

God of Milfs 661

Chapter 661: We're The Same

As the last of her release flowed out, Olivia's mind reeled, a wave of shame crashing over her. She was a dirty mother, indulging in acts with her son that no mother should, her body betraying her in the most undeniable way.

Kafka, still crouched before her, stared at the sight—her leaking pussy, the glistening trails on her thighs with wide, innocent eyes. He then wiped his wet fingers on his palm, his voice full of awe and curiosity.

"Wow, Mom." He said, his tone almost childlike. "You're really sweaty, huh? That little massage made you sweat buckets."

"...Felt that good, didn't it, to let it all out like that?"

Olivia's face burned, her heart sinking as she met his gaze, the innocence in his eyes making her want to vanish from embarrassment.

"K-Kafi..." She stammered, her voice barely audible. "Don't...don't say that..."

But before she could say more, Abigail's voice cut in, sharp and teasing.

"Now, Kafi, don't tease your mom like that." She said, her tone playful but with a protective edge. "She's sensitive about her...sweating. You'll make her feel bad."

She then leaned closer to Olivia, her breath hot against her ear as she whispered, her voice a seductive purr.

"It's obvious now, isn't it? You're just like me, Liv. No denying it anymore." Her smile turned wicked, her eyes glinting with victory. "And if you try to deny it, I'll just tell Kafi to finger you again, make you pour out another one."

"...You want that, hmm? Another round to prove you're as perverted as I am?"

Olivia's eyes widened, panic surging through her. Her body was already spent, her legs trembling, barely able to hold her up. Another round would break her.

"No, no, please!" She whispered, her voice desperate, her cheeks flaming. "I...I admit it, okay? I have feelings for Kafi, feelings no mother should have."

"I'm...I'm just as bad as you, just as perverted. We're both horrible mothers, doing this with our son."

Her confession spilled out, raw and trembling, her shame laid bare as she surrendered to the truth and Abigaille's laughter was soft, almost tender.

But before Olivia could brace for more teasing, she was enveloped in a warm, unexpected embrace. Abigaille's soft body pressed against hers, their breasts squishing together, the contact intimate and grounding.

"Oh, Olivia." Abigaille whispered, her voice gentle, devoid of mockery. "You're not a horrible mother...Not at all."

She pulled back slightly, her eyes meeting Olivia's with a sincerity that caught her off guard.

"I mean, it's inevitable, isn't it? Falling for Kafi? He's too handsome, too charming, too...irresistible."

"There's nothing wrong with feeling this way when he's such an amazing son...We're lucky to have him, to love him like this."

The words, though strange and unconventional, wrapped around Olivia like a warm blanket, easing the guilt that had clawed at her heart. For the first time, she felt a flicker of acceptance, a warmth that made her forbidden desires seem less monstrous.

Abigaille's hand brushed her arm, her gaze softening further. "Later, when Kafi's not around, we'll talk more." She promised, her voice low and conspiratorial. "About how this works, how we make it work as a family. It's...complicated, but we'll figure it out together."

"..For now, though, let me show you I'm just as much a part of this as you are."

With a final, knowing glance at Olivia, Abigaille turned her attention to Kafka, still crouched before them, his hands resting on their hips.

Her voice dropped to a sultry, assertive purr, her seductiveness flaring with intent. "Kafi." She said, her eyes locked on his. "I'm feeling a bit sore too, you know. Down there."

"...So, can you do for me what you did for Olivia? Make me feel good, just like you made her feel?"

Kafka's eyes widened, a surprised but delighted grin spreading across his face. He'd overheard their whispered exchange, sensed the undercurrents of their confessions, and it aligned perfectly with the game he was playing, the goal he was steering them toward.

"Of course, Mom." He said, his voice eager, his hands already moving to her hips. "I'll make you feel just as good as Mom did...Better, even."

Abigaille's smile was sultry, her body arching slightly as she positioned herself, her drenched purple underwear glistening under the light and Kafka's fingers found her clitoris through the wet fabric, pressing firmly.

And then just like that he began to rub, his movements frantic, pinching and stroking with a fervor that made Abigaille's breath hitch, her hips bucking against his hand.

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

"Oh, Kafi!~" She moaned, her voice a sultry drawl, unashamed and reveling in the pleasure. "That's it, baby. Rub Mommy's pussy just like that. It feels so good, having your fingers on me, working me like this."

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

Olivia watched, her eyes wide with disbelief, her body still trembling from her own climax. The sight of Kafka fingering Abigaille, his mother, with such unabashed enthusiasm, was staggering, a taboo spectacle that both horrified and enthralled her.

"Kafi..." She whispered, her voice barely audible, but neither of them paid her any mind, lost in their own dance of pleasure.

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

Kafka's fingers moved faster, his thumb circling Abigaille's clit, his other hand gripping her ass to steady her.

"Feels good, Mom?" He asked, his voice full of innocence and hunger, his eyes fixed on her flushed face. "Am I doing it right? Servicing you properly, making you happy?"

His questions were earnest, but the way his fingers worked, relentless and precise, betrayed a deeper intent, a desire to push her to the edge.

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

"Ahhh!~ Ohhh!~ Ahnnn!~ Mmm!~"

Abigaille's moans grew louder, her body writhing under his touch, her pussy pulsing with need.

"Oh, yes, Kafi!~" She gasped, her voice thick with desire, her hips grinding against his hand. "You're doing so good, baby!~ Your fingers on my pussy, rubbing my clit like that, it's perfect!~"

"...Keep going, make Mommy feel so good!~"

Her words were dirty, unfiltered, a obvious contrast to Kafka's innocent tone, and the difference sent a shiver through Olivia, her own arousal flaring despite her exhaustion.

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

Kafka's grin widened, his fingers pinching and stroking with renewed vigor, the wet sounds of Abigaille's pussy filling the room, a slick counterpoint to her moans.

"I love making you feel good, Mom." He said, his voice a low growl, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction. "Your pussy's so wet, so hard under my fingers. I can feel it trembling, begging for more."

"...You like this, don't you? My hands on you, working you like this?"

"Yes, Kafi!~." Abigaille groaned, her head falling back, her breasts heaving as she surrendered to the pleasure. "I love it, Kafi!~ Love your fingers on my pussy, making me shake, making me...oh, God, I'm so close!~"

Her voice was a desperate plea, her body quaking as the pressure built, her clit pulsing under his relentless touch.

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

Olivia's breath caught, her eyes locked on the scene, her mind a mess of shock and fascination. Abigaille's unabashed pleasure, Kafka's skilled, eager fingering—it was a blend of forbidden desire, a mirror to her own fall.

Her body, still sensitive from her orgasm, responded with a fresh wave of heat, her thighs pressing together as she watched Abigaille's climax approach.

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

And then, with a final, fervent rub, Kafka pushed Abigaille over the edge.

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

She let out a loud, shuddering moan, her body convulsing as she squirted, a flood of liquid soaking her panties, dripping down her thighs, and joining the puddle on the floor.

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

Her pussy twitched, her moans echoing as she rode the waves of her orgasm, her hands clutching Kafka's shoulders for support.

"God, Kafi!~" She gasped, her voice raw with ecstasy. "You're so good, baby, so fucking good to Mommy!~"

Kafka pulled back, his fingers glistening, his grin wide and full. "Did I do good, Mom?" He asked, his tone innocent but laced with pride. "Did I make you feel as good as Mom? Massaged you right?"

Abigaille laughed, breathless and sated, her body still trembling as she leaned down to kiss his forehead.

"Better than good, baby." She purred, her voice thick with affection. "You're the best son a mother could ask for."

Her eyes then flicked to Olivia, a teasing glint in them, as if to say, 'See? We're in this together.'

Olivia stood frozen, her heart pounding, her body and mind caught in the aftershocks of their shared descent.

The room, full with the scent of their release, pulsed with a forbidden energy, and as Kafka's gaze turned to her, his smile both innocent and knowing, she knew the night was far from over, their dance of desire only deepening with each taboo step...

Chapter 662: Irresistible Love

As Olivia stood in her own puddle, her mind churned with questions, a torrent of confusion, shame, and curiosity threatening to overwhelm her.

Abigaille's promise to discuss their family dynamic later offered a lifeline, a chance to unravel the complexities of their bond, but one question burned brighter than the rest, demanding an answer now.

What did Kafka feel about this?

Was he as innocent as he seemed, or did he harbor the same forbidden desires that tormented her and Abigaille?

The thought of her son reciprocating her feelings was a double-edged sword—thrilling in its intensity, but terrifying in its implications, as she could bear the burden of her own taboo desires, hide them behind the facade of maternal love.

But if Kafka felt the same, it could ruin him, taint his view of women, trap him in a cycle of unnatural longing and as his mother, she couldn't allow that, no matter the cost to her own heart.

Swallowing hard, Olivia looked down at Kafka, his gaze fixed on the puddle beneath her, his expression one of fascination.

"Kafi..." She said softly, her voice trembling as she called his attention. When his eyes met hers, wide and innocent, she steeled herself, her tone gentle but probing. "This...what we just did...don't you feel weird about it?"

"Touching your mothers like that, massaging such...sensitive parts, places no son would ever touch?"

"It's not exactly normal, Kafi and I want to know do you feel about it? I know the town's open-minded, but...do you have any other feelings, any other intentions when you do this?"

Her words were careful, a veiled attempt to unearth his true emotions, to see if he shared the desires she feared would destroy him.

Kafka's eyes met hers, and for a moment, she glimpsed a flicker of understanding, a depth that suggested he knew exactly what she was asking.

He recognized the fragility of the moment, the risk of revealing the truth—that his actions, though cloaked in innocence, were driven by a desire as potent as hers.

But he also saw her fear, her readiness to reject any confession that crossed the line.

The bond they'd built was too new, too delicate, to withstand such a revelation.

So, with a calculated softness, he tilted his head, his expression one of earnest confusion, his voice a gentle deflection.

