

God of Milfs 681

Chapter 681: I'll Do Anything For You

Abigaille pulled her hand back, her sweet smile widening as she leaned closer, her eyes glinting with playful accusation, her voice a sugary, enticing purr.

"Oh, Liv, darling." She cooed, her hand resting lightly on Kafka's thigh, her fingers tracing lazy circles. "Just moments ago, you were all high and mighty, saying you'd reverse what I've done, make our boy see that this...closeness between us is wrong, that a mother and son shouldn't be like this."

"And yet, here you are, sweet Liv, clinging to him like he's your man, not our son, acting so possessive, claiming his...well, his parts as yours alone."

"...My, my, how the tables have turned, haven't they?" She said, laced with amusement, but they struck Olivia like a blade, her eyes widening with a sudden, shameful realization.

Olivia's breath caught, her cheeks flaming as she pulled her hand back, her gaze dropping to her lap, her voice a low, defensive murmur.

"That's...that's not the same, Abi." She said, her tone cold but wavering, her eyes flicking to Kafka, then back to Abigaille. "I'm not...I'm not doing what you're doing. I'm protecting him, saving him from you. Your touch, your...your influence, it's corrupting him, making him think this is normal."

"...I'm just...I'm shielding him, using myself to keep him safe from you."

She told a desperate justification, her embarrassment surging as she realized how flimsy her excuse sounded, how her possessiveness betrayed her own desires.

Abigaille's laughter was a soft, melodic chime, her eyes sparkling with delight as she tilted her head, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Oh, Liv, you're so clever, aren't you?" She purred, her hand gesturing airily, her smile widening. "Wording it like you're doing our boy a favor, like you're some noble shield standing between him and my wicked ways. You're a businessman through and through, darling, spinning a story to save face."

"But we both know the truth, you're just as wrapped up in him as I am, clinging to him like he's yours alone...It's positively adorable, how you try to hide it."

Her teasing was relentless, her gaze locking with Olivia's, which deepened Olivia's flush, her embarrassment a fire she couldn't quench, her lie exposed but her resolve unbroken.

Abigaille's eyes then drifted to Kafka's lap, her smile turning coy as she leaned closer, her voice a sweet, enticing whisper.

"Fine, Liv, you win." She said, her tone conceding but laced with a subtle edge. "You can have his...well, his cock, all to yourself. I won't touch it, I promise, darling."

Her words brought a breath of relief to Olivia, her shoulders relaxing, but Abigaille's smile widened, her voice dropping to a provocative murmur.

"But you know, when our boy gets stiff like this, he likes a little help, doesn't he? He loves when his Mommy strokes it, massages it, calms it down."

"A cock that big, left hard for too long it hurts, Liv, aches something fierce...That's why I was going to touch him, to ease his pain, but you stopped me, and now...well, our poor Kafi's suffering in silence, all because of you." She said in a calculated manner, her gaze flicking to Kafka's bulge, her smile smug, a silent accusation that twisted Olivia's heart.

Olivia's eyes widened, a look of realization dawning as she glanced at Kafka's lap, her gaze landing on the massive bulge, twitching and straining against his underwear, impossibly tight, as if begging for release.

A pang of worry gripped her, her heart lurching at the thought that her son was in pain, that her possessiveness had caused him suffering. She looked up at him, her voice a soft, pleading whisper, her hand gently stroking his abs, her touch caring, soothing.

"Kafi, is that...is that true?" She asked, her eyes shimmering with concern, her fingers tracing his skin. "Are you hurting down there? Is your...your penis really aching because it's so hard? Did I...did I make you suffer by stopping Abi?"

Her question was fervent, her worry etched across her face, her heart heavy with guilt as she caressed him, desperate to ease his pain.

Kafka, sensing the opportunity, decided to play along, his lips curling into a shy, embarrassed smile, his voice a low, hesitant murmur.

"Yeah, Mom, as embarrassing as it is, it's...it's true." He said, his cheeks flushing, his eyes meeting hers with a bit vulnerability and mischief. "I don't know why, maybe it's because it's so big, but when it gets hard like this, it...it hurts, you know? Aches real bad if it stays like that too long."

"...And usually, Mom takes care of it, massages it, helps it calm down. She's real good at it, makes it feel better." He said, his gaze flicking to Abigaille, who smiled smugly, her eyes gleaming with victory, a silent boast of her closeness with their son.

Olivia gasped, her hand flying to her mouth, her eyes wide with shock and guilt as she glanced at Abigaille, then back at Kafka, her voice a trembling whisper.

"Abi...you've been...doing that for him?" She said, her tone heavy with disbelief, her heart twisting at the thought of Abigaille's intimate touches, their time alone while she was away. "You've been...massaging him there, helping him like that?" Her question was laced with a quiet envy, her guilt deepening as she realized the extent of Abi's influence, her role as the 'competent' mother.

Abigaille's smile widened, her voice a sweet, smug purr as she leaned closer, her hand resting on Kafka's thigh, her fingers inches from his bulge.

"Oh, yes, Liv, darling." She cooed, her eyes glinting with satisfaction. "I told you so, didn't I? Our boy needs his mama's touch when he's like this, and I've always been there to help, to make him feel better."

"...If I'd used my hands just now, he wouldn't be hurting, but you stopped me, and now...well, poor Kafi's in pain, all because of you, sweet Liv." She said, her gaze locking with Olivia's, a silent accusation that deepened Olivia's guilt, her heart aching at the thought of her son's suffering.

Olivia's gaze dropped to Kafka's lap, her eyes fixating on his twitching bulge, the fabric stretched so tight it looked painful, a silent cry for relief. Her guilt surged, her heart heavy with the realization that her possessiveness had caused this, her refusal to let Abigaille touch him leaving him in agony.

She looked up at him, her voice a sincere, apologetic whisper, her hand caressing his neck, her touch loving, tender. "Kafi, I'm so sorry." She said, her eyes shimmering with remorse, her fingers stroking his skin. "I didn't know, I swear. I didn't know it hurt like this, that you were suffering. I wouldn't have stopped Abi if I'd known it was this bad. I just...I didn't want her to—" She faltered, her voice breaking, her guilt a weight she couldn't shake.

But to her surprise, Kafka's expression softened, his eyes warm with affection as he shook his head, his voice a low, reassuring murmur.

"It's alright, Mom." He said, his hand resting on her thigh, his touch gentle, grounding. "This pain? It's nothing, really. I can handle it. More Important than that, I wanna respect your wishes, your feelings."

"You said you want me to yourself, that you don't want Mom touching me, and that means everything to me. Mom's had her time with me, when you were away, but right now?...Your opinion's what matters most."

"...So, if you don't want her touching me, I'll follow that, no matter what." His words were fervent, his gaze unwavering, a vow of loyalty that made Olivia's heart race, her guilt tempered by a glowing, overwhelming warmth.

"But...but your pain." She whispered, her eyes flicking to his bulge, her voice trembling with worry, her hand still caressing his neck. "It's hurting right now, isn't it? What do we do about...about that?"

Her question was urgent, her concern etched across her face, her heart aching at the thought of his suffering, her possessiveness warring with her desire to help him.

Kafka's smile was casual, almost nonchalant, his voice a low, soothing murmur.

"Don't worry about it, Mom." He said, his eyes holding hers, his gaze warm, loving. "It'll go down on its own, eventually. I can wait it out, calm myself."

"I actually really don't care about the pain, not when it's about you, what you feel, what you want. You're what's important, Mom, and I'll do anything to keep you happy."

His words were a tender confession, his love a fire that warmed her soul, and Olivia's face paled, her heart racing with an unbelievable joy, her eyes shimmering with awe at his devotion, his willingness to endure pain for her sake.

"Kafi..." She whispered, her voice trembling with emotion, her hands cupping his face, her eyes locked on his, radiant with love. "You... You'd do that for me? Go through pain, just to respect my wishes, to keep me happy? You care that much?"

Her question was soft, reverent, her heart swelling with a warmth she couldn't contain, her lower half tingling with a shameful sensation at his sacrifice, his love a beacon that drew her closer, her lips itching to kiss him, to shower him with her gratitude.

Abigail's smile faltered, her eyes narrowing with a flicker of frustration, her voice a sweet, strained purr.

"Oh, Liv, you're so lucky, aren't you?" She cooed, her hand still resting on Kafka's thigh, her fingers twitching with restraint. "Our boy's so devoted to you, willing to suffer just to please you... But you know, darling, that pain won't just vanish on its own. He needs help, and you've made it clear I can't touch him. So, what's it to be, sweet Liv? Will you let him hurt, or...?" She asked, her gaze daring Olivia to act, to confront the reality of Kafka's need.

Olivia's heart pounded, her guilt warring with her possessiveness, her love for Kafka a fire that burned away her hesitation.

She couldn't let him suffer, not when her actions had caused this, but she also couldn't let Abigail reclaim her role, her smug competence a threat to Olivia's newfound dominance.

That's why suddenly, her eyes hardened, a resolute determination dawning as she looked at Kafka, her gaze filled with love, her voice a firm, decisive whisper that surprised both Abigail and him.

"I'll handle it." She said, her hand moving with sudden, daring resolve, grasping his bulge through his underwear, her fingers curling around the throbbing heat, her touch bold, possessive. "I'll take care of your pain, Kafi. I won't let you suffer, and I won't let Abi touch you."

"...I'm your mother, Kafi, and I'll do absolutely anything for you."

Her words were a vow, her eyes shimmering with love, her heart racing with guilt and pride, her core pulsing with a taboo thrill as she claimed him, her resolve a fire that burned through her, a dance with the abyss she couldn't resist...

Chapter 682: Taking Care Of Her Son's Needs

Olivia's bold declaration, her hand gripping Kafka's throbbing bulge, vowing to ease his pain herself, had been a vow of love, her eyes shimmering with devotion, her resolve a fire that burned through her shame.

But Kafka's response caught her off guard, his smile gentle, his head shaking as he leaned closer, his voice a low, soothing murmur that tempered her fiery determination.

"Mom, you don't gotta force yourself." He said, his eyes warm with concern, his hand resting on hers, still curled around his cock through his underwear. "I can tell you're uncomfortable, and that's okay. You're new to this, and it's a lot."

"Just leave it to Mom, she's done this before, knows how to handle it. She doesn't mind, and I don't want you doing something that's hard for you." His words were tender, a protective gesture that made her heart warm, but they also sparked a flare of jealousy, a fear of losing this intimate moment to Abigail's experienced hands.

