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[Well, when a God has submitted her request for the trial, she has the most power over the world and has the highest chance of breaking through the barrier. But unfortunately for Ophelial, her power was still inadequate compared to the Heavens Path and she failed miserably.]

'Is that the loud noise I heard a minute ago? The noise that sounded like the end of the world?'

[Yes, that was her trying to break the Transcendental Barrier so that she could enter the world for you.] She mentioned some kind of barrier, which seemed to be some kind of wall that separated and protected the two worlds.

[And as embarrassing as it is for a God like her to do, the reason she tried to enter your world was because she got excited when she saw what you were doing to your mother in the mortal world, and wanted to know how and try out for herself the thing that you did to your mother that made her wet herself.] She mentioned the vulgar action I did without any change in her voice.

'She wanted break into mortal just because she wanted to be fingered by me?' I laughed at the thought of a god rushing down from the Heavens, just so that she could have her G spot near her anal walls, stimulated by me. 'You Gods are much more vulgar then I thought.'

[Don't associate me with the rest of them, that have the brains of monkeys.] She scoffed and leisurely insulted the rest of the gods, which showed that they all had a relatively casual relationship with one another.

[Those fools are all excited that the one going through the trial this time is both the son of Lady Vanitas and The Incarnate of Lust, and have delusional thoughts about you and your potential...And don't ask any questions regarding your relationship with the trial and why you were brought here, since I'm not allowed to say anything yet.]

'I won't. But I would like to know if the reason the last request ended so abruptly, had anything to do with Lady Ophelial attacking the barrier.' I asked the question on my mind.

[Yes, the few Gods that are moderating the trial, including me, had to forcefully close the request as an open request would only give Ophelial more power over the world, and she would be able to cause more damage to the Dimensional Wall if her request was still going on.] She explained why the request was completed, even though I wasn't done with my mother's punishment.

[We will also make sure that such an occurrence doesn't happen again, so you don't have to worry about anything that can go wrong while you're undergoing the trial.]

'I'd actually prefer if someone attacked the barrier when the request is a little too hard, as I'm not the biggest fan of the punishment for failing the request.' I joked, and even though I couldn't see the god who was talking to me, I felt that she was smiling at what I said.

'And I'd like to ask one more question before we end this interdimensional phone call of ours.' I said, knowing that she probably wouldn't be able to talk to me for too long due to the rules of the trial.

[It's about the second collision you heard, isn't it?] She immediately guessed my thoughts, to which I nodded my head which she probably saw from afar.

[It was your mother that caused the previous explosion...She was the second God who attacked the barrier...And it seems like you aren't suprised to find out about it? How is that?] She asked after seeing that I had no reaction to what I had just heard.

'I don't know. I just felt that it was her doing...Call it the resonance one feels with family if you want, but I just knew that it was her.' I chuckled and wondered what sort of face my mother was making right now. 'But even though I kind of knew it was her, I still don't know the reason as to why she did it.'

[As for that, even I don't know why your mother suddenly attacked the barrier. In fact she was the one who initiated the attack and then only did Ophelial follow, since she doesn't have the courage to do it alone.]

'I'm guessing she didn't do it so that she could see her a long lost son in person, and give him a hug for all those years that she hasn't seen me, right?' I asked sarcastically, while gripping my hands and gritting my teeth.

[No, judging by the hostile look she showed when she was trying to break the barrier, I'm guessing her purpose wasn't for a happy reunion.] She said which made me wonder how my mother looked like when she was angry.

[But at the same time it wasn't like she departed so that she could kill you or anything, since she was silently watching your trial this whole time with a solemn look on her face.]

I didn't know if I should give a sigh of relief, or laugh at the fact that my mother wasn't trying to kill me.

[It was only when your mother in the mortal world spasmed to the ground; wetting herself all over while you watched with a look of amusement in your eyes, did her face change a bit and she decided to take action, which you can take it as you will.]

'I see...' I gave a deep sigh and then looked up above with a slight smile on my face, while my eyes remained as still as a desolate pond.

'Thank you for telling me about my beloved mother...And if possible, I hope you can take care of her up in Heaven in my place, until the day I come up there myself and 'take care' of her as I should as her son.' I said in the most flat tone I could utter, like I was talking about the something I absolutely didn't care about.

[I see...I'll let her now how much her son cares for her and wants to see her, when she comes back to spectate.] She gave a mature giggle like she was going to use what I said against my own mother, which I wanted to witness out of spite.

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[Ah, right...] She seemed to have forgotten to mention something, even though she was supposed to be a perfect being that made no mistakes. [Even though we have forcefully completed Ophelial's request, which is already going against the rules of the trial, you'll still have to complete Ivanova's request that she had given before.]

'The one where I have to feed my mother while she sits on my lap?...Yeah, that should be no problem.' I said, as I thought of ways of making a wholesome moment, like feeding your own mother, as degenerate as possible. 'But I don't really think that we'll have as pleasant a meal as I thought we would at first, since the food on the table would be cold as ice by now.'

I lamented at the fact that all that delicious food that my mother had made wasn't going to be as good as it should've been if we had eaten it hot, especially since I was really looking forward to it and was really hungry from travelling between two worlds.

[Really?...Is the food your mother prepared really as cold as you say?] She suddenly said in a rather knowing tone, like she was indirectly suggesting something to me.

I took the hint she was giving and turned around to look at the dining table behind me, and to my surprise, I found that the variety of dishes behind me were still piping out like they were just taken out of the stove, judging by how everything on the table was still steaming, and looked as good as when I first saw it fresh off the stove.

[Don't be surprised at the sight, since this isn't the average world, like the one you've lived in before.] The god remarked when she saw me stare at the food with a perturbed look on my face.

[This is the World of Milfs made just for you; The Incarnation of Lust and son of Lady Vanitas, so understand that everything in this world revolves around you and is set up in such a way that everything goes your way in a convenient manner.]

'But wait, wouldn't that just make it easier for me to accomplish my requests if everything in this world worked at my convenience?' I asked, as I didn't understand why they were making it easier for me when it's supposed to be a gruesome trial to attain Godhood.