"What?" He said, his voice laced with genuine confusion, his eyes searching hers. "Why're you asking that, Mom? I was just helping you out, like you and Mom asked."

"...Giving you a massage to make you feel better—what's wrong with that?"

He straightened slightly, his hands still resting on their hips, his tone earnest.

"I'm just happy to make you feel good, to take away your pain. That's all I want—seeing you satisfied, knowing I helped my moms."

"...Isn't that what you meant? Those are the feelings I've got, the ones you're asking about, right?"

His words were so sincere, his gaze so open, that Olivia felt a wave of relief crash over her, her shoulders sagging as the fear gripping her heart loosened its hold.

He was Innocent, untouched by the taboo desires that plagued her.

The bizarre acts they'd committed were, to him, an extension of his love, a way to serve his mothers, not a sign of deeper, forbidden longing.

The realization was a breath of relief, soothing her guilt, though a small part of her couldn't shake the strangeness of his comfort with such intimate acts. Still, she clung to his innocence, desperate to believe he was untainted by the desires she and Abigaille wrestled with.

Abigaille, sensing the shift in Olivia's demeanor, leaned closer, her breath warm against Olivia's ear as she whispered, her voice a soft murmur.

"See? He's innocent, Olivia. He doesn't know how...unusual this is. He thinks it's just love, just helping us."

Her tone was gentle, but there was a knowing edge to it, a recognition of the delicate game they were playing to protect Kafka's perception.

Olivia turned her head slightly, her voice dropping to a hushed, urgent whisper, her eyes searching Abigail's.

"But why is he like this?" She asked, her tone tinged with exasperation. "What made him so...bizarre, so okay with doing these things? How did he get to this point?"

Her words were a plea for understanding, a need to unravel the origins of Kafka's unconventional mindset.

Abigail's lips curled into a wry smile, her eyes glinting with amusement and guilt.

"It's...a lot of things." She said softly, her voice low to keep Kafka from overhearing. "This town, for one—its open-mindedness, the way it blurs lines we'd never cross elsewhere."

"It started small, just being closer, more open with each other, but it...snowballed."

"And I'm not blameless, Olivia. I fell for him, same as you, and my feelings twisted things, made what's wrong seem natural to him."

"...I let it happen, encouraged it, because I couldn't resist him."

Her admission was raw, unapologetic, and Olivia's eyes widened, a jolt of shock coursing through her at the realization that Abigail had played a role in shaping Kafka's skewed understanding.

"You..." Olivia whispered, her voice trembling with disbelief. "You let him think this is okay? You made him believe these things are normal?"

Her tone was accusatory, but beneath it lay a flicker of recognition—she, too, was succumbing, her own desires pulling her into the same trap.

Before Abigail could respond, Olivia's gaze darted to Kafka, then back to Abigail, a new suspicion flaring.

"Wait..." She said, her voice sharpening, her eyes narrowing. "You've been tricking him, haven't you? Using these...massages as a way to pleasure yourself, hiding behind 'motherly love'?"

She gestured to the puddle on the floor, her tone laced with accusation.

"How far have you gone, Abi? What else have you made him do in the name of helping his mother?...Just how deep does this go?"

Abigail's smile turned sly, her succubus aura pulsing with a playful defiance.

"Oh, Liv" She said, her voice a teasing purr. "I'm not telling you that...Not yet."

Her eyes gleamed with mischief, a challenge in her gaze.

"When I started this...bizarre relationship with Kafi, I struggled, just like you are now. I had to figure it out, step by step, feel my way through the guilt, the desire, until I was ready to take it further."

"And now, I want you to do the same—to build that bond with him, to discover it for yourself."

"If I told you how close we are, you'd either run or try to jump straight to where we are, and that's not how it works."

"...You need to grow into it, to let it unfold naturally."

Olivia's cheeks flushed, her heart racing with a little indignation and fear.

"I'm not trying to get closer to him!" She protested, her voice rising despite her effort to keep it low. "I don't want to...to use him like that, to make him do things in the name of love that are so selfish, so wrong!"

"...I'm not like you, Abi. I won't let this go that far!"

Abigail shook her head, her smile unwavering, her eyes glinting with a knowing certainty.

"That's what I said, too, at first." She said, her tone soft but pointed. "I told myself I'd never cross those lines, that I'd stay a mother, not a...woman in his presence."

"But Kafi? He's irresistible, Olivia. His charm, his touch, the way he looks at you it pulls you in, makes you forget what's right."

"I succumbed, and you will too. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but eventually, you'll see him as more than your son."

"...You'll want him, just like I do."

Olivia's breath caught, her body trembling with embarrassment and dread. Abigail's words struck too close to home, echoing the thoughts she'd been fighting—the way Kafka's touch set her ablaze, the way his gaze made her feel like a woman, not just a mother.

She wanted to deny it, to cling to her resolve, but the images flashing through her mind his hands on her body, his breath against her skin—stirred a longing she couldn't suppress.

"N-No..." She said, her voice shaking. "It won't happen. I won't let it go that far. I'm his mother, not...not some woman throwing herself at him. It's different with me."

Abigail's gaze softened, but the knowing glint remained, her voice a quiet challenge.

"We'll see, Olivia." She said, her tone almost affectionate. "You're strong, I know that. You've overcome so much."

"But love?...Love for Kafi? That's something even you can't resist."

"He's...special, undeniable, one of those forces you can't fight, no matter how hard you try." She leaned closer, her breath warm against Olivia's ear. "Just wait and you'll see for yourself."

Olivia's heart pounded, her mind a tumult of fear, desire, and uncertainty. Abigail's certainty, her unapologetic embrace of her feelings, was both terrifying and alluring, a glimpse into a future she wasn't ready to face.

She looked down at Kafka, his innocent smile unchanged and felt a pang of longing tinged with dread.

What had Abigaille and Kafka done, how far had they gone, to make her abandon her role as a mother?

And would she, too, fall into that same abyss, drawn by the irresistible pull of her son's charm?

The questions hung heavy, unanswered, as Abigaille's knowing gaze promised a future Olivia couldn't yet imagine, a dance of desire that was only beginning...

Chapter 663: Feel How Much He Has Grown

Kafka rose from his crouched position, his hands lingering on their hips, his innocent smile a stark contrast to the erotic chaos he'd orchestrated. As he stood, towering over them, his gaze flicked between their flushed faces, a spark of curiosity in his eyes.

"What were you two whispering about just now?" He asked, his voice light but tinged with playful suspicion, his head tilting as he studied them. "Sounded like something serious."

Olivia gulped, her cheeks flaming as she waved her hands frantically, her voice tumbling out in a flustered rush.

"Nothing, nothing at all, Kafi!" She blurted, her eyes darting away from his probing gaze. "Just...boring stuff, you know, things you wouldn't be interested in. Girl talk, that's all."

She forced a smile, her pulse racing as she gestured toward the dining table, desperate to shift the focus.

"We should eat dinner now, shouldn't we? No more delays—the food's probably getting cold!"

Her words were a hasty deflection, her eyes avoiding the incriminating puddle beneath her, the evidence of her surrender she longed to ignore.

But before she could take a step toward the table, Abigaille's hand shot out, gently but firmly grasping her arm.

"Hold on, Livia." She said, her voice a sultry purr, her eyes glinting with mischief. "Not so fast. Kafi needs to strip down too, don't you think? It's only fair."

She turned to Kafka, her smile teasing, her succubus aura flaring with intent.

"You must be hot in all those clothes, Kafi. Why don't you join us in your underwear?...It'll cool you off, and we'll all be on the same page."

Olivia froze, her breath catching as she glanced at Kafka, her eyes instinctively tracing the lines of his body, still clad in his snug shirt and pants.

"Is that...really necessary?" She asked, her voice hesitant, her gaze flickering over him. "He's not even sweating, not like us."

Her words were a weak protest, but beneath them lay a flicker of curiosity, a forbidden desire she fought to suppress.

She'd felt the strength of his body under her hands, the chiseled hardness of his frame, and the thought of seeing it bare sent a shiver through her, one she knew she shouldn't indulge.

Abigail's smile widened, her eyes gleaming with a knowing tease.

"Necessary?" She echoed, her tone dripping with amusement. "It's not about necessity, Liv—it's about fairness. We're standing here, stripped down to our underwear, all...exposed. Why should Kafi get to stay all covered up?"

She leaned closer, her voice dropping to a whisper, her words meant to provoke. "Besides, don't you want to see him? Just a little peek at that strong, sexy body of his?"

Olivia's face flushed, her heart pounding as she recognized Abigail's game—pushing her to confront her feelings, to acknowledge the desire she was trying so hard to bury. She opened her mouth to protest, but her eyes betrayed her, lingering on Kafka's broad shoulders, the way his shirt hugged his chest.

She did want to see him, to marvel at how her once—scrawny son had transformed into this powerful, sculpted man.

The thought was shameful, but undeniable, and as her gaze met Abigail's, she saw the silent encouragement, the invitation to let go, just a little.

Kafka chuckled, his voice a low, easy rumble as he caught their expectant stares.

"I wasn't planning on stripping down." He said, his tone casual, a playful glint in his eyes. "I'm fine like this, not nearly as hot as you two. But since you're both so eager..." He shrugged, his grin widening as he gripped the hem of his shirt. "Guess I don't mind joining the party."

With a slow motion, he peeled the shirt over his head, tossing it aside to reveal his chiseled upper body that looked carved from marble—broad shoulders, defined pecs, abs rippling with every movement.

The sight was breathtaking, a testament to strength and discipline, and Olivia's eyes widened, her breath catching as she took him in.

She'd felt his body before, pressed against her, but seeing it bare was something else entirely.

Her son, once a frail boy, had become a man, his physique a stark contrast to the scrawny child she remembered. Her gaze lingered on the hard planes of his chest, the taut lines of his abs, a flush creeping up her neck as she fought the urge to reach out, to trace the contours with her fingers.