"Oh, yes, Liv, darling." Abigail cooed, her tone dripping with assurance, her gaze flicking to Olivia's hand, still gripping Kafka's bulge. "Let me take care of it, sweet Liv...No need to exert yourself, put in all that effort when I can handle it so easily."

"I've done this for our boy before, and I'm quite good at it, if I do say so myself...You just relax, let me make him feel better."

Her words were a gentle offer, but the serious smile on her face carried a hint of possessiveness, as if she were stealing a rare, coveted role that Olivia desperately wanted, her confidence so brazen that it stung Olivia's pride.

In response, Olivia's grip tightened on Kafka's cock, her fingers curling possessively, her eyes flashing with defiance as she shook her head firmly, her voice cold, direct, and laced with a sexy edge.

"No, Abi." She said, her tone unyielding, her gaze locking with Abigail's, a silent command to back off. "Not at all. I can do it, and I'm the only one who will. You're not touching him, not now, not ever for this...I'm his mother, and this is mine to do."

Her words were a bold claim, her glare piercing, a protective shield around Kafka, her possessiveness a fire that burned away her doubt, even as her heart pounded with guilt, the taboo thrill of touching her son's cock sending shivers through her core.

She then turned to Kafka, her voice softening but firm, her eyes shimmering with determination.

"There's nothing uncomfortable about this, Kafi." She said, her hand still gripping his bulge, her touch steady despite the trembling in her fingers. "I'm just touching my son's body, helping him feel better. There's no shame in that, it's no different from when I bathed you as a baby, saw you naked, cared for you."

"...This is just a massage, a way to help you, and I'm your mother, so it's my right, my duty. Nobody else gets to do this, especially not Abi."

Her words were a justification, a shield against her guilt, but the taboo sensation of his hardness under her hand, the heat seeping through his underwear, filled her with a shameful exhilaration.

Kafka's eyes widened, a spark of happiness flashing through them as he pulled her into a sudden, tight hug, his arms wrapping around her, his face buried in her shoulder, her hand still gripping his cock, caught between their bodies.

"God, Mom." He murmured, his voice thick with gratitude, his breath warm against her skin. "You're doing so much for me, going this far just to make me happy."

"I mean, you've spent your whole life working, slaving away to provide for us, and now you're home, doing this for me?"

"...I'm so fucking lucky to have you, Mom. I love you so much, and I wouldn't trade you for anyone, not ever." He said, a declaration of love that made Olivia's heart soar, her eyes shimmering with a radiant joy, her guilt overshadowed by a giddy, overwhelming happiness at his devotion, his hug a tangible proof of his love.

But then Kafka pulled back, his expression shifting to one of worry, his eyes searching hers, his voice a low, hesitant murmur.

"Mom, I'm glad you're okay with it, but...do you even know what to do?" He asked, his gaze flicking to her trembling hand, still gripping his bulge. "Your hands are shaking, and I...I don't think you've ever done this before. I'm not sure you can handle it, not without knowing how. It's different, you know?"

His question was gentle, but it struck Olivia like a blow, her cheeks flaming with shame as she bowed her head, her confidence faltering, her ignorance exposed. She didn't know what to do, not with something so, so massive, and the realization left her speechless, her heart heavy with embarrassment.

Abigaille seized the moment, her voice a sweet, eager purr as she leaned closer, her eyes glinting with mischief. "Oh, Liv, don't worry, darling." She cooed, her hand gesturing airily, her smile widening. "I can help, you know. I've got plenty of experience with our boy, and I'd be happy to show you the ropes, teach you how to make him feel real good. It's no trouble at all, sweet Liv, just let me guide you."

But before Olivia could respond, Kafka's expression hardened, his eyes narrowing as he turned to Abigaille, his voice a stern, commanding growl that silenced her.

"Quiet, Mom." He said, his tone unyielding, his gaze piercing, a rare flash of authority that stunned both women. "This is between me and Mom right now. Don't butt in, don't disturb us. Just sit there and be quiet, since this moment's ours and yours to disrupt."

He rebuked, his protectiveness a shield around Olivia, and Abigaille's eyes widened, her sweet smile faltering, her body tensing as she nodded obediently, her pride wounded by his dismissal.

Hearing this, Olivia's hand trembled around the base of Kafka's massive cock and unconsciously her hand started to slip into his underwear until she finally gripped the warm, pulsing flesh, an impulsive act driven by the joy of Kafka's defense, his declaration that this moment was theirs alone.

Her cheeks burned, her eyes wide with a shy, flustered panic as she realized the audacity of her touch, the taboo sensation of holding her son's cock sending a jolt through her lower half.

Noticing this, Kafka leaned closer, his eyes glinting with a teasing smile, his breath hot against her ear as he spoke in a low, playful murmur.

"Look at you, Mom, diving right in, gripping my cock like you can't wait to please me. Didn't even think, did you?...Just slipped your hand in there, feeling that heat, that throb."

"...Your fingers are shaking, but you're holding on tight, eager to make your boy feel good, huh?" His tone carried a dirty edge, his gaze locking onto hers, a silent provocation that made her core clench.

Olivia's face flushed deeper, her eyes darting to her hand, buried in his underwear, her voice trembling with embarrassment as she replied in a soft, coy whisper. "Kafi, I...I didn't even realize." She said, her gaze flicking to his, shimmering with a shy, guilty glint. "When you stood up for me, told Abi to stay quiet, made this just for us...I got so happy, so...overwhelmed."

"My hand just moved on its own, like it knew what you needed. I didn't mean to be so bold, I just...I want to take care of you, make you feel good." She said in a vulnerable manner, driven by the joy of his protectiveness.

Kafka's smile widened, his hand resting on hers, guiding her grip, his voice dropping to a low, coaxing growl. "That's what I love about you, Mom, always so eager to please me, to make sure I'm satisfied."

"You just want to take care of my needs, don't you? Wanna make sure your son's cock ain't throbbing in pain, that I'm feeling good because of you?" He asked, his eyes burning with affection and desire, his tone daring her to embrace her role, to commit to the taboo act she'd begun.

Olivia nodded, her face still flushed, her voice soft but resolute as she leaned closer, her eyes meeting his with a quiet determination.

"Yes, Kafi." She whispered, her grip tightening slightly, her core throbbing with a guilty sensation. "I want to make you feel good, to ease your pain, to...to satisfy you, no matter what." Her response was fervent, driven by her love, her need to prove her worth, to outshine Abigail's experience with her raw devotion, her hand steady now, a silent promise of her commitment.

Kafka's eyes narrowed, his smile turning firm, his voice a low, commanding murmur as he leaned back, his hand still guiding hers. "Then say it clear, Mom. Tell me what you're gonna do to me, to my cock. Don't hold back, what's your plan to make your son satisfied, to take care of this throbbing mess you got me in?" His demand was unyielding, his gaze piercing hers, urging her to voice the forbidden, to own the act she'd initiated, the words a spark that ignited her core.

"I...I'll make you satisfied, Kafi." She said, her tone fervent, driven by a desperate need to please him, to claim this moment. "I'll...I'll stroke you, make sure you're okay, ease the pain in your...your cock. I'll do whatever it takes, even if it's...touching you like this, rubbing you, making you feel good."

"But isn't that wrong, Mom? A mother grabbing her son's cock, stroking it, feeling it throb like this? We're family, blood and all shouldn't be this close, should we?"

"...Not with you holding me so tight, pulling me in, your hand wrapped around my dick like it's yours." His tone was a dirty jab, his words deliberately poking at the taboo of her actions

Olivia's eyes flashed, her excitement and embarrassment fueling her response, her voice a hot, passionate whisper as she leaned forward, her grip unyielding, her body pressed against his.

"No, Kafi." She said firmly, her tone driven by a fierce determination, her love for him overriding her guilt. "It's not wrong. We're family, yes, but I'm your mother, here to help you, to ease your pain, to meet your needs. Touching you, caring for you, even...even like this, it's just love."

"...There's nothing wrong with making my son feel good, with giving you what you need." Her declaration was fervent, her shame buried beneath her passion.

Hearing this, Kafka's grin widened, his hand resting on her waist, pulling her closer, his voice a low, enticing growl. "Then are ready, then, Mom? Ready to handle my cock, to stroke it, make it feel so fucking good? You sure you can take this on, knowing how bad it's throbbing, how much it needs your touch?"

Olivia leaned forward, her grip tightening, her voice a firm, passionate whisper, her eyes shimmering with love and resolve.

"I'm ready, Kafi." She said, her tone unyielding, her body pressed against his, her core pulsing with a taboo thrill. "I'm ready for anything, for whatever you need. I'll handle it, make you feel good, no matter what since..."

"...since I-I'm your little fox, and I'll do this for you, only you."

"Then let's do this, Mom." He said, his tone thick with anticipation and with a sudden, bold move, he tugged his boxers lower, the fabric sliding past his hips, his rock-hard cock springing fully free,

its massive length bouncing with an obscene weight, towering over the dining table, its girth thicker than the sausage she'd choked on, a pulsing, primal dragon unleashed from his pants, filling the air with its raw, commanding presence...

Chapter 683: I Like It Big

Olivia gasped, her eyes widening in disbelief, her hand still gripping the base, the bare heat of his skin searing her palm, her pussy clenching with awe and shame.

"Kafi..." She whispered, her voice trembling with shock and desire, her gaze locked on the monstrous cock, its size a daunting challenge that made her heart pound. "It's...it's so huge, so...thick. I didn't...I didn't know it could be..."

Her words trailed off, her embarrassment surging as she stared at her son's sheer size.

"Mom, don't be shocked by the size." He said, his tone gentle but firm, a quiet confidence underpinning his words. "It's only natural I'd be this big down there, this thick and heavy in your hands. There's no need to be afraid of it, it's just how I'm built." He chuckled softly, his gaze steady on hers, as if to anchor her spiraling emotions. "Especially since it runs in the family, you know? Being...well, larger than most, so there's really no need to look so scared."

Hearing this, Olivia's mind reeled, her fingers still curled around the pulsing heat of his massive cock, its weight and girth overwhelming her senses. Her heart pounded with a chaotic whirl of shame, desire, and confusion, her voice barely a whisper as she stammered.