'You don't need to worry about that now, since the trial works in mysterious ways that even the gods find it difficult to understand and assess.' She said, admitting that she herself didn't know why the trial was the way it was. 'But understand that everything was set up mainly because of your given title as The Incarnation of Lust.

So if you ever have any doubts about the trial, just remember your given name, and you'll hopefully receive an answer."

[With that being said and having explained everything, I'll leave you to your exploits and adventures.] She said her final statement. [And know that I will be watching you from afar along with everyone else, including your mother, so make sure to come back to the Heavens alive so that you can meet your mother and take 'care' of her like you said.]

[I'm pretty sure that your reunion with your mother would be quite the amusing sight to watch, so don't disappoint me and die in the mortal world after failing the trial, as I'm looking forward to it...] She said with anticipation in her voice like she couldn't wait for me to meet my mother and finally ended our conversation that crossed god knows how many dimensions.

It's a pity that I didn't get her name, but I'll surely get it next time, whenever that is. For now, I should probably tend to my mother, who had broken out of her daze a minute ago and was looking around like a timid fawn that was just given birth to and looked like she had no idea what to do.

"Come on, Mom. How long are you going to sit on the cold, hard floor like that? You're going to get a cold." I casually said as I looked at my mother, who was drenched in her bodily fluids below, like I wasn't the cause of it at all.

"Get up quickly, so that I can wipe your bottom off before you get too cold...I know it feels a bit warm right now since those fluids leaked out of your steaming body, but it's not going to stay like that forever, so stop enjoying your hot spring bath and get up."

Her ears twitched, and I saw her throw a glance at me when she heard me tell her that she was enjoying her hot bath, and she looked like she wanted to rebuke me. But it seems like she was still too embarrassed to face me and continued to ignore me by putting her head down in shame for making such a mess in front of her son.

"If you don't stop ignoring me, I'll just sit down along with you in this lovely puddle you've made in the living room and wait there until you respond...I'm actually really interested in how it feels since you seem so comfortable in your puddle, and don't really mind sitting next to you even if it takes all night." I said, and crouched down onto the ground like I was going to sit right next to her.

Hearing my threatening words, she immediately reacted by looking up at me with eyes full of fear that her son was going to sit in the mess she made, and quickly pushed me away from her.

"No, Daddy! No!...Don't sit next to me! It's dirty!" She exclaimed at the top of her voice, with a pleading look in her blue eyes, as if me sitting next to her was the last thing she wanted to see happen.

And just as she was about to push me back even further so that I didn't step in the puddle, she seemed to have realised something as her eyes suddenly squinted like she was thinking about something.

She then turned her head and suddenly looked up at me with a look of realisation and surprise on her face, and exclaimed saying

"Daddy! N-No, Kafi!...You just called me mom right now! You called me mom even though the bet is still going on!...Doesn't that mean that I've won the bet between us?!"

A look of genuine happiness and glee appeared on her face, which was flushed with worry and anxiety this whole time, like she had totally forgotten the horrendous situation she was in right now.

It seemed like her ditzy and cheerful nature, along with her rather competitive character, focused on the fact that she won against me when I was dominant this whole, and completely ignored how she was drenched right now since she thought getting one over me was a massive task that she should take pride over.

"I knew it, Kafi! I just knew it! I knew you couldn't resist calling me mom and would've slipped up at some point since you're so used to calling me that!" She said with enthusiasm in her voice like this was what she had been waiting for this whole while. "I used that against you and won this bet of ours...How's that to your liking? You're mother isn't all that bad, is she?"

She crossed her arms in front of her chest with her head held up high like she was proud of winning the bet and looked like she wanted to be praised by me for it, to which I gave a wry smile and shook my head at her sudden change in emotions, which resembled that of a child, even though she was a fully grown woman with a kid of her own.

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"Yes, not bad at all, mom. Not bad at all." I reaffirmed what she said, which made her beam with joy, showing that she really cared about my personal opinion.

"But could you get up first, because no matter what you say or do, I don't think I can take it seriously coming from a woman who's bathing in her own piss." I looked down at my mother, who was sitting on the transparent fluid below, and shook my head in dismay.

"Kafi!" She shouted in embarrassment with a flushed look on her face. "This puddle below me isn't made of pee! It's actually my-..."

She suddenly stopped talking after realising what she was going to say.

"My what? What is made off?" My lips curled up as I looked down at her hesitating figure. "If you don't say anything and stay quiet like that, I'm just going to assume that my own mother pissed herself in front of her son...If you don't want that to happen, tell me what liquid you squirted out of your body."

My mother's ears turned even more red when she heard me asking for what she leaked out shamelessly, and she glared at me in an adorable manner for asking such a question to my own mother. But seeing that I was still looking down on her with slight disdain in my eyes, she got scared, thinking that I really might take it the wrong way, so she quickly said

"Kafi, y-you might not know this since you're still a young child who doesn't know about a lot, but what mommy is sitting on isn't my pee but something else c-called c-cum which women secrete every once in a while." Her face slowly turned pure red from her ears to her nose, like a tomato, as she explained to me the mysterious liquid she was sitting on, like she was giving her son a basic sex education.

"Oh really~" I said in an amused manner, like I was just learning of what she said. "Then where does this 'cum' liquid you speak of come from, mom? Does it also come from your pussy?"

"Y-Yes, it also comes from your mother's vagina." She timidly said and followed along with my ignorance, like she still saw me as an innocent boy even after what I just did to her, which was actually quite heartwarming and lewd at the same time. "But unlike pee that comes when you drink too much water, secreting out cum from down there occurs because of an entirely different reason."

"What reason is that?" I crouched down in front of her so that I could see her ravishingly beautiful face, while she answered my rather perverted questions, that one should never be asking their own mother. "For what reason did you cum all over the floor, like you said?"

"W-Well, as embarrassing as it is, a woman normally c-cums when she feels something really, really good in her body, Kafi...It isn't just any comfortable feeling that she may feel that will make her cum, but more of a carnal sensation that she may feel from deep within when she's with her partner." She thoroughly explained even though her face was drastically warming up, as if she didn't want to skimp out any vital information just because she was embarrassed and wanted to make sure that I was properly educated in the ways of a woman for the future.

