

God of Milfs 651

Chapter 651: A Mother's Love

Abigaille laughed softly, a warm, reassuring sound, her ass shifting slightly, making her cheeks jiggle against Kafka's face, his muffled hum growing louder.

"Oh, Liv, I had the same worry at first." She said, her tone light, her eyes twinkling with amusement. "I thought, 'My goodness, I'm gonna smother him, kill him with this thing!'...But somehow, he's always fine—more than fine even."

"I can feel his breath, you know, right...inside my ass. He's breathing, enjoying every second...He's probably in heaven right now, loving how soft and warm it is."

She paused, her smile turning coy, a flicker of pride in her eyes.

"He's tougher than he looks, our Kafi and this is his happy place, believe it or not."

Olivia's eyes widened, a wave of relief washing over her, quickly followed by a fresh surge of disbelief.

"Oh...oh, okay." She said, her voice faltering, a nervous laugh escaping her as she processed Abigaille's words. "That's...good, then. I mean, as long as he's not suffocating, I guess..."

Her gaze dropped to Kafka again, his face still lost in Abigaille's ass, his hands kneading her hips with a steady rhythm, the muffled sounds of his pleasure a testament to his contentment.

The relief was real, but the heat in her body, the throbbing ache in her lower half, only intensified, the taboo act before her pulling her deeper into a world she both feared and craved.

Olivia's thoughts also churned, her body still trembling from the surreal act of Abigaille sitting on Kafka's face, a gesture Abigaille had framed as a loving reward.

If she were in Abigaille's place, her ass pressed against her son's face, Olivia was certain her mind would spiral into forbidden, immoral thoughts no mother should harbor.

The idea gnawed at her, urging her to understand Abigail's perspective, to know if her friend was wrestling with the same illicit desires.

So, leaning closer, she spoke, her voice soft but laced with urgency.

"Abi...H-How does it feel right now?" She asked, her eyes searching her friend's flushed face. "Having...Having Kafi's face there, on your ass like that? What's it like for you?"

Abigail's lips curled into a coy, almost secretive smile, her cheeks glowing as she shifted slightly, her ass still engulfing Kafka's face, his hands gripping her hips with a possessive ease.

"Oh, Olivia..." She said, her voice low and sultry, tinged with a playful embarrassment. "It's...strange, I'll admit. Makes me all flustered, knowing my son's buried so deep in my cheeks, probably catching every bit of my...fragrance down there."

Her blush deepened, her eyes glinting with a bit of shame and thrill.

"And, well, if my underwear slipped just a little, he'd see the deepest parts of me, parts no one's supposed to see...That's what really gets me—how intimate it is, how close he is to everything."

Her words were candid, her body trembling with the forbidden excitement of it, yet she softened, her expression shifting to a warm, matronly glow.

"But it's fine, you know? I'm okay with it, all this embarrassment, because it's for Kafi. As long as he's happy, I'll do whatever he asks since that's what mothers do."

"...Do anything for the sake of their children's happiness."

She paused, her smile turning wistful, her ass shifting subtly against Kafka's face, drawing a muffled hum from him.

"And compared to before, when he wouldn't even look at us, kept us at arm's length...this is so much better, Olivia."

"Sure, it's a bit...awkward, doing something like this with my own son, but I'd rather have this than a son who shuts me out."

Her voice was earnest, her eyes meeting Olivia's with a quiet conviction, her body relaxed despite the audacity of her position.

Olivia nodded, a pang of understanding settling in her chest.

The memory of Kafka's distance, his rejection of their affection in the past, made this bizarre closeness feel like a twisted gift, a way to reclaim what they'd lost.

"You're right." She said softly, her voice trembling with a blend of empathy and unease. "It's...better than him pushing us away. Even if it's...strange, I'd take a quirky son over one who doesn't talk to us."

Her words were a quiet agreement, her gaze flickering to Kafka's submerged face, the muffled sounds of his pleasure clear evidence to his contentment, yet the heat in her body only intensified, the taboo act stirring a curiosity she couldn't shake.

Kafka's hands then suddenly moved, patting Abigail's hips with intent, almost as if signaling something.

Olivia also noticed this, her brow furrowing as she leaned forward, her voice hesitant.

"Abi, what's he doing? Is he...telling you to get up?" She asked, her eyes darting between Abigail's flushed face and Kafka's buried form, a flicker of worry creeping into her tone. "Does he need air or something?"

Abigail shook her head, a shy, hesitant smile crossing her lips as she glanced down at Kafka, her ass still pressed firmly against his face.

"No, it's not that." She said, her voice soft, almost reluctant, her blush deepening. "That's...his signal for more. He wants me to...move around a bit, you know, give him more."

Her words were laced with embarrassment, her eyes flickering away from Olivia's shocked gaze, but before Olivia could ask what she meant, Abigail's expression shifted to one of quiet frustration, as if resigned to the inevitable.

And then to Olivia's utter shock, Abigail began to move, her ass lifting slightly before slamming back down on Kafka's face, her plump cheeks jiggling with each motion, the fat flesh clapping against his skin with an obscene, wet smack that echoed in the room.

"Smack!~ Smack!~ Smack!~ Mmmm!~ Smack!~"

Up and down she went, her ass bouncing, the soft, brown curves pounding his face, the sound of her cheeks slapping against him loud and unabashed, like a drumbeat of forbidden desire.

"Aah!~ Smash!~ Ooooh!~ Mm!~ Unghh!~ Bang!~ Slap!~ Smack!~ Nnm!"

Kafka on the other hand remained silent, his hands gripping her hips tighter, his fingers sinking into her flesh as he savored the rough, sensual assault, his muffled moans barely audible beneath the onslaught.

"Mm!~ Aaaah!~ Bang!~ Ooh!~ Ungh!~ Slap!~Slap!~ Nmm!"

Abigail's movements also grew bolder, her ass twerking against his face, the flesh rippling with each thrust, the black underwear straining as her cheeks clapped together, enveloping him in a relentless, erotic dance.

Olivia's eyes widened, her jaw dropping as she watched, her body frozen in a state of stunned arousal, the sight of Abigail's ass slamming against Kafka's face searing into her mind.

The noise—wet, sultry, and unmistakably lewd sent a shiver through her, her pussy throbbing with a need she couldn't suppress.

Abigail, catching Olivia's shocked expression, paused her movements, her ass still pressed against Kafka's face, and spoke, her voice calm but tinged with a playful edge.

"Don't look so surprised, Olivia." She said, her eyes glinting with amusement. "This is just...how he likes to wrap things up."

"He says it's like a massage, a rough one, like wet clouds slapping against his face. It's his favorite way to end the reward, feeling my ass pound him like this. Truly, it's...therapeutic for him."

Olivia's throat tightened, her voice emerging in a hesitant whisper as she nodded, her eyes still wide.

"I...I see." She said, her tone faltering, her gaze locked on Abigaille's jiggling ass, the obscene clapping still ringing in her ears. But the heat in her body pushed her to speak, her curiosity overriding her shock. "But...even if he calls it a massage, it's...it's so naughty, Abigaille."

She said, her cheeks flushing as she stumbled over the word, her voice dropping to a whisper.

"I mean, the sounds—it's so...dirty. I didn't even know a butt could make sounds like that!"

Abigaille laughed, a warm, throaty sound that vibrated through her body, her ass shifting slightly, making Kafka's face sink deeper into her cheeks, his muffled moan rising in response.

"Oh, I know." She said, her voice playful, her blush fading into a bold confidence. "I didn't either, not until I started...well, slamming my butt on his face like this. It's...surprising, isn't it? The way it claps, the way it feels."

She paused, her ass resuming its slow twerk, her cheeks pounding Kafka's face with a steady motion, the wet smacks filling the room.

"And yeah, it's naughty, I suppose. Every time I push down, I can feel his face sinking deeper, his nose...poking places that, well, haven't seen the light of day, if you know what I mean."

Her voice dropped to a sultry murmur, her eyes glinting with a wicked thrill, her body trembling with the forbidden pleasure of it.

Olivia's face burned, her breath catching at the vivid image, the thought of Kafka's nose brushing Abigaille's most intimate crevices sending a jolt of arousal through her.

"That's...so intense." She whispered, her voice trembling, her thighs pressing together to quell the throbbing in her pussy. "But...you're okay with it? Knowing how...taboo it looks?"

Abigail's smile turned thoughtful, her ass still grinding against Kafka's face, the clapping sounds softening as she slowed her movements, her eyes meeting Olivia's with a quiet intensity.

"To others, sure, it's taboo." She said, her voice steady, almost defiant. "If anyone else saw this, they'd clutch their pearls, call it scandalous, wrong."

"...I get it—I had those thoughts too, at first. My heart raced, my mind screamed it was too much, too far."

She paused, her ass pressing down harder, drawing a deep moan from Kafka, his hands gripping her tighter.

"But right now, it's just us, Olivia. A son and his two mothers, no one else to judge. What I'm doing...it's not naughty, not dirty, not in my heart...It's my love for Kafi, my way of giving him what he needs, what makes him happy."

"...He wants this closeness, this...connection, and I'm happy to give it, no matter how it looks."

Her words hung in the air, a bold declaration of maternal devotion twisted into something profoundly intimate, and Olivia's chest tightened, her emotions swirling in a storm of understanding and desire.

Abigail's conviction, her willingness to embrace the act as love, resonated with Olivia's own longing to reconnect with Kafka, yet the taboo of it, the wet, clapping sounds, the image of his face buried in her cheeks, left her breathless, her body aching with a feeling she couldn't name.

Abigail's gaze then sharpened, a teasing glint flashing in her eyes as she leaned forward, her ass still pressed against Kafka's face, and spoke, her voice dropping to a playful, challenging tone.

"This is all fine between a mother and son as long their intentions are pure, that is unless...you're having other thoughts, Olivia?"

"...Something a bit naughtier than maternal love, hmm?"

Her smile was devilish, her eyes glinting with mischief as she twerked her ass harder, the smacks loud and crisp, Kafka's muffled moans rising in response.

Hearing this, Olivia's face flushed crimson, panic surging as she waved her hands frantically, her voice stumbling over itself.

"N-No, no, that's not it at all!" She blurted, her eyes wide, her heart racing as she tried to deflect. "I was just...joking, Abigaille! I know it's maternal love, nothing else, I swear! I'd never think anything...taboo about Kafi, never!"

Her words were a desperate defense, her blush betraying the truth she couldn't admit, the illicit thrill that had her thighs trembling, her cunt wet with desire.

Abigaille's smile widened, a teasing, almost knowing edge to it as she slowed her movements, her ass still engulfing Kafka's face, his hands kneading her hips with a contented rhythm.

"Good, good." She said, her voice dripping with playful skepticism, her eyes locked on Olivia's flushed face. "Because if you were having those kinds of thoughts, Olivia, that'd be...well, bad for the family, wouldn't it? No mother should look at her son that way, right?"

Her tone was light, but the challenge was clear, her smile devilish as she leaned back, her ass pressing harder against Kafka's face.

Olivia's heart pounded, her face burning as she struggled to respond, the accusation, however teasing hitting too close to the desires she was fighting to suppress.

Abigaille's transformation, from the innocent friend she'd known to this bold, provocative woman, was staggering, a product of the town's strange influence, and Olivia felt a pang of disorientation, wondering how deeply she herself was being pulled into the same web.

Before she could muster a reply, Kafka's voice emerged, muffled but clear, his lips brushing Abigaille's skin as he spoke, his tone laced with confusion.

"Hey, what's going on up there?" He asked, his face still buried in her ass, his hands pausing their kneading. "Why're you two staring at each other like that? Did something happen? I couldn't hear a thing—kinda hard with Mom's cheeks covering my ears."

His words were light, but the image of his face submerged in Abigaille's ass made Olivia's blush deepen, her mind reeling at the casualness of it all.