Abigail, ever the instigator, seized the moment, sidling up to Olivia with a teasing grin.

"Well, don't you like it?" She purred, her voice a seductive whisper. "Look at him, Liv so well-built, so hot. Bet you're dying to touch him all over, aren't you? Run your hands over those muscles, feel how strong he is."

Olivia snapped out of her daze, her face flaming as she shook her head vehemently.

"N-No, that's not it!" She stammered, her voice high-pitched with panic. "I wasn't thinking that at all!"

But her eyes betrayed her, darting back to Kafka's torso, unable to fully pull away from the sight. The denial felt hollow, her body humming with a longing she couldn't voice.

Abigaille laughed, her tone light but relentless.

"Oh, come on, don't be shy." She said, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "He's your son you can do anything to him, and he won't mind. Right, Kafi?"

Without waiting for a response, she grabbed Olivia's hand, her grip firm and playful, and tugged her toward Kafka.

Before Olivia could protest, Abigaille pushed her forward, her breasts squishing against Kafka's bare chest, the contact sending a jolt of heat through her. Abigaille followed, pressing herself against Kafka's other side, her own breasts rubbing against his arm, her crotch brushing his leg in a sensual tease.

"Mmm..." Abigaille purred, her fingers trailing over Kafka's chest, her touch slow and appreciative. "Feels like you've been working out hard, Kafi. This body's so much stiffer, so much more...solid than before." Her voice was a sultry caress, her eyes flicking to Olivia as if daring her to join in.

Kafka chuckled, his tone modest but pleased. "Not really." He said, his hands resting lightly on their hips. "Haven't been hitting the gym much, just...staying active, I guess."

Abigaille shook her head, her fingers circling his pecs, her touch lingering.

"Nonsense." She said, her voice firm but teasing. "You're stronger, Kafi, and you feel stronger. Don't you think so, Olivia?" She turned to Olivia, her eyes gleaming with expectation, catching her mid-stare, her hand hovering near Kafka's abs, caught in the act of admiring him.

Olivia flinched, her cheeks burning as she realized she'd been staring, her fingers itching to touch. Kafka's gaze was on her as well, warm and unjudging, and Abigaille's encouragement was a siren call, tempting her to give in.

Unable to resist, she let her hand drift forward, her fingers brushing his abs, the hard, warm surface sending a thrill through her.

"Y-Yes." She said, her voice distant, almost reverent. "Compared to last time...when you were so skinny, so scrawny...you're so different now, Kafi. So...strong." Her touch lingered, tracing the ridges of his muscles, her heart racing with awe and forbidden desire.

Abigaille clapped her hands, her excitement bubbling over.

"Yes, exactly!" She exclaimed, her voice bright with shared delight. "Our little baby boy, the fragile one we used to hold in our arms, turned into this...this man, towering over us with these rock-hard muscles." She pressed herself closer, her breasts squishing against his arm, her fingers teasing his bicep. "He could pick us both up without breaking a sweat, couldn't he?"

Her smile turned mischievous, her voice dropping to a provocative whisper.

"And you know, with a body like this, he could dominate us if he wanted to. Completely overpower us, make us do whatever he pleases. We'd be helpless, just...succumbing to his every wish." She caressed his nipple, her touch tender, her eyes flicking to Olivia to gauge her reaction.

Olivia's breath hitched, her eyes widening in alarm.

"Abigaille, why would you say that?" She gasped, her voice trembling with fear and indignation. "That's...that's not something to joke about!" Her heart raced, Abigaille's words painting a vivid, taboo picture that both terrified and thrilled her.

"Oh, relax, Olivia." She said, her tone teasing. "I'm just saying it out loud, not meaning anything by it."

"...Just admiring our boy, that's all." Her fingers lingered on Kafka's chest, her touch a silent challenge to Olivia's resolve.

Before Olivia could respond, Kafka's hands moved, sliding around their waists and down to their asses, groping them firmly, pulling them closer until their breasts squished against his chest.

"Nnn!~"

The sudden intimacy made Olivia gasp, her body pressed tight against his, Abigaille mirroring her on the other side.

"You know..." Kafka said, his voice a low, possessive growl, his eyes flicking between their flustered faces. "I'm not the only one with a good body here. Both of you your bodies are...incredible." His fingers dug into their asses, the pressure sending a shiver through them. "Any guy can work out, build muscles like mine...But these curves? These plump, sexy assets?"

"...That's a God-given gift, a blessing no woman could ever replicate."

He pulled them tighter, their faces tilted up to meet his gaze, their bodies molded against his.

"I'm the luckiest guy alive to have you as my moms, you know." He said, his voice thick with adoration, a possessive edge cutting through. "Because of that, I get to play with these perfect bodies whenever I want. No other man could ever have that."

His hands groped harder, his touch bold and unapologetic, his words a declaration of ownership that made Olivia's heart pound, her body trembling with shame and exhilaration...

Chapter 664: Born To Dominate

Abigaille, sensing the sensational moment, decided to push it further, as she pulled back slightly, her eyes locking onto Kafka's with a teasing glint, her voice dropping to a sultry purr.

"Kafi..." She said, her tone commanding yet playful. "You're not done yet as those pants have got to go as well. Both of us are in our underwear, so it's time for you to join us completely."

She paused, her smile widening as she added.

"...And don't worry, I'll take care of it myself."

Before Kafka could respond, Abigaille crouched down, her fat ass jutting out provocatively, the curves straining against her soaked underwear.

Olivia's breath caught, her eyes fixed on the scene, anticipation and dread warring within her. She expected Kafka's lower body to be as well-built as his torso, a natural extension of his chiseled physique when she lowered his underwear.

But nothing prepared her for what came next. Abigail's fingers hooked into the waistband of his pants, tugging them down with a teasing slowness, revealing his boxers and beneath them...a massive, unmistakable bulge that made Olivia's eyes widen in disbelief.

The object beneath his underwear was enormous, a thick, serpentine shape stretching from his waist to the hem of his boxers, so long it seemed to strain against the fabric, as if trying to escape.

It was impossibly large, a daunting presence that made Olivia gasp, her hand flying to her mouth as she stammered. "W-What...what is that?" Her voice trembled, her finger pointing shakily at the bulge, her mind reeling.

She tried to pull away, instinct urging her to flee the shocking sight, but Kafka's grip on her ass held her firm, anchoring her in place.

Kafka chuckled, his tone light and teasing, his eyes glinting with amusement.

"Come on, Mom." He said, his voice tinged with mock exasperation. "Didn't you take biology class?...It's my penis, obviously. What else would it be? It's not like I'm hiding a remote down there."

His casual dismissal only deepened Olivia's shock, her eyes darting back to the bulge, confirming her worst fears.

It was his penis, and its size—long, thick, and impossibly prominent left her speechless, her cheeks burning with embarrassment and illicit curiosity.

Abigail, still crouched before him, let out a soft laugh, her eyes flicking up to Olivia's stunned face.

"Why so surprised, Olivia?" She asked, her voice a teasing lilt as she glanced at the massive bulge. "Kafi's a man, you know. Of course he's got a penis. What's got you so worked up?" Her fingers lingered near his boxers, her touch casual but deliberate, amplifying the tension in the room.

Olivia's gaze darted between Abigail and Kafka, her voice hesitant as she struggled to articulate her shock.

"I-I'm not...surprised he has a p-penis." She said, her words stumbling, her eyes locked on the daunting shape. "I-It's just...it's so massive. So long, like a...a pole."

Her voice dropped to a whisper, her cheeks flaming as a new fear gripped her. She then turned to Kafka, her eyes searching his face as a sudden doubt came to her mind, her tone trembling with suspicion.

"Kafi...are you...are you possibly having a e-erection right now? I-In this situation, with your mothers?"

The question was a desperate probe, her heart pounding with the fear that he harbored the same taboo desires she'd been fighting, desires that could ruin him.

But Abigail's laughter cut through the tension, sharp and dismissive.

"Oh, Liv, of course not!" She said, her voice brimming with amusement. "Kafi wouldn't be hard in front of his mothers—that'd be ridiculous." She turned to Kafka, her eyes glinting with a playful challenge. "Right, Kafi? You're not hard right now, are you?"

Kafka nodded, his expression earnest, his voice steady.

"Yeah, exactly." He said, his tone almost indignant. "Why would I be hard in front of you two? That'd be strange, Mom. I'm just...normal right now."

His words were convincing, his innocent facade unshaken, but Olivia's eyes narrowed, her gaze dropping back to the bulge, unconvinced.

She pointed at it, her voice rising with disbelief.

"If you're not hard, then why is it so....long?" She demanded, her cheeks burning. "It looks like you're erect, Kafi. I don't know much about...men's bodies, but this doesn't look soft to me. It's too big, too...obvious!" Her words were an accusation, her fear that he shared her desires pushing her to confront him.

Abigail and Kafka exchanged a glance, their chuckles soft and synchronized, leaving Olivia feeling like an outsider to their shared understanding.

"Oh, silly." Abigaille said, her voice dripping with mock pity as she rose to her feet, her ass jiggling as she stood. "You really think he's hard right now? Livia, this is just how Kafi is when he's soft..." She pointed at the bulge, her tone matter-of-fact. "This is his natural state, no erection needed. He's just....built like that."

Olivia's head spun, her vision blurring as the words sank in.

"S-Soft?" She echoed, her voice faint, her mind reeling. "You're saying...this is him soft? That's...impossible."

The idea that her son's penis, already larger than any she'd ever imagined, was in its resting state was staggering, a revelation that sent a dizzying awe and dread through her.

If this was soft, what would he look like hard?

The thought was too much, her body responding with a fresh wave of heat she fought to ignore.

Abigaille shook her head, her smile unwavering.

"Not impossible." She said, her voice calm but tinged with pride. "It's just Kafi. And trust me, Liv, this?" She gestured to the bulge. "This is small compared to when he's hard. I've seen it and tell you it's a whole lot bigger than it is now."