"But...Kafi, how can that be? Abi and I, we're women, w,-we don't have...penises like yours. How can you say it's a family trait when we're so different?" Her eyes flicked to Abigaille, then back to Kafka, her brow furrowing, her grip tightening instinctively as if to ground herself in the moment.

Kafka's chuckle deepened, a playful, almost mischievous sound as he shook his head.

"No, Mom, that's not what I meant at all."

He said, his voice rich with amusement, and before she could process his words, his hands slid up her waist until they reached her chest.

To her shock, he cupped her breasts, lifting their heavy weight through her bra, his fingers kneading gently as if savoring their fullness. Olivia gasped, a soft whimper escaping her lips, her body

tensing under the unexpected touch, her cheeks flaming with embarrassment yet unable to pull away.

"This..." Kafka murmured, his eyes locked on her breasts, his voice dropping to a low, appreciative growl. "This is what I'm talking about. These gorgeous, massive tits of yours, so full they're practically bursting out of your bra."

"...No woman on the street comes close to you, Mom. No one else has milk bags like these, so perfectly heavy, so fucking delicious."

His hands squeezed gently, his thumbs brushing over the fabric, sending a jolt of forbidden pleasure through her body. Olivia's breath hitched, her body trembling with a heady rush of shame and arousal, her mind screaming at the audacity of his touch even as she let it happen, too overwhelmed to resist.

Kafka's gaze then softened, but his voice carried a quiet intensity as he continued. "That's the family trait I'm talking about, Mom. We're all...exceptional in certain ways...Just like your tits are huge and perfect, my cock's the same big, thick, more than most can handle. It's what makes us us, what ties us together." He glanced at Abigail, his smile turning sly. "Look at Mom, too. She's got those massive jugs, doesn't she? Go on, Mom, show her. Shake 'em a bit."

Abigail, ever obedient, flashed a coy smile and arched her back, jiggling her chest with a deliberate sway. Her breasts, barely contained by her bra, bounced and quivered, the flesh rippling with a provocative flush that threatened to spill free.

Kafka's hands then finally released Olivia's breasts, his fingers trailing down her sides as he leaned back, his cock still throbbing in her grip, its presence an undeniable force between them.

"See?" He said, his voice warm with a strange pride. "You, Mom, me, we're all built like this, larger than life in our own ways. My cock, your tits, her jugs...it's what makes us family, even if we ain't tied by blood."

Olivia's heart swelled with a radiant pride at Kafka's words, his declaration that they were family, bound not by blood but by their shared, larger-than-life traits, filling her with a profound gratitude.

His acceptance of their unconventional bond warmed her soul, a beacon of love that made her feel cherished, seen, and whole.

Yet, as her gaze drifted to the monstrous cock in her hand, its pulsing heat searing her palm, a flicker of awe tempered her joy. She leaned closer, her voice dropping to a soft, almost reverent whisper, laced with a hesitant protest.

"Kafi, what you said...it's true, Abi and I, we're...well, our chests are rare, big like you say. But even so, I'm sure if I looked hard enough, I could find other women with breasts like ours...It's not impossible."

Her eyes locked onto his cock, its sheer size overwhelming, and her voice grew quieter, tinged with wonder.

"But this...your penis, it's one in a billion. I've never seen anything like it, never even heard of such a thing."

"In all the books I've read, human anatomy, biology, they say a man's penis might grow a little beyond a finger's length, but this?" Her fingers slid slowly up its length, tracing the thick, veiny surface, her touch cautious yet captivated. "It's so much more, so thick, like a weapon in my hands. I can't imagine finding another like it, ever."

"Well, Mom, I can't argue with that...Guess I'm just blessed with a cock this big, huh?" He leaned closer, his breath hot against her flustered face, his voice dropping to a teasing murmur. "But tell me, do you not like it? Do you not like how massive it is, how it fills your hand?"

"...Would you rather like it was smaller, less...intimidating?"

Olivia's cheeks blazed, her head shaking frantically as she clutched his cock tighter, her voice trembling with flustered urgency.

"No, Kafi, not at all! It's...it's better this way, so thick, so long. I love how big it is, how meaty, like a pillar that can't be shaken." Her fingers moved faster now, stroking with a tentative rhythm, the heat of his skin fueling a sensual feeling that made her pussy clench. "I wouldn't want it smaller, not ever."

Kafka's smile turned cheeky, his eyes narrowing with a mischievous glint as he leaned closer, his voice a low, provocative growl.

"Oh? And why's that, Mom? Why's a mother so keen on her son's cock being this big? Got no stake in it, do you? Unless..." He paused, his gaze piercing hers, a silent challenge in his eyes. "Unless you're thinking about using it for something a mother shouldn't. Something dirty, maybe?"

Olivia's breath caught, her heart lurching with panic as she realized the weight of her words, the raw desire she'd let slip. Her face burned with shame, and she stammered.

"No, Kafi, it's not like that! I didn't mean...I just meant bigger is better, you know? Like how people value more money or a higher IQ. It's the same thing here, with...with this."

Her fingers faltered, hovering at the tip of his cock, her thumb brushing the sensitive ridges as she tried to deflect.

"And, well, your future partners, or even my future daughter-in-law, they'd like it too, wouldn't they? A big penis like this, it's...it's what women want."

Kafka's grin widened, his voice dripping with teasing skepticism.

"Oh, really? My future partner would like a big cock, huh? And why's that, Mom? Why wouldn't a smaller one do just fine? Go on, tell me." His gaze was knowing, unrelenting, pinning her in place as her embarrassment surged, her core pulsing with a guilty heat.

Olivia bit her lip, her fingers squeezing the tip of his cock, her voice barely above a whisper as she forced the words out.

"Because...women prefer a man who's....burlier, stronger. A big cock like yours, it'd make them feel...more drawn to you, more impressed." Her cheeks flushed deeper, her eyes darting away, but Kafka's hand tilted her chin back, forcing her to meet his gaze.

"That all?" He murmured, his voice a low, enticing purr as he leaned closer, his lips brushing her cheek, his breath warm and teasing. "Nothing else? No other reason a woman would want a cock this long, this thick?" His tone was a deliberate prod, his body pressing closer, the scent of him filling her senses as her hand moved instinctively, rubbing the ridges of his cock with a shy, fervent touch.

Olivia's resolve crumbled under the weight of his teasing, the electric charge of the moment overwhelming her restraint.

"Well...during intimate moments, at night, when two people are...close." She whispered, her voice trembling with a shameful feeling. "A cock this size, it'd be...more satisfying. It's so long, so meaty, it'd...fill her up more." Her fingers tightened, stroking with a bolder motion, her pussy throbbing as she spoke the forbidden truth.

Kafka's eyes gleamed, his lips grazing her cheek as he pressed closer, his voice a husky murmur. "Fill her up, huh? How's that work, Mom? Why's a bigger cock better for a woman? Tell me, why's the size so special?" His tone feigned ignorance, but the way he leaned into her, inhaling her scent, betrayed his intent, he was savoring her embarrassment, coaxing her deeper into the taboo.

Olivia's breath hitched, her fingers sliding along his cock, feeling every vein, every pulse, as she whispered. "A longer cock...it goes deeper, stuffs her fully. It reaches places a smaller one can't, makes her feel...complete." Her voice wavered, her body trembling with a heady rush of desire and shame. "Deeper is better, Kafi. Any woman would say so...The deeper it goes, the more pleasure it brings, the more it excites her, satisfies her completely." She gasped softly as Kafka's lips brushed her cheek, a gentle kiss that sent a shiver through her, her body yielding to his touch.

He pulled back slightly, his eyes locking onto hers, a teasing glint in his gaze as he murmured, "And what about you, Mom? Forget you're my mother for a second. If you were just a woman, no ties to me, and you saw this cock in front of you...would you like it? Or would it leave you wanting?"

Olivia's heart pounded, her mind reeling with frustration at the impossible question. "Kafi, I can't answer that." She stammered, her voice thick with embarrassment. "I'm still your mother, I can't just —"

But Kafka cut her off, his hands pulling her closer, their bodies pressed so tight their lips nearly touched, his voice a low, coaxing whisper.

"Just for a moment, Mom. Forget the mother thing. It's okay. Think of me as just a man, and tell me would you like this cock?...Be honest." His breath was hot against her lips, his gaze unrelenting, urging her to cross a line she'd never dared to approach.

Olivia's cheeks burned, her eyes dropping to the cock in her hand, its size and heat consuming her thoughts. Her voice was barely audible, shy and trembling, as she whispered.

"If I were...just a woman, no relation to you, and I saw this...this cock in front of me, I'd...I'd be happy. More than happy, I'd be...excited. So excited my body would feel hot, stuffy, like it's on fire." Her fingers squeezed his cock, her clitoris pulsing with desire she couldn't suppress.

Kafka's smile widened, his hand sliding down her body, cupping her butt, feeling the warmth radiating from her skin. "Hot like you are now, huh?" He murmured, his voice a low growl as he pressed himself closer, their bodies entwined. "Stuffy, just like this, right here in my arms?"

Olivia nodded, her breath catching as she whispered. "Yes, Kafi...just like this." Her hand moved faster, stroking his cock with a desperate fervor, her body trembling with a radiant shame and an overwhelming need to please him, to surrender to the heat of their bodies, her heart racing as she melted into his embrace...

Chapter 684: Grind Yourself On Me

Abigaille had tried to stay silent, perched on the edge of Kafka's thigh, her body tense with restraint as she watched the heated exchange between Olivia and her son unfold.

The sight of Olivia's fingers gliding over the veiny shaft, coupled with Kafka's teasing murmurs and the way he toyed with Olivia's breasts, sent a surge of molten need through Abigaille's pussy.

Her thighs clenched, her underwear dampening with a desperate ache that grew unbearable with every passing second. She couldn't just sit there, not when her body was screaming for release, her pussy throbbing with a hunger that felt like it might consume her.

Abigaille's voice broke the charged silence, a soft, pleading whimper as she leaned forward, her hands clutching Kafka's arm, her eyes shimmering with needy desperation.

"Kafi, darling, I'm so sorry to interrupt." She whispered, her tone sultry and trembling, her breasts pressing against his arm, her pussy grinding harder against his thigh. "But I can't hold back anymore, not after watching you with Liv, seeing her stroke that big, gorgeous cock."

"My pussy's so hot, so stuffy, it feels like it's gonna explode if I don't do something...I need you, Kafi, need your touch, your help, or I'll go crazy."