"So, does that mean that you came because you felt something good, mom?" I asked as I used my mother's secretion to draw something on the floor, which she saw and couldn't help but turn away because she couldn't look at the sight of her son playing with her ejaculate.

"You came so hard that you wet the floor and fell right on top of it, just because you felt some sort of irresistible pleasure in your body?"

She shyly nodded her head and pulled down her maroon sweater so that it covered her pussy that wasn't covered, since her leggings were still pulled down to her knees, exposing her bare butt that was lying on top of the cold floor in the process.

"Then, what made you cum like that, mom?" I asked as I wrote 'mother's cum' on the floor with her own sweet honey, which made her bite her lips in humiliation. "What made you cum so hard that half the available liquids in your body leaked out like a broken faucet, and splashed onto the floor and made it all wet and dirty?"

"Y-You already know that, Kafi. Why are you asking me that again and trying to embarrass your own mother?...Does mommy really look that easy to bully to you?" She said in a pitiful manner and tried to stand up against her son, who was playing with her this whole time.

But when she saw me continue to stare at her with no change in my expression, she immediately lost the courage she had and looked away from me, like a timid wife not daring to stare at her husband for too long.

"No, mom. As much as I enjoy seeing the cute expressions you make when you get teased and your flushed face when I say something even a bit vulgar, I'm actually not asking you to tell me how you came just so that I can see you embarrassed." I admitted that I enjoyed the variety of expressions she made when I bullied her, which made her pout and glare at me in a lovable manner.

"I'm only asking you because I want to hear you tell me how and why you came all over the floor."

My face turned more solemn, like I was asking her to make a vow of obedience.

"I want to make sure you understand who it was that made you splatter your love juice all over the walls and spasm to the ground because you couldn't handle the pure ecstasy you felt in that moment, just in case you ever forget."

"So tell me, mom..." I looked deeply into her beautiful blue eyes, which were slightly shaking in trepidation right now.

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"Very good, mom. That was the answer I was looking for." I gave her a smile and gently patted her head full of hazel-coloured hair, which made her give a gleeful smile like she was being praised by her father.

"Now, can you do the same thing and answer the questions I ask, only this time you can't think about the answer and can only tell me the first thing that comes to your mind." I pulled away my hand, which made a reluctant look appear in her limpid eyes, like she wanted to be patted by me even more.

"Come on, Mom. Stop looking at me like that." I said, when I saw her with a dissatisfied expression on her face, as if she didn't like the fact that I took my hand off her head.

"I'm doing this for you, since I'm pretty sure that you have many questions and thoughts going through your head right now, after what just happened between us...And by asking you these few questions, I'm fairly certain I can bring some clarity to your thoughts."

Her eyes flickered when she heard me mention her thoughts that were in turmoil, like I had correctly guessed what she was currently thinking off. She looked downed and pondered about what to do, and said something that I didn't really expect,

"If I answer all your questions as quick as I can, like you said, will you give me another pat on my head, Kafi?" Her eyes glowed with avid enthusiasm, like she wouldn't agree to my request if I didn't give her the headpats she deemed necessary.

"S-Sure...If that's what will make you talk." I said hesitantly, as I didn't expect her to be more concerned about getting comforted by me, rather than thinking about how we should progress our relationship now that we were in a taboo situation.

"Really, Kafi~...You better not lie, or else mommy will get angry at you." I nodded my head with a flabbergasted look on my face, seeing her carefree nature, or more like, her motherly desire to be taken care of by me, which made her ignore what was going on right now.

"Now, I'll be asking some questions that should enlighten you about your current feelings, so make sure that you're honest with your answers and immediately reply with whatever comes to your mind, mom." She nodded her head, like she was ready to answer whatever question was thrown her way.

"Then the first question I'll be asking you is..." I started off my quiz, which should allow her to realise her true feelings, that is if everything goes right. "...Who was the one that made you cum all over the floor and fall right into the puddle you created, because you couldn't withstand the sensation you were feeling down there?"

"Huh, didn't you already ask me that question, Kafi?" She looked confused as to why I was repeating the same question.

"Just answer the questions, mom, without thinking too much about it, or else there will be no headpats for you." She immediately straightened her back, like she was ready to answer even the most embarrassing questions for the headpats she deserved, and said in a haste,

"It was you, Kafi! It was you who made me cum all over the floor!"

"Right. Now onto the next question." I continued to ask her my questions while I watched her face slowly turn a shade of red. "Who was the one who could make your body heat up with just the touch of his fingers?"

"That was you, Kafi. You made Mommy feel like a steaming momo whenever you touched me, even if it was the slightest graze." She added more details to her answer, which I actually wanted since it would help her be more aware of her feelings.

It also made her more embarrassed and made her face flush further, which was a sight to behold, like the blooming of a sakura tree.

"Then who is the only person in the world who you wouldn't mind showing your naked body and would actually prefer if they gazed at every nook and cranny of your body?"

"T-That person is also you, Kafi." She admitted honestly, while she saw my eyes roam around her stellar figure, and blushed at the sight. "If it were anyone else, I absolutely would've abhorred the thought of them seeing me naked.

B-But if it's you who's watching me naked Kafi, then I would prefer not wearing any clothes at all, so that I can watch your lustful eyes roam around my body and molest me with your deviant eyes."

"That's quite the honest answer you've told. But I'll still be going to the next question, no matter how surprising it is coming from you." I commented on her answer, which made her stare at me with a dissatisfied expression on her face like she was telling me, 'You were the one who told me to be honest, Kafi, so don't look at me weirdly when I do tell my true thoughts.'

"Now, we'll move onto the quickfire questions, so answer me as quickly as possible." I said and started my rapid release of lewd questions.

"Who is it that you like to be kissed by all over the body the most?"

"It's you, Kafi! I loved it when you kissed me all over earlier without leaving a single inch of body alone, which made me feel all warm and stuffy inside." She thought of time I kissed my way up her body, and answered.

"Who is the one who gives the best hugs that make you never want to let go?"

"That's also you, Kafi! The way you hold Mommy in your arms and lift me up is something that I'll never forget!" She looked at her ass, as if she could still feel my hand's warmth on them when I lifted her up.

