

God of Milfs 641

Chapter 641: Magical Breasts

Olivia sat astride Kafka's abdomen, her bare thighs gripping his sides, her massive breasts thrust forward, their full, round shapes starkly outlined by the open shirt. His hands, warm and strong, rested on her breasts, groping gently over the thin fabric, his fingers tracing their curves with a careful, almost reverent touch.

The sensation was unlike anything she'd ever felt—a heady mix of warmth, pressure, and an electric thrill that coursed through her, igniting her body in ways that both exhilarated and horrified her.

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

As Kafka's fingers pressed into her flesh, kneading softly, Olivia's breath hitched, a shiver rippling down her spine. Each touch was tender, his palms cupping the weight of her breasts, lifting them slightly before letting them settle, the gentle bounce sending a pulse of sensation through her chest.

Her nipples, already sensitive from the earlier jolt of his praise, hardened further against the fabric, a shameful response she couldn't suppress. The pressure of his fingers, pushing into the soft, pliant flesh, was both soothing and incendiary, a warmth spreading from her breasts to her core, her lower belly tightening with a forbidden heat.

She wanted to believe it was just the village's customs, a mutual admiration as he'd claimed, but the pleasure blooming in her body felt wrong, taboo, a betrayal of the maternal role she clung to.

"Swipe!~ Brush!~ Hmm!~ Slick! Swirl!~"

When Kafka's thumbs grazed the undersides of her breasts, lifting them higher, the sensation was sharper, a tingling jolt that made her gasp softly, her hands tightening on his sides.

Her breasts, so heavy and full, seemed to swell under his touch, the fabric of her shirt a flimsy barrier that did little to dull the intensity.

He then pulled gently, his fingers splaying to encompass their breadth, and the stretch of her skin, the slight tug, sent a wave of pleasure through her chest, her breath catching in her throat.

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

Her body reacted instinctively, her back arching slightly, pushing her breasts further into his hands, a movement she immediately regretted as it deepened the contact, amplifying the sensations that threatened to unravel her.

'This is my son.' She thought, her mind a tumult of guilt and confusion. 'No mother should feel this way.'

The memory of breastfeeding, a distant concept she'd never experienced with Kafka, flickered in her mind as it was the only time when a mother's breasts were used for nurturing their son, not this...this sensual exploration by her son who was already a full grown man.

"Pat!~ Smooth! Tug!~ Pull!~ Shift!~"

The contrast was stark, jarring, yet the pleasure was undeniable, each movement of his hands stoking a fire she couldn't extinguish.

When he squeezed lightly, his fingers sinking deeper into her flesh, a soft moan escaped her lips before she could stop it, the sound mortifying her as it hung in the air.

"Hmm!~ Hnnnn"!~ Ahnn!~"

Her cheeks burned, her eyes darting to his face, searching for any sign that he'd noticed, but his expression remained focused, his eyes fixed on her breasts with a curiosity that seemed almost clinical, devoid of the lust she feared.

"Skim! Swish!~ Scrub!~ Knead!~ Flex!"

Kafka's hands shifted, one palm pressing firmly to test the resilience of her breast, the other tracing the curve where it met her chest, his fingers brushing the edge of her cleavage.

The dual sensations—pressure and featherlight touch sent conflicting signals through her body, her chest tightening with pleasure while her core pulsed with a heat that made her thighs clench against his sides.

"Ahnnn!~ Mmm!~ Hnnn!~"

Her skin flushed, a sheen of warmth spreading from her breasts to her neck, and she felt a treacherous dampness gathering between her legs, a response so visceral it filled her with shame.

'I shouldn't feel this.' She thought, her inner turmoil a desperate plea to reclaim control. 'He's my son, my baby boy. This is wrong.'

Yet the pleasure was relentless, each grope, each lift and pull, coaxing her body to betray her, to revel in the sensations she knew were forbidden.

"Rub!~ Tap!~ Slide!~ Press! Twist!~"

When he lifted both breasts, holding their weight as if marveling at their mass, the stretch of her skin was exquisite, a deep, throbbing pleasure that made her bite her lip to stifle another moan.

Her nipples, pressed tight against the shirt, ached for more direct contact, a craving she fought with every ounce of her will.

The guilt was crushing—how could she feel this way, her body responding so eagerly to her son's touch?

She tried to focus on his words, his claim of mutual admiration, but the sensations overwhelmed her reason, her body a traitor to her maternal instincts.

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

His fingers circled, teasing the outer edges of her breasts, and the light, ticklish touch sent shivers through her, her lower belly quivering with a need she refused to name.

Kafka, oblivious to her inner storm, reveled in the sensation, his hands squeezing her breasts with a playful enthusiasm that went beyond simple admiration.

"God, Mom, these are huge." He said, his voice a mix of awe and delight as his fingers struggled to encompass their size. "I can't even wrap my hands around them—they're just...massive."

His palms pressed deeper, lifting and kneading, the pressure sending a jolt of pleasure through Olivia's chest that made her breath hitch, a soft whimper escaping her lips.

"Your breasts just keep on surprising me." He continued, his eyes fixed on them with unabashed fascination. "Like every time we take it a step further, they're even more amazing than I already think they were and just keep on pleasantly surprising me."

Olivia's cheeks burned, her body trembling under his touch as she tried to deflect his praise, her voice shaky and pleading.

"Kafi, please, don't...don't talk like that." She whimpered, her hands gripping his sides to steady herself. "They're nothing special. You're exaggerating—they're just...breasts, like any other woman's. Stop joking around with what you're saying to your mother."

Her words were a desperate attempt to downplay the moment, to convince herself that this was ordinary, not the taboo sensation that was setting her body alight.

But Kafka's response was a firmer squeeze, his fingers sinking into her flesh as if to challenge her denial, his grin unwavering.

"Joking? No way, Mom." He said, his voice laced with conviction. "These are one of a kind. You won't find breasts like these on any other woman—not with how fat and big they are...That alone's worth singing praises about."

His hands lifted her breasts, testing their weight, and the sensation was exquisite, a deep throb of pleasure that made her bite her lip to stifle a moan.

"Hnnn!~ Ahhh!~ Haugh!~"

Her nipples, painfully sensitive, pressed harder against the fabric, and a flush spread from her chest to her neck, her body reacting with a warmth that filled her with shame.

"Mmm!~ Nnnn!~ Mmm!~"

Olivia's whimpers grew softer, her body trembling as she tried to protest, her voice barely audible.

"Kafi...stop, they're not..."

But his hands continued, undeterred, and he leaned closer, his voice dropping to a teasing, almost analytical tone.

"And it's not just the size." He said, his fingers pushing into her flesh, testing their resilience. "If that wasn't enough—how heavy they are, how my hands are struggling to lift them their firmness is unreal."

"Normally, breasts this big would sag, flop down, lose their shape under all that weight. Like Mom's—hers are huge, probably close to your size, but they're soft, floppy, perfect for...well, sleeping on."

The image Kafka resting on Abigaille's naked breasts, her best friend's body bared to him sent a jolt of illicit excitement through Olivia, her lower body tightening as her mind conjured the scene.

"When did they do that?" She wondered, her breath catching, the thought both shocking and strangely thrilling.

But Kafka's voice pulled her back, his hands still groping, his fingers now circling the firm curves of her breasts.

"Yours, though? They're different." He said, his tone almost reverent. "So firm, holding their shape like they're defying gravity. And elastic as well—look at this." He pushed his fingers deeper, the flesh yielding before springing back, and the sensation was a sharp, tingling pleasure that made her gasp, her back arching involuntarily. "No matter how much I push, they just...bounce back. What are these even made of, Mom?"

Olivia's face was a furnace, her voice trembling as she tried to deflect, her guilt warring with the sensations flooding her body.

"They're...the same as anyone's. Mmm!~" She stammered, her words weak. "Flesh, muscle...nothing special."

But her body disagreed, each squeeze sending waves of pleasure through her chest, her nipples throbbing, her lower belly quivering with a need she refused to acknowledge. The dampness between her thighs grew, a shameful secret she prayed he couldn't sense, her thighs clenching against his sides in a futile attempt to quell it.

Kafka's grin was teasing, his fingers circling her breasts again, brushing the sensitive edges where they met her chest.

"Not a chance." He said, his voice playful but insistent. "These are special. Gotta be some...magic breast muscle or something, because there's no way they're this big and this perfect otherwise."

His hands lifted and dropped her breasts, the bounce sending a fresh wave of pleasure through her, her breath catching as her body betrayed her with another soft moan.

"Ahhh!~ Ahhh!~ Hnnn!~"

The sound mortified her, her eyes darting to his face, but his expression remained one of fascination, his gaze fixed on her breasts as if they were a marvel to be studied, not a woman's body to be desired...

Chapter 642: Caught In The Act

Olivia's cheeks burned as Kafka's words echoed in her ears, his teasing claim that her breasts were made of some 'magic breast muscle' sending a fresh wave of embarrassment through her.

"Kafi, don't say such embarrassing things!"

She stammered, her voice trembling with fluster as she sat astride his abdomen, her massive breasts thrust forward, still tingling from his earlier groping. The sheer size of them, so prominent under the open shirt, made her feel ashamed about them, and she couldn't shake the fear that he was mocking her, exaggerating their size to poke fun at how they dominated her frame.

"They're...They're not that special. And please don't talk about them like that since I-I'm actually quite self-conscious about their size." She mumbled, her eyes darting away, her hands gripping his sides to steady herself.

The thought that her son was laughing at her expense, highlighting her difference, gnawed at her, deepening the insecurity she'd carried for years.

But then to her surprise, abruptly, Kafka's hands stilled, his fingers pausing their playful touch, and the sudden stop startled her. Her eyes snapped to his, confusion flickering as she found him staring at her with a stern, almost solemn gaze that made her heart skip.

Before she could ask what was wrong, his voice cut through, firm and resolute.

"You're wrong, Mom." He said, his tone carrying a weight that caught her off guard. "You should never feel self-conscious about these breasts of yours."

Olivia's breath caught, her body tensing as his hands resumed their touch, but now with a gentler, caressing motion, his fingers tracing the curves of her breasts with a reverence that made her chest tighten.

"These..." He continued, his voice softening but no less earnest. "These are absolute treasures, pieces of art that everyone should admire. They're perfect, Mom—so big, so incredible."

"...No one else could have a pair like this. If anyone's gonna feel self-conscious, it should be the other women around you, dwarfed in comparison."

His eyes held hers, a fierce sincerity burning in them.

"They're the ones who should look at their own chests and feel lacking, who should envy you. Your breasts are objects of envy, Mom, and you should walk proud, head high, knowing you've got assets like these."

His words struck her like a thunderbolt, her heart racing as a rush of emotions flooded her.

From a young age, Olivia had been acutely aware of her difference—her massive breasts drawing stares, whispers, and unwanted attention that made her feel like an outsider.

In a world where a woman's vulnerability could be a target, she'd buried her self-consciousness deep, cloaking it in her icy demeanor to protect herself. She'd longed to be average, to blend in, to escape the weight of eyes that saw her as an object rather than a person.

That longing had shaped her, a quiet wound she'd never shared, until this moment, when her son's words pierced through years of guarded silence.

Kafka's smile was warm, his hands still caressing her breasts, but his gaze was one of pride, not mockery.

"Never hide them, Mom." He said, his voice a gentle command. "Be proud of what you've got."

The sincerity in his eyes, the way he celebrated her body, dissolved the shame she'd carried for so long.

For the first time, she felt seen—not as a spectacle, but as a marvel, a source of pride for her son. The realization was electric, her spirits lifting as a newfound confidence bloomed within her.

Every mother craved her child's approval, and though the reason was unconventional—her breasts, of all things the fact that Kafka was proud of her, fascinated by her, filled her with a joy she hadn't known she needed.