Her words were a desperate plea, her hips rocking faster, pushing her soaked underwear against his leg, her voice dripping with raw, aching desire, her body radiating a feverish need that bordered on intoxication.

Olivia's eyes widened, a flicker of pity softening her earlier possessiveness as she watched Abigaille's desperation, her rival's trembling form a stark contrast to her usual sultry confidence.

Despite her frustration at the interruption, Olivia couldn't deny the erotic charge of Abigaille's need, her pussy pulsing with a shameful thrill at the sight.

Kafka's gaze also shifted to Abigaille, his eyes softening with a gentle pity, his voice a low, understanding murmur as he looked down at her soaked underwear, the wet patch glistening against his thigh.

"Damn, Mom, I see what you're going through." He said, his tone warm but firm, his hand brushing her cheek. "Your pussy's dripping, ain't it? So fucking wet, I can feel it on my leg, see how bad you need it...But right now, I'm busy with Mom, showing her how to handle my cock, teaching her how to make me feel good. I can't stop to help you out, not yet."

Abigaille whimpered, her eyes glistening with a sad, puppy-dog gaze, her hips slowing, her voice a soft, pleading whine.

"Kafi, please." She whispered, her hands clutching his arm tighter, her breasts heaving with each ragged breath. "I need you so bad, my pussy's aching, burning up. I can't just sit here, watching you with Liv, feeling this...this need. Please, do something, anything, or I'll lose my mind."

Her plea was raw, her desperation palpable, her body trembling as she pressed herself closer, her wet pussy leaving a slick trail on his thigh, a silent cry for release.

Kafka's smile returned, his hand patting her head gently, his voice a low, teasing growl as he leaned closer, his eyes glinting with mischief. "Alright, Mom, calm down." He murmured, his tone soothing yet commanding, his fingers stroking her hair. "I can't help you myself right now, but you don't need me to."

"...You can use my body, grind that wet, needy pussy on my thigh, satisfy yourself like the good little girl you are. Go on, rub yourself raw, let that pussy drip all over me, make yourself feel good."

He told, his gaze locked on hers, her blush deepening as she realized he wasn't offering the fingering she craved, but a humiliatingly public act of self-pleasure.

"K-Kafi, that...that won't be enough." She said, her tone trembling with need, her hands clutching his arm, pushing it toward her underwear, guiding his fingers to the soaked fabric. "Feel it, Kafi, feel how wet I am, how needy my pussy is for you."

"...Grinding's not enough, I need your fingers inside me, stirring me up, making me squirt like you always do. Please, just a few fingers, I'm begging you." Her plea was desperate, her hips rocking against his hand, her pussy throbbing against his fingers, her voice dripping with raw, aching desire, her body a furnace of unmet need.

But to her surprise, Kafka's expression hardened and what shocked her even more was when his fingers suddenly pinched her clit, a sharp, aggressive tweak that made Abigaille gasp, her eyes widening with pain and pleasure.

"Ah, noo!~ Kafi, that hurts!~ Ahhh!~"

Hearing her moan, his voice dropped to a stern, commanding growl, his gaze piercing hers, unyielding.

"You don't get to order me around, Mom." He said, his tone sharp, his pinch tightening, sending tiny sparks of pleasure and pain through her. "I gave you leeway, letting you grind that wet, filthy pussy on my thigh, and that's more than enough."

"Now, are you gonna argue, keep begging for my fingers, or you gonna be a good girl and do what I say?...Because if you protest again, you'll be on your knees on the floor, watching me and Mom without a damn thing to help that aching pussy."

His words were a harsh ultimatum, his pinch unrelenting, her clit throbbing under his grip, her eyes growing wet and limpid, a whimper escaping her lips, her body trembling with fear and arousal.

Abigaille shook her head frantically, her voice a soft, submissive whimper, her eyes glistening with tears of need. "No, Kafi, no need for that!" She whispered, her tone pleading, her hands releasing his arm, her body softening into obedience. "I'll...I'll use your thigh, darling, I'll grind my pussy on you, be your good little girl, stay quiet, not disturb you. I promise, I'll do it, just...just don't make me kneel."

Kafka's smile returned, his hand releasing her clit, patting her head gently, his voice a low, approving murmur. "Good girl, Mom." He said, his tone warm, his fingers stroking her hair. "Go on,

get that pussy grinding, use my thigh to make yourself feel good...Show me how needy you are, how bad you want it."

To do what he he ordered, Abigaille shifted, rising slightly to reposition herself, her pussy pressing directly against his spread thigh, her underwear a thin barrier between her dripping folds and his skin. She faced him, her hands bracing on his chest, her eyes half-lidded with need as she began to grind, her hips rocking in a slow, seductive motion, her pussy sliding from the top of his thigh to his knee, leaving a glistening trail of her juices, a lewd, wet streak that marked his leg.

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

Her whimpers were soft, her body trembling with pleasure, her movements tender, each grind a desperate bid for release, her pussy pulsing with a mix of shame and arousal, the sight a provocative display that left Olivia breathless.

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

Kafka's chuckle was warm, his eyes glinting with amusement as he watched Abigaille, his voice a low, teasing growl. "Fuck, Mom, you're like a damn slug, leaving that wet trail all over my leg." He murmured, his tone dripping with filthy affection, his hand resting on her hip, guiding her rhythm. "But you're a beautiful slug, ain't you? That pussy's dripping so bad, soaking me, and I don't mind one bit...Feels good, don't it? Keep grinding, show me how much you need it, my good little girl."

His words were a sultry praise, his gaze locked on her, encouraging her desperate act, her pussy throbbing with humiliation and pleasure, her hips moving faster, her whimpers growing louder, her body a furnace of unmet need.

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

He then turned back to Olivia, his smile softening, though his eyes still burned with that teasing glint. "Now, where were we, Mom?" He asked, his voice a low, intimate murmur that sent a shiver through her.

Olivia's heart lurched, her hand still wrapped around his cock, its heat pulsing against her palm. She opened her mouth, her voice trembling with flustered haste. "You were...you were talking about me being your woman." She blurted, her cheeks flaming as she realized her mistake, her true desires slipping out unguarded. "I mean, not your woman! Just...a woman, a woman in general!" Her

correction was frantic, her eyes darting away as she tried to hide the longing that had seeped into her words.

Kafka's grin widened, his chuckle warm and knowing as he leaned closer, his breath grazing her flushed cheek.

"Oh, Mom, you're so cute when you try to cover it up." He murmured, his voice dripping with playful affection. "My woman, huh? Slipped out so easy, didn't it? But don't worry, I know what you meant. A woman in general, sure." His tone was teasing, but his eyes held a deeper intensity, as if he saw through her flustered facade to the forbidden desire burning beneath.

Chapter 685: I'd Take A Picture First...

Kafka's eyes locked onto Olivia's, a glint of curiosity sparking in their depths, his smile teasing yet laced with a deeper, probing intensity.

"You know, Mom." He said, his gaze unwavering. "I'm real curious about you, not just as my mom, but as a woman. I wanna know what you want, what you desire, deep down. To get to know you better, really know you." He leaned closer, his breath warm against her cheek, his cock still throbbing in her trembling hand. "How about a little role play to help with that? Let's pretend for a bit, so I can see that side of you...What do you say?"

Olivia gulped, her eyes widening with a nervous flutter as she processed his words. "Role play?" She echoed, her voice a soft, hesitant whisper, her fingers tightening instinctively around his massive shaft, the heat of it grounding her spiraling thoughts.

Kafka's smile widened, his tone playful but edged with a seductive challenge. "Yeah, role play. Picture this: we're a couple in college, just fallen head over heels for each other. You're my beautiful girlfriend, and I'm your boyfriend, crazy about you."

"We're strolling across campus, holding hands, stealing kisses under the trees, going on romantic little dates, coffee shops, late night walks, the works." His words painted a wonderful scene, his voice wrapping around her like a warm embrace, each detail stoking the fire of her imagination. "And now, we're back in our dorm, just the two of us, relaxing on my bed. I'm looking at you, my gorgeous girl, and I can't hold back anymore. I want you to see my cock, to touch it, play with it a little. I wanna know what you think of it."

Olivia's breath hitched, her body trembling with a surge of exhilaration and shame, the image of being his college sweetheart igniting a longing she hadn't dared voice.

The thought of walking hand-in-hand with Kafka, of being his openly, sent her heart soaring with a giddy joy, even as her grip on his cock reminded her of the taboo reality.

"Kafi..." She whispered, her voice quivering, her eyes darting to his. "You...You want me to pretend I'm your girlfriend? That I'm seeing your...your cock for the first time?" Her words faltered, her cheeks burning as she struggled to reconcile the fantasy with the reality of her hand wrapped around his pulsing length.

Kafka leaned in, his lips brushing her cheek in a series of soft, teasing kisses, his voice dropping to a sweet, coaxing murmur.

"Please, Mom." He said, his tone adorable yet laced with a sultry edge. "Be my girlfriend for this. Just imagine how lucky I'd be to have a girl like you, so beautiful, so devoted, holding me like this."

"Just think about it, what would you do if you were my girl, seeing my cock for the first time?...It's just us, no mom, no son, just a guy and his girlfriend, exploring each other...Tell me, what's going through your head? What do you wanna do with this?" His hand gently guided hers along his shaft, encouraging her strokes, his eyes burning with a provocation that made her pussy clench with forbidden desire.

Olivia's lips parted, her breath shallow as she hesitated, her mind a whirlwind of embarrassment and yearning. The fantasy was intoxicating, being his girlfriend, free to love him openly, to touch him without the weight of taboo.

Her fingers trembled against his cock, its heat searing her palm, urging her to speak. "If...if I was your girlfriend." She began, her voice a shy, trembling whisper, her eyes flicking to his. "I'd be shocked at first, Kafi. Just like I was earlier. It's so...so big, so overwhelming. I'd just stare at it, trying to take it all in, wondering how something could be this...massive." Her strokes slowed, her fingers tracing the veiny ridges with reverence, her body humming with a shameful thrill.

Kafka's eyes glinted with delight, his voice a low, encouraging growl. "Shocked, huh? And then what, my pretty girlfriend? What's next after you're done staring at my big cock? What's a girl like you gonna do with it?" He leaned closer, his lips grazing her ear, his breath sending shivers down her spine as he pressed her to dive deeper into the role play, to reveal the desires she kept buried.