"Then what about your ass? Who do you think treats your fat ass the best?"

"Of course that's you, Kafi. Who else can make me all wet just by groping my asscheeks and spreading them apart like they're made of dough. The only one who can do that is you!" She answered and looked like she was wondering if her butt would be in the same shape after having played with them so much.

"Anyone can grope around a butt that's in front of them. But who's the one that can stroke your insides like you've never experienced before and make you cum from pussy, even though it's the insides of your anus that's being teased."

"T-That's also you, Kafi. Who else would be perverted enough to stick their fingers up their m-mother's ass?" She answered timidly and moved back a bit, as if she was afraid that I would pounce on her ass once again.

I also smiled seeing that my plan to making her submit to me was going smoothly.

Tell me so that I know that you didn't forget."

"I-It was you, Kafi..." She looked at me coquettishly, as she answered my question like a shy little girl. "It was you who made me the woman I am now."

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"Now for the final segment of questions, are you ready?" I asked, to which she quickly nodded her head and braced herself for any question that came her way, no matter how out of pocket they may be.

"If you hadn't met your current partner and needed to date someone, who would you choose?"

"Why would I choose anyone other than you, Kafi? I'd be one stupid girl to choose anyone else other than a handsome gentleman like you, who knows how to make a woman happy at all times." She said, as she played with her hands and shimmied around like she was a middle school girl confessing to her crush.

"Then, in the same context, who'd be your ideal marriage partner and the one you'd want to spend the rest of your life with?"

"Of course it's you, Kafi.

What kind of question even is that?...If just spending a few minutes in your care and presence makes me brim with joy and comfort, I just can't imagine how happy I would be if I spent the rest of my life with you and hugged you to sleep every day." Her face brightened up like a youthful maiden when I mentioned marriage, and she couldn't help but look at me slyly like a shy little bride, looking at how handsome the groom looked in his suit before the marriage.

"What about babies?" I suddenly asked with a grin on my face, which made her jolt up and look at me with a face full of pleasant shock and incredulity, as if she didn't expect me to bring up such a heavy topic. "Who would you let pump your pussy until it's full of their cum and keep on shoving it into you until you give birth to ten babies for him?"

"Ten babies?!" She asked in shock, while even her neck started flushing into a pretty pink. "Y-You want Mommy to give birth to ten of your babies?!"

"First of all, it's ten of 'our' children and not just mine, and all of them will hopefully look as beautiful as you." I said as I placed my hand near her mouth and squeezed both of her cheeks with my hand, which made her lips turn into an 'O' shape, so that she could get it into her head that it would be our family and not just mine.

"And why do you look so shocked and surprised, mom? Is it that you don't want to bear all my children and feed them the milk that comes from your supple breasts every day?" I squeezed her cheeks even harder and asked her in a forceful manner with a penetrating look in my eyes, as if I wouldn't take no for an answer.

"Even if you don't, you really have no option since I'll just keep banging you raw and force you to breed our kids if I have to...I could even find an abandoned place somewhere and lock you up there and force you to take up my semen until you bear a bunch of healthy children for me."

Normally, a girl would be frightened to death by such a statement and would try her best to run away from the psychopath who wanted her to be her breeding slave. But as I expected, my mother reacted differently from the average girl since she was already head over heels for me, and actually squirted a little, which I could hear and see the newly released fluids that were dripping down her legs.

"N-No, Daddy~...I mean, No K-Kafi, darling~..."

Mommy will obediently produce how many children you want~ So just keep on pumping and filling your mother's womb up, and I will make sure to produce a bunch of healthy kids for you~" She said in an intoxicated manner, as if her head was filled with rampant feelings of becoming mine and bearing my children in her womb, to the point I could see hearts in her limpid eyes and see her legs shaking like she was controlling herself from spreading her legs open for me so that I could stuff her with my cock and pump her full of my fresh baby-producing semen.

"Mom, you do know who I am to you, right?" I asked the question that was finally leading to making my mother; who had already given her heart, soul, and body to me, completely mine.

"Yes, Kafi~ You're my beloved son, who I adore most in the world and can never live without~" She said in a lovestruck tone while giving me the most genuine smile she could

ever give, and carressed my cheek tenderly as if she still saw me as her baby boy that she raised herself.

The look of love and warmth that was radiating out of her ravishing blue eyes stunned me for a second, because I had never seen someone look at me in such a loving manner before; which was nearing the borderline of unrestrained infatuation and yearning.

And the way she gazed at me was a perfect blend of unconditional love for her beloved son and an unstoppable lust and craving for the man in front of her, which honestly made me feel scared of what I had turned my mother into and at the same time, excited at what all the exciting taboo things we could do to one another that no one else could experience.

"And even after knowing that I'm your son, would you allow me to love you, marry you, make you carry our children multiple times till my hips stop thrusting, and make you completely mine, mom?" I asked the final question needed to make the beautiful lady that was before me, who was also my mother in this world, mine and only mine.

"Would you allow me, your one and only child, not only to be the son you raised and cherished. But also the father of the children you will give birth to in the future, and the person you will spend the rest of your life with?"

"Of course, my beloved little Kafi~" She said in an infatuated voice, while she looked at me like I was the love of her life and scooped my face in her hands like I was a child.

"Who else other than your child will I bear in my womb?~ It's always been you and only you~...As for spending the rest of my life with you, that's simply a dream that Mommy wishes for more than anything in the world, so go ahead and do as you please, my dear Kafi~ Go ahead and do anything you desire to this mother of yours, as I'm willing to accept anything my baby boy is willing to give me~"

"Hehe...That's all I need to know, mom." I gave her a gentle smile and placed my hand on her hand that was on my cheek, and stroked it tenderly while rejoicing that my mother was finally mine.

"That's all I needed to know, so you can leave the rest to me."

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"What about my headpats, Kafi? You promised..." She looked at me with a sharp gaze in her eyes, like she was daring me to take back what I said, and pulled on her cheeks to back up her threat.