Unconsciously, her shoulders squared, her breasts lifting slightly as if responding to his words, their full, firm shape standing prouder under his touch. The weirdness of the moment, the taboo sensations that had plagued her, faded, replaced by a radiant happiness.

After years of distance, of sharing nothing with her son, his interest in her even if it was just a part of her body was magical, a bridge across the chasm of their past.

The pleasure she'd felt, the guilt that had tormented her, seemed a small sacrifice for this closeness, this moment where she could satisfy his curiosity and feel so deeply connected to him.

The warmth of his hands, the gentle caress as he marveled at her breasts, no longer felt wrong; it was a gift, a way to make him happy, to be the mother he admired.

Olivia's blush softened, a shy smile tugging at her lips as she met his gaze, her voice trembling but warm.

"You...You really think that, Kafi?" She asked, her heart swelling with gratitude. "I've always...felt different, you know. But hearing you say that...it means a lot."

Kafka's grin widened, his hands giving her breasts a final, gentle caress before resting on her waist, his eyes sparkling with affection.

"Hell yeah, Mom. You're one of a kind...Own it."

His words were playful, but the pride in his voice was unmistakable, sealing the moment with a warmth that made her feel invincible.

The warmth of Kafka's words, laced with playful pride, enveloped Olivia, making her feel invincible for the first time in years. Her blue eyes, usually guarded and reserved, glowed with a rare, unguarded happiness, a subtle shift that spoke volumes despite her struggle to show emotion.

Kafka's gaze softened as he noticed, his hands pausing their exploration of her breasts, a smile spreading across his face.

"Alright, Mom." He said, his voice warm and teasing, spreading his arms wide. "I've had enough of these treasures for now."

"...Come here now, I want all of you in my embrace. Give your son a hug that's been held off for long enough."

Olivia's heart swelled, the joy of his acceptance, his celebration of her, washing away the last traces of her earlier turmoil and without hesitation, she leaned forward, her body sinking against his, her massive breasts squishing against his chest as she wrapped her arms around him.

Their bodies melded together on the sofa, close and intimate, like lovers sharing a quiet moment, yet bound by the familial love she clung to. She buried her face in his chest, her cheek pressed against the hard planes of his muscles, a wave of gratitude flooding her.

In a world where sons often dismissed their mothers, shaped by a society quick to judge and divide, Kafka's love, his open admiration and affection was a rare gift. She snuggled closer, her heart full, thankful for a son who not only respected her but celebrated her in ways she'd never imagined.

His touch, however, carried a hint of his characteristic intimacy, a quirk she'd come to recognize like how instead of a simple hug at the moment, one of his hands slid to her back, his fingers tracing slow circles along her back, sending a shiver through her.

The other hand drifted lower, resting on her plump ass, patting and caressing gently, a possessive edge to his touch that made her body hum with a meek, conflicting thrill.

The sensation was both comforting and unsettling, stirring a warmth she tried to dismiss as maternal. She told herself it was just his way, his slightly over-intimate way of showing love and if this was the only flaw in a son who adored her so fiercely, she could overlook it.

But deep down, though, a part of her craved his touch, relished the way his hands made her feel alive, desired, even if the thought flushed her cheeks with shame. Shaking her head to banish the notion, she snuggled deeper into his embrace, savoring the moment, thinking to herself that life, right now, was Impossibly good.

The emotions swirling within her, gratitude, love, a quiet joy bubbled over, and she couldn't hold back. Her voice, soft and trembling, broke the silence as she whispered against his chest.

"I love you, Kafi. I love you with all my heart...You're my one and only baby boy, and I-I'd do anything for you. I'm so thankful...so thankful for having such a wonderful son."

Her words were raw, unguarded, a confession of the love she'd held for years, now spilling out in the warmth of their closeness.

Hearing this, Kafka's hands paused, his touch shifting as he pulled her closer, his fingers tightening on her waist. The movement made her look up, her blue eyes meeting his dark gaze, now softened with a sincerity that took her breath away.

"I love you too, Mom." He said, his voice low and earnest. "Just as much. I'm thankful for you, thankful for such an amazing mother."

"...I know I was a shitty son before, but I'll do everything to make up for it, to be the best son you could ever want."

His words were a vow, each syllable heavy with promise, and Olivia's heart soared, a radiant happiness flooding her.

"Oh, Kafi." She murmured, her voice thick with emotion as she hugged him tighter, snuggling into his embrace. "You're such a good son."

She then lifted her head, ready to shower him with more praise, but his voice continued, a new tone creeping in that made her pause.

"That's right, Mom..." He said, his tone shifting, a possessive undercurrent threading through his words. "I'm your son, and you're my mother—my mother, who I won't give up to anyone."

"...My mother, who's all mine and mine alone."

His hand on her ass tightened, his fingers caressing with an almost claiming touch that sent a strange shiver through her. The innocence she'd always seen in him seemed to flicker, replaced by something deeper, more intense, that unsettled her even as it thrilled her.

But before she could process the shift, the sound of footsteps broke the moment as Abigail entered the living room, and her voice rang out.

"Dinner's ready, you two! You coming or—"

Her words cut off abruptly as she stepped into the living room, her eyes widening at the sight before her. Olivia, sprawled across Kafka, her body pressed intimately against his, her shirt open to reveal her cleavage, his hand caressing her ass with a casual possessiveness.

The scene was unmistakable, charged with an intimacy that froze Abigaille in place, her expression a full of shock and uncertainty.

Facing this unexpected scenario, Olivia's heart plummeted, her body stiffening as panic surged through her. Caught in such a compromising position, with Abigaille, her best friend, Kafka's other mother witnessing it, was a nightmare she hadn't prepared for.

Her mind raced, searching for an excuse, a way to explain the unexplainable, but her voice caught in her throat.

Worse, Kafka didn't flinch, his hand continuing its slow caress on her ass, his expression calm, almost defiant, as if Abigaille's presence didn't faze him.

The nonchalance in his demeanor heightened Olivia's fear, her mind spiraling with questions—What will she think? Does she know about the village's customs? Is this...normal to her?

The uncertainty, the dread of judgment, made her stomach twist, her happiness shattering under the weight of potential consequences, as she waited for the fallout of this intimate moment exposed...

Chapter 643: Hints Of Jealousy

Olivia's heart pounded in her chest, panic gripping her as the silence in the living room grew suffocating.

Abigaille stood frozen in the doorway, her eyes wide with a tumult of emotions—shock, confusion, and something else Olivia couldn't quite place.

Kafka's hand on the other hand continued its slow, possessive caress on her ass, his touch unyielding despite Abigaille's presence, his casual disregard amplifying Olivia's dread.

She was sprawled across him, her shirt open, her breasts pressed against his chest, and the intimacy of their position felt like a glaring accusation under Abigail's gaze.

No one spoke, the air thick with unspoken tension, and Olivia's mind raced for a way to explain, to defuse the moment before it spiraled into judgment or misunderstanding.

Her lips parted, a desperate call to Abigail forming, but before she could speak, Kafka's hand stilled, and he turned his head, a teasing smile spreading across his face as he looked at Abigail.

"What's wrong, Mom?" He said, his voice light but laced with provocation, catching Olivia off guard. "Don't like this sight? You jealous or something, since you know, right now, Mom's stealing your spot, taking your place with me."

"...Bet that's got you all worked up, huh?"

Olivia's eyes widened, shock coursing through her at the audacity of his words.

Jealous?...The idea was absurd.

There was no way Abigail could be jealous of this, of a mother and son in such an intimate embrace, so she bent down, her face close to Kafka's, her voice a frantic whisper.

"Kafi, stop! It's not like that at all. Abigail's probably...weirded out, confused, seeing us like this. I just got here, and I'm already...like this with you. That's why she's startled!"

Her words tumbled out, laced with panic, her mind reeling at the thought of Abigail judging her for crossing boundaries she wasn't even sure were acceptable in this village.

Kafka shook his head, his smile unwavering, his eyes glinting with a knowing confidence.

"Nah, Mom, you're wrong." He said, his voice low and insistent. "Look at her, really look at her face. You've lived with her for years, you know her better than anyone. She's not angry, not confused, not weirded out...She's jealous. Look closely."

He nodded toward Abigaille, urging Olivia to see for herself.

Olivia hesitated, her heart thudding as she forced herself to meet Abigaille's gaze. Her best friend's face was still etched with surprise, but as Olivia studied her eyes, she saw it—a trembling intensity, a flicker of longing and frustration, the same look someone might have when watching another claim something they coveted.

It was jealousy, subtle but unmistakable, laced with a tinge of bitterness that stunned Olivia. She couldn't fathom why Abigaille would feel this way, why the sight of her in Kafka's arms, in such an intimate position, would spark envy.

The idea that Abigaille was jealous of her of the closeness she shared with Kafka, felt impossible, yet the evidence was there, shimmering in Abigaille's eyes.

Unbeknownst to Olivia, Abigaille's heart was a tangle of emotions, the sight of Olivia sprawled across Kafka stirring a bitterness she hadn't anticipated.

Abigaille had never cared about Kafka's other partners, the women who flitted in and out of his life, because none could rival her place as his mother.

That role was sacred, irreplaceable, a bond no lover could touch.

But Olivia's return had shifted the dynamic, introducing a second mother, a rival for Kafka's love and attention. Seeing Olivia in the position Abigaille had so often occupied—pressed close, sharing intimate moments ignited a pang of possessiveness she hadn't expected.

It wasn't overwhelming jealousy, but a quiet, bitter ache, a fear that Olivia was claiming the special connection she'd cherished with Kafka. The fact that Olivia had achieved such closeness on her first day, mirroring the intimate rituals Abigaille shared with him, deepened the sting, making her question her place in his heart.

Olivia's mind reeled, her panic giving way to confusion as she processed Abigaille's jealousy. She wanted to speak, to reassure her friend, to explain that this was just...the village's way, or so Kafka had claimed.

But Kafka's hand resumed its gentle caress on her ass, his touch a steady reminder of his control over the moment, and she felt trapped, caught between her son's provocative confidence and Abigaille's silent turmoil.

Kafka's smile then widened, his eyes flicking between Olivia and Abigaille, savoring the tension he'd orchestrated.

"See, Mom?" He said to Olivia, his voice a playful whisper, his hand giving her ass a light pat. "Told you she's jealous...Ain't that right, Mom, you really don't appreciate the scene before you, don't you?"

His gaze returned to Abigaille, a teasing challenge in his eyes, as if daring her to admit her feelings.

Abigaille's lips parted, a flicker of indignation crossing her face, but she quickly masked it, forcing a tight smile.

"Jealous? Don't be ridiculous, Kafi." She said, her voice strained but attempting levity. "I'm just...surprised, that's all. I didn't expect you two to get so cozy so fast."

And then, folding her arms, she pouted, her voice tinged with irritation and jealousy as she turned to Olivia and continued.

"You know, Olivia, I knew Kafi was...like this." She said, her tone sharp but pouty. "All touchy-feely, always wanting to be close because of how possessive he is. That possessive of his turned him into someone who's constantly intimate with his mother—feeling me up, holding me close, barely holding back."

Her words spilled out, raw and unfiltered, revealing the full extent of Kafka's intimacy with her, and Olivia's eyes widened, a jolt of surprise coursing through her.

'Intimate all the time?'

She thought, her mind racing with questions about what exactly Abigaille meant, what they did together that went beyond the already shocking boundaries she'd experienced today.

Abigail's gaze then sharpened, a hint of jealousy flashing as she glared at Olivia.

"But what really surprises me is you." She continued, her voice rising with irritation and disbelief. "I thought it'd take days, weeks even for you to get this close to him and I was ready to help, you know?"

"I planned activities, ways to bridge the gap, to make you a proper mother and son again. I thought you'd need me to guide you, to build that bond."

Her pout deepened, her eyes narrowing.