But even though he did this to make her tell her true feelings on her own, he never expected what she would say next, making him think that she would be one wild girlfriend.

Olivia bit her lip, her heart pounding as she thought for a moment, her cheeks flaming with embarrassment.

"I...I'd probably take out my phone and take a photo...A photo of your penis."

She admitted, her voice barely audible and hearing this, Kafka's brow shot up, a surprised chuckle escaping him, and even Abigaille, still grinding slowly on his thigh, paused, her wet trail glistening as she glanced over with wide eyes.

Realising what she blurted out when she saw their faces, Olivia's face burned hotter, her words tumbling out in a flustered rush. "Not, Not because I'm some kind of pervert, Kafi! It's not like that! It's just...your cock, it's so incredible, so unlike anything I've ever seen."

"It's like spotting a rare animal, something no one else has witnessed. I'd want to...to capture it, take pictures so I could study it later, marvel at it, you know?...I have this habit, when I see something extraordinary, I want to document it, keep it to understand it better."

Kafka's chuckle deepened, his eyes sparkling with amusement as he leaned back, his hand still resting on hers, guiding her strokes along his cock.

"That's one hell of a thought process, Mom, uh, I mean, my girlfriend." He teased, his voice dripping with playful affection. "Taking pictures of my cock to study it, huh? Gotta say, that's new." His tone turned mischievous, his gaze narrowing as he leaned closer, his lips brushing her cheek again. "So, tell me, would you use those pictures later? When you're alone, back in your dorm, would you pull them up to...satisfy yourself? Use my cock as material to get that pretty pussy of yours all worked up?"

Olivia's eyes widened, her breath catching as a wave of mortification crashed over her. "Kafi!" She gasped, her voice full of indignation and embarrassment, her hand freezing on his shaft. "You can't ask your mother something like that!"

But Kafka's smile only grew, his eyes glinting with that knowing intensity as he tilted his head, his voice a smooth, teasing drawl. "You're not my mom right now, remember? You're my girlfriend, my beautiful girl who's got my cock in her hand."

"...So, tell me, would you? Would you use those pictures to touch yourself, to make yourself feel good thinking about me?"

Her cheeks burned, her heart racing as she struggled to respond, her fingers twitching against his cock, the heat of it urging her to keep stroking despite her shame.

"No, I...I wouldn't do that." She stammered, her voice trembling with defiance, though her body betrayed her with a flush of heat between her thighs. "But I'd just...I'd take the pictures to study it, to marvel at it. It's like a...a creation, Kafi, something so extraordinary I can't help but want to understand it. Not for...for anything embarrassing like that."

Kafka's eyes gleamed, his hand sliding to her waist, pulling her closer until their bodies pressed together, her breasts squishing against his chest, her hand still stroking his cock.

"Study it, huh?" He murmured, his voice a low, sultry growl that sent a shiver through her core. "You're telling me my girlfriend's so curious about my cock she'd treat it like a damn science project? That's cute, but I'm not buying it...I bet you'd be thinking about it late at night, those pictures burning a hole in your phone, making you all hot and needy."

Hearing this, her cheeks burned with embarrassment, her fingers still curled around the thick base of his cock, its heat pulsing against her palm like a living thing. But Kafka, undeterred by her flustered deflection, tilted his head, a new idea sparking in his gaze.

"You know, Mom." He said, his voice a low, teasing murmur. "If you're so keen on taking pictures of my cock to 'study' it, then fair's fair, right?"

"I mean, if you get to snap a photo of me, shouldn't I get to take one of you?..Something to admire later, just like you're planning to do with mine?" He asked, his lips curving into a smirk as he leaned closer, his breath grazing her flushed cheek.

Olivia's eyes widened, her breath catching in her throat as a wave of mortification surged through her. "No, Kafi!" She gasped, her voice a trembling protest, her hand tightening instinctively around his shaft as if to anchor herself. "No way, you can't do that! I won't allow it!" Her cheeks flamed, her heart racing with a frantic need to shut down the idea, the thought of him capturing her most intimate parts sending a shiver of panic through her body.

Kafka's brow arched, his smile turning sly as he leaned back, his gaze never leaving hers. "Why not, my pretty girlfriend?" He asked, his tone dripping with playful curiosity, emphasizing the role play that made her pulse quicken. "You said you're taking a picture of my cock because it's one of a kind, so magnificent anyone would want to capture it." He murmured, glancing down at where her fingers

gripped the base of his massive cock, its girth like a tree trunk in her hand. "You're holding it like it's a damn treasure...But you're saying I can't take a picture of your pussy? That's not fair, is it?"

Olivia's face burned hotter, her fingers trembling as they traced the veiny thickness of his shaft, her voice a shy, defensive whisper. "It's different, Kafi." She said, her eyes darting away, unable to meet his piercing gaze. "Your cock...it's extraordinary, something no one's ever seen before. Anyone would want to document it, to...to marvel at it." Her words faltered, her strokes slowing as she tried to justify herself, her pussy throbbing with a shameful need. "But my...my pussy, it's just...ordinary. It's not special, not worth photographing. It's nothing like yours."

But Kafka shook his head, his chuckle low and rich, his eyes narrowing with a fervent intensity that made her heart skip.

"Oh, Mom, you're so wrong." He said, his voice a sultry growl as he leaned closer, his hand sliding to her thigh, his fingers brushing dangerously close to her underwear. "You think your pussy's ordinary?...Nah, I got a glimpse of it earlier when I was playing with you, and let me tell you, it's fucking gorgeous."

"Plump, soft, so damn pretty, even though it's supposed to be such a dirty place...Those folds, all pink and glistening when you're wet like this?"

"No other woman's got a pussy like yours, Mom. It's a work of art, and I'd kill to have a picture of it, to set it as my wallpaper and stare at it all damn day."

"Kafi, that's...that's so naughty!" She stammered, her voice quivering with indignation, though her core clenched at the thought of him admiring her so openly. "You can't do that! If you set it as your wallpaper, everyone would see! It's too...too embarrassing!" Her fingers tightened around his cock, her strokes resuming almost unconsciously, the heat of his skin fueling her conflicting desires.

Kafka's grin widened, his eyes glinting with mischief as he tilted his head, his voice a coaxing murmur. "Okay, fine, no wallpaper." He conceded, his tone teasing but unrelenting. "But what about just a photo for my gallery? Something just for me, to look at when I'm thinking about my beautiful girlfriend?"

"...You said it's fair for you to take a picture of my cock, so why can't I have one of your pussy? We're a couple in this role play, right? Equals, sharing everything." His hand slid higher on her thigh, his fingers brushing the edge of her underwear, making her gasp as her body betrayed her with a flush of heat.

Olivia hesitated, her role as his 'girlfriend' pulling her deeper into the fantasy, her mind warring with her instinct until finally her voice softened, a shy whisper as she nodded, her cheeks flaming.

"F-Fine Kafi, if...if I can take a picture of your cock, Kafi, then...I guess it's only fair you can take one of my...my pussy." She said, her words barely audible, her embarrassment surging as she spoke. "As your girlfriend, I'd...I'd be okay with it. Just for you, though. Just to make us closer."

Her heart pounded, her body trembling with a nervous anticipation, assuming his request was part of their playful pretense, a hypothetical tease to push their role play further.

But Kafka's smile turned evil, his eyes glinting with a sudden, bold intent as he reached for his phone on the dining table, his movements swift and deliberate.

"Perfect." He said, his voice thick with excitement as he opened the camera app, the screen glowing in his hand. "Let's make it real, then. You said it's fair, so let's do it, pictures of each other's special parts, just like a real couple getting to know every inch of each other."

Without warning, he angled the phone down, snapping a quick photo of his cock, its massive length glistening in her hand, the flash catching every veiny detail. He then turned the screen to her, the image stark and vivid, making her gasp.

"There, that's mine for you. I'll send it later, so you can 'study' it all you want." He teased, his voice dripping with mischief. "Zoom in, check out every detail, I bet you'll love it."

Olivia's eyes widened, her breath catching as she stared at the photo, the raw, explicit image of his cock sending a surge of shameful excitement through her. Her fingers trembled against his shaft, her body buzzing with a taboo thrill as she realized how much she wanted to keep that picture, to pour herself over it later, to marvel at its size and power.

But before she could process her reaction, Kafka pressed the phone into her hand, his voice a low, commanding murmur.

"Now it's your turn, my beautiful girlfriend. Time to show me that pretty pussy of yours. Fair's fair, right?"

Her heart lurched, a wave of panic crashing over her as she realized that she had fallen into his trap, his dominant gaze pinning her in place.

"Kafi, I...I can't." She stammered, her voice trembling with embarrassment, her cheeks burning as she clutched the phone, her fingers shaking. "It's too much, too...embarrassing. I thought you were just...pretending!" She tried to push the phone back, her eyes pleading, but his expression remained unyielding, his smile both teasing and firm.

"Come on, Mom." He said, his voice dropping to a sultry growl, his hand guiding hers to keep stroking his cock, the heat of it urging her to comply. "You said it's fair, didn't you? You get my cock, I get your pussy...But if you're too shy, I can take the picture myself." His eyes glinted with a dangerous mischief, his tone taking on a darker edge. "Though I gotta warn you, if I do it, I might get a little carried away."

"I might push the camera real close, get some deep shots, maybe even a video to capture how wet and pink you are down there...You want that, or you gonna do it yourself?"

Olivia's breath hastened, her body trembling with a surge of mortification and helpless arousal, his words painting a shameful picture that made her lower half pulse. She glanced at Abigaille, still grinding on Kafka's thigh, her wet trail glistening, her moans a soft backdrop to their exchange, and the sight only deepened Olivia's sense of being caught in the trap that he had laid out.

She looked down, her courage faltering, then slowly building, as she realized she had no choice but to follow through.

"F-Fine...But you're not allowed to show this photo to anyone, even if the person's a girl and you should keep it all to yourself."

She whispered, her voice barely audible, her cheeks flaming as she slid her underwear to the side, revealing her pretty, bare pussy.

It was soaking wet, the fleshy pink folds glistening, the sight of it so sensual and vulnerable that her heart pounded with shame and exhilaration.

Kafka's eyes darkened, his breath catching as he stared at her exposed vagina, his voice a low, reverent murmur. "Fuck, Mom, that's...that's fucking beautiful." He said, his tone thick with awe. "So plump, so pink, so wet...It's breathtaking."