"Fine! Fine!...Just stop pulling on my cheeks! It really hurts!" I said and was surprised that I actually could feel the pain of my cheeks being pinched, since I had gotten used to ignoring any type of pain I feel in my body because of my shitty past, and guessed that it was because I was spending more time in her presence, that I felt more human than ever.

I didn't want to be pinched for too long, a little afraid that my cheeks would get loose after pulling them apart like dough, so I quickly petted my mother's head like she wished.

And just so that she wasn't dissatisfied, I used both my hands to ruffle up her hair like a father would do to his daughter, which seemed to make her really happy since she closed her eyes and shook her head like a dog that was being petted by its owner.

While I petted her head, I thought of how everything I thought of went perfectly and how my mother was finally mine.

I knew that my mother had feelings for me as a man and also knew that she was aware of it herself, but the problem was that she wouldn't easily accept it herself and would struggle to come to terms with it since we had been mother and son for so long.

And it wouldn't be easy for her to suddenly treat me as someone else she has special feelings for, when she's only seen me as her son since I was a baby.

That's why I first asked questions about the things that one would never do with their son, and made her understand that she was already far too gone into the path of debauchery and there was no going back to simply treating me as her son.

I also made her understand that it was me and only me that made her feel a certain way, and there was no one else that could replace me since I held the special identity of her son, which added another layer of comfort and taboo to our relationship and made it more exciting and assuring, since she felt the most safe with her son.

I also made sure to avoid any questions that involved love and romance at first and focused on ones that just involved carnal pleasure, so that she wouldn't be reminded of her current husband, who I actually don't have a proper read on, since for some reason my mother is acting like she doesn't even have a husband at all, even though I was sure that she was a married woman judging by the wedding ring on her finger, which is still a mystery to me.

After rapidly bombarding her with questions so that she wouldn't be allowed to think too much, I asked questions that involved our potential future and possible scenarios, which allowed her to imagine our future together and stabilised our relationship.

Finally, after all that, I didn't allow her to make a decision herself and forced her into a relationship with me, which made her believe that she had no choice but to be with me, which eventually sealed the deal with her.

I wasn't really stressed thinking that she would start regretting what she did with me and want to go back to how things normally were after my talk with her, but I was still uneasy during the process since it was the first time I was trying to handle and manoeuvre a woman who was my own mother.

And while I was contemplating over what just happened, my mother also started to come back to her senses as her eyes turned more sane and the enchanted expression on her face was slowly disappearing with every time I stroked her head full of smooth and silky hazel hair.

"Kafi..." She suddenly caught my hands, which were ruffling up her messy hair, and brought them near her chest. She then looked at me with a solemn look on her face, regaining her usual countenance, and looked like she wanted to ask me something serious.

"I know I said that I would accept our 'special' mother-son relationship since there's no way that I can ignore these taboo feelings I have for you, which I know makes me a horrible mother who has devious thoughts about her own son." She looked guilty at the fact that instead of raising her son to be a good man, she was making her son's dick raise up.

"...But since you're willing to accept such a disgraceful mother into your life, I'm more than willing to accept any hate or loathing I may receive from others for having such feelings for my son, since it's worth it at the end of the day if I can be loved by you, Kafi." She looked at me with hopeful eyes, that were already picturing a future where both of us were together.

But all of a sudden her bright and cheery eyes darkened, like our future had suddenly hit a terrifying storm, and she said with a gloomy look on her face while clutching the hems of her clothes

"But at the same time, even though I'm willing to walk in the pits of hell for you, I can't allow you, my beloved son, whom I've cared for my whole life, to go through all that abuse and animosity that we may receive from others and society in general for having such an incestuous relationship...A-And because of that, I don't really know what to do, since I really do want to be one with you, Kafi, but at the same time, I don't want you to be hated and bullied just because you're in a relationship with me, your mother."

She looked really distraught at what to do about our situation and how to go forward in our bizzare relationship, which was sure to be judged by everyone else since it was something that was condemned as taboo, and looked like she was going to cry because of how lost she was. But unlike my mother, who was starting to tear up in helplessness, I simply gave a sigh of relief and said in a relaxed tone

"Phew...I thought that you were going to say something serious or were going to ground me for something I did...But it turns out to be just a small issue that was barely worth noting. You really got me there, mom; you really got me."

God of Milfs: The Gods Request Me To Make a Milf Harem

My mother looked surprised at how casual I was, even though she already explained how everyone might look at us if we ever come out with our incestuous relationship, and she didn't know what to say about my indifference to the matter, like it didn't matter at all.

"When the whole world you are in was created for the sole reason of you stepping foot in it and when you've got an entire array of all-encompassing gods by your side, who could bother caring about what others and society might think of you?"

I could just make them stop thinking in general by stomping them out of my sight like the insignificant bugs they are." I said in a carefree and arrogant manner while I looked at the stars outside through the window, like everything I gazed at in the distance was mine to destroy and conquer.

This only made my mother even more confused, and she looked at me like I had gone crazy, wondering if she should take me to the mental hospital. Before she could pick up her phone and give them a dial, I quickly said

"Mom, do you trust me?"

"Do I trust you, Kafi?...What do you mean by that?" She didn't understand why I suddenly changed the topic and looked at me weirdly.

"You don't have to think about it too much. Just tell me if you trust me or not." I said in a haste.

"Of course I do, Kafi. I trust you more than anyone else in the world." She said as she gazed at me tenderly, like she would even throw herself into a storming sea if I told her to do so. "Who else would I trust other than my baby boy?"

"Then, since you trust me so much, believe me when I say that nothing bad will ever happen to us in the future. And whatever you thought of right now is simply a nightmare that you dreamed of yourself and will never actually happen since we'll be spending the rest of our lives in paradise." I said to reassure her about our future together, and not think about any useless things.

But my ditz of a mother completely focused on the wrong thing and totally forgot about the main issue on the table, as she said,

"Paradise? We'll be living in paradise?...Does that mean we'll be moving to a tropical island where no one knows us and spend the rest of our lives there, Kafi?"

My mother, who I had thought was so innocent and pure, had already made plans for us to relocate and looked like she would rather move to another part of the planet than leave

her son alone because of society's threat, which made me look at her with a dumbfounded look on my face.