"But look at you now—so close, too close, way more than any mother and son should be. You clearly don't need my help. You're already...What, taking my place? You don't need me in your lives at all!"

Her words stung, laced with a jealousy that made Olivia's cheeks flush, her heart pounding as she processed Abigail's accusation.

Stealing her place?

The idea that Abigail felt threatened by her closeness with Kafka was staggering, and the pout on her friend's face, so uncharacteristically cute and vulnerable, only deepened Olivia's confusion.

Abigail's frustration was palpable, her voice trembling as she added,

"I especially thought you'd struggle, Olivia. You, with your icy walls, always so guarded, struggling to show your emotions...But here you are, with some hidden side when it comes to Kafi, effortlessly cozying up to him like it's nothing."

"...It's...It's not fair!"

Olivia's blush deepened, her mind reeling at the realization that Abigail was genuinely jealous—not of some abstract bond, but of the intimate position she occupied with Kafka, a role Abigail had apparently cherished.

Desperate to clarify, to ensure she wasn't misreading the situation, Olivia shifted slightly, still astride Kafka, and met Abigaille's gaze.

"Abigaille, wait." She said, her voice hesitant but probing. "What you're saying is that...the sight of us, so close, so...intimate, doesn't bother you at all? I mean, we're in a position no mother and son should be in."

She glanced down at their entwined bodies, her shirt open, her breasts pressed against Kafka's chest, and added, her voice trembling,

"He's...He's even touching my ass right now, Abigaille. No son does that to his own mother."

To her shock, Abigaille, caught in the heat of her jealousy and forgetting the need to conceal their secret, responded in a matter-of-fact tone, her words blunt and unfiltered.

"Of course it doesn't bother me." She said, her voice firm despite the pout still lingering. "There's nothing wrong with a mother and son being intimate like that. It's just our way of showing love, Olivia."

"...He's even groped my ass plenty of times, too—probably loves mine more than yours."

Her tone was almost competitive, as if staking a claim, and Olivia's jaw dropped, stunned by the casual admission of such intimacy, the implication that Abigaille and Kafka shared moments just as or more intimate than this.

Kafka, sensing the dangerous territory Abigaille was veering into, quickly intervened, his voice smooth but urgent.

"Yeah, Mom, that's just the town's openness, right?" He said, his eyes flicking to Abigaille with a subtle warning. "Not anything else, just how everyone here is, mothers and sons being super close, open-minded, you know?"

His tone was light, but the intensity in his gaze urged Abigaille to follow his lead.

Abigaille blinked, a flicker of confusion crossing her face as she registered his words, but his confidence steadied her. She nodded, her pout softening slightly.

"Right, yeah." She said, her voice less certain but compliant. "It's...just the town's customs, nothing else."

The shift in her tone was subtle, but it was enough to make Olivia exhale, a sigh of relief escaping her.

For a moment, Abigaille's words had sounded like those of a jealous lover, claiming Kafka as a partner rather than a son, and the dissonance had jarred Olivia, making her question the nature of their relationship.

The reassurance that it was 'just the town' calmed her, aligning with Kafka's earlier explanations, though a seed of doubt lingered...

Chapter 644: I Remember It All

Olivia's gaze softened as she looked at Abigaille, her friend's pouty expression now almost endearing despite the tension.

"If...If the intimacy isn't the problem." She said, her voice cautious. "Then what are you so upset about, Abigaille? Why are you...angry?"

Abigaille's eyes darted away, her arms still folded as she huffed, her voice defensive.

"I'm not angry." She said, though her tone betrayed her, sharp and petulant. "I don't know where you're getting that from. I'm fine, totally fine."

But the way she avoided Olivia's gaze, the slight tremble in her lips, made it clear she was anything but fine, her jealousy and frustration simmering just beneath the surface.

Kafka chuckled, his hands gripping Olivia's hips as he met her gaze, his voice smooth and reassuring.

"See, Mom? Like I told you this is normal here. No need to worry about how close we are."

His words eased a fraction of her panic, the truth of them underscored by Abigail's lack of outrage at their intimate position.

Any other mother, Olivia thought, would have recoiled, pulled her away from such closeness with her son, but Abigail's reaction was different—focused not on the intimacy itself but on Olivia's rapid bond with Kafka.

Olivia nodded, her mind clinging to the idea that this was just the town's way, though the lingering doubt in her heart refused to fully dissolve.

His gaze then flicked to Abigail, still pouting in the doorway, and his chuckle deepened, a teasing edge creeping in.

"She's not bothered by this, Mom." He said, gesturing to their entwined bodies. "What's actually got her all worked up is how fast you got close to me, Mom."

"...You just got back, and you're already here, in her spot, while she's been here all this time, took her ages to get this close, and now you swoop in, threatening her place as my mother. That's why she's acting all jealous, seeing you as a rival."

He grinned, his words sharp but playful, hitting the mark with precision.

"And also this position, we're in? It's usually her thing with me, our special moment. Seeing you take it? That's what's got her riled up."

Abigail's eyes widened, a flush creeping up her cheeks as Kafka's words laid bare her feelings. She knew he was right—his insight into her heart was uncanny, a testament to how well he understood her, and it both thrilled and frustrated her.

The position Olivia occupied, the intimacy she shared with Kafka, was a mirror of the moments Abigail cherished, and the threat of losing that exclusivity stung, a quiet jealousy she hadn't anticipated.

But her pride wouldn't let her admit it. She strode forward, standing over them, her arms still folded as she glared at Kafka.

"That's not true, Kafi!" She snapped, her voice sharp but trembling with emotion. "I'm not jealous! Not at all! You're making things up, Kafi. There's no way I'd be jealous of Olivia, of all people. That's absurd!"

She huffed, her pout deepening.

"You can be in that position with whoever you want and I still won't care!"

Kafka's grin widened, undeterred by her denial, his hand still caressing Olivia's ass as he leaned back slightly.

"Sure, Mom, that's true." He said, his tone teasing but pointed. "If it was anyone else in this spot, you wouldn't bat an eye. You'd just think, 'Oh, they're in love, probably gonna get married, have kids. And that's perfect for you, right? You want tons of grandchildren to coddle, so the more partners I have, the better.'"

His words were playful, but they hit their mark, and Abigail's blush deepened, her eyes widening as he voiced her exact thoughts.

The idea of Kafka with countless partners, producing a brood of grandchildren for her to dote on, was precisely her dream, and his accuracy flustered her.

Frustrated and caught off guard, Abigail stepped closer, pinching Kafka's cheeks with irritation and affection.

"You're being way too cheeky, Kafi." She said, her voice a mix of exasperation and fondness. "Thinking you know your mother inside out? A little too smug for your own good!"

But to Olivia's shock and Abigail's fluster, in response Kafka's other hand moved, sliding to Abigail's plump ass, caressing it with the same casual possessiveness he'd shown with Olivia.

"Grope!~ Carress!~ Stroke!~"

One hand on Olivia's ass, the other on Abigaille's, he held both women in his grasp, the intimacy of the act sending a wave of heat through Olivia. She stared, unable to tear her eyes away from his hand on Abigaille's bottom, the sight both startling and strangely captivating.

The casual way he touched Abigaille, the familiarity of it, confirmed her earlier words about their constant intimacy, and Olivia didn't know whether to feel flustered, jealous, or simply overwhelmed. Her cheeks burned, her body still pressed against Kafka's, her mind grappling with the surreal reality of her son's hands on both their bodies.

Kafka's chuckle was low, his eyes glinting with mischief as he looked between them.

"It's true, though." He said, his voice warm but teasing. "If a son doesn't know his mother inside out, who does?"

His hand gave Abigaille's ass a light pat, mirroring the touch on Olivia, and the boldness of it made Olivia's breath catch, her heart racing at the audacity of the moment.

Abigaille, flustered but caught in the warmth of his words, tried to maintain her indignation. His claim that he knew her thoroughly sparked a bit of happiness and defiance as she loved how well he understood her, but she wasn't ready to concede.

With a hearty smirk, she leaned closer, her eyes narrowing. "Oh, you think you know me so well?" She challenged, her voice playful but sharp. "Fine, let's put it to the test. Prove it, Kafi. Answer some questions—let's see if you're as smart as you think."

She straightened, her hands on her hips, and fired her first question, confident he'd falter. "First, tell me what's my favorite flower? You should know that right?"

Kafka's grin didn't waver, his answer immediate.

"Lavender." He said, his voice calm and certain. "You love it because it smells like calm mornings, like the quiet before the world wakes up. Always got a little bundle of it in your room to keep you grounded."

His reasoning was so precise, so intimate, that Abigaille's eyes widened, a flicker of surprise crossing her face.

She then huffed, brushing it off as a fluke, and pressed on with a harder question.

"Alright, fine. Then tell me...what do I do when I'm sad?"

Kafka's answer was just as swift, his tone warm with affection.

"You don't like staying sad—you're too cheerful for that. So you crank up some music, loud and upbeat, and dance in your room like nobody's watching. Spins, twirls, the works, gets the sadness out and makes you feel alive again."

His words painted a vivid picture, and Abigaille's cheeks flushed, stunned by his accuracy but determined to challenge him further.

"Y-You're...good. You really know your mother well." She admitted, her voice grudging but impressed, before throwing out a tougher question, one she was sure would stump him. "Fine, then. What was the name of the little sparrow I had when I was twelve? The one I raised myself?"

Olivia raised a brow, her voice cutting through the tension as she leaned slightly forward, still astride Kafka's abdomen.

"That's not fair, Abi." She said, her tone a full of skepticism and protectiveness. "That's a memory from so long ago there's no way he'd know something like that."

She glanced at Kafka, her blue eyes flickering with doubt, though a part of her knew the answer herself, a shared piece of their past that made the question feel almost like a trap.

But Abigaille's smile only widened, her arms still folded as she tilted her head, undeterred.

"Not at all." She said, her voice dripping with challenge. "If he says he knows me inside out, then he should know this, too. Go on, Kafi—answer."

She urged him forward, her eyes glinting with defiance and curiosity, certain this would stump him.

But to both their surprise, Kafka's grin didn't waver, his voice calm and confident as he answered.

"Black tail...You named it black tail since it had dark streaks on its brown tail." He said, his tone matter-of-fact. "It was a sparrow you found outside your house, one day when you were twelve. It had a broken wing, and you couldn't just leave it there, so you nursed it back to health, fed it, kept it safe until it could fly again...Then you let it go."

His words were precise and Abigail's jaw dropped, a gasp of disbelief escaping her.

"How...How do you know that?"

She stammered, her eyes wide as she stared at him, her earlier confidence crumbling. Olivia's gaze darted between them, equally stunned, her heart racing at the depth of Kafka's knowledge, the intimacy it implied.

Kafka's chuckle was low, his hand still caressing Olivia's ass as he shifted his other hand to Abigail's thigh, his fingers sliding brazenly under her skirt, groping her plump flesh with a boldness that made Olivia's breath catch.

"You told me yourself, Mom." He said, his voice warm but laced with triumph. "We were lying down, just like this, one day. You were rambling about your past, all the little things you did as a kid. You even told me about Black Tail, about how you cared for it and I heard every word."

Abigail's cheeks flushed, her hands dropping to her sides as she processed his words.

"I...I was just rambling that day." She said, her voice trembling with disbelief. "Talking about random stuff, things I thought you didn't even care about. I just...I was so comfortable, lying there with you, and I wanted to talk, to share my feelings."

"...I didn't think you were listening, let alone remembering it!"

Her eyes softened, awe and gratitude shimmering in them as she realized the depth of his attention.

Kafka's hand on Abigail's thigh grew bolder, his fingers kneading her skin as he smiled, his other hand still groping Olivia's ass, the dual intimacy a surreal display that left Olivia's body warm and her mind reeling.