Olivia's voice burst forth, quick and nervous, her hands waving dismissively.

"Nothing, Kafi, nothing at all!" She said, her tone high-pitched, desperate to deflect, her eyes darting away from Abigaille's teasing gaze. "We were just...talking, that's all, nothing's wrong!"

Her words were a frantic cover, her heart racing as she tried to hide the truth, the illicit thoughts Abigaille had so slyly prodded.

Abigaille's smile turned sly, her eyes glinting with amusement as she joined in, her voice smooth and playful.

"Yeah, Kafi, nothing's wrong." She said, her ass shifting slightly, grinding against his face, drawing another moan from him. "Just chatting about Olivia's love for you and how deep it runs...Right, Olivia?"

Her tone was teasing, her gaze locking onto Olivia's, a silent provocation that made Olivia's stomach twist, her blush deepening as she realized Abigaille knew more than she was saying, saw the struggle in her eyes, yet chose to keep it unspoken.

Olivia's mind spun, her emotions a tangled dance of shame, desire, and uncertainty.

Was Abigaille truly seeing Kafka in a purely maternal light, or was she, like Olivia, wrestling with forbidden feelings, masking them with talk of love?

The teasing, the knowing smiles, suggested Abigaille sensed Olivia's turmoil, yet refrained from calling it out directly, leaving Olivia adrift, unsure how to navigate the truth.

"Y-Yeah, just...love, Kafi. Nothing at all but a mother's love for her child." She stammered, her voice barely audible, her eyes flickering to Kafka's buried face, then back to Abigaille, her heart pounding with the weight of what remained unsaid...

Chapter 652: I'm Yours And Yours Alone

The air in the room thickened, heavy with the scent of arousal and the electric hum of unspoken desires.

Abigaille's succubus nature which came out when she was turned on the most surged to the forefront, her eyes glinting with a devilish hunger that outstripped even Camilla's wildest moments.

Her skin seemed to shimmer, a faint, otherworldly glow radiating from her as she rose slowly from Kafka's face, her hips swaying with provocative grace.

Her ass, plump and glistening with the faintest sheen of sweat, jiggled slightly as she shifted, drawing Olivia's wide-eyed stare and Kafka's unabashed admiration.

Abigaille then turned, her gaze locking onto Kafka with a look that was both tender and wickedly naughty, her lips curling into a smile that promised untold pleasures.

She reached down, her fingers threading gently through his hair, stroking his scalp with a motherly affection that contrasted sharply with the raw, sexual energy pulsing through her.

"Well, Kafi..." She purred, her voice a sultry caress, dripping with warmth and mischief. "Did you enjoy your little massage? Did you like having your mother's ass right there, pressed against your face, giving you all that softness?"

Her eyes sparkled with love, but the way her hips tilted, the way her curves seemed to beckon, spoke of a deeper, more primal intent.

Kafka's hands found her hips, his fingers sinking into the plush flesh of her ass as he looked up at her, his grin wide and unapologetic.

"Oh, Mom." He said, his voice thick with adoration and a hint of playful reverence. "Your ass was...unreal. Nothing in the world could ever compare to this kind of softness."

"...It's like a damn cloud, the best ass in the whole universe."

His hand slid down delivering a firm, playful slap to her cheek, making it ripple deliciously. The sound echoed in the room, sharp and enticing, and Abigaille let out a low, throaty chuckle, her body trembling with delight.

"Oh, Kafi." She teased, leaning closer, her voice dropping to a whisper. "I'm glad I hold such a prestigious title."

"Knowing I can satisfy my sweet boy's desires with this body of mine?...That's all a mother could ever want."

Her eyes flicked to Olivia briefly, a knowing glint in them, before returning to Kafka, her smile widening as she savored the moment.

But Kafka wasn't done.

His hand lingered on her ass, kneading it slowly, before drifting upward, his fingers brushing the curve of her waist and then boldly cupping one of her full, heavy breasts.

The sudden shift made Abigaille's breath hitch, her nipple hardening beneath his palm as he squeezed gently, his eyes locked on hers.

"You know..." He said, his voice low and teasing. "It's not just your ass that's got me hooked. These breasts of yours? They're so fat, so perfect, I could just bury my face in them for days and never get enough. You're like....a goddess, Mom, giving me everything I could ever want."

Olivia, perched nearby, felt her throat tighten, her pulse hammering as she watched the scene unfold. Her cheeks burned, her body betraying her with a rush of heat between her thighs, but she couldn't tear her eyes away.

Kafka's boldness, Abigaille's unapologetic sensuality it was overwhelming, intoxicating, and she felt herself being pulled deeper into the strange, taboo web of the moment.

Kafka's smirk grew as he gave Abigaille's breast a playful pat, his eyes glinting with mischief.

"But you know what, Mom? I'm not quite satisfied with just your ass. After seeing these beautiful breasts, I want them on me, too. Just like Mom is doing now"

He glanced at Olivia, his gaze lingering on her flushed face before returning to Abigaille.

"Scoot over, Mom. Sit right next to Mom, lie on top of me, and press those gorgeous breasts against me. I want to feel them, feel you, just like I felt Mom on top of me."

"...I never got the chance to feel you both together before, and I'm not missing out now."

Abigaille's laugh was rich and unrestrained, her devilish nature fully unleashed as she moved without hesitation, her body fluid and eager.

"Anything for my baby boy..."

She murmured, her voice a velvet promise as he slid onto the sofa, her movements graceful yet sensual, nudging Olivia aside with a playful bump of her hip.

Olivia gasped, her body jolting at the contact, but she didn't resist, her eyes wide as Abigaille positioned herself next to her, straddling Kafka's legs and with a slow, tantalizing motion, Abigaille lowered herself, her body pressing against Kafka's chest, her breasts squishing against his right side, their warmth and weight drawing a satisfied groan from him.

Olivia, still reeling, found herself pressed against Kafka's left side, her own pale breasts squished against him, the contrast of her skin against Abigaille's rich, bronzed curves creating a visual that made Kafka's eyes darken with pleasure.

He lay there, a king in his own right, flanked by the two women he called his mothers, their bodies enveloping him in a cocoon of softness and heat.

"God..." He breathed, his voice thick with awe. "This is...incredible. I'm truly am the luckiest man alive."

"Two beautiful, plump mothers, right here, covering me in their warmth...No one else could ever have this, could ever feel what I'm feeling right now."

His hands slid down, one resting on Olivia's waist, the other on Abigail's, pulling them closer in a possessive grasp. The room seemed to pulse with their shared energy, the boundaries of love and desire blurring into something raw and undeniable.

Kafka's eyes then flicked upward, catching the sight of their cleavages pressed against his chest, the curves of their breasts creating a tantalizing valley that made his breath catch.

"This view..." He said, his voice dropping to a husky murmur. "...is something else. Your cleavages squished up like that? It's a damn work of art."

But then his gaze shifted, his head tilting slightly as he looked past their faces, his lips curling into a wicked grin.

"But you know what really gets me?...Your asses, that's what. From here, even with your heads in the way, I can see them—both of them, so fat and delicious, like mountains rising up behind you. I can't take my eyes off them."

His hands moved, sliding down to cup their asses, one on Olivia's soft, pale cheeks, the other on Abigail's firm, brown curves.

"Hmm!~"

"Ahhh!~"

The sudden contact made both women whimper, their bodies trembling as his fingers dug in, kneading their flesh with a tender rhythm.

"So plump..." He murmured, his voice dark and dirty. "...so juicy. Every son should take a moment to grope his mother's ass like this, to really appreciate her body, to give her all the love she deserves."

His fingers slipped between Abigail's cheeks, teasing the sensitive skin, while his other hand squeezed Olivia's ass harder, making her gasp and squirm against him.

Abigail's eyes fluttered, reveling in the sensation, her body growing wetter with every touch.

"Oh, sweetie..." She purred, her voice a sultry moan. "You're too good to me...Keep touching me like that, love. Show your mother how much you appreciate her."

Her hips rocked slightly, pressing her breasts harder against his chest, her ass jiggling under his hand.

Olivia, caught in the mess of sensations, felt her own arousal spiking, her thighs wet with need as Kafka's fingers played with her ass.

"Kafi..." Olivia whispered, her voice trembling with a desperate edge. "You...You really love us, don't you? Love us as your mother's."

Her words were a plea, a need for reassurance amidst the overwhelming desire consuming her.

Kafka's grin softened, though the hunger in his eyes remained.

"Love you? No, Mom, you're my world...Both of you, giving me this, letting me feel you like this? I've never felt more loved, more wanted."

His hands tightened on their asses, pulling them closer.

"And I'm never letting go...You're all mine."

He said, his tone resonant with certainty, his eyes flicking between them, drinking in their flushed faces, their trembling bodies.

"Both of you. Every part of you belongs to me. These fatty asses I'm groping..." His hands slid down, squeezing their cheeks with a possessive force, making both women gasp, their hips twitching under his touch.

"...These soft, pudgy waists I love to hold..."

His fingers tightened on their curves, tracing the plush contours with a reverence that bordered on worship.

"...And these beautiful, heavy breasts..."

His hands glided upward, cupping their breasts, thumbs brushing over their hardened nipples, drawing soft whimpers from their lips.

"...Every inch of you is mine. Your minds, your bodies, your souls—there's not a single part of you that doesn't belong to me...."

"...You're my mothers, and I own your entire existence."

The words hung in the air, heavy and absolute, and Olivia felt her heart lurch, a thrilling chill coursing through her at the raw intensity of his claim.

His gaze was a physical weight, pinning her in place, and she couldn't look away, couldn't escape the magnetic pull of his dominance.

Abigaille, her succubus aura pulsing with a dark, sensual energy, seemed to revel in it, her body arching slightly under his touch, her eyes half-lidded with devotion.

Kafka's attention then shifted to Abigaille, his hand leaving her breast to cup her cheek, his thumb brushing gently over her flushed skin. His voice softened, but the possessiveness remained, a velvet glove over an iron fist.

"Isn't that right, Mom? You belong to me, don't you?"

"Every part of you—your heart, your body, your everything is mine, isn't it?"

Abigail's response was immediate, her voice a sultry hymn of surrender, her eyes locked on his with a love so fierce it seemed to consume her.

"Oh, Kafi..." She murmured, leaning into his touch, her lips parting as she spoke. "Of course, my love. Everything I am belongs to you. My body, my heart, my soul—every single piece of me is yours, and yours alone."

"It's my duty as your mother to dedicate myself to you, to give you everything you desire and there's nothing I wouldn't do for you, nothing I wouldn't give."

Her voice dropped lower, laced with a submissive thrill.

"Know that while I'm your mother, I'm also your slave, Kafi...I'll do whatever you say, whenever you say it, because pleasing you is my purpose, my joy."

Her eyes shimmered with adoration, her body trembling slightly as she pressed herself closer, her breasts squishing against his chest, her ass jiggling faintly under his lingering hand.

Olivia watched, her breath shallow, her mind reeling at the depth of Abigail's surrender.

The woman she'd known—cheerful, kind, unassuming had transformed into this vixen, this creature of raw devotion and sensuality, willingly chaining herself to Kafka's will.

The sight sent a tremor through Olivia, a pang of awe and yearning twisting in her chest.

How had they reached this point?

What alchemy of love and desire had forged such a bond, where Abigail could declare herself a slave to her son with such fervent joy?

Olivia's thoughts spun, her body aching with a feeling she couldn't name, her eyes darting between Abigail's blissful expression and Kafka's commanding presence.

Then Kafka's gaze turned to her, and Olivia's throat went dry, her pulse hammering as his dark eyes bored into hers.

The possessiveness in his stare was overwhelming, a predator's focus that locked her in place, her body tingling with a strange, exhilarating fear.