"If we are going to move to a tropical island, I would prefer one near Grenada, since I've heard from a few of my friends of mine who've visited there for vacation that they have great food, really friendly locals that make everyone feel welcome, and the most beautiful beaches the world has to offer, which will really make you wonder how wonderful life truly is..."

"No, no, no, no, no..." I quickly waved my hands and denied my mother's wish to move to another country when I've just shifted worlds. "What I meant by paradise is the rest of the life we'll live together and every moment I spend with you, mom."

My mother's brown cheeks turned red at what I said, and she looked at me shyly while twiddling with her fingers like a little girl.

"...But if you really do want to go to some tropical island, I really don't have a problem with that, mom, since I'll be able to see your stunning figure walking along the sunny beaches in a skimpy swimsuit; that would barely cover anything because of how thick you are." My lips curled up as my eyes roamed around her obnoxious body that was fattened up in all the right spots, which made my mother blush even more and try to cover her bare body up.

"And at night I would be able to remove those pieces of cloth that have been carrying the heavy assets you possess, and I'll be able to see you in your most gorgeous form...That is you utterly naked before my eyes, without a thread of cloth on you to cover your breasts or waists."

"And more importantly, our kids will have a wonderful place to grow up where they could play on the beaches during the day and barbecue the fish we caught at night."

"K-Kids?" She said in surprise, not expecting that I would bring up the topic of having children with my mother again.

"Of course, mom...kids. Did you think that I was kidding earlier when I said I wanted to bang you until you produce an entire football team for me?" I said with a lecherous smile on my face as I moved closer to her, who was panicking at the thought of having kids with me when she was so eager in her drunken state before.

"In fact, let's not waste our time and start making those children of ours right now, since we can't really waste any time when our goal is in the double digits."

I went forward for a kiss on her pink lips that looked so succulent and juicy, and I did kiss something in the end, but it wasn't her lips.

Kiss~

I had kissed her hand that she was using to block my face and push me away from kissing her for some reason, while she looked at me in a fluster as if she was too embarrassed to give me a small kiss, even though I was finger fucking her a minute ago.

"N-Not now, Kafi~ You can't kiss Mommy right now~" She said as she pushed me away in a hurry, while her face was still red from hearing that I wanted to impregnate her and put my child in her womb. "Mommy is currently drenched right now and is in no position to kiss you since I'm so dirty, so why don't you let Mommy clean up first before you do anything...You'll do that, right, Kafi?"

You'll wait for Mommy to clean up before you give her a kiss, since you're an obedient little boy who listens to his mother."

I wanted to push her hand aside and go for the kiss I desired since her lips looked so tasty right now, but I stopped myself, seeing that my mother was trying so hard to coax me into not doing anything to her, since she really seemed to think that she was dirty since she was drenched in her love juices.

And even though I didn't really care about such a thing and actually found it quite hot, I still obeyed my mother's wishes like the good son I was supposed to be and got up from the ground.

I then held out my hand towards my mother, who was still on the floor, and said while looking down at her

"Get up, mom. Get up quickly, so that I can wipe you off."

"Oh right, give me a second to get up, so that you can-...W-Wait, Kafi?! You want to wipe me off?! As in, clean the stains that Mommy made?!" She said in an absurd manner after realising what I said.

"Of course, mom~" A deviant smile appeared on my face, which made my mother panic even more since something shameful always happened to her when she saw this smile on my face. "Do you really think that I'll miss this chance to feel up your slobbering wet pussy and let you wipe yourself on your own?"

"Not a chance, mom." My smile grew wider as her face grew more pale. "Not a fucking chance..."

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My mother tried to back up from where she sat since she wanted to get away from me and escape from my clutches, but only ended up in the same place because of how slippery the floor was from her fluids.

She looked so terrified that she looked like she'd rather sit down and bathe in her liquids than come with me, but she knew that there was no way I would allow that to happen, so she got up slowly while using my hand to support herself.

"Careful, mom. Make sure you don't slip and break your back, since it would be really hard to explain to the doctor as to why you hurt your back while being covered in your cum, especially with your son by your side." I joked while holding her wet hand, which felt both soft and viscous to touch.

"Stop it, Kafi! You're mother may be old, but she hasn't gotten senile enough to be slipping over some water on the ground!" She barked in anger and pinched my hand, seeing that I was making fun of her.

"Well, if you do ever slip on your cum, I'll just say that I won't be the one explaining to the doctor about what happened, and it's all on you, mom." I ignored her angry gaze that was pointed towards me, and held her tightly, and made sure that she didn't actually fall while walking towards the table since it seemed like something she would do.

My mother looked like she was going to pinch me once again, but once she noticed that I was escorting her like a princess towards the dining table, she lost all her anger and happily jumped on my hand and held it tightly like I was her boyfriend escorting her home.

"Don't hold on to me like that, mom...You're getting your cum all over my arm." I complained and looked at her figure, which was putting half her weight on me, like I was her main support.

"What else am I supposed to do, Kafi, when my leggings aren't coming up my legs and are stuck near my knees?" She said as she tried to pull up her blue leggings that I had pulled down, which made it hard for her to walk properly. "I already struggle to put them on because of how tight they are, and now that they're wet, it makes it even harder for me to put them on."

"I don't really think that's it's the leggings problem or because of how wet they are right now." I grabbed her ass, which made a 'sploch' sound because of how wet it was after sitting bare butt on the wet ground for so long.

"I think the main reason you can't fit into your leggings or any pants in general is because of how fat your ass is...An ass that's as plump and juicy as yours is bound to cause many problems, so don't go on blaming the pant companies for making small pants when it's your ass that's causing the main problem."

"Hmm~~...P-Problem? Is it that you see Mommy's butt as a problem?" She asked as she felt her ass get groped by her son and held me more tightly so that she didn't spasm to the ground once again because of how sensitive her ass was.

"The only problem I would face with your butt mom is if I don't fuck it every day and leave my white mark over your supple brown skin." I slipped my hand into her asscheeks, which made her shiver all over. "Other than that, I don't have any problem with you or your butt mom, since you're simply a sex symbol that has no imperfections."