Her eyes glinted with a knowing mischief, her words dangling a tantalizing hint of her deeper involvement with Kafka.

Hearing this, Olivia's eyes widened, her suspicion flaring as she latched onto Abigaille's admission.

"Wait..." She said, her voice sharp with accusation, her gaze narrowing. "H-How do you know what he looks like hard? What exactly have you seen?"

Her heart pounded, the question a desperate bid to uncover the extent of Abigaille's relationship with Kafka, to finally grasp how far they'd gone..

Abigail's laugh was soft, almost dismissive, as she waved a hand.

"Oh, it was nothing scandalous." She said, her tone light but evasive. "One morning, I went to clean Kafi's room, and...well, it was morning, you know how men are."

"His penis was standing up, fully erect, no blanket to cover it. I saw everything—looked like a damn tree trunk in his pants." She glanced at Kafka, her smile teasing. "I didn't say it out loud then, because it embarrassed him, right, Kafi?"

Kafka rubbed the back of his neck, his grin sheepish. "Yeah, kinda." He said, his voice tinged with embarrassment. "Didn't expect you to walk in like that, Mom. It was kind of embarrassing for me."

Abigail scoffed, her eyes gleaming with pride.

"Embarrassing? Please, Kafi, I was proud. My son, so tall, so strong, so...well-endowed. Any woman would be thrilled to have a man like you." Her voice dropped to a whisper, her gaze flicking to Olivia. "Trust me, Liv, he's going to make a lot of women very happy one day."

The story, sent a shiver through Olivia, her mind painting a forbidden picture of Kafka's morning erection, the sheer size of it etched in her imagination.

It was arousing, shamefully so, but it didn't answer her burning question—how far had Abigail gone with him?

Before she could press further, Abigail's hand moved, her fingers brushing Kafka's bulge through his boxers, a bold, casual touch that made Olivia's jaw drop.

"Abi!" Olivia gasped, her voice thick with shock. "You're...you're touching it! How can you do that so carelessly?" Her eyes were glued to Abigail's hand, her fingers tracing the outline of the massive penis, a sight that both horrified and enthralled her.

Abigail's smile was unapologetic, her touch lingering as she met Olivia's gaze.

"What's wrong with it?" She said, her voice a sultry challenge. "Just like Kafi gave our pussies a little massage, this is normal too."

"...I give his penis a massage sometimes—helps him relax, keeps him comfortable. Right, Kafi?" Her fingers squeezed gently, drawing a low hum from Kafka, his expression unbothered, almost approving.

"Yeah..." Kafka said, his voice casual, his hands still groping their asses. "It's no big deal, Mom. Abigaille does it a lot feels nice, you know? Just...helping me out."

Olivia's mind reeled, her heart pounding as the truth sank in.

Abigaille hadn't just tricked Kafka into massaging her pussy—she'd manipulated him into letting her touch his penis, framing it as maternal care, a twisted extension of their 'open' relationship.

The realization that her sweet, cheerful Abigaille had become this vixen, seduced by Kafka's allure, was staggering.

Was his charm truly so potent, so irresistible, that it had reshaped her into this brazen, unashamed figure?

Abigaille's eyes flicked to Olivia, her smile turning sultry as she continued to stroke Kafka's bulge, her voice dropping to a provocative murmur.

"It's phenomenal, isn't it?" She said, her fingers tracing the thick outline. "This...pole of his, so massive, so dominant."

"Our Kafi's a stallion, born to dominate women with this cock."

"No woman could resist if he flashed it in public—hell, they'd line up just for a glimpse of this fat, gorgeous thing."

Her words were dirty, unfiltered, a deliberate push to provoke Olivia, to draw her deeper into the web of desire...

Chapter 665: Do You Know Why It Feels Good?

Abigaille, wanting to stir matters even more, seized the moment to push the boundaries further. Her eyes flicked to Olivia, a teasing glint dancing in them as she leaned closer, her voice a sultry murmur that dripped with provocation.

"Come on, Liv." She purred, her fingers still brushing Kafka's bulge, tracing its daunting outline with shameless familiarity. "You should touch Kafi's cock too. Feel how strong our son is underneath, how...impressive."

"...Once you do, you'll be so proud, just like I am."

"I mean, forget competitions, top grades, or fancy universities. None of that compares to the pride of having a son with a cock this massive."

"He's one in a billion, Olivia, a stallion. No one else in the world comes close. So, go on, feel it. Feel our son's pride."

Olivia's cheeks flamed, her heart pounding as she shook her head vehemently, her voice trembling with defiance.

"No, Abigaille, I'll never do that!" She said, her words sharp but unsteady, her eyes darting away from the tempting sight of Kafka's bulge. "I don't need any...massages, or whatever you're calling it. That's too far!"

Her protest was fervent, but her gaze betrayed her, flickering back to the thick, serpentine shape, a forbidden curiosity gnawing at her resolve.

Abigaille's smirk widened, her eyes glinting with knowing amusement as she continued to stroke Kafka's bulge.

"Oh, please, Olivia." She said, her voice a teasing challenge. "It's so obvious you want to feel it. I've seen how your eyes keep drifting down there, how they linger on his cock...You're craving it, aren't you?"

"...Just be honest—reach out, touch it, feel what makes him so special."

Her fingers moved up and down the shaft, caressing it with a shamelessness that made Olivia's breath catch, her body responding with a heat she couldn't suppress.

Kafka, sensing the tension, joined in, his voice full of innocence and curiosity, his gaze fixed on Olivia with a disarming sincerity.

"It's no big deal, Mom." He said, his tone light, almost encouraging. "If you're curious, go ahead and feel it up. I don't mind showing off."

"Honestly, I don't get why Mom's so fascinated by it, but if it's really that appealing to women, you should give it a try."

"...Touch it all you want, I'm cool with it." His smile was careless, his eyes wide and innocent, as if he were simply inviting his mother to admire a trophy, not his own penis.

Olivia's face burned, her heart racing as her son's Invitation echoed in her mind. For a fleeting moment, she wavered, the idea of touching him—feeling the weight, the strength of him, tempting her in a way that horrified her.

It would be so easy, especially with his permission, to give in, to let her fingers brush that massive bulge.

But the thought snapped her back to reality, a surge of panic flooding her as she realized she was teetering on the edge of Abigail's trap, on the verge of becoming the same vixen who'd manipulated her own son's innocence.

"No!" She blurted, her voice sharp with desperation, her hands clutching his shoulders to ground herself. "There's no need, Kafi. We should just...eat dinner. That's what we came here for. I don't want to...to touch anything." Her words were a frantic retreat, her body trembling with the effort to resist.

Abigail sighed, her tone disappointed, though her eyes twinkled with amusement.

"You're one tough nut to crack, Olivia." She said, her voice laced with playful exasperation. "But fine, have it your way." Her smile turned wicked, a glint of defiance in her gaze as she added. "If you don't want his cock, then I'll just take it myself."

Before Olivia could process her words, Abigaille dropped to her knees, her movements fluid and brazen, her fat ass jutting out as she positioned herself directly in front of Kafka's bulge.

Olivia's jaw dropped, a gasp escaping her as to her utter shock, for some reason whatsoever Abigaille suddenly pressed her face against the massive outline in his boxers, her cheek rubbing against the thick shaft with a shameless, submissive reverence.

The sight was staggering, erotic in its audacity,

Abigaille's brown skin glowing as she nuzzled the bulge, her nose tracing its length, her lips brushing the fabric in a slow caress.

"Abi!" Olivia cried, her voice thick with disbelief, her hands reaching out to grab Abigaille's shoulder, tugging weakly. "What are you doing? Why are you...rubbing your face all over his penis like that?"

"...Stop it, you're acting like a maniac!"

Abigaille didn't budge, her hands gripping Kafka's thighs as she continued her worshipful caress, her voice a sultry murmur muffled against the fabric.

"Mmm, Olivia, you don't get it." She said, her tone rich with conviction, her cheek sliding along the shaft. "When Kafi's cock comes out, it's a big deal—a monumental deal. And as his mother, it's my duty to appreciate it, to embrace it, to show how much I care."

"...This is my offering, my way of honoring him."

She moved lower, her nose nudging the base where his balls strained against the boxers, her touch submissive yet commanding.

"It's like...giving gifts to a temple after a blessing, or praying for good health. I'm showing my gratitude for our son, for this massive, perfect cock, by worshiping every inch of it."

Olivia's eyes widened, her voice rising with incredulity.

"You're crazy, Abigaille!" She said, her hands still tugging futilely at Abigaille's shoulder. "This isn't normal—you can't just...do that! It's insane!"

But even as she protested, her gaze was locked on the scene, her body betraying her with a surge of arousal, the erotic display stoking a fire she couldn't extinguish.

Abigaille's smile was serene, her eyes half-lidded as she pulled back slightly, her voice a low, dirty purr as she described her actions. "Crazy?" She echoed, her cheek sliding along the shaft, the fabric taut against its hardness. "No, Olivia, I'm only crazy for him."

"This cock...it's harder than stone, longer than my face, so thick I can feel every vein through his boxers...And right here" She nuzzled the base, her nose pressing against the root. "This is the stem, the foundation holding up this glorious tool. Without it, it'd collapse under its own weight."

Her lips brushed higher, toward the tip, her nose nudging the head, a playful giggle escaping her.

"And this part? So cute, even hidden like this...But when it's free, up close? It's a dragon, Olivia vicious, dangerous, unstoppable."

Olivia's breath stopped, her body trembling as Abigaille's words painted a vivid, taboo picture, each description fueling her arousal despite her horror.

She glanced at Kafka, expecting shock or discomfort, but he stood calm, his expression one of mild amusement, his hands resting lightly on Abigaille's head.

And to make it worse, he took it further, his fingers threading through Abigaille's hair as he pressed her face deeper into his bulge, a soft chuckle escaping him.