He nodded at the phone in her hand, his smile encouraging yet commanding.

"Now, go on, take the picture...Let me have it, just like I gave you mine."

Chapter 686: Lewd Picture

Olivia's heart pounded, her breath shallow and uneven, as she clutched the phone, its glowing screen a reminder of the audacious act she was about to commit.

Her mind reeled with disbelief, she never imagined a day would come when she'd be capturing an image of her most intimate part, her pussy exposed and vulnerable.

In her years navigating the cutthroat world of business, she'd overheard whispers of couples exchanging such provocative photos, a practice she'd dismissed as shameful, the reckless folly of youth. Yet here she was, well past her prime, her fingers trembling around a phone aimed at her own body, doing something far more scandalous with her son, of all people.

The weight of the dirty matter pressed against her chest, her cheeks burning with a fierce embarrassment that warred with the pulsing heat in her pussy, as she then angled the phone lower, her hands shaking as the screen framed her bare pussy, the wet, pink folds glistening between her thighs.

The image captured her entire lower body, her skin flushed, the dampness of her arousal starkly visible.

Her fingers hovered over the capture button, her heart racing with a nervous dread, when suddenly Kafka's voice cut through the haze.

"Hold on, Mom." He said, his eyes glinting with a dominant intensity that made her breath catch. "That's not enough. You're too far away. I want a closer look, a real high-quality shot of that gorgeous pussy of yours. I wanna see every detail how swollen your clit is, how wet you're getting."

"...So, get in close, make it nice and clear for me."

Olivia's face flamed, a surge of mortification flooding her as she froze, the phone trembling in her grip. "Kafi..." She whispered, her voice a soft, pleading whimper, her eyes darting to his, wide with a desperate hope that he'd relent. "Closer? I...I can't, it's too much. It's already so...embarrassing."

Her thighs pressed together instinctively, a futile attempt to shield herself, but the heat of his gaze pinned her in place, unyielding and expectant, urging her to comply.

"Come on, my beautiful girlfriend." He murmured in response, his tone coaxing yet firm, his hand resting on her thigh, squeezing gently to encourage her. "You said it's fair, didn't you? I gave you a nice, clear shot of my cock, every thick, veiny inch of it. Now it's your turn to show me what you've got."

"I wanna see that pussy up close, every pretty detail, your swollen clit, those plump lips, all that wetness just begging for attention...Don't be shy now, spread those thighs and get the camera in there."

Her breath hastened, her body trembling with a surge of shame and reluctant arousal. She hesitated, her fingers twitching against the phone, but his dominant gaze held her captive, leaving no room for retreat.

Biting her lip, she slowly adjusted the phone, bringing it closer until the screen filled with the intimate details of her pussy—her slick, pink labia, the slight gape of her entrance, the glistening moisture that betrayed her arousal. The image was clear in its clarity, and her cheeks burned hotter as she realized how exposed she was, her heart pounding with a nervous exhilaration.

But Kafka's voice broke through again, his tone firm yet teasing, pushing her further.

"Not good enough, Mom." He said, his eyes glinting with temptation. "I want a really nice photo, something I can stare at and lose myself in."

"So, spread your pussy for me. Show me that pink inside, let me see how wet you are, how much you're feeling this."

Seeing his unyielding gaze, she knew she had no other choice but to obey. So, with trembling fingers, she set the phone down for a moment, her other hand still gripping his cock, its heat anchoring her as she reached down.

Her breath caught as she slid her fingers to her pussy, her touch slow at first, then bolder as she gently spread her labia, revealing the slick, pink interior that glistened like a moist, secret cave.

The act was so intimate, so exposing, that her heart pounded with a fierce embarrassment, her body buzzing with a shameful sensation as she exposed herself completely.

She then picked up the phone again, angling it close, the camera capturing every detail, her swollen clit, her wet, gaping folds, the raw, pulsing beauty of her arousal and her fingers shook as she pressed the button, the flash illuminating her pussy in vivid detail, sealing the moment in a single, forbidden image.

Olivia's heart thundered in her chest, her cheeks ablaze with a searing embarrassment as Kafka then took the phone from her trembling hands, his eyes fixed on the image of her exposed pussy glowing on the screen. He tilted the device, studying the photo with a reverence that made her squirm, as if it were a priceless painting rather than an intimate snapshot of her most private part.

Her body tensed with a wild, shameful exhilaration when he murmured, "Wow, Mom, this picture's beautiful. So goddamn alluring. Look at how pretty your pussy is, like a fucking flower blooming just for me. It's so pretty, I just want to show this to everyone, let them see how stunning my mother's pussy is, how perfect every pink fold is."

Olivia's eyes widened, a gasp escaping her lips as she lunged forward, wrapping her arms around him in a desperate hug, her voice a trembling plea.

"No, Kafi, you can't!" She cried, her gaze locking onto his with a frantic urgency, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears. "You can't show this to anyone, please! This is private, just between us. It's...it's only for you and me." Her body pressed against his, her breasts squishing against his chest, her hand still gripping his massive cock, its heat grounding her spiraling emotions.

In response, Kafka hugged her back with one arm, his hand warm and reassuring on her back as he leaned in, his eyes boring into hers with a deep, unwavering intensity.

"I'm just Joking, Mom." He said, his voice soft but firm, a smile tugging at his lips. "This is ours, just between a son and his mother. I'd never show it to anyone else, not a soul." His expression then suddenly darkened, his voice dropping to a low, dangerous murmur that sent a shiver through her pussy. "And if anyone did catch a glimpse, I'd just gouge their fucking eyes out, so there's no problem at all since nobody gets to see you like this but me."

The words should have terrified her, the sudden flash of violence in his tone and the scary glint in his eyes painting a chilling picture. Yet, instead of fear, a pulse of raw, forbidden arousal surged through Olivia, her body responding to his fierce protectiveness with a shameful thrill.

The idea of him guarding her so possessively, so dominantly, ignited a fire in her pussy, her pussy clenching with a need she couldn't suppress. She clung to him tighter, her breath shallow, her cheeks flushed with a giddy, unsettling joy at his intensity...

Chapter 687: The Smell Of Rain

Kafka then set the phone aside, his gaze returning to her, his smile turning playful as he shifted the focus back to their heated exchange.

"Alright, Mom, let's get back to what's important." He said, his voice a low, coaxing growl, his eyes flicking to the massive cock still pulsing in her hand. "You're my girlfriend, remember? You've got my cock right in front of you, thick and hard, just for you."

"...So, what's next? What's my beautiful girl gonna do with it now?" His hand rested on her thigh, squeezing gently, urging her to dive deeper into their taboo role play.

Olivia's breath caught, her body buzzing with a feverish arousal that drowned out her hesitation. She gazed at his cock, its sheer size looming over her, the veiny shaft glistening with a primal power that made her heart race.

Her fingers tightened around its base, the heat searing her palm, as if holding it might spark an idea and she bit her lip, her eyes flicking to his, shimmering with a shy, embarrassed longing, knowing that she was about to say something really shameful.

"I...I'd want to give it a little sniff, Kafi." She shockingly admitted, her voice a soft, trembling whisper, her cheeks flaming as she forced the words out. "I'd want to see what my...my boyfriend smells like, down there."

Hearing this, Kafka's brow shot up, a surprised chuckle escaping him as he caressed her cheek, his touch warm and teasing. "Well, damn, Mom." He said, his voice dripping with playful delight, his eyes glinting with mischief. "I thought you'd be this nerdy college girl, always buried in books, keeping to herself...But turns out, deep down, you're a naughty little thing, huh? Getting all worked up over sniffing your man's cock?" His thumb brushed her lower lip, his gaze burning into hers, daring her to embrace the forbidden desire she'd confessed.

Olivia's face burned, her head shaking frantically as she tried to deflect, her voice a flustered protest.

"No, Kafi, it's not like that!" She insisted, her eyes wide with embarrassment, her fingers twitching against his cock. "I'm not...I'm not some pervert who gets off on sniffing men's private parts! It's just like I said before an observation. I'm curious, that's all. Your cock's so big, so...unique, I just want to know what it smells like, to understand it better." Her words tumbled out, her cheeks flaming hotter as she clung to her excuse, her body trembling with a nervous anticipation.

Kafka's smile widened, his hand sliding to the back of her head, his fingers tangling gently in her hair as he leaned closer, his voice a low, commanding murmur. "Then go on, my curious girlfriend." He said, his tone thick with anticipation. "Smell your boyfriend's cock. Get in there, take a good whiff, and tell me what it's like."

"Does it turn you on, or is it too much for you? Be honest and tell if it smells good, or you find it disgusting?...I wouldn't blame you if you did; not every girl's into a man's scent down there." He said, his grip on her head firm but gentle, guiding her closer to his throbbing shaft.

Olivia's heart pounded, her body perched on his lap, the sheer size of his cock making the act almost effortless. Unlike an average man, whose length might have forced her to bend awkwardly, Kafka's massive erection towered halfway up her stomach, its tip glistening just inches from her face, so she didn't have to struggle too much to reach his penis.

And seeing it right before her, she then hesitated, her breath shallow, her eyes tracing the veiny, dangerous thickness of it, its raw power both intimidating and intoxicating. Slowly, she leaned forward, her nose hovering near the tip, her cheeks burning with a fierce embarrassment as she prepared to cross yet another line.

Kafka's hand held her head steady, his touch both encouraging and possessive, pressing her just close enough to get a proper sniff and because of that from Abigail's angle, still grinding on Kafka's thigh, the scene looked shockingly inappropriate, Olivia's face so close to his cock that it could be mistaken for something far more explicit, her wet trail glistening as she watched with wide, envious eyes.

Finally, Olivia then took a deep sniff, her nose brushing the tip of his cock, inhaling the raw, musky scent that filled her senses. The smell was potent, salty, with a primal earthiness. She lingered, her curiosity pulling her to take another sniff, then another, the scent strangely addictive, stirring a shameful heat in her lower half.

Kafka's voice broke through, a low, teasing growl that sent a shiver through her. "Well, Mom? How's your boyfriend's cock smell? You like it, or is it too much for you? Tell me, what's it like,

sniffing your son's dick like this?" His hand caressed her hair, his eyes burning with amusement and desire, his question pushing her to voice the forbidden thoughts swirling in her mind.