"Of course I remember." He said, his voice rich with affection. "Every word you say matters to me, Mom. Every ramble, every gossip, every random thought I've got it all stored up here." He tapped his temple, his grin widening. "I could probably recite your stories back to you, word for word...There's not a moment I haven't listened to you."

Abigail's heart swelled, her earlier frustration melting away as a radiant happiness took its place. The realization that her son had not only heard but cherished every word she'd shared, every fleeting thought she'd voiced in their intimate moments, was overwhelming.

Her eyes glistened with appreciation, her voice soft as she murmured, "Kafi...I can't believe you..."

The jealousy that had gripped her moments ago dissolved, replaced by a profound gratitude for a son who treated her with such care, who valued her so deeply. She barely noticed his hand under her skirt, his brazen groping of her thighs in front of Olivia, too caught in the warmth of his devotion.

Olivia, watching the exchange, felt a blend of awe and unease.

Kafka's ability to recall such a specific memory, to understand Abigail so thoroughly, was both heartwarming and unsettling, a testament to the depth of his bond with her.

She couldn't help but be pleasantly surprised, thinking that Kafka had grown into a true gentleman, one who listened to women with a rare attentiveness that would make his future partner lucky indeed.

But the sight of his hands—one groping her own ass through her skirt, the other brazenly kneading Abigail's thigh, stirred a conflicting warmth in her body, a stuffy heat that made her skin flush and her lower belly tighten.

She wondered, with a pang of amusement and concern, what Kafka's future wife would think of a husband so openly intimate with his mothers, groping them with such ease.

The thought made her blush deeper, her body reacting to the sight and feel of his touch in ways she couldn't fully reconcile. The warmth of his hand on her ass, the gentle caress, sent shivers through her, and the realization that he was touching Abigaille just as freely sparked a strange mix of curiosity and discomfort.

She tried to focus on the sweetness of the moment, Kafka's devotion to Abigaille, his attentiveness, but the physical sensations, the brazen intimacy, kept her body humming with a heat she didn't know how to name...

Chapter 645: Sudden Attack

Kafka, sensing the shift in the room, seized the opportunity to push further, his grin widening as he caught Abigaille off guard. His hand tightened on her ass, pulling her closer with a gentle but firm tug, her body stumbling slightly as she stood over him and Olivia.

"I know you inside out, Mom." He said, his voice a teasing lilt, his eyes glinting with mischief. "So well, I could even tell you your 'favorite position'."

His words were full of intention, loaded with innuendo that made Abigaille's eyes widen in horror, while Olivia, still pressed against his chest, raised her head in innocent confusion.

"Position?" Olivia asked, her voice soft and guileless, her blue eyes blinking up at Abigaille. "What does he mean, Abigaille? Is it...sports-related? Or like a yoga position?"

Her question was earnest, her mind grasping for an innocent explanation, unaware of the intimate connotation Kafka had implied.

Abigaille's face flushed a deep crimson, mortification washing over her as she realized the dangerous territory Kafka was treading. The thought of him revealing such a private detail—her favorite sexual position in front of Olivia, of all people, was unbearable.

"Enough!" She blurted, her hands flying to his mouth, pressing down to silence him. "That's enough, Kafi! I've heard more than enough you know me thoroughly, alright? You don't need to prove it anymore!"

Her voice trembled, embarrassment and a glare that could have burned through him, her cheeks blazing as she tried to regain control.

Kafka chuckled, his eyes sparkling with amusement as he gently pried her hands from his mouth, his touch lingering on her wrists. His gaze softened, but the teasing edge remained as he looked at her, his voice dropping to a gentle, almost coaxing tone.

"Since you admit I know you so well, Mom..." He said. "...that means what I said earlier was true, doesn't it? You were jealous, seeing me and Mom like this."

His words were a soft challenge, his hand still holding hers, his other hand resuming its caress on Olivia's ass, keeping both women tethered to him..

Abigaille hesitated, her lips parting as she realized she'd been caught. Her eyes darted away, her blush deepening, but Kafka's voice came again, soothing and insistent.

"It's alright, Mom." He said, his tone warm and reassuring. "We're family here. We should be open, share our feelings without judgment. It's the best way for us to come together, especially after so long apart. Tell the truth—let it out."

His hand squeezed hers gently, his eyes urging her to speak, and the sincerity in his gaze melted her resistance.

With a shy, hesitant sigh, Abigaille nodded, her voice barely above a whisper as she admitted.

"Yes...I was jealous."

The confession hung in the air, catching Olivia off guard, her eyes widening as she leaned forward, listening intently. Abigaille's gaze dropped, her embarrassment palpable as she continued, her words slow and halting.

"It's...like you said, Kafi. I thought it'd take time for you and Olivia to get close. I spent so many years with you, taking care of you, making dinners, doing everything while she was away, and even then, it took me so long to really know you, to feel close...That's why I thought Olivia would struggle, too, that it'd take her just as long."

She glanced at Olivia, her eyes softening but still tinged with that quiet jealousy.

"I was excited to help, you know? I had plans—picnics, walks, little activities to bring you two together, to make you a proper mother and son. I thought I'd be the bridge between you."

Her voice wavered, a flicker of self—doubt creeping in.

"But then I saw you like this, so close, so...Intimate, on your first day back. It caught me off guard. It made me wonder if...if I was the bad mother, if it was my fault it took so long for us to connect. Seeing you get so close to Kafi so fast, when it took me years."

"...It's silly, but I couldn't help feeling jealous, like maybe I wasn't good enough."

Her confession ended with a soft apology, her eyes meeting Olivia's with guilt and sincerity.

"I'm sorry, Olivia." She said, her voice trembling. "It's stupid, I know, but...that's how I felt."

Olivia nodded slowly, her heart heavy with empathy as she absorbed Abigail's confession. The idea that Abigail, who had been Kafka's steadfast rock for years, felt threatened by her rapid closeness with him was humbling, a reminder of the delicate balance their family now navigated.

But at the same time she understood Abigail's shock—how jarring it must be to see them so intimate after only a day, when Abigail's own bond with Kafka had taken years to forge.

Olivia's lips parted, ready to offer reassurance, to bridge the gap with words of understanding, but before she could speak, the moment shattered.

Kafka, with a rather dark glint in his eyes, caught Abigail off guard.

His hand, already groping her plump ass, suddenly lifted and came down with a resounding smack, the force sending her cheeks jiggling like pudding under her skirt.

SMACK!~

The loud clap of flesh echoed through the room, a sound so sharp it made Olivia jerk upright, her eyes wide with disbelief.

'H-He spanked her?...Kafi spanked Abi?'

The sight of Kafka's hand striking Abigail's ass, the casual audacity of it, stunned her, her mind reeling at the outrageous act.

Abigail also yelped, jumping slightly as she clutched her stinging backside, her voice an adorable mix of pain and pout.

"Ow, ow, Kafi! That hurts!" She cried, rubbing her ass with a pitiful look, her eyes glistening as she turned to him. "Why'd you spank Mommy, Kafi? What did Mommy do wrong? My butt stings now! What if it's all swollen now?"

"...Y-You know, it's not fair to bully your Mommy like this!"

Olivia's jaw dropped, expecting Kafka to apologize, to offer some gentle explanation for such an outrageous act—spanking his own mother, of all things.

But to their utter shock, especially Abigail's, Kafka's expression didn't soften.

Instead, his hand rose again, and with deliberate force, he delivered two more thunderous smacks, back-to-back, each one harder than the last.

SMACK!~

SMACK!~

The sound was like twin claps of thunder, Abigail's ass cheeks bouncing wildly under her skirt, the impact leaving her gasping.

Her face contorted in pain, her hands flying to her backside as if to shield it, her body trembling with the heat and sting of the blows.

"Kafi!" She whimpered, her voice on the verge of tears, her eyes wide with shock as she looked down at him, ready to demand why he'd done it, why he'd hurt her like that.

But then she saw his face, and her words died in her throat. Kafka's eyes, usually warm and teasing, were dark, a gloomy intensity burning in them that sent a shiver down her spine.

It was a look she recognized—a rare, unstable anger that signaled he was not to be crossed.

Instinctively, she clamped her mouth shut, her hands still clutching her stinging ass, her body tensing as she stood over him, silenced by the weight of his gaze.

Olivia, however, didn't catch the shift in his expression at first.

Her mind was a mess of confusion, grappling with the surreal sight of Kafka spanking Abigaille, the sheer audacity of it clashing with the intimacy they'd all been navigating.

She opened her mouth, ready to speak on Abigaille's behalf, to question why he'd done something so shocking, so inappropriate, even in the context of the town's supposed openness.

"Kafi, why—"

She began, but Abigaille cut her off, her voice sharp and desperate.

"Shh, Olivia, don't!"

Abigaille hissed, her eyes wide with urgency as she waved a hand to silence her.

"Not now—don't speak!"

Olivia blinked, bewildered, her words faltering as she tried to understand.

"But why—"

She started again, only for Abigaille to interrupt, more insistent this time.

"Please, just...be quiet, for your sake. It's not the time!"

Olivia's confusion deepened, but before she could press further, Kafka's voice sliced through the room, colder and chillier than she'd ever heard it.

"She's right, Mom." He said, his tone low and edged with authority. "Mom's being punished right now, so she shouldn't speak. But you, Mom, you did nothing wrong so you can talk...No reason to stop you."

His words were directed at Olivia, but his gaze remained fixed on Abigaille, the gloomy intensity in his eyes unyielding.

Seeing this, Abigaille's shoulders slumped, her hands still cradling her stinging ass as she fell silent, her earlier defiance replaced by a quiet obedience that unnerved Olivia.

The shift in dynamics, Abigaille's sudden submission, Kafka's chilling authority was jarring, and Olivia's gaze finally darted to his face, finally catching the dark, unsettling look in his eyes.

It was the first time she'd seen her son like this, his usual warmth and playfulness replaced by something almost menacing, and a chill ran through her, her heart racing with curiosity and unease.

The contrast was stark. Moments ago, he'd been teasing, loving, but now he was...different, his presence commanding in a way that even made her hesitate...

Chapter 646: Twisted Punishment

Still, Olivia's concern for Abigaille outweighed her apprehension, and she spoke, her voice careful but firm, mindful of the eerie intensity in his gaze.

"Kafi...W-Why did you spank her?" She asked, her tone measured, searching for understanding. "Why would you do something like that, especially when we were just talking? And...what do you mean by 'punishment'? What's going on?"

Kafka's expression shifted, a casual smile spreading across his face as if the tension were nothing more than a passing breeze.

"Nothing at all, Mom." He said, his tone light and reassuring, though his eyes flicked back to Abigaille with that same gloomy intensity. "Nothing you need to worry about."

His gaze then locked on Abigaille, who stood straighter under its weight, a visible shiver running through her as she met his stare, her earlier defiance replaced by a quiet fear.

"I'm just punishing the bad girl in front of me." He continued, his voice dropping to a low, deliberate cadence. "She did something she shouldn't have, and now she's obediently waiting to learn her lesson."

Olivia's confusion deepened, her brow furrowing as she scooted closer to Kafka, her massive breasts pressing tighter against his chest, the taboo of their position clashing with the surreal scene unfolding.

"What are you talking about, Kafi?" She asked, her voice full of exasperation and disbelief. "Punishment? With her, your mother? And calling her a bad girl? That's...that's not an appropriate term for your own mother!"

Her words were sharp, her maternal instincts recoiling at the idea of Kafka treating Abigaille—his mother, her best friend with such a degrading label.

In response, Kafka's gaze only softened as he turned to Olivia, his eyes kind but tinged with a quiet amusement, as if her confusion were expected.

"It's natural to be confused, Morm." He said, his voice gentle but firm. "You're not used to the ways of this village, so let me explain."

He leaned back slightly, his hand still resting possessively on her ass, grounding her as he spoke.