"It tickles, Mom." He said, his voice full of innocence and teasing. "You're being so aggressive, so ease up a bit." His tone was light, but his actions were bold, guiding her face along his shaft, amplifying the erotic display.

Abigaille giggled, her voice muffled against his boxers.

"I can't help it, Kafi." She purred, her lips brushing the fabric. "You're showing off this monster, flaunting it like this—it's your fault I'm so worked up."

"...And now you're pushing me in? Naughty boy." Her eyes flicked up to him, sparkling with mischief, her submission a performance.

Kafka's grin widened, his gaze shifting to Olivia, his tone still disarmingly innocent.

"Well, it does feel good, though." He said, his voice tinged with curiosity. "I don't know why, but it does. The way Mom's rubbing my cock—it's nice, kinda tingly."

"...Do you know why it feels so good, Mom? Why it feels so good Mom rubs her face all over my nether region." His eyes locked onto hers, wide and questioning, as if genuinely seeking an answer, oblivious to the deeper implications of his pleasure.

Olivia's heart pounded, her mind scrambling for a response. If she answered truthfully—admitted that Abigaille's actions were stimulating him, arousing him, she'd risk shattering his innocence, revealing the sexual undercurrent he seemed unaware of.

But silence felt like complicity, a step deeper into the taboo web Abigaille had woven. "I...I don't..." She stammered, her voice faltering, her cheeks burning as she averted her gaze, unable to meet his eyes.

Kafka tilted his head in response, his expression one of mild disappointment, his voice a soft, teasing murmur.

"That's a pity, Mom." He said, his eyes searching hers with a disarming sincerity. "I thought for sure you'd know why it feels so nice...But you know what? I don't really care about the why."

"...What feels good, feels good, right? No need to overthink it."

His grin was charming, his tone light, but the way his hips shifted slightly, pressing his bulge harder against Abigaille's face, betrayed a deeper satisfaction that Olivia was starting to notice...

Chapter 666: Farewell Kiss

Abigaille's lips brushed the thick outline of his penis, her nose nuzzling the shaft with a submissive reverence that made Olivia's breath catch. Kafka's then hand moved to Abigaille's head, his fingers threading through her hair as he gently pushed her down, forcing her to look up at him.

"Hey, Mom." He said, his voice a soothing rumble, a playful edge cutting through. "I'm starting to get hungry here. Let's wrap this up so we can get to dinner, like Mom said. Food's probably cold by now." His tone was practical, but his eyes glinted with amusement, his grip on her hair firm but affectionate.

Abigaille let out a soft whine, her lips grazing the bulge as she pouted up at him, her eyes sparkling with defiance.

"Oh, Kafi, nooo." She purred, her voice a sultry plea, her cheek sliding along the shaft. "I'm not ready to stop. I wanna rub my face on this gorgeous cock a little more, appreciate every inch of my sweet boy's pride." She pressed her lips harder against the fabric, a slow kiss that left a faint sheen of saliva, her eyes flicking to Olivia as if daring her to react. "You're depriving me of my joy, Kafi. Don't be so mean to your mommy."

Olivia watched, her heart racing, her body caught between anticipation and dread. Abigaille's brazen display was mesmerizing, each movement a provocative dance that stoked the fire in her pussy, despite her desperate wish to look away.

Kafka's chuckle was warm, his hand caressing Abigaille's cheek as he shook his head.

"Can't help it, Mom." He said, his voice gentle but firm. "Mom's gotta be starving after that long drive. We can't keep her waiting." He paused, his smile softening, a glint of indulgence in his eyes. "But don't worry—you can rub your face on my cock later, as much as you want. I promise. For now, though, let's get up and eat."

Olivia exhaled, a shaky sigh of relief escaping her as she thought the ordeal was over, the prospect of dinner a welcome escape from the taboo spiral they'd descended into.

But her relief was short-lived.

Abigaille's face fell, her plump lips forming a pitiful pout, her breasts spilling from her purple bra, her ass straining against her soaked underwear and seeing this Kafka's gaze softened, his hand lingering on her cheek as he took in her dejected expression.

"Aw, Mom." He murmured, his voice a tender caress. "Don't look so sad. You don't have to feel too bad. How about you finish the way you always do? That'll cheer you up, right?"

Abigaille's eyes lit up, a spark of delight flashing across her face as she clapped her hands together, her voice bubbling with excitement.

"Oh, Kafi, yes!" She exclaimed, her tone rich with anticipation. "I love doing that, it's my favorite way to end things."

She then turned her head slightly, her gaze locking onto Olivia's, a tempting almost taunting look in her eyes, as if inviting her to witness what came next, while Olivia's stomach twisted, curiosity and apprehension flooding her as she wondered what Abigaille meant.

"Finish how?" She whispered, her voice barely audible, but neither Kafka nor Abigaille acknowledged her, their focus locked on each other.

And then to her shock, Abigaille's hands moved to the hem of Kafka's boxers, her fingers hooking into the fabric on one side. With a slow motion, she began to roll it up, inch by inch, exposing the thick, meaty tip of his penis, which sprang free from its confinement, resting heavily against his thigh.

The sight was monstrous, the tip alone thicker than Olivia had imagined, its flushed, bulbous head glistening in the dim light, a raw, primal presence that stole her breath.

Olivia's hand flew to her mouth, a muffled gasp escaping as she stared, her eyes wide with awe and disbelief. It was even larger than it had appeared through the boxers, a towering testament to Kafka's virility that sent a shiver of forbidden heat through her.

"Oh my God..." She whispered, her voice trembling, her body frozen as she took in the sight, her mind struggling to process the sheer scale of it.

Abigaille's smile was bright, her fingers brushing the exposed tip, poking it playfully as she let out a soft, appreciative hum.

"This is what I'm talking about, Olivia." She purred, her voice a sultry hymn of adoration. "This monster, this gorgeous, perfect cock. Look at it—so cute like this, all soft and relaxed." She stroked the tip with her fingertip, circling it slowly, her touch reverent. "It's not even hard right now, not at its best, but God, it's still enough for me. So thick, so...powerful." Her eyes flicked to Olivia, daring her to look away.

Olivia's heart pounded, her body trembling as to her disbelief Abigail took it further, leaning forward to actually press her lips against the tip in a big, juicy kiss, her saliva glistening on the flushed skin as she pulled back with a satisfied hum.

"Kiss!~"

The act was so brazen, so unthinkable, that Olivia's mind short-circuited, her breath catching as she watched, unable to process what she'd just witnessed.

A mother kissing her son's cock openly, unashamedly was beyond comprehension, a taboo so profound it left her reeling, her brain struggling to reconcile the sight with reality.

Abigail then stood after giving her kiss, rolling Kafka's boxers back down with a casual flick, her expression serene, as if she'd done nothing more than hug him.

"There..." She said, her voice light, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "All done...for now."

She then turned to Olivia, waving a hand in front of her face, her tone playful but tinged with concern as she looked quite dazed.

"Olivia? Hello? You in there?"

But Olivia remained frozen, her eyes glassy, her mind locked on the image of Abigail's lips on Kafka's cock, the wet shine of her kiss, the sheer audacity of it all.

Abigail sighed, glancing at Kafka with an exasperated smile.

"She's unresponsive, Kafi." She said, her voice tinged with amusement. "Guess we shocked her too much. We'll have to drag her to the table."

She grabbed one of Olivia's hands, her touch warm and firm, while Kafka took the other, his grip gentle but steady.

"Yeah, looks like it." Kafka said, his smile soft but knowing, his eyes flicking to Olivia's dazed face. "Come on, Mom, let's get you to dinner. You need to eat something after all that."

His tone was tender, almost protective, but there was a glint in his eyes, a subtle acknowledgment of the game they were playing, one Olivia was only beginning to understand.

Together, they guided Olivia to the dining table, her legs moving mechanically, her mind still reeling from the sight she couldn't unsee.

As they sat her down, her body sinking into his lap, her gaze remained distant, her thoughts consumed by the image of a mother's lips on her son's cock, a forbidden act that both horrified and enthralled her, pulling her deeper into the spiral of desire she could no longer deny...

Chapter 667: 'The Airplane Is Coming'

Olivia blinked, her mind sluggishly clawing its way out of the daze that had enveloped her, the shocking image of Abigail's lips on Kafka's cock still searing her thoughts.

To her surprise, she found herself seated at the dinner table, the world snapping into focus as a spoon hovered before her lips, its contents tantalizingly close but unable to enter her now-closed mouth. She gulped, confusion flooding her as she registered the voices behind her.

"Look, Mom, she's finally awake." Kafka's voice rang out, bright with amusement, a playful lilt cutting through the haze.

"Oh, it seems like she is." Abigail replied, her tone a warm, teasing purr, her presence a palpable heat at Olivia's side.

Olivia turned, her breath catching as she found Kafka right behind her, his chiseled frame looming close, his bare chest glistening in the dim light. Abigail was beside her, her bronzed curves pressed against his side, her purple underwear clinging to her like a second skin.

The proximity was startling, but what sent a jolt through Olivia was the realization of her own position.

She wasn't just at the table she was perched on Kafka's lap, her plump ass molding into the hard, muscled expanse of his thigh, her squishy body sinking into his warmth. Abigail occupied his other thigh, her own curves nestled against him, both of them sharing a single chair in a scandalously intimate arrangement.

Her face flushed, a wave of embarrassment crashing over her as she felt the unyielding strength of Kafka's thigh beneath her, the way her soft flesh conformed to his contours, her ass warming with every subtle shift.

The thin barrier of their underwear did little to dull the sensation—his heat seeped into her, igniting a forbidden thrill she fought to suppress. She wanted to leap up, to restore some semblance of propriety, to escape the shameful intimacy of sitting on her son's lap.

But a deeper, traitorously yearning part of her craved the closeness, the electric connection of their bodies. Her resolve wavered, and instead of moving, she turned to Kafka, her eyes searching his face, his curious, open gaze disarming her defenses.