Olivia pulled back slightly, her face still close to his cock, her eyes flicking up to meet his, shimmering with a shy, flustered longing. "It's...it's not bad, Kafi." She whispered, her voice trembling with embarrassment, her cheeks flaming as she spoke. "It's musky, salty, like...like the smell of the earth when it rains, that fresh, raw scent that fills the air. It's...it's kind of addictive, actually." She took another sniff, her body trembling with a giddy, shameful sensation, her confession spilling out despite her efforts to stay composed.

Kafka's brow rose, his smile turning curious as he tilted his head, his voice a low, probing murmur. The smell of the rain? Is that a good thing, my naughty girlfriend, or a bad one?"

Olivia bit her lip, her eyes shimmering with a reluctant, exhilarating honesty as she nodded faintly. "It's a good thing, Kafi." She admitted, her voice a soft, trembling whisper, her cheeks burning with a fierce embarrassment. "I like the rain, the way it smells, so fresh and alive. And your cock...it smells like that, so I guess I like it too." Her words were a surrender, her body buzzing with a forbidden joy as she confessed, the act of sniffing his cock and admitting her pleasure filling her with a heady, shameful pride.

Kafka's grinned, a wave of satisfaction washing over him as he leaned back, his hand still caressing her hair, his voice a low, appreciative growl.

"Fuck, Mom, you're full of surprises." He said, his tone thick with delight. "My nerdy little girlfriend, getting all turned on by sniffing her man's cock, liking how it smells like rain. That's hot as hell." His eyes glinted with a possessive pride, his cock throbbing in her hand as he pulled her closer.

Chapter 688: Cork In A Bottle

Olivia's cheeks burned as Kafka let her sit up, his arms wrapping around her in a warm, fervent embrace that pressed her body against his, her hand still curled around his throbbing cock.

His gaze was intense, a smoldering fire that made her heart race, and his voice dropped to a low, husky murmur as he leaned closer, his breath hot against her ear.

"Hey, Mom, can you feel how hard my cock is right now?" He asked, his tone thick with desire, his eyes searching hers. "It's throbbing so damn much, just for you. You feel that, don't you?"

Olivia nodded, her voice a soft, trembling whisper as she tightened her grip, the pulsing heat of his shaft searing her palm. "Yes, Kafi, I feel it." She said, her eyes flicking down to the massive cock in her hand, its tremors sending a shiver through her. "It's...it's trembling so much, like it's alive. Is...is something wrong? It's acting so...intense." Her brow furrowed with concern, her maternal instincts flaring despite the heat coursing through her, her fingers stroking gently as if to soothe him.

Kafka's chuckled in response as his hand slid down to her waist, squeezing gently as he shook his head. "Nah, Mom, nothing's wrong." He said, his voice a smooth, teasing growl. "It's just my cock wants to know what's coming, what you're gonna do with it next?" His words sent a flush of embarrassment through her, her cheeks flaming as she realized the effect she was having.

She glanced down at his cock, her fingers gliding along its veiny length, her strokes slow and steady as she gathered her courage. "Well, I...I'd want to explore it, Kafi." She admitted, her voice a shy whisper, her eyes flicking up to meet his, shimmering with a nervous excitement. "Each part, one by one, touching it thoroughly, feeling its shape, its structure. Like...like it's a puzzle I'm piecing together."

She paused, biting her lip, then continued, her voice softer, almost hesitant.

"You know, whenever I go to museums, I always hire a guide. I love hearing them explain the artifacts, the history behind each piece, what makes it special. And...I'd like that here, too. Could you...could you talk about it? About the part I'm holding? Just...anything, as long as it's about your cock. I want to hear you explain it, like you're my guide."

Kafka's eyes widened, a delighted grin spreading across his face as he caressed her cheek, his touch warm and affectionate.

"Damn, Mom, that's cute as hell." He said, his voice dripping with playful adoration. "You're asking me to be your cock guide, huh? Hell yeah, I'll do it. Anything for my girl, especially when you ask all shy and sweet like that." He leaned back slightly, his gaze flicking to her hand on his cock, his tone turning teasing. "So, what part you starting with, huh? Where's my curious girlfriend gonna touch first?"

Olivia's breath caught, her eyes dropping to his cock, its massive length looming before her, the bulbous tip glistening under the dim light. She raised her hand slowly, her fingers trembling as they moved to the tip, brushing against the thick, swollen head.

"I'll start here." She whispered, her voice barely audible, her cheeks flaming as she caressed the ridges, her touch light but deliberate. "The tip...it's so striking, Kafi. So thick, so...prominent. It's

what I notice most." Her fingers traced the contours, lingering on the smooth, taut skin, her body humming with a forbidden curiosity.

She glanced up at him, her eyes shimmering with a shy, eager light. "I...I read in biology books that the tip's usually the thickest part." She said, her voice soft but inquisitive, her fingers circling the head, feeling its weight. "But I never thought it'd be this thick. Why's it like that, Kafi? Why's your tip so...massive?"

Kafka's smirked, his hand sliding to her breast, groping it gently as he leaned closer, his voice a low, sultry growl. "Oh, Mom, it's gotta be thick." He said, his tone thick with confidence, his fingers kneading her soft flesh. "Think about it like this, if you're trying to break down a door, you need a strong battering ram, right? A big, heavy log to smash through. A little stick ain't gonna cut it...It's the same thing with a man's cock."

"If I'm gonna pleasure my woman, make her feel me deep inside, I need a fat tip like this...It's what stretches her walls, makes her feel every inch, like her pussy's being pulled apart and filled completely...Only a tip this thick can satisfy her, make her scream for more."

Olivia's cheeks burned, her breath hitching as his made her imagine a erotic picture, her fingers brushing the small, wet hole at the tip, the precum slick against her skin. She glanced at him, checking for sensitivity, but his expression was one of pleasure, his eyes encouraging her to continue.

Emboldened, she traced the slit, her face close enough to feel the heat radiating from his cock, her body trembling with a shameful feelings.

Kafka's lips then grazed her cheek, then her neck, soft kisses that sent shivers through her as he continued, his voice a low, filthy murmur, "And it's not just for pleasure, Mom. That thick tip's like a plug, too."

"When I cum inside a woman's pussy, it jams in tight, makes sure every drop stays where it belongs...No leaking, no spilling...That's how you know she's getting pregnant, because a cock like mine doesn't let anything escape."

"...It's built to breed, to fill her up and make sure she's carrying my kid."

Olivia's eyes widened, her heart pounding as she turned to him, her voice a soft, trembling whisper.

"Like...like a cork in a bottle?" She asked, her cheeks flaming with curiosity and embarrassment, her fingers still circling the tip, feeling its weight and power.

Kafka's chuckle was warm, his lips brushing her forehead in a tender kiss. "Exactly, Mom." He said, his voice thick with pride. "You're such a smart little girl, figuring out your boyfriend's cock like that. Just like a cork, keeping everything locked in tight." His praise sent a flush of warmth through her, a giddy joy blooming in her chest despite the vulgarity of the topic.

His approval, his affection, made her feel bold, her shame fading under the heat of his gaze and emboldened by it, she wrapped two fingers around the tip, moving them up and down, applying gentle pressure as she glanced up at him, her voice a shy, curious whisper.

"But...what if you didn't want to make her pregnant, Kafi?" She asked, her cheeks burning as she ventured further, her strokes slow and deliberate. "If you just wanted to...to have sex with her, for pleasure, without a baby at the end, what then?"

Kafka's grin turned sly, his eyes glinting with a teasing mischief as he leaned closer, his hand still groping her breast, his voice a low, provocative growl.

"Well, the thing is I have no other choice, Mom." He said, his tone thick with a dark, playful arrogance. "Other guys with their little dicks, maybe they can pull out, keep things safe...But a man like me? With a cock this big, this thick? I don't get that luxury."

"When I fuck a woman, that fat tip's gonna bury itself deep, and when I cum, it's gonna flood her, stuff her full of my seed...There's no pulling out, no stopping it. Every woman I take gets knocked up, filled with my babies."

"...It's a curse, Mom, a damn curse that comes with a cock this massive."

Olivia's breath caught, her cheeks flaming as his words sank in, a forbidden, immoral thought flickering through her mind. She imagined Kafka's cock buried deep inside her, its thick tip jamming tight, flooding her with his cum, her pussy so needy, so fertile, that it would eagerly take his seed, ensuring she'd be pregnant with his child.

The thought was so shameful, so wrong, yet it sent a pulse of primal arousal through her pussy, her fingers trembling as they stroked his tip, her body buzzing with a desperate need.

Kafka's eyes gleamed with a dark, teasing delight as he caught Olivia's shy, flustered reaction, her cheeks flushed a deep crimson, her fingers trembling against the tip of his throbbing cock.

"What's with that look, Mom?" He murmured, his tone thick with playful accusation. "You're all shy, like you're hiding something naughty."

"Are you possibly imagining my cock plunging deep inside that tight little pussy of yours? Filling you up, my cum sloshing around in your womb, making sure every drop stays locked in?"

"...You thinking about your boyfriend stuffing you so full you're knocked up with my seed?"

Hearing his filthy words, Olivia's breath hitched, her eyes widening as she snapped out of her daze, her voice a flustered, trembling protest.

"N-No, Kafi, I wasn't thinking that at all!" She insisted, her cheeks burning hotter, her lie barely convincing as she avoided his piercing gaze. Her hand slid down his cock, moving to the long, veiny shaft, her fingers stroking gently as if to distract herself. "I was...I was just thinking about the next part I want to observe, that is your shaft I mean."

She said, her voice soft and hesitant, her eyes fixed on his shaft, its length so extraordinary it seemed almost unreal, like a genetic marvel or a pole standing proud in place of a penis...

Chapter 689: Hypocrisy...

Kafka's chuckle was warm, his hands sliding down her waist, then moving to wrap around her belly, his fingers playing with the soft, slender flesh, a hint of muscle beneath showing she kept herself fit. The touch was intimate, teasing, making her squirm with embarrassment as he kneaded her belly like dough.

"Alright, my curious girlfriend, tell me about this shaft then." He said, his voice a low, coaxing growl. "What's catching your eye first? The thickness, or the length? What's got you so surprised, huh?"

Olivia's fingers glided along his shaft, like she was polishing a prized artifact. She answered without hesitation, her voice a soft, awestruck whisper.