It was as if he saw through her, past her defenses, to the secret desires she'd buried deep.

"And you, Mom..." He said, his voice a low, dangerous purr that made her heart race. "What about you? Do you belong to me, too? Are you mine, just like Mom here is?"

The question hung between them, heavy with expectation, and Olivia felt her world tilt.

His gaze was a cage, inescapable, and yet...she didn't want to escape.

Every instinct screamed that this was wrong, that a mother should hold the reins, should be the one in control, the one guiding her son.

But in that moment, under the weight of his stare, she felt small, vulnerable, and strangely...safe.

The idea of submitting to him, of surrendering her autonomy to his will, sent a rush of warmth through her, a reassurance that he would protect her, claim her, keep her by his side.

He wasn't the frail son she'd nursed through sickness at that moment; he was a man, the man of the family, his strength and dominance wrapping around her like a shield.

Her thoughts chummed, a mess of shame and desire. She shouldn't want this shouldn't crave the feeling of his hands on her, shouldn't yearn to be owned, to be his In every way.

But the more she fought it, the stronger the pull became, her body humming with a need to feel his touch, to know she was under his rule.

His gaze made her feel seen, desired, cherished in a way she'd never known, and the thought of resisting it, of stepping back into the role of the dominant mother—felt like a betrayal of the fire igniting within her.

Her lips parted, her voice trembling as she met his eyes, her expression soft and limpid, a shy vulnerability she couldn't hide.

"Kafi..." She whispered, her voice barely audible, laced with a coy surrender that made her cheeks burn. "Y-You're right. I...I'm yours....Yours alone."

She swallowed, her heart pounding as she forced the words out, each one a step deeper into the unknown.

"Just like Abi said, before I'm a woman, I'm your mother, and as your mother, I'd give anything for you."

"My life, my soul, my body—whatever you want, it's yours."

"You're the most important thing in my world, my entire world, and if you want me to be completely yours, then...I am."

Her voice wavered, the weight of her admission settling over her, but the truth of it felt liberating, a release of the burdens she'd carried alone.

"I don't even know what it means, not fully, but if that's what you want, then I'm yours...Completely."

Chapter 653: Show Me Your Submission

Kafka's lips curled into a slow, satisfied smile, his eyes glinting with victory as he reached out, his hand cupping her cheek, mirroring the gesture he'd given Abigaille.

"That's my girl..." He murmured, his voice rich with approval, his thumb brushing over her lips, sending a jolt of heat through her. "Both of you, my beautiful mothers, giving yourselves to me. There's nothing more I could ever want."

Abigaille let out a soft, delighted laugh, her body shifting closer, her breasts pressing harder against Kafka's chest as she nuzzled his shoulder.

"Oh, sweetie..." She purred, her voice dripping with adoration. "You make us so happy, you know? Knowing that we're yours, that we can give you everything—it's all we've ever wanted."

Her hand slid up his chest, fingers tracing lazy circles, her devilish energy amplifying the intimacy of the moment, making the air hum with desire.

Olivia, still trembling from her confession, felt Kafka's hand slide back to her waist, pulling her closer, his grip firm and possessive. The warmth of his touch, the weight of his claim, grounded her, and she leaned into him, her body yielding to the safety of his dominance.

She glanced at Abigaille, their eyes meeting briefly, and saw a flicker of understanding, a shared surrender that bound them together under Kafka's rule.

"You're mine..." Kafka repeated, his voice a low growl, his hands roaming over their bodies, claiming every curve, every inch. "...and I'm never letting go."

The promise was a vow, sealing them in a world where love, desire, and possession intertwined, and as Olivia melted into his touch, she knew there was no turning back.

Kafka's eyes gleamed with unrestrained satisfaction, his possessive gaze over Abigaille and Olivia as they lay pressed against him, their bodies yielding to his will, their spirits tamed by the sheer force of his dominance.

The sight of his mothers—once pillars of nurturing authority now trembling under his command, their submissive devotion laid bare, filled him with a primal joy that thrummed through his veins.

He couldn't help himself; the happiness bubbling within him demanded expression, and his hands moved with swift intent, delivering a firm, resounding slap to each of their plump asses.

Slap!~

Slap!~

The sharp cracks echoed through the room, drawing simultaneous whimpers from Abigail and Olivia, their bodies jolting at the sudden sting, their cheeks jiggling enticingly.

"Good girls..." Kafka purred, his voice a low, approving growl, dripping with authority. "Both of you are very good girls for submitting to me... You've made your son so proud."

His hands lingered, fingers kneading the soft flesh he'd just struck, savoring the warmth radiating from their skin.

"I promise you, you'll never regret giving yourselves to me. I'm going to show you what it means to have a son—the best son in the world."

"I'll please your hearts, your bodies, in ways you can't even dream of and I'm going to make sure you feel it, every single day."

Olivia's mind reeled at his words, her thoughts spiraling into forbidden territory.

Please their bodies in ways they couldn't imagine?

The phrase sent a shiver of anticipation through her, her imagination igniting with vivid, illicit images—bedrooms bathed in dim light, tangled sheets, the press of his body against hers in ways no mother should ever envision.

Her cheeks flushed, her pussy throbbing with a need she couldn't suppress, and she fought to anchor herself, to focus on the present moment.

But before she could gather her thoughts, Kafka's gaze snapped downward, locking onto both women with a commanding intensity that made her breath hitch.

"I want to see it..." He said, his voice firm, leaving no room for hesitation. "I want proof of your submission, proof that you're truly mine, that you'll do whatever I say."

His hands slid to their asses again, fingers sinking into the plush curves as he squeezed, his touch both possessive and demanding.

"Shake them...Shake those fat asses on me like your lives depend on it."

"Make them clap so loud the whole house hears it."

"Jiggle them, twerk them, give me everything you've got...Now."

Olivia gulped, a wave of shock crashing over her.

The command was brazen, degrading, a line no son should cross with his mothers. She should have been outraged, should have pushed back, asserted her role as the one in control.

But his eyes, those dark, unyielding eyes held her captive, stripping away her resolve. Her throat tightened, her voice lost to the weight of his dominance.

She glanced at Abigaille, seeking some anchor, some sign of resistance, but found only a knowing smile, a glint of eager compliance in her love-tinged eyes.

Their gazes locked, and in that fleeting moment, an unspoken understanding passed between them.

They were his, utterly and completely, and there was no turning back.

Abigaille took the lead, her movements fluid and confident as she turned her head to Kafka, her voice a sultry murmur.

"Yes, Kafi..." She said, her tone laced with devotion, her eyes shimmering with love.
"Anything for you, my sweet boy."

She shifted her hips, her body arching as she began to twerk, her fat ass cheeks slamming together with a wet slap that reverberated through the room.

"Smack!~ Smack!~ Smack!~ Mmmm!~ Smack!~ Aaaah!~ Ughh!~ Nnn!"

The sound was obscene, primal, each clap a testament to her surrender, her desire to please him.

Her hips rolled with practiced ease, her ass jiggling against his thigh, the motion grinding her pussy against him in a way that made her breath hitch, her arousal evident in the flush creeping up her neck.

"Smash!~ Slap!~Slap!~ Bang!~ Slap!~ Smack!~ Nnm!"

Olivia on the other hand hesitated, her body trembling with uncertainty.

This was wrong—humiliating, taboo, a violation of everything she'd been taught about motherhood.

But the pull of Kafka's command, the heat of his gaze, was undeniable.

She felt Abigaille's intensity beside her, heard the relentless clapping of her cheeks, and knew she had no choice but to follow.

Swallowing her pride, she began to move, her hips awkward at first, unpracticed in such brazen display. But her ass, so full and heavy, needed little skill to perform.

"Slap!~Slap!~ Bang!~ Ooh!~ Ungh!~ Slap!~Slap!~ Nmm!"

With each slow thrust, her cheeks slammed together, the sound loud and unapologetic, mingling with Abigaille's to create a cacophony of submission that filled the room.

"Ohhh!~ Slap!~ Mmh!~ Slap!~ Aaah!~ Ughhh!~ Smack!~ Smack!~ Nmm!~"

Their eyes met Kafka's, wide and trembling, brimming with a vulnerability that bordered on reverence.

Their hips moved in tandem, their crotches grinding against his thick, unyielding thighs, the friction sending sparks of pleasure through their bodies.

"Smack!~ Smack!~ Smack!~ Mmmm!~ Smack!~ Aaaah!~ Ughh!~ Nnn!"

The sight was unthinkable—a son commanding his mothers to debase themselves, their bodies writhing for his pleasure and yet, for Olivia, the shame was eclipsed by a growing, undeniable excitement.

"Smash!~ Slap!~Slap!~ Bang!~ Slap!~ Smack!~ Nnm!"

Each time her ass clapped, each time her lower body pressed against Kafka's thigh, a jolt of arousal surged through her, her movements growing bolder, more aggressive. She wanted to feel him, to lose herself in the rhythm, to prove her devotion in this most primal way.

Abigaille matched her intensity, her succubus nature fueling her fervor, her ass clapping harder, faster, as if she could pour her love for Kafka into every motion.

"Like this, Kafi?!~" She gasped, her voice breathless, her eyes locked on his. "Is this what you want!~ Your mother's ass, shaking for you, giving you everything!~"

Her hips snapped, the wet slaps growing louder, her body trembling with the effort to please him.

"Slap!~Slap!~ Bang!~ Ooh!~ Ungh!~ Slap!~Slap!~ Nmm!"

Kafka's smile was one of pure, unadulterated satisfaction, his eyes glinting with pride as he watched his mothers perform for him. He leaned back, his hands sliding to the backs of their heads, fingers threading through their hair as he caressed them gently, almost tenderly.

"That's it..." He murmured, his voice a soothing rumble, rich with approval. "That's good, my baby girls. You're doing such a good job, satisfying your son's desires."

"...You're the best mothers any son could ever ask for."

His words were a balm, a reward for their submission, and he pulled them closer, guiding their heads to his chest, his arms wrapping around them in a tight, possessive embrace.

"Ohhh!~ Slap!~ Mmh!~ Slap!~ Aaah!~ Ughhh!~ Smack!~ Smack!~ Nmm!~"

Their faces pressed against his warm skin, the steady thump of his heartbeat filling their ears as they continued to shake their asses, the claps and slaps echoing relentlessly.

"Keep going." He urged, his voice a low command, laced with delight. "Shake those asses for me. I'm loving this sight, my beautiful mothers giving themselves to me like this...Don't stop."

Olivia's cheek rested against his chest, the rhythm of his heart grounding her even as her hips moved, her ass clapping with a fervor she hadn't known she possessed.

The taboo of it all the knowledge that she was crossing lines no mother should cross—gnawed at the edges of her mind, but the warmth of Kafka's body, the strength of his embrace, drowned it out.

She felt like a woman in the arms of her man, not a mother comforting her son, and the realization didn't repulse her.

It thrilled her, her body humming with a forbidden desire that made her press closer, her breasts squishing against him, her ass smacking louder as she surrendered to the moment.

"Slap!~Slap!~ Bang!~ Ooh!~ Ungh!~ Slap!~Slap!~ Nmm!"

Abigaille mirrored her, her cheek nestled against Kafka's other side, her hips rolling with relentless energy, her ass clapping in perfect sync with Olivia's.

"Oh, Kafi!~" She moaned softly, her voice muffled against his skin. "I love this!~ I love being yours, giving you what you want!~ Your heartbeat...it's everything!~"

Her body trembled, her arousal evident in the way she ground against him, her lustful voice amplifying the intensity of every touch, every sound.

"Ohhh!~ Slap!~ Mmh!~ Slap!~ Aaah!~ Ughhh!~ Smack!~ Smack!~ Nmm!~"

Kafka's hands roamed, stroking their backs, their waists, their asses, his fingers occasionally slipping beneath the thin fabric of their underwear, teasing the sensitive skin with a boldness that made them gasp.