"Here, mothers and sons aren't just open with each other—they're open with their dynamics as well. Roles shift, interchange. In the outside world, mothers reprimand their sons, punish them when they mess up."

"But in this town, if a mother does something wrong and her son notices, it's perfectly fine for him to punish her. It's natural, helps us grow closer, learn from our mistakes. We point out each other's flaws, correct them through discipline."

"...It's how we build a stronger family."

Olivia's eyes widened, her breath catching at the taboo nature of such a practice. The idea of a son punishing his mother, reversing the traditional roles, felt like a violation of everything she'd known about family dynamics.

"That's...That's so strange." She said hesitantly, her voice trembling as she tried to process it. "Even if the town has these customs, isn't it better to just...talk things out? Why punish each other like this?"

Kafka's smile was patient, his hand giving her ass a light pat as he shook his head.

"Just like little boys don't learn from scolding alone, sometimes they need a good spanking to get the point—mothers are the same here. Punishment sticks, makes you really learn from your mistakes. Talking's fine, but discipline's better."

His tone was matter-of-fact, as if the logic were self-evident, but Olivia's mind reeled, her heart torn between the warmth of his earlier affection and the unsettling authority he now wielded. Abigail, meanwhile, stood silently, her head still bowed, her hands no longer rubbing her stinging ass, her obedience a stark contrast to her earlier fire.

Kafka's gaze then returned to Abigail, his voice sharpening as he continued.

"Right now, Mom said something she shouldn't have." He said, his eyes boring into her, making her flinch slightly. "Something that stirred up trouble, went against our family's unity. So I punished her—spanked her ass to remind her. And since she was bad, it's only natural I call her a bad girl, right?"

His words were full of intent, each one landing like a weight, and Olivia's jaw tightened, her instincts rebelling against the term.

"T-That's not right, Kafi." She said, her voice firm despite the chill of his gaze. "You don't call your mother a 'bad girl, no matter what. It's...unnatural, strange, disrespectful."

Her words were a plea, a defense of Abigail's dignity, but Kafka's smile only deepened, unshaken.

"Is it?" He asked, his voice soft but challenging as he turned to Abigail. "Tell her, Mom. Are you a bad girl for what you did, or not?"

His tone was commanding, his eyes locking onto hers, and Abigail's shoulders trembled, her voice stuttering as she responded.

"Y-Yes, Kafi. It's what you said" She said, her words halting, her face flushed with embarrassment. "I...I'm a bad girl for what I did and there's no doubt about that, since that what you said."

Her admission was reluctant, her eyes darting to the floor, unable to meet Olivia's stunned gaze.

Kafka's grin widened, his hand giving Olivia's ass another pat as he looked at her, triumphant.

"See, Mom? Even she admits it. I will say that she is my mother most of the time...But when she's punished, she's a bad girl, just like I said."

"...That's how it works here."

His words were a challenge, daring Olivia to argue, and she gasped, her eyes wide as she watched Abigail's submission, the way she accepted the degrading label without protest.

Kafka, ignoring Olivia's inner turmoil, turned his full attention to Abigail, his gloomy gaze locking onto her with an intensity that made her tense, her body straightening as if bracing for his words.

"You want to know why I spanked you, right Mom?" He asked, his voice low and commanding, his eyes never leaving hers.

Abigail didn't speak, only nodded obediently, her hands clasped in front of her, her earlier defiance replaced by a meek submission that sent a chill through Olivia.

Kafka's smile was faint, his tone low as he continued,

"Listen up, I spanked you for two reasons, Mom. The second two spanks? Those were because after the first one, you didn't do what you should've—ask why you were spanked, to learn from your mistake."

"...Instead, you protested, acted like I was wrong, like you were wronged. That's something you shouldn't do."

His voice sharpened, his gaze piercing.

"When you're punished, you should know you're the one who messed up. You accept it, ask what you did, and learn...Protesting? That's not how it works. That's why you got two more spanks to teach you what you shouldn't do."

Olivia's jaw dropped, the reasoning baffling her.

It placed Kafka in a position of absolute authority, casting Abigaille as a submissive figure in this strange 'punishment game' stripped of the maternal dignity Olivia had always associated with her.

She expected Abigaille to push back, to assert herself, but to her disbelief, Abigaille simply nodded, her voice soft and meek.

"I...I understand, Kafi." She said, her eyes downcast. "I'm sorry for that...I won't ever protest like I did ever again."

The submission in her tone, the way she accepted his rebuke, stunned Olivia, her mind racing with questions about how often this happened, how deeply these customs ran in their household while she was away.

Kafka's smile widened, a warmth returning to his eyes as he reached out, patting Abigaille's stinging ass gently, a stark contrast to the harsh spanks.

"Good girl." He said, his voice rich with approval. "You're already learning from your mistakes."

Olivia's gaze flicked to Abigail's face, catching a fleeting smirk, a barely concealed smile that flickered across her lips at being called 'good girl'.

The sight caught Olivia off guard—how could Abigail, who should be humiliated, angry even, smile at such a term after being spanked and demeaned?

The realization hinted at a deeper submission, a history of punishments that had shaped her response, and Olivia's heart thudded, wondering just how many such moments had unfolded in this house without her.

Kafka's hand lingered on Abigail's ass, but his expression shifted, a thought occurring to him.

"Before I tell you the first reason I spanked you." He said, his voice taking on a softer, almost playful tone. "I want you to kneel down next to me. I wanna see your beautiful face up close while I talk."

"...I mean, it doesn't feel like a punishment when you're towering over me like that."

His words were a command disguised as a request, and Abigail, without hesitation, obeyed, sinking to her knees beside him, her face level with his as she leaned closer, her eyes fixed on him like a loyal pet awaiting her master's words.

Olivia's breath caught, the sight of Abigail's immediate compliance intensifying her unease.

Kafka's hand then moved to Abigail's face, caressing her cheek with a tenderness that belied the earlier harshness, his fingers tracing the curve of her jaw before teasing her pink, plump lips in a slow, sensual manner.

The intimacy was staggering, his touch both loving and provocative, and he leaned closer, his voice dropping to a low, intimate murmur.

"Are you angry, Mom?" He asked, his fingers playing with her lips, brushing them in a way that felt far too sexual for the moment. "Do you feel disgraced, being spanked like that in front of Mom, your best friend, by your own son?"

Abigaille's eyes softened, a serene smile spreading across her face, as if Kafka's gaze and touch had tamed her completely.

"No, Kafi." She said, her voice calm, almost dreamy, her earlier confusion and pain forgotten. "I'm not angry or ashamed. I made a mistake, and you're helping me fix it. There's nothing wrong with my son correcting his mother's errors."

"...It's what a good son does."

Her words were laced with a quiet devotion, her body relaxed under his touch, and Kafka's smile deepened, his fingers slipping just inside her lips, playing with them in a more intimate, almost invasive way.

"Good girl..." He murmured again, his voice a velvet caress, and Abigaille's smile widened, her eyes gleaming gratitude and submission. "A mother should never doubt her son when he punishes her. It's always for her own good."

His fingers lingered in her mouth, a provocative gesture that made Olivia's cheeks burn, her body frozen in disbelief as she watched the scene unfold.

Chapter 647: No Need To Keep Secrets

Kafka's gaze remained fixed on Abigaille, his voice low and commanding as he spoke, ignoring Olivia's stunned silence.

"You want to know the first reason I spanked you, don't you?" He asked, his eyes boring into hers. Abigaille, still kneeling beside him, her face close to his, nodded obediently, her lips trembling as she resisted the urge to suck on his fingers, which still teased the edge of her mouth.

She didn't flinch, didn't pull away, her submission so complete that she seemed oblivious to Olivia's wide-eyed stare, her focus entirely on Kafka, as if he were the center of her world.

With a slow motion, Kafka pulled his fingers from her lips, his hand sliding to her neck, caressing the soft skin with a tenderness that contrasted the earlier harshness of his spans.

"Well, the reason I was so angry..." He said, his voice steady but laced with an intense tone. "...is because you said something wrong, Mom. Something you shouldn't have said."

His eyes narrowed, a gloomy intensity returning that made Abigaille tremble, her body tensing under his touch.

"When I saw you were jealous, I thought it was just because me and Mom were close, a little place-based jealousy, nothing serious. But then you said that that you felt inadequate, that you weren't a good enough mother...That pissed me off."

His words were sharp, his gaze unrelenting, and Abigaille's eyes widened, a shiver running through her as she absorbed his anger. Kafka's hand tightened slightly on her neck, not painfully but possessively, as he leaned closer, his voice dropping to a fierce whisper.

"You're the best mother out there, Mom. You've done everything for me your whole life and there's not a single moment you've let me down...I know how hard you've worked, how much you've given."

"...So, for you to say you're a bad mother, to put yourself down like that? That's foolish, and I won't stand for it."

His eyes burned with conviction, his words a bit of reprimand and fierce love that made Abigaille's breath catch, her heart swelling with a quiet joy despite the intensity of the moment.

He continued, his voice softening but no less resolute,

"It wasn't your fault we weren't close before, that was on me, not you. For that, you should never say you're a bad mother, never bow your head in shame for who you are."

"...I want you to stand tall, proud of the amazing mother you are."

His hand moved to her chin, gently tilting her head up, forcing her to meet his gaze, her posture shifting to one of quiet pride, her eyes glistening with emotion.

"Can you do that for me, Mom? Never speak lowly of yourself again? I hate seeing you like that."

Abigaille's face lit up, a radiant smile breaking through her earlier submission as she nodded, her voice cheerful and bright.

"Yes, Kafi." She said, her tone brimming with conviction. "I'll never do it again. Even if the whole world says I'm a bad mother, I won't believe it—not when my son says I'm the best. That's all I need to live proud."

Her words were heartfelt, her eyes shining with gratitude and love, the weight of her earlier doubts lifted by his fierce affirmation.

Kafka's smile returned, warm and approving, as he pinched her cheek like she was a child, pulling gently as he chuckled.

"That's my good girl." He said, his voice rich with affection. "Such a good girl for listening to me."

Abigaille blushed, her smile widening as she leaned into his touch, her expression one of pure happiness, as if being treated like a child, praised and coddled, was the greatest gift.

The shift was jarring. Moments ago, she'd been spanked, labeled a 'bad girl' and now she glowed under his approval, her submission and joy intertwined in a way that left Olivia breathless.

Olivia watched in disbelief, her mind a storm of conflicting emotions.

The complex dynamics—Kafka's authority, Abigaille's submission, the way they oscillated between punishment and praise, were unlike anything she'd ever seen. Abigaille's smile, her willingness to accept both the spanks and the praise, hinted at a history of such moments, a household where discipline and love were inexplicably entwined.

Kafka's attention then shifted, his gaze softening with concern as he looked at Abigaille, still kneeling beside him, her face glowing with the afterglow of his approval. His fingers moved from her lips to her collarbone, tracing the delicate line with a gentle touch as he spoke, his voice laced with care.

"How's your ass feeling, Mom?" He asked, his tone earnest. "Does it sting too much? Did I hit you too hard?" His eyes searched hers, a flicker of worry breaking through his earlier intensity.

Abigaille shook her head, a kind smile spreading across her face as she met his gaze.

"Not at all, Kafi." She said, her voice soft but firm. "I deserved that spanking for what I said. You were right to do it, so it's fine."

Her words were laced with acceptance, a willingness to embrace the punishment as just, but Kafka's brow furrowed, his hand pausing on her collarbone.

"That's not what I'm asking." He said, his voice gentle but insistent. "I'm asking if you're really alright, Mom. Tell me the truth...how does it feel?"

His concern was obvious, his eyes urging her to be honest, and the shift in his tone made Abigaille's expression soften, her defenses crumbling as she slipped into a pitiful, almost childlike mode.

Her lips pouted, her voice taking on an adorable, whiny cadence as she looked at him with wide, pleading eyes.