"Oh, Kafi!~ You dirty boy!~ Who taught you to talk to your mother in such a dirty manner~" She scolded me like a mother scolding her child for cursing, even though she loved hearing every word, judging by the look of exhilaration in her eyes.

"With a body as sultry and exotic as yours, the words just naturally come out of my mouth when I see you, mom." I looked down at her well-proportioned figure that was walking beside me in my arm. "And you don't really have to worry about your leggings, since you're going to be removing them anyway."

"Why is that?" She asked as I sat on my chair beside the dining table after arriving in the kitchen, while she stood right in front of me with her half-drenched blue leggings hanging around her knees.

Even though she was mostly naked below; revealing her plump thighs that each carried enough meat to feed a small village and her delicate feet that were currently covered in her love juices, her pussy which I still haven't seen with my own eyes, was hidden because she was covering it with her sweater.

It seemed that she was fine with me seeing and playing with her butt since I had already experienced it for myself, but she was still embarrassed to show her hidden garden and was pulling her maroon sweater down to her hips to cover it up.

"Why else other than to wipe you down, mom? It's not like I can just clean you up while your pants are still on your legs." I answered her question while she stuffed her sweater into her thighs even more, seeing that I was trying to see her pussy that was hiding from me.

"So can you do me a favour and quickly remove your clothes below, as I don't want you to get a cold after being drenched for so long."

"Are you really concerned that I would get a cold, or do you have any other intentions in mind when you ask me to take off my clothes?" My mother asked suspiciously, like she wasn't willing to get tricked by my words again.

"So what if I have other intentions in mind? What if I'm asking you to take off your clothes to see your bare pussy?" I leaned forward on my chair and asked in a tone as if I were saying, 'What are you going to do about it?'. "Are you really going to deny my request, mom? Are you going to refuse your beloved son's request to see what his mother's naked pussy looks like?"

Her body shivered at my words as if each syllable I pronounced deeply resonated with the will of her body, and she looked like she wanted to say that she would refuse my request for acting arrogant in front of her. But even though she wanted to refuse, the words didn't come from her mouth, and she was left there, standing in an agitated manner, unable to refuse any order made by her son.

"Hmph! Don't take this the wrong way, Kafi! Mommy isn't taking off my pants because you said so, and I have the power to deny your words if I want to!" She bent down and started taking off her leggings, while glaring at me with a fierce look in her eyes.

"It's just that Mommy is feeling a little cold right now, so I'm taking off my pants...It's definitely not because you said so, so don't get too cocky!"

"Sure, sure...Whatever you say." I said with a wry smile on my face, seeing her act like a child and trying to regain her face and power as my mother, even though I had completely dominated her and made her into someone who wouldn't refuse my words no matter how lecherous they were.

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My mother quickly pulled out her legs from her wet pants one after another; completely revealing her slender brown legs that glistened like ivory, and made sure to glare at me every once in a while to show that she still had some power to fight back.

Her coffee brown legs already glowed in a golden shade when light bounced off her smooth skin, and if you added in the certain parts of her leg that were covered in her fluids, her legs resembled those of sweet caramel; which would make one want to take a bite and suck on that sugary goodness.

After removing her leggings, she put them on the dining table and stood in front of me completely naked below her hips while looking away from me, unable to stand the sight of her son admiring ravishing legs that would look absolutely lovely in white stockings that would match her darker skin tone.

The only thing that bothered me about this phenomenal sight was that she was still covering her vagina with her sweater and looked like she had no intention of showing her pussy to me.

"Don't look at me like that, Kafi!" She said when she saw me staring at her dead in the face, like she owed my money. "I'll definitely stop covering up that place like you asked for, but that's only after you clean me up...I don't want you to be staring down there the whole time while you wipe me off, since that's way too embarrassing for me, and it seems like something you would definitely do."

"Well, you're wrong about that." I said, to which she looked like she was about to retort but stopped when I said, "I wouldn't just stop at looking at your pussy and would probably stuff my head into your crotch to get a better look."

"Pervert!" She exclaimed in a fluster and pushed her sweater into her thighs so much that her cleavage was starting to show from above. "Kafi, you perverted boy! Just how did you grow up to be so lecherous when I brought you up so well!"

"Well, I am your son after all. No matter how much you teach me to be obedient from a young age, I've still got your blood running through my veins." I said, even though we had completely different blood since she wasn't my actual birth mother.

"What does that mean!?" She said in a fluster after she heard me insinuate that she was just as perverted as me.

"Nothing, nothing at all..." I waved my hands and refused to speak anymore, in case I angered the raging bull in front of me. "And I want to see your hidden place as fast as I can since I can't handle the curiosity of knowing if your cunt is as beautiful as your asshole, or which of them is a better sight for sore eyes, so quickly turn around so I can wipe you off mom."

"Both of those places are dirty areas where dirty things come out from, so don't call those parts beautiful since it sounds so weird, Kafi."

She remarked with a strict look on her face and turned around and stuck her well-rounded ass in front of me, even though I could see her secretly smiling like she appreciated her son's comment about her anus. She then wiped the smile off her face, looked back at me, and asked,

"And why do you need me to turn around, Kafi? Can't you just wipe me while I'm standing in front of you?"

"No, I'm not going to be wiping your legs first." I picked up a white handcloth that was on the dining table and leaned forward towards the entrance of her butt like I was going to do an inspection. "I'm going to clean out the fluids that are coming out of your butt first before I move onto anything, since I don't want your asshole to be leaking while we're having our meal."

"What?!" She exclaimed in shock when I mentioned something coming out of her anus, as if she had never heard of such a thing in her life, which made her look back at me with an absurd look on her face. "W-What are you talking about, Kafi?...How can something come out of my butt? That doesn't make any sense at all."

"What do you mean it doesn't make any sense? Did you not feel the viscous fluid slushing around your rectum when I was fingering your anus?" I asked, to which a look of

realisation appeared on her face, and she hurriedly grabbed her behind as if she was afraid it would leak out right in front of me.