"How...How did I get here?" She asked, her voice trembling, her cheeks burning as she gestured to their compromising position. "How long have I been sitting like this? And...were you feeding me this whole time?"

Her questions tumbled out, a desperate bid to make sense of the surreal moment, her mind still reeling from the memory of Abigail's brazen act.

Abigail answered before Kafka could, her smile wide and mischievous as she scooped another spoonful of food from the plate, popping it into her own mouth with a satisfied hum.

"Oh, Liv." She said, her voice rich with amusement, her eyes twinkling with delight. "After my little...appreciation of Kafi's cock, you completely blanked out. Went all dreamy, like you were in a trance or something."

"You wouldn't respond, no matter what we said or did, just staring off, mouth half-open, like a robot." She chuckled, leaning closer, her breast brushing Kafka's arm. "So, Kafi and I guided you over here, sat you down, well, on his lap, of course, just like we planned."

"We didn't want you missing dinner, so he's been feeding you this whole time...You were out of it, but your body knew what to do."

Olivia's eyes widened, her embarrassment deepening as she processed Abigaille's words.

"Feeding me?" She echoed, her voice faint, her gaze darting to Kafka, who grinned at her, his expression full of affection and playful pride. "How...How was I even eating if I was...out of it? I don't remember any of it!"

Kafka chuckled, his hand resting lightly on her hip, his touch sending a fresh wave of heat through her.

"It was pretty cute, Mom." He said, his voice warm, his eyes glinting with amusement. "Every time I brought the spoon near your nose, you'd sniff it, and your mouth would just...open up, like it was on autopilot."

"I'd then slide the food in, pull the spoon out, and you'd chew and swallow, all on your own. Worked like a charm."

His grin widened, a teasing edge creeping into his tone.

"Kinda like feeding a baby, honestly. I even did the whole 'airplane's coming' thing a couple times, you know, like parents do? And you'd open wider, like you were waiting for it. It was so funny."

Abigaille laughed, her voice a melodic chime as she nodded in agreement, her eyes sparkling with mirth.

"Oh, it was adorable, Olivia." She said, her tone dripping with delight. "Watching you act like a little baby, all instinctive and sweet. You'd chew with this tiny, satisfied look on your face, like you were in heaven, We couldn't stop giggling."

Olivia's cheeks burned, a flush of mortification spreading down her neck as she clutched the edge of the table, her voice rising in protest.

"Why didn't you just wake me up?" She demanded, her tone sharp but unsteady, her embarrassment warring with indignation. "Why were you...playing with me like that, treating me like some...some infant? That's not funny!"

Kafka's expression softened, his hand squeezing her hip gently.

"We tried, Mom." He said, his tone earnest, though a playful glint lingered in his eyes. "I shook you, called your name, even...well, I was groping your breasts a bit to see if that'd snap you out of it."

His words sent a jolt through her, her hands flying to cover her chest, a sudden warmth flooding her as she realized why her breasts had felt so sensitive.

"But you didn't budge." He continued, his voice unapologetic. "And honestly? You looked so happy, so content every time you swallowed your food, with this little smile on your face."

"...It was too cute to stop. So I just kept feeding you, figured you needed it."

Olivia's face flamed, her heart racing as she processed his words, the image of herself in a daze, mindlessly eating while Kafka groped her, both horrifying and strangely thrilling.

"Don't...don't treat me like a baby, Kafi." She stammered, her voice trembling with flustered defiance. "I'm an adult, your mother. I'm supposed to be the one feeding you, not the other way around!"

Abigail's smile was warm, her eyes softening as she leaned closer, her voice a gentle tease.

"Oh, Liv, don't get all flustered." She said, her tone rich with affection. "It's just coming full circle, isn't it? Way back when, you were the one feeding Kafi, struggling to get him to eat without a fuss—he was such a picky little thing, always putting up a fight."

She chuckled, her gaze flicking to Kafka, who grinned sheepishly.

"Now it's his turn to take care of you, that's all. And look, he's feeding me too!" She gestured to the plate, where Kafka scooped another spoonful of food, guiding it toward her mouth.

Abigaille opened wide, taking the spoon with a theatrical flourish, chewing with a delighted hum.

"Mmm, so delicious, Kafi." She purred, her eyes half-lidded with satisfaction, her voice a sultry murmur. "You're so good at this, feeding your moms like a pro. Tastes even better when it's from you." She licked her lips, her gaze flicking to Olivia.

Olivia's embarrassment ebbed slightly, replaced by a pang of envy as she watched Abigaille savor the experience, fully conscious and reveling in Kafka's attention. She, on the other hand, had missed it all, her mind lost in the shock of Abigaille's taboo kiss, leaving her with nothing but vague warmth and a lingering sense of loss.

"I...I didn't even get to enjoy it." She murmured, her voice soft, almost petulant, her eyes dropping to the plate. "You were awake for it, Abi, but I...I don't remember anything."

Kafka's head tilted, his eyes glinting with curiosity as he caught her words, his hand resting lightly on her hip, sending a jolt of heat through her.

"What was that, Mom?" He asked, his voice a low, teasing rumble, his gaze locking onto hers with a disarming intensity. "What'd you say? Sounded like you were wishing for something."

Olivia hesitated, her cheeks flushing as she bit her lip, her mind wrestling with the embarrassment of her desire. Admitting she wanted to be fed like Abigaille, to feel Kafka's attention so intimately, felt like a surrender to the taboo currents swirling around them.

But Abigaille's satisfied hums, her radiant joy as she savored each bite, tugged at Olivia's heart, a pang of longing to experience the same connection, the same care.

Swallowing her pride, she turned to Kafka, her eyes shy and coy, her voice barely above a whisper. "I...I was just thinking..." She said, her tone trembling with vulnerability. "...that I'd like you to feed me too, Kafi. Like you did for Abigaille."

"...I want to feel it, to experience it properly this time."

Chapter 668: Divine Cooking

Kafka's smile was warm, his eyes sparkling with delight as he leaned closer, his hand squeezing her hip gently.

"Of course, Mom." He said, his voice rich with affection, a playful edge creeping in. "I've been waiting for you to say that. Been dying to feed you properly, to see you enjoy it."

His grin turned mischievous, a smirk tugging at his lips as he added.

"But here's the deal if I'm gonna feed you, I'm doing it my way. Like you're a little kid, all cute and needy. No grown—up stuff, just pure baby treatment. That's the only way I'll do it."

Olivia's face flamed, a flush of embarrassment spreading down her neck as she processed his words. Being fed like a child, with all the playful theatrics, was mortifying, a step too far into vulnerability.

"Kafi, please." She stammered, her voice tinged with protest. "Don't make it too embarrassing. Just...feed me normally, okay? I don't need the baby stuff."

Kafka chuckled, his hand sliding up her back, his fingers tangling gently in her hair as he began to caress the back of her head, the touch soothing and electric, sending shivers down her spine.

"No promises, Mom." He said, his voice a teasing purr, his eyes glinting with mischief. "This is how it's gonna be, so are you ready?"

He scooped a spoonful of food from the plate, holding it tantalizingly close to her lips, his other hand still massaging her scalp, the sensation so pleasurable it made her eyes widen, her body melting into his touch like a massage she hadn't known she needed.

The spoon hovered before her, and Kafka's voice dropped to a low, seductive murmur, his words laced with a dirty undertone that sent a thrill through her.

"You want this, Mom?" He asked, his eyes locked on hers, his tone dripping with intent. "Want this nice, full spoon inside your mouth? All that delicious food, sliding right in?"

His fingers tightened slightly in her hair, her body responding despite her efforts to stay composed.

Olivia's breath turned hit, her embarrassment warring with a shameful arousal at the way he spoke, the way his touch made her feel so pliant, so wanted. His words were about food, but they carried a naughty edge, a suggestive promise that made her pulse race.

"Y-Yes." She whispered, her voice husky, her eyes meeting his with a hesitant, loving gaze. "I want it, Kafi. I want the food you're feeding me."

"Where do you want it, Mom?" He pressed, his smirk widening, his spoon inching closer, the scent of the food teasing her senses. "Tell me exactly where you want this."

"In my mouth..." She said, her voice trembling with a sultry edge she hadn't intended, her cheeks burning as she leaned into his touch. "All the way inside my mouth, Kafi. I want it all."

Kafka's eyes gleamed, his voice a low growl of approval. "Good girl." He murmured, his fingers stroking her hair, sending shivers through her. "You gonna be a good girl and swallow it all? Not spit it out, not leave a single bit behind?"

"...Gonna take it all down, nice and deep, right into your stomach?"

"Y-Yes." Olivia breathed, her voice thick with longing, her eyes locked on his, the dirty undertone of his words making her feel like they were talking about something far more intimate than food. "I'll swallow it all, Kafi. Every piece, all the way down. I promise."

Her gaze was adoring, her body alight with a pleasure she couldn't deny, the act of being fed by her son a forbidden dance that thrilled her.

Kafka's smile was bright, his voice a soft command as he leaned closer, his breath warm against her face.

"Good..." He said, his tone rich with praise. "Now open your mouth, nice and wide, like a good little girl. Show me you want it."

Olivia obeyed, her lips parting slowly, revealing the soft, pink interior of her mouth, her pearly teeth gleaming in the dim light. His eyes darkened, a flicker of something primal in his gaze as he murmured.

"Wider, Mom. I wanna see it all your whole mouth, how much you're craving this food. Open up for me."

Olivia hesitated, her embarrassment surging, but the gentle tug of his fingers in her hair, the dominant edge to his touch, urged her on. She opened wider, her mouth fully exposed, her fleshy pink insides glistening, her eyes meeting his with anticipation and vulnerability.

Abigaille, watching from her seat on Kafka's other thigh, let out a soft hum, her own body responding to the charged scene, her eyes glinting with arousal despite the innocence of the act.

"Perfect..." Kafka said, his voice a low purr, his gaze fixed on her open mouth. "Now stick out your tongue, Mom. Don't want it pushing the spoon out when I slide it in. Show me you're ready."