"Okay, fine." She said, her tone cute and needy, like a girlfriend complaining to her boyfriend. "I-It hurts, Kafi! My butt's on fire! That first spank was bad enough, like someone lit a match on my ass, but then you went and smacked me two more times, and now it's just...numb!"

"...I can barely feel it! It's like two lumps of meat just hanging there, totally disconnected!"

She pouted harder, her hands rubbing her stinging backside, her childlike-demeanor a stark contrast to the graceful woman Olivia knew.

She'd seen Abigaille's cheerful side before, her playful energy, but this—acting so cute, so pouty and needy in front of her own son was a new sight, one that left her both charmed and unsettled.

Kafka's smile returned, warm and indulgent, as he cupped Abigail's cheek, his thumb brushing her skin.

"Poor thing." He said, his voice coddling, like he was soothing a child. "Want me to check it for you? See if it's swollen, make sure you're okay?"

His offer was gentle, but there was a teasing edge to it, a spark in his eyes that made Abigail's face light up with excitement, her earlier pain forgotten at the prospect of his care.

She was about to nod eagerly, her eyes bright, but then her gaze flicked to Olivia, who was staring, wide-eyed and flushed, and a flicker of hesitation crossed her face.

The intimacy of the moment, the idea of baring her ass in front of her best friend, gave her pause. Kafka noticed, his hand still on her cheek as he chuckled softly.

"It's fine, Mom." He said, his voice reassuring. "It's just Mom, she's family. There's no need for secrecy with family, so just get up and show me, let me check."

Abigail hesitated for a moment, her eyes meeting Olivia's, but Kafka's words, his calm authority, steadied her.

With a shy glance at Olivia, she rose to her feet, her movements slow and hesitant. Turning around, she reached for the hem of her skirt, lifting it inch by inch until her fat, plump ass was fully exposed, the black underwear barely containing her cheeks, most of the flesh spilling out in a lewd, tantalizing display.

The sight was breathtaking—her brown skin glistening, the curves of her ass so round and full they seemed to defy gravity.

But what caught Olivia's eye, and made her gasp, were the three vivid handprints on one cheek, the skin turned a deep purple from Kafka's harsh spanks, the marks stark and almost erotic against her smooth complexion.

Olivia's breath caught, her body petrifying as a strange blend of shock and arousal surged through her. The sight was overwhelming, the purple handprints a testament to Kafka's force, and yet there was something undeniably captivating about it, a forbidden allure that made her heart race.

Her mind wandered, unbidden, to her own pale skin, wondering what it would look like marked by Kafka's hand, what color her ass would turn under such a spanking. The thought sent a flush of heat through her, her thighs clenching as she tried to push it away, mortified by her own reaction.

Kafka's hands then moved to Abigaille's ass, his touch gentle and careful, an obvious contrast to the earlier smacks. His fingers traced the purple handprints, feeling the warmth of her skin, his movements slow and slightly erotic, as if savoring the texture of her flesh.

"Does it hurt here, Mom?" He asked, his voice coddling, like he was calming a child. "What about here? Is it swollen? Tell me, I need to know."

His questions were full of concern, his tone soothing, but the way his hands roamed, kneading every inch of her ass in the name of 'checking' was undeniably intimate, a display that made Olivia's cheeks burn hotter.

Abigaille whimpered, her voice full of pain and pouty complaint.

"It hurts, Kafi, it hurts so much!" She said, her tone needy as she looked back at him. "You can see the handprints, look at them! It's like my ass is screaming!"

She shook her hips slightly, making her cheeks jiggle, the movement accentuating the purple marks and drawing Olivia's gaze.

"I don't even know if I can sit down anymore! It's too sore!"

Her words were almost a plea, as if begging him to fix it, to make it better, her childlike demeanor clashing with the sensuality of the sight.

Kafka's expression softened, his hands still caressing her ass as he murmured.

"I'm sorry, Mom. It was necessary, you know that. You were a bad girl, and you needed to learn."

His apology was gentle, but there was a firmness to it, a reminder of his authority, and Abigaille nodded, her eyes meeting his over her shoulder.

"I know..." She said, her voice soft but sincere. "I was a bad girl, and I deserved it." She shook her ass again, the jiggle a playful accent to her words, and added. "But it still hurts, Kafi! What am I supposed to do now?"

Her tone was half-complaint, half-plea, her pout returning as she leaned into his care, her submission complete.

Olivia watched, her body alight with fluster and fascination, unable to tear her eyes away from the scene.

Kafka's hands on Abigaille's ass, the way he coddled her while asserting his control, the purple handprints that marked her submission—it was all too much, too complex, too charged with a certain taboo she couldn't deny.

Her own ass, still under Kafka's caressing hand, tingled with a strange anticipation, and the thought of being in Abigaille's place, spanked and coddled, sent a forbidden thrill through her that she tried to bury...

Chapter 648: Kissing Her Peach

Kafka's fingers lingered on Abigaille's purpled ass, tracing the vivid handprints with a gentle touch, his brow furrowed with concern.

"This really looks like it hurts, Mom." He said, his voice soft but probing, pressing lightly against the bruised skin. "Must sting like hell, huh?"

Abigaille's pout deepened, her eyes glistening with a pitiful glint as she nodded, her voice a soft whimper.

"It does, Kafi." She said, her tone almost childlike as she looked back at him, her plump ass still bared under her lifted skirt. "It hurts a lot. Please, do something about it."

Her gaze was pleading, her body leaning slightly toward him, as if his touch alone could soothe the fire in her skin.

Kafka's hand continued its slow caress, his fingers kneading the tender flesh as he thought for a moment, his expression shifting to one of sudden inspiration.

His eyes brightened, a knowing glint sparking in them as he met Abigail's gaze.

"Why don't we do what I always do after I spank you?" He asked, his voice low and suggestive. "You know, that thing you like so much to ease the pain."

Abigail blinked, confusion flickering across her face before realization dawned, her cheeks flushing a deep crimson.

The method he hinted at a private, intimate ritual they'd shared in the aftermath of punishments—was something she both cherished and found deeply shameful, especially with Olivia watching.

Her lips parted, ready to agree, her body already warming at the thought, but then her eyes darted to Olivia, who was staring, wide-eyed, at her exposed ass.

Embarrassment surged through her, and she hesitated, her voice trembling. "Kafi, we can't." She whispered, her hands clutching the hem of her skirt. "Olivia's right here—it's too embarrassing!"

Kafka's smile was reassuring, his hand giving her ass a gentle pat as he shook his head.

"Not at all, Mom." He said, his tone calm but firm. "I've already told Mom everything about how things work here, how open we are and she's accepted it all...even the extreme stuff."

His gaze shifted to Olivia, still pressed against his chest, a mischievous spark lit his eyes and to both their shock, he tugged up Olivia's miniskirt, his hand sliding beneath to caress her bare ass, his fingers brushing her skin with a boldness that made her breath catch.

"Hell, she even let me touch her breasts, explored them thoroughly, felt how soft, how firm they are. And she didn't push back, did she?"

"...If that doesn't mean she gets the town's customs, I don't know what is."

Olivia's face burned, a flush spreading from her cheeks to her neck as Kafka's words laid bare their earlier Intimacy. She hadn't expected him to reveal it so brazenly, especially not to Abigaille, and the sudden exposure left her heart pounding, her body tensing against his.

Abigaille's eyes widened, shock flashing across her face as she processed the revelation. She'd suspected Kafka's insatiable nature would draw Olivia in—his lustful pull was unstoppable, a force she knew too well, but she hadn't anticipated he'd move so quickly, so boldly.

A mix of admiration and pity stirred within her, her gaze flickering to Olivia, wondering if her friend was ensnared or simply swept up in the town's strange allure.

Still reeling, Abigaille turned back to Olivia, her voice hesitant but probing.

"Is...Is that true, Liv?" She asked, her eyes searching her friend's face. "Did you really accept the town's customs? Let him...touch your b-breasts, no problem at all?"

The question hung heavy, her own embarrassment mingling with curiosity, a faint hope that Olivia might share the same tangled acceptance she'd come to embrace.

Olivia's throat tightened, her blush deepening as she met Abigaille's gaze, her trembling eyes betraying her nerves. The truth was out, undeniable, and lying felt pointless.

"I-It's...true." She admitted, her voice barely above a whisper, her hands fidgeting against Kafka's sides. "I've learned about the open-mindedness here, Abi, the supposed...heritage. It was hard to understand at first, but I'm starting to get it."

She bit her lip, her words rushing out as she tried to clarify, to shield herself from judgment.

"And tell me just tell you that Kafi said he wanted to explore my breasts, said he was curious about why they're so firm for their size."

"...It was just admiration, curiosity, nothing else!"

Her voice carried a defensive tone, as if pleading for Abigaille to see her not as a perverse mother but as one navigating the town's customs with innocent intent.

Abigaille's eyes softened, a wry smile tugging at her lips as she recognized the familiar dance of justification. Olivia's fall into Kafka's web, so swift and complete, was both surprising and oddly comforting, she wasn't alone in succumbing to his charm.

The woman whose icy gaze could once silence a room, now blushing and stammering, was a testament to Kafka's power, and Abigaille felt a pang of camaraderie, even as her own embarrassment lingered.

Olivia, feeling the weight of attention, then shifted the focus, her voice hesitant but sharp.

"Abi, He...He said he touched your breasts too." She said, her eyes locking onto her friend's. "Is that true?"

The question was a deflection, a way to share the spotlight, and Abigaille's cheeks flushed anew, her hands tightening on her skirt.

"It's...true." Abigaille admitted, her voice soft and hesitant. "He said the same thing—wanted to admire them, explore them. I let him, but...it's just our son, you know? It's not...bad."

Her words mirrored Olivia's, a quick justification to ward off taboo implications, and Olivia nodded, seizing on the shared excuse.

"R-Right, exactly." Olivia said, her voice steadier now, as if grasping a lifeline. "It's not bad at all. I mean, every son....breastfeeds from their mother, so they have some contact with her breasts at some point in their lives."

"...This is just the same, isn't it?"

Her words were a desperate rationalization, a way to frame their actions as maternal, innocent, and Abigaille nodded, their agreement a fragile shield against the deeper truths they both avoided.

The two women then locked eyes, their nods a silent pact to justify their surrender to Kafka's touch, to cling to the narrative of familial love rather than face the taboo undercurrents.

Kafka's hand, still caressing Olivia's ass, and his other now resting on Abigaille's hip, anchored them in his web, his smile warm but laced with satisfaction. He watched their exchange, savoring the way they rationalized, the way they leaned into his narrative of the town's customs, each justification drawing them deeper into his control.

And just as both of looked at one another, trying to figure out what one another felt about their son and his actions, Kafka's hands moved with sudden boldness, groping both their asses simultaneously, the firm squeeze snapping their attention back to him.

"Hmm!~"

"Hyaaa!~"

Olivia's breath caught, her body jerking slightly, while Abigaille's eyes widened, her earlier hesitation overshadowed by his commanding presence.

"See, Mom?" He said to Abigaille, his voice smooth and triumphant, his fingers kneading their flesh. "I told you Mom's comfortable with this. She's fully accustomed to the town's ways now. She knows how intimate we are, how it works and how it's not bad and that it's normal."

"...So there's no reason we can't show her how we treat each other after a good spanking."

Abigaille's lips parted, a flicker of resistance in her eyes, but the truth of his words, coupled with Olivia's earlier confession, left her with no counterargument.

She nodded, her shoulders slumping slightly, her assent a quiet capitulation to the dynamic Kafka had woven.

Olivia, caught in the intensity of his touch, felt a surge of curiosity and unease, her body inching closer to his as she pressed herself against his chest, her voice trembling with urgency.

"Kafi, what do you mean by 'treating her wounds'?" She asked, her eyes darting to Abigaille's still-exposed ass, the purple handprints stark against her brown skin. "How are you going to treat them? Why's Abigaille so hesitant?"

