd already stretched.

"It's a funny thing actually." He said, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "What I wanted to ask you first?..It's kinda similar to your question."

Her eyes widened, a nervous tremor running through her.

"W-What?"

She asked, her voice barely above a whisper, dread and curiosity warring within her. She braced herself, sensing something daring was coming.

Kafka's gaze dropped to her chest, where her massive breasts pressed against his torso, the pale expanse of her cleavage spilling from the open shirt.

"Just like you're curious about my body, Mom..." He said, his voice low and deliberate. "...I'm curious about yours, as well. Your breasts, specifically."

A shiver ran through Olivia, her body tensing as he continued, his eyes locked on her cleavage.

"Ever since they pushed me back when I went for that hug, I've been fascinated. They're so...bouncy, so soft, so big. I wanna feel them, see what they're made of, how they can be that powerful."

Olivia's breath caught, a loud "No!" immediately escaping her before she could stop it, the exclamation sharp enough to echo through the room.

Hearing this exclamation from the kitchen, Abigail's head snapped up, her voice tinged with concern.

"Everything alright over there?" She called, unable to see them clearly from her angle.

Hearing Abi call out to her, Olivia's heart raced, panic flaring at the thought of exposing the moment's intimacy. She forced a smile, her voice strained but steady.

"Nothing's wrong!" She called back. "Just...a glass fell, that's all. We're fine!"

Abigail nodded even though she was still a little doubtful of what made Olivia of all people to react in such a manner, returning to her cooking, and Olivia exhaled, relief mingling with her lingering shock.

She then turned back to Kafka, her eyes wide, her voice dropping to a fierce whisper.

"Kafi, you can't do that!" She hissed, her cheeks flaming. "That's too much. My breasts...They're just like anyone else's, made of muscle and fat, nothing special."

Kafka's smile didn't falter, his gaze unwavering as he leaned closer, his voice a playful challenge.

"Nah, Mom, they're different. No other breasts could shove me back like that with just a bump. I'm serious—I'm fascinated, just like you were about my muscles. I wanna understand them, feel what makes them so...powerful."

Olivia's stomach churned as Kafka's gaze lingered on her cleavage, his eyes alight with curiosity and admiration that, despite his pure intentions, felt like a step too far. Her resolve hardened, her lips parting to reject his request, to draw a firm line against the intimacy that threatened to unravel her.

But before she could speak, Kafka's expression shifted, his lips curling into a playful pout, his eyes wide and pleading.

"And it's not fair, Mom." He said, his voice tinged with indignation. "You got to touch me, feel my muscles, and I get nothing in return? That's no fun at all."

He paused, a mischievous glint flickering in his eyes.

"...Maybe I'll just tell Mom about this—see what she thinks about the unfairness going on around here."

Panic surged through Olivia, her heart lurching at the thought of Abigaille learning about their intimate moment. The idea of her best friend knowing she'd explored Kafka's body, analyzed his muscles with such fascination, was mortifying.

She wasn't sure if this fell under the village's supposed openness, if her actions were acceptable or scandalous, and the risk of Abigaille's judgment was too much to bear.

"No, Kafi, please!" She blurted, her voice a desperate whisper. "Don't tell her! She'll think I'm crazy...I'm begging you, don't say anything!"

Kafka's pout melted into a teasing smile, his eyes glinting with triumph as he leaned closer.

"Alright, Mom, I won't tell." He said, his tone light but laced with a playful challenge. "But if you don't want that, you gotta let me touch your breasts."

"...It's only fair—I deserve a little something, don't I?"

His pleading gaze, so pitiful, tugged at her heart, making it hard to resist.

Olivia's resolve wavered, her mind a tumult of reluctance and resignation. She knew she was cornered, his teasing blackmail a gentle but effective push and with a heavy sigh, she gave in, her voice hesitant and coy.

"Fine..." She murmured, her cheeks burning as she avoided his gaze. "You can...t-touch my breasts for a little while. But only over my clothes, Kafi, and don't get too...deep." She then pouted, a cute, almost childish expression that felt foreign on her usually composed face as she said, "And you shouldn't blackmail your mother like this, you know."