"T-That fluid that I could feel in that moment, won't it just stay in my butt?" She turned back and asked me, looking at me with a hopeful gaze, thinking that I'd nod my head. But unfortunately for her, I shook my head and gave her ass a few pats, like I was soothing her, and said,

"That mucous-like fluid you secreted when I was fingering you wouldn't have normally come out, since there wasn't much when I had my finger inside of you...But when I made you orgasm and cum onto the floor, I could feel the insides of your butt fill up with that hot but viscous fluid, which probably means that when you came, you also came in your ass as well, and currently your anal cavity is full of that fluid."

"Can a girl even do that, Kafi?" She asked as she clenched her asshole tight so that nothing dripped down from her ass and onto her legs. "Can a girl even cum from her butt, like how she squirts from her vagina?" She asked about the female anatomy, even though she should be the one more clear in this area.

"I wouldn't say that it's similar to squirting, but when a woman with a very sensitive butt cums from having her delicate insides fingered, there's a chance that her mucous membranes near her rectum will be stimulated and produce an excess amount of fluid that's meant for lubrication on the inside." I explained to her in the most formal way possible that yes, a woman can cum from her butthole, but just not in the orthodox manner where everything squirts out, and more like it slowly gathers and slowly leaks out later on.

"So, you're basically saying that not only am I a horrible mother who has incestuous taboo feelings for her one and only son, but also a horrendous pervert who not only squirts from the front but can also cum from the back end as well?" She said with a teary look in her misty eyes, as if she were asking the gods why she was born to be such a depraved and lecherous woman.

"Yes, something like that..." I said with a wide smile on my face, thanking the gods for making my mother before me into the most seductive and lascivious woman that I had ever met, who was born with the very purpose of being fucked in her juicy ass by me.

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"But don't worry, mom, as you cumming from your ass is actually good for the both of us. So you really don't have to worry about it too much." I reassured her with a good-natured smile on my face, which made her wipe her tears and look back at me weirdly.

"Of course, it's good for you, Kafi!~ It's because you're a pervert who loves everything and anything about his mother, no matter how vulgar it is!" She exclaimed, already knowing that I was exhilarated at the fact that she could squirt from her behind, which showed

that she was more secure about herself now, when she would normally think that there was no way anyone would like something so indecent.

"But I'm not like that! I'm the one suffering from having such a lewd body that does dirty things that no other girls can do!"

"That's exactly why you're one of a kind, mom. That obscene body of yours is exactly why I fell in love with you." I suddenly proposed to her, which made her ears perk up. "...Or at least one of the reasons I fell for you, since there are so many other reasons I couldn't help but have feelings for you even though you're my dear mother."

"B-Be quiet, Kafi! M-Mommy is already feeling frustrated as it is for having such a lewd body! Don't make me even more angry with your cheesy compliments!" She harumphed and looked away so that she could hide her blushing face, which looked like a ripe cherry.

"And when I said that it's good for the both of us, I really meant it, mom." I said, which made her look back at me, curious as to what I was going to say.

"...I mean, when you've already got a boatload of viscous fluids in your butt, we won't even have to use lube when I fuck your ass since your insides would already be lubricated with that mucous-like fluid you ejaculated from the inside, and we can have all the raw anal play whenever we want."

Whack~ Bounce~

My mother didn't seem to appreciate the suggestion I had for her, and out of irritation at her son's vulgar words, she pushed her ass back a little and swept it sideways, slapping my face with her buttcheeks in the process.

The shameless way her warm buttcheeks, which were slightly moist, dragged against my face, pushing its fatty meat all over my nose and mouth, was supposed to be her way of punishing me for speaking to her in such a way.

But in my head, it only fueled my desire to ram her in the ass, which I couldn't rush since she was like a fawn that would run away at the slightest threat and needed time and patience to fully sink my fangs into her flesh.

"Well, whether I'm fucking you in the ass or not is a different issue." She blushed and refused to comment on my statement. "But first, I think we need to clean the insides of your butt up, since I think whatever is in your butt is starting to leak out..."

"What?! It's leaking?!..Are you sure you're not mixing it with my cum that stuck on me when I sat down, Kafi?!" She asked in a fluster and tried to look back at her butt to see if it was true, but ultimately couldn't since her butt was so fat.

"No, mom...I'm pretty sure that it's your butt that's leaking like a broken pipe, since I can literally see some liquid dripping down from your butt's crevice and slowly making its way down your leg." I stared at the enchanting sight of some thick, jelly-like fluid that started to leak out from the middle of her asscheeks, flow down the curves of her meat mountains, and finally reach the starting point where her ass started to incline from her thighs and flowed down her long legs.

"Quickly seal it, Kafi! Quickly seal Mommy's butt up so that it doesn't leak anymore!" She said in a fright as she puffed out her cheeks and tried to close the crack in her ass by sandwiching her buttcheeks together.

"What are you talking about? How can I seal your butt? It's not like I have some adhesive right next to me that I can use to glue up your asshole." I asked with a dumbfounded look on my face, and looked at the dining table. "At most, I can use the bread rolls you made and stuff them up your ass to prevent the dripping...Do you want me to do that?"

"Of course not! Why would I want a bread roll up my butt?!" I put down the bread roll that I was ready to shove up her ass with disappointment.

"Just do something, Kafi! Do something to help Mommy out, or else I'll have to spend the rest of my life with a diaper on!"

"Calm down...Calm down...It's not that exaggerated." I said as I stroked her ass like I was calming down a pony after hearing her desperate pleas as if the whole world was ending, which actually calmed her down a bit.

"I'll just have to open your butt and give you a wipedown down there, and everything will go right back to normal, and we can go back to eating our dinner, so you don't have to worry too much."

"Really...But wouldn't that mean that you would be treating me the same as I treated you when I wiped your butt clean when you were a baby?" She said, and immediately hung her head in shame, and regretted the fact that she compared the current situation to cleaning up my diaper when I was a baby.

"Yes, it would be the same, but this time it wouldn't be a cute little baby that's getting cleaned. But a full-grown woman who struggles to put on her underwear every day because her ass is so fat, who's getting her ass wiped." She looked like she wanted to refute what I said, but she didn't say anything since she knew it was true.

"Well, baby or not, you're still going to get wiped down, so quickly spread your ass like you did before, so I can get to it." I said like I was in a hurry, since I was actually quite hungry and wanted to eat my dinner.