Kafka's smirk was knowing, his hand leaving Olivia's ass to caress her cheek, his fingers brushing her skin with a tenderness that sent a shiver through her.

"It's a pure way to soothe a wound, Mom" He said, his voice low and secretive. "It's even something mothers often do for their kids to make them feel better."

"...But it's sensual, too. Can be seen in a different light. That's why she's hesitating so much."

His words were cryptic, laced with a provocative edge that set Olivia's mind racing, her imagination spiraling with possibilities—taboo, intimate acts that both intrigued and unnerved her.

He then turned to Abigaille, his gaze softening but still commanding.

"You ready to be treated, Mom?" He asked, his hand pulling her hip closer, urging her ass toward him.

Abigaille hesitated, her eyes flicking to Olivia, a flush creeping up her neck, but the weight of his expectation, the promise of relief, won out. She nodded, a small, reluctant gesture, and Kafka's smile widened.

"Good." He said, his voice rich with approval. "Bring your ass closer to my face...Let me do what I need to do."

Olivia's heart lurched, confusion and anticipation knotting in her chest as she watched Abigaille give her one last, fleeting glance, a mix of shame and resignation in her eyes.

And then slowly, Abigaille crouched, her movements careful as she positioned her plump, marked ass near Kafka's face, her black underwear barely containing the spill of her cheeks.

Kafka's hands also found her waist, guiding her with a gentle but firm grip until her ass hovered just inches from his lips, the purple handprints a vivid map of her punishment.

And then to Olivia's utter shock, Kafka leaned forward, his lips brushing Abigail's ass with tender kisses, starting at the edge of a handprint where the purple met her unblemished skin.

"Peck!~ Peck!~ Mmm!~ Peck!~ Lick!~"

The act was slow, tender, his lips soft against her flesh, pressing gentle pecks that traced the contours of her cheeks.

"Pucker!~ Pucker!~ Smooch!~ Pucker!~ Suck!~"

His hands caressed her ass, fingers gliding over the smooth, plump surface, kneading lightly as he planted a trail of kisses, each one lingering, a soft pull of his lips that left a faint sheen on her skin.

"Mmm!~ Mmm!~ Kiss!~ Mmm!~ Slurp!~"

Abigail's breath stopped, her body trembling under the tender assault, a quiet moan escaping her as his kisses found the center of a handprint, the sting soothed by the warmth of his mouth, while Olivia watched, her jaw slack, her body frozen in disbelief and a rising, unbidden heat.

"Kiss!~ Kiss!~ Mwah!~ Kiss!~ Nibble!~"

The taboo of the scene—Kafka's lips on his mother's ass, the way his hands sank into her flesh, groping with a possessive fervor was overwhelming, searing itself into her mind.

"Smooch!~ Smooch!~ Kiss!~ Smooch!~ Sip!~"

His kisses also grew more fervent, more insistent, his mouth pressing harder against the purpled skin, covering her ass in a cascade of wet, passionate kisses.

"Mwah!~ Mwah!~ Pucker!~ Mwah!~ Suck!~"

His lips parted, sucking gently on one cheek, his tongue darting out to trace the edge of a handprint, licking the bruised flesh with a slow stroke that made Abigaille gasp, her hips twitching involuntarily.

"Pucker!~ Pucker!~ Smooch!~ Pucker!~ Suck!~"

The sight was intoxicating, Kafka's tongue gliding over Abigaille's skin, soothing the wounds with a sensual intensity that was both tender and brazenly erotic.

"Mmm!~ Mmm!~ Kiss!~ Mmm!~ Slurp!~"

His lips molded to her curves, his tongue swirling in lazy circles, tasting the heat of her punished flesh, each lick a provocative caress that sent shivers through Abigaille's body.

"Ahhh!~ Noo!~ Kafi, not so hard!~ Mmm!~"

Her moans also grew softer, her head tilting back as she surrendered to the sensation, the taboo act of her son's mouth on her ass melting her resistance, her earlier shame replaced by a quiet, submissive pleasure.

"Kiss!~ Kiss!~ Mwah!~ Kiss!~ Nibble!~"

Watching all this right in front of her, Olivia's breath came in shallow bursts, her pussy growing wetter with each passing second, a shameful arousal pooling between her thighs as she watched.

Kafka's fervent kisses, Abigaille's surrender, the raw sensuality of it all, stirred something deep within her, a forbidden fascination that clashed with her maternal instincts.

Her body ached, her skin flushing as she imagined herself in Abigaille's place, Kafka's lips on her own ass, soothing marks he'd left.

The thought was electrifying, mortifying, and she clenched her thighs, trying to quell the heat that threatened to consume her...

Chapter 649: Love Over Medicine

Abigail melted under his touch, her earlier shame dissolving into a haze of pleasure, her body arching to offer more of herself to his mouth. The taboo thrill of her son's lips and tongue on her ass, the wet heat soothing her wounds, sent waves of ecstasy through her, her breath coming in ragged gasps, her pussy tightening with a shameful arousal.

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

Olivia's presence, her best friend watching this intimate act, only amplified the sensation, a forbidden excitement that made her skin flush, her pussy wet with need. She felt adored, claimed, her son's mouth a fiery balm that erased the pain and replaced it with a pulsing, primal heat.

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

Olivia herself watched, her body rigid with shock, her lips parted in a silent gasp as the scene seared itself into her. It was wrong, unthinkable, yet the heat in her lower half, the way her body ached with a primal hunger, betrayed her, her breath shallow as she fought the urge to squirm against Kafka's hand, still resting on her own ass.

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

Finally, the dam broke, and Olivia's voice burst forth, sharp and trembling.

"K-Kafi, what are you doing?" She demanded, leaning forward, her eyes wide with horror and undeniable arousal. "Why are you kissing Abi's behind—your own mother's behind like that?"

Her words were a desperate grasp for clarity, her body trembling as she stared at the taboo display, her mind screaming against the desire flooding her senses.

Kafka paused, his lips still wet from Abigail's skin, and turned to Olivia with a calm, almost instructional smile.

"It's just like I said, Mom." He explained, his voice steady, as if discussing something mundane. "I'm treating her wounds, like a mother kissing a child's scraped knee...It's no different from an animal licking its cub's injuries to soothe them."

To illustrate, he tugged Abigail's ass closer, his hands firm on her hips, and ran his tongue along her purpled cheek in a slow stroke, the wet glide of it drawing a soft whimper from Abigail.

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

The sight sent a jolt of heat through Olivia, her ass tightening, but her resolve pushed her to protest, her voice sharp with disbelief.

"If you wanted to heal her, Kafi, y-you could've used a medical kit!" She argued, leaning forward, her breasts pressing harder against his chest. "There are so many ways to treat wounds, so why this? This...this looks strange, something a mother and son shouldn't do at all."

"...Even as a man and woman, it's extreme!"

Her words were a plea, her gaze flickering between Kafka's smirking face and Abigail's trembling form, her mind grappling with the taboo nature of the act.

Kafka's smirk deepened, his hands moving to grope both women's asses with a possessive confidence, his fingers sinking into Olivia's flesh while planting another wet, lingering kiss on Abigail's bruised cheek, the smack of his lips loud in the quiet room.

"Sure, we could use medicine or some ointment..." He said, his voice teasing as he kissed Abigail again, his tongue flicking out to trace the edge of a handprint, making her moan softly. "But Mom's sentimental. She doesn't want cold medicine, she wants love to heal her wounds."

"...So, this is her preference, Mom. I'm just giving her what she likes, kissing her ass to make it better."

His words were laced with a playful challenge, his lips sucking briefly on Abigail's skin before pulling back, leaving a glistening mark.

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

Olivia's head snapped to Abigaille, her eyes wide with shock and a burning curiosity.

"I-Is that true?" She demanded, her voice trembling as she searched her friend's face. "You...You prefer this, Abi? You want him to do this?"

Her question hung heavy, her body tensing with incredulity and an undeniable arousal that made her skin flush.

Abigaille, lost in the haze of pleasure, her ass still tingling from Kafka's fervent kisses, turned to Olivia with a flushed, almost dreamy expression. Her voice was low, dripping with an erotic tone that sent a shiver through Olivia.

"It's true..." She admitted, her words soft but unashamed, her eyes half-lidded as she leaned into Kafka's touch. "No medicine could ever compare to Kafi's kisses. They feel...incredible on my ass, so warm, so perfect. I love it."

She paused, her breath hitching as Kafka's tongue traced another line on her bruise, then continued, her voice growing bolder.

"W-Whenever I get a scratch from gardening, cooking, anything, I go to him, Liv. I ask him to kiss it, no matter where it is."

"...It's the greatest joy, having my son care for me like this."

Her confession was bold, her body arching slightly as Kafka sucked her cheek, the wet sound amplifying her words.

Olivia's jaw dropped, her mind reeling as Abigaille's words painted a vivid picture of a ritual far beyond what she'd imagined. The idea that Abigaille would seek Kafka's kisses for any wound, regardless of its location, sent a surge of heat through her, her body growing stifflingly warm, her clothes feeling suffocating against her skin.

She shifted, her thighs pressing together to quell the throbbing need in her hidden garden, and her voice emerged, hesitant but driven by a restless fascination.

"Any...Any part of your body?" She asked, her gaze locked on Abigaille's flushed face. "You'd really let him kiss you...anywhere, no matter how i-intimate?"

Abigaille turned back, her eyes gleaming with a flustered but unapologetic intensity, her lips curving into a small, defiant smile.

"Of course." She said, her voice steady despite the blush staining her cheeks. "He's my baby boy, not some stranger, Liv. If I had a wound, no matter where any intimate place—I'd let him kiss it. It's his love that heals me."

Her words were a bold declaration, her body trembling with the pleasure of Kafka's ongoing kisses, his tongue now lapping broadly across her bruised cheek, leaving a slick, glistening trail.

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

The confession hit Olivia like a wave, her body burning with a heat that made her want to tear off her clothes, the room feeling impossibly stifling.

She tried to cling to the rationalizations they'd built, that this was maternal, pure. But the raw eroticism of Abigaille's surrender, the way Kafka's lips and tongue claimed her ass, shattered her defenses, leaving her trembling with a desire she couldn't name.

Kafka's smirk widened, his hands still groping both women, his lips pressing another fervent kiss to Abigaille's ass, sucking the skin with a soft, obscene pop.

"See, Mom?" He murmured against Abigaille's flesh, his voice a velvet tease as he glanced at Olivia. "It's what she wants. Just love, nothing more."

"Slurp!~ Haughh!~"

His tongue flicked out, tracing a sensual curve across the bruise, and Abigaille moaned, her body arching into his touch, her submission a vivid contrast to Olivia's spiraling turmoil...

Chapter 650: He Can't Breathe!

Kafka's hands gripped Abigaille's hips, his fingers sinking into her soft flesh as he leaned into her, his face buried deep between her cheeks, the muffled hum of his pleasure vibrating against her skin.

And finally when he seemed to be done with kissing his mother's ass, he pulled back just enough to plant one final, lingering kiss on her purpled ass, his lips wet and warm, sucking gently at the bruised skin before releasing it with a soft, obscene pop.

His tongue flicked out, tracing a sensual circle around the handprint, leaving her glistening as he caressed her brown, voluptuous curves with a tenderness that made her moan softly.

"All good now, Mom?" He asked, his voice low and velvety, his fingers kneading her ass as he looked up at her, eyes glinting with care and mischief. "Is your butt fine, or do you want more kisses to make up for it?"

Abigaille turned, her gaze meeting his with a radiant, unashamed glow, her lips curling into a coy smile.

"I'd never say no to more of your kisses, Kafi dear."

She purred, her voice thick with desire, her shamelessness staggering Olivia, who watched, wide-eyed, as Abigaille leaned into the moment.