Olivia paused, her heart pounding, the request pushing her further into submission. But as she hesitated, Kafka's grip tightened in her hair, a subtle but commanding pull that sent a jolt through her, urging her to comply.

With a shaky breath, she extended her tongue, wet and succulent, the motion sultry and tender, her eyes never leaving his.

Kafka's smirk deepened, his voice a velvet growl.

"Good girl, taking this food like a champ." He said, guiding the spoon into her mouth with a slow, deliberate motion, the metal brushing her tongue as he pushed it deep. "Close your mouth now, Mom. Savor it, every single piece. Don't let any slip out."

Olivia obeyed, her lips sealing around the spoon, her eyes fluttering as she tasted the food, the flavors rich and complex. He pulled the spoon out slowly, his fingers still caressing her hair, his gaze locked on her as she began to chew.

She'd wanted a simple feeding, a taste of Kafka's care, but his dominant touch, his suggestive words, had turned it into something far more erotic.

As she chewed, the flavors exploded on her tongue—savory, sweet, and tangy, a symphony of tastes that made her eyes widen in disbelief, her earlier arousal giving way to pure, unadulterated delight.

"Oh my God." She gasped, her lips parting as she swallowed, her voice trembling with awe. "Kafi, this is...this is incredible."

She turned to him, her eyes bright with excitement, her embarrassment forgotten in the wake of the food's perfection.

"It's utterly delicious—I'm not even exaggerating. This is probably the best thing I've ever tasted in my life. The flavors, they're so...perfect, so balanced. There's this richness, this texture, all blending together in this...harmonious dance. I didn't want to stop chewing, just wanted to keep it in my mouth forever."

Her words spilled out in a rush, her enthusiasm bubbling over as she leaned closer, her body still pressed against his.

Kafka's grin was wide, his eyes twinkling with pride as he watched her reaction, his hand still resting on her hip. "Glad you like it, Mom." He said, his voice warm with satisfaction. "Didn't even need to ask you look like you're in love with, but I'd love to hear more about how it tastes."

"It's...divine." Olivia said, her voice fervent, her eyes locked on his. "There's this savory depth, like it's been simmering for hours, and then this burst of sweetness that catches you off guard, and the texture—it's so varied, so perfect...I can't believe how good it is."

She turned to Abigaille, her assumption swift as she gestured to the plate.

"Abi, you made this, didn't you? You've always been the cook in this house, but this...this is next-level. Your food was good before, but now? It's like you're a master chef."

"...How did you do it? Are you cooking every day, taking classes, what? Whatever you're doing, keep it up, this is simply too good to be true."

She'd expected Abigaille to beam, to soak up the compliments with the giddy joy she always showed when her cooking delighted the family.

In the past, her praise had made Abigaille's eyes sparkle, her smile wide as she basked in the happiness her food brought.

But now, to Olivia's shock, Abigaille's face fell, a wounded, almost betrayed expression clouding her features, her lips trembling as if Olivia's words had pierced her heart...

Chapter 669: Just A Little Prank

Olivia's breath caught as she leaned forward, her voice stammering with concern.

"Abi, what's wrong? Why are you looking like that? Did I...did I say something wrong?" Her eyes searched Abigail's, panic rising as she replayed her words, unable to fathom how her praise could have hurt her friend. "I was just saying how amazing the food is. What's going on?"

Abigail's eyes glistened, her wry smile tinged with exaggerated drama as she clutched her chest, her voice a theatrical lament.

"Oh, Liv." She said, her tone heavy with betrayal. "I never expected this...this stab in the back from my best friend."

"...To think you'd wound me so deeply with your words, I don't know how to handle this!" She turned away slightly, her shoulders slumping, her expression pitiful and sad, like a wounded puppy.

Olivia's eyes widened, her heart racing as she waved her hands frantically, her voice rising with flustered panic.

"Betrayed? How did I betray you, Abi? What did I do? I was just praising the food! Tell me what's wrong, please!" Her words tumbled out, her embarrassment mingling with a desperate need to fix whatever she'd broken, her usual composure crumbling under the weight of Abigail's reaction.

Abigail sighed, her gaze dropping to the plate before her, her finger pointing accusingly at the food. "This...this feast you're raving about? I didn't make it, Liv." She said, her voice soft but laden with mock sorrow. "I bought it from a restaurant, brought it home. That's all."

She looked up, her eyes narrowing with a pitiful glint.

"I was tired today, but I wanted to make tonight special, so I ordered out. I thought you'd enjoy it, and tomorrow I'd cook you a proper breakfast, blow your mind with my real skills. But now..."

She paused, her voice trembling for effect.

"You say this is the best thing you've ever tasted, better than anything I've ever made. You don't even like my cooking anymore, do you?"

"...Guess I'll just order takeout from now on, since that's what you love."

Olivia's jaw dropped, her mind reeling as she processed Abigail's words.

"What? No way!" She gasped, her voice thick with disbelief, her eyes darting to the plate, the flavors still vivid on her tongue. "There's no way this is from a restaurant, it's too good, too...homemade!"

She shook her head, her gaze snapping back to Abigail, searching for a sign she was joking.

"You're pulling my leg, right? This has to be yours!"

Abigail nodded solemnly, her expression unwavering, her voice firm.

"Nope, it's true, Liv. I bought it. Picked it up on my way home, plated it all nice for you. And now you're saying it's better than anything I've ever cooked, that my food can't compare." She turned away again, her lips trembling, her eyes gleaming with exaggerated hurt. "Guess I'm done cooking for you. No need for my recipes when you've got restaurant food to swoon over."

Olivia's heart sank, a wave of guilt crashing over her as she saw the sadness in Abigail's face, the playful act cutting deeper than she'd expected.

"No, no, you've got it all wrong!" She cried, her voice trembling with urgency, her hands gesturing wildly. "I didn't mean it like that, Abi!"

"Yes, this food is amazing, but your cooking—it's incredible too! I've been dreaming about your meals ever since I was in the city, craving your dishes, your flavors."

"...I wasn't saying I don't love your food, I swear!"

Her cheeks flushed, her embarrassment surging as she realized how her words had been misconstrued, her usual cool facade replaced by a flustered, almost childlike panic.

But Abigail only shook her head, her expression still mournful, her voice a soft rebuke.

"Excuses, Olivia." She said, her tone laced with mock disappointment. "You couldn't even tell it wasn't my food. You think some restaurant slop is better than my heart and soul? I don't wanna talk about this anymore—it hurts too much."

She turned away fully, her shoulders hunching, her act so convincing that Olivia's heart twisted with pity, her friend's sadness piercing her like a knife.

"Abi, please." Olivia pleaded, her voice cracking, her eyes wide and glistening with regret.

The sight was striking—her usually cold, collected demeanor replaced by a raw, endearing desperation that made her look like a scolded child.

Unable to bear Abigail's hurt, she turned to Kafka, her son still holding her close, his thigh warm beneath her. Her gaze was pleading, her voice a soft, pathetic whimper as she called out to him, her puppy-dog eyes wide and beseeching.

"Kafi, please...help me. I didn't mean to hurt her, I swear. I'm such a bad friend, do something, please!"

Kafka's smile was gentle, his hand sliding over her shoulder, pulling her closer in a comforting embrace, his fingers brushing the edge of her breast with a casual intimacy that sent a shiver through her.

"What's wrong, Mom?" He asked, his voice a soothing rumble, his eyes meeting hers with a tender intensity. "You look like you're about to cry when, it's just a little misunderstanding...It's not that big of a deal."

Olivia shook her head frantically, her voice trembling with urgency, her hands clutching his arm.

"No, it's not just a little thing, Kafi!" She said, her tone fervent, her eyes darting to Abigail's turned back. "Abi's so sensitive about her cooking, it's her heart, her love for us. Even if she acts tough, I know this'll hurt her, and I can't stand it!"

"...Please, do something, say something to make her feel better. I'm begging you!"

Her plea was desperate, her vulnerability laid bare, her usual strength crumbling under the weight of her guilt.

Kafka's eyes glinted, a subtle calculation flickering in his gaze as he recognized the opportunity to steer the moment to his advantage. His smile widened, his voice calm but laced with a playful edge.

"Alright, Mom, I'll help you out." He said, his hand squeezing her shoulder. "But you gotta promise me something later, you'll do whatever I ask to help me out...Deal?"

Olivia nodded without hesitation, her voice a fervent rush, her eyes locked on his. "Yes, yes, anything, Kafi!" She said, her tone desperate, her focus solely on fixing her mistake. "Just help Abigaille, please, she's more important right now!"

Her words were a blur, her mind too consumed with guilt to consider the implications of her promise, her trust in Kafka absolute.

Kafka's grin deepened, a spark of mischief in his eyes as he pulled her closer. She expected him to offer soothing words, to coax Abigaille with gentle reassurances.

But to her shock, he turned to Abigaille with a blunt, commanding tone.

"Alright, Mom, cut the act." He said, his voice firm but laced with amusement. "Mom's feeling way too bad about this, and unless you want her to have a full-on breakdown, you better stop pretending. She's practically shaking over here."

Abigaille, who had been facing away, her shoulders slumped in despair, spun around, her face lighting up with a playful grin that caught Olivia off guard.

"Oh, Olivia!" She exclaimed, her voice bubbling with laughter, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "You should see your face, so adorable, all worked up like that!" She leaned closer, her breast brushing Kafka's arm, her tone teasing but warm. "I was just joking, silly. I'm not hurt at all, it was a prank to see how you'd react."

Olivia's jaw dropped, her eyes widening in disbelief as she stared at Abigaille, her heart still racing from her earlier panic.

"What?" She gasped, her voice trembling with relief and indignation. "You...You were pretending? Abi, why would you do that? I thought | really hurt you!" Her gaze darted to Kafka, her tone sharpening with confusion. "Kafi, what's she talking about? You knew she was faking?"