"This is what life is all about..." He said, his voice thick with adoration, his eyes drinking in the sight of their jiggling cheeks, their flushed faces. "My mothers, my baby girls, shaking your asses for me, letting me touch you like this...This is what it means to be mine."

His fingers dipped lower, grazing the damp heat between their thighs, drawing soft whimpers from both women as they writhed against him, their bodies alight with need.

The night had transformed, a free union of love and care twisting into a tapestry of forbidden desires, woven with the threads of submission and possession.

Olivia, caught in the throes of her son's embrace, felt her world shift, her identity as a mother blurring into something deeper, something wilder.

She didn't fight it...She couldn't.

Not when his touch felt like home, not when his voice promised a pleasure she'd never dared to imagine. And as she twerked, her ass clapping, her body pressed against his, she let herself fall, trusting that Kafka—her son, her man would catch her...

Chapter 654: Full Circle

Ding~

[The God of Harvest Ivanova sends a request: Make both of your mothers eat dinner, while sitting on your lap and being in their underwear]

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

[Fail the given request and turn into a worm that roams the God of Harvest Ivanova's garden]

Hearing this request, Kafka couldn't help but chuckle seeing as to how the first request he was issued when he came into this world was making Abigaille sit on his lap for dinner.

Now, it had come full circle and he was asked to do the same with Olivia as well which was rather amusing, as it brought him back to the time when this all began.

But he didn't have time to reminisce about the pleasant memories of the past, so he focused on the task on hand as he wondered how he was going to make Olivia strip down all the way to her underwear, especially since there was no way she would do so, since her underwear was probably so wet right now.

That would reveal her true feelings for him which she was desperately trying to hide and would probably make her freak out and have an existential crisis, which was the last thing he wanted right now since he was trying to maintain a delicate balance in their taboo-filled relationship.

"Slap!~Slap!~ Bang!~ Ooh!~ Ungh!~ Slap!~Slap!~ Nmm!"

The room vibrated with the lingering echoes of their clapping. Abigaille and Olivia's hips swayed, their plump asses jiggling against Kafka's thighs, each wet slap a testament to their surrender.

But suddenly, Kafka's hands descended, firm and commanding, pressing down on their cheeks to still their movements.

The abrupt halt made both women gasp, their bodies trembling as they looked up at him, their eyes wide with anticipation. His gaze, dark and playful, swept over them, a smirk tugging at his lips as he spoke, his voice a teasing rumble that sent a flush creeping up their necks.

"Hold on, you two..." He said, his tone laced with amusement. "If you keep shaking those gorgeous asses like that, you're gonna wake the whole neighborhood."

"...They'll be wondering why the clapping's been going on for so long, trying to figure out what kind of party's happening over here."

His smirk widened, his eyes glinting with mischief as both women blushed furiously, the implication of his joke hitting them like a wave.

"Alright, alright..." Kafka continued, his hands stroking their now-still asses with gentle, possessive caresses, his fingers tracing the curves with a tenderness that contrasted his earlier

dominance. "Let's calm those beautiful cheeks down for a bit...Just press them against me, nice and still."

His voice was soothing, a command wrapped in warmth, and both women obeyed, settling their weight against him, their asses nestled firmly against his thighs, the intimacy of the contact making their pulses race.

He then leaned back, his hands lingering on their curves, stroking slowly as he shifted the mood.

"It's time for dinner." He said, his tone practical but still laced with that undeniable authority. "If we wait any longer, the food's gonna get cold. And Mom, you must be starving after that long drive over here...You need to eat, don't you?"

His eyes flicked to her, catching the faint flicker of disappointment that crossed her face as she heard that she would have to get up.

She'd been so comfortable, pressed against her son, his warmth and strength enveloping her, and the thought of leaving this position of breaking the spell of their closeness, sent a pang of reluctance through her.

Kafka's sharp gaze didn't miss it. His lips curled into a knowing smile, and he tilted his head, his voice dropping to a teasing lilt.

"What's that look, Mom? You really that sad to leave me like this?...Don't tell me you're already so attached to being my little cuddle bug."

His words were playful, but they hit their mark, and Olivia's face flushed crimson, her heart stuttering as she waved her hands frantically.

"N-No, not at all!" She blurted, her voice high-pitched with panic, her eyes wide as she tried to deflect. "I'm fine, Kafi, really! I'm not...I mean, I'm hungry, let's go eat!"

Her words tumbled out, a desperate attempt to hide the truth that she craved the feel of his body against hers, the safety of his embrace, the thrill of his touch.

Abigaille, ever the instigator, let out a soft, melodic laugh, her eyes sparkling with mischief as she leaned closer, her breasts still pressed against Kafka's side.

"Oh, Liv, it's okay to feel that way." She teased, her voice a sultry purr. "Don't be shy. I feel it too, you know. I don't want to leave this spot either."

"...I could stay like this all night, snuggled up with our Kafi, feeling his hands on me, his warmth...it's perfect."

She sighed dreamily, her hips shifting slightly, pressing her ass harder against Kafka's thigh.

Kafka also chuckled in response, his hands sliding up to cup their cheeks—one of Abigaille's, one of Olivia's his fingers sinking into the soft flesh as he groped them gently, making both women whimper.

"You two...." He said, shaking his head, his voice a blend of fondness and mock exasperation. "I don't want to get up either, you know. I could sit here forever, hugging my two beautiful mothers, groping these fat, perfect asses, watching you both melt under my touch."

His fingers tightened, eliciting soft gasps from them, their bodies trembling at the sensation.

"But we can't act like kids, indulging every little want. We've got to eat since that food's not gonna stay warm forever."

Abigaille's lips formed a playful pout, her eyes glinting with reluctance.

"But Kafi..." She whined, her voice dripping with exaggerated petulance. "...this is so much better than dinner. Why can't we just stay here, hmm? You, me, Olivia, all cozy like this?"

She wiggled her hips, her ass pressing against him in a teasing bid to sway him.

Olivia, though silent, felt the same tug of disappointment. Kafka's hands on her ass, the way his fingers kneaded her flesh, had become a comfort she hadn't expected to crave.

The thought of standing, of breaking this connection, left her chest tight, though she fought to keep her face neutral, not wanting to betray the depth of her longing.

Kafka's eyes softened, catching the subtle shifts in their expressions.

"Alright, alright..." He said, his voice warm with understanding. "If you're both so reluctant to move, we don't have to give this up completely."

"How about this? We eat dinner, but you both sit on my lap. Same closeness, same intimacy, just with food...Perfect, right?"

His grin was harmless, but the glint in his eyes was anything but innocent, promising more of the possessive touch they'd grown to crave.

Abigail's face lit up, her eyes glowing with excitement as she clapped her hands together.

"Oh, Kafi, that's brilliant!" She exclaimed, her voice bubbling with enthusiasm. "Dinner on your lap? That's the perfect way to eat! I can cuddle you, feed you, keep you nice and close...oh, I love it!"

She leaned in, pressing a quick, playful kiss to his cheek, making the air around her hum with sensuality.

Olivia, meanwhile, felt her cheeks heat at the thought.

Sitting on her son's lap while they ate?

The image flipped her memories upside down—years ago, she was the one cradling him, feeding him as a baby, his small body nestled against hers.

Now, the roles were reversed, and the idea of being the one held, cuddled, made her stomach flutter with a bit of embarrassment and taboo thrill.

Kafka's hand then came out of nowhere and snapped her out of her daze, as he delivered a firm, playful slap to both their asses, the sharp cracks pulling squeals from their lips.

"Up, you two." He said, his voice firm but laced with affection. "Get moving now, or I'm gonna lose my motivation too, and that food will go to waste. We can't have that, can we?" His tone left no room for argument, and with reluctant sighs, Abigaille and Olivia began to move.

Abigaille slid off first, her movements graceful despite the pout on her lips, standing with a sway of her hips that made her exposed ass jiggle. Olivia followed, more hesitant, her legs shaky as she rose.

As she stood, Olivia felt a rush of mortification—her miniskirt had ridden up all the way during their earlier frenzy, bunched around her hips, revealing the full curve of her buttocks, barely covered by her underwear. Her cleavage, too, spilled out of her top, the fabric stretched and displaced from all the movement.

She glanced at Abigaille, who was in a similar state, her skirt hiked up, her brown cheeks on full display, the cool air brushing against their exposed skin.

Olivia's hands moved instinctively to tug her skirt down, her face burning as she tried to cover herself. Abigaille mirrored her, reaching for her own hem, a faint shiver running through her at the breeze on her skin.

But before either could adjust, Kafka's voice cut through, sharp and commanding, stopping them in their tracks.

"Don't..." He said, his eyes fixed on their exposed curves as he lounged on the sofa, his gaze raking over them with unabashed appreciation. "Leave it like that. It's a damn nice sight—both of you, half-dressed, those gorgeous asses out for me to see. It's...delicious." His lips curved into a wicked smile, his voice dripping with hunger. "Don't you dare cover up."

Abigaille paused, her hand hovering over her skirt, then let it fall, a coy smile spreading across her face.

"Oh, Kafi..." She purred, her fingers brushing her exposed cheek as she pouted dramatically. "It's so cold, though! My poor butt's freezing out here."

Her tone was teasing, her eyes glinting with mischief as she shifted her weight, making her ass jiggle for his benefit.

Kafka was on his feet in an instant, moving quickly to stand between them. His hands found their asses again, one on each, his fingers sinking into the soft flesh as he began to rub, warming their skin with each slow, possessive stroke.

"Cold, huh?" He murmured, his voice a low growl, his eyes flicking between them. "Does it feel cold now? If it's still chilly, I can keep my hands right here, rubbing these perfect cheeks as long as you need...How's that sound?"

Abigaille's eyes fluttered, a sultry moan escaping her lips as she leaned into his touch, her body arching slightly.

"Mmm, Kafi." She breathed, her voice thick with desire. "You're such a good son. Warming your mother up like this? I could get used to it." Her hips swayed, pressing her ass harder into his hand.

Olivia, caught in the same spell, felt her resolve crumble. His hand on her ass, kneading her flesh so openly, sent waves of heat through her, her body betraying her with a rush of arousal.

She also leaned into him, her cheek brushing his shoulder, unable to resist the pull of his touch.

"Kafi..." She whispered, her voice barely audible, trembling with a need she couldn't name. "You...You don't have to..."

But her words trailed off, her body melting under his grip, her embarrassment drowned by the comfort of his dominance.

Kafka chuckled, his hands still working their magic, his fingers dipping just beneath the edge of their underwear, teasing the sensitive skin.

"That's it, you two..." He said, his voice rich with satisfaction. "Let me take care of you."

"...Now, let's go have dinner like I promised and have a night that both of you won't ever forget."

His grin was both a promise and a command, and as he guided them toward the dining room, his hands never leaving their exposed curves, Olivia and Abigaille followed, their hearts racing with the thrill of what was to come...

Chapter 655: Let's All Get Naked

Kafka guided Abigaille and Olivia toward the kitchen, his hands resting possessively on their exposed hips, his fingers brushing the bare skin where their skirts had ridden up. The warmth of his touch kept their pulses racing, their bodies still humming from the intensity of their earlier submission.

But just as they neared the dining area, Kafka stopped abruptly, his grip tightening for a moment as he turned to them with a casual, almost absent-minded expression.

"Oh, damn." He said, his voice light but laced with a hint of mischief. "I forgot to turn off the TV. You two go ahead and set the table, alright? I'll be right back."

Abigaille nodded with a playful smile, as she swayed her hips, her exposed ass jiggling slightly.

"Of course, Kafi." She purred, her voice dripping with devotion. "We'll have everything ready for you."