Kafka's grin widened, his eyes sparkling with delight as he chuckled. "Can't help it, Mom...Bullying my cute little mother is just too irresistible."

His words were playful, but the sincerity in his tone struck her like a spark.

Olivia's blush deepened, her heart skipping at being called 'cute'. No one had ever described her that way—men usually labeled her beautiful, stunning, or breathtaking, their words steeped in admiration for her mature, commanding presence.

Her icy demeanor, honed by years in the cutthroat world of business, made 'cute' feel impossible, yet Kafka's casual compliment warmed her in a way she hadn't expected. The joy of it, the unexpected validation, softened her resistance, momentarily eclipsing her unease about what was to come.

But then his hand patted her plump ass, a light, playful tap that snapped her out of her daze, and his voice cut through, teasing but insistent.

"Hey, Mom, get up a little." He said, his tone coaxing. "Sit over me so I can have a better hold of you."

Olivia's eyes widened, her heart lurching as she jolted back to the present.

"N-No, Kafi." She said quickly in a fluster. "This position is fine, you can...do it from here."

Her body tensed, her cheek still warm from where it had rested against his chest, her resolve to keep some semblance of control fraying under his persistence.

But Kafka's grin was undeterred, his eyes glinting with mischief as he shook his head.

"Come on, Mom, I can't do much with you lying on me like this, squeezing me with those breasts squashed against my chest. They're like...flat pancakes right now." His voice dropped, a playful challenge in his tone. "I wanna see them stand proud, full and round, admire their beauty while I touch them."

The words hit her like a shockwave, her body jolting upright as a flush burned across her cheeks.

Flat pancakes? Stand proud?

It was not something a son should say to his mother, the boldness of it clashing with the purity she'd convinced herself defined his intentions. Her mind screamed to refuse, to draw a line, but his teasing smile, the way he'd maneuvered her with playful blackmail, left her with little room to escape. She knew he wouldn't let it go, his persistence a gentle but unrelenting force.

With a hesitant sigh, Olivia pushed herself off his chest, her hands trembling as she shifted to sit upright, straddling his abdomen. Her miniskirt rode up slightly, her bare thighs pressing against his sides, and her massive breasts, now free from the pressure of his chest, stood prominent, their full, round shape accentuated by the open shirt.

The pale expanse of her cleavage was stark, almost luminous, and she kept her eyes fixed on her hands, braced on either side of him, unable to meet his gaze. The vulnerability of the position, the way her breasts were so openly displayed, sent a nervous shiver through her, her heart pounding with embarrassment and reluctant anticipation.

Kafka's eyes roamed her chest, a flicker of awe in his expression as he murmured. "That's better." His voice softened, a reassuring note cutting through her tension. "You ready, Mom?"

His hands hovered near her breasts, waiting for her permission, his gaze steady but gentle.

Olivia swallowed hard, her throat tight, and gave a hesitant nod, her voice barely a whisper.

"Okay...just...be careful, Kafi."

Her hands gripped his sides, her knuckles whitening as she braced herself, her body taut with nerves.

Kafka's smile was warm, his hands moving slowly as he laid them on her breasts, his touch light but steady over the thin fabric of her shirt.

"It'll be alright, Mom." He said, his voice a soothing balm. "Just like you touched me, I'm touching you. Mutual admiration, right, between a mother and son?...Nothing weird."

His words echoed her earlier exploration of his muscles, framing the act as a shared curiosity, and the familiarity of the comparison eased her racing pulse, if only slightly.

His hands then began to move, groping gently, his fingers tracing the curves of her breasts, feeling their weight and softness through the cloth.

The sensation was overwhelming, a flush of heat spreading through Olivia as his palms pressed and kneaded, testing the bounce and give of her flesh. Her breath hitched, her body tensing as she fought to keep her composure, to focus on his words—mutual admiration and not the forbidden thrill that stirred in her core.

His touch was careful, his eyes fixed on her breasts with a fascination that mirrored her own when she'd explored his muscles, and the parallel kept her grounded, reminding her this was just the village's openness, not something improper...