Kafka chuckled, his hand sliding down her back, his touch warm and reassuring. "Yeah, Mom, I could tell." He said, his voice a low, playful rumble. "Mom's dramatic most of the time, but she can't hide that twinkle in her eye when she's pulling one over on you. I just went along to see how far she'd take it."

Abigail's laughter was melodic, her eyes softening as she reached out, brushing Olivia's arm with a gentle, affectionate touch.

"Oh, Liv, don't be mad." She said, her voice rich with warmth. "You were so cute, all flustered and guilty, those big puppy eyes begging Kafi for help. I couldn't resist teasing you a bit."

"And honestly? I'm flattered you care so much about my feelings." She paused, her smile turning mischievous. "But I wasn't lying about the food, not completely. It was made at home, just...not by me."

Olivia's brow furrowed, confusion washing over her as she processed Abigail's words.

"Not by you?" She echoed, her voice tinged with curiosity, her eyes narrowing. "Then who...?"

Her gaze then suddenly flicked to Kafka, a dawning realization sparking in her mind, her heart skipping a beat as she turned to him, her voice trembling with disbelief.

"Kafi...was it you? Did you make this dinner?"

Chapter 670: Family Time

Kafka's smile was wide, full of pride and playful modesty as he leaned back, his hand still resting on her hip, his thigh warm beneath her.

"Yeah, Mom, guilty as charged." He said, his voice a soft, confident rumble. "But why are you so surprised? Cooking's not that hard, is it?"

"...Or do you think I'm so incompetent I can't even handle a kitchen?" His tone was teasing, but there was a confident glint in his eyes, daring her to underestimate him.

Olivia's eyes widened, her jaw dropping as she shook her head frantically, her voice rushing out in a fervent defense.

"No, no, it's not that, Kafi!" She said, her tone earnest, her hands gesturing wildly. "It's just...you've never cooked before, not like this!"

"I mean, back in the day, if I asked you to chop a vegetable, you'd roll your eyes and disappear to your room. You wouldn't even touch a knife. And now...now you're making this?"

She gestured to the plate, the aftertaste of the food still vivid on her tongue, a symphony of flavors that lingered.

"This is some of the best food I've ever eaten, Kafi. It doesn't even seem like something a beginner could do, it's...it's extraordinary."

"...How did you learn this? When did you start? What got you into it?"

Kafka leaned back, his grin easy and modest, his hand squeezing Olivia's hip as he shrugged.

"It's no big deal, really." He said, his eyes meeting hers with a quiet warmth. "Ever since we moved to this town, I wanted to step up, be better."

"Part of that was helping Mom out around the house like washing dishes, taking out the trash, cleaning rooms, that kinda stuff. Just pulling my weight."

Olivia nodded, a smile tugging at her lips as she glanced at Abigaille, who beamed with maternal pride.

"Oh, he's been such a good boy, Liv." Abigaille said, her voice rich with affection, her hand resting on Kafka's thigh. "You should see him, zipping around the house, scrubbing pans, sweeping floors, even folding laundry like a pro. He's been a godsend, haven't you, Kafi?"

Kafka's cheeks flushed slightly, his grin turning sheepish as he rubbed the back of his neck.

"Yeah, well, it's just what you do as a decent son, right?" He said, his tone casual but tinged with pride. "And one of those chores was cooking. I sartered out just to help Mom, take some load off her. But then...I don't know, I got into it.

"Found out I kinda liked it, and I wasn't half-bad either. So I kept at it, started experimenting, trying new stuff." He paused, his eyes glinting with a spark of excitement. "I also wanted to get better, so I went next door to Camilla's place you know, our neighbor?"

"She's a divine cook, like, next-level. She took me under her wing, taught me all sorts of tricks, recipes, techniques...Between her lessons and cooking every day, I ended up with this."

He gestured to the spread on the table, his voice softening.

"I'm glad you like it, Mom...It feels like all those months of work paid off, seeing you enjoy it."

Olivia's eyes widened, her heart racing as she shook her head, her voice fervent with emotion.

"No, no, no, Kafi, it's my reward, not yours!" She said, her tone brimming with pride, her gaze locked on his. "To think, my son, who never had a single hobby, who'd spend all day holed up in his room, is out here cooking a feast like this?"

"And not just any feast, one that's better than anything I've ever tasted? That's...that's everything to me. I'm so proud of you, so glad you're growing, becoming this incredible person." Her eyes shone with a fierce, motherly love, her chest swelling with a joy that felt almost too big to contain.

But then a thought struck her, her brow furrowing as she tilted her head, her voice tinged with curiosity.

"Wait, Kafi..." She said, her gaze sharpening. "You told me you get anxious talking to people outside the family, that you struggle with strangers, especially girls."

"Were you...okay talking to Camilla? I mean, I know her from our phone calls, she's lovely, but still. How'd you manage that?"

Kafka's smile softened, his hand sliding up her back, his touch warm and reassuring.

"Yeah, I was fine with Camilla." He said, his voice steady, his eyes meeting hers with a quiet sincerity. "She's older, you know? Got this...motherly vibe, kinda like you and Mom...For some reason, that made it easy."

"I don't know, maybe it's because she reminds me of you both, warm, caring, like she gets me. I could open up to her, talk without freezing up. Felt...safe, I guess."

Olivia's heart fluttered, a surge of pride and warmth flooding her at his words. The idea that Kafka felt comfortable with Camilla because she resembled her and Abigail, that their maternal presence was his anchor, made her feel cherished, elevated above all others in his world.

It was as if he'd placed her on a pedestal, her influence shaping his ability to connect, and the thought filled her with a quiet, glowing joy, a sense that she was his everything.

Abigail's voice broke the moment, her tone playful as she nudged Olivia's arm, her eyes glinting with mischief.

"Olivia, look at the table." She said, gesturing to the spread before them. "It's not just a feast, Kafi made all your favorite dishes. Every single one, done exactly how you like them. Go on, see for yourself."

Olivia's gaze followed Abigail's gesture, her breath catching as she took in the array of dishes—creamy mashed potatoes swirled with garlic butter, just how she loved them; tender, herb-crusted roast chicken, sliced thin like she preferred; a vibrant salad with her favorite tangy dressing, every detail perfect.

Her eyes widened, her heart pounding as she realized the truth of Abigail's words, the care Kafka had poured into every plate.

"Kafi..." She whispered, her voice trembling, her gaze snapping to him, searching his face for confirmation. "Is this...all for me?"

Kafka's expression turned shy, his cheeks flushing and his voice soft but earnest.

"Y-Yeah, Mom." He said, his eyes meeting hers with a quiet intensity. "I didn't just wanna make a feast to welcome you back. I wanted it to feel like...home, you know? Like you were really back with us."

"So I asked Mom about all your favorite foods, how you like them cooked, every little detail. Worked hard to get it right, just for you, but I'm...I'm glad you liked it at the end of the day."

Olivia's eyes glistened, tears welling as a wave of emotion crashed over her, her heart swelling with a love so fierce it stole her breath.

"Kafi..." She said, her voice cracking, her hands trembling as she reached for him. "You did all this...for me? Really?" Her gaze darted to the table, then back to his face, her voice thick with awe.. "This...this is everything. I can't believe you went to so much trouble, just to make me feel at home."

Kafka's smile was gentle, his hand squeezing her hip as he leaned closer, his voice a soft murmur.

"Of course, Mom." He said, his eyes warm with affection. "Who else am I gonna do this for? You're...you're my mom. I wanted you to feel how much you mean to me, to us."

His words were simple, but they hit her like a tidal wave, her emotions spilling over as she threw herself against him, her arms wrapping around his neck in a tight, desperate hug.

"Oh, Kafi!..." She choked out, her voice muffled against his chest, tears streaming down her cheeks as she clung to him. "I'm so happy, so, so happy to have a son like you!"

"I don't know what I did to deserve this, to have you care so much, but I'm...I'm blessed. You're so compassionate, so thoughtful that I just, I just I love you, I love you so much!"

Her words were a fervent prayer, her body trembling with the intensity of her feelings, her love for him a fire that burned away her earlier shame.

Kafka's arms encircled her, his hands stroking her back in a soothing, tender motion his voice a low, heartfelt murmur.

"I love you too, Mom." He said, his tone rich with emotion, his embrace tightening. "More than anything in the world and I always will."

His touch was warm, grounding, and as he held her, Olivia felt a profound connection, a bond that transcended the taboo currents swirling around them.

Abigaille, not one to be left out, let out a playful huff, her voice a teasing pout as she threw herself against Kafka's other side, her arms wrapping around him.

"Hey, don't leave me out!" She said, her tone bright with affection, her breast pressing against his arm. "I love you too, Kafi, and I'm not letting you two have all the fun without me!"

Her laughter was infectious, her body molding to his, and Kafka chuckled, his arms expanding to envelop them both, pulling them close in a tight, possessive embrace.

The hug was intense, their large breasts squishing against each other, the thin fabric of their underwear doing little to dull the heat of their bodies pressed together.

Olivia's heart also raced, her earlier arousal flaring as Kafka's hands slid lower, his fingers brushing the curves of their butts, groping them with a bold, unapologetic touch.

But in the glow of their shared love, the act felt almost innocent, a natural extension of their closeness, and neither Olivia nor Abigaille pulled away, too caught in the moment to care. Their happiness was a bubble, enveloping them in a warmth that drowned out any lingering shame.

Kafka looked down at them, his mothers nestled against his chest, their faces radiant with love, and a slow, contented smile spread across his face. He was in heaven, his hands kneading their asses, the sensation grounding him in a bliss he savored without reservation.

"This..." He murmured, his voice a low, reverent rumble. "This is what spending 'time' with your family is all about. You two, right here with me...There's nothing better than this."

His fingers tightened, his grip possessive but tender, and as he held them, Olivia felt a surge of joy, a sense that, despite the taboo undercurrents, this moment, their love, their closeness, was a gift she'd cherish forever...