Olivia, still flushed from their earlier closeness, managed a shy nod, her heart fluttering as she followed Abigaille into the dining room, their footsteps soft against the floor.

As the women busied themselves with plates and cutlery, Kafka walked back to the living room. He flicked off the TV with a quick press of the remote, but instead of returning immediately, he moved to the central cooling unit mounted on the wall.

His lips curled into a devious smirk as he twisted the dial all the way to the right, cranking the heat to an almost oppressive level. The system hummed to life, pumping warm air into the house, and Kafka's eyes glinted with a wicked satisfaction, as if he were orchestrating a game only he knew the rules to. With a final glance at the now-silent TV, he headed back to the dining room, his steps leisurely, his mind clearly plotting something more.

In the dining room, Abigail and Olivia had set the table with meticulous care, the plates arranged neatly, the aroma of warm food filling the air. Kafka's eyes swept over the setup, pausing on the three plates laid out, his brow arching in confusion.

"Three plates?" He asked, his gaze flicking between them. "Why three?"

Olivia blinked, caught off guard by the question, her hands fidgeting with the edge of a napkin.

"Well...there are three of us eating, Kafi." She said, her tone uncertain, a faint crease forming on her brow. "Is...Is something wrong with that?"

Kafka's lips twitched, his expression shifting to one of exaggerated exasperation.

"Of course there's something wrong, Mom." He said, stepping closer, his presence commanding the room. "You two are sitting on my lap, remember? We don't need three plates. We'll share one."

With a decisive motion, he scooped up two of the plates and set them aside, leaving a single plate in the center of the table, his eyes glinting with authority.

Olivia's mouth fell open, her cheeks flushing as she processed his words.

"One plate?" She stammered, her voice tinged with disbelief. "But...that means all three of us would have to eat from the same plate, and that's....it's not practical, Kafi. With all the forks and spoons, it'll be a mess, hands everywhere, and—"

Abigail, who had just returned with a steaming pan of food, set it on the table with a soft clink, her lips curving into a knowing smile as she interrupted.

"Oh, Olivia, you're overthinking it." She said, her voice a sultry tease as she leaned against the table, her exposed ass catching the light. "We're not all eating from the plate like that. Kafi's going to feed us."

She turned to Kafka, her eyes sparkling with affection.

"That's what he does, you know. Breakfast, lunch, dinner—he feeds me, treats me like his little princess. I'll be watching TV or reading a book and he'll be right by my side with a spoon on hand. It's his way of showing love."

Olivia's eyes widened, her breath catching as she absorbed the revelation.

"Feed us?" She echoed, her voice barely above a whisper, her mind reeling.

The image of Kafka spoon-feeding her, his hands guiding each bite, sent a shiver of nostalgia and forbidden thrill through her.

"The last time someone fed me was...God, when I was a little girl, years and years ago."

Her cheeks burned, the memory of her own childhood clashing with the adult context of this moment.

Kafka stepped closer, his hand finding her shoulder, his touch warm and reassuring, grounding her in the present.

"Then it's time to relive that, Mom." He said, his voice low and intimate, his eyes locking onto hers with a tenderness that made her heart flutter. "Let your son take care of you, feed you, make you feel special again...You deserve it."

His thumb brushed her skin, and she nodded shyly, her reluctance melting under the weight of his gaze, her body tingling with anticipation.

But as the moment settled, Olivia became acutely aware of a growing warmth in the room, a heaviness that clung to her skin. At first, she thought it was her own body, her arousal betraying her with a flush of heat, and her cheeks reddened at the thought.

But then she noticed Abigaille, fanning herself with her hand, her brown skin glistening with a faint sheen of sweat.

"Is it just me..." Olivia said, her voice hesitant. "...or is it getting really hot in here?"

Abigaille nodded, her lips pursing as she blew a strand of hair from her face.

"It's not just you." She said, her tone tinged with confusion. "It was fine earlier, but now it's like a desert...I don't know what's going on."

Kafka's head snapped up, his expression one of feigned concern.

"Must be the heating system." He said, his voice smooth, betraying nothing. "I'll go check it out." He slipped out of the room, leaving the women to exchange puzzled glances, the heat intensifying with each passing moment.

Olivia tugged at her top, the fabric clinging to her sweat-slicked skin, revealing more of her cleavage as she tried to cool herself. Abigaille, too, adjusted her skirt, the air heavy against their exposed curves.

When Kafka returned, his face was a mask of frustration.

"Bad news." He said, shaking his head. "The cooling system's busted. It's stuck on high heat, and I can't get it to come down. I think it's probably gonna be like this for a while."

Abigaille's eyes widened, her hand pausing mid-fan.

"You're kidding." She said, half-laughing, half-exasperated. "It's already unbearable! I could've left cake batter out and it'd be rising on its own in this heat."

She moved to the kitchen window, pushing it open to let in a faint breeze, the cooler air a fleeting relief against the oppressive warmth.

Olivia, wiping a bead of sweat from her brow, glanced at the open window, an idea sparking.

"What if we eat outside?" She suggested, her voice tentative. "If I remember right, there's a table in the garden. It'd be cooler out there, and we could still..." She trailed off, realizing the implications of her suggestion, her cheeks flushing as she caught Kafka's raised brow.

"Eat outside?" He repeated, his tone teasing, his eyes glinting with amusement. "We could, but then you two wouldn't be on my lap, would you? The neighbors might see, and while I don't mind, I'm not sure you're ready for that, Mom...We could also just sit normally outside and it won't be much of a problem."

His words were a gentle challenge, and Olivia's heart sank as she realized her misstep. The thought of losing the intimacy of sitting on his lap, of missing out on the experience Abigail had described, sent a pang of regret through her.

"No, no." She said quickly, shaking her head, her voice flustered. "I didn't mean that. I want to sit on your lap, Kafi. I've been waiting so long to be close to you, and I don't want to miss it just because of the heat."

"But...I don't know, going outside feels...too exposed. I'm not ready for people to see us like this."

Her words tumbled out, her dilemma clear—she craved the closeness but wasn't prepared for the town's prying eyes, not when her feelings were still so raw, so uncharted.

Kafka's lips curved into a sly smile, as if he'd been waiting for this moment.

"I've got an idea." He said, his voice brimming with confidence. He stepped closer, his gaze sweeping over their flushed, sweat-dampened bodies. "Why don't we just strip down to our underwear? Like we're at the beach on a hot day."

"It'll keep us cool, and we can still eat together, nice and close, just like we planned."

"...Perfect solution, right?"

Abigail clapped her hands, her face lighting up with delight.

"That's perfect, Kafi!" She exclaimed, already tugging at her top to free herself from the sticky fabric. "This heat's making my clothes feel so gross, clinging to my skin like this and stripping down will be like eating in a sauna—cozy, warm, and so much better." She pressed herself against him with a sultry grace, as she draped an arm around his shoulders. "You're so smart, my sweet boy. I don't know what I'd do without you."

Kafka's hand slid to her ass, groping her firmly as he grinned, his tone flirtatious.

"And I don't know what I'd do without you, Mom, and this sexy little body of yours...Who else would I grope if you weren't here?"

His fingers squeezed, drawing a giggle from Abigaille as she pressed her breasts against him, her hand brushing his waist in return, their playful banter charged with an undeniable heat.

Olivia, meanwhile, stood frozen, her heart pounding as Kafka's suggestion sank in.

Strip down? To her underwear?

The idea sent a wave of panic through her, her cheeks blazing as she grappled with the implications.

It was a normal thing, she told herself-mothers and sons at the beach, in swimsuits, nothing unusual.

But after everything they'd done, the grinding, the groping, the way her body had responded to his touch, stripping felt like crossing another line, one that carried a weight she couldn't ignore. She berated herself for the naughty thoughts swirling in her mind, the way her arousal had twisted her perception of his innocent intentions...

Chapter 656: Soaking Wet

Kafka's gaze shifted to Olivia, catching the hesitation in her eyes. He paused, his hand still on Abigaille's ass, and tilted his head, his voice gentle but probing.

"What's wrong, Mom? You okay with stripping down?...It's no big deal, you know. Just like at the swimming pool we used to go years ago...Nothing unusual for a mother and son."

His tone was reassuring, but his eyes held a knowing glint, as if he could sense the storm of thoughts raging within her.

Olivia swallowed, her throat dry, her hands fidgeting at her sides.

"I...It's not that." She stammered, her voice trembling with uncertainty. "I know it's normal, but... I just..."

She trailed off, unable to articulate the shame burning through her and in response, Kafka stepped closer, his hand leaving Abigail to rest on Olivia's shoulder, his touch grounding her even as it increased her panic.

"If you're not comfortable, we can eat outside, Mom." He said, his voice soft, almost too understanding. "No lap-sitting, just a regular dinner. It's not a big deal."

But his words carried a subtle reminder of what she'd be giving up, and Olivia's heart clenched at the thought of missing out on the closeness she'd craved.

"No!" She blurted, her voice sharper than intended, her eyes wide with determination. "I mean...I can strip down. It's fine."

"...There's nothing wrong with it, nothing at all."

She forced a smile, her mind racing as she tried to muster the courage, her fingers trembling as they reached for the first button of her top.

The act felt wrong, each movement heavy with the weight of her secret desires, but she pushed forward, desperate to prove she could handle it, to keep the intimacy he'd promised,

But as her fingers undid the first button, revealing a sliver of her blue bra, a new wave of panic hit her.

Her underwear—her light blue panties, soaked through with her arousal would be unmistakable.

The damp fabric clung to her, outlining every curve, every sensitive part, in a way that would leave no doubt about her state.

If Kafka saw it, he'd know she wasn't just feeling motherly love.

He'd see the truth that she was wet for him, that her body had betrayed her in the most shameful way.

So, she froze, her hand hovering over the second button, her breath stopping as she realized the risk she was taking.

Before she could back out, Kafka's voice cut through, firm and decisive.

"You're overthinking it, Mom." He said, his tone brooking no argument. "You're at home right now so there's no need to be uncomfortable with being in your underwear. And it's not gonna feel good eating like that, all sticky and uncomfortable, so strip down, it's better that way."

He turned to Abigail, his eyes glinting with intent.

"Help her out, Mom...If she's too shy, let's make it easier for her."

Abigail hesitated for a fraction of a second, her eyes meeting Kafka's, and then a sly smile spread across her face, her vixen nature catching the playful undercurrent in his command.

"Oh, Olivia, it's for your own good." She said, her voice a teasing lilt as she stepped behind her, her hands gentle but firm as they grasped Olivia's arms, holding her in place. "Don't fight it. We're all family here."

Seeing Abigail supporting their son, Olivia's heart raced, her voice rising in a frantic protest.

"No, wait, stop!" She cried, her body twisting as she tried to pull away, her panic surging. "Don't do this, I—I can't!"

But her struggles were futile against Abigail's grip, and Kafka moved with calm precision, his fingers unbuttoning her top, his voice soothing despite the intensity of the moment.

"Relax, Mom." He murmured, his eyes locked on hers, his tone reassuring yet unyielding. "We've already been so close, done so much together."

"..This is just another step. Nothing to panic about."

With a final tug, he pulled her top open, revealing the blue bra straining to contain her ample breasts, the fabric barely holding back the swell of her cleavage. Her slender abdomen also glistened with sweat, her navel a delicate indentation that drew his gaze, her body a sight of sensual vulnerability that made her feel utterly exposed.

Kafka's eyes widened, a low whistle escaping his lips as he took her in, his expression one of unabashed awe.

"God, Mom" He said, his voice thick with admiration. "I thought that these were big, but they're huge now. This bra's barely holding on—it might just give up if you move too much."

He reached out, his fingers brushing the underside of her breasts, lifting them slightly as if testing their weight, his touch sending a jolt of heat through her.

"You might need a bigger size, you know." He teased, his grin playful but his eyes dark with hunger.