"Well Kafi, the thickness, it's...it's so impressive." She said, her eyes tracing the girth that filled her hand. "It's not like a penis, it's more like a young tree just sprouting from the ground, so solid, so...commanding." Her cheeks flushed, but her strokes quickened, her fingers exploring the veiny texture with a growing boldness. Then her eyes widened, her voice trembling with disbelief as she continued, "But what really caught me off guard was the length. I mean, it's so long, Kafi. I didn't even know a human penis could grow this big. When I first saw it, I thought I was seeing things, like it couldn't be real."

Kafka's grin widened, his fingers squeezing her belly, making her giggle despite her embarrassment.

"Keep going, Mom." He urged, his tone thick with playful pride. "What's that long shaft making you think about? What's my girlfriend's first thought when she sees something this massive?"

Olivia bit her lip, her eyes shimmering with a giddy, curious light as she stroked his shaft, her fingers lingering at the base, squeezing gently.

"The first thing I thought..." She admitted, her voice a shy whisper. "...was that I wanted to measure it. I wanted to know exactly how big it is, just to...to understand it. But then I realized even the ruler I have at home wouldn't be enough."

"...I'd need one of those big tape measures they use for building houses or tailoring clothes."

She laughed softly, the sound nervous but genuine, her cheeks flaming as she continued.

"It's funny, isn't it? Those tapes are for measuring someone's height or making a suit, but here I am, thinking about using one to measure my...my boyfriend's penis. It's so ridiculous, but I can't help it."

"...Only something like that would be worthy of a cock this size."

Kafka also chuckled as heard this, his hand squeezing her belly again, his fingers dipping into the soft flesh like it was jelly.

"Damn, Mom, that's some dedication." He said, his voice dripping with amusement. "I'm proud to hear my girlfriend thinks my cock deserves construction tape...But you know, you don't need a ruler or a tape. You got those pretty hands of yours-why not use them to measure me? See how I stack up."

Olivia's eyes widened, a spark of doubt flickering in her gaze as she shook her head, her voice a soft protest.

"I can't, Kafi." She said, her cheeks burning as she demonstrated, wrapping one hand around the base of his cock, her fingers barely meeting. "See? I only have two hands."

To prove her point, she placed her second hand above the first, gripping tightly, then looked up at him, her eyes wide with disbelief.

"It's still not enough. I'd need, like, a dozen hands to measure this thing properly."

Kafka's grin turned sly, his hand moving to hers at the base, gently prying it off and placing it above her second hand, stacking them.

"Like this, Mom." He said, his voice a low, teasing murmur, his eyes locking onto hers as she glanced down, her breath catching. "Just keep stacking your hands, one on top of the other. That's how you measure a cock like mine. Go on, try it."

Olivia's heart raced, a surge of excitement bubbling in her chest as she realized what he meant.

"Can I really do that, Kafi?" She asked, her voice trembling with a giddy enthusiasm, her eyes sparkling like a child eager to solve a puzzle. "Can I measure your...your penis like that? I just...I need to know how big you are, to record it, to understand it. It's like...like finding something rare and needing to document it."

Kafka's chuckle was warm, his hand caressing her belly, his touch sending a shiver through her.

"Of course, Mom." He said, his tone thick with affection. "Go ahead, measure your boyfriend's cock. Stack those hands, count 'em up, see just how massive I am."

Olivia's heart raced, her excitement overwhelming her shame as she gripped his cock again, starting at the base with both hands, her fingers wrapping tightly.

"Okay." She whispered, her voice trembling with anticipation as she moved one hand to the top, placing it above the other.

"One." She counted, her eyes wide with disbelief. She moved the bottom hand up, stacking it again.

"Two." She said, her voice rising with awe, unable to believe his length was still going. She repeated the motion, her fingers trembling as she counted.

"Three...four...five!" Her eyes flicked to the tip, still protruding beyond her fifth hand, the bulbous head glistening, a testament to his impossible size.

She then turned to him, her gaze shimmering with a wild, incredulous joy, her voice a breathless whisper.

"Kafi, it's...it's five hands!" She said, her tone giddy, like a paleontologist unearthing a rare fossil. "Five of my hands, and there's still more! I mean, my hands are small, delicate, not like a man's, but still, five fists, and your cock's bigger than that! I'd probably need another hand to cover it all. It's just...so long, so huge!" Her fingers squeezed the base, testing its durability, her body buzzing with a feverish excitement, her shame forgotten in the thrill of discovery.

Kafka's smile widened as he caught the feverish excitement in Olivia's eyes, her fingers squeezing the base of his massive cock with a bold, curious fervor that made his shaft throb harder in her grip.

"Damn, Mom, why are you so excited, huh?" He asked, his tone thick with amusement as he slid one finger into her navel, massaging the soft flesh inside with a sensual motion that made her squirm. "Is my cock really something to get all worked up over like this? You're acting like you just found buried treasure or something."

His finger swirled gently, feeling the tender warmth of her belly, and Olivia barely noticed, her body too consumed by the electric thrill of her discovery to mind his intimate touch.

Olivia's eyes sparkled with a bright, unfiltered enthusiasm, her cheeks flushed as she met his gaze, her voice bursting with a giddy conviction.

"Kafi, you wouldn't get it." She said, her tone almost scolding, yet softened by her excitement. "You're a man, you feel what it's like to have this...this incredible penis, but you can't understand how amazing it is from a woman's perspective."

"As a girl, as someone who dreams of a partner with something like this, I know how rare it is, how perfect...Every woman out there, every single one, would kill to have a man with a cock this long, this thick, to...to satisfy her completely." Her fingers stroked his shaft, her touch reverent, her body humming with a bold, unapologetic desire.

Kafka's grin turned sly, his eyes glinting with mischief as he leaned closer, his finger still playing with her navel, his voice dropping to a provocative growl. "Satisfy, huh? What you mean by that, my curious girlfriend? Satisfy themselves how, exactly?"

Olivia's cheeks flamed, her breath hitching as she realized how her words had betrayed her. She poked his chest playfully, her voice coy and flustered.

"Oh, Kafi, don't be like that, you know what I'm talking about!" She said, her eyes darting away, her fingers slowing on his cock as she tried to deflect. But his expectant gaze pulled her back, and she sighed, her voice softening into a shy, reluctant whisper. "I mean...when they're in bed together, making love...A cock this big, going in and out, filling her completely, it'd make any woman so happy, so...pleased. They'd feel things no one else could, and they'd love it."

Hearing this, Kafka chuckled, his face inching closer until their noses brushed, a tender, lovable snuggle that made her heart skip. His eyes bore into hers, his voice a low, intimate murmur that sent a shiver through her pussy.

"And what about you, Mom?" He asked, his tone thick with desire, his nose nudging hers affectionately. "Would my beautiful girlfriend be happy with a long, meaty cock like this deep inside her? Excavating those tight, secret parts of her pussy, touching places no one else ever could?"

"...Would you love that, feeling me stretch you, fill you up?" His words were filthy, seductive, pulling her deeper into their taboo role play, her body trembling with a fierce, shameful arousal.

"Well, as...as your girlfriend, Kafi." She whispered, her voice trembling with a bold, flustered honesty. "I'd be happy. So happy, knowing I was feeling something no other woman could, with a cock this big, from a handsome boyfriend like you." Her hand slid to his cheek, stroking his handsome face, her eyes shimmering with a dreamy affection, lost in the fantasy.

But then, as if snapping back to reality, she glanced down at his cock, her voice rising with a sudden, nervous protest. "But it's...it's too big, Kafi! Way too big! A woman's vagina isn't even deep

enough to fit all this, it wouldn't work!" Her observation was genuine, her brow furrowing with awe and concern, her fingers pausing on his shaft.

"Oh, Mom, it's not just for the vagina like any other cock." He said, his voice a low, filthy growl, his fingers swirling inside her belly, sending shivers through her. "This cock's a baby making machine. Other guys, with their little dicks, they leave their load in some shallow spot, and their seed's gotta swim all the way to the womb, hoping it makes it."

"But me? With a cock this long, I don't wait at the entrance...I go straight to the breeding room, jam this shaft all the way in, right where the baby grows."

"...My seed doesn't swim, it gets delivered, direct deposit, stuffing that womb full, making sure she's pregnant before I'm even done."

Olivia gasped, her eyes widening with astonishment, her voice a breathless whisper.

"All the way...all the way deep inside?" She asked, her body flushing with a wild, primal excitement, her pussy growing wetter at the thought of his cock reaching so deep, like a spear piercing her pussy.

Kafka nodded, his fingers pushing deeper into her navel, his voice a low, commanding murmur.

"Feel this, Mom." He said, his touch probing her belly, making her nod as she felt his fingers play inside. "This is where my cock goes, all the way in, touching your baby room, filling it with my seed. That's why it's so long, designed to breed, to make sure you're stuffed full."

His eyes burned with a possessive desire, his words stoking a fire in her pussy. He then leaned closer, his lips grazing her ear, his voice a sultry, taunting whisper.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you, my girlfriend?" He murmured, his tone dripping with seduction. "You'd love this cock going all the way inside you, touching the tip of your baby making room, stuffing you full of my cum, making you mine in every way."

"...You want that, don't you? Tell me, Mom, you craving that deep, meaty stretch?"

Olivia's breath hitched, her cheeks flaming as his relentless teasing pushed her to the edge, her body buzzing with a fierce, shameful arousal.

"Y-Yes, Kafi." She admitted, her voice a flustered, trembling whisper, her eyes shimmering with a bold, reluctant honesty. "As your girlfriend, I'd...I'd like it. I'd love your cock deep inside me, filling me like that, making me feel so...complete."

Her confession spilled out, her fingers stroking his shaft with a renewed, desperate need, her pussy throbbing with a forbidden desire she could no longer deny.

Abigaille, still grinding on Kafka's thigh, her pussy leaving a slick, glistening trail like a whetstone sharpening her arousal, watched the scene with awe and dismay.

Her best friend, Olivia, who just moments ago had proclaimed her intent to steer Kafka toward a proper mother-son relationship, was now blushing and coy, admitting she craved his cock deep inside her.

Abigaille's lips parted, a protest forming, but she bit it back, knowing Kafka's stern gaze would silence her.

She mumbled under her breath, her voice a soft, bitter whisper, "Hypocrite...acting all righteous, and now she's begging for his cock while I'm stuck humping his leg." Her hips moved faster, her orgasm building, her body trembling with a frustrated, envious need as she watched Olivia surrender to the same desires she'd once condemned...