"But it's okay now." She added, her tone softening, warm with gratitude. "After all that love, it barely hurts anymore. Feels...so good, honestly. Better than any sort of ointment or ice would have felt."

Her words were a clear sign to Kafka's effect, her body relaxed, her bruised ass now a source of pleasure rather than pain, the purple marks a badge of his devotion.

Hearing this, Kafka's grin flashed, a spark of playfulness breaking through his tenderness as he gave her ass a light, teasing slap, the sound sharp but gentle, making her cheeks jiggle enticingly.

"Glad you're feeling better, Mom." He said, his voice rich with satisfaction, his hand lingering on her skin. "I was a bit worried I went too hard on you."

His tone carried a hint of remorse, but the smirk that followed betrayed a deeper intent, his other hand squeezing Olivia's ass, grounding her in the charged moment.

"But, you know..." He continued, his voice dropping to a sultry drawl. "I worked hard to make you feel good and because of that my lips, my tongue they're practically aching from all that effort."

He pouted his lips, pointing to them with a dramatic flourish, the gesture both playful and provocative.

"So, I think I've earned a reward for all that work, don't you? You know, the usual one you give me with that perfect ass of yours."

Abigaille's face flushed a deep scarlet, her eyes widening as she caught the meaning behind his words, a rush of excitement mingling with embarrassment. Olivia, however, was adrift, her brow creasing as she leaned closer, her body pressed tightly against Kafka's, her voice trembling with curiosity.

"Reward? What's that supposed to mean, Kafi?" She asked, her gaze darting between him and Abigaille, her heart pounding as she sensed another taboo boundary looming. "What's this 'usual' thing you're talking about? What does her...ass have to do with it?"

Her questions spilled out, urgent and tinged with apprehension, her body already warm from the earlier spectacle, her mind bracing for what came next.

Kafka's smile was enigmatic, his eyes twinkling with amusement as he looked at Abigaille, who was blushing fiercely, her hands fidgeting with her skirt, still lifted to expose her curves.

"Mom here will show you, won't you, Mom?" He said, his voice smooth and coaxing, his gaze locking onto hers with a quiet command. "Go on, give me my reward, let Mom see what I'm talking about."

His words were a gentle push, his tone leaving little room for refusal, and Olivia's anticipation surged, her eyes fixed on Abigaille, waiting to witness the next unthinkable act.

Abigaille hesitated, her gaze flickering to Olivia, her cheeks burning as she bit her lip, the weight of her friend's stare amplifying her unease.

"Kafi, I...I don't know." She stammered, her voice soft, her hands clutching her skirt tighter.

The intimacy of what he was asking, the audacity of performing it in front of Olivia, made her heart race, her body caught between shame and the pull of Kafka's will. But his voice came again, low and soothing, his eyes softening into a pitiful plea that tugged at her heartstrings.

"Come on, Mom." He murmured, leaning closer, his hand brushing her hip with a tender touch. "I went all out to soothe your pain, kissing you like that, making you feel better. If you can't even do this for your son, after everything I've done..."

His words trailed off, his gaze imploring, and Abigaille's resistance melted, her love for him overriding her embarrassment, her body yielding to his subtle manipulation.

With a shy glance at Olivia, Abigaille turned away, unable to hold her friend's gaze, and positioned herself directly in front of Kafka. Her movements were slow and hesitant as she lifted her skirt higher, the black underwear straining against her plump, brown ass, the purple handprints still vivid.

Then, to Olivia's utter shock...she lowered herself, her ass descending until it pressed fully against Kafka's face, her cheeks enveloping his features in a warm, soft embrace.

Sit~

The sight was overwhelming—Abigaille's fat ass smothering Kafka's face, his head lost in the plush expanse of her cheeks, the black underwear stretched taut, barely containing her curves.

Her body settled fully, her weight pressing down, a soft, sultry moan escaping her as she adjusted, the sensation of his face against her most intimate flesh sending a shiver of pleasure through her.

"Mmm!~ Nnnn!~"

Kafka's hands gripped her hips, his fingers sinking into her skin, steadying her as he leaned into the act, his breath hot against her, the muffled sound of his contentment barely audible beneath the weight of her ass, while Abigaille's body trembled, her hips shifting slightly, grinding subtly against his face, the taboo thrill of the act making her skin flush, her core tightening with a forbidden ecstasy.

Olivia's heart thundered, her body frozen as she stared, her mind staggering at the audacity of it all.

She'd thought Kafka's kisses on Abigaille's ass were the pinnacle of taboo, but this—Abigaille sitting on his face, her ass engulfing him completely, his obvious pleasure in the act was beyond anything she could have imagined.

Her voice erupted, a flurry of shock and confusion, her hands clutching Kafka's sides as she leaned forward, her eyes wide.

"A-Abi, what in the world are you doing?" She demanded, her voice quaking, her gaze locked on the surreal scene. "You're sitting on his face!"

"...There's a whole sofa right there if you want to sit somewhere, so of all the places to sit why are you sitting on our son's face?! And is he okay under there? Can he breathe?!"

Her panic surged, her eyes darting to Kafka's buried face, a sudden fear gripping her that he was struggling to breathe, that something catastrophic was unfolding.

"Get up, Abigaille, please! He's probably suffocating—you have to move, right now!"

Abigaille's cheeks burned, her body tensing at Olivia's frantic words, but she remained seated, her ass firmly pressed against Kafka's face, her hands gripping her thighs for balance. She then turned to Olivia, her expression shy but steady, her voice soft and laced with a quiet confidence that belied her blush.

"It's not about sitting, Olivia." She said, her eyes meeting her friend's with a flicker of defiance. "This isn't just finding a place to rest...It's his reward, something special for him. That's all it is."

Her words were direct, her blush deepening as she spoke, her body shifting slightly, making her ass jiggle against Kafka's face, a soft moan escaping her as his tongue flicked briefly against her skin, a muffled hum of pleasure rising from beneath her.

Olivia's eyes widened further, her voice faltering as she tried to comprehend.

"Reward? What kind of reward is this?" She asked, her tone sharp with disbelief, her body trembling with a heat she couldn't suppress. "I mean, you're...you're smothering him, Abigaille! It looks like you're punishing him—he can't even breathe!"

She gestured wildly, her panic flaring as she imagined Kafka gasping for air, her hands tightening on his sides.

"Please, get up! This isn't right—something bad's going to happen if you don't move!"

Her fear was obvious, her body trembling as she imagined Kafka suffocating, her maternal instincts warring with the strange, undeniable heat stirring within her.

Abigaille, however, remained seated, her ass firmly pressed against Kafka's face, her body relaxed. She then turned to Olivia, her cheeks flushed but her expression serene, a quiet confidence in her eyes that belied the audacity of the act, as she decided to help her son out by making Olivia believe that there really was nothing wrong with what they were doing.

"Olivia, relax." She said, her voice smooth and reassuring, tinged with a playful tone. "You've seen how Kafi is by now, haven't you? He's...well, let's just say he's got a thing for women like us—plump, curvy, soft."

Her lips curved into a knowing smile, her hands resting on her thighs as she spoke, her ass still enveloping Kafka's face, his hands gripping her hips tighter, as if savoring every second.

Olivia blinked, a flicker of pride swelling in her chest at the compliment, the acknowledgment of her own curves, but her confusion held firm.

"What...What does that have to do with this?" She asked, her voice quavering, her eyes darting between Abigaille's serene face and Kafka's submerged form. "I mean, sure, he's been...touchy, praising my body, groping me, but...sitting on his face? That's...that's something else entirely!"

Abigaille's smile widened, a wry glint in her eyes as she leaned forward slightly, her ass shifting against Kafka's. face, drawing a muffled hum of pleasure from him.

"Exactly, Liv." She said, her tone light, as if explaining a quirky habit. "It's because he loves soft things, always has. You've felt how he touches you, right? How he can't keep his hands off?"

"Well, after all that time squeezing my ass, he figured out it's like...a pillow, you know? So soft, so squishy, just perfect. And one day, he told me he wanted to feel it on his face, like a pillow, said it'd be the ultimate comfort."

She paused, her blush deepening, but her voice remained steady, unapologetic.

"So, from time to time, he asks me to sit on him like this. Calls it a 'heavenly massage,' says it's the softest, warmest thing he's ever felt. He just loves being my...seat, wants my ass on his face as much as he can get it."

Olivia's jaw dropped, a gulp escaping her as she processed Abigaille's words, the sheer immorality of it staggering her. Her son, her Kafi, indulging in such an extreme act, craving his mother's ass on his face like it was a luxury?

The thought sent a shiver through her, her mind screaming that this was wrong, yet her body responding with a throbbing heat that left her lightheaded.

"You're...You're serious, Abi?" She stammered, her voice barely above a whisper, her eyes wide as she stared at Abigaille. "You're not joking? Kafi really...asks for this? Sits under you like that because he likes it?"

Abigaille's smile turned wry, a soft chuckle escaping her as she shook her head, her ass still pressed firmly against Kafka's face, his hands kneading her hips with a possessive motion.

"Would I joke about something like this, Olivia?" She asked, her tone teasing but sincere, her eyes glinting with a bit of amusement and pride. "It's just how he is. Ever since he came to this town, he's been...different, so open-minded about relationships, about us."

"And, you know, he felt guilty for all those years he kept his distance from us, pushed us away. So, in his mind, this..." She gestured to her ass, still smothering Kafka's face. "...this is him making up for it, getting as close as he can, soaking up all the intimacy he missed out on."

"...To him, this is nothing, just...love, you know? He wants to make up for every hug, every kiss, every moment he turned away."

Olivia's breath caught, a sudden clarity washing over her as Abigaille's words sank in.

Kafka, her son, was chasing the closeness he'd rejected in his youth, all those hugs and head-pats and cheek kisses he'd shied away from, now returning in this twisted, taboo form.

What he saw as familial love, as making up for lost time, manifested in acts so extreme they defied comprehension, acts that screamed of forbidden desire.

Her heart ached with a strange blend of sorrow and understanding, yet the sight before her, Abigaille's ass engulfing Kafka's face, his obvious pleasure stirred a wild excitement, a curiosity that burned hotter with every second.

"So...he's just...making up for the past?" She asked, her voice trembling, her eyes flickering to Kafka's buried face, then back to Abigaille. "But...this? It's so...much. A-And how often do you even do this?"

Abigaille's expression softened, a shy flush creeping up her cheeks as she shifted again, her ass grinding subtly against Kafka's face, drawing another muffled moan from him.

"It's not...every day or anything." She said, her voice quiet but honest, her eyes meeting Olivia's with a flicker of vulnerability. "It's usually just when he's tired, stressed, or needs to unwind. He says it's like...a hot pack, you know? Something soft and warm on his face, soothing him, calming him down."

"...He'll come to me after a long day, all worn out, and ask me to sit on his chest, or...like this, on his face. Says it's the best way to relax, better than any massage or bath."

She paused, her smile turning playful, though her blush lingered.

"I thought it was crazy at first, too, but...he loves it, Liv. You can tell, can't you? He's practically purring under there."

Olivia nodded slowly, her mind spinning at the thought of such a bizarre method of relaxation, her gaze dropping to Kafka, his face still submerged in Abigail's ass, his hands gripping her hips with a contented ease.

The image was surreal, yet the muffled sounds of his pleasure, the way his fingers dug into her flesh, confirmed Abigail's words.

Still, a flicker of worry lingered, and she looked back at Abigail, her voice hesitant, almost apologetic.

"But...is he really okay under there? I mean, no offense, Abigail, but...you've got a really...generous ass. If someone's face is in there, how can they breathe? I'm just saying this since...I-I don't want him to get hurt."

Her concern was genuine, her eyes darting to Kafka's buried form, wondering if her son was actually going to pass away on the first day she was on back home from suffocating under his own mother's fat ass...