Olivia's face burned, her body trembling under his scrutiny, the shame of being so exposed warring with the taboo thrill of his attention.

"Kafi, please...Don't." She whispered, her voice quivering, but her words lacked conviction, her body leaning into his touch despite her protests.

Abigaille, still holding her from behind, gave a soft laugh, her voice a teasing reprimand.

"You're squirming too much, Liv." She said, her hands tightening briefly. "Kafi, get that skirt off. Let's finish this."

Her tone was light, but there was a knowing edge to it, as if she were in on Kafka's game, eager to see it play out.

Olivia's eyes widened, her panic spiking as she realized what was coming.

"No, Kafi, don't!" She cried, her voice desperate, her body straining against Abigaille's hold..

The skirt—her last barrier, the one hiding the damning evidence of her arousal was her only defense. But Kafka didn't hesitate, his fingers moving to the button of her miniskirt with a calm focus.

"It's okay, Mom...We're all family here, so there's no need to keep secrets from one another."

He said, his voice a low murmur, his eyes flicking to hers with a reassurance that did little to quell her dread and with one fluid motion, he unfastened the skirt and tugged it down, letting it pool at her feet.

The sight that greeted him made the air catch in his throat, his gaze locking onto the light blue panties clinging to her hips, the fabric so wet it had darkened, molding to her pussy in a way that left nothing to the imagination.

The outline of her clitoris, her labia, was starkly visible, the dampness accentuating every curve, every sensitive fold.

Thin trails of liquid glistened on her inner thighs, clear evidence to the intensity of her arousal, and the sight was so raw, so sensual, that it seemed to freeze the room.

Olivia quivered in Abigaille's grasp, her body rigid with mortification, her eyes locked on Kafka's face as she waited for the disgust, the judgment, that she was sure would follow.

He'd see it now—her shameful desire, the way her body had betrayed her, craving him in ways no mother should.

She was a failure, a disgrace, her taboo thoughts laid bare for him to judge.

Her breath hitched, her vision blurring with unshed tears as she braced for his reaction, convinced this was the end of everything...

Chapter 657: Hiding The Truth

Olivia stood frozen, her heart hammering in her chest, her body exposed and vulnerable under Kafka's gaze. The soaked, clinging fabric of her underwear revealed every detail, the dark, wet patch a glaring confession of her arousal.

She braced herself, expecting disgust, rejection, a horrified outburst from her son that would shatter the fragile bond they'd built.

Her whispered apology "Kafi, I...I'm sorry..." hung in the air, trembling with the weight of her shame.

But instead of the condemnation she feared, Kafka's voice cut through the silence, casual and unbothered, as if he were commenting on the weather.

"Wow, Mom." He said, his tone light and almost playful, his eyes fixed on the damp fabric between her thighs. "You're really sweaty down there, huh? So damp it's practically dripping onto your thighs."

"...Must be sweltering for you to sweat like that."

He tilted his head, his expression one of innocent curiosity, not a trace of judgment or revulsion in his eyes.

Olivia blinked, her mind stumbling over his words.

Sweaty?

For a fleeting moment, she thought he was joking, teasing her to lighten the tension. But when she met his gaze, she saw no hint of mockery—only a sincere curiosity, as if he were observing something commonplace, something he'd seen before and accepted without question.

Her stomach twisted, confusion warring with suspicion as she processed what he'd said.

"Sweat, Kafi?" She blurted, her voice sharp with disbelief, her cheeks burning. "What do you mean, sweat?"

Kafka pointed directly at her soaked underwear, his finger hovering just inches from the incriminating wet patch.

"This..." He said, his voice matter-of-fact, oblivious to the panic surging through her. "You've sweated so much it's drenched your panties, leaking down your legs."

"It's gotta be the heat, right? I mean, look at how wet you are."

His tone was so earnest, so devoid of guile, that Olivia's breath caught, her mind reeling as she realized he genuinely believed her arousal was nothing more than perspiration.

She stared at him, searching his face for any sign of deceit, any flicker of understanding that might betray his Innocence. But his eyes were wide, his expression open, as if the concept of her 'sweat' was as natural as the heat suffusing the room.

Her suspicion deepened—how could he not know?

How could he mistake her love juices, so blatantly sexual, for something as mundane as sweat?

The question burned in her chest, and before she could stop herself, she spoke, her voice trembling with nervousness and urgency.

"Why...Why would you think this is sweat? I mean, who told you that's what this is?"

Her words were a risky probe, and she instantly regretted them, her heart racing as she realized she was teetering on the edge of exposing her own forbidden desires.

Kafka's gaze didn't waver, his eyes still fixed on her underwear as he answered, his voice calm and certain.

"Mom told me." He said, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. "She explained that women sweat a lot down there, you know, because it's such an enclosed, sensitive spot."

"...Said it happens more there than anywhere else, even more than under your armpits."

He glanced at Abigaille, a faint smile tugging at his lips, as if seeking her confirmation.

Olivia's head snapped toward Abigaille, her eyes wide with disbelief, while Abigaille, still holding her gently from behind, looked just as puzzled, her brow furrowing as she met Olivia's gaze.

"What?" Abigaille said, her voice tinged with confusion, as she tried to parse Kafka's words. "I never—"

But she cut herself off, her eyes flicking to Kafka, catching the knowing glint in his stare. A silent communication passed between them, and Abigaille's expression shifted, as she realized the game he was playing.

Kafka continued, undeterred, his voice taking on a confiding tone as he leaned closer to Olivia.

"See, whenever me and Mom get...close, you know, following the town's norms and all, I've noticed she's always really wet down there too...Soaked, just like you are now."

His words hit Olivia like a shockwave, her face flaming as the implication sank in.

Abigaille, her innocent, cheerful Abigaille, wasn't immune to the same desires that tormented her and was the same as her.

The revelation was both a relief and a jolt, a confirmation that she wasn't alone in her taboo feelings, but also a spark that ignited her curiosity about the depth of Abigaille's relationship with Kafka.

Abigaille's cheeks also flushed as she got exposed, a moment of fluster crossing her features as she shot Kafka a frustrated glance.

"Kafi..." She said in an endearing and exasperated manner. "You don't need to share everything."

But her eyes betrayed a flicker of intrigue, as if she, too, was wondering where he was steering this delicate charade.

Kafka pressed on, his tone earnest, almost nostalgic.

"When I asked her about it, she told me it's just woman sweat. Said it happens when we're close, when she's feeling all happy and warm from being with me. Her body just...reacts, you know? Sweats a lot down there because of all that love."

He looked at Olivia, his expression so sincere it bordered on disarming, and she gasped, her gaze swinging back to Abigaille in disbelief.

Abigaille had used sweat as an excuse for her arousal, and Kafka had believed it, his innocence in such matters starkly apparent despite the lewd intimacy of their Interactions.

To seal his point, Kafka turned to Abigaille, his eyes locking onto hers with a subtle, commanding intensity.

"Isn't that right, Mom?" He asked, his voice low, almost coaxing. "You're the one who told me that's what it is, right? That it's just sweat from being close?"

Abigaille hesitated, her lips parting as she glanced between Kafka and Olivia. For a moment, her confusion lingered, but then she caught the unspoken message in his gaze—a silent urging to play along, to maintain the delicate fiction that kept their dynamic intact and she decided to trust his lead.

"Well..." She said, her voice smoothing into a warm, convincing purr, a smile spreading across her face. "Yes, that's right, Kafi. I did say that."

She turned to Olivia, her eyes glinting with a knowing warmth.

"I told him that women...sweat a lot down there, especially when we're close to someone we love. When he hugs me, touches me in those special ways, it makes me feel so warm, so happy, that my body just...reacts."

"...That's why I'm always so wet when we're together."

Olivia's jaw dropped, her breath catching as Abigaille's words sank in. The brazen admission, delivered with such shameless ease, confirmed her suspicions—Abigaille harbored the same forbidden desires, masking them with this flimsy excuse of 'sweat'.

The realization sent a thrill through her, a strange camaraderie forming as she understood the depth of Abigail's deception.

How long had this been going on?

How deeply had Abigail woven herself into this taboo dance with Kafka, all while maintaining the facade of maternal innocence?

Before Olivia could process further, Abigail's gaze sharpened, a playful challenge in her eyes as she tilted her head.

"Why do you look so surprised, Liv?" She asked, her voice teasing, almost daring. "This is common knowledge, isn't it? Women sweat like that when they're happy, when they're close to someone special."

She leaned closer, her tone dropping to a whisper.

"You know it's true, don't you?"

Her eyes held Olivia's, a silent plea to go along with the lie, to preserve the delicate balance of their shared secret, to keep their feelings for Kafka hidden behind the wall of maternal love.

Olivia's heart raced, her mind catching up to the game being played.

Abigail was covering for her, offering a way to maintain the illusion that their arousal was innocent, a natural response rather than a taboo desire.

She was smart enough to recognize the lifeline, and though her cheeks burned with embarrassment, she seized it.

"Y-Yes, of course!" She stammered, nodding frantically, her voice high-pitched with nerves. "It's just...sweat, like you said, Abi. Women sweat down there, nothing else. I was just...surprised, that's all."

Her words tumbled out, a desperate attempt to align with the fiction, to bury her true feelings beneath the lie...

Chapter 658: Mask Of Innocence

Kafka let out a soft sigh, his shoulders relaxing as if a weight had been lifted.

"Good." He said, his voice tinged with relief. "For a second, I thought what Mom said was a lie or something. Got me worried." He chuckled, his expression easing into one of pride. "I was confused by how shocked you looked, but I guess you're just surprised I know so much about women's bodies, huh?"

"...I'm not the kid I used to be, Mom. I've grown up, learned a thing or two."

He puffed out his chest slightly, his grin proud and self-assured, oblivious to the deeper currents swirling around him, while Olivia's mind spun, a storm of realization crashing over her.

Despite his bold, lewd actions—groping their asses, commanding their submission, Kafka's understanding of their arousal was cloaked in an innocence that stunned her.

He genuinely believed Abigaille's excuse, saw their dripping wetness as a quirk of biology rather than a sign of desire. And Abigaille, with her knowing smiles and playful deflections, was orchestrating this charade, guiding Kafka's perception to protect their taboo feelings.

Emboldened by the strange blend of relief and intrigue, Olivia stepped closer, her bare thighs brushing together, her exposed cleavage jiggling slightly with the movement, as she has a doubt in her mind that she just had to ask.

"Kafi..." She ventured, her voice soft but probing. "Do you...Do you have a girlfriend? Someone special out there?"

Her eyes searched his, genuinely curious about the life he led beyond their unconventional family dynamic.

Kafka's hand flew to the back of his head, his fingers raking through his hair in a sheepish gesture. A faint flush crept up his neck, and he averted his gaze, his voice dropping to a quiet, almost apologetic murmur.

"Nah." He said, his tone tinged with embarrassment, as if he feared disappointing her. "I don't have a girlfriend, Mom. I know you probably thought I'd have someone by now, but...sadly, I'm still single."

He shrugged, his smile small and self-conscious, a obvious difference to the commanding presence he'd exuded moments before and seeing this Olivia's brows shot up, her lips parting in disbelief.

She took another step forward, her skirt still bunched around her feet, her ass swaying as she moved.

"H-How is that possible?" She asked, her voice rising with genuine astonishment. "Kafi, you're so handsome, so charismatic! Girls should be falling over themselves for you, fighting to get your attention...How can you be single?"

Her hands gestured animatedly, her eyes wide as she tried to reconcile his confession with the confident son who'd been groping and commanding them with such ease.

Kafka chuckled, the sound soft and self-deprecating, his gaze still fixed on the floor.

"Well, the thing is, I might seem open here, with both of you, Mom." He said, his voice tinged with vulnerability. "But outside? With other girls? I'm...kind of a mess."

"I get all tongue-tied and don't know what to say."

"I used to be a loner, you know? Never really talked to anyone, especially not girls, so it's hard for me to open up to strangers." He rubbed his neck, his embarrassment palpable. "I'm just not used to it."

Olivia nodded slowly, a wave of understanding washing over her. The pieces clicked into place his past as a loner explained the hesitance he described, the social awkwardness that contrasted so sharply with his boldness at home.

It made sense, too, that he'd struggle to connect with others when his confidence was reserved for the safety of their family.

The realization softened her, a tender warmth blooming in her chest as she saw him not as the dominant figure he'd become in their presence, but as the shy boy he'd once been.

But her curiosity wasn't sated. She tilted her head, her voice gentle but insistent.

"Okay, I get that, Kafi... You're a bit shy." She said, her eyes narrowing slightly. "But how are you so...open with us? I mean, you're so brave, saying things that are...well, pretty embarrassing for your mothers." She flushed, her mind flashing to his hands on her ass, his tone as he'd ordered them to twerk. "How do you do that without hesitating?"

Kafka's chuckle was warm, his eyes finally meeting hers, a spark of affection in his gaze.

"That's because you're my mothers, not random strangers." He said, his voice steady with conviction. "I trust you both with everything I've got. I don't have to worry about saying the wrong thing or offending you.

"...With you, I can be myself—completely open, no holding back."

"But other girls? I'm always scared I'll mess it up, say something dumb, or make them mad." He shrugged, his smile tuning wistful. "It's because you're family that I can act like this. You're my safe place."

Olivia's eyes widened, a surge of joy flooding her at his words. The idea that his boldness, his openness, was reserved for them alone felt like a precious secret, a bond no one else could claim.

It thrilled her in a way she couldn't quite articulate, her heart swelling with a possessive pride that he shared this side of himself only with her and Abigaille.

But another realization hit her, one that explained his innocence.

Similar to how the revelation that Kafka's innocence about their arousal stemmed from his lack of experience with women. His isolation as a loner meant he'd had little to no interaction with girls, leaving him naive about the nuances of female desire.

The pieces fell into place—his belief that their wetness was 'sweat' wasn't an act but a genuine misunderstanding, born of inexperience.

She muttered under her breath, barely audible.

"That's why he doesn't know...Doesn't know why I'm so wet right now"

The words slipped out, a fleeting thought vocalized in her distraction Kafka's head tilted, his brow furrowing.

"What'd you say?" He asked, his tone curious but not suspicious.

Olivia's heart lurched, her face flushing as she waved her hands frantically.

"Nothing, nothing at all!" She blurted, her voice high-pitched with panic.

The last thing she wanted was for him to probe further, to uncover the truth she and Abigail were so carefully concealing.

She resolved to keep him in the dark, to preserve his innocence and protect the delicate balance of their relationship...

Kafka's lips then curled into a smirk, his gaze dropping to her drenched panties, the wet fabric clinging to her pussy, outlining every curve with shameless clarity.

Noticing this, Olivia's breath caught, her cheeks burning as he bent down, his face level with her hips, his eyes fixed on the scandalous sight.

"I'm used to seeing Mom all sweaty and wet down there." He said, his voice full of awe and curiosity. "But seeing you like this, Mom, this...this is new."

"You're really sweaty right now. So much I can even see your...vagina underneath." He paused, then added with a playful grin, "Hello there...Seems like you've finally grown tired of hiding and gave decided to show yourself."

Hearing this absurd statement, Olivia's jaw dropped, a mortified squeal escaping her as she clapped her hands over her crotch, her face flaming.

"Kafil" She shouted, her voice trembling with embarrassment. "Why would you say that?"

"...It's not appropriate to talk about your mother's...vagina like that!"

The word felt foreign on her tongue, her stammering only deepening her flustered state.

Kafka scoffed, straightening up with a casual shrug, his expression unbothered.

"What's the big deal?" He said, his tone light, almost dismissive. "It's just a part of your body, same as your face or your lips. In this town, we don't make a fuss about that stuff. It's all normal."

He glanced at Abigaille, a knowing glint in his eyes.

"Right, Mom? You and I talk about this kind of thing all the time. Like how your vagina gets hairy sometimes, how fast it grows back after you shave."

Olivia's eyes widened, her head snapping toward Abigaille, a silent question burning in her gaze...Is this true?

Abigaille's cheeks flushed, a crack in her confident facade as she shifted uncomfortably, clearly aware they were treading into dangerous territory.

But she recovered quickly, a shy smile curving her lips as she nodded. "Well...yes." She admitted, her voice soft but steady. "I used to talk about those things with you Olivia, but since you were away, Kafi's the one I share with."

"And it's not a big deal, Olivia. In this town, it's normal to be open about our bodies,..even the private parts." She leaned closer, her tone reassuring. "We've also seen each other naked plenty of times, so talking about this? It's just...natural."

Olivia nodded slowly, her mind reeling as she tried to process this new layer of their dynamic.

The town's norms, so foreign to her, normalized such naughty discussions, blurring lines she'd been taught to guard fiercely.

Part of her wanted to recoil, to cling to her old boundaries, but another part, a growing, rebellious part found the openness strangely liberating, a freedom she'd never known.

Still, the casual mention of Abigaille's body, the image of her and Kafka discussing such intimate details, sent a jolt through her, her body responding with a fresh wave of heat she fought to ignore...

Chapter 659: Just What Are You Teaching Our Son?!

Kafka's eyes flicked between them, noting Olivia's hesitance, her reluctance to fully embrace the town's uninhibited norms and to not make her feel left out, he then turned to Abigaille, his expression shifting to one of playful determination.

"Look at her, Mom." He said, his voice low and teasing, a spark of mischief in his eyes.

"Mom's still so shy, standing there all nervous in her underwear. She's not gonna get used to this if she's the only one exposed."

"...She needs you to join her, to show her it's normal, that there's nothing wrong with it."

His gaze locked onto Abigaille's, a silent command threaded through his words.

"Strip down, Mom...Let's see you in your underwear, just like Olivia to help her feel comfortable."

Abigaille's eyes widened briefly, a flicker of surprise crossing her face before she glanced at Olivia.

Their gazes met, and Olivia's anticipation was palpable, her eyes searching Abigaille's for confirmation of the truth she'd just pieced together—that Abigaille, too, was consumed by forbidden desires for Kafka.

A small, knowing smile curved Abigaille's lips, a silent acknowledgment of their shared secret.

"Alright, Kafi." She purred, her voice smooth and sultry, her succubus nature flaring as she embraced the moment. "I was already dying to strip down because of how hot it is, now I only more of a reason to do so for Olivia's sake."

With a graceful motion, Abigaille tugged her top over her head, revealing her massive, plump breasts barely contained by a deep purple bra, the fabric straining against their weight.

Her bronzed skin glistened with sweat, her cleavage a tantalizing valley that drew Kafka's eyes.

She then didn't hesitate, her fingers hooking into her skirt and pulling it down in one fluid motion, letting it pool at her feet. Her underwear, a matching purple set, hugged her curves tightly, but it wasn't enough to contain the full, meaty expanse of her ass and thighs, which looked like roasted cuts of flesh, ripe and inviting.

The fabric between her legs was soaked, just like Olivia's, the dark, wet patch clinging to her pussy, outlining every detail with shameless clarity. Her thighs shimmered with a faint trail of her own love juices, the sight raw and erotic, a mirror to Olivia's own state.

Olivia's breath caught, her cheeks flushing as she stared at Abigaille's exposed form.

The confirmation was undeniable—Abigaille was just as aroused, her body betraying the same taboo hunger that tormented Olivia. The realization sent a rush of relief through her, a sense of sisterhood in their shared taboo.

Abigaille's eyes then met hers, a playful glint dancing in them, and she gave a soft laugh, her voice teasing.

"See, Olivia? Nothing to be shy about. We're both...sweaty, aren't we?" Her words carried a double meaning, a nod to their secret that made Olivia's heart race.

Kafka, however, wasn't content to simply observe from a distance.

With a low chuckle, he crouched down, his head level with their hips, his eyes fixed on the drenched fabric of their underwear. His hands moved swiftly, grabbing their asses from behind, his fingers sinking into the soft, pliant flesh as he pulled them closer, positioning them side by side.

Their breasts pressed together, the contact sending a jolt through both women, their cleavage squishing against each other as they stood under his intense scrutiny.

Kafka's gaze was unwavering, drinking in the sight of their pussies, so clearly outlined by the wet fabric, with a fascination that made their cheeks burn.

"Look at this." He said, his voice a mix of awe and amusement, his fingers kneading their asses gently. "Both of you, wet as can be. I can barely tell you apart with how soaked you are."

His chuckle was low, as he studied them, his eyes flicking between their drenched underwear.

"If there's any difference, it's that Mom's is a bit...wetter. Fresher, too, like she just let it all out. It's clinging to her skin, dripping down her thighs."

His gaze lingered on Olivia's pussy, the soaked fabric outlining her clitoris and labia with vivid detail.

"You're also close, Mom, but not quite as...drenched. Guess you sweat more easily, huh?"

Olivia's face flamed, a mortified gasp escaping her as she reached down, her fingers brushing his hair in a desperate, gentle grip.

"Kafi, please." She stammered, her voice trembling with embarrassment. "Don't...Don't talk about my sweat like that. There's no need to go into so much detail."

"Can't we just...move on to dinner? Forget how...sweaty I am down there?"

Her words were a plea, her body trembling under the weight of his scrutiny, her arousal warring with her shame.

But Kafka shook his head, his expression one of playful defiance, his hands still kneading their asses with a possessive tenderness.

"No way I'm ignoring this." He said, his voice low and insistent. "The first time I saw Mom like this, I couldn't stop staring. Probably spent an hour just looking, because it was so...pretty. And now, seeing you like this, Mom? It's enchanting. I can't look away." His tone turned reverent, as he gazed at her soaked underwear, the fabric clinging to her pussy like a second skin. "Your pussy, all wet and glistening through your panties...it's like a work of art."

"...The way it clings, the way it shines, it's just...beautiful."

Olivia's breath hitched, her cheeks burning as his words washed over her. His dirty description sent a shiver of excitement through her, despite the embarrassment flooding her senses.

His appreciation, his unabashed admiration, made her feel seen in a way that was both thrilling and terrifying. She wanted to shrink away, to hide the evidence of her desire, but the way he looked at her like she was a treasure, stoked a fire within her, her body responding with a fresh wave of heat.

Kafka's eyes flicked between their drenched underwear, a slow, appreciative smile spreading across his lips as he studied them with fascination.

"At first glance..." He murmured, his voice low and tasteful. "...you might think your pussies look the same, all wet and clinging like this. But up close?...Oh, there's a difference, alright."

His fingers tightened on their asses, pulling them even closer, their breasts brushing together as they stood side by side, their cleavage squishing in a way that made their pulses race.

"Mom, yours...it's got this slender, perfectly shaped labia, so neat and delicate, like it's sculpted." His gaze lingered on Olivia, his words painting an intimate portrait that made her cheeks burn.

"Mom, though? Her's is puffier, with these fat, luscious lips that just...demand attention."

Olivia's face flamed, her breath catching as his passionate yet erotic description washed over her. She couldn't believe her son was speaking so openly, so brazenly, about such private parts.

Her lips parted, a protest forming "Kafi, please, you can't—" but he ignored her, his voice rolling on, undeterred, as if lost in his own fascination.

"Even through the underwear..." He continued, his tone almost academic but laced with a hungry edge. "I can tell Mom's labia are more...closed, tight, like they've never been touched, never opened to anyone."

His eyes then flicked to Abigaille, a knowing glint in them.

"Mom's, though? They're more inviting, spread open, like they've been...explored plenty."

His words hung heavy, charged. with implication, and Olivia's gaze snapped to Abigaille, a silent question burning in her eyes.

Explored?...The last time she'd seen Abigaille's body, years ago, it had seemed tight, untouched, like a virgin's.

What had changed? What experiences had shaped her into this open, sensual creature?

Abigaille met her gaze, her lips twitching into a subtle, almost defiant smile, but she said nothing, her body pulsing with a quiet confidence that only deepened Olivia's curiosity.

Kafka leaned closer, his face so near their pussies that they could feel the heat of his breath, a teasing caress that made their bodies tremble.

"And your clits..." He said, his voice dropping to a reverent whisper. "...they're so pronounced right now. Mom, yours is standing out, so needy, like it's begging for attention, while your's is just as hard, but...calmer, like it's used to this."

His eyes flicked between them, a poet savoring his muse, and Olivia's embarrassment surged, her mind reeling at the audacity of his words.

She couldn't take it anymore. Her hands clutched at his hair, her voice trembling as she looked down at him.

"K-Kafi, how do you know all this?" She demanded, her tone sharp with disbelief.
"These...These names, these details about our...parts? Who taught you to talk like this?"

Her heart pounded, her shame warring with a desperate need to understand the source of his knowledge.

Kafka straightened slightly, his hands still gripping their asses, his expression one of innocent pride.

"Mom taught me." He said simply, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "A while back, she said she wanted me to understand a woman's body properly, so I wouldn't be clueless."

"So, she showed me her own pussy—naked, up close and pointed out all the parts, named them, explained what they do."

His voice was matter-of-fact, but the memory sparked a gleam in his eyes.

"She even took my hand, guided it to her labia, her clit, let me feel everything so I'd know exactly what she was talking about...Said it was the best way to learn."

Olivia's jaw dropped, a gasp escaping her as she stared at Abigaille, her mind spinning.

"Abi? Just what are you teaching our son?!" She echoed, her voice thick with shock.

The image of Abigaille, baring herself to Kafka, guiding his hands to her most intimate places, was staggering, a revelation that pushed their dynamic into even deeper taboo territory that she couldn't even fathom...

Chapter 660: Give Your Mother A Massage

Kafka's smile widened, his innocence almost disarming as he continued.

"She's a great teacher, you know? So practical, so hands-on. I'm glad she did it"

"...Now I know all this stuff, and I won't make a fool of myself if I ever get a girlfriend."

He chuckled, oblivious to the storm of emotions his words unleashed in Olivia.

"I mean, how else would I learn? Books?...Nah, this was way better."

Olivia's head spun, her knees weak as she processed the depth of Abigaille's involvement, the way she'd shaped Kafka's understanding with such intimate, boundary-shattering lessons.

She turned to Abigaille, her voice dropping to a hushed, urgent whisper, as if she could keep the words from Kafka's ears.

"Abi, what are you doing with him?" She hissed, her eyes wide with disbelief. "Playing these...dirty games, taking advantage of his innocence like that?"

"It's not right, teaching him to touch you, to...to know your body like that!"

Her words were a desperate plea, her shame flaring at the thought of such brazen manipulation.

Abigaille's lips curled into a wry, almost incredulous smile, her eyes glinting with amusement.

Innocent?...The word struck her as absurd, given Kafka's sheer pervertedness, the subtle games he played with their desires.

But she saw an opportunity to tease, to push Olivia further into the web of their shared taboo.

"Oh, Olivia." She said, her voice a sultry murmur, laced with playful accusation. "You think I'm the bad one?"

"Look at you, standing here, dripping wet for your own son."

"You're just as guilty, just as...perverted."

She then leaned closer, her breasts brushing Olivia's, her tone dropping to a whisper.

"So, don't pretend you're above it. We're the same, you and I."

Olivia recoiled, her face flushing with indignation.

"I-I'm not the same!" She protested, her voice rising despite her effort to keep it low. "I didn't choose this!"

"I'm not....using his innocence for my own pleasure, like you are."

"I'm just caught up in this mess and never meant to feel this way!"

Her words were a frantic defense, an attempt to distance herself from the truth Abigaille so boldly laid bare to which Abigaille shook her head, her smile unwavering, her eyes gleaming with knowing delight.

"Not at all, Olivia." She said, her voice firm but teasing. "The moment you felt that first spark for Kafi, the moment your body responded to him, you changed."

"You're a mother with taboo desires, just like me...No excuse can erase that."

She then gestured toward Olivia's drenched underwear, her gaze pointed.

"...The evidence is right there, staring us in the face. You can't deny it, no matter how much you try."

Olivia's cheeks burned, her heart racing as Abigaille's words hit home. The truth was undeniable her arousal, her longing, was as real as Abigaille's, and no amount of protest could undo it.

"W-Why are you bullying me like this, Abi?" She stammered, her voice trembling with frustration. "You were never like this before, you were always so sweet and encouraging. Why are you so mean now and making me think of things that I shouldn't think about?"

Hearing this, Abigaille laughed, a soft, almost affectionate giggle, her eyes softening as she leaned closer.

"I'm not bullying you, Liv." She said, her tone warm but teasing. "I just don't like you denying what's so obvious, especially when I'm being so open about it."

"And honestly? You're adorable like this—all flustered, your cool, composed self falling apart. It's...delightful." Her smile turned mischievous, a spark of delight in her eyes. "I want to see more of it, see you squirm a little

Olivia's mouth fell open, her disbelief mounting, but before she could respond, Abigaille took it a step further, her sultry nature seizing the moment.

She looked down at Kafka, still crouched before them, his hands on their asses, and her voice dropped to a sultry, commanding purr.

"Kafi, remember how Mommy taught you to massage my clitoris?" She asked, her eyes glinting with intent.

Kafka slowly nodded, his gaze sharpening with interest, a sly smile tugging at his lips as he sensed where this was going.

"Oh, yeah." He said, his voice low and eager. "I remember."

Abigaille's smile widened, her eyes flicking to Olivia, whose face was a mask of horror.

"Well." She continued, her tone deceptively casual. "Olivia's feeling a bit...sore down there, like she told us, so, why don't you help her out, Kafi?"

"...Massage her clitoris, nice and thorough, until she's trembling, just like you do for me. Make her feel good."

Hearing this absurd request, Olivia's heart stopped, a strangled cry escaping her.

"Abigaille, no!" She gasped, her voice thick with panic. "You can't—Kafi, don't, that's too far!"

But before she could pull away, Kafka's expression shifted, a lewd, knowing grin spreading across his face, his innocence giving way to something darker, more deliberate.

"Of course." He said, his voice a low growl, his eyes locked on Olivia's drenched underwear. "Anything to take care of my mother."

Before she could react, his hand moved, two fingers pressing firmly against her clitoris through the soaked fabric, the sudden pressure sending a jolt of electricity through her body.

"Ohhhh!~ Ohhh!~"

Olivia's lips parted, a sharp moan escaping as her eyes widened, her body trembling under the unfamiliar, overwhelming sensation.

"K-Kafi, no!~" She cried, her voice frantic, her hands clutching his head as she tried to steady herself. "Not there, please, you can't—"

"Ahhh!~ Haughh!~ Mmm!~ Ahhh!~"

But her words dissolved into another moan as he began to rub, his fingers moving in a rapid, relentless rhythm, like a vibrator set to torment.

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

The friction was maddening, her clitoris pulsing under his touch, the wet fabric amplifying every sensation. Her knees buckled, her body quivering with ecstasy, a flood of pleasure she couldn't contain.

"Schlurp!~ Splish!~ Splat!~ Squish!~"

Abigaille watched, her smile a beautiful blend of amusement and triumph, her hand resting on Olivia's shoulder as if to anchor her.

"See?.." She murmured, her voice a teasing whisper. "It feels good, doesn't it? Let him take care of you, Liv. He's so good at it."

"Ahhh!~ Mmm!~ Hoooh!~ Ahh!~"

Olivia's moans grew louder, her body betraying her as she writhed against Kafka's fingers, her pussy throbbing with need.

"K-Kafi...stop!~ Don't touch your own mother like that!~ You can't!~"

She gasped, but her voice lacked conviction, her hands gripping his hair not to push him away but to hold on, to ground herself against the tidal wave of sensation.

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

His fingers were relentless, circling and pressing, the wet fabric sliding against her clit in a way that drove her to the edge of sanity. Her thighs trembled, her breath coming in ragged gasps, her body alight with a pleasure she'd never known.

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

Kafka looked up at Olivia, his eyes glinting with satisfaction as he watched her flustered face, her cheeks flushed a deep crimson, her lips trembling as she fought to contain the storm of pleasure coursing through her. Her thighs quaked, her breath ragged, her body teetering on the edge of something explosive.

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

His fingers, still pressed against her clitoris through the soaked fabric of her underwear, slowed for a moment, giving her a fleeting chance to catch her breath.

"So, Mom..." He said, his voice low and teasing, a playful innocence masking the intensity of the moment. "So, how does it feel? You like how my fingers move?"

"Mom taught me this trick—said when she's tired, a massage down here always perks her right up."

"Makes her look so satisfied after, like she's floating."

"...Are you feeling that too? Want me to go faster?"

Olivia's mind was a mess, her body ablaze with an ecstasy she'd never known, a deep, primal pleasure building from somewhere within, vivid and overwhelming.

She could feel it—a release so potent it threatened to unravel her completely, to spill out in a way that would leave her exposed, humiliated.

Her hands clutched his hair, her voice desperate as she gasped. "No, Kafi, no need!~ Please, stop this is enough, more than enough!~"

Her words were a frantic plea, her body trembling as she tried to hold back the tide, to preserve what little dignity she had left.

But Abigaille, standing close, her curves pressed against Olivia's, wasn't about to let her retreat. Her lips curled into a sly, knowing smile, as she leaned in, her voice a sultry murmur that cut through Olivia's panic.

"Oh, come on, Olivia." She said, her tone teasing but firm. "You're lying, holding back because you don't want Kafi to work too hard."

"So, don't be shy he's doing this for you, for all the love you've given our family...Let him give you a proper massage."

Her eyes flicked to Kafka, a silent command passing between them.

"Go faster, Kafi. Don't hold back. Make her feel it all!"

Kafka's grin widened, a spark of mischief in his eyes as he obeyed.

"You got it, Mom." He said, his voice eager, almost reverent. His fingers pressed deeper, finding the hard, needy bud of her clitoris through the wet fabric, and began to rub with a fervent intensity, his movements rapid and relentless.

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

The rubbing was sensational, her pussy vibrating under his touch, her lower lips trembling as the sounds of her wetness grew louder, a slick, obscene symphony that filled the room.

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

Olivia's body also betrayed her, her hips bucking involuntarily, her moans spilling out despite her efforts to contain them.

The taboo of it all her son's fingers on her most intimate place, Abigail's watchful gaze—ignited a fire she couldn't quench, a pleasure so raw it consumed her.

She gripped his hair tighter, her voice a broken cry.

"Kafi, no, not there!~" She gasped, her hands tugging at his head, not to push him away but to anchor herself against the overwhelming sensation. "You shouldn't...oh, God, you can't..."

"Ahhh!~ Ahhhhh!~ Haughh!~"

But her protests were drowned by another moan, her body shuddering as the pressure built, a tidal wave she could no longer hold back.

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

The ecstasy was too much—his skilled fingers, the forbidden thrill of his touch, Abigail's knowing presence—it all collided, and with a loud, desperate moan, Olivia surrendered.

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

Her body convulsed, her pussy twitching as she squirted, a torrent of liquid soaking her panties, dripping down her thighs, and pooling on the floor below.

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

Her mouth hung open, panting, her eyes wide as she clung to her son's head for balance, her orgasm deep and shattering, leaving her trembling in it's wake and not knowing how her son was going to react to seeing his own mother flood her underwear in her love juices...